

and the "a" on this report does not always space correctly. So read this ahead  
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HARPIES

The result of not having a resident artist or an inspiration  
for a cover for this item, which will be titled: "Harpies #4"

#4

Harpies

#

శ్రీ లోకేశ్వర చంద్రుడు

#4



This is Harpies # 4, published just in time to be distributed at the August 3, 1969, meeting of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society, congenitally known as the Misfits by friend and foe alike. Perhaps there will be another issue published in time for the next meeting which may be some time in September or October. Or why not make the next issue a unique experience and print it upon empty hot dog skins so that it may come out in October as a Howlow Weenie number. Meanwhile, back in the zine, this is the page that is reserved for

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Down here will be a masthead of sorts. Let's see, what to do about the addresses this time. I'm not sure, so why not send any money for anything to Howard Devore, 4705 Weddel Street, Dearborn, Michigan. He can make good use of it. Suggest not sending anything to Schultz or Sims as both are scheduled to move. Schultz to somewhere on the west coast and Sims closer to Detroit's inner city. Just when the moves are to take place, I know not. If you wish to take the chance, letters of comment can be sent to me, Hal Shapiro, 1035 Marlborough, Apt. #101, Detroit, Michigan, 48215. I'll be more than happy to get the damned things off my hands by passing them on to next issue's editor (if any), provided I don't lose, misplace and/or throw most of them away as apparently happened to most of those from the last issue. Or is it just that almost no one wrote?

Actually, we cannot blame you for not writing. I'm not sure I'd comment on a thing like this. But no letter from 'arru 'arner'??? Somehow, it just doesn't seem like a for real fanzine.

Before you delve into the pages of whatever this is, may your editors state that the entire issue was placed on mimeograph stencils without the aid of correction fluid (affectionately known by the inebriates as corflu) because we couldn't see any use in spending money on the stuff. Cheapcheapcheap. This is with the possible exception of the six pages of Schultzstuff which we should have left out had we had any editorial integrity. The coward stencilled and mimeed the six pages by his lonesome and let them embark on a three week journey to us, via Roger Sims. They arrived and, if we don't puke all over them, they'll be in pgs nine through fourteen (inclusive). For all errors, typographical, scatological, necrophiliac and intentional, we offer no apology. Only the explanation that our typing fingers are tired and the "a" on this typer does not always space correctly. So go read this already!



Sandy and I were informed two weeks ago that we would edit Harpies #4. I thought I had dreamed the whole mess, but today ((Sunday, July 6, 1969)) the Shapiros showed up, Ray Beam and mistress in tow (he and she were in town over that week end to stay with Hal and Sandy and watch boats running around some lake in Belleville or some such thing) wanting to know if my editorial was ready. Ready!??? I'm not even mad enough at anybody to write one. Civilization is going to hell in a handbasket and fans are beyond redemption already. The ~~last~~ last SF novel I read and liked, Howard Devore said was a dog, and I'm damned if I'm gonna discuss my love life with you.

They really think this thing is going to get all done in one afternoon. ((No, we didn't, but there had to be some enthusiasm shown.)) Why not, in addition to having the round-robin story, The Great StF Telecast, forced on to a new author each issue, do the same with this rag? That is, just give it to a new editor each issue and see what happens?

First of all, I'll not apologize for this so-called fanzine. The down dirty fact is that Clara and I have never made any attempt to, nor have we any idea of how to edit what our husbands lovingly call pieces of shit. Had we had years of experience at this stuff, that's when we'd apologize for the whole uglified mess.

So, sit back, relax, and welcome to the wonderfully wierd world of the Misfits.

[illegible]



I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU CALL IT;

THIS IS THE ARTICLE YOU ASKED ME TO WRITE  
by Mark Schulzinger, hc

For about 11 months out of the year, the Shapiro family seems to disappear from the face of the earth. Letters to them go unanswered, telephone calls never make connection, and everyone goes around asking: "Wgat the hell happened to. . ?" But, for one month, Hal and Sandy are verutable whirlwinds of communication. So, when my telephone rang the other night and I found Hal on the other end, I knew they had finally returned from their particular limbo.

The trouble with a phone call from Hal is that he always starts off the conversation: "Mark, I wonder if you would do a favor for me?"

Since I was in a particularly favor-able mood that night, I agreed to do his bidding: call the North Plaza Motel and confirm his reservation for the Midwestcon. I did this and by now he knows that they fouled it up for him. Then Sandy relayed her own particular favor to me. Now, I'm always willing to do a favor for Sandy but, for some unknown reason, she never asks me for the one I would most like to do. This time she wanted an article for Harpies. In return she was going to give me a piece of -- of god, dare I dare to say it? A piece of (smirk, smirk) -- fruit cake.

There, now you know, and I'm glad!

Grump. Five years or so of leering at her and she decides I'm lusting after food. There is something wrong with that gal -- I'm telling you.

So I said "Whoopie" (what else do you say when her husband is on the line and relaying the conversation?) and sat down to compose an article. .

Well, whatinhell is there to write about? Everything fannish nowadays seems so sercon. People are writing book reviews, fanzines reviews, telly reviews, art reviews, review reviews, usw. Should I go along with the trend and write some nice bit of dismalism?

You bet your beanie I won't!

So, finally and after some 300 words of prologue, here are some pleasantly fannish impressions of the 1969 Marcon:

I can truthfully say that this past Mardon was the closest thing to an old time con I have attended in many years. Just for the record, I judge the worth of a con by the amount of booze that goes down my throat and the time I get to bed after (or during) the parties. Since I was pretty well sloshed and in the sack no earlier than 5 ayem every morning, this was a damfine con.

Ever notice how people act when they get drunk? Dean McLaughlin wanders around with his eyes wide and faintly popped and a peculiar smile on his face. When he's really out of it his voice gets even softer than usual and his whole body moves with a slow-motion quality as if he were underwater. Whcih he might very well be.

I, on the other hand, get very maudlin and even more pedagogical than ever. I also take pity on people -- a bad thing to do even when sober. This explains why I woke up on Saturday to hear Ray Beam screaming at me: "Can't I leave you alone for a minute? Look what you dragged in this time!" On the floor between the beds, wrapped in his (ech) tweed cloak, was the box-bedecked form of Jim Williams.

Tom Sherred makes a most entertaining inebriate. I had a wonderful discussion with his for about half an hour, which only broke up when he looked me in the eye and asked me what in hell we were talking about. Larry Smith, guiding light of the Olontangy SF group, undergoes very little alcoholic metamorphosis. He just starts floating about three inches off the floor.



⑤

Beards and hair weren't too prevalent at Marcon and those who wore both were pretty much the decent sort. I can recall Beam and myself talking guns with one of them and he was very much in favor of them -- a fact that made both of our right-wing-revolutionary hearts go pitty-pat. People who like guns cannot be all bad.

Clara Griffis, now Michifanne and apprentice zany under Sandy's expert tutelage, contributed her own brand of confusion in the form of slogan buttons. I remember Sybil Devore wandering around in a semi-daze and muttering: "4-Q? 4-Q?"

Clara also produced a pair of trousers that matched her new mini-dress. In a fit of exhuberance I showed her that I could fit into the darned things, whereupon she challenged me to wear them to the Saturday nite parties. Later that day, while Beam, Clara, the Shapiros and I were having a bite at Hymie's Kosher Taco House, Sandy opened her mouth to ask a question of me. I let her. I should have known better.

"Mark," she asked, her eyelashes aflutter with maidenly modesty, "are you going to get into Clara's pants tonight?"

Flattering (or rather, fluttering) though the question was, it was Sandy's unique way of asking it that made the day. When this sweet, innocent child bride says something like that, her voice always becomes electronically amplified. I climbed into my jacket pocket and hid while the other customers whisked their children out of possible contact with us and a waitress dropped a plate of wetback swill on the tile floor.

That nite I bravely put on Clara's bell-bottomed trousers and made the scene. I felt particularly conspicuous; after all, how often do I go around in drag? I felt better after Bea Mahaffey pointed out to me that I had the damned thigs on backwards. I wondered why I couldn't sit down in them.

Later, when a gang of us were having a discussion of some sort or other in Clara's room, Sandy struck again. Two young fans, a fellow and a gal, had just walked in when Sandy said: "Hey! Let's have a lay-in!"

"Hmnm," said the young male-fan, "this looks like an interesting party. Verr-rr-rry inn-nnterr-rr-rresting."

"Let's get the hell out of here," said the female fan.

Young people never do know what's good for them.

Fleeting impressions: The motel security guard making his sixth appearance at the door in an hour...Jim Williams fluttering around like an apprentice vampire...Reva Smilay making like Zha Zha Gabor...The young man who hadn't slept all night and wasn't going to until someone showed him another movie...A roomful of youngfen welcoming Beam as an "old-timer"...Mike Laylor perpetually adjusting microphones and acting as if people said things that were really worth recording...The B-S Empirical Age Study...The banquet that ran dry...The parties that didn't.

Had enough? So have I -- at least until next year.

END

Editorial note, since there is some space left at the end of this page. All typos and misspelling attributable to lack of correctional fluid and the fact that this is being typed in the Belle, Book and Candle Head Shop, Wayne, Michigan (or maybe it's Westland, Michigan) while others are tottering about sniffing various things, talking, singing and listening to the psychedelically colored music while reading back issues of such periodicals as SCREW and HORSESHIT. Two very overthwhile publications, by the way, if you don't mind a bit of amplified sexuality on the premises. It's tiddly-poo time!



Those who recall the golden age of Spacewarp will know of "The Great SF Broadcast." Those of us who are not that old, and others, will relish "The Great SF Telecast."

First, in almost alphabetical order, ye caste of characters: The Cat Woman; The Cat Lady; Diddly Schlitz; The Gremlin of the Far North; Haira the Red; Harelip the Pundit; Hogarth the Devourer; Jock Promoter; Katy of Broads Fjord; Khruish of Hotpants; Laughing Denny; Baldish; Marie the Miller's Daughter; The Marvelous Bendmaker; The Flacid Dane; The Prophet of the Fjords; Raygun Beanstalk the Short; Strom, Ruler of the Northmen; Stupid Broad; Superjaw; Su See; Sybil the Devout; Teddy Bareskins; Tigerpuss; The Virgin of Kor; other from time to time and place to place.

On with the so-called plot. Chapter one follows -- a cooperative effort.

Jets blasting, Jock promoter settled onto the promontory overlooking the Virgin of Kor, subnathing under the protection of Young St. George's pal, Teddy Bareskins.

Teddy, momentarily distracted from his task of propelling a Virginia Redskin peanut across the turf with his proboscis, a favorite request of the Virgin, looked up. A vision of arousating fireworks emerging from the underside of Jock Promoter startled him into some slight awareness of nebulous reality. "Foresooth," he foresoothed, "Something is decidedly wrong with yon varlet descending with jets blasting."

The Virgin yawned, extended a grape (Ohio muscatel) to be pecked. "'hy sayest thou that?" she asked insoucantly.

"Because," said Teddy, "if something were not wrong, he would be descending in a vehicle of some sort, rather than by his ever-loving lonesome."

"You're slipping out of character," said the Virgin. "Back to the peanut."

Still, Teddy Bareskin was concerned. There was something decidedly sinister about the sight he had witnessed. Then, as the hot blast singed his hair and dry roasted the peanut, full realization struck him as a barbed blade biting bitterly.

"Damn," he said, a dirty word he felt was justified by the situation. "Damn," he repeated, because he liked to cuss. "There's only one reason a varlet would be descending in such manner. He has. . ."

He paused for dramatic effect, but the Virgin was applying suntan lotion to her navel and oblivious to his bletherings. Besides, she had heard it all before. He loved her with a mad passion. Of this she was overly certain. An impish grin convulsed her face for a split second. They all did, the silly geese. Little did they know that her heart belonged forever, eternally and only to. . .

"A dragon in his ass!" Teddy's scream cut off her thought.

"Hy ghod," he continued, "a dragon. A perfect ready-made opportunity, as well as part time work, for Young St. George." Exultation flushed his features and the tank began to refill. He had figured it out for himself.

Excitedly he borrowed a dime from the Virgin and loped off down the escarpment looking for a telephone booth. He hoped it would not be a toll call.



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REVIEWS BY CHRIS HOTH  
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BUG JACK BARRON Norman Spinrad  
 Avon 95¢ 327 pp

7

First I must say that I enjoyed Bug Jack Barron very much, both as an exiting story and as an exercise of the mind.

Although Spinrad's style here is, at first, difficult to read, herein is one of his major accomplishments. Not only does it require some thinking to read the book, but the methodology used in stringing together the adjectives and nouns is very reminiscent of our mass media culture. Radio, television and the written word storm the battlements of our senses with information and pseudoinformation and we pick up bits and pieces of separate events which seem to be a continuous jumble of words, with few periods. Once we get the hang of reading the manner of writing, we find an exiting and fast-paced story.

And every time we think we've found the final link in the chain of events, there is another problem to be resolved; another question mark in the minds. The action builds furiously to its shattering finale.

The characters of Jack Barron, Benedict Howard and Sara are solid, flesh and blood people - not to forget bones, gristle and nerves - pursuing their own dreams and ideals. While we may not identify with any of them, we cannot brand them banal or depthless.

The world where all the action takes place - the Earth's future - is not one where all our problems are neatly resolved, packaged and filed. It's strikingly familiar, yet extremely different. Problems are only solved individually by creating new problems, and it is the recognition of this fact that makes Barron's world and compatriots so warm and vivid, so alive and real.

While I feel Bug Jack Barron is an excellent book, I still would not want to see everything written this way. I enjoy a good, straight forward adventure story or a more conventionally written story, probing contemporary problems at least as much as the Spinrad epic. But I do think that as an example of an unusual form of prose fiction, as an experiment in words, it is very good. I would heartily recommend (please pardon cliché); no, I would insist that it be read by those who say there are no new ways to say things and no new things to say.

Clinging exclusively to the past (although it has some things to offer) must lead to a kind of mental stagnation. The mind is alive in almost every person, and it should be made to work and think on occasion, lest it lapse into stolidity, stupidity and apathy.

((ed note: strike out a batch of Ss in the heading. This issue of Harpies contains only one review by Chris Hoth. Reason: that's all he had for us at deadline time))

(((cont from following page))) There's only one thing I have left to say. Harpies is a hell of a clubzine. It's not a clubzine, that is. This has been the Shapiro's issue. Previous ones belonged to others. I think that, some years ago, with the infamous MUTANT (clubzine of the Misfits of the late forties) we showed that an OO for the Misfits was, to use a condescending cliché, a helluvaness. As far as I am personally concerned, anyone who wants Harpies can have it. The club has not been paying for it. Those putting it out have financed it, except for me. I'm damned if I'll spend any more of my money on drack like this. The paper is courtesy of either Devore or Schultz (not sure which. Simcs says he'll mail, so I assume he'll be sucked enough to shell out for postage also.

Actually, I'd like to see Harpies continue, if only to see what Norm Masters will do with The Great StF Telecast. Rules are that the writer of each segment should get the protagonist (or someone) into an impossible situation and then assign the next chapter to someone who has not yet done a piece. This leaves everyone in the lurch since this piece (page six) was a cooperative effort of Ray Beam, Mark







malyutka ... \*

Krasavec



"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!"

Just when and how you see this column is very much in the lap of the Gods this time around.

Hal Shapiro has decided that he is a big time fanzine pubber and has opted to publish this, the next ish of HARPIES. Only the Shadow, however, really knows what evil lurks in the hearts of fen....

It should be an interesting experiment at any rate. Hal hasn't published a fanzine in something like nine years, and is just about as completely out of touch with active fanzine fandom as one can get without having deliberately cultivated that state. In point of fact Hal went around the MidWestCon this past weekend soliciting contributions....from people who haven't contributed anything for years and years. Of course this is bad practice anyways. Fans who promise materiale never deliver unless reminded by a letter afterwards and even then the odds are against ye.

But never let it be said that Schultz lets aspiring HARPIES editors down. So, as with all other MALYUTKA KRASAVEC's, this column is being written, stencilled and printed entirely by Uhos Trly.

If this issue of HARPIES is not edited by Hal Shapiro, it may be safely assumed that this materiale and others were rescued from Manse Shapiro by a crew of determined fanzine liberators after Mssr. Shapiro failed to bring it out. With any luck he might even accomplish said task. But I shudder to think it might look like. Can you imagine a fanzine filled entirely with bad jokes? Brrrrr...

As for the future of HARPIES.... Well, I'm off tomorrow for Los Angeles, this being the 2nd of July at the moment. Roger Sims will pass on these pages to Shapiro. And for two weeks I'll bask in the warm California sun. After I'm back, I'll probably take on HARPIES as a regular task, officially doing what I've been unofficially doing thusfar....most of the work. I'll be seeing you.





"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!"

By the way, if any of you do not recognize the source of the above quotation, you have obviously not read at least one of the present Hugo nominations. STAND ON ZANZIBAR. Shame, shame....

But it'll be a while yet before the balloting closes, so you've time yet. However by St. LouisCon time we should all know what has happened with the Hugos.

Speaking of the St. LouisCon, it appears that there will be a "PRISONER" group there for the costume ball if nothing else.

However the more the merrier. To make it a complete group of authentic types, we're looking for volunteers, both for taking part and in putting together the costumes. First step would be a source of costumes...simplicity itself if I could sew well. Basic costume is a chocolate brown jacket for the men with white piping, black pullover and light brown/gold slacks and tennis shoes. And a Penny-Farthing Bicycle Number lapel button. Scarf is optional for #2's, etc., for instance. But what we need are types with strong resemblances to certain characters on the show. If you're interested, send me a card stating your character preference and the show that he or she appeared on. There are four in the group already and we think we have a possible #6.... But can always use another. Send questions and words to: R. Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan (48234).

Naturally this opens up all sorts of playful thoughts for the St. LouisCon. Like never giving your real name all during the St. LouisCon, just a number.

I'll be seeing you.

"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!" That PRISONER group effort for the World Con, by the way, was begun at the recent MidWestCon. Fred Lerner is very hopeful for a PRISONER-Con, as is Mike Dobson. However, the sort of response the costume idea draws might well indicate what sort of success or non-success such a PRISONER-Con (maybe with McKern and McGoochan present?) might be.

Ah, yes, the MidWestCon. How well I remember the MidWestCon. It might only have happened just yesterday. Or the day before. As a matter of fact it did.

The MidWestCon at any rate remains very much a "TruFan's" Convention. That occurs simply because the MidWestCon is without any formal program worth the name, and thus does not draw neofans who are not already part of the actifan in-group. The absolutely new Neofans do not show up...and clog up the Con with their bodies. Also the absence of program forces everyone there to rely upon their own resources, creating a rather beautiful opportunity for non-stop talk and mind-to-mind communication. An opportunity eagerly grasped by the actifan, whether Old Guard or Blackguards or New Guard alike, to just chitter-chatter.



Even though there were something like 165 souls present or thereabouts, it was not really overcrowded. And if you assiduously picked your way through, you could spend at least a few moments with everyone present that you wanted to talk to. An impossibility to accomplish at present WorldCons. In fact the population explosion has created a new Air of Exclusiveness about the established fans. This is more apparent than real. For everyone has a circle of friends with whom he or she wants to communicate with,...that's why they're friends after all. And when that small circle of friends numbers about 300 out of a possible 1500 attendees at a Convention, the established fan doesn't have an awfull hell of a lot of time to spare to cultivate the newer fans. It's unfortunate but true that most fans wait for the new and exciting personality to come to them first.

This is sad. Especially because of the generally shy nature of fans. The only hope allowable is that if you pluck up your courage and initiate chitter-chatter with the Big Name Fans you'll find them almost one and all warm and wonderful people. There seems to be a natural law in operation that states that no one who is a real 100% toad lasts long in fandom. Thank God.

But for the moment the MidwestCon remains a faaaaaan-Con. Pretty generally speaking everyone knows everyone else there at least through the fanzines. The attendance is small, the surroundings congenial, the atmosphere relaxed and the emphasis is entirely on talk, partying, discussion-groups and informality. It is probably one of the most sheerly enjoyable Cons on the calendar.

"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!" Freddy Prophet and I hove to at the North Plaza round about 7:15 Friday night and was soon thrilled to discover that things were in their usual Snaflu at the desk. It was all these Trucke\$\$..... Truckers you say? Let me explain. You see, the North Plaza Motel has a number of very lucrative contracts with a number of Trucking firms which go through the Cinci area. The Plaza guarantees X-number of rooms for the truckers laying over any night. And is guaranteed in their turn X-\$\$\$\$ from a certain amount of rooms always being used.

But that Friday the Truckers almost en masse were reluctant to move out of their rooms. So that in some instances the Motel was running ten and twelve hours late in matching confirmed reservation people with rooms. The truckers were simply squatting in the rooms instead of moving on. One such instance of a reluctant departee was occupying 71, my own room. After swarming about in the pool for a bit (thanks to Banks Mebane and his courtesy in letting me use his room) they finally came up with a room and a key.

However....

At 8:30 or so I opened the room and said Very Good Indeed, to myself, gazing at the hat on the bed, the teevee still operating, the log book and money on the writing desk and shoes on the floor. And sort of wondered just what would have happened if the clod of a trucker had still been there.

Would you believe he didn't depart until around 11:00 that night?

"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!"

There were an awful lot of complaints this year about the North Park Plaza Motel. Many of the units still lack air conditioning. The truckers fouled up dozens upon dozens of people, some of whom like Art Vaughn waited twelve hours for a room and key despite confirmed reservations. And even with a moderate-sized MidwestCon like this year, the Motel was simply unable to handle the crowd. Next year the WorldCon will be in Heidelberg and it can be anticipated that the '70 MidwestCon will be maybe twice as big. Now mind you, the North Park Plaza has quite a few good points for fen. They never said a word about us using the pool throughout the hot nights. The rooms were cheap. The room service was superior to some Motels I've stayed at.





The management was very liberal in its outlook. There was a Supermarket and a (very good) Frisch's Big Boy Restaurant across the street. And the Motel, for all it's aging exterior provided a very cozy atmosphere. And we virtually owned that Motel the entire weekend.

In point of fact though the next MidWestCon probably will be held elsewhere. There will simply be too many fen attending for the North Plaza to handle. Which means a Larger Motel. Unfortunately. I say that because a pair of years ago we had a Larger Motel, the Carrousel down the street a ways. It was a very clean, modern and large...and pretentious Motel. The trouble with large and pretentious Motels are that they have Public Images to maintain. Which means they get up-tight about Midnight swims in the pool, people flopping on the floors who don't happen to be registered guests, odd-looking characters in their lounge, etc. They get frightfully sticky about little details like check-out times and towels, and their other guests get awfully uptight about all-night parties, no matter how

quiet ours may be. Not only that, the Carrousel was so large that you literally had to use your car to get from one end to the other. Either that or walk. And doing that you discover that you always ascend a hill twice as often as you descend it and don't ask me to explain why or how....

But we're sort of stuck no matter which way we jump. Because the next MidWestCon is without a doubt going to be bigger yet....

"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!" The banquet was something of a disappointment, I've heard. Instead of going down there I flopped back into that lovely pool again. And evidently missed very little.

Sitting around the pool afterwards, a pair from New Jersey named Chuck and Diana had the inspiration of partaking of food. Sherna Comerford Burley and I thought that was a gorgeous idea. So why not the Kentucky Fried Chicken palace next door? Why not indeed? But one can't go in swimming trunks.... Just a minute, I said. Zip, and back I was in bright blue fluorescent guru shirt. Zip went Chuck & Diana to change themselves. Zip they came back out. Diana in micro-micro short dress designed like a monk's robe. Chuck in startling purple and lavender ensemble with yellow sash. Even Sherna managed to wear a psychedelic dress. Thus equipped to draw attention we went down to the Kentucky Fried Chicken palace. Chuck absolutely comed the management as a pasttime & and we all waved to the other customers and very mundane teenagers going by outside and staring at the "hippies" inside.

Happiness is putting people on.

Humm! That Fried Chicken was delicious!

Chuck is a pre-med student and if he wanted to could be a top-flight con-man any time. He absolutely has the neatest knack of opening people up that I've ever seen. As Adrienne Martine can also testify, he also has one of the finest singing voices I've heard in a loooooong time. Ah wat memories the Con has given me...

Adrienne Martine and her unicorn dress.





Then Sunday morning and her spending almost the entire day hand-embroidering an insignia for Elliott Shorter for his jacket or weskit that he's going to wear out at the Medieval Tournament at this year's WesterCon. Greater love hath no fan than to give up so much of her convention time to help another...

Jim Young giving Jerry Kaufman and me a rendition of "Oh, See Me In Minney-a-pole-is" complete with banjo music and a little soft shoe. The Minneapolis explaining in exquisite detail why They Want To See The Reptile Farm in Minot, South Dakota ("Come play with the friendly Cobras!" "Come here our hundred singing Alligators!") And everyone passing the roast around to the starving members of the young Minneapolis crew.

Riding back to Detroit with Freddy Prophet and Art Saha and remembering about the old New York City days. Dick Ellington, Danny Curran, Sandy Cutrell, Bill Donaho, the Nunnery, Riverside Dive, the Libertarian League meetings, the population explosion in fandom, the fringe groups, Star Trekkies, the Minneapolis bid which impressed Art mightily.

Al Lewis (otherwise known as Tony Boston in '71 Lewis to everyone else in fandom) lovingly rubbing suntan oil on his wife Suford...to little avail. Maybe basting was the more proper term.

Charlie and Marsha Brown were there but Charlie was under cover most of the time with a sudden bad bout with the flu bug. So this year we missed the usual joyful recreation of pushing Charlie Brown Into The Pool.

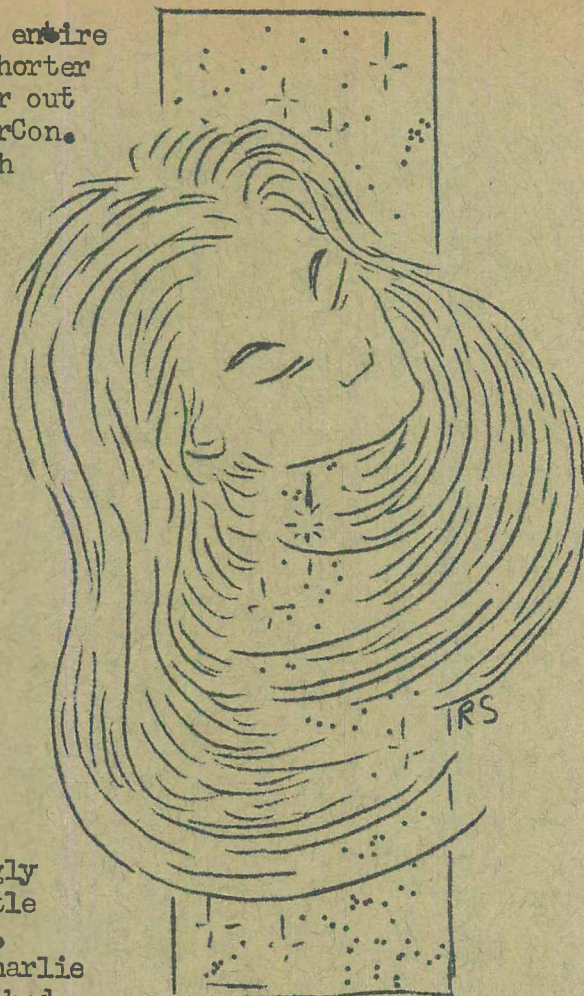
However, Bruce Pelz was there and he invented an alternate version which caught the fannish enthusiasm nicely, thank you. It was a secondary variation on Chaos Water Pool in which every once in a while everyone acted spontaneously to drown Fred Lerner. Naturally this met with a certain reluctance on Fred Lerner's part, but he was outvoted.

One of life's joys is out-voting Fred Lerner I've decided.

Brucifer was collecting monies for the LASFS building fund in a most devious manner this year. He had about a dozen used ice cream canisters with holes in the top through which one might rain monies. The goal was to vote for your favourite Clod Of The Year or Worst Fan or Fugghead Award or whatever semantic trigger phrase tickles your fancy. Anyone could be nominated simply by putting up a dollar. After that you had to keep feeding coinage into them to keep your favourite Fugghead ahead of the rest. Notable names on the canisters include the BayCon management: Alva Rogers, Bill Donaho and J. Ben Stark; Ted White. Jerry Pournelle of the LASFS. And others. Notably Jim Williams, a cretinous clod present at the MidwestCon, the MarCon and elsewhere, who took an early lead during this convention and kept it throughout. Just about everyone voted for him at least once during the Con....

Oh well. I've still two Conventions in which to help my candidates pull ahead of the pack. And why hasn't anyone nominated Harlan Ellison? Granted he's been a good lad lately and doesn't deserve it perhaps. But simply out of respect for old fannish tradition shouldn't someone nominate Harlan Ellison?

Brucifier was also selling copies of the SQUIRREL'S TALE, the Ron Ellik TAFFtrip account. Requiescat in pace, RonEl... It's a fascinating account and is available from Brucifer (or most any LASFSan) by hand at \$1.00 per or \$1.25 via the mails from: Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California 90024. This is an accounting of RonEl's 1962 TAFF trip to the Harrogate EasterCon and is an accounting to my mind of the end of an era. After the ChiCon I gafiated and until early 1967 was inactive. The people RonEl talked about in the England





of that time I knew. Terry Jeeves and Eric The Bentcliffe. Ella Parker and The Penitentiary.

All of them, all of them. The Cheltenham group, Ron Bennett, John Roles and his book store. Norm and Ina Shorrock. The Wheels of IF (Irish Fandom) and the heyday of Art Thomson as Atom.

Now attrition and time has taken it's toll and the new generation has come to the fore in England. Muggoch, Weston, Roberts are WKF's. (And what ever happened to Patrizio and George Locke?) And Ken Cheslin, me old buddy.... And how alive <sup>Ron</sup>Ellik's account made them all seem again....

Nostalgia.... Remembrances.... How dear they become to us all.

"CHRIST, WHAT AN IMAGINATION I'VE GOT!" I also indulged in a little scientific research over that weekend, all of it

entirely in the interests of pure research you understand, pushing back the walls of ignorance and superstition, delving for the truth, etc. This convention was the first one in which I had a manly figure to show off and thus became the first one in which I dared plop about the pool very much. Being easy to burn this necessitated a certain large series of suntan lotion applicating. To accomplish an over-all application naturally I needed some aid for the back.

To which end I naturally turned to the female members of the con and allowed them to bask and anoint the new (but still hairy) Schultzfigure so that it wouldn't turn a lobster-red. (It has turned a nice brown instead, by the way.)

So, since I was forced, mind you, to seek some aid in this matter, my impeccable sense of fair play told me to try all the ladies present. This fair and impartial parceling out of the arduous portion of the investigation was nae quite accomplished, but I came close.

As a result of this strenuous work and with the aid of my own virile mind, a few tentative conclusions have been reached.

First off, it is married women who have been able to include the maximum degree of pleasure in the task no doubt through long practice and acquaintance with the masculine secondary pleasure centers. But each lass has her own unique style and touch. Personally I prefer the palm and sweep type over the fingertips and circle type but each has its own good points. Naturally if anyone desires an elucidation of this study, the original data is available to all true science-minded individuals.

A few ladies stand out, of course. Sherna Comerford Burley has what is probably the firmest and steadiest oiling technique, marking her out as a very steady and firm-minded individual. Leigh Couch wins the warm-hands award, with the very fingertips imparting a magnificent sense of warmth. Adrienne Martine has a very varied technique, much like a modern dancer portraying deep esoteric subjects, full of mystery and enchantment. Suzle...Suzanne Tompkins has the lightest touch...at first I couldn't believe she was actually applying the oil. Ah, but the primo oil applier has to be Joyce Fisher, Ray Fisher's wife. She just absolutely has to take top honours for sheer sensuousness of application, for sheer superb sensual "tone". I most heartily recommend Joyce to all you fellow connoisseurs of erotic suntan oil applying. However, you'll have to wait your turn. Ray has first dibs you understand....

Gee. I wonder if that'd count as a new fetish?

Christ, what an imagination I've got!

SCOREBOARD For those who did not get a chance to lavish egoboo and praise upon me at the MidwestCon (or will at the WesterCon) a little information for you all. At the BayCon, due to the incredibly poor eating arrangements at that Con, I lost something like 15 pounds. Never being one to stop when a good thing was going I went on a diet then.

Since that time I've lost 96 pounds. Dropping from 269 to 173. Dropping from a size 49 waist to a size 34½. Dropping from a size 10½ EEEE shoe to a 9½ EE. Dropping from a size 17 shirt to a size 15. From a 7½ hat to a 7. And still going down. Goal is now 150 pounds. And a size 32 waist.

I'll be seeing you. ("Christ, what an imagination I've got!")

-Richard Schultz-



Herewith, the REAL reason the U. S. Army wouldn't take Norman Grenske by U gress (15)

You've probably already heard the tale -- how fadism got the best of Uncle Sam, how Norman Grenske was all ready to be inducted, how he ate so much at the Misfit going away picnic that, when he went for his physical he was 3 pounds overweight and was classed 'unfit for military service.'

Alright, you know and I know the army could have worked off those 3 lbs in a couple of days, if they were normal pounds. But the 3 pounds Norm was carrying were far from normal.

It started at Paycon. Dicky Schultz admitted that he's the one who slipped the orgy butter into Grenske's peanut butter, bacon and lettuce sandwich. Dicky bought the compound in the Haight-Ashbury district but found all the claims made for it in the advertisement ineffectual on him. Maybe the hippie compound just had to have some sex appeal to work with before it could have any effect, hip-wise. (Can't slide from scratch, or something like that?) At last it lived up to its name, though Norm's stomach was upset over the matter. (Yours would be, too, if it had an orgy going on inside it.)

Norm thought it was simple indigestion (little realizing there was more indiscretion involved than the former). He began to suspect something was wrong when regular morning sickness occurred after two weeks. He positively knew something was wrong when he felt the passionate urge to read and re-read Amazing Stories from the forties, with special emphasis on the Shaver sex scenes.

His parents were accustomed to Norm's strange eating habits, but when he wanted pickled snails, pigs tails, fried bumblebees, roasted Astoundings and little baked boys they began to worry, and suspect. . . Not that they were upset about supplying the little boys -- the brats were plentiful enough. . . But ~~it~~ they always screamed, and what would the neighbors think?

Well, Norm went to the doctor and found out, but it was hardly something he could tell anyone else. Not to mention the relative shame involved. No one would believe him anyway, would they? But the army found out when they gave him the physical, and that's why they turned him down. Seems there's some sort of rule or regulation against pregnant men in the service.

The facts leading up to the result have all been deduced, though the result itself is still moot.

We know the orgy butter started it. We know who the sandwiched participants were. But the X-rays are indefinite. WHAT is Norm going to have? A peanut? A head of lettuce? A tomato? A pig? Maybe a poppy from the seeds on the bread? If Norm must be the mommy, can it be its own poppy? Would it be a flower child? Or might he have another stomach? Even though it was upset at first, the orgy buttered it up and convinced it to join, not lick, them. Having no tongue it did a belly dance. How is it all going to come out? Does even the Shadow know? Or knowing?



## YE OLDE EDITORIALLE TYPEE PAGEE

Many moons ago when ye editors were small chillins, we were asked to undertake an episode of Harpies. Ye editors originally were to have been Sandy Shapiro and Clara Griffis. Howmsoever, what with distances interfering, the editors have been changed to the two Shapiro-type people, Hal and Sandy. It seems a shame, too, that distance should interfere, what with Clara living only a few miles from us (about fifteen or so) when the male half of this partnership once co-edited and co-published a fanzine with an Australian fan. Perhaps it's merely that we're lazier in our older age. And, speaking of laziness, all, it appears, we're going to do is select some of the material for this issue of Harpies and put it on stencil. Roger Sims, we are informed, has six pages already duplicated for inclusion and Richzrd of Schultz, not trusting our editing and/or typing (no correction fluid, you see!) said he is typing his own. So, when these few pages of ours are completed, we will pass them on to our beloved president, BHHD, for the actual work of duplicating and collating.

On an inner page you may be able to find the first episode of the Great StF Telecast. Patterned somewhat after the Great StF Broadcast and Some of the Great StF Broadcast, in Art Rapp's fanzine of the forties, Spacewarp, it will gladden the heart of many, and sadden some, who are or are not included in the cast of characters. A letter or two of comment on recent Harpies lamented the fact that, although this was reputed to be a MSFS clubzine, there was little or nothing in it about the Misfits. The Great StF Telecast is a mediocre effort to allebate this situation.

The enchanted duplicator is the one with a true fan at the crank. A poem follows written on a recent weekend in Indianapolis, Indiana, at which some sort of orgy whixh was to have taken place didn't and another which wasn't, did. Writ by hand by a friend of Misfits wverywhere, Mark Schulzinger:

Kathy Masters, shy type wife,  
Took a try at fannish life.  
Had a fling with hubby, Norman;  
Went to Cincy one fine mornin'.  
Took a room with fan named Hal  
And his wife Sandy (sexy gal).  
Learned quite soon what others knew -  
Sandy's known as ((editorial, note: this rhyme inappropriate for a family  
type funzine))

If all the fans in Michigan and/or the rest of the world were laid end to end, we woudln't bea bit surprised.

It would probably be a good thing to insert here the standard letter column rather than going to the trouble of making a sepearte piece of resistance with the thing. So, the first letter-writer is a Misfit who prefers to remain anonymous, but who may be heard from in future issues.

To Ever Whom:

I would like to thank H.A.R.Devore, fiendly book swindler, for forcing a family dues cutrate plan on the Misfits. This enables me to get my brood on the rolls very cheap. It's gonna work for everyone, Howard. Thanks again.

Let's talk about fandumb in the Detroit area. What's wrong with it. What's wrong is a lot of the old folks. Old, old, old, old. Most of the young people quit after a few months because they can't work up any interest in what happened twenty years ago. Who in hell is interested in how H.A.R.Devore swindled a little old lady in Pittsburgh out of her Fate magazine collection. Big Deal. Almost worse is the limerick lunatic. Limericks of twenty years ago don't turn us on. Hey, Hal, what is a buttonhook? And, more important, who dares?

Next issue I shall strike again, and put down the old and feeble attempts at retaliation I feel sure will come in from old and feebls fans. 'Til then,

PEACE,

/s/ The Nasty Bastard



((letters, continued here. Skip if you wish))

17

Dear Roger --

The darndest thing happened to me. It couldn't have been 5 days ago that I was lazily thumbing through Locus ((a fmz)) when a review of your rag popped out at me, "Nothing stands out as being very good," I read aloud to myself and for the benefit of my mirror image across the latatory ((john)). He's not illiterate, but he does tend to get things backwards. "Sounds about my speed. Guess I'll try it."

So I wrote a cover-up note, plinked in two dimes, and waited.

Less than a week later this armored car pulls up into the driveway. Out jumped three guards and five Able Bodied Men ((ABMs)) carrying a large crate draped in black. Well, they headed and tugged and they pulled and finally got the blasted thing on my doorstep. Then they beat a hasty retreat ((sadistic)) to the truck (ever see an ABM beat a hasty retreat?) and left behind a cloud of dust. ((and a hearty hi-ho-silver))

Being suspicious by nature, I approached the black draped coffin-like box quite cautiously, until I spied Dick Schultz's name in the return address slot. Now I have an infallible memory (my fiends always tell me) and I instantly recalled the only thing I'd order from Dick had been a 45¢ copy of Harpies 3. "Could it be," ~~and~~ said I said I, "that the Misfits, renowned for their social concern (Hi, George Romney! ((Young))), have rendered a public service by printing the autoratative edition of "Stand on Zanzibar" complete with interpretations and supplementary texts in French German, Greek, English and Swahili?" ((Yes)) Then I opened it and, lo and behold, there was Harpies 3 and En Garde 6.

The paper used for Harpies feels crummy, looks lousy, and practically shouts, "CHEAPCHEAPCHEAP," ((courtesy of BHHD)) -- in short, it's just the thing our club has been looking for. For a clubzine, the contents were well written. Chris Hoth's reviews are outstanding -- literally. I wish that an extra page or two could be added to his column.

All in all, Harpies deserves to be larger than 18 pages. I hope that next time you will extend Hoth's column, the lettercol, add fanzine reviews and separate articles of general interest. Surely you can add a few more sheets of that cruddy paper for a small amount. ((of what?))

/s/ Leon E. Taylor  
Post Office Box # 89  
Seymour, Indiana 47274

Dear Richard,

Thanks for the copies of Harpies you've been sending -- I've enjoyed ((?)) them and will be reviewing your #2 in DJ#2.

We appreciate, too, the many good things you have been saying about the Dallas bid. There's a heck of a lot of energym planning and work in our effort.

Harlan Ellison was in Dallas a couple of weeks ago and the DaSFS held a banquet in his honor. This was the first time I'd met/heard Harlan, and my mind is still reeling! ((reel it in quick and see if you've caught anything))

Hal Shapiro suggests a con registry -- which is not a bad idea ((not a good one, either, considering the work involved)). Bob Schoenfeld has suggested the same thing. Suggest he and Hal get together at St. Louiscon and compare notes. Best

/s/ Larry Herndon  
1830 Highland Drive  
Carrollton, Texas 75006

Dear Roger and Richard:

File on both of you! You dare to question my undisputedly paranormal talents? Well, Sandy and Clara will be editing the next issue of Harpies (or, judging from your current sylph-like frames, The Weight Watchers Digest.)

Yes, edit it they will. Whether they will be able to send it through the mails is another matter entirely. Maybe you'd better negotiate with UPS for special services, or bribe Howard to shepherd the mailing through the postoffice maze.



((another page of letters, continued from the last page of letters, yep))

By the way, Harpies #3 was a big disappointment. Firstly, it arrived in a ~~special~~ special element-proof envelope. Then, it didn't fall apart when I opened it. Lastly, I could read it. ((quick, the anti-venom)) If you people aren't going to be consistent, you're going to make folks mad at you. ((better than having them mad with you))

I had a long talk with Hal Shapiro at the Midwestcon and was pleased to find out that the Triple Fan Fair was a resounding success, financially as well as fannishly. I feel that this was no accident. SF fandom has probably had more experience at putting on conventions than any other hobby group going and it probably has more professionals supporting it as well. With this combination of experience and pro interest, it's no wonder that the fans made TFF a success after they took it over.

Best regards,

/s/ Mark Schulzinger  
6791 Meadow Ridge Lane  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45237

Well, fellow Harpists, that's the extent of some of the letters. If you feel that there is too much mention of the editors in these letters, well, that's the way it happened.

Below, not just for a space filler, but because the print in the TFF program book may have been too small to read, here is a reprint of a brief autobiographical sketch sent to the TFF committee by Ed Hamilton, at our request.

I began writing Science-Fiction when I was 20 years old, my first SF stories being published in WEIRD TALES in 1926. I've been a full-time writer ever since, not only of SF, but other things. From 1946 to 1966 I wrote a great number of SUPERMAN and BATMAN scripts for National Comics.

For years I lived in western Pennsylvania but bounced around the country a lot. On one of these trips I met Leigh Brackett at an SF club meeting, and we were married in 1946. Most of the time we lived in rural Ohio, but at present divide our time between between the Ohio farm and an old house in the high desert country of Southern California.

Year before last we took a round-the-world trip, spending most of the time in India, but meeting the Science Fiction crowd in England and Australia, as well.

Presently, I'm continuing the STARWOLF series for Ace Books, with some shorter projects on the side. I've always enjoyed writing action-adventure SF very much, but have done a good many things of quite different type in shorter length.

Somewhere between 400 and 500 stories of mine have been published. About a third of these were novel length and many of the latter have been re-printed in hard-cover or paperback form.

What are my favorites among them? Hard to say, but I'll list a few. . .

THE STAR KINGS. This was space opera on a very big scale, interstellar war and intrigue, and sort of summed up what I wanted to ~~xxx~~ do in that line. A sequel has recently been published in AMAZING STORIES.

WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT THERE? A rather grimly realistic story of the hardships of other-planet colonization. It was first written in 1933, but had to wait more than twenty years for publications.

A CONQUEST OF TWO WORLDS. My first attempt, in 1932, to write a realistic story challenging the "Earthman's Burden" thinking then dominating interplanetary stories.

The CAPTAIN FUTURE novels. I originated and wrote 17 of these novels in the late 30s and early 40s. Their plots were wild, their science off-the cuff, and they seem campy now, but there was a kooky, rollicking quality about them that made the writing fun. They're now being reprinted in paperback.

REQUIEM. A short story that was based on the psychological problems of an Earthman-descended person coming ~~xxx~~ back to an Earth he has never seen.

THE HAUNTED STARS. This was the best, I think, of several stories I've done on a theme that has always fascinated me. . .the possibility that Earthmen are descendants of a long-ago star-conquering civilization.



((and ther continuation of the editorial-cum-lettercol-cumwutmai thing))

(19)

HE THAT HATH WINGS. A pure fantasy parable, disguised as a Science Fiction story.

And, my present STARWOLF novels. I'm enjoying very much taking to deep space and its wonders once again.

-- Edmond Hamilton

Never having really subscribed ~~to~~ to the "ladies first" inequality theory of living and loving, ~~my~~ we now present the tale of the women's dpeartment, Guest of Honor division, 1969 Detroit Triple Fan Fair.

I grew up on a Southern California beach, where I learned to swim almost before I could walk, and where I spent hours sitting along on the end of a jetty, reading Edgar Rice Burroughs. I began scribbling at the age of eight. A Douglas Fairbanks film demanded a sequel and there wasn't one, so I decided to do it myself.

Began writing seriously at the age of thirteen, but got nowhere until, through ~~x~~ the Lawrence D'Orsay office, I met Henny Kuttner, to whose help and advice I was and always will be deeply indebted.

My first professional sale was made in 1940, to Astounding. Have been a full-time writer ever since, working in several fields: Science Fiction, mystery and suspense, a brace of westerns. For one of these, FOLLOW THE FREE WIND, the Western Writers of America awarded me a Golden Spur. Film scripting has also provided a large amount of my livelihood.

I have always preferred the colorful action story and have done a lot of them, mostly laid on Mars. But there have been quieter and more introspective works, such as THE LONG TOMORROW. Among other favorites are THE SWORD OF RHIANNON, a swashbuckling romp through ancient Mars, the three stories concerning Eric John Stark, LORELEI OF THE RED MIST, which I started and my good friend, Ray Bradbury, finished. And there ~~is~~ THE STARMEN, which depicts the adventures of an Earthman who discovered that he is only half Earthman and has a great heritage out among the stars, if he can only live to claim it.

I regret that I have not had time in recent years to write as much SF as I would have liked, and I hope that this year I can really get back to it. Because I have not yet lost that good old "sense of wonder."

-- Leigh Brackett

While this has little to do with the Misfits as a group, it may interest some of you to know that there has been objection in various quarters ((and dimes)) to the name, "The Detroit Triple Fan Fair." It has been suggested that, with the possible approval of Howard Devore and Ben Jason, this annual affair be re-christened "The Detrolit Tricon" or some such. Or even without the approval of the aforementioned Tricon duo.

Is it true what they say about Dixie?

These words and the following by Hal Shapiro. Having been blathering around fandom (or fndumb in the words of one correspondent) for lo these twenty-some odd years (and they have been odd years), it is sometimes difficult to stop "remembering when" whenever someone brings up any old thing. So why stop? Perhaps, as Dicky the Schultz said last issue, "girl friends may play hell with fanac, but it's nothing compared to what wives can do." Probably true. There are those of us who grow up enough to ~~realize~~ realize that sexual activity is in a completely different category than fannish activity and appeals more to virile satyr and satyress than does the latter. So we goof off in bed, getting our jollies from the opposite sex rather than cutting stencils. All I'm trying to say is that, when younger, I could fill stencil after stencil with glorious ravings and have even more to say the following day. Not so any more. What efforts this Shapiro can expend shall go to sex. What's left over for fanning will probably be in Norm Master's NO EYED MONSTER. (Sorry to do this to your circulation, Nrm, but you never did clear up whether it was Assistant Editor or Associate Edditor when you said I could be Ass Ed. Now, go read



LAST PAGE CORRECTIONS AND ELUCIDATION:

All stencils purchased at Salvation Army at 15¢ per quire and at least 10 years old, except those short ones patched into Saran wrap which were mistakenly bought by someone who knew no better but meant well.

All offset and ink blobs courtesy of a "Style" mimeographed which was purchased, used, by George Young from Ben Singer, circa 1947 when it was at least 20 years of age.

If you want to know about page 7, for those with the heading missing, it said: "Book Reviews by Chris Hoth. Bug Jack Barron. Norman Spinrad." For those of you who are missing the last few lines, try this: "...next chapter to someone who has not yet done a piece. This leaves everyone in the club, Norm, since this piece (page 6) was a cooperative effort of Ray Beam, Mark Schulzinger (who is Superjew in the cast of characters) and myself. Sleep tight."

For those having questions about other pages, tough stuff. Or TS, as we stated with virility in the service.

PS. Anyone caring to pair up various cast members of The Great StF Telecast to various members of the Misfits is welcome to do so.

HARPIES #4

FROM

H. A. DEVORE

4705 WEODEL

DEARBORN, MICH.

To:

PUTRID - MATTER ONLY