

HARPIES

#3

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OR WHAT MAKES THE MOUTH RUN

Last month in this spot I had something to say that I hoped would help make the newer members feel more at home. Having not been at the last meeting (we were off to look at the pretty flowers on Lake Michigan) I don't know what effect it had on the meeting. But I do want to say that while it may have made me sound like a real ol'time fan, I really am one.

Before going any further in this page of "good Ghod what will I say now" mutterings, a statement about the clubzine is in order. First, I have not read Dick's pages nor had I read his pages in the last issue before mimeoing mine (more on this later) so I don't know if he has attempted to explain the situation. If he has and failed, or if he has failed to do so here is the word: The second issue as well as this was edited by me and so you will be able to write to me, that is should you care to, I will here now print my address:

ROGER SIMS

1961 Vernier

Grosse Pointe Woods

Michigan 48236

Because I failed to place name, rank, and address in a place that all could see, and did not in fact state that I was the editor, plus the fact that on the copies Dick sent out he put his address . . . Well, anyway even I was confused. But that was only half the fun. The rest began when the money came rolling in, ha, ha! As we stated sometime ago, Schultz writes, types and runs off part of the zine; I do the rest. Now, the club (if it had a treasury) pays for the part I do. Schultz pays for his. So it would seem that he should be entitled to that part of the money that is derived from his part, while my pocket or the treasury which ever the money came from should be reimbursed for my part. Ist das clar? Ve vill ast kwestions. Remember names of relatives in Jrermany are known to us. So if this zine comes from me send what ever it is to the address above.

Oh, yes, if Dick did not print his address, and you don't still have it.. Send what you have to me. I'll see that he gets his, he, he!

Some time ago, I think in the first paragraph I said more on something or else, later, (if you don't remember good-by relatives) now is later. In the last issue Richard recalled an incident in the early fan life of myself. The first I knew of this was when Ed Wood (not the Ed Wood who takes his eight tons of books for occasional plane rides) pointed to it. Now, had I known that he had to me done this before printing my pages; I would have to him done. Since I didn't, next issue I will began a very informal history of the fan in motion or How to create a Jet Stream.

Only room to say that there is a very interesting new newzine from Jerry Jacks of 2008 Green Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. Pubs twice a month and costs 8/\$1.00. The other goodie is from Frank Dietz. If you have not heard about it before next month look for a description of it here.

LOOSE JEAN REEDY N D S

Ada Webster had a feeling of buoyancy as she moved away from her body. Sights and sounds were crystal clear. Each mote in the shaft of sunlight, falling through the window pane, was sharply defined. Sounds of the small city came acutely to her ears. Sounds of laughter and talk and moving cars and busses.

And closer, the rustle of a nurse's starched uniform, the soft closing of a door as she went out.

In the room, quiet sobbing.

Tenderly the two beside the bed reached for the sheet and together they covered the whole body.

Ada watched in amazement. Brother and sister! They had not seen each other since girl and boy days. Now they were crying in each other's arms.

Ada wished they would stop crying. Their crying made her feel guilty. As though she were the cause of their unhappiness. Was she softening toward Howard? She knew he was there before she left her body. Even then, in her semi-coma, she had resented his presence. How did he know? How did she sense his presence and know him? This tall, good looking man with more grey than black in his hair did not resemble the boy she had tried to forget. This well groomed man with the expensive clothes and the charm of Ben, his father, but without the marks of dissipation.

The old bitterness flared. Why had Howard come, after a lifetime of neglect? He'd soon know she left nothing. Anyhow, she would have left him nothing. She wished there were something for Ellie and her boys--and Ted. If just a few keepsakes. But there was nothing--nothing.

Ada looked at the body under the sheet. It was not as old as some, in years. Hard work rather than age had broken it down so that now it was bent and wrinkled. Why, she could see clear through it. There was the deformed hip bone! The one that had not been properly set after Ben threw her down the stairs in one of his drunken rages. She was quite young when that happened and all the rest of her life she walked with a limp.

"Never again, Ada," Ben sobbed. "Never again will I take a drink."

She knew then that he was too weak-willed to keep the promise. She also knew that she would always love him.

The babies had come too close. Howard. Several that she could not carry to the full. Two still-born. Then Ellie. The twins, both dying after a few weeks of sickly life. Doctor bills. Short rations. Ben, so abusive when out of work and drinking. Ben, so sweet when working and sober. Ben, who died in a charity ward many years ago.

It was before Ben died that Howard ran away from home.

"It's your fault, Ada," Ben accused when he sobered. "You took the money he earned with his paper route."

"My fault!" Ada screamed. "I didn't take all his money. It was little enough. I took it when there was nothing in the house to eat."

"It's your fault. It's your fault," Ben repeated as though reciting a lesson to himself. He raised bleary eyes to her stormy ones. "You didn't tell him and he thought of it as stealing."

4212 Oak Avenue
Brookfield,
Illinois

Douglas illo for "The SAVAGE BEAST" was fair. The figures weren't quite in proportion -- just fair.

I don't know if this has ever been done by any other fanzine ever, and if it hasn't, would PORTALS perhaps like to do it -- a comic strip?

My artist friend and I are busy at work doing a science-fiction strip called, tentatively, CAL CARTER. The first strip is almost completed this time. We were planning to do it on a full page scale. So, if you are interested, in the idea, here's the way we plan to do it:

Each issue of the zine would contain one sheet, printed both sides, of the comic strip. The artwork, we think, is good. But the size of the paper (or strip) is the thing that will have to be decided if you want CAL in PORTALS.

←(This is a very interesting subject, I think. Imagine, being the "Out of This World Adventures" of the fanzines. Ah, such an honor should not be mine. I dunno, it seems interesting -- and I told Ron so -- but that was the last I heard from Ron. Anyway, if we did use it, it would of course, have to be written above the 12 year level the newspapers, comic books, movies, TV, Radio, are aimed for. Hmm, what think you people? Want to have a gen-u-wine comic strip? I'd sorta like to have it for awhile. But then, PORTALS would have to come out a little bit more often. (I'll drink to THAT)→)

For many years now, E.C. science-fiction, horror, and their other now-defunct publications have not been on the newstands. Almost all of their SF stories were good, and E.C. gathered quite a following. My idea is to take some of their better stories and write them up into book form. It would be called "THE FIRST E.C. READER", and if it went over enough, to have "THE SECOND EC READER", and so forth. All I would need would be the permission to do such a thing from E.C. Comics. I have already secured permission from a good friend of mine, Jerry de Fuccio, continuity writer for MAD, to reprint some material from MAD which will be in my book "IT'LL STOP HURTING WHEN THE PAIN GOES AWAY." The book will contain some satirical scripts like "Frankenstein" which appeared in ish #1 of Teen Fan, and the Tarzan script which, I hope, will appear in the second ish of PORTALS.

Anyway, what do you think of my "E.C. READER" idea?

←(Not being one of E.C.'s followers, no comment, except to say it sounds good...if it'll sell.)→
/s/ Ron

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Box 702
Bloomington,
Illinois

Cheers:

I acknowledge receipt of the first PORTALS with thanks. The only thing that gripes my miserly soul is the awful waste of space -- had I published this first issue, I suspect that I would have crammed all your material into about 25 pages. I like white space, mind you, and believe that the careful use of white space properly sets off a magazine. But still, I was startled to find you using 35 pages of space. Well, friend, it's your paper,

so you do what you like with it.

←I decided in favor of your suggestion Bob, and have widened out the margins quite a bit, but this is about as far as I'll go, on PORTALS. The others, I don't care so much.→

Just you be careful in claiming Allen Glasser the father of fandom. I don't think the man is that prolific, and besides, he lacked sufficient time. Small correction: Allen Glasser edited THE PLANET in 1930, not 1933. But he should not be given all the credit for the first fanzine. His club, The Scienceers, dreamed it up and bestowed the editorship upon him. Fans with long memories remember a lot about Glasser.

My only complaint with Seth Johnson is that in his reviews of the Pros, nearly everything was good. I am not able to use his judgement as to what to read and not to read because of insufficient criticism. Ask him to be more particular please, but by all means continue the reports.

←Seth only reviews the good ones. He says he doesn't see why he should waste space on the crud, so the stuff you see reviewed is the good. Is that clear?→

Best, /s/ Bob

* * * * *

117 9th St.
Pacific Grove,
California

C.A.S. sold two stories to "Black Cat" in 1910, published probably in '11. His only non de plume: Timeus Gaylord, used later for poetry, combined his parents names.

C.A.S. lives in Auburn, his acreage Southwest of town with family residence. In 1954 he married Carol Jones Dorman of Pacific Grove, address above -- a writer (freelance, journalism, "slick" articles, plays, 2 novels, etc.). He became step-father to three, then 12, 13, and 15 years old. Residence in Pacific Grove with trips to Auburn where we now are.

Sculptures -- "Mineral Carvings" he prefers to call them. Are sold at nominal prices by world-wide mail order. Shows only in Monterey Public Library (2), Carmel -- Carl City Foundation -- are of H. P. Lovecraft and CAS's mythical kingdoms, such as Crawler from the Slime, Last Man, Tsathogqua, and others. Those are just a very few of the titles. He has exhibited at Gump's San Francisco, Los Angeles Public Library, Sacramento Crocker Art Gallery. He has an aversion to a middle man. i.e. book sellers or art dealers.

Some of his carvings were photographed in 1956 by Wynn Bullock, a world famous photographer and a good friend.

He has had radio and tape recordings of poetry, prose, and a play called, "And the Dead Will Cuckold You" -- these were all non-commercial. They were made from 1940 to the present. Here is a list of appearances:

- 1) Appeared on an NBC program -- interviewed in the '40's
 - 2) Had a reading in Carmel, Calif. in '56, May. Included were "The Hashish Eater" and other prose. Also read was a sonnet of George Sterling.
 - 3) He has made tapes from 1955 thru '57.
- He has also had readings in private homes.

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Notes on PORTALS

Congrats on the format of PORTALS #1.

Both myself and CAS are pleased with the job you did on this issue.

We are both amazed at the resemblance to the illustration done by Doug Payson opposite "The Pursuer" -- did he work from a photo? Since CAS doesn't think he's met Mr. Payson, and CAS has a total and perfect recall -- not only for poetry he's read once but for people who've come the long trek to his remote cabin to meet him.

((As far as I know, Doug just drew it..from neither a photo or from actually meeting CAS.))

A few corrections, Alan, on the bio which was swell.

1) "Out of Space and Time" (or is it Time and Space! NO, that's the paper back antho done by Derleth, which arrived yesterday

BEYOND TIME & SPACE -- paperback of short stories edited by Derleth.

a) OUT OF SPACE AND TIME Correct title for his first hard-back b'k of reprints published by August Derleth in, I believe, 1942.

Out of Print - is now a collector's item worth about \$25--50.00

b) August Derleth and Donald Wandrei began to publish limited editions of fine work in the science-fiction, weird, macabre, fantasy line, due to Derleth's being a writer (Wandrei too) who admired those fields enough to wish to preserve the writings of H. P. Lovecraft first, and second, Clark Ashton Smith. A hard-back b'k is a better means than a pulp mag, of course.

Derleth realized clearly (Having done his Master's degree on the thesis of the weird, macabre, fantasy genre,) the limitations such a mag as "Esquire" puts on a genius, and HAS NEVER BY SO MUCH AS AN INFERENCE INTERFERED WITH CAS.

August Derleth foots the bill, with Donald Wandrei proofing CASes present publication...the new book of poetry just off the press, titled:

SPELLS & PHILTRES (\$3.00) by Clark Ashton Smith

and due to the advance orders, has the publishing costs met when he goes to press -- hence the publicity blurbs saying May pub'n while the book is out in March.

Back to his former prose works -- hard-back

2) LOST WORLDS OP, worth catalogue listings from \$25.00 up, usually around \$30.00

(PROSE STORIES -- RE-PRINTS

3) GENIUS LOCI (STILL IN PRINT, BUT PUBLISHED BEFORE THE SHORT STORY OF

SAME NAME. \$3.00 Dust jacket by Frank Utpatel, same illustrator as did CASes "DARK CHATEAU" (Still in print

but going OP since it's under it's last 75 copies -- DARK CHATEAU HAS A DUST JACKET OF CASes SCULPTED FIGURINES. CAS prefers to call them "mineral carvings" which they are. August Derleth has the finest collection in the midwest...George Haas, Berkeley friend of CASes and collector of hardbacks, mags, fanzines of note, has the finest western collection of CASes carvings.

4) GENIUS LOCI, prose short stories, \$3.00 hardback, "DARK CHATEAU" \$2.50, dustjacket of carvings, and "SPELLS & PHILTRES" \$3.00, dustjacket a single grotesque by CAS (taken by Frank Utpatel from a single carving) ARE STILL IN PRINT AND OBTAINABLE FROM CAS

MOREOVER HIS CARVINGS RETAIL FOR PRICES NOT EXORBITANT AT ALL! He used to practically give them away 'til I protested, but even over a period of years he hasn't raised them much, and sells by mail order for from \$10.00 to \$14.00, \$16.00, up to \$25.00 tops. He sends a list of prices, and descriptions of the carvings on hand to interested buyers. He has paid postage, but in view of inflated prices, I am asking him to include postage in sale prices.

He sold a carving a day or so ago priced at \$16.00, for instance, & the buyer has offered to send him cost of packing and mailing. Since it takes several hours to wrap carefully, and to mail, I think the charge is reasonable, if it is made the buyer's, not the sculptor's.

CARVINGS are, of course, fascinating titled, and conceived purely from other worlds, and outer spaces...not from this worm infested planet.

One last bit of info. You are too young, naturally, to have known of the generation of writers who first admired CAS...I have sold both sides of the correspondence between CAS and George Sterling to the New York Public Library. I am sure you will be able to suggest to fan-enthusiasts and others that a request to read them at the New York Public Library can be honored...the Berg collection puts up the money.

By the way, when we sell something like this, we usually hightail it to the mts, but ALL MAIL REACHES US.

Benjamin de Casseres, deceased, was a Hearst syndicated columnist of the Mencken, Bierce, Sterling, et al era...he and Sterling hit it off superbly well, went of a beautiful binge together in S.F. of which George Sterling wrote to Ashton...BUT CAS NEVER MET BEN DE CASSERES! Only corresponded with him -- heard about his visits to S.F. or Hollywood, and CAS met only Bio de Casseres, who is now very old, and is driving to visit California....I enclose a clipping she sent me. (Published elsewhere this ish.)

CAS met Bio de Casseres in 1927 he tells me, in S.F. on one of his trips to the city.

Order any of IN PRINT BOOKS FROM CAS DIRECT, as we keep a large stock on hand so he can inscribe personal messages, or autograph for his fans..

IN PRINT books are almost as legendary as his OP ones, so am counting on you to dispell their being mythological and get over to his fans the fact they can buy DIRECT FROM HIM.

We are in constant touch with Derleth, of course.

Again, our sincere congrats on a job well done.

P.S. CAS is in anthologies too numerous to mention -- one by Boris Karloff, others, Leo Margulies or hardback publishers...and fine ones, edited by August Derleth...Sauk City, Wisconsin.

/s/

Carol Jones Smith

Mrs. Clark Ashton Smith

* * * * *
WASHINGTON

J ALLEN
ST. JOHN

AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS FANTASY
ILLUSTRATOR

J ALLEN ST JOHN
D E A D

MALYUTKA KRASAVEC

HUGO NOMINATIONS Many of you out there are now aware of the fact that the results are in on the Hugo Nomination bit at the St. LouisCon ballot. Many of the winners are no surprise...pardon me nominees...but some of them are. So, I'd like to take this opportunity to talk about some of the choices we have for the Hugo's this year, why some are good and others maybe not so good....

Basically the nominees are selected by a few hundred hard-core s-f readers who have been keeping up with what is current and worth reading, liberally infused with the pros themselves voting on favourites. With 410 voters this year the choice...I feel...was representative of what is good.

For Novel category the official slate is:

RITE OF PASSAGE by Alexei Panshin (Ace)

STAND ON ZANZIBAR by John Brunner (Doubleday)

NOVA by Samuel R. (Chip) Delany (Doubleday)

PAST MASTER by R.A. Lafferty (Ace)

GOBLIN RESERVATION by Clifford D. Simak (Galaxy)

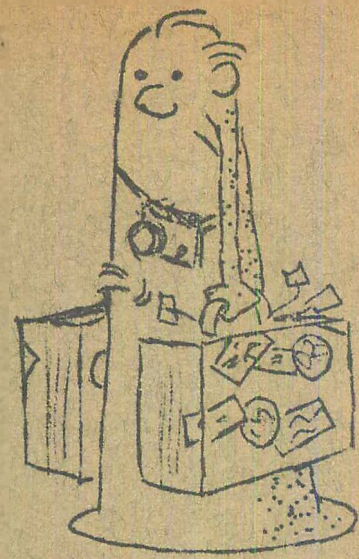
There is a great deal of jawing going on right now about New Wave and Old Wave and such, but New Wave is neither New nor all that much of a Wave. New Wave, supposedly is more "Free" and Open-Ended or (insert your own semantic trigger-word here). But New Wave remains basically a differing style of story presentation. Not because the Time Is Now Ripe or whatever. But because an entire generation of pro writers have come upon the scene, their literary backgrounds consisting of more recent materials. Formed, cajoled, coerced by this more recent background, their way of presenting a story tends in the aggregate to be different. Hemingway is not Something New to these people...he is so accepted by the Norms that he's in almost every school textbook. The Pulp are not something you buy at the Drugstore to them...they are rarities owned by collectors. And their whole writing attitudes have thus been formed more by the Joyces and Hemingways and even Kerouac's, the Spillaine's and pocketbook hacks, they they have been by the Pulp and their overly-logical sequential ways of story writing.

They have been brought up in the "confusion" school of third-person narration, where the plot skips from person to place to flashback to flash-forward as the author wills. It is an easy...and natural...way for them to write. Those authors with sufficient mental agility to do so have followed these newcomers into this style of story presentation.



DICK SCHULTZ

Not necessarily because it is a "better" way to write or present a story, but because it is part of the present-day means of expression. For no matter how much some self-proclaimed prophet may acclaim New Wave as the Wave Of The Future, it remains simply another tool available to the pro writer. It is a variant on story presentation, not a gilt-plated key to Truth, 5% on your savings and Happiness. Seen simply as a tool for the writer to use, to enhance or rephrase an idea or view, it becomes obvious that New Wave is neither doomed to die out nor sweep all before it in a Holy Jihad. And like all tools, some can use it, some can't. Their writing patterns simply do not allow for good comfortable usage of the "confusion" form which is New Wave at its most extreme. And thus writers who fail to use this variant are neither "old Fogies" nor Reactionaries. Each writer must, after all, write in the way that is most comfortable for him. And in the meantime I'll try to choose my reading matter on the same basis as before. Personal Taste. And under that single enduring criterion, I must state that New Wave.... like any variant in presentation form...is under Sturgeon's Law. 90% of everything is garbage.



Freddy Prophet

The difference between STAND ON ZANZIBAR by Brunner and PAST MASTER is a case in point. STAND is easily one of the most laborious, confusing, spotty and fantastically entertaining Novels to have crossed my board in many years. The story itself is several-fold, centering about the actions and times in which the American Negro protagonist live. If you want to call that living. Brunner uses only-rarely used intertwining story-line technique and gives us absolutely no background detail. We have to decipher what is happening, why, and what sort of a future world we're in entirely by guess and by-golly. But Brunner carries it off, and after the first 60-70 pages you stop being confused and instead begin to eagerly anticipate each new revelation and twist. That not even Brunner can always carry off this form of writing is evidenced by his similar THE JAGGED ORBIT, in which nothing is ever quite revealed in time for anything to be explained.

But Brunner did succeed in STAND. He has written a Professional's Novel, an exercise in writing and story-telling skills written for the "in-group" and experienced science fiction reader rather than the newcomer. Both STAND and JAGGED ORBIT are connoisseur's items...clearly labeled "Experienced Personnel Only Authorized To Enter". It will never enjoy good sales in our generation.

PAST MASTER by R.A. Jafferty on the other hand is not an exercise in story-telling. It is an exercise in descriptive and narrative skills, a prose-poem only vaguely presented as a story.

For this I must condemn it. Oh, it succeeded quite well in weaving a fantastic word-picture, of evoking many multitudinous moods and mind-bending word-plays. But it lost all sight of Story with a capital S in the process. STAND throughout remained an attempt to broaden reading horizons by presenting variant writing...but it remained basically a story. Chip Delaney evokes the most beautiful word-pictures imaginable time and time again. Roger Zelazny ditto.



Big-Hearted Howard DeVore & Carol and Suzie DeVore.



Riva "The Bat" Smiley

But there is at times a thin edge between exercises in mood-provoking and story-telling. An edge that more than one author has passed more than once. In this case Lafferty presented us with the Story early in the book...Thomas More, The Man For All Seasons is resurrected for a specific task in the future. And we move forward on that Story. Point One evolving into Point Two and so on.

But Lafferty never clicks. He remains an author so in love with his grasp of words and imagery that we are never allowed to forget his injunctions of what a wonderful mood-maker he is.

Yet Lafferty is well on his way to building a minor cult of admirers. How then can I fail to understand his appeal? For his SPACE CHANTY and others are just as listless and dull to me as PAST MASTER. The answer must lie not

the difference between New Wave and Old. But in the differing tastes of myself the reader and Lafferty the author. For I like much of the so-termed NEW WAVE.

Perhaps only History itself will judge whether it is my taste or the author's that is at fault...if either are.

NOVA by Chip Delaney is a superb story, too, but it pales beside the massive tour-de-force of Brunner's STAND. Make no bones about it, ye of little faith. In other years it might have won...this year it will not. For Delaney I can only say that I think enough of it to purchase it hardbound...and only wish he would write more often.

GOBLIN RESERVATION is, to me, minor Simak for all its intriguing touches. But RITE OF PASSAGE by Panshin is the only thing that vies with my love for STAND. It is no wonder why...my own Top Novels included Silverberg's MASKS OF TIME, Piers Anthony's OMNIVORE and McCaffrey's DRAGONFLIGHT. And all of them have one thing in common. They are Story novels...novels in which the movement forward of the Story itself is paramount, and their beauty lies not in how they said it, but in what they said. RITE is a straightforward Story. Protagonist is a young girl on an asteroid-sized starship. She does things and thinks thoughts and says words and Experiences. How this was written is what makes it a memorable Novel...how, in point of fact, ROMEO AND JULIET differ from the usual True Confessions garbage. How. Why. When. Who. Read it.

And then go find STAND ON ZANZIBAR in your local library, if you can.

NOVELLA There are fewer more difficult things to say and mean than this. I feel that all of the Novellas are Hugo stuff. They are:

NIGHTWINGS by Silverberg, September GALAXY.

LINE OF POWER by Delany, May F&SF

DRAGON RIDER by McCaffrey, ANALOG

HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS by McLaughlin, July ANALOG.

But only two are recommended for your voting consideration. Silverberg for many more years than we care to remember pursued scaly BEMs through the pages of the books we read and rescued fair maidens by the peck and bushel. Oh, they were stories, all right. No New Wave implicit there. They were also rather crummy, both in large and in particular.

NIGHTWINGS is a Story, hard-line stf of the sort most readers can figuratively sink their teeth into. It is also poetic, evoking an imagery and an understanding which I found it hard to believe he possessed.



Hal Shapiro...and the 3rd largest Michigan Fan Pornographic collection. (old Guard In-group joke).

The protagonist is a member of the Guild of Watchers, living in a world far in the future when mankind has rather slipped into a formalistic and yet comfortable/unhurried way of life. A Watcher is one who Watches...for Aliens, EefTees. And anyone who can read it without being at least a little touched by his search for meaning in his life as that life prepares to draw to a close... Well, it's not New Wave, but it contains the Spirit that the real New Wave writer is trying to put across. That Man, both in the singular and aggregate, and what he is, is what is really important. That it is not, say the Rocket-ship that is important...the important thing is why it was made and by whom and what it does to us all.

Words are the tools of the craftsman and of basic thought itself. It is rather pleasing discovering that Bob Silverberg has grown so.

The other Novella is Dean McLaughlin's HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS. Like Silverberg's contribution to our literary heritage...and it is one...this too is basically a Story. Setting: 1918 northern France, a 1990's one-man fighter-bomber has been blasted into this brutal dead segment of our history. Never mind the device of transfer, it is a device to place the protagonist and his splendid machine there. What does matter, however, is what he does...and realizes...and thinks, as he finds himself in this dead age. We have all had the dream at one time or another. What If.... To walk the streets of the Dead Past, maybe to try to change it. What if.... Never to return, aye, that's a horrifying prospect, but what would you do back then? Try to assassinate Genghis Khan or Hitler or Napoleon? (And how strange a society where the first thought of even science fiction fans is which Man On Horseback they would try to kill....) Dean gives us a different view on the subject. A super-plane...in 1918. So much could be changed, you think. But could it? Without atomic weapons what could even a super-plane do? What alteration could our protagonist perform? Strafe a few trenches in a war where the death rate was thousands per day on each side? Give them the plane to duplicate, when the era couldn't duplicate even a P-40 fighter of early WWII vintage? What to do...and why....that is the question. And on that question Dean has woven a splendid story, indelible in its impressions and exacting in its reality and background.



Danny Flachta

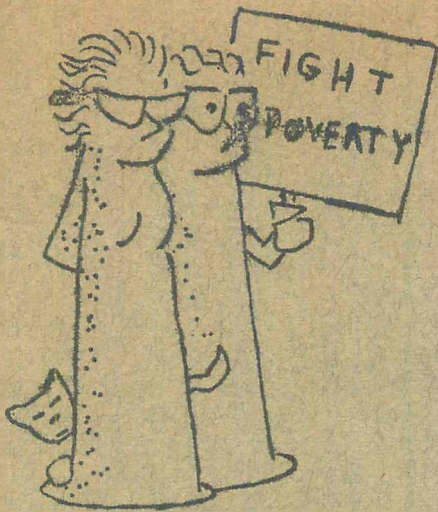


Chris Hoth

background. Dean handled it humanely...and completely. He has proven again that no "idea" is passe. Only writers become passe and incapable of yet another treatment. The only boundaries limiting a good writers horizons are those of his own capabilities.

OTHER CATEGORIES There are also Novelette and Short Story categories up for Hugo grabs, as well as a host of other awards for you to vote on. Only members of the St. LouisCon 1969 may vote. Send your \$3 supporting or \$4 attending memberships to: St. LouisCon, P.O.Box 3008, St. Louis, Missouri, 63130. You haven't joined yet? Shame, shame.... And the other categories to vote on.

NOVELETTE *Getting Through University*
by Piers Anthony (If-August)
Mother To The World
by Richard Wilson (ORBIT 3)
The Sharing Of Flesh
by Paul Anderson (Galaxy-December)
Total Environment
by Brian Aldiss (Galaxy-February)



Pat and Roger "Teddy Bear" Sims

BEST SHORT STORY

All The Myriad Ways
by Larry Niven (Galaxy-October)
The Dance of the Changer and Three
by Terry Carr (FARTHEST REACHES)
The Beast That Shouted "Love"
by Harlan Ellison (Galaxy-June)
Masks
by Damon Knight (Playboy-July)
The Steiger Effect
by Betsy Curtis (Analog-October)

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE

Analog		New Worlds
Galaxy	If	F & SF

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Jack Gaughan	Frank Kelly Freas
The Dillons	Vaughn Bode

BEST DRAMA

"2001: - A Space Odyssey
Charly
Yellow Submarine
Rosemary's Baby
FallOut (the last episode of the "#6"
tv show...The Prisoner)

BEST FANZINE

Psychotic (S F Review)
Riverside Quarterly
Shangri-L'Affaires (Shaggy)
Trumpet
Warhoon

BEST FAN ARTIST

George Barr	Vaughn Bode
Bill Rotsler	Tim Kirk
Doug Lovenstein	

BEST FAN WRITER

Ted White	Harry Warner Jr.
Banks Mebane	Walt Willis
Richard Delap	

Well, that's your field. I still personally prefer Psychotic for the fanzine award and "2001:" for the Best Drama nod. GALAXY gets my pro mag vote and Walt Willis the fan writer. But as for artists.... Gaughan, very probably for Pro Artist and Lovenstein for Fan, but fortunately for fandom good work by ruddy good artists is one of the few things we can see in the fanzines any more. Or hadn't you noticed how just about everyone is forced to electro-stencil more and more of their materials in order to do justice to the artist?

All in all it really hasn't been such a bad year for the genre and for fandom. I'm rather looking forward to more NIGHTWINGS and STAND's and HARPS.

Aren't you?

MISCELLANIA The little cartoon figures that have adorned this column are entirely the result of a clean mind in a clean body, coupled with a fertile imagination and a fertile pen. They represent various known Michi-fen and if you want to ask me in person sometime I'll explain all the little esoteric in-group references which are going to make me acutely hated when the persons concerned spot themselves. I'm the one with the baggy pants.
Fang-don strikes again! -R. Schultz-



George Young...complete with Girlie tie and Boy Scout Uniform

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b b	o o	o o	k k
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REVIEWS BY CHRIS HOTH
 REVIEWS BY CHRIS HOTH
 REVIEWS BY CHRIS HOTH
 REVIEWS BY CHRIS HOTH
 REVIEWS BY CHRIS HOTH

PAINGOD HARLAN ELLISON
 PYRAMID 60¢ X-1991 157 pp

"Paingod," is the title story in a collection of 7, ranging from good to superlative. Since it's kind of difficult to categorize Harlan Ellison's works I've chosen to discuss them in the order I liked them, from bottom to top.

The first to be reviewed is the last to be read, "Deeper Than the Darkness." This story fails in an area which hasn't seemed to be a problem for Harlan up until now, and that's the ending. The problem is resolved and the psychological implications are sound, but the last sentence leaves the reader with a thought like, "Yeah, I already knew that, so what?"

"Bright Eyes," was written, admittedly, after viewing an illustration. Because of this the story is a little forced in places to incorporate all the items in the picture, but Bright Eyes is an awfully endearing little fellow, and can you imagine liking a rat?

In, "Wanted in Surgery" machines again usurp human functions. This time it's the medical profession that succumbs to the grinding wheels of mechanization. The "hero" is an ethical doctor whose humanistic ruminations drag a little overlong, but the suspense builds and generates a good deal of interest. I'm wondering, however, if we might not be better off with machines. After all it wouldn't be that much of a change.

"Paingod" on the surface is an interesting story of a god's coming of age. The idea of pain as good and necessary is fuel for endless discussion. I would agree with the premise that without suffering there can be no happiness. For example, how could we know something was big or comprehend the idea of bigness without its opposite smallness with to contrast it. Similarly, to know happiness or pleasure we must first know pain. In the story the Paingod decides to hand out as much pain as he can, but how could he reach such a decision. Arthur Schopenhauer best expresses this idea in the following words: "All satisfaction or what is commonly called happiness, is, in reality and essence, negative only...We are not properly conscious of the blessings and advantages we actually possess, nor do we prize them, but think of them merely as a matter of course, for they gratify us only negatively, by restraining suffering. Only when we have lost them do we become sensible of their value; for the want, the privation, the sorrow, is the positive thing, communicating itself directly to us...What was it that led the Cynics to repudiate pleasure in any form, if it was not the fact that pain is, in a greater or less degree, always bound up with pleasure?" When, enough of that, I've got to watch myself more closely in the future.

"The Discarded" takes place in a time in which atomic mutants are ostracized from society and quarantined in prison ships orbiting the earth. The ending is no surprise; but the tale evokes a great deal of pity for the mutants, and makes you think about people less fortunate than yourself.

It's easy to tell "The Crackpots" are more than they seem, but just how much more is cleverly concealed. A pleasurable and interesting story, light reading for a change.

Last but most definitely not least is, "Repent Harlequin, Said the Ticktockman." It won the Nebula as best short story in 1965. There's not much more I can say except I haven't laughed (and I mean really laughed) so hard at something so appalling since reading Bradbury's, "The Murderer."

Although the introduction appears first in the book I have decided to discuss it last because it means something special to me. I am probable a new member to a rapidly growing group of people who by Harlan Ellison's books as much for his excellent stories as his unconventional introductions.

He says there is no introduction. If so, he should stop writing introductions and start writing these. It's not pretty, and it's not a watered-down, pseudo-intellectualized discussion of some of today's problems that tries not to step on any bodies toes or affront their "sense of decency." It's straight from the heart, it's rough and abrasive like a sandpaper bed-sheet, it's the truth. And because it's the truth, it's shocking and depressing, but at the same time it's gratifying, to know there's a man whose not afraid to say what he feels. He'll make a lot of enemies, but the friends he'll make will never desert him.

THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SHIPS
BALLANTINE 75¢ 01600

RICHARD C. MEREDITH
184 pp

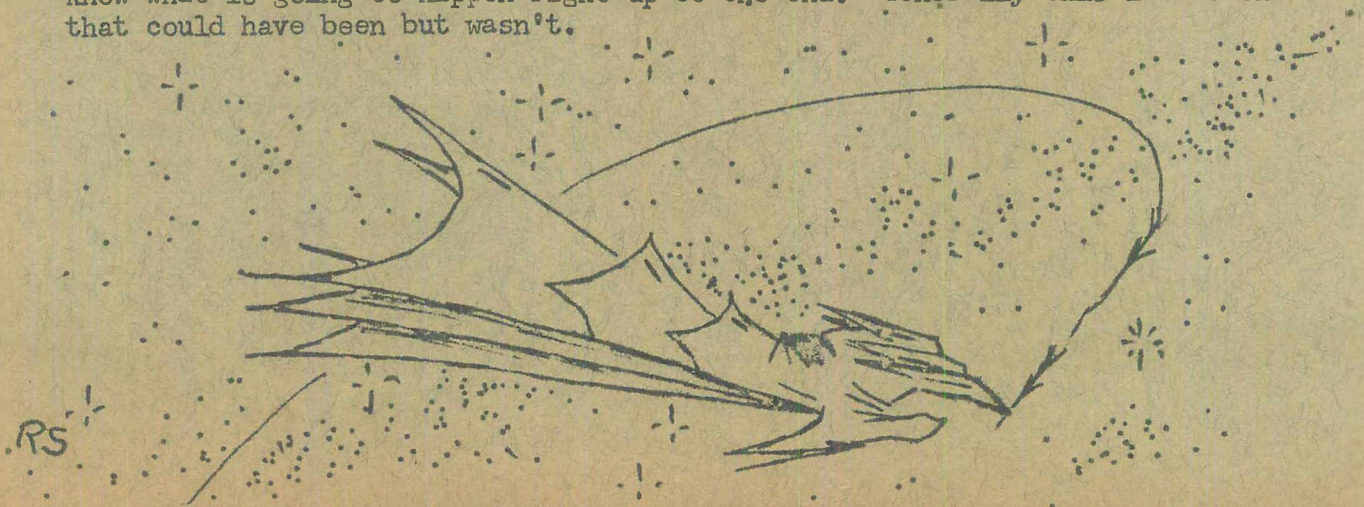
Once again we find good old Terra playing the role of decaying empire while the colony worlds grumble and rebel. Basically, The Sky is Filled With Ships, is that and very little else.

There is a third party, the Stellar Trading Company, which has remained neutral for centuries and attempts to remain so during the coming conflict in order to salvage something from the ensuing chaos. It's president, who is as predictable as an elephant in heat, suddenly decides to ignore the companies policy and support the Terran Federation against the rebels. He is opposed, mainly, by one man, although he gets along with a little help from his friends, Robert C. Janas. A man who hesitates to use violence to reverse the presidents decision, but instead of carrying a sun ray, he packs a .45 automatic with which he indiscriminately blows out the brains of numerous individuals.

The cast of supporting characters have, for the most part, little chance for true development. With the exception of 3 characters, the two space fleet commanders and the chairman of the Terran Federation, they are merely enigmatic shadows of human beings.

If the author falls short on characterization he makes up for it in the credibility of an earth 1500 years in the future. Although there are no radically new creations they are vividly and cohesively portrayed. The space battles are a second-rate Doc Smith but still enjoyable.

The plot proceeds logically, or maybe methodically would be a better word. There is little feeling of suspense, and one seems to automatically know what is going to happen right up to the end. Generally this is a book that could have been but wasn't.





A mighty barbarian banished by his northern tribesmen turns his head south to seek the land of his dreams, but finds much more before ever he reaches his destination. This type of sword and sorcery saga is not new, being a predecessor of that might stalwart, Conan, but it possesses a certain uniqueness. It is found in the unique qualities of the central character himself; Brak.

Instead of a pampous and egotistical Lord of Demonland, an arrogantly indifferant Cugel the Clever, or a supremely confident John Carter, we have in Brak a truly human character. A character with feelings of compassion, sympathy and honesty. It is the exhibition of these traits that make Brak not larger than life but plausibly lifelike. This does not mean, however, that Hi is a weak and ineffectual character. On the contrary, he hacks and hews his way through some of the most delightfully abominable creatures I have yet encountered. Creatures like Doomdog, Fangfish, and T'muk the thing which crawls add there share of excitement and high adventure.

Though all these fantastic adventures the reader is still able to identify with Brak and the problems that he faces. It is this ability to identify with the central character that makes "Brak the Barbarian" such a delightful reading experience.

LORDS OF THE STARSHIP
ACE G-673

MARK S. GESTON
50¢ 156 pp

This would be a very accomplished and laudable work even if it weren't his first novel, but it is and that makes it so much the better. Mr. Geston shows a great affinity for creative writing which makes for an exciting, fast-paced story

The book's setting is not an original one being a post-cataclysmic earth, but he peoples it with strikingly original creations. It is a time in which most science is ignored and the masses are merely existing carrying out their lives with little purpose. The ship is conceived to carry a great number of people to another and fairer planet. There is a resurgence of hope and the work begins, but the ship is merely a vehicle to arouse the vigor and imagination of a stagnant civilization. Through the years, as the work progresses, suspicions begin to arise. The remnant of the First-World sees a sinister import to the ship, and in a climatic battle its true meaning is revealed.

The book as a whole suffers from only one flaw. The story necessarily covers a large period of time and so the book progresses in, "episodes." The central character in each "episode" does not have quite enough time to become fully developed and it seems just as we become accustomed to him the scebe sgufts. But the story line itself is so well written and developed it more than makes up for this.

Not to much is revealed to soon although knowledgeable SF fans will begin to guess before its spelled out. The quality of writing is maintained throughout the book. The final battle is an assault on the mind. The images of sight, sound, smell, and touch are brought into play so forcefully that it seems to carry the reader along as if he were actually in the middle of it all.

Lords of the Starship is an exciting and well written story, and I found it immensely entertaining. At the end of a very brief biographical note on the first page are these words: "Writing is his avocation. Lords of the Starship is his first novel. He is far into his second." I am anxiously awaiting its arrival.

Unaware awareness

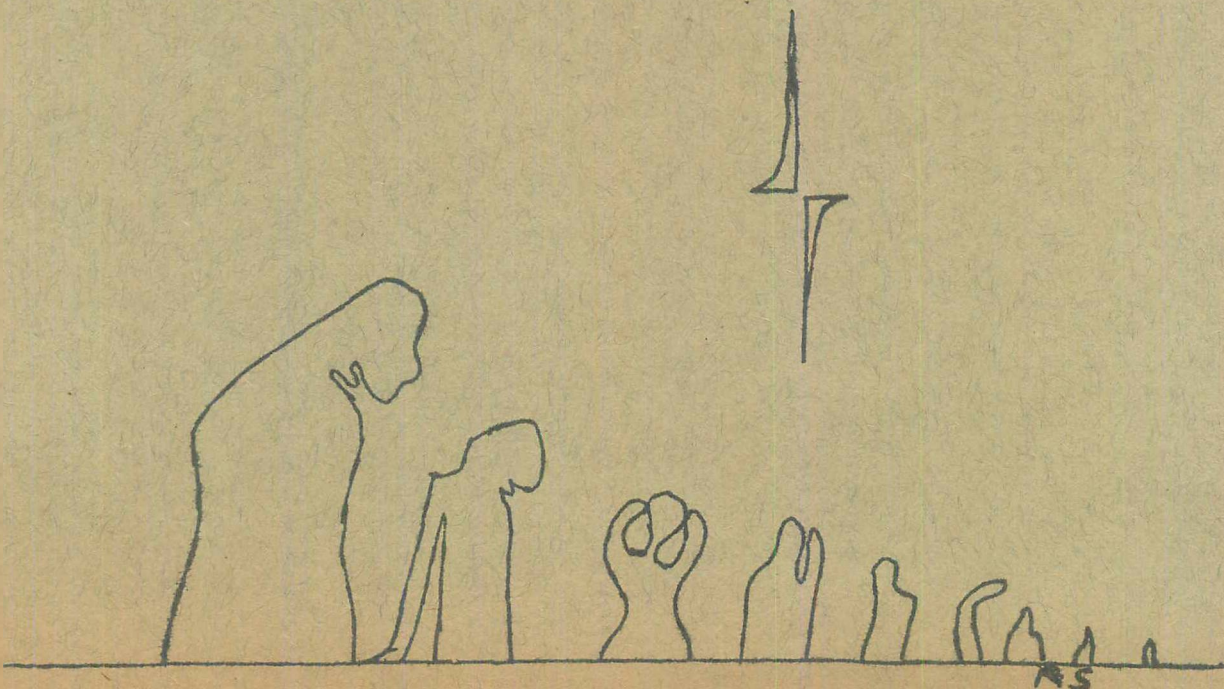
Man remains an enigma to himself,
Caught in the web of time,
he does not yet understand
his position in space.

Patternless tracings of men's
thoughts upon flesh during day,
give way to shadowless
shapes at night.

The mind so long in coming,
echos the sounds of the past
and fingers the realities of the future
unknown to him who was ape.

Speechless patterns of thought
tear at men's minds.
Unfelt pads of feeling
grip his heart.

To be aware and yet unaware
we consume ourselves
in our careless ploddings
through the files of infinity--
Our minds.



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Dear Richard, Roger, and whoever else is involved in this thing:

My profoundist apologies. I failed to comment on Harpies #1 so I might as well discharge obligations at this time. I notice that you printed a review of Harpies #1 in the letter column. Seems to me that it was a pretty harsh judgement on something that is really supposed to be a clubzine. So, it's ratty looking, printed on cheap paper, and falls apart when you open it. What the hell, you're not putting it out to be literary, you're putting it out to give some news about the Misfits.

I will also come out in favor of Hal's projected convention clearinghouse. He mentioned it to me, once again at Marcon, and it sounded like a fairly sound idea. The ideal way of handling it, of course, would be to issue a periodic listing of all current conventions and send it around to the fans who attend such foolishness. If each convention committee can be persuaded to defray expenses -- perhaps a \$10 registration listing fee rather than the proposed quarter -- a lot of the smaller cons would get more exposure than the word-of-mouth stuff they get now.

There are a hell of a lot of conventions being held right now and they often conflict with one another. Perhaps now is the time for something to be done.

Alas, Richard, love is indeed wonderful. I have discovered that it's also great for keeping in shape. I manage to lose between six and ten pounds every time I acquire a new girlfriend. Not only do I slough off excess blubber but I acquire some muscle tone as well. As you have noticed, though, love plays hell with fanac (I never noticed it because I didn't have any fanac for it to play hell with). I'll be looking forward to seeing another issue of En Garde when either your ardor decreases or you run out of scratch for plane fare.

A suggestion to you all. Why not let the mesdames Shapiro and Griffis edit the next issue of Harpies? Since this is a cooperative venture, the gals should get some sort of equal treatment nicht wahr? Besides, of all the zanies extant in the Misfit bunch, these two are tied for the fruitcake. They're both grand gals, though, and maybe my entreaty will induce them to do it.

Now, I have discharged my obligation -- a not unpleasant task. I hope to see all of you at the Midwestcon.

Regards,
Mark Schulzinger
6791 Meadow Ridge
Lane
Cincinnati, Ohio
45237

Now, Mark on your letterhead you have "Marko Lecturer on ESP" and also we remember a demo that you gave at the last Midwestcon. So we are now wondering about the comment in your letter about the mesdames. Is this some sort of cruel joke on your part? Do you really see the past, present, and/or future. Or are you just making fun of the two ladies in question? For if the truth were to be known. The reason for the six day wonder (Harpies #1) was to show certain members what could be done if some members had a mind to. It may well be that girlfriends do play hell with fanac, but it is nothing against what wives do. A number of letters contain comments on Hal's project. The next letter is no exception.

((ed.))

Dear Dick:

Very many thanks for the favorable review of All Our Yesterdays. For a while I wondered if I would get any real reaction to the volume, since obviously the second volume won't contain a section for locs on the first volume. But letters have come in fairly well, I've had one telephone call, and now fanzines are beginning to take notice. It would have been awful if nobody had written me, no fanzine editors had enough money to buy a copy for review, and circumstances had kept me away from the St. Louis worldcon. I would have felt like The Man Without a Country who wasn't allowed to know what was happening during his long exile in his native land.

Roger's little editorial about chattering about the past strikes right home to me. I've grown more and more alarmed about the way I concentrate so much of my fanac on things that happened long ago. Readers seem to like most of the stuff and it's one of the few fields in which my qualifications for writing are better than those of most fans. But it gives me an awful fear that I'm already senile and shutting out the present. So I hope to make a determined effort to stay in the present as much as possible from now on, except for actual work on the fan history and occasional other fanzine contributions. I want to try to do some book reviews of contemporary science fiction stories, write some personality profiles on today's leading fans, attend more cons, and in general stave off for a few more years the transition from old age to second childhood. How much of this program will get accomplished is another matter altogether; mostly it depends on whether I hang onto my job much longer and how anxious Advent may be for the second volume of the fan history.

Hal Shapiro's proposal is a sensible one that someone should have begun doing long ago. But I hope that those head-on collisions in dates for cons wouldn't be considered grounds for canceling or delaying cons when they're sufficiently far apart. Assume that a regional con occurred in Dallas the same weekend as the Boskone. How much would the conflict damage either event? Maybe three or four fans and one pro might be lost to each event, in the sense that these people would have attended both if they'd occurred on different weekends; and each event might pick up a dozen attendees who wouldn't have gone if either had been rescheduled for a weekend when other conditions weren't as favorable, because of a blizzard in New England or competition from Christmas in Texas. Separation of two cons by perhaps 750 or 1,000 miles might be sufficient to grant both equal rights to the same weekend--unless, of course, one of the events was the worldcon or the Westercon, the only two events that seem to draw large numbers of fans from many hundreds of miles away.

I don't recall anyone stating whether the Prisoner is a product of the government or commercial television in England. And I'm not altogether sure how great a distinction exists between the two services. But there ought to be a tradition of more quality in programming, when commercial considerations aren't paramount. That's why I'd like to see a federal television channel created just as soon as we get a satellite over the nation that could make telecasts available anywhere in the nation without a whole chain of transmitters. The cost shouldn't be any greater than the expense involved in other cultural ventures with federal financing and the possibilities are endless--far greater than those of educational television, which never seem to be able to break free of the pedagogue's influence, no matter how mature and intelligent its programming may be.

Yrs., &.,
Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland
21740

Well now, that's two letters and two comments on Hal's plan. It would seem that there is some support for Hal. This must be a somewhat strange position for him. It may be that even if Hal does not carry through (and he has been getting better) someone may. I tend to think that the Midwestcon should be placed in with the Worldcon and the Westercon. Over the years fans have come from all four ends of the country. One example that comes to mind of a program that was not influenced by educators was a two hour telecast on Johnny Cash. Another example is the Pete Seeger series. ((ed.))

((this has nothing to do with the letter column, but I must here say something or go out of my mind. This stencil and the one to follow are being and will be typed on Richard's typer. Well IT DOES NOT HAVE A LEFT HAND MARGIN. Now Richard can handle it. I CAN NOT. In fact I am so raddled that I could not even put in the stencil straight. But I will not re-type for the fourth time.))

Dear Richard,

Enclosed is 40¢ for the two issues of "Harpies" sent to me. I'm sending it to you because you are the only contact I have in Detroit, and anyway, I've got some remarks to make not related to "Harpies." I will say that I'm becoming interested in fandom, due to that zine, and that is something that the U of C SF club didn't do to me. It's just that there are so many things I've got to do that I can't keep up with all the stuff being written. Of your list of recommended titles in "Harpies II," I've not read one. That's how bad off I am, and I once was an avid reader of such things.

Now, if only you could get "En Garde" out in six days. But I suspect there might be some loss of quality in doing a rush job on EG, and I'm patient. I'm enclosing an article out of my newspaper which you may want to comment on in an editorial or something. I personally would rather not see the Emmy awards as a popularity contest, but instead, feel that quality of programs should be considered. Critics in papers and magazines are always lamenting the fact that so many good shows get cancelled because the ratings are bad, while poor shows cater to the lowest common denominator and get kept on T.V. Now this guy seems to think that the lowest common denominator should decide the awards for quality. Up with the proles, I guess.

Prospects for summer viewing are looking up. Besides the reruns of "The Prisoner" on Thursday nights, it appears from my T.V. magazine that the "Avengers" is going to rerun Emma instead of Tora this summer. Going out in a blaze of glory, perhaps. I only hope they go back to the early ones, which it appears initially that they won't do. Color is preferable to black and white, I guess.

Sincerely,
Richard Becker
5514 S. Blackstone Ave.
Chi. Ill. 60637

The point of the article seems to be that the public should pick the winners. I do not agree. The public through its buying habits is responsible for what is on the screen. Now, we know that there is no connection between what is on the screen and what is good. So, I see no reason why the public should say what is good. At least this way I have the satisfaction of knowing that what I like is considered good by experts. Small satisfaction that this may be, at least it's better than nothing. ((ed.))

Dear Richard,

After seeing the first rerun of THE PRISONER last night, I despair of ever getting it all. So I guess I shall have to resign myself to the delightful prospect of watching it as many times as CBS cares to revive it.

Everybody who watched saw six angrily turn in his resignation, but did you perhaps notice the two words on the doors he pushed open
.... "Way Out?"

That TIME article I mentioned also contained grousing about the temporary nature of Number Two's. In Latin America the favorite past-time is musical regimes, and the jockeying for position and vying for power is present in government, business and even church. There are always Number Two's being ousted by others, but the Number One's reach the top and are able to use their position and power wisely and maintain their place. Remember when One was asked to speak in Fallout, certain phrases were echoed by the "jury" with a mindless devotion which drowned him out whenever he attempted to say more. How many times have you heard people counter with well-worn phrases which do not mean anything to them or no longer apply because it is so much easier than thinking? It seldom does any good to try to show them that they are wrong, because they have their verbal security blankets and will turn on you if you threaten to remove them. THE PRISONER has by the very fact that it got on the air proved that on rare occasions studios will take a chance with something new and different in television fare. The reaction of the British viewers probably ranged, as I suspect they did here, from strong disapproval to strong approval. The rerunning evidently means that you can present something worthwhile and new if you only have the wisdom to present it in an interesting and entertaining manner. You do not shove your point down the viewer's throat you find a way to make it a pleasure to digest.

Best,
Bill McDermitt
212 N. Weber St.
Hertford City, Ind.
47348

I wonder what Number One's were before being Number One's if they weren't Number Two's. Maybe they were Number Six's. ((ed.))

Dear Roger...

Enclosed is a subscription to Harpies. Reading it and thinking back twenty years, I can say it is nice to know that fanzines don't change much. Fans, however, do. I get the impression that fans today are much more affluent and conventional, but it is possible that the things we were doing in the late '40's — particularly by people like Ray Nelson — now are being "discovered" and being done anew by a new generation within a new context in which such things are not nearly as deviant.

Fandom today seems bland and cliché'd; perhaps it is the so-called generation gap showing on my part. Perhaps it is the fact that the never-never world of space and the future has become such an everyday fact now, that much of what we once shared has entered the everyday realm of experience and everyman's vocabulary, that our former secret society no longer has a rationale.

Those who have lived through Early Fandom have every reason to be bored by the antics of the hippies and assorted public exhibitionists of today; but then again, perhaps those who lived through the dadaist era felt the same way about Early Fandom.

Ben Singer
479 Lawson Road
London, Ontario

((This is Schultz here, taking over the lettercolumn response section for the rest of the zine. I asked Roger to leave me room to answer Mr. Ben Singer, and he has graciously left me these two pages. I hope it will be sufficient.

Onward....

You know, Ben, it is strange that you should be complaining about the "bland" fans of today...because you are not the only one.

In fact, it's a chronic complaint from old-time fans, whether they're four years "old" in the field or thirty.

You see, over a three year period 80% of the people who came in about the same time you did, will gaffiate. But for the length of their stay there will be a sense of a generation alike in the basic points of taste and outlook and the mundane world about you. It is an age of vast discovery, of vast excitement and splendid visions of what a single person or small clique of sympatico types are able to accomplish within the microcosmos of active fandom.

For most of us this initial period of fanac is one of the most stimulating and fresh and mind-expanding years we will ever know, in many cases more exciting than college or early work life is.

But as Harry Warner points out, 80% leave and there is a small but steady attrition after that even of the remainder. After a few years fandom...this series of interlocking mailboxes and interlocking mind-to-mind communication...will have served its purpose for most of the people who discover it. They will remember, for the most part, of this time as a period of expansion after which they went on to other fields and hobbies and groups. For some of us it remains a social grouping in which remain many good friends...and thus provides a viable reason for our staying.

But the new fan tends to become the old fan, then the old fan and tired. Most of the old friends go, one's own interests tend to go into other channels, the mundane life drags at our energies (hello out there all you wives and girl friends). And you just simply don't bother keeping up the old pace of hyper-fanac. Which in the final analysis is nothing more than continually expanding your circle of friends and fellow fans to include all the new generation that inevitably follow on your foot-steps. You stop reading each magazine as it comes out each month. You tend to just buy pb's with authors names on them that you already know. And the flood of letters and fanzines in the mailbox dwindles.



Ye keep on attending the nearest regional conference and maybe the worldcon if it shows up in your geographic locale. But you go there and you talk to the people you already know, you wonder at all the new faces and new names and give a blank stare to the types who mention books you haven't heard of, fanzines you haven't seen and BNFs who are unknown.

Do you begin to get my point, Ben? Fandom is much the same as it ever was. There are cycles in fads and feuds, aka waiting lists and genzine page count. There are ever complaints about Barbarian Invasions by people who were Barbarian Invaders themselves just three years or four ago. There are Hot Topics in the zines and arguments in the larger clubs and petty politics....all the fun and games of your own by-gone era. But it's all being done by the people who have replaced you, and whom you do not know.

At the present moment marijuana and other "soft" drugs are very much in the news in fandom, the New Wave is being roundly criticized and acclaimed, often without any recourse to its faults or values. Political activism is very much "in" (and don't you remember Michel and the Ivory Tower Crew and the Newark/NYC 1st WorldCon and the propaganda leaflets behind the radiator and the first Exclusion Act?). With such a preponderance of youth (as always) in fandom, the mainstream viewpoints of the young are carried over to this particularly open medium where many adults bother to communicate with the young instead of castigating them or ignoring their thoughts. As always, most of these youthful arguments are spacious, rife with solipism or ignorance....but fandom has always had a goodly supply of printed materials whose only qualification for seeing print is that the editor/writer had a typer and a mimeo to hand.

But this new/old/ever-new phoenix-like viability of fandom has struck me very heavily lately. Fandom is a ruddy enjoyable place even yet, you see, and after ten years and a major gaffiation/return, I have a lot of faith in the ability of the young to accomplish at least as much as their predecessors.

But note the active qualification. Between 1962, after the ChiCon III and the NyCon III in '67, I was almost completely out of touch. And those feelings of being lost, of being a stranger, of knowing nobody and not being able to understand their topics of conversation or crusades... It all plagued me then, it made me feel very lost and old and tired. The kids seemed nonsensical and they seemed kids....a disastrous attitude for a fan to take.

But now I'm back in. And somehow I no longer expect the same things or the same ideas that meant so much to me in '59-'61 to mean anything to the newer generation. I moan about lack of traditions and respect and understanding for what has gone before....but what I really miss is the end of the Goon Bleary stories with their ATOM illos. The strange fragmented IASFS without a gaily tyrannical BJo at the helm. No more VOIDS or HABAKKUK to look forward to. No more Doc Smith to see at the MidwestCons. My burning era of fannish enthusiasm is gone and I resent at times the fact that this (to me) Golden Era gets but very little mention today. But like Harry Warner I also now realize that despite the charm and fire of the old, there is still good.

You have no Art Rapp SPACEWARP to look forward to. I have no more BJo & Ellik-dominated SHAGGY to look forward to...but I like the new Shaggy, heads, feuds, splintering action....and Kirk and Rudolph editorials, and the other good things to go with the saddening. So it is with all of fandom. Lupoff is confined to the FAPA graveyard now...but I like Richard Delap and Banks Mebane. I miss the BJo squirrel cartoons...but then we have Lovenstein and Foster now.

Fandom is still there, just as exciting as it ever was, and maybe just as essentially childish. But it's an odd and kooky sort of people that inhabit it, and in the end any organization stands and falls on the quality of its members.

I might also mention that Michigan Fandom is just barely...perhaps...having a period of growth and health. All sorts of new members are coming out of the woodwork, including a few old timers. A Barbarian Invasion it isn't...there are not enough newcomers all told to compromise a good scouting patrol, actually. But they are here...and reading the materials we all at least used to know and love. Science Fiction.

But they come to the meetings and what is discussed? Sure, personalities and remembrances are fine...but who besides me and Howard DeVore are reading enough recent stuff to be able to talk to these newcomers in the language of what they have recently been exposed to? Fandom operates like most entropy systems.

You can't get any more out of fandom than you put into it. -R. Schultz-))

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ROGER SIMS
1961 VERNIER
GROSSE POINTE WOODS
MICHIGAN 48236

PUBLISHED JUNE 7
FROM THE HOUSE OF
FEN
A MISFIT PUBLICATION

TO