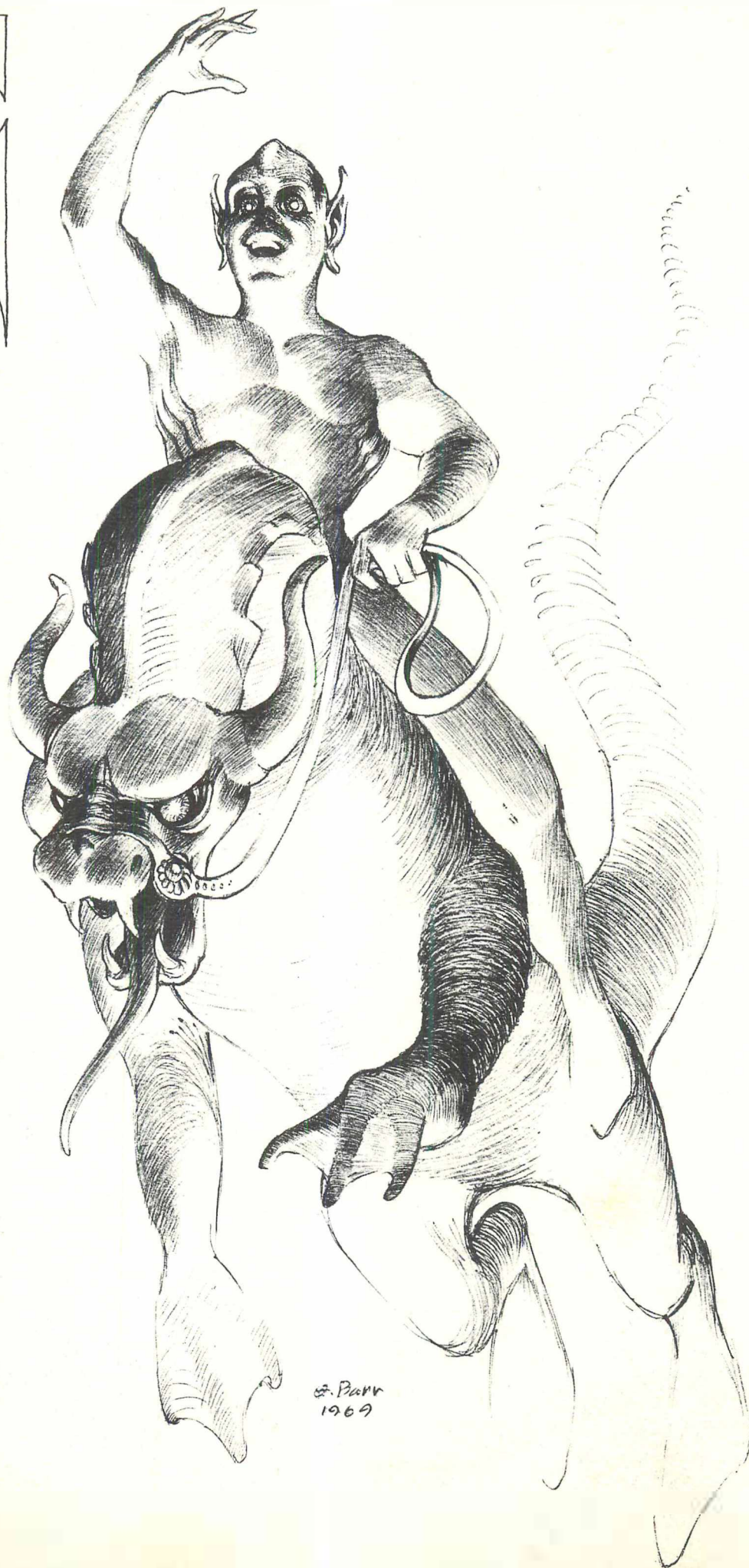


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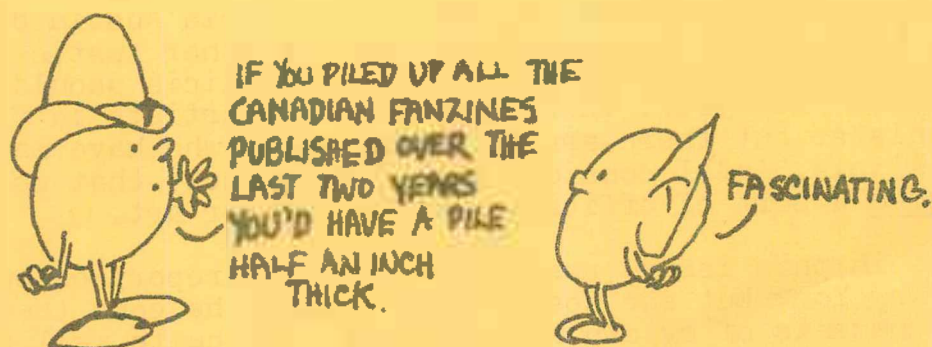
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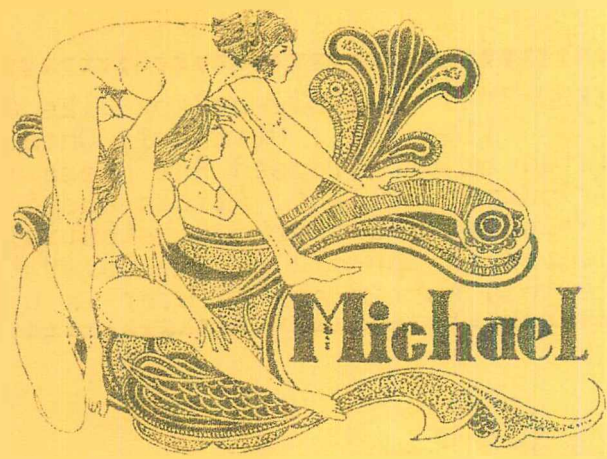
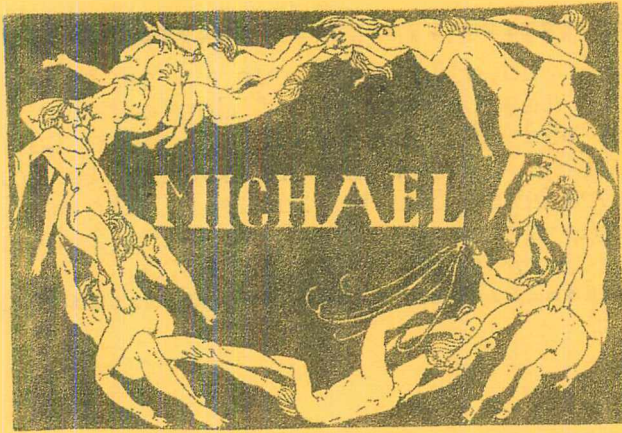
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FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE

Now listen here, you people, you're not treating my fanzine with the proper degree of respect, awe and reverance! Most of the letters I received on my first issue included comments on the thickness of the cover and remarks to the effect that the staples had fallen out. Good grief! You're brutalizing my fanzine! Energumen shouldn't be manhandled; it deserves to be treated with tender loving care, opened with kid gloves and read from a distance to avoid eyetracks on the paper. So to ensure that this disgustingly heavy-handed behaviour is immediately discontinued, I Have Devised A Plan.

All you nit-pickers out there will notice that I've gone to a much lighter cover stock just to please you. But don't let appearances be deceiving; this is no ordinary fanzine you are holding. The covers, especially treated, actually form the plates of a highly sophisticated condensor which is quite harmless as long as the circuit it's connected to is intact. But if that circuit is broken...POW!! the condensor discharges, quite probably lethally. And the circuit in question consists of the condensor plates (front and back covers to you) and the connecting staples! So let's see you bullies fool around with this one!

* * *

The drawings above are the nametags that Alicia Austin did for me for Boskone and Lunacon and I think they, and the other Austin illos in this issue, are good indications as to why I believe Alicia should be nominated for Best Fan Artist this year. There are many fine artists in fandom and many fine cartoonists, but there are very few people who have mastered both fields as well as Alicia. And I consider myself very lucky that she has decided to make Energumen a sort of official vehicle for her art.

Elsewhere in this issue, Rosemary has a trip report on our sallies to Boston and New York but she doesn't talk about the cons themselves so I'll make a few comments of my own here. Boskone was quite well organized but had very few parties while Lunacon was incredibly poorly organized but had some great parties. But both were groovy cons because of the many really fine

people who were there. And in Boston, I finally got schrod. A whole bunch of us went to Ken's, a really great restaurant for fans, and had this amazing meal at a ridiculously low price. And I had schrod because I've known that old joke for years and couldn't pass up the opportunity. I found it remarkably bland and tasteless, dammit.

Boston was full of firsts for me. On the night of the worst blizzard ever a dozen crazy Canadian and Pittsburgh fen trudged through the city, getting hopelessly lost under the guidance of Greg Moore, until we finally stumbled by pure luck on our destination and sank back to spend the two best hours of the weekend watching "Fantasia". I'd never seen it before in its entirety and I loved every minute of it. In fact, I can't think of enough superlatives to describe this marvellous film. If you get the slightest chance to see it, do so. It's truly a masterpiece and probably one of the classic pieces of entertainment of our time. And see it with some friends; that adds immeasurably to the experience. Thank you, Pittsburgh fen: you are Good People.

Lunacon was also great despite my many fruitless hours spent hunting IPA and Screaming Yellow Zonkers. As I said, the people were fantastic, the parties were great and the city was as bizarre as ever. Alicia had an art show and sold just about everything she had with her--New York fen have good taste. Also lots money! And I picked up a couple of items in the Hucksters room I'd like to plug here. First, there's the Pghlange Portfolio from Suzanne Tompkins and Ginger Buchanan, 5830 Bartlett St., Pittsburgh Pa., 15217. At \$2, this collection of 35 drawings by 21 artists is one of fandom's best buys. Not all the art is great; some of it isn't even good, but I found half a dozen superb pieces and I'm sure every other fan will too. The folio is complete with biographical notes on the artists and a lovely wrap-around, multi-coloured, silk-screened cover by ConR Faddis. Better order your copy soon; this is going to become a much sought fannish rarity. Also an excellent investment at \$1 is the Fannish Calendar from Joe & Gay Haldeman, 5611 Chillum Hts. Dr., W. Hyattsville Md, 20782. Consisting of twelve drawings by eight artists on six large sized pieces of quality paper, each month includes a list of important fannish events. It's worth it for the art alone.

* * *

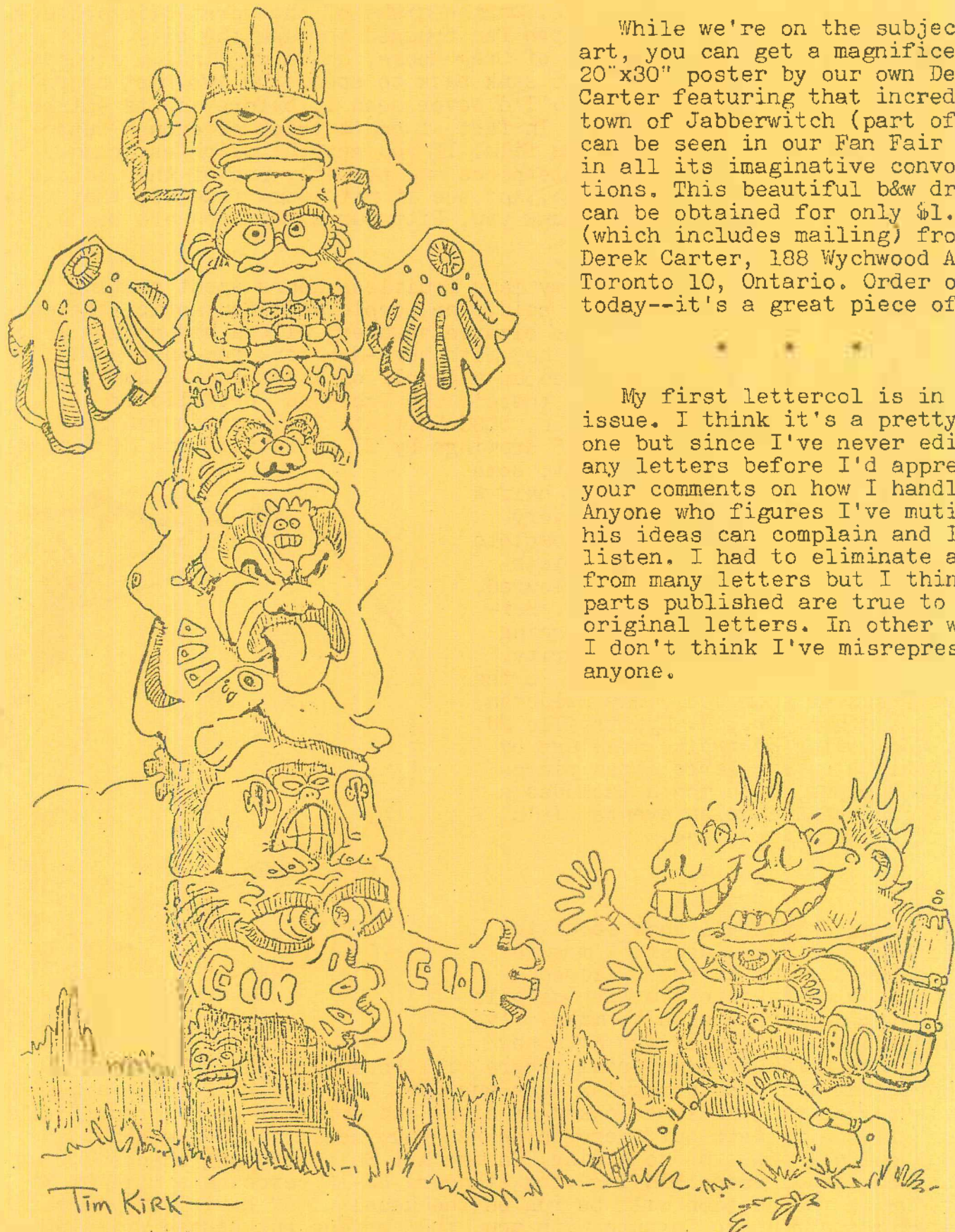


By now you should all know about the Toronto Fan Fair 2 in August. I'm sure everyone saw our ads in the Dallascon Bulletin so I won't bore you with details on it. But I do have a plea to make. I've been appointed Chairman of the Art Show/Auction group and I need material. There will be an Art Show plus sale as with worldcons and also a regular type auction. The show will be in a well-supervised room that will be locked at night and art will be insured. So I'm begging all you artists out there to search your souls and see whether or not you couldn't spare us something. On the Art Sale (bidding sheets during the con plus final voice bidding) the standard 85-15 percentage will be in effect, while the auction will be run on the usual 60-40 basis. If you plan on bringing stuff up to Toronto with you, that's fine but please write and

let me know what for and how much so that I can make the necessary arrangements. Otherwise, all art should be sent to Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario and should be clearly marked as for display only, for auction, or for the art show, in which case minimum bids should be attached. Thank you, generous artists of fandom. (Are you listening Tim, George, Bill, Mike, Cathy, Bjo, Connie, Jim et al?)

While we're on the subject of art, you can get a magnificent 20"x30" poster by our own Derek Carter featuring that incredible town of Jabberwitch (part of which can be seen in our Fan Fair 2 ads) in all its imaginative convolutions. This beautiful b&w drawing can be obtained for only \$1.50 (which includes mailing) from Derek Carter, 188 Wychwood Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario. Order one today--it's a great piece of work.

My first lettercol is in this issue. I think it's a pretty good one but since I've never edited any letters before I'd appreciate your comments on how I handled it. Anyone who figures I've mutilated his ideas can complain and I'll listen. I had to eliminate a lot from many letters but I think the parts published are true to the original letters. In other words, I don't think I've misrepresented anyone.



As I mentioed, I eliminated all the complaints about the cover. I was thinking as an art collector and not a faned when I chose that stock, but I've learned my lesson. I also cut out all the "I liked the art" comments unless they went on to say something a little more significant than that. However, for Alicia's and my egos I will state that just about every letter I received complimented the art and general appearance of the zine and the high quality of Alicia's work in particular. I hope you all like this issue.



Don't forget that this is Energumen 2. If you didn't contribute to it or loc the first issue or trade your fanzine with me or send me money then you'd better Do Something or else you won't get Energumen 3. (That goes for you too, Dad.) And think of all the lovely artwork you'll miss!

* * *

And Susan Wood and I are engaged. We must be; I read about it in Locus. This year's Boskone was the first anniversary of our first real meeting. (We'd seen each other in the distance once or twice before but that was all.) Now, I ask you, isn't that trufannish, meeting at a convention? Well, anyway, we got engaged between Boskone and Lunacon but unfortunately Susan was too busy to go to New York with me. (She's writing an MA thesis and has undergraduate essays to mark.) So she missed out on all the congratulatory drinks people bought me. Don't worry, people, we'll probably both be at Pghlange! Actually she probably didn't miss out all that much. Susan is a very dear girl with many fine qualities and she's a trufan too but she does have two great deficiencies. She doesn't drink (especially not beer) and she can't play bridge. However, I'm working on it I'm working on it.

We're getting married on August 29 in a very small ceremony at the outdoor amphitheatre at Carleton University. Then we'll move to Toronto as we are both going to the university there next fall. Considering all this, plus the fact that I've been unable to get a job so far this year and am very nearly broke, I don't know if I'll get Energumen 3 out on time or not. I may have to delay it for a few months until things settle down so I'm warning you in advance. It will appear though; that I promise you.

This marriage lark is a bit of all right but perhaps a bit one-sided. I gain access to the services of a car, a typewriter, a record-player and a sewing machine while acquiring a cook, a chauffeur and a seamstress and all Susan gets is a short, plump, hairy, unemployed, poverty-stricken faned and half interest in 857 Marvel comics. I think I'm getting the best of the deal and, confidentially, I consider myself a very lucky guy.

* * *

So there it is. Susan will be my co-editor for future issues but her thesis didn't allow her to work on this so it rests entirely on my shoulders. There's a hell of a lot of work in this issue; I just hope some of it shows. Good luck to you all and I'll see some of you, I hope, next issue--whenever that may be.



J.G. BALLARD VIEWED AS A CROSS-COUNTRY
CHANDELIER RACE BETWEEN A SPIDER AND A FLY

Somewhere past Portage la Prairie he decided he wasn't getting anywhere. The endless highway unreeled a gray museum of decaying farmhouses, rotting wagon wheels, abandoned cars, and all the other memorabilia of rural time.

This was the root of the problem. He had read too much of Ballard and now the landscape was infested with time. Time lay in the fields and seeped like fog from roadside ditches. Ingram's car crawled across this immense tract of prairie at seventy miles an hour like some insect attacking the deserts of the moon.

Often when he was young, he would lie on his back in the massive drawing room of his parent's house, watching the movement of some fly or spider across the ceiling. It required no great feat of will to imagine that the ceiling was really below him, and that he was looking down upon the vast and barren expanses of some foreign world, a desolation broken only by the great chandelier anchored at the far side of the room. Ingram would stare for hours at a time at this surrealistic landscape as he pondered the progress of occasional insect wanderers across its surface. To them the chandelier must appear incredibly large, towering into the sky like a monument to strange gods built long ago by an unknown race, its true nature forever hidden.

It was after Regina that he decided to turn back. The frontier was closed; the land had exhausted itself. He now knew this to be true. Where he had sought the frontier was only the remembrance of things past. Towns separated by interstellar distances of plains and skies only repeated themselves in endless patterns that told how generations of lives had left their fossile imprints. The land was haunted by dirt roads and wire fences, by diners and Coca-Cola signs.

He was reminded of a story he had once read in which the crew of the first starship reached their goal after centuries of suspended animation, only to discover that human technology had leapfrogged them in the intervening time. They were greeted by an interstellar civilization as relics of an almost-forgotten past, Columbuses who had sailed into New York harbor.

Ingram realized the futility of his attempt to reverse time. Later, retracing his way along the northern shoreline of Lake Superior, it came to him that despite this, his abandonment of the frontier in a sense signalled a retreat toward the eternal present of his childhood.

In the weeks that followed Ingram returned often to his parents' old house, unoccupied now and falling into disrepair, but filled more than ever with a life of its own. Sometimes he dreamed of flying back and forth across the continent to escape the creaking voices of floors and shutters which sounded like winds moving through petrified forests. But in his mind he saw sunlight glinting from swimming pools scattered below on the deserts of the southwest like oases of accumulated time, and recognized his fantasy of flight as an illusion, a brief respite at best from the past that pursued him. In a trance he would stumble through whispering rooms, listening for the oracle which might resolve his dilemma.

Somewhere past Portage la Prairie he discovered he no longer needed to regulate consciously the motion of the car. With the vehicle hurling itself along the endless ribbon of roadway he was free at last to contemplate the new universe which he alone could fathom, smiling with bland contempt at the gas station attendant whose inevitable reappearance at his window Ingram predicted every few hundred miles. In the fullness of time the continuum bent to deflect him past the enormous gravitational field of Calgary, which sat on the southern horizon like a collapsing sun. Accelerating now, he hurtled west, his blind eyes fixed on the Rockies which loomed at last above the rim of the world, towering into the sky like monuments to strange gods built long ago by an unknown race.

Angus Taylor

COMING IN ENERGUMEN 3:

- Angus Taylor looks at the Second Foundation.
- Alicia Austin continues to do her magnificent thing.
- Susan Wood (who may be Susan Glicksohn by then) has some not-so-whimsical words on Dorothy Sayers.
- if fortune smiles on us, the first chapter of Derek Carter's incredible "Jabberwitch Journals"--an illustrated history of Jabberwitch and its wacky inhabitants.
- Marg Hamer looks at the Villiers novels from the viewpoint of a Jane Austen scholar.
- yet still more great art by Gaughan, Austin, Conr, Carter and whoever else is kind enough to send me work.
- a mystery foldout that will amaze and amuse you.

And who knows what other surprises? So make sure you get a copy of Energumen 3 by contributing, writing a loc, or even sending money. And remember, if you didn't respond to #1 you'd better respond to this one or you'll miss my daring third issue and probably end up having to buy a bootleg copy at some outrageous price.

ZAP! ZAP!

ATOMIC HORROR BOYS

VERSUS THE MEDIA

Yes, Virginia, there really was a Torcon.

Back in the dim, antediluvian past, when dinosaurs stalked the earth and my home town was known (not too affectionately) as "good old Tory Toronto", a small group of Canadian fans sponsored the sixth World Science Fiction Convention.

To be honest, my own recollections of the event have been somewhat slurred by the smog of passing time.

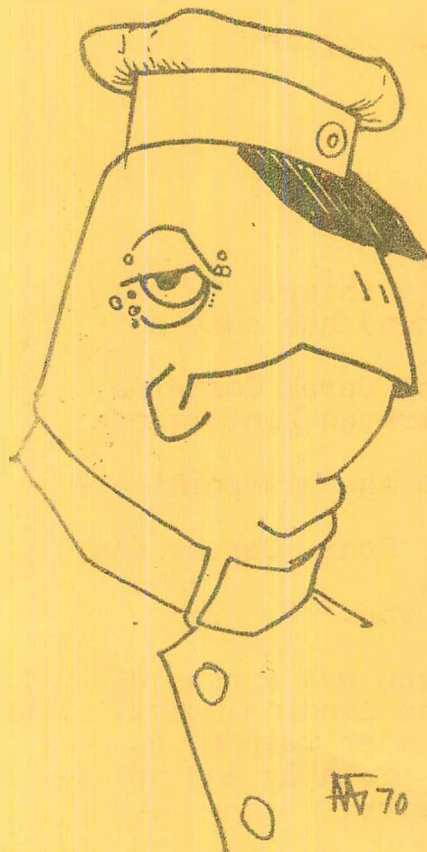
The Torcon, kiddies, took place back in 1948, only a few years after the end of World War II (You must have heard of that: it was in all the papers.) Only recently, in reading Harry Warner's fascinating "All Our Yesterdays" have I been reminded of some of the happenings of that long ago affair.

In particular, Harry's not-so-vague references to the "strange news stories" that the Toronto press had provided as coverage of the con sent me rummaging through old scrapbooks to unearth yellowed clippings of those same wondrous bits of reportage.

In their own way, the press clippings need little comment. They speak for themselves and say almost everything there is to say about the change in attitude towards science fiction and the people who read it. If you think things are bad now, just picture what it was like then to be a teenager smuggling home copies of Planet Stories and Amazing and all the other pulps with their lurid covers featuring naked damsels being raped (ocularly) by leering BEKs. It made scant difference if you knew the magazines contained stories by Clarke and Bradbury and Kuttner et al. The covers damned you as some sort of teenage wierdo freak who might never "grow out of it".

When the Torcon hit Toronto I think I had by this time convinced my parents that fans were often quite ordinary people--some of them had decent jobs and looked like anybody else--well almost. The con itself seemed to lend an air of respectability to the whole thing. Then the local newspapers covered the convention! But we'll get back to that in a minute or two.

To give it its historical perspective, the Torcon was a small convention with an estimated attendance of about 200 people--a good showing for its day but to be topped by almost five times the number of people only four years later in Chicago. Most of the



Big Name Fans travelled long distances to attend but, unlike today's mammoth Worldcons, there was only a smattering of pros in attendance, including GoH Robert Bloch.

It was all fun, however, and as Warner points out some have said that humour formed the predominant note of the whole event. Small wonder with people like Bloch, Tucker and George O. Smith taking turns at the podium. When he was in his cups (and that's the way I remember him best at the Torcon) George O. in particular was one of the funniest men I've met. Block and Tackle are still going strong and you know how much fun they are.

But the purpose of this piece is not to write a twenty-year-old con report, nor am I really qualified. I was a grade eleven high school student at the time--a member of fandom's ignominious "beanie brigade"--the homework I didn't do being replaced by frenetic fanac such as stories, articles and artwork for a number of fanzines, personal correspondence and letters to the prozine letter columns. IACABRE, the fanzine I produced with Jack Doherty, was one of the victims of the post-Torcon slump that decimated Canadian fandom. In its three issues it contained material by Forry Ackerman, David H. Keller and quite a number of well-known fans of the day, and was twice listed in Startling Stories' list of "top ten" fan publications. Nevertheless, when I entered the doors of the Torcon, my beanie hat tied to my pointed little head, propeller twirling nervously, I remember being awed by some of the people present. Many were mature men in their late twenties, some old crocks obviously teetering well into their 30s and even 40s. Their eloquence on the platform and their easy ability to socialize left the young fan I was somewhat shy; if this had not been so I might have keener and more personal memories of that long gone weekend.

Fortunately, I have Harry's book and those notorious clippings to jog my memory. In his fine account Harry makes only one obvious error: the Torcon was not staged in the Prince George Hotel although many fans stayed there. It was held in the old Rai Purdy Studios on Queen Street, making it one of the few Worldcons that did not have its own hotel. Otherwise, the horrors of the old Prince George were truly stated; it's just that the fans who roomed there did so on their own hook. As Harry mentions, the King Edward was the best place to stay and is, coincidentally, the site of Toronto's Fan Fair 2 this August. (This has been an unsolicited, unpaid-for plug.) ((You sly devil, Don!))

Well, you can read all about it in Harry's book if you haven't already. One of my strongest recollections and the basis of this article was George Smith's rendition of those Toronto newspaper accounts of the convention. As I say, Smith was a very funny man and it helps to picture his dramatic renditions as accompanied by extraneous sound effects by Tucker.

The first little number was from The Globe and Mail. It was a front page by-line column by George Bain (who has since moved on to political reportage!) Its headline shrilled out:

ZAP! ZAP!
ATOMIC RAY
IS PASSE
WITH FIENDS!



After a headline like that we knew what sort of treatment we could expect in the main body of the article. And the Globe certainly didn't let us down with the following prize example of purple prose:

Put down that ray-gun, Buck Rogers, I've got you cold. So I let him have it with my 25th century rocket-pistol (zap, zap), hopped into my space-ship (zoom, swish), and made off to the planet of the three-headed people. Minerva was waiting for me, a light sparkling in every one of her six television eyes.

Seen any machine-men of Zor lately? They have organic brains in metal cube-shaped bodies, you know. What's the word from Helen, the lovelorn robot, or the snail-lizard of Venus? How're interplanetary communications with you, kid?

Nothing wrong with me that a long rest--and protection from another science-fiction convention--won't cure. The 6th world convention of these publishers, writers and readers of fantastic tales is being held at 55 Queen St. E. Just take a firm grip on yourself, plunge right in, and it shouldn't be more than a couple of weeks before you can sleep again without nightmares.

Of course, you may have a few bad moments if you start worrying about the cosmic veil of meteoric dust which is going to cover the earth in a few years. Don't let it get you; it's just going to last for 40 years and after that the sun will shine through again.

The business about the cosmic veil is contained in one of the fanzines which are available for the fen attending the Torcon. A fanzine, among science-fictionists, is a fan magazine, fen is the plural of fan, and Torcon is Toronto convention. Cunning aren't they?

Those of tender nerves should make a point of avoiding the drawings displayed at the convention. These are up for auction (if anyone wants a good portrait of a fiend for the bedroom wall, this is the place to get it) and are the originals of pictures which appeared in fantastic and astounding magazines and books.

There's one cosy little number, for instance, that shows a poor bloke being clutched to the breast of a beast that has the body of an octopus and arms which are individual snakes. Any number of these pictures show people being done in by ray-guns (zap, zap. . . ugh, you got me), space-ships flying through the mushrooming smoke of atom-bomb explosions and lightly clad maidens being menaced by fiends of one sort or another.

On Saturday, before the formal goings-on of the convention started, the delegates were free to examine the fanzines, new books, and drawings on display, and to cut up touches about fiends they have met in their reading. Two men in one corner were earnestly discussing werewolves; a group of three was lost somewhere in outer space on a jaunt between Mars and the moon.

The fen are kept in touch with one another and the writers of their favorite type of literature mostly by the fanzines. One of the latest of these is a jolly little number called simply Macabre.

It is advertised: "Want to feel disgusted, scream in horror, beat your head, kill your mother-in-law? Read Macabre."

During the introduction of visitors, the delegate from

New Orleans complained that he had mislaid his Zombie. It was learned later, outside the hall, that the Zombie in this case was a fanzine, not a representative of the walking dead.

Well, that was the Torcon according to The Globe and Mail. My own moment of glory at the convention occurred when George O. Smith asked the perpetrators of Macabre to stand up and Tucker (as sound effects specialist) gave us two whistled toots on an empty Coke bottle.

As I say, accounts like that weren't calculated to legitimize a teenager's "hobby" to his parents. And if we expected the afternoon edition of The Toronto Daily Star to help out, our hopes were cruelly dashed:



DON'T WAKE UP SCREAMING

HORROR BOYS INVADE CITY:

About 200 science fiction writers--they are the guys who turn out this horror stuff that makes you wake up screaming in the night--are in Toronto today attending the sixth annual convention of the Torcon society.

They don't look or dress like the characters from their books. In fact they look just what they are--successful business men who write fiction as a hobby. They say it helps them relax. In the group are included advertising men, doctors, lawyers, a movie projectionist and just about any occupation you wish to name.

Robert Block, Milwaukee Wisconsin, is an advertising copy writer. In his spare time he turns out "chillers". As a boy, Mr. Block says he used to sit in graveyards to get inspiration for his horror stories.

"I'm too old for that now. I'd get rheumatism; so I just sit home and wait for the ideas to come," he said.

Last night Mr. Block awoke in his hotel room in the middle of the night and rushed for a pencil. He had a plot for a story. It concerned a man who murdered his wife and then planted poinsettias on her grave. The flowers took root in her body and strangled him while he was standing on the grave.

Does he have nightmares? No. But he admits his wife sometimes does.

The Torcon society meets annually. This is their first convention in Canada. In addition to professional writers and publishers, many members write for a large number of amateur publications that have sprung up in the US. One such magazine advertises, "Want to feel disgusted, scream in horror, beat your head, kill your mother-in-law? Read Macabre."

Wilson Tucker of Bloomington, Illinois, runs a movie projector. In his spare time he writes detective stories. "The Chinese Doll", his best known book, is to be published as a pocket book after appearing as a serial in several

newspapers. He admits his job helps him get ideas for his stories. "You can't see 200 movies a year without borrowing something from them," he explained.

Like most of his colleagues attending the convention, Mr. Tucker started by writing "chillers". However, he found they were pretty tough to sell so he switched to detective stories. He thinks detective stories are easier to write because of their looser construction.

The authors are quite proud of the scientific accuracy of their work. "Sure we use our imagination," one said, "but we rely on scientifically proven facts for the base of our story."

They like to tell about a story on an atom bomb published in one of the magazines while the Manhattan project was still in the hush-hush stage. As a result, the F.B.I. investigated Author John Cambell and wanted to know where he got his information. For a while they suspected Cambell had a pipe-line to the project. As it turned out, he just used his imagination but his scientific training resulted in this fantasy being close to fact.

Fans of the horror fiction are really avid. They crowd around their favorite author with autograph books. Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster used to be fans of the chillers before they rode to fortune on the coat-tails of Superman.

End of the official press view of the Torcon. As foolish as the articles are, one should not form an unduly harsh opinion of Canadian journalism; in those days moon flights were still "crazy Buck Rogers stuff" and the articles simply reflected the attitude of Joe Public to the fans of that era. In their mundane minds we were dismissed as hopeless crazy people, creeps and crackpots.

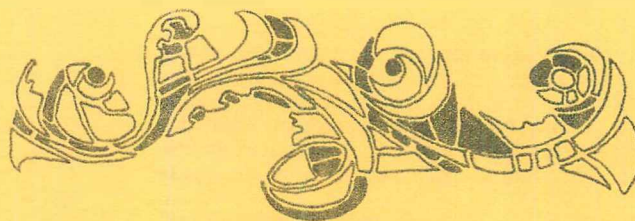
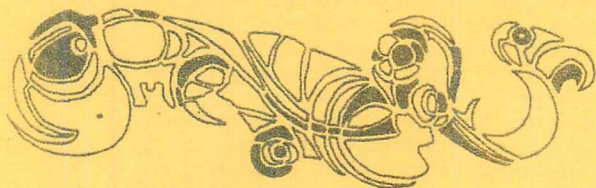
And all along we knew we were the Secret Masters of the Universe.

Didn't we, gang?

by Don Hutchison



BUT IS IT



POETRY ?

The problem with most sciencefiction poetry, she pronounced dogmatically, is that it is neither science fiction nor poetry.

Take a look at the "poetry" content of your average 'zine. No, not ENERGUMEN 1 - I'll get to that later. And no, not Riverside Quarterly - the "poems" there don't even pretend to be science-fictional. Or better yet, buy yourself a book: either Holding Your Eight Hands, an anthology of verse edited by Edward Lucie-Smith, or Penguin Modern Poets 11. You won't find too many well-known sf names in the collection, but never mind. Just look for a good sf poem.

The "sf" part seems fairly easy. Yes, I know there are 2001 different opinions as to what sf really is. If "And He Built A Crooked House" is sf, is "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" also sf? What about The Martian Chronicles? The Jagged Orbit? Ensign Flandry? I'm not brave enough to try and define science fiction, but I would like to establish a distinction between writers who use scientific and/or technological concepts (whether real, extrapolated or imagined) creatively, showing their effects on individuals and society - and those who use "science fiction" oriented words for decoration. The idea of space travel is essential to, say, The Foundation Trilogy; without the "jump" you couldn't have the Empire to begin with. It's just a decoration, though, in Ensign Flandry, a device that allows Our Hero to do his James Bonding in various exotic settings. Right?

Now apply this distinction to a poem. Is Robert Conquest's "Far Out" sf because it contains references to "Sol III" and "Deneb VII"? - or are they just there because they sound exotic and scientific, and because they fit the rhyme? Is T.S. Eliot a science fiction poet because he uses imagery such as "A dull head among windy spaces" in "Gerontion" or

The horror of the effortless journey,
to the empty land
Which is no land, only emptiness,
absence, the Void,
Where those who were men can no
longer turn the mind
To distraction, delusion, escape into
dream, pretence . . .

in "Murder in the Cathedral"; or

O dark dark dark. They all go into
the dark,
The vacant interstellar spaces

in "East Coker"? I don't think so. And I don't think D.M. Thomas' "A Conversation Upon the shadow" is sf just because it opens with a piece of cosmic scene setting:

. . . Epsilon
sets; and minutes later
Delta sinks in the east,
blazing orange sphere.
Now, if ever on Uraa,
stars might shine down . . .

I think it is sf because, as a poem about love, it turns on two basic sf themes: telepathy, and the future of an earth colony. The sf situation is integrated with the meaning of the poem. (Read Thomas. He may be the nearest thing to a good sf poet we have and he's in the Penguin collection.)

The problem with most fanzine poets, spare-time toss-off-a-few-lines poets as opposed to the professional concerned - with - the - rightness of every word poets in the books I've mentioned, is that they haven't learned this integration. "I'm going to write an sf poem" they say, cranking out a lot of references to Mars and stars, and moon and even June . . . They're so preoccupied with the "sf-ness" of their opus that the poem itself is lost (if it ever existed) under its own gimmicky words - like David Kilburn's "Weather Forecast". Reading a good sf poem you know that it exists as a poem first, an sf poem second; the writer uses terms, situations, themes usually associated with sf because he had to, because the poem, as it grew in his mind, demanded them for its expression.

John Cotton's "Return Back", about the death of the Sense of Wonder, had to be written the way it was, contrasting intense, image-laden impressions of what space should be with a technician's laconic transmissions of date. There's nothing "new" in this poem. We've all heard about the "austere beauty, barren, uncompromising" of space in which man might, mystically

find himself,
Scoured to the quick
In the timeless sands of the void.

And we've all heard, from the Apollo crews as well as the writers, about the boredom of space:

We are now occupied with lab work as
it is eighty hours until the next "dawn".
The darkness, as expected, is intense.

Instead of appreciating the terrible beauty of space, the speaker only begs for some girlie magazines.

There's nothing new - except everything: not just the images which the "poetic voice" uses, but the contrast of these with the spaceman's utilitarian language, the changes of tone, verse form and structure between the halves of the poem . . . and the fusion of these two halves, the unity which ensures that, though separate, they cannot be separated.

Science-fictional theme and content plus carefully developed poetic form, contributing to each other and to a comment on man's mind, which grows out of and transcends the words and the way they're written . . . maybe it all adds up to sf poetry. I think so.

Which brings us to the problem of the "poetry". Now, I've made it to an almost - MA in English literature, I teach English, my life is involved with words and what writers do with them.

And I can't define poetry. I can refer you to poets and critics. I can talk about things like intensity and unity and imagery, about diction and devices, about themes and structures and developing levels of meaning. A true poem though has to be greater than the sum of all these parts.

What I can do is work backwards and talk about what a poem is not. First, it is not prose. Obvious? Not really. Surprisingly few so-called poets know this simple fact. They think, poor souls, that the twentieth century verse form, free verse, is really "free".

Certainly free verse liberates the poem from the confines of a mechanical rhyme and rhythm scheme; but it does not liberate the poet. As I have pointed out, "no verse is free for the man who wants to do a good job. The emphasis is put back where it belongs, on the inner unity of the poem, not the outer form of relentless iambs and rigid couplets; and rhyme and metre, liberated from structure-building duty, can be used creatively.

(Down, down, pet poet of Purple Crudzine #2-1/2. Go away and read "Ash Wednesday" and listen to the metre underlying the words, enhancing

them. Read D.H. Lawrence's "Snake" and see how the different line lengths and rhythms build the mood - the sleepy dangerous setting, the long mysterious appearance of the snake, his shockingly - sudden disappearance. Listen to Cohen or Dylan or Lennon and McCartney. Then tell me you write poetry, not chopped up chunks of awkward prose.)

The idea that a lot of awkward uneven lines make a poem is why I object to the inclusion of, for example, George Macbeth's "Crab-Apple Crisis" in Eight Hands. I agree it's a brilliant illustration of escalation at work; but if you must classify its form, it's a lecture with examples, or a drama, not a poem - and no amount of artily-arranged lines will make it so.

Poetry is also not verse. Examine Act V, Scene v of Macbeth. Everything before and after lines 19 to 28 is verse. It carries the plot along, conveys the thought, gives the words and ideas and underlying unity of rhythm. But only the "tomorrow and tomorrow" speech has the intensity, the deeply felt emotion recreated freshly with each reading, proper to true poetry.

Verse is ephemeral; if you remember it after the first reading it is only because of its obtrusive "cleverness" - an overemphasis on the thought or the witty use of words - or because of its insistent jog-trot rhythm which sticks in your skull. Kenneth Patchen's "Wouldn't You After a Jaunt of 964,000,000,000,000 Million Miles?" in the Eight Hands volume, depending as it does entirely on its title, is in the first class; "Gully Foyle is my name . . ." in the second.

Verse may not aspire to be poetry. Ogden Nash (and, I suspect, most of the authors publishing "poetry" in F&SF) intends to amuse you, maybe prod you to think, and that is all. Or verse may miss being poetry because it concentrates too much on its thought (like John Brunner's prophecies and Conquest's tribute to sf in the '40s in Eight Hands) or on its stylistic gimmicks (like Ronald Johnston's "The Invaders" and most concrete and "found" poems.)

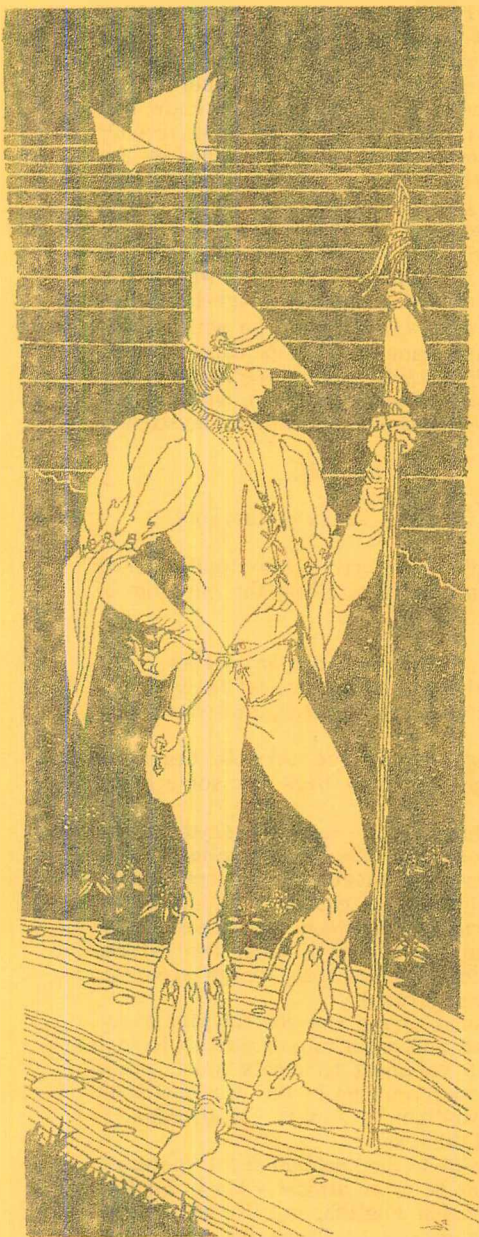
So what is poetry?

Critics and poets disagree on this question as much as do fans on sf. They do, however, tend to see the poet as a man of extraordinary perceptiveness, able to see his world more clearly, think more intensely and feel more deeply - and, moreover, able to communicate these experiences directly so that the reader may share in them. And he does so by means of concrete images and basic emotions.

A good poem is not "emotional" in any derogatory sense. It's not gushy, not greeting-cardish. The poem may be as precise and hard as the "Essay on Mar." or as intense and sweeping as the "Ode to the West Wind". The emotion may be present only as the starting point for the philosophy or message or thought. But insofar as a poem deals with an intense, and intensely - recreated, experience, the emotion must be there. It must, as well, be expressed vividly and precisely so that it can be communicated and thus accomplish its function - I refuse to believe that any real poet writes only for himself.

Accepting this definition, though, probably means that you reject the whole idea of sf poetry.

"The job of a science fiction writer is to take a stand on the unknown". Iowan Shirkie, Ottafan, unleashed that pronouncement at our sf seminar one evening and I think it's a valid one. The sf writer deals with the impact of science and technology on man; but the language of science is straightforward and denotative, while that of poetry is complex, full of over-



tones and nuances, connotative. "Language logically and scientifically used cannot describe a landscape or a face . . . Science can tell us nothing about the nature of things in an absolute sense." So says I.A. Richards, literary critic. Science fiction is traditionally a cerebral literature, dealing primarily with ideas; poetry deals primarily with emotions. The sf writer extrapolates, projecting his imagination into other times and worlds; the poet, though, must deal with what he knows. Prose, which can be less bound by requisites of intensity and unity, less compact, less reliant on suggestion and nuance, is accepted as the medium for outward exploration, for discussing "what-would-happen-if's. The poem, I feel, is more personal, more suited to exploring the inner landscape of what man senses and feels.

Which is just a fancy English-major's way of saying that you can't write a poem about Mars. You've never been there, any of you. You can guess what it's like, you can extrapolate from the data you have, you can probably write a convincing novel - but you can't write a real poem about it. Sticking a few facts about temperature and gravity into some heroic couplets won't do. You've never seen Mars, never reacted to it, never felt it.

There is a future for sf poetry, though; and its future is the future of sf.

Have you noticed what's really happening in sf today? Sf writers are beginning to think of themselves as writers first, sf writers second. They're using traditional sf themes and new scientific concepts - particularly from the social and life sciences - not for themselves or for decorations on a space opera, but for what they can reveal about man and his place in the world. Sf as a genre, as a set of traditions, gives them a form in which to say what they want to say - but they refuse to be limited in theme, content or style by that genre.

Delany, especially, is often called a "poetic" writer, that doesn't mean that his writing is just pretty-pretty or uselessly ornate, though sometimes it lapses into that. He uses images from every aspect of life, brilliant and startling images, the way a poet does, to make the personal and strange into something universal and familiar.

That's part of it.

Look at William Blake's poem "The Sick Rose". As a poem, it is based on a concrete image - the worm-eaten flower - and a specific emotion - love, or to be more precise, the poet's reaction to the death of physical love. It is more that these; after all, thought is important to any good poem, both in the creation of its form and in its content. Blake's worm-eaten rose can mean many things, some private, some public. It forms part of his ideas of what the phenomenal world is like and of what it should be, of what it does to natural human relationships and of what humans do to each other. Basically, though, it's a dying rose.

Now look at Zelazny's "A Rose for Ecclesiastes". No, it's not an sf story in the sense that Clarke's Sands of Mars is. Clarke's Mars is a real planet where the facts of terrain, atmosphere and so forth are all-important; the story is about the way they affect a stock group of human beings. Zelazny, though, is not writing about a scientific Mars; humans can breathe the air of his world, they can walk the sands and talk with the women and even make love with them. And the protagonist - mighod! - is not a scientist or a Red-Blooded Hero but a poet!!!

Zelazny recreates a mythical Mars, the fabled Red Planet, traditional home of an old, wise but decrepit race, the red planet, colour of blood which is death and life. Probably that's why he chose Mars - because of its familiar sf connotations and because of its colour - red planet, red-haired hero, red rose. Mars is a symbol, a science-fictional analogue for the real subject of the story: the death of love, which is life, and the persistence of life. Again you have a human emotion and a concrete image: the flower, miraculously alive in the dying world, suggesting life, beauty, hope . . . and love.

This, I believe, is where science fiction is going - using terms from the future, images and concepts from the range of the possible, theories from the improbable, all to talk about men as they are now and may be. This is where the best sf has always been. And this is where sf poetry must be to be at all.

Remember those poems in the last issue? Read them again.

Joe Haldeman is a well known fan, an astronomer turned writer. His letter from Vietnam illustrates what I mean by prosaic poetry. It is too dependant on the idea which is not significantly aided by the free verse form. I like it - the idea is an excellent one (sf? Probably, though the references to Bradbury and Silverberg are most likely just decoration) and is expressed well. It's just not expressed in poetry - until the last stanza, that is, when form and idea fuse, leading to the last line that had to be that way, had to be alone and broken off to emphasize that single miraculous crucial word "alive".

Debbie Munro and John Baglow are both dedicated sf readers and literature students. Therefore they have clear ideas on what makes good sf and good poetry. That's why they were badgered to write "a good sf poem, please." I think they succeeded. In both cases the images are used as analogues of human situations. John's is probably closer to traditional sf, in that his "mechanical maggots" represent the defeat of life by technology, while Debbie uses the idea of mutations caused by a nuclear explosion to suggest the awareness of changing perspectives (whose? the poet's? everyone else's? is the world really changing or am I?) But in both cases (though more so in John's poem) I have the uneasy feeling that the image and the thought aren't really fused. I'd better go and read them again. They are almost there, though.

Read all three. They're where science fiction is going.

And science fiction, of all genres, should be aware of its future.

by Susan Wood

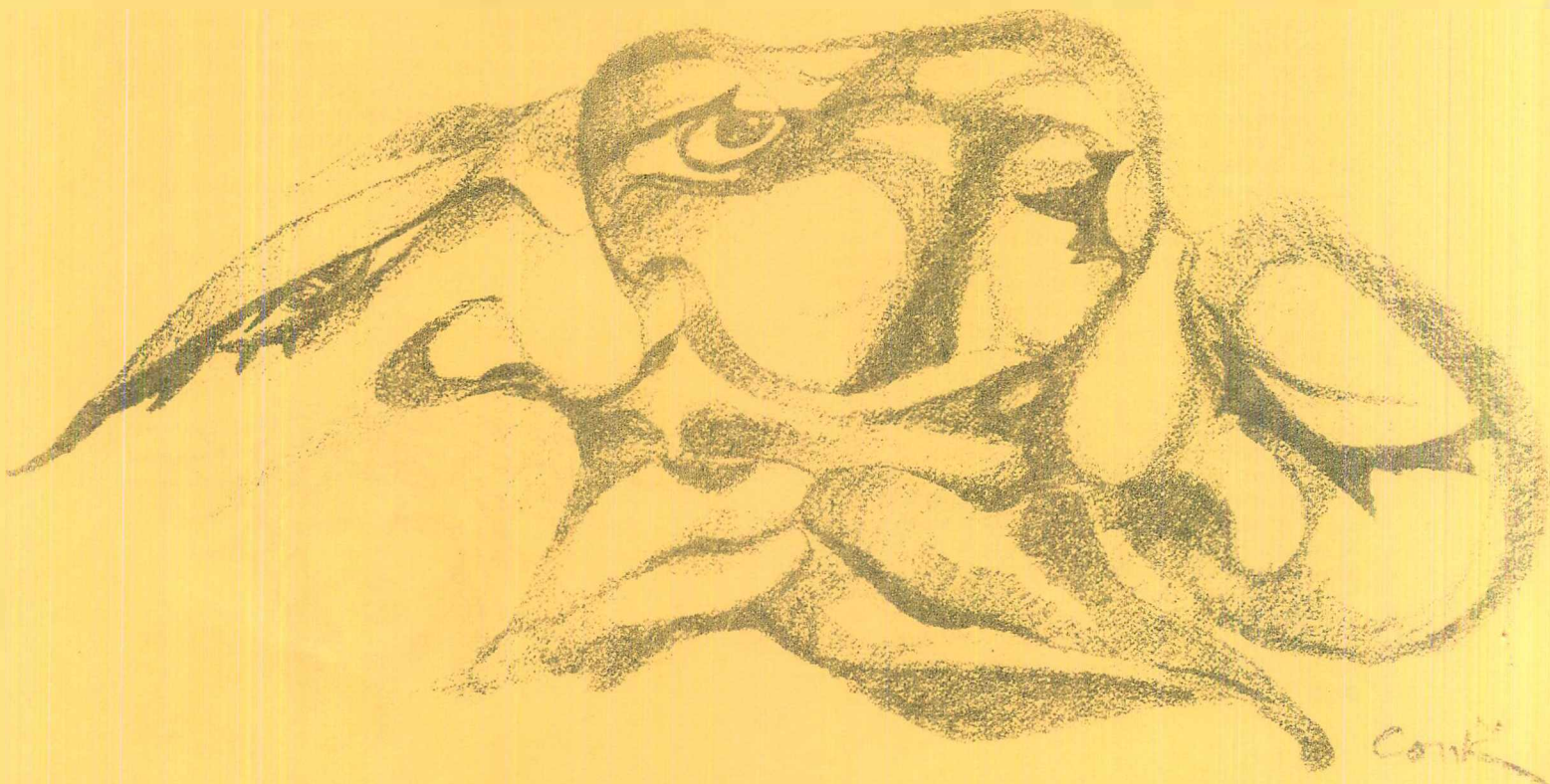


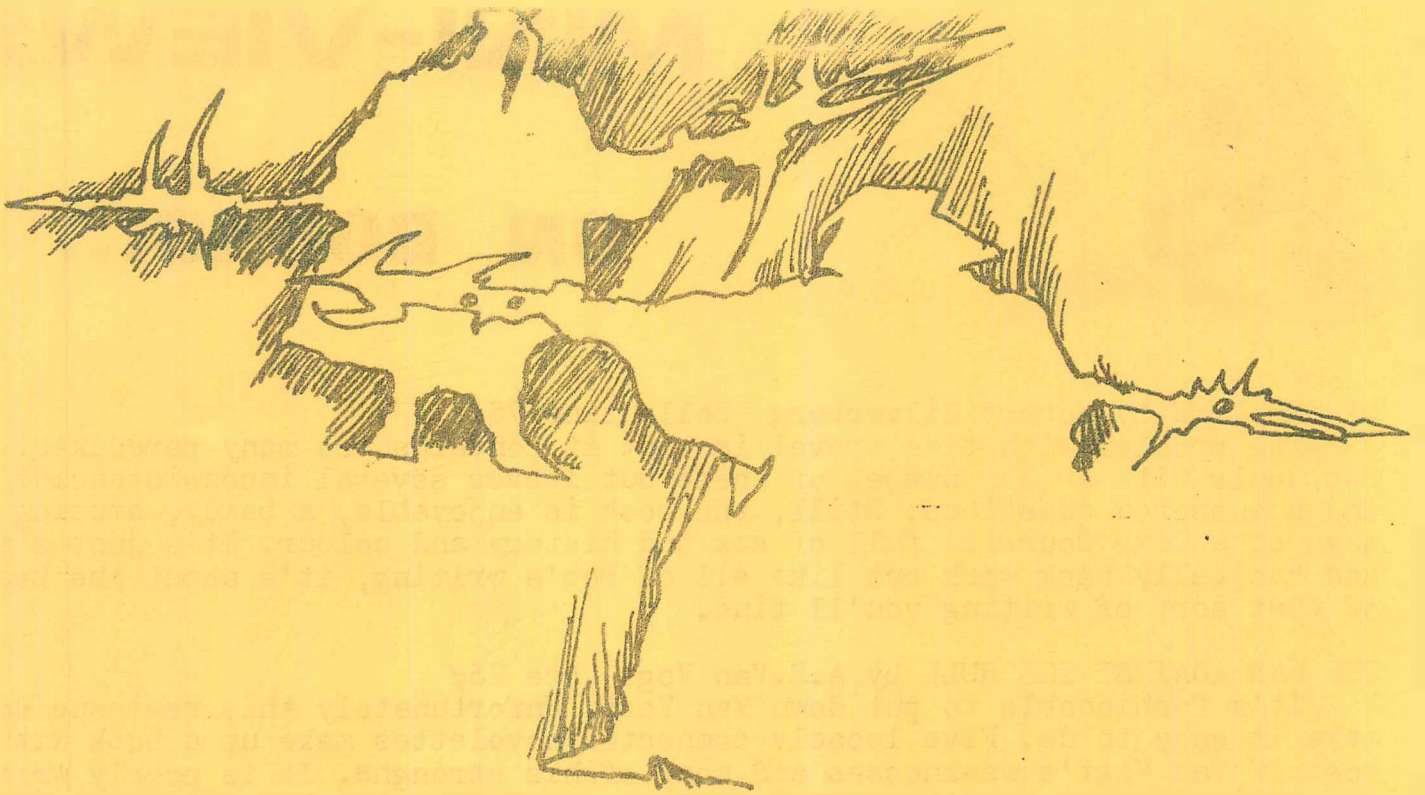
The Crumbling Foundations of Empire

Man! He'd bring us beers one after the other,
Christ, we had the world by the tail!
Now I'm a booster. Man!
Know what that means?
Every night I flop at the cop shop.

Two A.M.: Streets are dark; tree limbs cast disquieting shadows.
I walk alone: Moonlight sifts through the grid of my soul; heart?
Myself I hug, others I shrug. But:
An old whore pushes a baby carriage through warm-spell slush,
She's lost, I'm sure: the way she shuffs inaccurately in
some greasy-spoon dime-store direction.
Two A.M., she's not walking a baby, yet she might be walking her last
maybe.
Pale blue, thrusting black juttings cover her touching scene.
Emotionless umbra-only lines
Flag her face, crag, sag what could have been nice. Creased vice.
She pushes her carriage while night settles her wares.
I'll comfort your babe, dear lady who clutches for that last
straw of immortality...
She quickly hurries across a wind-drift, snow blown field.

So you're a booster... God! The pastor should hear of you.
Everything from God's love to bingo boards, raffle tickets
and churchly tours.
A woman's anatomy is fascinating to a man but should be taken
for granted,
What must be served is that mindly, mental male to female socket;
Cyclopan insight: aye to aye interrelating adventure,
discovery, developing delight.





Bureau drawers were made for pulling in and out,
Looking for things that were never meant to be found
(can never be meant?).

Come inside, I'll boil ya some soup.

No?

You a recluse?

Aw!

I'll slip it through your cave door late at night.

No?

Gee! I'm only a bright gregarious type trying with all my might
to be nice.

Look at the way my eyebrows flip and my eyelids blink---I can't
be all bad.

Pardon?

Oh!

You and yours has a bastardly slant to it too. An individual
doesn't have to be bloody lonely too...

It takes guts to recognize that, two!

Comes that so called winter of a young life
When one swears off 'fun and run' for contemplative strife,
Sheds the easy superficial for the momentary loneliness
Of a try at inward sight.
But under such an untutored knife (could it be otherwise?):
Too many scars; too few mindly surgeons; insensitive self betrayals.

Play, my pony-tailed dear with the shetland heart,
Waltz again with me one more time
Before a jealousy, a foundation for which I cannot claim,
Blunders in where, self confessed, it has no right,
And draws down the shades of a carrige-whore's night.

E.S.Frederick Barrett



MINI-VIEWS

ON BOOKS...

UP THE LINE by Robert Silverberg Ballantine 75¢

The problem with time travel is that it contains too many paradoxes. Bob deals with a good number of these but leaves several inconsistencies and unanswered questions. Still, the book is enjoyable, a bawdy, amusing saga of a Time Courier full of sex and history and colour. It's just a romp and basically hack work but like all of Bob's writing, it's about the best of that sort of writing you'll find.

THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL by A.E. Van Vogt Ace 75¢

It's fashionable to put down Van Vogt. Unfortunately this re-issue does make it easy to do. Five loosely connected novelettes make up a book with most of Van Vogt's weaknesses and none of his strengths. It is poorly written and badly plotted with the heavy hand of the author all too noticeable except in the loose ends dept. and has none of the sweeping grandeur of some of his other work. Despite some fascinating aliens, this book has little to recommend it.

AND CHAOS DIED by Joanna Russ Ace SF Special 75¢

By any standard, this is a New Wave novel. It's written so tautly, so abruptly, that I sometimes had the feeling that every second line had been omitted from the manuscript. It's confusing, tantalizing, frustrating. Jai Vedh crashes on an Earthlike planet whose psi culture is slowly revealed to him and to the reader. "Rescued" as his latent abilities are awakening, he returns and sees Earth through his new perceptions. Nothing is explained in this book. We are told nothing but are shown things and are expected to assimilate the culture by osmosis. There's a tendency nowadays to equate confusion with brilliance, obscurity with literary skill. Two readings and I don't understand this book, can't feel it the way I'm supposed to. Leiber, Silverberg and Delany say the fault is in me--I'll let you decide.

THE MEN WHO SMILED NO MORE by Kenneth Robeson Bantam 60¢

Standard Doc Savage fare: terrible writing, dated, cliched and poorly plotted but still a hell of a lot of fun. You're either a Doc fan from #1 or you'll never be one. I dig it in moderation and Bama does great covers.

STORE OF INFINITY by Robert Sheckly Bantam 60¢

Eight shorts of varying lengths by a very competent writer. Several will be familiar, such as the classic "Minimum Man" about a bumbling incompetent who becomes a planetary explorer, or "Prize of Peril" with its televised manhunts. All are old but well worth reading. While each story in the collection has some point to make about the human condition, each also entertains while doing so. In other words, typical Sheckly.

RETRIEF AND THE WARLORDS by Keith Laumer Berkley 60¢

The usual Retief fare, full of action, humour, wacky aliens and heavy-handed satire. Laumer is one of the few writers writing humorous sf (if you can call it that) and his books are amusing light reading. His aliens are splendid creatures and his books undemanding; a nice change now and then.

PLEASE WRITE FOR DETAILS by John D. MacDonald Fawcett 60¢

A rollicking, fun-filled, sex-filled story of a modern day con game in the form of an Artist's Workshop in Mexico. "Grand Hotel" in a sea of tequila. An incredible series of characters have a host of wacky adventures while MacDonald's moralising stays discretely in the background. Lots of fun.

I, THE MACHINE by Paul W. Fairman Lancer 60¢

Another one-man-against-the-computer story that's pretty dull despite a truly fascinating computer. There are the usual rebels living in the bowels of the machine with total disregard for plot consistency and the ending is foreseeable and unbelievable. A bad book--but I dig that computer!

THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR by Avram Davidson Ace SF Special 75¢

Another triumph for the Specials! This superbly written book epitomizes the best of the fantasy genre. An excellent tale, well told and well resolved, good characterization, with a mystical world revealed by indication, not by lecture. Dealing with the adventures of Vergil as Magus, the book is filled with bits of mythology and ancient lore and is as entertaining as it is enjoyable. I'm already anticipating the promised sequel.

BETTER BIDDING IN 15 MINUTES by Howard Schenken Cornerstone Library \$1

Most people agree that Standard American is an outdated system and ought to be replaced or modified. Schenken's strong One Club forcing seems to me to be not quite as versatile as the Kaplan-Sheinwold system but it is lots easier to learn. Any comments out there?

OPUS 100 by Isaac Asimov Houghton Mifflin \$5.95

Isaac's 100th book consists of reprints from his first 99 efforts, sorted into 11 basic areas and liberally sprinkled with connecting material especially written for this volume. The reprints are of spotty quality and are necessarily fragmentary in nature but are nonetheless fascinating as they reveal the course of Ike's career. The connections are filled with "typical Asimovian immodesties" and are lots of fun. In fact, Isaac has been called "one of our national wonders and natural resources" and this book shows why. (Can't you just picture Steve Reeves as Isaac in the movie version of Ike's life? A remake, naturally, of "Lock Up Your Daughters"!)

MURDER MUST ADVERTISE by Dorothy Sayers Signet 75¢

My first exposure to Lord Peter Wimsey--and an enjoyable one. The pleasure of the book is not so much in the murder mystery, which most readers will solve readily, but in the excellent characterisation of all persons in the novel. Miss Sayers understanding of human nature is superb and helps overcome a certain amount of dating in the writing and the moral of the book. I am tempted to call it "quaint".

THE STEEL CROCADILE by D.G.Compton Ace SF Special 75¢

Compton worries about "computer death", the relationship of man and God, and the moral responsibility of a scientist for his discovery in this, his third "special". This is a book about people in conflict with technology but it's written in such a subdued manner that I found it dull; this despite the good characterisation and some nice stylistic tricks. If you can plod through it, this book will make you think.

WOLFLING by Gordon Dickson Dell 50¢

A fairly routine Earthman-among-the-superior-aliens-but-look-out-he's-not-what-he-seems story of Empire and intrigue. Dickson is a competent writer who has handled the soldier race theme well in the past and carries over several concepts to this work. Thus the book is nothing new but makes for a hour or so of pleasant relaxation.

THE SHIP WHO SANG by Anne McCaffrey Ballantine 95¢

Probably Anne's best book to date. A collection of connected novelettes about a female cyborg spaceship, the plots are somewhat standard, although a couple do stand out, while the characterisation of the ship and the humans it meets is excellent. The book includes "Dramatic Mission", almost sure to be a Hugo nominee and five other stories ranging from fair to great.

EARTHMAN'S BURDEN by Poul Anderson & Gordon Dickson Avon 60¢

For the first time in paperback, some of the funniest stories ever written in the sf field. Every one of these classic tales of the Hokus--highly imaginative, immensely strong, 3 foot high teddy bears who adopt and reproduce exactly various milieu from Terran adventure novels--is well worth the price of the book. And it even has the original Cartier illos. Get it!!!



...AND ON FANZINES

OUTWORLDS 2 (Bill and Joan Bowers, Box 87 Barberton, Ohio, 44203. 50¢ 3/\$1 or usual. 34 pages good mimeo. Bimonthly) One of the sharpest zines I've seen. Layout and graphics are splendidly imaginative and Bill writes extremely well. Good story, fine art and good lettercol. Highly recommended.(9)

THE EARTH GAZETTE 1 (W.G.Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chilli-cothe, Ill. 61523. 50¢ 14 pages elite mimeo.) Supposed to be articles, news stories and ads from the future. I guess it's meant to be funny. Weird.(3)

EXILE 7 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80St, Jackson Hts N.Y. 11370. 50¢ or usual. 32 pg offset. Quarterly) Superb looking zine with much great art. Excellent Zelazny story with great graphics and lousy art by

Gilbert. Some columns of varying quality and a super-micro-elite lettercol (that's gonna be "lc" from here on!) that's blinding but good. Recommended (7)

CONGLOMERATION 3 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45237. 25¢ +usual. 28 pg rotten mimeo) The writing is bad in this one and it's not helped by terrible typing. A self-glorifying conrep and some reviews. I'm afraid this one has a long way to go. (3)

EGG 1 (Peter Roberts, 87 W.Town Lane, Bristol BS4 5D7, U.K. 25¢ 5/\$1 +usual. 22 pg sloppy mimeo.(Why do all British zines look so cruddy?)) Good writing overcomes the awful appearance. Archie Mercer has a very funny pseudo-story, while Pete chats about British fandom and has a fine satirical Hobby Corner on collecting toilet tissues. Interesting. (5)

RAUNCH 1 (Gale Burnick, 1660 Coney Island Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230. 10¢ but 20¢ from now on. 4 pg offset.) Devoted to the double entendre and the dirty innuendo. Ten "jokes" on the verb "come" is a bit much but if you like inane crudity maybe this is for you. (3)

Karnis Bottle's METANOIA 2 (Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Dr, Fairfax Cal, 94930. Free. 14 pg mimeo. Monthly.) Greg's personalzine with a report on SFCon, reviews and a mind-bending article by Jim Wright on riding freights. Greg has good things to say and I enjoy his zine. (6)

THE NEW CAPTAIN GERGE'S WHIZZBANG 7 (George henderson, 594 Markham St, Toronto Ontario. 35¢ Bi-monthly.) Not a fanzine but a professional,offset typeset

publication devoted to nostalgia. Articles and pictures on old movies, serials, posters, comics, radio and the pulps plus reviews and art by Carter and Hal Foster. Recommended if that's your field. (7)

T&R (John Mansfield, CFB gagetown, Oromocto N.B., Canada. & Drew Simels, 700 Commonwealth Ave, Box 622, Boston Mass, 02215. \$1.25 32pg type + 16 pg fotos all offset.) Text repro good, photo repro fair. Reprint articles on The Avengers plus plot summaries of widely divergent quality. For truefen only. (5)

LUNA MONTHLY (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell N.J. 07649. 30¢ or \$3/year. Monthly 32 pg offset digest size) A news and review zine that supplements Locus by being less immediate and all-encompassing but having greater depth. Excellent listing of new and coming books and coming events. Highly recommended. (8)

DISFT 3 (David Malone, Bacon Rd, Roxbury Conn, 06783. \$1 (Dave is broke) 34 pg mediocre mimeo, cover offset) Not a strong issue. Best things are a satire by Gilliland and a story by Janet Fox. Editorial, some sercon columns and a good lc. Some good illos tho'. Should improve. (4)

AKOS 3 (Ricky Kagan, 26 Coolidge Ave, West Orange N.J. 07052. 35¢ 3/\$1 +usual. 32 pg superb mimeo.) Rick is getting mail for eds Janet Megson and Eli Cohen. There's a magnificent two-colour offset cover by Judy Mitchell--really impressive. Akos is Getting There. Repro, layout and art all excellent. Contents considerably above average including article on Macroscope which is one of the best things I've seen in any recent zine. Weak spot is "interview" with Asimov but it's a good issue. Highly recommended. (8)

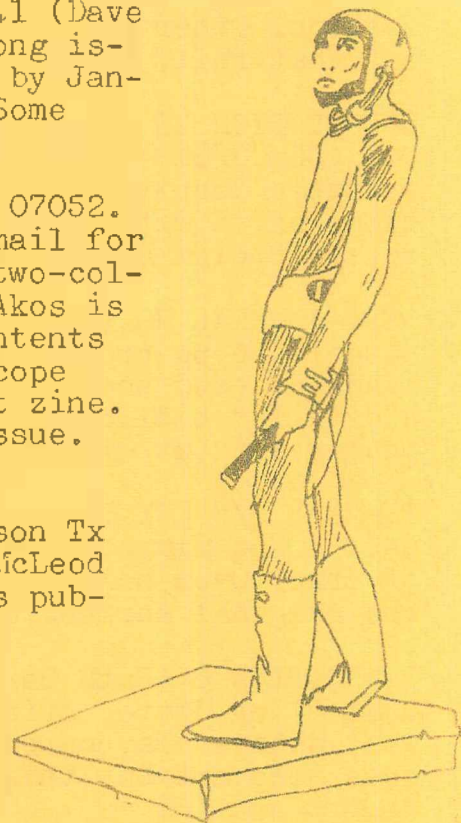
PEGASUS 6 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson Tx 77566. No price, the usual. 58 pg faded ditto) Offset McLeod cover one of the worst of his I've seen. Lists of books pubbed each month provides a service for completists. Article by Coulson and reviews by Delap are good and show up rest of contents. Fanzine reviews are the most asinine I've seen. Not for me, I'm afraid. (3)

BEABOHEMA 8 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown Pa. 18951. 60¢ 4/\$2 +usual. 54 pg mimeo) Offset cover has repro problems while interior illos run from great to crappy. Material is generally excellent although a series of pseudonymous articles written to create controversy spoils this standard. But they do stimulate the lettercol. Too much striving for fame but interesting. Recommended. (7)

ILRYRR 1 (Suzanne Tompkins & Ginger Buchanan, 5830 Bartlett St, Pittsburgh Pa, 15217. 50¢ 3/\$1 +usual. 32 pg mimeo.) Pretty ordinary introductory issue. Unimpressive offset covers, a couple of nice illos and standard layout. A good story by Tim Evans, firstish editorials and some good reviews. Not great but I expect good things from it. (5)

MICROCOSM 4 (David Burton, 5422 Kenyon Dr, Indianapolis Ind, 46226. 20¢ +usual. 14 pg mimeo. Monthly.) Another new personalzine with reviews, comments by Dave and locs. Thish has a silly column on movies. Hasn't quite gelled yet but interesting. Dave needs stencillable artwork. (4)

LOCUS (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx N.Y. 10457. 10/\$1 20/\$2 or anything printable. Bi-weekly.) The best newszine around. Very highly recommended.



EGOBOO 10 (John D. Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif. 94305 & Ted White, 339 49th St, Brooklyn N.Y. 11220 Loc, trade or \$1. 24 pg mimeo.) They send it to those they want to. Includes the Egoboo Poll to find out current fannish attitudes, an excellent column by Calvin Demmon, two editorials (where Ted's important points are swamped by his unnecessary rudeness) and the funniest loc I've ever read from Bob Bloch. A good one. (7)

TRANSPLANT (Gray Boak, 7 Oakwood Rd, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts. U.K. Apazine 12 pg mimeo.) Mostly very personal stuff about Herts. fandom for the OLPA mailing. Dull if you don't know the people. (3)

L'ANGE JACQUE 4 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd, Stanford Conn, 06902. 35¢ +usual. 56 pg ditto with covers and some interior illos offset.) Eight months old but the most recent L'AJ and I had to plug the Redd Boggs reprint article on a 1935 "sex maual"--one of the best, most unbelievable things I've seen in a fanzine. Other material standard with some attempts at multi-coloured ditto art that fail. I liked it--moderately. (5)

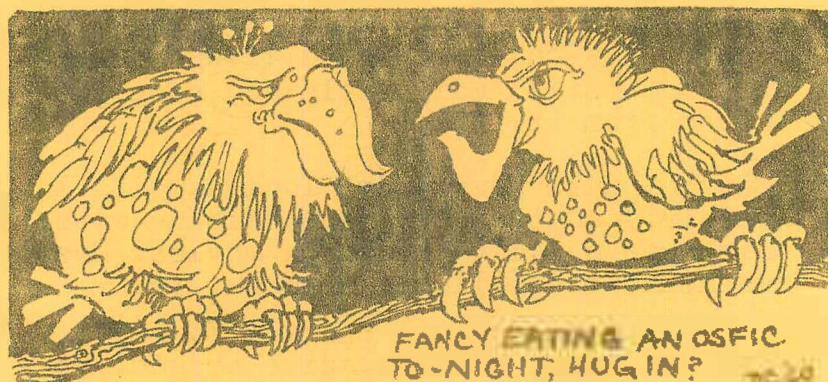
SPECULATION 25 (Pete Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, King's Norton, Birmingham 30 U.K. 35¢ 3/\$1 +usual. 50 pages mimeo.) An excellent sercon zine, not dull and readable despite only one illo in the whole thing. Serious literate evaluations of sf with just a bit of feuding in the locs. Some of the finest literary criticism available. Recommended for the serious student of sf. (8)

MSFA JOURNAL 70 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton Md, 20906. 50¢ 3/\$1.25 +usual. 56 pg crowded mimeo. Bi-monthly.) Hilarious offset bacover by Lirk, loads of good book and fanzine reviews, meaty lc with several good columns & a detailed bibliography of Heinlein. Primarily a reviewzine with dull layout, meager art but excellent in its speciality. (6)

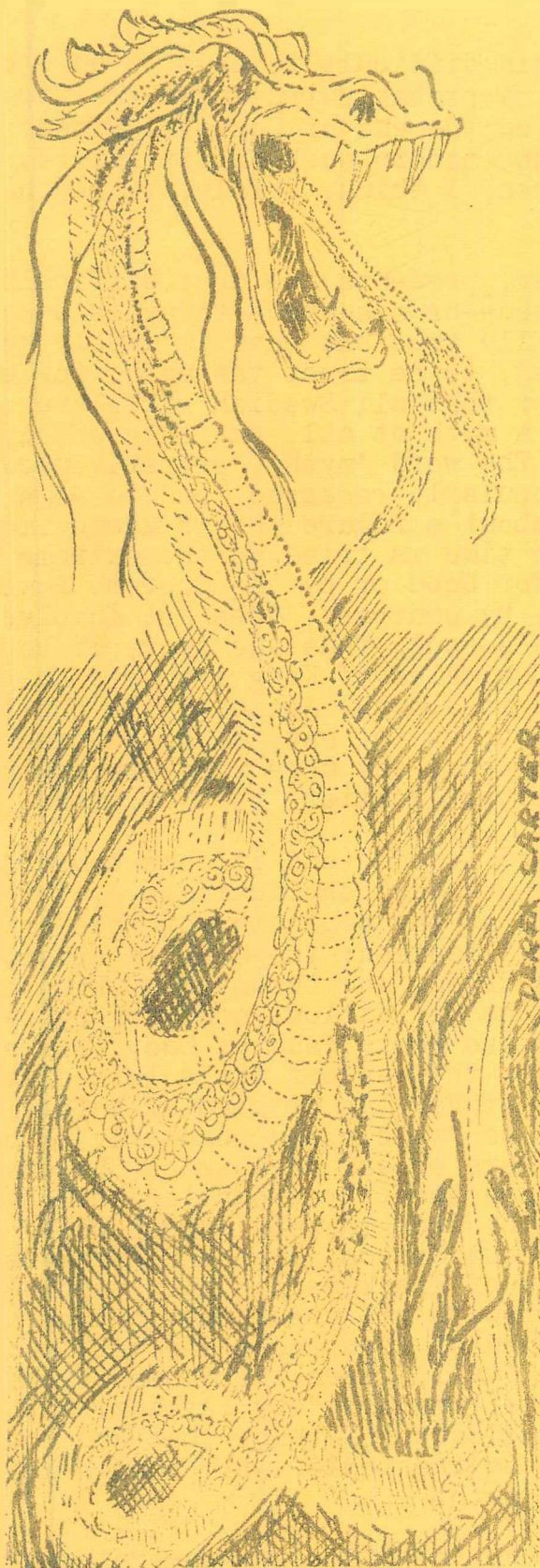
TZ 23 (c/o MIT SF Society, Rm W20-443 MIT, Cambridge Mass, 02139. 25¢ +usual. 50 pg mimeo.) I'm amazed that students at MIT could put out such a load of crap. Over half the zine is a "Lost in Space" script even more absurd than the original series. The rest is badly written dull filler. Very poor. (2)

T-NEGATIVE 6 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis Minn, 55417. 50¢ 3/\$1 38 pg ditto, offset covers.) A Star Trek zine consisting of Ruth's somewhat delayed Bayconrep and a couple of stories about you-know-who. Greg Jein does nice art but this is for Trekkies only. (4)

SF COMMENTARY 6 (Bruce Gillespie, Box 30 Bacchus Marsh, Victoria 3340, Australia. 40¢ +usual. ? pg mimeo.) Replacing ASFR this is another interesting overseas sercon journal. Locs on the demise of ASFR, more in-depth criticism, plus articles on sex and sf. Again, recommended for the serious believer in sf. (7) ((Howcum all sercon zines have so little art? Surely an illo or two won't detract from the seriousness of the contents?))







OF MYTH AND MEN

by Charles Haines

During a recent lecture, I said that there were four myths in modern Western civilization. I'd been talking about Don Juan and claimed that the Don Juan myth was one of these four. I did not think, when I made that statement, that I had said anything that was at all striking or surprising; but at the end of the lecture the editor of this scholarly journal came up to me and wondered whether I was sure that I was right about myths. In my ignorance of the deviousness of the fanzine editor's mind, I argued adamantly for the correctness of my stand. The following, then, is my response to the challenge to argue rigorously in print what I had so casually propounded as truth in oratory.

Let me start by trying to define the terms in my statement. Still, on second thought I will not even try to define the word 'civilization'. There are too many definitions of it possible. At one extreme stand the persons that say that any group of people that have mastered the wheel and/or a written language constitute a civilization. (But this does unjust violence to the Incas) At the other extreme are the persons that say there are very very few civilized things in the world, or ever have

been, and that nearly all of them are French. (Even these persons on occasion 'admit' Mozart.) Let us just assume that we can all be in general agreement on what civilization is, and sidestep the question of what the dinosaurs would have done if they had understood the principles of nuclear energy. 'Western'? The parts of the world that lie west of a line drawn through Leningrad-Moscow-Ankara and east of, say, the Hawaiian Islands, but including

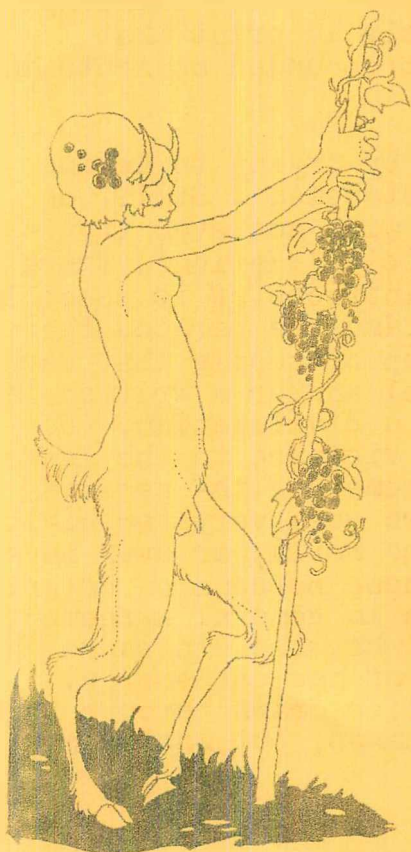
Australia and New Zealand. 'Modern' is again difficult to come to an agreement on. In the Western World, though, it is probably true that the first great wave of the Black Death in 1348 marked the end of Medieval Times; and that Boccaccio's Decameron is the first major modern work of literature. By this process of reasoning, 1350 can be taken, I think, safely, to be the first year of Modern Times.

So far, so good. 'Myth' itself, however, presents the most difficulties of all. The word 'myth' is being widely used--or mis-used--today as a sort of jargon term meaning whatever is not really true but what is widely held, by the status quo-ites or by the uninformed, to be true: the myth, for example, that Coca Cola makes you impotent or that all Swedish girls are curious (yellow). This sort of thing is not a myth at all, but only gossip, rumour, superstition or hidden persuader. The word 'myth', properly used, means, I think, this: a tale widely and popularly received, and to some degree didactic and uplifting, that centres about a figure who is known imperfectly to recorded history and who at some time is tried to the extreme limit of endurance either by the Supreme Power for Good or by the Supreme Power for Evil. A legend is a similar tale that, by contrast, does not involve, as a focal point, the ultimate trial of a man's soul. Thus the story of Robin Hood is a legend; Dr. Faustus is a myth. The tales of King Arthur's Knights are usually spoken of as legends; Don Juan is a myth. Again, it is the legends of Troy and the Oedipus myth. It is not, by the way, to be assumed that a myth is automatically "loftier" than a legend, any more than--though many people today think it--a tragedy is implicitly "loftier" than a comedy.

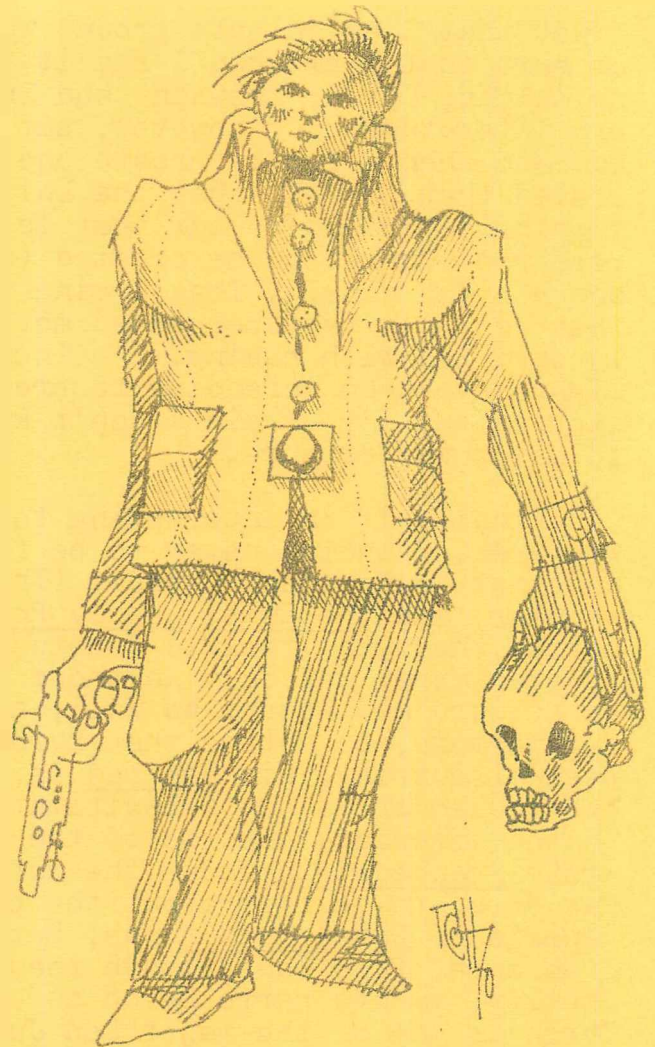
If we accept this definition of myth and legend (and it does conform, on the whole, to the definitions given in the New English Dictionary), I think it is clear that there have been, as I said at the beginning of this article, only four major myths in modern Western civilization: the myth of Faustus, the myth of Don Juan, the myth of Robinson Crusoe and the myth of Frankenstein. All four figures meet the terms of the definition, and, for my part, I can think of no others that do. And of these four, Faustus has, from several

points of view, the weakest title to a place on the list: the tale of Faustus originated before 1350 and Faustus is not as "widely and popularly" known as the other three are or as, in a sense, he ought to be. Certainly more than three-quarters of the people that you might stop on Main Street could tell you a few things about Crusoe, Juan and Frankenstein (though in the case of Frankenstein many people would confuse the creator with his creation); but perhaps not more than a third of them could say very much to you about Faustus. Still, given the dramas by Marlowe and Goethe, the "oratorio" by Berlioz, and the operas by Gounod and Boito, I think that Faustus is modern enough and, on the whole, well enough known to be considered a myth.

It is interesting to wonder why several other widely 'nown stories are not myths. Hamlet, for example. Why is the story of Hamlet not a myth, when Robinson Crusoe is? Hamlet is, for one thing, much better written than Crusoe. I think the answer to this question lies in the word 'story'. To refine on the definition of 'myth' a bit, there is this to be said: the myth is not, properly speaking, the story told: the myth is the central figure himself. What I mean is this: it is the man-of-myth himself



that holds our interest, not the adventures that this central figure meets with. The man-of-myth could be set in the midst of virtually any series of events that any elaborator might devise, and the impact of the myth not be altered. He is all but unchanging and unmoving. The myth of Faustus is not the record of miraculous journeys by air, nor the chronicle of Faustus's pursuit of Helen. The myth of Faustus is Faustus himself: impelled by unchanging forces within him to gain knowledge at any cost. It is Faustus's constant and self-nourishing torment that is the myth. Again, the myth of Don Juan is not the history of Juan's passage from boudoir to banquet to boudoir. It is Juan himself: permanently unable to love for any length of time a woman that he is in love with. Hamlet is, however, indissolubly linked to the particular events and the particular persons of the tragedy. It is not, principally, that Hamlet is a contemplative man in an active world, or a moral man in an immoral world. These are conclusions that may be drawn from the story of Hamlet; but the heart of the tragedy is that Hamlet, over a period of three months and for whatever reason, does not bring himself to kill the man that he rather thinks has killed his father.



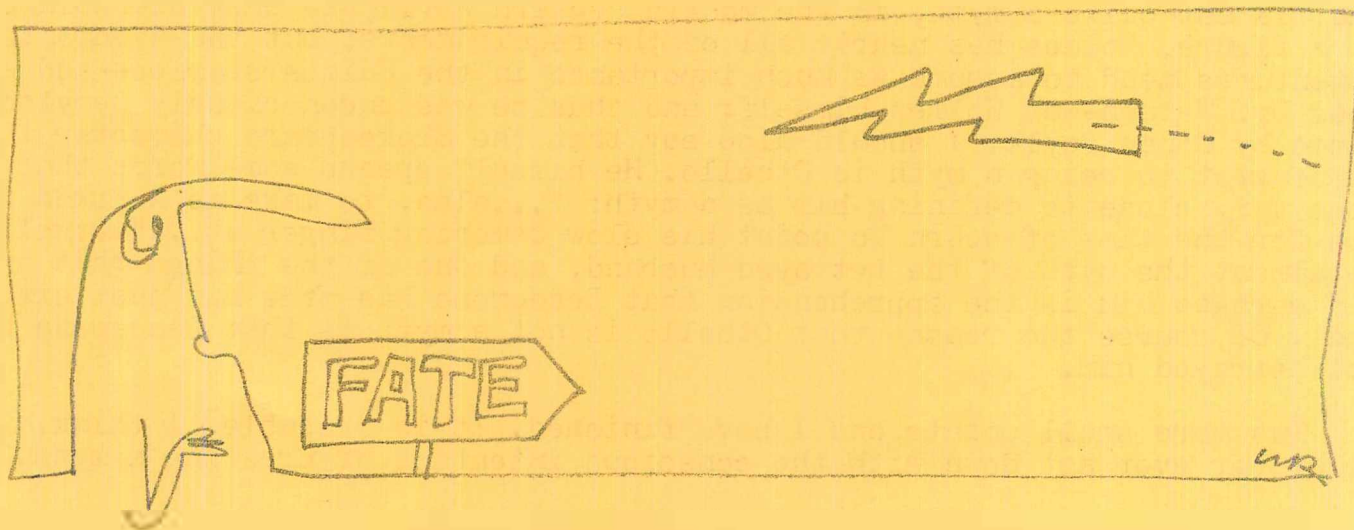
In other words, we cannot rightly think of Hamlet without thinking also of Claudius and of the Ghost. We can, however, think of Don Juan, and even understand him, even if we cannot remember anything at all about a single one of the ladies that he seduces. It is not essential that Faustus pursue precisely Helen: Dido would do, or Dante's Beatrice, or even, in an up-dated Faustus, Elke Sommer or Raquel Welch. But to have Hamlet unable to kill, in a hypothetical up-dated version of his story, some particularly corrupt twentieth century general or politician, is to tell another story entirely. The man-of-myth is a myth precisely because he is unchanging and unchangeable, however the events about him may take shape. I would even go as far as to say that one of the nearest figures to a myth that is not quite a myth, in the modern Western world, is Sherlock Holmes. As a figure, Holmes has nearly all of the requirements; but the events in his adventures tend to assume as much importance in the Holmes stories--and so does Dr. Watson--as Holmes himself: and thus he was unconsciously demythologized by Conan Doyle. I should also say that the Shakespeare character that is nearest to being a myth is Othello. He himself speaks some words that come very close to defining him as a myth: "...alas, to make me A fixed figure for the time of scorn To point his slow unmoving finger at..." Othello is almost the myth of the betrayed husband, and one of the things that grieves and enrages him is the apprehension that Desdemona has made him just exactly that. Of course the reason that Othello is not a myth is that Desdemona has not betrayed him.

Two more small points and I have finished. It is probable, I think, that no writer ever sat down with the conscious intention of creating a myth. I

trust that I am on safe ground when I say this about Marlowe and Goethe. I am sure that I am when I say it about Defoe and Mary Shelley and about Tirso da Molina, Byron, Browning and Shaw. One man in the history of modern Western literature did, however, sit down with the intention of creating a legend and then directly create one: and that was Washington Irving. He had stated that he felt that the United States lacked, as a new nation, the particular depth and colour that legends provide, and that the lack ought to be repaired. Thereupon he created (or perhaps re-created) the Headless Horseman and Rip Van Winkle. That Irving was able to do this is, incidentally, proof that he in fact possessed more vigorous creative powers than he is usually credited with having. I'm inclined to think, too, that T.C. Haliburton might have been intending to create a legend when he wrote his Sam Slick stories but I'm afraid I don't know quite enough about Haliburton to be able to say this for sure.

Finally it is interesting to notice that of these four myths, only one was created whole, never to be further elaborated on, by a single writer: and that is Robinson Crusoe. (The Offenbach opera on Crusoe has never been popular, and The Swiss Family Robinson is a story based on the myth but is hardly the myth itself.) Faustus turns up in five major works, and Don Juan in even more: not only in those of Tirso, Pushkin, Browning and Shaw, but in Moliere and Mozart as well; and of course in Byron. It is interesting, furthermore, to notice that Byron had a hand in three of the four myths I've been discussing. His Manfred is, in a way, a re-working of the Faust story; and though it is not a legitimate part of the Faust canon, it certainly sits in the immediate suburbs of the myth. It is well known that Mary Shelley wrote Frankenstein under the influence of both her husband and Byron. (There has been, to be fair about the point, quite some debate on what exactly the genesis of Frankenstein was; but without wanting to go into the matter now, I am sure, from what I have read, that the book is about twenty parts Percy Shelley, twenty parts Byron and sixty parts Mary Shelley.) And of course Byron is one of the major Don Juan writers. It is intriguing to speculate on the nature of Byron; on what it was, I mean, that allowed him to be so soundly in touch (even if he was unconsciously so) with the mythological 'needs' of modern civilization. But that is another article.

How many legends are there in modern Western literature? Quite honestly I do not know and I don't think I'd like to make a guess at it. At least not anywhere where there might be a fanzine editor around to overhear me! In conclusion, I'd like to point out that the fated is the ultimate refinement of the four myths I've been discussing: isolated like Crusoe he is beset by Fanac, the Supreme Power for ~~Zy~~ Good. Unable to stop, he goes from publication to publication, condemned every third month to create...a Frankenstein!



rhea 1970

her outlines are sharp as
splintered glass: as she
wheels under the lights her scimitar
shoulder parts the air
like a satin cushion

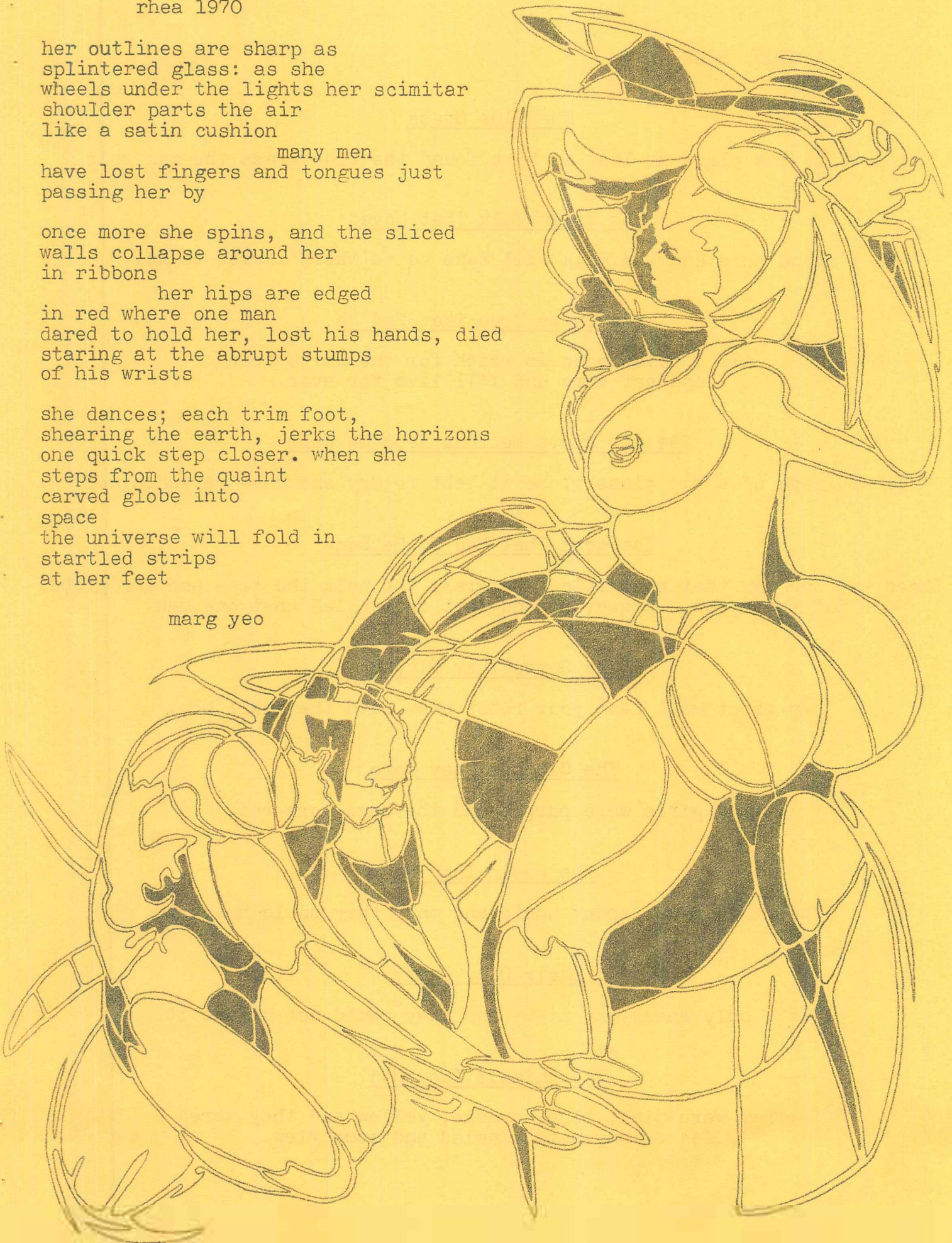
many men
have lost fingers and tongues just
passing her by

once more she spins, and the sliced
walls collapse around her
in ribbons

her hips are edged
in red where one man
dared to hold her, lost his hands, died
staring at the abrupt stumps
of his wrists

she dances; each trim foot,
shearing the earth, jerks the horizons
one quick step closer. when she
steps from the quaint
carved globe into
space
the universe will fold in
startled strips
at her feet

marg yeo



A STORY POEM

The Blue Grass

We came to the place at last we have found the blue grass the man said.

The Green Walk That Moved

I stand here and the walk will take me to where I wish to go.

The White Tree That Fed Me

All I have to do is reach for the white tree
and eat some and I'll live for ever.

The Air Above Me That Kept Me Warm

It was made of a big glass globe it kept me dry and gave me sunshine.

The Work That Had To Be Done

There was one man that controlled the grass the walk the tree and the globe.
But there was a bigger person that controlled that one man.

The Games They Played

My robot will beat your robot easy said the small boy.

The Clothes They Wore

The girls wore purple and the boys wore red.

The Music They Had

Their music was spacy music and only they could hear it.

Their Only Enemy

Their only enemy was night and they could not defeat it.

The Animals They Had

They were pink, blue, orange, yellow and they were
fat skinny some crawled and some flew.

Thirst

They drank from the silver lakes and rivers.

Animals That Lived In The Thirst

They were gold and brass and nickle too they were
bubble shaped and arrow shaped
and came in all sizes too they moved fast and slow.

Where They Lived

Where they lived I really don't know.

Their Time

Their time stood still and dared not move a wink.

Why They Lived

They lived to be turned to death and to live their
life that really had know meaning.

An Enemy Came

The colour black came in a cloud form now they knew that
even that one man could not save them or the thirst or the white tree.

What Was Left

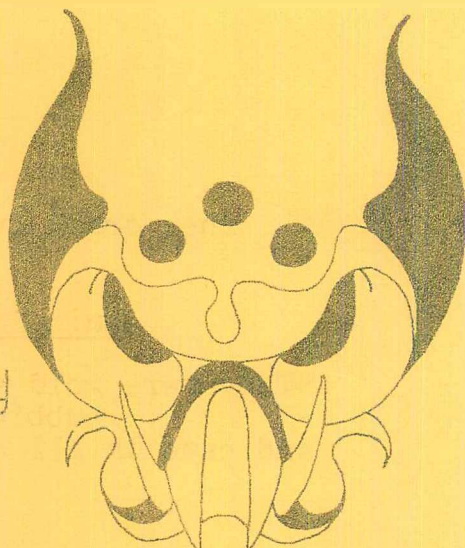
As the cold wind blew past they turned to stone and no longer was there
the colour blue, green, orange, or purple but the colour black and grey
and all that was left was stone and ashes.
For they did not know what they lived for and nor do we so beware of
our only enemy for it may once approach us and there will be nothing
there except the colour black and ashes.

BEWARE
The Enemy

by Jerry Logher
Aged 15 years.

the Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



Schrod in Boston...

"Alicia!"

"What!?"

"The car's broken! I pressed down on the accelerator and there was a snap and now the car won't run!" Susan wailed.

"Call the OML and the garage. They checked the car out yesterday. Cost \$30.", I intoned.

"But it's raining," Alicia whined, as she crawled out of the car.

And there we sat, in the middle of Bank Street, in the pouring rain, while all the traffic in the world carroomed around us.

Half an hour later the tow truck arrived and pushed us to a garage. While doing this the cretin driving the truck mashed the back bumper. He said he didn't see the stop sign. Alicia called him an unprintable name.

The mechanic diagnosed our problem as a "busted accelerator cable. They break easy on these furrin cars." ((Alicia has a Toyota.)) The car could be fixed, he said, if we could get him the part. Well, we got the part with much swearing and cursing of the Toyota dealer and three quarters of an hour later and \$8 poorer we were off ...again.

Twenty miles across the US border we ran into snow which turned into rain which turned into sleet and then back into rain again.

"Welcome to the USA." someone snarled.

"Shaddup, Rosemary!"

"Go to hell, Michael, and take your tuna fish sandwiches with you."

At this point, I must explain Michael's tuna fish sandwiches. The trip from Ottawa to Boston takes about ten hours. Under normal circumstances we would have left Ottawa at 7:30 pm and arrived in Boston about six in the morning. In order to sustain himself over this long arduous period, my friend Michael had packed not one, not three, but ten (that's right, ten!) tuna fish sandwiches...and four 6 ounce tubs of yogurt.

Every half hour he'd ask "How long before we reach Albany? I can have a tuna sandwich then. Would anyone like one of my magnificent tuna fish sandwiches?" Most men masturbate; Michael makes tuna fish sandwiches.

Because Michael doesn't drive we rely on him to keep us awake while we drive. He does this by talking a lot. And when he runs out of interesting and provocative things to say he regales us with the story of his life. A duller life has never been lived. He starts with his first birthday and carries on to the present. What's worse is, he remembers everything, everything that is, except what you'd like him to remember--the dirty, sordid parts. On this trip Michael took us up to his fourteenth birthday. I was so bored I was going out of my mind.

"Look! There's the sun. It's rising, isn't it beautiful?"

"Rosemary, that's the south and it's three o'clock in the morning. It can't be the sun." muttered Michael through a mouth full of yogurt.

"I've got yogurt in my hair!" wailed Susan.

"Hey, what are you two doing back there? A NEW SEXUAL PERVERSION!!! Yogurt and hair. Can I watch? Can I? Huh? Huh?"

"Shaddup, Rosemary."

"Go to hell, Michael. Look! There's the sun! Look!! Look!"

"Rosemary, that's north, for Christ's sake!"

"Well, what's all that light over there? Tell me that, what is it, huh? The SUN, right? Right!"

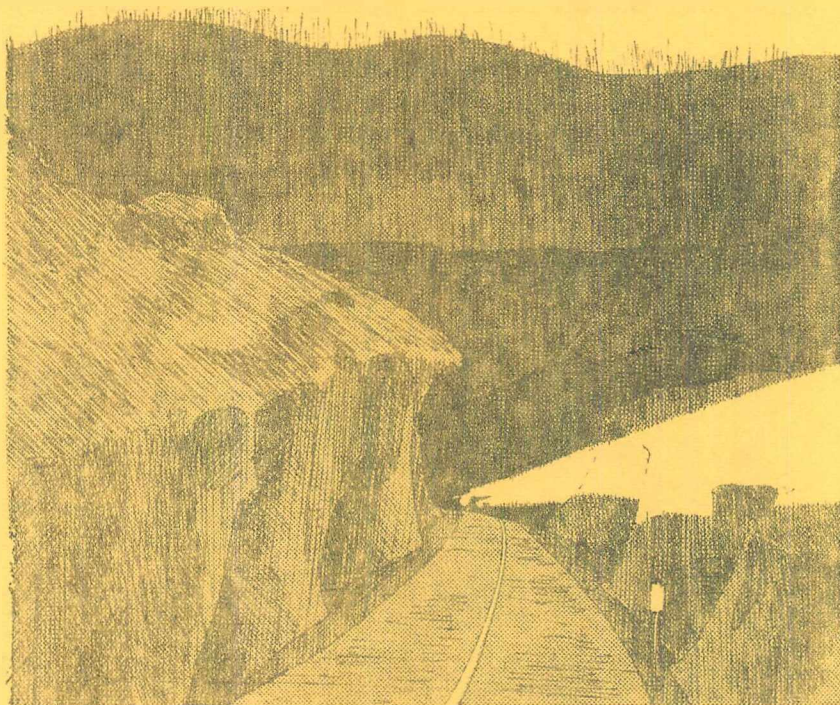
"No, Rosemary," sighed Alicia, "that's Albany. Can't you tell?"

"Yes, of course, Michael's eating a tuna fish sandwich. It just couldn't be Albany unless Michael ate his sandwich."

"Shuddup Rosemary."

"Go to hell, Rosemary."

We arrived in Boston (our bellies repleat with tuna fish and egg sandwiches--yup, he makes egg sandwiches too!) about nine in the morning. It was time for Susan to Have Words With the Assistant Manager of the Hotel. We've been pretty lucky with hotels; all the problems other fans talk about we've never really had. Well, we had a problem this time. We'd been told by the hotel (Debbie Langsam had called them...longdistance) that even though we were registered with the convention, the student rate would still be in effect. They apparently changed their minds because when we tried to check in, it wasn't. (It did, however, apply to Richard and his group because they ar-



rived very early in the morning and got a sleepy desk clerk.) But when Susan asked the Assistant Manager about the rates he told her "If you're with the convention, you can't get the student rate."

"you mean I could tell you I'm not with the convention and save a lot of money?" queried Susan.

"You could if that was the way you were brought up. However, I don't bring my children up that way."

"Maybe not, but it's sure the way you run your hotel." snapped Susan and stomped away to the horrified stares of the ossified inhabitants of the Statler Hilton lobby.

"Stupid bastard" someone snarled, "Let's go mug 'im."

"Suddup, Rosemary."

"Go to hell, Michael."

...and Mugged in New York

"I'm not going if he's gonna fill the car with tuna fish sandwiches! The damn car smells like a dock yard; and crumbs, bread crumbs all over the back seat and Susan and he doing weird things with yogurt back there and..."

"Susan's not coming this time," Alicia said parking the car in front of the William Blake People's Memorial Cooperative. It was two weeks after Boskone and we were driving down to New York to go to Lunacon.

"Hey, what if..."

"Susan trusts Michael."

"Oh."

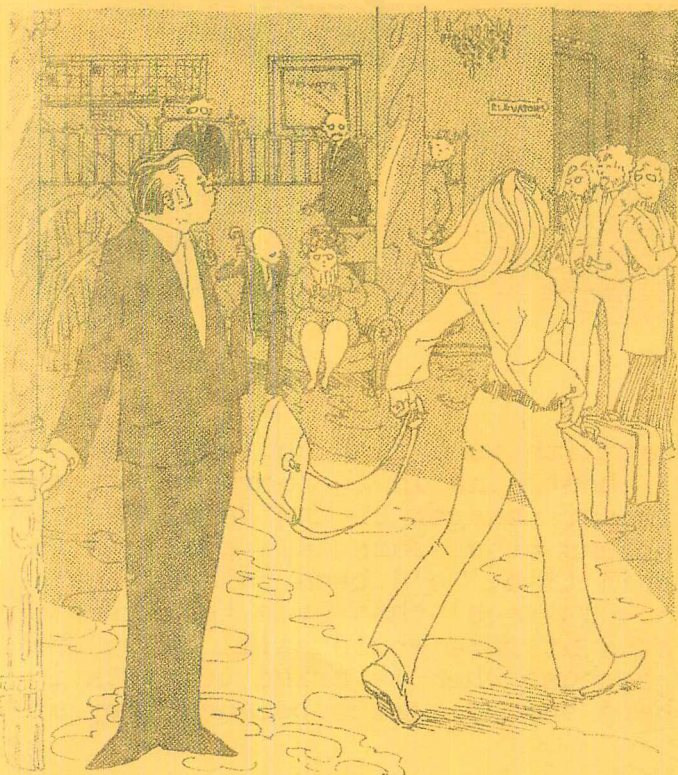
Twenty minutes later we got Michael, his tuna sandwiches, his yogurt and the Langsam's dirty fanzine cover bedded down and hidden away. "How soon before we get to Montreal, Alicia? Michael has to have a tuna fish sandwich then"

"Shuddup, Rosemary."

"Go to hell, Michael."

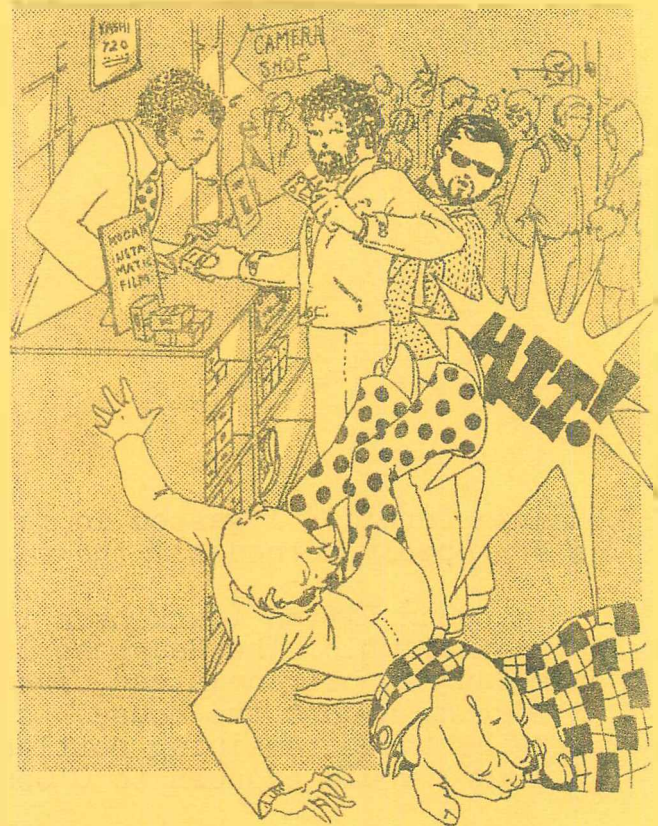
We were only half way to Montreal when Michael started up again on his life story. He was into adolescence now so I thought 'Well, maybe now...' but no such luck. I fell asleep just outside Montreal so I'll never know happened to Michael in his 22nd year. ((He, he, he! I'll never tell. At any rate, not in a fanzine!))

We arrived in New York about four in the morning and promptly fell asleep all over the Langsam's apartment. We all suffer from Labonte Syndrome which



makes it impossible for us to sleep for any appreciable length of time when travelling. Later in the morning Alicia and Mike went down to case the hotel and do some book shopping in Times Square. Debbie and I went to her hospital to see an operation on a monkey.

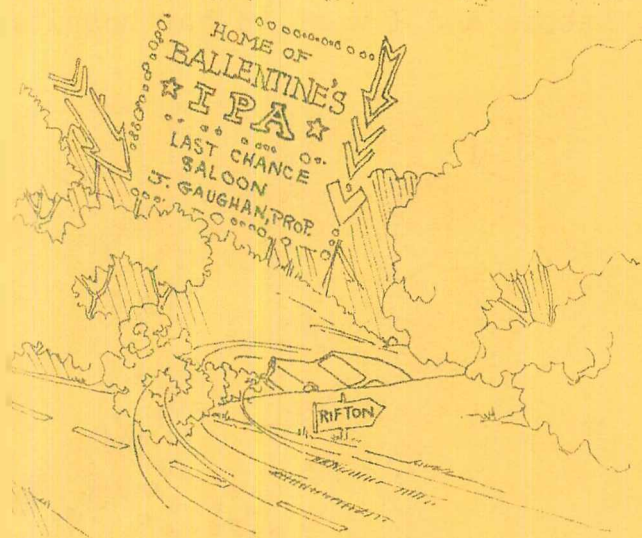
It was while they were shopping that Michael and Alicia had their first "experience" in New York City. They saw Pat Paulsen. (!!Shriek!!) "There's Pat Paulsen!" they screamed in unison, pointing down the street. The man didn't know whether to run away or put a bag over his head. Very uncool. After this mind-shattering experience, they decided to go to Macy's because they both needed flashcubes. As they were debating how many and what kind, they heard a loud crash behind them. Before they could say "I demand to see the Canadian Consul", Alicia was knocked ass over tea-kettle by a (get this, sports fans) hit-and-run shoplifter! And Crayden Arcand, who was tagging along, got an elbow in the stomach from a pursuing security guard! Welcome to New York City, friends.



Michael, thinking that his good friend and drinking buddy Jack Gaughan would be in New York, scoured the city for some Ballantine's India Pale Ale. When forty-three grocery store clerks and bartenders plus the switchboard operator at the Ballantine Breweries had said "Huh?" Mike decided to go right to the top, all the way to the Ultimate Authority. Yes, fans, he asked Elliot Shorter. Now Elliot owed Alicia some Baskin and Robbins ice-cream (part of the payment for a painting of hers he had bought at Boskone) so he, Mike and Alicia trundled off to the Bronx to gorge themselves on Jamoca Almond Fudge, Mandarin Orange Chocolate and Shibui Ginger. Then, after much searching and questing, Elliot led them to a tiny store run by a gnome who parted reluctantly with twelve bottles of IPA. Most of these Alicia drank because Jack never did show, but Michael did manage to hide three bottles away so he would have some to offer Jack as we had decided to stop off and see him on the way home. (Ha! If Jack thought he could avoid Canadian fandom that easily, he had another think coming.)

We left New York around ten Monday morning heading for North Tarrytown to pick up Michael who had decided to spend Sunday night with the Haldemans. We got pitifully lost on the Triborough Bridge and again in North Tarrytown. We couldn't find the Haldeman house but we did stumble across the only Baskin and Robbins store in the area. Since Alicia and I are both charter members of the Canadian branch of Baskin and Robbins Fandom, we immediately made a sharp left, almost into the Hudson River, for a pit stop. Finally, loaded down with pints of goodies, we were able to find our way to the mansion of the Haldeman clan.

Lorena gave us lunch and wrapped up our icecream in a box packed with insulating material so it wouldn't melt. And it didn't. With her minah bird talking and crapping in the background, we traced out the route to Jack's, said grateful good-byes and headed north. As we were driving away I heard Michael rummaging around in the back. "Lose a tuna fish sandwich, sweetie?"



"No! 'here's the map? I want to check the route again."

"Here...but this dumb old map doesn't have Rifton marked on it."

"You've got the map upside down, my dear."

"Shuddup, Michael."

"Go to hell, Rosemary."

Michael had told us that the sign for Rifton was very small and we'd have to watch carefully or we'd drive right past it. "Last time I was here we almost missed it." he added airily.

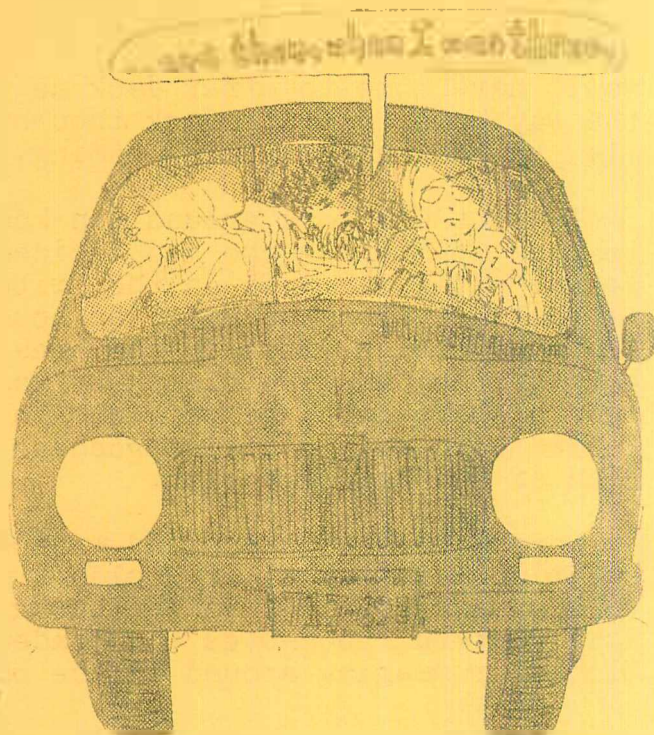
"Heaven forbid!" I gasped in mock horror, "Besides, Jack knows we're coming, he's probably turned all the signs around."

We found Rifton (Jack hadn't disguised it) and the Gaughan menage without any trouble. The Gaughans live in this great cavern of a house full of Jack Gaughan originals and five gallon jugs of water that Michael insisted on lugging around the house. As we entered Michael proudly presented Jack with the three remaining bottles of IPA and announced that when those were gone they would adjourn to O'Conner's to quaff a few more.

"Oh no you won't," Jack chuckled evilly, "he's closed." It seems the one place in Rifton that stocks IPA just for Jack is closed on Mondays. Michael was shattered. But he brightened up considerably when Phoebe made a clandestine call on O'Conner's home and talked that worthy out of half a dozen bottles of the potent brew. And he quite recovered when we all gratefully accepted Phoebe's kind invitation to stay for dinner. After the superb dinner and much pleasant conversation, Phoebe said she had to take young Brian to his swimming lesson and we weren't to leave until she returned. So while she was away, we all admired Jack's studio while Michael lugged a few more water jugs around (he must have been reading too much Heinlein lately). Later, while Jack and Michael demolished the rest of the IPA, Jack went all through his files and the Toronto Fan Fair auction supplies come out very much the richer. And Alicia got sick...really sick so that the Gaughans ended up being stuck with the cream of Canadian fandom overnight.

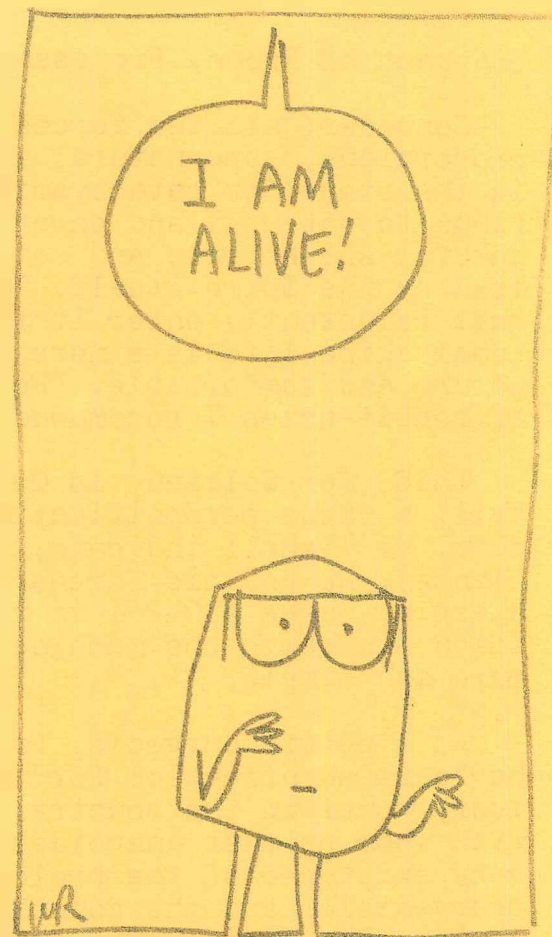
Alicia's illness was, fortunately, not lingering and we were able to leave at ten next morning armed with six more bottles of India Pale. O'Conner's had opened at last!!

I was tired so I settled myself in the front seat for a nap. And the last thing I remember was "And when I was 3..."



IN PRAISE OF SAURON

Ed Meskys might want to kill me for this, but it is screamingly obvious to me that hobbits are dull. As well-fed and brainless as most junior civil servants, they are unimaginative and stolid, living a routine complacent, self-indulgent life in an environment of maximum creature comfort. Even Frodo Baggins and his precursor Bilbo, who are several cuts above their neighbours in terms of imaginative powers and love of adventure, merely affirm the routine life of the Shire. Bilbo's heroic quest results in vast and tangible wealth, so that his entire adventure becomes an affirmation of personal aggrandizement. Frodo, in The Lord of the Rings (with which this article is concerned) is sacrificed so that the dull life of the Shire might continue.



Frodo, it should be noticed, is separated, in a way, from the significance of his task (i.e. to destroy the One Ring). Here is the tragedy of the hero who, distinct from the battle raging around him, a very ordinary person "doing his bit" with extraordinary consequences, fights his own personal battle. If he wins, he is decorated; if he loses, he is buried by admiring thousands who do not admire the man, but merely his part in the battle. In the same way Frodo, doggedly if reluctantly pursuing his goal, does not seem motivated by any cosmic notion of Good vs Evil. He carries no banner. He "does his bit", succeeds in spite of himself, and then vanishes. We are left wondering what, indeed, he went through; his tragedy is personal, and not the main focus of the narrative, which is the battle itself.

The Lord of the Rings, then, must not be viewed as the story of Frodo, the protagonist, since he, paradoxically, is separate from the action in its entirety. In terms of the narrative as a whole, he is the tool of Good, but the trilogy is concerned primarily with that Good, and its relationship to Evil. The world view presented is objective: this is not Frodo's story, but Tolkien's. Therefore, it is Tolkien I shall discuss.

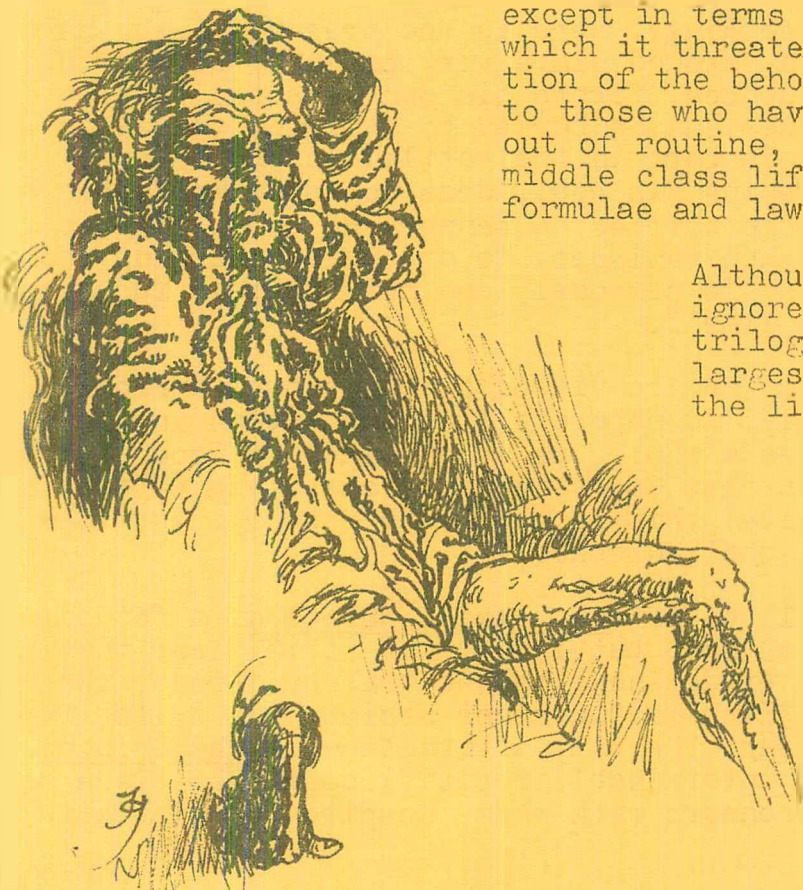
I don't want to descend to the level of The Tolkien Relation, a fatuous piece of criticism if ever there was one, but I do think it is clear that a petit bourgeois angle of vision is predominant in the trilogy. Frodo, the heroic adventurer, is the tool by which middle-class society saves itself. He is sacrificed for their well-being. The only affirmation in The Lord of the Rings is the affirmation of an interminably repitious middle-class existence, a society of plump entrepreneurs with whom, despite the explicit

contrast of Frodo, Professor Tolkien seems to sympathize.

Consider: all the forces of Good and Evil engage in a struggle of cosmic proportions, supernatural and natural forces fight to the death, the world is the stage for cataclysmic strife. And for what? So that hobbits can continue to eat well and engage in the mindless routine of Shire life, marry dutiful she-hobbits and settle into a mental suburbia which is aptly symbolized by the Shire itself. The rest of the world is for the adventurous, who must reluctantly enter it to defend their snug holes in the ground, but the ideal Shire life is a mere existence posing as few challenges as possible, secure and comfortable. (For those who want insight into the significance of hobbit-holes I recommend Franz Kafka's short story, "The Burrow")

This, for Tolkien, is Good. What, then, is Evil? Sauron is the focus of Evil, a vague personification surrounded by hosts of orcs and a few men (to whom, as I shall indicate, the Romantic heroes bear a considerable resemblance). He and his forces represent tyranny, industrialization (see, for example, pages 219-221 in the second volume of the Ballantine paperback edition, in which the machinery of Orthanc is described) and, above all, change pure and simple.

As a petit bourgeois, Professor Tolkien, although dependant on technology, harbours an affection for the pastoral myth, and dreams, I am sure, of an ivory tower in the country. The orcs are the proletariat, the hoi polloi with whom he must unavoidably rub elbows on a tram or in the street. The very existence of the proletariat threatens the aspirations of the petit bourgeoisie, and the countless numbers of the former are disquieting to the latter. The vision of a pastoral life, of possessing a piece of the world, and a life quiet, dignified and proper, and very respectable, a hobbit-hole in fact, and a hobbit life, is a vision only the middle class can afford. Industrialization is noisy, dirty and proletarian, and therefore evil. Sauron's tyranny is not inherently tyrannical at all, except in terms of the petit bourgeois routine which it threatens; tyranny is in the class position of the beholder. Change, too, is evil only to those who have built themselves an existence out of routine, for example, the structures of middle class life, its norms, values, conventions, formulae and laws.



Although this interpretation cannot be ignored, there is another aspect to the trilogy, a psychological one, which enlarges the scope of Tolkien's theme. In the light of the Romantic movement (e.g. William Blake; "Good is the passive that obeys reason" he says of what is, in fact, Tolkien's Good) or, for that matter, in the light of any state of mind which does not depend on the illusory stasis of reason and structure in an ever-changing phenomenal world, Sauron is not the villain, but the hero of Lord of the Rings. To one who accepts and is committed to the reality of change, to

one who rejects artificial divisions, confining patterns of routine, the "mill with complicated wheels" that a finite, consciously-created world-view results in, Sauron is a force of liberation. The triumph of imagination depends on the admission of change into one's perception of reality; it must be accepted rather than enclosed and struggled against by the artificial barriers imposed by reason, law, etc.

People are fascinated by illegality. Why are murder mysteries so popular? Why is pornography so exciting? Pornography was legalized in Denmark; perverse sexuality almost immediately lost its attractiveness. In the distant future, mankind may well legalize murder, and the murder rate will fall off accordingly. The instincts which, because of repression, produced these distorted results, will find creative channels through which they might be expressed. The fascination of crime lies in the fact that laws or conventions or norms are being broken. Our instincts are opposed to laws, which merely produce misery: "Prisons are built with stones of Law, brothels with bricks of Religion." says Blake.



Law and religion, the framework of middle class existence, present artificial, intractable barriers against the perception of reality and the imaginative process. When imagination does make itself known, it is perceived as evil. Thus Blake's Energy (love, imagination, divinity) is Freud's id (obscure forces which emerge in dreams, negative and threatening to the ego, or consciousness, which is structured by socialization). It all depends, as the hippies say, on where your head is at.

If evil is seen as that which opposes static structures such as law, then change is evil. Why do those who have read Dante's Divine Comedy almost invariably prefer the Inferno to the Paradiso? A lust for evil? The fascination of the Inferno lies in the attractiveness of change, which liberates the imagination, which "turns one on". The Inferno is filled with action, ever-changing grotesque imagery, a catalogue of broken moral laws, all of which stimulates the imagination more than the static perfection of the Paradiso with its (to me at least) sterile affirmation of law and order. To those who fear the imagination, who focus upon their conscious processes and the order created by these, the imagination is threatening and evil. The superego, in Freud's terminology, keeps the id (imagination) under control, preventing it from overwhelming the artificially created order of the consciousness. Those who side with the imagination, who are aware of the restrictive nature of purely conscious perception and formulation, will accept the change of the phenomenal world which is reflected in



the unconscious. The unconscious perceives the world directly, without formulating, measuring or judging incoming sense-data.

Sauron is the only creative force in The Lord of the Rings. He breaks old patterns and makes new ones, the primary function of the imagination. He disrupts life in the Shire, threatens routine, law and order, and is, in general, a liberating force. To the hobbit he represents tyranny; the tyranny, in fact, of imagination over conscious perception, objectified in this case in middle class routine. It is the tyranny of Kafka's Castle, of forces which cannot be understood consciously, verbalized or defined, which can only be intuited.

But there is no evidence in the trilogy that Sauron wishes to replace one order

with another. Industrialization, with its noise and dirt, reflects disorder, not order, his orcs mass rather than mobilize, and his dictatorship is not a new state, but anarchy, perpetual change subject to no routine and allowing no conscious refuge like a hobbit-hole. As a creative force, Sauron is a tyrant only to those who, like hobbits, prize routine and security.

The irony of Tolkien's trilogy is that, considered as escape literature, it implies a doctrine of no escape: the ending of Sauron's struggle is too obviously a wish-fulfillment, a contrivance, a false affirmation of conscious order over imaginative chaos.

The One Ring, as in Carl Jung's concept of the mandala, is the conscious encompassing of the infinite forces of the imagination; within it the power lies, the imagination is confined in the symbolic Ring, and when it is destroyed, imagination is destroyed along with it. It is thrown into the flames of Hell (like Blake's Energy or Stoic fire, these flames are the creative imagination) and is destroyed: instead of release, the power of the Ring finds destruction in the flames from which it was forged. The life of the Shire is affirmed by its destruction: the final stroke is struck at Frodo's own door. Frodo must leave the Shire; he is too aware of the Sauronic forces to find peace in the Shire--he has served his purpose, and his presence would no doubt be an embarrassment to his neighbours. The focus, as I said, is not on Frodo but on the Shire itself. The trilogy ends with the return of Samwise:

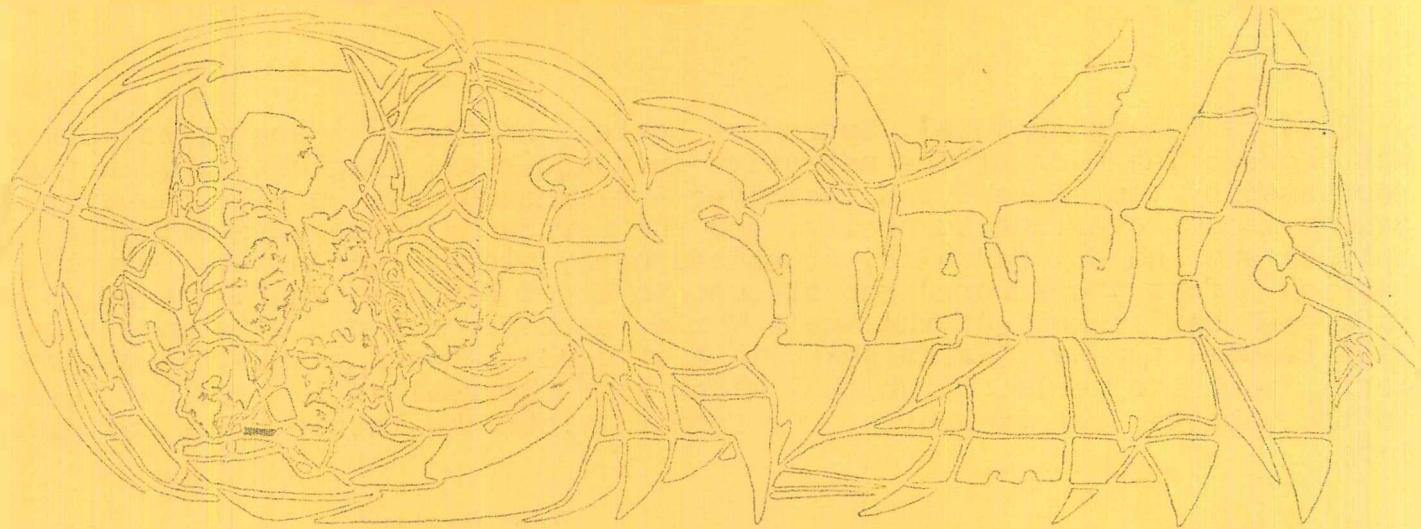
"And he went on, and there was a yellow light, and fire within; and the evening meal was ready, and he was expected. And Rose drew him in, and set him in his chair, and put little Elanor upon his lap.

He drew a deep breath. 'Well, I'm back', he said."

This is Tolkien's ideal. Sauron is beaten, his legions scattered, his power broken. The hero of the narrative is vanquished; imagination is utterly repressed by routine and consciously-established order. Luckily, however, Sauron is not overcome so easily, and the forces he represents will prevail against any and all Gandalfs, schoolteachers, clerks and hobbits (not to mention Oxford professors) who attempt to erect barriers against them. A man in a cage has locked out the whole world, perhaps, but his existence is a self imposed tyranny. Kafka said, in a struggle between yourself and the world, back the world. To which I might add: the real world does not belong to the hobbits, but to Sauron. The former exist: the latter lives and gives life.

John Baglow





HARRY WARNER , JR. Indeed you do get a loc on the first issue of Energumen. I enjoyed this
423 Summit Avenue issue very much except for a certain suspension of belief involving the
Hagerstown, Md. artwork. It just can't be that uniformly fine, and if I'm imagining
21740 that, maybe I'm imagining that this is just an idealized fanzine, while
in reality there are a couple of hundred other pages which I've over-
looked somehow. I can remember the era when one, just one, sketch of the quality to be
found in more than a dozen spots in this Energumen would have caused fanzine editors to
quit publishing all over the continent, in despair because they can't hope to obtain this
sort of quality. ((Aw shucks, Harry, thanks.))

I barely managed to read Kumquat May. It was such a struggle to tear my eyes away from
the sketch, one of the most astonishing I've seen in a mimeographed fanzine for razor
sharp reproduction of minute detail. Maybe I'll slip a closeup lens on my 35 mm camera,
copy it on colour film, and discover when I project it onto a large screen that it con-
tains numerous added details that are too minute to appear to the naked eye. ((Try view-
it under a microscope, Harry. Wahoo!!)) But the column was worth the renunciation involved
in abandoning for a while inspection of the drawing. Keep this up for a while, and you'll
be on the way to achieving the combination of legend and realism in reproducing a milieu
that they did so masterfully in the British Isles a decade ago in fanzines out of Belfast
and Inchmery.

If Peter Gill had listed some reasons behind his predictions, it would be easier to
agree or argue. Just guessing, I'd agree with him if he foresees a decline in conventions
because of housing and expense problems. But I still feel that the tradition might be
maintained by moving the things to resort towns during off-seasons and to campuses in the
summer. (("This year's Philcon will be held in Atlantic City"??)) He's probably right about
the travel boom, unless another war intervenes in a degree somewhere between Vietnam and
global hydrogen conflict. Fans themselves will probably be there or won't be there accord-
ing to the whole nature of the world's major nations. I have forebodings of a terrible ex-
treme right sweep to power that could make it almost as hard to be a fan in the US as it
must be in Russia.

The 2001 review wasn't as great an ordeal as it would have been a year ago. By now,
memories of the onslaught of 2001 reviews have begun to fade, and rewordings of similar
statements aren't as annoying. In fact, I feel the need right now for a summing up of the
whole matter by someone with the resources and time to dig out the most cogent remarks in
published reviews, what Kubrick and Clarke have said in print about the film, and the main
facts about the awards and business the film has experienced since its first release date.
((It's been done. The book is called something like "The Making of Kubrick's 2001" but
SFWA says it's a schlock and fan should boycott it until contributors are paid.))

Susan Wood's article interested me intensely. This seems like a fine way to put sf into
a curriculum. I suspect that some things she describes could form a partial support for my

belief that it would be wrong to make a course in sf in more rigid, prescribed format, part of college education. When the students participate in a sort of symposium style, it is a good variant on the thing that goes on all the time in many fanzines and conventions. If an elderly man gives lectures on sf for four months each semester and everyone must read the same parts of the same books to keep up with the course, sf becomes part of the establishment and it's not going to be as much fun to some participants any more.

Life As Usual is an enchantingly disturbing little poem. Just think how unreadable this basic idea would be if it were expanded into half an Ace double novel, and how disquieting and perfect it is when read in such a few words. It makes one wonder what Lovecraft's reputation would be if he'd published no fiction, just his poetry.

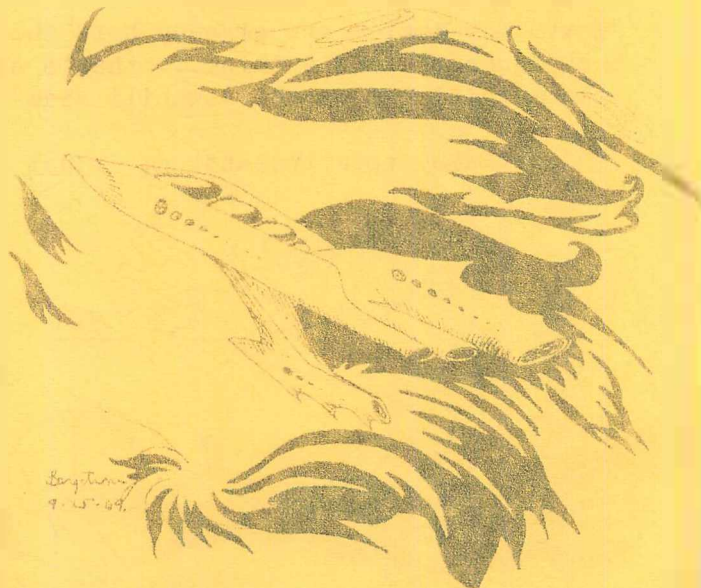
The Zinephobic Eye also suffers from extreme competition for the eye on the part of those wonderful little pictures. You put a bit more value on format and reproduction quality when you judge the merits of fanzines than I would, but when your preoccupation causes you to put out something as fine-looking as the contents of your Energumen package, I don't have the heart to argue about that. At least you have the good sense to point out how some of the things of which you disapprove are in that disgrace for reasons associated with your own interests and prejudices, not because they offend the eternal verities. ((I put much of my attitude down to joining fandom within the last 4 years. I've grown up with neat attractive fanzines with lots of good art and I've come to expect these qualities in my zines.))

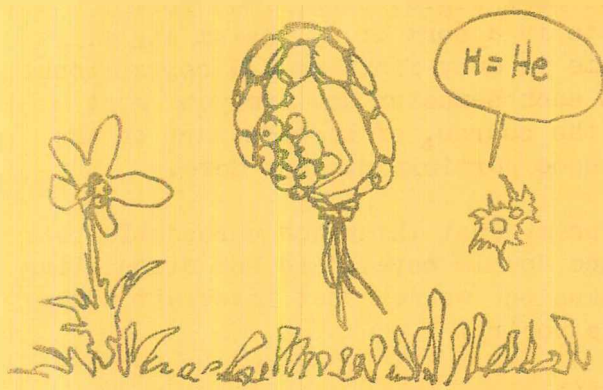
JOHN J. PIERCE Your brother's review of 2001 is as supercilious as anything I've seen. He loads it with more adjectives than a Captain Future adventure. Adverbs too. 275 McMane Ave. Berkeley Hts. Even Time would blanch at using so many "purr words" in a snow job. He says N.J., 07922 over and over again that 2001 is brilliant--and the reader is just supposed to take his word for it. He warns that anyone who doesn't realize it's a work of genius doesn't "understand" it--the old Emperor's Clothes routine.

Funny, though. His interpretation of the film's "message" is the same one that First Speaker Lester Del Rey and other Second Foundationers have arrived at. The only difference is that we disagree with the message while your brother agrees with it. So I guess when he says "understand" he means "agree with me". ((You disagree with the conclusion that life is an immortal force for good in the universe? Been to any good black masses lately, J.J?))

Angus Taylor is another of those fans--their ranks are legion--who insists on perpetuating the canard that all we Second Foundationers want are space operas about comic-strip heroes destroying the International Soybean Combine at Betelgeuse. I suppose it won't cure him to point out that I enjoyed Pavane very much though I quibbled at a few anachronisms in language--"okay", "diesel engine" etc. And Lester, Sam Moskowitz and I are all backing Ursula LeGuin's "Left Hand of Darkness" for a Hugo. That involves an Important Mission, of course, so perhaps Taylor considers it hackwork.

Another canard being perpetuated by Taylor is that since those who support the Vietnam war and the starvation in Biafra think they are "rational", they must really be so. It's funny; if the same atrocities were being committed in the name of a church, no one would blame religion--they'd accuse the perpetrators of being hypocrits. But "reason" is made the scapegoat for practically all the evil ever committed--whether by Leftists or Rightists. So we get all kinds of





messages in stories about the "incompatibility" of reason and emotion, and how we must never think out solutions--just be saved somehow by "love" or "intuition". ((A valid point--but irrelevant to Angus's article, I think.))

Susan Wood's piece is interesting, at least. Looks as if some of the students are actually learning something about S.F., instead of just being fed a line. ((Let us hope that they also learn how to keep an open mind while they're at it.)) ((My brother comments: I have just reread my review and I just don't get the impression that the idea

is conveyed that in order to understand the film you must agree with the author. My interpretation of the film is based on my experience and I offered it for the consideration of those who read the article. I neither expect nor want anyone to agree with me. I simply wished to express in my review an appreciation for the film--as an experience fondly remembered.))

G.M. CARR It was interesting to read Susan Wood's comments about studying SF as a 5319 Ballard Ave literary course in school... No doubt it will come to that eventually, Seattle 7, Wash. but it seems to me that it would be more profitable to study it as sociology rather than literature.

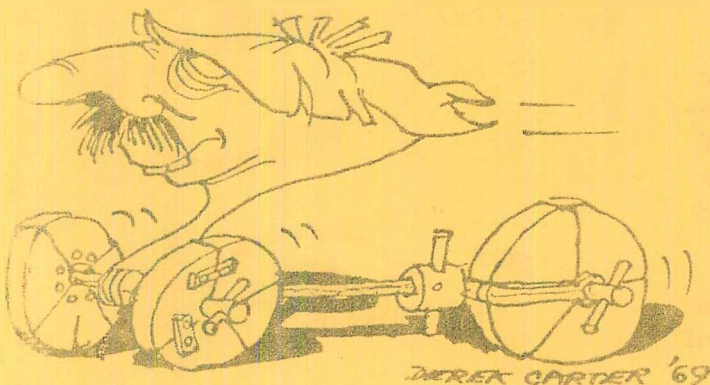
More and more the concepts first advanced in far out fantasy are turning out to be the facts of life, and I don't mean only such obvious things as TV, "visi-phones", electronic computers and men walking on the moon... I mean some of the social extrapolations postulated for future 'civilizations' are coming uncomfortably close.

For instance, it is only within the past two centuries that we have become accustomed to the idea of asking the State for permission to marry. How much longer before permission is required before a married couple may start a family?

Environmental control is already on us...((Though not to nearly the right extent or in the right direction, as witness the pollution problem.)) but how soon before social 'control' via that good old stf standby "conditioning"? It's not far off...already we hear mutters about "Mental Health" coming out of the bureaucratic corridors.

Maybe we should start really studying stf with an eye to what could happen to mankind if we don't keep an eye open for some of the more gruesome possibilities. "1984" and "Brave New World" are already here their test-tube embryos, TV spy-eyes and Big Brother techniques of double think... that's already old stuff. But it's some of the others that make me glad I'm on the downhill side of sixty.

((Mayor Daley notwithstanding, I just cannot see us as a nation of near automatons ruled over by neuronc whip weilding cops. The spirit of dissent is too strong for that. But perhaps that's just my youthful optimism. As I recall, the newly established SF course at Stanford will be run along lines similar to those you suggest. This is fine for a great deal of sf--even the modern stuff--but where does it leave people such as Ellison, Disch and Zelazny? Perhaps there'll be a course in Psychological Science Fiction too? However, Stanford is class so we're finally starting to get some recognition.))



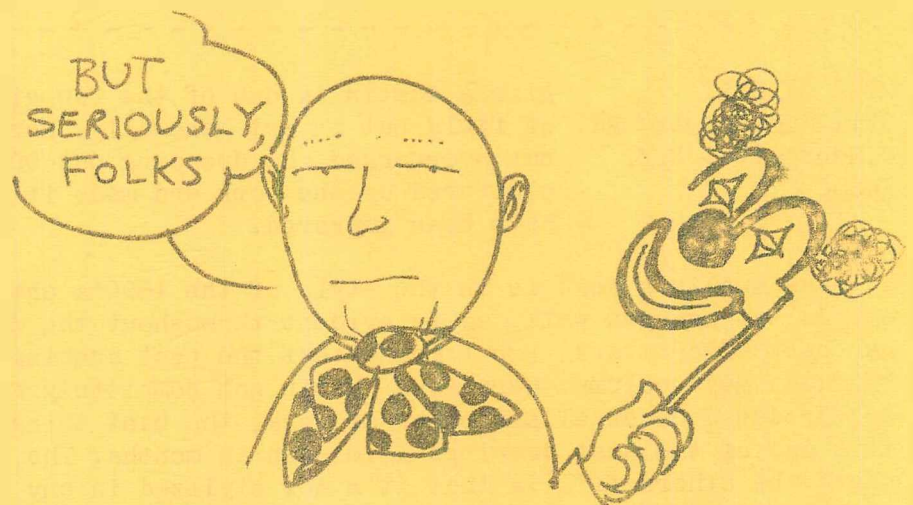
MIKE DECKINGER It's always good to see another 2001 article, although this subject has
 25 Manor Drive been drawn quite thin. But the fact that your brother's review is printed a
 Apt 12-J year and a half late in no way invalidates it; I have a feeling 2001 will
 Newark N.J. be a prime topic of conversation ten years from now, I can't conceive of
 07100 any film eclipsing it by then. Your brother is quite correct in his assumption
 that SPARTACUS was not Kubrick's own personal creation. He has admitted
 as much himself, that he was constantly hamstrung in his efforts to exercise total artistic
 and editorial control over the film. The end result clearly shows it; certain scenes bear
 the stamp of Kubrick's creativity, others have plainly been inserted to snare the attention
 of the unsophisticated public conditioned to expect copious blood letting in any "spectacle".
 I would say that it was LOLITA, and not STRANGELOVE, that first indicated Kubrick's
 mastery of the medium. Strangelove merely affirmed his genius. Under any other producer,
 LOLITA would have been turned into a trashy, exploitation film (in fact, teaser ads in the
 trailers indicated this was the case). Kubrick's brilliant handling molded the film into a
 sensitive and moving study of a neurotic.

Susan Wood's presumably factual article ((Yes)) was a light pleasant account. I happen
 to think that a course in sf would be beneficial in many institutions, now that the advances
 in space travel have legitimized many of its speculations. A friend of mine who is a fan
 taught an sf course at a nearby college and though he received no academic credit found
 it to be a splendid means of acquainting fledgeling readers with what the field can offer.

I found Brunner's JAGGED ORBIT very similar to SOZ, as if he had left over some ideas unincorporated in the latter novel that he chose to insert in the Ace Special. It's ironic that the most probing, exacting and penetrating look into future societal trends directly affecting us all, both in and out of the US, is conducted by a Briton. ((But wasn't ORBIT written before SOZ? Anyone?)) Why have so many American writers overlooked the near future, for the more

melodramatic activities of the far distant future? What of the racial situation? For the first time since Lincoln emancipated (hah!) the black man, the minority group member is demanding, not seeking or requesting, the rights that have been belligerently denied him. For the first time there are organized, powerful black militant groups which are fed up with accepting an inferior position on the social structure imposed by the white. Sure the Black Panthers are dangerous and irresponsible, eager to foment disorder and cause chaos, but irrespective of their impact, it was whitey who made them. They are merely responding with the same type of injustice that has been leveled at them all these years. Twenty years ago a story postulating this movement would have been undeniably classed as sf. What are the ramifications twenty years from today? And why has this avenue for speculation been largely ignored?

Another topic is air and water pollution, destruction of natural resources, overpopulation? All these unpleasant alternatives loom alarmingly close and have firmly gone past the realm of science fiction to speculative fact. Where are the books on these subjects, where were they twenty years ago? ((Overpopulation has, I think, been a fairly standard sf topic but you're right about the others. It's only recently I can recall an sf book with a Negro as a central character--and again Brunner is leading the way. However, since ecology seems to be the number one topic of interest today, we can expect some novels on this subject soon. Galaxy had an excellent novelette on this theme just last issue.))



ANGUS TAYLOR

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I thought you might be interested in some of the initial reaction to the publication you have recently begun. The quotes are reported to be authentic, although this cannot be verified.

- // "Stunning...A work of sheer gall." (Sioux Falls Evening Trumpet)
- // "Monumental. A real thriller. I couldn't pick it up once I put it down." (Porcupine (Sask) World Tribune)
- // "Ranks with Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' for sheer wit and general hilarity. A must for all hockey buffs." (Women's Wear Daily)
- // "A pseudo-intellectual conglomeration of neo-bourgeois rantings. The editor's name was particularly offensive." (Pravda)
- // "Mr. Glicksohn has done the world of publishing a real service. I was enthralled by his expose of bare-baiting in a nudist colony." (Buffalo Evening Nudes)
- // "A real blockbuster. I was especially revolted by Glicksohn's revelation of master-baiting among slaves in his article 'The Real Truth About Nat Turner'." (Mark Rude, in The New Left Review)
- // "From north of the border comes...a rare treat. Hits like a blast of arctic air. The civilized world is in for a surprise." (Fargo North Dakotan)
- // "Obviously the work of a small conspiracy of foreign agitators...The silent majority of our young people should not be held responsible for this atrocity" (Spiro Agnew)
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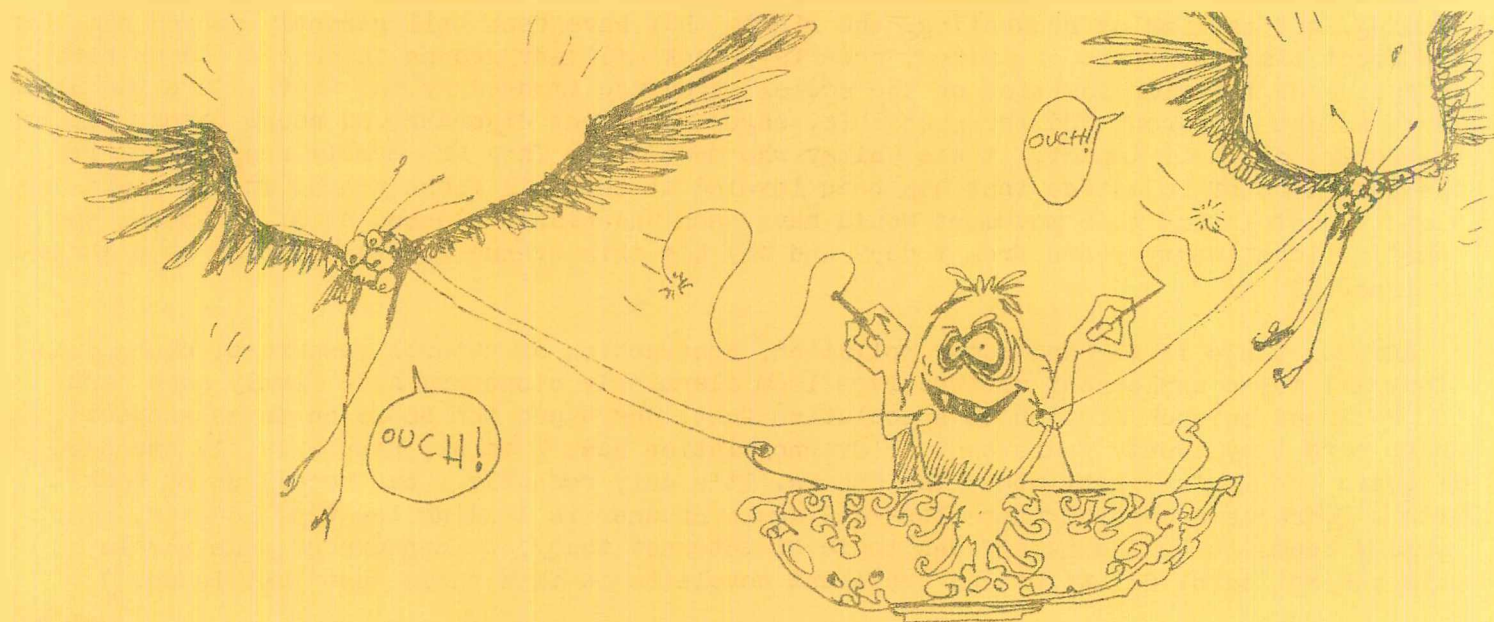
MIKE GILBERT

5711 W.Henrietta Rd.
W.Henrietta, N.Y.
14586

Alicia Austin is one of the few girls who can draw--not just in the sf field but in art generally. Her cover for Energumen 1 is striking but overworked. By dropping out 90% of the creatures (which to me cluttered up the work and made it less imposing) the drawing would have been improved.

Miss Austin's work is in the style of the 1890's art nouveau (Aubrey Beardsley); she can do art nouveau well, as is evident throughout the zine, but I don't think this is where her best efforts are. For I found that the best drawing was on page 7 illustrating the "Kumquat May" column. Here Miss Austin got completely away from the art nouveau schtick and produced an excellent piece of work, the best thing of hers I've ever seen; in fact it's one of the best drawings I've seen in months. The reason this drawing is successful where the others fail is that it's not stylized in any way and to me it looks like she really enjoyed doing it while some of her other pieces look labored. George Barr's work is nice but not up to his usual while Derek Carter's work is nice in his humorous vein.

((Hey, you artists out there: I'd like art criticism on future issues. Please?))



JERRY KAUFMAN
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Columbus, Ohio
43201

I think your brother's review of 2001 was one of the poorest, least perceptive I have read until now. The movie was very good; not quite a masterpiece, but it was a contender. It is the review I dislike.

If the picture "literally defies adequate verbal description" why is Manning trying? Oh, I see. Manning isn't trying. He's going to talk about the impact-- not the film itself. After all, he could not see any of the effects, only the illusions they cause. I suppose he means he can't see how the effects are done, which is only right and proper. The purpose of any effect is to create an illusion. All of film is illusion, and the filmmaker is attempting to get us to accept that illusion.

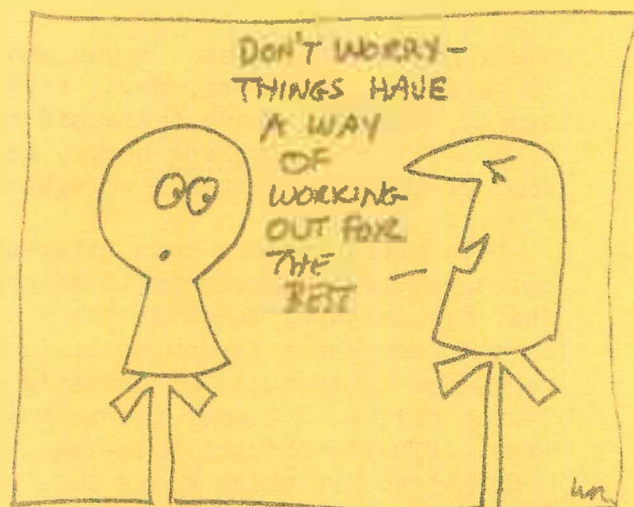
((Ever see any Japanese sf films, Jerry? Or War of the Worlds? That's what Manning was getting at)) And, unfortunately, I can think of one effect I can see as an effect, and that seems to be cleverness for cleverness. During the trip sequence there are numerous shots of what seems to be swirls of oil or paint. They seem to be functionless. Tell me their function in the sequence and in the picture as a whole.

Unlike Manning, I found the film to be highly, almost mechanically structured, and the correspondances between segments give it this structure. As a last remark on this paragraph it isn't at all incredible to use technological advances to indict themselves. Although Manning may not have read much sf, most readers have had some contact with BRAVE NEW WORLD. Even without that book, it would be obvious that to satirize or argue against something, it must be shown with all its faults.

Manning's "Nonsense" followed by his three Great Questions, is as sanctimonious as the critics he attacks. In answer to his questions (and this doesn't apply to 2001) truth is too long when it is redundant and obvious, beauty is too long when it is static and life is too long when it consists of truths and beauties of these kinds. A movie is too long when it contains elements like these or no truth or beauty at all. I don't believe 2001 to be without truth or beauty; its beauty occasionally borders on that of space, i.e. static, but its truth is not obvious or redundant.

Here is the bomb of bombs. In the film a black slab appears a number of times. We are never told what this is. Its physical reality means nothing to us. It is upright...could it be phallic? It forms the crossbar of a cross with the planets forming the upright...is it religious? No. Wait. I am trying to invest it with symbolic meanings. I'm trying to make it stand in for something else, to be a physical substitute for some spiritual agency evolution, power, chance, whatever. I'm wrong, Manning says. There are no symbols here, ((He doesn't say that at all)) because God is totally unrepresentable in any symbolic way. He is represented by the slab. Manning says. What is the slab if not some sort of symbol? Do you mean to say that the slab is God? How do you know? What makes you certain the slab is God if you do not usually think of God as a slab? Isn't any human manner of depicting God, visually or verbally, going to be nothing more than a symbol of Him?

((I've omitted your last paragraph on symbols, Jerry because it comes from a misunderstanding of my brother's comments, so is basically irrelevant. The meaning of Manning's remarks on the slab seemed simple enough to me but you obviously didn't get the point. God is unrepresentable; you both agree on that. Manning merely applauded the fact that faced with this truth Kubrick did not resort to some fancy, pyrotechnic display but rather used a very unpretentious, neutral, non-emotive symbol whose meaning is derived from where it appears. You're perfectly entitled to your own interpretation of the film, Jerry, I don't agree with my brother on that part either, but at least read what the other fellow says before bad-mouthing him. And cutting up the zine was just a bit much, don't you think? Especially since you totally misinterpreted the segment that so terribly "offended" you))



BOB ALLEN
20 Gardiner Ave
Regina, Sask.

I take it you are the Michael who split for Mexico. ((Split, yes. Got there, no.)) I've just returned from Mazatlan where things are extremely heavy (paranoid would be an understatement); people are being busted for looking heavy, and the American government is to be thanked for causing some of the worst vibes I've ever encountered.

Pete Gill has made some interesting observations on the future of fandom. With the current trend to Big Business in sf cons, I think it'll be interesting to sit back and watch what happens over the next few years. In fact I'd like to hear what some of the older fan have to say about fandom as it is right now. ((Then read the drug controversy in CROSS-ROADS for a start.)) For Christ's sake, they are already campaigning for Washington in 77 (which will be a bummer unless Washington gets it together, the city I mean, in the meantime.)) ((That's a fannish in-joke, Bob. D.C. is our competition in 74 but naturally I want Montreal to win which means D.C. won't get the con until 77. However, there are serious bids from as far away as 1980))

2001 was beautiful because it did make a lot of people think. I personally feel you should see it initially when you're straight, then later when stoned. As with EASY RIDER, some people dug it, others didn't and with both films the last few minutes proved to be the testing point. If one wants special effects, it's easier to watch a film of the moon landing, or the early Apollo trips. 2001 is too deep to be considered on any one level only.



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Perhaps by now you're sated with compliments on the lovely art. But it is. My favorite was the Austin on page 26 --you don't see zoomorphic junctures like that every day! ((I had to print that. But I shudder to ask...))

You're perhaps the sixth person I see didn't understand Lafferty's FOURTH MANSIONS. (Including two of the three people quoted on the book cover.) John and I must belong to a select minority--we perceived a message couched in all that exuberant prose. Basically, there are 4 groups contending for world dominion. They are beings--and descendants--left over from a previous creation. They stand outside of human salvation history and resent this exclusion. Lafferty adapts their symbols from those of the Four Living Creatures in Ezechiel and the Apocalypse. These are also the traditional symbols of the Four Evangelists (Mark-Lion, Luke-Ox,

Matthew-Man, John-Eagle) and ultimately derive from the Babylonian symbols for the four directions. Our simple, scorned hero Foley cannot be conquered. He turns his apparent defeat into victory and passes over into a higher state of being which the rival groups have been unable to reach by their own unaided efforts. More precisely, his apotheosis "happens". He didn't try to achieve it. He is the "stone which the builders rejected" turned into the cornerstone by Grace or simply the mechanics of initiation. His transformation is to be viewed in the light of mystical theology--as St. Teresa's image of passage from one Mansion to another. One honey source of Lafferty's symbolism: I think the patricks, the Badgers, are right out of the WIND IN THE WILLOWS,

Furthermore, Lafferty uses his story to express some definite opinions. He's opposed to Chardin: a certain snobbish variety of secular humanism; Pelagianism; attempts to "improve" mankind a la Feinberg. He's confident that the common man's "nourishing interior

wierdness" will protect him from those who wish to impose schemes upon him "for his own good". (Lafferty's common slob is far, far removed from Mack Reynold's common slob.) Michael Fountains' long monolog, during which he drops the golden glass globe, is a short recapitulation of PAST MASTER. The ease, the casualness with which Lafferty uses mythology and folklore is a rare marvel. No straining for effect and reader reaction as we find in NOVA. Delany is terribly anxious to be understood. I don't think Lafferty gives a damn. He's having fun expressing himself, but surely he's aware few readers will have the background or patience to puzzle out what he's saying. But we think FOURTH MANSIONS is the best sf novel we've read in months. Its complexities merely arouse a glint in my beady little exegete's eyes. ((Uh...Sandra... um...I need this book reviewer, see, and I was wondering...))

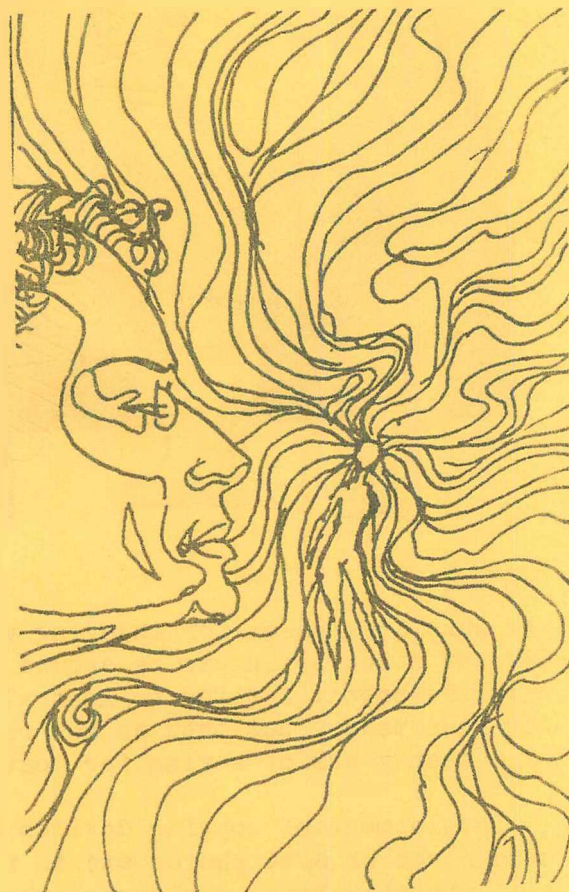
ANNE MC CAFFREY
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Michael me darlin' ((Egoboo, ego-
boo. More, more, I'm still not
satisfied.)) Sampson springs eter-
nal (or should that be Energumen)
from the columns of Mexican dur-

ance vile and non-appreciation? Well, Sampson is
back and hair growth though why you want to hide
faileth me.

ENERGUMEN is appreciated, particularly since all
fanzines must have given up on A MC long since. Good
cause, however; SFWA needs me more. Alicia Austin's
cover is a beauty. You were lucky to get it and it
was real kindly of Richard Labonte to 'gift' you the
other fine artwork. ((Actually, Anne, only about one
third of the art in #1 was donated by Richard. He
must want something from me since he doesn't have a
generous bone in his body.)) I'd say that your vir-
gin entry into fanzine editing was well done. George
Barr's dragonic snail is marvelous. They, too, have
a bad press. Hmmm. Snail world anyone?

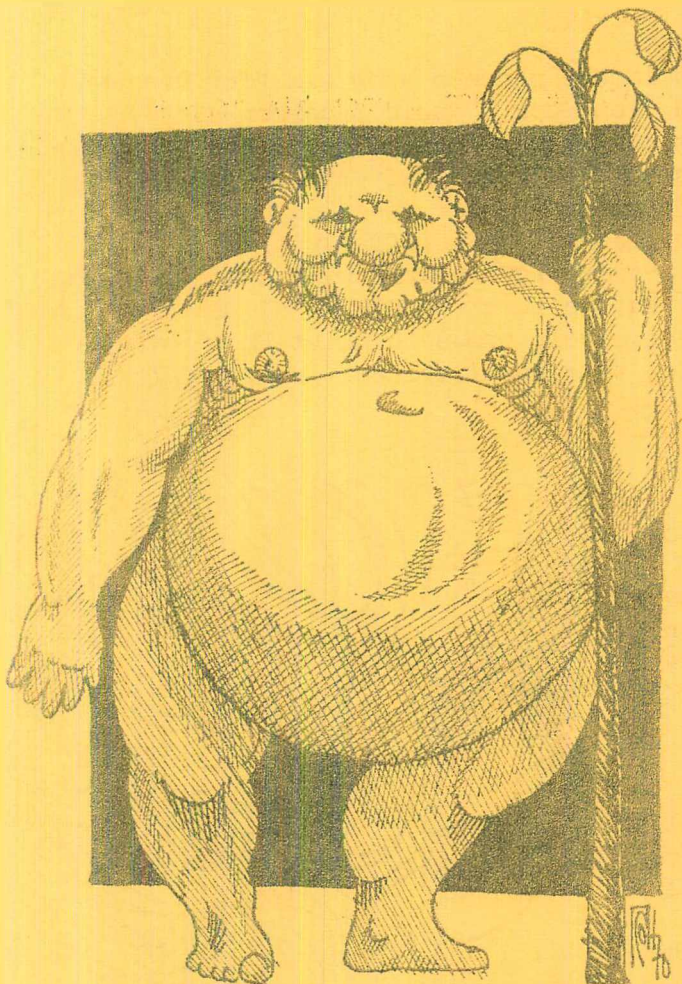
The bamboo half frame around Joe Haldeman's poem
is a deft touch. The poem itself deserves notice.
The theme is unusually strong in this context, and
all so damned true. Humans can adapt to any g.d.
thing, even misery. But the "morning miracle of wak-
ing up Alive" has an impact in "letter" that deserves
a wider audience. I hope Joe will try to submit it elsewhere...no slight to Energumen in-
tended. Hell, I saw and admired it first in Energumen. If this is the quality of poetry
you can bring to your magazine, you're IN, man, IN! That was hairy. All this, mind you,
from a Kipling advocate, and a poetry-reader who is pretty disgusted with most 'modern
verse'.



PETER GILL
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The artwork, from cover to cover, shows your own highly developed taste
and I hope that soon the repro will be able to match the quality of the
art. Good as the repro is for mimio it is still not able to do most of
the work justice. A fact I'm sure you realize, just as I realize that
publishing a fanzine is to a large extent the art of the possible vs the impossible dream.

Your fan zine review supplement was excellent but it tended (to me anyway) to show up
the mini-reviews. I feel that 5 to 7 lines is not enough to review a novel properly. It
may be enough space for fanzines but not for books of any interest--and I trust you're not



going to review any other kind. ((Damn right I am, Pete. If I can save someone's 75¢ I'll be delighted.)) Personally, I found Rosemary's column the best piece in the issue, although your editorial and answer to her column were somewhat more than mildly amusing. ((Is that what's known as damning with faint praise, Pete?)) Susan's "Of Courses" was well written, as everything she writes is, interesting, as most of the things she does are, but about 600 words too long. (No, I didn't count them!) Editing is probably the hardest thing an editor has to do, and one of the things that most fans do the least of (and I certainly include myself in this.), particularly when the work in front of them is from a friend. ((Very, very true, Pete so to practise I'm cutting out the rest of your letter. I'd appreciate comments on my editing of the lettercol from all you people out there. Er...people out there? People? People!!)) The article would have been just right for a school paper, or a course summary for the university, but was far too basic for a fanzine.

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Pete Gill's speculations may be unique, but they are not the only ones in the field. ((Details?)) I doubt mail or travel will become all that

cheap or that it will mean cons will fade away.

I'm sure one reason for enjoying visits with other fans is that they're uncommon. For a few days at a con a fan can be around other fans--and for some, that is time to be saturated with the breed. Jetting to Australia may be as common in ten years as jetting to England is for fans today, but then as now only a small percentage of fans will be travelling and it will mean years of saving for most of us.

Development of copying devices using telephones may make it economically practical to send pages of art, photos etc to fans in the future. The use of such material in fanzines will probably bring a closer linkage for people who are really stay-at-homes, who will pour their money into publishing instead of travel. ((Yes, but is it fannish?)) And in a way SF may serve as a sort of popular steppingstone of thought for the public, with some energumen leading the way. ((Say, that has a nice ring to it...)) As the accumulated facts of physical science unfold, fans or fan alerted attitudes may help interpret them for the general public.

You know, the frothings of humans and the bubbling of mountain streams from detergents in dishwater that won't unbubble may have something in common. We live in a sort of waste problem, and wastes are poisons. The poison of breathing in our own smog isn't new; mentally we've done it most of our history. We have the same big problems and look the other way because there are places to go (into the West; into the North Country). But maybe now that the ecological problem is becoming Our Problem of the decade, we can also face up to other ecological imbalances--of the mind.

I've been wanting to have a list (name and address etc) of zines published or edited by NSF members. Could others with time and interest send me their lists to integrate with it? ((Surely the NSF, an organization I'm totally unfamiliar with, has its own o-o? You would have better luck by mentioning your project in its pages I'd think.))

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Since I'm an artist, you won't be surprised if I begin my comments with the art. The visual aspects of any book, fanzine or prozine are what strike me first. The packaging indicates whether or not I'm going to be interested enough to read the text. This is the reason crudzines turn me off. The argument that fanzines are more fannish if they're produced amateurishly leaves me cold. ((Hear, hear!!)) I start with TRUMPET and work on down. ENER-GUEN seems to fit somewhere in with GRANFALLOON, DOUBLE BILL, BLABONEMA...approximately.

The most interesting article, from my viewpoint, was Susan Wood's "Of Courses". It was fascinating to read about the origin of a science fiction course (or discussion group). Somewhat reminiscent of Mythopoeic Society meetings except that we discuss fantasy not sf.

Does Peter Gill believe his extrapolations or is he being tongue-in-cheek to see the reaction? ((Pete told me he was quite serious.)) Even though many fans travel nation-wide and overseas, there are still others such as myself who don't travel very often. Prices aren't all that cheap, you know, and I can't see them going down. Since con attendance is still on an upward climb, I don't see why Pete figures it will decline, even in a decade or two. Nor do I see a tendency towards a dissolution of organized fandom. When Pete mentions specialized groups, I immediately think of the Mythopoeic Society. Their special interest consists of Tolkien, C.S. Lewis and Charles Williams plus related fantasy, and yet they have participated in fandom through conventions, fanzine publishing and contact with other groups. A specialized group such as this can infuse new blood into fandom and I like to think of these fans as just another aspect of fandom rather than a fringe group. Since the Mythopoeic Society is as well organized as it is, I cannot picture this type of fan seeking ultra-casual unorganized gatherings and as I believe these specialized fans to be part of fandom in the 70's and 80's I can't help disagreeing with Pete's predictions.

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The 2001 article seems to me to go overboard. I thought the movie was beautiful but I would agree with anyone who said it was vague, ambiguous and deliberately difficult--these are not necessarily faults. Well, I guess "vague" and "ambiguous" are, but there are critical words referring to the same experience that are complimentary, such as "multi-leveled" and "ambivalent". It depends on whether the whole thing seems, to the critic, to fall together into an artistically structured unity whether he thinks all kinds of (seemingly) unrelated elements are ambiguous or ambivalent. ((This, of course, is the weakness of all 'criticism'.)) And it does sometimes happen that a few critics will see meaning where most do not, not because those few were right, but because they were wrong. In the end, you can only judge a work of art by your response to it--and if you have to qualify "It's stupid" with an "I think", you have to add the same restriction to "It's brilliant". However, most critics seem to expect their readers to remember to tack on the "In my opinion" to their articles, instead of spending the space on putting in "I think"s.

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...it's quite a problem to get the zine, comparatively thin as it is, to lie flat. Now I know that's a problem with almost any side-stapled zine, but most of them will lie flat if I put something heavy on them. But not Energumen; you had to be idiosyncratic in everything. And with all the trash I have on my desk, where the hell am I going to put a hyperthyroidal fanzine while I type? ((Why, do



what the rest of my subscribers do, of course: store it in an inert gas atmosphere in a plastic bag in a sealed vault. What could be more obvious?)) Despite Peter Gill, I can't imagine fandom dying; not with all the wild-eyed young madmen running around yelling FIAWOL and "Up with Harlan" and "Down with New Waive" in the same breath. (Parenthetical: can you guess how long it took, after I found fandom, to learn what fiawol meant. People kept writing it but no-one explained it. Those I asked said "You don't know? Been gafia for 40 years?" to which I said "Gafia?" By the time I understood fiawol, I was ready to try gafia!) (And then along came the Pittsburgh crowd with PgHLANGE...)(Parentheticals, by the way, are over-verbose linos.)

I ALSO HEARD FROM: JACK GAUGHAN: who sent an incredible two foot square sheet of illustrated grafitti plus a highly distinctive 35 minute tape both of which were extremely original and inventive but impossible to reproduce. DANNIE PLACHTA & BANKS NEBANE: who sent a postcard from Cape Kennedy. CHARLIE BROWN: who said nice things about me in Locus. SUSAN WOOD: who says she never drinks gin out of a teacup but has been known to drink tea out of a gin bottle. MARK BARCLAY: who liked my reviews and found my first issue as good as many tenth issues. DAVID BURTON: who doesn't like Mike Symes artwork. FRANK LUNNEY: who chatted about BAB. GLORIA McARTHUR: who pondered the physiognomy of the Barr alien. DEVRA LANGSAM: who suggested I might run the illos and text on separate stencils for better repro. DAVID MALONE: who wondered how I stayed off his mailing list so long. CHARLES SCHULTZ: who said he liked the issue. Thank you, sir; Peanuts is my favorite comic strip. JOAN BOWERS: who asked for another cover, therefore exonerating me in my choice of cover stock, at least to me. Joan also says "I'm very glad I /read Manning's review/ It was without doubt the best one in the many I've read. Manning looked at 2001 with such calm and reason it was a joy to read." She figures Energumen is Hugo quality ((Very perceptive wife you've got there, Bill.)) ALEXIS GILLILAND: who was surprised at my audacity in trying to appropriate Susan's painting. ((The problem is solved, Alexis. It's now our Gaughan.)) CONNIE FADDIS: who talked about life and art and used too many four-letter words for a family publication. RUDY DER HAGOPIAN: who'll "do anything" to get the second issue. ((Anything, Rudy.)) ELIZABETH KIMBERLY: who found 2001 a lot over-rated after having seen Expo and doubts that the Americans have ever been on the moon. T'is all a hoax, she says. ALAN BERNSTEIN and LORENA HALDEMAN: who subscribed for 12 and 10 issues respectively, thereby indicating a hell of a lot more faith in me than I have. And DEBBIE LANGSAM: who sent me three empty Screaming Yellow Zonkers boxes.

I GOT ART FROM: Alicia Austin, Bonnie Bergstrom, Derek Carter, ConR Faddis, Mike Gilbert, Alexis Gilliland, Rudy der Hagopian, Sandra Miesel, Jim McLeod, Bill Rotsler and Bernie Zuber and I'm very grateful to all of you. (But don't let that stop anyone from sending more art, I can use all the material I can get.)

THE FOLLOWING TIMES ARRIVED: Outworlds, Egg, Pegasus, Akos, BeaBohema, Microcosm, Imryrr, Luna, Dmsff, T-Negative, T&R, Metanoia, Egoboo, Mobius Trip, The Legal Rules, L'Ange Jacques, The Earth Gazette and Conglomeration. Thank you all, gentle faneds, and keep those zines a'coming. My fiancée and I, we read every one of them. (Well; I read 'em all anyway.)

To all those who responded to #1 in some way, thank you. It's you who make fanzine publishing rewarding, and this second issue is dedicated to you all. Peace.



