

energumen

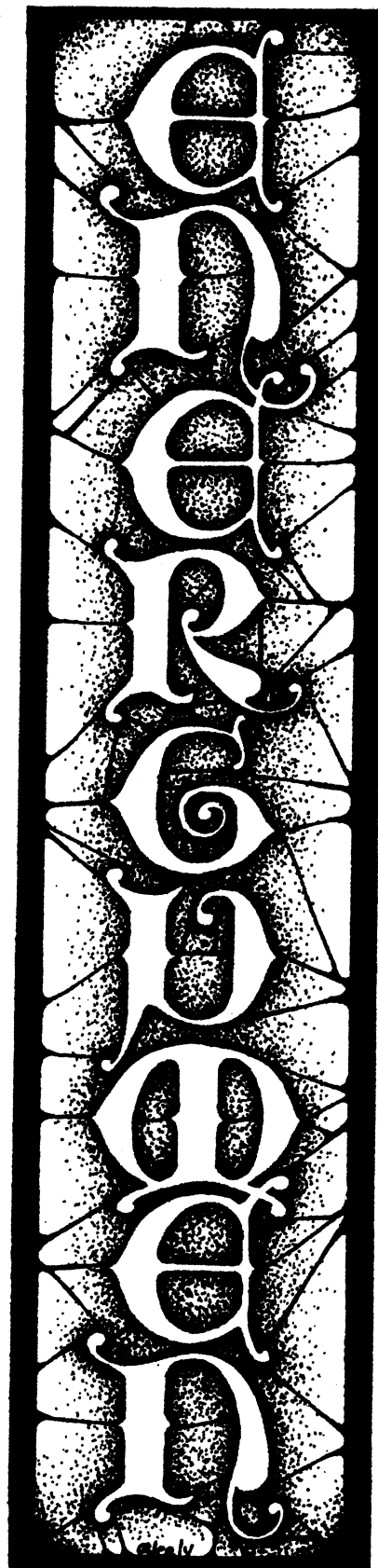


• EDDIE JONES •

 This is ENERGUMEN #14, the special Robert Silverberg
 issue, brought to you by Michael and Susan Glicksohn
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 contributions and substantial locs, while this issue
 and the next, and last, issue may also be bought for
 one dollar each in cash. (No US stamps or checks, if
 you please.) SUAMI Publication #26. December, 1972.

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A MAN'S REACH SHOULD EXCEED HIS GRASP...and it invariably does where fanzine production is concerned. Or, as Peter Gill said about three years ago, around the time this fanzine started, "The art of publishing a fanzine is that of the possible versus the impossible dream."

Back in February of 1972, in one of the rare recognizable flashes of editorial insight I've ever had, I conceived the idea of an issue of **ENERGUMEN** centred around Robert Silverberg. I saw the issue in its entirety: I knew what articles I wanted to include, what graphic extravaganzas were needed, which of the on-file pieces of art would perfectly suit the issue. It was a glorious vision of the platonic ideal of a fanzine. What you hold in your hands is the long-delayed and far-from-perfect realization of that initial concept---and therein, as they say, lies a tale.

Much of what I thought of for this special issue has been accomplished and we're both very pleased with the results. There are articles about Bob's fiction, and about Bob himself, plus an excellent cross-section of his writings in the fan press. The art folio based on his work is smaller than I'd initially planned on, but the quality is extremely high because those artists who contributed did so because they really wanted to be present in this tribute to Bob. (My main regret is that Connie's superb silkscreen must reach you in a folded state; this is one of the finest individual pieces of art I've seen in a fanzine, and we're proud to be able to present it here.) So we're proud of the issue as it stands, and we think it is a worthy tribute to Bob as well as being a worthy penultimate **ENERGUMEN**. And yet...and yet...

...Somehow, in keeping with Peter Gill's adage, it falls just short of what I had originally hoped for. When one thinks of Robert Silverberg and fandom, one cannot help but think simultaneously of another equally well-known name. And when that inspiration struck me almost a year ago, I knew then that this issue would be incomplete without Harlan Ellison.

Harlan and Bob are surely inseparable as far as science fiction and fandom are concerned. Stories about them are legion, and their friendship is of legendary proportion. Who better to give us an inside view of one of the giants of our field than his long-time friend and colleague Harlan Ellison? And yet Harlan had renounced all contact with fandom, and had only weeks before advised us, in response to a question we had asked, that he'd prefer not to get **ENERGUMEN** any more, although he hoped we would still remain friends outside of fandom. It seemed as if my vision of that perfect issue was destined to failure from the start.

Nevertheless, I wrote to Harlan and told him of my idea for the issue. Knowing of his friendship for Bob, I asked, more out of courtesy than hope, if he'd like to contribute, thus offering him a chance to politely decline, yet ensuring that he

would not feel slighted when the issue appeared. You can imagine our delight when the following postcard arrived a few days later:

Dear Mike & Susan: The answer is, of course, yes. Doing a piece on Bob is hardly the usual fannish bullshit. I'm very glad you wrote. Just tell me the length and the deadline. I think I'd like to just write at length--something I've never done about Bob save in DV--and reminisce about the over twenty years of our "special relationship." In many ways Bob is the brother I never had, and as similar as the backgrounds were, from which we came, how different we are in temperament, life-style and goals; yet how alike we are in the paths our lives have taken. I suspect it will be a very emotional piece, filled with love and respect and (hopefully) some of the humor of our times together. RSVP.

--Harlan



Setting a deadline of June 1st, three months away, we set about with renewed enthusiasm to gather the rest of the material. The original plan was to put the issue out at the beginning of the summer when I would have time free from teaching to publish it (and the Hugo ballots would be out, did someone say...?) hot on the heels of #12. However, while issue #12 shaped up nicely and most of the material you'll find within these pages came in on time, there was no sign of the major contribution, Harlan's article. About the end of June, I phoned Los Angeles. Harlan was out. Would he return my call, collect if need be? He would. And did, in fact. And spoke to Susan. We should have faith in him; he would finish the article; and we'd be able to publish it in time for the Worldcon and present it to Bob in person.

Well, history has shown that the Special Silverberg Issue of ENERGUMEN was not out in time for LACon. A regular issue, #13, appeared shortly after the convention, and I settled for being greeted by Harlan in the midnight darkness on the lawn of Chuck Crayne's house with the words, "Who's that? Glicksohn? Jesus, look man, your article is sitting in my typewriter at home." That, and the promise of immediate completion after the Worldcon.

By this time, I'd decided to cease publishing with #15, so it seemed almost a stroke of good fortune that the "special" issue had been delayed and would hence be our last regular issue. With or without the Ellison piece it looked to be easily our best issue to date and was thus the obvious way of finishing the normal run of the fanzine. But to ensure the "blaze of glory" that I spoke of last issue, it was more important than ever to try and get Harlan's article, which would obviously be one of the major fanzine contributions of the year. So shortly after LACon, after much deliberation, and in response to Harlan's speech on "professionalism", I mailed Harlan a check to pay for the article. Not a large check, much less than I've paid for particular drawings I wanted for covers, or for folios for the magazine, and if Harlan had written the article he originally described to us, his word rate would have been atrocious, but nevertheless it introduced an element of "professionalism" to the relationship. (Mathematicians among you may satisfy your curiosity with the knowledge that Harlan's postcard was hence paid for at approximately 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a word; which isn't bad for a fanzine contribution.)

The check was cashed, but unfortunately that's all that happened. A letter extending the deadline to December 1st went unanswered and now the issue cannot be delayed any

longer. Much of it has been printed and stored under the bed for six months or more and as the last days of 1972 flee by it is time to, as they say, put it all together. As you read these poorly-worded phrases of mine, I'd like you all to know, Harlan especially, that there is a little smile on my face. I do not write out of bitterness, or resentment, nor do I wish to embarrass Harlan or "pay him back" in any way. Harlan is a friend of mine, and you can read what Bill Rotsler has to say about that later in this issue. The road to a great many places is paved with good intentions, and the man who wrote us that postcard was obviously sincere in his desire to be a part of this fanzine. I'm disappointed, naturally, but not at Harlan, simply at the absense of his words in these pages because they would have been good words, they would have made this a better fanzine...and besides, Bob deserves them!

I've talked about Harlan and not Bob in this introduction because I traditionally discuss the issue itself here, to give an extra dimension to what we have done by explaining what we wanted to do, and because far more capable writers than I talk about Bob and his work further on in these pages. Perhaps our reach has exceeded our grasp, but we've enjoyed the striving and we're happy with the results; the writing, the artwork, and the overall package.

At long last, then, this is the Silverberg issue of *ENERGUMEN*. Eleven months in the making, cost of hundreds, cast of ones...and our way of sayings thanks to Bob Silverberg for the pleasure he's given us as a writer, as a fan, and as a friend.

(-+oOo+-)

SILVERBERG STORIES

GHOSTED BY NEPHEW

Robert Silverberg, well-known science fiction personality and winner of numerous awards in the field has confessed that all the fiction which has appeared under his name in recent years has in fact been authored by his 15-year old nephew Ralph.

"I never could get the hang of typewriters," admitted Silverberg, who keeps Ralph safely locked in an upstairs room and bribes the boy with liberal doses of neapolitan ice cream and old copies of *Play*- (cont. on p. 78)

Part of the frustration of publishing any fanzine, but especially a 'theme' issue, is that things always come up at the last minute that you'd love to include but simply cannot for one reason or another.

For example, consider the electrostencilled copy of a small clipping from the Cartwright's Point newspaper which appears to the left of these comments. A regular reader sent it in quite coincidentally only recently and is probably trying to track down the continuation of the copy at this very minute. Unfortunately, we just can't afford to wait for him any longer.

Equally unfortunate is the fact that Susan's section was one of the first written and printed and hence there is now no room for the lengthy article she wants to write in praise of *BOOK OF SKULLS*, his best work since *NIGHTWINGS*. It has people in it, she says, approvingly. As well as ideas. And style.

+Oo=oO+

Speaking of *BOOK OF SKULLS* leads one to thoughts of Hugos (although there has been some question as to whether that novel has enough stfnal or fantasy content to make it eligible for the award: this is a problem we can leave to the concon, however...er...wait a minute!...we're the concon!!...ULP!) The observant among you will have noticed a Hugo ballot included with this issue and we hope you'll also note that you may nominate up to three nominees in each category (if you are eligible to nominate at all, that is.) You do not have to give three choices, of course, and as usual I urge you all to nominate and vote in those categories in which you consider yourself knowledgeable.

It's traditional for faneds, knowledgeable or otherwise, to offer suggestions for worthy Hugo nominees, and as all fandom knows, I'm fully in favour of fannish trad-

ition. However, I'll reserve my comments for the fan categories since these are of more interest to me personally.

Many fanzines that were publishing strongly in 1971 almost faded from the scene in 1972. ALGOL published two good issues, OUTWORLDS appeared in several attractive and imaginative forms, ENERGUMEN appeared four times and RICHARD E GEIS will be eligible if a fourth issue appears before the nominations close. Geis himself will be a contender for Best Fan Writer, as should Terry Carr be, and could justifiably be joined by Susan, Sandra Miesel or Rosemary. In the Best Fan Artist category there is again a large number of worthy nominees headed up by Bill Rotsler and Grant Canfield. Less well known, perhaps, but deserving of a nomination in recognition of their skills would be Jim Shull, Jim McLeod and C Lee Healy, whose recent work has become superb. Of course, for every name mentioned here there are several others who are just as highly thought of by other fans with tastes slightly different from my own. This is exactly as it should be, and these are only meant to be some of my own preferences. The important thing is still to nominate and vote as thoughtfully as possible, in the fan and the pro categories, to give the Hugo awards as much significance as we can.

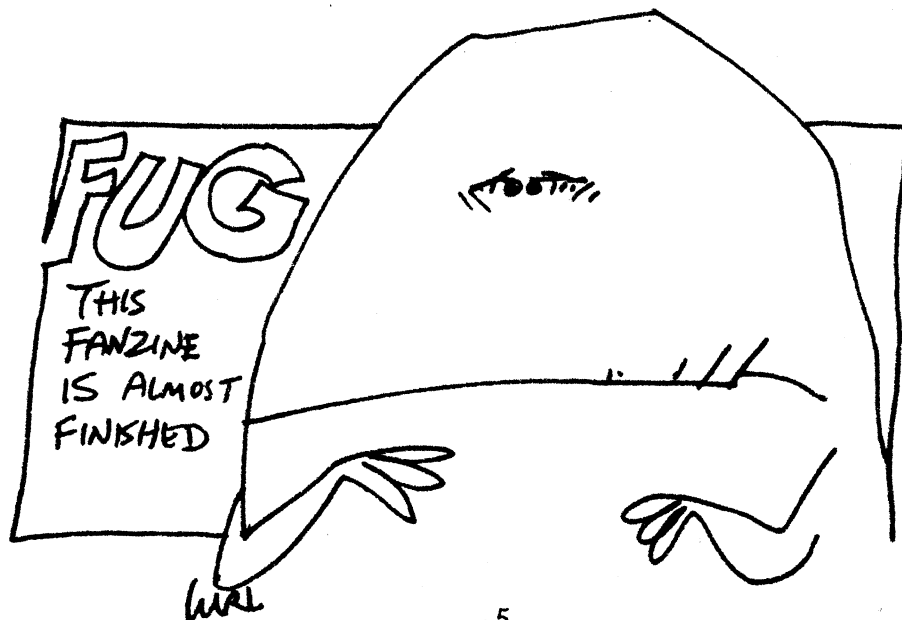
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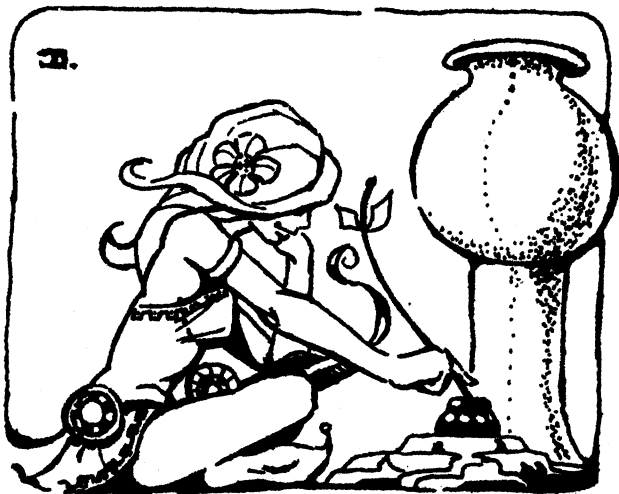
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Seriously for a moment, this is the next-to-last issue of ENERGUMEN and it does represent quite a bit of effort on our part which we hope will be apparent to you. Next issue, not unsurprisingly, will be the last issue of ENERGUMEN and will contain some editorial summations, the letters generated by this issue, and some surprises which we think will make it an issue worth having. ENERGUMEN #15 will go to all paid subscribers and to those who make a satisfactory response to this issue and/or indicate a desire to receive it. Otherwise it will sell for one dollar a copy, and the print run will be limited. The standard "satisfactory response", of course, is the letter of comment and we'll naturally accept this with delight but for this occasion only, an additional option is available. BE IT HEREBY NOTED that the following be deemed "satisfactory response to ENERGUMEN #14"; to wit, the receipt by the editors of ENERGUMEN of a duly notarized promissory note committing the sender to the conveyance to TORCON 2 and subsequent delivery to said editors of two (2) or more bottles of Ballantine's India Pale Ale (IPA) -- which, he added helpfully, may be carried across the border duty-free if declared as "gifts." And that's the truth.

Our thanks to all those writers and artists who have been so generous with their talents and have helped to make this issue a success. And to Bob Silverberg, for being Bob Silverberg.





My 2¢ Worth

SUSAN GLICKSOHN

It's time to put in my 2¢ worth again, or maybe 3¢, thanks to inflation. Remember when popsicles only cost a nickle and THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION was 40¢? Enough of these nostalgic maunderings, Susan, anyone would think you were a First Fandomite or a doddering FAPA member (John Berry is doddering?) Now get on with putting the words on paper.

I was, before a heat wave and a massive inertis wave struck, going to chat about all sorts of things. About sf and academia, for example; but I don't need to. Recently many other people have discussed it -- in the May F&SF, for instance. Alexei Pan-shin made my main point, better than I could, in his column in the December 1971 FANTASTIC, when he pointed out that academic interest in sf probably won't be an unmitigated disaster because "to a very real extent, they are already us." Or I would be they, if only a PhD job market existed in Canada.

More precisely, the vision of slaving hordes of noxious critics, waiting to pounce on our beloved little secret field, to rend, tear, analyse, dessicate and destroy, doesn't correspond to the reality of my experience, at least. That list of universities and colleges offering sf courses looks impressive or appalling only until you consider how many such institutions there are in North America -- and how many of those listed employ people like First Fandomite Tom Clareson, and Jack Williamson, and Joanna Russ and Virginia Carew, who proved their academic respectability in other areas before being allowed to experiment around with that sci-fi stuff. The University of Toronto course, for example, is taught by Father Gibson, a long-time sf nut who decided that the concepts of God/religion in various sf novels (like LORD OF LIGHT) might give people a new perspective on religion as a whole. Since he just happened to be the head of the department, the course was approved. It was also quite popular, mostly with non-science-fiction readers, a point corroborated by other course-givers, which tends to invalidate my experience. "My" course, however, was non-credit since I didn't have the right academic clout (although the associate professor who's been trying for several years to establish a credit sf course at the same university hasn't had any luck either) so it tended to attract only die-hard sf nuts. At any rate, Father Gibson's 250+ students, who all handed in surprisingly-good sf stories instead of essays, haven't come tromping all over local fandom, and I don't think the fact that they all discussed DUNE has spoiled sf for the rest of us.

As for the vultures waiting to exploit sf, with no interest in it, but a greed for thesis topics and publish-or-perish articles in a newly-respectable field -- well, I think they'll still choose other carcasses. Believe me, a thesis is hard work, generally unrewarding work, work you have to have some interest in. Given the job market, and the tenuous nature of sf's "respectability" I think candidates will stick with analysing analyses of analyses of HAMLET (seriously, I had to do that in a

theory-of-lit.-crit course once) unless they are really interested in sf, and excited at the thought of getting credit for doing what they enjoy anyway (which is my angle on the matter. Imagine, getting paid to chat about sf! I should be so lucky. I should get a job...) My field, Canadian literature, has several parallels with sf: its respectability is comparatively new, therefore it's interesting/rewarding in that little work has been done, not even the basic bibliographies and separation of crud from gems; students are interested in it, there's a popular demand; and, thanks to nationalism and newness, it's about the only field in which there is any chance of getting hired, much less making a name for yourself. With all these reasons to tempt people, of seven students who started Can-lit. Master's work together at Carleton University, only two completed MAS in it -- and the other girl has since switched onto Whitman. The gaffiations (and Can-lit. reminds me strongly of fandom, all little mags and feuds and mutual-publishing-friendships and in-groupiness) came from simple lack of interest.

I predict that sf will survive respectability (just as the movies have) and fandom will survive the scholars (most of whom won't bother it anyway.) Fandom has survived lots of things, including a fringe-fan who discovered fandom when he read about the Tricon in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND. Thank you for Mike, and ENERGUMEN, Forry.

Besides, Academia and Literature can be fun. Take my favourite line from Canto IX, by that master of the obscure, Ezra Pound: "grnnh! rrrnh, pthg."

Or the understatement of the millenium, in the fourteenth century York play of Christ harrowing Hell. The dialogue, very-roughly-translated, goes: Christ, loudly announcing his intention of freeing Adam, Eve and an assorted rabble of souls, knocks on the gate of Hell. Satan calls "Who's there?" "It's me, Jesus Christ, come to free the souls." "Jesus? Oh, yeah, I knew your father." Well, I enjoyed it!

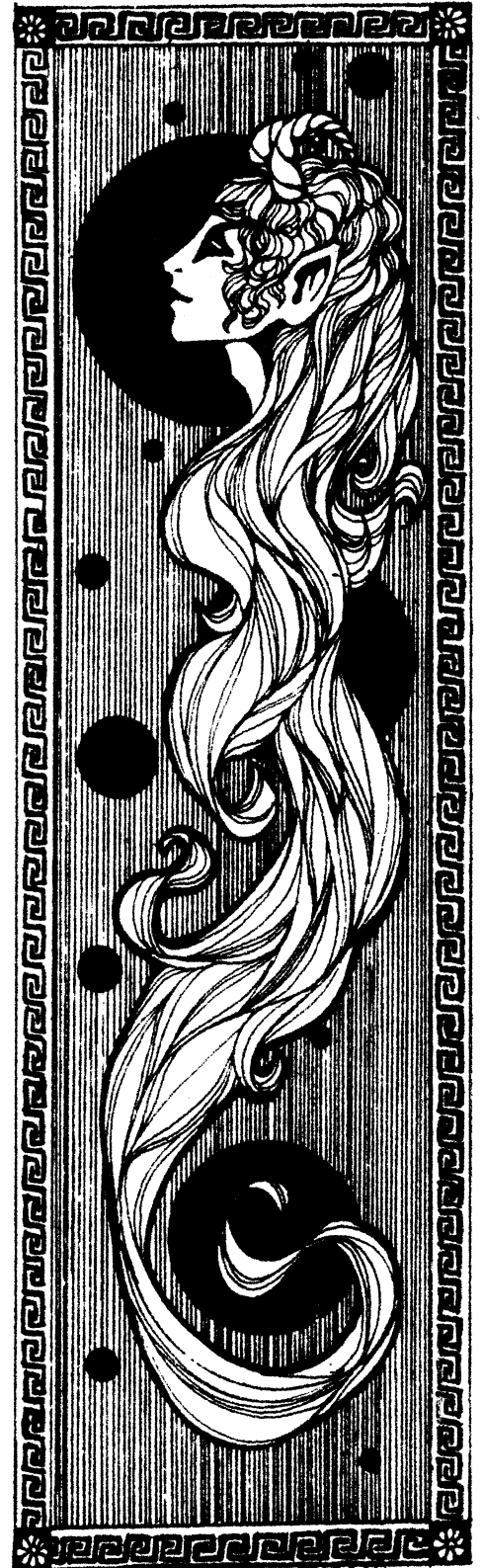
Or the following marvellous Literary Reference, from the fabulous Walt Willis, called SHAW'S AEGIS:

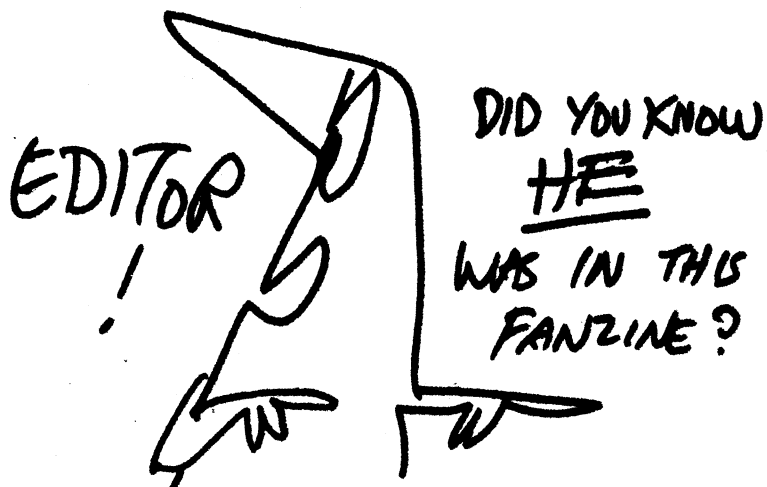
The other day Peggy White at one of her parties served sausages on sticks, the sort of longish thin ones called "bangers" in English slang. I was twiddling my second one round on its stick with the stick left over from the first one when Bob Shaw asked me what I was doing.

"I'm knitting myself a pig," I said on the spur of the moment.

"Oh," said Bob Shaw.

"He doesn't appreciate it," said James.





"You're casting purls before swine."

"That," said Bob, "comes very close to The Ultimate Pun. But it should have been a hamburger, not a sausage."

"Why?" we asked fearfully.

"Because," said Bob, "that's the way the world ends...not with a banger but a Wimpy."

--LIGHTHOUSE 14--

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I also wanted to chat about SON OF MAN. I've tried, on and off for nearly four months now, to express what, for me, went wrong with the book. For four months the words not only wouldn't come, they were positively blocked out. Part of the problem is knowing Robert Silverberg will read my comments, in an issue of a fanzine devoted to him, yet! -- on what he considers his most significant work to date. "If there's one book of mine that I want the whole world to read, it's that one," he said in a loc in E8. So I read it, wanting to like it. This all sounds fantastically pro-worshipping, I know, though it isn't meant to be. It's just that it's hard to maintain any sort of a critical distance from a work when it's by an author whose other work you have, in many cases, admired and respected, someone who is, obviously, a "good writer"; when you know the writer is concerned with developing as an artist, and presents this work as an experiment, part of that growth; and when you know that the writer is frustrated by his public's reactions to his experiments. How did Shakespeare feel, do you think, when he was moving from THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, nice popular average stuff, up to HAMLET -- and was told by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth to hold it right there, she wanted another play about the funny fat knight and to hell with this literature nonsense?

"Robert Silverberg is an intelligent, perceptive, critically aware sort of person," I said to myself, re-reading SON OF MAN, and encountering the same feeling of frustration at what seemed to be a moving experience not shared, a revelation shown but not communicated. "Is it my fault as a reader/critic that it isn't getting through to me?" The fact that reactions I encountered ranged all the way from "reviews" stating the reviewer gave up after thirty pages to "Well, it was ok, but I liked the Urban Monad stories better -- they had people in them" only confused me further. The only enthusiastic response I got was from a friend who read SoM on a train that was derailed during a Quebec labour dispute and thus took eighteen hours to go from Quebec City to Montreal; it was his only diversion on board, so he was bound to enjoy it! Fandom has never been known for its literary and critical perceptiveness, but is the flaw in the readers? In me? Or in the book? Thus I mused, with the same angry frustration I feel when the cat knocks over his kitty litter for the thirtieth time, and I'm angry because he knows better and yet angry with myself for being angry. I didn't know whether to pick the book, or my brain, up and shake it for being so bad.

I tried for almost four months to articulate what I felt, or didn't feel, about SoM, in the light of whatever insight and judgement I may possess. I still couldn't come up with anything better than the reaction I offered the author himself last PgHLANGE: "Intellectually I found parts of it interesting, but I couldn't get emotionally involved." The aforementioned author raised an eyebrow and pointedly switched the topic -- to the emotional involvingness of Faulkner, as I recall. It wasn't a copout,

though, no matter what it sounds like. SoM seems to me the perfect example of book-as-emotional-experience. Either you live the process of saviourhood with Clay, or you watch it, analysing the clever images and tricks of style, while Clay's experience flickers somewhere on a dim screen.

The problem wasn't, I don't think, not understanding SoM. I had a thoroughly Sunday-schooled childhood, with prizes for Bible study (which I enjoyed.) While Sandra's article helped me appreciate the book's construction more, I think I followed the process of Man-made-from-Clay to godhood from the start. Followed it intellectually, that is.

There lies the problem. I could only analyse SoM, and be irritated by its intrusive stylistic tricks; whereas, reading NIGHTWINGS which dealt with a similar process, that of an individual passing through emotional experiences and physical transformations to become saved, though not Saviour, I cared. I shared the Watcher's experiences, and was interested in him. Whereas in SoM a voice talks at me. A voice which, while obviously a center of consciousness, seems attached to no intelligence or emotion or being, but merely records the actions of and actions upon a being, Clay, somewhere on a strange landscape. Far away from me, on this strange remote landscape that a blizzard of adjectives and nouns makes no clearer. The language of this voice is clever, drawing attention to its cleverness, and present tense without being immediate. The voice becomes, eventually, monotonous; the events it recounts have Significance (such as the episode in the robot city which mocks the uselessness of human technology while it fills in background and finally leads to the experience of love even for the Eaters, and is thus a symbolic descent into Hell); but they lack substance beyond the symbolism, impact or, ultimately, meaning. They simply happen, with the logic of a dream and the unreality of someone else's dream. It's all rather anticlimactic, like the Shaping of the Sky. "I am Clay. I am love," the voice repeats, describing how he dies for all life, the Son of Man at last; and I listen without particularly caring about or sharing the significance of that death -- or the life that preceded it. I still don't know if the problem lies with the book, or me, or my faulty language that won't come to grips with my dissatisfaction. And I'm sorry.



SANDRA MIESEL

DREAMS
WITHIN



DREAMS

Stiller

'I will pour out my spirit on all mankind.
...your young men shall see visions,
your old men shall dream dreams.'

--- Acts 2:17, q. Joel 3:1

That venerable literary genre the dream fantasy is stretched to the breaking point in Robert Silverberg's SON OF MAN (Ballantine; 212 pp.; \$1.25). Once again the author infuses classic sf themes with a freshness all his own, the fruit of years of apprenticeship manipulating his prose to match market demands. Although not packaged as categorical "science fiction", SON OF MAN is a speculation of Stapledonian grandeur, a panorama of metaphysics and evolution.

The plot is minimal. A modern man named Clay awakens in the unimaginably far future. His translation is unexplained except for some murmurs about "time-flux". He tours the planet, meets various human successor races, participates in novel rituals, endures ordeals, and attains Saviourhood. His symbol-fraught adventures in bizarre settings resemble those of Maskull in David Lindsay's VOYAGE TO ARCTURES, one real but remote source of inspiration for SON OF MAN.

This sensuous, didactic, and witty novel avoids both melodrama and most ordinary dramatic tension. At times it reads like a fictionalization of Joseph Campbell's mythology treatise THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES. Once the protagonist has survived his first few perils, there is scant need to worry over the outcome of his subsequent adventures. But one keeps reading to see what will happen next as poor Clay careens from one metamorphosis or illumination to the next.

Clay's primary function is to be the Viewpoint. The novel unfolds only through his eyes but on closer inspection his eyes prove to be eyeslits. Clay is a mask for the role of Everyman, modern American style. At times the author himself dons this mask. The accents of his voice echo in chapter six while his personal interest in past civilizations underlies the phantom museum scene in chapter eight. He even speaks through supporting characters as in this interchange with Quoi the Breather (p.43):

'What do you do?' Clay asks.
'I examine.'
'Everything?'
'Lately I explore the nature of communications.
I study the interchanges of love and travel
its channels.'

And he rebukes his own candor through Hanmer the Skimmer (p.54):

'You can't go spewing your secrets everywhere.
Have some discretion, man.'

Otherwise Silverberg functions as wardrobe master, costuming the reader as Clay. Sympathetic response can win the reader a Clay's-eye view of enlightenment. If that artform is ever invented, SON OF MAN would make an outstanding psychorama.

The author reverses the traditional dream fantasy scenario: Clay awakens at the novel's opening and falls asleep at its close. Are dreams -- nocturnal or hallucinatory -- more Really Real than mundane waking reality? "The longer I'm here," Clay complains, "the less I comprehend." (p.69) He is ensnared so often in subsidiary dreams spun by other characters, he wonders "was his awareness of illusion merely a delusion?" (p.98). As the confusions between subjectivity and objectivity compound, he asks his friends: "Am I dreaming you? Are you dreaming me?" (p.179). After each fabricated vision such as the feigned return to the twentieth century in chapter six, Clay returns to the baseline dreamworld. There is no falling through infinite levels of reality as in "Sundance."

According to the author, SON OF MAN incorporates elements from some of his own dreams. Nevertheless he cannot equal Philip Dick in depicting illusion and dislocation. Here technical perfection is curiously uninvolved. Silverberg's absolute -- and obvious -- artistic control somehow inhibits SON OF MAN much as de Camp's steely rationality handicaps his Conan pastiches. But only a sure master of technique would dare page-long paragraphs entirely in present tense, in prose of such voluptuous lushness as to threaten perceptual overload. Yet Silverberg's exemplary descriptive writing is purposeful and not for mere display. For instance, the litanies of proper names (pp.52,129,134) are more than incantation. They affirm man's special prerogative as the naming creature as well as the ephemeral nature of names assigned and entities named.

The very composition of the cast is fraught with significance. In order of appearance the coterminous races Clay meets are: the Skimmers, godlike flower children; the Breathers, solitary aquatic beings fused in mystical communion; the Awaiters, sessile mystics; the Eaters, brutal saurian consumers; the Destroyers, lutrine dialecticians; and the Interceders, priestly dinosaurs, paradoxes of degeneracy and sublimity. These separate aspects of composite Man represent various philosophies, cultures, personality types. For example, the Awaiters are Oriental sages. No-one produces artifacts any longer but some relics of the intervening millenia remain: an idol, a subterranean city, a ruined temple. Nor is Clay the only intruder from Earth's past. He is balanced against sf cliches of progress and regress: a friendly pink spheroid and filthy hostile goat-men. Robots and exotic animals are added as lagniappe.

Most of Clay's time is spent with the newest men, the Skimmers. These beautiful beings have total dominion over their minds, bodies, and environment. At will they can reshape the earth, propel themselves to the far reaches of the universe, change sex, die and return to life. Names like Angelon and Serafice underline their sublimity. Transcending all our notions of culture, the Skimmers simply play. This scandalizes Clay:

'You're the summit of human evolution.... What do you do? How do you fill all your thousands and millions of years? Is dancing enough?(p.55)



You can reason like Newton, paint like El Greco,
write like Shakespeare, except you don't bother
to do it.' (p.22)

The exquisite Skimmers in their turn are embarrassed by Clay's primitive coarseness. It frightens them to realize his kind were their ancestors even as the loathesome goat-men frighten Clay. At first the Skimmers conceal their distress but eventually they seek irrevocable death rather than endure Clay's company any longer.

Yet Clay insists: "'We must be loving. We must be close.'" (p.184). He alone learns to bridge the gulfs between species by unconditional acceptance. The redemptive love of "inferior" Homo Sapiens saves the "superior" Skimmers. Value distinctions between the different varieties of man are meaningless. The latest cannot claim to be the best: all are equally precious.

The virtual omnipotence of the Skimmers is exposed as a kind of limitation -- they strive towards no further horizons.

'You've become gods.... You can't change once
you're a god, because you've attained every-
thing.' (p.22)

Once attained, absolute perfection would be boring.

Other nuances emerge if the Skimmers are analyzed as "angel's instead of "gods". Even their personal names hint at this approach. Their energetic sexuality is no obstacle. First, the primitive Hebrew concept of angels was surprisingly carnal (cf. Genesis 6). Secondly, the Skimmers in their true forms are neither male or female but assume these roles at whim -- more illusions for Clay? -- just as demons may alternately play succubus and incubus. The Skimmers' shame at Clay's grossness parallels one traditional explanation for the Fall of the Angels: scandal at the prospect of the Incarnation. Scholastic theologians concluded that angelic nature was static, incapable of growth -- the fallen angels could not repent. For all the glory of the angels' knowledge and power, man's potential destiny is even more glorious. The Messiah, whom the angels are to serve, is the Son of Man. (cf. Hebrews 1,2)

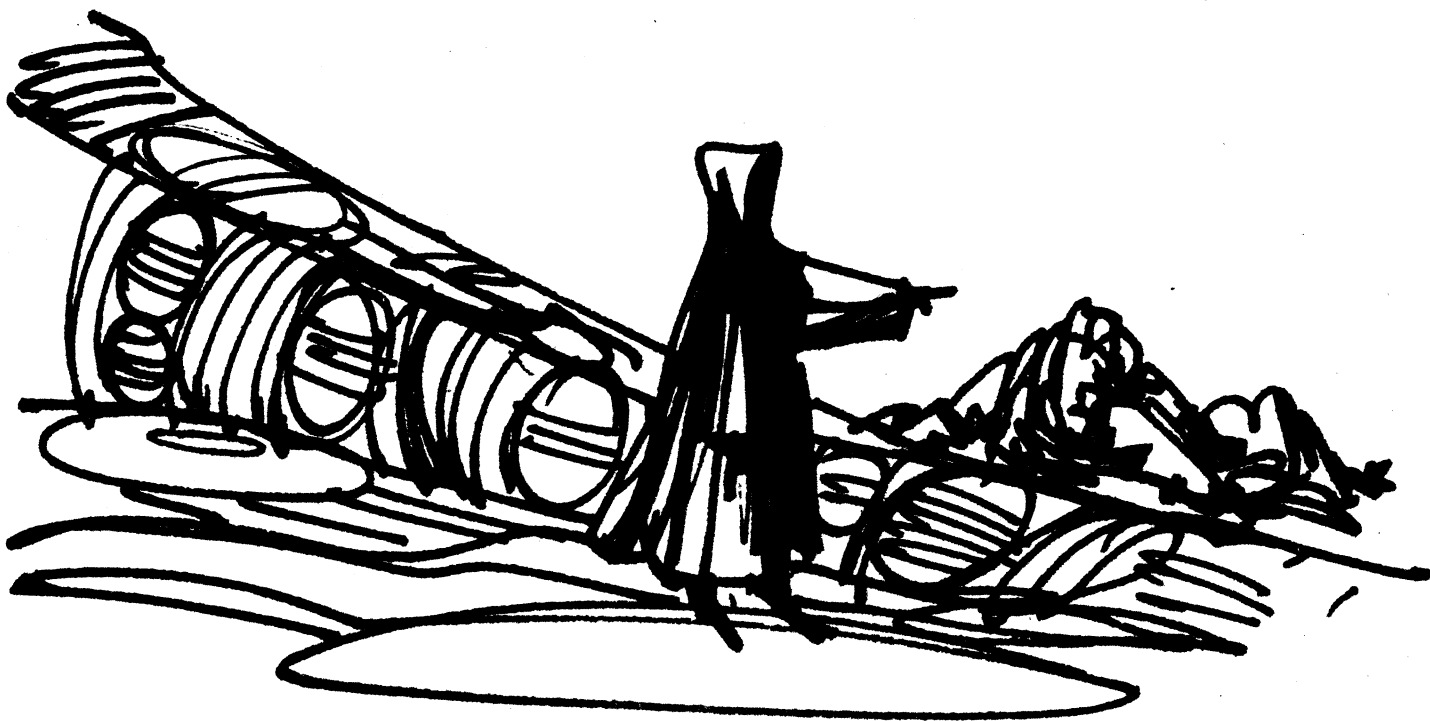
"Son of Man" (ben adam in Hebrew) is a title rich in connotations. Its most basic sense simply means "human being" as:

Ah, what is man that you should spare a thought for him,
the son of man that you should care for him? (Ps. 8:4)

Analogously the Bible refers to human women as "daughters of men" and the angels as "sons of God." Silverberg gives this usage an evolutionary twist by presenting races who are biologically "sons of man." Likewise our contemporary version is the "son" of earlier species. Clay recognizes the oneness of humanity beneath the multiplicity of forms. He suffers on behalf of all breeds of men.

By the late pre-Christian era the original "son of man" was magnified into "Son of Man," perhaps under the remote influence of Persian mythology. In Daniel, the Son of Man appears as a mysterious, superhuman exemplar of the entire people of Israel. The apocryphal Books of Enoch and Second Esdras represent the Son of Man as an archetype who is to return at the end of time to save and judge mankind. This Messiah will overcome the wicked, renew creation and establish an ideal order.

Clay is not only a typical representative of his time and class, his name is a pun on "Adam" which means "man" in Hebrew, from adamah, "the soil." Prior to his climactic self-sacrifice, Clay restrains zealous robots from harming variant men besides resisting Wrong and her servants.



In the New Testament, Son of Man is Christ's own Messianic title -- it occurs just once outside the Gospels. Christ calls Himself the Son of Man in contexts relating to His humanity, glory, suffering, and return on the Last Day. All of these are relevant to the novel.

The world into which Clay is thrust seems to enjoy some of the blessings of the Messianic Age: universal communication, plenty, peace (more or less). "Death is dead." (p.10). The moon's disappearance is repeatedly mentioned because "...till the moon is no more" (Ps. 72:7) is a poetic expression for the end of time and occurs in a prophetic psalm.

The Five Rites which Clay and the Skimmers perform abound in Biblical allusions. Two echo specific Messianic texts. The Opening of the Earth recalls:

Let the earth open
for salvation to spring up.
(Is. 45:8)

and the Filling of the Valleys:

Let every valley be filled in,
every mountain and hill be laid low...
(Is. 40:4 q.in Matt. 3:3)

(These, Psalm 72, and the passage from Daniel mentioned above all appear in the Roman Catholic Advent liturgy.)

The other three resemble images of Divine activities which flash through the prophetic and sapiential books of the Old Testament. Simply for convenience they may be linked with lines from the magnificent climax of Job: the Lifting of the Sea from the leaping sea (38:8), the Tuning of the Darkness from the singing stars (38:7), and the Shaping of the Sky from spreading out the vault of heaven (37:18).

Moreover, the Rites are sexual in symbol and rubric. At times SON OF MAN seems fairly drenched in semen but counting orgasms is a fruitless approach since Clay is far more than an ambulatory phallus. But localized genital preoccupation may be one rea-

son Silverberg's fiction seems so incorrigibly male -- not masculine, but male. (In the same sense many of Michaelangelo's women are female without being feminine.) Even while "unmanned by sea-change" Clay remains an unaltered male psyche housed in a female body. He does not acquire any of the wisdom of Tiresias. Yet it does not necessarily follow that the author characterizes women objectionably. Anyone who has been annoyed by the effortless pulchritude of pulp heroines will applaud Clay's enthusiasm for "...a real woman, imperfect, attractive, promising reasonable delights." (p.186)

SON OF MAN restates one of the propositions of NIGHTWINGS and UP THE LINE: that sex with love is preferable to sex without love. Although this seems self-evident, a few Lucretians linger yet and require admonishment. Scenes such as the mercilessly clinical observation of coitus on p. 51 have parallels in UP THE LINE and carnal love is contrasted with spiritual as in NIGHTWINGS. Clay's exasperation with phantasmic women resembles that of other recent Silverberg heroes. In every case frustration -- even disgust -- with counterfeits leads to the desire to transcend eros, to experience agape and culminates in hunger for saviourhood. The Watcher and his beloved Flyer find sublime union in the Guild of Redeemers; Clay declares "I am love" and gives himself to all mankind at the Well of First Things.

The Well and the Fountain of Life erupting from it are grandiose sexual symbols: the World Navel and the World Axis in permanent, fertile conjugation. Predictably, the phallic image dominates the account:

That single rod of brilliance in the midst of this forlorn plain overwhelms him. It is a scepter of power; it is a focus of change and creation; it is an axis of might on which the entire planet could spin. (pp. 206-207)

The Well is a bland, sanitary receptacle with its "...broad calcified rim, bone-white, porcelain-smooth..." (p.207) unlike its infernal counterpart which repelled Clay in the region of Fire:

There is a great pit here, hundreds of yards across, its slopes hairy with black slag and



its bottom a fathomless crater: plainly this must be the mouth of hell. (p.150)

Clay's purging ordeals in Fire and the other districts of discomfort, his struggles with the hosts of Wrong, his bloodless "dragon-combat", his subterranean and sub-aquatic visits, his participation in the Rites, his instructions, and all his portentous adventures have readied him to penetrate this singular vessel. Like many another Saviour he descends into the Abyss. Baptized in the Fountain of Life, he beholds the pageant of creation, the templates for every breed of beast and man that was or is or yet shall be. He takes upon himself all their sufferings and completes his apotheosis to Son of Man. As humanity's exemplar Clay knows the salvation of the race is realizable -- man himself can accomplish man's salvation. Unbounded glory awaits humankind.

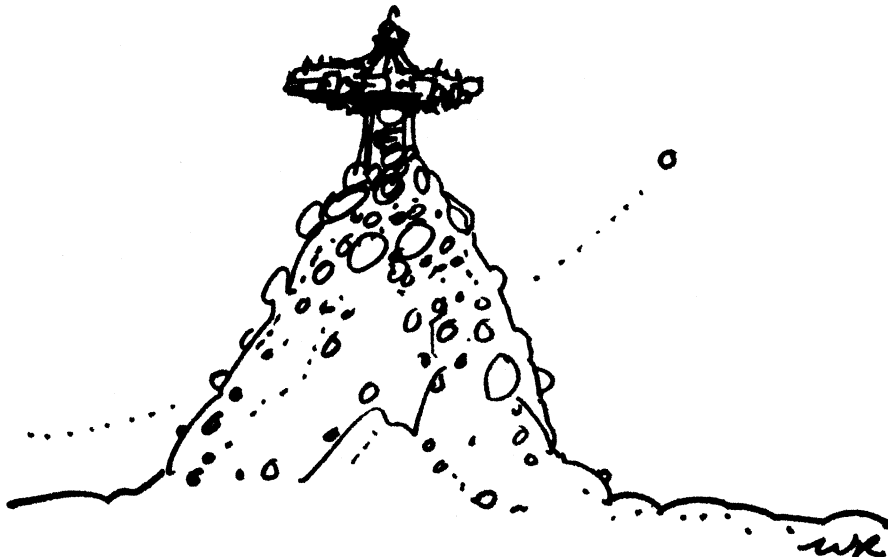
About him, colors wheel and spiral, and he sees the fiery nebulae, he sees the colliding galaxies, he sees the golden arch of mankind curving out of time past and disappearing, agleam, in time yet to come. (p.212)

For a writer long specializing in the darker side of human nature, this is a stupendous declaration.

The Messiahship of the race and its representative is proclaimed but the Day of Yaweh does not dawn for within the framework of this novel there is no Yaweh. (There is no natural finale in view either -- a steady-state universe might be assumed.) A world without end is implied by the outcome of the last Rite, the Shaping of the Sky. Clay had expected it to be "something brassy and apocalyptic, as the climax of such a cycle of transformations should properly be. Perhaps the world will be truly changed.... Perhaps the Trump of Trumps will sound." (p.173). But the Skimmers perform it by themselves without dramatic consequences. The Dies Irae is never to be.

SON OF MAN is a mystical celebration of humanity. It asserts that man is greater than his gods (the abandoned idol), greater than his works (the underground city peopled by diligent robots), greater than his culture (the vanities of the illusionary museum.) Man's grandeur is within him, in his capacity for love and potential for change. He soars asymptotically towards perfection.

His sovereignty is an eternal sovereignty
which shall never pass away,
nor will his empire ever be destroyed.
(Dan. 7:14)



RUM STUFF

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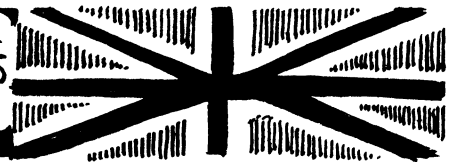
BY DEREK CARTER

IN OSFIC'S 'THE TALE OF REMBRANK VEN SCHPLITZ' A HAIRY FAN KNOWN AS MONICLE CLICK ZONE "BIDS FIVE HUNDRID DOLLIES FER DAT SCHPLITZ". IF YOU'VE EVER WONDERED WHAT BECAME OF THE ACTORS IN THAT STORY READ ON AS FENNICLE LUSTY (WHO PLAYED MONICLE) AND LAMMINGTON TRUNE (REMBRANK VEN SCHPLITZ) CREATE THE ROLES OF THE HAT AND THE PEN. BERT IS PLAYED BY ANGISTUS LUFFIT.

MICHAEL THE HAT, WELL KNOWN FANNISH EDITOR AND ALL ROUND SELF-EGO BOOSTER, PERAMBULATES ALONG BLOOR STREET, TORONTO ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF AN ADORING CROWD~



HEY! WHERE ARE ALL THOSE CAREFULLY WRITTEN IN CHEERS FOR ME?



DECORATING A STRIP ABOUT THE ROYAL VISIT, OLD BOY

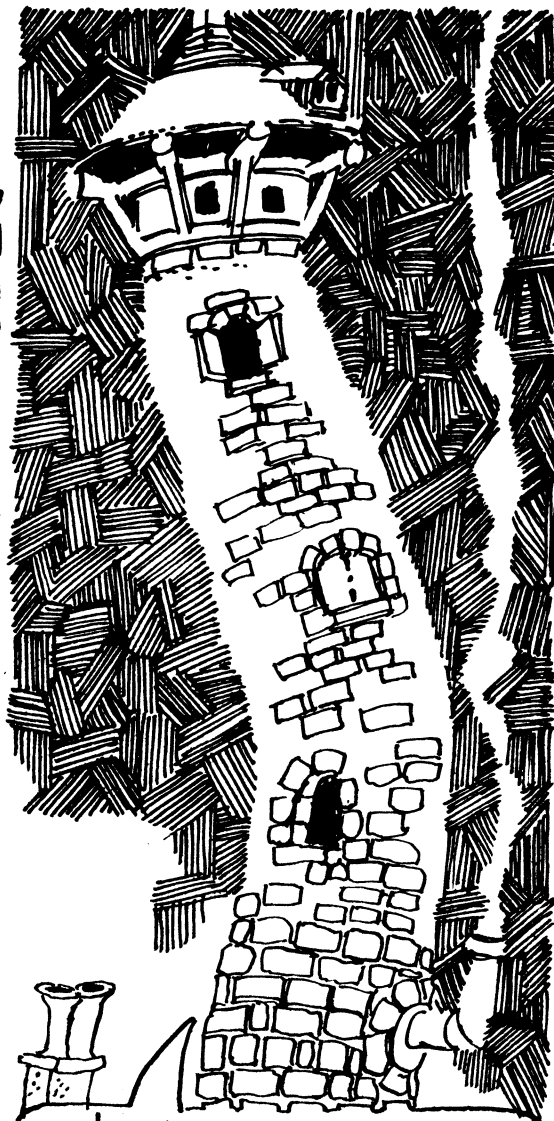


MICHAEL, CURSING, CONTINUES HIS PERAMBLE DOWN THE STREET HEADING TOWARD THE STUDIO OF A NOT-SO-WELL KNOWN ARTIST PERSON (IN FAN CIRCLES, THAT IS, FOLKS) 1

THE HAT MUSED AS HE
CLIMBED THE ENDLESS
ROUND TOWER TO THE
HIGH STUDIO



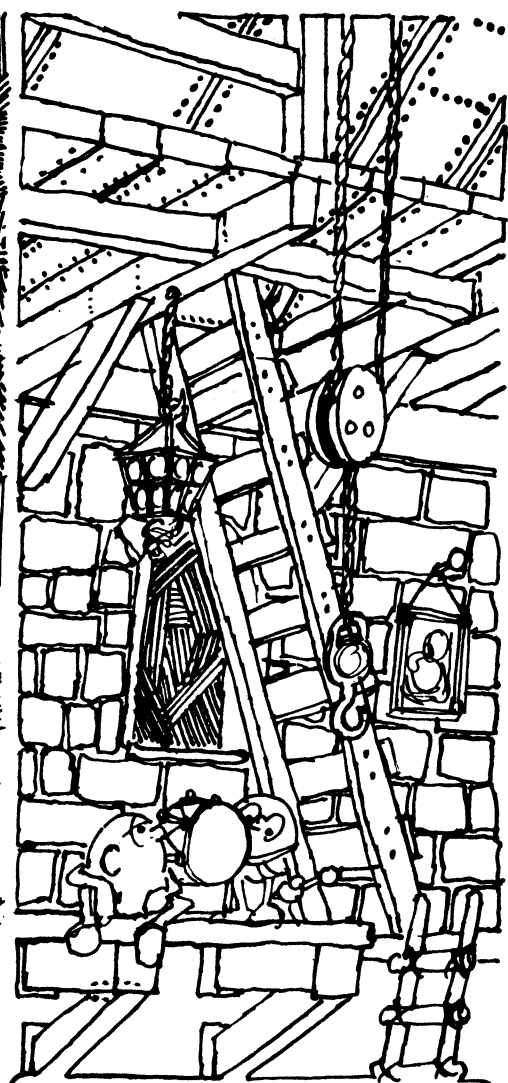
YE GODS, BEING A COMIC
STRIP CHARACTER CAN BE
WEARING! WHY DOES THE
PEN HAVE TO WORK IN A PLACE
WITH SO MANY STAIRS
AND NO ELEVATOR?



HEY! WHAT IS THIS ENDLESS
ROUND TOWER I'M CLIMBING?
I KNOW THE PLACE WELL -
IT'S ONLY TWO FLIGHTS UP
IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE!



AH-TRUE, BUT WE TEND TO
DRAMATISE THE ORDINARY
AND THUS ENHANCE ANY
LATENT FANTASY THE WORLD
MAY HOLD FOR US MORTALS.



STRENGTH! THAT'S WHAT
A LAD GETS FROM
HONOURING A STRIP WITH
HIS PRESENCE - A CHEEKY
NARRATOR!

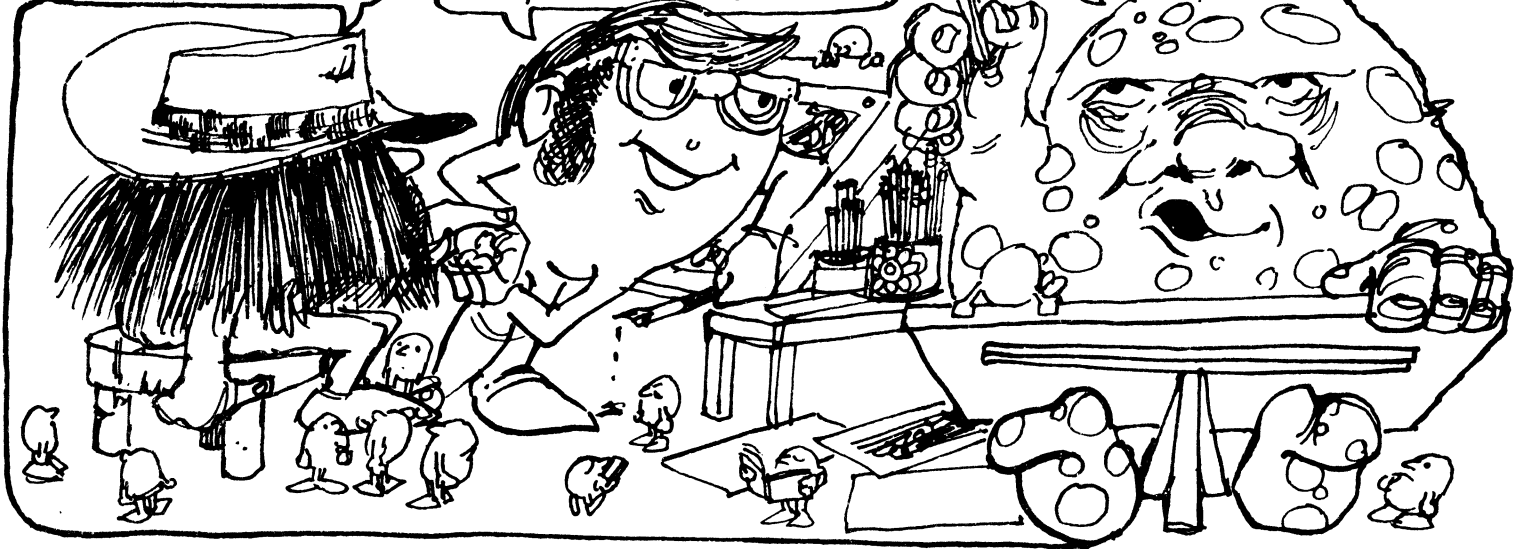


MICHAEL ARRIVES AT THE STUDIO OF DEREK THE PEN ~

YOUR NARRATOR IS
BLOODY RUDE, MATE

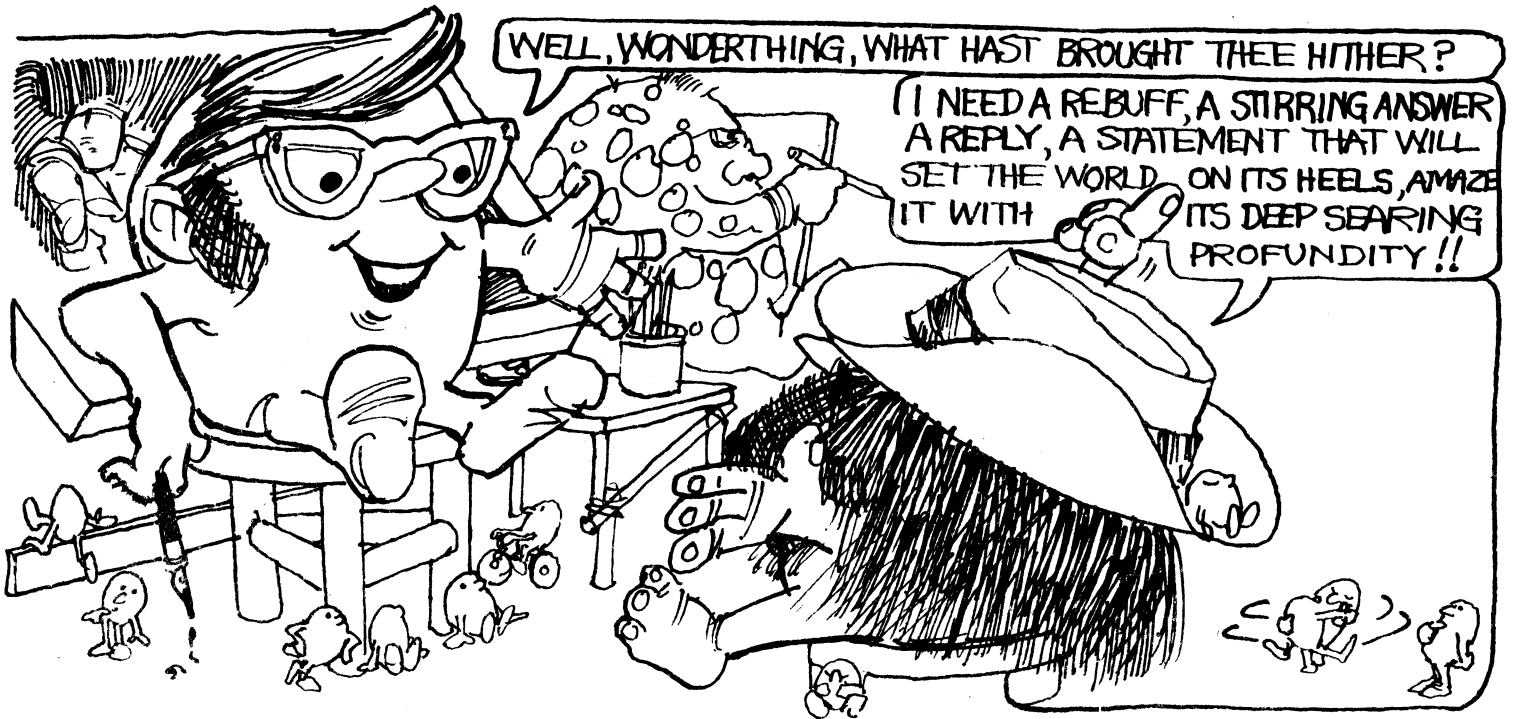
AH, BUT HE'S JUST LEARNING
AIN'T YOU BERT?

YERSE!



WELL, WONDERTHING, WHAT HAST BROUGHT THEE HITHER?

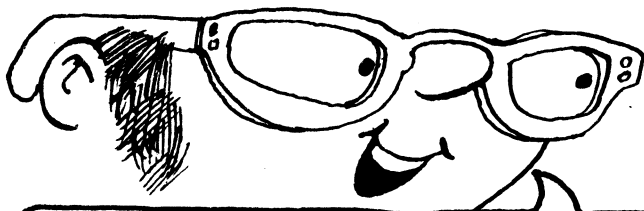
(I NEED A REBUFF, A STIRRING ANSWER
A REPLY, A STATEMENT THAT WILL
SET THE WORLD ON ITS HEELS, AMAZE
IT WITH ITS DEEP SEARING
PROFUNDITY !!)



IS THIS THE FAN WORLD OF WHICH YOU SPEAK?
IS THERE ANY OTHER?

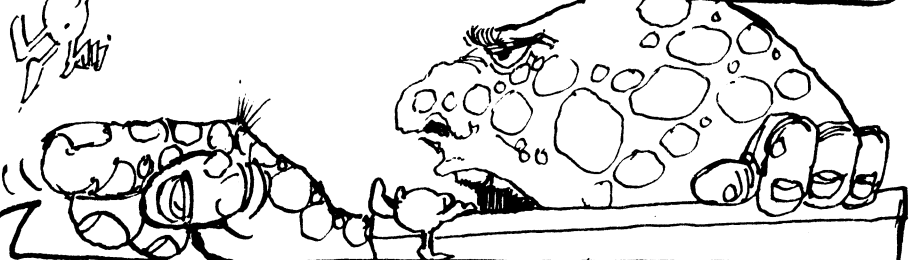
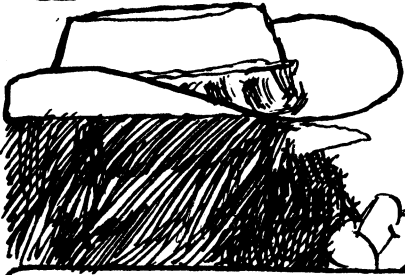
HOW WILL "THE GUMBLE
OF MY FATHER OFTEN
SUNGED AT NOON" DO
AS THE STATEMENT?
SURELY YOU JEST?



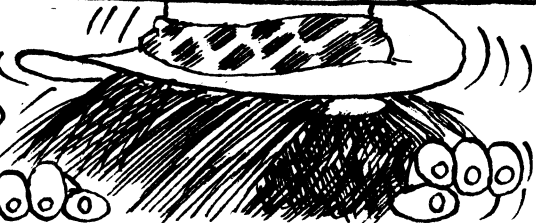


PRAY, WHAT ELSE CAN ONE DO WITH THE FAN WORLD?

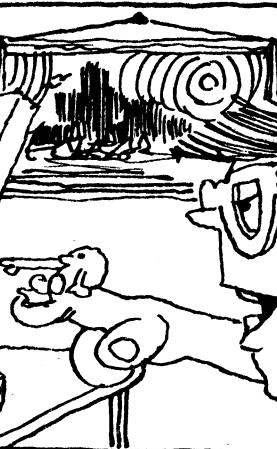
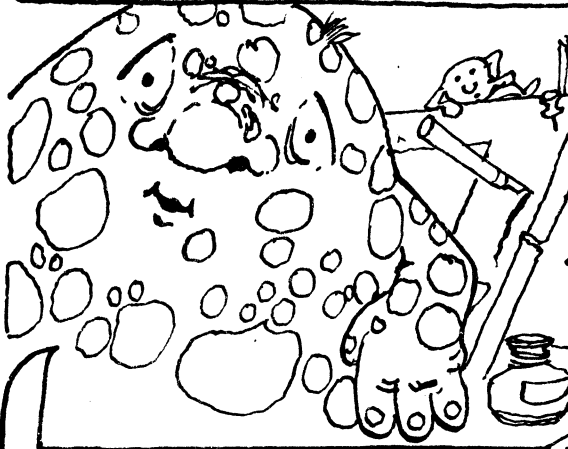
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! YOU INSULT THE VERY CORE OF MY HUMBLE BEING!



HUMBLE !?! YOU'RE ABOUT AS HUMBLE AS A TWELVE TON RAGING RHINOCEROS!



BERT! SHUT UP AND NARRATE AS YOU WERE TAUGHT AT NARRATION NIGHT SCHOOL!!



O.K.~ ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE MICHAEL WHO LIVED IN A HOUSE MADE OUT OF OLD LOCUSES ~ LOCI?~ AND.....

BERT, WE ARE NOT AMUSED !!



FREEDOM OF SPEECH FOR OPPRESSED STRIP NARRATION WRITERS.



YEGODS! LET'S TRY AGAIN! AND MAY THE GREAT HUGO IN THE SKY LOOK BENIGNLY ON OUR EFFORTS -



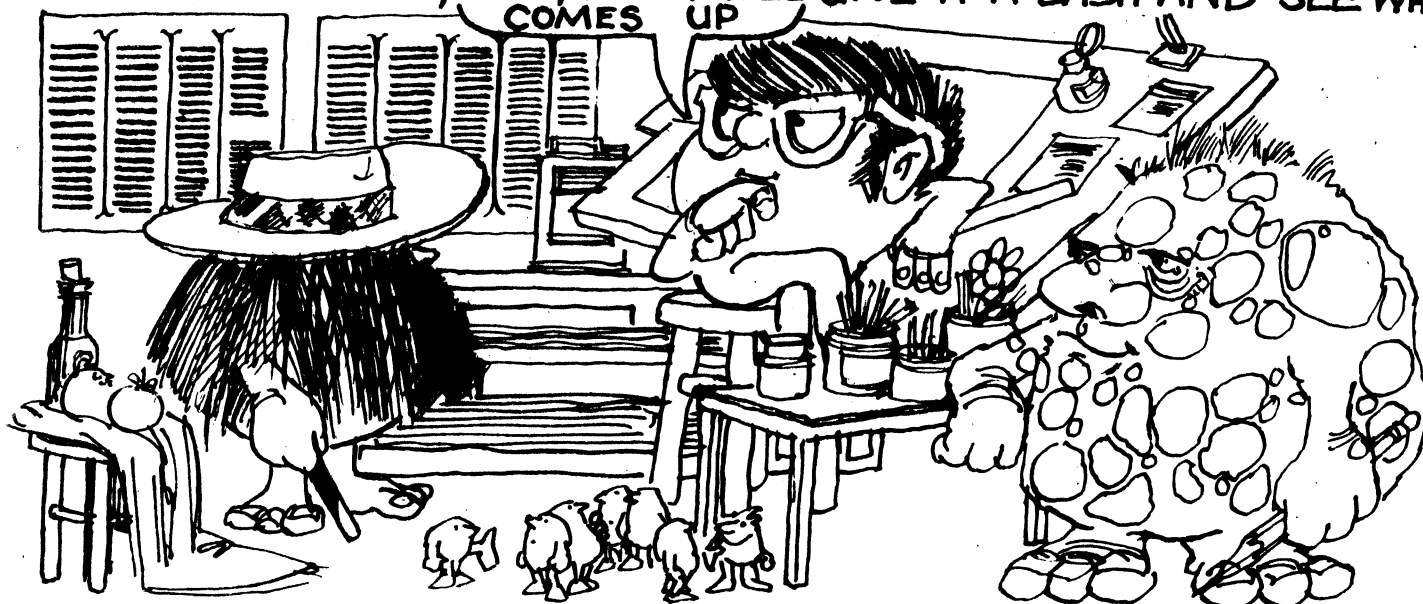
THE THING IS THIS, PEN. ALL THESE FANARTISTS KEEP SENDING ME ARTICLES TELLING THE READERS THAT FAN & SF ART IS LACK-LUSTRE, HAS NO ZIP, OR THAT IT IS THE TRUE ART AND ALL ELSE IS BUT A MERE PALE AND WAN REFLECTION (IF THAT) AND THEY ARE HERE TO SAVE THE WORLD.

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

I WANT **YOU** TO COMPOSE A REPLY TO THE ARTICLES - LET'S SEE A TRULY NEW, PEN. SOMETHING WE CAN HOLD UP AS NEW, VITAL, EXCITING, BOLD, DIFFERENT, A VAST NEW THING TO AMAZE THEM ALL!!



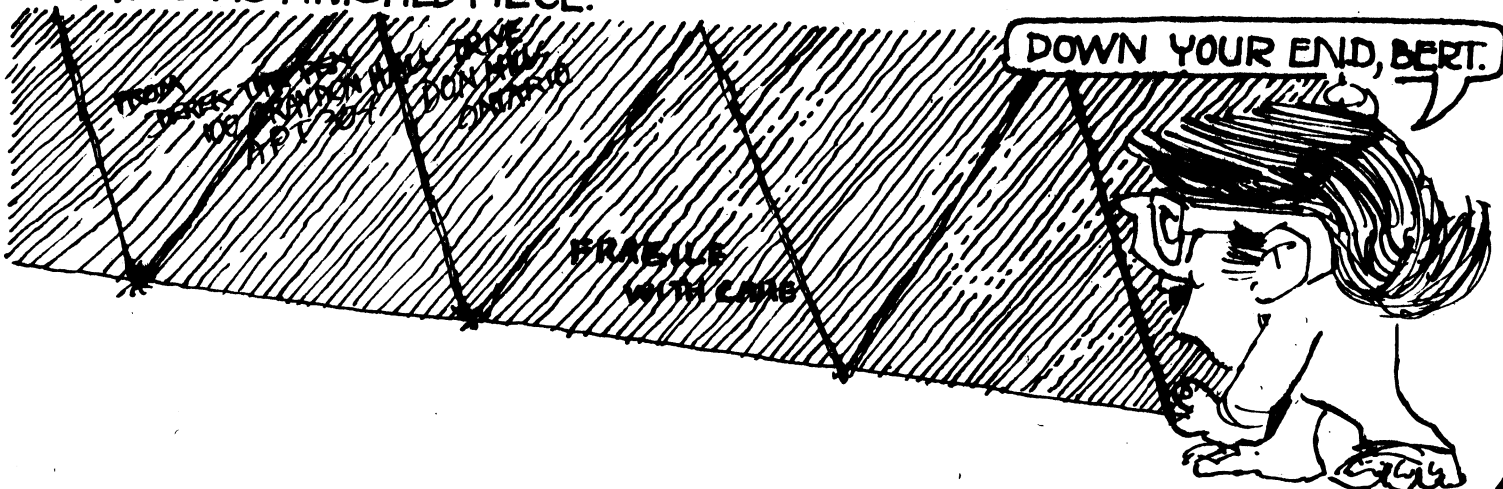
THAT'S A TALL ORDER, MATE, BUT WE'LL GIVE IT A BASH AND SEE WHAT COMES UP



AND SO THE PEN SETS TO WORK COMPOSING A VAST DRAWING FOR THE HAT'S FANZINE "NERGLED BY MOONLIGHT" (NO SELF RESPECTING FANZINE HAS A LOGICAL NAME).



TWO MONTHS PASS UNTIL THE PEN AND BERT TURN UP AT THE HAT'S CARRYING HIS FINISHED PIECE.



Brooke's Soap

MONKEY
BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;
And we both declare, as half the world knows,
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES".



(WELL, HAT, HERE IT IS!)

[PEN, IT'S VERY NICE BUT
HAVEN'T WE SEEN IT ALL
BEFORE?]



THERE ARE TIMES WHEN QUIET
GAFIATION IS THE BETTER PART
OF FANDOM!

SEE, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE
STUCK TO CAP'N GEORGE BUT NO, YOU
SAID HAT NEEDS SOMETHING TO LIVEN
UP HIS DULL PAGES AND SO...

I WONDER IF DRAGON
TIM OR THE CHICKEN
SCRATCHER CAN HELP?



THE END.

8

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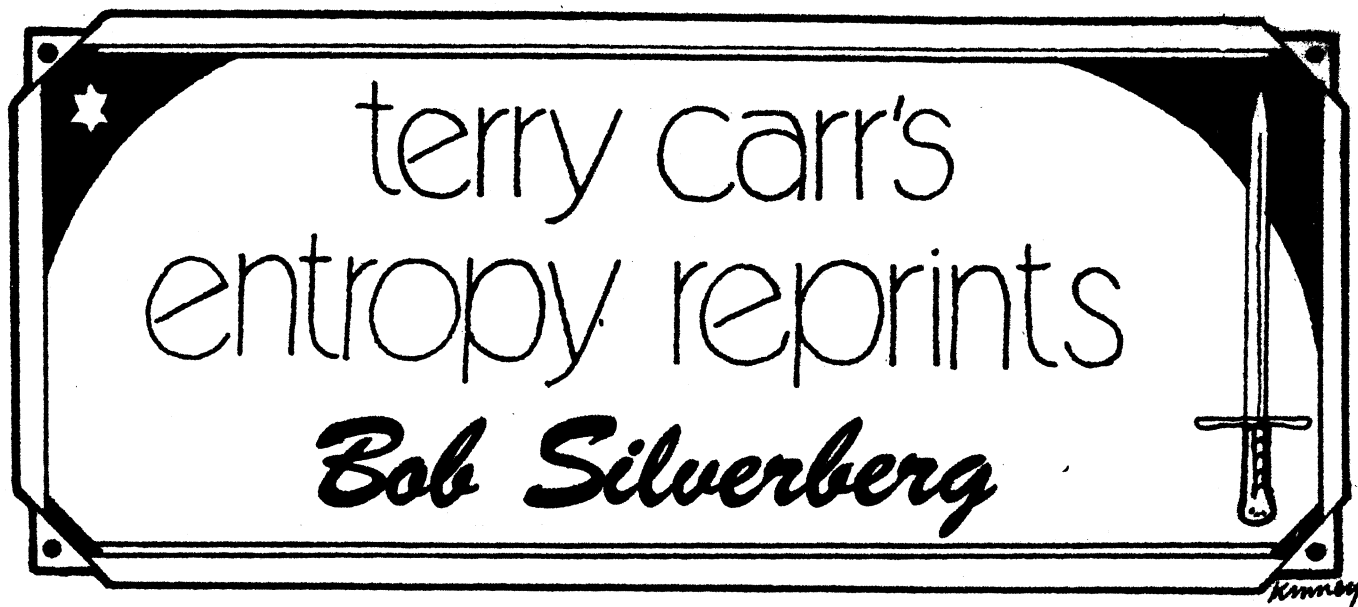


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I never had much contact with Bob Silverberg during his most active fan days; we lived at opposite ends of the continent, I in San Francisco and he in Brooklyn. But we were of the same fan-generation, or at least so close to one another that it made little difference: Bob discovered science fiction in 1947, when he was twelve, and I discovered it a year later when I was eleven. We both spent our first few years in fandom largely in writing amateur science fiction stories, and we both got on the FAPA waiting list early enough that neither of us had to wait more than one mailing for admission (though Bob was nearly three years ahead of me there.) Bob's first fanzine, SPACESHIP #1, April 1949, was a half-sized mimeo job, and it was terrible; my first, VULCAN #1, May 1952, was a quarter-sized mimeo job, not one whit less abominable. (Though it served its purpose in establishing contact between us for the first time, and the record is written plainly for all to see in Bob's FAPazine for the following mailing...among the mailing comments is his reaction to my first fan publication: "VULCAN: Noted.")

Our paths later diverged a bit, as he went on to publish literally reams of science fiction and other forms of popular culture beginning in 1954 while I dawdled in fandom till 1962, wrote some short stories and got into the editing side of the business. But by then I was on the east coast myself, soon moving to Brooklyn...only to find Bob had folded his tent and gone off to Riverdale, a classy neighbourhood up past the other end of Manhattan Island. Nevertheless we met, and over the years we drifted together and became friends; in fact we became very good friends. Nowadays the Silverbergs live seven minutes away from Carol and me, and when Bobbie and Carol go off somewhere Bob and I sit around and talk about what a good editor Sam Merwin was, or how mindblowing it was when Famous Fantastic Mysteries showed up on the newsstands with trimmed edges. Sometimes we talk about fandom, too...fandom then and fandom now.

When Mike wrote me asking for an Entropy Reprint for this Silverbergian issue he added, "Please don't mention this to Bob; we'd like it to be a complete surprise to him." As it happened, Bob was standing right beside me as I read the letter. "What does Mike say?" he asked me. I folded up the letter and slipped it back in its envelope. "Wants me to write something for ENERGUMEN," I said, offhandedly inserting the envelope in the midst of a six-inch-high stack of unanswered mail. "Um," said Bob, and turned back to reading the latest review of SON OF MAN.

I waited till the next day before I asked Bob, "If anyone were to reprint any of your fan stuff, which would you prefer?" He thought about it for a moment and said, "I suppose the Seventh Fandom article from QUANDRY was my most famous one." Then he

thought a little more and asked me, "Are you planning to reprint something of mine?" I shrugged elaborately: "Maybe someday." "Well," he said darkly, "just don't reprint any of my fanzine science fiction stories."

Since then I've been reading through my files of fannish Silverbergiana. Bob published 28 issues of SPACESHIP between 1949 and 1955, most of them neatly-produced general-circulation fanzines featuring critical and bibliographical articles about science fiction. SPACESHIP was one of the top fanzines of the early 50s, and it wasn't just because of the contributions from Redd Boggs, Sam Moskowitz and so on: the most popular recurrent feature of SPACESHIP was Bob's annual survey of the past year in fandom and science fiction, complete with nominations of outstanding items, data on numbers of magazines and how much cash outlay they all added up to at the end of the year. There were stories by Bob in the early issues -- amateur science fiction stories of the type he doesn't want reprinted now. Bob is a good friend and I did more than just refrain from reprinting them: I didn't reread them.

Bob started publishing for FAPA immediately upon entering that realm of legendary fans. At first he published a mostly-mailing-comment zine called IRUSABEN, whose title was chosen by stabbing a dictionary eight times at random with a pin. I suppose he later repented of this aimless violence, for sometime in the 50s he dropped this title and began skipping around from one title to another issue by issue. Eventually he seems to have settled on SNICKERSNEE as his FAPA title, though with his dry Agbergian humor he refuses to worry about numbering the issues consecutively and will probably drive some future fanzine indexer quite batty. One issue of SNICKERSNEE was labeled "Volume Humph, Number Glumph."

He wrote a lot for other people's fanzines, too. His column From der Voodvork Out appeared regularly in QUANDRY for years, reporting on science fiction and fandom as he saw them. He wrote a fanzine review column for Gregg Calkins' OOPSIA! He contributed to other people's FAPAZines. And, of course, there was the famous Seventh Fandom article, Last and First Fen. Published in QUANDRY at the height of Sixth Fandom, it was an attempt to update the Speer numbered-fandoms system as presented in the original FANCYCLOPEDIA; Bob set down his opinions as to what had constituted Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Fandoms, and as a coda to that piece he made a few guesses about the new fans who might become the leading lights of a new, Seventh, fandom in a little while. What he didn't foresee was that by naming a bunch of youngsters as tomorrow's leaders he was, in their eyes, encouraging them to hurry up and bury their predecessors, with the result that Harlan Ellison, Norman G. Browne and others so-named proclaimed themselves the "vanguards of Seventh Fandom" and began to act as though their day had arrived. Willis, Vick and Hoffman protested that they were still alive, and Bob expostulated that "That was not what I meant at all," but the concept of Seventh Fandom had taken root and it was to be several years before the dust cleared. I think more mimeo ink was shed over that cause celebre than over anything since except possibly the New Wave-Old Wave battles. I guess it was a historic article in more senses than one.

But I'll refrain from reprinting it here, because it seems to me there's little that dates faster than yesterday's view of history. Instead I've chosen a variety of pieces from Bob's own fanzines, arranged in two separate sections. First, a trilogy of Bob's writings about science fiction, and particularly his own science fiction, taken from three different periods of his writing career: his days as a fanzine amateur, the transition to professional status, and a more recent time when he was established as one of the big names in the field. Note that when Bob was a fan he evidently felt that reading Bradbury's old fan stories was fair practice. Maybe someday I'll do an Entropy Reprint of early stories by Bradbury, Silverberg, Ellison, Knight and Carr...if I do, I think I'll distribute copies solely to the contributors, perhaps offering to sell the stencils to the highest bidder among them, much as certain other businessmen sell negatives of embarrassing photos. But I digress.

The second section of this reprint is a sampling of Bob's articles about his travels around the world, which he's been writing for his FAPazines in recent years. Bob has a reputation in fandom as a world traveler, and I think his accounts of these vacation-and-business trips are among his most enjoyable fanzine writings. Maybe, once these trip reports have seen print in the wider-circulation pages of *ENERGUMEN*, Bob could be persuaded to stand for the next DUFF election.

Wouldn't it be refreshing to have a DUFF-trip report nominated for a Hugo as the best sf novel of the year?

-- Terry Carr

o o + o o



(From *SPACESHIP* #14, October 1951:)

The subject of fan fiction has been broached more than once lately in the fan press. Many fan publishers argue that the fans are preparing to step up to the pro ranks, and point to Bradbury, Kuttner, and a load of others as examples. Many other fans dislike fan fiction -- say it's not worth the space devoted to it.

Fan fiction is abominable. I know; I've written reams of the stuff, and I've had enough of the stuff published in fanzines to add up to a fair-sized novel. Yet why do the fan publishers keep printing it?

Some, notably Paul Ganley, maintain that their fanzines are proving-grounds for future professionals, and print only fan fiction. For this reason, I've scrupulously avoided *FAN-FARE*. For one thing, if the guy has enough in him to become a pro he won't need to have a lot of hack-work published in mimeographed magazines. Then again, most of Ganley's little circle of writers make no attempts to become professionals, but instead satisfy themselves with writing huge bales of watered-down imitations of pro stories.

I did the same thing myself, for the first two years of my fan career. Most of this I published myself, so no one felt too hurt by it. Every story of mine that has been published in someone else's fanzine was either a pro reject or else written by request. I didn't make any claim to be grooming myself for the pros by writing for fanzines.

SPACESHIP, which had existed for more than a year as a fan-fiction zine, made the shift about fall of 1950, and since then we've cut down on fiction. Right now the

only stories being printed are those by pros, those which are very short, or those which I write. Of these categories, the latter has the best chance of acceptance.

Fan fiction at best is impermanent. The only time a fan story can be re-read ten years later is when the fan has become a well-known pro. Ever read one of Bradbury's 1940 fanzine stories?

Anyhow, SPACESHIP will continue to run fan fiction, though in small quantities. Nothing can be more boring than a fanzine which tries to make everything in each issue of permanent value.

(From SPACESHIP #28, May 1955:)

A great many things conspired to keep this issue of Sship from being much more than a perfunctory acknowledgement of the previous mailing. Among them, aside from the fairly constant problem of wresting a degree away from Columbia, has been the more-or-less pleasant chore of reading galleys for a juvenile novel currently titled REVOLT ON ALPHA C, which Thomas Y. Crowell will publish in August and sell for \$2.50. Although it is "substantially the work of a FAPA member," the book will not be circulated through FAPA. Completists, FAPAns with low-teen-age progeny interested in sf, and FAPAns interested in seeing the Local Boy Make Good, may order copies from me if so minded, or from their local bookseller.

Thomas Y. Crowell is an old-line firm with a well-established reputation for juveniles. In 1951 they published their first science-fiction title, a mediocre affair called LODESTAR, by Franklyn Branley, and in 1952 they followed it with an even worse semi-sf story called INTO A STRANGE LOST WORLD or something like that. I came in contact with them as a result of a fanzine review I did of LODESTAR, and in the summer of 1953 they employed me as a "reader" for an unpublished science-fiction novel they were considering. I reported on it in no uncertain terms, and must have done quite a job, because the manuscript is still unpublished.

Shortly after that I had a chat with the editor of the firm and found out that they were interested both in publishing science fiction and in me as a writer. (I had just made my first sale, to Nebula.) So I sat down on a Saturday afternoon in September 1953 to outline a novel for them. In fifteen minutes I had my outline.

I had tried a novel once before, at the age of thirteen. It started out as two short stories, but I subsequently combined them, elaborated, padded most shamefully, and ended up with about a solid inch of manuscript and one of the most amazing hodgepodes ever committed to paper. (The thing started in 1962, zigzagged back to Babylon for a spell, then back to 1962, and then on a tour of the whole future that really ate up wordage, and finally back to Babylon again. Some novel.)

The outline of this one, I'm afraid, wasn't very much better. It concerned the trip of four space cadets to Alpha Centauri on a sort of ROTC summer cruise. No plot, not too much action. The cadets get selected, go to the spaceport, go to Mars, stop off at Pluto, head for Alpha C, get involved in a pretty confused manner with a revolution going on there, get untangled, and go home. Some novel.



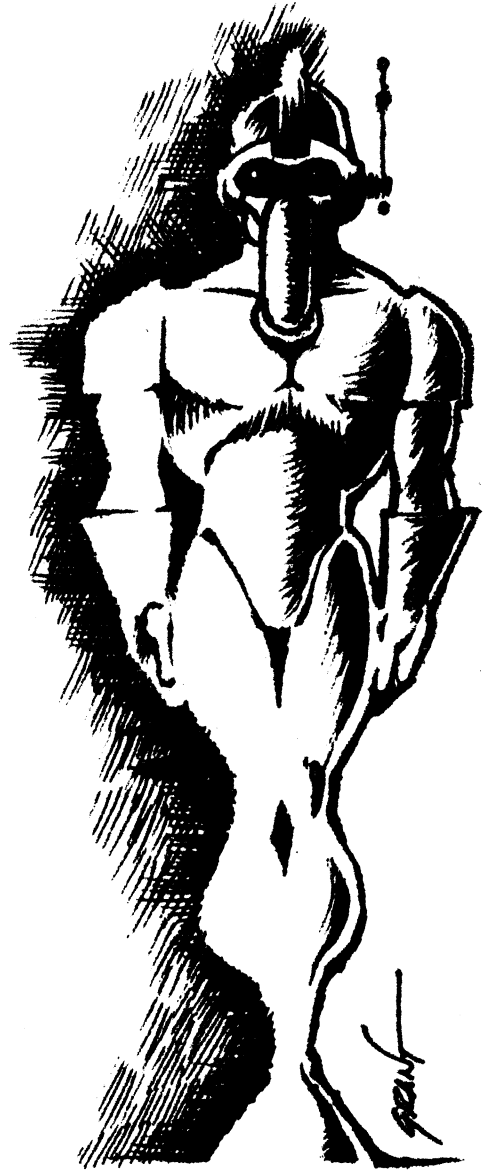
I told the Crowell editor I was working on a science fiction novel for them, and she sounded delighted, so I plunged into work. College left me no time during the week for writing, but I managed to bat out two or three chapters every weekend, expanding my outline as I went. After about eight chapters were done, I sent them in and got back a note urging me to go ahead and finish. Along about this time I began to realize that the novel wasn't very good, but if they were interested I wasn't going to argue. I completed the first draft on Election Day, 1953--nineteen chapters, 145 pages of typescript--and mailed it off. They acknowledged, and there ensued two months of silence.

Sunday afternoon, January 3, 1954, the Crowell editor telephoned to let me know they were sending me a contract for the book. But--some slight revisions would have to be made, of course. Fine, I said; I'd be glad to make any changes necessary. So they sent the contract and a nice check, with a promise of more money when I handed in an acceptable draft. This was January 1954. I dreamed of doing the rewrite as fast as I had done the first draft, and of seeing the book in print by May. But I was younger then.

Along around March I got my manuscript back accompanied by a four-page letter of analysis which made the job I had done on that unpublished manuscript I had read look like praise. No plot, they said; anticlimax after anticlimax; first part of the book fine, last half terribly dull. I was understandably discouraged, but I set to work rewriting the book from Chapter Ten on, following the suggestions they had made. I stuck together a plot of some sort, based on a situation in which only one cadet of the four could win a commission in the space patrol. The trouble was all my cadets were equally nice guys, and I couldn't think of any ways to disqualify any of them. I made things easier on myself by revising one out of the book completely, by killing a second one off in an encounter with Centauran wildlife, and by causing a third to run off and desert to the Centauran revolutionaries, leaving my hero holding the bag--er, winning the commission. By default.

June 5, fateful day, they fired the whole thing back at me. Having the hero win by default was against all the rules, I learned. This plot will never, never do. For the first time I began to despair of seeing the book published, and by now my friends were beginning to wonder whether or not I had been hoaxing them. I spent most of June fruitlessly trying to replot, and couldn't. In July I went off to West Cupcake for my gafia spell. I took the manuscript with me, but didn't even open it. In September I came up with what I thought might be an acceptable ending: having my hero, after being left with the commission by default, suddenly see the error of his ways and trot off to join the revolution himself, thumbing his nose at Earth and its nasty colonial policies, which he had up to then upheld. Wisely, I didn't write this version, but simply sent a one-page outline of it to my editor.

Unexpectedly, at the end of October the whole manuscript came back to me again. The new ending wasn't even considered worth talking about, and now they had an outside reader's report on the second version that ripped it to shreds. What was wrong, I



learned, was that I really didn't know how to write. I had no idea of characterization or plotting, my technique was faulty, everything was wrong. If possible, I should take so-and-so's writing course at NYU.

That was just about the last straw. I might have accepted such criticism a year earlier, when it was true, but by October 1954 I had sold some more stories to the magazines, I had written some unpublished things which readers had liked but which editors had been unable to allow into print, and I was reasonably satisfied that I knew the fundamentals of writing as well as the next guy. I stewed over that letter from noon till three P.M. that day, and then suddenly conceived of the idea of throwing the whole book away and rewriting it the way I wanted to. I called my editor, hurriedly outlined the new version as I saw it, and told her I was getting to work. She seemed to like what I told her.

So I got to work. I knew that this was the last chance; I was pretty sour on the whole thing and couldn't spend much more time rewriting it. The first step was to throw out the first nine chapters, which had survived intact through all the earlier revisions. They were good, solid chapters--it was the end of the story that was weak, not the beginning--but they were so much surplus baggage now. I boiled them down into the first two pages of the new story, thereby eliminating egoboo for many fans who had been used as characters in the first half of the book. Instead of laboriously tracing the story from Earth to Alpha C, I opened with the spaceship hanging right above Alpha C. This time I managed to work out a reasonably convincing plot, and I set to work almost desperately. In six weekends the thing was done--about 5000 words shorter than the earlier versions, but I wasn't going to pad--and I sent it in.

On Sunday, January 2, 1955, a year almost to the hour since the book had first been accepted, I got a telegram. CONGRATULATIONS ON A WONDERFUL REVISION JOB ALL SET TO GO. I don't think I've ever been so happy as when I found out that I was finally through rewriting that book.

Since then it's all gone pretty smoothly, if slowly. Currently the book is in the page-proof stage, the blurb is written, and the d/j is probably being painted right now. Publication is slated for August, and after all these delays I don't think they'd dare postpone. I'm currently working on a second juvenile for Crowell, but if it requires the same sort of slogging to get it into print I think I'm going to quit and take up bricklaying. I've learned one lesson, at least; I'm working on the ending of the new book first.

(From SNICKERSNEE, August 1966:)

When I'm not grousing about the high cost of public relief, in the best far-right manner, or grousing about the war in the best far-left manner, I sit quietly at the typewriter trying to spread-eagle these dichotomies and produce stories of a unified attitude toward the universe.

One of the several reasons I quit writing s-f, circa 1959, was a profound feeling that the world wasn't going to make it all the way through the twentieth century. That being the case, it didn't make much sense to pour sweat into creating imaginary events of the 22nd or 55th or 99th centuries. A hack writer, of course, could go right on inventing possible futures without any real reference to his private views, if any, of what the real future would be like. But I was starting to outgrow being a hack writer, and I didn't see the sense in writing stories that were phony at the core. Either I had to throw in some sort of obligatory scene explaining why the world didn't get blown up in 1972, or I had to write a story laid in a world that did get blown up in 1972. Both of which seemed like drags, and since there were reasonably good economic and artistic grounds for getting out of s-f, I did.

Then around 1963 I began to write it again -- a few short stories, at first, and

then some novels. In the intervening four years I had come to think that the world would probably get through the cold war era in pretty good shape. The Russians, who had once seemed so dreadful -- as late as 1949, a vintage year for fearing Russians, I had had nightmares of a Red invasion or bombing of New York -- were abruptly converted by the 1962 Cuban crisis into reasonable, friendly adversaries. The Chinese still made a lot of noise, but I assumed that they'd grow out of that in time. By the same process that had transformed the Japs and Nazis into our good friends and beloved allies, the Japanese and the West Germans, I could see the Communists settling down as tolerated pals, and the old ritualistic fear of them fading away as the mouth-frothing generation of McCarthyism died out.

Then came the Kennedy assassination, and Vietnam. Now I'm not so sure of the world's future, again. (And if we do get Armageddon as a result of the continued escalation of the present war, it'll be an interesting vindication for the Great Man Theory of History. You may talk of impersonal forces governing events, but I firmly believe that Kennedy would have shied away from blitzkriegs over North Vietnam, and so would have avoided the ultimate war that the current Maximum Leader seems so eager to have. If the world is destroyed because the belligerent Johnson succeeded the statesman-like Kennedy, what a marvelous feather in the cap it will be for good old Lee Harvey Oswald!)

On the hopeful assumption that Armageddon will be averted for the sake of a Democratic victory in the 1968 Presidential election, I'm continuing to write s-f with a clear conscience. I find that the field is infinitely more mature than it was ten or eleven years ago, when I was breaking in. Then, if a writer wanted to write of the world as he really saw it, or if he wanted to do a bit of literary experimentation, he would find only two or three sympathetic editors: Bob Lowndes, Larry Shaw, and sometimes Tony Boucher. The first two paid very little money, on publication or later, and all in all it was a pretty depressing field for anyone who took his craft seriously. One had to tailor stories to fit the cosmic concepts of JWC, to fit the

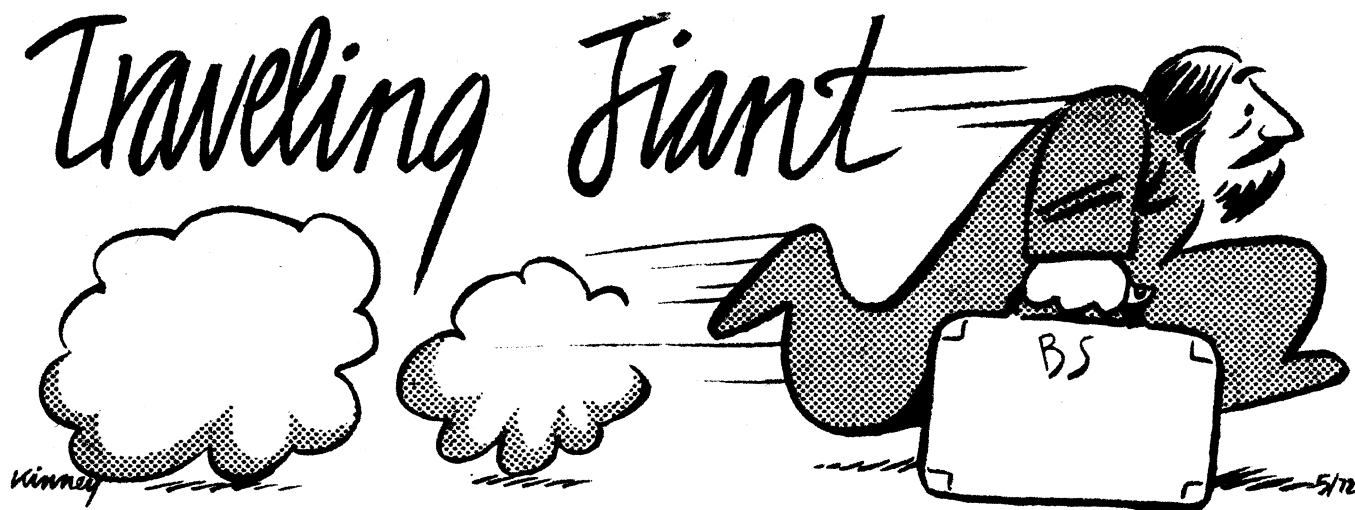


cosmic non-concepts of H. L. Gold, or to fit the juvenile tastes of most of the other editors. Since I wanted to earn my living writing, and didn't know much about writing anything but s-f, I bowed to the prevailing demands. I pounded out cosmic concepts for Campbell, pretty little emptinesses for Gold, and silly space-opera for Howard Browne. I made a fair amount of money, but I also succeeded in hiding my best work within all that papier-mache.

Nowadays it's much, much different. Campbell is still around, of course, but one doesn't have to deal with him. GALAXY is now in the hands of Fred Pohl, a sympathetic editor who, as a pretty fair writer himself, knows the virtues of letting a pro do something his own way. (Campbell forgot that a long time ago.) F&SF is still around, though I haven't written for them because I send my magazine stories first to Pohl, who pays more, and so far he's bought them all. And, best of all, there's a large and adventurous book market. Larry Ashmead at Doubleday is an editor among editors, who is unfettered by our silly old pulp taboos and willing to let his writers extend the borders of the field at a furious rate. Ballantine Books, now as ten years ago, is an adventurous market for the adventurous writer. In England, Mike Moorcock's NEW WORLDS is a daringly experimental magazine, and book publishers seem willing to try anything.

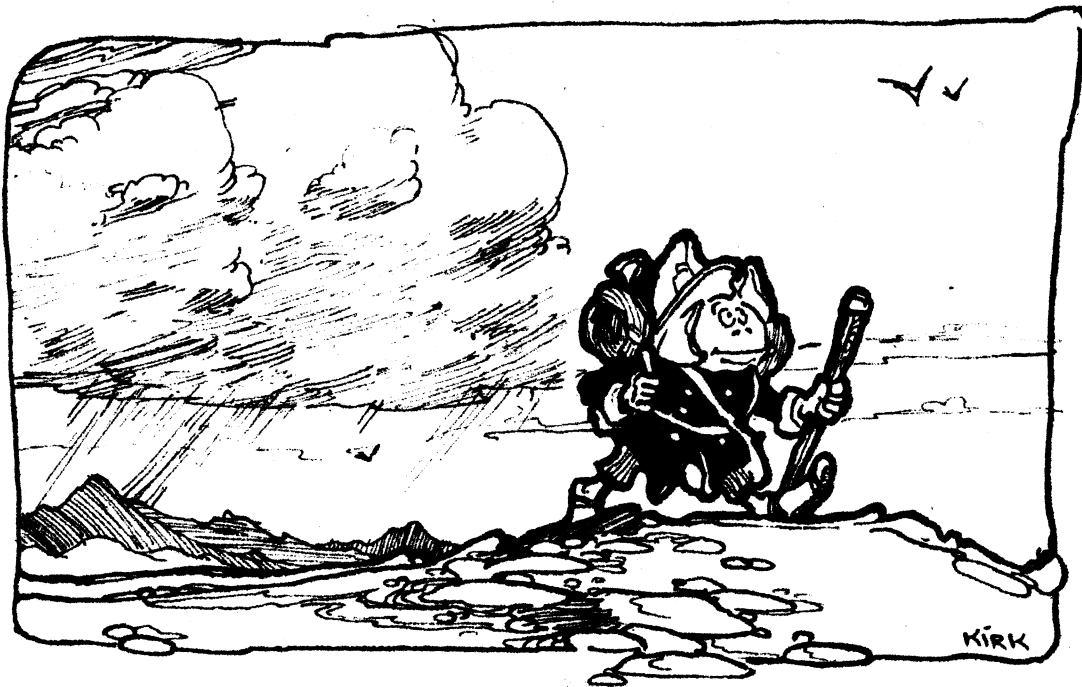
So I'm writing s-f and enjoying it more. The old days of action plots and cretin vocabulary are gone, as far as I'm concerned. You may have seen my recent five-part series in GALAXY; Ballantine will publish it as a book in the winter. An experiment in form, strenuous and rewarding. Doubleday will do a book of mine called THE TIME-HOPPERS, which didn't get a magazine sale because it was deemed too harsh, too ugly, too depressing. Well, after all those years of turning out light-hearted confections for escapists, I think I've got a right to depress the readers for once. On the future schedule is a new Doubleday novel, TO LIVE AGAIN, and a Ballantine item currently called THORNS. I'm not at all sure I can bring these off as I'd like to, but it should be worth the try. If a book of mine happens to depress or shock or offend you, please let me know. This is a depressing, shocking, offensive planet, and I'd like to reflect a little of that in my s-f.

O o + o O



(From POS HIKOMPOS, May 1966:)

When I'm not writing, I'm often out in some remote corner of the world helping to unbalance our balance of payments. This winter Barbara and I took off for Dominica, a little-known Caribbean island where Boyd Raeburn had blazed the trail a couple of years before.



Dominica is wet, mountainous, and beautiful. Most of the island is virgin rain forest and the rest is banana plantations. There are a few small towns scattered around the coast and poorly linked by roads, and in one far reach of the island is the reservation of the last surviving Carib Indians. The Caribs were fearsome headhunters a few centuries ago, but they're thoroughly domesticated by now. We visited the reservation on a rainy day (Dominica has no other kind) and were invited rather urgently to sign the guest book, which we did. I do not recollect ever having signed the guest book of a cannibal tribe before. Barbara caught the fancy of an elderly Carib who gallantly offered to make her his bride. It was pointed out to him that she was married and her husband was present. With wonderful flexibility he suggested giving me a nubile Carib wench as an exchange. The Caribs speak passable English, but I hastily switched to their native tongue and began to close the negotiations when Barbara suggested it was time to leave. I never did strike the deal, and so my eventual book on the Caribs will be missing that final touch of first-hand authenticity.

(From SNICKERSNEE, Spring 1968:)

Last summer I unexpectedly found myself signing on to write a book about Israel... which made a trip to the Holy Land necessary, for research purposes. So we were en route to Tel Aviv by November 29. (Since I couldn't resist the chance to see Jerusalem and Byzantium on the same journey, we arranged to come home by way of Istanbul.)

I don't propose to say a whole lot about Israel, considering that I expect to be writing a book about what I saw there. I went partly for business reasons (to do research for the book) and partly for normal touristic reasons (to see an interesting part of the world) and not at all for the Zionist reasons that draw so many American Jews there. I am a thoroughly secular type who has not been inside a synagogue for sacramental reasons since my wedding nearly a dozen years ago, and it wasn't my idea to submit to holy word-saying then; but what startled me immensely was the way latent Zionism erupted in me within ten minutes after I was on the loose in Tel Aviv. What a magnificent city we have built here, I found myself thinking. What wondrous orange groves we have planted in the desert. And when I got to Old Jerusalem and stood before the Wailing Wall, I told myself that it was glorious that we at last had got it back.

All of this was presumptuous, since I hadn't lifted a finger to aid the growth of Israel, had taken no part in the military defense of the homeland (ask Grennell some-

time how I handle guns), and my Jewishness was so superficial that I know less than eight words of Hebrew and can puzzle out perhaps six letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Yet a mysterious kind of unearned pride came over me when I saw the place, and particularly when I compared it with the sleepy medievalism I observed on the conquered Arab side.

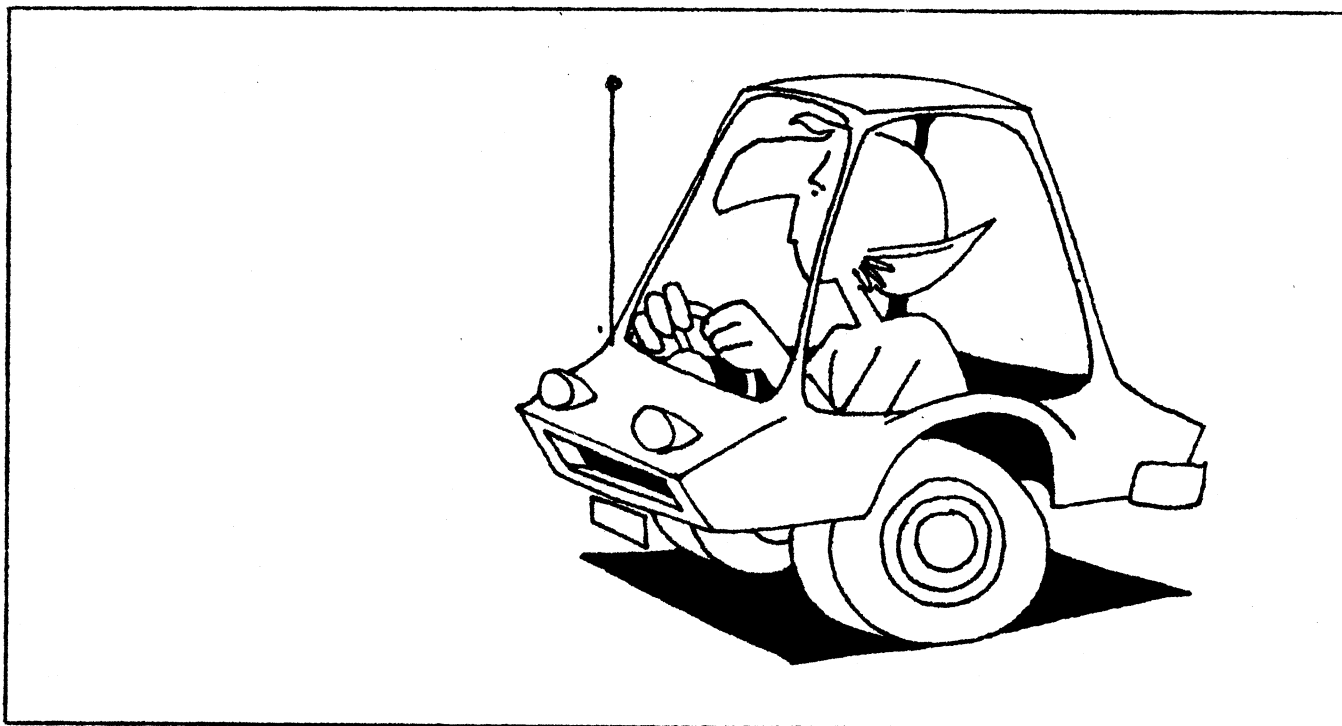
Of the recent war we saw few signs -- no damage anywhere in what had formerly been Israel except for some pockmarks on a tower of a church in Jerusalem. On the Arab side of Jerusalem we saw greater damage -- such as a sinister row of bulletholes high on the wall of a gallery of the Rockefeller Archaeological Museum -- and as we got deeper into Jordan, heading down to Jericho and the Dead Sea, there were plenty of burned-out Arab tanks lying by the roadside. By accident one evening toward sundown we drove into a prison-camp for captured Egyptians; we were driving down the coast from Haifa to Tel Aviv and spotted a magnificent Crusader fortress at the shore, two or three kilometers away, and turned in an unobtrusive back road to get to it. Along the way we ignored some signs in Hebrew and one in English that said no entry, and paid no attention to the barbed wire all about. We were just within reach of the superb ruin when another car came down the narrow road, and a lean, blue-eyed officer with close-cropped blond hair, who looked like the kind we used to see in the Nazi parts in war films, told us not very politely to get the hell back to the main highway. He chewed us out so vehemently that I was expecting arrest, or at one point immediate execution, but we deftly played the part of bumbling American tourists to show we had meant no harm, and scrambled. The place was Atlit, and there were 5000 penned-up Mizraim just around the bend.

Well, then we went to Istanbul, where, like the self-reliant types we are, we tried at once to rent a car so we could get about the city without joining a packaged tour. At the hotel they snickered at our talk of renting a car. So we walked up the block to the Hilton, where we figured all services were available. There had been a Hertz office there, but it had gone out of business, and a man in the American Express office snickered also at the idea of renting a car. "In Istanbul?" he asked. "Hire a driver!"

So we persevered, and the concierge at our place dug up an amiable Turk who let us have a Volkswagen at \$22 a day, and off we went. He also gave us a folding map of the city, showing every damn street -- when open it was roughly a Volkswagen and a half wide. We started out bravely, Barbara driving, me navigating; I got us quickly to the street that seemed like the most efficient way from our relatively new district to the old part of Istanbul, but it turned out to be one-way the wrong way. Of course. Before I could find an alternate, Barbara spied one and headed down it. Soon we were crossing one of the two bridges that span the Golden Horn.

Five minutes after we were across, we were totally and irretrievably lost.

No two streets in Istanbul run parallel. Almost none have street signs. There is only one traffic light in the city, and it is at the very border, by the old Byzantine wall. The city is arranged on a series of non-connecting levels, so that you just can't get there from here, wherever you are. And we had not taken the bridge we thought we had taken. So on the far side we barged straight ahead and landed in the unending maze of a colossal marketplace where the streets are one and a quarter cars wide, and the traffic is two-way. (There are no traffic laws in Istanbul either.) No one spoke English. A few people spoke French. I held out my immense map and cried, "Nous sommes Ici?" or words to that effect. They couldn't find us on the map. Picture us in a Volkswagen, wrestling with that map, not knowing where we were or how to find out. I spotted what looked like wide streets at the top of a hill, perhaps ten blocks ahead; but Barbara's nerves were fraying fast, and instead of driving up the hill she made a fatal right turn, thinking somehow it might get us out of the maze. Instead it landed us in an inextricable position: in a sort of alleyway, too narrow to turn around in, that had no exit at the far end. As she carefully backed



up to get out, a cart drawn by two horses halted by the entrance to the alley, and the driver slipped off into the immense throng. Which bottled us up. A mob of sympathetic and amused Turks gathered; but nobody dared to give the horses a prod, the driver could not be found, and my tentative slaps on their passive rumps didn't budge them at all. We spent nearly an hour penned in that alley, and I have not been so close to tears in most of my adult life as I was then. Finally the driver came and we got free; but then we were simply back in the main maze, and it took another hour (and the help of a Turkish soldier who got into our car and madly ordered people out of the way) before we were in the clear. Eventually we parked the car and left it parked all the rest of the day while we sightsaw on foot; and with great fear and trembling we drove home to the hotel in the evening without getting lost.

The next day I looked up Tom Disch, who had been living in Istanbul for a few months. He drove all over town with us, never once leading us into a blind alley, and we saw the whole works -- Topkapi, Santa Sophia, the Blue Mosque, the walls of Byzantium, mosaics galore, the bazaar. And celebrated with a glorious meal at the most luxurious restaurant along the Bosphorus, at which the check for three, covering cocktails, wine, brandy, innumerable appetizers, and excellent seafood, was slightly less than \$10 total.

A good trip, despite everything. But don't rent a car when you go to Istanbul. They were right to snicker at us: it's simply not a city to try to drive yourself in. Except mad.

(From SNICKERSNEE, May 1969:)

We went to Kenya and Tanzania, which are not only two of the most stable countries in Africa, but are the two that contain the great big-game parks -- Serengeti, Ngorongoro Crater, Amboseli, etc. Barbara and I are both big animal fans, and are turned on particularly by heffalumps and hippos and rhinos and like that. There are many other parts of Africa that we'd like to see, but I figure the pyramids are likely to last a while longer, as will the Sahara, Victoria Falls, the old royal palace at Gondar, and other such things; the herds of big game may not be so durable. So we chose to do the animal thing first.

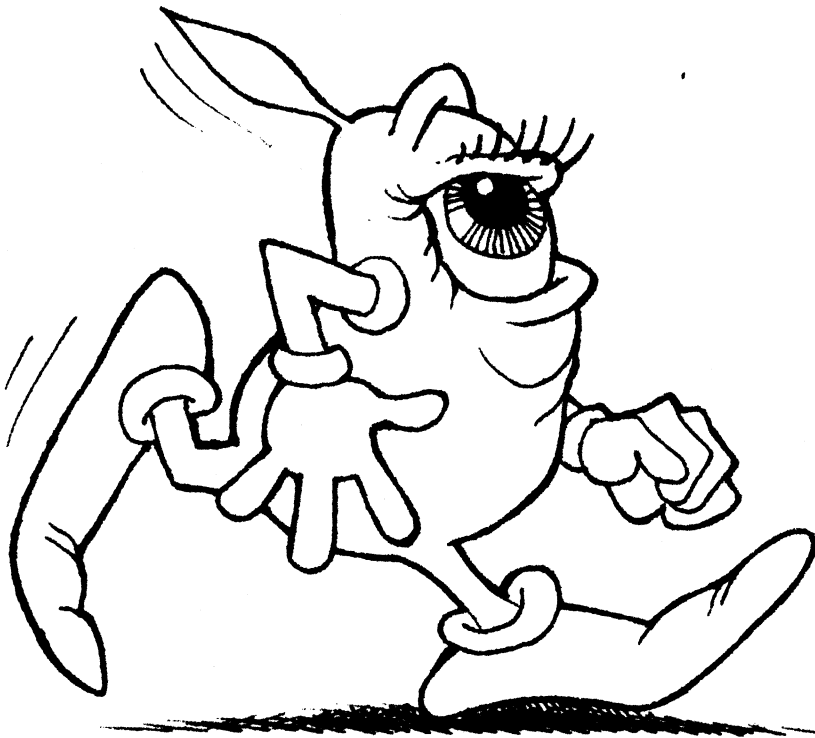
We spent a few days in London first; I visited my publishers, prowled some book-

stores, and we had dinner at John Brunner's place one night, where I delighted John by telling him that in two weeks' time we would be standing on Zanzibar. From London to Nairobi was about a nine-hour flight, with a brief stop at Rome. We arrived early in the morning. Dawn over the Nile from 30,000 feet up is pretty.

Off we went. Up to famous Treetops, where rhinos snorted all night and history was made when a bongo (a beautiful and quite rare antelope) got confused by a curious buffalo and ended up killing another bongo before our eyes. Bongo-to-bongo battles are never seen, apparently. Most tragic, but also quite beautiful to watch the victorious bongo trying to lift his wounded pal to his feet after realizing that he had gored him a little too well.

And then to the parks. You can't get out of your car in these animal preserves; you sit tight while your driver bumps through the bush looking for giraffes and cheetahs for you. Some of the parks are bigger than New Jersey, and the animals are really wild; they don't bother the autos, normally, but they're constantly eating each other and doing other things rarely seen in zoos. One peers at game from dawn until the day grows hot; then comes a long siesta at the lodge, since the animals hide at midday, and there's another game drive in the late afternoon.

The most exciting moment of the trip, though, came in Northern Kenya, at Samburu Park, where we suddenly found our car surrounded by about fifty angry elephants, who began to trumpet and flap their ears and glower menacingly -- and, well, that does seem to be the last stencil. I'll tell you the rest of the story some other time.



(From SNICKERSNEE, May 1970:)

It has been my habit, when running out of space on the eighth page of one of these efforts, to manage to come down to the last line in the middle of some cliffhanger and smugly leave things there, in media res, as we say in the literary profession. I've done this five or six times and nobody's said a word. But the last time, while describing our African tour, I got us mixed up in a mess of angry elephants, let things drop there and must have received a dozen vexed comments. So at least you guys read the stuff.

Fairness impels me to finish the story. Where was I, now? Let's see -- we had gone to one of the obscure national parks in northern Kenya, a place that had been open to tourists only two or three years and got practically no visitors even now. So the animals are wilder than usual and easily spooked by intruders. And there we were in our rickety rented Chevrolet, with our native driver and the native park ranger who is mandatory on all such driving tours of a wild-animal park, and suddenly the driver halted and the ranger began to look nervous and we realized we were in the midst of about fifty elephants, large and small, who were blocking the road up ahead and now were also streaming around behind us. And snorting menacingly and wagging their ears, which is not a sign of friendliness among elephants. Our driver looked apprehensive, even our ranger seemed scared, and that's where I ran out of stencils.

What happened is that we sat perfectly still in our car for maybe half an hour, waiting for the elephants to clear away. The ranger had a huge gun, but wasn't likely to use it except in absolute necessity, since it can cause a mighty mess to fire a gun when surrounded by so many elephants (they're more likely to stomp the gun-wielder than to flee) and in any case shooting isn't encouraged in national parks. The elephants had us quite thoroughly cornered -- a one-lane road hemmed in by thick underbrush, which they were busy munching and trampling -- and if they got any more annoyed with us than they already were, they could flatten the car very readily. After a while the elephants blocking the road ahead of us moved off, and we slithered forward without disturbing those feeding along the edges of the road, and that's how we escaped from the terrible heffalump herd.

(From SNICKERSNEE, May 1971:)

We took our winter vacation this year in Surinam and Guyana. Surinam is the country once known as Dutch Guiana. It's still Dutch, but now prefers its native name. Guyana was British Guiana before independance, and watch the spelling: calling Guyana "Guiana" to a Guyanese is apparently something close to calling a Black or an Afro-American a nigger. Anyway, these two countries are on the upper right shoulder of South America, between Venezuela and Brazil. Surinam and Guyana are both tropical; they have huge unexplored jungles full of sloths and anteaters and like that; they have dark and beckoning rivers. Both countries have native American Indian villages and other anthropological goodies. So, after discussing the project for five or six years, we decided abruptly last fall that the time had come.

We left New York on Saturday, Feb 27, early AM. We landed first at Trinidad. (Got out, bought a bottle of rum for \$1.25 at the airport free shop, returned to plane. Drank rum happily the next five days.) Next stop was Georgetown Airport, Guyana. It was late afternoon our time, but the eastern coast of South America is in a different time zone (several of them, in fact, 15 minutes to half an hour apart) and night was falling. Our first glimpse of South America: absolute blackness below. No towns, no villages. A spooky unpopulated wilderness. We killed a lot of time at Georgetown before the plane took off again and deposited us, 45 minutes later realtime, in Surinam. An endless taxi ride took us from the airport to the capital, Paramaribo. It seemed as if a narrow strip of civilization lining the highway was all that separated us from that black, mysterious jungle beyond. (When we saw the highway again in daylight, we found that nothing more mysterious than cultivated fields lay beyond the houses.)

...[Many days and many adventures later] we got back to Paramaribo, after four memorable jungle days. Weekend in Paramaribo. Sunday morning [our guide] Boggel drove us to the airport. When he heard we were going to Guyana, he warned us not to walk around Georgetown after dark. We made the short flight to Georgetown. Leaving the airport via bus, we started talking with a white businessman from Trinidad who had been on our plane. He asked us where we were coming from, and we said Paramaribo. "Oh, you'll find it very different here," he said, and began telling us about the bicycle-mounted rip-off gangs who swoop down on tourists and instantly relieve them of wallets and watches.

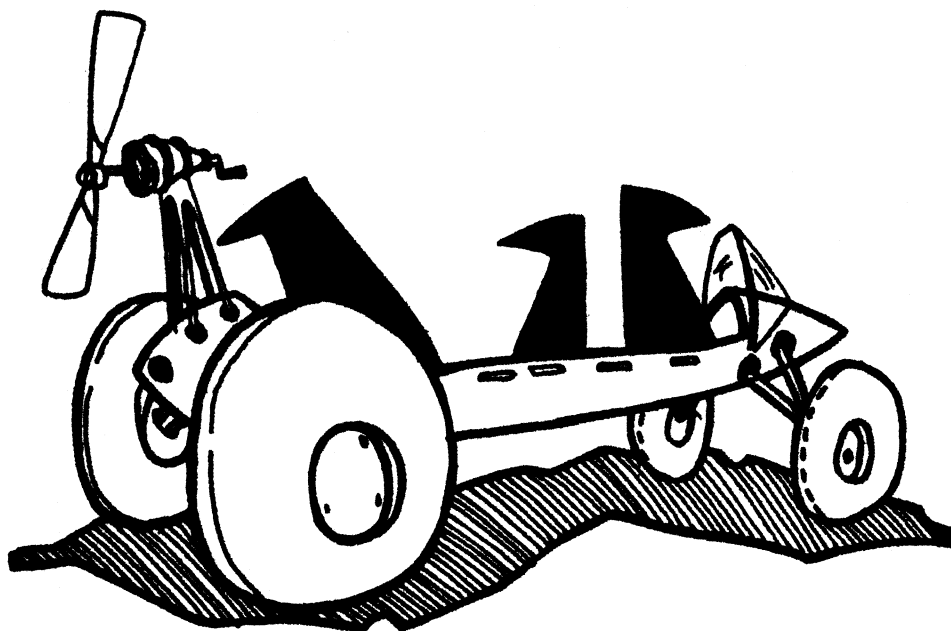
Well, nobody ripped us off in Guyana. But the whole place had a creepy, oppressive air of impending apocalypse. Georgetown itself was a beautiful city, spacious, ornate, bright, with some splendid huge wooden buildings and one of the most handsome cathedrals (entirely wooden) I've ever seen. But the crime thing had everyone paralyzed. We strolled in the famed botanical gardens, wandering down a leafy grove, and were met by an incredulous policeman astounded at our bravery in going off the paved path. Bandits, he said, lay in wait there. Just last week, man, they attacked a couple, took everything they had, would even have had connection with the woman if they'd had time. Had connection, he said.

We tried to get away from the lovely but frightening capital city by signing up for another jungle tour. But this is a country where tourism is unknown, and we couldn't get into the interior at all, though we spent three days trying various approaches. What we did do was take a train ride through the country, via an archaic narrow-gauge railway, and treat ourselves to an all-day picnic on a huge island called Leguan, in the mouth of the Essequibo River. (Which is about 25 miles wide at its mouth.) Leguan is entirely populated by East Indian farmers who grow sugar, and who are quite friendly, but the place is hot and flat and dusty, and the outing was looking like a bummer until a group of natives adopted us. They took us to a secluded cove where we managed some skinnydipping, and when we reappeared they treated us to liberal swigs of potent local homemade rum. (Astonishingly, the local term meaning "moonshine" is "dark night.") We had a pleasant couple of hours with the dark-night lads, discussing politics and such by the shores of the Essequibo. They also warned us against the horrid, discourteous people who live in town.

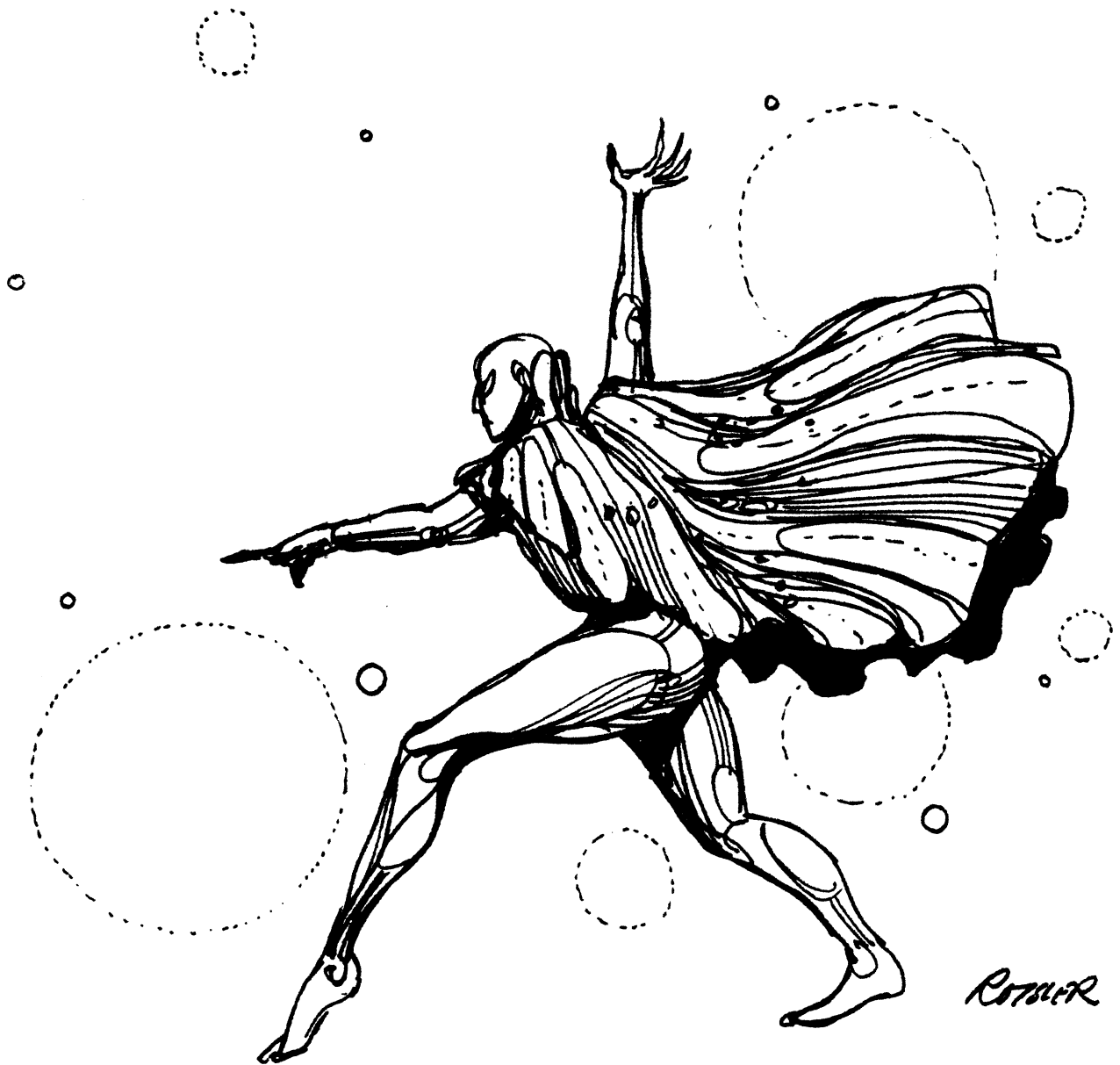
The other two days, though, we were stuck in Georgetown, gloomily using up the hours by visiting bookstores and churches, and keeping a wary eye out for the bike-powered rippers-off, none of whom we ever saw.

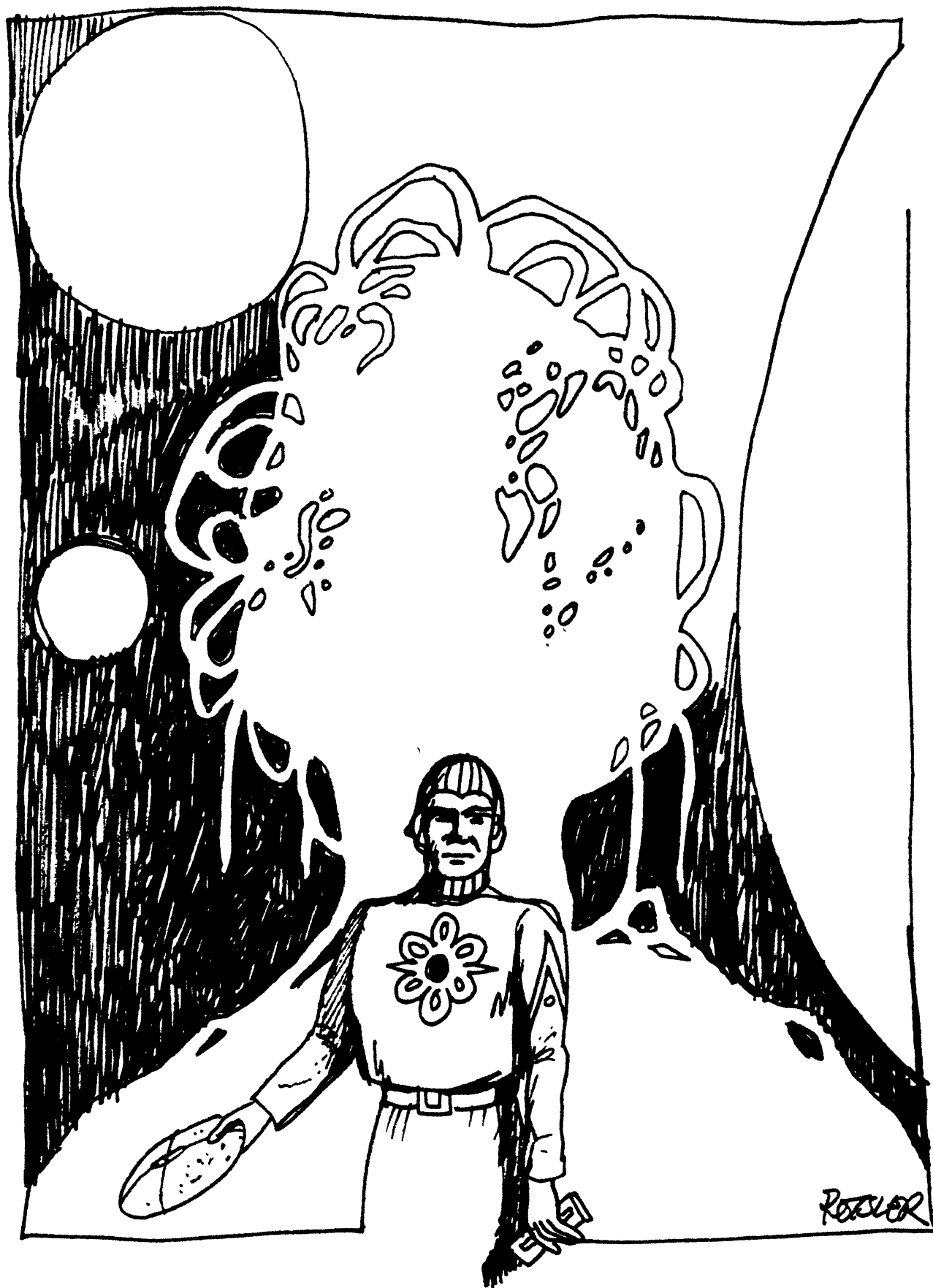
And finally home. I suppose any experience is valuable experience, but I don't think I got much out of Guyana except bad karma and a couple of pleasant swims. Surinam, though, was a different deal. I commend it to you all.

(Gee, and I forgot to tell you about how I thought I had been poisoned with curare at an Amerindian village. Remind me next time, huh?)



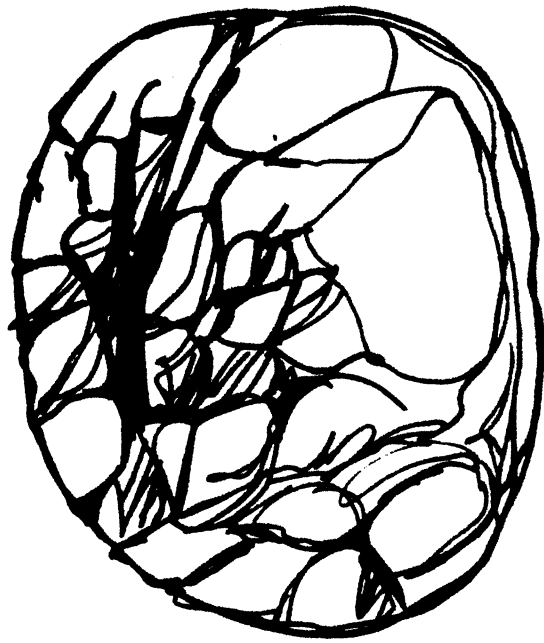
SPIDER-ROTSLER'S







THIS IS A PRODUCT OF INSTANT CLICHÉS, DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A. *WR*



THE MIRACLE

ROSLER

THERE ARE SOME

THINGS

MAN WAS NOT

MEANT TO

KNOW!

YEAH? NAME ONE?

ur

FUNQUAS AS

by Rosemary

I'm supposed to write a funny article about Robert Silverberg. I hardly know Robert Silverberg. Robert Silverberg terrifies me. The first time I met Robert Silverberg I said something stupid. Mercifully, I don't remember what it was.

I became aware of Robert Silverberg early in 1968. His THORNS was the second science fiction book I read. The first was Harlan Ellison's DANGEROUS VISIONS. There's a moral there somewhere, but I'll be damned if I know what it is. I was much impressed with THORNS. At the same time I discovered science fiction, I discovered fandom. And in discovering fandom, I discovered conventions. And in discovering conventions I discovered that sf writers go to conventions and that, if you're good and don't make a complete ass of yourself, they'll even talk to you. And if they're Isaac Asimov and you're a girl, they'll even let you touch them.

I actually met Silverberg at St. Louiscon. It was lust at first sight. I wanted to say something witty and clever, but I couldn't think of anything, so I sat and stared at him while Richard Labonte took his Hugo away.

Years flew by; two of them. I went to a lot of regional conventions, met a lot of authors and lost that gosh-wow feeling I'd had earlier. However, I still lusted after Robert Silverberg and I was still too intimidated by the man to carry on even a moderately coherent conversation with him. Generally I tagged along after Susan and listened while the two of them went on at great length about Faulkner, Blake, TOWER OF GLASS and the Myth of the Land in French-Canadian Literature.

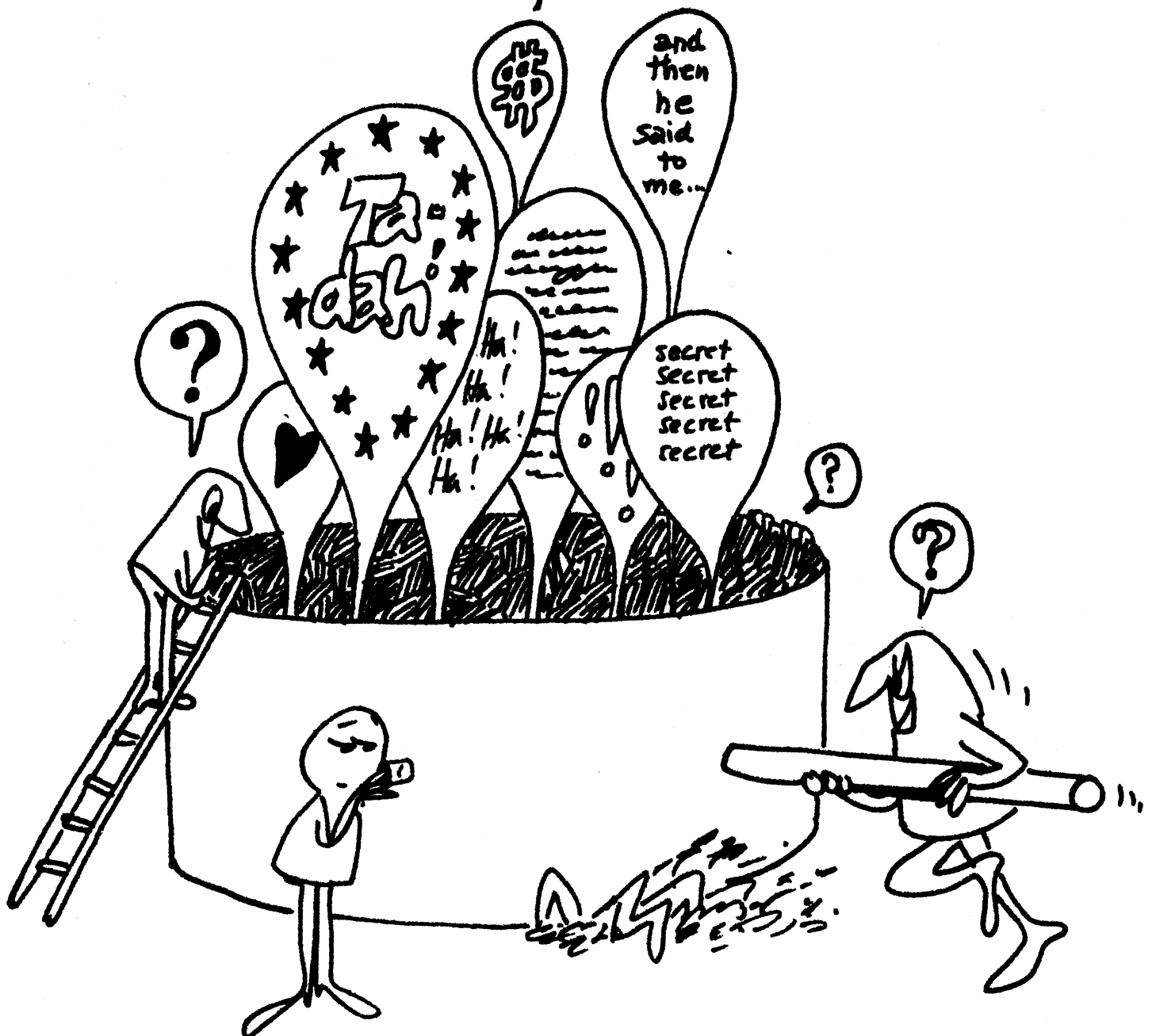
Just before last year's Lunacon, Susan told me "to be sure to do something weird and perverted with Robert Silverberg, so you can write it up for the special Silverberg issue." Sure, I told her, and next week I'll discover a cure for cancer.

In any event, I went to the con secure in the knowledge that nothing weird and perverted was going to happen involving me and Robert Silverberg. And nothing did... except that sometime during the proceedings he gave me his autograph...on my right breast...through a see-through lace blouse. There's nothing particularly unusual in that except that six weeks later, right beside my long gone, but not forgotten, Robert Silverberg autograph, there grew a lump.

A couple of weeks later I went to the hospital to have the lump removed, (it was a benign lump) and while I was lying in my bed of pain, it occurred to me that the whole thing was Robert Silverberg's fault. I mean everybody knows about the direct link between ball point pen ink and cystic mastitis... I can't think what might have happened if I'd let him write on something as valuable as a book. I could have been hit by a plague of silverfish, or the house might have burned down. It just shows to go ya: Never trust an author with a pen. They'll screw you every time...or worse, they won't.

EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO KNOW
ABOUT GETTING IN AND DIDN'T THINK I WAS
GOING TO BE IDIOT ENOUGH TO WRITE ABOUT

by William Rotsler



There is no way I can win on writing this article. No matter who takes what in what manner there will be people who will bristle and grow snide all over their faces and say, "Who the hell does he think he is?"

But I'm going to do it anyway. No, I'm not a masochist, I just think it should be done. This article exists because an odd thing happened to me at the LACon. (A lot of odd things happened to me!) I was approached by a long-time fan who said that it seemed to him that I was in a tight, closed circle of fans (the Silverbergs, the Carrs, the Benfordii, the Lupoffs, Paul Turner, the Busbys, Sid Coleman, etc) and he wanted to know how to get into it.

It was a serious question that was difficult for me to answer. (Sid Coleman says I should have said, "You must sleep with Bob Silverberg.") This fan said that it seemed to him and others that there was no way "in." I told him he was wrong, it was just that there was no easy way in. Earlier in the con I had been standing in the lobby and in the span of three or four minutes I had talked or exchanged quips with Ted White, Phil Dick, Silverbob, Harlan, Bloch and a couple of others. Then I was rather timidly approached by three youngish fans who asked me something like "How do you manage to have the personality to talk to all those Big Names?"

My first answer was in reply to what I thought was a put-on, "I got it from the Mid-Winter Sears Catalog," then I realized it was not a put-on but a shy and serious attempt to find out How It Works, whatever "it" is.

My answer to this fan was to simply be yourself, but be the Best Possible You. I realized then and realize now that this is an over-simplification, subject to much misunderstanding, as will my next paragraph be.

I would like to direct this article to those young fans (and a few oldies who have never learned!) who would like to be noticed, accepted, invited to parties, and generally move in what they think is rarified air. (These days it is more likely to be enhanced air!) I hope, sincerely, that this is not taken as I Have Made It, And Now I Would Like To Show All You Little People How To Do It. Please, it is not that.

Part of the answer I gave that first fan, who wanted to know how to break into our enchanted circle, might be of help. First of all, that particular group is part of a small apa, but getting into the apa is much the same as getting into any small group that knows, likes, and respects each other. The guidelines that I would like to suggest to you are those that would assist you in joining virtually any limited society, except those where you must perform unspeakable acts with the author of THORNS.

The way that I joined this group and seem to have been included in others is that I have a talent that brought me to the notice of people. Everyone likes talent, unless it is the talent for being an ass every time. So that was a help, but I always tried very hard not to be a burden on other people, but always to be myself.

The way that you might join some group you admire might take a different course. (It would be very difficult to join this small apa group now, because Bob's sex life is booked straight through November, 1974.) Yours might not be an obvious talent. At the same LACon the utterly charming wife of a Big Name Author told me that she had no talent, that she did nothing well, and seemed rather downed by that. I told her that when I heard someone say that it was often a marvelously charming person who, true, did not have one Big talent, but had a Great talent for being themselves, and being better "thems" than anyone else.

So your "ticket" to Stardom might not be because you write or draw or do card tricks, but it might very well be because -- quite simply -- you are you. The thing is, a lot of people push too hard and what charm they have is hidden under brashness, crudeness, loudness, and other nesses.

If a young fan would like to "get ahead" in this and other microcosms, it helps to be intelligent, to be witty, to have talent, and to know when to keep your mouth shut. Everyone likes to be "on" and the center of attention. You should see The Conflict of Egos at a SFWA meeting sometime. (Sounds like an old Ed Hamilton planet-wrecker, doesn't it?) But even the professionals don't care to be "on" every moment. That's why they have Closed Door Pro parties, so they can be themselves, be relaxed, not have to Live Up To Their Image, not be bothered with "Gee, Mr. Ellison, I thought DEATHWORLD was a great book!" or "Your science isn't worth ratshit, Niven!"

They are human-type folks and they'd like to get together and gossip about those who aren't there, smoke pot without paranoia if that's their trip, talk shop, trade insults, and simply enjoy those personalities that they have known for years. Just like you do.

These great leaps to the Demi-gods do not happen overnight. I can't give you a room number and make you one of the elite. In fact, if I gave you a room number or took you to a party and you acted like a fuckhead, the Secret Masters of Fandom would take away my Big Name Fan card and slap my wrist. People are taken to those famous Closed Door parties all the time. Some are accepted and some are not. There is no "rule", no Policy, no Higher Authority, except that of good sense. You know yourself that if someone comes to one of your parties, or even into your presense, and acts obnoxious or embarrasses a guest or just says stupid things, you are not likely to be eager to invite him or her back.

It's the same in the CD parties. If, through the personality you show in your fanzine or your writings or art, or the delight one has in being in your company, you get noticed by someone empowered to take you to a CD party, know that he is putting his own reputation on the line. If you are a hit no one really remembers that he brought you, but if you are an embarrassment EVERYONE remembers he brought you.

If you are invited, don't bring anyone with you, except Essential Personnel, like wife, husband or girl/boyfriend. Establish your beach-head before you start bringing in your friends.

When in doubt, keep your mouth shut. But never be afraid to open it, especially if it is a good line. One good line at the right moment will do more to get you accepted than almost anything.

Unfortunately there are a lot of things you can do that will get you excluded, but few that get you "in." Don't be discouraged by this, for the baddies are all obvious. They are the faults you see in others, the tricks, the sillyass games, the habits, the inconsideration, the un-awarenesses.

Being and staying aware is quite important. Courtesy is always a marvelous habit, a fine response and a treasure. Be aware that others would like the floor, that others have needs and desires, that others have limited time.

I think that people who have a sense of humor are the greatest people of all. Everyone likes to laugh. But those that think they have a sense of humor and don't are a real drag. Example: the automatic insult machines that go manic whenever Harlan Ellison appears. But when you are attacking Harlan you better be good. The fastest gun has an ego, too, and maybe a girl at his arm that he would not care to see him lose. An insult that Harlan -- or others -- might dismiss as idiotic if alone may get you ripped to shreds if he has his friends there.

So be aware that you may be hitting him with a pun on his name that he has heard five times that hour. Don't do that Johnny Carson bit of "I suppose everyone that interviews you comments on your being short, Harlan, I suppose you're pretty tired of that question, but how do you feel about it?"

"Astonish me!" is still one of the greatest comments of all time. Notice that is not "Startle me" or "Shock me" or "Bug me" or "Be obvious." What can you say to Harlan -- or any Big Name -- that he might not have heard before?

The trouble with that suggestion is that there is no ease to it. Social intercourse should be without games, without strain, without push-push. It should be, but it often isn't, which is why there are "closed" circles in every large group. Cliques exist everywhere: in prison, in the Army, in politics, in fandom.

Talent knows talent. Fan artists, for example, at least know "of" each other. When I first saw the drawings of Grant Canfield, I said, "Hey, this guy is good! Is he in fandom? Get more of his stuff!" When I started to write and sell science fiction, the relationships I had with different established writers began to change in subtle ways. They knew me now with different or additional "name tags." So send what you do to those people you admire, if it is the sort of thing you can send.

What Paul Turner and I are proposing is to have a party at the TORCON, probably during an afternoon, that will not be a Closed Door party. I promise to bring in some Big Name Pros and Big Name Fans and you can touch them and everything. (Touching their minds or their senses of wonder or humor would do even more, except, of course, with Bob Silverberg.) I know they will come freely and of their own accord, just as they know I will post an utterly nasty cartoon of all those who do not appear, unless they have a slip from Silverberg that they are otherwise engaged.

Fred Pohl, in his LACon speech, truly touched me when he referred to us as a family. Maybe it is a weird family, maybe there are one or two in it that I wish would get divorced, but it is my family in every way but biological. 90% of my friends are fans or pros, with the rest being either "Other" or figure models. All my very best friends are fans, which brings us to my definition of friendship and (ding!) another paragraph.

A friend must interest, amuse and protect you. A friend is someone you respect, as well. To the degree that they fulfill these requirements is a description of how good a friend they are. After all, if they don't interest you you won't ever know anything about them and thereby never get to like them. Some people think that their friends don't need to amuse them and perhaps they are right, but my best friends, the ones I value most, amuse me the most. I don't mean joke-telling, either -- gawd!

Basically you must be willing to "give" of yourself, not randomly, and never so much that your own tower of cards is threatened. Don't keep score



LET'S SEE ...

"WITHOUT FURTHER ADD..."

"A MAN WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION..."

"MOVING RIGHT ALONG..."

"YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'VE CALLED YOU HERE"

"TO BE SERIOUS FOR A MOMENT..."


"... NO, SERIOUSLY..."

"WHEN YOU'VE BEEN IN FANDOM
AS LONG AS I HAVE..."

(A STANDARD GAUGE HARLAN
ELLISON INSULT)

(TWELVE BAD PUNS)

(FOUR ESOTERIC
FANNISH REFERENCES)



I THINK I'M
NOW PREPARED
FOR MY TORCON
SPEECH...

rotalee

either -- a favor for a favor, two small favors equal a medium favor and two mediums equal one big. Bullshit. You help because it's needed, that's all. My friends (and they know who they are) know they can call on me, openly or secretly, and I will do what I can. It's a two-way street. Getting accepted, if that is what you want, involves many factors that are not at all tangible.

And your friends must protect you. Not just be people you think might not rip you off if you left the room, but people who protect your name, and your reputation. I spend hours every year "protecting" Harlan, because he is my friend; and I love him. Harlan, of course, will shout the loudest that he doesn't need protecting, but when he's there, he can do it; when he is not, I shall. And have. It's known as "Explaining Harlan."

It seems to me to be that kind of friend is the best way to be included in any "closed" circle, fan, pro, mundane or alien. Learning how to be that kind of person might be a difficult process, however. When that fan asked me how I got into that "closed" group I said it took years, and it did. Years of two minute conversations at parties and cons, years of them looking at my work, drawn and written, years of gradually getting to know each other better until when one of us says "we" we know who "us" is.

But the fan who is impatient just doesn't want to spend years doing this and I can't blame him. Instant Recognition is needed. A free pass to Everything in your wallet. Ah, to get to the point where you don't need a nametag to be recognized! Well, if it is any help, I'm certainly not there and I don't think anyone in that aforementioned Closed Circle is either. There are still people who ask for Robert Silverman and wonder if that saintly creature is Jerry Carr. The Benfords are quite naturally confused, though I've always thought Hilary and Joan looked nothing alike.

The point is, no one wants you around if you are a drag. Everyone wants you around if you are fun and interesting and give people a good feeling to be around. Yet even Bob Silverberg must light matches with his toes to get attention sometimes. But if Robert was a bore, no amount of Hugo winning or match lighting or colorful initiation pant-and-grunt would keep him around me! Thou shalt not suffer bores! To be boring is the greatest sin, but to try too hard NOT to be boring is also a sin.

I hope that people will not take this article as a big ego trip for me, I really do. It would be very embarrassing if I thought people took it that way. I don't think of myself as a Big Name Fan -- except in jest -- I just think I'm a guy who has been around a long time and has known a number of people who were extraordinary. There are LOTS of people who are not pros or BNFs who are charming, interesting and delightful people. I'll not name names, but I met several fans at the LACon that I had known about and found them to be thoroughly charming. Some are BNFs and some are not. But the "nots" are on their way. You might notice a novice in the Art Show and say, "Hey, he's good!" or recognize the potential of someone new to this madness called fandom, and you tend to start gathering him or her to your bosom.

Show thyself. Let us see it. You decide then if you'd like us to join you.

So what have I told you? Be yourself, but be the best possible you. Stay cool. Be the kind of person you yourself would like to associate with. Never be dull, but be aware of self and others. Don't force other people to be "on" and don't stay "on" too long yourself.

Give of yourself. Are you always a "taker"? Try being a "giver" instead. You like givers, don't you?

But always be yourself.

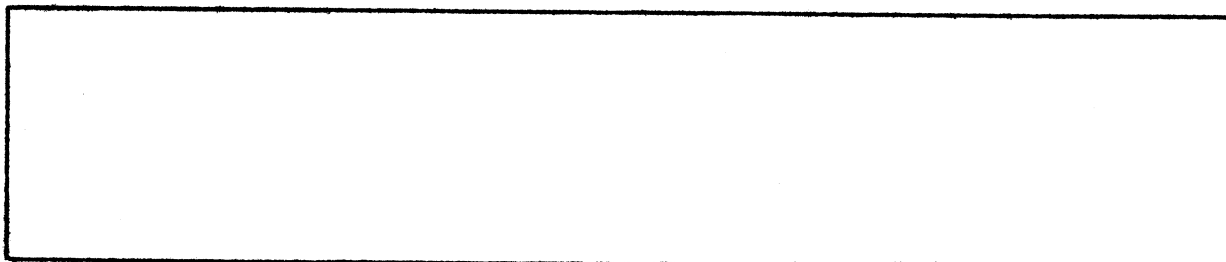
Thank you. See you at the TORCON.



*Artists
Interpret
Silverberg*

A FOLIO

1. Connie Faddis -- from THORNS
2. Grant Canfield -- from THE WORLD INSIDE
3. Steve Fabian -- from the "Chicken Itza of the Mayas" chapter of
LOST CITIES AND VANISHED CIVILIZATIONS
4. Connie Faddis -- Wrong, who weeps, from SON OF MAN

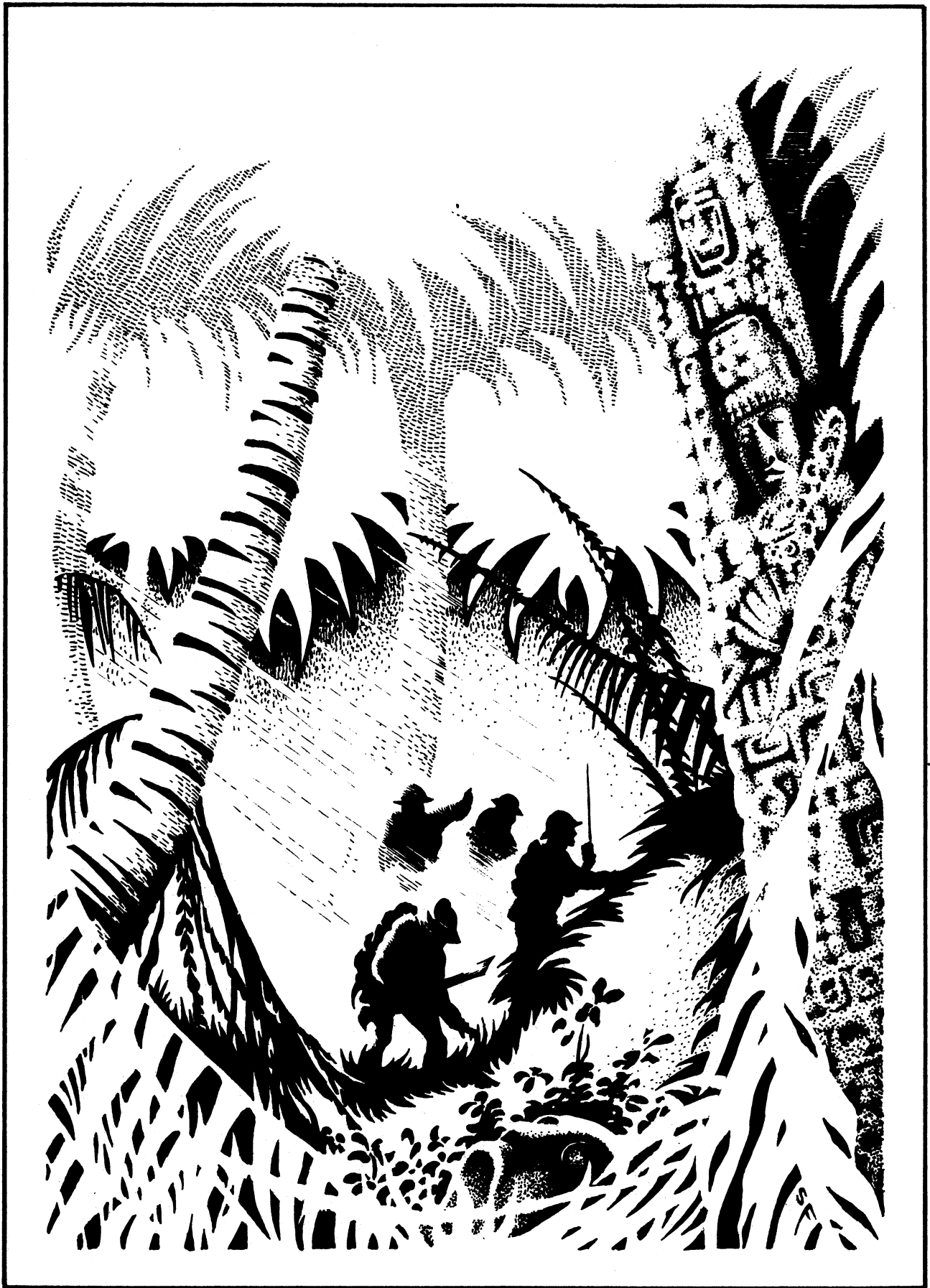




FADIS

116 PROZORIAN
URBAN 116
MAGNAD 116







Faded 12

STATIC

LETTERS:

MIKE O'BRIEN
945 Troost #7
Forest Park, Ill
60130

I had occasion, just now, to dig into some past ENERGUMENOI. It was a very interesting contrast. In my doddering complacency of semi-gafiation, I must have missed the change, but #13 looks a deal more clean-cut than, say, the June '71 issue. I think darker inking plus an added "polish" make the latest a more distinctive issue. Lord knows the earlier one was distinctive enough - this looks to be about the ultimate for the form. Of course, it's what the words do that counts. So sue me, Gilbert.

I was very glad to see the Berserker article because the Berserkers, in their original incarnation, were among my favorite sf concepts. When I say "original incarnation", I mean to distinguish them from the later stories revolving around the war in time, where the actual berserkers appear only remotely. Partly through an ignorance of historical matters, and partly through a lack of that sort of critical bent, I never realized until I read Sandra's article that here, too, lurks Hidden Meaning. I met Mr. Saberhagen at St. Louiscon and, well, quite frankly he didn't look The Type to consciously use such obscure foundations. A bit o' the scholar generally attaches to such people - I didn't note it here. I always knew there must be a reason why I liked the stories.

((Er...Mike, next time you see Sandra, duck!))

Actually, I liked them for the berserkers themselves - they were, and are, quite an ingenious and well-developed idea, quite aside from questions of plot or style. I have always admired the static parts of a story - background, concepts and the like, as much or more than characterization and plot development. I don't really regard it as a weakness in my critical ability, either, now that I think about it. It requires quite as much ability to create the berserkers (or, in some sort of limiting case, Middle

Earth) as to create a Giles Habibula. Come to think of it, though, Giles falls into the same category. Well, then, a Big Time a la Leiber, where the invention falls into categories usually found more acceptable around university English departments. My own creative abilities run more toward the purely imaginative construct, so naturally I appreciate these more. Much as I know you appreciate a strong plot, Mike, doesn't it appeal to the mathematician in you just a liddy bit to consider classifying sf novels by their constructions, rather than their periods and such? There's a maturation with time, too. Start with Edmond Hamilton's early extravaganzas and compare with Lord of Light. See the vast increase in richness of invention, as well as maturity of style. How much better worked out the background is? Out of idle curiosity, I wonder how many other people read keenly for richness of invention, and wince at a blank spot in the description of some new curiosity, or (worse yet), at some outright logical inconsistency?

((Reading mostly for pure enjoyment and relaxation, I'm able to overlook all but the most blatant inconsistencies. On those rare occasions I have to do a review of a book I'm reading, I tend to find my enjoyment spoiled by analysing as I'm reading. With more time, or a faster reading speed, I could read once for enjoyment then again critically, but, alas.... Richness of detail may add to a book, but a normal amount satisfies me. However, I'm a pleb!))

The cover does deserve a few words. The technical excellence in all phases, from artistry to reproduction, is obvious. In line with my comments on conceptualization, though. I can't help wondering just what all that gadgetry is supposed to do for that person. It strikes me curious. What's that odd facial expression supposed to convey about his (her, its) opinions on the matter? So, more seriously, what's the surrealistic construct supposed to convey? Is there a specific concept behind it? This just reveals for all to sneer at how much of an artistic plebian I am. I feel much more at home with the back cover.

((I had assumed that the device was a construct to allow its user to fully grok the essence of ENERGUMEN without getting eyetracks on the magazine itself. However, since Mr. Canfield, an illiterate Californian domino picker, has this fanzine read to him by his wife, perhaps he will Reveal All in the next, and last, issue of this journal.))

I have only one thing to say about comics, but I must say it. I was "up" for the entire duration of the last Christmas vacation because some kind souls and True Friends introduced me to the Furry Freak Brothers. My eyes were opened and I'll never ever look down on the comic form again. There's little doubt that these are orders of magnitude better than any other underground comic (they've got plot, mi-gawd, not to mention true humor) and perhaps they just may be the best around, above or below the cultural sod. KREE-GAH!

((And remember, folks, dope'll get you through times of no ENERGUMEN better than ENERGUMEN through times of no dope. Scotch'll do too, for that matter.))

DARRELL SCHWEITZER
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Strafford, Pa.
19087

Sandra Miesel certainly didn't intend to, but through her tracing of the historical sources of the Berserker stories, she has somewhat tarnished my respect for them by causing me to realize that Saberhagen too shows symptoms of what surely must be the greatest sf writer's disease of the present day: lack of imagination. It is the uncreative writer who has to map into the future episodes of past history. I don't mean by this that sf futures can't show history repeating itself, but that they shouldn't simply lift chunks out of history books and place them in 2300AD. Possibly the worst examples of this are found in ANALOG, that marvellously creative crudzine which is unique not only for publishing the very worst fiction

currently available in the field, but also for publishing inept sf which inbreeds with other inept sf to produce its own private collection of cliches. One of these is this past history transposed into the future, as most often exemplified by stories of feudalism in space. (Notable exception being Poul Anderson's stories of the re-emergence of feudalism as a result of various socio-economic forces. This is real extrapolation and not the kind of gunk that produces stories about Genghis Khan on another planet.) Not only does it ring false, but it's merely an extension of the old cowboys-in-rockets business.

I was quite disappointed with the stories that made up Brother Assassin simply because they were rewrites of Earth's history. Even if we are to accept the highly unlikely proposition that a race of humans would evolve all by themselves on another planet (the people in question had lived on this planet ever since their stone age, so I doubt they're colonists from Earth), the idea that the history of this place would repeat that of Earth item for item, or even resemble it in anything but the most general aspects, is utterly ridiculous. Remember how people howled when STAR TREK started turning out shows about Nazis and Communists and Roman Empires on other planets? It wasn't believable for a minute. Neither was Brother Berserker.

Now Sandra points out historical piracies in the other stories as well. They're not as serious, but I would consider the presence of such things to be flaws. In sf it's only possible to model future histories on past history in the most general way, such as Asimov did when modelling the Foundation series on the fall of Rome. General patterns in history do recur, but specifics do not. Unless reincarnation works, there can be only one Galileo, so when inventing imaginary histories of the future or other planets, the author has to make up his own characters and situations. Obviously Saberhagen didn't bother to do so.

((Essentially I agree that retold history or legend that is nothing more than that is unimaginative and often dull. I'm not familiar enough with Saberhagen to judge if he is guilty of this, although I was disappointed in a Berserker story that was simply a retelling of the Orpheus legend, and as such seemed banal and strained.))

Susan's column was a delight, but I cannot bring myself to believe that Will Straw is a hoax. He does not follow the classical patterns of a hoax. Generally one creates a hoax fan to do some sort of literary dirtywork that one doesn't want to get blamed for. Sort of the way Nixon uses Agnew as a mouthpiece for things he'd rather not get caught saying himself. There have been numerous examples in the last few years of particularly controversial reviewers of both books and fanzines who turned out to be either non-existent or at least pseudonyms. Generally the perpetrators want to keep their reputations clean, while smudging up this non-existent person. Then there are the less serious hoaxes, which are always more fun and never offensive, in which someone creates a really weird character for the hell of it. Hoaxes, then, may be detected by either how obnoxious they are or how utterly strange.

((And what about Carl Brandon?))

This is why I'd say that Will Straw is not a hoax. From what I've seen he hasn't done anything that would fit him into either category. He seems like another fan, who writes interesting letters. Why should anyone create a hoax character to write such letters when they could do it themselves? Such a stunt would get pretty boring after a while - the hoaxers would use their character for something.

((And what about Carl Brandon?))

Nobody is using Will Straw. I am quite convinced he is a real person. He is not at all like the more obvious hoax fans, like, say, "David Hulvey", who was invented by Robert Whitaker and myself in order to parody "fannish" fandom. Ours was the typical

case of the creation of a hoax fan for a specific purpose, and had anyone suspected we would have been caught immediately. Hoaxes are sometimes rather difficult to manage, you know, and no one would go through the trouble of running from Buffalo to Fort Erie all the time unless they had a good reason. (We solved this problem by having things remailed from Harrisonburg, VA. Whitaker works for the PO and can swing such things, but most people don't have that kind of connection.) So obviously Will Straw is a real person. Any half-way experienced hoax-watcher can tell you that.

((You're probably right. Boyd Raeburn and Norm Clarke claim to have met Will, which means he is either real or a hoax invented by Boyd Raeburn and Norm Clarke. I'll reserve judgement until we've met face to face.))

JERRY KAUFMANN Ursula LeGuin is a Taoist, isn't that what you're trying to say, The Avocado Pit Angus? Well, let me say it. THE LATHE OF HEAVEN is about a man who is the natural Taoist Lao Tsu writes of. Being the natural Taoist he is, the uncarved block of wood, absolutely average because he is at the absolute center of things, he is able to (pick one) change the world, reveal the world as illusion or awaken everyone from the dream we take as reality. And more to the point, being the natural Taoist he is, he doesn't want to do anything, he finds it morally repulsive to fiddle with the world. The doctor is a western man, a realist and a pragmatist (as well as a liberal) who believes that the world is real and that it is good to try to change it. The meat of the novel is in the conflict between the natural Taoist and the liberal. The liberal fails because he believes that George's "dreams" make real changes in a real world. Few people have mentioned this in all the reviews of LATHE OF HEAVEN, though the conflict has been lightly touched on, as has the similarity to Dick's explorations of reality. LeGuin has a definite philosophical base to work from. "Vaster Than Empires and More Slow" also seems based on Taoism, but without the chapter headings as signposts.

We were considering palming David Emerson off as a hoax, but felt that some people would say, "Emerson a hoax? That's silly, I've met him and he's very real indeed," and the rest would say, "Who?" As for Jim Turner, I asked Chris about it on the phone last week and he said Jim's no hoax. But that might be DNQ, because I'm not sure if the hoax about his being a hoax is a serious hoax or just a momentary jape.

((Huh? And I don't know, Jerry; I've met David and I'd agree he could be a hoax easily enough.))

JEFF SCHALLES In my opinion (humble as it may be) ENERGUMEN did win the fanzine 603 Barmore Ave Hugo this year. LOCUS may be the holder of the actual trophy, but Grove City, Pa. I feel pretty sure that the majority of the votes coming from 16127 people who actually receive ENERGUMEN, or for that matter, any fanzine other than LOCUS, were for NERG. Maybe some of them went to SFC or GF but I think if you cross off all the people who are not really qualified to vote in the fanzine category (i.e., those who received or saw fewer than, say, five fanzines the entire year, with three of them RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, NOSTALGIA NEWS and AMRA) the voting might appear somewhat different. The problem is (if you consider it to be a problem, which I no longer do: I know what was good and what wasn't and so do you) that anyone who pays his Big Bucks and owns a writing utensil can check off the winner of his choice. Maybe we should invoke a form of literacy test, or better yet, DO AWAY WITH FAN HUGOS. Make fan awards separate, both in voting and in presentation. Let the unwashed masses diddle around with the pro-Hugos, but leave awarding of merit for fan accomplishments to the fans.

((Such a proposal is made every few years and the question always arises, "Who

is a fan?" Any concrete schemes I've seen laid out always bog down in a welter of cumbersome detail for deciding who should be eligible to vote. The other common proposal is to weight fanzine votes according to circulation. Again, this is almost impossible to do and besides, though we would benefit from it, I see no real justification for penalizing someone because he's rich enough or crazy enough to publish 1000+ issues of a fanzine. And even if there were a way to restrict voting to 'qualified' fans, there still wouldn't be any agreement as to what or who was best in any given category.))

WALT LIEBSCHER I dislike you intensely. I'm envious. What a beautiful thing is
732 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Robinson ENERGUMEN 13. I dislike you because I want to go back to CHANTI-
Los Angeles, Ca. CLEER and start publishing again. And I know I never will. #13 is
90026 beautiful. I have an article in it and my name is mentioned at
least three more times. An absolutely superb fanzine. Kidding
aside, you have outdone yourselves with this one. The layout, the articles (forget
mine), the art portfolio, the other art, the way it's all put together. Damn it,
this is what I call a FANZINE. It reminds me of the 'good old days'. Frankly I don't
know if that is bad or good, but I'm sure anyone, from First Fandom on up, would
enjoy it, and it's too damn bad you can't send out a 1000 more copies. You would win
the Hugo by a landslide.

And damn it, I am not denigrating LOCUS. But, to me, LOCUS is not a fanzine in the strictest sense. It is, and always has been, a newszine. And God knows it is an excellent newszine, and one I look forward to receiving each issue of. Even if LOCUS used no artwork at all, it would still be excellent, for its contents, and news. But comparing ENERGUMEN with LOCUS is like comparing GALAXY with TIME MAGAZINE. They are two different animals.

Which brings me to a point - awards. None of them is really what it should be. A great deal depends on the exposure a zine receives. Incidentally, is there anything in the rules that says you cannot take into account the circulation of a zine when deciding the winner? It would be a helluva lot fairer to add a plus factor for a small circulation, and a minus factor for a large one.

((Nothing officially forbids this, but the mechanics are difficult and it's hard to justify. Such a suggestion was made by a member of the TORCON 2 committee but we talked the committee out of it on the grounds that it would look too much like a pro-ENERGUMEN move. If the DC people want to work on a plan, though, I'd be interested in the reaction.))

Then we come to the best fan writer. Here again, someone could write the greatest piece of commentary, or fiction, or whatever, and if he wrote only this one piece during the year, by no stretch of the imagination could he win, even though he was actually the best. Again exposure would rule him out.

And the art show. We all know that year after year the same group of artists will reap the lion's share of the awards. And admittedly year after year they are the best. But this gets monotonous. I also think an item marked NFS should be ruled out of the awards, or placed in some special category. Also something seems to be wrong when a piece of art, i.e. the Greg Bear which I thought was the best thing in the show this year, sells for the second highest amount of money and doesn't even receive honorable mention. Again, this is not to denigrate the Trimbles. They do a helluva bang up job each year and any Worldcon would be much poorer without their in invaluable contribution.

((Many fans feel that implicit in the 'Best' awards is the idea of quantity, as well as quality. Given the choice between two writers or artists of equal talent,

I'll vote for the one with the larger output but I'm afraid there's little we can do to change the fact that exposure is the key to the awards. As for the art show, I can't see anything wrong with the same people winning awards as long as they continue to produce new, award-worthy art. The judging is divided into categories, after all, so the "biggies" tend to compete among themselves.))

BARRY GILLAM
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I missed the preceding three issues so I'm not sure just how they turned out, but #13 has all the faults of success. It is beautifully, if rather too efficiently, produced. It is smoothly packaged to the point of banality. Mike Gilbert's comments and his wonderful drawing apply fully to #13.

Here we have a folio by Grant Canfield, one of the least interesting, though at the same time one of the most technically perfect artists in fandom. And there is another sensible, intelligent article by Sandra Miesel. But it's the kind of thing I read as a duty and then file. Even Sandra, who usually writes with verve and a sense of discovery and incisiveness, seems to have fallen under the pallor of your all too easy success. Two ideas for articles are laboriously presented by Walt Liebscher and Bubbles Broxon, vying for the coveted "leaden-wit" award.

((Naturally I disagree with all of the above opinions as do the majority of those who responded to the issue but you're entitled to your ideas. However, may I suggest that you try publishing a regular quarterly genzine that makes the Hugo ballot in both years of its existence before you tell me that our success has been "all too easy". We may well be dragging fandom into ruins, but by god it's hard work doing it!))

In the midst of this disaster area, I was delighted to find Angus Taylor's brilliant funny article on Dick. Taylor not only speaks with knowledge and deliberation on themes, style and the rest of the viscera of criticism, but, like all too few fan writers, he makes you want to go out and read Dick. My god, he even makes me want to reread Dick, after I'd banned him from my "to read" shelf. In other words, Taylor's criticism itself is attractive and not only demonstrates his enthusiasm, but communicates it.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
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I can't help wishing that the Will Straw mystery would remain exactly where it now is, and that nobody would ever do any more investigating or ferret out whatever the truth may be. I mean, fans could wonder and argue for centuries to come about Will's identity and whether a hoax is involved, just as history fans can still find new things to speculate about the lost order from General Lee that touched off the Battle of Antietam and therefore caused Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation and decided European nations against intervening on the side of the South.

Still, I've suspected a hoax from the beginning, because the Will Straw who writes locs never makes a mistake when he says something about events in fandom before he was active. He could pick up lots of facts about fandom's past in those old fanzines but he ought to mistake an obscure fan mentioned in a couple of them for a famous fan, or confuse various fans who had similar names, or do something else wrong at least once in print. I'd assumed that he was a long-active fan who had gone to Canada in order to cut his ties with the United States for ethical or draft reasons. Now I don't know what to think after the partial confirmation of his existence you found.

((Will's perfection is no proof, Harry; after all, he is a Canadian.))

I liked immensely Angus Taylor's article on Philip K. Dick. I enjoy each of his novels enormously until I realize that I'm expected to be solemn in awe and grateful for revealed mystic truths, according to some of his admirers. I think Angus takes a very sensible attitude to the question of why Dick's writing is good. I haven't read nearly as much of Saberhagen's fiction, but Sandra Miesel makes me want to repair the omissions soon and I think her serious approach towards this writer's stories is justified by the nature of his fiction.

What can I say about all that artwork? The Grant Canfield largesse gave me exactly the same desire to squirm with delight that used to come when I would look through a new issue of UNKNOWN for the Cartier illustrations before reading anything. In fact, it's hard to believe that the same artist who did this portfolio could have changed his pace and turned out the utterly different excellencies of the front cover. I'm sure one style is as much hard work as the other, but I get the impression that the creatures were drawn with the imagination in control and the front cover with the intellect holding sway over the hand with the pen.

GREG BURTON "...runner up to LOCUS..." -- a sad but true commentary on the
PO BOX 69 state of the Hugos. I suppose all we can do is to ask Charlie to
Ocean Park, WA. withdraw from the running next year to give the fanzines a chance
98640 at the award. And to try to come up with a better definition of
 amateur. I would favor one based on percentage of income derived
from the zine, and it seems reasonable that if one pays taxes on the fanzine profits,
it really isn't amateur. But I can't see the con committee checking the IRS returns
for all the nominees.

((Another common suggestion extremely difficult to put into practice. I suppose it's up to the faned's sense of ethics as to whether or not he withdraws from competition if his zine makes a substantial profit. But I'd be against demanding that someone withdraw merely because he'd already won an award.))

The graphics and production are impeccable, better than the last OUTWORLDS. Grant Canfield is a very talented man, and he writes as well (if not better) as he draws. Maybe there'll be the fannish equivalent of the decathlon someday: writer serious, writer humorous, cartooning, artist, fmz, 500-word loc, freestyle beerdrinking, filksongwriting, 200-issue collation, apazine. Grant, Tim Kirk and Bill Rotsler, Steve Fabian would be prime contenders, but if it's set up on a point basis for each event, even some non-artist might win. I'd give my votes to Bill and Grant.

((Talented fellows, all of them, but I'd be betting on Jack Gaughan myself.))

Angus Taylor's sense of humor seems to be in fine condition, though in some respects I think Ursula writes funnier stories than Phil Dick. But then Taoism is a pretty humorous way of looking at the world. Her characters are often bumbling through, confused in the best possible way, and the villains are usually pretty inept, if they exist at all.

JOHN LEAVITT I really like Sandra Miesel's articles, even though she was way off
Maple Avenue on Lepante. The only thing Don John did showing any initiative was
Newton, N.H. ordering his left to attack in shallow water. The battle was close
03858 and only decided by the heavier firepower of the Christians, the
 first use of real naval artillery. And the Turks had another navy the
next year and were a real presence in the Mediterranean until the mid-1600's because
they managed to retain Cyprus and the Christians broke their alliance because of the
usual internal conflicts.

The acceptance of aggression she points out in Saberhagen is one reason I like him. I just read The Black Mountains a few weeks ago, and I prefer this series to the Berserker stories because it's one of the very few times I've felt magic and science were combined effectively in a world, and I think she should have given the series a little more space. This is the kind of sercon stuff I like, dealing with the ideas and sources and connections of things, not whether so-and-so is a better writer than this one over here because his syntax is less simple but more flowing.

((Right on! as they say. I liked Sandra's article because I both learned a lot from it and enjoyed reading it. She broadened my horizons while entertaining me, and what more can you ask from any one?))

Dammit, I only knew 9 of Liebscher's words, so I don't get the swooses. I have swonken mightily but couldn't manage to cut down a pun about the friend he has who crosses pheasants and ducks but calls them birds for reasons of propriety, agreeing that I could see why if he had twelve of them he might because any one could see that a dozen dusants was gross, but on paper I don't think it would work, would it?

Y'know, it's a curious thing, but every Philip K. Dick book I've read has impressed me tremendously, but about three days after reading it I usually forget it, and then when I stumble across it again I remember it affected me powerfully, but I can't remember why.

((Dick tends to mystify me completely. The occasional novel I think I understand, I enjoy a great deal, but mostly I put down a Dick book, shake my head, and say, "Huh?" But then I'm a literary deadhead.))

JAY KAY KLEIN 302 Sandra Dr. N. Syracuse, NY 13212	Sandra Miesel's article on Berserker Fred Saberhagen is fine, though I would take issue with her grad school English paper conclusion about Fred's being an artizan rather than an artist. The apparent thought here is irrelevant -- Fred is a Good Writer, and calling him either an artizan or an artist makes no difference (if indeed there is a difference other than some personal semantic quirk.)
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The unfortunate thing about Fred, as with so many other writers, is that he doesn't produce very much -- which I attribute to the fact that he has a full time writing job. When you have a writing-all-day job, who wants to write spare time? Fred did a great job on the Berserker stories at a time when he was, I believe, an electronics technician. Now he works for the Encyclopedia Brittanica, and I would expect in his spare time he does electronics projects!

GARY HUBBARD #2 208 Hubbard Ct Westland, Mich. 48185	I share with Walt Liebscher a love for words, but I'm more interested in what words <u>used to mean</u> and where they come from rather than what they mean right now. Words like 'zorilla', 'glunch', 'snash' and 'swink' are pretty rare and their meanings are pretty well set, but words that we use regularly change with the times. A word such as 'terrific' used to mean something that was terrifyingly horrible, but now it means that something is wonderful. 'Antique', which to most of us means an old piece of furniture, used to mean anything ancient; as in the poem "Ozymandias", Shelley meets "...a traveller from an antique land."
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Words that today we consider crude or obscene have pretty innocent beginnings. 'Bastard' which we consider a pretty harsh thing to call a person comes from the word 'bast' which means 'a barn', so a bastard is someone 'pertaining to, or of a barn.' Born in a barn, maybe? But if you say to a person, "You act like you were

born in a barn," you don't get nearly the kind of reaction you get if you call them a bastard.

'Twot', a word that might put you in mind of a female sex organ, actually means 'an oblong pit surrounded by a hedge', which might put you in mind of a female sex organ.

As for Walt's favorite word, 'fuck', I haven't been able to track that one down yet. Webster's dictionary avoids the word completely. The closest they come is with a reference to L.L.Fuchs, a German mathematician. I suspect that there may be some connection there, because I have had occasion to call his name out loud while working Algebra problems.

I don't believe in the Evil Machine, and I don't like to see machines portrayed as monsters, which is why I never liked the Berserker stories Sandra Miesel talks about. However, after reading her article, I may go back and re-examine some of Saberhagen if, as she points out, many of the stories are based on sixteenth century European history. I'm an advocate of the science-fiction-as-history school of thought. I think ancient and mediaeval history (and even more recent history, I just finished a book on Nazi Germany that read in places like bizarre fantasy) makes a very good source for science fiction stories.

((Then you should enjoy THE IRON DREAM by Norman Spinrad which purports to be a science fiction classic written by that popular raconteur and bon-vivant, Adolf Hitler. It's undoubtedly one of the best bad books I've ever read.))

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Sorry, Sandra, but much as I enjoyed the Berserker stories, I couldn't convince myself that Saberhagen had all that much writing talent. His characterizations are not only generally but nearly universally rudimentary; I can never remember which character is which, except through plot devices (i.e., who did what.) His exceptions are three, and none of them is human. First, of course, is the Berserker itself -- a magnificently complex blend of utmost evil and simple child-like faith in its own mission; alternately very direct and very devious; capable of insidious schemes and stupid blunders; and (most important for character portrayal) a growing, changing, learning entity. The second memorable character is the dog-like beast in the first Berserker story who learns an algorithm for a simple game to play against the machine while its human companion is incapacitated. The last, I suppose, is not even a character, but I remember it more vividly than some of the people in the stories: the hypermass that Karlsen is trapped by in "Face of the Deep." All this shouldn't be unusual, however, since this is after all science fiction, and we're used to things, scenes, machines, ideas and concepts being the main characters instead of people.

All the discussion of artwork, and getting fanartists to do same, plus that image of Gregg Calkins hunched over a lightbox, reminds me of something I've wanted to say in print for some time now, and that is to say something in praise of Ross Chamberlain. In this age of the electrostencil, the process of setting stylus to stencil threatens to become a lost art. But I recall vividly going to one of my first Insurgent meetings and seeing Ross sitting there at the lightbox, stencilling a cover for the revived FOCAL POINT. He had it drawn out already on paper, but he seemed to be creating it all over again as he worked; light shone through the stencil where his stylus had passed; he put one down and picked up another, to get a different line texture; he finished tracing the outlines and added a few more lines here and there for fleshing-out; he used shading plates of all different kinds for different sorts of solid-area filling; he actually worked with that wax-coated screen on its own terms, using its full powers and capabilities like few others know how to do. When Ross Chamberlain hand-stencils, it is a separate art-form.

MURRAY MOORE It's a testimony to your technical proficiency that I took great satisfaction in the discovery of a typo. I don't remember where it is Box 400 now but at the time the whole page was lit up with neon and flashing Norwich, Ont lights. The first sign of the decadence to come; perhaps there's more NOJ 1PO to your explanation for getting out than you care to reveal, hummm?

I may as well get "Creature Feature" out of the way by classifying it as the greatest folio that I for one have ever seen in a fanzine. Canfield outdoes Basil Wolverton here.

There were a few things beside the typo that bothered me, it either being a case of there being too many good things in number 13 or else they could have been differently arranged. Walt Liebscher's piece seemed to stick out at the time and does so even more now. My reaction to this is the same as it was to the written content of ALGOL 18; I liked most of it very much but the rest didn't seem to fit in at all, and I think the overall effect was watered down because of it. "What, No Mad Scientist?" ended a lot sooner than I expected; only after turning the page and finding Dick on the other side did I realize that instead of entering full flight the hundred yard dash was over. In this case synthesis of prose and art lead to a let-down.

More importantly, I wish that you had put the Liebscher piece between "Kumquat May" and "Creature Feature". I wanted to try and hold on to and re-explore the atmosphere of Rosemary's writing but I had no chance. Rotsler sucked me from Rosemary's last period and hurled me into the nova of Grant's portfolio. A short buffer between the two would have kept the pace more even and stretched out the emotional high.

((The actual design of a given issue of ENERGUMEN is a result of a combination of unavoidable physical requirements plus my own subjective ideas on what is a pleasurable arrangement of material. With every issue we please some of the readers and displease others, but either way it's nice when you care enough to let us know how you've reacted to what we've done.))

AND NOW A CREATIVE COLLECTION OF COMMENTS, COMPLAINTS AND COMPLIMENTS...

MIKE GILBERT: "Mr. Canfield shouldn't complain, he'll get a Hugo. For god's sake, the Hugo is a popularity contest and he does "in" art. Gee wizz, I'd like to win a Hugo too but I know better. I just don't do "popular" artwork -- I don't do cartoons, unicorns, or overworked fantasy decorative drawings. I don't do them because I don't enjoy doing cartoons, unicorns etc. I do illustrations. I'm afraid I don't like Mr. Canfield's work. I do think it is well done, but it suffers from the very things that I find repulsive about cartooning. I just, as an artist, do not like cartooning (classical forms.)"

DON KELLER: "Grant's portfolio is a gallery of marvellous creations, some of the most enjoyable stuff I've seen from him, indicative of a lot of hard work and attention to each picture. He's talented enough that all his illustrations are well done, but these just show more polish."

JAMES W. HARRIS: "I was sort of disappointed with Angus Taylor's article on Dick. It was too short, and he didn't cover A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM which is one of my favorite stories by Dick and one that I consider the strangest. It is also strange how this book is ignored. It came out in AMAZING a couple of years ago and hardly drew any comment. Then it seemed to take forever to come out in book form. I consider it an excellent novel, but I take it others feel differently about it." ((I read it in serial form but since I cannot remember the slightest thing about it, I conclude it did not overly impress me. I remember most Dick novels as striking me as very good or very bad -- i.e., incomprehensible -- but this one is a complete cipher.))

YALE EDEIKEN: "#13 seems like a total justification for your editorial: it was good but after I was done reading I could not help but think that I had seen almost everything in the magazine done before. It was an enjoyable experience reading but in the end I felt a little like agreeing with Mike Gilbert...damned if the zine didn't seem dull." ((From what I've heard, after The Cult wouldn't every fanzine seem dull?))

KENNETH FAIG, JR.: "You seem to be garnering quite a reputation for unearthing old fans and coaxing contributions out of them. Maybe you can go out with a blaze of glory with Claude Degler's autobiography in ENERGUMEN #15."

ALJO SVOBODA: "The staples are beginning to loosen. Loose staples are the result of procrastination, I say. And my cover is bending, curling, folding...it's warping, for Ghod's sake! What am I going to do? My ghod, what am I going to do?! No, you tell me. Have you ever seen a beautiful fanzine die? Horrible, horrible...Mine started out with inflammation of the staples, and continued with the creasing of the cover. It looks a lot like radiation burn. Just today complications set in though. A prominent physician has diagnosed this as a possible case of Twonk's disease, and while I'd thought it occurred mainly in human-type people, it's certainly not out of the question. They operate tomorrow, and transfusions, maybe from a few crudzines, maybe even a High Class Fanzine if a donor can be found. Probably not, though. Probably not."

GEORGE FLYNN: "Saberhagen's use of historical parallels is interesting, but sometimes overdone -- especially in "Brother Berserker", with those silly names-spelled-backward. (Which leads to an intriguing thought: does 'Sirgol' = Logres?) ... And finally: "hampsters"?!" ((Spelling never was my forty. And since Logris is an alternate form of Logres, that's undoubtedly where Sirgol comes from.))

TERRY HUGHES: "Angus Taylor's article may have been okay for many readers but not for me. I guess no written essay can really capture the real feeling I get from Dick's work. He can almost always draw me off into another world and the transition back from it is often difficult. Like after reading UBIK, I was afraid to touch anything that looked concrete and substantial for fear that it might dissolve in my grasp. Dick can really wreck havoc with my sense of reality. And I love it."

ANDY PORTER: October 4, 1972: "Just think -- 15 years today since the beginning of the space age. There are actually fans alive now who've always lived with rockets and satellites and all like that. Certainly is a wonderful thing... I just received the final gasp -- a 4 page art folio -- from Jay Zarembo of THE ESSENCE fame. Seems he's abandoned the search for meaning in fandom, debating, tennis (Really!) and Found The Answer With Jesus...May Burbee Be With You, Brother." "PS - Mighty-poo (XyawnX)... ((Yes sir, brethren, we've got all types on the old NERG mailing list!))

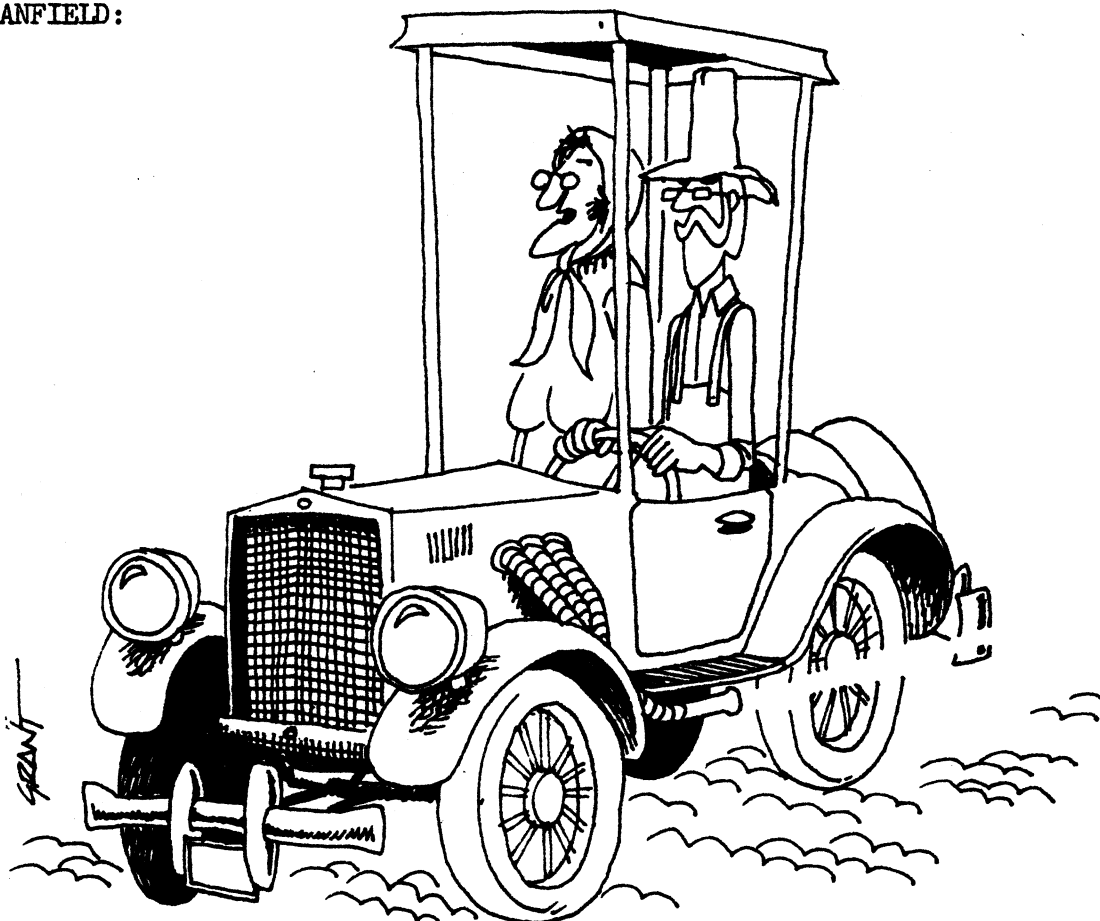
DAVID STEVER: "The Saberhagen article is very good, very clear, lucid, nothing over my head, and, by god, some of the conclusions I had reached, Sandra agrees to. I had always thought that an author who took an easily recognizable theme or event from past history or a more famous 'Classic' was cheating, but if Sandy doesn't mind I guess I'll do the same thing in the stories I'll write."

RON L CLARKE: "I enjoyed reading the ish but came across something I've been seeing in other American zines. This is the name "Arnie Katz" and his "zine" FOCAL POINT. You know, it's funny, but I don't really believe that such a person exists. Like, he never appears in zines other than American zines and I have never seen a copy of FOCAL POINT in Australia, though John Bangsund showed around at SINCON a zine purporting to be FP. I have heard of fans thinking up a fictitious fan, but an entire family and (supposedly) Hugo nominated zine? Come now! I think this thing has gone far enough and the cat should be let out of the bag."((Unfortunately, Arnie and Joyce seem to have gafiated completely so proof of their existance is no longer extant.))

RICHARD E GEIS: "Fine covers; and your handling of the artwork is on a Geisian level or better, and no higher tribute can be made, sir."((If you are referring to the art in SFR, I'll accept that as a compliment, despite its obvious understatement: but if you have REG in mind...All Fandom Could Be Plunged Into War, Sirrah!))

ERIC LINDSAY: "If Walt Liebscher is an example of what fanzines used to contain, I say bring back the old days. To produce such an amusing article from such a simple theme astounds me."

GRANT CANFIELD:



"That was the worst fanzine we've ever passed through... eh, Tiger?"

+oOo+

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Roy Tackett, Rose Hogue, Paul Anderson, Michael Carlson, Norman Hochberg, Sheryl Birkhead, Alpajpuri, Robert Bloch, John Prenis, Dave Piper, John Millard, T.W.Cobb, Gregg Davidson, John Robinson, Laurine White, Lafcadio Miroku, John Carl, George Scithers, David Shank, Houston Craighead, Gloria Ptacek, Devra Langsam, Ruth Berman, Lesleigh Luttrell, Thomas Nadeau and Mark Mumper.

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Most of those who responded to #13 included their reaction to the announcement of the planned demise of ENERGUMEN. Since it seems to me that the last issue, #15, is the place for such comments, I didn't use any of them here, and the best will be in the lettercolumn next issue. They'll be accompanied, we hope, by your reactions to the material offered here.

May 1973 be a successful, prosperous and, above all, happy year for us all. Peace.

