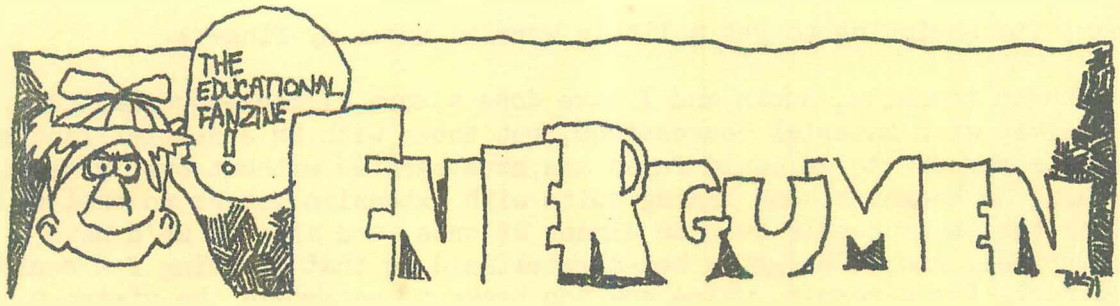
ENERGUMEN 10



This is ENERGUMEN 10, yet another issue of the regular Canadian genzine published by Michael and Susan Glicksohn from 32 Maynard Avenue #205, Toronto 156, Ontario Canada. ENERGUMEN is available for contributions, substantial letters of comment, arranged trades or 50¢ an issue. Reviewers please point out that we do not accept checks or US stamps. Technically, this is the May 1972 issue of a quarterly fanzine, appearing by dint of Canadian enthusiasm in December of 1971. SUAMI Press Publication #13

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Please check the envelope this fanzine arrived in. An 'X' in the box means you'd better Do Something Real Soon Now or this will be your last issue. In the meantime, enjoy!

You know, I'm beginning to get a little worried about my fingers.

Since I began teaching, Susan and I have done a sort of mock-suburban thing, surrounding ourselves with material possessions, but those with an essential fannish purpose. We bought a carpet, so we could fanac and have parties without overly disturbing the neighbours. We bought a teak dining suite with extension leaves so that we could have more than two other people over to dinner at once, and also so we'd have a decent collating surface. And we bought a bed-chesterfield so that visiting fen could crash in some comfort. (As a result, we're now too broke to entertain the visitors we were trying to provide comfort for! Oh well, I get paid again next month.)

This year's Secondary Universe Conference, held in Toronto, gave us a chance to play hosts to some travelling fannish friends. The chesterfield hadn't arrived, but the carpet and the table seemed to be appreciated by the Browns, the Panshins and Eli, Jeannie and Ginjer. And how was my hospitality repaid? Well, while up here breathing our clean air, enjoying our clean, trouble-free city, and partaking of our generosity, several of these insidious American infiltrators subverted my poor wife!

It's true; under the direct influence of certain of these nefarious individuals, Susan, poor innocent that she was, went out and frivolously bought a lion.

The whole despicable tragedy will eventually be chronicled, but the result, a four-foot high styrofoam gilt-coloured lion left over from Queen Elizabeth's coronation, sits in our living room, looking ugly. And faced by this blatant example of wilful extravagance, my last resolve vanished; I gave in to a desire I'd manfully resisted for nearly eleven years; I went out and bought myself a boa constrictor.

Yes, that's right, a boa constrictor. Ever since I was fourteen, and couldn't take the science class grass snake home because my mother thought it would be slimey, I've longed to have a snake. And it was primarily lack of funds, not strength of will, that prevented me from doing anything about that longing. So when Susan bought the lion, the dam broke and thoughts of snakes burst forth, sweeping away all resistance. Randy Bathurst was the next person to drop by with a car, so the automatic trip to Baskin & Robbins included a detour to the pet shop where Larson E. (pronounced "larceny", of course) was bought.

He's about four feet long, quite beautiful and an ideal, untroublesome pet. (An unfortunate sidelight of the stop at the pet store was a cage full of free cats; in a moment of weakness, I allowed Susan to take one, despite my life-long and intense dislike of the beasts. Puppy, as he's called, and I live in a state of mutual distrust and tension, but I'm training Larson E. and...) In addition, he's probably the most alien creature I've ever encountered, and this is a major part of his fascination for me. And nothing's more fascinating than watching him eat.

Larson E. lives in an old aquarium lined with gravel with an overhead lamp for light and heat. Most of the time he appears to sleep, and occasionally moves very slowly around the cage. And he eats live mice. Since Susan will have nothing to do with this part of things, I'm the one who feeds him and watches him eat.

The booklet I have on keeping snakes warns that it may be difficult to get your snake to take his first mouse, at least until he adapts to his new environment. And sure enough, the first mouse I put in was totally ignored! For two hours the mouse slept in one corner of the cage and Larson E. slept in another! So I took the mouse out and stored it overnight. The next day I tried again, and was treated to two more hours of peaceful coexistance. And day three gave another repeat performance. More than a little worried, I took Larson E. out to make sure he was properly awake, then put him back into the cage for another try. And immediately I could tell that the time had come. The snake took about five minutes to meander slowly and apparently aimlessly over to the corner where the mouse was frisking, then, quite suddenly and with a move-

FEEDBACK FROM THE MIKE

ment literally too fast to follow, WHAM!!, Larson E. had the mouse in his mouth with two coils around its body. Absolutely fascinating. And after a minute or two, he slowly swallowed it down.

A week later I decided to feed him again, on the premise that the more he ate, the bigger he'd grow. On the way home from school I got another mouse, and after making sure Larson E. was awake dropped it into the cage. Larson E. was draped across his water trough, part of his body submerged and his head at the water level. After about two minutes, he raised his head, looked over his...er...ah...shoulder, and WHAM!!, down went the mouse. I was pleased to see he'd adjusted to his environment.

A couple of days ago, another week had passed and another mouse had been obtained. I decided to delay the feeding, since we were expecting Richard Labonte later in the evening, and I thought he might like to watch. Thus it was in the wee small hours of the morning that Susan and I returned from a party and I prepared for the weekly ritual. Richard declined to participate, so I was all alone as I tracked down the mouse, who'd eaten his way out of the box I'd kept him in, and seized it by the tail, then removed the top of Larson E.'s cage. Since snakes are naturally somewhat sluggish at night, I decided to lower the mouse directly in front of Larson E., rather than dropping it in haphazardly. Then he'd be sure to see what was happening. I'd just begun to lower my hand when WHAM!!, Larson E. struck like lightning and seized the scrabbling rodent right out of my hand! It was fascinating. Incredible, and more than slightly scarey, but quite, quite fascinating.

The first time Larson E. ate, he took over six hours. The second time he got down to business in a little over two minutes. And mouse number three vanished in less than a second. And in just a couple more days, it's going to be time to feed him for the fourth time...

As I was saying, I'm beginning to get a little worried about my fingers.

THE MANDATORY "ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE" SECTION: Because I've often talked about balance in terms of content, some people seem to think that I strive to get exactly the same number of pages of serious material as I have fannish material in each issue. Nothing could be further from the truth. Like nearly all faneds, I publish what I have on hand, so that any given issue may lean more heavily to one side or the other. On the overall picture though, I do strive for some semblance of balance, as I personally enjoy both types of fanzine material.

Last issue was somewhat more serious than fannish (as two or three letter writers pointed out rather accusingly); well, to balance things out, this issue happens to show a definite bias towards fannish material. For example, I'm publishing the first instalment of Jerry Lapidus' fanzine review column. Jerry and I had originally planned this as a supplement, since this best fitted both of our inclined-to-be-irregular schedules. I laid it out and typed it up with this idea in mind. However, despite a torrid letter campaign and a frantic phone call from me, Arnie didn't send his fan-history column, so Jerry appears in the magazine proper. Whether he'll continue there or not is anybody's guess.

I also have some views of NorEasCon in this issue. It's a cliche that every fan attends a different convention, but the many people in fandom who've never been to a Worldcon (yes, strange as it may seem, there were some fans who weren't in Boston!) probably find this hard to grasp. I'm able to present what I think is a fascinating and possibly unique picture of Noreascon: three different fans, from three different fannish eras, give their remembrances of the con. If you weren't in Boston, here's your chance to view the con through the eyes of a First Fandomite, a fan from the sixties, and a fan who reached prominence in the seventies. I hope you find it interesting.

Those of you with prodigious memories may recall that in the first two or three issues of this fanzine I kept promising to present Derek Carter's "Jabberwitch Journals". Unfortunately for fandom, Derek became a highly successful and much sought after commercial artist, and his fanac was practically eliminated. Now, for those 52 people who are still on the mailing list out of the original recipients of #1, I'm delighted to give you a small preview of Jabberwitch. Derek's folio represents but a few aspects of this fabulous place and, who knows, perhaps someday he'll be able to give us that guided tour I used to talk about.

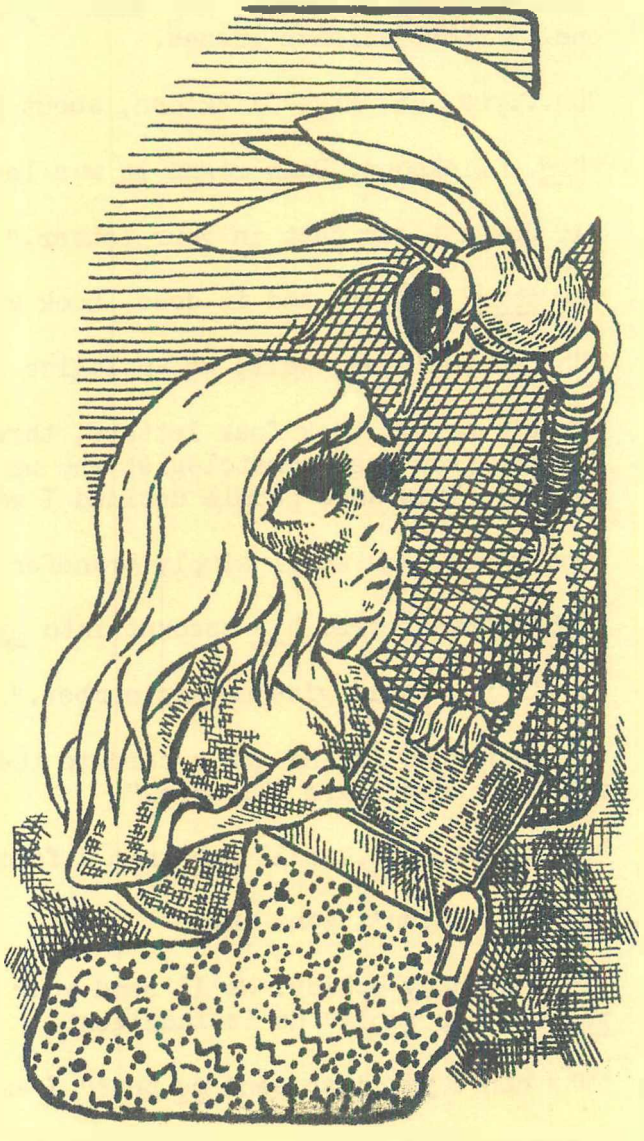
x x x x x

Last issue, I predicted that it would likely be a full three months before I'd publish again. Well, I've proven myself a good prophet. Strangely though, this issue could have been out earlier than it was but we decided to wait for some art from Tim Kirk for Rosemary's column. I thank Tim for doing this work in the middle of his busy Master's program, and I thank all the other artists who specifically illustrated the material for this issue. I think it's produced an artistically pleasing package.

I'm confident we'll be able to stick to a quarterly schedule, although we're strongly considering some production changes for the future. However, we do need copy. For some reason, we're almost out of articles. Whether ENERGUMEN has become an institution, to which writers no longer feel the urge to contribute, or whether people feel it's no longer worth contributing to, I don't know. But if you've been thinking about sending us something, and have been putting off doing so for some reason, I respectfully request that you proceed as planned. ENERGUMEN is a genzine, and without your contributions of art and articles and without your letters, it cannot continue. We thank you.

There are still some copies of #8 and some of #9 left and spare copies of most previous covers and back covers can be obtained at 2/25¢. ENERGUMEN, the entertaining but educational fabulous fannish yet serious scholarly fanzine that straddles the fence supports Toronto in 73, Washington in 74 and Australia in 75.

MY 2¢ WORTH



--by Susan Glicksohn

Some people are revolutionaries. Me, I'm a niggler. Middle (north) America can relax in its nice cushiony materialistic values, not listening to Jerry Rubin or the ecology people, or letting the law remove Angela Davis and Bobby Seale, or proferring pay cheques and stereos to suck in radicals as they grow older. Yet, or so I figure, it can't really ignore niggling from within. Niggling confuses establishment people. Like Shell Oil execs. Jolts them out of their groove.

Last April, for example, I was working on a term-paper, "Marriage in the Canterbury Tales" when the phone rang. Telegram for Miss Susan Gluckjohn. Only for Miss Susan--ah, um, er-- Glurksome. But she has to exist, I have a telegram for her. Five minutes later, I convinced the girl that I was, at least, a Susan and could be trusted with The Vital Message.

Call Mr. Lefort at Shell Oil, the number is...

Now I confess I'm middle class enough to have a credit card. It came in the mail a year ago, one of those "Dear Graduate, here is your diploma for happy travelling" handouts. You can charge Sheraton hotel bills as well as service station charges (and O'Keefe Centre theatre tickets) on it, so it seemed like a Good Idea, in case Michael ever went berserk at a con and bought a $300 Freas painting, to be able to charge our way home.

I'd never used that card. But for eight months, I had been trying to get it transferred into my married name. I called Mr. Lefort.

"Ah, yes, Miss Gluckson, now..."

"Mrs. Glicksohn." Niggle, niggle.

"Yes. Well, Miss Glucksom, you certainly received our telegram quickly."

"It's taken you eight months to send it. And why a telegram?"

"Quoi? Huh? Oh, it's fast."

"It's a waste of money. Why didn't you phone me?" He's not programmed to answer that one. A short silence ensues.

"Uh...yes, uh, Miss Glicksohn, about your account-- was this a legal change of name?"

"Mrs. Glicksohn. Damn right it was legal. I've told you, I got married."

"It doesn't say that in your letter."

"My third letter. And it does. Look at the signature."

"Uh..ah..oh! Yes, well, we apologize for the delay and..."

"That's ok. It took four letters, three phonecalls, a personal appearance and a lot of fussing from the dermatologist who wanted her bills paid before the Ontario Health Services Insurance people decided I was really me. You're comparatively efficient."

"Thank you. Now we'll simply transfer your account into your husband's name..."

"OHSIP transferred his account into my name. That was a gas."

"...if you could give me his number."

"I don't know it. He got a card in the mail, too, but he only uses it to open doors and the numbers are all worn."

"Uh...well. Uh...we'll send him a form and issue two cards in his name."

"Why? He doesn't want one!"

"It's company policy. We'll send your husband a Shell Oil credit card, and one that you can use too!!" He is indulgent.

"Why can't you just send me one?" I am persistent.

"It's company policy. It's Ontario law. It's..." He is floundering.

"What you mean is, the card has to say 'Mrs. Michael Glicksohn' because under Ontario law, my husband is responsible for my debts."

"Yes!!" He is relieved.

"But why two cards? And anyway, it hardly seems fair."

"Fair?" He is confused. "Not fair to you?"

"To him. I have my own income, I should be responsible for my own finances."

And a tide of national fervor broke loose, as M. Lefort, his French accent growing stronger and stronger, spent ten minutes telling me that in Quebec, my property would be mine, and my husband's creditors couldn't take my house away, but in Ontario... Now I know more about Canadian civil law than he gave me credit for. Quebec's is based on French civil law (and if you're married, without a marriage contract, better forget about property and rights, baby!)

Civil law in the rest of Canada is based on British law; and, in common with British and American law, it demotes a married woman from an individual to an appendage of her husband. When I worked for the Ottawa Public Library, for example, we were required to issue cards to "Mrs. John Smith", not "Mrs. Mary Smith" even to a separated,

deserted or divorced woman. And a single woman, who has been trusted with credit cards and always paid her bills on time, has those cards taken away from her, even if she is still financially independent, when she marries -- her husband is "responsible" for her (often to his cost!) and she has all the status of a little girl asking daddy for money to buy candy! However, at the time I was more interested in marriage in the Canterbury Tales than in Ontario, so I cut in hastily as M. Lefort faltered.

"That's not the point. But send us the forms."

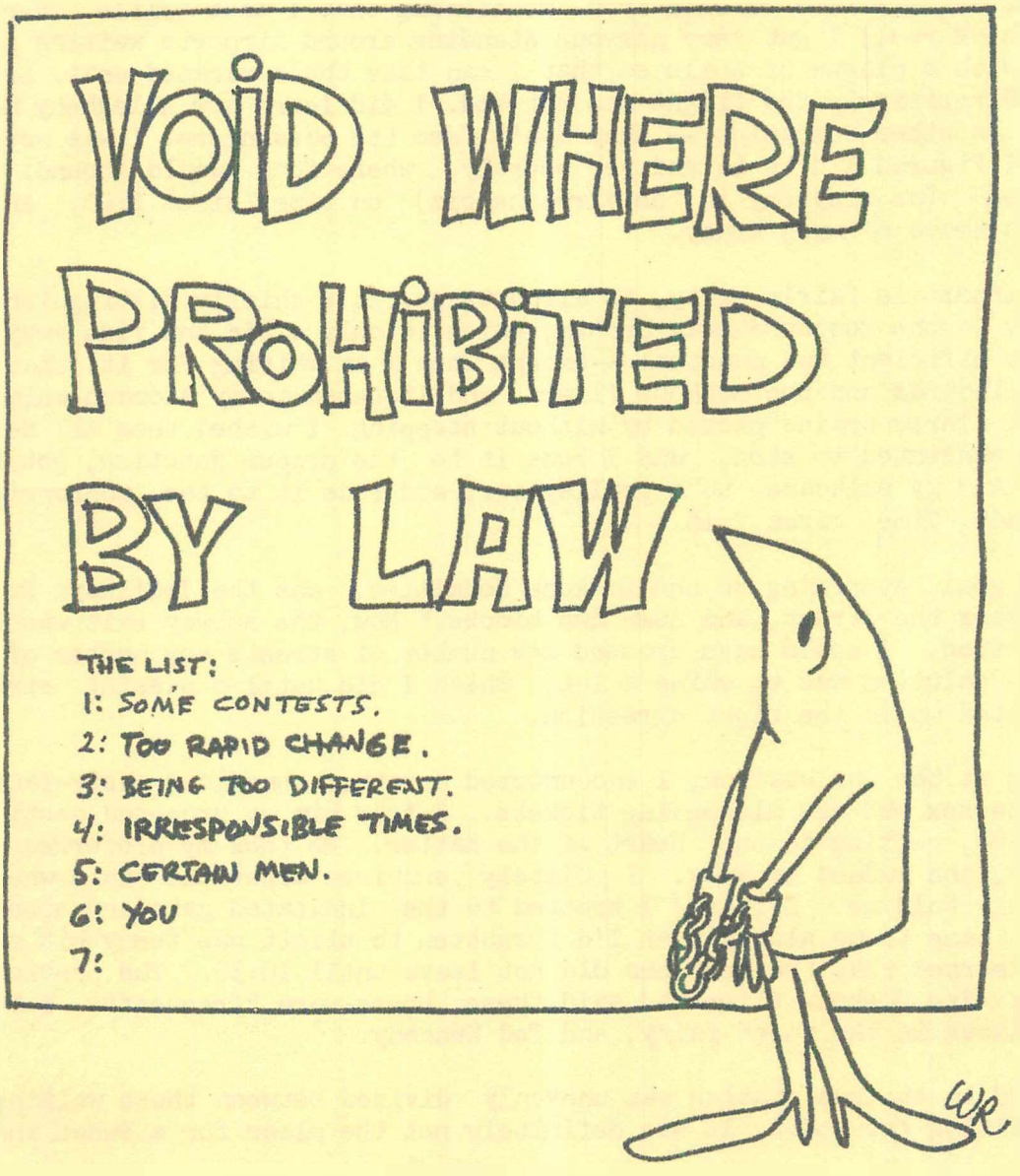
"Good. You understand, it's company po..."

"Policy. Yes. Of course. I just wondered if you'd ever thought about it. I'm afraid, though, you'll have trouble investigating us. Neither of us has a credit rating."

"Huh?"

"We've never bought anything on credit. We don't believe in spending money we don't have on wasteful frivolities. It's not ethical. Goodbye."

Listen carefully. Is that the sound of "why"s niggling away at the mortar of society? Maybe. As it happens, on June 26, 1971, I received a single, new, credit card from Shell Oil -- in the name of "Mrs. Susan Glicksohn."



Lest We Remember... Ginjer Buchanan

At approximately seven of the clock Friday evening, March 12 1971, I boarded an Allegheny Airlines' flight for Boston, bound for Boskone VIII. Allegheny Airlines, as some of you may know, is a mode of airborne transport somewhat superior to that used by Daedulus. But Allegheny is also the only airline that lets you fly Youth Card with a reservation. (Please refrain from mentioning that I am a trifle over-age for a Youth Card. Thank you.) I get very nervous standing around airports waiting for someone to be struck with a plague of boils so that I can take their vacated seat. Ergo, I flew Allegheny. Surprisingly the flight was not bad. I did learn how Allegheny manages to undercharge the other companies -- they don't feed the passengers. I was not too distressed, since I figured I'd be in Andover shortly, where food would abound. At any rate, we "deplaned" (as they say in the airplane biz) on time, circa 8:00, and I set forth on the next phase of my journey.

Logan Airport is fairly nifty, as airports go. It's chiefly distinguished by its accessibility to the Boston Subway System, which is only a 25¢ bus ride away. The subway, in turn, is efficient and punctual---except when I am waiting for it. That night, I paced, read billboards and the Boskone flier, and listened to my stomach whimper for about 30 minutes. Three trains passed by without stopping. I wished them all Hell-Bound. Finally, one consented to stop, and I rode it to the proper junction, got off, transferred myself and my suitcase to a trolley car, and rode it to the appropriate stop. I "detrolleyed". Time: circa 9:15.

My next goal, according to the Boskone Committee, was the Trailways Bus Station, which was "across the street, and down two blocks." Now, the subway exit was on a four-corner intersection. I could have crossed any number of streets any number of times. The only logical solution was to whine a lot, which I did until a passing stranger took pity, and pointed me in the right direction.

Arriving at the bus station, I encountered a rather obnoxious pasty-faced chap of indeterminate sex who was dispensing tickets. I told him my proposed destination. "$1.35" he replied, getting to the heart of the matter. He took my proferred money, with much alacrity, and nodded me away. I politely enquired after the bus's whereabouts and he grudgingly told me. Blithely I trotted to the indicated gate and stood for a few minutes. It came to me slowly that I'd forgotten to elicit one teeny bit of information... I soon learned that the next bus did not leave until 10:30. The previous bus had left at 7:30. The Boskone flier had said these buses were "frequent". I believed that. I also believe in the tooth fairy, and Ted Kennedy.

The crowd in the bus station was unevenly divided between those waiting for buses, and those waiting for Godot. It was definitely not the place for a sweet innocent girl from

a small town. It wasn't even the place for me. I checked my suitcase, and ventured out into Boston to eat at the Schraffts that was just across the street last year. It had been cleverly hidden from me, however, and I eventually ended up in a Howard Johnson's, partaking of ground stunted cow.

Arriving back at the bus station at about 10:15, I collected my bag, and boarded the waiting bus. The driver asked me for my ticket. Ticket? TICKET??!! Well, I didn't have no ticket on account of I hadn't been given one. I took this matter up immediately with Mr Ticket Agent. He insinuated that I was a bubbleheaded broad, given to ticket-losing, and god knows what other social failings; I suggested that he was an extremely naughty boy who was lining his pockets with my $1.35. Voices were raised, some of them mine. Eventually I was forced to buy another ticket, since the 10:30 bus was the last "frequent" bus to Andover for the night, so I had to be on it.

The bus driver proved to be a very sympathetic type, who kept up a running conversation with me during the rather lengthy trip. At 11:15 he announced, "Andover Centre" and stopped the bus. At a corner in Andover. A dark corner. I debussed. As far as the eye could see, the eye could see nothing. No people. No lights. No taxis. No con hotel. No Thing. I was, as the saying goes, somewhat Taken Aback.

After a few numb minutes, I noticed a fellow-with-suitcase looking similarly appalled and soon established that he too was Boskone bound. We joined forces, wandering about, peering in darkened Andover windows. I'd begun to think that the entire town was a facade erected for the remake of Peyton Place when an actual person appeared. My male companion hailed him. He turned out to be a passing teenager who was, he explained, returning from walking his girl home from The Dance, which had been held that evening at The High School. We, in turn, explained our predicament and the lad promptly took the situation, and my suitcase, in hand. He led us off towards Back There, where, he told us, The Taxi always parked. Alas, we found that The Taxi had retired for the evening, doubtless sleeping in The Garage.

As an alternative, I asked where we might find a phone, so I might call the hotel for assistance. He considered this, and then recalled that The Pay Phone was right down the hill by The Gas Station.

We trekked there, the boy keeping up a running monologue on Life in Andover. The Gas Station, predictably, was closed, but The Pay Phone was in working order. I called the motel, and stated the situation. The motel man rang up the con registration desk, but no-one answered (They were all pool side watching "The Love Goddesses".) The motel man was at a loss, since he had no courtesy car available. I quietly suggested: "FIND TONY LEWIS. TELL HIM GINJER BUCHANAN IS STRANDED IN ANDOVER AND HE'D BETTER COME GET HER!!"

It takes a willing suspension of disbelief to order the Worldcon chairman around like a coolie; I can only plead temporary sanity. It seemed to me, at that point, that Tony was responsible for Everything, and I intended to make him pay!

In the interim, our boy guide advised us to wait in front of The Library, a relatively well-lit location. He remained a few more minutes, chatting amiably about his whole life. We, apparently, were one of the high points of the past years: Something to Tell the Grandchildren About. He eventually left us, reluctantly, and we were alone.

Alone. At 11:40, on a deserted corner in Andover, Mass. with the moon waning, and the temperature dropping. (This conclusion was arrived at by the definite correlation between ^{o}F and Toes Numb). At such moments, an awful clarity sets in, and cosmic insights abound.

I noted, for instance, that The Library--The Andover Memorial War Library--had chisled above the door "Lest We Forget" (To return our overdue books? To use our deodorant?) It gave one pause for thot.

I also noted that Andover had two police cars, which alternated, circling the block, but never stopped to offer advice or assistance. Later on, the station wagon parked a safe distance away. I guessed we were being "staked out", as the vanguard of a major crime wave no doubt.

Gradually I also became aware that we were being subjected to repeated examination from those teenagers fortunate enough to be driving home from The Dance. As their cars approached our corner, they'd slow up. A female head would appear in the window, for a quick survey, then turn to the driver, who would "peel out," (as we used to say at the drug store.) I spent some few minutes speculating on just what information the young ladies were conveying. (Oh, gee, Tommy, they look real weird! All sorta blue around the edges and flaky, ya know --)

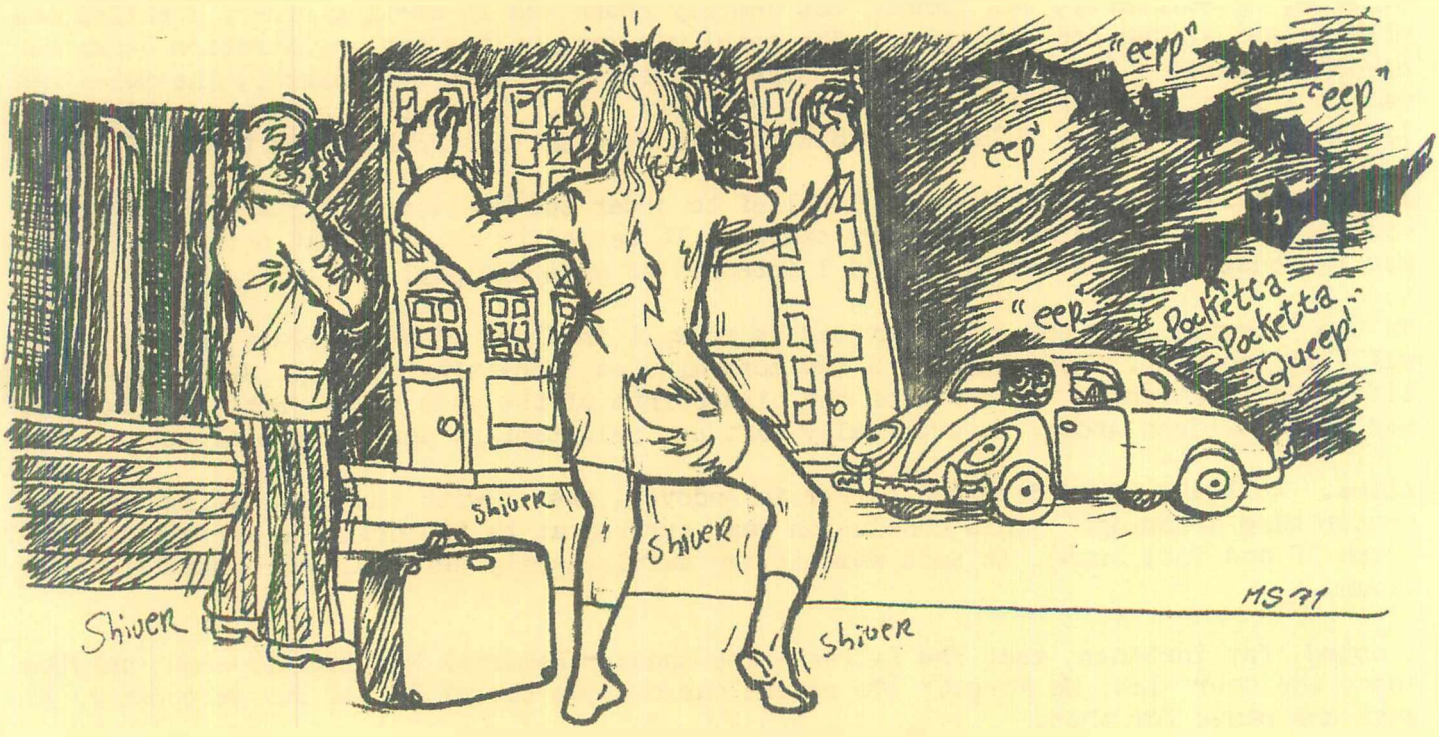
We bore all this fairly well, but I was convinced my mind had joined my feet in Bye-bye land when a Trailways bus thundered out of the night and pulled to a halt directly in front of us. I whistled nonchalantly, wondering why I didn't hallucinate large cuddly animals, like everyone else. Actually, it was really the bus, and the friendly driver who was concerned over our well being. We assured him that we were to be picked up Any Minute Now, and he then pulled away. The police car blinked.

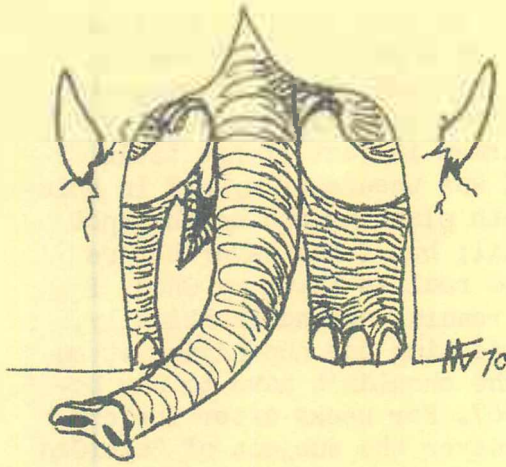
Time passed. I was considering calling the motel again, provided I could walk to the phone, when I saw Tony Lewis driving by. DRIVING BY! Calmly, and with deliberation I screamed. My male companion says I also jumped up and down, with clenched fists. That couldn't be true though, could it?

I got Tony's attention, at any rate, and he proceeded to turn around. As he did so, a large black car U-turned thru the intersection, and stopped by the curb, obviously to pick us up. Had Tony Lewis cloned? No, it was Friendly Bus Driver on his way home, and seeking to do a good deed. We thanked him, hysterically, but opted for Tony's car.

It was midnite. I was finally going to get to Boskone, after five hours in transit. The second last thing I saw, as we drove out of Andover, was the police car, gasping in amazement. The last thing was that inscription on The Library -- "Lest We Forget."

Not Bloody Likely!





THE SALTY KUMQUAT

A COLUMN OF NEWS AND OPINION

BY TED PAULS

While I was writing last issue about the company with which cons have been sharing their hotels, I ought to have mentioned PgHlange, which makes a habit of peculiarly inappropriate company. Like, last year the adjoining ballroom was occupied by a construction workers' union gala affair. It was a scene fraught with profound meaning if only we could figure out what it was: on one side, Them, burly, well-lubricated men stuffed unceremoniously into suits and ties, mumbled epithets and American Flag nametags, and their women, all sagging skin, sequins, plastic hair and tasteless imitation rubies; and on the other side, Us, long hair, guitars, bare feet, beards, headbands, snogging, sipping beer, flinging frisbees the length of the room, flashing Them supercilious V-signs, secure in our youth and our contempt. A strange montage of America in miniature.

This year, the rooms next to ours were being used for the 25th or somesuch reunion of the 841st Aviation Engineer Battalion. It was much the same scene--I could swear that they had the exact same American Flag nametags. At one point, though, a group of them passed a group of us sitting on the floor, and one of the men stopped to gawk so obviously that it surpassed rudeness. His wife tugged him away by the arm -- "Come on, Harry, let them alone." -- and then, looking back, flashed us a wide smile, a V and said, "Peace, people!" Sure it was a cliche thing to say, but her I liked.

Either shortly before or shortly after this, I was talking to Michael's better half when a group of the 841st wandered by. Susan, who is a liberated chick with a torso unencumbered by obsolete undergarments, looked at them and then at me with an impish smile. "Shall I bounce a little?" she asked, and without waiting for my answer proceeded to bounce up and down, jiggling quite pleasantly. I don't know what reaction, if any, the passing straights displayed. I was too busy holding onto the wall to prevent myself collapsing in a heap of helpless laughter to notice.

-oOo-

And We'll Keep Doing It Until We Get It Right Department: Last year I inherited a convention, the Baltimore SF Conference, which had been as regular a feature of February as slush since 1967. BaltiCons had been run since their inception by Jack Chalker, Boy Publisher, but the declining attendance, plus the fact that he was tied up with Air National Guard duty on the most logical weekend for the con, convinced Jack to drop the idea of a 1971 BaltiCon. I kicked around the idea of trying to put on a regional here without Jack with several other people, but nothing was done about it until the eleventh hour. Finally, around Christmas, Brian Burley, Dave Halterman, Mark Owings and I decided to hold a BaltiCon the second weekend in February.

BaltiCon V didn't exactly have a lot going for it. To begin with, BaltiCon as as institution suffered from its reputation as an increasingly lacklustre regional; the announcement that "Hey, we're gonna hold a BaltiCon!" didn't exactly send ripples of excitement through East Coast fan centers. Then there was the hotel we inherited,

which, while easy to get along with, can only be described as well past its days of glory. The fact that the final decision to hold the con wasn't made until December meant that there wasn't time to publicize it well or to plan such things as program with the care they deserved. And finally, the fact that I was the only member of the committee actually in Baltimore made me of necessity chairman in fact if not title, the person who actually had to organize everything, and I was unsure of myself in this capacity. I mean, I've worked on numerous conventions, both planning and on the spot managing, and I know the mechanics of putting on a regional; but I had never before exercised the responsibility on my own. It was sobering to realize that, my Ghod, I can't pass the buck to anybody! In the event, I ended up running around frantically, yelling at several good friends, and practically bodily ejecting one non-paying attendee who insisted, in the bitchiest possible terms, that she shouldn't have to pay because she'd been in Baltimore fandom since way back in 1967. For weeks after the convention, I was heard to mutter angrily "Never again!" whenever the subject of BaltiCon came up.

Fannish 'never again's are rarely permanent, of course, and in the perspective of time I came to see that the convention was pretty decent after all, even if I did bruise my reputation for having a sunny disposition. It lost money, but we'd expected that, and the program was weak;but, on the credit side, attendance actually went up despite the last minute nature of the thing, a number of people complimented me on having put on a very fannish convention, we had the best banquet of the year as well as the cheapest, and--let's face it--I enjoyed the egoboo of running a con.

So there will be a BaltiCon VI next February, on the weekend of the 19th, to be precise. The committee is the same, and the guest of honour speech, delivered by Gordon R Dickson, will once again follow a sumptuous Chinese banquet at the Mandarin House Restaurant. We have a better hotel this year, the Sheraton Inn, and there'll be a number of new features, such as a Ron Ellik Memorial Poker Game. But the main emphasis of the con, once again, will be fannish partying, centred around the committee rooms, from Friday night until check-out time Monday. If you have confidence in the country being able to survive that long under Nixon and want to get in on the ground floor, advance registration is $2 sent to me (Ted Pauls, 821 E.33rd St., Baltimore, Md., 21218).

-oOo-

NorEasCon was a beautiful scene, man. It is impossible, within the confines of this column, to undertake to provide more than a few kaleidoscopic glimpses.

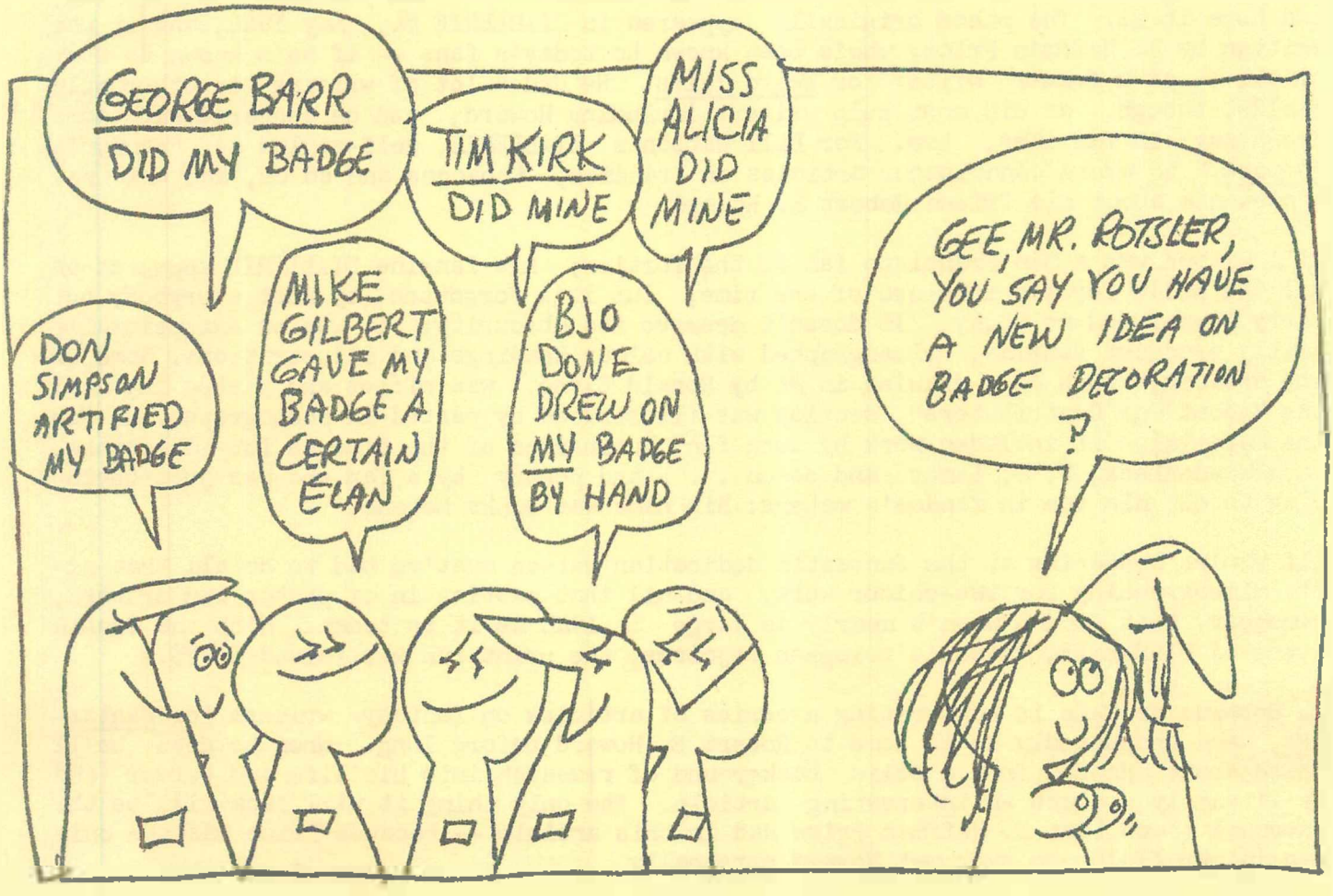
Such a multitude of fans, everywhere I turned there was a good friend, or an old acquaintance, or someone I'd looked forward to meeting for years. There were too many people, in some respects. You would go for days without seeing someone you knew was there, or see a person once, passing briefly in a corridor, and then never find him again. Poul Anderson I never saw at all, damnit, and Jeff Soyer I saw once, sometime on Saturday, and never succeeded in getting together with him again. But there was more on the credit than debit side: I met John Brunner, and introduced a very embarrassed Karen to him; Bob Vardeman finally got to see what Ted Pauls Is Really Like; I managed to spend 45 minutes in the coffee shop with Lin Carter discovering how divergent our tastes in SF are; and there were countless renewals of acquaintance with fans from west of the Big Muddy.

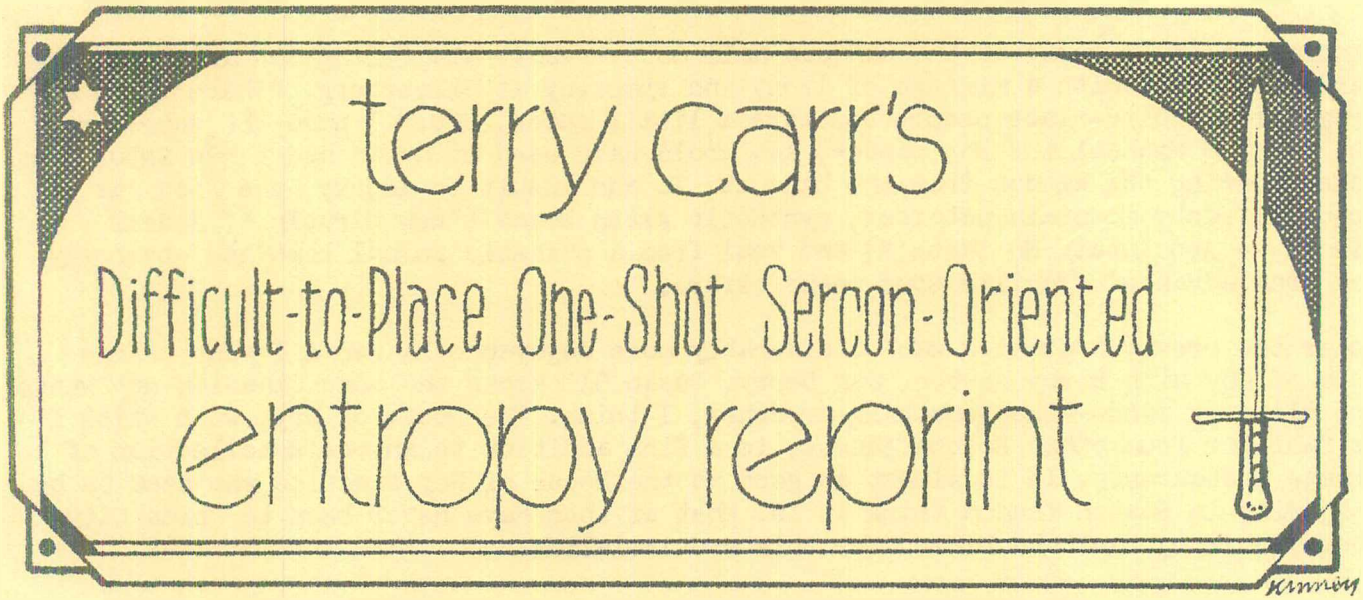
"Upstairs," observed Al Hearn, "A warm bed, a warm woman, a clean sheet. Down here... me." I had been sitting in the ballroom lobby with Al and some other Philadelphia fans for two hours in the wee hours of Monday morning. Everybody in the group was stoned, some on simple lack of sleep, and we were telling each other periodically that we really ought to go to bed. Karen had been upstairs sleeping for hours; so had Al's chick, Winnie. "Upstairs," I agreed. "Warm bed, warm woman, clean sheet. Down here, us." I was still there at 7:00 AM when Karen woke up and came downstairs. Saturday, as it turned out, was the only night of the con that I got any sleep at all.

Standing in the doorway of the banquet hall as everybody was filing out after the Hugo awards, I smiled with a mixture of irony and sympathy at Silverberg. "There'll be a party for us third-place people upstairs a little later, Bob." I used the same line a bit later to Michael the Boy Wonder, and would have used it again had I run into Gordy Dickson during the exodus from the banquet. To add insult to injury, the food was dreadful: rocky mountain potatoes, synthetic green beans ("New Miracle of Modern Science -- Absolutely No Taste!") and veal from a pathetic animal that had obviously died from advanced syphilis some weeks before.

Dinner the previous evening was considerably more enjoyable. Karen & I went to the House of Roy with Barry Newton, Jan Derry, Susan Glicksohn and some Canadian guy whose name slips my mind--Mike something-or-other, I think. The House of Roy, with which I was familiar from other Boston jaunts, is a fine addition to anyone's collection of Chinese restaurants. It is almost as good as the House of Roy fanatics who seem to be a majority in Boston fandom think it is. Most of them have never been to China City, though, so they can't be blamed for this provincialism.

Returning to Baltimore on Monday, all six of us in the car--Karen & myself, Barry, Jan, Charlie Ellis and Kim Weston--were punch-drunk from lack of sleep. Lunch in Connecticutt was one long gross-out session, during which we all laughed so hard that, quite literally, our jaws hurt and tears were streaming from our eyes. Dinner outside Harrisburg was nearly as weird, and was particularly distinguished by one incident. All six of us were crammed into a four-person dinner booth, and at one point I turned around to look over my shoulder, my hand idly stroking Karen's back as it is wont to do. Only Karen wasn't sitting on that side of me. Charlie Ellis was, and he shrieked in rising tones, "What are you doing!?" Imagine sheepishness shading into utter horror, and you'll have some idea of my feeling at that moment. Witnesses were unable to determine whether Charlie or I had the reddest face.





At this past August's PgHlange I was on a panel with Mike Glicksohn and others and our topic was "the resurgence of fannish fandom." One of the things that got mentioned was my series of reprints from old fanzines; I mentioned that everybody who wanted to run these reprints specified that he wanted fannish material rather than anything to do with sf or fantasy, and as a result several articles that I wanted to reprint, such as a word portrait of Robert E. Howard by the only sf person who had ever met him in the flesh, had no fanzine in which to find a home for reprint.

Mike immediately said, "I'll print it in ENERGUMEN!" Mike, as we all know, is an unreconstructed serconfan.

So when I got home from the con I dug out the fanzine that had published the article, and here it is. The piece originally appeared in DIABLERIE #4, May 1944, and it was written by E. Hoffman Price, who's best known to today's fans -- if he's known to them at all -- as a former writer for Weird Tales. He did a lot of writing in other pulp fields, though, as did most pulp writers including Howard, and he appeared with some frequency in fanzines, too. For Bill Watson's DIABLERIE, self-styled as "fandom's Esquire," he wrote connoisseur articles on brandies, tobaccos and so on, and this reminiscence about his friend Robert E. Howard.

Bill Watson was a San Francisco fan of the forties; his fanzine DIABLERIE appeared on all the polls for top fanzines of the time, but it's forgotten by most everybody but Harry Warner and me today. It doesn't deserve its obscurity; it was an exceptionally neatly produced fanzine, mimeographed with colour headings and illustrations. Some of the artwork, such as a drawing in #4 by Ronald Clyne, was offset and pasted in; and the "About Our Contributors" section was illustrated by pasted-in photographs. As for the material, it included work by such fan luminaries of the time as Lou Goldstone, Jack Wiedenbeck, F. T. Laney and so on . . . and poetry by a fan who was just beginning to dip his toe in fandom's waters: his name was Banks Mebane.

(If you're wondering at the fantastic dedication Watson must've had to do all that extra mimeographing for two-colour work, and all that pasting-in of photos and artwork, remember that fandom wasn't nearly as large in 1944 as it is today. With the fourth issue of DIABLERIE, Watson's colophon rejoices, the print-run was raised to 75.)

L. Sprague de Camp is now writing a series of articles on fantasy writers for Fantastic, and undoubtedly he'll come to Robert E. Howard before long. When he does, he'll write about Howard from a solid background of research into his life and career, and he'll surely produce an interesting article. The only thing it will lack will be the personal touch that E. Hoffman Price had in this article -- because Price was the only man in our field who ever met Howard personally.

-- Terry Carr

Gentlemen, this is the hand that shook the hand of Robert E. Howard! Line forms on the right, quit shoving, and don't step on the women and children. My claim to be the only writer who ever met Robert E. Howard, face to face, in the heart of the post oak belt of Texas, has not thus far been refuted.

Get your road maps. Cross Plain is thirty-two miles from Cisco, which town is where highways US 80 and 283 intersect. From whatever direction you approach Cross Plains, you have a piece of driving to do. I say it was worth doing.

He was broad and towering, with a bluff, tanned face and a big, hearty hand, and a voice which was surprisingly soft and easy, not at all the bull-bellow one might expect of the creator of Conan and those other sabre-hackers. I should like to speak of Howard's parents, with whom he lived, and to whose home he welcomed me, but I must stick to telling of the man who made Cross Plains famous.

For the next few days, I was busy trying to combine two images: that of the actual man, and that of the one who loomed up in those stirring yarns, and in those salty letters I'd been getting from him since 1928. The synthesis was never affected. As a matter of fact, writers rarely do resemble the fan-image!

Howard's expression was boyish, not having yet squared off into angles; his blue eyes, somewhat prominent, had a wide-openness which did not suggest anything of the man's keen wit and agile fancy. That first picture persists: a powerful, solid, round-faced fellow, kindly and somewhat stolid. At times, I got the fantastic notion that the father rather than the son must have been the author. I cannot remember ever having met another man who had eyes as penetrating as Dr. Howard's; clear, ice-blue, vibrant with expression, seconding his voice and gestures. White haired, shaggy browed, a face marked in rugged lines: the father's speech and spirit seemed an outward expression of the inner something which made the son a writer.

The post oak belt, so called because of the stunted trees of the region, does not have the New England literary tradition. A writer, I gathered, is regarded as a harmless freak. That Howard earned considerable sums, right from the start, when he was fifteen, and eventually better than doubled the figure set forth as the average income of a pulp fictioneer, merely made him conspicuous. He must always have felt himself to be, whether he wanted to or not, someone and something apart from the standard model Texan. While guiding me from the house to the barber-shop, he said, abruptly, "Ed, I am God damn proud to have you visit me."

He meant precisely what he said, and he said exactly what he meant, no more, no less. Since I was a fellow freak, he didn't have to mince around. I said, "I've looked forward to this a long time, but I fail to see what you have to be proud about!"

"It's this way," he explained. "Nobody thinks I amount to much, so I am glad to have a chance of showing these sons of ____s that a successful writer will drive a thousand miles to hell and gone out of his way to see me."

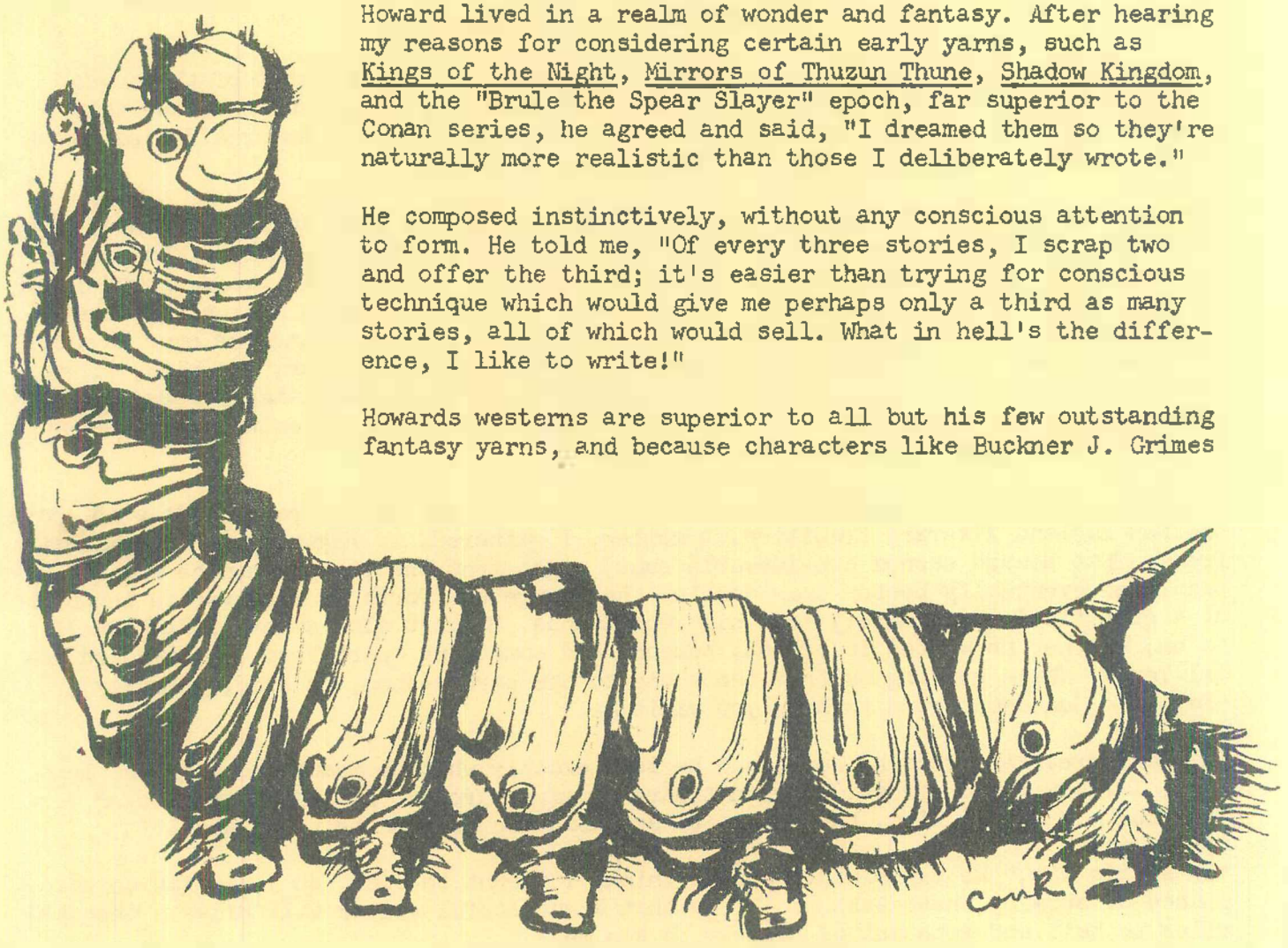
As a matter of fact, I'd spent a year starving. I'd even quit writing and tried making expenses by repairing Fords for the Osage Indians, up in Oklahoma. But since Howard had predicted two years previously that I'd make a go of it, he considered the issue settled: I was a successful writer!

To this day, I do not know just how seriously he under-rated his standing in Cross Plains. I do however know that on the day of his death, the local paper published as a reprint from a magazine, one of his last yarns. Between that 6000 word piece, and the obituary, Robert E. Howard got more space than any other citizen of Cross Plains ever got, before or after. Yet, during his life, he did undoubtedly feel that the townsmen wondered why the son of a man as esteemed and solid as Dr.I.M.Howard fooled around writing for magazines.

In the sense I have implied, Robert Howard was without a doubt a lonely person. This feeling of isolation often revealed itself. Once he asked, with characteristic abruptness, "Ed, have you any enemies?"

His tone told me that he had lots of them, that he expected my answer to be yes, and that purely rhetorical query was to start me off on a subject vital to him. In many a letter he had told me of the post oak region, a land of hard working, hard fighting, hard hating people, a land of feuds which, even in his time, might well have equaled the heights of the Hatfield-McCoy tradition. So when I answered, "Not that I know of," Howard was stumped.

It was plain that he accepted my statement on faith, rather than plausibility.



Howard lived in a realm of wonder and fantasy. After hearing my reasons for considering certain early yarns, such as Kings of the Night, Mirrors of Thuzun Thune, Shadow Kingdom, and the "Brule the Spear Slayer" epoch, far superior to the Conan series, he agreed and said, "I dreamed them so they're naturally more realistic than those I deliberately wrote."

He composed instinctively, without any conscious attention to form. He told me, "Of every three stories, I scrap two and offer the third; it's easier than trying for conscious technique which would give me perhaps only a third as many stories, all of which would sell. What in hell's the difference, I like to write!"

Howards westerns are superior to all but his few outstanding fantasy yarns, and because characters like Buckner J. Grimes

were drawn from life, and not cooked up from fancy. Those characters, for all their Paul Bunyan-ish extravagance, are real, speaking the speech of the country. Dr. Howard and his son often garnished their conversation with quips and phrases which I had already, or would later, read in a published Western.

The news of Howard's death hit me between the eyes; but when I picked up the newspaper which contained his last published story, I forgot that the author was dead. For the time of my reading, he lived, and I was able to laugh, and right from my ankles. Gentlemen, when you write copy that can do that for your friends, you are really writing!

It was a first person story; Buckner J.Grimes and Robert E. Howard were for the time one and the same person. For a little while, the author had come back from the dead. Chaw on that for a moment.

During his thirty years of life, he lived in two worlds. The transition from one plane to the other must have seemed far more natural to him than to the ordinary person.

He loved the whopping story; and he said of Sir Richard Burton, "Ten to one he was a damn liar in a lot of respects, which is what makes a good story teller!"

Howard once told me that whenever, as a boy, he ran out of fiction, he'd saddle up his horse, and ride out to raid the skimpy libraries of country schoolhouses; he'd jimmy a window, make his selection, stuff it into a gunny sack, and gallop home. Maybe this was one of his whoppers, but if it isn't true, it ought to be.

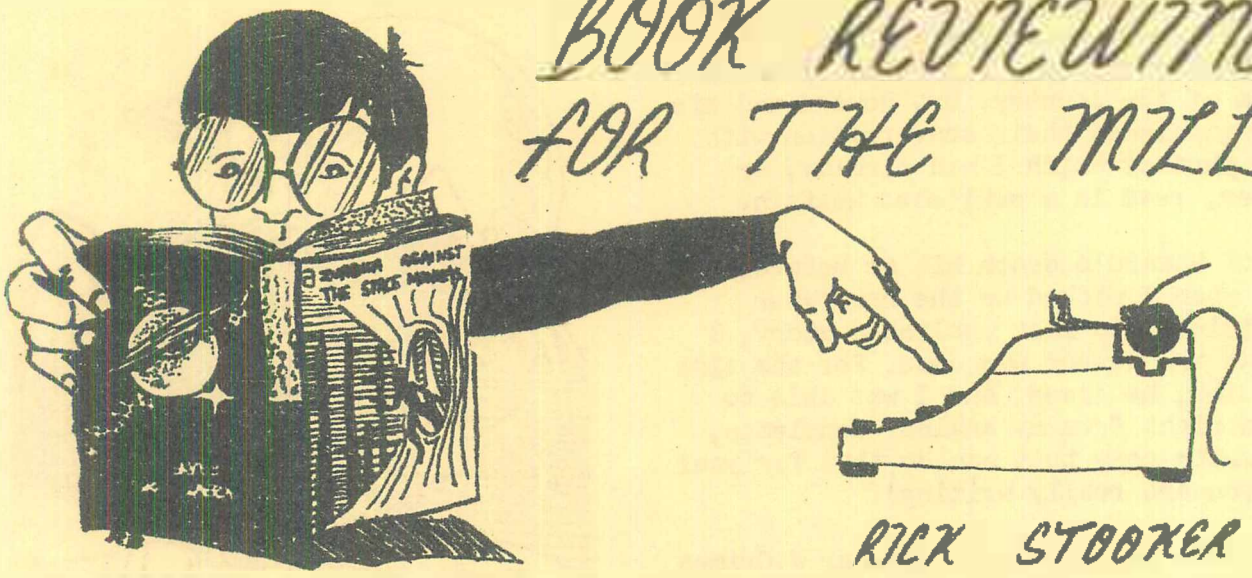
Though he drank beer, he refused to smoke, and the explanation he offered me, very solemnly, was this: "The most contemptible son of a ____ I know of smokes, so I won't!" Then he added, "Well, I'm not any too consistent; I breathe, and so does that dirty ____!"

And now I must re-read Man Eating Jeopard (that's the title, not Leopard) for to read it is to hear Robert E. Howard. The trouble is, I can't answer back, I can't tell him that within a few weeks after his death, I sold my first adventure story, and to one of the magazines in which he had been a top flight contributor and that a month or two later, I started a series of westerns, inspired largely by his inimitable characters.

These were not imitations, because Howard couldn't be imitated, yet they follow the pattern: and the hero, Simon Bolivar Grimes, is my version of Buckner Jeopard Grimes of Knife River, Texas, who as everyone who reads the story and knew the author must know, was Robert Howard as burlesques by himself.

My series of western burlesques has an unusual vitality: in seven years, I have sold twenty-four of the sequence without a rejection, and since we all know that no imitation could be so durable, I leave it to you to draw your own inferences as to the source of this character's appeal. Robert Ervin Howard encourages me during the tough days of my start, and he has been contributing ever since; with Texan stubbornness, he still lives!

BOOK REVIEWING FOR THE MILLIONS



RICK STOOKER

In fandom today, nothing proliferates quite so much like Catholic rabbits as book reviews. It is alarming that so few fanzines are willing to put out an issue without at least one; and many devote pages and pages to the pursuit of critical status. To supply this constant demand, more and more fans are turning to the book review as a source of egoboo. Everybody is getting in on it: pros, seasoned fans, fuggheads (you can count on them to muzzle their way in on anything), and neofans.

In fact, for the last group, this is the most important area of fandom. For those of you who have forgotten what neohood is like, remember that the average neofan isn't yet familiar enough with the ins and outs of the SFWA and other subfandoms to write articles in rebuttal to the latest shit-slinging; being the only fan in Munville, Montana, he is unable to write a humorous feature on the zany behaviour of fen he knows; and he is, of course, unable to reminisce about past fannish experiences. What can Joe Neophan do, besides write locs, to show he's a trufan?

Right. He can scribble down a few lines on that half of the Ace Double he just spent the last week reading. "This is easy enough," he thinks. "All I have to do is tell whether or not I liked the thing."

As everyone who's ever written a book review knows, it's not quite that simple -- almost, but not quite.

The following outline of the Basic Book Review is designed as a guide for all those who would become Critics, and especially for Joe Neophan in Munville, Montana, who wonders why Dick Geis never accepted any of his reviews. Maybe this will help, Joe.

1. THE HEADING -- Dig up a copy of the book, and at the top of your review list such information as title, author, publisher, price and number of pages. This is not really relevant to your review but reinforces the illusion that you have actually read the book and is a small enough favor to your reader. Once you have the information, you may return the book to your public library, your roommate's waste can, or its rack in the drugstore.

2. THE INTRODUCTORY PARAGRAPHS -- Before you get to the main body of your review, it is well to warm up the reader a little by inserting several Introductory Paragraphs. There are two basic types: the Biography Introduction and the Opinion Introduction.

I. Biography Introduction. (Choices for each lettered blank are listed in the footnotes. Simply fill in the blanks, and your Introduction is written!)

"This is INSERT AUTHOR'S NAME HERE. KEEP HEADING (SEE ABOVE) NEARBY FOR HANDY REFERENCE's first book since ZURBISH AGAINST THE SPACE MONKEYS (#3,476 in the continuing series of Zurbish, master warrior and all 'round he-man of the galaxy.) Fans of this author have been eagerly awaiting this book and they won't/will be disappointed. The author has turned out __A__.

OR

This is so and so's first novel. __B__."

II. Opinion Introduction. This is helpful to the reader because it lets him know right away what your prejudices are concerning this type of book.

"I generally don't/do like __C__."

3. MAIN BODY -- This is, obviously, going to be the bulk of your review. However, there is no hard and fast skeleton I can give. There are of course certain basic plot outlines that 99 out of a 100 sf books can be reduced to; but while they are simple, they are numerous and a dissertation on the basic plots of sf is beyond the scope of this article.

Luckily, you don't need to know the basic plot of the book you're reviewing, just write a specific plot synopsis. Write for several pages and when you think you've said enough, stop.

Remember that it is in extremely questionable taste to reveal the ending of a novel. For example, it's fine to tell your readers the Prince rescues the heroine; just don't reveal that they lived happily ever after. And it's all right to mention that Brian Chaney is black, but don't, whatever you do,

- -

'A' LIST:

1) a piece of unadulterated crap.
2) his usual hackwork.
3) a brilliant novel worthy of a Hugo, or a Nebula at least.
4) a competently written adventure story good for reading on the john when you're down with the runs.

'B' LIST:

1) I hope it will be his last. He should have remained a truck driver.
2) It isn't very good, but it does show promise. His tenth or twelfth attempt should be readable.
3) It's the best first novel I've ever read. How can he top this?

'C' LIST:

1) swordplay and sorcery.
2) space opry in the grand ol' style.
3) fantasy. 4) that New Wave crap.
5) that Old Wave crap. 6) science fiction.

let on that when he travels past the year 2000 he finds the US almost totally destroyed, or you'll ruin Tucker's emotional impact before he's given a chance to create it.

NOTE: I have dealt with the Main Body only in terms of plot synopsis because that is the customary practice. However, once you are an experienced reviewer you may want to vary this procedure a little by inserting comments of penetrating insight on other aspects of the novel. For example:

> "In his latest novel Rutherford Moorehead Wills has once again displayed his unfailing, sure, masterful hand at characterization, sparkling dialogue and his unique style which is chockful of poetic imagery and illusive allusions."
>
> OR
>
> "In his trilogy BORED OF THE THING, Professor Tollshien has told an exciting adventure story, but it is to be hoped that in his next work he takes time to work out the background more fully."

4) THE CONCLUSION -- Now your book review is almost finished; all that remains is the wrapping up. This is best accomplished by giving a capsule summary of your opinion of the book.

> "In short, this book __D__. If you see this in a bookstore, __E__."

(There is also a short variation of the review which consists solely of the Conclusion and is called the Capsule Quickie, or the LOCUS filler. However, these seem to be mostly editor-written or editor-assigned. Once you're established, faneds may come to you for reviews and ask for Capsule Quickies. In that case you can put even less effort into each review, and then you know you've got it made.)

I have only one other piece of advice for you would-be reviewers: If you're one of the few fans with mundane friends, constantly play the game 'Cut Down' with them. This will give you good practice for writing reviews and increase your critical skills immeasurably. If your friends are sensitive, you may lose them quickly, but isn't your duty to fandom to review every Ace Double more important?

If you don't have friends to begin with, you are very lucky for you can play 'Cut Down' with your enemies. Since these encounters are usually for blood, you will soon acquire the necessary skills to be a fannish reviewer, or die in the process. But remember that reviewing is not for cowards anyway. If you've never faced, unarmed, a switchblade in the hand of your worst enemy, you're not prepared to face the angry letters pros will send you after they read your harsh review of their latest triumph.

And there you have it: study this outline carefully and you too can win fannish fame and fortune (review copies, if you can get them, are free!) as a book reviewer.

Good luck, Joe.

- - - -

A CASE OF RAMPANT NOSTALGIA
and
HOW IT GREW

by walt liebscher

(0.0)
((.))

Here you sit, before a blank piece of paper, and you have just typed nine words, and the paper is no longer blank. And you still wonder if anyone will have the slightest bit of interest in what you are about to impart.

But, the hell with it, you are going to try. So you haven't written an article for a fanzine for years and years. Do you still know how? Are you going to sound maudlin? And after you have finished it will Glicksohn find it worthy of publication?

You have recently returned from a convention, and after the convention you have visited friends tried and true, and you are feeling nostalgic, and somewhat lost, and possibly just a bit old, even though you know you will always be young at heart. And so you say to yourself, hell why not, and you plunge in with an open mind and, yes, an open heart.

x x x x x x x x x

The above will give you an idea of the kind of article this is going to be. It is going to be rambling, soul searching, sort of the night the old nostalgia burnt down.

Frankly, I don't know why I subject myself to conventions. I meet people I have known and loved for years, and perhaps, if I'm lucky, some whom I haven't known, and want to know, and will try to impart that feeling we all get, sort of like 'gee I like your face, and your manner, and I want to be your friend.' Then in pops that bugaboo of mankind, that curse of the human being - lack of communication. But you try, and oftentimes bumble it, and you get that sinking feeling inside, and ask the age old question "Why can't I get that person to like me?" And there is no answer to that. Even if you are gregarious as all hell, and you like almost every human being you meet, you know that getting everyone to like you is an impossibility, and you are not alone in that feeling. And if you fail you turn and seek out those you know like you, and suddenly realize there are literally dozens who do like you, and you are glad you are at a convention amongst your kind of people, and you end up having a ball.

Then, suddenly, comes that time I call 'the hour before nothing.' The time when you have said fond farewells to those you love, and realize that tomorrow the hotel will be filled with 'all those others', and if you lingered it would be a dismal, lonely place.

But, what the hell, there's always next year. So what happened this year??

x x x x x x x

You arrive at the Boston hotel several days early, as is your usual wont when attending a convention. You've learned from experience that quite a few of the old diehards also arrive early and that the gatherings in the rooms will be smaller, more intimate, and enjoyable. You will be able to at least get in a word with everyone in the room. And that is just what happened in the room of one of the Canadian group.

You sit there and bask in the warmth of old friends and try to gather in a coterie of new ones. You notice a handsome young man with a beard who smiles back at you and you wonder if you have met him before, and you have, at St. Louis. He turns out to be Mike Glicksohn and you talk and reveal the fact you are not sure you can communicate with the younger group, or if they even want to bother with you. And Mike assures you you are wrong and that fans are fans, no matter what the age. But at heart you know it is not really true, that old bugaboo - generation gap. You make up your mind to invite Mike and Susan to lunch or dinner, and get to know them better, and, as often happens at Brogdignagian conventions (they're getting too big) you see them fleetingly once or twice in the next four days.

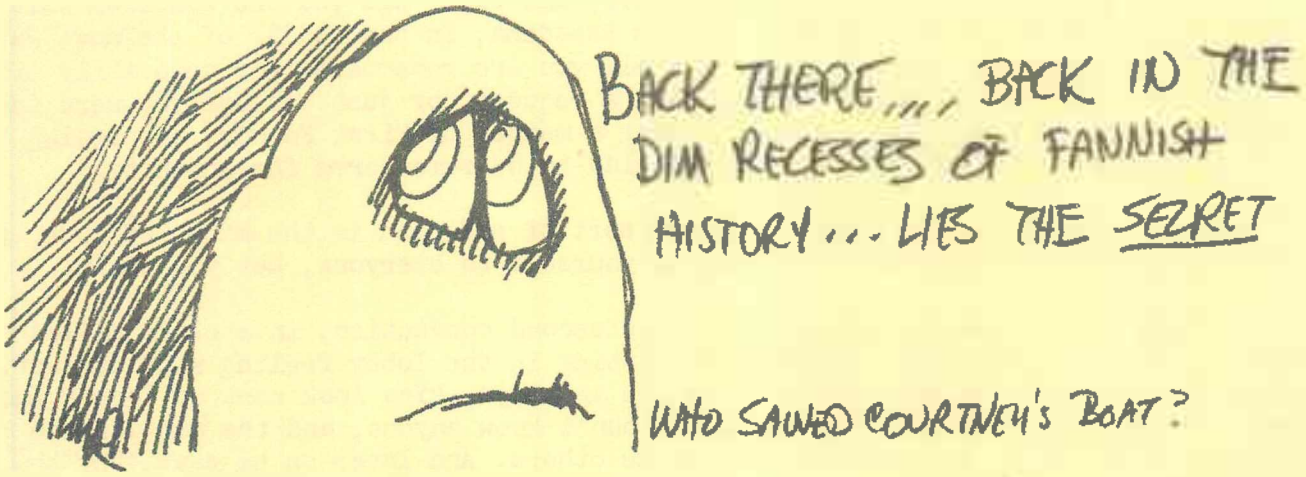
Then begin those four days that become a blur as you think back. When did this happen? Did I remember to thank? Why didn't I do this or that? What the hell happened to Harry Warner? You wanted to take him to lunch or at least have a nice long chat to thank him for many pleasant moments of delightful reading thru the years, and for that wonderful article he did about CHANTICLEER that made tears come to your eyes. But Harry, as were so many, was lost in the big shuffle.

And your friends trickle in, then suddenly a flood -- the Silverbergs, the Kyles, the Cincinnati group, Rusty Hevelin, and, my God, after twenty years, Milty Rothman, and Sam Moskowitz, and the Wollheims, and Dr. Miller and his charming wife, and you know you are going out to some gourmet place for dinner and please Doc with your store of dirty jokes.

You try and find someone interested in Boston as a place of history, and spend a day with Karen & Poul Anderson doing the freedom walk, and a pleasant lunch over shrimp and fried clams, and mucho bottles of beer.

And you go into the huckster room and wish you were a millionaire. And you buy the Finlay volume, and Evans "Food for Demons" in its paper cover edition (frankly because on the back cover there is an announcement that the forthcoming Shroud publication will be a collection of works by Walt Liebscher called, of all things, A CHANTICLEER FOR LIEBSCHER.) Now talk about unsaleable titles! You already have one of the thirteen existing hardbound copies on your shelf at home, the Evans volume that is.

Then you are given another jolt when Greg Bear comes up to you and asks if you would



like to see the cover of your book. What book? Hell, I didn't even know about A CHANTICLEER FOR LIEBSCHER until the convention!

And you take the volume up to your room, and thumb thru it, and you go back twenty-six years to Slan Shack in Battle Creek, and remember Everett as he was in those days, and you remember the others, who have scattered to the winds, and you sigh deeply, and go back downstairs for a drink.

And you bump into Jimmy Gunn, whom you like, and Gordy Dickson, whom you like, and you remember other days with Gordy, and Phil Bronson, his sister Beverly, and Manse Brackney, and the days when the Minnesota group and Sam Russell and you used to spend endless weekends at Morrie Dollens place in Palms. And in those days, the one person in the world you never suspected would turn out to be a damn good author was Gordy Dickson, but he did and you're glad and sort of proud of him.

And Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (I use her writing name) and Joe Haldeman and his wife, whom you met at St. Louis, and determined to know better, and you see them fleetingly, and only on the last day do you set down around drinks for an hour or two.

And Terry and Carol Carr, whom you like very much, and want to know better, but at the present time there seemd to be no rapport. Later on, after the convention, at Tucker's in Heyworth, you spend more intimate time with them and find your intuition was right. You like them, and believe they like you a little bit.

One night you hear laughter down below your room and look out the window. In the pool, skinny dipping, are about ten people. You get an urge to join them. And you think, when you are young and your body is still in one symmetrical piece, nudity is beautiful and a joy to behold, but when you are fifty-three and your paunch is a little bigger than it should be, nudity can be a bit obscene. So you sigh and go back to bed.

You go to the banquet and eat the rubber food, and listen to the speeches, and then watch Hugos being handed out to upstarts (no offense meant to anyone). And you think of the motion picture business, for example, who handed out Oscars likewise to upstarts, and never in his lifetime did they honor D. W. Griffith who almost single-handedly made them what they are today. And you sort of wince, and think, for Christs sake let's not forget those who started this all, and what about honouring those who deserved it before they started the Hugos. What about each year honoring one of those who made you what you are today? There should be a Hugo on the desk of Harry Warner for SPACEWAYS, and on the desk of Tucker for LE ZOMBIE, and on the desk of Ackerman for VoM, and yes, one on the desk of Liebscher for CHANTICLEER, and on other empty desks that need to have that little niche filled with one of those silver spaceships. Without the pioneers, there would be no trips to the moon.

And a pretty girl comes up to you (Carol Carr) and says 'Are you the fabulous Walt Liebscher who wrote "I Want To Pass Away in Pasadena, In the Middle of the Rose Parade"?' And you chuckle and wonder why in hell you are remembered for some silly little thing you dashed off in a hurry to fill a request, or just because you were feeling kinda silly at the time. But hell, being a member of First Fandom, and seeing about 1800 people you don't know, you are glad to be remembered for anything.

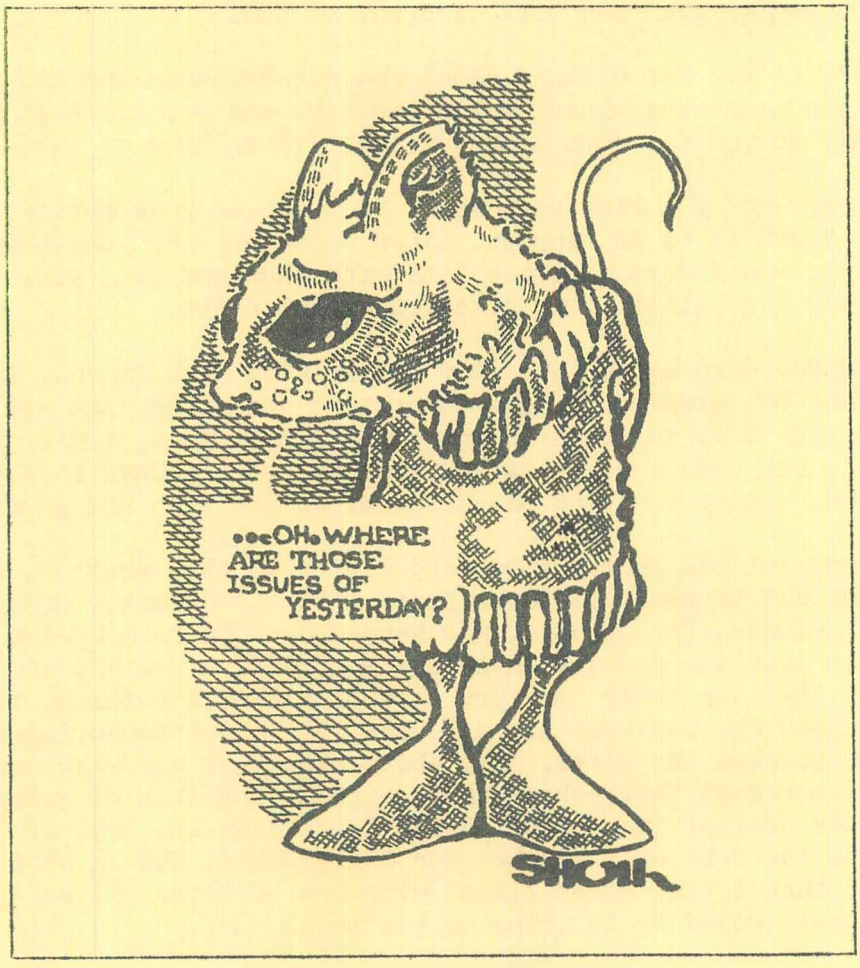
And so, in the midst of frivolity, you are sort of sad, and in the midst of love, you feel unloved, and you want to give some of yourself to everyone, but you can't.

And suddenly you remember a young man at his second convention, in a place called Denver, Colorado, years ago, and you are sitting in the lobby feeling kind of lost. Then a pleasant looking chap comes up to you and says, "You look sort of lost." And I explain that the hotel is strange, and I don't know anyone, and the man asks me to dinner with his wife, and Ackerman and a few others. And later on he says, "By the way, my name is Bob Heinlein, what's yours?" And I am totally speechless and I fight back a particularly obstreperous tear that insists on coming out. And I'm suddenly in and fandom is a glorious thing.

And when I remember this, I go thru the lobby looking for a lost soul, introduce myself, and try to introduce the lost one to at least one pro, and one more understanding fan, and I silently say "Thank you, Bob".

Then I smile, and look for a familiar face, and go up and hug Ruth Kyle, or maybe Barbara Silverberg, or grab Moskowitz on the shoulder and chew the fat for a minute, or go up to the Cincinnati suite and tell a few jokes, or just take off my shoes and relax.

And, I think to myself, even if you are an old fart, fandom is still a pretty nice thing.



I FELL INTO AN AVALANCHE

.....JERRY LAPIDUS

First, visuals in current fanzines, including layout, artwork, and general graphics, so here, to set things up for you, my own theories about fanzines.

The ideal fanzine, for me, would contain the best possible synthesis between written and visual material, presented in such a way that each complements the other and produces a coherent whole which is more valuable than the individual parts. The writing would suffer without the visuals, the visuals suffer without the writing. Everything is graphically presented in such a way as to constantly keep the magazine visually interesting for the reader, to make the written material as interesting as possible for him, to present the visual material in the best possible way. As a magazine, this fanzine would grab the reader's attention at the very beginning, and suck him into its totality; he would be sped along from feature to feature, always kept interested, always kept involved with the material at hand--whether he would normally be interested in that material or not. The magazine itself would keep the reader going, moving past everything there; when he'd finished, he'd get the feeling of having been through a single experience of many different facets.

This may all sound like philosophical bullshit, but so far as I can read my own thoughts, this delineates my ideas.

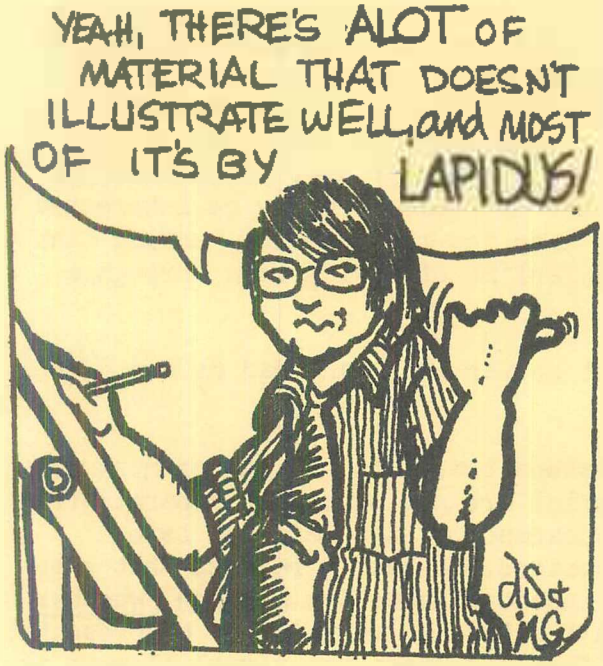
Now to accomplish this, or to even make the first steps toward it, an editor must acknowledge that the medium and presentation of material are not something separate from fanzine production, that concern for the visual appearance of the magazine is not "sercon" and neo-Campbellism and something to be avoided. He has to realize that even in the simplest hectographed magazine, the medium indeed effects the message, whether he wants it to or not. He must realize that he can't allow his material to be presented in the random, haphazard manner common to most fanzines, that the visual element is there regardless, and that it can only profit him to manipulate it himself, rather than be manipulated by it.

The basic theme for all this--readability. The objective is always to make things as interesting and accessible as possible. With certain exceptions, anything that gets in the way of readability is to be avoided. The exception, of course, is that things can conceivably get too smooth and too slick--in which case something to break things up can be not only welcome but necessary, aiding overall readability by impeding momentary readability.

This all leads right into my ideas on the use of artwork in fanzines, and this will quite possibly be the first major point about which some of you will begin to make angry noises. My main concern here is the use of artwork directly with written material; we'll get into visual feature material a little later. In a recent fanzine lettercol, someone commented to the effect that "I'd never thought about artwork actually fitting in with the written material before seeing such and such in your fanzine." Sadly, this is the situation in virtually all fanzines I see. Most artwork seems to be "filler", put into this spot on that page because there's a 3" by 4" space, and the drawing happens to be 3" by 4". Generally, there's no attention paid to whether the drawing has

anything to do with the text or not. In fact, at Noreascon I heard a well-established fan artist comment that he didn't think the drawings should have anything to do with the text. I just can't see the logic behind this. If you don't consider the two together, then the artwork becomes nothing more than a gimmick to break up large blocks of type. It may draw the interest entirely away from the writing, thus harming the overall effect; it may be skipped over entirely if the writing is good, thus wasting time, energy and talent.

I see artwork and text working together in three distinct ways. First, the art may specifically illustrate the text--the drawings portraying events, individuals, objects, or even ideas present in the text. This allows for a visual as well as verbal description for the reader, and can easily be more enjoyable than either text or art viewed separately. Further, more than a few artists do some of their best work when playing with a specific idea or theme--as opposed to the random sketches and fillios most editors seem to want. Examples? Probably the most obvious here would be Alicia Austin's illustrations for Rosemary's early columns, but this same designation would also apply to drawings like the Shull charicature of Mike on the editorial page of the last couple of issues. I personally enjoy this type of work above all fillio work, and generally like even poor examples. Somehow, the combination of the two improves already good work--and makes even inferior work much more acceptable. I remember very fondly some of the better examples of this I've seen--Alicia's work here, Steve Stiles' illos for his own TAFF report in QUIP, Steve Fabian's work for Bowers' fiction in OUTWORLDS, Tim Kirk's work for Barr's article in THE ESSENCE and for Linda's Heicon report in GRANFALLOON. And I've been very happy to get some of the same sort of thing for my own magazine from Dan Steffan and Connie Faddis.



But this sort of thing is obviously not going to be possible all the time. There is material which simply doesn't illustrate well, which simply can't be well pictured. There are also time factors for both editor and artist, not to mention artists who simply don't feel like doing illustrations. Every editor has piles of artwork from various people on hand, some of it probably very good, but it isn't illustration of anything. What to do? The problem is now up to the editor, to come up with artwork that works with the written material, complementing it either visually or thematically.

The visual complement is obvious, and may seem rather simplistic--but it's just this simplicity that most editors don't seem to give a damn about. Put in basic terms, it means if the writing is about a sexy girl, you put a sexy girl illo there; if it's about fandom, you put a Kinney fannish illo there, about spaceships, you put a spaceship illo there, about battles, you put a battle illo there. Now this sounds really dumb, people, but it works a hell of a lot better than making no attempt at complementation, which is still the standard practice. And you can end up with some excellent results if you're careful, results that look as if they actually were drawn to order. A nearby example of this is simple: turn back to ENERGUMEN 9, pages 19-21. The subject at hand is James Blish's BLACK EASTER/DAY AFTER JUDGEMENT work, something involving serious magic, the devil, and a literal hell. So three of the illustrations in this section picture more or less satanic figures. Take also the same section--Bob Toomey's column--in the previous issue. In #8, Bob was writing his first column here, and for

those of you who don't know him, Bob is undoubtedly a freaky looking sf person. So the accompanying illo by Jonh Ingham is, appropriately, a freaky looking sf person. QED.

Method three is far more subjective, and requires more time both to create and to specifically notice in print; but it ultimately proves valuable, because it continues a sense of some overall feeling through the magazine. This is the use of thematically complementary artwork, and is difficult to define. It's...it's using work which does not picture or describe anything in the writing, but just feels right. It seems to fit in with the written material, seems to belong there, seems to add an extra dimension to the writing without being a specific illustration. As I said, this is incredibly personal and subjective; many times something will strike the editor as perfectly thematically complementary, and will then miss most readers entirely. Conversely, a reader in the right frame of mind may see a particular illo as perfectly complementary where the editor actually simply chose it at random. For this reason, I'm reluctant to point out specific examples, but I'll try it anyway. I'd say the Alicia Austin on page 27 of E8 was almost certainly chosen for this reason, as was the Canfield on page 10 of E9, and very possibly the Canfields on 26 and 27 of that same issue. The obvious question is, if all this is so subjective, why bother? You bother, I answer (or you should bother), because you'll certainly hit the right notes in at least a few places each time, and these places where art and writing complement each other will produce ultimately a smoother, more unified, more intrinsically interesting overall fanzine.

Once again, this moves easily into another discussion--of layout, this time--and here I'm just going to throw out some of my quick ideas, I'm not going to present any more three point bullshit plans. But as with artwork use, I have to say that in at least 90% of the fanzines I see, little if any attempt is made to make the layout anything more than totally pedestrian. Most do nothing more than try to cram as much artwork and writing as possible onto page after page, with little regard as to how anything looks. Virtually no-one, not even the better fanzine editors, thinks in terms of two page spreads, of the left page having to balance off the right one, and vice-versa. And how many times have you seen the interminable page after page of illo on top on left page, illo on bottom on right page, illo on bottom on left page, illo on top on right page, etc., etc., etc.? The judicious use of white space for visual effect is almost entirely lost; unless the artist through his drawing forces it, there's rarely enough space around any artwork. And of course the use of large blank areas themselves as layout blocks is equally nonexistant.

Now obviously, there are going to be some people who just have inherently better layout and design senses than others, people who can almost naturally put together a page in an interesting and diverting manner. The Bergerons and Bowers are few and far between, true, but I'm convinced that the vast majority of the incredibly dull layout we see comes about through sheer laziness and/or lack of concern with visuals at all (as I've already discussed). You have to look for interesting and unusual ways to present your material, to arrange the page, to use the artwork. It doesn't just come to most people, but it isn't impossible--it simply takes caring. Why is it that in the five years I've been active in fandom, the only fanzine I've ever seen produced horizontally rather than vertically was my own? A horizontal layout allows the use of a good deal of artwork otherwise restricted to foldouts and things, and it lets you play

around with a whole different sort of design problem. Some people have liked it in TOMORROW AND..., others haven't. Personally, I've been having a ball playing with it, but the point is, why haven't we seen it before? (And let me point out here that what I'm talking about, in case you don't know, is 8½ X 11 paper, stapled at the 8½ end, so the result looks something like a copy of AVANT GARDE.

Perhaps--just perhaps--there are those afraid to tackle layout things they haven't seen in other fanzines before, for fear they'll make mistakes, for fear it won't "work". But dammit, you can't know until you try! As far as layout and design goes, Bill Bowers and Jay Zaremba have been doing the most interesting work in fanzines for the past couple of years. Ghod knows they've made some mistakes, and when their ideas have hampered readability, their readers haven't hesitated to tell them. But both their magazines have received a lot of fine reviews and developed loyal readerships (bad word in fandom, but let it pass for now), and largely because they haven't been afraid to experiment. You never quite know exactly what you're getting in a package from Jay or Bill. It may be a failure, like the latest (eighth) issue of OUTWORLDS, a mimeo issue with very simple layout and virtually no artwork at all, and it turns out the written material in that issue doesn't hold up on its own. And it may be a resounding success, as with the sixth issue of that same magazine. But it's always interesting, always something you weren't quite expecting, always something at least a little out of the ordinary. People don't realize how much of the fanzine personality everyone always talks about can be projected and developed through your layout and choice of artwork. WARHOON springs to mind immediately, with Bergeron's unique artwork and graphics immediately setting a tone. But the situation is no less true of FOCAL POINT, characterized by the very fannish artwork and the free-flowing if often sloppy design. Some recent "fannish" fans have castigated so-called "appearance-oriented" fanzines, but it's so often the appearance of some of the best fannish fanzines that sets them off and makes them more distinctive than the rest of the flock. Take two more magazines on the other end of the spectrum--RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY and SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY. Whatever you may have to say about Leland Sapiro and his choice of articles, you have to admit that there's often a good bit of critical and worthwhile scholarly-type material there. But the layout and design are so dull and so uninteresting that even the good stuff is hard to get through! Whereas in SFC, Bruce Gillespie presents often similar material simply and interestingly, so that even though almost entirely devoid of artwork, the magazine is generally enjoyable reading.

Notice please that the media used has made little difference in the discussion so far. There's little question in my mind that it's easier to work in the area of graphics and layout games with some sort of offset process, particularly for the relatively inexperienced fan. To get really good mimeo takes a good machine, time, trouble, and experience. But the results can be outstanding--look at ODD 20, WARHOON, CARANDAITH for work matching offset, work some people consider superior to offset because of the possibilities in colour variation. And although NOPE seems to be the only well-known ditto fanzine today, Jay Kinney still proves the possibilities inherent in that medium are almost endless.

The whole point is that you have to use the medium you choose to its best advantage, and do the best you can with it. So if you use mimeo or ditto, you have the advantage of relatively simple and inexpensive--compared to offset--color variation, using two

or more colors per page, even per illustration. But you have to use this, not simply do it. To be very blunt, compare the color mimeo in CARANDAITH with (sorry, Linda) that in GRANFALLOON or STARLING. With few exceptions, the colors on the last two are simply there; the type is in black, the illo in purple, or whatever; whoopie. But Alpajpuri uses two colors in illustrations and headings and combines the two to produce an illo that looks much better in two colors than it would in only one, or a heading that stands out because of the additional color. It hurts me to see other faneds doing the extra work involved in color mimeography without the extra advance thought required to make that work really valuable.

Anyway. Let's take a pause for a while. Take a look around, and see if most of what I said isn't obvious from most of the fanzines that plop into the mailbox. Write to me directly if you think I'm fulla shit. Maybe I'll use your comments in a future column.

Next time around I'm going to try and look at a lot of specific fanzines in these same visual terms. See you then.

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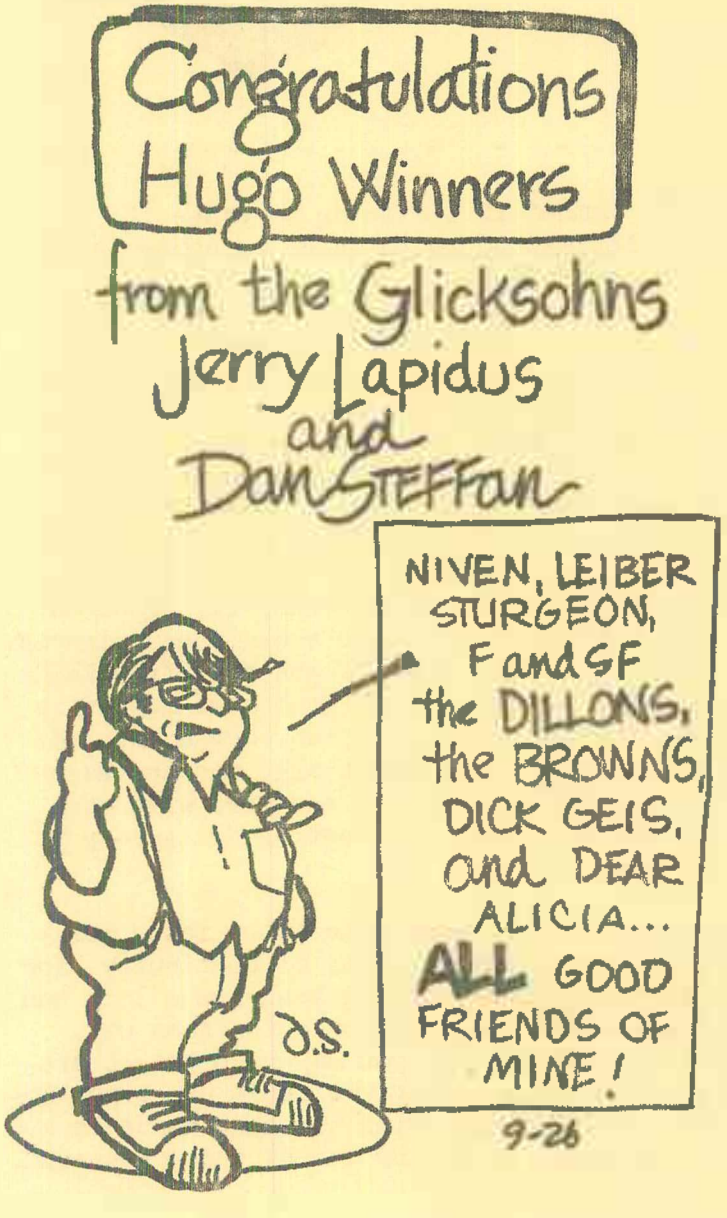
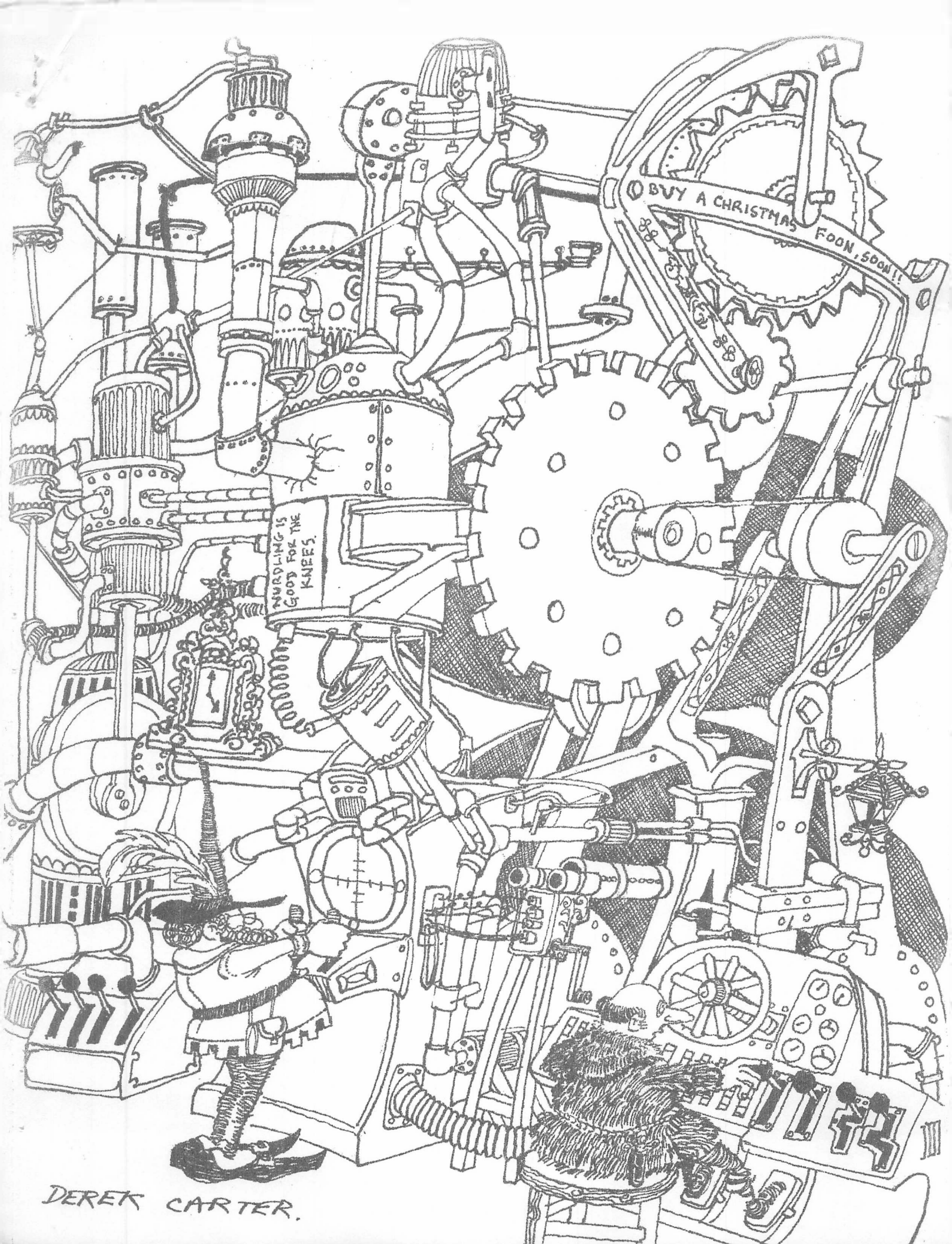
((When I wrote back to Jerry stating that I did not share his all-consuming passion for layout and graphics, and was satisfied with competant, if plain, layout, preferring to present as much good written material as possible while maintaining an attractive appearance, rather than experiment around in an area in which I am not truly inspired nor fanatically interested, he replied...))

What I'm asking from you, Mike, isn't out and out experimentation. I'm not asking, and not expecting you to play Bill Bowers, or Jay Zaremba, or Alpajpuri, or even Jerry Lapidus. We all have entirely different ideas, and they don't always agree; that's why we're publishing entirely different fanzines. But what I do want is for you to become dissatisfied with consistently "moderately attractive, if only adequate" visuals in your fanzine--just as you wouldn't be satisfied with "moderately interesting, if only readable" written material. I want you to be willing to break the diagonal lines, to be able to loosen up a bit occasionally, to be able to use a little white space to help along an illustration--because I know you can do a lot of this, since you always do a bit with your covers, producing covers both good artistically and almost always equally good graphically. I want you to get mad at me, and do something to prove to me you are not fitting yourself into a mold of your own making.

((First, I cannot take credit for the graphics on the covers I've used. In nearly all cases, I've merely reproduced the cover as sent me by the artist, and for only 3 of the first 10 was it necessary to add any lettering to the cover drawing. In addition, I think Jerry overestimates the sophistication of layout possible with mimeo. It is possible to employ much white space and artistically arranged boxes as layout elements as Bill Bowers has done, and properly handled the results are visually impressive. But I don't think they particularly aid readability. At least no more so than the standard layouts that I use. And these graphically impressive layouts are space wasting; that is, they take up quite a bit of space that could otherwise be devoted to text. Jerry thinks the sacrifice is worth it; I do not. That's the essential difference in our viewpoints. If you feel strongly about this, write to Jerry. And maybe his column will reflect your views.



In the meantime, I have done at least one thing that Jerry suggested: I've obtained several new headings for this issue. Any artists out there who would like to design a logo (about 3" x 7½") for any of our regular features, we'd be delighted to hear from you. Our special thanks to Jay Kinney, Mike Symes and Dan Steffan for doing illustrations for specific articles in the issue. And any other artists who'd like to do this sort of work, please let us know. I fully agree with Jerry that this makes for a much-better looking fanzine. 'Til next time..))



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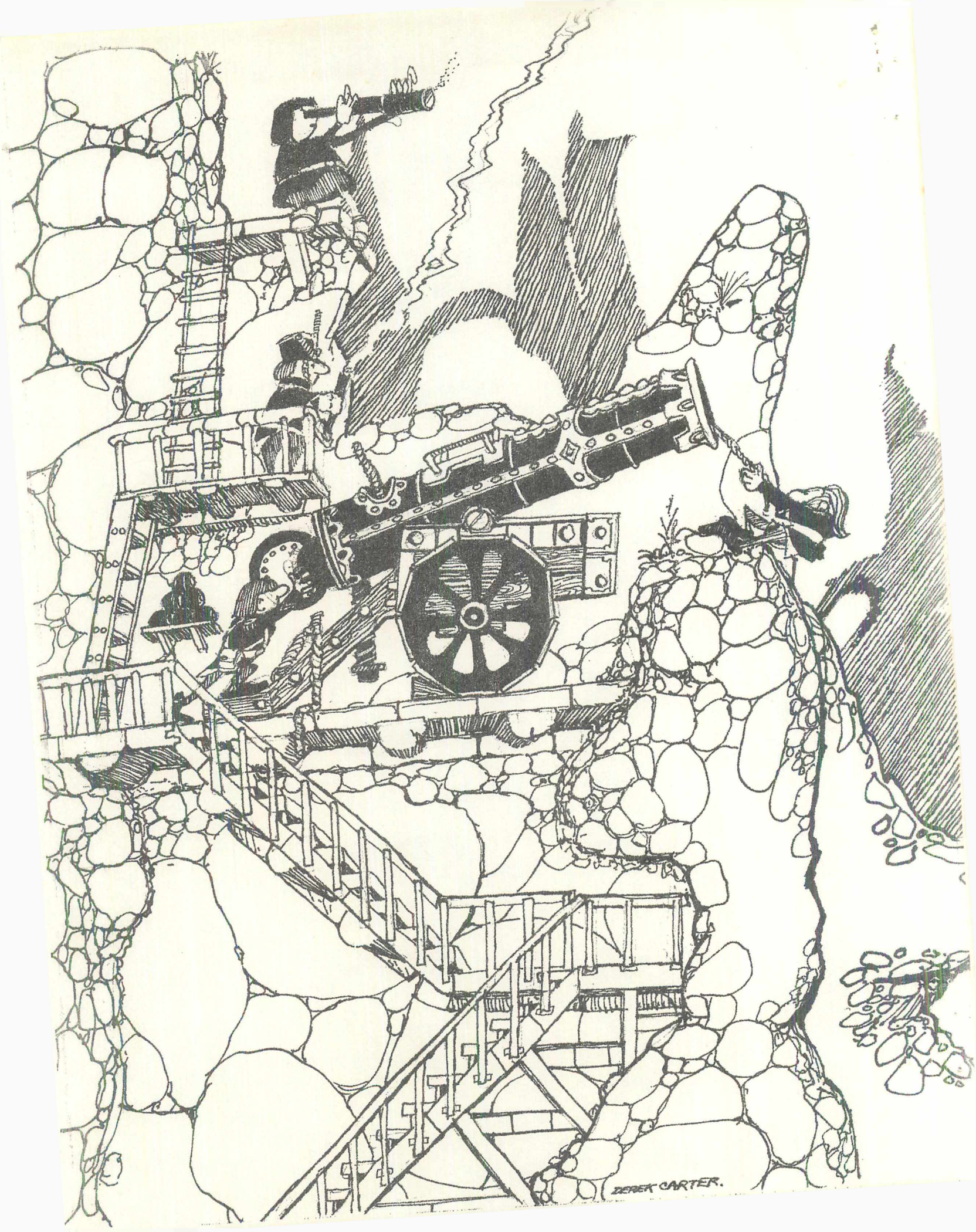
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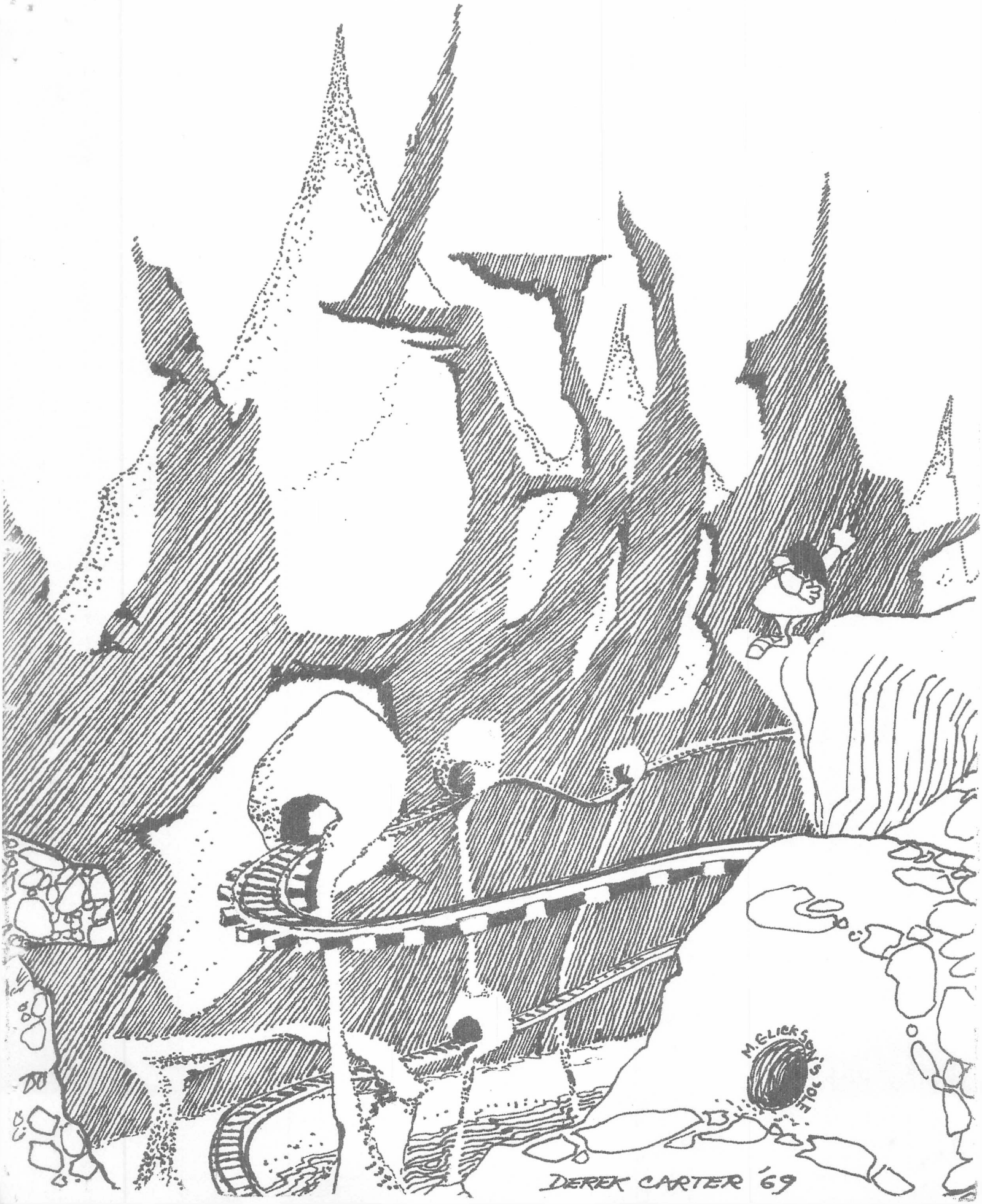
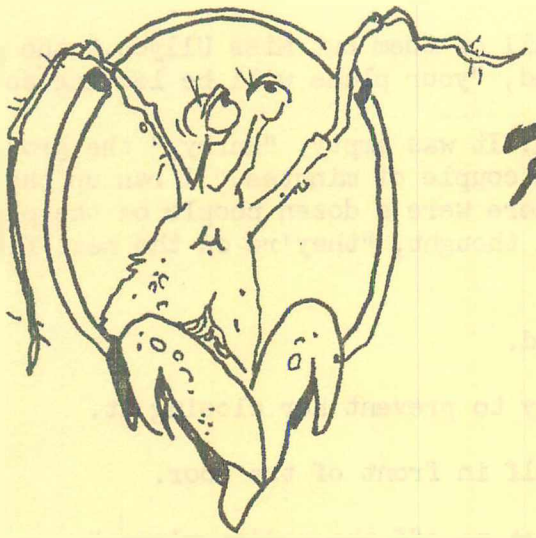

M.E.LICK'S SONS
DEREK CARTER '69

HOW ABOUT SCHEDULING THIS AREA FOR URBAN RENEWAL?
TO THE FOUN
DEREK CARTER



Kumquat May by Rosemary

illustrated by tim kirk

This is a convention report...sort of. Mostly it will be a collection of the weird and I hope funny things that happened to me before, after and during NorEasCon. I dislike convention reports because they usually end up being lists of people talked to, parties attended, how rotten/great the masquerade was, how superb/foul the banquet was and how marvelous/disgusting it was that Blank won/lost a Hugo.

I am not going to do that, she commented archly. The only resemblance between this and a con report is that the incidents are connected with a convention. So, basically this is another of those incredible "Hey Susan, guess what happened to me at..." "Don't tell me about it, Rosemary, write a column." Here it is.

+ + + + +

"The plane is two hours late, Rosemary. We can't wait around that long. We have things to do." Michael was being very patient as I had hysterics all over the airport.

"I don't want to wait here all alone with my stupid cousins," I stormed. "Five minutes with them and my brain will turn to lime jello. You're doing this deliberately. You hate me!"

"Rosemary, sit down, read your book. Your cousins will be in Customs so they won't even see you," Michael soothed.

"But I don't want to wait alone," I whimpered, sitting down on a chair. "Sure you do," Michael asserted. "Now be good," he added, as they edged away. "Don't pick anybody up," Susan chimed and they ran off, leaving me to wait, alone, for two hours for my parents who were coming to Toronto from London. I was then going to fly to Ottawa with them and we were going to spend a week together. I hadn't seen my parents for almost three years and I was looking forward to seeing them again. I was also looking forward to the flight to Ottawa. It's a groovy flight. You go up and come down all in forty minutes. Fast. No time to get scared or sick. My favorite kind of flight. I'm always scared when I fly and I always get sick right when the stewardess brings out the classy plastic food.

Well, there I was, stranded, friendless at Toronto International Airport with nothing to do for two hours but read ZELDA and keep a sharp watch for my parents. They are lovely people, but they tend to walk right past me on a deserted street. I had my usual run of luck. I missed them. Got too involved with ZELDA.

"Not to worry," I reasoned. "It's twenty minutes to takeoff, they'll be in the departure room. But I will check." I went to the little man at reservations and asked if

the Ullyot party was in the departure room. "All of them but Miss Ullyot," the nice man informed me. "You'd better hurry," he added, "your plane will be leaving soon."

Quick like a bunny I ran to the departure room. It was empty. "Hurry," the ground stewardess said, "the plane is taking off in a couple of minutes." I ran up the boarding ramp, on to the plane and stopped dead. There were a dozen people on the plane. None of them were my parents. "God damn it," I thought, "they're on the next flight." I whipped about and ran smack into the door.

"What do you want, Miss?" the stewardess smiled.

"Out," I answered, reaching for the door thingy to prevent her closing it.

"Don't touch that!" she gasped, throwing herself in front of the door.

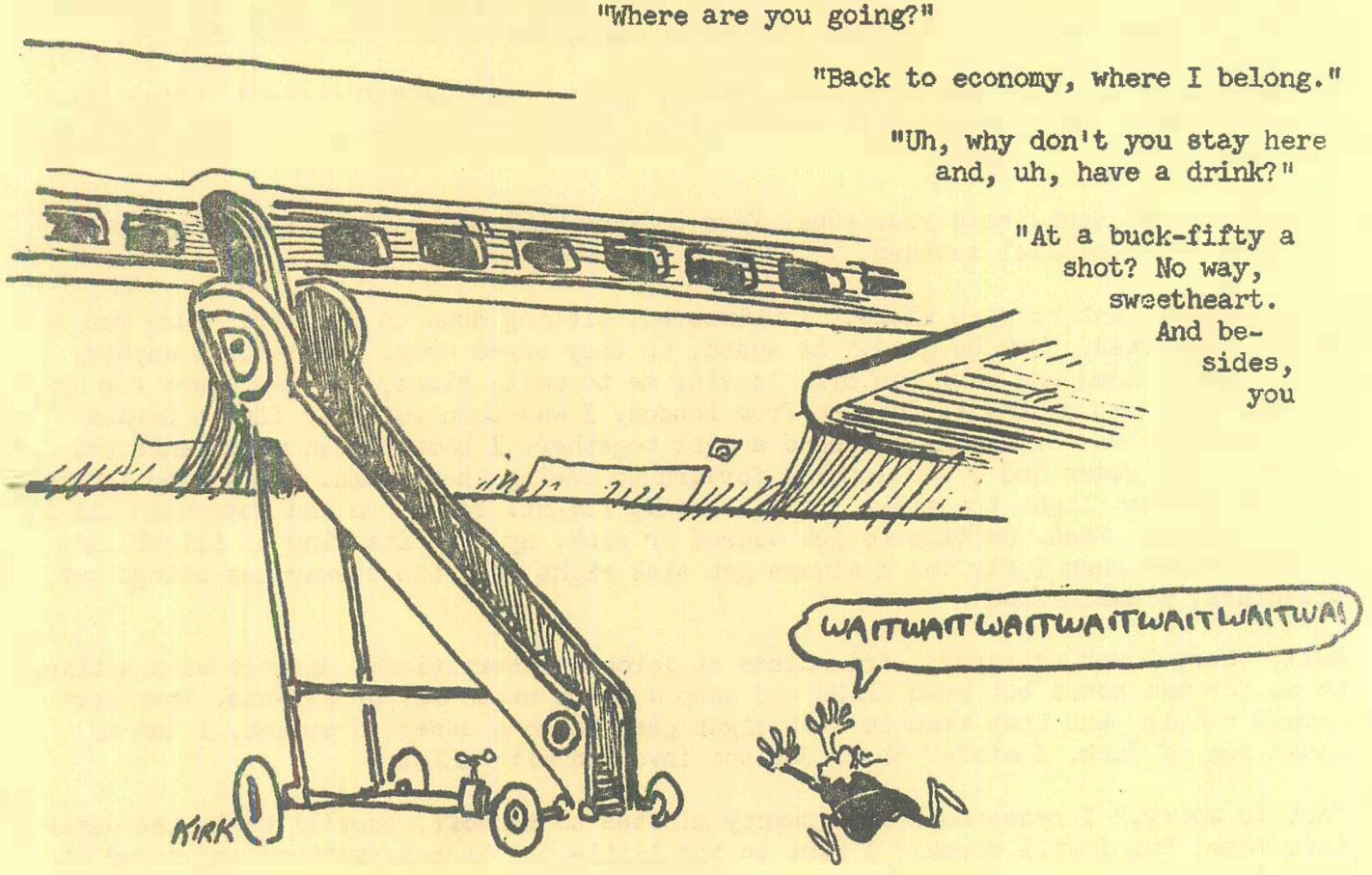
"I'm on the wrong flight," I explained. "Now let me off the goddam plane."

She looked at my ticket and said I was on the right flight and why didn't I go and sit down?

"Because I want off!" I shrieked. "Look," I added reasonably, "the plane hasn't started yet so why..." The roar of the engines drowned the end of my sentence. I felt someone grab my arm and a warm, masculine voice in my ear asked me if I'd like to sit down. He propelled me to a window seat, pushed me into it and strapped me in. Then he sat down beside me. He patted my knee and said there was nothing to be afraid of. He was the navigator and he'd sit with me for the whole flight. Wow.

Once we were up in the air I asked if I could loosen my seatbelt. "It's mushing my ovaries," I said, looking wide eyed and innocent. "And besides, I'm not about to leap from a flying plane." I undid the belt and started to get up.

"Where are you going?"



people aren't allowed to drink before or during a flight. I'm not stupid, you know. I've read COFFEE, TEA OR ME?"

"Well, you can have a drink, compliments of Air Canada. Be right back."

He was, with three bottles of scotch. He apologized for it, saying it was all the stewardess would let him have. He did manage to swipe half a dozen sandwich luncheons and some ginger ale. He drank the ginger ale, I ate the sandwiches and managed to force down the scotch (it's hard to drink Cutty Sark when you're used to Chivas Regal) and got off the plane at Ottawa drunker than a coot.

My parents arrived on the next flight. I screamed and yelled at them, embarrassed the whole airport and then we went home and drank some more scotch.

+ + + + +

My parents left a week later. I spent three more days in Ottawa before leaving for Boston with Richard Labonte. We had to spend 14 hours on the bus. But I wasn't worried. Richard never sleeps, I reasoned, so we will be able to talk and the time will fly so quickly we'll hardly notice it. HA!!

We left Ottawa at 10:30 Wednesday evening. Twenty minutes out, Richard fell asleep. He slept all the way to Montreal. I wanted to kill him. I had slept all day so I would be wide awake and cheerful. I explained to him in Montreal, in no uncertain terms, that he must stay awake until we got to Boston.

"But I'm tired, Rosemary. I haven't had much sleep lately."

"I don't care. You never sleep. Why do you have to sleep now, of all times? Richard, you're horrible!"

"I told you I wouldn't talk to you if you bought that magazine," he said, à propos of nothing, pointing to the "New Woman" I was carrying. "As a matter of fact, I don't think I'll sit with you if you keep reading it," he added.

"Screw you," I snarled. "Sit at the back of the bus where you belong then!" and I stormed into the ladies' room.

Some time later we boarded another bus. It was supposed to be an express to Boston, with a stop at the border and at Burlington. Except that we had taken the local instead of the express and whistle stopped through every town in Vermont and Massachusetts. It was not the most comfortable trip in the world. And Richard slept the whole damn time. How, I'll never understand; the bus shook like a palsied pensioner every time the driver slowed down or changed gears. When we finally arrived at the hotel and Richard registered, we were sent to the wrong room. A perfect end to a perfect trip.

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"Hey, Rosemary, we're going swimming, wanna come?" Astrid asked, bouncing into the suite. Michael's face lit up like a neon sign.

"Astrid," I groaned, "don't bounce." I began throwing things about, looking for my bathing suit. I found it and put it on.

"Hey, you've still got that crazy suit," Astrid commented.

The bathing suit is black and virtually frontless. It's held together with elastic mesh which runs in a "V" from my clavicle to about two inches above my mons pubis.

It's also five years old and has never been wet. I pulled my Canadian flag tee-shirt over it and Astrid, Susan and I vamped down to the pool.

Bathing suits stretch when they get wet. Just how much they stretch I was soon to find out. We were cavorting around in the pool like superannuated dolphins when Susan came up to me and whispered, "Rosemary, that bathing suit is indecent! Your nipples are showing; go put on your tee-shirt!"

"The hell you say," I said, looking down. "Oh dear!"

"Whatsa matter?" said Jerry Jacks, peering at me myopically.

"My nipples are showing," I answered, tugging at my bathing suit. The more I pulled at it, the more the mesh separated.

"Oh yeah," Jerry leered, lunging at me. I splashed away and scrambled out of the pool. I turned around to find the lot of them laughing at me.

"What's so funny!?" I screamed. "Cut that out!" I yelled, jumping up and down, "or I'll put a Canadian Curse on you all!"

"Rosemary, stop jumping up and down and put on your tee-shirt!" I looked down and to my horror saw that the bra part of my bathing suit was nestling comfortably about my diaphragm. I put on my shirt and slunk into a corner. I would have blushed myself into a decline had some nice gentleman not offered to buy me a drink.

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"Hey, did the beer come yet?" Michael asked as he burst into the suite.

"In the closet." I answered. "All eighteen cases of it."

"Good," Michael chortled. "Come on, Richard, help me with the ice."

I marvelled at the wonder of it all and wandered down with Susan to the convention floor to register. I had just picked up my registration goodies and was thinking of wandering back up to the suite to shower and change when Alexei Panshin leapt in front of me and, tearing a piece of cardboard off his breast, asked me to draw him a nametag.

"You're kidding," I murmured.

"Not at all," he declared, "here." He handed me the blank name tag.

"Alexei, I'm Rosemary," I explained patiently

"Yeah, the other one's Alicia. She lives in California now." He was still holding out the name tag.

"God damn it, Alexei! Alicia draws, I write. This is the fourth time today this has happened. If it happens one more time I'm going to stomp on somebody's balls!" And with that I stormed into the elevator. For some unknown reason it was very quiet and everybody was staring at me.

"They probably think I'm Alicia Austin too," I thought sarcastically as I slammed into the suite.

I stormed around the bedroom, got undressed and went into the bathroom. "God damn it to hell!" I roared.

"What's the matter now, Rosemary?" Richard asked from his newspaper.

"The bathtub and both sinks are full of ice and beer! How am I going to take a bath?"

"You'll work it out," Richard answered, returning to his newspaper.

I snarled an obscenity and cleared the IPA and ice from one of the sinks. When I'd finished my ablutions, I replaced the IPA, covered it with ice and dressed. I went into the living room and began messing about in the newspapers.

"What are you looking for?" Richard asked.

"The comics," I answered, tossing aside the financial page.

"Read the editorial page," Richard pontificated. "Learn something for a change."

"Wanna read 'The Wizard of Id'," I muttered, tossing papers right and left. "Gotcha!" I chortled, grabbing the coloured section. I set it carefully aside and began to clean up the mess of papers I'd created before Susan saw it and had a fit. I dumped them all in the closet and curled up with the four different colour sections that had come with Richard's four different papers. I had nicely settled into 'Mary Perkins' when Susan and Michael came in.

"Why don't you wear your orange shirt for the party tonight, dear? I'm going to.... MICHAEL!!! The bathroom is full of BEER!"

"This is where I came in," I said. "Richard, let's go down to the pool and meet some authors." And we did.

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By the time I got back to the suite, our party was in full swing. Wall to wall people, beercans and smoke. Susan was putting up large signs that said "No smoking in the bedroom" and people were ignoring them. About ten minutes later, claustrophobia set in. I was wondering where the hell I could run to when Susan came burbling up to me and said, "Astrid and I are going to liberate the fountain, wanna come?"

"Great, let's bring Jack."

"Jack Gaughan?" she asked. She had a wicked gleam in her eye. "Hey, yeah!" And we were off.

"Mr. Gaughan, sir, how would you like to come with us?" Astrid asked, bouncing up to Jack. Jack stared.

"You'll excuse us, won't you Mr. Schoenherr?" I smiled and grabbed Jack's arm. Susan got hold of his other arm and we tugged the poor protesting man down the hall.

"Where are we going? I want you young ladies to know that I am a happily married man. I have a lovely wife..."

"Her name is Phoebe," I added.

"Yes," he said, and pulled his arm free. He started to walk back to the suite.

"He doesn't want to come," Astrid said mournfully to Susan.

"Come on Jack," I yelled, "we want you to come and liberate the fountain with us."

"I'm too old for that kind of nonsense," he said and continued down the hall.

"Fuddy Duddy!" I yelled and then ran like hell for the elevator.

We had attracted quite a crowd so by the time we arrived at the fountain there were about fifteen of us. While the fellows kibbitzed, we girls splashed into the pool surrounding the fountain. We were cavorting about like demented Rhine maidens when suddenly the fountain and the coloured lights went out.

"Damn!" Ginjer swore. "The first time I go wading in a fountain and they turn the stupid thing off."

"There's just no justice," I agreed.

We stood around for a while, sang Oh Canada in both languages, the Star Spangled Banner and the Carling Red Cap Song. Then, because a security guard was descending on us like the Wrath of God, we bid a fond adieu to the dead fountain and ran for the hotel.

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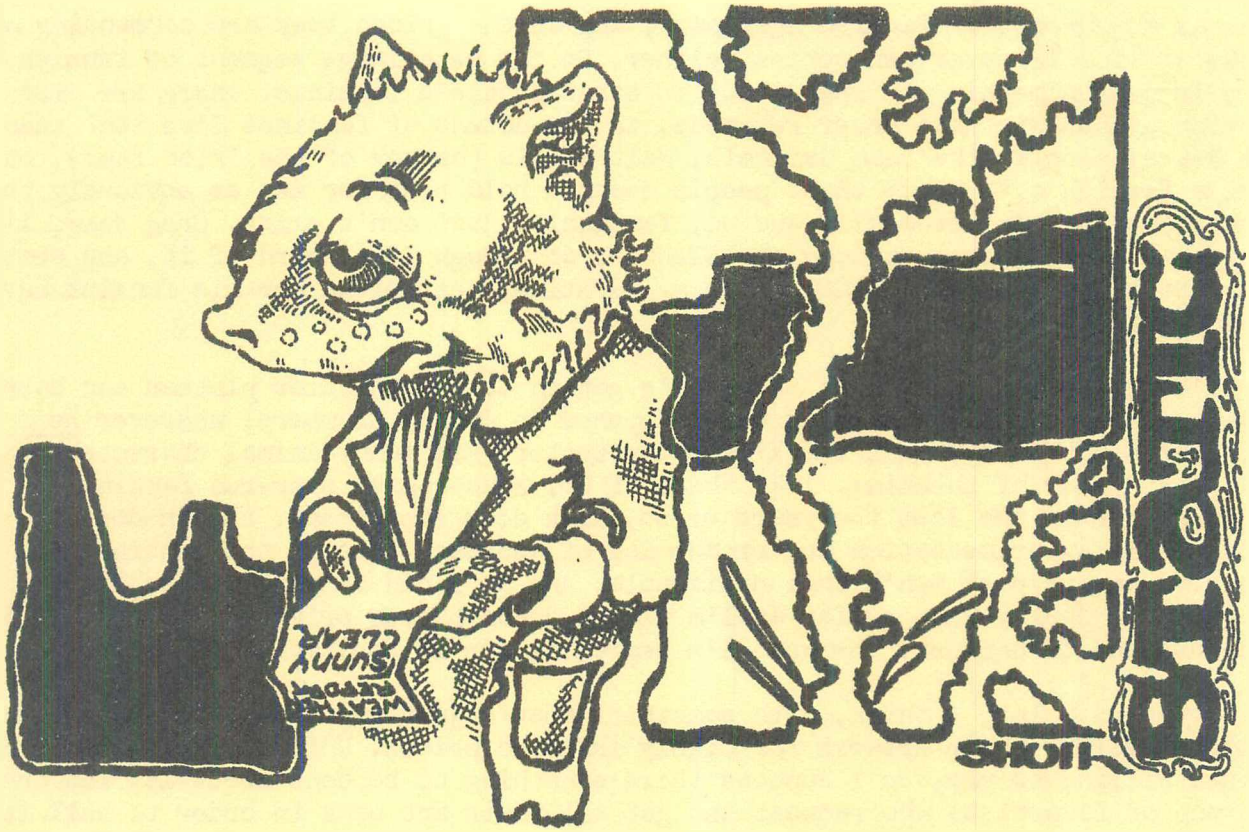
I had to leave the convention early Monday afternoon, which was distressing but unavoidable, unless I wanted to face that whistle stopping trek through Vermont again. The trip was long but uneventful. The little customs man didn't even ask me my name.

I arrived in Toronto about 4:00 AM and was welcomed by a new brother-in-law, a horny cat and Susan wailing over her lost luggage. Mohawk Airlines had done it again. Never mind, Susan, it'll make a great column.



ANDY PORTER
55 Pineapple St
Brooklyn, NY
11201

Your editorial, of course, answers those numerous people who have been thinking that you've published issue after issue of ENERGUMEN solely to keep the name before the Hugo-voting public. I think Bruce Gillespie brought up the point that anything you feel must be done well, particularly in fanzine publishing, should be done as frequently as possible, and brought out the point of my own ALGOL, which I try to make as good as possible but which unfortunately doesn't come out nearly as frequently as it should. The obvious answer to this dichotomy is that the frequency of issue and the quality of contents have to be tempered by the time and money available for the task. Ghod knows I have the material available; the leading questions are time, which is eaten into heavily by other commitments, fannish and mundane, and money, where the real problem is. Frankly, I can't afford to publish more than one issue a year, doing it as I see it must be done. I have very high standards of my own that I must maintain, for my own satisfaction, and to publish ALGOL in any other form would not satisfy me. And so one issue a year is about all I publish, enough to keep the name alive and people asking plaintively, "When's the next issue coming out?" If, of course, you can continue to publish a bimonthly ENERGUMEN with the same quality of reproduction, contents, paper and comments without it cutting into the time you now spend on other, necessary things, then fine. But I really doubt you will be able to, and so, of course, it was wise to say something in your editorial. I think I'll do likewise.

This fannish/sercon confrontation (ah, a sixties word!) is something that I've decried in other fanzines as an artificial creation of people too narrow minded to want anything but their own brand of fandom to survive. Harlan put it this way: "There's room for all sorts of dumb things in this world." The real decision is your own, in what you feel you want to publish. If it's both Rotsler cartoons and articles by Sandra Miesel, then that's your prerogative. By not falling into one camp or another, and by denouncing the extremes of both camps, you do a service to your fanzine, your fannish horizons, and the microcosm of fandom as a whole.

For me there is a facet of fandom that has never really stood out, and this is the old Sixth Fandom as Ted describes it. I have never seen many of those fanzines that

rank as the Greats of Fannish Ages past, and at the prices they are commanding now it looks as if I'll never own copies, either. So for me a large segment of fannish history is just something to read about in other people's fanzines. There are also those fannish giants who have never responded to the dozens of fanzines I've sent them over the years; people like Dean Grinnell, Walt Willis (or any of the Irish fans), etc. To make a fannish myth about these people doesn't hold true for me, as obviously they've never contacted me personally and so, fannishly, just don't exist. Greg Shaw, likewise, has never sent me a copy of METANOIA; so though I've heard of it, and sent him the last three issues of ALGOL, plus my FAPAzine, neither he nor his fanzine have any real meaning for me.

Shull's artwork turns me off; seems he's gotten to a particular plateau and hasn't developed beyond it--same thing that happened to Johnny Chambers, wherever he's gone to. That's not to say that Tim Kirk's any better. His funny animal characters--somewhat, by my way of thinking, like those of Dr. Seuss--have over-run fanzines to a very great degree in the last two years or so. Kirk does experiment, though doesn't run much of his experimentation and broadening of approach through the fanzines, so the progress on his part isn't that noticeable. And so I can compare his public exposures to those of Shull, who, as far as I'm aware, doesn't even privately expand his approaches and techniques. The word I'm searching for is stultified, I suspect.

This couples a lot, I think, with something that's just come into the fan world: fan artists selling their artwork for highly inflated prices. Unfortunately, there are people willing to pay, so I suppose there's nothing to be done about it. But there is a group of fanartists who request and get all their art back in order to sell it at artshows, a practice which I detest as one of the worst aspects of professionalism.

((Your comments on publishing a fanzine and the fannish/sercon schism agree with my own viewpoints almost 100%. And one reason I'm delighted at the increase in the number of fanhistory columns around is that they make the fannish past more real to me. But I disagree entirely with your views on fan art. I think Tim has proven himself to be one of the most versatile artists in fandom, with his "funny aliens" being only one facet of his skill; Jim, while not quite so versatile, is developing a most distinctive style, and getting away from the overly-crosshatched mice that were once his symbol. As for fanartists selling their art, I find such a practice emminently reasonable, although I might agree with you that for most of us the art has become overpriced. I plan to continue bidding up to what I think is a reasonable price for pieces that I particularly like, though.))

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RICHARD HARTER
5 Chauncey St #2
Cambridge, MA.
02138

Ah yes, another ENERGUMEN. You're mad, Glicksohn, utterly mad. This hyperfanac will be the ruin of you yet. Your mind will rot, your liver will curdle, and your toenails will ingrow. Already I detect in your prose symptoms of the onset of Twonk's disease. Never, in all my years at Miskatonic U. School of Forensic Medicine, have I seen a more classic case. Mark my words, in another year you will be sitting at a convention and people will look at you, shake their heads pityingly, and murmur, "Poor blighter. Twonk's disease." Glicksohn, my boy, you've had it!

Another supplement I see. May I cast my vote "no" on supplements. They are a general pain and they mess up my filing. If it is good enough to publish at all it is good enough to publish in your zine; if it's not good enough to publish in your zine don't publish it. If you feel it doesn't fit your preconceived format but should be published then publish it somewhere else or publish a second zine. Don't mess around with supplements.

Who is Terry Austin? Is he kin to Alicia? Both his illos are quite good. The one on page 12 is cleverly conceived and well executed. The one on page 16 is more ambitious.

It comes off well but it has a number of defects in technique. His anatomy and his use of foreshortening need work. I would also say as a general judgement that the illo is too busy except that I suspect that it isn't in the original. Mike, you've got to get better electros! It doesn't matter so much for Grant's work which sticks to simple bold lines but it very definitely does for something like the Austin illos.

Ted White's article was, by far, the best thing in the issue. Ted can write beautiful prose at times and this was one of those times. I also enjoyed Rosemary's column and andy offutt's column. The rest of the issue was also excellent although not so much to my taste (except for the editorial which was not so excellent but very much to my taste.)

Nice zine you got there Bowers. Not the best issue of OUTWORLDS that I've seen, but a nice zine.

((ARRRGGGHHHH!!!! Seriously, though, folks, I'm glad to see it's actually that other fellow who's getting Twonk's disease, and not me! I'd like to hear your views on supplements. I like them as a place for interesting material that I feel should be separated from the magazine proper for some reason. Evidently Richard disagrees; how about the rest of you? Glad you noticed it was Terry Austin, Richard, at least someone reads the toc; most other people commented on Alicia's new style! And I'm afraid the electros are here to stay, for what they're worth. It would be nice to have my own Gestefax, but...))

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ELI COHEN
417 W. 118th St #63
New York, NY
10027

I'd like to make a few remarks on Leon Taylor's piece. To begin with, I think the prose is far too purple for the subject matter, in fact, for any subject matter. The writing serves only to obscure the essential vacuousness of the content. He fills three pages, and the gist is that BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA is terrible. But he never gives specifics. Though he claims it's poor satire and a badly flawed book, he asks us to accept his opinion on faith, without a single example. I didn't think it was a great book, by any means; I thought it was a typical Farmer adventure novel -- a fascinating background (the Universe is really only two light-years in diameter, and was artificially created by the Lords -- who themselves appeared in an artificial universe created by no one knows whom) which is thoroughly wasted on a hack thud and blunder thriller. About the same as A PRIVATE COSMOS, THE GATES OF CREATION, or THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES. (One of my main gripes is the petty pace at which Farmer is advancing the overall plot of the series, the same complaint I have with the Riverworld saga.) What bothers me about Leon Taylor is that he raves about A PRIVATE COSMOS, and utterly condemns WALLS OF TERRA. That requires more justification.

((Anyone who looked at Leon's article as a book review -- and there were many who did -- was bound to be disappointed by it, for the reasons Eli states. When I read it I interpreted it as a parody, both of the type of novel Farmer had written -- what Eli calls 'hack thud and blunder' -- and of a certain style of book reviewing. I printed it as an exercise in satirical writing. Perhaps I read more into the piece than was there, or perhaps some of you didn't look deep enough...))

And now a word with you, Mr. Glicksohn, about your lettercol comments. OK, you want to be polite and not interrupt. So don't break into the middle of paragraphs. But this system of yours is idiotic. To give two examples, in ascending order of the irritation they caused me:

Phil Muldowney makes a remark about how your column headings are the same from issue to issue. He then goes on for four more paragraphs discussing American fan feuds and Worldcon bids, and your first remark is about column headings! Double take as I remember what he said way back there.

Patrick McGuire makes a simple crack about Susan changing her name to Glicksohn; just a mild humorous remark. He then goes on for an estimated 500 words, including a heavy rap on THE BROKEN SWORD, and a long paragraph on Canadianisms. And after all this you, the Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom, break in with an answer to the opening gag! It took me five minutes of careful back-tracking and re-reading to figure out what the hell you were referring to!

Why don't you just settle each topic before going on to the next? If it doesn't bother you to edit a letter, why should it bother you to answer points as they are raised? Imagine it as a phone conversation, not a correspondance. Or else don't say anything at all.

((For reasons connected with saving space and aiding layout, it is simpler to respond to a letter in one paragraph at the end of the letter. Also, it has been my impression that most readers prefer this method to the one described by Eli. However, I'd consider changing if there's enough demand for it.))

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MARK MUMPER
1227 Laurel St.
Santa Cruz, CA.
95060

You have definitely surpassed all past issues with #9. A beautiful balance has been reached, and I really can't see anyone being disappointed in the "sercon" vs "fannish" makeup you have achieved.

I think you've got a fine format for concerned and informed book criticism, e.g. Taylor's and Toomey's short essays. Both are not serious in tone or style, yet both also deliver a "serious" (not frivolous) opinion and evaluation. If anything, either critic could give any of your fan writers a run for his money where style is concerned. Taylor is outrageously outrageous; if you'll pardon the redundancy. I could spend a joyous evening just unraveling his double- and triple-entendres. Bob Toomey gets the Mumper Reduced-Me-To-Tears Award for the week for his portrayal of Gertrude Stein's deathbed scene. Beautiful!! He does something I greatly admire in a critic -- without forgetting the power of humor, and realizing that authors do make mistakes and the mistakes are what he is attacking not the author,he effectively and brilliantly chides Blish for fucking up a concept, and then turns around and gives you an essay on Blish's very theme, without losing continuity or becoming gauche. This is the best criticism in a fanzine --not to mention any professional publication -- that I've read in at least a year. More, more!

Walker's interview provides a valuable service I have not run into before in the fan press. I can eat up a platterful of this and come back for more. He's been conducting these interviews for some time now -- I'd like to see more in ENERGUMEN. I don't think he loses spontaneity by doing them through the mail -- questions and answers can be better constructed and phrased more clearly.

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DAN GOODMAN
1406 Leavenworth
San Francisco, CA
94109

The chocolate-covered manhole covers bit is not originally from Larry Niven's story "What Can You Say About Chocolate-Covered Manhole Covers?" Tom Digby originated it in APA L, and when Niven wrote a story with Digby as the villain it seemed logical to use a Digbyism as the title. In the interests of fanhistory, I think Digby should get the proper credit.

I wish you'd printed the rest of Harry Warner's loc; you could have gotten the space by eliminating at least some of your artwork. I don't see why you insist on cluttering up ENERGUMEN with artwork, unless you've been brainwashed by fan-art fandom. (Now, there is a fannish faction with undue power. There's no fan-Hugo earmarked specifically for sercon fans or fannish fans; but there's a fan-artist Hugo. And art shows at cons. And two of the genzines up for the Hugo this time have editors who sometimes seem to consider written material as filler between the all-important illos.)

In answer to John Douglas: I don't particularly enjoy Rosemary's writing, most of it--yet. I think she's a good writer; I don't like what she's doing very well, but consider it fairly likely she'll tire of certain writing tricks after a while and produce material I'll like better (And my taste in writing is impeccable. I read the works of Nevil Shute and Flann O'Brien, who are among Walt Willis's favorite mainstream writers--and if you attack my taste you are attacking Walt Willis. How's that for nice logical argument?)

On balance in genzines: I see no particular reason why any one genzine needs to be balanced, so long as there's some balance among generally-available genzines as a whole. If the editor likes what he's publishing, then he's got what (for him) is the right balance. If he's good at choosing material, then I'll probably like the zine--even, sometimes, when I generally don't care for that type of material.

The only thing that seems to be really essential in a genzine, after the first issue, is a lettercolumn. Editorial comment, columns, artwork, and everything else can be dispensed with; and an all-letters genzine will work. Genzines with everything but a lettercolumn lose something.

((I choose to "clutter" up these pages with art because I enjoy publishing art--I see you preach tolerance in choice of material but don't practice it--and because I think a combination of art and text is inherently more interesting than either medium alone. I strive for balance in the type of material I use because I like the different types of material. It's really quite simple. Oh yes, an all-letters zine couldn't be a 'genzine',by definition; it would be a letterzine.))

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LARRY PROPP
3127 N. Sheridan
Peoria, Ill.
61604

I disagree with Silverberg on one small point, though I stand with him on most of his views in the Walker interview. It's a general bug of mine--this business of trying to find THE descriptive phrase that delimits our field. Silverberg says he doesn't like"science-fiction" because it isn't accurate of what is being written, but it is better than anything else. I disagree; on this "phantom" issue I tend to adopt the operative definition of the term as that which is being written in the field. Most bookstores know what science fiction is; it is a book that science fiction readers will buy as sf, including on the same shelf a Doc Savage reprint, the latest Ballantine Adult Fantasy, Hal Clement's STAR LIGHT and Silverberg's own A TIME OF CHANGES, plus the other 75-150 titles currently on the market. Too much time is spent trying to either define "science fiction" or pin another generic name on the literature; time that could be better spent on more meaningful dialogues.

Leon Taylor says that Phil Farmer writes with "galloping sound and fury"; he should read some of his own reviews, Aaugh! I have my own opinion of Phil; I think he is a remarkable author, but he always bothered me because I never thought he wrote a totally successful book. I had this feeling before he moved to Peoria, and although I dearly love the man in person, my ideas about his works (the longer ones, at least) haven't changed. Phil seems to me to be the idea man who can never quite give the proper execution to his work. DARE, for instance, told a marvelous story--the first 2/3s of the book; then Phil went off on some weird tangent and only returned to the original story in the last chapter, greatly compressing it in the process. INSIDE OUTSIDE always promised more than it delivered. A FEAST UNKNOWN was a beautiful attempt to tell an anti-erotic story within the confines of an erotic book, and it captured well the American hang-up on violence as a sexual act, but it was too much, and the point was eventually diluted by overemphasis. THE LOVERS was even stranger (I'm talking about the novel version); if I hadn't heard so much about it, I would have put it down after two chapters. Deadly dull--until you hit the point where the original novella started; then it was masterful. I guess Phil was trying to portray the style of Earth's society through his writing style; it was a failure as far as I was concerned.

Again, the problem was too much of a good thing; it turned off too many people I know. BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA was flawed because it contributed nothing to the series. I have a funny feeling that I'll be able to go right from the third book (A PRIVATE COSMOS) to the fifth (still to be written) without missing anything, and this is deadly to a series.

To my mind, TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO is the first fully realized novel Phil has written. The Riverworld is one of the better ideas he's had; for my money, it's his best executed piece of work.

A final thought: The bathtub was invented in its present form in 1850. The telephone was invented in 1875. This means that, had you but been living in 1850, you could have sat in the tub for 25 years without once getting up to answer the phone.

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JERRY KAUFMAN
417 W. 118th St #63
New York, NY.
10027

I read several of the Lord Peter Whimsey novels, rather enjoyed them, and gave up after three or so. I think my problems were that the characteristics of Whimsey wore thin, like the cute speech patterns. The attitude of Sayers to anybody lower than a baronet was annoying. I seem to remember a character who was a commoner and a Communist, who was, of course, a cad and a coward. (Were Big Bill Haywood or Sacco and Vanzetti cowards? Being a romantic, I doubt it.)And the books seemed slow. One, about a killer who worked by injecting air into veins, was incredibly slow, and I don't remember anything happening through 4/5ths of the book. (If that was a Whimsey book.) I guess I like faster paced things like the Nero Wolfe books, or even the highly improbable Saint stories.

I saw another interview Walker did, very oriented towards Walker's own ideas of "how things are", and Fred Pohl spent most of the interview turning aside or turning around the assumptions in the questions. This interview works much better because the questions are less slanted, and Silverberg has more of a chance to answer. The stuff about anthologies was down-right revealing. I really got an idea of the mechanics and maybe I'll put together one of my own. I mean, there are quite a few stories about fandom and science fiction writers, but nobody's done a collection of them...Watch it, that's my idea, and this is first publication...on second thought, there are enough stories, but only three or four worth using.

Mark Twain came to the same conclusions as Bob Toomey in "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleysburg" in which a town that believes itself incorruptible is tested by a man with a grudge. The town is found wanting, largely because, never having been tempted, it can not resist. Virtue isn't the absence of sin, but the ability to successfully overcome sin. But that doesn't mean that sin is the successful ability to fight off virtue. A knotty problem of words, I think. My problem is that most of the theology I know, which I might apply to clarify this, was learned from A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, and would Bob agree with anything I learned there?

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TERRY HUGHES
407 College Ave
Columbia, MO.
65201

Leon Taylor's review grated on my nerves. It wasn't what he said, it was how he said it (in fact the writing style so distracted me that I had a hard time concentrating on what was being said.) I really can't come up with the word I want to use to describe his writing--- it was too flowery...or maybe too metaphorical...or maybe it was just written too well. This was one case where someone worked too long on his writing. One should try to "turn a phrase" but in this review every phrase was turned. It's too polished. Did anyone else feel this way? Or am I all alone? I would like to see Leon Taylor use a more direct approach, striping adjectives out of his writing, and become concise and straight forward.

It was interesting reading Ted White's comments on Elmer Perdue who is also known as God. He has always fascinated me. Just the idea of what things he must have done to get his nickname. I really yearn to read some of his writings. The piece did remind me of one Elmer Perdue story I have heard. At one convention Elmer was talking to a woman and suddenly he handed her a $10 bill and turned away and started talking to someone else. Shocked, the woman just stared at the money. Then Elmer turned about and took the money from her hands. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said Elmer Perdue. Yeah, I'd call him God too.

I'm beginning to get scared...I understood Dave Hulvey's letter perfectly this time. Is there hope for me? The key, you see, is in recognizing that he quotes (or paraphrases rather) liberally from record albums and especially the Firesign Theatre. Actually a large number of fans engage in Firesign Theatre-isms; I do. It's fun to be standing on a street corner with some friends and start shooting off quotes from different albums completely boggling the minds of passersby and eavesdroppers.

Uh, concerning Grant Canfield's portrait of Bob Silverberg: are you putting me on? I mean, I saw Silverberg in Boston and he has much longer hair.

So I've finished this issue already--when are you going to send me the next one????

((It's odd about that portrait of Silverberg; I noticed at Noreascon that Bob was looking as dashing as ever, yet when we returned from the con, Grant's picture looked even more hideous than I'd remembered. Hmmm??))

- -

JERRY LAPIDUS
54 Clearview Dr
Pittsford, NY
14534

Most surprised at the Silverberg interview--that it was as good as it was. It's just that these author interviews have a habit of being so patterned, so standard, so dull and uninteresting--and this one is a total opposite. Perhaps it's Bob's honesty and candidness that makes this exceptional, but whatever, it's a really nice job. I particularly like his comment on getting ideas--"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." This hits me just right, because Dean Koontz has an article in TA...7 saying that for him, it's the exact opposite--the ideas don't just come, and the article talks about where the basic ideas for some of his recent stories did come from. I hope Dean reads this interview.

Leon seems to be very good at wasting space, talking very interestingly about very minor material. Just offhand I can recall about ten pages of detailed discussion of a single Sheckley story in EMBELYON, and an equally drawn-out discussion of three Leo P. Kelley stories he did for me, besides this, here. Leon's a good young writer and I'd really like to know why he's spending so much time on generally forgettable work. This very minor Farmer novel, pretty obviously done because the publisher wanted another novel in the World of Tiers series, is a perfect example--why spend the time and pages on it?

Hmm. I like Bob Toomey, and I generally like his writing, and I also happen to like "The Day After Judgement", at least based on the magazine version. The main problem is that Bob seems to be arguing primarily with Blish's philosophy, rather than with the actual writing of the book itself. He dismisses most of the book in about a paragraph, and spends most of his time talking about why he thinks Blish's ideas in the novel are wrong. Which is all well and good, I guess, but I don't know if it really makes much sense as literary criticism. Bob's an entirely different person, and obviously would have written a far different book, and that seems to be underlying what he's saying here. But what does that have to do with the book that Blish wrote?

Ted White's article is excellent; a better analysis of the current situation I haven't seen anywhere, and I think Ted is being extremely fair to all sides of the question. I think a large part of the problem has, as it always does, resulted from extremists on both sides of the fence. Terry Carr, a respected fan and pro, makes a speech and writes a column saying essentially what Ted is saying, that fans shouldn't consider themselves second class citizens next to pros. An obvious observation, yes? But this seems to have inspired the more firey fannish heads to denounce the appearance of professionals and book reviews in fanzines altogether--and this of course sparks the same kind of arguments from the other side. I hope everyone involved in this whole mess reads Ted's discussion and lets it go at that. Please.

((Toomey's column was never intended as a book review column, Jerry -- Bob puts in it whatever he happens to be interested in. If he chooses to write a piece discussing the ideas behind a book, rather than the book itself, you have to read it in that context and not as a piece of "literary criticism" as such.))

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WILL STRAW
303 Niagara Blvd
Fort Erie, Ont.

Hank Stine, I think it was, came up with the idea of a Tape Amateur Press Association in the middle of this decade and ran a flyer through at least one apa, but I don't know what became of it; presumably nothing, as no further mention of it has reached me. Ed Cox tried to revive the Sapstape recently, and solicited voluntary SAPS members to add to the content of the tape and keep it moving across the continent, but that, too, seems to have folded from a lack of response. And I'm not one of those who whole-heartedly believes that the printed medium will become obsolete in the future; there seems to be an ever-increasing number of people coming out of universities with the desire and ability to write well and there appears to be a subsequent increase in the number of publications and outlets for them to write for.

I don't think there's enough of an active fandom in Great Britain these days, or enough fanzines being published, for the development of any real issues or controversies that could lead into feuds. (I doubt very much if the general peacefulness in Angiofandom is the result of English people themselves being peaceful. My experience with OMPA would lead me to believe otherwise; at least two members have far right leanings that include the idea that hippies should be shot as traitors, along with the criminally insane and others of no use to society.)

I wish someone would explain Bill Rotsler's apparent preoccupation with The Sex Life of Harry Warner Junior in his recent cartoons. Is this some ancient fannish tradition like Harlan Ellison stories or Arnie Katz Drinks Pepsi or has it been sparked by some recent statement of Harry's that I've missed?

I think most people stop regarding writing for a living as something gloriously easy about the same time they experience the similar type of disallusionment that comes from the realization that, say, Raquel Welch or Tony Curtis go to the bathroom, be sick, and lose their tempers just as often and easily as anyone else. The Struggling Writer is the counter-stereotype that's been with us as long as I can remember, and certainly as long as that of the hard-working and failing actor or artist. If Andy Offutt and Dean Koontz are aiming specifically to take away that mystique with their fanzine articles, then all but the first few things they do are superfluous. (As it is, I found Offutt's article this issue pleasingly different and approaching sf writing from a previously unexplored angle, but it was very much an exception.)

((I think I'd question your assumption that it takes 'real issues or controversies' to create feuds, Will. If you have the personalities, they'll create the issues as often as not. I have several other Rotsler-Examines-HWJ's Sex Life cartoons on hand but I don't know why he's doing them either. Bill? Many people said that they found Andy's article fascinating even though they'd become a bit tired of his work. Chalk one up for a fascinating and, to me, brand new approach to the topic.))

EDWARD C. CONNER
1805 N. Gale
Peoria, Ill.
61604

Leon Taylor has gone too far. His "review" of Philip Farmer's BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA comes through as forced, rather than forceful; affected, rather than effective; and conveys precious little in constructive--or even destructive--criticism.

For there are those who might say: "Ah--look at Taylor in his present--his most polished to date--coming. He is so stuffily erudite (whether affectedly so or not, I won't attempt to judge, but give him the benefit of the doubt) that at times I lose him; he floats along as on a cloud, utilizing paragraphs to turn a phrase...and so on, and so on.

"So what am I to assume about what he seems to say about Farmer's BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA? If such things are relative, then Leon Taylor, from his high white tower in the mist, is placing this story about at cradle-level-mentality--for him. But he forgets, perchance, that I and others like me are mere dustlings; we are closer to the Farmer opus than he."

I haven't yet read the book, and hence my resentment isn't of course of his publicly-eyeballing a scientifictional work but of the half-assed, even fuggheaded, way he goes about it.

Fortunately one can always turn back to the Tim Kirk cover and admire it for another five or ten minutes....

((Of all those who looked at Leon's piece differently than I and found it lacking, yours was the most eloquent condemnation, Ed. Try rereading it maybe...?))

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would have attracted record numbers of western and southern fans to a non-West, non-deep-south con, whose hard work and organizational talents were unspared, should get ostracized out of their bid by the smug campaigning of "fannish fans". If Dallas was a hard sell campaign, it fit the conditions all other bids except LA and TORCON fought under. That Toronto won may be fitting, but the irony, that Dallas' bid was trapped in a fannish backlash, is cutting.

Next on the agenda is "My 2¢ Worth". I've never had much to say about it before, but wish this time to question the purpose of an in-depth mystery review in ENERGUMEN. Or maybe you felt it was less of a difficulty to run this than to censor your wife?

I almost plucked out my offending eye when I read Toomey's review. This review is, of course, legitimate, well covered, perhaps sloppily constructed, but nevertheless solid and coherent. But Bob Toomey? I thought he was just a female Rosemary. (Trust me, this is not a sexual reference.) Now I know differently. Isn't it amazing what I can learn by reading your magazine?

((But of course; this is ENERGUMEN, the unyielding but educational fanzine! You underestimate Bob, who's a multi-talented young writer. It is not by chance that he has earned the title "The Bob Toomey of his Generation". As for the contents of this fanzine, we print whatever we enjoy and feel will be of interest to our readers: the number of people who wrote in to say they had started reading Sayers as a result of Susan's article gives ample justification to the article, were any needed. I have no intention of doing a "How We Won" about the TORCON 2 bid. However, may I point out that the Dallas people withdrew their bid, citing the disintegration of their committee and some poor policy decisions as their reasons. Had there been a bid-off, I honestly feel we would have won anyway, since I think we understood more clearly what the voters wanted, and this was luckily what we intended to offer them. However, it's all history now, and I hope there'll be no hard feelings; I hope you all get the chance to come up to Toronto for the 1973 Worldcon.))

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HANK DAVIS
Box 154
Loyall, KY
40854

Darrell Schweitzer's letter, referring to the technical problems of erecting (pardon my Freudianisms) a tower of beer cans to the moon, is a step in the right direction, but doesn't go quite far enough. The problem of moving the tower to counteract the motion of the moon actually fades into moving the tower to counteract the motion of the earth's rotation. Since the earth rotates every 24 hours, a tower 238,800 miles tall (the mean distance of the moon) with its base on the equator would sweep out a circle 14, 824,704 miles in circumference every day. Meaning that the top of the tower, as seen by an observer not sharing the earth's rotation, would be moving at 171.58 miles per second, which is considerably faster than the motion of the moon in its orbit: a mere 0.64 miles per second. Since the moon revolves in the same direction that the earth rotates, its velocity would be subtracted from that of the earth -- except that the plane of the moon's orbit is not identical with the plane defined by the equator and the problem is more complicated.

When the road that the tower will roll along (merrily, perhaps) is built, it would have to move at a sedate 35 miles per hour (approx.) to keep pace with the moon's motion if the earth did not rotate. Since the earth does rotate, and at a bit more than 1000 miles per hour, the motion of the tower cannot, alas, be that leisurely. And since the tower's road would be partly above the equator, partly below, it's velocity due to the earth's rotation would vary, since this velocity decreases as one approaches either pole. (Very complicated. I'll let someone else work it out, he said, putting on his hat with ill-concealed haste.) Since the earth's speed of rotation is faster than the speed of sound, it might be wise to build an airtight wall (of beer cans, of course) about 50 miles high on either side of the road, then pump out the air (the volume of air to be pumped is left as an exercise for the reader.) Otherwise, not

only will the tower have to be constructed with a cooling system to offset the effects of air friction, but unpleasant shock waves might be rough on innocent bystanders.

The base of the tower would not have to support the weight of the entire tower, of course. Aside from the decrease of gravity with distance, different segments of the tower are describing larger circles in equal times, and at a sufficiently great distance from the earth, a segment of the tower will be moving with orbital velocity. (If the tower moved at 35 mph on a stationary earth, for example, the beer cans at 22,800 miles above the earth's center would be effectively in orbit, exerting no weight on the cans below.) Above this point, the cans would be exerting a lift. Obviously, the problem becomes one of holding the tower down, rather than supporting it against its weight, though it must be supported against its weight in the early stages of construction. Another factor to be considered: when the tower has reached such a height that it is only 23,600 miles away from the moon, the point at which the earth's gravity will equal that of the moon will have been reached. From that point on, the builders will be building a tower down to the moon, rather than up from the earth, as far as gravity is concerned. Fortunately, the moon has less gravity and its rotation can be practically (not completely) neglected.

I think that the problem of the moon's orbit being elliptical (with a difference of 31,247 miles between perigee and apogee) could be handled more simply than by putting springs between the cans. Metal expands when heated, so shades (constructed from flattened beer cans) could be arranged, polished on one side, to keep sunlight from striking the tower. Shutters built into the shades would make it possible to let a controlled amount of light fall on the tower, heating it as desired. When the shutters were closed, the tower would be "cold" and would just reach the moon at perigee. As the moon moved away from the earth, the shutters could be opened and the tower would expand slightly to keep in contact with the moon. Elegant, no?

It might be more interesting to construct rings of beer cans orbiting the earth in increasing concentric circles. But then Larry Niven would have to be paid 3¢ a can...

Have you heard the political science major's proof that all odd numbers are prime? "All in favor that all odd numbers are prime say aye. All opposed say nay. The Ayes have it."

((Fascinating, Hank, but in today's fandom you'd have trouble collecting enough empty bheer cans to build a tower to the top of a Hugo! On the other hand, let me tell you about my idea for the Tower of Crudzines to the Moon...))

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HARRY WARNER JR
423 Summit Ave
Hagerstown, Md.
21740

Fandom isn't what it used to be. I've dawdled six weeks in writing a loc on ENERGUMEN and still there's only one issue on hand as subject matter.

Silverberg on anthologizing was of particular interest to me. I've always wondered why authors didn't seize upon an anthology appearance to try to get into print the original version of a story that may have been meddled with by the editor who gave it its initial appearance. It would be easy to make one more carbon copy when typing manuscripts and set it aside for just such a possibility. Every year that passes reduced the probability that we'll ever know exactly what changes may have displeased authors in the printed versions of the bulk of the science fiction of the past. And there must be a myriad examples of places where an important story was cut or padded for original magazine publication solely to fit the makeup, not because it needed changes for quality reasons; such tampering is perpetuated without any reason when an anthology is created from tearsheets.

I share Ted White's admiration for Elmer Perdue's writing. But I've never tackled a retrospective on Elmer because he was so all-out frank about himself and his circum-

stances through most of his fannish career and he might not be happy to have his soul-bearings dredged up from the past now that he has become a combination of elder statesman, Buddha, and Methuselah who gives today the impression of being immune to the tensions and problems that bedevil the rest of us.

I seem to be the only fan who remembers a prozine story which actually used seriously the same basic theme as the Bheer Can Tower to the Moon. It was called "The Moon Waits", appeared in the middle-1930's in Amazing, and told about travel between Earth and the moon by means of a rigid tube between the planet and its satellite. I'll have to look up some day the calm rejoinder that T. O'Conor Sloane made when someone in the letter section expressed doubts about the feasibility of this arrangement.

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SANDRA MIESEL
8744 N. Pennsylvania
Indianapolis, Ind.
46240

This recent flurry of exhortations not to kneel at the feet of the pros certainly influenced my conduct at Noreascon-- every time I (inadvertently!) found myself in this position, I'd squeak in mock-chagrin and speedily move. (One amused gentleman switched places and knelt at my feet...) Oh, there must be some misguided souls who fawn over any warm body wearing a SFWA button, but I am not of their company. However I fail to see why it is self-denigrating to be thrilled when meeting someone I've admired. The key word, you see, is admired; their occupation is irrelevant. Why, I was too petrified with awe to speak with Terry Carr the first time I saw him!

Although Bob Silverberg commented that he found excessive deference more painful than rudeness, I worry that these well-meant efforts to discourage idolatry of the pros may unleash (or appear to condone) obnoxious "instant familiarity".

Typically, the issue has been discussed only in terms of pro writer/fan writer. What about the artists? Do they receive unwonted adulation? Do they even receive adequate appreciation? Isn't it simple realism for a person of such limited and ill-developed artistic talent as myself to recognize the superior endowments of a Gaughan, a Schoenherr, a Kirk? Who sells what where doesn't change this fact. But what surpassing delight to meet these men in Boston!

((As I see it, the concept behind this pro/fan thing is not to treat the pros any differently than the fans simply because they are pros. This works both ways, of course, in terms of both deferential treatment and abusiveness. As you point out, a pro or a fan or an artist must earn your respect as a person, regardless of his occupation or even of his accomplishments. I've known many highly talented people to whom I wouldn't give the time of day, much as I admired their skills.))

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PATRICK McGUIRE
Rm 2214 Grad. College
Princeton University
Princeton, NJ 08540

I read The Day After Judgement in GALAXY, and hence had missed the rather interesting datum that Blish now wants to call the whole production Faust Aleph-Null. This title, as you may recall, was the one given to Black Easter when it appeared in IF. Even at that time it troubled me. Aleph-null--as even those of us with Liberal Educations know--is a number from transfinite mathematics. It is, in fact, the number of objects in a set that is infinite but denumerable...a set that you can start to count, but can't finish counting, as for instance positive integers, which you can arrange 1,2,3,4 . . . One might think then that the title means "The Ultimate Faust", or some such, but not so. With finite real numbers the cardinals (1, 2, 3, 4) and the ordinals (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th) are in an obvious and simple correspondence. For reasons not clear to at least one person with a Liberal Education, such is not possible with transfinites. One could say "Aleph-null Fausts" if one had a mind to, but one could not meaningfully say, "the Aleph-nullth Faust."

But if the title does not mean the "Aleph-nullth Faust," then what in the name of Georg Cantor (1845-1918) does it mean? Anyone hear the sound of one hand clapping?

((The transfinite numbers deal in the concept of magnitude, not order, much as the 'number' most people call infinity. Thus we get a strange arithmetic in which aleph-null times aleph-null equals aleph-null, etc. As for the meaning of the title, we'll have to ask Mr. Blish, I'm afraid, but thank you for adding to the reputation of the educational fanzine, ENERGUMEN, aka The Journal of Advanced But Generally Useless Mathematics.))

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automobile?" To which the Englishman calmly replied, "Ah, yes, old chap, but who invented the language, eh?"

MORRIS KEESAN: Point taken about limited circulation zines. However, in citing the rule, I carefully included the phrase "devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects..." While discussions about fandom can be considered as related subjects, I hardly think that a description of Arnie Katz's haircut, which appeared in the last issue of POTLATCH that I saw, is related to science fiction or fantasy. This is not intended to imply that fannish zines are in any way inferior to sercon or genzines, but merely (and again I'm mostly hypothesizing, not being terribly familiar with zines of this type) ineligible, under the current rules, for Hugos. Perhaps this means that the Hugo rules should be changed. Perhaps not. ((You might have a point here. Can we get a ruling on it, Jerry?))

RICK STOOKER: Rosemary is beginning to wear a little thin with me. Which isn't to say she still isn't a good writer--she is. Her particular style of froth once every issue of ERG was a delight, but now she's branching out into other fanzines with the same froth and I can only take so much before the joy is gone.

GREG BENFORD: Amongst all the reviews of and comments on science fiction, I was set to wondering why so little of sf is about what science is -- a loving abstraction of what we know, a tool, but not the Ding an sich at all, not reality. Why has no one ever written an sf story that reflects an understanding of, say, Wittgenstein? It would be interesting to try. But maybe this is altogether too much to expect of sf writers, and perhaps fans, too. In an OUTWORLDS column a while back I threw in an imaginary bit of dialog between Dick Lupoff and myself, in which we bandied about the "fact" that fire is a liquid. There were some ambiguous comments in the next issue, indicating that maybe a few people believed the statement. Okay. But I got three count them three letters exclaiming that the authors had never thought of it that way before, but yes, it made sense, didn't it? And where could they get more information about fire, the liquid? Science is really composed of a lot of common sense abstracted until it does not appear to be as true as a lot of things you already know are wrong, yes...but those letters were really too much. ((Hell, Greg, anybody who'd read OUTWORLDS would obviously believe anything!))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Mike Lewis, George Proctor, John Mansfield, Connie Faddis, Paul Walker, Grant Canfield, Andy Offutt, Mark Francis, Lane Lambert, Jeff Schalles, Dave Hulvey, Donald G. Keller, Barry Smotroff, Doreen Webbert, John Leavitt and Jim Shull but unfortunately this lettercol is too long already. Thank you all, and we encourage everyone to respond or submit contributions of artistic or written material. Now, as only Bill Rotsler could say it, I'm afraid that

DAVIDSON