



This is the ninth issue of **ENERGUMEN**, the genzine that, like all things Canadian, straddles the fence, and walks the line between "sercon" and "fannish". This is the February 1972 issue completed in August 1971 and is also the fifth issue to appear in the last seven months. Which ain't bad for a quarterly!! **ENERGUMEN**, edited by Mike Glicksohn and co-edited by Susan Glicksohn, is available for contribution, substantial letter of comment, arranged trade or 50¢ an issue--- no cheques or US stamps accepted! (But we will generously accept cheapy US dollars at par.)

We still do not publish fiction, short book reviews or poetry, but all other contributions, including much-needed artwork, should be sent to:

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Extra copies of #8 are the only back issues we have available, although most back covers may be had at 2 for 25¢. Extra copies of the cover for this issue may be obtained for 25¢ each.

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73 IN TORONTO!!

LOVE ME...
LOVE MY
FANZINE...

FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE



Change, they say, is indicative of life. (But then "they" were always logically imprecise; we mathematicians might say, "Change is a necessary but not sufficient condition for life." And we'd probably be accused of pomposity if we did so.) Nevertheless, this old truism is reassuring since I'm undergoing a period of considerable change in my life and it's nice to know that, unlike a certain other Hugo-nominated faned who shall remain nameless, I haven't atrophied totally yet.

Susan and I are happily ensconced in our new apartment with a lot more space than we had previously (including a separate room for the mimeo and ENERGUMEN!), several newly-acquired suburban-lifestyle type possessions, and a mailman who not only doesn't bend our fanzines and artwork, but also rings our buzzer to let us know when there are packages to be picked up! We're also in an entirely different type of neighbourhood (which Rosemary begins to describe in this issue's "Kumquat May") from our old apartment, and this alone adds considerable interest to our day-to-day lives....but that's a story for my FOCAL POINT column!

As I write this, we're just a week away from our first anniversary (and merely two weeks from the Hugo banquet, but to mention that might seem crass, I suppose) which many of my friends would consider to be a pretty drastic change all by itself. And I'm only just a day over two weeks away from losing entirely the status of the first quarter of a century of my life.

This is the last issue of ENERGUMEN that the old footloose, freeloading me will ever work on. In a frightenly short time I'll become a pillar of the community, a staid and regularly employed citizen with a good credit rating, a respected and respectable vocation and a position of importance and responsibility in the district. In other words, by the time you read this, school will have opened.

Probably the two greatest life-style changes a person undergoes are getting married and starting work in a full-time job he expects to occupy him for the rest of his working life. I weathered the first change disgustingly unchanged -- I'm as mean, selfish and egocentric as ever. And now I'm ready to tilt with the second one.

Oh, I've had many jobs: I've cooked hamburgers, cut sheet metal, swept floors, done research into plasma physics, installed water pipes, assembled transformers, programmed computers, checked smelly clothes, and, for the last two weeks of this last free summer, I've run two electric mimeos, two Gestefax machines and an 8-bay automatic collator for the College of Education. But I've always been basically an idler, a scrounger...a student. Now I'm finally joining the full time workers, but on the other side of the desk.

It'll make differences in my fanac, it's bound to. This frenetic ENERGUMEN publishing schedule, for example; it may slow down, become more sedate. Or it may not. And I'll probably be writing tests and lesson plans for a while instead of locs. And if we do go to conventions during the school year, we'll have to fly, and not until late Friday afternoon. To counterbalance this, of course, we'll have the money to fly if we need to, I'll probably be able to wangle a way of ordering my supplies at the 33% educational discount, and, come collating time, there'll always be obstreperous students who need to be kept after school.

So all in all, it strikes me as a great adventure I'm about to embark on, and I suppose that's the best and only way to approach any major change in your life. But if I am forced to actually drop back to my quarterly schedule, I do hope you'll understand.

The cover this issue is another typical Tim Kirk. Which is to say that it's hilariously and brilliantly drawn! The original was my birthday present from Susan and is now occupying a place of honour in our art hall. Susan arranged for the gift through a series of clandestine communications while I was out practice teaching last year and it was a completely delightful surprise to me. My printer, despite charging me an arm and a leg, hasn't quite caught all of Tim's half-tones and subtle shadings but still has produced an admirable cover. However, those purists among you who'd like to see the original in all its glory, are welcome to drop in and see us some time...(In fact, the entire Greater Glicksohn Gallery, without doubt the finest collection of fan and professional science fiction and fantasy artwork in Canada, is yours for the viewing for the ridiculously low price of three bottles of Ballantine IPA!)

Last issue I mentioned the possibility of alternating our regular columnists to allow more space for articles. I hadn't intended to start this until #10, so I could give all the regulars fair warning of the change in plan. I particularly wanted to publish the second half of Arnie's evaluation of INNUENDO so as to preserve as much continuity as possible. However, Arnie underestimated my dogged Canadian perseverance. When I called him to find out about the column, he ruefully admitted he hadn't thought I'd be out again so soon and couldn't have his next column in in time. LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS will return next issue, but because of its absence, I was able to include Ted White's excellent analysis of the "fannish-sercon" question, so everything worked out well after all. But potential contributors and regular columnists alike be warned; it is not by chance that the busy beaver is one of Canada's national symbols!

Speaking of Ted White, I owe it to him to publish a note of explanation concerning THE LAST WORD. (Fear not, I shall not break my own edict; that carefully worded title shall retain its truthfulness. However...) Ted Pauls originally sent me the page of his comments included in TLW as part of his column for #8; I sent Ted White a xerox of that page. Then I thought about it for a while and decided that yet another "Salty Kumquat" on the same topic was uncalled for, so I wrote to Ted Pauls and suggested putting those comments into the lettercol and asking for additional material for the col-



umn. He agreed, and sent his views on the Lunacon. Then Ted White's article/response arrived. I wanted to use it, and eventually decided on the supplement idea but since Ted Pauls' comments were no longer in his "Salty Kumquat", I went through the White piece and changed all the references to "Ted Pauls' column" into "Ted Pauls' letter" (except for one place where syntax made this inadvisable.) The result was THE LAST WORD

After #8 appeared, Ted White wrote and asked me to clarify something. He explained, "When /you/ sent /me/ a xerox of Ted Pauls' comments I was under the impression that these comments were part of Pauls' regular column and responded to them as such...Had I thought the piece to which I was replying was only a letter, I doubt I would have bothered to respond at all." This seems a reasonable request on Ted's part, and since I inadvertently placed his response out of context, I think I owe it to all concerned to explain the genesis of that "splenetic" supplement. And there you have it.

The rest of this issue requires no explanation or discussion, save to point out that Paul Walker's interview with Robert Silverberg was conducted through the mail in November and December of 1970. But how Grant happened to send me that portrait of Bob at exactly the right time is something I'll probably never know...

Mentioning Grant brings me to a letter I received recently from Mike Glycer. In his "Feedback Prime" in #6, Grant offhandedly referred to a future ENERGUMEN appearing as a cassette tape for viewing in a holographic projector. This started Mike to thinking about the possibility of a fanzine on audio tape cassettes duplicated for general distribution. He has in mind "to enlist the aid of interested people with tape recorders, sic them on pros, local clubs, house bands, etc. and hope for the best...What I need to develop is a network, the Fannish Amateur Network, of courageous people with portable recorders, tape to spare, and the ability to seek out interviewees in their lairs. I also need to make people aware that I am in the market (figuratively, not fiscally, speaking) for original taped music, commentary, interviews, articles, etc. And what more likely way to do this than to write to the fanzine from which the idea sprang in hopes that its editor might make mention of this project, thereby encouraging interest?"

Well, like Willis, I take my responsibilities seriously, so herewith the mention. The interest, however, I cannot guarantee. Personally I know nothing of the technical or financial aspects of such a project but it strikes me as having fascinating potential. And I think there should be many fans around who'd have ideas or suggestions to make (even if it's only detailing why the scheme is too prohibitively expensive to consider). So if you'd like to offer your services, or you have technical advice to give, or if you'd merely like to register your interest, write to Mike Glycer at 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, California 91342. Or better still, send him a tape.

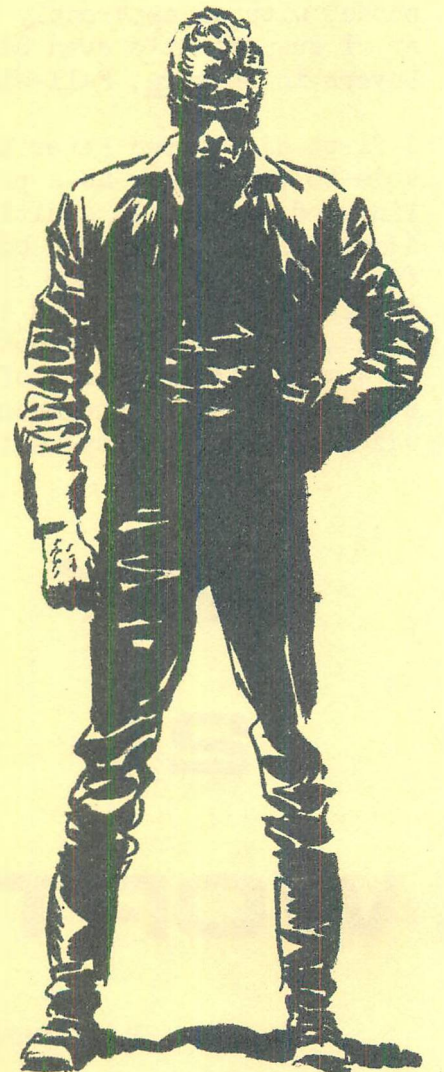
Conventionally speaking, PgHLANGE III has been and gone and was an excellent regional while NOREASCON approaches rapidly and will be over by the time most of you read this. We'll be there, taking notes and watching things very carefully since the withdrawal of the Dallascon bid seems to assure Toronto of the 1973 Worldcon.

The third PgHLANGE was the smallest con I've ever attended, and all the more enjoyable for the resulting intimacy of the gathering. But although it seems de rigeur nowadays to put down the Worldcon for its unwieldy size, I'm afraid I just don't share those sentiments. Sure overcrowding is a problem at the Worldcon, but it's also true that the Worldcon is the only chance most east coast fans have to meet their fannish friends from the west. For me, at least, this outweighs the difficulties caused by the madding crowds. So while I thoroughly enjoyed myself in Pittsburgh, I'm still anticipating Boston and the chance to renew friendships with many fans I haven't seen since the St. Louiscon. It'll be more than frantic with 2000+ on hand, and there'll probably be fans I would like to meet but may never even see, but it'll still be damn nice to chat with Tim and Bjo and George and Astrid again.

Apart from the congenial company, PgHLANGE was especially enjoyable for me for another reason. A firm of New York exporters, Kaufman, Emerson and Cohen by name, arranged for the importation of a stock of Ballantine IPA, and at various times throughout the convention strange, weird Pittsburgh and New York people would pop out of nowhere and present me with a bottle of the ambrosia. At the risk of getting maudlin, I'd say that that was one of the nicest things to happen to me in fandom, and I appreciated it very much. And it strikes me that it is traditions such as these which add to fandom's essential worth and thus they should be nurtured and supported and encouraged and extended and...

In all honesty, we are sad to see the Dallas people go. Not only because we realize the amount of time and effort and money they have put into their bid, but also because it weakens fandom to have any Worldcon won unopposed. However, we do promise to make the 31st World Convention the best damn Worldcon ever and we thank all those who supported and helped our bid in the last year. If you're at the Noreascon, drop by our party and enjoy a little Canadian hospitality; and start planning your 1973 vacation to include a trip up to Canada and Toronto in '73!!

I'd like to finish up with a short word of praise for Charlie and Dena Brown and LOCUS. It must be a thankless task putting out a regular weekly or biweekly newszine whose contents are mostly dryly factual and where the only resultant egoboo is a renewed subscription. I certainly wouldn't want to do it. But the Browns have undertaken to provide this service--obviously widely appreciated--and I think they do a damn fine job. Except in the broadest sense of the word, I don't consider LOCUS a fanzine. It's a newszine, a service publication, and as such has to be run on a different basis from a "normal" fanzine. This has caused a lot of people lately to say quite a few denigrating things about the Browns and LOCUS and I think that they're all missing the point. LOCUS may not be everyone's cup of tea, but it does do what it sets out to do and it does it well. So...a short word of praise for Charlie and Dena Brown. Good.



I saw Dian de Momerie today. She was standing in the window of Eaton's downtown store, wearing a very slinky, very '30's black sequin gown. The dress was expensive; so was the mannequin. She looked quite real as she gazed with cool indifference over Yonge St -- a little jaded, a little bored, a little consequences-be-damned, a little of all the things which made Dian a heroin addict, a high-society pusher and a corpse in Dorothy Sayers' MURDER MUST ADVERTISE. And I wondered, as she stood beside her golden pillar advertising fall's new elegant evening blacks, whether all this nostalgia for "No No Nanette" and long skirts would mean a revival of 20's and 30's popular literature too? Like "thrillers" and the Lord Peter Wimsey novels?

Not that Dorothy Sayers' mysteries need reviving. The 11 Wimsey novels and 3 short story collections have been in print continuously since the publication of WHOSE BODY in 1923-- in fact, most are currently available in paperback, an indication of enduring popularity. And this despite the drawbacks of time and place. As Leslie Charteris noted in his introduction to the 1960 reprint of THE SAINT IN LONDON (1934), a book of this period is "out of tune with the reader's subconscious standards of realism." He asks those readers to remember, when some background incident clashes with their assumptions about the world, to remember how much the world has changed since the Saint's heyday. As Sutherland Scott notes, classifying mysteries in BLOOD IN THEIR INK, Miss Sayers' books belong not with the "cosmopolitan mysteries" of Agatha Christie nor the "typically-Anglo-Saxon product" school of Scotland Yard investigations, but to the "airy-fairy" class which "applies British institutions and the British mode of life, sometimes in an extremely exaggerated form, to the detective novel", and are often not well received abroad. It is difficult, reading a Sayers' novel, to reconcile a frenetic drug-culture with an apparently static rural countryside, apparently full of nothing but quaint vicars and fetlock-pulling lower classes; and to reconcile a hero who dashes about in a fast car (albeit a vehicle with a running board, and at 40 m.p.h.) and uses the telephone, with an apparently languid, effete snob being waited upon by a Faithful Retainer. I suspect it's even harder if you're an American --vide John Boardman's essay on Sayers in Unicorn, Fall-Winter 1969.

I first discovered Peter Wimsey when, having just celebrated my 15th birthday, I was able to start work as a page, a putter-away of books at the Ottawa Public Library, Carlingwood Branch. In addition to a fortune of 65¢ an hour, I got the opportunity to handle all those lovely books, and snaffle the ones that looked interesting. I looked for series books, since I like people, and continuing character development, even in my mind-rot fiction; and I found THE FIVE RED HERRINGS, the dullest of the Sayers' books, filled with cardboard arty types and preoccupied with such stimulating topics as a minute examination of railway timetables. (Even Sayers herself criticised it as a step backwards to the mechanical puzzles she disliked) Still, relieving the dullness was Lord Peter Wimsey, with what one reader (male) described (to Miss Sayers' disgust)

as his "elfin charm", doin' a spot of detectin', what? Besides, Sayers published her mysteries between 1923 and 1937; and even at 15 I had developed a connoisseur's interest in this erudite, polished, literate blooming period of the British murder mystery story. I persevered; and was rewarded.

MY

2¢

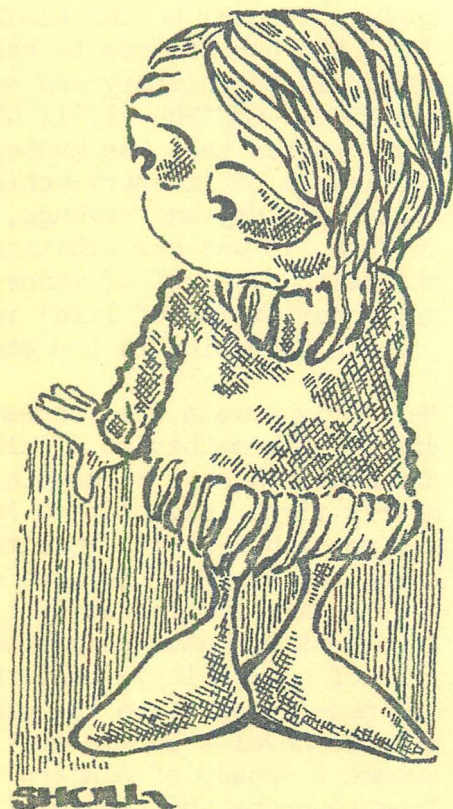
WORTH

BY SUSAN GLICKSOHN

Peter Death Bredon Wimsey, D.S.O., born 1890, 2nd son of Mortimer Gerald Bredon Wimsey, 15th Duke of Denver, etc., is a most unusual hero. His first appearance in WHOSE BODY? reveals an absentminded young man-about-town whose "long, amiable face looked as if it had generated spontaneously from his top hat, as white maggots breed from Gorgonzola." Somewhat offputting, that description. Peter is, in fact, quite believable sensitive about his appearance--slight, with a receding forehead, prominent chin, and a

mass of sleek tow-coloured hair, the sort of face which "Labour papers, softening down the chin, caricatured... as a typical aristocrat"-- and lack of height, which almost presents his solving the murder in BUSMAN'S HONEY-MOON. Human beings, if not thriller heroes, are ugly, though; and Dorothy Sayers, even when just "putting my puppet through all his tricks and exhibiting him in a number of elegant attitudes" as she later admits in an essay on GAUDY NIGHT, creates a believable human being.

The choice of a lord for a hero can safely be attributed, not to wish-fulfilment on the part of the middle-class author (of which more anon) but to convenience. After all, as Sayers points out, he must have the "accidental attributes necessary so the amateur detective can get through his work without too much outside help-- money, leisure, physical endurance, and the tricks of this or that trade." Wimsey, unlike, say, Simon Templar or Travis McGee, can get on with investigating and living, undistracted by police harassment or imminent pecuniary embarrassment. Certainly the nobility, as depicted in the lumpish Duke of Denver, his snobbish, rude wife, Helen, and their frivolous shallow circle, are less admirable and less interesting than, say, Miss Climpson, investigator and director of "the Cattery", or Bill Rumm the burglar. Otherwise--well, Wimsey's birth and breeding may be held responsible, on the negative side, for the face, the overbred nerves (manifested both as sensitivity and, under stress, as recurring shell-shock) and the silly-ass lah-di-dah mannerisms (which serve, as with Sir Percy Blakeney, as a cover for the sensitivity and intelligence with which his creator endows him, to the confusion of his opponents; and which, of course, "date" the novels terribly). On the plus side, he is well-bred and well-educated; the arts and more civilized pleasures are so much an integral part of everyday life that he scatters quotations throughout conversations, whistles Bach while contemplating clues, "once owned the finest lyric soprano in Europe,"--and is able to advise Harriet to buy a dress which is not merely red but the colour of "claret...Chateau Margaux 1893 or thereabouts." Above all he has the knightly virtue of courtesy, shown as an exquisite politeness to all women (whether his mother, deaf old Mrs. Thipps, or ugly, capable Miss Murchison the typist), and to social "inferiors" and an amazing ability to be at ease, and to put others at ease, in any situation. Snobbery? Well, there are two classes in a Sayers' novel-- the well-bred, or courteous, sensitive people, and the ill-bred; and neither depends on who your father was!



Dorothy Sayers can, however, be accused of being a snob about one thing: her writing. In 1923, she observes, "the detective story...enjoyed a pretty poor reputation and was not expected to contain anything that could be mistaken for serious reading." Very popular it was, too. Some writers and publishers, fearing its decline, resorted to trick plots (Roger Ackroyd is the greatest of these), sensationalism (the "merchants of death" were still very big) and gimmicks (stories packaged up with "clues.") Others, such as Oxford M.A. Dorothy Sayers, determined to raise the literary standards of the form. These serious writers of "detective fiction" founded the Detection Club in 1928, with G.K. Chesterton (whose Father Brown stories, while amusing, undoubtedly contained the serious 'criticism of life' which was Miss Sayers' ideal) as its first Ruler. Unlike the later Mystery Writers of America, membership was by election only; it was a coveted recognition. In an elaborate, half-burlesque initiation ritual, members agreed to forswear easy melodramatic devices such as "Gangs, Conspiracies, Death-Rays...Super-Criminals and Lunatics" and especially "Mysterious Poisons Unknown to Science."

Practitioners of the Higher Art of mystery writing wrote out rules for the genre, and essays on their experiences and theories; many of these are to be found in Howard Hay-

craft's *THE ART OF THE MYSTERY NOVEL*, which reprints not only Sayers' essay on *GAUDY NIGHT* but her preface to her *FIRST OMNIBUS OF CRIME* (1928, US 1929), usually regarded as the finest history and summary of mystery writing up to that time. (The preface to her *SECOND OMNIBUS*, 1931, US 1932, is also worth looking up.) In the first Preface, Sayers notes that the mystery "does not, and by hypothesis never can, attain the loftiest levels of literary achievement. Though it deals with the most desperate effects of rage, jealousy and revenge, it rarely touches the heights and depths of human passion." In fact, it was her ambition to change those limits. The detective novel should be, she felt, "a novel of manners instead of a pure crossword puzzle," an entertainment and a 'criticism of life' in the tradition of Collins and Le Fanu rather than an exercise in deduction in the manner of Conan Doyle.

Her early novels were, however, "conventional to the last degree" while she learned her craft-- the mechanics of plotting, and so on. *THE NINE TAILORS* (1934) was a major experiment, "a shot at combining detection with poetic romance, and was, I think, pretty nearly right, except that Peter himself remained, as it were, extraneous to the story and untouched by its spiritual conflicts. This was correct practice for a detective hero, but not for the hero of a novel of manners." The readers didn't seem to mind; they remain fascinated, not only by the richly detailed setting of the little Fen village rent by human suspicion and united by natural disaster, but especially by the lore of campanology, bell-ringing-- both elements which, with superb craftsmanship, are made integral to the plot and its resolution. Craftsmanship is essential to a detective novel-- but is art? Should the mystery remain an artificial entertainment or become a comedy of manners? Should it probe the psychology of the hero, or leave him free to probe the tangle of clues? It is debatable whether Dorothy Sayers, in her response to these problems, actually changed the mystery novel for the better, or whether her work was changed for the worse-- whether, as John Strachey waspishly commented on in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, she "ceased to be a first-rate detective writer and became instead an exceedingly snobbish popular novelist."



Though the early Wimsey, in contrast to most crime-solvers, was amazingly well-developed (he even, oh rarity, displayed a deep concern about the consequences of his actions; an awareness that his hobby ends up getting people hanged.) his creator found him static, a "monstrous weariness." She chose to marry him off by having him fall in love with the courage and honesty of a murder suspect as she sits in the dock, proving her innocence. Unfortunately, though, both Wimsey and Harriet Vane in *STRONG POISON* possessed sensitivity and ideals; they, like their creator, realized that a marriage based on gratitude would be "false and degrading." As a result, Dorothy Sayers had to write *MURDER MUST ADVERTISE, HAVE HIS CARCASE* and *GAUDY NIGHT* to humanize Wimsey, and give Harriet, bruised by prison and society's scorn for a "fallen woman" and aware that she has betrayed her own ideals, the self-respect necessary before she could fall in love with him.

It has been suggested that Harriet Vane was Dorothy Sayers, introduced into the series because the author had fallen in love with Peter Wimsey and wanted to realize a perfect love affair on paper. Anyone who thinks the five tumultuous years of the Wimsey-Vane courtship are "ideal," however, must be an emotional masochist; besides, even at the romantic age of 15, it is awfully

hard to fall in love with Wimsey, "all nerves and nose." Finally, as Carolyn Heilbrun, in "Sayers, Lord Peter and God" in *The American Scholar*, observes, Sayers "went no distance at all to make the Vane attractive. That Peter should have loved her may well have been an eccentricity; that Harriet should not be more obviously loveable was a genuine gesture of art." It was convenient to make Harriet a detective novelist like herself-- it gave her a place in Bohemian London and a means for murder. It was convenient to make her an Oxford graduate like herself since, she realized, on the intellectual level alone Harriet had retained self-respect and could feel herself equal with Peter-- and besides, she had always wanted to write an Oxford novel.

The writers' guides, too, say one should write of a background one knows. That formula worked perfectly in *MURDER MUST ADVERTISE*, in which Dorothy Sayers turned her years in an advertising agency into the background of her most successful novel. The setting's appeal in fact obscures the novel's artistry, the careful thematic contrast of two unreal worlds, those of advertising and of high-society drug addicts. Wimsey stands for reality; and it is symbolically appropriate, as well as essential to the plot, that he appears in both worlds in disguise-- as Death Bredon; as the fantastic Harlequin; and as Wimsey-the-silly-ass. Only Sayers found the novel too melodramatic; for most readers it is a satisfying entertainment, blending the believable and the exotic.

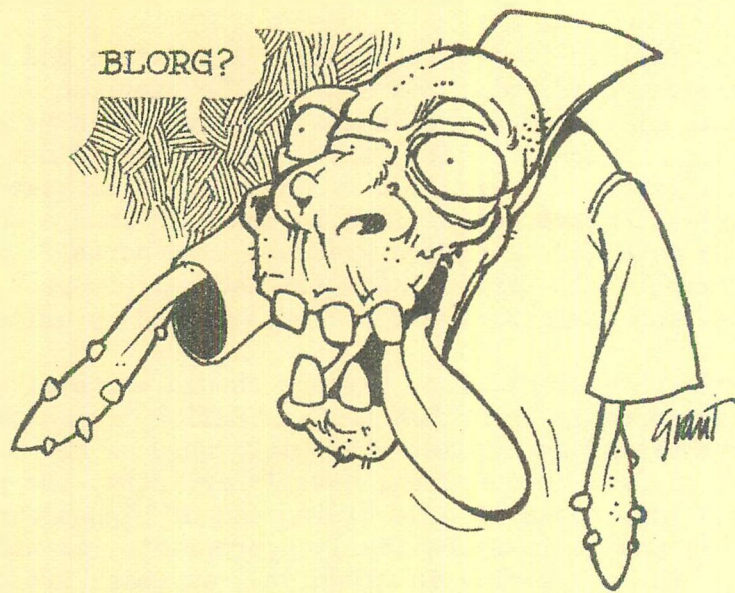
Examination of life, not entertainment, was the purpose of Sayers' most finely crafted novel, *GAUDY NIGHT*; it nevertheless became her first true best-seller. Its serious theme, the need for intellectual honesty as a basis, not only for scholarship, but for all life, forms the basis for the mystery-plot and for the love-relationship-plot, both of which are resolved together in the final statement of the theme. Did it, though, satisfy the mystery buffs? Why, there wasn't even a murder; the conversation was pre-occupied with ways to live one's life, not take another's, and filled with quotations from renaissance poets, instead of "the bright scarlet volumes of the Notable British Trials"; and it ended, not with a criminal being exposed, but with a proposal in Latin. Dorothy Sayers affected to ignore the "accusations of culture" which arose about her-- particularly from the American midwest. Nevertheless, in her next and last novel, *BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON*, she tried to return to a more conventional mystery format. Unfortunately, in this "love story with detective interruptions" her handling of the double plot is extremely awkward. No-one knows a crime has been committed until a third of the way through the book; once discovered, it interferes with the development of the couple's marital relationships, making them seem overly false and melodramatic; and it is solved by the most arbitrary accident. Moreover, the book is cluttered with amusing, but irrelevant, digressions, such as Harriet's overly fey meeting with the Wimsey ghost; and it wavers uncertainly in point of view, a serious flaw hampering realistic psychological development. Things fall apart; the centre, if there is one, does not hold; and neither the love story nor the detective interruptions are really satisfying.

GAUDY NIGHT was the book Dorothy Sayers always wanted to write. It was a wish-fulfilment, though not in the usual emotionally-frustrated-author sense: for her, "the essential Peter" was "the interpretive artist, the romantic soul at war with the realistic brain" while Harriet was his complement, "the creative artist" with "her lively and enquiring mind and her soul grounded upon reality." Their union represents-- and this is indicated in the sonnet they write together-- the ideal unity of the artistic personality, what Miss De Vine calls "the repose of a very delicate balance." In this, and in this alone, the novel's conclusion "does represent the wish-fulfilment of the artist." It also represented, if not an end to the artistic problems of the detective novel cum novel of manners, at least an end to her concern with them. She married Peter and Harriet off, first in a play, then in a novel (which may in part explain the awkward development of structure and character in *BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON*); and then she abandoned them, except for an appearance in Harpers, in whose pages Bredon Delagardie Peter, a son, was born to them. (And if anyone has a copy of this manuscript, I will gladly pay postage and insurance for the privilege of borrowing it!) She turned to other artistic problems: the translation of Dante, critical and personal essays, and religious plays. And she left behind, if not a radically changed genre of detective fiction, at least one very human detective.

SILVERBERG

SPEAKS

an interview by paul walker



WALKER: Certain terms influence much of the thinking and writing about SF. There's "hack" -- "professional" -- "writer, or author". How do you define these words? And what has been your personal confrontation with them? Have you any terms that you especially loathe?

SILVERBERG: A hack writer is one for whom writing is just a job -- whose engagement with his work ends at his fingertips -- whose chief (and often only) concern is with his volume of production, with dollars per hour of output. His outlook is cynical and debased; he regards his readers, and probably himself, with contempt, and joylessly pounds out reams of crap. The divorce between soul and occupation is always a deplorable thing.

Once we had a lot of hacks in SF -- encouraged by editors as cynical and lazy as themselves, whose only interest was in filling the proper number of pages by deadline time. The market has changed, and there are few hacks around these days.

Fifteen years ago, a good many men capable of doing better work were functioning as hacks, but I don't think that's the case today; most of those who do third-rate work now are simply natural-born third-raters.

I was a hack myself circa 1955-59, but after realizing I could never earn a living in the slim and conservative SF market of that era by trying to do individual work, I decided to make myself available for any sort of job that paid, and earned a pretty good living that way. (If I had had real persistence, I might have had the same sort of success on my own terms; I don't know. I wasn't cut out for garret life. And in any case, I was very young. If I had set out to be a True Artist back then I might have produced nothing.) When I was economically independent, I turned my back on hackwork and have steadily moved toward artistic independence -- as have a couple of other producers of potboilers of that era.

A professional, in my book, is a writer who tells an editor what it is he proposes to do, then does it, pretty much in the time scheduled for the job. A hack can be a professional. I was a professional when I was a hack, and I'm a professional today. (A hack had damn well better be a professional; his professionalism is about the only useful commodity he has for sale.) A writer who's self-motivated about his work, which is to say a writer who's an artist, will make his editors deliriously happy if he's also a professional. Such writers can name their own price and sign all the contracts they care to have.

One problem encountered by most writers who have been hacks and reformed is that the connoisseurs, that is, the audience they're now most eager to reach, have already cate-

gorized them as not worth reading, don't read their stuff, and refuse to realize that they've reformed. Henry Kuttner, first of the SF-hacks-turned-artist, was up against this and solved it by adopting the Lewis Padgett pseudonym for his best work. After a while the fans forgave him for his early hackery, and finally forgot he had ever been a producer of yard-goods. Sometimes the ex-hack breaks through with a single extraordinary book; John Brunner laid his old reputation forever to rest with STAND ON ZANZIBAR; I did it with THORNS; Harlan with "Ticktockman". After sufficient audience turnover, the new readers find it incredible that such gifted authors as X or Y or Z were guilty of writing space-opera when they were 22 or 23. But making that transition can be hard on a writer's patience.

Terms I especially loathe? "Speculative fiction" primarily. I think the term is an abomination, a meaningless noise, and I wince whenever I see it. It appals me to see writers coming before the public proudly bedecked in that content-free term. If enough of them start doing it, the public will identify us with it, and we'll be stuck -- one more example of the debasement of the language through consensus of the ignorant. Granted, "science-fiction" is not really an accurate description of what most of us are writing, but it'll do, it'll do. "Speculative fiction" doesn't answer the need. It's a label used for snob-appeal by writers trying to break free from our old Buck Rogers stigma. Instead of doing the best work they can under the science-fiction rubric, thereby transforming its image, they tag themselves "writers of speculative fiction" and hope they'll fool someone into thinking they aren't what they are. I have total contempt for that psychology, and I bitterly resent it when a story of mine finds its way into a volume portentiously and pretentiously identified as "speculative fiction."

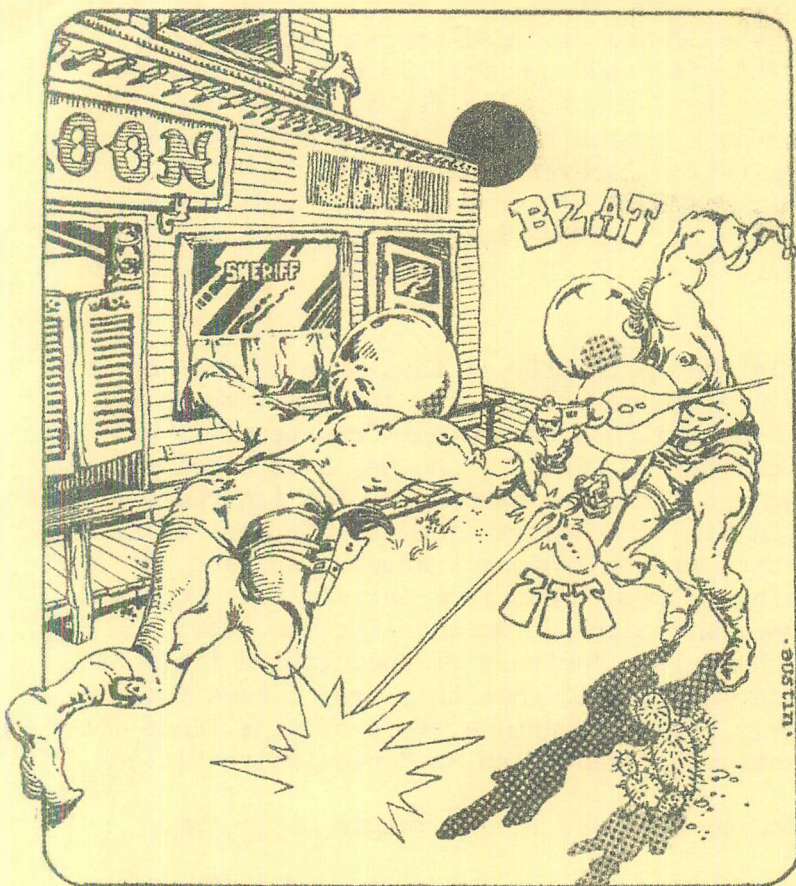
I abhor "sci-fi" too, but for less complicated reasons. It's a vulgar neologism.

And I don't think much of Galaxy's current catchphrase, "The Magazine of Pertinent Science Fiction." All good fiction is "pertinent", but in the excessive chase after pertinence and relevance lies the death of art. I wish somebody would start a magazine of Impertinent Science Fiction. I'd write for it. (I'll go on writing for Galaxy, too. Dumb slogan or not, that's where it's at in magazine SF these days.)

WALKER: Some questions on the mystery and mystique of prolificacy and professional marketing. The broad question, "How do you get ideas?" might be better phrased, "How do you get so many ideas?" but what puzzles me, with all the writing you do, is "When do you get time to think?" Or is it done at the typewriter? Is the prolificacy of ideas, of story development, of putting words on paper, a "muscle" or an "instinct"? And on marketing -- do you, did you, slant your stories? And what precisely does it mean to do that?

SILVERBERG: I've never had difficulty getting ideas -- multitudes of them. They come when I read, when I stare out the window, when I listen to music, when I'm asleep; they even come when I sit down consciously to dredge up a few. It's a matter of juxtapositions, of incongruities, of -- well, you have it: instinct. I do some of my thinking at the typewriter, but generally I begin everything, short story or novel, with a written outline, often a fairly extensive one. I write four or five hours a day, beginning at nine in the morning, five days a week; evenings and weekends are given over to reflection and amusement. So there's no problem of finding time to think: despite the quantity of fiction I produce, I don't spend any major chunk of my day at the typewriter.

The secret of productivity, by the way, I offer freely: regular working hours. I'm not at all that rapid a writer; I do six, seven, sometimes ten pages of final copy a day. (When I was in my twenties, I banged out twenty-five or thirty pages a day, but of course that wasn't anything I took seriously.) Even at a rate of eight pages a day, you can produce a respectable 40 pages a week, if you work my kind of schedule, and that gives you a 60,000 word novel in six weeks. So I could produce nine novels a year by doing a modest eight pages a day. Of course I don't do nine novels a year -- more like two or three -- but you see how an appearance of extreme prolificacy can be created by



the habit of daily production. I stick to my schedule, get my book done, then do my loafing, my traveling, my short stories.

Do I, did I, slant my work? Well, in my commercial days I very definitely slanted everything. I formulated abstracts for myself: "the Campbell story", "the Gold story", "the Howard Browne story", and stuck to those archetypes when aiming at each market. For Amazing, lots of fist-fights and running; for Astounding, a cool cerebral tone and a smug sermon toward the end; for Galaxy, lots of dialog and a snappy last line to blend right into the byline that would follow it. All very calculating. It worked, too, in the sense that I usually sold what I wrote to the editor I was aiming at. I had everybody's slant down pat. But of course what I was serving up was merely a cleverly concocted warmed-over version of what each editor had been running month after month; it wasn't likely to be worth a damn to anyone except a new reader. But

it paid off, in cash if not in artistic satisfaction.

For the past six or seven years I've done no slanting whatsoever. I approach each story as a unique entity, and handle it as I think it needs to be handled; then I offer it to an editor on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. No concessions to his pet theories of how a story should be constructed. No attempt to design it to fit a formularized archetype. I play neither to the editor nor to the reader, only to my material; in effect I'm writing for myself, and if someone else wants the privilege of looking over my shoulder, fine. If an editor asks me for revisions, I'll listen to him politely; some of the time I'll follow his suggestions, most of the time I won't. Damon Knight had me redo "Passengers" four or five times -- little revisions each time, a paragraph here, a paragraph there. I went along with him because I knew he was leading me toward a fuller realization of my own concept. More recently, I delivered a somewhat unorthodox book to one of my publishers; the editor asked me to rewrite completely; I declined to change anything at all, explaining why, and they'll publish it exactly as I submitted it. Ten years ago, I'd never have balked like that. Ten years ago I'd never have written that kind of book in the first place.

WALKER: What of the occupational hazards of so much writing? Do you get back aches? Hemorrhoids? Eyestrain? Cramps? What?

SILVERBERG: Nothing physical except an occasional headache; I don't put in really brutal hours at the typewriter, and so I don't get backaches and stuff like that. The one real problem is a kind of word-blindness: the brain takes on a toxic overload of verbalization, and then words lose their meanings. Can't make sense out of anything I'm trying to read, let alone what I'm writing. I suppose that that happens two or three times a year, during really intense sieges of work, though it's been happening less often now than in the past. When it does happen, I close up shop, get aboard a plane, and head for some remote continent for a few weeks, leaving the typewriter home. So far the treatment's always worked.

WALKER: A little-explored area of SF is the anthology. What goes into the making and marketing of it? What are the drawbacks and the rewards? What are the difficulties and the delights? Is there a structure to an anthology? And do writers ever compete to be in them? Bring pressure on the editors, or display resentment over their placement in a particular anthology?

SILVERBERG: Marketing an anthology is pretty much like marketing any other commodity. One thinks up a selling point, one finds a purchaser, one closes the deal. In my own case the selling point is usually a theme (time travel, men vs. machines, etc.), although it is sometimes a gimmick (SF HALL OF FAME and MIRROR OF INFINITY) and sometimes may be nothing more than my own belief in the quality of my editorial judgement (ALPHA). One offers the project to a plausible publisher; and if the publisher has faith in the editor's taste, reliability and drawing power, he offers a contract. At any given time there seem to be only three or four regular functioning anthologists in the field; it used to be Conklin, Merrill, and Pohl, and currently it's Damon Knight, Terry Carr, and me. Three regulars seems to be about as much as the market can hold.

I don't see any drawbacks to editing anthologies. The delights are several: first, one has a decent excuse to re-read one's old favorite stories, and second, one gets paid a reasonable amount for work that's a whole lot less strenuous than writing novels. I took up anthologizing in a big way after our financially disastrous fire of early 1968: I had to raise a lot of money fast, and editing anthologies seemed morally and artistically preferable to churning out a lot of hack fiction. I don't find that anthologies are as lucrative as novels, but they aren't as much of a strain, either.

The chief difficulty in editing anthologies is in obtaining rights to stories. As a writer myself, I'm in favor of paying writers the highest rates possible at all times; but there are limits to any anthologist's budget. Most agents are cooperative in negotiations, but at least one recently demanded a guarantee of 3¢ a word, against a share of the book's royalties, for all of his clients. My own advance from the publisher wouldn't have covered permission-fee prices of that size, and so with much regret I dropped that agent's clients' stories from the book. As a result of his aggressiveness on their part, they earned 0¢ per word, instead of the 1.3¢ I was offering as an advance and the 4-5¢ they'd have received in later years from royalties. Worse yet, I will now automatically exclude from consideration, in planning future anthologies, any stories by authors represented by that outfit. A pity, but the demands there are unrealistic.

Another time, when I was doing the HALL OF FAME book, one agent who happens to be a good friend of mine but who despises the SFWA refused, on quite Byzantine reasoning, to grant me permission to use two of the stories the SFWA members had chosen for the book. Through some Byzantine manipulations of my own I was able to obtain rights to one of them, a very important one, despite the agent's opposition. The other story never did get into the book. My friendship with that agent was severely strained for a while, too, although I'm bad at holding grudges and we're on good terms, again.

A tough problem in preparing anthologies is getting hold of the texts to give the printer. I have a complete file of SF prozines, but I absolutely refuse to tear them up to use as setting copy (plenty of anthologists have thus cannibalized their own collections) and it's usually impossible to photocopy from an old mag without breaking its binding. So when the time comes for me to assemble a manuscript, I get the material by photocopying from sturdily bound books, or by buying paperbacks and ripping them up, or by getting copies of the original mags -- preferably beat-up, worthless copies, which I feel less guilty about destroying -- and tearing out what I need. I rely on two cracker-jack dealers, Dick Witter and Howard Devore, for most of the out-of-print stuff. But sometimes it's a chore to get a setting copy of a choice old story.

A structure to an anthology? Sure. Except in SF HALL OF FAME, for which (very wisely, I think) I adopted a simple chronological order, my anthologies have all been constructed according to certain arcane and subjective formulae having to do with the length, tone, texture, and theme of the stories. Not that I'd care to set the principles down,

so subjective are they, but I assure you that the stories in a Silverberg anthology don't get placed in any random way.

I don't know if writers ever "compete" to be in a particular anthology. When I'm editing a theme collection, I usually pass the word around to SFWA members, and those who have stories that fit the theme often notify me. I don't regard this as self-promotion at all; I can't remember all the parallel-world stories, say, that have come out, and I'm quite glad to have an author recommend something of his own that deserves to be included. Sometimes I get junk this way, too, but no harm done. Nobody has ever bribed me to get into an anthology, or even offered to; but of course there's a lot of friendly log-rolling, where another writer is working on an anthology and asks me to suggest a story of mine for his while offering one of his for mine. But I've never chosen a story purely on this basis. All other things being equal, I'd rather anthologize a buddy than a stranger; but the essential touchstone is the quality of the story, not the quid-pro-quo being dangled at me to publish it. There are some very close friends of mine, including a couple who have frequently anthologized my stories, who have never been in one of my own anthologies; I'm simply not that excited by their work. And there are a couple of writers who turn me off as human beings, but whose writing I admire, and I've anthologized them frequently.

One interesting dividend of the anthology business, by the way, is the editor's ability to use his budget as a private charity. Again, quality of fiction comes ahead of any humanitarian considerations for me. But if a writer has had a run of hard luck, or has gone broke while writing a long and magnificent and uncommercial novel, or has died and left hungry babes, I take a quiet extra-literary pleasure out of picking up one of his stories for a book. God knows I don't pass up Heinlein or Asimov or Clarke on the theory that they don't need the money, and I hope my fellow anthologists don't pass up Silverberg for the same reason; nevertheless, given a choice between two equally good stories, one by a prosperous writer and one by a guy who's just been hit by a \$5,000 doctor bill, I'll usually pick the second one and chalk up a little smug karma for myself.

I don't know if hostility is engendered by excluding writers. Probably it is. Judy Merrill edited scores of anthologies during my most prolific years as a short story writer, and never picked one of mine, and this bugged me no little bit. Finally she chose one of mine -- for the 1968 Best SF collection, which was cancelled prior to publication. Well, so it goes. It was Judy's privilege not to like my work, and I never took the matter really seriously, though I wondered a lot about her taste. The writers who don't get into my anthologies are excluded because I don't like their work a whole lot, and if they want to be hostile toward me on that basis -- so be it. There are a good many SF writers whose copy I don't enjoy, and some of them happen to be my dearest friends. There are also some whose work I do like a great deal, but who by one fluke or another have never made it into any of my collections. The prime example of that is Fred Pohl: I hold many of his stories in the highest regard, but through a number of odd accidents have never yet managed to anthologize one. For example, I was about to do "Day Million" when it abruptly hit the newsstands in about nine other anthologies simultaneously. Scratch "Day Million." But I meant to use it, and four or five other Pohls, and one day I will; meanwhile I hope Fred isn't feeling hostile over his exclusion.

I don't think anyone has ever kicked to me about his placement in an anthology, or about his billing on the cover. If anyone ever did though, he'd get very little sympathy from me. I don't have much patience with amateurism.

WALKER: Relate two of your favorite Harlan Ellison stories.

SILVERBERG: I'd prefer to take the Fifth Amendment on this one. In any case, I've spent half my life (literally) telling Harlan Ellison stories, and I don't know how I'd ever narrow it down to just two. For example, I could tell you: 1) The Time I Didn't Let Him Drown 2) The Time He Didn't Jump Out The Window 3) Harlan And The Eggroll 4) Harlan And The Elephant Gun 5) Harlan Calls A Pig A Pig 6) Harlan Versus The Philcon Goons 7) Harlan Denounces The Lewd Skinnydippers. But not now.



THE FARMER'S PLOW

HITS BEDROCK

a review of 'behind the walls of terra'

by leon taylor

"Fiction...may be anything that it likes on one condition,
but this condition is absolute, that it arouses awe."

--W.H. Auden

There is something in Farmer that arouses awe among artists. Choose any one of his Kickaha series covers and see: tempestuous, brawny orgies of outrageous colours and seething smokecones of the unbridled life. They are drenched, with the generosity of a Little Leaguer toward hot dog ketchup, in Fantasy---and it swirls and it sweeps and it's altogether indicative of the cyclonic spree that Farmer often breeds words in. Unlike anyone but Lord Harlan and his co(ho)urts, Farmer writes with galloping sound and fury; but unlike Ellison & Co. who dash the pulse with a mad, tsunami style that batters the sensual dikes loony (stylistically the fantasy Farmer is a sidewalk pedestrian), Farmer whips up a fever of motion---cavalcades of outre landscapes sliding off into the sea, dizzying pinnacle tours astride a condor, madness, madness, madness as it swells, clashes, explodes ... only to rise again somewhere else.

So there is something in Farmer that arouses awe among artists, and that something is madness. But how else do you sway sane in an anti-sane world?... a theory of relativity, you see. But in the cover-up painting for BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA, an element of stabilized, sterilized, social-stamp-of-approvalized sanity (ha!) reappears: Kickaha wears laced football trousers as he springs out from a disc contained by the St. Louis Arch. And then we begin to suspect that this is not the freewheeling fantasy of ere, that Farmer the Reformer has now crashed the partysphere of Farmer the Barbarian ---taking the planet's ecologywith him.

And would you believe it, that is just what has happened.

Every fantasy-teller---particularly heroic-fantasy-tellers---must win a stand on reality, even if it is naked rejection. Fantasy is the man-made alternative to reality, and when writers begin posting the colours in the one camp then they must plan to make war on the other. So for Farmer there are moments when truth kowtows to maybe, when the literature of if fulfills a vacuum that the journal of the 5 W's leaves. And if you wanted to wax pretentious, you might even call this the Theory of the Unfulfilled Man. To illustrate, imagine a framed painting, the type the absurdist playwrights love. From a liberal distance up the aisle it seems satisfying enough, but a few investigative steps reveal a distending overtone building in intensity like a Geiger counter tracking uranium until you confront the picture trace to face... and you comprehend that the "portrait" has linear outlines only, and is absent of colour or grace. Reality, says Farmer, has the same bleak look, and only the imagination can dab in the



meaning. Without the Braks, Conans, Frodos, and Lancelots, we the living are demoted to a bleak existence of mottled grey.

And mottled grey A PRIVATE COSMOS wrought not, which qualifies it as a prime example of the sort of fiction I was talking about in my first paragraph. Paul Janus Finnegan, alias "Kickaha", is a despondent Terrie who has been accidentally transported to a pocket continuum (shades of Burroughs!), which differs from your run-of-the-mill continuum in that it consists of worlds that are the creations/playthings of the Lords, a mischievous, roguish, thievin' crew of Mt. Olympus cutthroats (all close of kin, bless their navels). As you can see from my abundance of adjectival phrases, what Farmer is engaging in here is soap opera virtually sloshing with the blacks and reds of blood and rage---and it's grand stuff, sirrah, really spectacular. As in the visual "Ben Hur", you know you're being corrupted but those sea battles and chariot races are well worth the trip to hell. Decadence in style, you might say...or "a profound sense of the Sacred and Profane", as Roger Zelazny might say (and does say) about Farmer. And he goes on to prove that he isn't just bandying ritual by going up to the altar and quoting Shakespeare Himself in honor of Farmer:

Lepidus: What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Antony: It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lepidus: What color is it of?

Antony: Of its own color too.

Lepidus: 'Tis a strange serpent.

Antony: 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

(And now that I've invoked Shakespeare, I think I'll go on to observe that sf parlor hacks would do well to bolt themselves into a forest and fast for 90 days upon a book of Shakespeare, surely the rarest creative spirit that ever wielded a magic pen. For carving out of hackneyed woodwork an image that recalls with pungency every sublime impression that we try to capture with elastic made-in-Japan ineptitude, the god is man to none.)

Ay, Farmer is peculiarly Farmer. But being peculiar has its drawbridges: for one moat point, Farmer is dedicated to saving us from reality through the portal of make-believe. This gives him messianic status, as if Harlan didn't mind the crowding. And PJF is personally committed; Paul Janus Finnegan has matched initials with his creator and that 'Janus' ain't there from random dictionary flipping, folks. But Farmer is also beset by deep lodes of social conviction, and has been a virile enthusiast of petition-signing, placard-demonstrating, street-bedding etc. And even though his alter ego Kickaha kicks his heels in a completely divorced world of fantasy, Farmer's social conscience eventually leads him back to the place of his origins---Earth. And not for an escapist fantasy either.

BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA is reduced to the level of a comic-book without the finer tints. And what original witticisms can I quip about comic-book heroes? None, obvious-

ly, because it is impossible (no matter what RM Williams may seem to do!) to create out of a vacuum: and the subject of cardboard as well as the substance is devoid of originality. As normally functioning human beings, I think that you have all had daily experiences with shit and its literary manifestations: so call us understood. The only misfit now in our puzzle is in the criminal's motive; why should Farmer, heretofore with a clean and honourable record, now engage in Black Market scampdals? (er, ignoring the usual economic reasons. I assume that all writers are desperados for money.)

And I hope I've nudged at the answer. Farmer regularly whisks out of his agrarian background into the concrete cosmos of Chicagos, where there are Problems To Be Solved. No faerie words in the manhole jungle: any magic to be wrought comes via doughnut-rolled sleeves and precipitation brows ... and one of the work utensils is good ol' bulky Satire. Lumbbersome and given to belching, perhaps, but it gets the heavy-duty stuff moved. Contrast this with fantasy, which may surfacepreciously be wild and wooly and color-lusty, but is always a fragile fabric in conscious contention against the immediacy of reality. Gentlemen, it is a real task to reconcile a contradiction: and for Farmer, the challenge of raising fantasy and reality side by side in peaceful coexistence was too great. Not that the fantasy/reality hybrid is impossible, mind you, but it demands certain delicate manners from both participants. And Farmer's satire stubbles more into the brawny, stinksweat category.

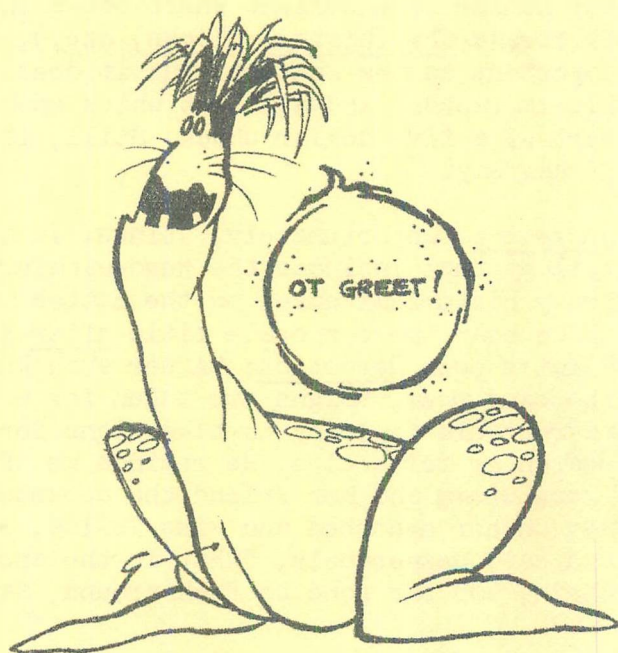
So there you have it, and I hope you're as dismayed as you should be. One or the other had to writhe, and I'm afraid that in BEHIND THE WALLS both fantasy and satire suffered horribly. Because Kickaha and his broad (one of the Lords) were pretty shaggy characters, and the entire series is roughhouse anyway, Farmer had to depict certain contemporary components of our society (motorcycle gangs, rock bands, etc.) in a rather broad satirical searchlight. Only it doesn't search, it just blinds... blinds Kickaha and, were we that naive, the readers to the obvious complexities of said issues. Yeah, you get it. Although it's supposed to be satire, it's so crude that it rips up the ground before it even gets near the target. And that's bad; that's reactionary; and frankly, even though you know what a misshot the product is from Farmer's intent, that's disgusting. It pungently reminded me of some of the Goldwater religious tracts that clear-cut fanatics would hand out on segregated streets, only there's no instruction in this. This is merely very poor writing.

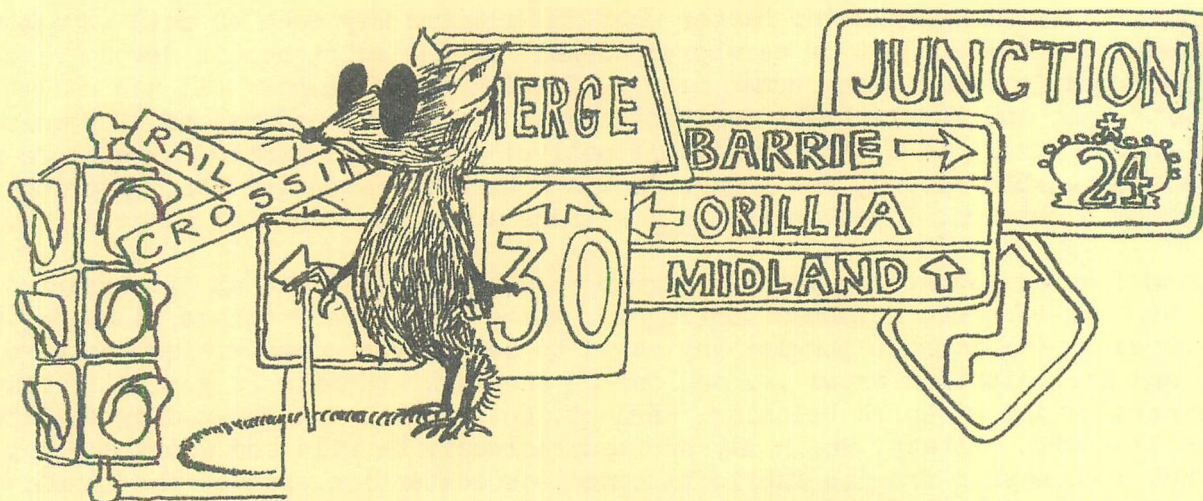
And no, I'm not exercising the reviewer's time-hallowed right to hyperbole. This is bad. In fact, I had a list made out of what I thought were the 15 major faults (not 15 faults, 15 major faults) until I realized that everyone has puked on at least one novel this bad in his lifetime. Perhaps not by as good an author as this, or for as charitable a cause, but creatures of this tripe you've stumbled across before. And I doubt that I could educate you further on them.

Oh yes, there is a dissenter to my opinion. Jack West, a 13-year old neofan, writes:

"For fast-paced excitement and adventure, a hundred thrills a page, I have never seen anything like this book... It's the best book I've come across in a long time. I can't recommend it highly enough." (ASHWING 7)

Well, I don't know. Wonder-filled, dewy-eyed sf babes may think this to be heavy stuff, and if so, more power to them. But as for me and thee, old chum, we have better memories of Farmer.





TRAVELLING BLIND bob toomey

B L I S H A L E P H - N U L L

In an Author's Afterword to The Day After Judgement (Doubleday, \$4.95) James Blish writes that he considers this book and Black Easter (pb edition Dell \$.75) to be a unit, and I am given to understand that he wishes to have them both published someday in a single volume under the title Faust Aleph-Null. But Judgement is a wretched book, and welding it to Easter would be very much like welding wings to a brick. The result might make a fair doorstep, but it just wouldn't fly. And Judgement is a brick if I ever saw one. Feathering it would not make it better. In the end the feathers would only be ruined to no good purpose. But enough of that metaphor---onward.

Judgement, though Blish himself calls it a novel, is not. Nor is it independent of Easter, though Blish says it's that, too. Without the detailed plot synopsis of Easter which serves as a prologue, I sincerely doubt Judgement would make much sense to anyone who hasn't read the previous work. The fact that Blish felt this synopsis was necessary is implicit proof that he was also aware that Judgement won't stand on its own. Furthermore, once you discount the prologue, the afterword, and the many many many dressy pages of white space, you are left with somewhat less than thirty-five thousand words of actual story. This, I submit, is a pretty short book. Of course, there are any number of excellent short books in existence (e.g. Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men, Thurber's The Thirteen Clocks, etc.), so I'll grant that the length isn't nearly as important as the content. But it does seem to me that calling Judgement a "novel" is a bit imprecise, and all that white space (though certainly dressy) seems to me to be sort of a five dollar shuck. Still, if the book is a decent one, I'm willing to meet it halfway.

Judgement, unfortunately, stinks. It is (with Easter), Blish says, volume two of a trilogy that includes the Hugo-winning A Case of Conscience, and Doctor Mirabilis, a heavy historical novel on the latter part of the life and times of Roger Bacon. The three bear the corporate title After Such Knowledge, with the epigraph from T.S. Eliot's poem Gerontion: "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" Another line from the same poem, "Signs are taken for wonders," is perhaps more appropriate. Blish has a regrettable tendency to take signs for wonders and wonders for signs as he casts about searching for a clue. He reminds me of the alleged final confrontation between Gertrude Stein and her friend the cookbook-cum-anecdote writer Alice B. Toklas. Miss Stein lay on her deathbed and Miss Toklas, knowing this was the last chance, approached her and said desperately, "What is the answer? Oh, what is the answer?" And poor Miss Stein, too far gone to fuck around, said, "What...is...the...question?" and died.

Blish, too, would like to know the answer, but like Miss Toklas he keeps asking his questions improperly, and at the wrong moment.

The trilogy, Blish says, is intended "to dramatize different aspects of an ancient philosophical question." The question, Miss Stein, wherever you are, is whether or not the possession and use of, or even the desire for, secular knowledge is in itself evil. It is a very interesting question, especially interesting to someone like Blish, who is of a scholarly turn of mind. But in Faust Aleph-Null it all sort of boils down to the old horror movie cliché that "there are some things man was not meant to know." And he doesn't even scratch the surface. The James Whale film version of Frankenstein (no relation to Gertrude, I'm sure) does it as least as well, and Stanley Kubrick's Dr. Strangelove trumps it in spades.

More to the point is the cursory look that Blish takes at the Problem of Evil, which is really the heart of the matter. He passes over it without examination, because an examination of it would destroy his thesis---in spite of the fact that it is his thesis. Having passed over it, he then proceeds to kick it out of sight, as though if he ignores it, it will just go away. No such luck.

I rate this a rather large failure on Blish's part to face up to the implications of his material. Not only that, it is also a failure of simple scholarship, supposedly Blish's forte.

Now I don't mind it when a man gets a few insignificant details wrong in a field as vast and complex and contradictory as ceremonial magic, but when he casually misdates one of the landmarks of philosophy by a few thousand years, I do begin to wonder. Blish claims that the Problem of Evil is "centuries old," but the truth is it's a wee bit older, having first been promulgated by that jolly Greek hedonist Epicurus almost three hundred years before the birth of Christ. It goes:

The gods can either take away evil from the world and will not, or being willing to do so cannot; or they neither can nor will; or lastly, they are both able and willing. If they have the will to remove evil and cannot, they are not omnipotent. If they can but will not, they are not benevolent. If they are neither able nor willing, they are neither omnipotent nor benevolent. Lastly, if they are both able and willing to annihilate evil, how does it exist?

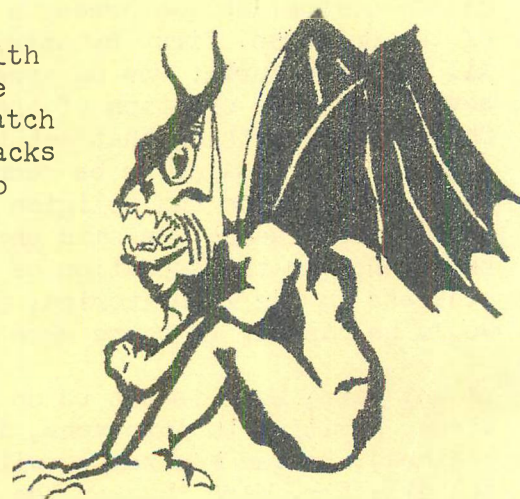
The modernization of this is more streamlined:

If God is God, He is not Good.
If God is Good, He is not God.

But then, we live in a streamlined age.

The Roman Catholic Church answers the Problem of Evil with the Doctrine of Free Will. You do what you please in the Here, and you pay for it in the Hereafter. You better watch out, you better not shout, and so on. God, of course, lacks Free Will, because He can do no Evil even if He wants to ---but that's a knotty one. God is by definition Good, and Good is by definition not Evil, or is it? What is Evil? What is Good? What is Freedom? What is Will? What is God? What is that question again?

Well, look. Those of you who haven't read Black Easter and/or The Day After Judgement and want to and don't want to know how they end should stop here. In order to do this right, I'm going to have to give them away. You've been warned.





Black Easter is told in a stripped down prose that is strong on dialogue and reads very much like the transcription of a stage play. With locales limited to the interiors of just a few rooms, the playlike quality of the story is generally reinforced, and lends it a special sort of coherence. I like this book.

It tells the tragedy of an abortive experiment which involves the loosing of forty-eight major princes and presidents of Hell upon the earth for a single night. The plan is to let them wreak unrestrained havoc. A black magician named Theron Ware conducts the experiment at the request of a wealthy arms manufacturer named Baines. The spark is Baines' immense love of destruction for its own sake, something he hasn't been getting enough of lately to satisfy him. Ware, on the other hand, isn't so pure. He says he wants knowledge, in keeping with the stated theme. But plainly his motive is that no-one else has ever done such a jazzy thing before on such a mammoth scale.

I suppose you could call it curiosity. I'd call it hubris---the Original Sin. You'll recall how it was in the old days. God forbade Adam and Eve to partake of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. They partook of it anyway, and learned that they were naked, and were ashamed, and God in His indignation expelled them from the Garden of Eden, and He told them that henceforth they and their children and their children's children would earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. What a drag. But it wasn't their desire for knowledge that did them in, it was their audacity in going against God's express command. In their unregenerate human pride, they thought they knew better than He what was what, and it pissed Him off. Let that be a lesson to you. Clearly Theron Ware is treading on some awful thin ice here. He will also receive a large sum of cash money from Baines for his services, but this appears to be an incidental factor.

Preparations are made for the experiment in a thoroughly scientific manner, and this is very very right, since the scientific method as we know it is just a recent codification of the antique precepts of magic. Always man has tried to deduce the workings of the Universe, first by attributing All to the supernatural, then by attributing All to the natural. Now we appear to be coming full circle. The more scientists discover about the creation of the universe, the more they are cornered by the First Cause, the Something that set the All in motion. Whether this First Cause has intelligence or not remains to be seen. Albert Einstein (no relation to Gertrude or Franken) felt that science and religion pursued the same goals, and firmly believed in a Supreme Intelligence. He said once that, "The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical." Soon, I suppose, there will be no more atheists in the laboratories, as well as none in the foxholes (though personally I would be happier if there were no more foxholes except for foxes.)

At any rate, Ware is set to do his thing on Easter Sunday, a date when Heaven is in a strong position to intervene, if need be. Under the Covenant (which is given, not explained), Heaven apparently will not intervene unless asked. The final scenes detail the disaster. Ware invokes the demons, who go hog wild. WW III breaks out, Hell ends up in charge of the Earth, Heaven is nowhere in sight, and it is obvious that Ware has

lost control completely. The novel concludes when a high ranking demon announces to Ware and Baines and a couple of other characters that Hell has won on every front, and that "God is dead." The quote is the tagline of the book, and it's a nice one.

So far, so good. We won't quarrel too much with Blish's concrete interpretation of the radical theologian's abstract battle cry, by which is only meant that the traditional Western concept of a transcendent God should be killed and replaced with the traditional Eastern concept of an imminent God. Nice lines deserve some poetic licence. (A poetic licence may be obtained at City Hall between the marriage licence window and the hunting licence window. The fee is two bucks.) Nor will we quibble with any of the small errors or inconsistencies in the book, though there are more than several. Ted White has already quibbled with them at length, and at that he missed most of the best ones. (Incidentally, Ted feels that Judgement is the redemption of Easter, and if I didn't know him better I would think he was just being contrary for its own sweet sake. But that sort of thing is so foreign to Ted's mild nature that I'm sure there must be some other reason---indigestion from an overdose of wild onions and pigweed perhaps.) Besides, Easter was chosen by the Catholic Book Club to be distributed amongst its presumably devout members, which might not be quite the same as receiving a Nihil Abstat, but is certainly the honorary equivalent of an Imprimatur. So---so far, so good. Blish shoulda quit while he was ahead.

But, of course, he didn't. Judgement snaps the threads that suspend the willing disbelief of Easter, and every issue that Easter successfully managed to dodge, glares out in Judgement like a Washington Congressman in a Harlem shooting gallery. God, who was slyly irrelevant in Easter, is absurdly irrelevant in Judgement. And Blish's vast naivety about the workings of the real world, which doesn't hurt too badly in Easter where the real world hardly intrudes on the stage, is the death of Judgement where the real world steps up front, only to get blinded by the footlights. Worse, the cool and nasty humor of Easter degenerates into a desolate and painfully obvious satire that snipes at tissue targets such as bureaucratic paranoia and the military industrial complex without ever rising above blatant caricature or bare asininity.

Judgement opens with the cast of Easter sitting around waiting for the demons to come for them. But the demons don't come. And outside the diabolical activities seem to be abating. They ponder---maybe God isn't dead, maybe the demon was lying. Demons do lie, you know. Sometimes they even quote scripture while they're doing it.

From here Blish could have written a nice solid story of the struggle for ultimate power between God and Satan, possibly with Them using the cast as their agents or pawns. Blish could have seized the opportunity to say a few pertinent things about the human condition. But, no. Instead he settled for a few cheap laughs and a smash finale that misses the mark by a philosophical mile.

The scene shifts from Ware's palazzo near Rome, to an underground SAC base in the U.S. where a gaggle



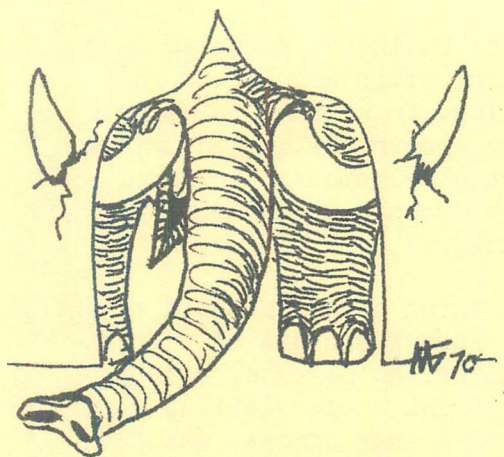
of idiot cartoon characters worry about the recent atomic devastation topside, and wonder about the installation that has just come into existence in Death Valley. Not to leave you in gasping suspense, the installation is the demon city of Dis, as described by Dante, and it is made of redhot iron, and it is impregnable. The idiot cartoon characters plot to assault it with nuclear weapons and an elite corps of commandos, and then they assault it, and it is still impregnable. This bullshit and the wordage dealing with it, which takes up better than half of Judgement, is padding. It has absolutely nothing to do with anything, it doesn't advance the story an inch, and it neither expands upon nor dramatizes the question of the morality of knowledge, Blish's stated theme, nor the actual theme of the Problem of Evil. It could have been disposed of in a paragraph shorter than this one, and should have been.

Anyway, the cast of Easter (without the idiot cartoon characters) travel to Dis separately, and there they are granted an interview with Milton's Lucifer (lotsa literary references here, proving, I guess, that Blish has read a book or two, goshwow). Lucifer speaks in a pastiche of Miltonian verse (proving that he's read a book or two, too. Myself, I think it would be funnier if he tried to pronounce onyx oxcart three times fast.) Anyway anyway, we learn that Lucifer has usurped God, and now must take God's place in the Universe, along with God's attributes. It is not a new idea. And no particular mention is made of how he accomplished this feat, nor of what has happened to God---whether He was annihilated, or just went fishin. Blaaaah.

I could say much about all this, but Blish has said it already. At one point in Faust Aleph-Null, someone remarks that Good unopposed by Evil is meaningless. I agree. Meaningless, too, is Evil unopposed by Good. Zero zero zero. Or to put it another way: what was that question again? Blish teaches us not to care. That strikes me as being rather dumb.

Tsk tsk.





THE SALTY KUMQUAT

A COLUMN OF NEWS AND OPINION

BY TED PAULS

Cons seem to be sharing their hotels with interesting company this year, and I think some sort of pinnacle was achieved by the 1971 DisClave, held in Washington over the Memorial Day Weekend. During Marcon, the hotel was also hosting an organization called Future Secretaries, and 1500 shiny bright high school girls were giggling through the corridors and being exposed to the corrupting influence of fandom. And Lunacon shared the Commodore Hotel with a fire fighter's testimonial brunch, so that at high noon Sunday two thousand firemen in full-dress uniform marched through the lobby while a brass band performed outside in the street. But these curious juxtapositions pale into insignificance by comparison with DisClave, which shared its hotel not with a convention but with one of the world's few remaining absolute monarchs!

Karen and I arrived at the Shoreham along with Brian and Sherma Burley and Charlie Ellis around 8:00 PM Friday evening, and as we wandered through the lobby in search of the convention we noticed the presence of a number of well-dressed Middle-Eastern looking gentlemen and some people who looked suspiciously like reporters. It was strongly suspected that this imposing array, flush with anticipation, had not assembled to greet us. Sure enough, just after we had passed through their ranks they began applauding, and from the opening elevator doors issued the burnoose-clad party of His Royal Highness Feisal, King of Saudi Arabia.

The King and his party shared the Shoreham with us for the first two days of the convention---without incident, I might add for those who worry about the United States' foreign relations. Indeed, the members of Feisal's party seemed to take a friendly interest in the bunch of weirdo hippies who were their neighbours. Well-dressed Arabs with conspicuous bulges in their jackets took time off from providing security on the King's floor to wander around the art show room. One of the King's party developed an interest in a New York femme fan, Mary Radich, and ended up buying drinks for her fan-nish chaperones (Elliot Shorter, Dave Halterman & Barry Greene) in the hotel's super-fancy and expensive cocktail lounge. Another invited two local femme fans, Jan Derry and Betty Berg, to go out to Andrews AFB with him and the US airman who was assigned to show him a jet. They did, and spent an enjoyable morning there.

All of which goes to show...something or other. Now, Michael, about this rumor that you plan to top us by having Queen Elizabeth II as Special Guest of Honor at the next Fan Fair...?

-oOo-

A fannish tradition was snapped off at the ankles recently: I failed to attend a Lunarians meeting. You may not have noticed, but the sky darkened briefly and F. Towner Laney turned over in his grave. As of mid-July, I had not missed a Lunarians meeting since November, 1969, which considering that Lunarians meet once a month in the New York area and I live in Baltimore was a fair accomplishment. Only the club's president, Frank Dietz, equalled my record of attendance, and he lives a trifle closer (half of the meetings, in fact, are held at his house).

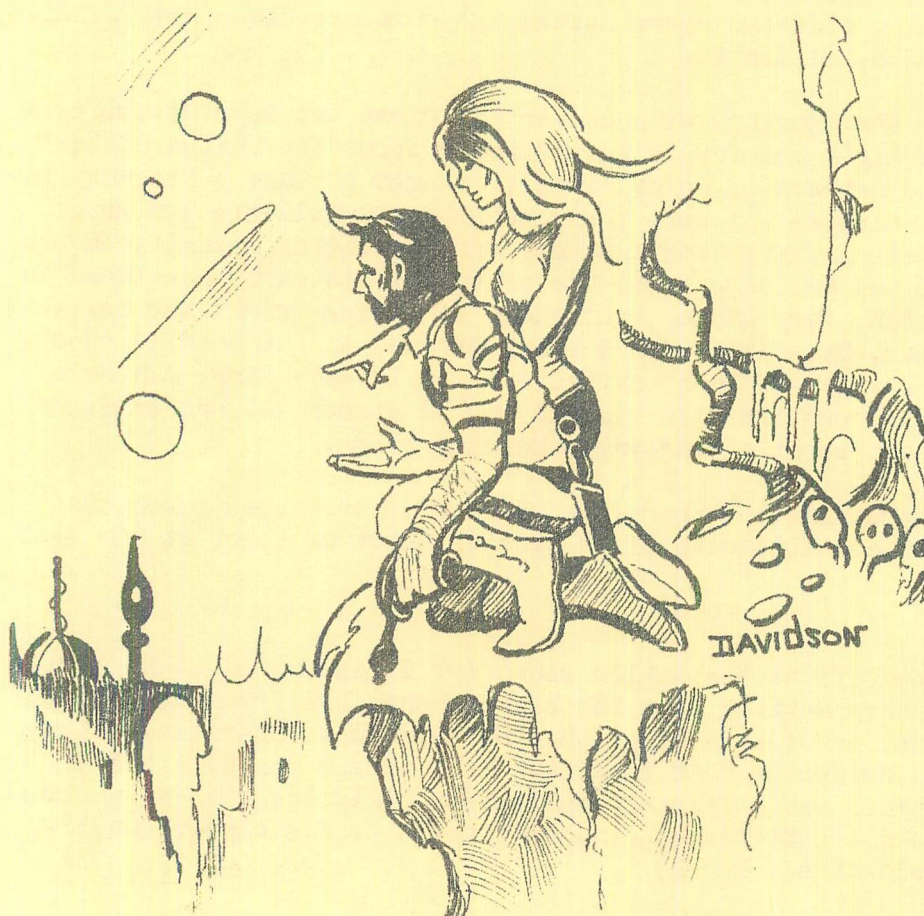
Not that it had always been easy, mind you. Once, when Jack Chalker's Mercedes died on the way back from Washington at 2:00 AM, we had travelled by train and bus to the wilds of Oradell, New Jersey, in order to attend the meeting. On another occasion when Jack's car was in the shop, a bunch of us rented a car. My appearance at the monthly gatherings has long since been taken for granted by the regular members, though I still occasionally managed to shock a newcomer by casually dropping in conversation, "Oh, yes, I come from Baltimore; make every meeting, y'know..."

Now, alas, I can no longer make that statement. The whole thing began, he said to the enchanted circle of neofans, a few days after MidWestCon, when Karen had an unfortunate argument with a tree while driving our venerable Rambler. No personal injury, happily, but venerable Rambler was badly crunched in left front, necessitating several hundred dollars worth of corrective tinkering. Among the things damaged was the radiator, and that radiator was to play a central role in destroying a fannish tradition, although of course we didn't realize it at the time.

We later figured out that when the body and fender people repaired the radiator and replaced it, they somehow neglected to fasten a bolt. So, as we were returning from WSFA the night before the July Lunarians meeting, with Barry Newton, Mark Owings and Irene Reddick, Karen accelerated to pass, the piece of solder that was the only thing holding the radiator at one edge came loose, and said radiator lunged vigorously into the fan, thereby neatly suiciding. By the time we had gotten a ride into Baltimore, found an available towing service, had the car towed in, gotten assurances that a mechanic would fix it, had breakfast and taken a bus home, it was 8:00 AM and we collapsed gratefully into bed.

It would have been possible, of course, to take a bus or train to New York Saturday afternoon, but with the devastation done to the car in two incidents in three weeks, we were feeling awfully impoverished. Not to mention discouraged. Being true fans, however, we did make one last spontaneous effort. At 4:00 that afternoon, we were sitting around the kitchen

with Barry, having finished breakfast, and I decided to call the garage to hear the bad news. To my amazement, I was told that the car was ready to be picked up, and Barry simultaneously produced an ESSO credit card. We all three looked at each other with mad gleams in our eyes. "If we leave right now," I began tentatively, "and take the toll roads all the way"--gathering confidence now--"we could be at the Boardmans' by 11:00 or so..." Without further words, we left, took a bus downtown, and picked up the car. "My Ghod," I kept murmuring in stunned disbelief, "we're going to make Lunarians after all!"



I was wrong, of course. The garage had been a trifle optimistic when they told us the car was repaired. The fan was still striking the radiator when we accelerated. Fortunately, we were driving through the city at slow speeds. Had we attempted to merge into the fast traffic of an expressway, we would have destroyed our spanking new radiator before we realized what was happening. We gingerly drove back to the garage, discovered that the mechanics had quit for the day and wouldn't be in until Monday, and once more took a city bus home, convinced utterly and finally that Somebody Up There Didn't Want Us To Make Lunarians.

It was still a pretty decent weekend. We had a good dinner at the Mandarin House, and conversation ranging from the Mameluks to genetic engineering to mutual friends to poker. But, sigh, my perfect record is shot, and life will never really be the same again.

-oOo-

Life goes on, though, as soap opera characters are wont to remind themselves after miscarriages or attacks of dandruff, so on the next two weekends Karen and I held our housewarming parties.

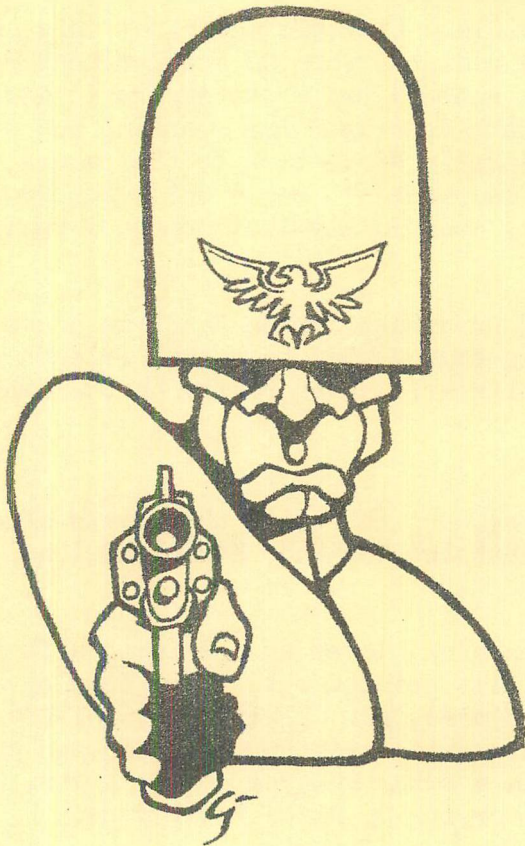
I should explain, I suppose, that my friend, companion, lover and de facto wife (but technically not mistress, as Keith Laumer rightfully pointed out) Karen Townley and I got an apartment recently. (821 E. 33rd St., Baltimore, Md., 21218, tel. 301-235-7572; fan visitors and crashers welcome.) We'll be there until next spring, and then probably move into a "real" apartment, i.e., a unit in a suburban-type complex. Yes, we're going middle-class fascist; I may even give up carrying my Black Power cane.

Anyway, to return to those housewarming parties. The plural was necessary because, while the apartment is fairly spacious (the second floor of a house), we have an awful lot of (forgive me, Michael, I can't resist) faceless friends. So we split our housewarming party into two segments, the first on the weekend of July 24th for local fans, (Baltimore-DC area), the second (weekend of July 31st) for out-of-area people.

Both parties were immensely enjoyable for the hosts (and I hope for the guests), but unfortunately, from a reportorial point of view, unmarked by dramatic or earthshaking incidents. Well, parts of the megalopolis including Baltimore were afflicted by the heaviest rains in a decade during the second weekend, and Karen's brother set fire to one of our plates during the first, but other than that... One thing that did make the parties notable was the introduction to megalopolis fandom of "Hoppin' Gator", a bastard offspring of Gatorade and malt liquor that, in the words of one fan, tastes like "weak, fruity beer". I'd acquired a case of the stuff free and I'm still trying to get rid of some of it. A few of the fans present actually liked the stuff, but the more typical reaction was that of Dave Halterman, who sputtered after one swallow and promptly washed his mouth out with bourbon.

Housewarming parties mean loot, of course, and we received some fine gifts. Apart from the usual (but nonetheless appreciated) necessities such as sheets, towels, glasses, etc., and an iron and ironing board courtesy of the Bergs, we got two noteworthy fan-nish gifts: two sets of beautifully painted chopsticks, which will undoubtedly see use all over the East Coast, and an air chair that leaks from Lee Smoire. No, Lee didn't hand us the box and say, "Here, have an air chair that leaks."! It's just that Lee has this talent for disinflating inflatable furniture. We have two air mattresses which we use for guests. One has a leaky valve but the other is in perfect condition. Lee once slept on the good one, and woke up halfway to morning to find it had deflated. We still haven't figured out how; it never leaked before that night, and it's never leaked since that night. But it leaked the night Lee slept on it.

Anyway, it's a very nice air chair, and the leak isn't rapid enough to really interfere with its use. Actually, there's something sort of interesting about watching one of your guests sink slowly into the floor while discoursing on the latest Amazing.



EXTRAPOLATION PROBLEMATION

by andrew j offutt

1: outerpolution

This fancily-titled disquisition on the difficulties of extrapolation was suggested by the following paragraph in a fanzine letter from Walter Breen:

"I wish Perry Chapdelaine had specified why SF dealing with the bloke born 20 years from now is hardest to write. Extrapolation to social and technological conditions of that time is in some ways easier by sheer logic than for later periods. Or is it that one's extrapolations become obsolete by the time your story gets to the editor?"

Yes. And by the time the editor gets the story to the people. That's a little problem that some "reviewers" should be aware of, not to mention take into account during their egotripping. First there's the timespread between the time the book is written and sent off and the time it sells. Next is the one between the time an editor says "OK, how's this offer grab you?" and the actual appearance of the work in the stores.

One of my novels, for instance, was written in 1969 and mailed to my agent on September 16 of that year. It was bought in February of 1970---that's a swift sale for a previously-uncontracted ms. Three weeks after my agent called to announce the sale, the contract arrived at Funny Farm. I signed it and returned it the same day it arrived; March, 1970.

The book was both contracted and paid for (the advance royalties, I mean) in 1970---and the advance money spent. It was not published in 1970. It is not on the publisher's list for 1971. That publisher has cut back on sf (and gone back to highbutton shoes), and I now understand he/it is trying to peddle a number of mss to another publisher(s). My novel is among that lot.

Now fortunately that isn't the sort of book whose "science" will be affected by the whatever-it-is-maybe-four-years? time betwixt writing and publication. (We won't discuss what it's doing for my career.) Please consider this, though, for a moment, and then we'll get on with extrapolation difficulties: within any given period of three years, any of us worth a dam change, and some of us change considerably. Within any 3-year period some writers, those who are interested in improving and consider Writing an art, will most certainly improve.

Can a book written in 1969 and published in 1972 or -3 ever receive anything approaching a fair "review"? Suppose it comes out just two months after a Good one written by the same writer, written just six months earlier. People are going to scream and compare him to himself, aren't they?

But that's a subject for another article. To the matter at hand: Progress --or "progress"-- isn't logical progression. For instance, how could a guy who thought panty-raiding was a wild and dangerous student activity in the early '50's --and it was-- ever foresee the current substitute for "undergraduates kicking up their heels"? See?

(In 1956, Clancy Sigal's GOING AWAY showed that student apathy and the demise of the Left were irreversible trends. Oops!)

2: sextrapolation

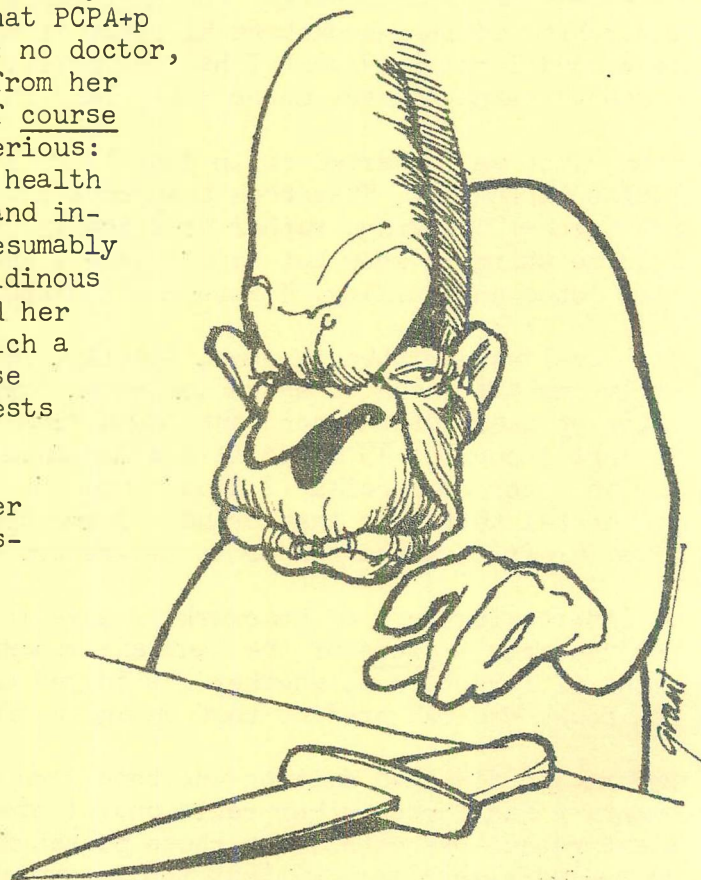
You realize that I am a newcomer to any claim on being a professional writer. I sold my first story in 1954, yes, but in the years between then and 1967, I sold a total of less than ten short stories and novelets, several of which were collaborative. (I did write more than that, but...) Since the summer of 1967 I've nearly doubled the short-story-and-novelet sales, and sold (as of 4/71) 32 novels. Hence I can't talk about things I did long ago and with which you're all familiar. But I have already encountered some...strangeness, in books written and sold since the summer of 1967.

For instance, LET THERE BE LICENSE --excuse me, I mean EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS, the publisher's execrable title-- was written in October 1969, mailed in November, contracted for in May and published in December 1970. One item in that book was perfectly reasonable to anyone who'd read, say, Taylor's THE BIOLOGICAL TIME BOMB: I "invented" a chemical aphrodisiac in 1980.

The novel had been in my agent's hands precisely two months when Newsweek told me about Doctor Tagliamonte and associates. They had a lady in hospital with a nasty intestinal tumor. The tumor was boosting her body's serotonin; call it "bad blood stuff." Doctors T et al found that p-chlorophenylanine (call it PCPA; they do, and it's hard to call it anything else) helps put down serotonin, when combined with another drug, pargyline. So they treated their patient with it: PCPA+p.

Newsweek forgot to tell me what became of the lady's tumor or her serotonin. What happened was that PCPA+p turned her on sexually! To a serious extent: no doctor, nurse, interne, janitor, etcetc was "safe" from her sudden acute desires. (Yes, I am serious. Of course I have the article.) The problem was this serious: in the interests of both decorum and mental health (both hers and theirs), they moved her husband into the hospital to accommodate the lady. Presumably this exerted a palliative effect on her libidinous leanings, although we are not told how fared her husband. (Can you imagine a situation in which a man might beg his spouse's physician to cease giving her needed medication --in the interests of HIS health?)

Tagliamonte and associates summed it up after they'd given PCPA+p to rats: the effect "lasted for several hours and usually reached a climax with all the animals in one cage attempting to mount each other at the same time." (Don't ask ME if the pun was intended!) One of the big fat pharmaceutical companies pounced. Research, as you might imagine, moves apace. So...a chemical aphrodisiac by 1980, as offutt predicted? Bull! It'll be on your friendly druggist's shelf by 1975 at the latest,



and I'll predict again: it'll require a ~~shaman-priest~~ doctor's prescription, and only married folks will qualify, freedom fans. And it will save a lot more marriages than Dear Abby and THE SENSUOUS WOMAN!

(I immediately wrote a novel based on the little Newsweek article, a lightweight pen-namer, now out as THE JUICE OF LOVE. It sold instantly.)

In August, Paperback Library sent me page-proofs of EVIL IS. I proofread them that night and returned them next day with a note requesting a change: to "by 1975." They couldn't be bothered. That would have cost a few bucks, as would have printing the book as I wrote and submitted it, with each division beginning on a new page. It is a tiny aspect of the novel, anyhow. But in a few years people reading it for the first time will have a giggle at a science fictioneer who couldn't think big enough.

Some of us, Walter Breen, try very hard to do our homework. But extrapolation just won't make it. Things change, and quickly, and there is always that damned serendipity to contend with. Doctor Fleming's mouldy soup, indeed! Mrs X's intestinal tumor, indeed! An invention or a breakthrough we predict for tomorrow doesn't happen ... while others, things we didn't think of at all or predicted for the far future, DO occur: tomorrow morning at 7:35. Or a man dies, and blows a plot or a whole series of "predictions" based on a situation based on his living. Nasser's death. Kennedy's. The worlds of What If are a part of science fiction; yet how can we foresee the real ones that pop up as a result of some fundamental change? Some of us try. (Others show a guy walking into a room and turning on a light --in a story supposedly taking place in 2500 or 2300 or 2030.)

3: oxytrapolation

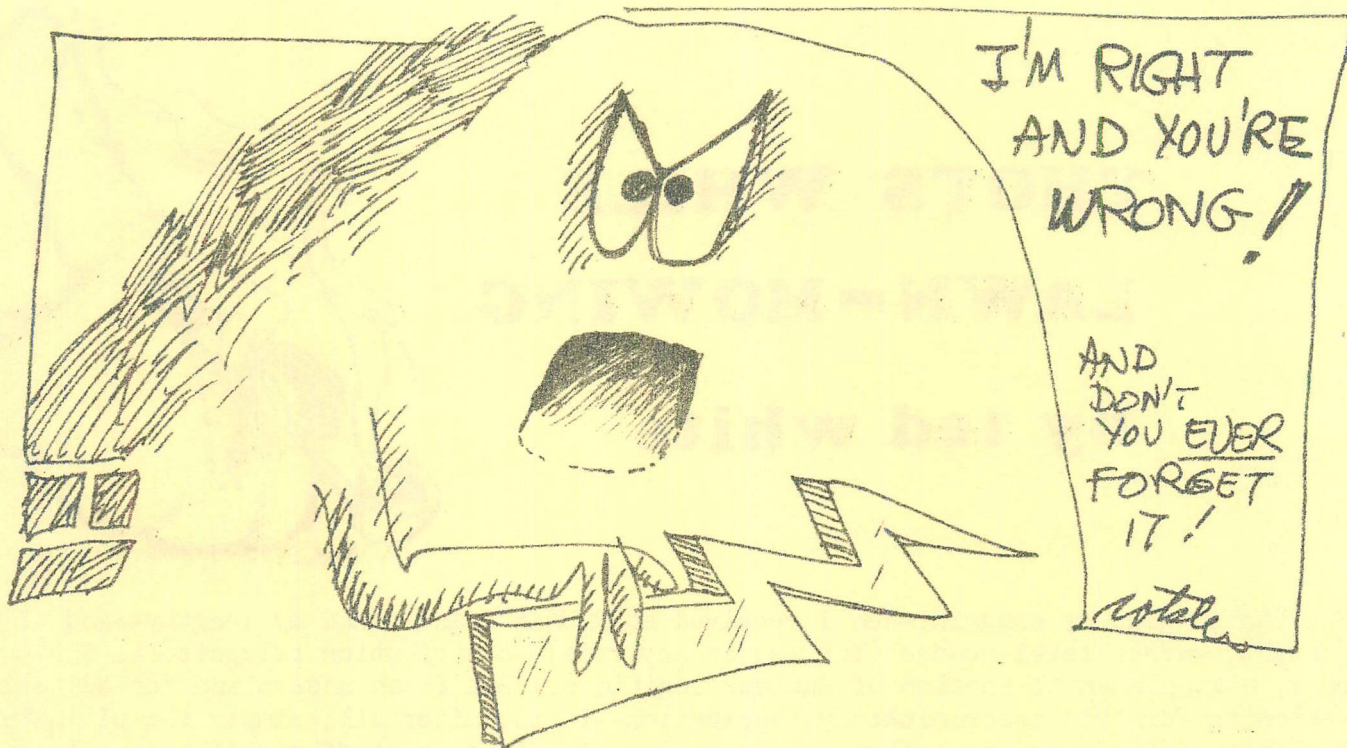
Here's another specific. For two years I collected notes for two sf novels, social statements, because I'm one of those who feels that a writer should Say Something. I slipped the notes, in various forms, into the Idea ringbinder under "Time of the Cities" and "The Castle Keeps". I was about ready to start one of them when Ballantine sent me, gratuitously, THE ENVIRONMENTAL HANDBOOK. I read it, as usual, with pen and yellow college-bookstore hi-liter. I threw away some of my notes and added a lot more. And I realized that I had ONE novel, not two (ouch); a sort of vastly magnified town-mouse-and-country-mouse story laid in our near future.

Then, just as I started it in June 1970, I finally got around to reading THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE. That book changed a lot of my antiquated English-major and Frederick Wertham thinking, rather drastically. Like studying psychology: Ardrey's big book told me things I knew but didn't know I knew. I put off starting the novel, adding more notes and mulling. I reread THE NAKED APE, realizing its connection.

The novel was written in June, finally, and it flowed, with one brief hitch. I quit early one afternoon to watch the Reds; they were playing some team in New York City. I became aware of the constant sound from the telly: overflights. In one and one-half innings I counted 13 takeoffs and landings (and lost track of hits and errors). During the beer commercial (I didn't need it, having just switched my sin-cere and mon-you-mental thirst to that brand), I ran upstairs and brought down the unfinished first draft. I added ten or so references to overflight noises.

An interesting form of homework! I live in Eastern Kentucky Appalachia, you see, and we just aren't aware of the constant godawful noise you city people "have to" put up with. (I forget, now, whether I said yes or no to the SST in that about-30-years-from-now book. Who CAN predict that on-again off-again situation?)

Before I'd finished editing the book down to 75,000 words, two articles and a TV documentary had forced other revisions. I even went overboard and stuck in corner instant-rescue oxybooths, for those pedestrians so stupid as to leave their sealed apts or sealed electricars without their oxy masks. Pretty wild, huh?



Precisely one day --ONE DAY-- after the completed ms was mailed, my secretary brought in a little article for my edification. Seems that the air in Tokyo is so ghastly with pollution that instant resuscitation booths are as common as cigaret machines. You stagger wheezily up, busily dying, shove in your coin, and shove your face into clean oxygen in order to avoid collapsing on the sidewalk. In 1970. (We sure punished them for Pearl Harbor, didn't we? We brought the poor buggers into the XX Century, hurrah.)

I sent my agent a changed ms page. Berkley has the book scheduled to come out this year. I'd already included one last-minute change/addition: the same day we mailed the ms, I opened Newsweek and here was this telephone company ad, about the big-city horror of the apt-ripper (they play a large part in THE CASTLE KEEPS, they and the roving rippers-off, the Gypies). Snarling, wishing I'd thought of that (the phone company's "solution?"), I shoved the ad in with the ms and referred to it in the transmittal letter.

Now. Should I wish for a standstill of scientific "advances" and our country's breakdown, along with the book's being rrrrushed into print, so that current events don't obsolete more portions or render stupid some of my "inventions" and extrapolated situations? Or should I hope for a rush such as that I talked about back in Part 1 (snails and tortoises make that publisher dizzy), so that I can keep updating--forever?

No, there's a hell of a lot of validity in what Chapdelaine said about the difficulty of writing about the pretty-near future. Suppose tomorrow someone nails down teleportation. OK: do you see him as he teleports, that is, does he travel physically and visibly from here to there, or is he just there? Either way blows a lot of stories, and one way blows two of my novels.

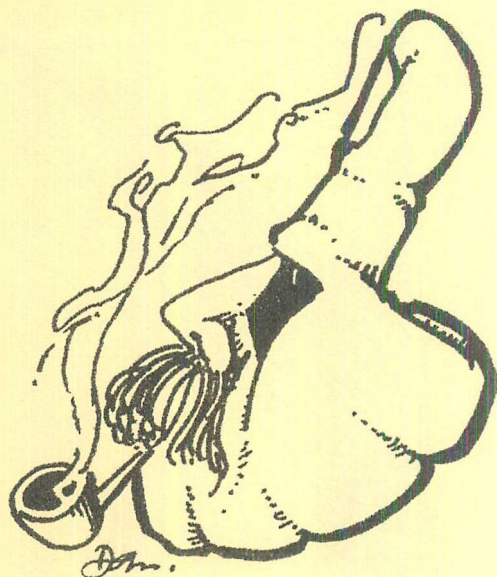
I think I'm gonna write some marvy 25th century spacewar goodies --NOT with electric light switches-- and timetravel stuff. This business of trying to Say Something by placing a story tomorrow or the day after is hectic or worse.

And I'll bet John Brunner found at least five things that should have been in STAND ON ZANZIBAR the day after he finished proofing the final galleys.

So stand by for my juvenile sf novel --about Valhalla!

THOTS WHILE LAWN-MOWING

by ted white



You can imagine my chagrin when I received *ENERGUMEN* 8 and found my lengthy--and, I had thought, rather level-headed (for me, at any rate)--contribution relegated to the Out-back, a supplemental section of dubious legitimacy. But I can understand the editorial reasoning for this descrimatory segregation--it is, after all, simply the ultimate response to the very suggestions I was making. I said such stuff didn't belong in *ENERGUMEN*--and Michael proved me right.

One reaction which that piece provoked from one fan was that I went on at entirely too great a length, and that the entire opening section (two pages, plus) was irrelevant. "That would have made a good article on its own, you know," he said to me. "Why didn't you just write a piece about mowing lawns? What did it have to do with Ted Pauls?" And he then proceeded to tell me all about the way good writing is done and how proper articles are constructed ("First you outline your topic," he said. "That helps you organize your thoughts constructively...") and I listened politely until I could seize a convenient excuse to break away from him.

There was a time when I would have agreed with him, after all. There was a time when I second- and sometimes third-drafted everything I wrote in order to organize my thoughts logically and present a soundly-reasoned argument. It took me a long time to realize that while this may be the way one writes school papers, it isn't the way one needs to write fannish articles. Nor, in fact, is it even all that desireable, unless what one is after is in essence a well-constructed "paper" on a subject.

The man who turned my head around in this regard is Elmer Purdue, known familiarly to his friends as "God".

I would genuinely hope that someday soon Arnie Katz or Terry Carr or Harry Warner will devote himself (or themselves--three pieces would not be too many) to a good solidly researched article on Elmer Purdue, because this man is perhaps as legendary a fan as any fan has ever been, and unlike most Legendary Fans, is still alive and fanning to this very day (albeit in FAPA, mostly).

I knew of him first as FAPA's most famous deadwood member, back when I joined that apa in 1955. Elmer was well-known for putting out membership-saving eight-page fanzines which were triple-spaced and typed in that huge (six characters to the inch, half the number you'll find in this fanzine) "primary" typeface, thus getting by on roughly half the wordage usually needed to satisfy FAPA's scanty (eight pages a year) membership requirements.

At first the content of those meagre pages escaped me, and as I recall my earliest reaction was one of scandalized rebuke. I was, at the time, filling each mailing with

reams of paper, and the notion of one fan getting by on so little seemed intolerable.

Then I began reading Purdue.

He puzzled me. His writing seemed at once so controlled and yet so aimless. He would begin with what seemed an intriguing topic, then seem to shift away from it into another, and then yet a third, and so on. But the closing paragraphs suddenly pulled those seemingly diverse topics together, unifying them, making complete sense out of their juxtaposition.

In that pre-McCluhan era, Elmer Purdue was writing "mosaic" articles. His logic was circular, but not aimless. Often he made his points by indirection, allowing two parallel lines of thought to bump against one another to create (by inference) his actual point.

I think his style is brilliant.

This evaluation did not occur to me overnight. And I will not pretend to understand Elmer well enough to hazard a guess as to whether he writes this way intuitively or has it all under complete control. But, ultimately, I think that Elmer may be one of the finest and most subtle writers fandom has ever produced, and in some small ways I have tried to accomplish some of the same things I believe him to have accomplished.

For that reason it has been years since I pursued the rigid, linear, step-by-step progression of article construction which my erstwhile adviser was recommending. If my work still seems to pursue the same logical threads in large part, that is because my personality is such that I continue to think that way, by and large. But I refuse to be bound by such petty rules of logic when it comes to the pattern of construction I employ. Better are the esthetic rules which I've learned from Purdue. And the first and foremost one might be given thusly: "Sneak up on your subject from behind; surprise it a little."

Our powermower hit a hidden pipe in the grass and is laid up in some repair shop from which I doubt it will emerge before summer is over (the lawns are becoming thickets, meantime), so the following thoughts are not precisely those I first entertained while lawn-mowing, the title of this column to the contrary notwithstanding. However...

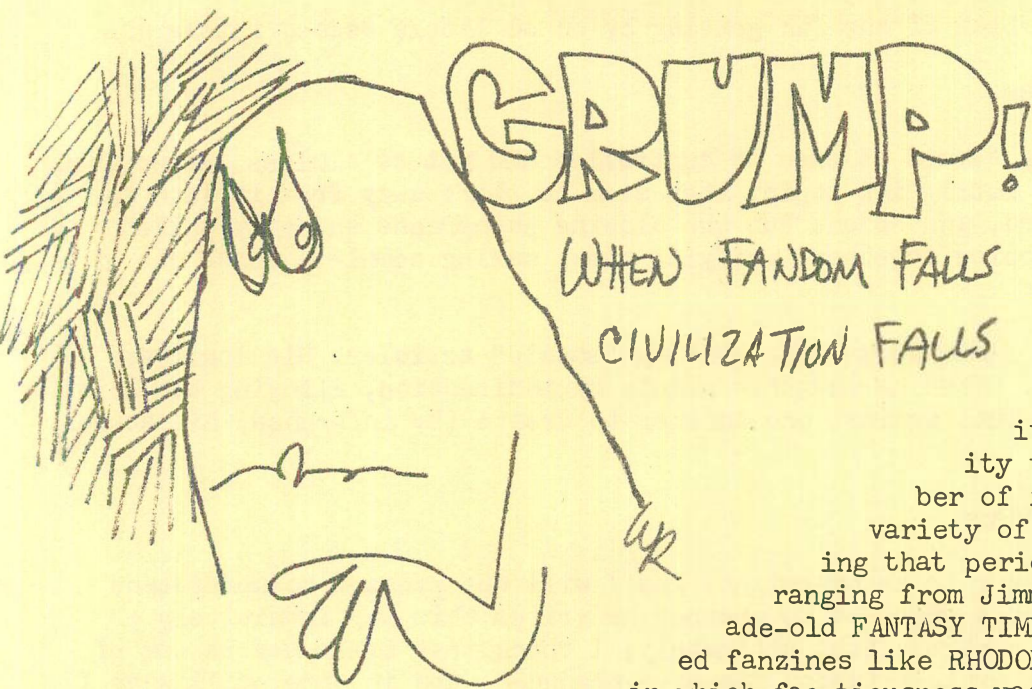
In his editorial in #8, Mike says, "When the controversy that ends here in THE LAST WORD made its initial appearance, I thought it might result in a discussion of 'fannish' vs. 'sercon' and of the current state of fandom and fanzines; both topics of considerable general interest." And, a little later, speaking of Terry Carr, Mike says he is "puzzled by some of his recent statements concerning the relationship of fans and pros."

I would like to address myself to these topics, hopefully without giving sway to another round of personality conflicts, because it seems to me (as it would also appear to Mike), that these are topics worthy of pursuit.

In talking about 'fannish' vs. 'sercon' however, we must define our terms first. Most of the arguments to date have actually revolved around misunderstandings of these terms.

'Sercon' stands for 'serious and constructive'. It was coined in the early fifties by the Canadian Derelict Insurgents (or, if not coined by them, it was certainly first popularized by them), chief among them Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder and Ger Steward. The term as they used it was not purely descriptive. It was derisive and it was applied to those fans who appeared to believe that fun had no place in fandom, that all activities must be conducted on a Serious and Constructive plane.

This was the era of Sixth Fandom, of course--of QUANDRY, of SLANT, of the first fund to bring Walt Willis to America, of the flowering of Irish Fandom and its American co-



horts like Tucker, Bloch, Hoffman, Vick, et al. Sixth Fandom is characterized in retrospect by the aura of wittiness, fun and good-natured foolishness which it projected, but of course that was far from the totality of

its endeavors. In actuality there were a goodly number of fans carrying on a wide variety of fanac of all types during that period (as in any period), ranging from Jimmy Taurasi's already decade-old FANTASY TIMES to the lavishly printed fanzines like RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST and ORB, in which facetiousness was usually out of place.

There were the genzines, like PEON, and the more scholarly SKYHOOK, and rank upon rank (in descending orders) of ordinary fanzines and crudzines. That Sixth Fandom is now remembered for QUANDRY, et al, is simply the result of the fact that QUANDRY and its contributors were doing something which was admired and envied by most other fans (including, believe it or not, Harlan Ellison), and thus more talked about and better remembered.

But not everyone admired the QUANDRY crowd--even if perhaps they were still envied. One such sad sot was Russell K. Watkins, who decided that fandom was having too much fun, and that his sense of decency was in danger therefrom. (The "raciness" of that era would strike us now as sheer innocuousness, so innocent were the times.) Watkins launched a crusade to Clean Up Fandom. I believe it was allied with Christian Ideals of one sort or another, and it is undoubtedly no coincidence that Watkins lived in the Bible Belt at that time.

His Crusade was serious, however, and included threats to inform against fans to the Post Office (which I believe he carried out at least once--Max Keasler had trouble with the PO at about that time, forcing him to change the name of his fanzine as a consequence), and generally smacked of narrow-minded censorship imposed on everyone who wasn't as Serious and Constructive as he was.

Thence, 'sercon', a term uttered in derision against fans who imposed a narrow, puritanical view upon fandom.

Obviously the term has been corrupted. One of the first to do so was Larry Stark, the product of a slightly later era, who believed fandom offered many situations ripe for fictionalizing--in what he called "sercon fan fiction." He used "sercon" in order to contrast his fiction from the more frivolous stuff of the day--most of it parodies or satires with fans' names inserted at appropriate spots. Since then "sercon" has been used in various non-approbrious ways, often by fans who labeled themselves "sercon".

The progression was as inevitable as it was unfortunate. (Other fan terms have also suffered changes or reverses in meaning. GAFIA, for instance--Getting Away From It All--originally meant a retreat from the mundane world into fandom, and now means the exact opposite.) While originally fans often used terms like "sercon" and "fugghead" interchangeably, there are now fans who apply "sercon" in appreciation. Obviously, if the implications aren't agreed on in advance, what is considered a compliment by one fan may be taken as an insult by another.

To me, "sercon" still carries most of its originally-freighted meanings, since I was around when it was coined and used it that way myself. To me a sercon fan is one who takes himself and fandom too seriously and sees little or nothing of the humor implicit in many fannish situations.

This does not mean, obviously, that some so-called "fannish" fans aren't "sercon" in my book. You can take "fannishness" too seriously, and this certainly happens any time someone in fandom mounts a Holy War upon anyone else. The urge to Improve Fandom is about as "sercon" as anything I can think of--and about as futile, I might add.

But the contrast Mike set up--and what I think he was really referring to--was that between fannishness (and interest in fandom in itself) and a more sf-oriented approach, of the sort which leads to fanzines which fill themselves with book reviews and arguments over the worthiness of the SFWA.

It doesn't seem to me that this has to be an either/or situation.

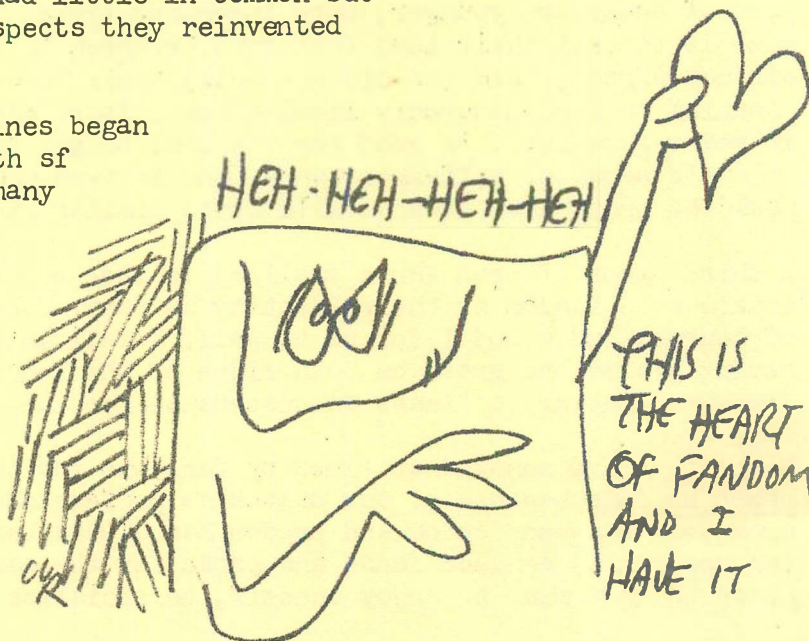
The remark is made elsewhere in #8 that fanzines of ten years ago filled their pages with discussions of both sf and fandom, to the detriment of neither. This is certainly true, and, allowing for all the individual variations to be found in specific fanzines, was as true even two decades ago. QUANDRY, after all, was published by a fan who read sf. When Eric Frank Russell's "And Then There Were None" appeared in an early-fifties issue of ASTOUNDING, his political-economic system based on "obs" (obligations) was quickly picked up in the pages of Q and by fandom in general (it was particularly applicable here, where fanzine exchanges--"trades"--are much like trading obs anyway.) Just as "slan" was a term in constant usage in fannish fandom of the forties, so sf and fandom remained in close touch throughout the fifties.

What wrecked this happy partnership was in part the doldrums into which sf fell in the late fifties and early sixties. Magazines died by the wayside right and left. The 1959 Worldcon, the Detention, was an unheralded wake for sf. And although fans found much in sf still to stimulate their discussions in such fanzines as WARHOON in the early sixties, that same period was one in which generally our interest was turned toward the culture in which we lived. Fanzines discussed politics, but even more they discussed lifestyles--the "beatnik" thing was big then--and the cultural convulsions our country was even then undergoing. Sf seemed far removed from reality, and it along with fannishness itself took a back seat in many, if not most, fanzines.

The explosion of new fans into fandom in the latter half of the sixties changed all this. These new fans had little in common but science fiction itself, and in many respects they reinvented fandom all over, starting with 1929.

The result was that more and more fanzines began reflecting an intense preoccupation with sf and with prodom, and at the same time many neo-pros discovered these fanzines as an ideal outlet for their own pre-occupations along the same lines.

This was as natural as it was inevitable, and I've never bemoaned the fact. I was a part of it, after all. I've been as interested in sf as I have been in fandom since 1951 when I discovered fandom. I've written as much verbiage about sf as I have about fandom--a running column in YANDRO lasted almost a



decade there and was concerned for the most part with sf--and as I became more immersed in the professional side of sf, I found more and more to say about the subject.

What did bother me, however, and undoubtedly bothers many other older, so-called "fannish" fans, is that the general tone of the discussion of sf has gone down--way down.

By that I do not mean the slash-and-blast fights which seemed to characterize SFR for a while. I mean instead that the level of critical perceptivity has fallen, that the knowledgability of what's written has dropped. When book reviews flood the fanzines, the kernals of wheat are quickly drowned in the chaff of ignorance. Too many would-be critics in the fanzines are either ignorant or stupid or a combination thereof. Hopefully most will outgrow this stage, but in the meantime it does become wearying to wade through their verbiage looking for something of interest.

A second byproduct of this intense revitalization of interest in sf has been yet another redefinition of the relationship between pros and fans--to the detriment, I fear, of both.

Pros generally fall into two categories (ignoring for the moment such considerations as talent and ability): those who have been (or are) fans, and those whose contacts with fandom have been (or are) scanty.

In each of these categories there are two additional breakdowns: those who are hostile to fandom and those who are not.

Generally speaking, those pros who keep the most distance between themselves and fandom are the most hostile and abusive towards fandom, and the most exploitive of fandom. They appear to spurn the lowly fan but to take for granted his fawning worship at their feet. Fans are handy, they think, for menial or demeaning chores. They expect adulation even as they hold their adulators in contempt.

I won't name names (although I have done so in the past, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you my private list), but several of these pros made considerable use of the resurgence of sf-oriented fanzines (like SFR) for their own (usually petty, sometimes malicious) ends. But they are less obvious within a fannish context than they are to other pros or people who move in proish circles--as both Terry Carr and I have found to our occasional disgust.

Other pro have exploited fandom for simpler, more obvious ends: self-gratification. Most of these are younger, more ingenuous types, many former fans, and what they have done is to tell their less fortunate brethren in fandom all about how they wrote (or did not write), sold (or did not sell) their latest novel (or short story), usually managing to good-naturedly libel a few editors along the way. I've done this myself, in years gone by. It's good for the soul to get these things off one's chest, puffs up one's sense of self-importance, and is even upon occasion educational to young, would-be pros, most of whom will write similar pieces in the years to come.

A third group of pros (much smaller) is made up of those who never renounced their interest in fandom or their identity as fans. Bob Tucker is the grandfather of us all, of course, and a model for us as well. I fall into this category, as does Terry, and having grazed the grass on both sides of the fence I consider the fannish side to be somewhat greener, at least as sustenance for the soul.

Both of us are annoyed at times by fans who say that we aren't fans (any more), or can't be fans because of our status as professional editors and authors of sf. The dichotomy between fandom and prodom has always been a false one, because one doesn't (or shouldn't) conduct fanac and proac for the same reasons or rewards. Fandom is a place to have fun, to enjoy oneself, to socialize with one's friends and acquaintances.

Prodom is what puts money in the bank and meat (or beans) on the table. Prodom is probably worth taking seriously, and a place for Creative Artists of Ability and Ambition. Fandom is devoid of neither creativity nor, on its own level, ambition, but it shouldn't be confused with prodom, either.

Terry's Disclave speech concerned itself with fans who do confuse these two arenas of activity--fans who take a purely commercial attitude towards fandom (alas, a contemptable stand, and one which has ruined other hobbies for their genuine devotees)--and those who worship pros as ghods.

Terry's message was a simple one: fandom is worthwhile in its own right and nothing to apologize for; if you consider yourself a second-class citizen in comparison with a pro then you are demeaning yourself and have only yourself to blame.

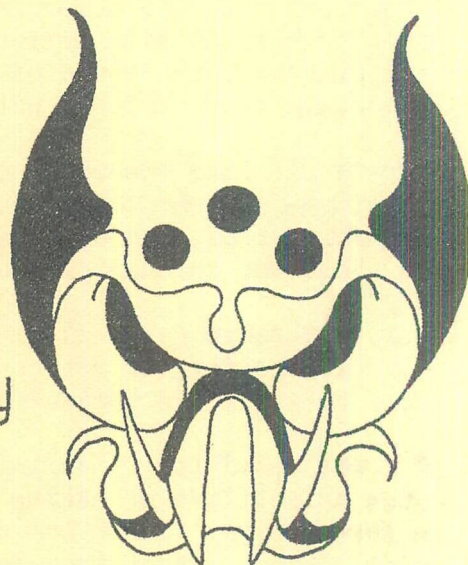
If I was asked for my definition of "fannish," I would say that "fannishness" connotes an attitude of taking nothing too seriously, but of accepting the fact that, in forty years, fandom has developed a worthwhile set of traditions, goals, and pursuits. "Fannishness" is a relaxed attitude, but not a sloppy or slovenly one. "Fannishness" takes everything with a grain of salt but still adheres to that old maxim about doing well anything worth doing at all.

As a fan I take pride in what fandom has accomplished. Not the projects, the conventions, the grandiose schemes, but the individual writers whose works have so enriched fandom. The Tuckers, Willises, Burbees, et al--and there are so many others that to begin to list them is to go on for pages. Fans who wrote unpretentiously and well, for the love of writing well. People like, for instance, Elmer Purdue, whose friends refer to him as "God," and about whom I hope Arnie Katz or Terry Carr or Harry Warner will soon write...



Kumquat May

a semi-regular column by rosemary



"How are you going to spend the weekend while Susan and I are at PgHLANGE?" Michael asked maliciously one afternoon.

"I thought I might make a voodoo doll and stick pins in it," I crooned between clenched teeth.

"Come now, Rosemary, there's no need to be nasty just because you have to work that weekend and can't come."

"She's mad because you're taking her place on that panel," Susan pontificated from her steaming pot of chicken soup.

"I'm not taking her place. Ginjer asked me to be on that panel too!"

"Only after I couldn't make it. And in any case, you were only supposed to be the moderator."

"She would have asked me to be a panelist nevertheless, because I'm the Boy Wonder."

"Balls!" I snarled, and stomped out of the room.

"Don't forget to take THE EDIBLE WOMAN back to the library," Susan called after me.

So, while Susan and Michael were shamelessly enjoying themselves at PgHLANGE, I spent the week-end doing my laundry and going to the library.

I belong to the Parkdale branch of the Toronto Public Library. It's a nice little library on the corner of Queen and Cowan. It even has a patch of lawn, a tree and a park bench. The place is positively idyllic.

Across the street is the local outlet for Chateau-Gai Wines, where you can buy a half gallon of Rot Gut Red for \$3.00. Across from Chateau-Gai, kitty corner to the library, is the Liquor Control Board of Ontario, where Four Aces Sherry is obtainable for \$1.05 a bottle. A few hundred feet from the LCBO is the Brewers Retail where for a paltry \$1.56 a six pack of Canada's finest ales or lagers may be purchased.

Come summer, my idyllic piece of lawn, tree and park bench becomes the meeting place for every dirty, degenerate wino within a two mile radius. It was here then that I was expected to take my fourteen library books and my fair, slightly tanned body late

Saturday afternoon. But, I had no fear, for my heart is pure and fourteen library books pack one hell of a whallop. I also carry a 24 ounce can of tomatoes in my purse. Bash someone in the head with that and he sees stars for days.

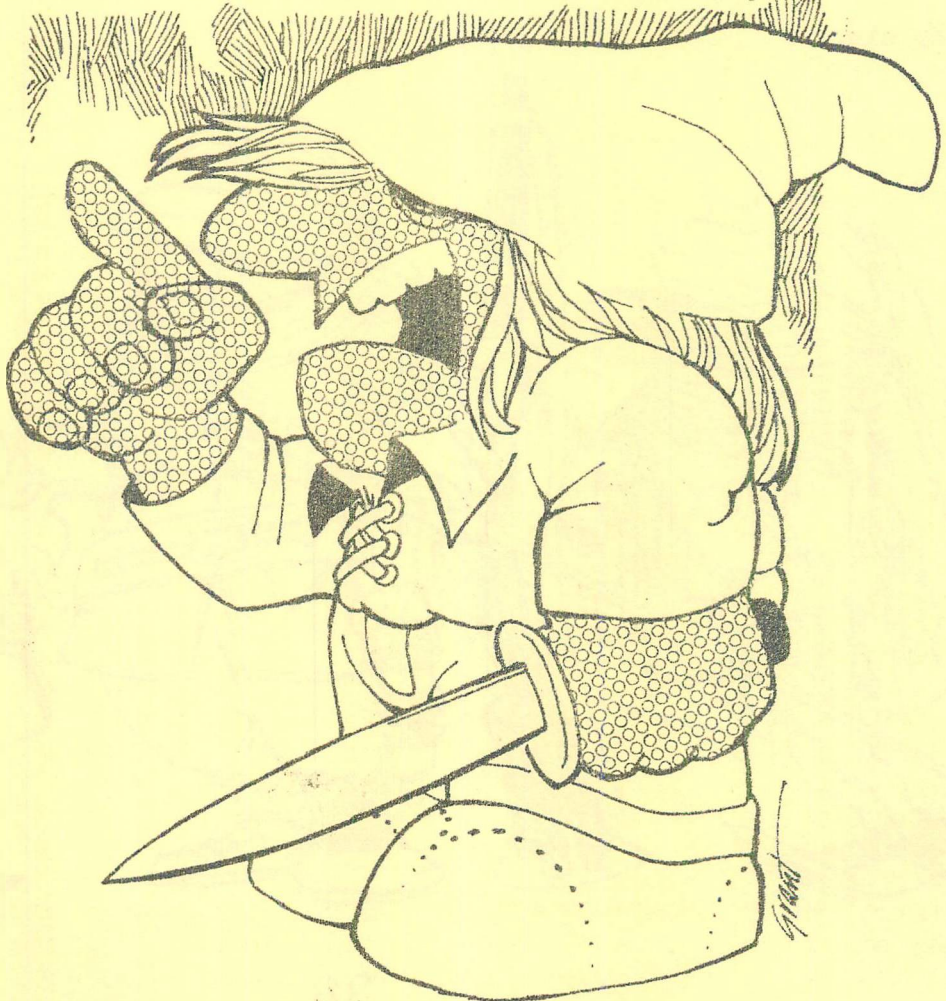
When I got to the library, I noticed there were more winos around than usual. As I passed the park bench, one of them came over and thrust a bottle in a dirty brown paper bag in my face. "Have a little drink, cutie?" he leered.

"Get that filthy thing away from me, you tubercular degenerate!" I snarled. "And do up your pants, you filthy bastard. That's the ugliest, most scrofulous penis it has ever been my misfortune to see!" He continued to stand there, grinning wetly at me. The occupants of the bench were laughing uproariously. I couldn't get around him, and was debating whether to kick him in the groin with my heavy wooden clogs or to go home and have a nice cup of tea when two of Metro Toronto's finest rolled to a stop in front of my tree. I ran to the car, stuck my head in the window and screamed "Arrest him!"

"What seems to be the trouble, m'am?" a sweet young officer asked, pulling back from me and looking puzzled as my tomato can banged against the side of the car.

"That disgusting old man over there has his revolting genitalia hanging out and he's bothering me. Arrest him!"

NOW LISSEN YOU CREEP, I'M NOT
GOING TO PUT UP WITH MUCH
MORE OF THIS KIND OF CRAP!



"Did he touch you, m'am?" By this time they were out of the car and one of them had caught hold of the dirty old man.

"Touch me? No. He waved that paper bag at me and made the most lewd remarks. Arrest him!"

"Well then, there's really nothing we can do. We'll take him down town and let him sleep it off..."

"And then let him go so he can come right back and do it again! I don't know what this city's coming to when a decent, god-fearing young woman can't even go to the library without repulsive old men waving their syphallitic penises at her," I sputtered and stormed into the library.

I slammed the books down and began to berate the nice young librarian. "This place is a disgrace," I fumed. "Haven't you any control over who sits in front of the library? The place is crawling with diseased old men molesting little girls!" I groped in the pile of books. "Renew the biography of Emily Dickinson, please."

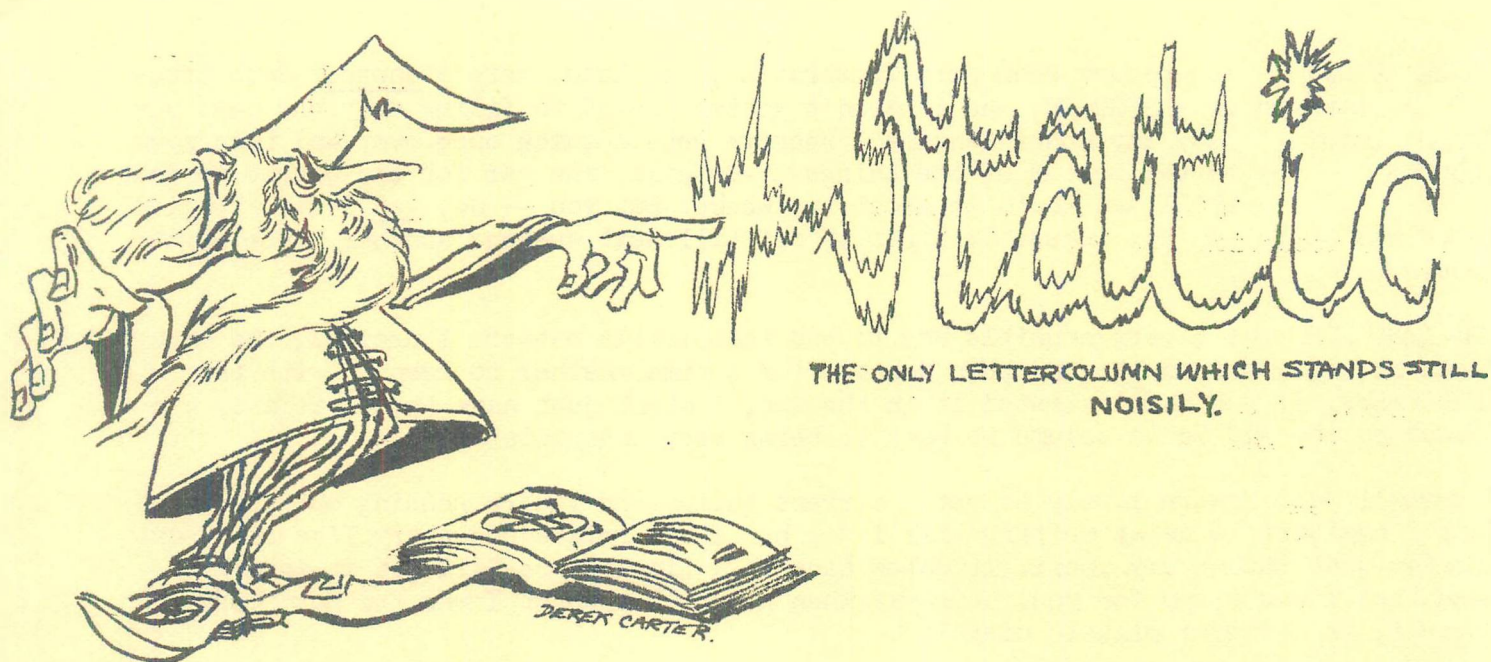
"But it's not due till next week," the young man explained.

"Don't argue with me, renew it!" I fulminated, dropping my tomato can.

"Yes, m'am," he stammered, dropping his stamp several times. I snatched up the book and went to the history section. As I was cooling off beside A HISTORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT, I began to see the ridiculousness of the situation. "You watch," I said to myself, "I'll tell Susan and Michael about this and all they'll have to say is, 'Never mind, Rosemary, it'll make a good column.'" And then they'll argue over who gets it.

And they did.





THE ONLY LETTER COLUMN WHICH STANDS STILL
NOISILY.

Andrew J. Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY.
40329

I had a hard time opening you this time, because yours is one of the most beautiful covers I've ever seen. Had Sir Richard Burton known about Jim Shull, he'd surely have desk-drawered all the naughty art in his The Thousand Nights and a Night and hired Shull to illustrate it.

"My 2¢ Worth" this time was utterly fascinating, and I'm sorry to have been party to Glicksohn's-ENERGUMEN's heading down the old second-rate trail. (Was it Carmen MacRae who said "What's a Paradigm?") When there are only a few writers who will write for the fanpress, one of em's gotta be the Example. Do you know the old Judaic practice of the Goat for Azazel? I do appreciate the publicity (although your reprise was the first I knew of it), and haven't time for "feuds", and have a rather high regard for Carr, and know too how damn bad he feels this year of the failure of another noble experiment.

I enjoyed Dean Koontz's article, naturally. You'll find, I expect, as I believe Lapidus has, that writers love hearing how other writers Do It, and what's done to them. Methods vary from person to person, and so do hangups and problems --although the problems are all too similar from one to the next. This is why I think all of us fans, both those who sell fiction and those who do not, would profit from a real toothy, clouty organization. To do that I rather imagine SFWA'd have to have an Executive Secretary, and I rather imagine that'd cost at least \$10,000 a year and so...forget it.

It looks as if Dean's goal in his NERG 8 article is about the same as mine: to try to allay, to curb, to remove the Mystique of Writing (a hobby gone wild, for most of us), by displaying some of the Inside Stuff. Not only are people fascinated with the Inside looks, they (hopefully) tend to adulate a little less both publishers and editors and those purely lucky individuals so fortunate as to be paid for doing their hobbies.

It is a problem, how to bare one's guts without having people with strong and strange inner needs reach in and grab a handful, but...a bit more of this rapunzeling of the hair in public might tend to convince both you and us that a professional writer isn't a god; that writing is work and as full of hazards and horrors and traps and nasty people and frustrations and ego-loss as a golf course with a Spiro on it. It can be a marvellous experience and life. It can also be a pretty uptighting and hurtful occupation. Those of us who follow it (not as a star but because we'd hate to have to go out and find honest work!) neither merit nor deserve apotheosis. But most really don't deserve all the honey badger personal attacks we get, either.

ROGER BRYANT You become ever more frustrating, you know. Here's another damn issue
647 Thoreau Ave of ENERGUEN, and I haven't gotten around to filing away the last one
Akron, Ohio yet. Any other fanzine I receive gets a quick once-over and then goes
44306 to the bottom of the things-to-do pile, and par for the course is that
 it'll get loc'd in about two weeks. But you -- no, you I have to give
immediate attention to, 'cause if I put it off till next weekend another issue might
come!

THE LAST WORD was a very sensible way to end that little matter. I decided, the minute
I saw it, not to read it. And then debated for a time whether to keep it with the
ENERGUENS. If you hadn't listed it in the toc, I might just have thrown it away and
forgotten it. And Ted's column is back to being very enjoyable again.

I haven't seen Bowers lately to get a current quote (and you're sending out issues so
fast I hesitate to delay writing till I do) but I can relate one story I've been sav-
ing for just such a dry spell. It dates back to a time before Bill got it into his
head that I was a spy for you. This was when he still thought I was the Boy Wonder
Himself, in a clever plastic disguise.

"But dear," Joan said, "Where's the beard?"

"Under the clever plastic," Bill retorted. "Can't you see the double chin? Or maybe
he even shaved it off. That Glicksohn would stop at nothing to gain the secret of the
Perfect Fanzine."

"Besides," Joan mused, "I think Roger's a little taller than Mike."

"No matter," Bill cried, "There are ways around that. He could be wearing elevator
shoes. TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES, CANUCK!" he roared.

"I can't, Bill," I complained.

"AHAA! Why not?"

"Because you made me take them off at the threshold, lest I walk shod over Holy Fan-
nish Ground!"

((Roger's comments on THE LAST WORD -- and Andy's on the Shull cover -- reflect
the feelings of the majority of the readers. Rather than keep repeating them,
I'll summarize in some sort of table at the end of the lettercol. Having recent-
ly visited Barberton, that Mecca of the fan pubbing world, and seen the city
poor Bill lives in, and having seen those sprawling piles of back issues of
every issue of his fanzine mouldering unwanted in his attic, and having seen
his latest attempt at publishing, I shall be gentle with the poor old codger.
Sic gloria transit outhouse.))

HARRY WARNER, JR I know now how Sir Walter Scott felt while he was trying to pay back
423 Summit Ave all his debts after that financial crash. Here it is, four months
Hagerstown, Md. and more after the operation, and I still haven't made satisfactory
21740 progress toward catching up on loc obligations. So help me, I'll do
 it if health holds out and postal rates don't escalate too much. So,
let's start on your most recent issue and its little supplement.

To dispose first of the latter, I just don't understand the controversy. I find it
perfectly easy to enjoy LOCUS and FOCAL POINT to an approximately equal extent, and I
read SFR and METANOIA with the same delight. Moreover, I write locs on both of the
latter titles, or did until Geis conceded, and I write a column for both of the news-

zines. Nobody connected with those publications or their readers seems to object to my presence in the camps on both sides of no man's land. I don't see why fans should say angry words and cast insults and get all worked up over the different intentions and policies of the sercon and fannish fanzines. Nor do I understand how we can ever hope for peace between nations and internal peace between races within a nation and all the other desirable things aimed at elimination of violence from the world, if we can't refrain from throwing a tantrum over a point of disagreement in a microcosm like fandom.

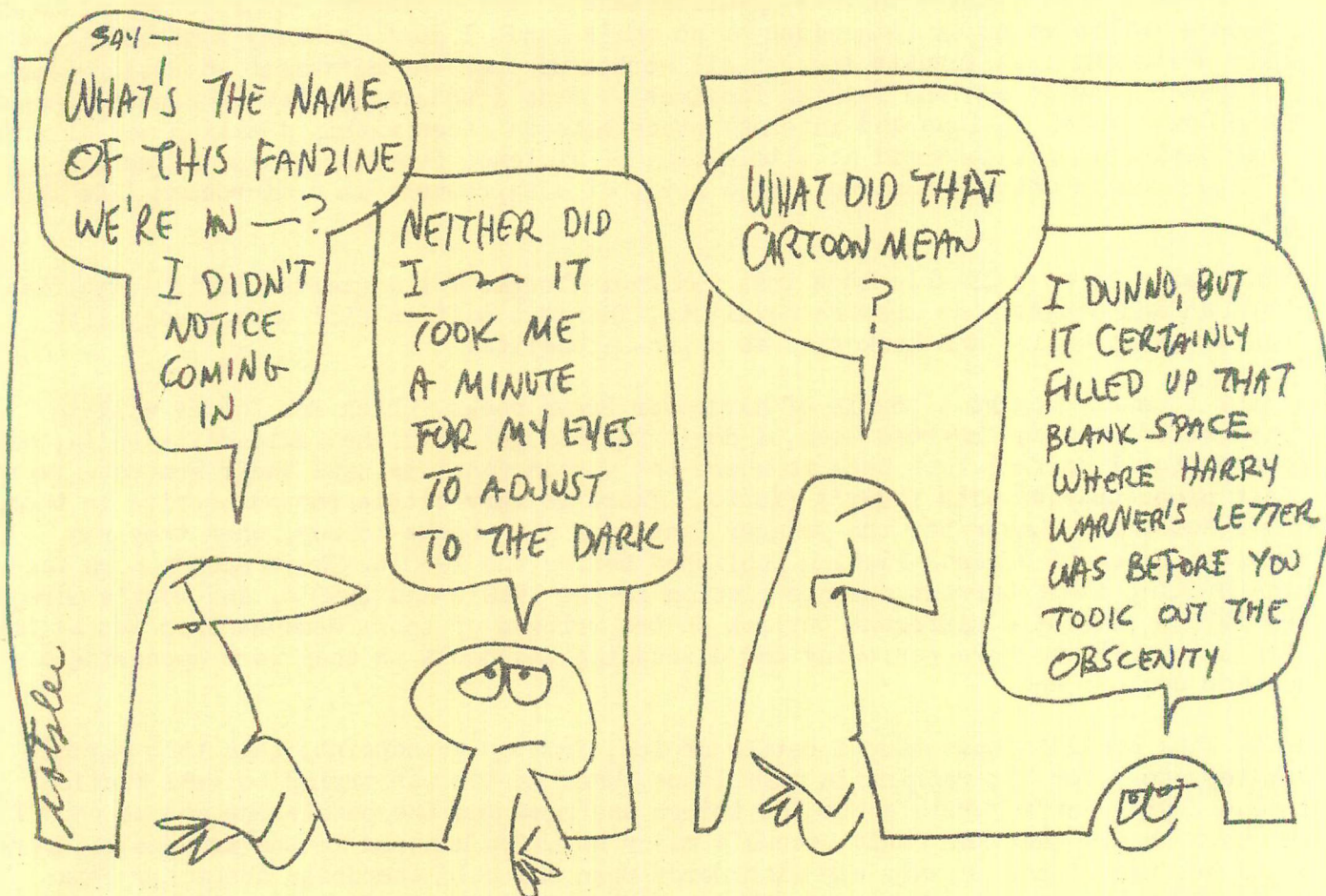
That really is a remarkable book that Ted Pauls bought for a quarter if it identifies Sheridan and Congreve as obscure novelists. The next edition will undoubtedly list Tolkien as an artist and Moskowitz as a pre-Raphaelite.

I just recently bought a couple of hardcover Brown books, which Bob Toomey will inspire me to read and re-read soon. I don't want to get into the Pauls-White thing, of course, but I do feel that here is where the sercon fanzines have their gravest flaw: their preoccupation with today's fiction. There is very little retrospective in them, and I sometimes wonder how the younger fans know what books to buy, when they run across a batch of science fiction published before the 1960's. There wasn't much fanzine writing about current science fiction in the 1940's and 1950's, and what's more, the 1970's give us a different outlook on the writers of those decades than was available to people who were reviewing and discussing the books as they were appearing a quarter century ago.

Arnie Katz couldn't have made a better choice, from my standpoint, than this Marion Bradley story for his reprint in this issue. When Marion was trying to sell fiction, I kept urging her to write about the things she knew and the people she was around. I had this theory that she could become a major novelist honored in the mundane literary world because of her uncanny way with words when she told anecdotes about her Texas world. Instead she learned how to write pretty good science fiction and fantasy novels and she seems to get an immense amount of pleasure out of writing them, so maybe she made the right choice from the standpoint of her personal satisfaction. But "Way Out West In Texas" strikes me as excellent evidence that she could have been a Shirley Jackson-type of fantasy writer instead of a Marion Bradley-type fantasy writer, and made about ten times as much money out of it.

And what can be said about all this magnificent art? Maybe the most impressive thing about it is the amount of space it takes you to list the names of the artists represented in the issue. Yet if I leaf through trying to find a clumsy or a dull illustration, I can't conscientiously report success. And another way to evade the thing I really should do (say specific compliments about every illustration in the issue) is to commend you for the lack of showthrough. I've been worrying incessantly in recent months about how fans a generation from now will be able to reprint properly these beautiful illustrations, at a time when the originals will be mostly unavailable and so many of the reproductions will have heavy enough showthrough to create problems for copying devices. Finally, one very tiny complaint. I miss dreadfully the realistic variety of illustration that Alicia Austin was formerly providing for two or three of your pages in every issue. I love dearly her ladies in other worlds and other times but I also long to see again those fans who look more real in her sketches than they possibly could appear in real life.

((Surely there is no fan anywhere with a stronger sense of responsibility than Harry? Faced with possibly hundreds of fanzines needing locs, he took the time to respond to each of the six fanzines we've sent him in recent months which his illness had kept him from locating earlier! It is a pleasure to have your calm and rational and extremely entertaining and informative thoughts back in these pages again, Harry and we look forward to meeting you again in Boston. I wish I could have used more of your six excellent pages of comments, all of them most worthwhile, but, alas... I could plead lack of space, or datedness of some of the comments, but Bill Rotsler seems to know the real reason...))



DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale Rd.
Strafford, Pa.
19087

It may amuse Arnie Katz to know that the famed Bheer Can Tower to the Moon mythos got a brief revival about a year ago in a Los Angeles based fanzine called THIRD FOUNDATION, up till the time of the zine's collapse. It was a thoroughly modernized version, with people figuring out the various technical problems of building a million or so mile high tower. Everything was taken into account: the weight of all the cans on one can at the bottom (I suggested a pyramid, which I calculated would be about four thousand miles square at the base), the problems of the cans in the weightlessness of space, the solar wind, how to assemble the thing (have a fannish drinking party in a balloon with the cans as ballast--then as each can is emptied it is put on the top, and thus lightened the balloon rises a little bit. Out of the atmosphere it became more difficult.), and just about everything, except one glaring detail, which everyone seems to have missed but me. I wrote a very detailed discussion of this, complete with diagrams, but it was never published as it was promised for the very last issue of 3rdF. The idea was this: no-one had taken into account the movement of the moon! Realizing that the moon orbits about the earth, I proposed that the entire tower be put on wheels (constructed by nailing two roller skates to the bottom of the board, then building the tower on this) and the top attached to the moon, and a road built around the world over every part that the moon would pass over. I don't believe it would be necessary to pave over the entire world, just most of it. Then, taking into account the fact that the moon is not always the same distance away, I proposed that a spring be placed between each can so that the tower would be stretchable as the moon moved to and from perihelion.

I didn't realize the historical value of this project at the time, and only began to catch on when I told the whole thing to Gary Labowitz and he said, "Marvellous. You're beginning to discover 1950's fandom!"

((Some people spoil everything! Take a fine idea and get all technical about it. Damned sercon fans! Besides, drinking a beer in a closed system doesn't lighten the load. Less you piss over the side, of course, which could be dangerous...))

ingly savage. 3H3L takes place several hundred years later, in somewhat happier times. This makes a great deal of difference in the presentation of the fairy-folk, and as long as Sandra did make the comparison, I wish she had elaborated a little more. Actually, it seems to me that the elves and other supernatural beings in 3H3L are more soulless and nonhuman than those in BROKEN SWORD, who sometimes have at least the baser (and sometimes perhaps the nobler) of human passions. It is, in fact, a very interesting occupation to try to formulate the belief structure of BROKEN SWORD in rational terms. Presumably it can be done, as Anderson has tried to "rationalize" the mythic structure, but one is met with any number of seeming contradictions, which may have interesting implications. It is self-evident, for example, that Valgard, Skafloc's changeling, has a soul. We see things at times from his viewpoint, and realize that he is self-conscious and has some glimmering of the difference between right and wrong. No classical philosopher could ask for more. But if he has a soul, it is highly probable that his parents, and their respective races, do also. But this calls into question the distinction between elves and humans, so important to other facets of the novel. Are we, perhaps, to draw an implication that the elves are doomed not because of wyrd or their essential nature, but because of their willful refusal to change their way of life? Or is that to introduce a late-classical/Christian concept? Even if it is, is such an introduction impermissible? Christianity does play an important role in the novel.

Sandra has certainly done all her readers a great service by bringing Anderson's book to their attention. It seems to me to be one of his very best, and is well worth considerable attention. Finally, I would only ask of Sandra that in future works like this one she go a little easier on the mythological comparisons and source-hunting, and devote more space to showing how the author employs the sources to his own ends. Sandra's source-hunting is remarkable mostly for its thoroughness, but I think she has a unique ability to detect parallels and to generalize within an author's work.

"Kumquat May" was amusing as usual, but its contents raise an interesting question. On p.13 there appears the word "windscreen". Now look. I realize we are all products of our environment, and I am willing to forgive Canadians all those extra u's in words, and s's in places where God put z's, and x's for ct's, and all the rest. Unlike Britishers, most Canadians I know at least have the simple decency to speak with an American accent--except for little slips like "NewFOUNDland" instead of "NEWfoundland". It therefore came as quite a shock to find a corrupt Britishism such as "windscreen" in your pages. Screens are mesh things that you put on windows to keep out flies and mosquitoes. A lot of good that will do you in a car. Screens are what pictures appear on, either in theatres or on idiot tubes. They are a means of displaying that which is not really present. But when one looks out the front window of a car, one had damned well better see what is there. A "screen," indeed! And to clinch the matter, I questioned a passing Canadian the other day, and he informed me that the object in question was a windshield. SHIELD! Solid, impenetrable. That which protects you from a blow. WindSHIELD!!

((Take any phonebook from anywhere in the world, from New York all the way down to Barberton, and you'll find a whole column of "Wood"s. Take every phonebook in the world, read them all, and you'll find two "Glicksohn"s--both in Toronto. I think Susan owes me a debt of gratitude! Would you believe our windSHIELD was broken by the Aesir and had to be replaced by a screen? ...I didn't think so.))

GRANT CANFIELD 328 Lexington San Francisco, Ca 94110	Bob Silverberg liked my article! Not only did he say so in the loc you printed, but he also said so with his own personal voice to my own personal face. That was at a party in George Clayton Johnson's room at Westercon. Some party: Cathy and I were there with Al Sni- der and Alpajpuri, as well as Mr. & Mrs. Silverberg, Bill Rotsler, Greg Shaw, a girl in a macrame bikini, two naked girls, and a six-foot boa constrict-
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or. I was busy pointing out to Cathy the significance of All This, and had just reached the point where I was extolling the virtues of TOWER OF GLASS and SON OF MAN, when Silverberg himself leaned backwards, almost into my lap, and told me he thought the article was "quite good". Other than "thanks", I didn't know quite what to say. I probably established myself as a tongue-tied neo. What I should have said--what I meant to say--was, "Yeah, well, I thought SON OF MAN was pretty bitchin' too." That seemed pretty dumb so I didn't say anything. But if you should happen to print this, and if Mr. Silverberg should happen to read this, now he knows I hold a high opinion of his work, and the only reason I didn't say so was I was either too stunned or too stoned.

I'm sorry, but I didn't particularly like Jim Shull's cover for #8. It seemed an awful lot of effort for not much effect, leaving me more impressed with the sheer labour involved (it must have taken forever, or asymptotic to it) than with anything in the drawing itself. Obviously he was concerned with a purely decorative effect, but to me it seemed far too cluttered with not-very-decorative decoration. Sort of a waste of opportunity. I had to fight a powerful urge to color it in with a red Pentel. Maybe that's good: participational fan art?

Shull has done a lot of these female profile drawings lately, all with different baroque decorative fields but all with the same female profile. I was very impressed at first, but seeing the same thing repeated over and over leaves me cold. I think Shull is a tremendously talented artist, but I'd like to see him extend himself a bit more, try different techniques and all that, sure, but especially to get away from that female profile compositional trick.

I much preferred Rudy der Hagopian's back cover. Simple, direct, with a drawing style in perfect low-key harmony with the subject. (However, I also wanted to color this one in with a red Pentel, so maybe that invalidates all my above criticism of the Shull cover. Probably it invalidates my credentials as an art critic altogether, and certainly exposes myself to the knowing looks of the Freudians in the audience, but what the hell.)

KAUFMAN, EMERSON & COHEN ((Kaufman)) "Way Out West in Texas" was very strange, and
"The Avocado Pit" the ambivalence of the main character was very maturely
417 W. 118th St, Apt 63 handled, especially for being in a fanzine...but then MZB
New York, NY 10027 must have been writing professionally by then. As for the
ConR illo at the end of the article, that was pretty ambivalent, too. I'm beginning to feel strongly that her art just doesn't belong in fanzines. This drawing, for instance, is pushing off the bottom of the page, and isn't too friendly with the printing at the top. Her things belong by themselves, on exhibit somewhere. They just don't look their best in fanzines.

Eli told me that the engineers' proof that all odd numbers are prime is different from the physicists'...it goes: "1 is a prime, 3 is a prime, 5 is a prime, 7 is a prime, 9 is a prime, 11 is a prime..."

Mike Deckinger's experience with John Berry is different than mine. John sent an EGO-BOO to the wrong address. Long time later he sent it out again, first class, with an apology for being so late. He is erratic, but I find him honest.

Morris Keesan points to "generally available" as a decisive part of the Hugo rules. Does that mean that a fanzine must be on the newsstands? Have a circulation of 1,000? Or simply be available to anyone showing interest? I believe it means the last. SFR is undeniably generally available. I mean was. But what about the fannish fanzines? Well, Arnie Katz put out several issues of a diary-style fanzine that was not generally available. He sent it to 50 people. It was not eligible for a Hugo. At the same time, Greg Shaw publishes a fanzine called METANOIA. Not many people get it. I hesitate to guess what his circulation is. (Under two hundred? I quit hesitating.) But it

is generally available. It gets reviews in those fanzines that do reviews, and anyone may write to Greg and get a sample copy. It is eligible for a Hugo, as are FOCAL POINT, POTLATCH, EGOBOO, and etc. Most fannish fanzines are generally available, even if they are not generally received. Even if Morris Keesan has never received one. They are limited not so much in the sense of being restricted to one set of people (as Arnie's diary-zine was) but in the size of their circulation.

Forget about manhole covers. What can you say about chocolate-covered Ferris Wheels?

((Connie herself was none too pleased with the layout of her drawing, and neither was I, but it seemed to me that I'd probably never have a more appropriate piece of material so I used it despite my misgivings. Sorry, Connie; but I was sincere. Haven't read Larry's story, so I'll pass you on to Dave Emerson...))

((Emerson)) Here's what you can say about chocolate-covered Ferris Wheels: for one thing, it's an awful waste of good chocolate. For another, anyone able to eat one would have to have a mouth the size of a football field, and would have a correspondingly humongous body, as well as an unimaginable appetite. I for one do not care to speculate further on such a being.

By all means, stick to your policy of balance among various facets of fandom and of the material you print. I'm always reminded, at this point, of the scene in one of the Oz books where Dorothy (or a character like her) is imprisoned by gnomes, and she has to eat her way out through the prison bars -- which are made of chocolate. Then, with "AUTHOR'S MESSAGE" flashing at you between the lines, she concludes solemnly, "I guess too much of anything can make you sick." You don't notice the brazen moralizing when you're six years old, but it sticks in your mind anyway. What this all leads up to is that a genzine, with many different types of material in it, will stay enjoyable longer than something which specializes. Do you read last year's LOCUSES?

Why is it that the general public is lead to believe that a writer's life is easy, exciting, and/or financially rewarding? Dean Koontz's article came as somewhat of a revelation; now I'm not quite so starry-eyed about "Gee, wouldn't it be neat to be a science-fiction writer?" Do all writers have these troubles, or just dirty hippie peacecreep New Wavers? Does Heinlein worry about money? Does Asimov get manhandled by Dell? Say it ain't so, Joe...

((Andy Offutt, meet Dave Emerson. I think Dave just justified your "raison d'ecrire", Andy! According to legend, Dave, any manhandling between Isaac and Dean's "lovely young woman editor at Dell" would be strictly on the part of The Good Doctor! These tripartite locs are something weird! And now, heeer's Eli...!))

((Cohen)) First of all, before we start getting hate mail from engineers (from those who can write, that is), I would like to point out that the engineer's proof that all odd numbers are prime that Jerry quotes was told to me by a physicist. It is as vile a slander as the liberal arts major's proof -- "What's a prime?" I would write more, but what can you say about chocolate-covered avocados?

((Nothing at all, except to thank them for providing the IPA!))

TED WHITE 1014 N. Tuckahoe St Falls Church, VA. 22046	While I share Bob Toomey's fond memories of Fredric Brown, I doubt we'd agree on favorite stories. I thought MARTIANS GO HOME a bloody bore, for instance, and never managed to read the book-length version of ROGUE IN SPACE. I also thought most of Brown's mysteries a little dull and too slowly paced, but I enjoyed the Chicago-based father-and-son detective series, the names of which escape me. Seems to me I never finished reading one Brown novel about a man living the life of a wino in
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LA. It was fascinatingly detailed, but didn't keep me reading. I wonder why.

Darrell Schweitzer's piece offered no stunning new insights, but wasn't a bad summation of sorts. I'd like to point out, however, that GALAXY was not the pioneer in "too hot to handle" stories. I haven't edited the sex out of anything I've published, since I became editor of A&F, nor have I substituted dashes for complete words. "Cunt", for example, first appeared in Fritz Leiber's "Snow Women" in the April, 1970 FANTASTIC--because he was the first to use it in any story I'd published.

Other authors have used obscenities, particularly in dialogue, and although I have gotten a few crackpot letters, most readers seem happy with this change in affairs. Actually, one of my own stories, "Growing Up Fast in the City", received the most criticism on this account, the worst of which I've gleefully published in the letter column of the Sept. AMAZING. Silverberg's novel in the July and Sept. AMAZINGs should blow out the last cobwebs which remain, and I think it's significant that he has been edited and toned down in GALAXY and not in AMAZING.

As for the next wave in sf, may I hopefully suggest that it might be in better writing, more solid craftsmanship, and firmer underpinnings for plots?

Johnny Berry's irresponsibility with Mike Deckinger's stamps may be due to several factors, one of which being that no issues of EGOBOO have come out for almost (or more than, I disremember) a year now. He sent me the stencils before going to Europe, but not the address file, so although I plan to run the next issue off Real Soon Now, I have no idea to whom it should be sent. I'll see Mike Deckinger gets one, in any case.

Mike O'Brien makes some very good points; they might be read in conjunction with something I wrote a year or two ago for BEABOHEMA, about in-group paranoia. But I don't think all conflicts arise from lack of personal contacts between the antagonists. On many occasions personal contact has sparked conflict, in fact. Remember, fans are inclined towards kinky, bristly personalities, and can often contrive to rub each other wrong in a way which doesn't come out until all concerned are safely home behind the baracades of their typewriters. Fandom attracts diverse types, several species of which seem congenitally unable to get along. But most fans abhor public scenes and in-person conflicts, and that accounts for much in-person "friendliness" among fans who at least dislike each other.

The best way to curb a fight is to take it out of a public arena--into personal and private correspondance, for example--where both participants will no longer need to score points with the audience and feel the desire to look good. But for this to happen both must harbor at least vague glimmerings of a sincere desire to work things out. Years ago when a now long-gafiated fan had declared himself my arch-enemy and taken to sneering at me from every turn, I heeded the advice of F.M. Busby and wrote this fan a long personal, private letter, in an attempt to find out why he so abominated me and see if we couldn't iron things out. His reply was another sneer. I tried a couple times more and then gave up. My satisfaction came when he made himself so tiresome that most of his friends abandoned him and today he is all but totally gafia. Obviously conciliation works only if both sides desire it.

Richard Harter opens his letter with an interesting set of biases. Since he considers my letter to have only "vaguely valid points", I don't know whether to bother pursuing these points further, but I should point out that I answered him on who votes for Hugos in THE LAST WORD--and that my knowledge is based on first-hand experience running a worldcon, plus the corroboration of others, like the Fishers (as they were then) and the St Louiscon. I wonder what he bases his opinion on?

The reducto-ad-absurdum of the man who publishes solely for himself is actually irrelevant to the point I'd been making. Obviously writing no one ever reads will not figure prominently in polls. But that does not negate its absolute qualities: a genuine work of art (of any kind) is the work of its creator, not of its audience. Should

that mythical fan who publishes solely for himself ever die, and his fanzines pass into public knowledge, if his stuff was any good it would quickly be so acclaimed. This has actually happened with novelists who wrote books and never published them, and composers (like Charles Ives) whose work was rooted out after their deaths. This notion that if the artist doesn't market his work to the widest audience, then something must be wrong with it, is foolish. Something may be wrong with the artist, but not necessarily with his work.

As for low-circulation fanzines, the question really becomes, Who am I writing/publishing for? a faceless group of strangers? Or a more controlled audience of friends and acquaintances? Few fanzines outside the secret apas are published solely for an admiring circle of close friends--and most are available to outsiders, even if not widely advertised to them. Publishing a fanzine has to be fun--it has to satisfy the faned in some fashion. It's more work to publish a large-circulation fanzine, and the law of diminishing returns sets in. Eventually it's not fun any more--or not enough fun. That's why I stopped publishing fanzines in the sixties--and that's why Geis folded SFR. Winning a Hugo or three is nice, but all that work adds up.

GEORGE PROCTOR From Susan's column, I gather there is a possibility of E going
1524 S. Oak #205 "fannish" (a term that bothers me). Hopefully, this is just specu-
Arlington, Tx lation. Fan oriented articles are fine and often entertaining (and
76010 just as often dull and boring), scholarly articles are fine and
 often entertaining (and often they are a bore); E has a balance not
often found in a fanzine, offering serious articles, yet entertaining ones, and fan-
nish pieces, yet usually pieces that are general enough to be enjoyed by most readers
(many fan pieces leave me out in the cold in that humor often revolves around very
"in" references). That's my 2¢ worth.

Rosemary does it again with a very humorous article. She has a certain flare for catching the ridiculous in otherwise mundane situations, keeping the incidents in context yet allowing the humor to flow through smoothly and easily. I may be wrong, but I bet there is little embellishing on Rosemary's part, just a good memory and a fantastic insight for the true makeup of most individuals -- absurdity.

Sandra Miesel provided a thoroughly entertaining facet to THE BROKEN SWORD, one that is felt while reading the novel, but one that the reader usually doesn't place into words. Sandra does seem to take Anderson on his word about the residents of Elfland having no souls. It makes for interesting reading, yet the elves are capable of love (prerequisite for a soul); i.e., following Skafloc's death, Imric and Leea speak of what to do with Freda...

"It was his weird," answered Imric. "And helping her is the last thing we can do for him. If we elves do not know the thing called love, still, we can do that which would have gladdened a friend."

"Not know love?" murmured Leea, too softly for him to hear. "You are wise, Imric, but your wisdom has its bounds."

Imric may be without soul, but Leea is not, to my way of thinking. Is it possible for elves to gain souls through contact with man?

((Howcum you read Susan's column, with dismay, but not mine, which would remove what doubts you may have had? I thought I'd made it clear that a healthy balance would always be our goal. Rosemary does indeed report truthfully, but then she has the Boy Wonder and the Canadian Fannish Mythos to report on and we are inherently fantastic and awful in the true sense of the word. I doubt that elves could gain souls through contact with men, but some latent feelings could well be awakened--if the elves would let them be, of course.))

CLIFF STENBERG I applaud your thinking on fandom in general. I don't want any enemies
1430B Defense myself, especially not in something I love! In my opinion (for what
Muskegon, Mich it's worth) controversy has no place in ENERGUEN. Granted that some
49441 subjects in fandom are controversial, and these can't be arbitrarily
excluded. The direction of SF and styles of writing etc., are impor-
tant matters that can become controversial and need to be discussed but not to the
point where they degenerate into personal harangues and abuse.

I'm also a bit confused about this fans vs pros flap. I mean, I'm a fan. Right? Now
to me that means I'm a science fiction fan. I love science fiction and in addition to
meeting other fans, I want to meet and become friends with science fiction writers.
Now I don't think that the first time I meet Avram Davidson I'm going to prostrate
myself before him and lick his boots, but nonetheless to me it will be an honour. I
don't go all aflutter at everything I read about the pros, but I am interested in what
goes on in their circles. To me, that's part of being a fan. Here again is illustrated
fandom's tendency to become polarized at a second's notice. I certainly hope that if
I'm seen talking to Andy Offutt at a con sometime that Greg Shaw or Terry Carr won't
feel it necessary to write scathing assaults about my blatant hero worshipping in
every lettercol in the land. But if this kind of thing goes on, I admit I'm going to
be a little gushy.

Hell, like you (at the risk of sounding pompous), I have looked upon fandom and found
it good. Lots of interesting people (from their writing) and lots of good people too.
Right off hand I can't think of anybody whose words I've read or whose art I've seen
I wouldn't like to meet and become friends with. New wave, Old wave: doesn't make any
difference. Everyone's entitled to his opinion and everyone's opinions should receive
the respect they deserve. I think we could all stand to be a little more tolerant of
other people and their views. As I've said before, as long as you're doing what
pleases you, I'll be in your corner. End of lecture.

I too have little use for writers who are obscure for obscurity's sake. I don't mind
having to read between the lines but when I have to read between the lines between
the lines and then come up with an answer that causes the author to give me a bronx
cheer then I've just wasted my time and money. This may be a little off Mr. Schweit-
zer's point, but maybe it's faintly pertinent.

((Cliff is a self-admitted neo who's never met another fan. I hope he's able to
maintain his views after attending a few conventions! And as long as you're only
seen talking to Andy you should be OK, Cliff; but if you're ever caught licking
his boots...))

DAVID HULVEY	A November ish in June? What . . . And he said the word, and what
Rt 1, Box 198	was the word? Let's pub! Ah, godamighty I'm hungry to loc to you.
Harrisonburg, Va	
22801	Gwendolyn, there you are again. You were Lunaconed too.
	I jest wanna say:
	Green tree street buried under their feet
	Another blue sky stained My Lai
	There's no sea in Earth's Gethsemane
	A trillion stars blackened by a million cars
	Crewcut hills blossom with Bill's free will;
	The tri-d kills.

But you saw one blade of grass, and a true blue sky; a sea of gladness and a Three Dog
Star.

You took them all, put them in a book.
A mind-book, your mind-book . . .
And gave them to us--

Thank you.

Ted Pauls, you speak truth about Lunaconed. I know, as one of the fans locked out of his room at 4:00 AM Sunday morn.

"Hey, Pepe, we really screwed them damn Sighints Feccton fans."

"Yeeees, ist rite."

"And, Red, isn't that right?"

"If'n ya sez so boss. Us Suthern bouse don't take no kindly to sonsofbitches like thens that cum here."

"Whatta ya say, George Washington Watermelon . . ."

"Cletus Brown, and Is sez, masser, shore glad 'bout 'rescent lite."

"And Johnny, the new boy, what do you say?"

"Right on, daddy-o."

"Hey, you're not in this pic mission!"

"No, man, and like let me out of this cage."

"Quiet, we're still on camera."

"Fuck you. Fuck the camera. Fuck this hotel. Fuck . . ."

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THIS PORTION OF OUR CELLULOID RAMJET. DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR FINANCIAL FOXHOLE WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONTINUE.

Arnie Katz was indeed fine. I inhaled the odor of 56 style nostalgia, and I felt free. Stoned on corflu I flew over the vast wastewinds, I grew beanierot on my head. Beanierot, I was addicted. See my propeller. It's a pretty propeller. I'm the salacious young fan with his 4-speed multicolor rotoflex propeller.

Hubbahubba, I'm gonna raid the Someone's old collection of new fanzines. I see me with a half-devoured copy of ENERGI in my fireplace being toasted as the Zine That Was. More peanut butter and jam, Jan. Oh, roast another, and another...anotheranotheranother.

MY FANZINE COLLECTION STANDS EXACTLY 12' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " high. Ohboyloohboyohboyohboyohohohohohoh

((Er...um...well...yes. I guess. If there are road maps to the mind of David Hulvey I don't have one. Gwendolyn is Rosemary, but from there on you're on your own...))

JERRY LAPIDUS Not to slight Arnie, but if necessary, I'd rather see his history
54 Clearview Dr column alternate, with Rosemary's on a regular basis. His is one of
Pittsford, NY many fanhistory columns these days (Terry's entropy reprints every-
14354 where top the list), and Rosemary's work is always short, succinct,
and enjoyable--an issue of E wouldn't be complete without it. Even
though she's branching out into ASP and FP and TA, I'd still rather keep her column
than almost anything else in the magazine.

Richard Harter has an excellent idea in his multiple nomination suggestion, one of the few really workable new ideas I've seen recently. Since not that many people nominate anyway, it certainly makes sense that those who do have some chance of getting more than a single work on the ballot. And then too, tabulating should not be significantly more difficult with as many as three nominations, as many people will not give that many in each category. But particularly when there's no clear choice, this makes very good sense, and I'd very much like to see the idea instituted in Boston.

Materialwise, a very good issue, Mike, despite the fact that relatively little of the material lends itself (to me, anyway) to easy comment. Visually, generally an improvement over some past issues. Seemingly more of an attempt to blend artwork, rather than presenting conflicting styles together--this most obvious in beginning the editorial with three Shull fannish illos, followed by two facing Rotslers. I repeat earlier cavils about your artwork and layout in general--I don't see enough attempts to work in terms of two page spreads, and I see too much mediocre artwork (this issue, I'd label nothing in particular as 'bad', but very little as particularly good).

JAMES GODDARD I found "The Circular Revolution" by Darrell Schweitzer particularly
Woodlands Lodge interesting, if slightly inconsequential. He makes far too many state-
Woodlands ments which he cannot, or doesn't bother to, support; and he also
Southampton makes a few obviously false ones. If I had the time and energy I'd
Hants take him to task over each of these, individually; but I'll make do
England with picking out a couple of prime examples.

For a start I don't think it's possible to say when the "new wave" started. Darrell cites JJP and the Moorcock takeover of New Worlds in 1964; and although he doesn't say he accepts this, he suggests concurrence by not disputing it. The new wave didn't come about with a sudden bang, it was fed gradually over a long period of years, like a stream becoming a river becoming an ocean. There's no watershed date signifying old/new. The themes of Ballard's latest fictions were evident even in his earliest stories; the only significant change he made in the last few years was to switch from fantasies set outside the human mind, to fantasies set inside the human mind in his recent "condensed novels"; even though he never completely gave up the old way, as witness the Vermillion Sands story published in AMAZING (or was it FANTASTIC) last August. The same thing applies to most other writers accused of being "new wave".

The second point I want to dispute is Darrell's blanket condemnation of VISION OF TOMORROW. Alright, so it wasn't the perfect example of what an SF magazine should be; but then I've never seen a perfect SF mag. VISION did publish some atrocious stories, I'd be the last to deny that; I think particularly of the stories by John Russell Fearn, though even those were interesting as an academic exercise. But Phil Harbottle also published some first rate stories; they may not have been IF or GALAXY stories, they may not have been F&SF or ANALOG stories, and they may not even have been AMAZING or FANTASTIC stories, but that surely doesn't make them bad stories. They were good competent examples of the kind of SF that the British magazines have always given rise to. And one mustn't overlook the fact that VISION was the best illustrated magazine since the large format ANALOG sunk without trace six or seven years ago.

The new wave as a separate room within the SF household may have petered out, but its substance is still present in the improved quality of much of today's SF.

AND NOW HERE ARE SOME SHORT QUOTABLE QUOTES:

SANDRA MIESEL: "Thank you, Susan, thank you for detecting the passion in my scholarly efforts. I try to put this into the work but you're the first person to detect it. I'm fierce and synesthetic. When I'm writing about something I love, I want to transmit how it feels and help the reader feel it too. Some of my locs are passionate too (the one defending Philip Dick in SFR last summer was written in great and feverish fury), all of which is subject to possible misunderstanding. I worry a great deal about having my fondness for Poul misinterpreted, for instance. (But what can you expect from a pro-worshipper?)"

ROY TACKETT: "Talking about artists, I was happy to see Connie Faddis' drawing in #8. We see all too little of ConR's work and, I think, she is one of the truly great artists in fandom. Oh, yeah, I remember Fred Brown. He turned out some good stories in his day. Including, of course, the one he titled "The Shortest Horror Story Ever Told" or something like that. It went: "The last man in the world sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door." Or something." ((Now I do remember the story that came out after that one and was called something like 'The Horror Story Shorter by One Letter Than The Shortest Horror Story Ever Told' -- it substituted "lock" for "knock" -- but I don't recall who wrote it. Someone?))

TEDD TRIMBATH: "You really wouldn't reduce Rosemary to one "Kumquat May" every two issues, would you? You would let Liz Fishman get a good night's sleep again, a rest from worrying about Rosemary's Olympian wit? Please don't be a humanitarian."

SANDRA MIESEL: "If any of the Fannier-Than-Thou clique tries to bully you at the Cons, it just might ignite my Britomart complex. ("Quick! Where's my broadsword?") After reading the splenetic supplement to NERG, my husband remarked: 'The only person to emerge from this exchange with credit is Mike.'"

GEORGE FLYNN: "It occurs to me that Fredric Brown's The Lights in the Sky Are Stars may have been the only pre-space-age story to suggest that, once space travel had been started, people would want to stop it because it cost too much. At the time, of course, such an obviously implausible idea may have weakened the plot."

GLORIA PTACEK: "A side note: Inspired by INERG and other fanzines I have been receiving, my female parent has contributed \$1 to The Citizens' League for Decent Literature (how's that for reader participation?)."

ALEXIS GILLILAND: "Editorially, I must confess that I prefer Susan's writing to yours. She has a streak of controlled bitchiness which lends excitement and a clarity of style which makes her a pleasure to read. Redrafting pays. Your writing now...well, you are spontaneous, and clearly a nice guy...if a trifle pedantic..."

PETER ROBERTS: "It's curious to watch the feuding indulged in by North American fans; I've a feeling that the visible signs in the fanzines may be the tip of the iceberg whose bulk is more easily discerned at conventions, but perhaps I'm wrong. British fandom doesn't seem to divide so easily, probably because of its infrequent gatherings (and possibly because Charles Platt is now in America!) The seating arrangement in hotel lounges often produces the outward appearances of cliques and may help to foster them. For example: Well-Known Fan A walks into the bar - Question: which group will he sit with? A large bunch from OMPA? The young pros? The established pros and attendants? The Fouler mob? The ancient and venerable fen? The Hertsfen? (Answer: Well-Known Fan A disappears into the Gents/strikes up a conversation with the barman)."

YALE EDEIKEN: "The import of Schweitzer's thing totally escapes me. His offhand dismissals of DV and the late John Campbell amaze me. Further, his statement that I Will Fear No Evil was "filthy" tells me more about the narrow-minded prudery and subjectivity of the critic than of the novel. IWFNE was not that good a book nor was it free of sexual content but it did not have the pandering and tasteless character comoted by that favorite word of the Citizens for Decent Literature."

JOHN DOUGLAS: "I imagine that somewhere in the wide reaches of fandom there is probably someone who has read Rosemary's columns in ENERGUMEN and not enjoyed them, but it stretches the limits of my imagination to actually conjure up some sort of image of what such a poor soul might be like. She has created her own personal style in her column and in this issue she is at her best. GODDAM GOOD as she herself would put it, if she weren't so modest and humble."

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Bob Vardeman, Will Straw, Rick Stoker, Dave Piper, Gregg Davidson, George Scithers, Mike Gilbert, Gene Wolfe, Morris Keesan, Mike Glyer

Apart from those comments already printed, five people thought the cover was beautiful while eight thought it was beautiful and Alicia had done it. Eight people enjoyed but were discouraged by Dean Koontz' tales while two readers didn't really care about such things. Nine Fredric Brown fans came out of the woodwork while an equal number appreciated the Marion Bradley reprint, several saying it was the first fan fiction they'd ever enjoyed. And an uncountable number of people approved of isolating THE LAST WORD, many tossing it out without reading it. Sigh. Well, you can't please all of the people all of the time... #10 may be a full three months coming out, so please send articles and artwork, yes definitely, and letters. See you in Boston, or in Toronto in '73!

ZAP!

YOU HAVE
BEEN
GAFATED

PUT DOWN THIS FANZINE
AND TURN IN YOUR "HARRY
WARNER IS TOO SEXY" BUTTON

