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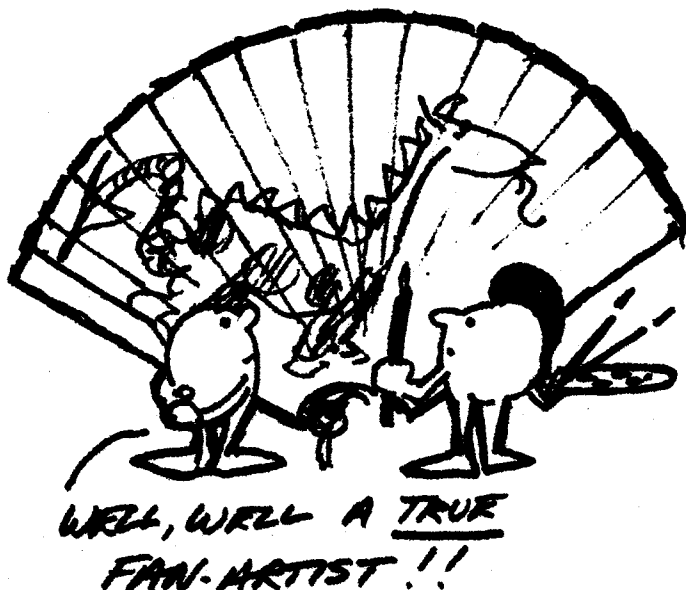
ENERGUMEN 4 is the fourth issue of a quarterly genzine edited by Michael Glicksohn, 267 Saint George Street Apt 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada. It is co-edited by my wife Susan, and published on the Pressed Ham Press under the watchful (I hope!) eyes of wife Susan and Richard Labonte. ENER-GUMEN is available for substantial loc, arranged trade, artistic or literary contribution or 50¢ an issue--no cheques accepted! Cover this issue is by Steve Fabian, back cover by Alex Eisenstein. November 1970

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11,13,17,31,33 Gustaveson: 15 Ingham: 6,35 Kirk: 3 McLeod: 8 Miesel: 5,26,
42 Rotsler: 14 Schalles: 36 Symes: 29 Zuber: 16



FEEDBACK FROM



THE

MIKE

One of the first things a neofaned learns (often the hard way) is that one does not use one's editorial to apologize for being late or for looking crummy. However, from my exalted status as a FTMWKF ("Fair-To-Middlin'-Well Known-Fan") I'm going to at least partially violate this rule. I'm going to apologize in advance for something that may or may not happen, but which if it does may well relegate this potentially award-winning fanzine of mine (ahem! ahem!) to the ranks of Crudzines Anonymous. So I want to have an escape hatch prepared...just in case.

To start with, I have no reliable source of cheap electrostencilling here in Toronto. University of Toronto, with four times as many students as Carleton in Ottawa, has never even heard of a Gestefax. So most of my titles and a fair number of the interior illos are from a totally untried process. For all I know, they may not work at all and all my brilliant layouts will go for nought. And my second problem is that I won't know how things have turned out until about the same time you do; after the fact.

It's all because Richard Labonte up in Ottawa has the best mimeo I know of as well as the cheapest source of paper, so E4, along with E1, E2 and E3, will be published on the Pressed Ham Press over the first weekend in November. (That, by the way, is when it is due out if I'm to maintain the quarterly schedule I've stuck to over the first three issues. At least I'm not apologizing for being late. And no, I don't mean I'm republishing my first three issues. That "along with" five lines back translates as "following in the footsteps of" and you knew it all the time.) But now that I'm back at college, I personally don't have time to run the issue off, so Susan has offered to take the stencils up to Ottawa with her that weekend, run off the issue regardless of appearance, and mail it out from our nation's fair capital. Which takes it out of my hands, doesn't it?

And I'm not happy about it. I've always hovered around watching every page and it's foreign to me not to be there. I'm a fussbudget. Can't help it--in fact, I don't know how the people who've helped me run off the first three issues have stood my constant demands that every page and every line be perfect. (And we all know how well that comes out, don't we folks?) But it's understandable: having spent some one hundred hours in the conception of the thing, it's to be expected that I'd want the delivery to go as smoothly as possible. And at least if I'm there I can take full blame for faded, off-centred or inverted pages. This way I may be inclined to blame the others if it looks bad.

So I'm going to spend a very nervous weekend imagining all sorts of disasters and, hopefully and if I'm lucky, it'll all be for nothing. After all, one Getefax ought to be pretty much like another and Richard did teach me how to use a mimeo so ENERGUMEN 4 should be a nice attractive fanzine. And if it isn't, what the hell? It's still my fanzine and a new wife and a new friend are easy things to find.

* * *

Fan Fair II has been and gone. I enjoyed the con and from all reports it was quite successful. I'm not really sure because I was too close to it: couldn't get the overview. Putting on a con and attending one sure as hell are two different ballgames though. I was so busy with the art show I got to only one of the program items. Now this is par for the course for me, but there's a difference between not attending the program because you don't want to and not attending because you haven't time! But I don't regret it and am only sorry that I didn't get to meet some of the people I knew were there but never saw. Yet the people I did meet were great, the hotel was superb and everyone seemed to enjoy the con and Canada.

And out of the chaos and confusion of the aftermath has arisen, Phoenix-like, the Toronto bid for the 1973 Worldcon. In the last 18 months, during my extensive fannish travels, I'd been approached by literally dozens of fans who wanted to know why Toronto wasn't running for '73. "There's no real alternative that year," I was told all the way from Los Angeles to New York. At the time, the Montreal in '74 bid had my priority and was, in fact, the Canadian fandom bid for a Worldcon. Then we lost the hotel for the Montreal con. Another group confirmed first and suddenly we had no place to host the con when we won it. And external pressure for a Toronto in '73 bid continued to mount. And the Fan Fair was widely acclaimed as a good con. And we knew, as indeed we had known all along, that the D.C. group could put on a first-rate Worldcon in '74. And perhaps fandom really did need a choice for the '73 bid. So. The "Toronto in '73" bid was deliberated, discussed, dissected and, finally, created.

I'm convinced we can do the best job. Fan Fair showed we have the ability. Our committee combines the enthusiasm and talent of the new active Canadian fans with the enthusiasm, talent and experience of the older Canadian fans who put on Canada's one and only Worldcon back in 1948. We have the facilities and we have the abilities. All we need is your support. Our chairman, John Millard, has an open letter in this issue's lettercol. Read it. Think about it. See us at the regionals. Then support "Toronto in '73"!!

* * *

Now some of you with good memories may peruse this issue and find cause to remark, "'Ere, there's no foldout. And where's them Barr limericks he promised?" Well, friends, in a word-- money. I haven't found a printer here yet, and even if I did I couldn't afford to publish the limericks George sent me. They may come some time in the future. But at least I do have Rosemary's promised Westerncon column! And I do have one foldout size drawing





left, (any artists who may wish to take that as an uns subtle hint are free to do so.) but again I can't afford to publish it at this time. I promise to get it for next issue if at all possible, Lou.

Speaking of promises, I received the following note from Derek Carter, who is a really fine fellow a first-rate artist and the only guy I know who can accurately duplicate an entire Goon Show on his own: "As you know, since Fan Fair 2 we have discovered a good deal of additional information with regards to Jabberwitch; facts which made the publication of the Journals a trifle difficult at this time. As the new facts have come to light revealing that Jabberwitch is but a facet of an entire complex, we have decided that it would be a far better approach if a series of articles, reports and short stories were published rather than a series of consecutive chapters from the Journals.

"We intend to have an introductory article ready for the next issue of ENERGUMEN and wish to take this opportunity to apologize to any of your audience who may have been chagrined by the non-appearance of the Journals as advertised in your previous issue." Well, well, well!! In addition to this promised article, Derek will have the cover on issue #5. In themselves two very fine reasons to be sure and respond to #4!!

While we're on the subject of covers, I do hope my regular Ottawa printers do as good a job with Steve Fabian's fine drawing as they did with the Tim Kirk used last issue. I've sent the cover to Richard and once again will have to wait until after the fact to see how it comes out. Remember that I demand perfection, Richard, so keep after them. If you do a good job I'll let you polish my Hugo.

* * *

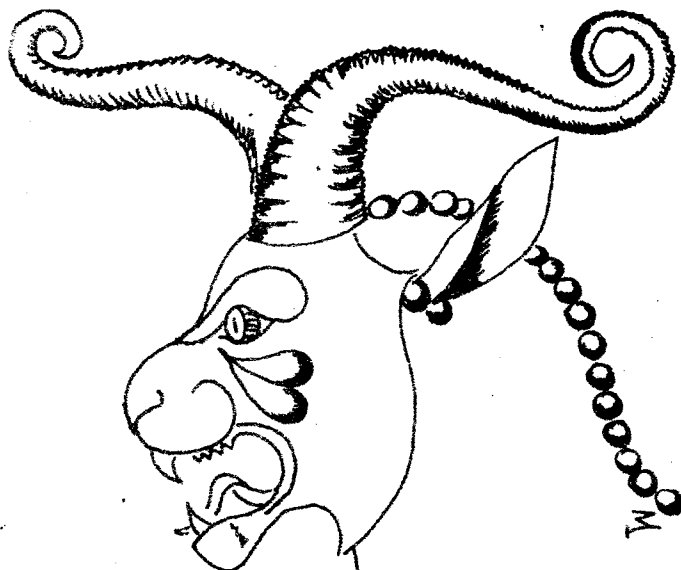
Now that we're married, Susan wants a few pages for comments of her own. Well, that's okay; I'm pretty magnanimous about these things. But there's one difficulty. We disagree as to the sort of material that should appear in these soon-to-be hallowed pages. Susan wants to discuss the Serious Problems of the Day - ecology, pollution, activism etc which I say belong in a personalzine and have no place in this genzine. And co-editor or no co-editor, the broad basic structure of ENERGUMEN is going to be plotted by yours truly, who is dictatorial as well as magnanimous. So this once Susan will have her say and after that I'll probably not print comments on such issues unless they relate directly to science fiction or fandom. Oh, I have my own ideas on these matters (they tend to be much more cynical than Susan's) but this is not the place for them. So while I ask you not to Save the World or Win the War here, I also say please respond to this issue. It's the surest way of getting #5, and think how bad a missed issue will look in your boxed set,

MY

2¢

WORTH

(some medium-weight raps by Susan)



"Darling," I said as we stood with our hands clasped on the cake knife, waiting for the photographer to focus, "now that we're married, I get to be co-editor, right?"

"Wrong" said my beloved.

"But dearest, we just promised to share our wordly goods."

"Sure. You get the dishes, the pots, the electric frying pan, and the box of soap and scouring pads your mother gave you. I get Energumen."

With great self-control I refrained from pouring Ontario champagne over my True Love's first-ever suit and pretty lace shirt. Muttering "male chauvanist pig", I smiled at the camera lens and flounced off to pass the cake. (You can flounce marvellously in ten yards of skirt.) I resolved to deal with this little marital crisis Real Soon.

Five days later we arrived at Rosemary's unheated garret to deliver five tons of books and a frying pan. (My obliging brother Bob had trundled our stuff and her stuff down to Toronto in a bloody big U-Haul van, the kind you change gears in by jumping off the seat and onto the clutch pedal. We moved on a Sunday, in the rain. It is illegal, in Ontario, to move on a Sunday. It is nervewracking, in a fannish household, to move in the rain. All those cartons of soggy books...)

"Aha," I thought, as Rosemary swore because we'd left all her clothes behind, "an ally in the fight for liberation!"

"Rosemary, Michael won't let me be co-editor."

"That's nice. Now, Michael, if we can get George to do an illo for page four of my column..."

"Rosemary," I began again, louder, "Michael promised to share things with me. I want some egoboo too!"

"But sweetie, we are sharing things. I told you--you scrub the pots, I create Energumen. From each according to his ability..."

"That's a repressive, unliberated attitude, Michael, darling. It's mean and cruel, too," I protested.

"It's a logical attitude," he replied calmly. "I know all the artists. I get all the letters. I get all the zines."

"Yeah, piles of crudzines all over my bedroom!"

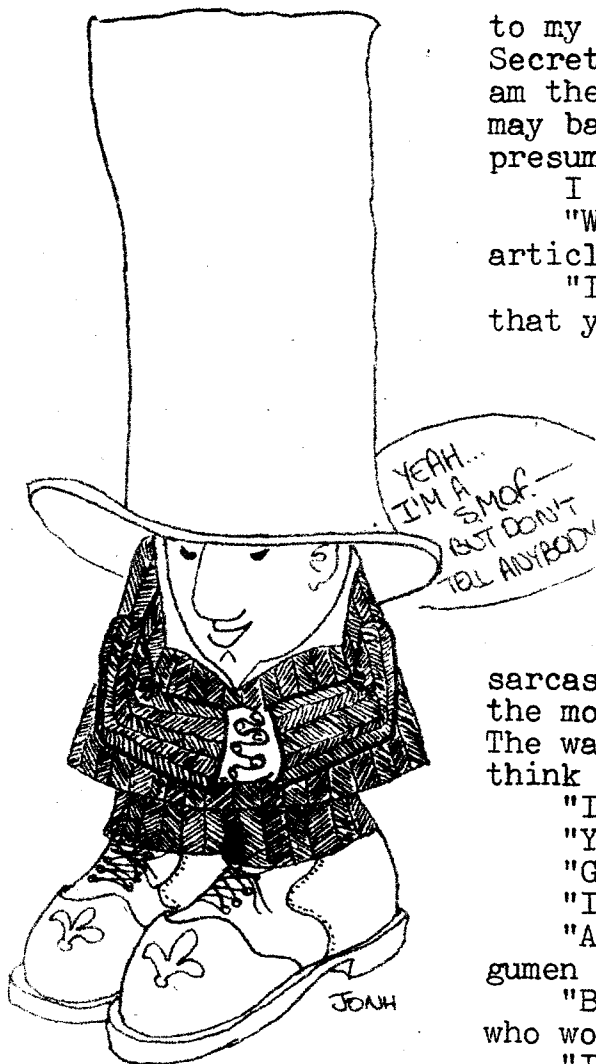
"Our bedroom. Anyway, when was the last time you wrote a loc?"

"But you won't let me read the zines in case I get eyetracks on the art."

"Oh boy! A fight! Look everyone, Susan and Michael are having a fight." chortled Rosemary. "What a great column this'll make!"

"Shaddup, Rosemary."

"This, Rosemary, is not a fight. It is a logical defense of my position



to my misguided little spouse. I am the Top-Secret Underground Master of Canadian Fandom. I am the editor of Energumen. Susan, as my wife, may bask in my reflected glory, but she may not presume to handle my responsibilities."

I snorted.

"Well, you can't. You didn't even get your article for #3 done!"

"I was typing my thesis. Besides, I told you that you could print all 187 pages of 'Myths of the Land in English Canadian Prose' if you wanted to."

"Yech."

"Shaddup, Rosemary. Besides, Michael, dearest, I do help you. I mend your jeans. I bring you beer. I cook tunafish casseroles for you."

"Yech."

"Shaddup, Rosemary."

"Sure," responded my Noble Lord sarcastically. "And I have to make the coffee in the morning because you never get up til noon. The way you burrow under the covers, anyone would think I'd married a mole!"

"I'm not a mole; I'm a WASP."

"You're both off the topic."

"Go away, Rosemary."

"It's my house, Susan."

"And it's my fanzine," yelled Michael. "Energumen is my child. It doesn't need a mother."

"But, Michael, reproduction..." said Rosemary who works in a lab and peeks at the medical books.

"I know all about reproduction," I added brightly. Put the ink in the Gestetner, push the buttons and turn the crank. I can do it!"

"NO!!!"

"Please?"

"She's wailing again," observed Rosemary.

"I am not. And if you really want to know, I want to be co-editor so I can edit your column. All of fandom thinks I do nothing but wail all the time."

"Well, sweetheart, sometimes you whine, too."

"AUGH!!!"

* * *

Serconly, though, folks, I'd like to do some editorializing, even tho' Mikey-Poo doesn't want heavy raps in his zine. To wit:

We are all concerned about pollution, right? And overpopulation? And crud in the air, and filth in people's minds, and our general destruction of each other?

Of course.

So, dammit, do something about it!

Of course, those abstract problems really have to hit you, out there in Accident, Maryland, and Elbow, Saskatchewan, first. Me, I'm a good little white liberal student. Won't buy California grapes without seeing the union stamp. Won't buy South African oranges, or soft drinks in non-returnable bottles and cans. Love gardens, and believe in growing my tomatoes and zinnias with the help of compost heaps, not chemical fertilizers. Ride a

bicycle everywhere. (Hey, dear, can we bicycle to Phillycon?) Use a phosphate-free laundry soap. Am Aware. Concerned. Sure.

All you American fen who oohed and aahed over the cleanliness of Toronto--what are your cities like? Here, life is filthy. The pollution index was a record-shattering 58 two days running last week. Dozens of major companies were ordered to cut back on production until the crisis had passed. My eyes watered steadily. Then the skin around them started to swell until it split. I could hardly see. Kind friends asked if Michael had been punching me out.

"Double your dose of antihistamines" said the doctor.

"I already have. They make me fall asleep in class--but I still can't breathe. Or see."

"Well...I'm afraid...All I can tell you is...move."

Sure. Run away from the mess.

Where? There's DDT in Arctic lichen, mercury in Arctic fish. And we can't keep running forever.

Skip a LASFS or a Lunarian or an ACUSFOOS meeting. Join an action group (ours is Pollution Probe) instead. Don't publish the next issue of your fanzine. Organize a clean-up of your neighbourhood, or a campaign for better sewage treatment facilities, or an attack on the plant pouring poison into your breezes or your river. It's not hard. There are thousands of people like you --wanting to do something, but not knowing where to start.

Start something. Just Being Aware of the Problem won't save your life.

Fans are supposed to be bright. Aware. Concerned. Or is Stand on Zanzibar just "that crazy science fiction garbage" to you too?

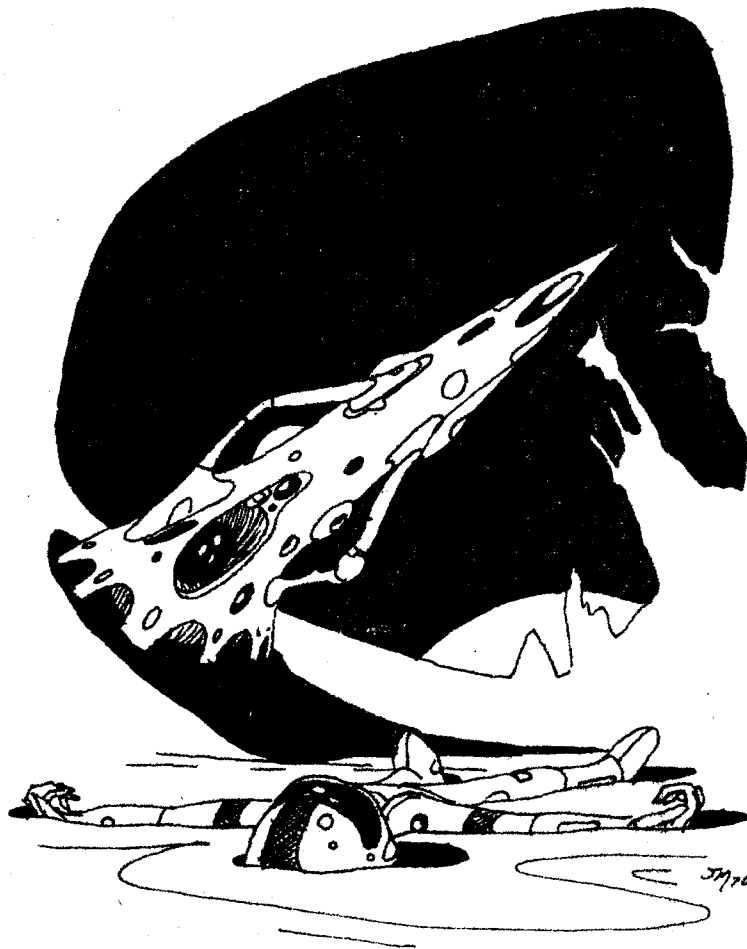
The revolution will only come if we make it.

If we don't, no-one will make it to 2001.

And my eyes are still sore...

((Okay, dear, I let you have your say. Luckily no-one will pay any attention anyway so now you can get back into the kitchen. And when I said two out of three wasn't bad, I meant for you to take off those sandals))





NOVA: BEYOND THE NEW WAVE

by Paul Walker

In the mid-sixties, beribboned for Babel-17 and The Einstein Intersection, twenty-six year old Samuel R. Delany was commissioned by Doubleday to do a novel, and for the next three years, it was eagerly anticipated as a potential masterpiece. In 1968, it was published to a number of favorable reviews. Galaxy's Algis Budrys called Delany "the best science-

fiction writer in the world." And the novel was nominated for a Hugo at the St. Louis Convention.

Subsequently, it lost the Hugo to Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar. Few fans followed up the reviews with critical comments of their own. And the book has not been reprinted. Certainly, if casual mention in professional or fan publications is an indication of the significance of a book, then this one has vanished.

The novel was Nova.

The question is why?

I never began a book more eagerly than I began Nova, nor was I ever more quickly disappointed. "It's just me," I assumed and tossed it aside, attempting it again a few days later, failing, then attempting it a third time three months afterward only to fail again. What was wrong with me? This was Delany. Or was there something wrong with Delany? Recently, I bought it again to settle the matter. I put it at the bottom of a pile of must-reads and, when the others were gone, there was no backing out. I sat down and opened to page one --

Samuel R. Delany's Nova is unlike any other science-fiction novel to date. It is a work ten years ahead of its time and in our age of rapid change that is saying a lot. It is a work whose uniqueness, so sudden and unexpected, ironically kept me from it in the first place.

For all Nova's striking originality, however, it is not a break with

tradition. It is a perfection of the tradition. The tradition of Wells, Clarke, Campbell and Asimov. Perhaps, the most perfect science-fiction novel. Its themes, as old as myth, as contemporary as Ellison's next. Delany has fused them in his genius until the normally distinct lines between myth, science and fiction are erased.

The purpose of this article is not to explain Nova, but to provoke interest, in the hope that those who have not read it, will, and those who have read it will be persuaded to discuss it in print.

II.

The plot is from the dawn of science-fiction. By 3172, power in the galaxy is unevenly divided between two forces: the frontier-like Outer Colonies of the Pleides Federation, who have broken from Earth and maintain their independance by their wits; and the ancient aristocratic Draco/Earth system itself which the Federation's rising power, the key to which is a super-heavy, super-stable element known as "Illyrion", essential to FTL engines and notorious for its scarcity. Since their break, both factions have anticipated an economic war. If one or the other is able to obtain a cheap, abundant source of Illyrion, then it will obtain dominance at the expense of the other.

The self-proc;aimed champion of the Pleides Federation is Lorq Von Ray, the brilliant grandson of its pirate founder, who discovers such a source - at the heart of an exploding sun - and sets out to mine it.

Opposing him is the Draco champion, Prince Red, heir to the Red-Shift Limited, Earth's starship monopoly, and his beautiful sister, Ruby, bonded to him by a masochistic affection which is greater than the love she feels for Von Ray. Prince is a young, paranoid aristocrat who wears a super-prosthetic arm with which he scars Von Ray on their second encounter. A scar Von Ray carries voluntarily as a badge of defiance and a mark of shame he cannot remove until he has destroyed the Red-Shift.

The novel opens on Triton. Von Ray's first expedition to a nova has failed, and he comes to find a new crew willing to take the risk. He finds four: a musical gypsy named Mouse and an aspiring novelist named Katin, whose friendship occupies the thematic core of the book; and a curious couple, Sebastion and Ty, with their equally curious pets. All are cyborg-studs, man-machines with sockets in their wrists. Before Von Ray leaves the moon, he invites Prince's wrath and, on Vorpis, where they obtain the co-ordinates of a potential nova from his eccentric aunt Cyrana, he publicizes his intentions, signalling the opening battle of Armageddon between himself and Prince, between the Pleides and Draco. A battle which climaxes with the three major protagonists entering the the exploding star.

Despite the simplicity of this synopsis, Nova is "plotless". The story is only a vehicle for the book's serios intentions. The incidents described here are woven throughout the first third of it and are better understood at the outset. Believe me - I have told you nothing of Nova.

III.

To discuss what this book is about, it is



best to begin by saying that Nova is not "about", Nova is. It is a unified creation to be experienced as a whole. Delany has Katin speak of the novel he is planning to write:

"To make my book I must have an awareness of time's conception of history...Thirty-five hundred years ago, Herodotus and Thucydides invented it. They defined it as the study of whatever happened in their own lives. And for the next thousand years it was nothing else...In another thousand years, we have reached that century which began with the first global conflict and ended with the first conflict between globes brewing. Somehow the theory had arisen that history was a series of cyclic rises and falls as one civilization overtook another. Events that did not fit on the cycle were defined as historically unimportant. It's difficult for us today to appreciate the differences...another thousand years has passed...From star to star...imagine a great web that spreads across the galaxy, as far as man. That's the matrix in which history happens today...Each individual is a junction in that net, and the strands between are the cultural, the economic, the psychological threads that hold individual to individual...if (an) event is catastrophic enough, the bonds break. The net is torn a while...I want to catch the throw and scope of this net in my...novel, Mouse. I want it to spread about the whole web. But I have to find a central subject, that great event which shakes history and makes the links strike and glitter for me..."

This concept is more than a philosophy of history. It is the concept of the novel. In the same millenia, the novel of an individual man and his time such as The Odyssey, has evolved into the collective novel of men and their times, such as War and Peace, exploring the conflicting inter-relationships between men and their environment in historical terms. For our era of the "global village", in which technology creates a simultaneous environment for all, Delany's novel transcends the historical concept and deals directly with the "ecological" (to strain an already weary word) inter-relationships between man as an individual, man as a social entity in the context of the past, present and future of his species, and the environment his species imposes on the universe, as well as the environment the universe imposes on him. A new concept of the novel suggested by a new concept of technology, in which the traditional theme of man and nature is replaced by man and machines.

To achieve this "net" effect, Delany's characters and incidents exist as universal symbols, simultaneously with their vivid fictional reality, representing the multi-faceted reality of man. He uses astrology, tarot, art, science, mythology, sociology, economics and psychology to map the "net-relationships" that are as real for today as they are for his projected tomorrow.

Nova is also a novel of quests: heroic, ignoble and static. Each of the characters, all of whom are heroes in their social contexts, is in quest of something: vengeance, power, pride, truth or, in the case of Mouse, simply to go on being what he is in a world that demands he be something less. The parallels abound: Oedipus, Icarus, the Holy Grail, King Arthur's Knights, the Furies. But this is primarily a novel of character and it is its brilliant portraits that make it sparkle.

It is risky to speculate "which is the dancer, which the dance" but I'll risk it and say I see Mouse and Katin as aspects of Delany himself. Mouse is a gypsy, enamoured of the sensual wonders of Earth, who crossed the equator to win the gold ring he wears in his ear. A folk singer of a futuristic sort, whose favorite haunts are Istanbul and Athens. Mouse "is" Delany as he would be, if he were not also Katin. A renegade member of an oppressed minority who is nevertheless their champion. A gentle, compassionate, brave man.

He says in reply to Katin's novel: "I was born...I must die. I am suffering. Help me. There, I just wrote your book for you." and later: "Katin says

I'm scared. I am, Captain /Von Ray/. Of everything around me. So whatever I see, I press to my eyeballs, stick my fingers and tongue in it. I like today; that means I have to live scared. Because today is scary. And at least I'm not afraid of being frightened. Katin, he's all mixed up with the past...I play my syrnx /a musical instrument, half mandolin, half LSD/, see, and it's like an invitation for everybody to applaud. Cause when I play I'm up there, see, with the tightrope walkers, balancing on that blazing rim of crazy where my head still works. I dance in the fire. When I play, I lead all the other dancers where you, and you...and him and her can't get without my help."

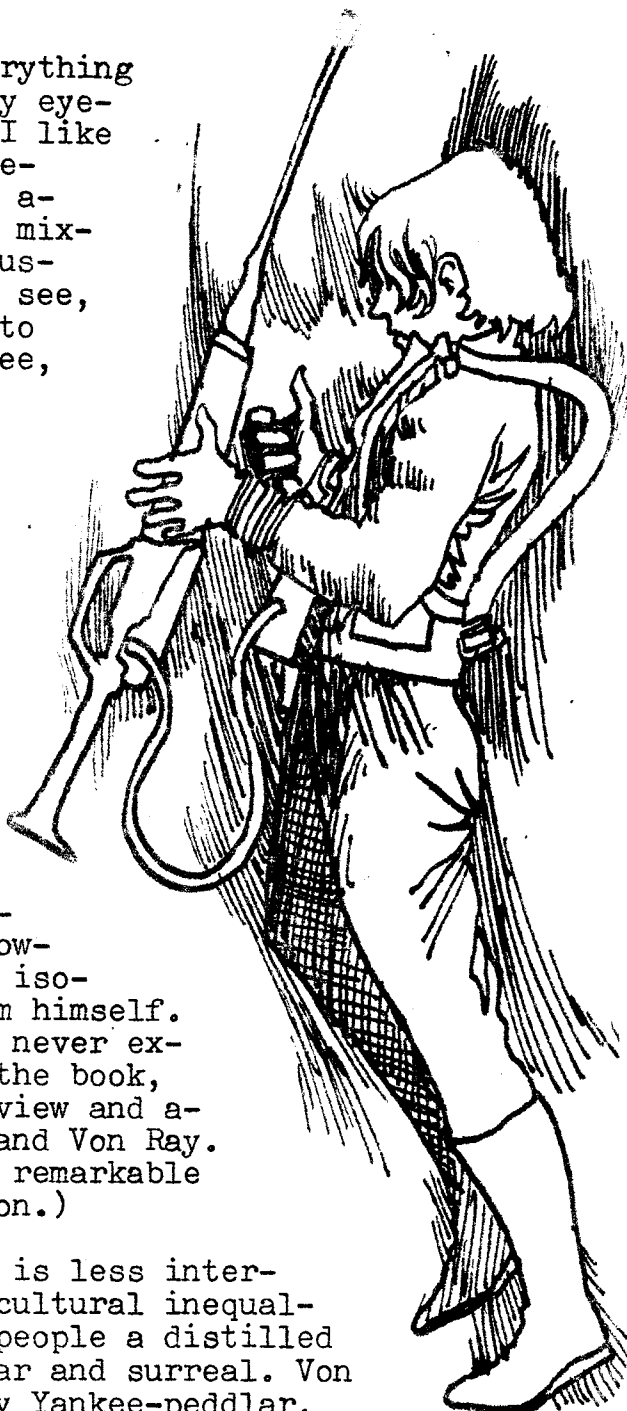
So Mouse is Delany's Ishmael. Delany's Orpheus. Delany himself.

Katin is an intellectual, plotting a novel that will obviously be Nova. He is a man obsessed with ideas, sensitive, perceptive, brilliant, but blind to the world Mouse knows. From the outset it is evident he will never write the novel, that he and his quest are statements of the futility of the pursuit of knowledge. For no one cares. Katin's education isolates him among men as it isolates him from himself. No one reads novels in 3172. Katin himself never expects it to see print. And, at the end of the book, Katin rejects it, embracing Mouse's world-view and avoiding the consequences that doom Prince and Von Ray. (The final line of Nova is one of the most remarkable gestures I have read in contemporary fiction.)

Lorq Von Ray is black, although Delany is less interested in racial differences than he is in cultural inequalities, which he delights in, finding poor people a distilled essence of humanity and the rich spectacular and surreal. Von Ray is a red-blooded American boy, a spunky Yankee-peddler, good-humoured, shrewd, and materialistic, born and bred in middle-class capitalism. A man thoroughly likeable, and quite blind.

Nova is about blindness. Those who cannot see. Those who can but cannot understand. Those who can do both but refuse to. All become victims of their ignorance. Von Ray is raised in ignorance of the impending conflict between Draco and the Pleides. He is blind to Prince's hatred of him, blind to his own motives for the quest of the nova, blind to his hubris which threatens to destroy the economic stability of the galaxy. Even to the end, he is blind to the destructiveness of his folly.

Prince is just as blind to his own vulnerability. The descendent of the hereditary economic lords of Draco ("The Red-Shift"), born deformed, refusing to allow any mention of his false arm, spoiled rotten, loyal to an archaic system of values, believing in his innate superiority and right to rule over his inferiors, he is blind to his puniness against the muscle and



determination of Von Ray.

His sister, Ruby, is as blind as both of them. She realizes the senselessness of their conflict and suspects the disastrous outcome, yet she denies her common sense in her perverse attachment to her brother.

Their blindness makes for an inevitability. Delany seems to be saying that a man's freedom exists in proportion to his capacity to see and feel. Denying this, the three impell one another to the climax in which all are destroyed. Armageddon, however, does not await the reader. There is more than hope at the end. There is a definition of what is worth seeking; what can be found.

I cannot quote the sight and the sound, the scent and the touch of Delany's Fortieth Century, but it is real enough to taste. It is more than prophetic, it is mirror-like. His portrait of a decadent, opulent Earth, published separately in Malzberg's AMAZING as "Set This House Afire" is the finest portrait of a future world ever written.

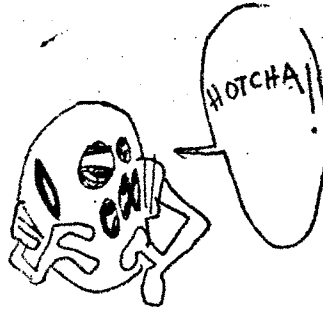
The plotlessness, then, the cinematic style, the subtlety, are Nova's greatest obstacles, its greatest challenges. It is a novel. No elongated short story, no padded novelette. It is suspense, it is adventure, it is drama and I wish to remind the reader that I have not scratched the surface of it. However, for those of you who become insecure at the sound of applause, I will cite what I believe is the book's worst fault. There is a missing quantity in the book's major protagonists, Von Ray and Prince, and it is Delany himself. Their fanaticism lacks the fiery depths their actions suggest, and I believe this is because Delany disdains their motives too much to supply them convincingly.

In classic tragedy, the central figure usurps the prerogatives of a god and is destroyed for his arrogance: yet, in the magnificence of his attempt he outshines the gods in their glory and triumphs in his downfall. Unfortunately, there is no such triumph for Lorq Von Ray. He is noble and brave, but Delany, in bestowing his laurels on Mouse in the final scene, denies him the glory of his hubris. And the book's heroic stature suffers for it.

The harm is to Delany, not to the reader. As I said at the beginning, Nova is a work ten years ahead of its time. In its perfection of the Wells-Campbell tradition, in its transcendence of the speculative adventure of Cordwainer Smith-"New Worlds", Delany has united style and content, reality and possibility, to produce more than a literature of ideas. In Nova, Delany has made an idea.

GOOD R

HOW TO...



...AND ALL THAT

by Greg Benford

The only reason fans publish fanzines is their own obvious lack of originality in finding less strenuous time-wasters. There is a whole cult and mythos built up around Time-Wasting, and I think more attention should be paid to it among hobby magazines and other places. I would like to present here a brief summary of the art.

Not that any of these techniques are actual hobbies--in fact at the hobby stage you are immediately disqualified from Time-Wasting and have to start over again on something else, for your pastime has become Work. (Work will be the subject of a later article.) It is easy to kill a lot of time just idling about and looking bored, but this is considered a poor showing. You should look active and dynamic while wasting time. Otherwise people will come around with proposals of playing some game, or watching someone else play the same game (for money) on television, or sometimes even of doing something productive.

The real secret of the matter is to avoid planning more than a few minutes in advance of what you're doing, so that no-one can trap you into obvious idleness by pointing out that there's nothing in the house for you to read, or the car has broken down again and you can't go out. If you haven't been planning anything, you are instantly malleable to something that may crop up at any time. Of course, one must have reasons for not doing anything productive. ("excuses") right at the moment, but these are easily manufactured. A hobby is always useful as a dodge, though it does have the disadvantage of forcing one to learn something about the hobby, however one may actually dislike it. I was once cornered by a fanatical coin collector and deluged with a lot of meaningless questions because of this, and narrowly managed to escape by cleverly falling out of a nearby window, effectively terminating the conversation. (My survival of this event I later used as evidence that I was a mountain climber, thus avoiding innumerable afternoons of football watching.

But you should never actually acquire any materials for pursuing any of these hobbies, since the time and money used will quickly mount up and you will find yourself with a lot of junk that requires caring for, leaving no time for time wasting. A relative of mine fell into this trap by going so far as to buy one of those ships-in-bottles things to prove he was honourable in his profession of this hobby. Soon friends began giving him then for presents and pointing out others to him as good buys. He now has 1,248 bottles filled with ships. Hates every one.

The actual techniques of Time Wasting are simple in design but subtle in practice. Suppose you are sitting in your living room idly looking at the floor. Your wife comes in and says, "When are you going to fix the xxxxx?" (Fill in whatever you happen to have at the moment that doesn't work--if you are really a first-class waster, this list may be quite long.) Instantly, you tense. Your gaze fastens on some minute piece of wood or cloth or dirt.

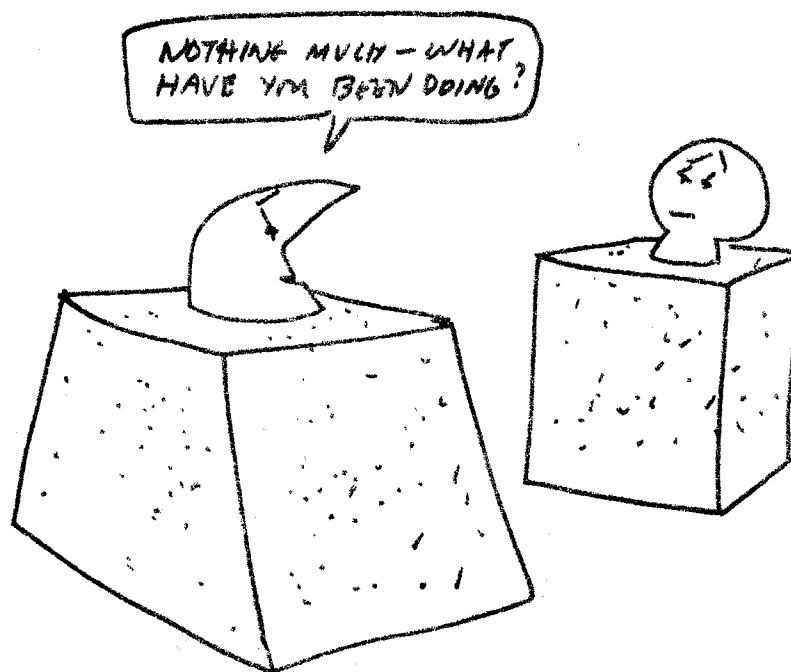
It is evident to anyone that the whole history of the universe is wrapped up in this fragment of matter. "I...I'm working on the floor right now, dear. Seems to be in need of looking after." (You have not lied. You are going to look after the floor. This is all you have promised. This gambit is invaluable.) She will nod and go out of the room for at least a moment (she is probably out looking for another job you can do after the xxxx is finished). You quietly slip out of the area and into a hiding place you have previously prepared. (It may be wise to occasionally leave the city for a few days.)

Of course, this will not work forever. Some of the more intelligent women will catch onto this after a few years and will start to reject your reasons. At this point there is only one thing left to do, but if this is properly used it can be made to last a lifetime or more.

Let us assume you have been asked to prepare a bread toaster. You walk quickly into the kitchen, so that you can have a look at it before she catches up. As soon as she describes the trouble ("It makes this funny noise."), let her go about her job of creating a happy home for you. Assume the masculine, self-assured air of a man who knows he is in perfect control of the situation. As soon as her back is turned, drop the object on the floor. If she has left the room, kick it a little to loosen the parts a bit more. Since most home appliances are hopelessly complicated to begin with, this little shove along the path to inevitable disintegration will only make it obvious to the most casual observer that a specialist is required. Inform your wife of this. (No woman will ever question your judgement in matters technical. No matter if you cannot even operate your toothbrush without the instruction sheet from the toothpaste adverts, you are by nature superior to her in the world of wheels and cogs. Never allow anyone to question this.) Look forlornly down at the offending object. "We were planning on buying that new dress, but I'm afraid this will finish off the month's budget." She will be rather displeased at this note, but you can avoid a repetition of this event by letting her call the repair man. She will think about the dress a while and then decide the toaster really worked all right anyway. Thus you will never have to repair the toaster again, for it will never work again either.

COMING SOON: "Life Is Worth Loafing."

by Greg Benford



J.G. BALLARD VIEWED

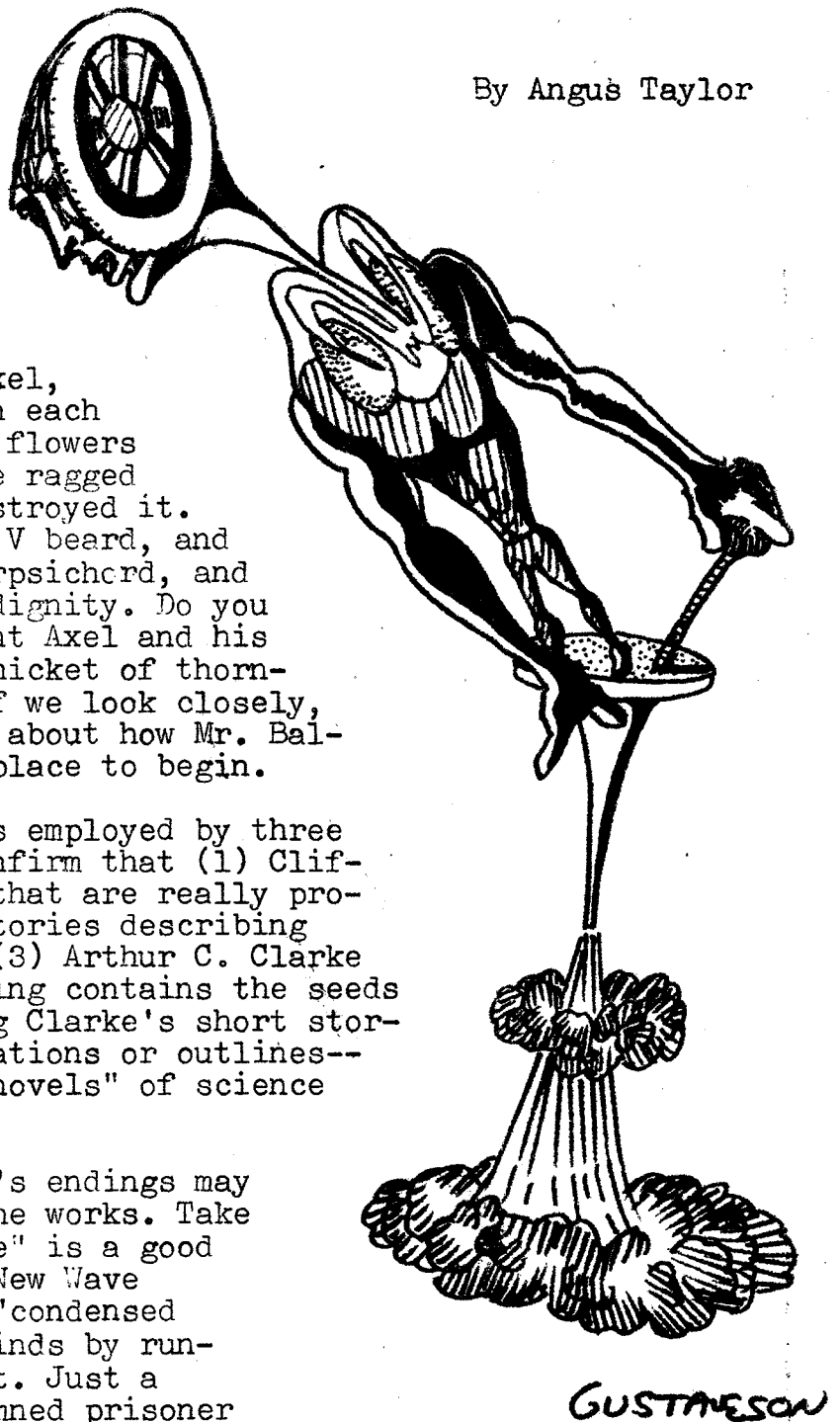
THROUGH GLASS-COLORED ROSES

No doubt you remember Count Axel, who used to go out into the garden each evening and pick the crystal time flowers until there were none left and the ragged horde swept over his villa and destroyed it. You remember that he had a George V beard, and an elegant wife who played the harpsichord, and that they met the end with quiet dignity. Do you remember the stone statues of Count Axel and his wife that were protected by the thicket of thorn-bushes and survived the rabble? If we look closely, perhaps we can find out something about how Mr. Ballard operates. The end is a good place to begin.

A look at the types of endings employed by three different authors will tend to confirm that (1) Clifford Simak likes writing stories that are really prologues; (2) Ray Bradbury writes stories describing self-contained, discrete events; (3) Arthur C. Clarke shows in his novels how every ending contains the seeds of a new beginning. (I am ignoring Clarke's short stories here, which are really speculations or outlines--possibly the original "condensed novels" of science fiction.)

So it is that some of Ballard's endings may provide us with a clue about how he works. Take "End-Game", for example. "End-Game" is a good story, you may say. None of this New Wave business, not one of those weird "condensed novels", no people losing their minds by running around in some crystal forest. Just a good suspense story about a condemned prisoner and his executioner. Is the prisoner really guilty? Will he be able to persuade his executioner of his innocence? It could almost be made into a television play. Almost. Except for that ending: "When you know you are innocent, then you are guilty," says the executioner. Now what did Ballard mean by that? Was the man guilty or wasn't he? And look at "The Insane Ones". Psychiatry has been banned by an ultra-conservative world government; more and more people are suffering mental breakdowns. Dr. Charles Gregory illicitly uses his training to cure a young man named Christian. But when Christian decides he must take action to end the world's insanity by assassinating the world president, Gregory yells after him, "Christian, you're insane!" What's that all about? Is Ballard just trying to be funny?

Ballard likes reversing things--twisting them around. A sane man is insane. An innocent man is guilty. "Time of Passage" (the title itself is a reversal) describes a world where time runs backwards, so that old men are



dug up out of graves and grow younger, finally disappearing into their mother's wombs. "Mr. F. is Mr. F." uses a somewhat similar theme, though in a slightly different way. Charles Freeman ends up in his wife's womb, growing younger all the time: "In that last second Freeman came to his true beginning, the moment of his conception coinciding with the moment of his extinction, the end of his last birth with the beginning of his first death."

"The roles of everything are switched."

--J.G. Ballard, writing about Salvador Dali in New Worlds

"Le surrealism, c'est moi."

--Salvador Dali

"I am the new wave!"

--J.G. Ballard, quoted in Speculation

Ballard's admiration for, and emulation of, Salvador Dali is hardly surprising. Ballard has consistently tried to bring to fiction the same concern with "inner space" that the surrealists displayed in their works.

"The Garden of Time" is perhaps the closest that Ballard has come to writing a surrealistic painting. (This is not to suggest that "The Garden of Time" represents his most successful attempt to bring surrealism to fiction, but merely that it illustrates most clearly Ballard's preoccupation with this genre of painting.)

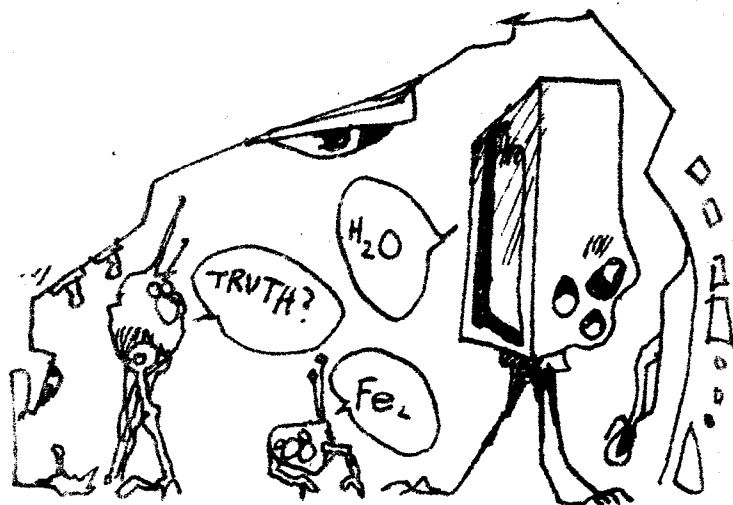


Surrealism was born amidst the reaction that followed the First World War against the 19th century concept of rationality. That war brought to an end a hundred years of relative stability in world affairs. The 19th century had been characterized by a mechanical view of the universe, and by a belief in the ability of rational man to master his environment. The prevailing mood was one of optimism. Progress in human affairs was seen as an inevitable process, with democracy its logical manifestation in the political sphere. The war dealt a profound blow to this outlook. After 1918 politics, art, and life generally reflected disillusionment with the old ways.

Between 1900 and 1927 quantum physics and relativity laid

the basis for a new interpretation of the universe. They pointed the way toward a unified concept of the structure of the universe in which matter, energy, space, and time come to be seen as different manifestations of a single universal field. They also signalled a retreat from mechanical explanation to mathematical abstraction. Scientists became aware of the limitations among phenomena rather than attempting to answer fundamental questions of "how" and "why".

Following up on the work of de Broglie and Schrodinger, who attributed wave functions to protons and electrons, the German physicists Heisenberg and Born developed equations which allowed quantum phenomena to be described in terms of either waves or particles. Heisenberg's "Principle of Uncertainty" asserted that it was impossible with any principles known to science to determine exactly the position and velocity of an electron at the same time. In this fashion, quantum physics admitted that there were limits to the accuracy of measurement; instead it described phenomena in terms of mass behaviour, utilizing statistics and the laws of probability and chance.



Thus science abandoned the clockwork determinism of the 19th century for a view of the universe that recognized uncertainty and the subjective nature of human perception. In so doing it stressed the interdependence of all phenomena and also lent credence to the argument for the existence of free will.

With the breakup of the old view of the universe thus occasioned by war and sanctified by science, it was natural that some would turn their backs on rationality in their search for meaningful new modes of expression. In Europe the surrealists saw the unconscious mind as the vehicle which could free man from the shackles of modern society and lead him to freedom. They exalted the marvellous and the irrational and relied on intuition, finding much of their inspiration in the imagery of dreams.

This is not to suggest that the surrealist's aim was to substitute fantasy for reality. Far from it. The aim was to uncover the fantastic reality that lay behind the everyday world of men, to prove to them "how fragile their thoughts are, and on what unstable foundations, over what cellars they have erected their unsteady houses." In this respect it could be claimed that surrealism was less of an art than a kind of mechanism for photographing the "super-reality" of a higher dimension. Ballard himself has said, "...given that reality is now fiction, it's not necessary for the writer to invent the fiction. The writer's relationship with reality is completely the other way around. It's the writer's job to find the reality, to invent the reality, not to invent the fiction." (Speculation, February 1969)

Perhaps it is natural that the surrealist New Wave should have broken in British science fiction circles, close to its European home, rather



than in the United States, which with its skyscrapers, superhighways and military-industrial imperialism remains an extension of 19th century Rationality and Parochialism.

The original surrealist movement also displayed a European ambivalence in its relations with the public audience. As intimated in the title of their periodical, "La Révolution Surréaliste", many members of the movement saw themselves allied with the "revolt of the proletariat" in an attack on the injustices of the political order. At the same time, the movement's mentor, André Breton, was urging artistic integrity

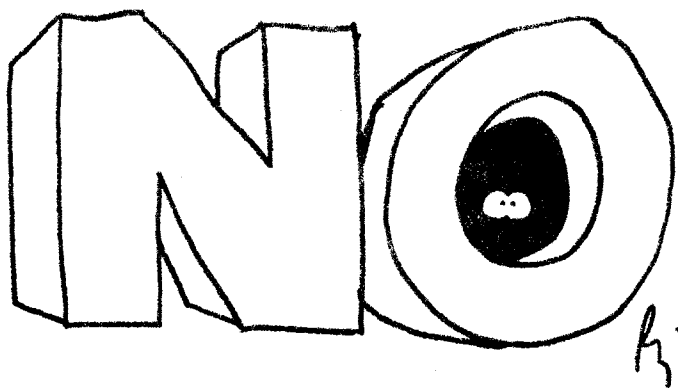
and cautioning against the urge to seek to please an audience. In contrast to the left-wing aspirations of his fellows, Dali displayed a radical conservatism, setting out "to cretinize the masses" and "ruin systematically the logical meaning of all the mechanisms of the rational, practical world." Dali's aristocratic leanings and rejection of mass movements find counterpart in the solitary protagonists of Ballard's works, who pursue their lonely paths towards mystery and salvation amid the wreckage of modern civilization.

Which brings us back, if we so choose, to the Count and his wife, alone together, secured from the ravages of time and the common rabble by the dignity and meaning they were able to give their lives in the face of universal chaos. Out of chaos, order. Out of nonsense, meaning. Out of anti-heroes, heroes.

As for the "condensed novels", we may note the following words of André Breton, for whatever light or mystery they may cast on the subject: "The approval of the public must be avoided above all. The public must be forbidden to enter if confusion is to be avoided. I would add that the public must be held exasperated at the door by a system of taunts and provocations."

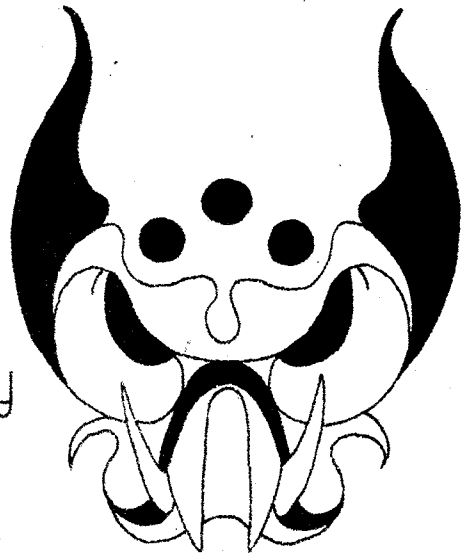
And, of course, beauty is in the eye of the beholder...

For every dog and cat
Will tell you that
Dr. Ballard's is better every day. (old radio jingle)



Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



"Drive carefully," Richard said as he threw pennies into the car. "Have a terrible time. Write."

"Richard, what the hell are you doing?" Alicia asked as a penny hit her in the eye.

"Be sure to ask Tim Kirk if he'll do me a cover for ENERGUMEN," Michael said, poking his head in my window.

"I want to go too!!" Susan wailed, sticking her head in Alicia's window. Richard was kicking the tires. Elizabeth was standing on the porch with her arm around Ian and waving a white hankie and John was yelling something about a poncho. The neighbours were getting panicky and Alicia was having difficulty getting the car moving as Richard was lying in front of the wheels.

"Say good-bye, Rosemary, and we'll go."

"I want to go too!!" Susan wailed.

"Well, you could have," I snapped, "and if we get killed it'll be all your fault."

"Augh!!" Susan cried and threw herself into Michael's arms.

"My cover, don't forget my cover," he called as we pulled away.

"Have a terrible time!" Richard yelled and threw another penny. Elizabeth waved her hankie.

2,936.4 miles and 3½ days later we were speeding down the Hollywood Freeway. Time really flies when you're having fun.

"There's the Vermont exit," I said.

"So?"

"We exit there."

"No, we exit at Ventura."

"Alicia, I'm sure it's Vermont."

"It's Ventura, I remember. How could you possibly remember the exit when you can't even remember your left hand from your right?"

"Alicia, I'm sure it's Vermont."

"Who got us lost in Detroit and Flagstaff?"

"I did, but I'm still sure it's Vermont."

"We will exit at Ventura." And we did. "Now we hang a right at the police station." Alicia said.

"All I see are ratty-looking palm trees," I commented. "I don't see a police station at all."

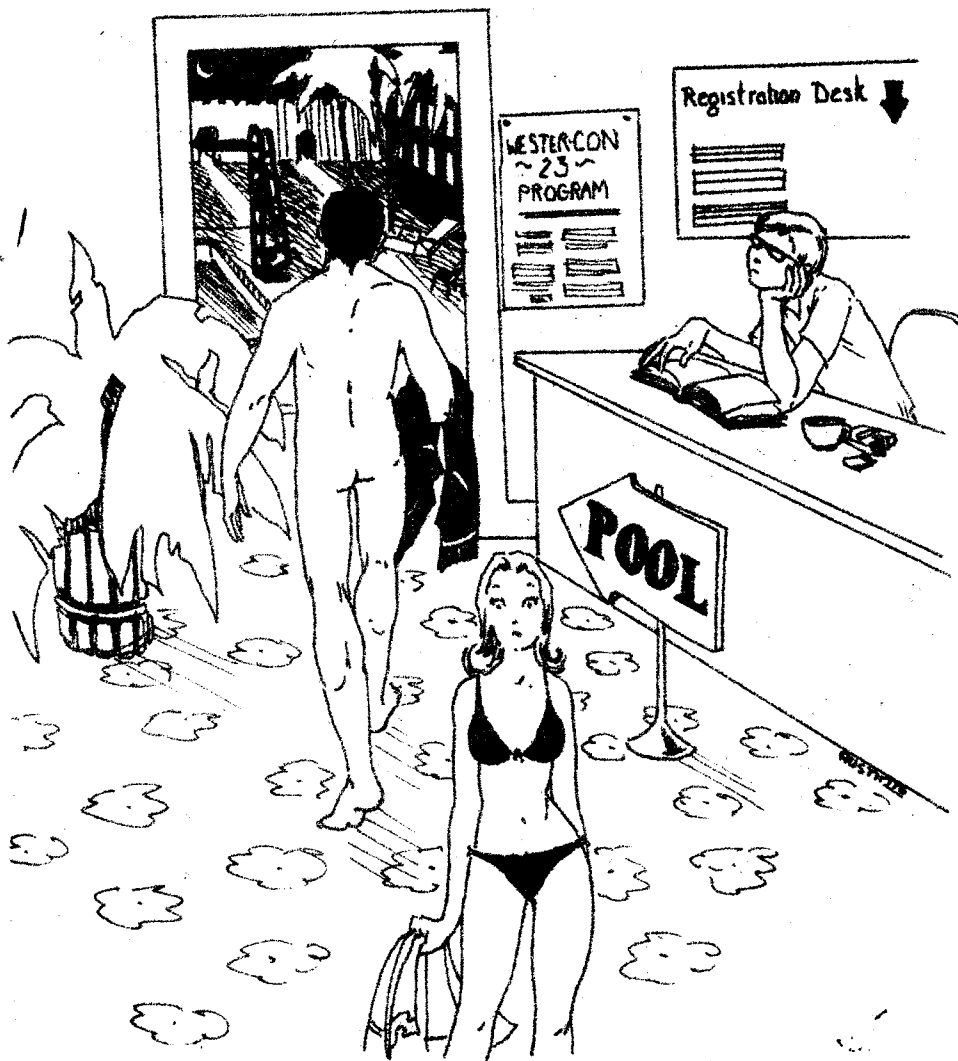
"Maybe we should have taken the Vermont exit."

"ALICIA!!"

We drove up (down?) Ventura until we found a pay phone and called the Trimbles. John told us how to get to his place (we should have used the Vermont exit) and within twenty minutes we were at the mythical 417 North Kenmore sipping iced tea while Bjo tore around adding last minute touches to costumes for the fashion show. Alicia and George compared portfolios and decided they hated each other and I watched Astrid wander about in a scanty Ariadne costume and decided I hated her.

Westercon was a good con. There must be dozens of con reports so I'm not going to write one here. I'm not even going to mention the man I met in the elevator who was dressed for the nightly scheduled skinny dipping.

One rather strange thing did happen though. On Saturday night I got to bed rather late (like around 3am) and I was just getting to sleep when I heard loud noises in the hall. Somebody getting in late, I figured. There was all manner of chuckling and laughing going on...and on...and on. After about half an hour of this nonsense, I decided enough was enough. I fell out of bed and pulled open the door. Lying on the floor, bombed out of their minds, were four people. A young girl, an older woman and two young boys. (By young I mean under 18.) I pulled myself up to my full 5' 4" and snarled "Just what is going on here?". The girl jumped up and ran to her room while the boy lay there looking kind of stunned. "Are you registered at the hotel?" I demanded. The boy on the floor mumbled that yes, they were. Out of the corner of my eye I



could see the other kid crawling down the hall. "Well, go to your rooms!" I snapped, "it's four o'clock in the morning." The kid got up and scuttled down the corridor. The older woman was still out in the hall but I couldn't see her from where I was standing. I glared at the girl and said, "Get into your room and shut the door." She looked at the woman in the hall and then back at me and said with as much dignity as she could muster, "I'm waiting for my mother...Madam." Her mother, I thought? I leaned around the doorway and noticed that the older woman was sitting up looking a little bewildered. "Well, get your mother up off the floor and go to your room. And next time you want to have an orgy at 4am, have it in your room not in a public corridor in front of my door!" "Yes, ma'am," she murmured and stood aside as her mother crawled into the room. She shut the door and I was alone in the hall feeling like a headmistress of some medieval girls' school.

When I told Bjo and John about it the next morning, they snickered politely and then Bjo asked just exactly what was it they were doing, Rosemary?

"I think they were getting to know each other," I answered, "in the Biblical sense."

"Well," Bjo said, "the next time we send up entertainment for you, the least you can do is be courteous enough not to order the participants to their rooms."

"Well goddammit, Bjo, next time let the entertainment know that audience participation is the up and coming thing!"

As for the rest of the con, it was a gas. The fashion shows and the costume ball were beautiful as always, the banquet food so-so and the speeches good, particularly Ray Bradbury's. I had a marvellous time and met some very nice people, all of whom I'm looking forward to seeing again.

"What is this? Why are you people all over my porch? The convention is over. Go home...all of you!" Bjo declared. She was looking ominous as she collapsed into a chair.

"But I live here," George protested.

"So do I...temporarily." added Alicia.

"I live 'round back," chimed Joyce O'Dell, "but I'll leave if you like."

"My plane doesn't leave until tomorrow," Astrid wailed, and went inside to try on a dress I had just bought from Joyce.

"Bjo, stop moaning," I said. "Greg and those others just left. Of course, John and Terry just drove up...except you can't really count John 'cause he lives here anyway. Oh I forgot George's four friends from Salt Lake City...that's only eleven people counting the kids. All those people who left could be staying. Just think of it, Greg and Paula and Jean and..."

"ROSEMARY!!!"

At this point Astrid came back out in my dress. "Well, how do I look?"

"God damn it, Astrid, take off my dress!!"

"But you said I could try it on."

"Yes, but I didn't say you could come out here in it. Take it off...now!"

"I think it looks very nice," said Terry lecherously.

"So do I," added John with a leer.

"And so do I," I explained patiently, "but it looks better on her than

it does on me: so take it off, Astrid...right now!"

"No, I think I'll leave it on. But you can keep my purple dress on if you like

"Welll..."

"Rosemary, why are you wearing Astrid's dress?" George asked.

"Because Terry had my luggage with all my clothes in it and he just got here but I wanted to take a shower before he got here but didn't have any fresh clothes to change into so Astrid loaned me this."

"Uh...okay. But why did Terry have your luggage?"

"Because we had Astrid's:

"I'm sorry I asked."

"It's all perfectly clear declared Astrid. "And Rosemary, even though your clothes are here, you can still wear my dress.

"Even though it looks better on her than it does on you," George added.

"George Barr, you bastard! I'm going upstairs and set fire to your room!"

"Does she always carry on this way?" Bjo asked Alicia.

"This is nothing," Alicia answered, "you should here her when there's a full moon. Where are you going, Rosemary?"

"Well, if we're going out to dinner I think I'd better comb my hair. Anybody have a match?"

"A match?!?!"

"Yes. On my way to the bathroom I thought I might burn down George's room."

"Helen Busch just called and asked us to collect our bathing suits and the fixings for a barbeque and come to her place," Bjo announced one hot, humid afternoon a couple of days after Westercon.

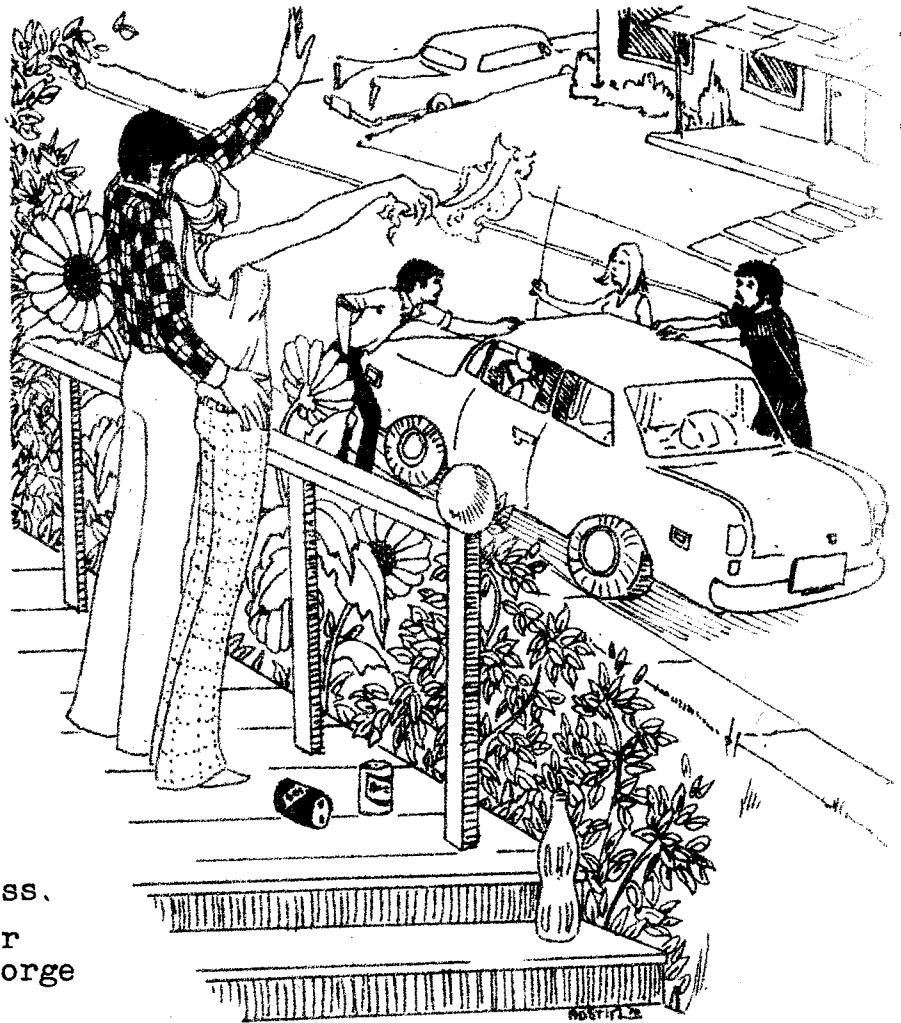
"She has a pool!" Astrid gasped.

"With water in it," I added knowingly.

"Draft beer!!" chortled Alicia.

We jumped up and ran about like mad things gathering bathing suits, food, wigs and two Trimble-sized children.

Forty-five hot minutes later we were sitting around the pool talking to Maureen and Helen while two men dragged a vacuum cleaner across the bottom



of the pool. Helen assured us that they would be finished shortly and that when they left, the pool would be ours: she had a heavy date with the auditor and was going to be busy juggling the books. She was sorry she couldn't join us.

"Who cares about the pool?" Alicia sighed. "I'm thoroughly enjoying myself right here." She was quaffing a very large stein of beer. "You'll notice," she lectured, "that it has no head. I haven't lost my touch. I am a true master of the beer tap." (Bill, Helen's husband, keeps beer on tap in its own special fridge by the pool. The man knows how to live in style.)

All of us but Alicia (she doesn't like to get wet; afraid she'll melt) splashed into the pool.

"Hey, Rosemary, catch!"

I turned around only to receive a red rubber ball full in the face. "What the hell am I supposed..." SPLASH!! RIP!! SNATCH!! I was no longer holding the red rubber ball. We were apparently playing a cut-throat, six-sided, murder-your-opponent, every-man-for-himself game of water polo. To score, you maim somebody.

The game (game?) went the way games of this sort go until Alicia screamed from the patio, "Hey, George! That's illegal use of hands! Astrid doesn't have the ball, Bjo does...er, did." George leered and said, "I know" and I hit him in the head with the ball. (Unintentionally, of course.) It bounced off his head and skittered out of the pool. Lora picked it up. "Throw it to me, Lora!" "No, no! Here, Lora!" we all screamed at her. Lora looked around very solemnly and declared, "Give it to my Mommy." and handed the ball to Bjo. Bjo looked at us circling her, looked at the ball and decided it wasn't really worth all the effort and threw the ball to John who was also on the patio. "Let's eat, troops, the food's ready." she announced cheerfully. So because it is not nice to drown people in your hostess' pool, we went to eat.

Alicia and I spent over three weeks in Los Angeles. During that time we were dragged, kicking and screaming, to a LASFS meeting, (they're like OSFiC meetings, only worse 'cause they're larger.)

After the meeting a bunch of us went to an ice cream parlor. There Alicia and I were introduced to a "Los Angeles Zoo" (seventeen scoops of ice cream with little plastic animals capering over them.) I don't like ice cream so I had a hot fudge sundae because if you let it sit long enough it melts and becomes gooey chocolate milk.

I was in the middle of telling Rick Sneary a fairy tale when I was interrupted by a round of applause. John had just announced that he and Bjo had been married ten years that day. We were congratulating them when the proprietor of the ice cream parlour came over with a dish of whipped cream and chocolate which he had shaped into the number ten. As he set it down he said, "My wife and I have been married forty years today." He smiled benignly as we all applauded. "If I were still in Russia," he added, "they would give me the Order of Lenin!"

"Gee, I wonder what they give for ten years in the States," I asked.

"A hit in the mouth if you don't be quiet," John hissed.

I wisely went back to my melted hot fudge sundae.

It seemed like every time we turned around we were being taken somewhere. Alicia went to the fabric district with Bjo and came home loaded down with goodies. She also went to Mexico and, miracle of miracles, got John the Bag a poncho. She also bought two very large pinatas, one of which we had to drag all the way to Arkansas to give to her niece. Alicia is working very hard at being an eccentric aunt. She's succeeding admirably.

So many people were so generous with their time that it was really incredible. We saw, and did, so much that it took us a month to recuperate when we got back to Ottawa. As a matter of fact, Alicia never did quite recover. She went back to Los Angeles on the first of September, and the last I heard from her she was going to a LASFS meeting and then to an ice cream parlour.

Rosemary Ulliot



DAVIDSON'S MIRROR



by Susan Glicksohn

An artist, traditionally, is said "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." Avram Davidson is, truly, an artist. Looking into his mirror, we see:

an unlikely hero, the methodical creator of a national epic who becomes an epic hero himself;

the staid, sober world of Imperial Rome, whose laws and legions and legends we had to study, then forgot--but as we look closer, the landmarks of the world shift and flow into strange shapes, until the mirror holds the landscape of a nightmare, or our race-memories;

yet another quest-story-with-Universal-Significance which proves to be a genuinely interesting story, and a key to more quests--deeper into the images in the heart of the mirror, as well as outward and on...

a book whose hardcover edition collapsed quietly like a souffle in a north wind, and was bound for the pulping machines, yet which James Blish, reviewing it in F&SF, called "this beautiful book...an inarguable work of art...we...have been present at the birth of a masterpiece";

a book which cannot win a Hugo, yet is a landmark in the development of science fiction as a viable art form, a novel which should stand as a reproach to anyone, writer or reader, who thinks of sf as the private garden of hacks, justifiably walled off from the swirl of modern art;

a failure, which is an outstanding success by any criterion except the ruling one--sales.

The book is, of course, The Phoenix and the Mirror.

The hero is Publius Vergilius Maro. To us, if we remember him at all, he's Virgil, author of the Aeneid, which I could translate five years ago (I could also write out the formula for the action of vinegar when it hits the salt on your french fries--so much for the temporary benefits of a liberal education.) He's the man who spent ten years writing down the legend of the founding of Rome by Aeneas the Trojan, polishing it at the rate of ten Roman-precise lines a day, urged on by Augustus to persuade the Romans to emulate their ancestors' heroic deeds. He's the man who, as he lay dying, became the artist instead of the professional patriot, begging that his work be burned because it was still imperfect.

To Dante Aligheri, he was Virgil the virtuous pagan, who foretold the future glory of Rome in the final book of the Aeneid, and the birth of a child whose rule would bring peace to the earth, in his Fourth Eclogue. Dante, in common with most mediaeval Christians, thought of Virgil as an unwitting prophet who wrote of the coming of Christ and the future power of the Church of Rome. Unlike most of his contemporaries, however, Dante could read, could study Virgil's masterpiece. Thus when he came to write his own epic, he synthesized both of Virgil's roles, as semi-sacred prophet and poetic mentor, making him his guide for the visionary journey through the underworld.

To Dante's contemporaries, he was Virgil Magus, the wizard who created marvels including speaking statues, who loved an emperor's daughter and built Naples (the site of his tomb and birthplace of the legends) for her on a foundation of eggs, and who planned, by his black arts, to rise (like a Phoenix) from his deathbed, his youth restored.

For Avram Davidson, he is Vergil: a man whose final image has been reflected in many selective mirrors.

First mirror: the students' view of Imperial Rome, and of Virgil as a citizen of that vast empire - this is the background.

Second mirror: the thirteenth-century peasants' view of Rome as a vanished golden world of marvels, where the legends lived, where manticores could well have hunted thru the sewers of Naples (would that be any more miraculous than the concept of sewers themselves to mediaeval folk who regarded even the Roman roads with awe?) - this is the point of view.

Third mirror: Dante's view of Virgil as the representative of reason and yet as a man too, an increasingly human friend as well as a symbol and a guide through Hell - this is the basis for the characterization.

Fourth mirror: Avram Davidson's view of what he wants to create in The Phoenix and the Mirror, and how he wants to create it - this is the content, and the form, and the style.

It is a basic tenet of modern art that "form follows function"--what you want to do and say in a work of art should be one with the way you do or say it. Avram Davidson is writing a novel about a scientist who successfully performs an experiment which, to those around him, has always been possible in theory but not in fact: the creation of a virgin speculum, which will reflect the image, not of nature, but of what one desires to see in nature. It is a task whose completion means yet another beginning, a problem whose answer only poses new problems. So...Davidson begins by undertaking a seemingly impossible task, that of re-creating a world which once existed in fact, as it later existed in the imaginations of people who have been dead for seven centuries, in such a way that it will now be acceptable, even unremarkable, to people who have totally different mental pictures of the original world... (When you say it like that, the problem of writing about first century Rome from the point of view of the thirteenth century, in such a way that a twentieth century reader will accept it, sounds even more difficult, doesn't it?)

He succeeds. Phoenix is not an alternate-universe story; nothing happens which we know to be impossible in our space-time continuum, like the victory of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Yet everything is eerily changed, in another focus. We know that manticores are legendary creatures, only living, perhaps, safely contained within the covers of Sandra Miesel's sketchbooks; yet here they are horribly alive, menacing Vergil far more effectively than any extra-terrestrial monster because they prowl thru our folk tales and nightmares. We know that Vergil's "science" is only alchemy, pitifully useless when it is not ridiculous--all those centuries of men trying to turn lead into gold. The inhabitants of the Street of



the Horse-Jewellers think of it as magic--miracles or wizardry, having nothing to do with experimentation, observation, careful research. To Vergil, to Davidson, it is science, fact proved and used by a rational mind--and ultimately, we accept it as such. It is this creative tension between conflicting points of view (which image is true?) which gives the novel its shape and its excitement.

The plot is a good solid interesting one; but it is the least important aspect of the novel. Phoenix is, as its subtitle says, "the enigmatic speculum". Under its surface lie the other concerns, other scenes which open behind the image of the mirror. Each obvious problem, like Laura's face in the mirror, leads to others. Vergil loves Cornelia, yet will not serve her; she tears out his soul, his manhood, to hold as hostage for the making of the mirror; she is destroyed by the lover she fears; Vergil is made free and whole, yet "his soul had been captured again, it seemed"--and does it really matter that this time it is "without pain"? What is the nature of love? One incident haunts me among many: that of the apprentice who feeds the fire under the closed vessel, staying at his post while the house burns around him. Why? Neither he nor we know what will happen when the experiment is over in six and a half years. What is the nature of duty, of ambition, of work, even of time?

Cornwall, with its tin mines, was known to the Phoenecians who traded there regularly even before the Romans colonized Britain; why, then, does Vergil have to rely on the fabulous golden eagle to make "the more than fabulous journey to Tinland"? This, like the story of the last cyclops, reality dying into legend, raises questions about the nature of history, and of myth. Indeed, the whole book, its content and its method of presenting that content, insists that we wonder--just what is truth, anyway? What is reality?

It is, people, a serious book. Also an extremely entertaining one. Vergil, to me at least, is a human and likeable character; his superhuman powers (which are just more learning and mental ability than the next man...maybe) which fit him as casually as his shirt, the mystery about him, and above all his all-too-human vulnerability, kept me involved in his fate. I don't usually care what happens to the hero--but when Vergil willingly paid his blood to the mandrake, I worried.

If plot-events slow down, you'd never notice it; between treacheries, battles, journeys, rescues, and hunts of many kinds is enough arcane lore to fascinate anyone with the curiosity of a two-week old chimpanzee. Or anyone who's ever wondered what's behind the mirror.

Besides all this, Davidson writes well, the way we all like to think we could write, the way so few authors do write. With simplicity and skill. And years and years of polish. (Davidson writes the way Virgil did. Hmmm.) All that complex and detailed background material, for example, is smoothed in carefully--so carefully that you aren't really aware, until you look closely, that research has been done, that there were joins to be smoothed over. The author makes the flattering assumption that you know as much as he does, and then makes sure that you do. Unlike Creatures of Light and Darkness, for example, Phoenix doesn't send you scurrying for encyclopedia and handbooks of mythology just to follow the action, nor does it, like too many other books, leave you groping for the non-existent key to the author's private cosmos. The prose is clear, elegant. It doesn't call attention to itself as it quietly carries the action along, doesn't interrupt to impress you with poetic waxings or try to dazzle you with flashy tricks, mishandled versions of techniques the rest of the literary world has been refining for fifty years. Only when you stop to really look at it (like a leaf, or a slide of a cell maybe--anything simple and natural) do you realize it is beautiful, in the true sense of that mangled word. A book full of beauty.

The book is also a failure.

I do not say this because I can find faults in the book. You can, easily. Perhaps I am simply fascinated with the period and the viewpoint--certainly, others have called it dull, hard to read.

Personally, I can object to several things, and answer my objections as readily. There are too many mysteries, like that of Vergil's relationship with Cornelia, too many dangling threads: What happens to the young Phoenix? Does Clemens mean Vergil has the secret of immortality (but not of youth, or of freedom from pain and all forms of weariness and sickness)? Was Vergil the child abducted by the manticores? Then why were they



pursuing him? What took him to the tunnels? All this knowledge, though, may simply be part of the background--we-are-supposed-to-know; that is, material someone seeing from Davidson's point of view would know, introduced to bolster the illusion that the world-view out of which he writes, not the world-view out of which we read, is the true one. Or to be more mundane, the mysteries are left to lure us on to the next book. The Author's Note speaks of a series, with the collective title Vergil Magus; the author himself says he envisioned (with appropriate mediaeval awareness of the mystic power of numbers) a trinity of trilogies, based on notes he has gathered for ten years--some of the books may involve the actual Vergil legends.

The plot splits awkwardly--five-sixths of it the making of the mirror, with

the quests involved; one-sixth is spliced on, the search for Laura, somehow anti-climactic. Well, it wasn't a severe let-down, and the ending itself was satisfying, and anyway in the original Fantastic version, without the voyage to Cyprus, the parts were roughly equal--and maybe the whole point is that, as we all know, the fun is in the quest itself, and all successes are anti-climaxes 'til you find another quest.

Some of the archetypal and symbolic material is overworked. Yes, Cornelia is the Female Principle in the universe, the White Goddess out of Robert Graves who inspires a man and steals his soul, the passive earth which must mate with the active sun to produce life--and she's an initiate of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the fertility rites, to boot. And the Red Man, An-Thon the Phoenecian (appropriately the sailor, obviously, so obviously the Phoenix) the Red Man, the Ruddy Man, the sun god. Phoenix embroidery, phoenix rings, falling into place like the revealed birthmarks that prove who's the real heir, who's Ernest or Box or Cox--Vergil is certainly not more stupid or unobservant than the reader, the "clues" are obvious--but then, the Phoenix is more than An-Thon, or Cordelia's fate. It is bound up with the mirror, and with the process of life itself. And besides, as Rosemary pointed out, "Most of us clods don't see the symbols 'til they jump out and bite us."

The Phoenix and the Mirror is a failure, then, only in the area that matters--sales. Doubleday's press run for the hardcover edition was 5,000. They only sold 3,000 of those. (I have no figures on the Ace Special sales; does anybody out there know?) As you may or may not know, Avram Davidson bought up the rest, and is selling them off at \$3.00 a piece, including an autograph. That's doubtless better than having forty percent of the edition vanish into the pulping machines less than a year after publication, but it's still pretty humiliating for any author. Not to mention discouraging. What incentive does he have to work on the next book, even if it, too, is a potential masterpiece which has grown in his brain and heart for ten years? What does he live on while he's writing it? Fannish praise?

Why did Phoenix flop? The hardcover cover is bland, especially when compared to the Dillons' gem, jewel-coloured shapes flowing (a change from their usual stained-glass-window effect) around Vergil's dark presence. (Query: is that the sign against evil he is making? Why?) The casual browser would pass it over, or would possibly be turned off by the erudite-seeming subject if he did read the blurb. Moreover, how many fen actually buy hardcover science fiction, instead of waiting for the book club or paperback editions? How many fen even see hardcover science fiction? It certainly never, ever, reaches Canada (unless you count The Andromeda Strain. Whoopee.) In fact, who ever heard of Phoenix in hardcover? Did Doubleday even try to sell the thing? Did they realize what they had? Probably not. I expect the sf ghettos of every house except maybe Ace could jump Between and no-one would notice.

Someday The Phoenix and the Mirror will become an underground book in the best sense. The Vergil Magus opus, if it's ever finished, will be read and savoured and reread and passed to friends by its devotees. Maybe it'll even become "in". Imagine, The Vergil Society (The Davidson Society?) of America. Vergilzines. The Magus Colouring Book, by Kirk and Barr and Austin (Findlay, maybe?). Of course, by then, Davidson will be seventy, like Tolkien, or dead, like Peake.

Here comes a Statement of Belief, folks. Most distinctions--New Wave/Old Wave, sf/literature, even hippies-freaks-women-under (or over) 30's/Real People--turn me off. They are useless, meaningless. I do believe, however, that you can and should distinguish good art from bad art.

The Phoenix and the Mirror is Good Art.

About that Hugo: a shorter version of Phoenix appeared in Sol Cohen's Fantastic for May, 1966. I have no idea how many people saw that issue. Still, the later additions were substantial, probably enough to qualify the present book for a Hugo nomination. But, folks, that book, that hardcover edition that only 3,000 people bought (and how many were active, ballot-influencing fans?) appeared in 1969. Yup. We blew it. Doubleday blew it. Maybe even Avram Davidson blew it by not insisting on hardcover and paperback publication in the same year, if he was in any position to insist.

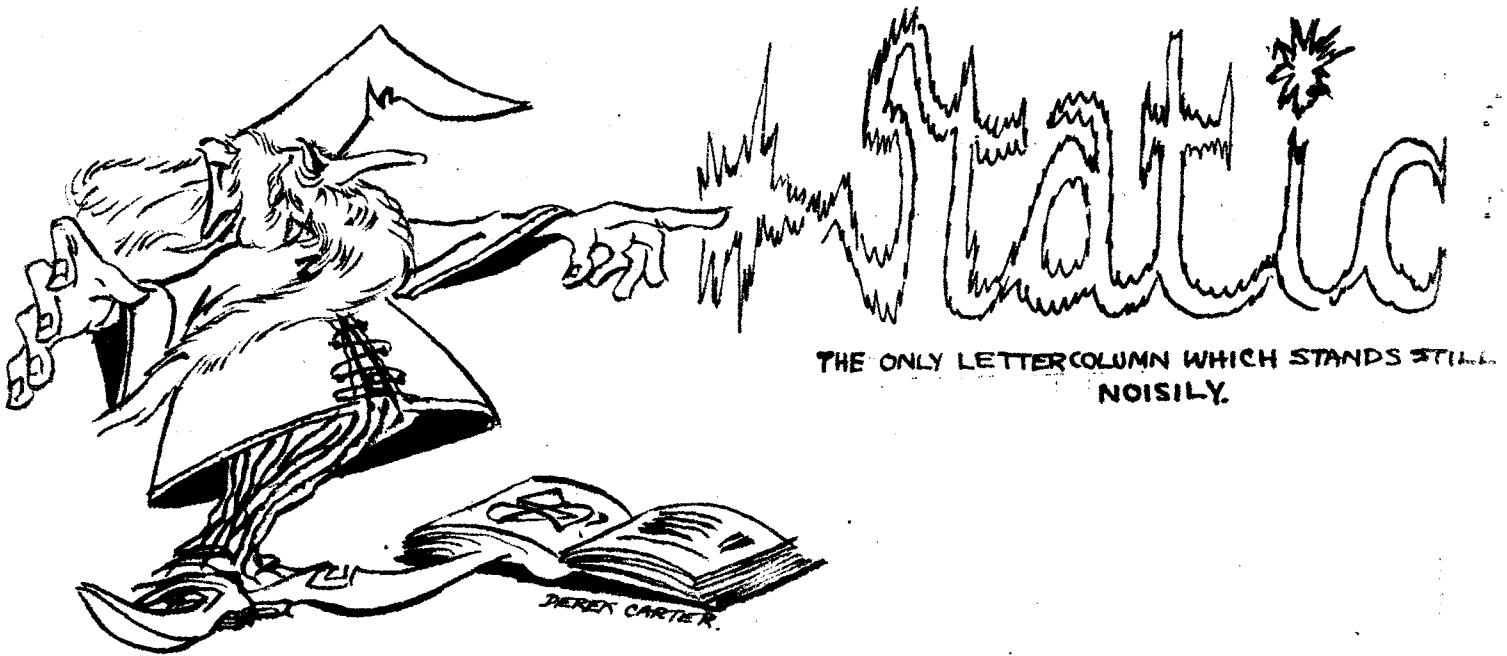
It's just not fair.

I Will Fear No Evil, as inept a piece of drivel as I ever found impossible to read, is eligible for a Hugo this year. The Phoenix and the Mirror isn't. Gentles, we live in a strange world.

Maybe we should protest. Maybe we should write to Doubleday and all the other publishing houses. Let them know there are lots of fen who'd buy their sf books, paperbacks and even hardcover, if they had the chance. Let them know that if they advertized sf, distributed sf, thought of sf with the respect they give maybe not to their latest sex-in-suburbia opus, but to say, their cookbooks, they would Make More Money.

Do at least this one thing: send your three dollars to Avram Davidson at "Far Fetch", 824 Sutro Ave., Novato, California 94947. It might make him feel better. Oh, and be sure to spell the name "Vergil".





BUCK COULSON
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I agree with you fully on Left Hand of Darkness. "Poor use" of the sexual nature of the society is an understatement; "no use" would be closer. Nevertheless, I did like the book, for other reasons--partly at least because the characters were so like our normal-type humans. She may not know sex, but she does know society. While I felt that Spinrad adulterated an excellent story in BJB by his insistence on shocking thin-skinned readers with his language, he ended up boring me with it. Yes, it is "realistic"; but I have little sympathy for a science fiction writer who insists that everybody in the book talks like the truck driver next door. It seems to show a certain lack of imagination. So I didn't vote for Spinrad. If he wins, okay; it's a good enough book. I don't think it was the best of the year, but then the Hugo winner so rarely is.

But if you didn't expect fans to like Alicia's drawing, why did you print it? Were you expecting everybody to be shocked? I know; you didn't like the way they liked it. But, just for argument's sake, if erotic art isn't supposed to arouse the emotions, what is it for? Why complain of success? I have gradually come around to agreement that fans are more intelligent than the general population - taking IQ scores as intelligence, that is. I won't argue whether the IQ is the right way to measure intelligence, but along with the higher IQ comes a lower emotional quotient, maturity, or what have you, than is possessed by the general population.

"If Harlan is the Establishment of SF, then Jerry Rubin is the Establishment of the Great Society." Sure he is. How many Hugos does Harlan have now? six? And how many equivalent awards have the Silent Majority voted to Rubin? You show a certain rigidity of mind; never mind what Harlan says about the sf Establishment, what is the Establishment actually doing? Giving him awards, right? How many Nebulas does he have?

((I must agree with you, Buck, that Harlan is probably the Establishment of fandom. I still believe he is not the Establishment of sf. A mere matter of terms.))

YALE F. EDEIKEN
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#3 came up to the fine review Brown gave it in Locus. I especially enjoyed the article on series and Travis McGee by John Douglas. It is about time that science fiction and its fans realized that there are basic similarities between it and the other genres that arose from the old pulps; the series about a central character is one of the most important of these similarities. In mysteries a series can serve an important service to the reader not only because it is "familiar and comfortable" but also because the impor-

tant point of a mystery, frequently the only point, is a solution of a murder. A series allows the reader, as well as the writer, to get to the core of the story without worrying about such non-essentials as character or setting. MacDonald escapes this trap not only because he is the finest writer now in the mystery genre but also because he does not depend on series for his bread and butter. McGee is his only series and is just a small proportion of his work: he has stated publically that he does not take McGee too seriously and would not continue the series after he became bored with it. Can one imagine the same statement from Stout about Nero Wolfe or Shannon about Inspector Mendoza?

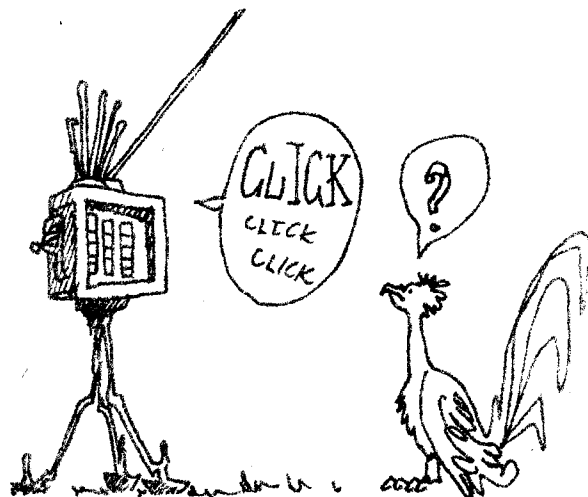
Aside from the money it can make for both publisher and writer, there is an important function that series novels or short stories can serve in sf. Every time an sf author writes about the future he must spend considerable wordage establishing the setting and culture of the work. This must become tedious not only to him but also to the reader, both of whom are more interested in the story and what it has to say than in the extraneous background. In sf we not only have series around a central character but also around a central society. Asimov worked with this kind of a series in the original short stories of the Foundation, as did Simak with "City" and Vance with the "Dying Earth" stories; more recently, Silverberg won a Hugo with "Nightwings", a portion of a similar series. I feel that in reducing all series to escape literature and forgetting about this use of them in sf (and some "mainstream" works) Douglas did a disservice to the reader and seriously flawed his article. For McGee is in many respects as comparable to this type of series as it is to the typical Doc Savage or Nero Wolfe type.

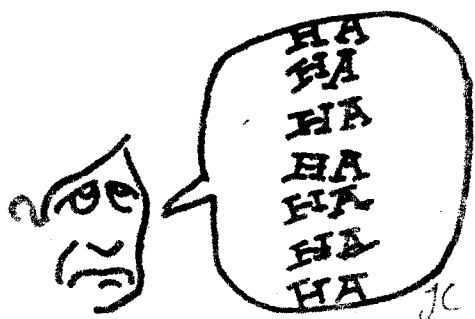
I also have some objections to Margaret Hamer's article on Villiers. Principally I feel she was wrong to treat it as a series. Panshin has stated that Villiers is not a series but a novel that will be composed of some seven "incidents" (for want of a better word) each to be published separately. There is evidence of this design in the third book as the great novel seems to be moving towards a climax, perhaps a confrontation with Villiers' brother on Nashua itself. If this is so, it is unfair to treat the three books to date as a series and perhaps it would be best to reserve comment on the quality of the plot until the "novel" is finished; especially such phrases as "stereotyped plot".

((I think you're a bit hard on mystery fans; I'm sure most of them demand as much out of their authors as we do of ours. I also disagree that the matrix in which extrapolative books are set is extraneous. Surely in the best sf the society and the culture are an integral part of the novel? Lastly, if Panshin had wanted his Villiers works to be considered only as a unit, he should have held back publication and released them all at once. As it is, he must expect them to be treated as individual works within a greater framework.))

JOHN J. PIERCE I see that Angus Taylor isn't
275 McMane Avenue really hostile, after all --
Berkeley Hts., N.J. merely confused. I don't
07922 think I really said the "New
 Wave" and "Old Wave" can be
 defined by the pessimistic-optimistic dichotomy,
although the former is pessimistic by definition
and the latter often optimistic.

I should stress that I am not satisfied with the 1750-vintage philosophical definitions, which equated "pessimism" with believing that "whatever is, is wrong" and "optimism" with "whatever is, is right" (Leibnitz view, which Voltaire attacked in "Candide"). I suppose I'm really a meliorist, though that word is hardly ever used any more, and "optimist" is substituted for it usually.





As for Ballard, Taylor should be aware that he himself has stated that the goal of his work is to make science fiction a sort of horror fiction aimed at evoking the "mythology" of Auschwitz and Hiroshima. In calling Ballard's imagery romantic, Taylor certainly isn't using the word in the same sense I do, and that is understandable, for as C.S. Lewis pointed out in an introduction to the re-issue of "The Pilgrim's Regress", the word has come to be applied to several forms of writing, some of them quite contradictory. Taylor's use seems to be one of characterizing "emotional" writing. Well, any sort of writing is supposed to evoke emotions.

As I have said before, what the "New Wave"- "Old Wave" split really boils down to is a disagreement about the stature of man and his relationship with the universe. Algis Budrys realized this four years ago in his review of Thomas Disch's "The Genocides", which he contrasted with Roger Zelazny's "This Immortal". You really should read what he had to say. The "New Wave", by definition, holds that man is helpless and insignificant-- this is the only element that remains constant through all the changes of style and experiment and subject. The "Old Wave" or what I call Eschatological Romanticism holds that man is as significant as he chooses to make himself--this isn't quite the same as saying everything is rosy and why worry about the future.

I am glad, nevertheless, to see that Taylor is trying to think for himself, and not merely regurgitating the slogans of Ellison and others as most of my critics do. I hope he will continue to think for himself, and that others will follow his example.

((What is this "definition" of New Wave you keep quoting, J.J.? I have yet to see such a beast. I hope you enjoy Angus' thinking in this issue.))

NED BROOKS

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I quite agree with Angus Taylor's analysis of the New Wave fuss and Pierce's Second Foundation. The excellence of a piece of literature does not depend nearly so much on the writer's philosophy or conclusions as it does on the quality of the writing - that is, how you say it is, in a sense, more important than what you have to say. For look: a well-written novel may excite me to agreement or disagreement with the premises or conclusions (or even leave me quite puzzled!) - but a badly-written book will probably remain unread past the first few pages. Even if I do plow through it and find the author had some brilliant ideas, I would still rather have found them in an essay or a well-written novel.

Just saw the movie BOOM for the second time - it reminds me somehow of Ballard's "Vermillion Sands" stories. The critics who panned it are probably the same lot who didn't like CANDY, or any other fantasy. Not that I care what they think, but I am afraid they will discourage the making of future fantasy films of this type.

I AM FATHER
O'MARREY



To mention Baglow's thing on Tolkien once more, I think it is true that Tolkien deliberately associated Sauron and his empire with the worst aspects of the Industrial Revolution - the pollution and ugliness and exploitation - both because he was opposed to these things and because they were a good way to represent the evil of Sauron. However, this does not mean that Tolkien is opposed to the Industrial Revolution as such. These evil aspects of it were not inevitable, but rather the result of greed and stupidity.

JERRY LAPIDUS

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Is it only my imagination or do you feel a difficulty in getting well-written, interesting material to match your excellent artwork? It seems as if both you and Bill Bowers, with Outworlds, are producing superbly illustrated and reproduced fanzines, but with written content coming nowhere near the art in either interest or quality. I know I look through the two magazines each issue, savoring the beautiful illustrations; but more often than not I find I have to push myself to get through a lot of the writing (and I must confess I had to skip the Travis McGee thing this issue). Perhaps in the case of Energumen, it's the holdover influence from Hugin & Munin, but so much of the material reads like homework assignments. That's pretty cold and unadorned, Mike, but it is my honest reaction. Hope you don't mind the candor.



I agree that The Phoenix and the Mirror is an excellent novel, and in fact, I can't think of a better nominee (though perhaps Year of the Quiet Sun, And Chaos Died, and Fourth Mansions, as yet unread, should be considered). But still, I just can't rave about the book as you do here. The work interested me intellectually, but not emotionally. I read and finished because I was impressed with the author's techniques and with the writing, not because I was especially interested in what was happening.

Several people have commented recently that Alicia didn't really have much work published in 1969, and thus shouldn't be considered for the fanartist Hugo. Well, while this in itself may be true, the rules nowhere limit nominees for fanartist to material published in fanzines; there is nothing to say that one can't be nominated for work which has appeared at various art shows over the year--and here, I think, Alicia would qualify.

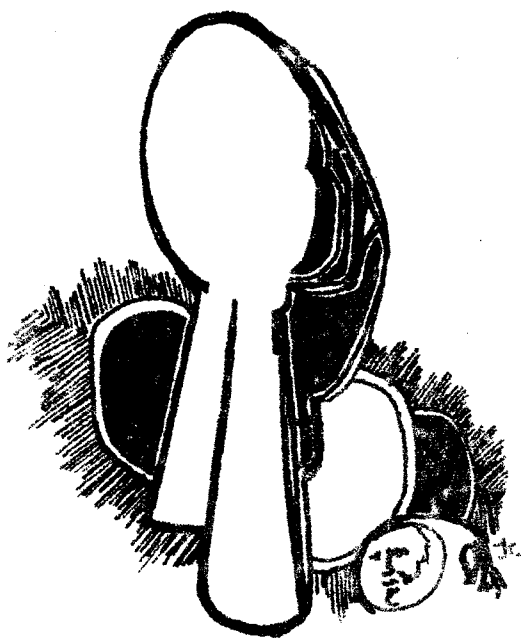
((I'll agree with you that it's harder to find good writers in fandom than it is to find good artists, but I don't think I've been quite as unsuccessful as all that. And, in general, my readers seem to agree with me. While it's impossible to have every article enjoyed by every reader, I've yet to publish anything that everyone found badly written or boring. And if Energumen is a flop, the fault is mine; there's no "holdover" from H&M that I'm aware of. And, of course, I don't mind candor--I expect it, from every reader. Thanks for writing, Jerry...your subscription just expired.))

HARRY WARNER, JR. Please to excuse the long delay in comments on the newest Energumen.
423 Summit Avenue You may not have noticed it, out of respect to your marriage, but in
Hagerstown, Md. fandom a fellow can't even be sure of that. I still have somewhere a
21740 fanzine that an Australian fan published on his wedding night.

As fifty or more readers must have already told you, the art in this issue is unbelievable fine. Some of the Austin art inside should be submitted to the people who manufacture duplicating equipment, as proof of what can be done on stencil; someone might be interested in acquiring reproduction rights as salesman propaganda.

Do you realize that you are the first person known to me who has expressed in a fanzine any real dissatisfaction with The Left Hand of Darkness? I admired the book as much as almost everyone else did, and am disturbed only by my inability to put into words the reasons I liked it so much. Conceivably I reacted one way for the reason you reacted the other way: the calm, matter-of-fact treatment of the sexual nature of





the people on Winter. When it is described as if the author took it for granted and wasn't particularly impressed by the bisexual nature of these individuals, it seems more convincing to me than when the theme is reserved as a tremendous surprise ending or utilized to drive the hero into madness.

Angus Taylor's article and Pierce's letter in this issue caused me to think of something that hasn't been pointed out yet. The Second Foundation attitude toward science fiction is remarkably like the Soviet party line on literature and all other forms of art, no matter how frequently the Old Wavers may accuse New Wave stories of doing subversive things to the old traditions of science fiction. Optimism, confidence in the ability of man to cope with problems, easy understandability--these are what Russian artists get into trouble by violating, whether it's a Shostakovich who gets into disgrace by imitating sexual noises in an opera and failing to write easily hummable tunes or aliterary man who lets his characters sink helplessly

into squalor.

The Kumquat May continues to be perfection in symbiosis with equally perfect artwork. I can't help thinking of two things: the esprit that ran through British fandom a dozen years ago, which this resembles in modern disguise, and the celebrated Derogations that resembled these conversations on the surface but were so frequently beyond brilliance and all the way into nastiness. It isn't often that you find the world improving, but it certainly seems to have gone and done it, with respect to the way Canadian fans feel towards each other in recent years.

A strange thing: after all the issues of the JDM Bibliophile, I believe that John Douglas has provided a more complete and comprehensive summary of the McGee series for you than anything in the MacDonald fanzine. The McGee novels don't appeal to me as much as MacDonald's other fiction, simply because I like my mundane fiction to have people in whose reality I can believe, no matter how long I'm willing to suspend this kind of judgement when I know I'm reading fantasy or science fiction. McGee is someone whose like I've never known, and I'm not sure that I'd want to live around him, even though he's obviously part MacDonald himself in philosophy.

I can't quite agree with Roger Bryant in his disposal of Don Juan as something plain and obvious. Don Giovanni, the da Ponte-Mozart version, has provided subject matter for at least as much critical discussion as Shaw's character. There is a great deal of reason to believe that both librettist and composer intentionally wrote the story of a quite complex man's struggle with his desires and with the world. In the opera, for all the women Don Giovanni associates with and for all the bragging that Leporello does about his master's conquests, there is a suspicious lack of accomplishment. The opera opens with the Don's attempt to get out of Donna Anna's arms, continues with his difficulty in escaping Donna Elvira, he is interrupted before he can make more than the sketchiest sort of token conquest of Zerlina, and so it goes. The Strauss tone poem entitled Don Juan is frequently misinterpreted in books that "explain" the music: its ending describes the Don's eventual inability to participate in intercourse, not his death as the program note writers seem to think.

Full agreement from here with all the nasty things people say in the letter column about reporters. I might point out that the situation has worsened in the decades since the Torcon, because of television's arrival. Many newspapers now take the attitude that it's no longer any use to give a straight, factual account of something like a convention, because it won't be lively enough to cause people to read the paper. So to prevent them

from turning on the television set, this school of journalism must find a gimmick in everything. Don't describe the football game, but devote most of the space to what a player or a coach says in the locker room after it's over. Ignore most details of the hijacking, in favor of tracing the life story of the person who did it. Don't review Mia Farrow's movies but publish as much as possible about her baby until marriage spoils that story. I feel that worldcons would do well to make every effort to avoid attention by press services and local newspapers; it's usually easy to decide if tv exposure is safe because the character of coverage by a given personality is usually consistent and known.

((Pardon my ignorance, Harry, but what were the Derogations? My own feeling was that a bisexual society should be noticeably different from our own whether its sexual aspects were stressed or not. And unfortunately, the chance to appear on tv or in the papers is something few fen can pass up, even if they know the outcome could be disasterous.))

JOHN MILLARD,
Chairman,
Toronto in '73
Box 4, Station K
Toronto 12, Ont.

An open letter to Energumen readers: A group of CSFiC members in the Toronto-Ottawa axis is making a bid for the 1973 Worldcon. As this cannot be a one or two man effort we will need some willing workers for the cause. I invite your support and participation.

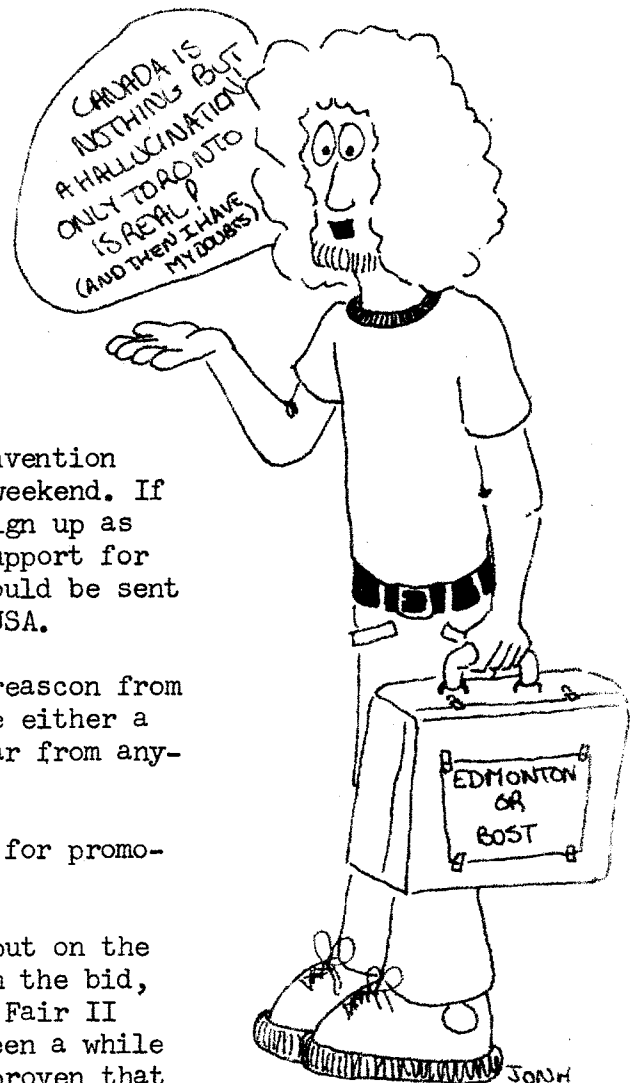
Our first job is to convince the electorate, during the next ten months, that we can do a good job of putting on the convention. An advertizing campaign is now under way in various fanzines, but we also need the personal touch. A fan-to-fan campaign: so talk it up and write it up to your fellow fans.

In our final and biggest effort to win the bid, we need a large group of loyal supporters at the Noreascon, the 29th World Science Fiction Convention in Boston, Massachusetts, over the 1971 Labour Day weekend. If you are not a member of the Noreascon, you should sign up as soon as possible and plan to attend; we need your support for "Toronto in '73". Attending membership is \$6 and should be sent to; Noreascon, P.O.Box 547, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 USA.

If a large number of fans plan to attend the Noreascon from the Southern Ontario area, we may be able to arrange either a charter or a group flight. I would be pleased to hear from anyone interested in this idea.

In closing I solicit your ideas and suggestions for promotion of our bid and for the Convention.

((Naturally, I agree with John. I think we can put on the best convention or I wouldn't be associated with the bid, but we do need your support. If you were at Fan Fair II you know what sort of con we can put on. It's been a while since the Worldcon was in Canada and now we've proven that we're ready for it--so give "Toronto in '73" your serious consideration and your support. If you have any questions, write to John at our official address, or write to me, or speak to any of us at the regionals between now and the Noreascon. Canada...think about it: it's a good idea.))





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Trying to get it together here at the Big U, I've discovered an amazing talent for wasting

time. This is Apartment Year, after 3 years in the dorm system, and I'm spending just amazing amounts of time doing things which shouldn't require any effort at all. I contemplate each little speck on the dishes before I put them in the dishwasher. Cooking a meal becomes a four-hour exercise in analytical chemistry--it doesn't look appetizing but I can tell you exactly what is in it. Dust generates with amazing exponential speed, and I'm too lazy to do anything about it. Sit around reading Jack Vance all day.

Angus Taylor's views on new wave are not so far from my own. I think the pessimism (my roommate is writing a

story about a futuristic slum with "Minimum Per Capita Murder Laws" and "Rat Appeasement Centres"...just thought I'd mention that.) stems more or less from "creeping contemporaneity". Every time people try to figure out what hasn't been written before in a particular field, they get contemporary and pessimistic, pessimism being integral to most contemporary world-views of any time. Even one of the Socratic Dialogues asks, more or less, "Wotinhell's with the kids today, anyway?". My major objection to the more militant aspects of the Second Foundation rests more or less on freedom of speech--what right is it of theirs to dictate what an author writes? Only people who are going to affect that scene are the editors.

Concerning Tolkien: I'd like to make a (perhaps presumptuous) distinction. It's obvious that Tolkien has almost a reactionary outlook. However, never forget that Tolkien is telling a fairy tale, which he believes to be a high art form and concerning which he has very definite ideas. One of these is that Good and Evil are black and white as far as the main protagonists are concerned; that is, as far as the driving forces of the story are concerned. Gollum, Frodo, few characters are completely good or completely evil. Sauron is Evil, through and through. He was not always so, but he is now. Tolkien controls the whole world, and he ensures that Sauron's aspirations, however good they may actually have been under different circumstances, are completely evil here. The natural state of Middle Earth is one of peaceful anarchy--the function of Aragorn the King is to make sure that everyone is free to do as he pleases, to ensure that all the little states can remain absolutely independant. Here, a totalitarian unification is Evil, and we have to accept it. We must realize that under the moral premise of the story, this change is evil. Sauron has great energy, but it is all directed downhill from the Edenesque days of the Elves and Numenor. By the premise of the story, the best thing possible would be a return to the days of old. This being impossible, Gandalf and the rest choose to retain, as far as possible, the status quo. Later, as we may infer, they will again try to build heaven on earth, adhering as closely as possible to the Elvish ideals. When you've got near-gods as an act to follow, you try to maintain the same level of quality. So, change is not evil--we'd like to reverse the downhill trend, but we can't. We'll jolly well try to stop anyone who seems to be accelerating it, though, and Sauron certainly is. The point I want to make is that not all of this reactionary polemic is Tolkien's--some of it appears purely as a result of the strictures of the form, as Tolkien sees it.

Ah, fandom! Yes, it's had a long and varied history but as Roy Tackett says, it's

always had the advance fleet of the new culture in it. I'm rankest neo in mt own opinion; a little over two years in fandom. But one of my chief joys at a con is talking to the Old Guard, such as Bob Tucker, Doc Barrett and the rest. They're fascinating people in their own right, and the perspectives they throw on modern fandom hold me spellbound. Listening to them, reading All Our Yesterdays--things make more sense, the feuds seem smaller, the Sense of Wonder returns. Fandom makes a neo's eyes glow, but that glow fades after a while. In my case a sense of history keeps things interesting. Maybe it's the cyclic nature of fandom, with all the variations; maybe it's just the sense of perspective by itself, but the long-time fans are what keep me interested.

PETER GILL After all this time you are likely to be surprised - if not confused -
18 Glen Manor Dr by the following letter. It is a Letter of Comment on your fanzine,
Toronto 13, Ont. MIKE'S FANZINE #3. The above is sort of a personal comment and is not
really to be included in the letter unless you are really short of
spelling errurrs in the 'xine in which case you can use some of min.

...Unfortunately much of the interior art tends to be either grayish but good or grayish but terribly banal or even worse just poorly drawn. Alicia's on page 17 while terribly accurate doesn't add anything to Rosemary's article that a photo couldn't. This might not seem like a condemnation to you Mike, it might even be what you wanted Alicia to do, but to me it's one of the worse things I can say about illustrations.

I can't understand your comment where you say you thought fans were more mature and sophisticated than they showed themselves to be. There is something in the make-up of fans, or at least 90% of them, that keeps them from ever getting mature in the accepted sense of the word. That's one of the things that keeps fandom from degenerating into "just" a literary society. "Sense of Wonder", "Fandom is..." and of course the famous beanie are samples of the (thank god) immaturity of fans; and if we are going to be a Heinlein juvenile in that sense you have to expect us, and I do mean us, to have certain other little lapses in taste.

As a Travis McGee fan myself I read John Douglas' article with added interest and was basically pleased with the results. His interpretation of John D. fits basically with my own and his reading of McGee shows he has been doing his reading/research, although I would have preferred to have him try and go a little deeper into the character of Travis. Oddly enough, the only argument I have with John is not about either the series hero or the author but rather his treatment of other series hero's to show how good McGee is. His lumping of series hero's into 2 categories is most unfair and I think if he takes a look again at several other's (Nero Wolfe, Philip Marlow, Sherlock Holmes) he will find that most of the good writers also avoid the standard traps of the series hero. It is not the avoidance of these traps, which John has listed fairly accurately, which makes a series character something special. Rather it is, at least in MacDonald's case the writing skill that do the job. This contention is easily proved by reading anything recent of MacDonalds that does not involve McGee--it is far above almost anything else in the field, series or no.

((Thank you, Canada's answer to Rick Sneary. I apologize for inadvertantly correcting many of your spelling and punctuation errors as I went along. To me, that's a bad thing to say about art but it's perfect for illustration.))



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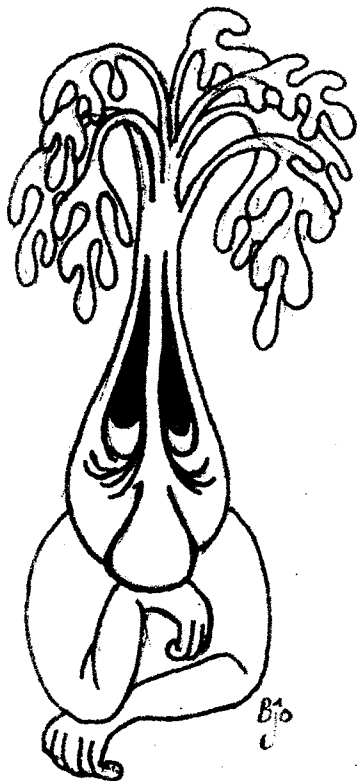
According to LOCUS, Galaxy is going to return to a monthly schedule, meaning that the new Heinlein novel I Shall Fear No Evil will be finished this year, and will possibly be a Hugo contender. If this is the case I am fearful that many unknowing people (certainly not you or me) will vote for this atrocious work on the strength of Heinlein's reputation, resulting in an undeserved award for IWFNE. Aha! Note a fact that my error above has shown to me: I unconsciously typed "Shall" instead of the correct word in the title "Will". However, if you will recall from your schooling, the pronouns "I" and "we" are properly followed by "shall", not "will". Though I just realized that, I don't feel too bad about it; editor Jakobsson seems to have been so hypnotized by the story that he has failed to realize a lot of things about it--I can't see why he raves about it so.

I was appalled by the blatant bad taste exhibited by Margaret Hamer in her Villiers article. To say that Panshin's ability to write something more worthy than the Villiers novels is yet to be demonstrated, and then to admit in the next breath that she has not read anything else that Alexei has written...My opinion of Miss Hamer is not high.

From what I can gather from the references in #3, the definitions of myth and legend put forward in #2 are rather foreign to my way of understanding. For me a myth is something which is primarily explanatory; characters within the explanation are secondary to an understanding of how or why something happened or happens. A legend on the other hand, is firstly concerned with the activities of a character or group of characters; if these activities explain nature in some way, fine and good, but the primary purpose is an understanding of the character. As such I claim that even Faust is a legend.

To use some modern examples: things such as Nova Express by William Burroughs, and "Paingod" by Harlan Ellison (the latter taken on one of its sub-levels as an explanation of why pleasure and pain exist in life) are both myths, while the Jerry Cornelius cycle of stories is a legend. That's my two shillings on that score.

The article on J.J. Pierce and the New Wave lead me to several kroners worth of thought. Consider, if you will, The Drowned World of J.G. Ballard; consider the main character (and let us refrain from such labels as hero or anti-hero). Then consider yourself, and your world. Do you find yourself like or unlike the main character of this book? How would you fare in the land he must live in? And would you ultimately make the same decisions he does?

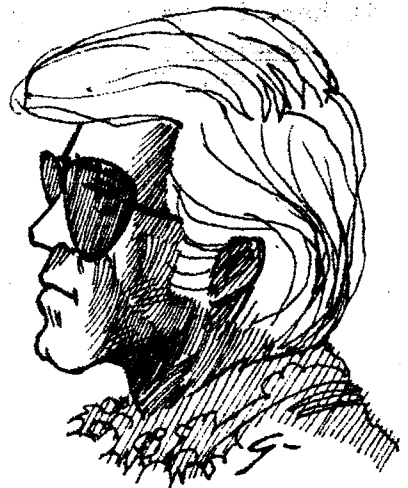


It helps, I think, if one's own worldview is essentially an existential one. I don't see stories of this type as pessimistic, or nihilistic. I see in them a profound search into the essence of man and his responsibility to himself and his environment (including other people). The Drowned World rather reminded me of The Royal Way by Andre Malraux; the ruins of Ballard's Earth are quite like the ruined Angkor-Wat, and the protagonists could almost be the same man. But then some cried "nihilism, pessimism" at Malraux too. Or use the same sort of analysis on the Chertis stories of Brian Aldiss, and see if these are pessimistic. On the other hand, look at the sheer beauty of the Vermillion Sands stories; what better way of exciting the sense of wonder?

We could look at the epitome of the New Wave writer, Robert Silverberg, who is, according to those siding with Mr. Pierce, the Second Foundation and the Philosophical Core, a "good man who has gone astray". (See Silverberg's Heicon speech.) Though I sometimes find some of his characters revolting, and some of his scenes bleak, I can not really say that Silverberg's view (as communicated to me through his writings) of the future of man, of the future of the universe, is a pessimistic one.

However, let us for a moment heed the monkey cries in the jungle night and label these works, Silverberg's among them, as

pessimistic, as nihilistic. But let us also accept the claim made by Harlan Ellison at the Pghlange that it will be Silverberg who finally creates a truly real and believable character. Does this then imply that real and believable human beings today are pessimistic and nihilistic? This could very well be the case, since from the tone of his letter it appears that the very real and believable character J.J.Pierce is offering up himself to be kicked around--now that we don't have Harlan anymore. Pessimism, nihilism, masochism, Mr. Pierce.



((According to the King James version of the Bible the quotation is "I will..." so you cannot blame Heinlein for that. You misinterpret Margaret's comment on Panshin: check back and you'll see that she means only that, in her opinion, he has not utilized his full skill in the Villiers books to date. You may still disagree, but it is not bad taste for a critic to say that an author is capable of better work within a particular format.))

DAVID WM. HULVEY Finally an intellectual fanzine worthy of that name. Don't be modest
Rt. 1, Box 198 brother, that's primarily your influence on Energumen. I've seen your
Harrisonburg, Va. locs in other zines; how do you keep the yahoos, rednecks and anti-
22801 intellectuals from lynching you? Justin St. John may be pretentious,
but you're profound. Especially in BAB #10 concerning Jeff Smith's
question on why fans become such. C'mon, don't apologize for your analysis by words like
"not wishing to sound like a fireside psychiatrist". The people who are going to dislike
your ability will do so anyway, the others are behind you regardless. I trust that in
home territory the need to pretend ignorance will dissolve in favor of real heavy raps,
whether or not the "common man" follows every nuance and implication.

Since I'd rather know the people in fandom than suffer through heavy raps fraught with social significance, I give the Kumquat May the hair from inside my nose. That is, it's exceedingly difficult for anyone, even the most committed serconner, to read such witticisms without at least a snort of amused derision. For me, I rid myself of a few inhibitions and roared like a...perhaps a horny bullmoose? Well, whatever, I enjoyed it immensely. Howcum it's only semi-regular? You better keep it more frequent because, although I like serconishness to a certain extent, a bittersweet leavening is necessary.

Haldeman and Pierce, though dissimilar in many ways, both illustrate how language colors our ways of thinking and even conceiving of what is to be worthy of our thought processes. The poem attempts to say that, although words may obstruct our ability to communicate meaningfully, they can sometimes convey an impression that affects us profoundly. Pierce, to myself, has gotten mired in a reality created by his unique interpretation of literature, essentially the meanings derived by Mr. Second Foundation from the New Wave. His Eschatological Romanticism has frozen him into certain ways of perceiving sf. The very words he carved from his environment to describe specific literary works hold him captive to their meaning. As a prisoner of rhetoric he is guided through the genre with labels to conveniently paste on this or that author's story. This leads him down a primrose path to where fine shades of meaning are lost to the false dichotomy of optimism/pessimism. Unfortunately, his propagandist's tendencies are not that well honed. Eschatological Romanticism appeals to the intellectuals while Liason Officers of Second Foundations has a Kiddie Show ring to it. A sort of Mickey Mouse Clubhouse facade that can attract only the most superficial thinkers in fandom. Thus he has nicely contradicted himself. On the one hand he slips in pseudo-intellectual phraseology, while on the other he panders to the JohnWayne constituency. It just doesn't make it.

((Dave's first paragraph comes from a letter sent before I mailed him E3. I published

ROGER BRYANT -- "I'm going to have to publish at least one more issue if I'm going to (47 Thoreau Ave win that Hugo." Ghawd, what modesty. But how the hell am I going to de-Akron, Ohio side between you and Outworlds? I guess I'll have to flip a coin and 44306 vote for one in nominating and the other in the voting. I'll go mad...

I guess I should mention my perplexity about the treatment of my "article" now and get it out of the way. And in such a way as to put across the right mood. I'm trying to figure out why, if you decided to put a new last paragraph on the article why you didn't write a new intro too, and then you wouldn't have needed to apologize for it in the editorial. Ah, the vicissitudes of faneds, who most assuredly are mythical creatures. A golem, perhaps. Or a Nirgal.

I'd like to point out that J.J. takes liberties with the Greek language with his term "Eschatological Romanticism". The term 'eschatos' means "last (thigs)" and implies 'uttermost' or 'ultimate' but not the future in general. It referred to the final, usually climactic ending of mankind. The three examples of C.S. Lewis cited in Taylor's article are good ones, though Last and First Men is the most true to the word as it does depict the end of mankind. Both The Time Machine and The City and the Stars imply a possible recovery and further development for man, and are thus not truly 'eschatological'. A better term for literature about the future, but not necessarily the ULTIMATE future, might be "husterological". The adjective 'husteros' means 'later', 'latter' or 'future'. But it seems to me that what Pierce likes most could be called "Chiliastic Romanticism".

((Hmmm? "Outworlds"? Sounds vaguely familiar. Isn't that the journal of those UFO weirdoes? Obviously, Roger, you don't recognize just how much time and effort is spent creating an issue of Energumen and just what method is used. Now I'm maybe the world's slowest typist. It takes me one full hour per stencil, and every typed word that has ever appeared in these to-be-hallowed pages has been produced by my...er...um...er, ten, yes, ten fingers. So I can't possibly type a layout dummy, much as I'd like to. Therefore I estimate the number of pages each article will take by considering the copy and whatever art I have on hand that I think will suit the material. Then I blithely start typing away. And it often happens that I have to juggle the last page to make it come to the bottom of the page, sometimes using a larger illo if I've undervalued or perhaps choosing a smaller drawing if I haven't quite enough space. In your case, I was forced to add a short paragraph in order to make the article finish in the correct place and also to avoid the abruptness of your own conclusion. I knew you'd understand.))

DEVRA LANGSAM I was very interested in the article on Villiers et al. Of course a 250 Crown St remittance man hasn't got enough Brooklyn, NY money (speaking of Villiers) but 11225 being of good family and flawless breeding, he would naturally have both the title and the indescribable air. The title was introduced quite naturally, to explain his appearances at various houses of nobility, and to get him through customs (in the last book). I'm not sure whether Villiers is the heir, or whether his brother is. However, if his father and brother can't stand him, and pay for him to keep out of the way, it makes sense. As to the difference in titles--his father being a Duke and he a mere Viscount--that is very easy to account for. There are two possibilities. One is that the Viscount title is a minor one belonging to the family, which is automatically passed on to either the eldest son or the next son, depending on how



many of these stray titles they have. There is a parallel case in Heyer's Devil's Cub, where the father is the Duke of Avon, and his son the Marquis of Vidal. The second possibility is that the title is merely a courtesy one, to indicate that the person will presently inherit a bigger title.

JERRY KAUFMAN 1485 $\frac{1}{2}$ Penn. Ave
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Jonh Ingham must have seen Doug Lovenstien cartoons. His style of cartooning, and some of his captions, have the slightly strange Lovenstien twist. This permits me to put down random reminiscences about Doug. He rolled his own cigarettes. He began his fannish art career signing himself DUG, then Lovenstien, then LUV, then luv. He (and George Foster) started the infamous habit of walking up to people he knew and saying, "You're _____. I've always wanted to meet you." Which soon mutated into, "I'm _____. You've always wanted to meet me." Captions to his cartoons include, "Er, ah, um, I don't know how to tell you this, but your teeth are on fire." and "My feet are so big I tremble at the very mention of peach pie." At last report he was taking high school correspondence courses due to a minor disagreement with his high school principal about hair length, and doing sculptures in wax in his back yard. ((Are you taking notes, Harry?))

I ALSO HEARD FROM: Kay Anderson, Lynn Hickman, John Brunner, Jeff Cochran who will send a listing of reputable cartoon markets to anyone interested in breaking into the lucrative pro cartooning field. Jeff is at 424 Kioldstad, Placentia, Cal. 92670. Murray Moore, Mike Dobson, Bill Bowers (who he?), Jay Kay Klein and thanks very much for the pictures, J.K., Lee Lavell who'd better stop answering locs with equally long personal responses before she puts us all to shame, Frank Lunney, and Bruce Gillespie. In addition, I got a large number of fanzines in trade and received correspondence and/or art from Ray Ridenour, Dan Osterman, Bonnie Bergstrom, Celia Smith, Bjo Trimble, Tim Kirk, Derek Carter, Jeff Schalles, Jonh Ingham, Alicia Austin, Jim McLeod, Sandra Miesel, Andy Porter and Randy Bathurst. I'm extremely grateful for the time and care that you spent to respond to #3 and I thank all of you who made complimentary comments on Energumen in general. I'm sure there is no need for me to remind you that I'm not above buying votes for next year's Hugo nominations.

I also received dozens of compliments on Tim Kirk's very fine cover which I didn't print because they merely said, "I liked the cover." and this doesn't strike me as too interesting to the rest of the readership. But don't despair, Tim, your excellent work was appreciated and I had many requests for extra copies of the cover for framing. If I get more critical comments on the art, I'll print them - but I'll generally edit out mere mentions of personal preferences.

Those of you who last responded to #2 are hereby notified that you'd better Do Something about this issue or there'll be no more satisfying Canadian 'clunks' as the mailman drops future issues of Energumen into your mailbox. So review something, write an article, send some drawings or dash off a loc. If you get desperate, you can even send money. After all, there's a Canadian fannish renaissance going on here and you want to be in on it, don't you?



