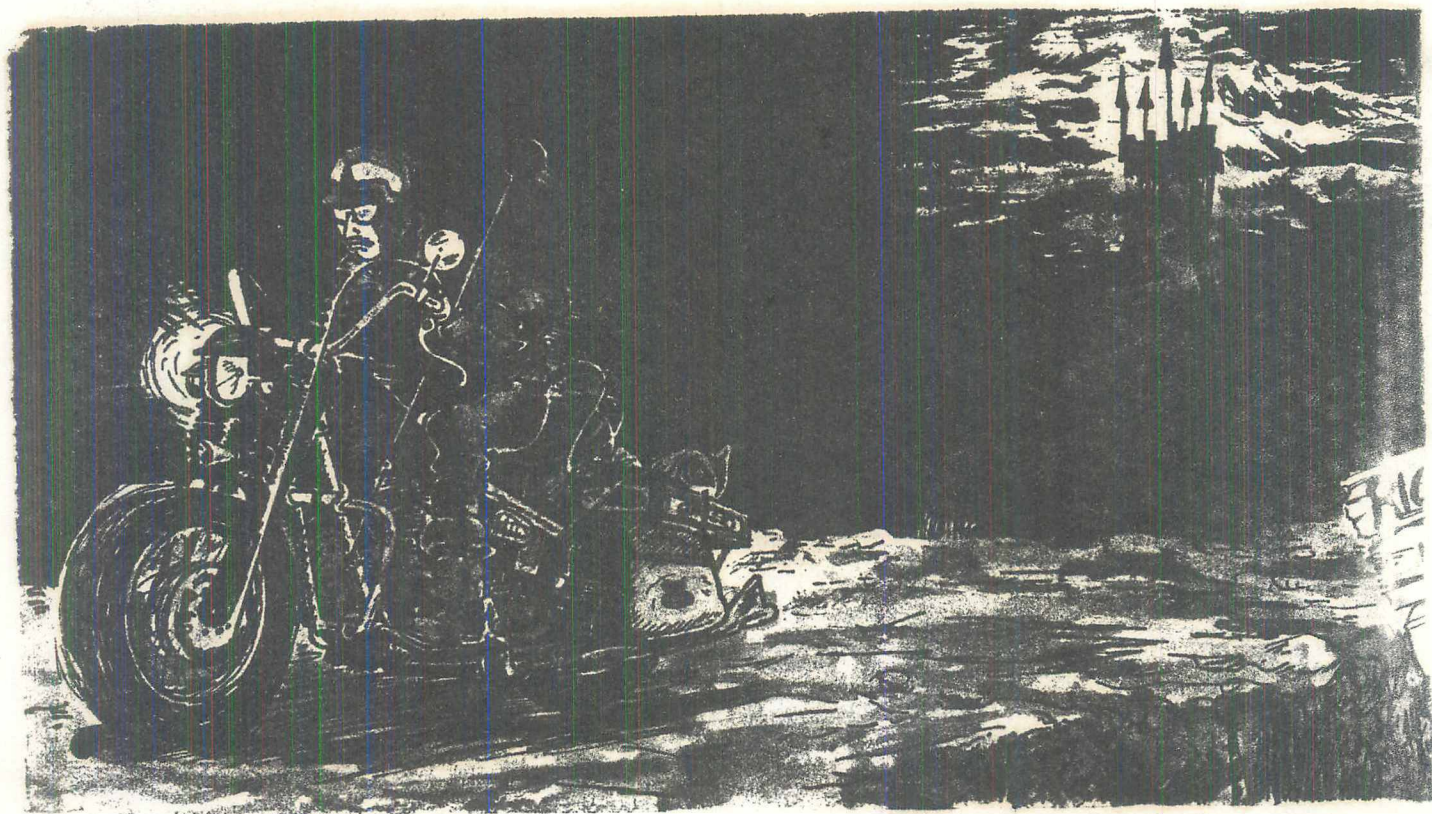


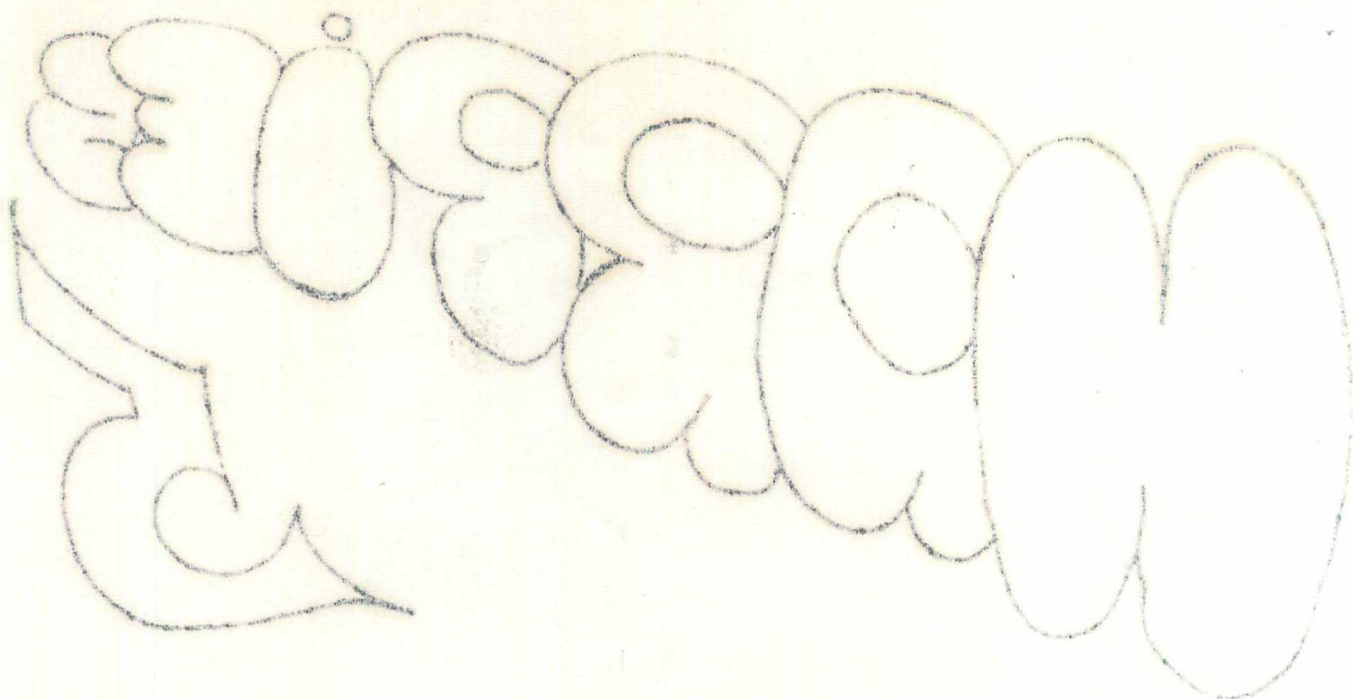
# WARRIORS



# 5 AUG. 1969

25¢





524

#2 Ave. 144

# Contents

## HAPPIES 5

Cover. . . . .	George Metzger
HOTH-SPEAK. . . . .	editorial by Chris Hoth. . . . .page 4
DOUBLE-SUNSET. . . . .	book reviews by Chris Hoth. . . . .page 6
Malyitka Krasavec. . . . .	editorial by Richard Schultz. . . . .page 11
REACH!!!. . . . .	fanzine reviews by Roger Sims. . . . .page 16
LETTERCOL. . . . .	The letter column, conducted by Dick Schultz. .pg. 18
MEETING NOTICE. . . . .	written by Roger Sims, Sec.-Treas. . . . .page 27

### Art Credits:

George Metzger. . . . .	pages 1, 7, 18	Schultz. . . . .	page 11
Doug Lovenstein. . . . .	pages 5, 6, 22	Chris Hoth. . . . .	pages 8, 18, 9
Frank C. Johnson. . . . .	pages 13, 14, 16, 20, 21, 24		
Al Andrews. . . . .	pages 23, 25	Roger Sims. . . . .	page 27
Unknown. . . . .	pages 4, 5, 12		

NOTICE: We desperately need the address of George Metzger. Anyone with any information as to where he can be reached by mail, please contact either of the editors herein listed. Thankee.

### EDITORS:

Richard Schultz  
19159 Helen  
Detroit, Michigan

48234 USA

Chris Hoth  
22352 Gregory  
Dearborn, Michigan

48124 USA

Note: Deadline for next issue is \*for\* October. October The First Is Too late.

I'll be seeing you.....

# NOTH-SPEAK

by Chris Hoth

Lately there has been a great deal of debate about what has come to be called, New Wave. Most of it so far has been either very confusing or slanted to one side or the other. One idea that seems to consistently crop up is that a certain select group of authors has set out to do this thing deliberately. This is obviously false. Authors merely reflect present ideas and trends according to their own temperaments through their writing.

In the early days of science fiction our present day technology was just beginning to take root and grow. It was new and fascinating, thus, much of the early science fiction stressed the science half. Machines and inventions were described at great length and in great detail. SF was reflecting the ideas and mood of the times.

As time passed our society changed and science fiction stories changed to fit this new environment. Science had altered our world and also brought along many new problems. Life was difficult, there was a depression and a World War. To escape the pressures of that world, people turned to larger-than life heroes, men and women who led exciting and dangerous lives. Science fiction for many people filled this need to escape from a bleak existence into worlds of strange adventures. Again SF evolved to fit the needs of a growing society.

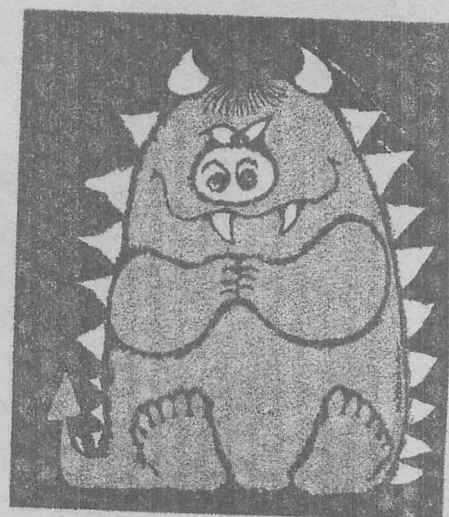
Today we live in a world with more money and more leisure time than we have ever had before. We have time now to think about many things. About what we are doing here, how we can make it a better place to live. We can contemplate our accomplishments and our failures, and project them into the future. Present day writing embodies this thoughtfulness by presenting us with images of where our successes and follies will lead us. It gives us ideas and questions which should be a part of our mental processes. Once again the writing reflects the growing attitude of social awareness present in an affluent society such as ours. But where has the adventure story and the science story gone? Have they faded into some nameless limbo, forgotten and ignored? No, we still have the need to escape occasionally, and there are stories that entertain us with as much vigor and vitality of old.

And herein lies science fiction's greatest strength. It's ability to adapt to changing attitudes and the ability to utilize what has come before. It can be at one time uncompromisingly realistic or take off into the wildest flights of fantasy. Clinging to one manifestation of science fiction and condemning another is to deny it this strength and viability. To be unable to appreciate this fact is the inability to appreciate science fiction.





It's possible that this may be the last issue of Harpies, at least as far as title and format are concerned. The zine will continue, hopefully, in one form or another. If I don't get drafted I will assume the editorship, but unfortunately the prospects don't look so good. For this reason I can't be very specific, so stay tuned for further developments they should be quite surprising, even for me.



Self Portrait  
by Chris Hoth



Lloyd Biggle, Jr's

# THE DOUBLE: BILL SYMPOSIUM

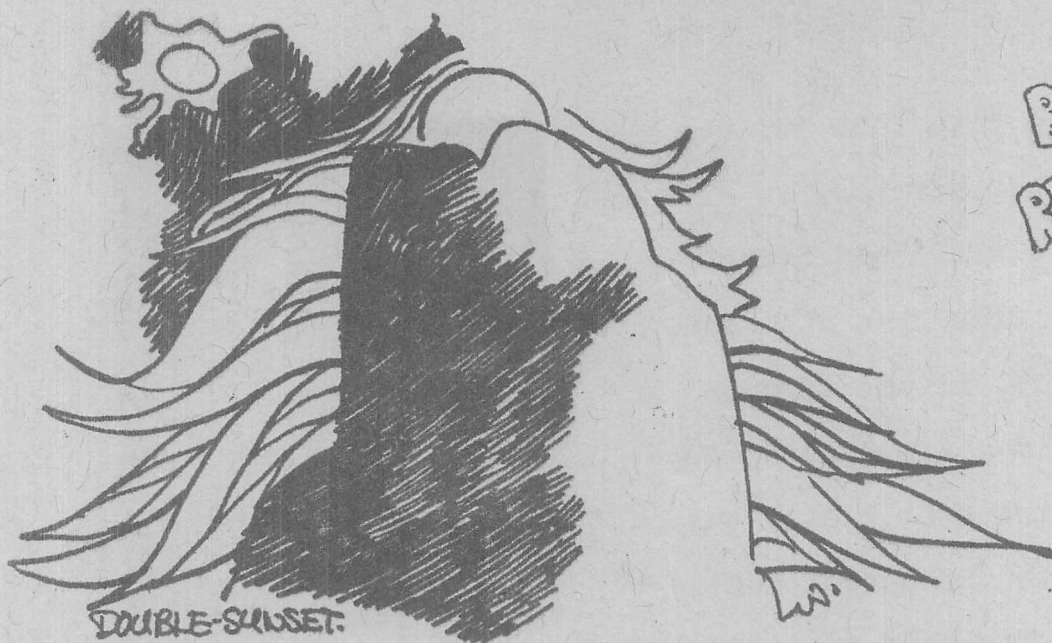
Ed. by Bill Malardi & Bill Bowers

94 Science Fiction writers and editors contribute their answers and opinions to 11 questions, on why they write (or edit) SF, what they feel is reason for SF etc, as well as advice & suggestions for the beginning and would be writer, and a final question on what they feel is the greatest weakness in SF today.

To be issued in time for St. Louiscon. Approximately 120 pp. professional offset, center-stapled with heavy covers. Introduction by Biggle; and hopefully indexed.

Cover price: \$3.00  
At con (from Howard DeVore)  
(in Hukster's Room).....\$2.75

(15% of each copy donated to  
T.A.F.F.)



## BOOK REVIEWS

Synthajoy by  
D.G. Compton  
Ace 60¢ H-86 189pp.

It was unfortunate that I chose to begin reading the Ace Specials with this book. The back is covered with literary comments it hardly deserves. The presentation is so obscure it hides whatever merits the subject matter may have.

The story revolves around the wife of the man who has succeeded in taping emotions in much the same way as ~~sands~~. If you're lucky you'll figure this out half way through. The climax isn't a climax because there never was any suspense; just puzzlement and boredom.

A Torrent of Faces by James  
Blish & Norman L. Knight  
Ace 75¢ A-29 286pp.

This is an excellent work of speculative fiction. A great amount of detail is lavished on creating a world that is over-populated. A world that has tried to ac-

commodate all these people/ but sacrificing, in so doing, a great deal of variety, ruggedness, individuality, and the vitality that is life. All specimens of animal life are kept on a biological preserve, the World Forest is the only form of vegetation, lakes have cement bottoms, and people live in sprawling city complexes. This is the story of the people of this world and how they react to it.

This doesn't mean that characterization goes by the wayside. On the contrary, the characters are as solid and believable as the world which they inhabit. There is also an off-shoot of the human-race that has evolved into sea dwellers that is thoughtfully created and interesting in its alienness.

The way in which these individuals face their world's problems, like over-population, food production, the elimination of the biological preserves, and an asteroid on a collision course with earth make stimulating and exciting reading. It is the



kind of book that never truly ends. It merely provides a base for the readers imagination to continue it.

Why Call Them Back From Heaven? by Clifford D. Simak  
Ace 60¢ H-42 191pp.

Another book dealing with the possibility and effects of immortality. This one is well done, giving no concrete answers, but posing the right questions.

Daniel frost takes an odyssey into the meaning of life and death. which is right, Forever Center and cryogenic freezing, religion and mysticism, or mathematics and equations? Frost asks these questions and the answers are thought-provoking and interesting.

The Island Under the Earth  
by Avram Davidson  
Ace 75¢ 37425 189pp.

This was a very dissappointing book. I fully expected an enjoyable tongue-in-cheek fantasy. What I found, however, was anything but. It seemed that Mr. Davidson had a number of ideas that would fit well in a story of this type, got ridiculously clever and blew it.

As far as writing skill is concerned, it's apparent that he's an accomplished craftsman. Once in a short while short passages are tremendously creative. Surrounding these oases was a desert of characters i didn't like, creatures that left me cold, and an erratic story-line that slowed me down at every turn. All in

all it didn't quite live up to my expectations.

Picnic on Paradise by  
Joanna Russ  
Ace 60¢ H-72 157pp.

Alyx, a woman from 4000 yr. old Greece, is accidentally brought to Earth's future by Trans-Temporal. As an experiment she is given the job of caring for a group of future tourists. All this takes place on the world of Paradise, a wintry dreamland in the throes of a strange war.

The cast of characters is intriguing and introduced in a novel way. Alyx is given her instructions and sets out. When they reach their destination before the book is half over you realize it was only a prelude and a means to meet the characters.

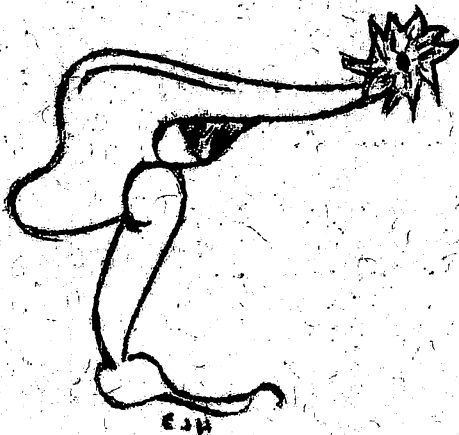
The reason, purpose, central idea etc. eludes me for some reason, but this doesn't detract to greatly from the enjoyment of a good story.



Isle of the Dead by  
Roger Zelazney  
Ace 60¢ 37465 190pp.

Up to this point I have liked everything I've read of Zelazney's and this was no exception. It was everything I've come to expect from him. It's well written, fast-paced and exciting.

The action centers around Francis Sandow the first human to attain the position of world-scaper. In order to become a world-scaper the "employee" must adopt the name of a god of the ancient Pei'an religion. But does the man choose the god or is it the other way around? The fascinating answer to that question plus many intriguing adventures make up this enjoyable book.



The Ring by  
Piers Anthony & Robert E.  
Margroff  
Ace 75¢ A-19 254pp.

The Ring is a mechanical device surgically transplanted on a criminals finger and utilizing what is termed, Ultra Conscience, attempts to rehabilitate the person. Whenever an act is committed which is contrary to the individuals conscience, the ring delivers an electrical shock, varying in intensity according to the act. It is

much like a present day lie-detector in its operation. One question that comes to mind is, what happens when a completely amoral person is ringed, a person who for all intents and purposes has no conscience.

Anyway, the main character, Jeff Font, returns to earth to get revenge on the man, George McKissic, he believes had his father banished. He attempts to kidnap McKissic's daughter to force a confession. This is where his troubles begin, first he's caught, and then ringed with its attendant problems. His struggles with the ring and Ultra Conscience change his mind about many things as well as revealing certain unsettling facts about himself, his parents and Mr. McKissic.

All these elements combine to make a tense and exciting story. It is well written and well developed, generating a great deal of suspense. As far as ringing and Ultra Conscience are concerned, being naive I wonder why anyone should need help in being honest and helpful, but being realistic (oh, how I hate that word) it does have some good points. Obviously in the book its use was much too harsh and restrictive, but with modification with the human element in mind it might prove useful in certain cases. I can tell you one thing for certain, I wouldn't want to have to wear one.

Left Hand of Darkness by  
Ursula K. Leguin  
Ace 95¢ 47800 283pp.

It's been a long time since the passing of a character in a story has moved



me to tears. The fact that this book accomplished it is only one indication of what a tremendous work it is.

It is the story of Genly Ai, the Envoy of the Ekumen, an organization that helps worlds trade and communicate with one another. Genly's struggle to convince the world of Winter to join encompasses many adventures and takes him to all parts of that strange world, Winter. It is a world of people who have no sex, only during a period of "kemmer" do the inhabitants take on sexual characteristics, becoming either male or female. He is considered a pervert, being in a constant state of "kemmer". He has one friend, Estraven, although he finds this out only after many experiences on this bitterly cold world.

Genly's trials and relationships are at times funny, perplexing and tragic. It is a story that is never without a vividness and a strength that make it definitely Hugo Material.



The Two Timers by  
Bob Shaw  
Ace 60¢ H-79 194pp.

This is essentially a mainstream novel about a triangle love affair with SF elements thrown in to make it more interesting.

There are few surprises as

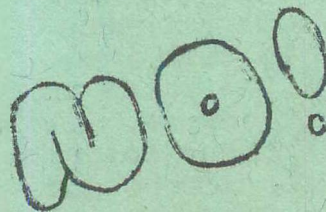
far as the science fiction parts are concerned or for that matter the entire outcome of the book. You won't be held enthralled but it's a pleasant way to spend an evening.

The Witches of Karres by  
James H. Schmitz  
Ace 75¢ A-13 286pp.

It's very difficult for me to review this book. I liked it so much the only words I can think of to describe it are superlatives, and that can become pretty boring.

Captain Pausert finds that the three small girls he has rescued from bondage are actually witches of the planet Karres. He further learns that he possesses some of the witches "klatha" power. This acquaintance and knowledge embroil him in a war between the witches and a sinister being that inhabits the Worm World. There are dozens of side encounters that shift about like kaleidoscopic images, delighting the mind.

The cover blurb says, "A slam-bang space happy fantasy." It's that and much more. The characters are delightful and believable, the creatures are hilarious or sinister or horrible but never dull, and the action never lets up for a minute. If you really want to enjoy yourself this book is a must.



The Demon Breed by  
James H. Schmitz  
Ace 60¢ H-105 157pp.

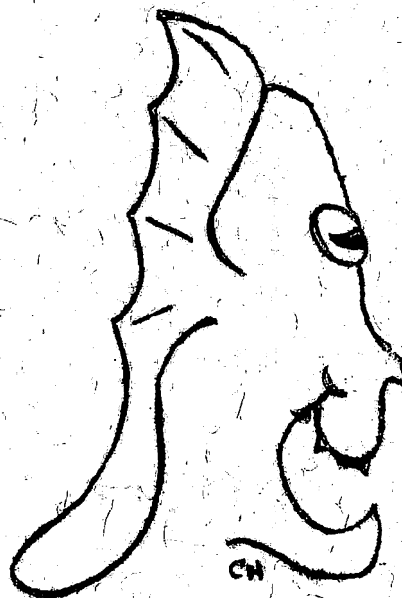
The Parahuans, an amphibious race of creatures were badly beaten by the Federation in the past, and they ascribed this defeat to a secret race of superhumans which they called, Tuvelas. They're back now to test that theory on the watery world of Nandy-Cline. Ticos Cay, captured by the Parahuans, plays on these fears and forces upon Nile Etland a role she may not have wanted. The way in which she handles herself as a tuvela against the invasion force is a grand adventure in the Schmitz style.

The facility this man has for creating strange forms of plant and animal life is phenomenal. He is an ecologist of the weird, populating entire worlds with his colorful imaginings. This combined with fast-paced style makes The Demon Breed a reading pleasure.

Rite of Passage by  
Alexei Panshin  
Ave 75¢ A-16 254pp.

Rite of Passage is the story of a young girl in the process of becoming a woman. Her home is one of the ships that fled the destruction of the earth. These ships and their inhabitants are the possessors of the knowledge and heritage of earth. The people who chose to colonize the worlds have become ignorant peasants with abiding hatred for the ships and the secrets they possess. It is upon one of these colony worlds that Mia Haverro and a group of her friends will be scattered as a survival

test. Her life on the ship and her adventures on the trial are told in a heart-warming manner and make this book worthy of a Hugo.



Other books in the series are;

The Jagged Orbit by  
John Brunner

Past Master by  
R. A. Lafferty

Mechasm by  
John T. Sladek

The Preserving Machine by  
Philip K. Dick

The Revolving Boy by  
Gertrude Friedberg

The Lincoln Hunters by  
Wilson Tucker



WE'RE LATE! WE'RE LATE!

But you see, it was my understanding, as well as that of Sims and DeVore that HARPIES #4 would be printed and distributed during the month of July, preferably over the long 4th of July weekend. Considering that to be the deadline (and no dissension was voiced by Mr. Shapiro), I typed, stencilled & printed up my own little regular odd-thoughts column, MALYUTKA KRASAVEC for that particular issue and left it with Sims, the Sec.-Treas. of the club. When I came back from a three-week vacation in the land of sun and hippies, HARP had yet to show its nose.

Inquiring into the matter, I discovered that Shapiro didn't see any sense in publishing the club O-O (Official Organ) unless there was a meeting scheduled...and the next one was for the first weekend in August.

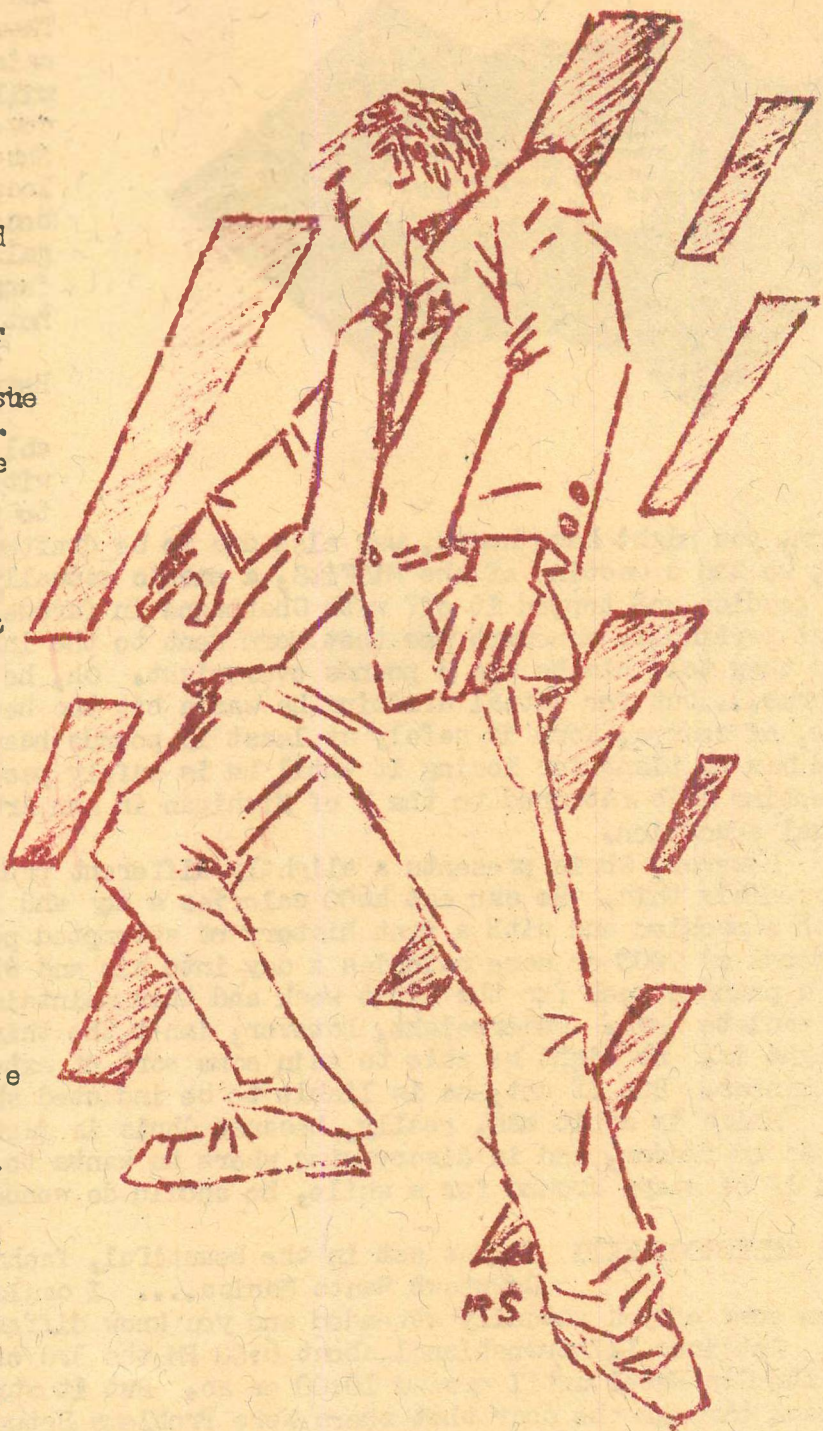
Under heated prodding from me Shapiro finally did get #4 published. A bit late. And he would not distribute a single one, he said, that was a job for me and the SEC.-Treas., Mr. Sims. At that he didn't get it published in time to carry the meeting notice for the August meeting. In fact the fanzine itself would not have arrived at the meeting if Norm Grenzke hadn't stopped by the Shapiro's to pick it up.

You might say that production of #4 ran into a few little smags....

CHANGES, CHANGES, CHANGES.....

Due to the unfavourable Public Image that HARPIES has begun life with, due to Shapiro's unbelievably badly produced #4, and due to certain other bad traits associated with the mag itself, a number of changes have been instituted.

First off we have dispensed with that cheap crummy paper people have come to expect with their morning HARPIES. The Mimeo has been revitalized a wee bit and prints mayhaps a bit better as well. The artwork has been improved considerably by non-Schultz artists, the materiale we have hopes

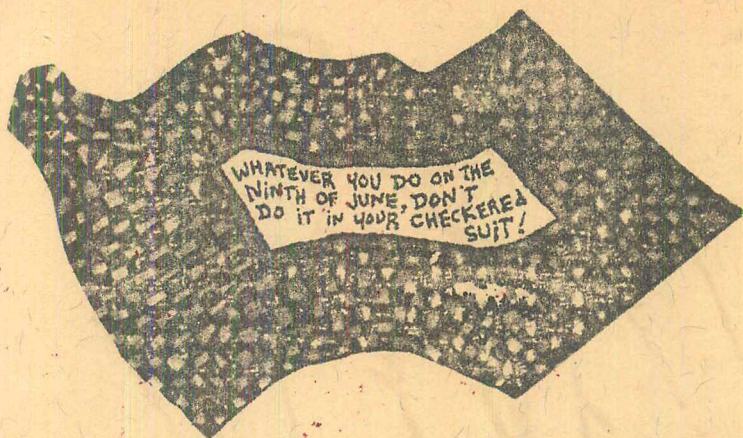


Malyutka

Krasevec

by Dick  
Schultz





for, and last but not least, the title is being changed. Though the numbering will remain unchanged, the new name will be emblazoned all over the cover and contents page of #6. Not only that, Chris Hoth, a local firebrand neofan, will become chief editor, slave and galley washer for this club fanzine. That is, if he does not get drafted.

Yes, General Lewis B. Hershey strikes again....

Unfortunately we won't be able to pull the same stunt with Chris that we were able to pull with Norm Grenzke.

Norm, you might have heard, was also due to be drafted about the middle of June. So, we had a meeting of the MISfits, a picnic actually, and we fed Norm all sorts of goodies and topped it off with Champagne in farewell salute. The upshot of that particular manoeuvre was that Norm went to the induction center the next day and they told him he was 3 pounds overweight. Oh, he could have volunteered, of course....but for actual drafting he was a bit too heavy. 3 pounds too heavy. Now, of course, Norm is safely at least 15 pounds heavier now than he was then and has no plans for losing it until he is safely past draft-able age. In the meantime he's returned to the U of Michigan in Ann Arbor and is continuing his legal education.

However, Chris presents a slightly different problem. Chris is tall....and incredibly thin. He can eat 4600 calories a day and lose weight. Faced with such a problem and with a past history of attempted poundage-gain diets which fed upwards of 9600 or more calories a day into him and where he gained about a quarter of a pound a week for the first week and then maintained....well, he didn't figure to emulate Norm. Underweight, however, isn't the thing to the Army that overweight is. He might be able to gain some sort of extension due to his extreme lankiness. But if not, he is liable to be inducted shortly after the StLouisCon.

Which is a bit sad, really, because Chris is just starting to find his roots in fandom, and is discovering where he wants to place his energy emphasis. But if he stays around for a while, he should do wonders for the zine.

THE WESTERCON XXII It was set in the beautiful, fashionable Miramair Hotel in Downtown Santa Monica.... I could go on in this vein but then some of you actually attended and you know different.

Got into IAInternational about 6:00 PM the 3rd of July but didn't get down to the Con Hotel until around 10:00 or so. But it struck me forcibly as soon as I came through the door that there Were Problems Between The Fans And Management.

Indeed you might say that the story of the entire Convention was that of each running confrontation betwixit management and Fen.

There was, of course, some reason for Management's anger, and spirit of non-cooperation. As early as Tuesday some fen were showing up at the Hotel, way before the Con was due to start, and using other people's rooms (as per usual fannish custom) to change in, so as to go dipping in the pool. Tuesday night the first parties began, again way ahead of schedule. Thursday night when I checked in, my porter cursed roundly and uncompromisingly those "833#10" up on the 9th floor who were spilling their drinks....deliberately....over the railing so as to narrowly miss people down on the poolside patio below...namely me and the porter. The Hotel was somewhat upset over the massive influx of hippie (so-called) types into their premises, and the Hotel Coffee Shop early became engaged in a running battle over irate fans desiring service and coffee shop personnel attempting to short-handedly cope with the situation.

With all excuses possible, with all forbearance towards a Hotel management quite unable to manage the 600 or so people suddenly on their hands, one fact



and one judgment remains. With all the best will possible towards the management, still one must say that the management blew it.

There is a large and extensive research file available to any Hotel planning to book a science fiction Convention or booking one. They can learn to their own satisfaction not just what sort of room bookings they can expect (in other words the probable amount of money they'll make), but an extensive library of data on the type people they're likely to encounter, the sizes of the groups liable to be occupying their Coffee Shop and lobby and pool at any particular time. They could have learned that parties are a normal part of the conventions we hold. Not destructive ones, but certainly noisy and long-lasting, into the wee hours of the morning at any rate. All of this was available to them...but they evidently chose to ignore the past records and the data available to them. The results were catastrophic.

In the first place, the fans were booked over the entirety of the Hotel. There were fans in every section, on every floor, in every bungalow section. The result was that the parties that inevitably occurred inevitably had non-fan renting rooms next to them. Those people were either there for a restful stay or were elderly permanent residents. They did not want noisy all-night parties keeping them awake all night. And they complained. Oh Mama, did they complain!

The Hotel staff was severely over-taxed by Wednesday and the situation of work-load vs. staff able to cope with it grew steadily worse all week-end. This made the Staff grouchy, believe me. But the situation was epitomized in the Coffee Shop. There, with only the normal Holiday and week-end staff that they were accustomed to, they suddenly found themselves facing hundreds of starving fans. All of which wanted service....then! Not later.... They were fantastically under-staffed and only the fact that fans stopped going into the Hotel coffee shop to be snarled at finally enabled them to catch up.

As stated before there were quite a goodly number of elderly permanent residents in the Hotel, and they were upset by more than the mere fact of the all-night parties going on next door. They were upset over the preponderance of beards, outre clothing, in short "hippie" types who had invaded their Hotel, their lobby, their peace of mind. Being 99.9999% white, they also did not think too much, probably, over the social mixing of the average fan sprinkled here and there with the occasional fan who also happened to be Negro. All in all, they very soon did not like any of us at all.

There was also a parking problem, but this is one problem that the Hotel really couldn't do much about on short notice. But the Hotel management is hereby cited for failing to prepare for a large group of noisy but non-destructive youths who would be (inevitably) hungry at one time or another.

Nonetheless the Convention was both a rousing financial success and a social success for most everybody that attended.

This was not due to any particularly brilliant moves by either the ConCommittee or any breakthroughs in social engineering by the Null-A's hidden amongst us. But due simply to the fact that fans are very easily the most gregarious of groups in the States today. We love to get together.

Indeed nothing but the most driving need to socialize would have kept most of us at that Hotel a moment longer than it would have taken to walk out. And the financial success was predetermined by the fantastic number of attendees at \$3 and \$4 a head than anything else. Faced with the growing drain of auction materials, the Con Committee raised the attendance charge and the results have been evidently happy for all involved. Indeed I look (unhappily) forward to seeing the Attendance fees for the WorldCons to steadily raise for the next five to six years until something very near \$10 a head is reached. At that point the Con Committee can stop worrying up ulcers about whether or not the Con will break even and can devote more of their energies to the more serious business of putting together a decent convention, both in the program and in the social aspects.

One of the problems of the coming and present Cons, of course, is that they are so big that the smaller cities with their (naturally) smaller Hotels are going to have to be automatically rejected for WorldCon sites. The Hotels

**NEPHEW**



are going to have to be the massive things like the St. Louie Chase-Plaza and the (choke!) NYCon Hilton in order to room at least the largest portion of the attending fans. Fortunately all of the Bidding cities at the moment have adequate Hotel facilities. Minneapolis, Dallas, Boston, Washington, Los Angeles, Seattle, New Orleans, Chicago, all of them...with one notable exception.

The Bay Area, the San Francisco Bay area....

The problems there are many, but here are some of them in essence. You see, San Francisco city itself is murder on a "small" Con like the SF Cons. We haven't got the money to make any of the SanFran Hotels want us, and most of them tend to be a hair small than what we need anyways. And if we go across the Bay to Oakland we wind up with exactly the sort of a mess that we had back last year at the BayCon. One official Con Hotel and half the fans staying at 3 other Hotels. Quite frankly I do not want to stay at Gormenghast, er, that is, the Claremont again. I think I had the Tree Room....

In fact the fen out there were so turned off by the Claremont that J. Ben Stark and Alva Rogers and Harlan Ellison and Randall Garrett all went up there on Voting Day and tried to get us to cast our lot (and our fortunes) with the Bay Area and the Claremont Hotel once more. Not even the active aid and presence of Quinn Yarbo could reverse the tide of ill feeling a lot of California fen seem to now have for Con bids from J. Ben & Crew. When the vote tally was made as to where the site of the WesterCon for 1970, WesterCon XXIII would be, the BayArea placed dead last, not even pollong 25% of the vote. Of course, quite a few people are probably getting quite fed up with Harlan Ellison trying to sell us fen Convention sites.

Harlan went through much of the Con saying that he wasn't going to try to con anyone into buying any Convention site. But at the last moment, when one of the Bay Area's supporters dropped out and couldn't speak, and after seeing me and a few others go around trying to get everyone to cast their ballots as No Award for last place... Well, Harlan lept to the defense of the BayArea. But he didn't sell us a Convention this time. He sold us the NYCon III, he sold us the BayCon, and he sold us the St. LouieCon (third time lucky....), but this time he was selling and we weren't buying.

You see, they controlled the balloting for the next site in a very rigorous (and profitable) manner. You had to pay \$2.00 towards the next WesterCon membership before you could vote on the site for the '70 WesterCon. As part of your receipt you were given an Australian type ballot, with your membership number marked on it. You had to have one of those supporting memberships in the WesterCon before you could vote. On the ballot itself you could vote for three cities in order of preference. In the Australian balloting system, the lowest poller is scratched off. Those who voted for it to be first, then are counted for the others, their second choice becoming their first choice. In a case of, say, four or five or six cities, this can go on for a while, but eventually someone has a majority of the votes.

Well, I and a few others got the notion of voting "No Award" at the 3rd spot on our ballots instead of the Bay Area. It was a fairly bipartisan effort....people voting for both Los Angeles and Santa Barbara liked the idea. But it sort of ticked Harlan off. Too bad, Harlan.

On the voting itself, Los Angeles came in a poor second to Santa Barbara for a number of reasons. Some of them were because of campaigning and relative effectiveness, of course. George Barr did a number of colored pencil posters for the Santa Barbara bid which were genuine works of art and fetched high Art Show bids from people like Rosy Grier, er, I mean Elliott Shorter. Alongside those, even the lovely posters that IA had up palled, unfortunately. Barry

Gold, Lee Ann Klingstein's soon-to-be spent a great deal of the Con making up beautiful membership badges, gold volux or something, 3-D type. They had your name, WesterCon XXIII, Los Angeles, and your membership number and ran a buck for the supporting membership. Alas, IA didn't make it, so I now have a



FCT



quite, quite lovely membership badge for a Con that shall never be....

Being sentimental I suppose I'll wear it to the Santa Barbara Con next year. It will, at the least, be a lovely play.

Santa Barbara won, unfortunately, at least partially because of something that fans have no control over. The LA bid was set on a downtown LA Hotel. In a fairly high-crime rate district. Alas. And the localites knew that. And this might have hurt LA more than they thought it would. The '72 WorldCon Bid that LA has has definitely picked a Hotel out from the so-called Central City, and you can walk the streets there at night when out looking for 3 ach emma eateries to quench the fannish palate....

Francisco Torres is a part-time student dorm and during the summer is a Hotel and it's a lovely modern place. I went out there one Sunday to case the joint and heartily recommend it as a Hotel. I would recommend your taking your car with you, though, if you plan to eat or drink away from the Hotel. It's sort of out of the center of things, though booze shops, restaurants, groceries, other Hotels and Motels, are just a short distance (by car) away.

I'm sort of looking forward to seeing the next WesterCon.

I'll be seeing you.

IN CLOSING I might make a few remarks about the last issue of HARPIES. As most of you know, HARPIES began life as an attempt by Howard DeVore and myself to help breathe some life into the Michigan Science Fiction Society. It has at least created a certain amount of fire....

Actually the most striking thing about the HARPIES previous to this one was the manner in which it made my previous duplication of HARPIES look good because Shapiro's was so bad. The second most striking thing was the rather blunt and slanderous series of attacks Mr. Shapiro saw fit to write and print.

Apart from his obvious hang-up with bad language, there is really nothing worth repeating in the entire series of libels. Certainly it is not unusual for one fan to attack another in fandom. It sort of goes with the package deal. But usually when someone attacks another person he at least attempts to go about it in a systematic and incisive and telling manner.

The Ted White approach is certainly a classic method of going on the offensive. There you place forward various items of date or evidence. You connect these items in a chain of logic so that inevitably it at least appears to inescapably come to the conclusion that the attacker wishes you to have. It is a point for Ted White that very often his conclusions are valid and do come about from a logical extrapolation of the data presented.

Even when the object of attack is one's self, you can admire and appreciate such a display of logic and venom as a pyrotechnic display of the highest order. As a bystander I have known some fans to produce nearly classic expositions on the morals, manners, lovelife and ancestry of some other poor soul, drive the point and conclusion home with some of the most brilliant wit and poison ever seen on the printed page....and never once use a foul or vulgar word. It is not necessary to use foul language when one has the imagination, ability and vocabulary and the logical mind which is necessary for a really rousing good debate or argument. Any moron can simply call someone else 41 brands of merde in the most excreable dockside manner possible.

I guess when one doesn't have anything better to work with, one has to stoop to simplistic repetetive foulness.

It is amusing that the one point that he did fault me on was where I said that he hadn't produced a fanzine in nine years. He pointed out that I was quite wrong. Last week when he phoned I pointed out in my turn that he had published the "STF & FSY SONGBOOK" in time to distribute at the 1960 PittCon. In other words, he himself was wrong, on when he had last published a fanzine. A short pause ensued, and then he stated quite emphatically that he was still correct since he considered it to be a songbook rather than a fanzine.

What was hilarious was Hal Shapiro berating me for revealing My Sex Life in the pages of Malyutka Krasavac. This was where I mentioned how I rated various female fans on sensuous application of suntan oil. Coming from Hal Shapiro, the man for whom Elliott Broderick once got a woman for (which became the famous Naked Woman of MidWestCon fame) this is ludicrous. On that hilarious note I bid you all adieu.

I'll be seeing you.

-richard schultz-



by ROGER SIMS

CONVENTION: News For Convention Planners #1, June 1969  
Edited and Published by Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201, USA.

This is an extremely slick publication. The paper, printing and format are excellent. Even the staples are crinkley. But of especial note and excellence is the writing itself. It is every bit as good and as slick as that of NEWSWEEK and TIME.

Unfortunately the content does not even begin to approach that same level.

Frankly we smell something. This smell is based on a statement made twice, sometimes just once on each page. This statement states in simple words that this publication will be available only to fans who are planning to bid for some future WorldCon. Now, since this reviewer is not planning to bid for the WorldCon one might wonder how he came to have CONVENTION in his possession. Well, he found it and some 50 of its brothers (that is, if you assume fanzines to be male -- if not, then sisters) on a table in a room at the MidWestCon. One also then could wonder why they were lying around if it is true that this zine will be restricted to bidding fans. The reviewer being a skeptical person, searched this zine very closely. At the bottom page one, Porter states that because of possible self-interest he is dissolving the WorldCon bid for 1974 called the AtlantiCon.

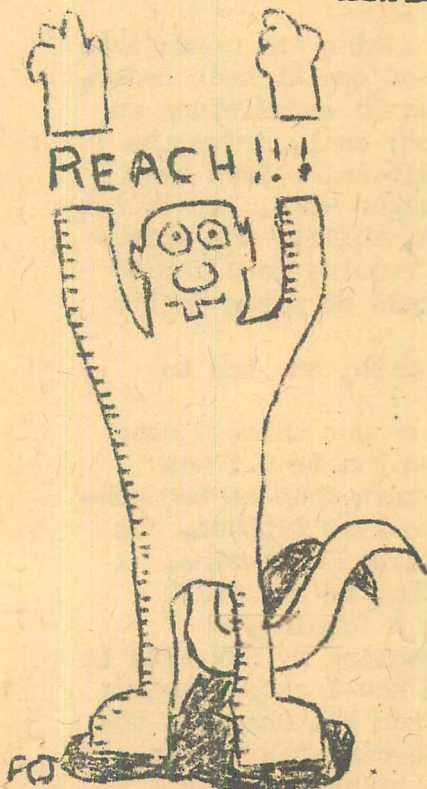
At which junction one might wonder what the rest of the hard-working committee members think of this action. The writer whose words you are reading has been out of touch with fandom for some time. It is also true however that HARPIES has produced statements about some up-coming bids.

I don't remember a mention of an AtlantiCon! However Schultz assures me that there is or was such a bid. AtlantiCon was a euphemism for a NYCon IV and Porter was the major soul boosting it. If this were not so, I might wonder might this why CONVENTION was born.

(If you have read the zine in question, the rest of this review will make sense. If not, then either bear with me or skip to the next review.)

In the "Old" days before the rotation plan there were at least some 13 bidders. Since there were no restrictions any city could bid at will. Detroit first bid at Cinvention and kept it up to the time the rotation plan went into effect. Even with open bidding the con rotated around the countryside because the Elders prevailed upon the attendees to vote "right". That is, until it came to time to vote for the next Con after the ChiCon II in 1952. ChiCon II was attended by a mass of new fans who voted for Philly. Now it was said by many and believed by quite a number more that the reason the vote went as it did was because Philly was closer than Frisco. So the rotation plan was passed to prevent one section of the country from retaining the Con forever.

Fanzine Reviews





Mr. Porter hopes that CONVENTION will become a "forum" to help Mr. Youngfan plan a bid or a Con. The writer does not know how the reader feels, but it is his hope that no Mr. Youngfan wins the bid. By Convention time, it is to be earnestly hoped that the bidders already know what their job entails. The writer also wonders if any Convention Committee would necessarily want any outside criticism at a time when it is trying to fulfill its obligations.

The writer would like to take this time and space to put forth a proposal of his own concerning future Cons. Because of the huge number of attendees and the limited space and time provided for meetings, it might be beneficial to ascertain whether at some times more than one meeting (in different halls) might be held in any given time slot. Any Con Committee who really wants outside advice can obtain more of the same from me.

-roger sims-

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN, March 11, 1969, available from the New England Science Fiction Association, at \$2.50 a year. NESFA address: P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

Since editing the March issue, Cory has now become Mrs. Alexei Panshin (and again many congratulations), they are now living at what is known as Open Gate Farm, Star Route, Perkasio, Pennsylvania, 18941.

Truely the only thing that this Reviewer can say about this club zine is "Wow". HARPIES is a monthly zine, THE PROPER BOSKONIAN is a tri-yearly (comes out three times a year). Would HARPIES be as good if it too made it out but three times a year? Oh well, it's nice to wonder anyways.

Of especial interest in this issue to the writer was the article on Biafra by J.R.Seitz, and the Chess game played with the computer. I have been ~~fixer~~ following the plight of the Biafrans mainly on Canadian Radio. (Where the picture of the World sounds truer than on our own news media.) His impressions of Biafra have much the same feeling as that of the Broadcasts on the CBC. Not to do a thesis on the subject, but I cannot help wanting to comment that if it were not for the British the Biafrans would have their own country! I hope to soon play the game with the computer through to its finish, at which time I'm sure the commentary will be most interesting.

All in a damn fine zine!

-roger sims-

HARPIES #4 (This issue was edited and published by the Shapiros for the Michigan Science Fiction Society.)

I had decided that I would review each article one by one, but after turning the pages from end to end several times, my stomach became so upset that I decided to forget the whole thing. But before I end this I must give credit to Hal for giving me one of the best lines I have read in a fanzine (or anyplace else) for a long time. To wit: (from "The Great STF Telecast." "The Virgin yawned, extended a grape (Ohio Muscatel) to be peeled.")

Think on it a little bit.

-roger sims-

ICENI #5, Edited and published by Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple Street, Jeffersonville, Indiana, 4713, USA, and is available for .30¢ or 4 for \$1.

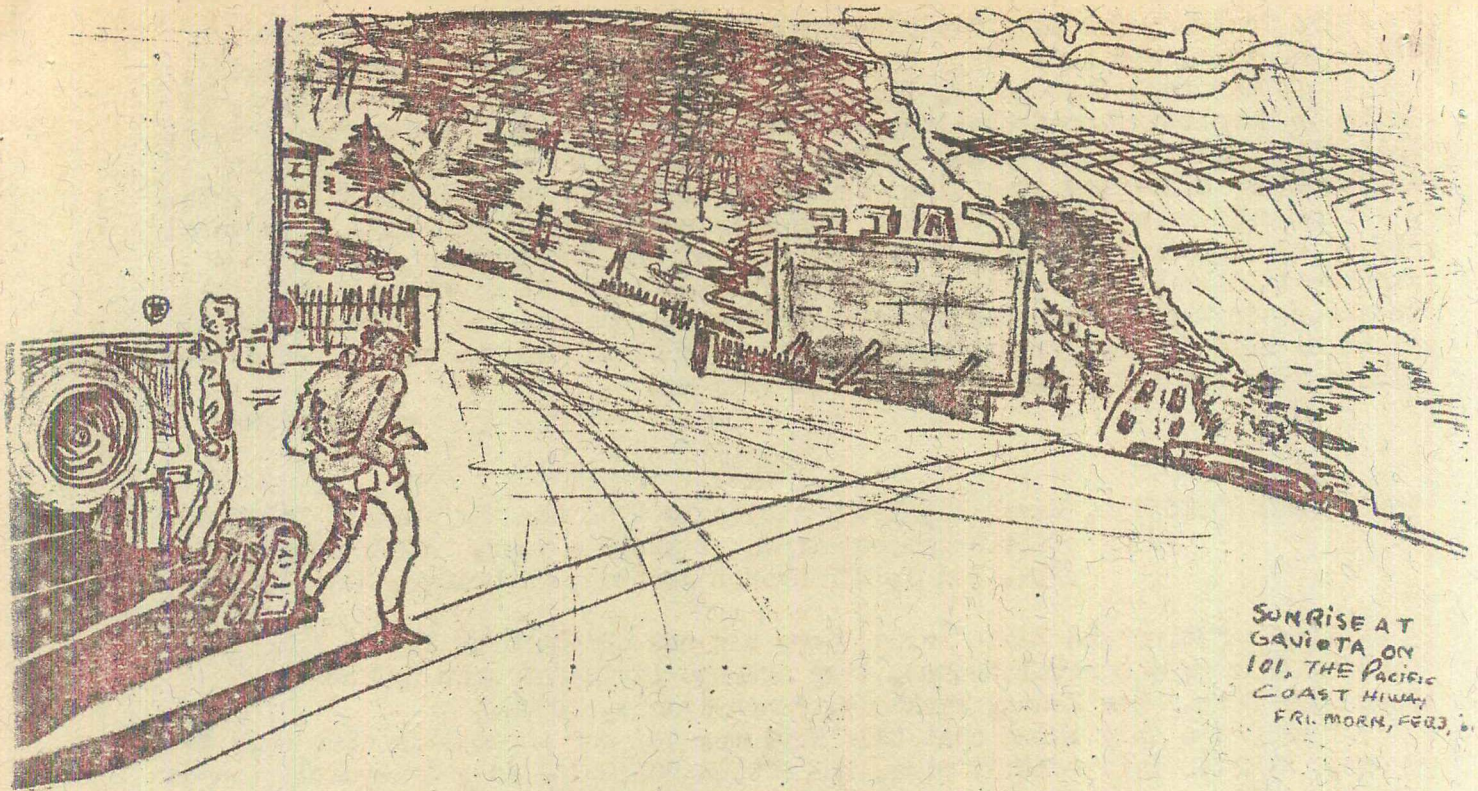
This one looks like a good HARPIES! Enjoyed the articles on films. But wonder did the black panties have lace... You see, in this picture that I saw last week the.....

The letter from Nick Grassel, 14432 Polk, Taylor, Michigan, 48180 caught my eye. He asks why is the editor supporting New Orleans in '73. Then mentions the other cities bidding, including, as he says it, "maybe, just maybe Detroit." Does he know something the rest of Detroit doesn't? At least some of the MichiFen will be rooting for New Orleans, by the way.

I'll be seeing you....

-roger sims-





SUNRISE AT  
CAVIOTA ON  
101, THE PACIFIC  
COAST HIGHWAY  
FRI. MORN, FEB. 3, 61

## LETTERBOX

Bruce Robbins  
3015 Bedford Ave.  
Apt. 2  
Montreal 251, Quebec  
CANADA

I can't let Stanley Hoffman's accusation way back in HARP #1 that "2001:" has scientific flaws go unanswered. I need only refer him to "Take A Deep Breath" by Arthur C. Clarke himself, collected in "The Other Side Of The Sky." Anyway, Clarke has remarked in many an interview concerning "2001:" that he rechecked the point with US Space Officials while creating "2001:" with Kubrick. They confirmed that a person can spend some few seconds unprotected in the hard vacuum of outer space without damage to the body.

Bruce R. Gillespie  
P.O. Box 30  
Bacchus Marsh  
Victoria 3340  
AUSTRALIA

Indeed I found HARPIES quite interesting. Surely every s f club has similar difficulties, but the similarities between your difficulties and those of the Melbourne Club are alarming. I suspect you may have the same trouble even. We have clubrooms that are well equipped, so the club is mainly a social centre and a centre for borrowing s f and arranging book imports from the USA. Very few of the enthusiasts even like sf, and they are certainly not willing to think about it. People like Foyster and Bangsund, who have a real interest in the stuff, avoid the club as much as possible. In other words, things are laid on for the club members, and there is not much reason for self-extension. Only at Easter is much energy expended - a Convention held by your club as soon as possible might be the thing. However, you are almost certain to end up running the thing single-handed. At various times, committees have been formed here, too, but the net effect was that in 1966 Foyster ran the convention, in 1968 Bangsund ran it, and in 1969 Merv Birns, with specialists for comics and films, ended up organizing it. About the only use for a committee is to call it the Convention and hold the event on the spot.

What am I raving on for? All I did was pay my dues and roll up on Good Friday. It's useful to live many miles from an S F Club.

On another note, one notices that falling in love (i.e. growing up) tends to



knock out the "fans" fairly effectively. Perhaps that's why I've just started a fanzine. Civilized females just do not seem to exist in Victorian country towns. Go west, young man - or has she written to that effect already, Dick?

(\*Dick Schultz here: Well, we don't have a regular clubhouse here...and most Yank fan clubs are in a similar state. We also lack a club library, a constitution or charter, membership cards...in fact, we lack a whole host of amenities of a large well-organized club. Including a treasury that's got more than a few dollars in it at any one time. Though progress is slow, due to the lethargy of all us established types here in Detroit, some slight progress is noted. At the very least we are beginning to meet regularly with some of the other s f organizations in the State.

As for putting on a Convention.... Well, there are already too ruddy many regional conferences now in fandom and the creation of another is just exactly as likely to revive MichiFandom as another JJPierce blast is liable to revive the corpse of the Pulpzines.)\*

Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr.  
713 Paul Street  
Newport News, Virginia  
23605

Being the only active fan in this area, I can understand how you and Howard sometimes feel. There is supposedly a club here, but none of them do anything. I have even offered to ditto for them.... \*Sigh\*

If the MiSFits don't do anything, who puts on the Triple Fan Fair thing? Is this a whole different group? They have always seemed faceless to me, and their ads turn me off. Not that I would be likely to go to Detroit for a conference anyways. A WorldCon maybe.....

(\*Schultz here: The Detroit Triple Fan Fair was originally started by Len Bails and a few other of the Comic types coupled with the now largely defunct Midwest Film Club. They started out huckstering comics, showing old flicks and chitter-chattering about their comic book acquisitions. Despite the introduction of two of the MiSFits as Chairmen of this thing and some lackadaisical support from me as a poor publicity officer, the Triple Fan Fairs have retained this same initial format and interest. Despite some rather hopeful attempts by Shapiro, George Young, myself and others, they also remain an essentially party-less Convention. We set up the booze and pop and edibles and rooms to chitter-chatter in....but the comic book fan type remains apparently uninterested in socializing, which is the keynote of science fiction conventions. They buy comic books, they sell comic books, they read comic books....but their ability to mix with fans remains at a rather low level. Comic book fans are too sercon in relation to the average s f fan. And at least five times as mercenary it seems.

In contrast Detroit fandom initiated or helped initiate two regional cons, both of which became great successes in the science fiction circle. The OctoCon, held each October in Sandusky, Ohio, originally started as multi-level conferences amongst the TriCon staff and was so successful that it has continued since then, on its own power more or less and some slight help from Lon Tabakou of Cincinnati.

Also the MarCon, held each March somewhere in northwestern or central Ohio was begun by Detroit fandom and has created a life of its own, able virtually to survive despite whoever is running it.

The difference between the ease with which easy-going successful conclaves and conventions birth in s f fandom and the immense effort that was poured into the Triple Fan Fair (in comparison) points out that the difficulty in the Triple Fan Fairs lies not in the people running it, but in the very nature of the comic book fans themselves.)\*

Ed R. Smith  
1315 Lexington Ave.  
Charlotte, North Carolina  
28203

I am beginning to like the small, more personal zine over the large monsters that seem to be so much in evidence today. The bigger the better is not a motto that I subscribe to. (I do subscribe to F&SF

and YANDRO though.) Recently I published a small apazine. I took my time, put the whole thing on a long table, and slowly put it together while drinking Coke. My point...? It has taken a couple of months to finish Flip 3, my genzine. The pages from this can be put in no smaller area than my living room. This means





-FRANK  
JOHNSON-

(if that's what it is) but there was a good article in a Columbus, Ohio fanzine not too long ago on the subject.

I hope Harry Warner is correct when he predicts that "The Illustrated Man" will be kicked around in the zines quite a bit. The film deserves some discussion as a separate entity, as well as for taking a one-page beginning and ending sequence Bradbury tacked on to be "arty" and making it into an integrated and vivid story. There is perfect unification between the lackside 30s sequences, the past, and the future sequences, and it is done in a way in which a book could not do it. What a wonderful, lovely, frightening film. I saw it twice within less than a week.

Lamentations about fellow Misfits not helping on your projects points out the essential difference between fans and non-fans, that of enthusiasm. I found myself calling several local fan-types recently as part of an attempt to awaken North Carolina fanishly. Most of them were nice enough, and I noticed many things they said reminded me of a tired and true fan. But after I told them about fandom, zines, clubs, APAs, conventions, they didn't attempt to go any further, even though some of them were called several times. I, like Geis, am a loner.

Many fans may wish they had gone to see War And Peace after your discussion of it. Fans however seem to have a built-in distrust of "Big" books, movies, or whathaveyou. Perhaps that motivated some of the anti-"2001:" sentiments?

(\*Unfortunately "The Illustrated Man" did not set off a great new wave of cinema discussion in science fiction fandom...and its impact on cinema fandom seems to have been even less, alas.

Ultimately the fault for such a lack of enthusiasm must lie not in the apathy (if any) of science fiction fandom but in the lacklustre quality of the movie itself. As one mundane critic put it, it was an experiment not quite carried out. I personally fault the director and producer for emphasizing the photography over the story, the effects over the script, the shock scenes over the validity and coherence of the plot. As with "Fahrenheit 451", one must conclude that here too is a magnificent conception turned into something less than what it might have been. Nonetheless it is interesting to note that sci-fi themes and stories are more generally accepted by the tight in-group of the artistic and management elite of the cinema world as valid vehicles for both art and money-making. Granted the production nut, i.e.-the initial production costs, are much higher with a serious treatment such as "The Illustrated Man" than with X-vs Godzilla type junk movies. But they too are capable of at least returning the investment put into them. For this we can probably thank "2001:" and the artistic clamour that it set off in the world of the cinema professionalist at the same time fandom was undergoing massive throes and pro and con over the film.

Quite frankly, it seems that practically no one was encouraged to go and see "War And Peace" after my rave review of it. At least in the Michigan science fiction groups, most fans are either students and usually too dead broke and busy to go see non-stf movies. Or not interested in seeing movies at all much less massive productions of massive Russian novels. The only ones who did go see it were those who were planning to see it anyways....cinema fans, etc. -D. Schultz.)\*

that I have to stoop over three or four more hours and put it together. This means who knows how many dollars of postage. I'll get several LoC's, and maybe even one or two articles I didn't have to beg for. Now I know why fans periodically retreat to the APAs.

"Mental Children," that article you reprinted for HARP is insulting to fandom not for what it says of fans, but the fact that it went into no more depth than it did. Perhaps I am subconsciously comparing it to "Ah, Sweet Idiocy," the definitive treatment of this theme. I haven't read the document



Fred Lerner

95 College Hill Road  
Clinton, New York  
13323

Schultz, your answer to Ben Singer in HARPIES #3 omitted what is to me, one of the most valuable aspects of fandom: the opportunity it gives to expand one's range of interests. Fans are, more than most intelligent people, very wide ranging in their interests. Which should not be surprising, for science fiction, where all of us have our roots, is very wide ranging in its subject matter. I hypothesize that the average fan is drawn to science fiction precisely because SF painlessly introduces him to areas on the fringes of already-existing interest; and to Fandom because, among similar people, he has the chance to talk over, and correspond about, these new-found areas.

Perhaps the registry idea for regional conventions are a good idea. I agree with Harry Warner that, except for the WorldCon, the WesterCon, and (I would add) the MidWestCon and LunaCon, it would not be impossible for two Conventions to be held simultaneously if they were 750 miles or so or more apart. There should be some effort, too, to provide for more cons — particularly informal, poolside ones — during the summer months: there's no Con in the East between May Disclave and the PhillyCon except when the WorldCon comes to the Eastern zone. How about something at the end of July, for instance? And what about something in the MidWest in November? Or is there already one that I do not know about?

Let me put in a plug here for the survey of local and regional SF clubs that I'm running for the NFFF Fancubs Bureau and for Locus Publications. I'd like to send a copy of the Bureau Questionnaire to any club that will write me; the results will be published in a Directory of North American Science Fiction Clubs.

My only regret about moving to Clinton is that our one lonely teevee station doesn't carry "The Prisoner". Damn! But I will get into Syracuse or Boston or New York (or St. Louis maybe) to watch "Fallout".

I'll be seeing you.

In St. Louis?

(\*Dick Schultz here. Lerner is now working for and at Hamilton College in the nether wildernesses of New York State, that appendage stuck on to Manhattan.

Fred, at the MidWestCon was very enthusiastic about the prospects of a so-called "Prisoner-Con" to be held somewhere in the New York City area, preferably with the aid and financial assistance of some University and University grant to aid in the project. Such aid and monies are available, provided that one can present a reasonable facsimile of an intelligent program concerning itself with some form of the living arts...in this case the popular (amongst the intelligensia, both real and pseudo) "The Prisoner". However there are a number of problems immediately connected with the project.

First off, who is to do the work: Secondly, who is going to take the blame for this thing when it comes to presenting the notion to some University Board of governors or whatever.

Quite frankly, I do enjoy "The Prisoner" and think that both McGoochan and his creation, #6, are two of the most intriguing and fascinating artisans in the theatre today. I'm even putting a great deal of my own massive EN GARDE into discussing this particularly baffling series.

But my work load is already well past endurance, my finances are shot, and my enthusiasm, great as it is, pales before the mere thought of an additional Project. As with the Detroit WorldCon Bid that was talked up a while back, I'm more than willing to attend and pay my fee at the door...but apart from that, Baby, count me out....

Which is really sad, too, considering how much I'd like to attend something like that.

**SUPERMAN  
BITES INTO HIS  
TOOTIES OPS! (HE SUPER-  
SUCKS THE  
-FRANK JOHNSON- CHOCOLAT  
STUFF).**



As for Local Clubs, well we have here in Detroit what euphemistically calls itself the MiSFits, though it is not quite a Michigan-wide organization at this moment. There is also a fledgling student group centered about the Wayne State University which has shown itself strangely reluctant to let itself be known to the rest of the Detroit area group. No doubt there is the bit about the Generation Gap, coupled with a certain understanding that their interests are more serious stf discussion oriented whilst ours seems to be more social. There are one or two Negroes in the Wayne State Organization too, but I hope no one on either side is going to use that as a criterion as to whether we should get together. Such distinctions have been archaic for more years than most Rednecks probably like to realize.... At any rate, Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel, Dearborn Heights, Michigan, can pass along a copy of the Lerner Questionnaire if ye send it on, Fred.

A Lansing group exists and can probably be contacted either through Tracie Brown c/o 9026 McNair Drive, Alexandria, Virginia, or perhaps through 151 Mason, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan, 48823.

Send a questionnaire to Norm Grenzke, via his home address at 591 Shoreham Road, Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan for info on the small Ann Arbor-University of Michigan group.

As some of you might know, we are going to attempt to form a state-wide organization in the year to come. The first step is going to be taken at the St. LouisCon when there will be a Meeting for all attending Michigan fans, whether permanent residents or student residents. The purpose of the meeting will be to discover what it is we need the most, how to get it, and who's going to get it. Already discussed at the previous August meetings was a repeat of the rather successful Picnic Meeting of June of this year. It is proposed that maynaps the next meeting can be held in very early October and be based upon another such very informal relaxed event.

In any event it's a shame that we're not getting together more often to exchange thoughts, ideas, hopes, notions, whatever it is fans do every time they get together and winds up being such fun.... See you in St. Louie....)\*

Al Andrews

Fairview Rest Home  
1028 Bessemer Road  
Birmingham, Alabama  
35228

From whence came the title for this zine? Hmmm, let's see now... It is the plural of Harpy and that is... Hold it a mo. "The Dictionary Of Religious Terms (by Donald T. Kaufman, Revell, 1967, for all you bibliographical fetishists) says: "Harpy - In Greek myth, an irresistible wind; or a monstrous bird with a woman's head which was thought to symbolize, or to be able to seize the soul of a dead person." (Just think how you would have crogged we witless fans, had you gone to the Aztecs and chosen Huitzilopochtli or Huixtocihuatl.) Then, of course HARPY in time was applied in other ways, developing new connotations, such as a constantly nagging and criticizing woman, and weren't witches in the Middle Ages called Harpies

(\*Schultz here... Well, the term seemed appropriate at the time HARPIES was birthed because the most obvious thing about the fanzine was that me and Howard DeVore were loudly griping...and harping...on the non-activity of a few (say rather most) of our members. In the time since then we've tried to quiet down a bit, and after the fearful pile of merde Shapiro passed off as an issue of HARPIES we have decided to change the title and a few other things in an effort to retreat from the HARPIES image that has been created. The title itself was used, however, because I just so happened to have a good piece of Bernie Zuber artwork on electro-stencil already....ar' it already had a title on it, "Harpies", which we decided to retain for the fanzine itself. Little did we know or realize....





I might also add at this time that Al did not mean for anyone but me, Dick Schultz, to write him and ask him for a copy of that evolutionary book, "Did Man Get Here By Evolution Or By Creation." However, it was not me but Roger "Teddy Bear" Sims, our faithful club Secretary-Treas. who edited and typed up the lettercolumn for #2 and #3. Teddy Bears are just as prone to fallibility as humans....\*)

Jack L Chalker  
5111 Liberty Heights Avenue  
Baltimore, Maryland 21207

I'm much disturbed by a letter appearing in one of your HARPIES a month or two back by one C.D.M.A.

Ellis of Baltimore. Ted Pauls showed it to me — and I can only say that I'm a bit shocked and surprised by the entire affair, and feel that I, as the guy who restarted Baltimore fandom after ten years and has been associated in the past ten or so years with every open organization — that is, any one open to all and admitting all, with contacts & activities extending into fandom in any way — in Baltimore, must make a response. Ellis states that it is his (or her) belief that Baltimore has 2 groups, one a bunch of potheads and the other a group of lushes. Which is very curious.

The current group is neither of those, and I've never heard of C.D.M.A. Ellis, who, aside from Balticonference (where I found the name on a card), has never attended a meeting of any group I've been connected with.

I'd never even heard of C.D.M.A. Ellis.

Nor has anybody else in organized Baltimore fandom. I believe he (or she) might be connected with Disorganized Baltimore fandom, which centers around the Sevehlas, but that is apparently a group of friends, with a fan or two in the bunch (Gary Sevehla, specifically), rather than a fan group — if, indeed, they have any group at all, something which evidence seems to deny.

Which leaves Chalker as the only game in town. And I've never heard of C.D.M.A. Ellis.

So, I'd like to start this off with a short history of Baltimore fandom — and I mean fandom as you and I, Dick, know it — in the 1960's, then address an open letter to Ellis.

Baltimore fandom was dead. In fact, in the 1950's, 7 attempts to start clubs failed after a meeting or two. Baltimore was known as the weird city, the city of Hitchcock and the city in which Ted White first started really blasting people. And the city of radicals who couldn't agree on their own noses, let alone sit down and have an SF Club. It was considered impossible.

By 1967, when I came into fandom, the place was a morgue for fans. In 1958 I joined the Washington Science Fiction Association, and commuted by bus to the meetings — which meant Trailways plus cabs, etc. D.C. is not as close or as easy to get to from Baltimore nor as culturally close to Baltimore as many outside the area think.

In the early '60's, '61 I think, I met & introduced Dave Ettlin and then Enid Jacobs to fandom. Dave was a real fireball, and pretty soon we also had Mark Swings, Jerry Jacks, and a fellow named Dave Katz who dropped out after a couple of meetings. Finally, coming back from the WSFA New Year's Party on the Trailways, we decided to form a Baltimore Club, and about 4 A.M. on January 1, 1963, the Baltimore Science Fiction Society was born—in the back of the bus.

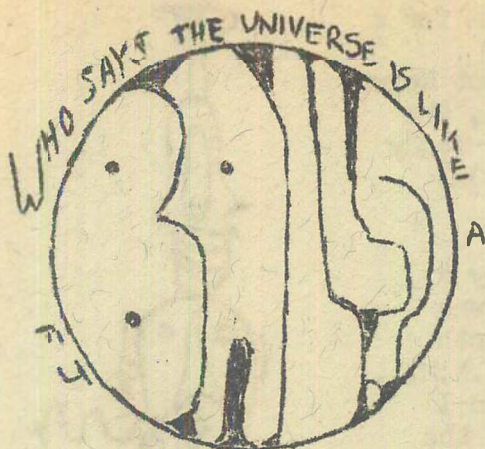
Dave later recruited Ron Bouds, Steve Patt, Myron Seligman, Ed Kreig and several others. By the end of 1963, and into the first part of 1964, we had about a dozen or so members, plus several people commuting from Washington to us, a turnabout we enjoyed.

By 1967 the BSFS was up to almost 40 regular or semiregular members, some of whom are still about in other organizations (most far-flung award: Jerry Jacks, now of San Francisco fandom).

The group was a really hot concern — we bid a game bid (and lost) for the '67 WorldCon, we started the BaltiConferences, and we had some of the damndest biweekly parties you ever saw.







With that many people, however, we had a real cross-section, including a couple of real right-wing ding-a-lings, and a couple or three potheads, but the situation went along without much problem.

Problems began in 1968, when a goodly number of the rather young group graduated from college and moved on to make livings elsewhere. Still, other things happened because the few potheads in the group, and their non-head friends, insisted on smoking the stuff at meetings.

None of the rest of us gave a damn whether they smoked pot or swallowed arsenic, but since it was illegal we requested that they halt it so that the club wouldn't get into trouble.

We were down to about 15 or 16 members after the graduation attrition, and were trying to rebuild. Then one of the farrighters called the cops, and the organization shattered into fifty-leben billion pieces.

I wish to emphasize that, to my knowledge, the stuff was seldom smoked at meetings and never after we put the pressure on to cool it, arguing that the 3 or 4 people jeopardized the future of the rest of us, who didn't indulge. But the far-righters thought there was this stuff, and that caused a split.

What was left was no BSFS at all by August, 1968. So, the few of us who had retained cool heads and still wanted a club simply stopped associating with the other side until they cooled down, and this seems to have worked, for there are no feuds, as far as I know, that lasted into 1969 on any side, although we did manage to get the extremists on both sides out of our circle.

Washington was fortunately unaffected by all this, and our loss was their gain. You will find BSFS alumni at the forefront of almost all WSFA activity, and it's the really hot concern we once were.

Back in Baltimore, an attempt was made to restart the BSFS as the Maryland Association for Science-Fantasy (MASF), but this failed, quickly. We no longer had the people in the Baltimore area. The only solution seemed, to me at least, to be to grow a new crop and welcome any old fans who wanted in and were still lurking around in the woodwork.

Thus, what you got in 1969, and is continuing at this time, is a most informal group. There are officers, but no meeting has ever been called to order so the officers effectively do not exist. There is no constitution, and more a formal than anything else. The current persona are: Kim Weston, Ed Krieg, Paul Price, Rick Shanklin, Richard Patt, Steve Naron, Don & Debbie Sobwick and me. Ted Pauls has evidenced a desire to come, and a person's presence is membership - no dues, no minutes, business meetings, etc.

Thus, counting Ted, there are 9 members of the group, which is simply called (very originally) "The Group". I started with less in 1963. This is the group that put on the 1969 Balticonference, though - considered the best to date by just about everybody. It has talent and potential, and a couple of members publish, too.

The group is a BYOB (Bring Your Own Booze) affair. If you want to drink, then bring it and drink. If not, bring Cokes.

The meetings go something like this: everybody gathers (except the Sobwicks) at either my place or Kim's, and brings along any guest they like. A few semi-regulars have started to develop outside The Eight, which is about the way BSFS developed. We sit around, talk about SF, politics, the Shadow, the weather, or anything else that might come up. One session we all read old comic books. Another we played cards and talked about farmish stuff. Another we talked and even played some old radio shows.

Then, about 11 PM, everybody piles into the available cars and goes out to an all-night eatery for midnight snacks, which last until Midnight or 12:30. After this, we, the hardy, go over to Don and Debbie Sobwick's apartment in East Baltimore. Don works on the newspaper, 6PM to midnight, and gets home about when we get there.



This is the Hour Of The Gamsters, and Don and I have both made collections of games. These are played, in a general faanish atmosphere, usually with the late-late etc. horror flic on TV and, after, records. This has lasted until 9 AM, and has never, to my knowledge, broken up before 6 AM.

It's designed for faaanish interests, and faaanish conviviality, and that's what we get.

We're still meeting.

We are the only group, to my knowledge, around. There are several longers, like the Sevehles, which we haven't enticed to meetings yet, but we're making the effort.

The rules are simple: obey the house rules of the guy whose house you're in, because he's got the responsibility for the mess, and, just as importantly, be the kind of screwball who likes what we like enough so that he enjoys getting together.

I would say that anybody who is the type who sits down at a Lin Carter party at a Con at 5 AM and plays title chains would be overjoyed with our little setup.

So...

CDMA Ellis (or whoever you are), I would suggest that you drop by. It costs nothing. We do not brand people, nor force liquor down their throats (although the WCTU would be uncomfortable — as it would be with any fan group), nor smell the place up with pot. We're a bunch of fans, a genus of whom you might have heard, getting together to do faaanish things. If you're faanish, too, then you'll fit right in. If you're not, then you won't. But why not investigate before you make stupid statements in internationally circulated fanzines? It's fuggheaded to do so in particular, since you seem to disapprove of drinking, something which fandom is expert at and at which Detroit fandom is well-known as certified Experts.

All I can say, CDMA, is that it's a damned good thing nobody ever showed you their Ancient And Antique Order Of Fully Certified Sex Fiends membership card.

Or we'd read in one of Dick Schultz's fanzines about how everybody's a sex maniac.

Say, now...there's an idea for a membership drive....

(\*) Schultz here. Well, I had received the impression that Mr. Ellis was one of the Baltimore area horror-film, cinema fans, who had heard (probably) wildly exaggerated tales of the regular stf meetings. But the problem does point up one problem common in most fanzines. Someone writes and tells us that such and such is so, that so and so is this way.... And lacking the knowledge that this is so much booshraw, the tendency is to go ahead and print it, thinking that it does have a certain amount of validity. But on the obverse side of that coin where we make boo-boos because we don't know any better, there is the other side of that same coin where we feel that any retorts and explanations are equally welcome to appear in the pages of this or any other fanzine that I have any voice in the production of.

The problem itself is one that is beginning to trouble Fandom quite a good deal. For most of the past 35 years or so Fandom has been a refuge from the fuggheadednesses of the mundane world to one degree or another. A person was judged on his abilities (or lack thereof) and those other personal characteristics that make a person desirable or undesirable to have around. Age itself, and other non-valid "criteria" of the mundanes did not much enter into our little world. And thus we have sailed, mayhaps on a fool's dream-boat, for all this time. But now another element has



Please,  
Gheat Ghu, let me  
win just one Hugo  
before I gafiate --  
which I have  
been threatening  
to do for thirty-  
seven years now...



come to the fore in fandom. That of drugs, mind-expanding chemicals; whatever you wish to gild the lily with. But the stuff remains, first of all, illegal. Granted there is a certain amount of validity to the argument that maryjohn, boo, marijuana, whatever you call it, is harmless (physically) and should be made as legal as booze.

But at the moment it is illegal, and this has faced many of the people who don't smoke the stuff with a problem.

You see, by and large, fandom is composed of the most imaginative but law-abiding citizens around. They just simply do not like the notion of people going around breaking the law, but generally try to hold their tongues on the matter. In the same respect, the young types who are turning on might try to practice some of that respect and love and peace that is so widely spoken of and cool it a bit when various straight people are around. It is, after all, politeness to do so, it is honoring the other man's concept of things to at least not rub his nose in whatever little sins you feel it is right to perform.

It is the height of boorishness, of course, to go to someone else's home and expect to be allowed to light up. Whether or not it is illegal, whether or not it is harmful, you might recall that everyone does not feel the same way.

In much the same way, it is certainly at least impolite to Light Up when there are non-maryjohn types in the circle. You present them with the alternatives of staying there and saying nothing and feeling like they hypocrites and are making you think they approve. Or making them ask you to put it out, which embarrasses both of you probably, at least. Or of leaving, and quite frankly I detest being forced to move from any group that I'm rapping in and with for any reason short of National Emergency. Or of blowing his cool and getting uptight and making Legal noises.

Personally, I do not much cotton to the idea of using Maryjohn. The basic problem there is that I feel you're copping out on reality by doing that. And once you start escaping, it's an awfully hard road back to being able to live in this world without constant crutches of one kind or another. Me and 99% of the rest of...I suppose we might be termed Straight Fandom....would never think of calling for the fuzz.

But remember this....there are all sorts of variations in attitudes towards the stuff, and just going ahead and figuratively spitting in some people's eyes is not exactly what Emily Post would recommend for adults.

The trouble, of course, is that just about everybody knows of someone who uses it, or at least is very fond and friendly with someone who lights up once in a while. Even if he doesn't himself. We think well of these people, and think of them as corporate human beings with feelings, tears, joy, hates, emotional blocks and mental habits, same as the rest of us. They are 3-dimensional people....and we cannot equate these People with the images the mass media are giving us of revolutionists and drug-addicts and hateful types. Most of us do want to help, to understand, rather than reject.

So, try not to offend everybody, and even this will pass.

But if you absolutely cannot bear to associate with the mass of fandom in this little microcosmos of a society without your mind woofed and warped one way or another, maybe you belong in some other group..... That is, is it really so very hard to be a little gentle with your neighbor's feelings too?

End of long soapbox harangue..... \*)

Well, this seems to be the end of the LetterColumn. We Also Heard From: (otherwise known as the famous WAHF Column) such disparate individuals as Frank Johnson of Cincinnati, who sent on a very Weird note and a number of outre drawings which grace HARPIES hither and yon. David Charles Paskow mentioned that he's working on his Bachelor's degree while holding down a job and reviewing the odd book for SF Times. he said that Ron Stoloff, new President of the Philadelphia SFSociety has arranged for the PhillyCon this year to be a three-day affair, the second week-end in November. Joanna Russ will be one of the featured speakers and a new Hotel has been arranged for. PSFS is getting healthier he says. Doug Lovenstein sent art. Mark Schulzinger sent a letter to Shapiro, will try to get it and print it for next issue. I guess that's it, Folks. Seeing you....



# MEETING NOTICE

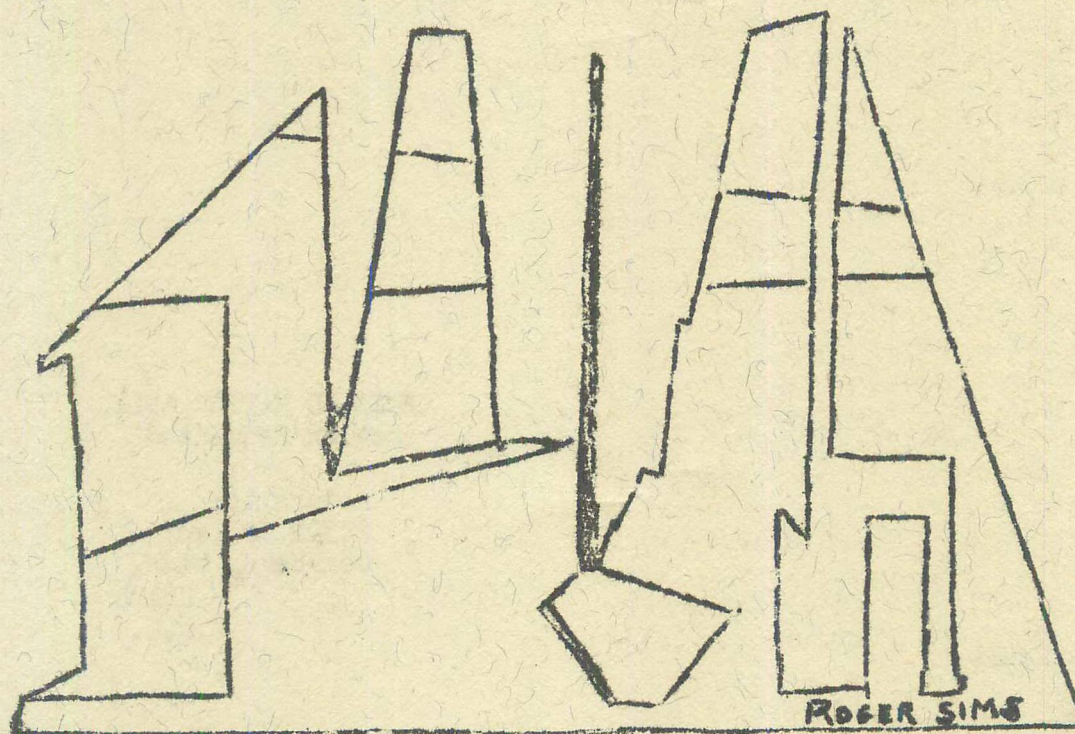
The next meeting of the

MICHIGAN SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

will be held at the St. LouisCon, Sunday, August 31st at the Con Hotel, the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel. The time is 12:00 Midnight or one after the Banquet. (Those who were at the BayCon will understand....)

If all of this is not clear, and if you want further information as to the precise room location and want to learn of any other changes, you may contact any member of the MISFitS. If they do not know, check with Big Hearted Howard DeVore. DeVore will be found most of the Con in the Huckster Room under the large lighted heart. (Try not to look at his forehead - the reflection might blind you.)

ALL FEN FROM MICHIGAN ARE WELCOME to attend, in fact they're encouraged to do so. The reason for this meeting is to try to plan the future of the club, and if possible do so with the aid of non-Detroit MichiFen. Suitable refreshments will be served to make the future look rosey. For those who need to look on the black side, soft drinks and black bread will be available.



The next meeting will be held sometime before the OctoCon. Read the Meeting Notice page in the next issue for further information.

-Roger Sims, Secretary-Treas.-



this is:

HARPIES #5  
(The Periodic Fanzine--  
it has a sloppy schedule  
but it tries to appear at  
least once a month)

United States 8c



Editors:

Chris Hoth  
22352 Gregory  
Dearborn  
Michigan  
48124

and:

Richard Schultz  
19159 Helen  
Detroit, Mich.  
48234  
U.S.A.

Send to...

Ed Meskys  
Belknap College  
Center Harbor, New  
Hamp.  
03226

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
return requested

return to:  
22352 Gregory  
Dearborn, Mich.  
48124  
U.S.A.

It's Yngvi's Fault

HelCon in '70  
Boston in '71  
Los Angeles in '72  
—and survival of the fittest  
shall determine '73—