

HARPIES

NUMBER ONE - .20⁴

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Cover: Bernie Zuber

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All other work by Dick Schultz.

MiSFitS MEETING NOTICE

April 13, 1969

Be it here known that the Michigan Science Fiction Society (or MiSFitS) will hold their monthly meeting this coming April 13 at the residence of George Young. At 3:00 P.M., that first Sunday after Easter we shall on converge on George's place to celebrate the issuance of this fanzine, pass out Easter eggs and take pot-shots at each other.

This residence is at the moment located at: 12426 Mendota, Apartment 4, Detroit, Michigan. Unless you are otherwise notified this is where the meeting will be held. This is an enlarged meeting notice you might say....

Anyone wanting a ride is advised to contact one of two people.

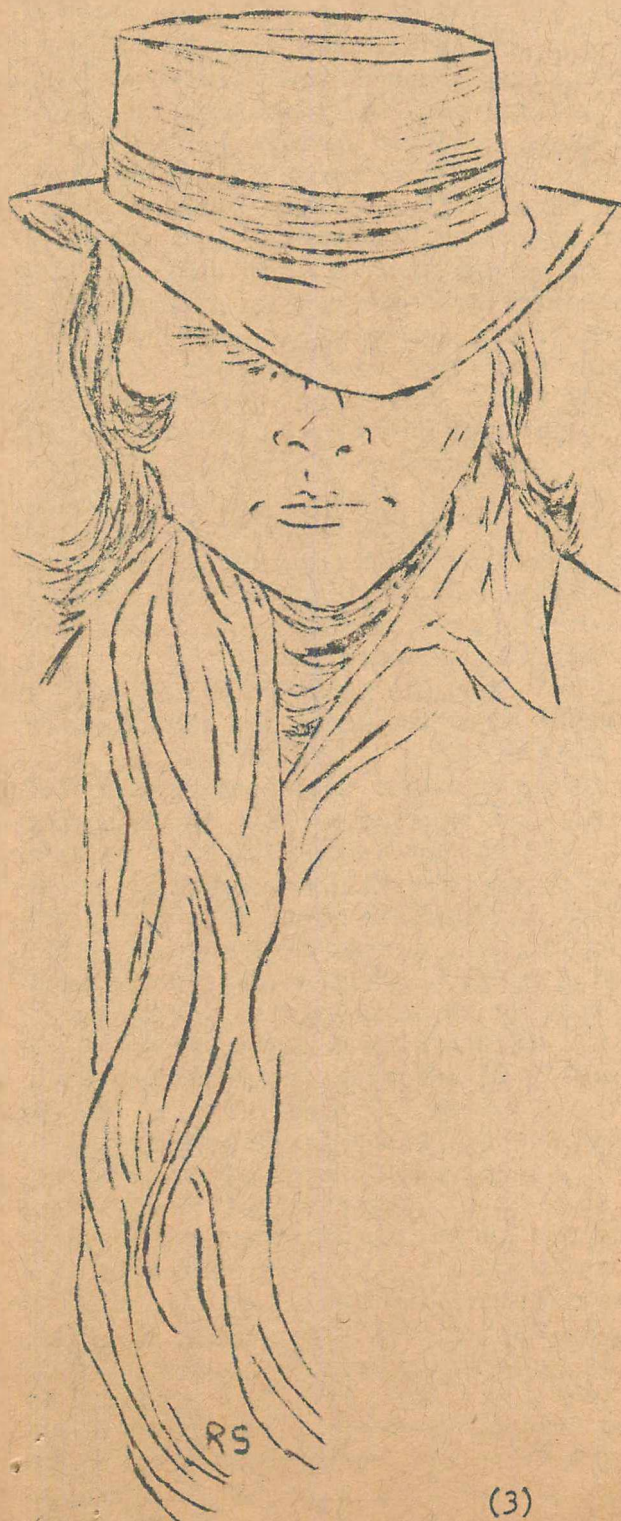
Howard DeVore at LO-5-4157, or:

Hal & Sandy Shapiro (who have just recently moved to 1035 Marlborough Apt. 101, Detroit, Michigan, 48215) at VA-3-2690.

We'll be seeing you.....

MALYUTKA

KRASAVEC



(3)

THIS MAGAZINE is being produced in response to a number of stimuli which have made their presence felt.

For one thing, both Howard DeVore and I are getting sick and tired of hearing No Progress from the other MISFITS wherever a State Of Progress report is made. So, in order to prove to the membership that something can be carried through to completion and performed quickly, we are endeavouring to put out this little fanzine within a week's time. Last Sunday, 5th, Howard got somewhat uptight about the non-progress of everything within the club and I echoed his sentiments. We are both as tied up with mundane commitments as any other person in the club, and due to EN GARDE and Howard's huckstering, have even less free time than the majority of the membership. Yet here we are producing a fanzine in less than 6 days work, and doing someone else's work too boot.

By the way, the title came about by accident, HARPIES happening to be the title Bernie Zuber had put on a piece of artwork he sent me. But it is singularly appropriate. Why? Because the bulk of the Detroit MISFITS are always harping about how Detroit should be more active and should bid for the WorldCon in '73 and should put out a club fanzine and pull in lots of new blood and become Wheels in fandom. Sort of a NFFF in miniature, with committees proliferating faster and faster and more and more work falling on the shoulders of the same old standbys.

But one does not become more active by talking about becoming more active but by becoming more active.

So, for all the Grand Plans and very earnestly meant cries of Real Soon Now, nothing is done. Oh, the plans themselves oftentimes resemble gilded medieval Nuremberg watches. Fascinating to watch in motion, gaudy and full of intricate interconnecting parts each in turn moving another cog or wheel in precise rhythm. However, putting one together takes a great deal of time, attention, love and already acquired skill. A real Doherty Project is one which is intrinsically unworkable, an unwieldy creation that could no more fly than it could give birth to little blue turnips. A MISFITS Project on the other hand is one that is a joy to see on the drawing boards and you know right away that it could fly...but it will never fly because no one will ever bother moving it from the drawing board to the shop floor and making a prototype model.

Unless DeVore or I put it together. This is no brag but fact. At the moment Howard and I comprise 80% of active Michi-



fandom. Frankly, neither one of us are all that active either. But if anything is to be done to obtain a WorldCon for Detroit, to make it a realistic effort and able to garner the WorldCon for Detroit, we're faced with doing it now. Not next month or after the MarCon. Now we start or we don't start. Period.

It also takes money to put forward a good WorldCon site bid anymore. Lots of it. St. Louis spent \$2000 or thereabouts to win the '69 WorldCon bid and Columbus, Ohio, spent nearly \$1000 to lose it. This is by no means any attempt to say that St. Louis bought the bid, far from it. But it does represent the effort St. Louis put into their bid, it does give you some idea of how badly they wanted it. As Ray Fisher and the Couch's know all too well, WorldCon bidding is getting to be a very very very expensive hobby...

That expensive a hobby is something that no one in Detroit quite frankly is willing to shell out for. Not me. Not Howard. Nor anyone else in the entire group. We could try, we could pass the hat around the group and around and around again until all the people in the group were moving and leaving no forwarding addresses. But it still wouldn't even come close to the amount necessary unless there were a few talented and devoted folk actually doing the work who were willing to put out another fanzine or make another regional Con instead of fixing up the back porch or such... Even though an Image is made and not purchased, the cost in \$\$\$ is still quite fantastic these days.

After the money comes the actual creation of the Image, that charisma of the group which can make or break the bid of any group. This Image is vital, as Ted White knew when he set out to destroy the Columbus Bid. And(4)

if you're not overflowing with great talents and fannish geniuses, this favourable Image might never come. No matter how much money you pour into the project or how hard you work. For though skill may be acquired, talent has to already be there.

What is more, St. Louis acquired a great deal of their deservedly favourable charisma by producing topnotch amateur publications in a steady stream, boosting the group with each intelligent page and each edruite utterance. Whether in print or at the hordes of regional conventions the group attended. In other words, for a good bid attempt, Detroit couldn't be satisfied with a few EN GARDES or FAPAazines. We couldn't just attend the nearest regional conventions. There'd have to be the Boskone and Disclave and PhillyCon and EasterCon and WesterCon. There'd have to be hundreds of pages of materiale produced, all of it in large circulations and more produced for other magazines. There'd have to be careful editing of our thoughts and words, to avoid unnecessary over-irritating of the mass of fandom or any sub-groups. We'd have to prepare ourselves to defend our positions against those whose first resort is personal insult instead of rational debate, and try to keep our tempers when provoked beyond all telling. In short, we'd have to kill ourselves for the next three years, expend every possible waking moment to propaganda and writing and visiting and letterhacking and boosting. Always keep our cools cool and our bank balances low.

Then face the prospect of all this going right down the drain and someone else getting the bid.

Also, we means in essence Howard DeVore and me. Not because we have any monopoly on talent, hardly that. But because we're the only ones who will do something as well as shoot our mouths about it. Sure, the others will help, some of them quite well and willingly. But in no case would the help come up to matching the workload.

All of which is a way of saying that Detroit is withdrawing from WorldCon bidding for the '73 site. I'm withdrawing and Big Hearted Howard DeVore is withdrawing.

Of course you'll probably hear a bit from some of the other Detroit fans. That is, if you attend one of the local regional conventions you might. You certainly will not be seeing it in the editorial of a fanzine, as you're seeing this. No one else here is going to put out a fanzine.

Actually they should feel grateful to me and Howard. Detroit fandom can now feel a weight taken off their shoulders. We've given them a perfect cop-out. From now on Detroit fandom isn't bidding for the WorldCon because Howard and I finked out on them.

If I sound bitter, it's because I'm acquiring the Laney Syndrome. Too many people in the world not living up to either their promises or the promise implicit within them.

At any rate, Detroit fandom both individually and collectively are now open to bids and persuasions. Due to personal association some will probably help the Columbus, Ohio group. And one or two more might back the new and young and inexperienced Chicago group. Also, New Orleans is running wild in the memories of some who fondly recall the NoLaCon of '51. But Dallas is already putting on an especially strong initial push with their DallasCon Bulletin and have become the people to beat for the '73 site. Reamy and crew are a vastly different bunch from the half-baked neophytes who staged a weak almost-bid for the '59 Con site. They are engaged in one of the most perfect textbook Image-building procedures that it has ever been my wonder to observe.

But before we all get wrapped up in our loyalties and before the slurs and slanders start up again, will you just remember a few things? First off, though Ted White might espouse the Bad Guys Lost and Good Guys Won theology when discussing the bidding last year for this year's Con site, none of the bidding guys are actually all Good Guys nor Bad Guys. They are all humans like all of us, short of span of years and prone to error and deserving of something more than labels. They are all of them rare souls who are willing to put out a heck of a lot of effort and money and sleepless nights and sheer emotional expenditure. All for the marginal pleasures and prestige of hosting a WorldCon. They're all doing fandom a service, a favor, whatever their psychological needs might be.

For this service, this privilege of bringing forth this fantastic four-day and five-day melange, they have to endure not only the vicious and petty attacks of the bidding season. But the petty abuses of every nit with \$4 in his jeans and have to listen to every type of hard-brained excuse of an idea that every incompetent and malcontent in fandom can possibly dream up and present to the Con Committee as God's gift to fandom progress. None of these incipient geniuses will do any of the work, of course, but you'll be aware of their mouths if you don't pick up the ball they've just dropped and run with it.

Lord, knows I've plenty of complaints about past WorldCon Committees and even one or two will probably come forth about the St. LouisCon. Like, the NYCon III Financial report, say, or you pick your own favourite gripe. But if they have failed in some respect or another, it was hardly through lack of trying.

After facing up to the problems and world load involved, I am frankly copping out. If you think you can do a better job, don't let me stop you. As a matter of fact, I'll be happy to attend the Convention. When's it going to be?

LITTLE BEAUTY refers to a lass whose presence and sparkling appeal has done more to retard production of EN GARDE than any other single factor facing me. I mean, who can type stencils at a time like this? A few words about her might be in order...

For one thing, Diana Rigg, at least after a fashion, introduced us.

You see, she's not a fan or a member of fandom, even though she reads the stuff omnivorously (along with most everything else). But she is (or once was) a real hard-core Diana Rigg and AVENGERS fan. One day finding herself at loose ends and in Hollywood, she decided to browse the cinema-oriented bookstores along Hollywood Blvd. Just in case there was something in one of them that might have to do with the AVENGERS.

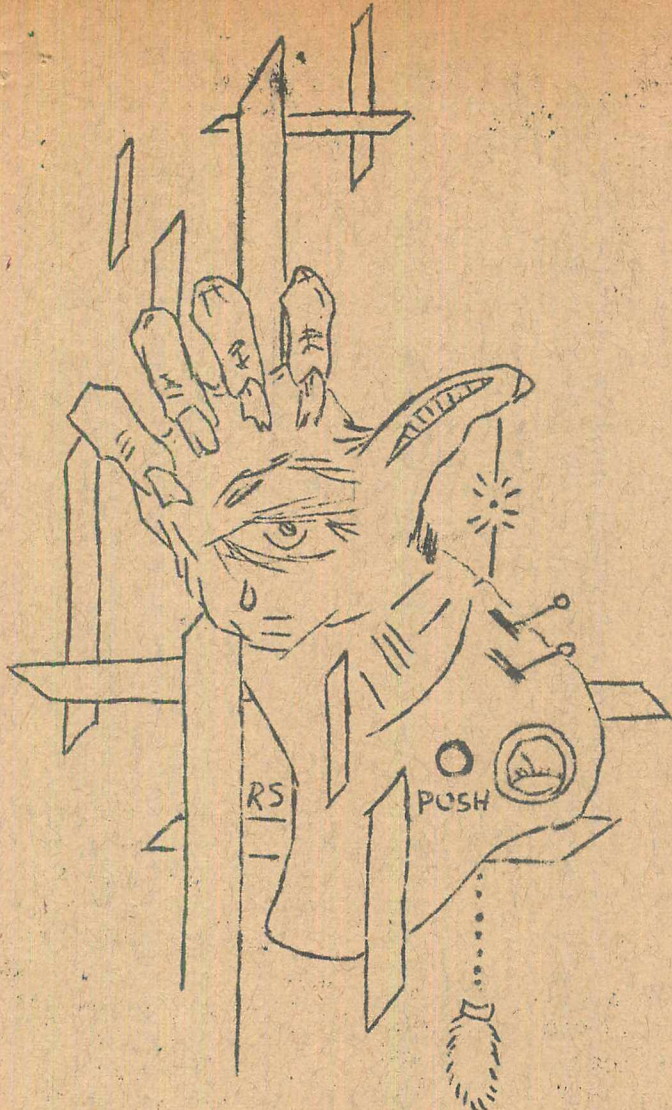
So you might say that we met in Larry Edmund's Bookstore in Hollywood, even though we did not actually meet face to face until September of '68.

When I went to California for the BayCon, I was persuaded by Bob McNish and Tracie Brown to do the Los Angeles bit as well, \$15 extra plane fare not being that much. A quick note and she dropped by the IASFS meeting back when it was still being held at Hobbit Hill.

She's rather a special person, a warm and sincere and honest and mentally and emotionally alive, it's no great surprise I could find her becoming a unique experience in my crusty life. That she could like me is a bit more surprising, but still she cares....

The only trouble is she still is out there in Los Angeles, and baby, that distance is killing me....

TANSTAAFL. Nothing is for free, I'll be seeing you....R. Schultz-



the Illustrated Man

VARITY, February 19, 1969

Ray Bradbury story survives fumbling of "auteur" Jack Smight. Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom star. For Young Adults. Hard sell can draw others.

Warner Bros.-Seven Arts release, produced by Howard B. Kreitsek and Ted Mann. Stars Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom. Directed by Jack Smight. Screenplay by Kreitsek, from a Ray Bradbury book. Camera (Technicolor) by Philip Lathrop; film editor Archie Matisheki. Musical score by Jerry Goldsmith. Art direction by Joel Schiller, sound by Francis E. Stahl, assistant director, Frank Nelson. Reviewed at W7 Studios, Burbank, February 11, 1969. (IMPAA Rating: M). Run ing time, 103 minutes. Panavision-color.

Carl.	Rod Steiger
Felicia.	Claire Bloom
Will.	Robert Drivas
Pickard.	Don Dubbins
Simmons.	Jason Evers
John.	Tom Weldon
Anna.	Christie Matchett

* * * *

"The Illustrated man" has going for it two major aspects: a derivative Ray Bradbury story; and, through a screenplay by co-producer Howard B. Kreitsek (with Ted Mann) an obtuse, time-fragmented, humoristic, allegorical morality play. These may add up to word-of-mouth by genuine and postulant intellectuals.

Rod Steiger and Claire Bloom star in the Warner Bros.-Seven Arts release, billed in the auteur fashion as a "Jack Smight" film. Smight's directorial flights of pretension lend some early instability, but the vehicle quickly settles eventually into far-out orbit. Carefull launching in smaller urban and near-campus situations, plus an extrovert sales campaign, and patience, can yield some good b.o.(box office).

Story is told in flash-back and flash-forward, from a rural lakeside camp occupied for an afternoon and a night around Labor Day, 1933, by wandering drifter Steiger and neighborhood boy, the top-featured Robert Drivas. Steiger is gradually revealed to be almost totally covered with tattoos -- he prefers the phrase "skin illustrations" -- each presenting some sort of adventure. Plot selects three of those adventures.

Besides the recurring touching of base at the country lake, Steiger and his story also necessarily return periodically to an even earlier time when Miss Bloom did the tattoo work. A real mystery lady, she is, and a tease at

that, Steiger admits he let himself get hooked long before his original purpose -- a toss in the sack -- was ever fulfilled.

The three major sub-plots are: Rod Steiger and Bloom, as husband and wife in some future time, where their children, Tim Weldon and Christie Matchett, literally wish their parents' death, as Drivas, now a marriage counselor, watches with horror.

Steiger, Drivas, Don Dubbins and Jason Evers as marooned astronauts on a perpetually rainy planet, with leader Steiger the most brutish, also the only survivor.

Finally, the two stars (again as parents, in an anti-Eden -- the supposed End of the World) where Steiger is torn between his heart and obedience to law in the slaying of his children.

The interpretations of the story are manifold. Steiger's character is apparently an eternal Adam, wandering through the ages and encountering challenges, the marks and memories of which are the tattoos. Miss Bloom is Eve, but to a lesser degree than Steiger is Adam.

Steiger's character, aware of his superiority to other animal life, but not sophisticated enough to lose survival instincts, stumbles and blunders through events in the way in which he believes is right. That such a man can survive in the future as he has in the past is evidently a tribute to man's gut tenacity.

Drivas, on the other hand, represents that very dangerous species of man who doesn't know what he is, or what he stands for. He is the cookie-cutter, machine-fashioned form without substance or character. He knows the right answers to the formula questions; shy, sensitive-looking, he is perfect for parties and banquets. Absolutely useless for any civilization where everyone must pull his share of the load. Significantly, this character is never shown in a position of sole leadership or rational authority.

At the climax, Drivas bashes in Steiger's head, from fear that Steiger will eventually strangle him. Steiger then attempts to chase his assailant, who has run away. Steiger's pekinese dog, yapping lower-order animal instinct, figures Drivas the best bet to survive and abandons the scene. Pic ends at this point -- it doesn't matter -- Adam will continue stumbling through life, sometimes with his imperfect Eve, with a batting average of over .500, and the (7)

Drivas (or Cain) characters will sometimes score their own transient brief moments of victory.

Steiger, Miss Bloom and Drivas project commendably in effective performances, although Drivas' mannerisms cannot at this point (this is his second flic but first major part) be pinpointed as his, script's or Director Smight's. Whether there's more to Drivas in film remains to be seen. For this role, however, he is effective. Steiger and Miss Bloom know what they're doing already.

Smight's overall work is erratic. At the start, Drivas has a nude swimming scene (rear-view only) photographed like a new-car commercial. What all this has to do with what is to come is certainly debatable. Also, within the main story movement, especially at the rural lake-side, where they had a camera crane that Smight wouldn't stop using, much of the direction seems forced, as if in apology for the plot substance there.

Elsewhere -- where the materiale itself is allowed to grab attention through writing, acting and physical production -- Smight is less self-conscious, often to the point of being pedestrian. There seems to be no middle ground.

Richard Sylbert is billed as visual arts consultant, and James E. Reynolds did Steiger's tattoo work. Phillip Lathrop, who can photograph anything, herein proves it again, but at some points, he looks as if he did simply what he was told to. Panavision and Technicolor lensing, including filters and other effects, is excellent beyond all doubt.

Jerry Goldsmith's score is very good, if a bit gimmick-laden in a few spots. Other technical credits are first-rate.

-Murf-

-Variety, 2/19/69-

Schultz here: Anyone heard anything about a proposed option on the movie's serialization rights, with the notion of making a (gasp, choke) teevee series of it? The potentialities of such a series are obvious -- almost as obvious is the fact that no one would bother with these finer qualities. C' est la vie....



“2001:”

Robert Toomey, Jr.

AND

Steve Harris

I'm a science fiction fan from way-back when, and when it comes to science-fiction movies, I'm especially easy to please. "Forbidden Planet" was fine, "The Time Machine" was great fun, and "The Day The Earth Stood Still" was downright brilliant. Then, when "2001: A Space Odyssey" opened and I learned that Stanley Kubrick directed it and

Arthur C. Clarke co-authored it, and it got fantastic reviews -- I was truly anxious to see it. Seldom have I been as disappointed in a motion picture.

Of course "2001:" has great special-effects, but let me warn you viewers -- that's all it has. Filmed with a conglomeration of every science-fiction cliché in existence, "2001" has no plot, no characters, not even a central unifying theme or image.

To possibly the most obnoxious and irritating musical score ever used in a film, Kubrick chooses to spend most of his two-hour, 40 minute movie with incredibly boring close-ups of his gadgets and gizmos. Kubrick takes us on a tour of his space station, and then from the station to the moon, a 30 minute sequence -- 30 minutes of nothing.

The height of Kubrick's car commercial approach is a ten minute sequence showing one of the astronauts trotting around the circular cabin of a spaceship. That's it, folks, just ten minutes of this guy running around the spaceship in his shorts. If that's your bag -- then "2001:" (A Space Odyssey) is your type of film.

But to many of us, this is not enough. Some of us like a message, or a story, or characters, or content, or humanity, or anything for that matter. To many of us "2001: A Space Odyssey" is indeed a totally empty motion picture.

-Steve Harris-

...And...

"2001: A Space Odyssey" currently playing at Cinema I, is a puzzling, contradictory film. It was produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, who was given a completely free hand with the filming, from a script which Kubrick co-authored with Arthur Clarke, one of the most respected scientists in the world.

The original idea for the movie came from a story by Clarke titled "The Sentinel". In the story, man reaches the moon at some unspecified date in the future,

and encounters an oblong structure there, proof that man is not alone in the universe. The structure is set-up in such a way that the presence of atomic radiation will trigger a signal to be transmitted to the aliens, warning them that man is on the loose, and presumably, dangerous.

In the Cinerama movie, the structure first appears at "The dawn of Man", when humans are little more than apes. In this instance it triggers thought and awe in the apes, thus setting man's upward evolution into motion. In a stunning sequence, an apeman finds that a large bone can be used as a tool. It is Kubrick's cynical assumption that this, the first tool, was a weapon used to kill.

Man does kill with it, and at the end of this prehistoric episode, he tosses the bone into the air and it becomes a spaceship travelling between planets. One cinematic dissolve spans millions of years, and the point is clear: Man, the tool-maker, has advanced somewhat.

But on the moon, in the year 2001, man finds the Sentinel once again. And again, in a scene strangely similar to the apeman's encounter with it, he exhibits awe and fear. What is it? Where did it come from? Man is not alone.

The Sentinel is transmitting a signal beamed at Jupiter, and man launches an exploratory probe to that planet in the utmost secrecy to learn if that is the alien base.

There are six crewmembers on that probe, three scientists kept in a suspended animation, frozen at a very low metabolic rate, two other scientists, played by Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood, who are awake, and an almost human computer named HAL 9000. In the course of the long journey, HAL makes an error, and the men decide to disconnect him. In a series of moves designed to preserve his identity, HAL systematically murders the rest of the crew, with the exception of the Mission Commander, Keir Dullea. Dullea performs, in effect, a lobotomy (or robotomy) on HAL, removing his memory banks, and therefore his mind.

The scene which this happens in is strangely sad, as HAL pleads for his life while Dullea slowly cuts off his circuits. "I can feel my mind going," HAL says, "I can...feel...it...going...please, Dave...I was wrong before, but I'm all right now...I can feel it..." And HAL reverts back to infancy, the time of his earliest programming before dying.

The time for the confrontation between man and alien comes, represented by a dazzling, but overlong, psychedelic light show. Dullea, in a pod, a small space vehicle carried in the body of the main ship, ends up in a place beyond time and space where he grows old, dies and is reborn.

The movie is overlong. An hour could have been cut from the two hour and forty minute running time without hurting it. Many of the scenes, technically brilliant as they are, are extended to the point of boredom. In the end Kubrick overreaches himself, and the profound statement he tries to make becomes almost silly. Perhaps he is saying that the thing we fear most is the familiar.

Not everyone will like "2001:", but everyone should take a crack at it, if only to see what a carefully wrought, scientifically accurate science fiction movie minus monsters is like. In the final analysis the movie is a failure, but such a magnificent failure that it almost overcomes its defects in plot, story and character. Almost.

-Robert E. Toomey, Jr.-

Editor, R. Schultz: As an aside to both of these critiques of the film, I might point out that nothing that occurs during the movie is an accident. Kubrick produced what must rate as one of the most deliberate cinematic productions ever filmed and canned. Everything, from the emotional death of the human-less humans on the moon base, and the way they indulged in idiot executive banter while discussing first contact with an alien race. The way the camera stayed with Lockwood in that exercise scene...until you realized that he was in an enclosed environment of a spaceship, he had to be, there was no other way to explain how he could act in that way. The very featurelessness of The Sentinel itself. Everything. All deliberate. And the ending? After all the preoccupation with man's toys and tools, man was reduced once more to one single man. His tools were useless, they had almost destroyed his humanity. It was time for Rebirth. And we had Starchild....

-Richard Schultz-

Le Valet

de roue - by SCHULTZ

*Being Book Reviews

THE NAKED APE Desmond Morris, Dell 6266, non-fiction, .95¢, approximately 190 printed pages of actual text excluding index, etc.

Every once in a while, we here in science fiction fandom are privileged to read a discerning and enlightening insight into the functioning of man and his possible role for the future. Sturgeon's Law applies with a vengeance whenever this attempted, but we continue to attempt to discover ourselves by whatever means comes to hand. And occasionally someone with the necessary talent and wit to write well happens to achieve that happy balance of inspiration and knowledge and brings us glimpses of Truths and what our possible future might be. Rare, unfortunately, but it continues to happen. Also unfortunately most of the time this insight seems to occur only in larger tidbits of chaff.

But over the years we have built up in fandom a relatively realistic picture of ourselves, our world and our species capabilities. We might see unclearly and unwell, but at least we try to see....

Though the average fan has more than his share of hang-ups and psychological anxieties, as a viable and functioning group, we do try harder. This constant attempting to achieve real-life Truth has formed a background to the sub-genre of sci-fi fandom for more years than most of us would probably care to admit. But it also means that concepts and views that are only now being generally accepted as valid by the young or the majority of the population are long-established in fandom as generally accepted things.

One of these series of truths, accepted even though rarely trotted out for re-inspection, is that man, the species Homo Saps is an evolutionary end-product of a great deal of mammalian development.

What no one to my knowledge has done, however, is gone into detail and established just what that process of growth and change has meant. Just what are the ties that bind us to our species past and will in fact dominate our species future...provided that we have any....

It was quite a surprise to me to find so many things that I had accepted as Truths present in one single truthful book. And the interconnecting skien of how those Truths about man came to be just that and what it bodes for the future. And all presented in what must be one of the most fascinating alive deliveries I've ever read.

You see, what Mr. Morris did was present Man, Homo Saps, or the Naked Ape, as merely another anthropological species and examines him in that form.



He deliberately avoids religious issues per se, but leaves us in no doubt that he considers the evolutionary process as a proven thesis. This book does not merely cover the physical, that being the source of enough distinctions in itself to give Mr. Morris twenty volumes of SCIENCE to fill in itself. But the social being, Man, as well. Neither is free of the other.

Mr. Morris's greatest strength lies not in anything greatly novel being presented, but in it all being gathered together in one volume and being structured as a fascinating essay, in the style of the very best fan writers.

It is a comment on the recent societal changes in America that this book can be published without hardly a ripple where fifteen years ago it would have raised gigantic storms of discussion.

In point of fact, Desmond Morris has performed the service of categorizing in one volume the facts that we now accept as facts, without undue theorizing and conjecture. And without bothering to attack any school of psychiatric theory or social behaviour. And yet he still manages to present value-judgments on many of the misconceptions and social superstitions still commonly held today.

These revelations, perhaps some would say minor, range in the thousands upon thousands, and range from a sociological defense of self-gratification as being non-harmful to the breeding patterns of the race, why we alternately get red and white in the face when we're mad, whether nudie movie actresses get laryngitis or skin rash more often, displacement feeding patterns and overweight pills, and do you know why we smile?

Together they point out a truth that the ideologists and fanatics ignore. Man and his real-life drives, his real-life needs are not going to change easily if at all. Therefore it behooves us all to understand what these drives consist of and how we use them or sublimate them today. Sex, rearing the young, exploring, fighting, feeding, seeking comfort and wiping out all other species of life on this planet that competes with us for food and space. Any societal system which ignores any or all of these real-life drives is headed for the scrapyard. It is significant that every social sub-group present on earth today that controls anything larger than a tiny island in the Solomons acknowledges these drives in some fashion or another. Communism, socialism, aesthetic Sino-Communism, Moslemism, Hinduism, lassize faire capitalism and our own socialistic Capitalism. You name it. We may cloak the fulfillment of some of those drives in semantic whitewash and divert others into acceptable sub-branches of the same drive-fulfillment. We may indefinitely postpone fulfillment of one for the good of the social grouping (as the Communists do with material comfort by promising Paradise for the children of the children they will have now). (As an aside, the American version is that each one of us can have Paradise now...if. If that person has enough ability to wrest money and goods from the economic system. The American Dream, or the node-point of the Mobile Society. It is interesting that the American Negro's primary discontent seems to rise from the fact that they do not believe this Mobility-image and thus reject it, as well as the premises that arise from any belief in upward economic and social Mobility. The Negro doesn't believe he's going to be allowed to get ahead and the average American who believes in upward Mobility can't understand why the Negro as individuals don't just go ahead and grasp some of the fruits and comforts. The oft-heard lament of Why Don't They Go Out And Earn What They Want? Talk about a communication gap....)

But at any rate, we must all allow those drives to function or there will be loads of trouble. Much of the racial discontent can probably be traced more to this rejection of the Mobility Dream and being unable to find an acceptable alternative.

But these drives must be fulfilled in certain restricted ways at times or we feel fantastically Unright and uncomfortable. The boundaries of What Is Right can be moved about a bit, but not easily nor cheaply.

Take pair-bonding. This is Morris's term for the relationship that occurs between the male and female of the human species. Not always legalized or solemnized, the pair-bonding is still at work. Every time a person lives with someone else the pair-bonding is in effect. No matter that some of the relationships are pitifully brief. Or that in the search for a partner some confuse the search for the fulfillment of the pair-bond drive. Even the Communist experiments of free love came a cropper against the puritanical morality of the Russian peasant and city dweller. And despite the supposed cracks showing in the pair-bonding principle today, it is still solid and will likely remain the same for a good time yet to come. It is the legal procedure that is cracking, not the drive.

In the book Morris mentions that this pair-bonding took place for very valid reasons. Man by himself is inefficient to deal with the problems and predators of the ancient world. But he has a magnificent brain, walks erect (thus enabling him to use tools) and he could use his brain to persuade other men to hunt with him in packs. A man-pack now as then has been something awesomely deadly in the way of killing machines, and no other beast could come even close to matching it in sheer ferocity and efficiency. But to hunt in packs, the usual animal gambit of the strongest male acquiring all the females and everyone else could go drop dead was not exactly workable. It is significant that hyenas and wild dogs are very strong pair-bonding species and are also ferocious pack-hunters, efficient and deadly against almost any prey alive. They are also especially strong on one-male to one-female pairing. There has to be a sharing of the females, letting the weaker members acquire their own female companions. For the good of the hunting pack.

This hunting pack might have made Man the #1 top-job on Earth but it also has created a number of problems. It meant that most of the adult males would be gone for extensive periods of time. It meant establishment of "territory". And it also meant that the females of the pack would be without their mates for periods of time and would have to accept on faith that the males would come back with food for them and the young. Which meant that the males had to be especially strongly bonded to the female and the female to her mate.

Also, to be such a fantastically efficient pack-hunter took a great deal of brain. Or rather very very little "instinctive" knowledge but the room and ability to acquire hordes of learning-training knowledge as necessary and keep on acquiring it. You just cannot have a fast-growing species and leave it room to continue developing its knowledge sectors for most of its life. To leave such room, the young had to be very slow-growing. Which meant immensely long periods of time in which Mama couldn't joint the father in the hunt-pack because she'd be tied down in raising the young. There were more and more reasons pointed out why the pair-bond had to be so especially strong.

Sex was evidently the answer. It is significant that the human female is the only female on the planet able to achieve an explosive orgasm and man is the only male that cares enough to try to produce this. Also man is the only creature whose natural physical characteristics make face-to-face relations the most comfortable method of coitus. Also, as an interesting aside of the sort with which the book is loaded, Mr. Morris points out that man is also the only animal with ear lobes. These pendant bits of flesh are generally fantastically sensitive (ask any woman who's had her ears pierced) and they are the first things to redden during any emotional reaction of any kind. The ear an erogenous zone? Perhaps.

Also, conservationists to the contrary, man can live with a rival beast only as master or after the species has been almost annihilated and then placed in a zoo for exhibition.

Goals, or exploring drive, is similarly rarely understood but is still a vital necessity to the species. In a human hive society goals must be readily available to the average citizen. No matter how facile or intrinsically worthless a manufactured goal might be, there must be one. Or else the society explodes.

Despite what the doctors prove, we continue to rot our lungs into uselessness with smoking. We stuff our gullets with sweets until we have heart attacks. This is not perverseness but the proof of still-functioning human drives. And so long as we continue to attempt to suppress instead of sublimating or controlling, these and many other human weaknesses will never be solved. Including warring on each other. Certainly nothing less than a vital need of the species would explain why we continue to fight whilst possessing the capability to completely sterilize the surface of this planet and a few others.

We must have goals, we must fight, we must have a mate, how matter how short the pair-bonding might be. We have conned ourselves into believing in the rationality of celibacy and chastity and the other side of the same false coin, free love or whatever the equivalent phrase is these days. These are more "rational" or "moral" whereas in cold fact they go against the species grain. No matter actually that society per se is becoming more and more the father-provider-hunter for the family. It is nought but an extension of the old pack ideology and pack function that everyone should help provide for the survival of the largest number of members of the pack. All the drives are still valid, and if you bother to throw off some of the pretenses and dialogue we've thrown around them, they are all still just as valid today, for all our civilized veneer and double-talk.

Quite frankly, in an era when there's a great deal of verbal exchange going on about the "new" interpersonal relationships and "rights" which are nothing more than privileges with precedent or none at all. When there's so much drivel mixed up with common sense and confusion intermingled with basic need fulfillment, and everyone is crying that the State should perform more or less of the proper functions of the smaller family unit. During these chaotic times it's rather entertaining to discover that squares like me have more in common with the so-called dis-associated youth than either of us knew. In point of fact, the protesting youth is simply opting for society, the hunting-pack in its present exquisite and ultra-refined state, to completely take care of all members of the pack. For society to discard the Upward Mobility way of life, to preempt the father-provider role but not to discard it and to nourish everyone regardless of need or ability. In short for the hunting-pack to fulfill most of the drives that are at present fulfilled within the family unit...or should be. We may disagree with each other on goals and ways of doing things, with valid and just cause for such disagreement. But we're still being driven by the same needs and trying to fulfill all of them.

Procreation and sex. Rearing the young. Exploring and competing and having goals. Fighting and re-establishing constantly our own status positions within the hunting-pack/society. Feeding and providing sustenance of all kinds for the future. Seeking material comforts sufficient to keep us physically and psychologically happy (and as the hippie is trying to re-prove at times, that isn't necessarily much). Competing on this world for all the food and space with other species and ultimately competing with the native fauna and flora on other worlds. Hopefully with a more careful hunting-pack eye for the future and without the blood-thirstiness that we've evidenced here.

For sooner or later, if our immense fecundity and drive to fight doesn't kill us off, we're going to encounter other species just as well fitted to completely dominate their home planets. And baby, that means a rough bunch of people, just as Campbell has stated ever again and again that the Homo Saps or Naked Ape Hunting-Pack is the roughest toughest thing on this planet. These aliens are going to be brainy and have their own set of basic drives, and if we aren't both intelligent enough to sublimate and re-channel some of them, we'll never be able to live together. The prospects for the species are not outstanding now, either, what with the present hunting-pack competition. But there at least are chances....

But first we've got to understand ourselves. This book is one tool that can be of use to many of us and immensely entertaining to every rational being on earth with wit enough to grasp its word usage and meaning. It's also a tool that every science fiction devotee and every sci-fi writer might in all conscience read and file away for usage later, for better understanding of our own drives.

This has been a totally unpaid testimonial.

THE RAINBOW AFFAIR Man From UNCLE Novel #13. By David McDaniel (otherwise known as Ted Johnstone), Ace books.

Though this is a little late to be reviewing, it is interesting to note that Mr. McDaniel is the only present proponent of the so-called "Tucker syndrome". If an author is suffering from this affliction he inevitably writes friends and cohorts of all types into whatever novel he's writing. Tucker made the affliction popular in fandom with his 1946 mystery, "The Chinese Doll". Since then various authors and authoresses of varying degrees of talent have made some name for themselves in sci-fi fandom by inhabiting their fictional worlds with well-known fans. Dave himself did this in his previous "The Vampire Affair", the #6 MAN From UNCLE pocketbook, with such as Ackerman populating the pages.

In this novel, set in England for a good part, he refers off-handedly to a vast number of English detective and semi-espionage agents to such a degree that it is a detective-writing in-group puzzle to see how many you can identify. Two of the characters involved rather touched me in a sensitive spot. And for the sake of the great unwashed who haven't boughten the book, here are the passages themselves, for all to view.

..page 42...

"Illya shook his head. "Anonymity seems to be a passion with these people," he said.

"Remember, they first came up with the idea of giving their secret agents

numbers rather than code names. Double-Cught-What's-his-name, for example."

"Well, let's hope we don't run into him. We seem bound to encounter everyone else engaged in the never-ending fight against crime."

Napoleon smiled as he slipped into his coat, for the May wind was likely to be chilly, and picked up the umbrella he had purchased the previous day. Slinging it jauntily over his arm, he preceded his somewhat dour partner out the door.

Saint James' Park was a fine fresh green lawn in the early afternoon sunshine, still sparkling from the morning's sprinkle. The air was clean and crisp, and all London seemed to have been sluiced free of smoke and haze. The two agents' mounted the steps of a stately house standing shoulder-braced between a pair of identical brownstones, and touched a bell beneath one of four speaking tubes. A moment later a voice filtered out, asking the obvious.

"Mister Solo and Mister Kuryakin, from New York. I believe we are expected."

Though the exact phraseology was not quite clear, the voice seemed to invite them in, and a second or two later the lock on the door to their left chattered as the electrical latch operated.

A flight of carpeted steps led them up to a dimly lit landing, where they could distinguish three figures apparently finishing a conversation. At the top Napoleon looked around a little uneasily, wondering just who they were there to see.

He hoped it was the girl, a sleek aristocratic redhead who gave him a single, direct, slightly insolent glance and proceeded to ignore him; but she seemed to be with the elegantly, almost foppishly dressed gentleman who was already settling a bowler above his broad British face with mathematical precision. He gave Solo and Illya a warm and sincere smile as he did so, speaking to the third man.

"You may as well spare the introductions, old man. I doubt that we shall be meeting these chaps again."

"I shouldn't be too sure," said the other, a short, spare man with bright eyes and a lined face. "You have a great deal in common, you know."

"That may be," said the girl, "but I'm not sure I'd care to find out how much." She gave Napoleon a longer, appraising look.

"Stop tempting Mr. Solo, you little minx," said the small man chidingly. "He's here on business and you must be off on yours." He made little shooing motions with his hands and the couple turned with a cheerful "Good afternoon" floating behind them.

The small man led the way to the front room, where a small fireplace held ashes reminiscent of the previous evening's chill. Their host indicated two chairs and took a third himself, speaking as he sat.

"I must apologize for all the secrecy," he said, "But this Rainbow business has gotten completely out of hand, and we're officially bound up in red tape. Legally, I can't do a thing to help you, because legally I don't know a bit about what's going on."

"That puts you on a level with us," said Illya. "I must admit to being more than a little confused by all these goings on. The only people who don't act like criminals are Scotland Yard, and they deny everything. Is there anything you can tell us, and if not, what are we doing here?"

Their host laughed delightedly, leaning back in his chair. "Of course, of course," he said. "I imagine all this seems like a game of blind man's bluff by now - well, in a way it is. But I've been wanting to get in touch with you since I heard you were coming over after the Rainbow gang. Something has to be done, and quickly. Scotland Yard won't, and I can't. My people aren't equipped or empowered to work inside the country, except for a few - the couple you just met, for example. Well, not both of them, actually. The man is one of our top professionals; the woman is a talented amateur."

"Amateur what?" asked Napoleon suspiciously.

"Practically everything," said the small man, with a chuckle. "She's tried everything else, succeeding superbly at all of it, and now she's taking a shot at the wider reaches of counter-intelligence. But that's not what you're supposed to be interested in. Did you come here to chase girls or Rainbows?"

...And do they meet again? Read the delightful book and find out.

Le Roue de Fortune



-being fanzine reviews
mainly by R. Schultz-
Rating system is the
height of simplicity.
#10 is tops, a 1 can be
considered to be a bit
off a negative value
judgment.

NO-EYED MONSTER #16, Spring 1969, from Norm Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville, Michigan, 48462. Available for trade, review, contributions of any kind, .30¢ @, 4/\$1.00.

The repro is bad, the mag itself is half this size and mimeo, in fact it looks like a crudzine even before you open it up.

Unfortunately it is still a crudzine. The earlier ones were worse, if you can believe it. Norm meanders through old pulps and books, he has some very sloppy limericks (including a matched pair about a MichiFan named Dick who'd like to take Steed's place and meet Mrs. Peel) and some of the most incredibly bad poetry ever written by Wynn Manners.

RATING.....1½

THE NEW UNKNOWN #3 John Merkel (PO 2), Box 33 USNAVCOMMSTA, Rota, Spain, FPO New York City, 09540. Trades, contributions, letters of comment, or .25¢.

Norm Masters prints this and makes it as ungainly as his own materiale. At least the art is better....

It's fiction. And it's bad fiction.

Rating....½

VOICE OF COMICDOM #14, Rudy Franke, 3413 Mt. St. Helena Dr., San Jose, California, 95127. accepted contributions, .25¢ @, 3 for .50¢, trade.

An enthusiast zine for the comic art type, thin (12 pages) and exquisitely done in offset. The art is exceedingly excellent, the interviews of the artists in the field are much too short and there are two continuing comic strips in it of more than passing interest. MONSTERS RULE by Richard Corben, an entertaining pulp sf theme and IN THE LOWER DEPTHS by our old cohort, George Metzger. It's a bit thin, as stated, but nice reading.

Comic, or illustrative art fanzine, but still..RATING....6

CARTOONIST SHOWCASE #6, Edwin M. Aprill, Jr., 5272 W. Liberty Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103. Single copies (choked) \$5.00 apiece, subscriptions at six for \$24.00.

Yeah man, it's an expensive thing. But if you really would like to see what those newspaper comic strips look like when they're printed and treated as the examples of illustrative art that they are, here's the place to look. Mike Royer's TARZAN, Al Williamson's SECRET AGENT X-9 (Al is the forthcoming Detroit Triple Fan Fair GoH, along with Ed Hamilton and his charming wife, Leigh Brackett) and Peter O'Donnell's MODESTY BLAISE. 84 pages of exquisite offset, color covers, and quite frankly, the MODESTY BLAISE strips are about 18 cuts above the books.

Again, special interest only, but in that field I must rate it high indeed.

RATING.....9½

NARGOTHROND #3 and #4 (combined in one issue), Rick Brooks, P.O. Box 5465, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211. Trades, contributions, letters of comment, .30¢ @, 4/\$1.00.

Large, beautifully mimeographed multi-color thing, the editor and friends, however, could use a large injection of editorial discrimination to go with their fantastic improvement in magazine presentation.

Actually, though rambling the editorials were interesting, the article pointing up the one-one relation between the Sassanid Persian Empire and Poul Anderson's Merseians (Flandry series) are the best things in the issue. Now if they'd just cut out the puzzles and games and start chopping up the lettercol...

Captain Future was well reviewed here by Rick Brooks, who evidently likes the old Blud and Blunder sagas.

Very much on the way up and already better than 75% of the beasts we get through the mail.

RATING.....7½

LOCUS #22, Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx, N.Y., 10457. You can contribute news to it or money, or if you're very lucky, a filler illustration. Subs go for 6/\$1.00, 12/\$2.00.

This is where it's at, as the slang goes. The most complete, fresh and lively news sheet in science fiction fandom (or any other fandom for that matter). If you don't get this, you're out in the cold. It's good, very.

Actually a special category, that of newszine, but tops. RATING.....9½

THE DWARF'S HUMP: A CYCLE, Harvey Tucker, Black Sun Press, 70 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11201. \$1.00, trades, etc.

4 POEMS FOR A CHOCOLATE PRINCESS Michael Joseph Phillips, 109 North Clark Street, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401. \$1.00 and trades.

Both of these are reviewed together because they comprise part of that unseen but well-slandered body of amateur publishing known as the "little poetry magazines." And that's just what they are. Obscure poetry, very arty use of scads of white space, free form prose, over-priced and very thin. Beautifully reproduced, true, but.... Am afraid it's not my bag.

RATING.....1

BULLETIN, March/April, The Christopher Lee Fan Club, Gloria Lillibridge, 281 Center-ville Road, Watwick, Rhode Island, 02886. Comes with the membership in the Chris Lee group, \$2.00 a year.

It's pleasant, informative and interesting as well as being tidy and adult in tone and content. This is not any group of squealy teenagers, believe me. Anyone interested in Chris Lee and desires to learn more from Chris himself on what is happening these days, should join. Mr. Lee is quite enthusiastic about the group and assists accordingly. Now if I could only con Diana Rigg into assisting me.....

Special interest, but for the field quite readable. RATING....7

MUNICH ROUND UP #104, Waldemar Kleinmair, 8 München 12, Schwanthaler Strasse 174, West Germany. Available for trades, contributions, or money at 1 DM apiece, 6 for DM 5.50, DM 10 for 12 issues.

The Official Organ (O-O) of the Munich Science Fiction Club Deutscheland group. Waldemar Kunning, Walter Reinecke, Walter Ernsting and others are responsible.

It is, at the moment, one of the top German ganzines, and has been that way for years. But you've got to understand German to appreciate the fact. Foreign language zine, but still..RATING...5

THE SLEEPY DUSK #7, Will Schubert, 194 Ferne Court, Palo Alto, California, 94306. Available for trade, contributions, and money at .20¢.

Eight pages of lousy offset. Will gained nothing by switching from ditto to offset and I'd just as soon he switched back. The contents are, as usual, devoted to monster movies. RATING.....1

STAB 61, John Koning, 318 South Belle Vista, Youngstown, Ohio, 44509. Available to all good Diplomacy players for interest, trade and money. Try .25¢.

For some years now there has been an active sub-genus of person about who plays DIPLOMACY, a war game, through the mails. The game itself is not all that wild, but it gives free rein to those whose impulses run towards diplomatic maneuvering, international power politics, treachery, strategy, tactics and writing outlandish and often hilarious Press Releases for publication in the Official Organ of the postal games. It's a load of fun but not for everybody.

If you are interested in war games with a thoroughly tongue-in-cheek attitude implicit in all the players and editor, try it. RATING.....6

BLACK ORACLE #2, Bill George, 5023 Frankford Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 21206. Ostensibly a horror film offset fanzine, the editor delves into too much other...and good...materiale to be exclusively labelled thus.

Physically the magazine suffers from being a positively freakish Birthday Card size thing, the offset is good and legible but very nearly unreadable due to the minute size. Which is a shame, because Bill George is an entertaining though young editor, and has that indefinible ability to present what he says quite well. A nice article on Diana Rigg also inside, as well as relevant book reviews. RATING.....5

If it wasn't for that mind-bending print it'd be higher.

PLAK-TOM #12, Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware, 19711. Apart from the encyclopedic (and rare..and infrequent) issues of SPOCKANALIA this is where it's at, if you're a STAR TREK or Nimoy/Mr. Spock fan. The zine itself is physically beautifully well done, good art, informative and entertaining. A must for the ST hard-core, the rest of you might be quite pleasantly surprised by the contents if you try one. Available for trades contributions, clippings and news, 5/\$1.00. RATING...8½

KIPPLE #160, Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212. For trades contributions, letters of comment or .20¢. For some years now Ted has been producing this monthly journal devoted almost entirely to political discussion. I suppose most people would call Ted a few names, but he's intelligent and acts like it. His notes on the Vietnam war are especially valid, and the lettercolumn is a free-wheeling thing in which the intent young things desiring revolution for its own sake are as apt to be politely picked apart as any other shade of political or activist leaning. Ruddy interesting but obviously not everyone's cup of tea. Special interest. RATING.....6

DALLASCON BULLETIN #1, DallasCon Binding Committee, P.O. Box 523, Richardson, Texas, 75080. It's free for show of interest. Physically it is one of the most exquisitely reproduced fanzines I've seen in a long time, being full-size 8½ X 11 Offset. This is a propaganda broadside for the '73 WorldConvention bid and doesn't pretend to be anything else. In effect the Dallas people are proving rather than saying they're active and interested in having the '73 Con appear in Dallas. Mostly ads and information. RATING....4

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #164, Frank & Ann Dietz, SFTimes, Inc., Box 216, Syracuse, New York, 13209. Offset, 8½ X 5½. If LOCUS is the newspaper of the science fiction world, a good analogy might be that SF TIMES is the Newsweek. A bit more infrequent than LOCUS, and leaning heavily on pro field news, the outlook and intent is different for all that they are both newszines. RATING...8

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER #12, Peoria High School Science Fiction Club, from Don Blyly, 825 West Russell Street, Peoria, Illinois, 61606. Trades and contributions, plus money. .15¢@, \$1.25 for 10, \$2.50 for 20.

They're for real. A real High School s-f clubzine. Unfortunately it reads like it too. Apart from the neoishness which time and talent should remove, they should drop the fiction. RATING.....2

TANSTAAFL #7, John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Drive, Wilmington, North Carolina, 28401. For trades, contributions, letters of comment or .25¢@.

Quite frankly it looks like an average amateur fanzine, bad inking common, etc. But the whole thing is resplendent with enough good material for three average fanzines, and it's just 32 printed pages long. Bill Kunkel objects to National Insider and the other filthy tableids, a short free form poem as an excuse to present a lovely series of illustrations, a swinging letter column and a disjointed movie review mixed in with art ranging from very very good to excreable. Very uneven, but a heck of a lot better than what it used to be in both materials and presentation.

On the way up if he stays with it.

RATING.....5

NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #4, Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, Virginia, 23605. Trades, contris, letters, art, money, try .25¢.

Ditto, lovely Stiles cartoon cover, lots of bad poetry (what is it with poetry these days?) and a Dean Koontz jab at the so-called educational system. RATING.....3

RATAPIAN #1, Leigh Edmonds, 3/12 Redan Street, St. Kilda, Victoria, 3182, Australia. Trade, contris, art, letters of comment, .50¢@, \$1.20 for two, \$1.80 for three. Would you believe Australian science fiction fandom LIVES!? Well, it does, at least in the person of Leigh Edmonds. And lives quite nicely too, thank you.

It's a lovely thing. The faaaaaan fiction (as differing from that shoddy beast, fan-written regular fiction) is light and readable, the editor is zingy, Baxter categorizes the Fantasy and Horror films of the '30's for us. It's a sercon kind of zine, but well done and deserves a great deal more attention than it's probably going to get. RATING....7

COMIC ART #7, Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Drive, Mentor, Ohio, 44860. Trades, letters of sufficient worth, and money as well as accepted contributions.

Most of the comics zines around are offset. Which usually is a means of presenting mediocre materials in an overly-expensive setting. COMIC ART is impeccable multi-color mimeo, lovingly presented materials of exceptionally readable and worthy calibre, and it makes most of the offset comiczines look more than sick.

Reason? In a sub-genre filled to bursting with imitations and bad cartooning, Don & Maggie concentrate on in-depth studies of the field and how and why it is the way it is or was. You don't have to be a comics or illustrative art buff to appreciate COMIC ART. It's that well presented.

In this issue Don & Maggie give a hitherto-disreputable sub-section of the comics field the respectability and study which I, for one, have long felt it deserved. The Carl Barks Donald Duck stories. Maybe it's just nostalgia, but it's damned good nostalgia....

Donald Duck may sound juvenile to some. But there was a warm gentleness behind even the most biting barbs of the irascible duck, and an originality in thought that was rarely even attempted in the super-heroes.

And what is more, Carl Barks pulled it off. The art was always good when Barks handled it, and the stories had an air of implausible rationality behind them that managed to carry you through no matter how outrageous the idea. Who can forget the Junior Woodchucks or Gladstone Gander? Or when Scrooge McDuck needed several millions to salvage the McDuck fortune?

So get a little nostalgic and read #7. It's about the only really entertaining study of the field that I've read since #6.....

RATING.....9½

FANTASY NEWS #9, Harry Wasserman, 7611 North Regent Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53217. Irregular, very nearly quarterly, .35¢@, 3/\$1.00, trades, contributions of materiale or art, letter of comment, review.

In contrast to many of the impeccable (and not so impeccable) offset crudzines in the Horror Movie fanzine field, here is an impeccable mimeo one. The illos are electrostencilled when deserving of it, the materiale is at least comprehensive and literate, and it all bears the indelible stamp of having actually been edited before publication. Too many fanzine editors are publishers and do not edit. Harry does. It shows in the materiale.

Inside we are treated to more information than I cared to receive on a crummy professional horror-film magazine called CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN (which didn't deserve a tenth of that much attention) to a series of overly-generous movie reviews. Throughout the magazine, you get an impression of an enthusiast of considerable talent and taste. I am waiting for him to abandon the horror-film category for a more general cinema-and-literature zine, which trend is already present in the magazine. Superior horror-film fanzine fare.

RATING..8

CRY #179, Vera Heminger, the Busby's, Wally Weber, 30214 108th Avenue SE, Auburn Washington, 98002. Contributions, agreed trades, some letters of comment, or .40¢@, no sub larger than \$2.00.

I can remember when this was the devil-may-care hard-bitten old crusty carefree, free-wheeling illo-less CRY OF THE NAMELESS (ONES) of Seattle. Now it's been revived despite protestations of death some years ago (and at last count the temperatures are still warm in Hell). Agent of the ~~Boskone~~ Revival is a zingy lass named Vera Heminger, one of the ones brought into the field by STAR TREK. For which prasies be to Roddenberry. It's full of Busbyisms like Selectrics That Blow Their Cool, Hemingerisms like Kompewtur's and Wally Weberisms like getting Nixon to change Christmas around.

It's that kind of a fanzine, baby, and if you can't dig a little humour you might just as well pull up your CAPTAIN FUTURE collection and go elsewhere. For the rest of you In types. The lettercolumn has already become an echo of its old self, though we still haven't got Alma Hill knitting any more socks for Avram Davidson, Mike Deckinger getting loaves of bread through the mail, Ella Parker being called a SCOW by Wally Wastebasket Weber, or Renfrew Pemberton's Bicycle pedalling through the prozines.

But it's getting there.

RATING.....9

GORE CREATURES #14, Gary Svehla, 5906 Kaven Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 21206. For trades, contribs, or .30¢@. Mimeo and underinked.

This is more of a standard horror-film fanzine, including the hordes of one and two-page non-reviews, crowded appearance, illos of vampires and ghouls and such. The editorial presence is amateurish and weak, unfortunately, and his materiale really isn't that good otherwise. This particularly shows itself in the lettercolumn, where the letterhacks are allowed to ramble on and on and on until you skip it in utter boredom.

Special interest, sure, but FANTASY NEWS is delightful, so it isn't just the materiale presented, but the way it is presented. GORE CREATURES is irritating especially because so much effort has been expended to present mediocre and less materiale.

RATING...3

BROEDINGNAG, Volume 3, #92, Eduard Halle, Post Office Box 993, Gainesville, Florida, 32601. Trades, palyers and subscribers at 5/\$1.00 or .25¢@.

and: ACEIDAMA #10, John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, CANADA. Trades, player, subs go for \$1.00.

Both of the above are other DIPLOMACY Postal Game Official Organs and both are poorly reproduced but well-intended, and both are full of goodies for the war-games enthusiast.

All others need not bother.

RATING...3

WHAT ABOUT US GRILS? #1, Joyce Fisher, 14404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri, 63108. Letters of comment, trades, contributions and initial sub of .40¢.

A commendable first effort by three lasses of Saint Louis Missouri and run off on Ray Fisher's press. You know what this brings me back to? The Good Old Days of FEMIZINE, or what FEMIZINE would have been if it had had decent repro, and good art. The lasses are still getting their feet, but this is liable to be one of the most distinctly female-edited fanzines ever produced in the field. And I'm not knocking it, either. Entertaining first issue.

RATING.....5½

TRISKELION #2, Danielle E. Dabbs, P.O. Box 3923, Bryan, Texas, 77801. Trades, contributions and .50¢ at a time. A thick multilithed and impeccable fanzine of pleasing appearance but mixed materiale.

This is one of the STAR TREK group of fanzines, and the editress (editrex?) makes no bones about being just that. The materiale is a very mixed bag in more ways than one, ranging from a superb run-down on the U.S.S. Enterprise itself by Hal Clement to more (mediocre) poetry poetry by Jane Peyton. But generally the articles and fiction is readable for their own sakes, and are a good cut above the usual fan-written fiction.

Danielle happens to be one of those charming and enthusiastic lasses who are at present gracing the science fiction conventions. And I for one can only hope that many of them, such as Danielle, stay with us. She has enthusiasm and is acquiring an editorial eye.

RATING....7½

MOR-FARCH #2, Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ, ENGLAND. Trades, contributions of art or materiale, some letters of comment, two shillings per issue, or .25¢ from Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. 8/6 for 5 issues or \$1.00 for 5.

This is what can only be termed one of the New Wave, or New Era British fanzines. Some of us recall the TRIODE's and BRENN'SCHLUSS's and HYPHEN's of the past. Some can remember what can now be viewed as the change-over period, VICTOR and SMOKE and KOBOLD. But now the appearance on the English scene seems permanent of what is known as the Angry Young Man in print. Peter Roberts is unhappy with the world the way it is, yet he is no leftist or yippie. He is literate and wants better science fiction but he isn't going to let sloppy materiale slide by. In short, after a few fannish generations of the Wilises and Lindsay's and Bentcliffe's and Ron Bennett's, and those other gentle souls, full of wit and pithe, Roberts very likely represents the newer and younger generation. Judging from MOR-FARCH, for all its spotty repro and mixed bag of materiale, the old English flair for inserting taste and flavour and content into their journals has at least survived the change-over.

RATING....7½

KRUMHORN #1, same as above. This is the lettercolumn to the above. Many of the old names are gone, the ATOM-crittur is absent, there are no John Berry Factual Stories, and the repro is lousy. But it's still got the old flavour. Maybe it's the 8 x 10 paper.....

OSFIC #2, Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, CANADA. Trades, contributions of all sorts, letters of comment or .25¢.

Peter Gill is suffering from lack of good materiale. So he pads what he has and writes the rest. This is a common thing in science fiction/fandom fanzines. However, Mr. Gill has performed the unforgiveable error of loudly proclaiming his dearth of materiale and then even more obviously performing the padding and editorial space-filling jobs. True, HARPIES is in much the same boat, but we do try to be more subtle about it.

RATING.....7

~~SCOT~~ #50, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England. American agent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, California 94701. Available for trades, contrihs, letters of comment, money, 4 for \$1.00 or 8 Shillings, English. Single copies .25¢ or 2/3d.

Ah, 'tis a lovely experience traipsing through the pages of SCOT. Not only is it still one of the most pleasant and lovely fanzines around, it is now one of the very few fanzines still around with the flavour of the early sixties and late fifties. It's a bonny flavour.... All the way from what must be one of the very last bearers of ATOM covers to Ethel's N TTERINGS in the back. It's a thin issue, most of it written by Ethel and the rest lettercolumn. But it's obviously some of the best-written editorial and letterhacking around, only CRY and SF REVIEW having better. RATING...8

HAVERINGS #36, same address and editrix as above, same Yank agent. 6 for \$1.00 or 8 Shillings English, single copies 2/3.

Essentially this is a fanzine review thing, and Ethel does a pleasing job of it. Fairly complete and authentic, the only trouble being her geographical location. By the time most Yank fanzines get to her, get reviewed and sent back, some time has passed. But it remains the best ledger-book for British fanzines and the steadiest reviewer for all the fanzines, including Yank. If you want to know what's published, get it. RATING..5

S F REVIEW #29, aka PSYCHOTIC, Dick Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, California, 90403. Available for trades, contributions (and they better be good, baby) and .50¢@, \$3.00 per year, English rates 4 Shillings apiece, three for 12 Shillings. English agent is wee Ethel, address above for SCOT.

Intrinsically speaking, a 10 rating for any fanzine is impossible, because we all fall short somehow, somewhere in achieving perfection. Yet you'll notice at the end of this a 10 Rating. Simply because it's the only fanzine going around at the moment that is the closest thing to perfection that we have. It is also the only one that should get the Hugo.

Which allows me to state something.... EN GARDE, my own AVENGERS-oriented fanzine is dearly loved (of course) by my own self. And there are doubtless a few people who don't get many other fanzines but EN GARDE. But love aside, the comparable differences between EN GARDE and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW are such there should be no doubt in anyone's mind as to which of the two are more worthy of the Hugo award. I'm voting for SF REVIEW and I'm hoping all the rest of you do too.

This issue of SF REVIEW, as usual, has some of the most fascinating bickering and revelations ever put forth by the pro-writer segment of our population. Dick has some of the best commentaries and coverages of what is happening in the professional field, pocketbooks, prozines, editorial and writing shifts, that it is suddenly apropos to be called Science Fiction review instead of Psychotic. This is where it's at, baby. RATING...14

I even find Ted White fascinating....

ERBivore #4, Philip J. Currie, 1224 Ingledene Drive, Oakville, Ontario, Canada. For 4 issues send \$2.00, contributions and trade.

This is done in very good offset, but suffers from two glaring faults. It's too thin and it tries to cover too many things in too short a space, resulting in barely-superficial coverage of a multitude of things. And frankly, I could have done without th How To Paint Tarzan article. Better luck next time, Phil. RATING...3

LE ZOMBIE Christmas '68 issue, Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745. For past favors and FAPA members only. A whiff of the past....

Tucker has one of the most finely tuned sense of humor in fandom, and rare appearances like this only make me wish he were more prolific now. From the Bloch column to the classified ads on the back ("Star treks on your living room floor? Get spock remover today, only \$1 from Enterpriser Enterprises, Hollywood.") and one-liners ("absolute zero leaves me cold"). Then we have Lamont "Dean Gremell" Cranston on the bacover... RATING..6

~~INSTANTIAL CECIL~~ #1, Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BSA 5DZ, jolly old England. Trades, request, letter, etc.

This is an interregnum issue from Peter Roberts to say that MOR-FARCH will be somewhat delayed and in the meantime here's something. Anything. This one is all fanzine reviews but he covers them in depth. Very thin tho. RATING...4

SHANGRI-LA Affaire #75, Ken Rudolph, 745 North Spaulding Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90046. Trade, contributions, some letters of comment, \$2.00.

72 pages of beautiful offset, lovely, simply lovely artwork and scintillating materiale inside and that Barr cover... Though Ken may never win a Hugo with Shaggy, it'll be because SF Review won it instead. Easily one of the best and most entertaining li'l things around, full of pros and Dick Bergeron and Tim Kirk/Bill Rotsler portfolios and "The Village Storybook" by Len Bailles, the last named I wish to hell Len had sent to me...it's the most complete study of "The Prisoner" teevee series I've yet to read. If they're willing, I'm going to try to re-print it for the slightly different audience EN GARDE has, and I abhor normally to reprint anything that recent that's had such a wide circulation in fandom already. The lettercolumn ends things for this issue, but I hope to see Shaggy out again Real Soon Now. RATING..9

HUGIN AND MUGIN #7, the Official Organ, or clubzine of the ACUSFOOS, the s-f club at Carleton University, Ottawa, Canada, from Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. Trade, contriubs, letter of comment, old fanzines, review and .25¢ an issue, no long-term subs.

HaM is a fascinating contradiction of itself. Fascinating because so much of it is top-notch. The Labonte editorial, the Derek Carter cartoon cover, the non-convention report report by Rowan Shirkie, the only outfit still using interlimeations. And with this is an average collection of fanzine and book reviews, lettercolumn and bad fan-written fiction. Get it for the good stuff. RATING..7

MATHOM #1, Lisa Tuttle, 6 Pine Forest Circle, Houston, Texas, 77027. Clubzine for the Houston S F Society, the usual, contributions earnestly solicited. (And here I was thinking she wasn't the sort of girl to go around soliciting....)

Actually Lisa is an earnest young thing who has followed the time-honored prodecube of all fanzine editors, putting out their first issue. Find a means of duplication, garner enough materiale to produce something and mail it out. This results in most first issues...as this one is a perfect example of...being pretty far from the mark in appearance and quality. Rare it is indeed to find a epochial first issue.

In this one, replete with much poor artwork poorly mastered and worse poetry, coupled with mediocre book reviews and the rambling editorials rightly associated with this particular journalistic type. But she has spirit, youth and a certain air of competence. In the future, if she continues with fmz publishing, she's going to get a lot better a lot faster. RATING...4

SANDWORM #6 Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87112. Available for trades, accepted contributions, .20¢ an issue, only .20¢ at a time, and presumably for some very few selected letters.

Sandworm began its life as a crummy little typical fanzine. But in true worm-to-butterfly metamorphosis, Bob has turned it into a beautifully reproduced mimeo fanzine, thick in pages and content. Gem of this issue is a hilarious visit to an acid-rock musique center by Alexis gilliland, but throughout the mag Bob comes on very very competent and pointed. He would make a fine columnist for someone some day... RATING...7

BAYCON 1968, same address as above. This is a BayCon Report which came gratis with the Sandworm. Bob has a fascinating way of speaking, or writing rather, and entertains me throughout. And every word of it is true. A fascinating return to the BayCon if you like Con Reports. RATING...7½

STORIES FROM GRANDFATHER.

Sunday, Mar 8th '69

A few minutes ago I discarded two cut stencils, in which I strongly discussed the past and the future of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society. I reached the conclusion that it was useless for a few of us, people who I called "doers" to continue working for a club largely composed of "talkers".

On rereading the stencils, done admittedly quickly and with a great deal of impatience, I realize that they make me sound somewhat pompous and contain a great deal of self praise. I will attempt to explain my views, with perhaps less of this but if it creeps in ... then it'll just have to go that way.

These, and further stencils are being typed and a small magazine being run off to show the membership just how easy it is to finish a project.

Quite sometime ago we were entertained by a minority of our membership who desired to put out a fanzine. I would estimate this gestation period at eighteen months at this time. To the best of my knowledge nothing has been done with the exception of, picking a name.

Now quite frankly I am tired of these unfinished projects. The MSFS was in the past quite well known and could be again, but it will be necessary to use different methods if we are to accomplish any purpose.

Among various snafus we can quickly count the following. A newsletter that has not come out on schedule. This has caused us to postpone meetings several times and it has reached the point where some members phone me each week to see if we are still holding meetings.

We have had considerable difficulty in scheduling meetings because so few people are willing to make the effort to serve as host-hostess. If we are to hold meetings more people must volunteer! In some cases it may be possible to host a meeting in some location other than the home.

Stand up and volunteer someone!

We've been planning a hay ride since last fall, again nothing concrete was done on that score. The person in charge did check rates and made an effort, however, it should be obvious now that more direct action is necessary. I would suggest that when this comes up again, presumably next fall, she simply make arrangements with those interested and do it. It need not be a club project we've learned that club projects seem doomed to failure.

A few individuals have insisted that Detroit should be in the running for an upcoming World Convention. This has led to almost continual disagreement between the two factions. It is my view that Detroit is not ready for a World Convention until we have proven that we are capable of following a project through to completion.

Perhaps the strangest thing to me is the fact that some of our oldest and most firm members are not keeping up with any of the current science fiction. These are frequently the people who express their views on subjects and who ridicule present writing but apparently are not reading any of today's writers.

In the last two years we have gained several new members, people who would be a credit to any science fiction club, however they have been overwhelmed by our talkers and are seldom given a chance to express an opinion. I do not want to lose these people, but this same situation has arisen in the past and I serve warning, based on past experience, that if we do not bring these people in active fandom quickly they will fade back into the woodwork.

It is my personal opinion that persons belonging to a Science Fiction club will be reading some science-fiction. If for some reason his time is short he will at least be glancing through an occasional fanzine and should be slightly aware of what is happening in the field. Some few of our members felt that attending an annual convention is sufficient qualification to consider themselves an expert on the field.

If he wants to be a fan-fan that's fine.

It should be obvious by this time that I have little feeling of confidence in club projects. I, with personal helpers hope to produce this fanzine within a space of three-four days, certainly within the period of a week. It is being produced as an example to our so-called active members, to show that things can be done if they will simply quit planning and start working!

This magazine is being produced as mailing requirements for FAPA. It will be PRE*MAILED to the May '69 mailing. As we discussed this Dick Schultz commented that it could be sent out in the May mailing as my '69 eight page requirement. I suggested that this wouldn't work as I insisted on producing one quickly and would not wait two or three months to present it.

Schultz then suggested that it be sent as post-mailing to the February mailing & I jokingly complained that I'd be wasting credit as I had appeared in the February mailing. The thought has since occurred to us that neither of us knowing of a test case involving pre-mailing to a particular mailing.

At the time this magazine is distributed we will request an official ruling on the matter.

A few days after sending out the FAPA copies we will distribute it to the local membership since it does concern them and just might have some slight influence on them.

There have been complaints in the past that the MSFS has not had a democratic management, and when I examine it carefully I find there might be reason to suspect that this is correct.

Some months ago (November) I was discouraged with the progress we are making & during the monthly meeting brought up this subject. I reviewed our accomplishments and found them lacking. At this point George Young suggested that what we needed was a change in management. I agreed and said that I had been leading up to that very point. I announced that I intended to resign as President at that time and that we would hold an election immediately.

George then declared that this could not be done, that we couldn't hold an election without notification of the membership. He insisted that I must remain in office until we had notified the membership, this led to even more argument that accomplished nothing.

Whereupon I pointed out to him, that we have no provisions for elections and that I could never be deposed- it had been carefully arranged with this view in mind.

Then he started another long discussion I withdrew my resignation and announced that I was KING and always would be!

I carefully packed the membership for the December meeting, including proxy ballots. At the meeting I asked George if he had any objection to my resigning at that time. Grasping at straws he said "No", and I immediately announced my resignation, then declared that I was once more available for nomination.

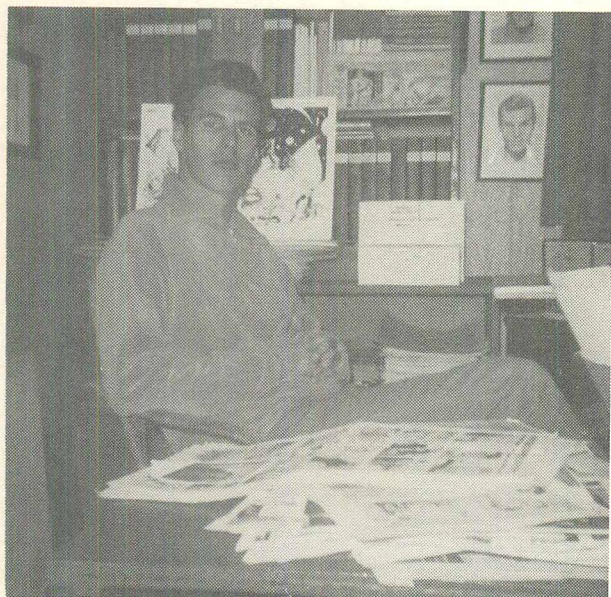
Norm Grezenke and myself were nominated and we held an immediate election, when the votes were counted I had won by a nice majority, only George & myself voted for Norm. I believe it ~~shock~~ ^{shocked} up George when he realized that I hadn't even troubled to vote for myself. I had once more protected the MSFS from democracy.



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HONOR BLACKMAN For those at all interested in The Avengers and possibly a li'l decent teevee as well, there is a little something due to appear on the boob tube.

Honor, you all know, played the part of Mrs. Cathy Gale, the predecessor to Diana Rigg's Mrs. Emma Peel on the above-mentioned meller-thriller-humour show, The Avengers. There has been very little seen of her over here apart from bit parts in mediocre movies during the intergenneum between "Goldfinger" and "Shalako", or since. But this coming Friday, March 21, 1969, we'll be able to view a li'l bit of Honor.

The show is "The Name Of The Game", an other-wise unappeptizing so-called drama series with Robert Stack, Gene Barry and Tony Franciosa taking turns as the "stars" of the series. This week's Star is Gene Barry, and the supposed locale is jolly old London. But from the film work and such I presume it was shot at Universal Studios in Hollywood. Which means in turn that Honor Blackman, not toolong ago, was here in the States and I didn't even hear about it.

Barry plays Glenn Howard, the publisher-owner of the news group which provides the raison d'ente for the series. He's in London trying to fight off a libel suit, and his lawyer is the groovy and vicious-tongued Honor Blackman as Bethany Cromwell. Maurice Evans is also present as Harold Wylar, with quite a few other members of the British contingent present. Someone pointed out last Sunday at the MISfits meeting that Gene Barry, ol' Bat Masterson himself, looks a great deal like MacNee/Steed. Not so much in the features, tho they are close, but in the same suave style and way of carrying off a line. Since I understand that Mrs. Cathy Gale was a bit of a sharp-tongued wench, it should be interesting to view. Naturally I'm already rooting for Honor...no matter how crooked a lawyer-ess she might portray.

ERRATA: THE DATE On Howard's twentieth-third page should be the 15th of March, rather than the 8th. The present date for this stencil is the 16th of March, and baby, we're running late. But then this is going to be large circulation, so as to resent the fanzine review pages to the great unwashed mass of EN GARDE viewers who probably don't really realize that there is such a large and diversified fanzine publishing field for them to pick and choose from.

CINEASTE From my EN GARDE Co-Editor, Gary Crowds, 27 West 11th Street, NYC, NY, 10011, remains one of the finest cinema journals about. It is devoted to serious critiques and discussion of the present cinema world, aimed at the University film student, and interesting indeed to any person who at all cares about the cinema of today. Top notch.

Apologies for the reproduction with this magazine. I bought some cheapo stencils and they aren't holding up worth a whistle in a windstorm.

Bob Shaw for T AFF!

— + — + —



THIS IS:

HARPIES #1

From:

Richard Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit
Michigan
48234

and:

Howard Devore
4705 Weddel
Dearborn Heights,
Michigan

Send to:

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undeliverable.

This magazine is being
pre-mailed to the
127th FAPA Mailing,
May, 1969. We are
now requesting a
ruling on the legality
of page-credits being
pre-mailed in this way.