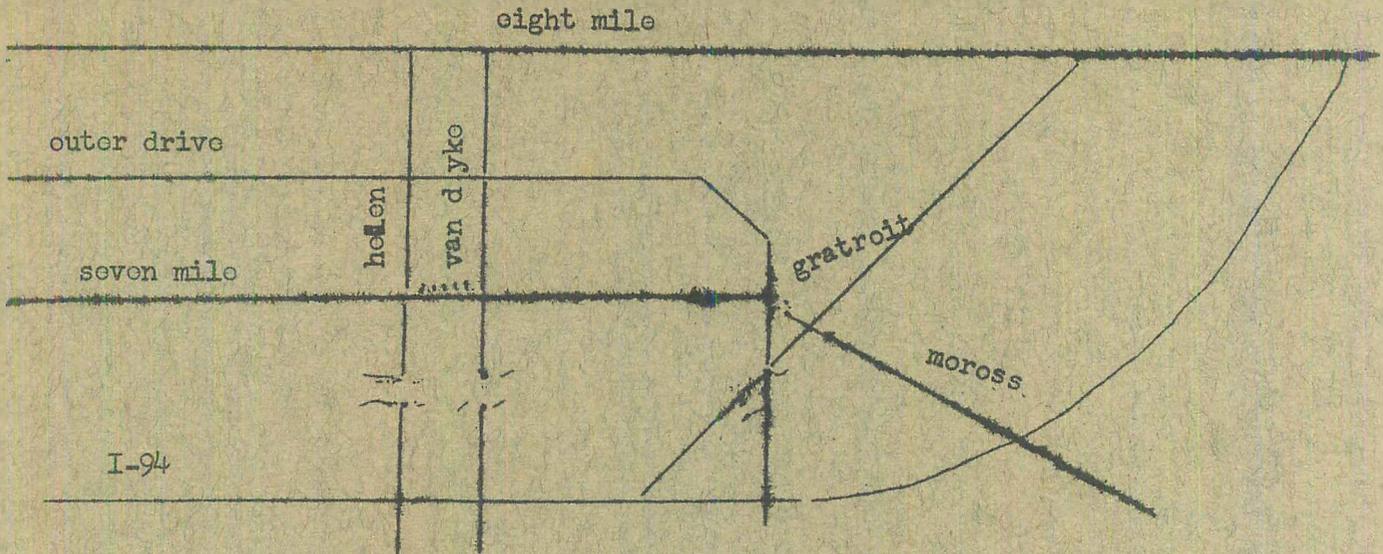


Harpies
Two

MEETING NOTICE. . . . MEETING NOTICE. . . . MEETING NOTICEMEE

The next meeting of the Misfits will be at the ~~top~~ castle of Richard of Schultz. The Herald's Horn will blow at 3 in the afternoon, Sunday May 18.

The location of his castle is 19159 Helen. If you understand written directions: Helen is six blocks west of Van Dyke. The castle is in the first block north of seven mile. If not see below:



DON'T FORGET COME! ENJOY!

MAY 18

3 pm

P.S. Schultz here. Next issue will be edited by Roger Sims, presumably with my help, as with this issue. Contributions and trades for HARPIES should go to Sims for the present, letters also.

But blame this issue on Sims, not me....

As a side note, those who are curious as to how my sweet Carol, light of my life, flame of my lamp, pearl of the seas and fairest of the fair, appears to my prejudiced eyes may be able to see a certain resemblance in the drawing which prefaces my column-editorial, Malyutka Krasavec. She is indeed a lovely thing,... See you Mother's Day. R.S.

PONY UP OR PONY OUT 1

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to speak of many things, of cabbages and Kings." Now we don't have any problems with kings and if we need any cabbages we'll grow our own, but we do have one small problem - that's the matter of financing the club.

The last issue of our newsletter went to approximately 500 people and will have brought us (the club that is) a certain amount of publicity.

All costs, (including \$40 for postage), were borne by Dick Schultz and Howard DeVore. This issue is being financed by Roger Sims.

A certain amount of our membership have not paid dues, now a great many of these people do not attend meetings - we can't blame them for not contributing dues but at the same time they have received some slight benefits from the club . . . if only an occasional newsletter.

Roger Sims has been appointed secretary-treasurer for the present and will have brought the records up to date by the time of the next meeting.

We have never enforced dues collecting and have casually asked people if they would care to pay their dues. Tentative plans call for telling new people that they are welcome to join. In the future we will not require pre-payment of dues. Then we will wait four months, so that they can attend four meetings to see if they want to join.

At the end of four months we'll offer them the chance to join again, or to receive the newsletter if they can't be an active member. If they refuse both options they'll be dropped from our mailing list.

Dues are \$1.00 per six month period, family membership (2 or more) for \$1.50 per six months.

Newsletter subscription is 50¢ per year, this is less than the cost of postage for the newsletter.

We hope to expand the newsletter to the point where it will carry general information of Sf, book reviews, one or more columns, and various items that will interest general fandom.

We expect to start an exchange program with other clubs all over the country and in a few cases with magazines outside the USA.

Your part in this? We are in the market for articles, stories, editorials, all sorts of things. Don't wait to be asked for this sort of thing. If we all sit here waiting for the editor nothing will get done . . . It'll be much more efficient if you'll call the editor, find out what he wants, write it and then bug him until it gets into print. With material dumped in his lap he's got to do something with it.

As the boss wrangler said, "Either get to work Cowboy, or ride on out."

book review

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS by Harry Warner

Advent Publishers \$7.50

It is doubtful that fandom could have produced any other person so well adapted to write this book. Quietly, for some 30 years Mr. Warner sat in Hagerstown, Maryland observing fandom in all of its facets. One of the few people who never engaged in feuds and owes no obligations to any person or group Warner has accumulated one of the largest collections of fan magazines in the world and has thoroughly combed this to produce a history of fandom in the '40's. A later book will cover the '50's. An additional attraction is the complete index in the book, listing each page on which an individual or event is mentioned.

We quote a few words from the section devoted to Michigan fandom:

"As early as 1939, Martin Alger had formed in Mackinaw City a Society for the Prevention of Bug Eyed Monsters on the covers of Science Fiction Publications." (Did you know that Mr. Alger had literally invented the word "BEM" and that it now appears in several encyclopedias?)

"At the start of 1941 the Galactic Roamers formed when delegations from Jackson, Battle Creek, and Detroit broke bread in Jackson. John Millard of Jackson became the President and EE Evans of Battle Creek was named secretary. . . . Slan Shack was the third or fourth fannish wonder of the world. Then Evans, Widenbeck Ashley, and Leibscher moved to California and that particular complex dissolved."

"Survivors, including Ben Singer, Fred Reich, Erwin Stirnweiss, and George Young then launched the Michigan Science Fantasy Society, which was to produce fannish legends and excitement replacing the lod and now moribund sources in New York."

"The club quickly dubbed the Misfits, became distinguished because almost every member was either colorful or extremely capable or both. Alger, for instance, had been an FFFF member and Michigan attendee as early as 1941. Big-hearted Howard DeVore began to read Wonder Stories in the mid '30's, was an ardent collector almost at once and learned about fandom only through a chance encounter with Arnim Seilstad in a bookstore after World War II.

"Alger used an enormous Packard to gather up fans. . . . The Misfits obtained a certain amount of revenge on society, when Alger sold his old Packard to the state of Michigan, which immediately put it to use for hauling patients to the state insane asylum at Ypsilanti."

"Alger thought that 'Join the MSFS and go places' would be the best slogan for the club, after reviewing the travels taken by various members at public expense after involvement in such adventures as possession of machine guns, felonious assault, kidnaping, dope peddling, and forgery. However the most publicized brush with the law came on the day the bomb went off, November 13, 1949. The place was the front

lawn of the home of Rapp, 2120 Bay Street, and the occasion was the conclusion of a meeting of the Misfits in that large house.

The blast was loud enough to make people jump two blocks away, and it had enough power to break two bay windows. Police, firemen, gas company workers, reporters and assorted bystanders quickly loomed up. Left to greet them were only two blameless fans, the host and Bill Groover, because the remaining members had left rapidly."

The above have been excerpted from the pages dealing with Michigan Fandom, really only a small segment of the book.

If you don't have an account with Advent: Publishers you can buy your copy from Howard DeVore who has stocked the book. While you're there, he'll also explain that while the facts are all correct they are subject to more than one interpretation and then complain that the present day fans just don't come up to old time standards!

BUY THE BOOK and attend a MISFIT meeting and hear the rest of the details on these stories.

EDITORIAL

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When we joined the club we were young and foolish - with little or no regard for tomorrow. Now we are old and foolish with no regard for today. Only yesterday counts. Maybe this was always true - but then we talked about last week, last month, last Con. Today the talk is of the Con ten years ago and what who did what to whom.

Because of this talk many new members think we only talk about famous fans we knew "when." That's not true. Even if they were not famous we would still talk about their infamous deeds. Sometimes we even have good things to say about them.

So come to a meeting - see what we're like. If you stick around - you may be talking about us ten years from now. Or better still we'll be talking about the great time we had together when we were young!

If you have been reading each page of this magazine then you must have read a think piece called "Pony up or Pony out." This article was written by our president, one Howard DeVore. If the meaning of the title is not one that is readily understandable, and after reading it you are still in doubt as to its true meaning, allow me to add my 2¢ plain. It costs time and money to print and send this mag. If you are a participating member of the club then we enjoy sending this mag to you. If we don't know who you are and we have received no acknowledgement from you in the form of a letter, article, cartoon, or what have you, then we feel that maybe our efforts are going to the wastebasket without a glance. And this, you may well understand, does not make us feel good. So if you don't want to write a letter . . . etc., send money.

No Wonder Sex is so Popular; It's so Centrally Located
an article by Hal Shapiro, R. A.

Or would you rather hear about the forthcoming fifth annual Detroit Triple Fan Fair, June 7 and 8, at the Downtown Howard Johnson Motor Lodge? Well, I'm going to tell you something about it anyway.

Ever since a group of comics fans and collectors got together some years ago to put on the first of these affairs, some Misfit members have been involved. Their number, however, was small until last year when several of us were dragooned into service, making up almost half of the working committee. This year's committee is 'chairmaned' by a Misfit (namely me) and co-chairmaned by another (George Young). Jack Promo holds the treasures checkbook and Richard of Schultz allegedly does the publicity work. And there are some non-Misfit members working. One Richard Buckler (a serious comics collector) is secretary and Tom Altschuller is major dome of the dealers' room, with valiant assistance of our proxy, Howard Devore, as pseudo-sergeant-at-arms.

Registration will be less expensive incidently, if you send a check payable to the Triple Fan Fair to the TFF, 4664 Toldeo Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 48209. Advance savings have been extended to May 15, 1969. Advanced registration is only \$3.00, and for only \$8.50 will get you into the activities and provide your banquet meal where this year's Nova Awards will be presented to Guests of Honor Ed Hamilton, Leigh Brackett and Al Williamson. At the door prices will go up to \$4.00 registration and \$6.00 for the banquet. So send in that check and save more than \$1.49½.

There's still time, too, to place your ads in the souvenir program book. You can contact ye olde chairmanne at VA-3-2690 (area code 313) for details and prices. And tables for all manner of things (mostly huckstering) will be sold until all space is utilized. After that, we'll take your money and try to think of something.

In conjunction with the Triple Fan Fair, there will be a Boris Karloff film festival, including many of his finest motion pictures. All, I might add, without commercial interruption. They will include Frankenstein, The Cat, and others. Inquisitions of Hamilton Brackett will be held by a panel of Science Fiction Writers of America members, possibly including Lloyd Biggle, John Jakes, T. L. Sherred, Bob Tucker and others. A similiar fate is in store for Al Williamson when other comics artists and writers extract from his mind the secrets behind his rendings of Flash Gordon, Secret Agent X-9 and various residents of the more nefarious comic books.

More mundane offerings are in store for the more or less mundane, including an auction of original artwork from Galaxy, If and other Science Fiction magazines, artwork from comic artists and magazines and whatever else we've been able to lay our hot little tentacles on. Panels, parties, pizzas, particularly prodigious pulicars and pitifully puny pelucidars could help round out the entertainment. Although they probably won't.

The scene: A production of "Noah's Ark." Hundreds of people and animals mill about the stage. Above the noise and clamor can be heard the hysterical shrieking of the electrician: What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use !?!" And the heavens open up and voice comes unto him: "The flood lights, you damn fool!"

A WILLT Registry?

article by Hal Shapiro, R. A.

Elsewhere in this alleged publication you may find an article by this same writer ((? Ed.)) extolling the virtues of the fifth annual Detroit Triple Fan Fair, June 7 and 8, 1969, at the Downtown Detroit Howard Johnson Motor Lodge. Hopefully, it will have been skillfully edited (this one, too) ((sorry about that, Hal Ed.)) to give the impression that I am a competent writer. ((I did my best Ed.))

But the writing of that article stirred into activity some proto-plasmic grey convulatory matter which has long lain dormant. It seems that the dates of the Triple Fan Fair are the same as for another regional Science Fiction conference. And talk passing in the hallways, rooms and lobby at the MarCon led to the speculation that perhaps (just perhaps), there are too damn many conventions, conferences, convocations, constipations, etc. among Science Fiction fans. And someone said, "Why don't we establish an International Registry of Science Fiction Conventions to avoid head-on collisions in the future?" It was discussed that various fanzines, newszines and such already publicized the cons. However, the consensus seemed to be that what was needed was some sort of central clearing house.

Okay!

Let's do it!

Herewith be the first announcement. 'Tis to be hoped that it will be picked up from here and planted in many places where it shall spread to infinite horizons that, today, ((or what ever day your reading this announcement is Ed.)) there is established the SCF, the Stf Con File. Everywhere everywhere planning any sort of convention please send all available information to the SCF, c/o Hal Shapiro, 1035 Marlborough Avenue, Apt. #101, Detroit, Michigan 48215. Presently, there is at least one file drawer partially filled with material stolen from the various news zine calendars. Persons contemplating gatherings may send their tentative dates to me, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 25¢ to help defray expenses, and I shall send them a complete report, within two days, of all major activities occurring within two months of their dates. Fans outside North America need not send envelopes, stamps or 25¢. While I am not any type of philanthropist, I can have impulses at times.

If there is no response, naturally there will be no SCF. If you think this duplicates something being already done, let me know and I may be persuaded that this is a useless project. Or start those cards and letters and I'll keep one or more file drawers full at all times.

I'm sure Hal won't mind if I use the rest of this page for graffiti.
So here goes:

Help a Nun Kick Her Habit
Clark Kent is a Transvestite
Give your child Mental Blocks for Christmas
Thanks, Dr. Coppolino, But I've already had my Shots
Jesus Saves but Moses Invests
Is There Life after Birth?
John Birch is Politically Disoriented

We are here with beginning a police of re-printing articles and stuff from the past. To prove how much the same things are, we are beginning with an article from a fanzine published May 16, 1950 by two new Misfits. Only the name of the zine has been left out as a challenge to the reader. Oh yes, also to protect the names of the editors. I might add that the second issue of the Mag. has yet to appear. The comment from the editor is as it appeared in the Mag as a forward to the article.

EDITORS NOTE: This is an artical that has been rejected by a number of Fanzines because it is to explosive to print. Only ----- dare's to print this.

MENTAL CHILDREN

By Frank Sassolos

Recently I read some articles in what are properted to be high class professional magazines.....about science-fiction fandom. None of these articles are complimentary.

The Saturday Review of Literature describos us as "a cult. . .of know it alls." The Writers Digest has described fans as "typical middle and lower class. . .with little taste."

At first I was angry at these discriptions of my friends and myself. Then I realized that these statements are all unfortunately true. Fans are middle and lower class people with no taste or intellectionality.

No? You don't think this is true? Then consider the average fan. Other than science-fiction he has no outside activities. He is struck dumb when a discussion rolls around to any subject except science-fantasy, fandom, or sex. He has little or no general knowledge and certainly could not be classed with intellectuals.

Why is it that out of the large number of college graduates and technicians who read science-fiction there are very few in science-fiction? It is because of the behavior of the average fan. This is the trouble; he is too average to interest these intellectuals. Why would a reasonably intelligent person want to join organization controlled by a clique of childist fans who are far below his mental level?

Until the day that the few intelligent fans revolt and either take over the leadership of the clubs to which they belong, or form a new and different nation wide club, fandom will continue to be controlled by the lower class. Until this day fan organizations will be a plaything for mental children.

Question and Answer

By Roger Sims

The quean said to the queen,
"What makes you think your so great?"
Answered the queen with hands a flutter,
"Well at least I only dress that way!"

WELCOME BACK All of you out there in MISFitSland.

Most of us...myself included..quite firmly expected never again to see another issue of HARPIES. Well, we were wrong, because there is another slightly able individual in the sad group known as the MISFitS (Michigan Science Fiction Society).

That person is the present editor of this rag, Roger "Teddy Bear" Sims. Roger is an old-time fan, an old friend of such disparate types as Harlan Ellison and Earl Kemp and various Sixth Fandomites. As a matter of fact, the old "Sixth Fandom". .the era of '51-'54 or thereabouts, is the point in time in which Roger entered the mad little world of sci-fi fandom.

Ask him someday about how you drive to San Francisco with Harlan Ellison, John Magnus and Good Old George Young. Answer: Barely.

It was at San Francisco as most of you know, where Roger got his nickname of "Teddy Bear". The details are few... Roger made a pass at this one sweet young thing whilst at a room party at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel (where the '54 WorldCon was being held). The young lass really didn't care all that much, so she loudly came forth with a few words to the effect that, "Oh, come on now, Roger, you know Teddy Bears are harmless..."

And Teddy Bear he has been to this day. Fans, like elephants and librarians, have long memories.

Anyways, when jawing up at the March meeting of the MISFitS, Howard DeVore and I got a little bit impatient with the standard of operation and achievement amongst the MISFitS. Like, they just simply never accomplished anything.

To prove that the way to accomplish anything was to produce and jaw later, we put out HARPIES #1. At the time Howard proposed to Roger that if we put out #1, he'd put out #2.

And that's why we've got another issue of HARPIES in your hands. Because Roger accomplishes at least some of what he says he will do...which automatically puts him several cuts above some others we could name.

At least, however, we've heard no more about such foolishness as Detroit bidding for the '73 WorldCon. Without the support necessary for the bid being "offered" by Howard DeVore and myself, such a bid is at this time an impossibility. And just as well.

At last count there are the following groups also actively bidding for the '73 WorldCon to be held in the mid-continental area according to the present rotation plan.

Minneapolis, which seems to be pretty much of a newcomer's bid. Enthusiasm and energy are fine, of course. Speaking as a member of a group sadly lacking in those collective qualities, this can be taken as high praise. But their very youth negates much of their bidding. Due to the fantastic turnover in population within stf fandom, there is a reasonable and collective tendency in sci-fi fandom to stick with the older fans and their

malyutka
krasavec

by
richard
schultz



demonstrated ability to survive in fandom. Which means a group of neophytes are just simply not considered a "serious" contender until the passage of time itself weeds out those in the group unable to hack it.

Columbus, the city which many of us supported last year, is making another bid. Smith, Ayotte, and the others are quite serious about their bid and with some justification should be able to point to their record and say, "We Mean it. And we can pull it off. Yes, make our WorldCon a good one."

Chicago is also bidding, though with mixed results. They're almost completely different in personnel from the '62 WorldCon group that made the ChiCon III such a fantastic success. They're young, again, and are thus prone to the conceits and enthusiasms of such a group.

Dallas, on the other hand, is a sort of mix. Plenty of young people and a few Old Hands, like Tom Reamy to give their bid an air of permanence and ability. They are obviously the group to beat, with offset propaganda bulletins, an impeccable mimeo fanzine, club organ, "DJ" by name. Reamy is the editor of TRUMPET, an elaborate and devastatingly beautiful and interesting journal, and has firmly established himself as a person of responsibility, talent, taste and energy. Coupled with a viable group of youngish "slaves" and the resulting "we-can-do-it" attitudes, Dallas is going to be hard to beat.

Milwaukee can't seem to get off the ground, Toronto and Detroit have dropped out of the race and New Orleans just doesn't seem to be working very hard at their bid. So that's pretty much of the line-up for '73. Dark-horse bids betwixt now and the '71 WorldCon are to be considered as seriously as any other long-shot. Bet your money on them only if you like to throw your money away. There just does not seem to be room in fandom any more for the time-honored tactic in sci-fi fandom of Emergency Bids. Time was when a half-dozen attendees at a WorldCon could get enthusiastic a short while before the Convention, button-hole a few dozen old friends at the WorldCon, hold a free-booze open party and at least make a very serious stab at obtaining the WorldCon site for their city. But the last time anything like that occurred was probably back in '52 when Philadelphia suddenly went to town and wrestled the '53 WorldCon site for themselves. And during the interregnum of '60-'64 no one really desperately wanted the WorldCon sites and there was for no practical purposes no bidding...just the awarding of the site to the only groups that would accept the workload entailed.

Quite frankly...and this may be heresy...I preferred the interregnum period to this frantic multi-thousand-dollar campaign system now necessary. At any rate there was less pre-Con wear and tear on the bidding committees.

By the way, this Labor Day in St. Louis we will be voting for not only the '70 WorldCon Site....Heidelberg of course....but for the '71 WorldCon Site as well. Boston and D.C. are actively bidding, and both welcome your support and votes at the St.LouisCon. Personally I favor Boston and if you see the Lewises at St.Louis tell 'em Schultz sent you....

Then, in '70 itself the Germans will vote on the '72 WorldCon site. This one will be on the West Coast, Los Angeles is actively bidding already and the BaArea people are starting to mobilize. But the BayCon was just held in '68 BiGhod; and fairness alone would seem to dictate that L.A. get the nod. If nothing else, I shall probably never forgive the BaArea for inflicting the Claremont Hotel upon a long-suffering fandom. The Claremont is the only Hotel I know of that was worst than the Hilton in lower-west Manhattan where we held the NYCon III in '67. It was that bad....

Los Angeles in '72!

OTHER ENTERTAINING FEATURES At the moment you can still obtain tickets for what must be one of the grandest and uneven movies ever made. I refer to the Russian version of "WAR AND PEACE". Quite frankly it makes the Mel Ferrar-Peter Fonda-Audrey Hepburn rendition of Leo Tolstoy's magnificent saga look like something done on a limited budget by the Fraser Heights High School. It's showing in two parts and you can still the whole thing see.

The spectacles are, of course, very nearly the grandest things in the film. The heroic holding action at Schonbrunn... outnumbered 37 to one. The devastating cataclysm of Austerlitz, miles and miles of fields covered with marching soldiery.

There is Borodino, a recreation which beggars...literally...description. And there is the Grand Ball where Andre first meets Lisa, really. Hundreds upon hundreds of uniforms and Empire gowns and huge lavish sets scattered about in profusion and executed with exacting detail and love. The location shots are out of sight, at least partially because no one else could get to use the insides of the Kremlin as a film set, or would have access to so much of the structures of that now-bygone age of extravagance and spectacle.

But the real surprise was in the main characters themselves. In the book Andre Bolonsky was indeed the proverbial cold fish and Mel Ferrar just didn't come through that way. But this Andre.... At times he was a living ice floe and then a glory-seeker. But it was all real. This Pierre Bruzokhov was indeed a warm and intelligent man stumbling over his own inabilities and shynesses, a splendid performance heightened by the fact that we have no preconceived notions of what sort of a person he is, as we did with Peter Fonda.

But the real star of the show is Natasha, the role played by Hepburn in the Yank version.

You all know what sort of a fanatic I am about Diana Rigg. You are all aware of what a classically lovely visage she has and the grace and charm and skill she brought to the little screen.

Well, this Natasha glows with more life and charm and beauty and sheer exuberance than anyone else I can think of, in a film, short of our Fair Diana herself. It is a joy and a pleasure and an ineffable delight just to watch her, even disfigured by great tears. She's absolutely lovely....

The lip synchronization is bad and the dubbing is wooden, but from what few segments remain in the original Russian...troops singing to impress friendly Austrian peasants and the such...the original soundtrack was as gorgeous and vibrant as the rest of the film.

Granted it is, basically, still a war film. It is a war film nonetheless with remarkably little propaganda and meticulous attention to the very real problems of the major characters involved. Real problems, not made-up ones. There is the death of Vassily Bruzokov, Pierre's father done in counterpoint to the festivities as the Rostova household. The duel between Pierre and his wife's helena's lover. The love affair with Anatole and Natasha. Andre's father. The whole gigantic dissection of the Russian people, done with a loving care and grace and beauty that only a fellow Russian can bring forth.

Photographically the film takes several uncommon techniques and uses them again and again, the colours are alive and harsh according to the mood of the story. Indeed if it were not for the pitiful lip synch and dubbing, it would be technically a very wondrous job.

It's not a movie for everyone. For one thing it does present at least some war as being glorious. But the propaganda is very very muted and Natasha is such a joy to behold, the battle scenes are such a sight and the range and scope are so opened, that I cautiously state that most of you will probably be enthralled by it. Battle scenes and all.

OLIVER! is very probably a more flawless, technically speaking, produced film than WAR AND PEACE. Certainly it is a happier one. Yeah, I know, the same notion occurred to me too. Dickens classic tragedy as a musical comedy? A musical comedy? Next they'll be making a musical comedy of the Sirhan Bishara Sirhan trial....

But it's real. And upon the recommendation of a certain lovely little red-head I know, I saw it. It was worth it. Somehow or other it is a tender and warm and lively rendition of that pretentious tome.

My EN GARDE co-editor Gary Crowds won't like it. It is a perfect example of the "glitz" school of film making. At it's sickening worst this school produces A SOUND OF MUSIC, so sweet and cloying and spectacularly filmed that it offends sometimes rather than entertains.

But the music is perfect, the camera work is crisp though somewhat bland. And Oliver steals the show despite some near perfect hamming by Ron Moody as the villainous Fagin.

I suppose it's what'd be called a "Family" movie by some and a Disney-like concoction of pure cake icing and no cake by others.

It was enjoyed.

HUGO TIME As some of you are aware, it is time once more to send in nominations to the WorldCon Committee as to what one thinks should snatch the Hugo. As a matter of fact, since the nominations close on May 15th, you'd better hustle right off right now and send yours in.

The only catch is that to nominate, you have to be a member of either the '68 BayCon or the '69 St. LouisCon. But you can take care of that little detail by sending along \$4 to St. Louis for a full attending membership or \$3 for a supporting non-attending membership.

There should be a ballot in here somewhere.

As nominees, you might consider a few of the following.

BRAMBLE BUSH by McKenna, in ORBIT #, a collection of new shorts, edited by Damon Knight earlier last year. A classic idea story, with what happened and how you might get out of it being predominate over everything else. Short story.

MOTHER TO THE WORLD by Richard Wilson, also in ORBIT 3. Do you remember ADAM AND NO EVE? NOT WITH A BANG? KNOCK? Well, this proves that the only real limitation to an "old and tired" idea is what the author brings to it. This novelette won the NEBULA Award.

THE PLANNERS by Kate Wilhelm. There has been an increasingly nervous argument spilling over into the Scientific world from science fiction literature for some time now. What makes a man? What constitutes intelligent humanity? And under any definition given, why is it large segments of the homo saps population just doesn't qualify as human? What is a man? And who sets up the rubes? Ruddy good. This short story is also a Nebula winner.

Basically the four major stf magazines had all the other worthwhile short stories that come to mind.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE by Lloyd Biggle, in the January F&SF. Fallible machines.

STRANGER IN THE HOUSE by Kate Wilhelm, what lurks under the old house? But not actually a horror story you know.... February F&SF, Novella, novelette.

FINAL WAR by K.M. O'Donnell. It's a final war all right..but who? And why? And how? Nebula runner-up.

LINES OF POWER by Samuel "Chip" Delany. Delany proves again that he has an inside track on visualization whenever he can get at it. Nebula contendeer and well worth your bother. May F&SF.

THE PLANET SLUMMERS, by Terry Carr and Alexei Panshin. Hilarious...and very very biting. February GALAXY.

WAITING PLACE by Harry Harrison. Stranded for a while...on a prison world. And how do you keep from going out of your gourd with boredom? June GALAXY.

NIGHTWINGS by Robert Silverberg. The best damned thing our old Silverberg has done in years and years and years. The protagonist is a Watcher...watching for the Invaders...and after so very many many years...who is the enemy and who the friend? God, this was good.... September GALAXY.

DREAM STREET by C.C. MacApp. Double-cross, double-twist, who is who and why and what? Good old hard-line problem stf. Intriguing and brisk. Sept. GALAXY.

THE SHARING OF FLESH by Poul Anderson. Civilized star-traveller. Aborigine who kills his kindly mentor, the civilized star dweller. Of course. A simple case of murder...and what to do next. Damn, but this one was human. Well worth your attentions, believe me. December GALAXY.

HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS by our own Dean McLaughlin. Pardon me while I say that when Dean writes a story you can be sure of at least two things. It will be well written and it will hold together like a piece of armor plate. A beautiful example of "What if...?" A 1980's aircraft...in World War One, amongst the Spads and Nieuports and Fokker Pfalz's. Lovely, lovely, lovely. July ANALOG.

PRACTICE by Verge Foray, how do you handle really bright...and unstable kids who have real Esp powers? March ANALOG.

BIRTH OF A SALESMAN by James Tiptree, Jr. One of the funniest things in a heck of a long while. Ah, for those singing jars of cold cream and Mr. Splinx the eeste skirt-chaser. Also the March ANALOG.

DRAGON RIDER by Anne McCaffrey. Ah, and the saga of the Dragons, the fire-breathing Dragons and their riders. Waiting 400 years at a stretch for a menace to appear while the rest of the world begins to disbelieve that the Threads exist any more. Enchanting, poetic, warm, fantastic, engrossing, a tale most people would give their eye teeth to have been able to write. Nebula winner. Jan. ANALOG.

Other Nebula contenders are DANCE OF THE CHANGER AND THE THREE by Terry Carr and MASKS by Damon Knight. But as these have not yet been read by me, judgment will have to pass. Does anyone know offhand where they appeared?

The other section of the HUGO awards most of us would probably be interested in are the Novels themselves.

DRAGONFLIGHT is an expanded version of Anne McCaffrey's DRAGONRIDER Novella, and as such has all the power of the original with a great deal more depth. Have read both and recommend the same procedure to anyone who loved the Novella. But wait a year, like I did...then the fine edge of memory is dulled enough for all the lilting loveliness to come through once more and enlarged.

ROUTE OF PASSAGE by Alexei Panshin. There are flaws in it...as there is in all really superb novels there are some flaws. But Alexei put together a really complete picture of an asteroid-sized starship and the world there. The very completeness of his world is what carries you through, always eager for more and more insights into this miniature society. The protagonist story-teller is a mubile girl and is unbelievable at times...but very very good indeed anyways.

STAND ON ZANZIBAR by John Brunner. I read this and had to put it down at least ten times whilst plowing through it. It is a very difficult book to become engrossed in...but like many things difficult of attainment, the rewards are much more definite and exciting than easily digested mediocrities. It's a very confusing book. But a book rich as hell in the details of the world we see there. THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE, the brilliant Burgess novel is the one comparison that immediately comes to mind. And it is a good one. A brilliant tour-de-force, both of 'em.

THE MASKS OF TIME by Robert Silverberg. For more years than I care to contemplate, I've gotten used to Silverberg feeding us garbage about blasters and violated women and brave revolutionaries and robots controlling the universe and any other space opera cliché you can think of.

In the interval Silverberg learned to write.

You thought THORNS, however uneven it was was good? You liked NIGHTWINGS? Then you'll probably love MASKS. Vornan, madman, pervert, God and genius and... ..visitor from where? Or When? Preaching a Message to the People, a carefully calculated Message to make them believers in his new Religion. Vornan, Vornan, Vornan, who or what are you? Jesus Reincarnate or Lucifer?

Silverberg is groovy these days.

OMNIVORE by Piers Anthony. It has all the elements of a classic boring Space Opera. Alien menace, goofy girl, goofier guy. But then ROMEO AND JULIET is just an expanded True Romance lead novella....

The setting is a weird surrealistic planet complete with Weinbaumian plants and insect-like creatures. But the story is about the three...people?...and their relationship with each other. Piers Anthony can do more with a few tears and a few paragraphs of free form prose description than anyone else but Delany and Zelazny and Anderson at their very best.

And that...for me...states the best HUGO contenders, for Novel and Shorts and Novelettes. There are other categories, of course.

Best Dramatic Presentation: Can it be anything but "2001:"?

Best Professional Artist: Freas is getting drab, Wood is sketchy and Schoenherr is getting too murky. That leaves us with Gaughan of course.

Best Pro Magazine: IF and F&SF are the ones to watch...and read, for all the concentrations of icky Atlantic rejects in F&SF.

Best Amateur Magazine (Fanzine): PSYCHOTIC, aka Science Fiction REVIEW. With no real competition in sight.

BEST Fan Writer: I detest Ted White personally but Lordy, he sho can write! Harry Warner Jr. and Arnie Katz, though, remain two of the most entertaining, informative, witty and brilliant writers on the scene. I say Arnie's the man....

Best Fan Artist: No one who has seen much of Alicia Austin's work can deny that she is at least one of the best talents ever to hit fandom. True, most of her stuff has appeared in the STAR TREK world but that shouldn't stop you. Other really good fanartists are Tim Kirk, that delightful cartoonist from Los Angeles, Jack Gaughan is also a pro however wonderful he is as a fan artist. Doug Lovanstein is easily the only one though capable of besting Alicia for this Hugo.

It's your choice. Have fun.

--Dick Schultz--

Burning Words

-- or
the
letter
column



Dear Dick;

Wow; Thanks for the review!

I'm not being funny or egostroking in gratitude, however, when I tell you you write a good fanzine review--- speaking of your comments and extimations of the other zines reviewed. Here---in HARPIES--- you show yourself to be a fan and not strictly a special-interest editor.

I like HARPIES, and your HARPIES personality far more than I do your EN GARDE personality. I urge you and Howard to publish again. And don't try to shame the others in your area into Doing Something. Just do your thing and let them go their way. But, then, I'm a loner and I distrust groups and committees.

STICK WITH HARPIES. Buy a lettering guide. Borrow one.

Best,
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW
P.O. Box 3116
Santa Monica, California
90403

Dear Richard,

Thank you for HARPIES 1. I am, of course, curious as to your reason(s) for sending it to me. I apologize for not responding to EN GARDE SUPPLEMENT #5½, but I am not an Avengers fan.

I am glad to see that there are some fans in Michigan. I will probably be going to MSU in the Fall, and it's nice to know there'll be someone out there I know. I do have a few friends there already that I met through fandom, and the more the merrier.

On HARPIES - I noticed that you reviewed a German zine. I, therefore, assume that you speak German. Stimmt das? I read the MSFS stuff with interest - sounds like so many organizations, not necessarily fannish, of which I have been a part. You seem to have discovered the eternal truth of the old saying, "If you want something done, do it yourself."

Here follows my reaction to the reviews of "2001," which, if you do not print, I would appreciate your passing them on to Steve and Robert.

STEVE HARRIS: First of all Steve, how could you fail to notice any "central unifying theme or image?" What then is the "Monolith?" Subject as it is to different interpretations, it is at least (and this quite obviously) the central point of the film. Music is a matter of personal taste, but if you found the entire score (none of which, by the way, was written expressly for the film) obnoxious and irritating, I doubt you'll ever find any music that doesn't irritate you.

It seems you were so busy timing the scenes and waiting for something to happen that you missed it all. The literal minded must have constant action, straightforward plot, stereotyped ("real") characters, a concrete and simple "message." Subtlety, even the most obvious subtlety (as in "2001") is not for them. The action of "2001" is not the point; the film is not intended to be literal. "2001" is a film of impressions. Its points are few and profound - but not very. The beauty of the space station floating in space and the ship positioning for docking is likened to a waltz by use of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" as a background. Pleasantly, mildly, thought-provoking.

The film makes a statement (interpretations as to what vary) by causing its viewers to "float" easily through several emotional states. It takes an open mind and imagination to enjoy "2001." You may think it empty-I don't think it's the film that's empty.

ROBERT E. TOOMEY JR.: There's not much I can say to you that I didn't say to Steve except: One thing "2001" is not scientifically accurate - or am I wrong in assuming that a man would die unprotected in the vacuum or space. This is only the most blatant of the few-but-sometimes-annoyingly-present scientific inaccuracies.

Auf Wiedersehens!
Stanley Hoffman
7657 Orion Avenue
Van Nuys, California
91406

Dear Richard,

Having just read your review in Harpies #1, I have only one bone to pick with you - and that's probably my fault so I shouldn't mention it - but I will anyway, or I might finish this letter and I hate to end a letter in the first sentence.

How did you ever get a copy of OSFiC #2, which was a limited (10) mailing of a one-page newsletter mailed a year and a half ago? Actually I know the answer; you didn't - but instead thought some other issue was #2 - probably because for several issues I didn't get around to numbering them (Now that's a lazy editor ! !) but I don't know which issue it was. The review could have been any one from #10 to #16 (in my less-than-humble opinion) or even 17 or 18 in someone else's opinion - but that really doesn't matter.

Six days!!!! Six Days???? I hate the both of you. It takes me that long to remember how the stapler works, let alone the offset. Seriously Richard, 6 days or 2 weeks, it is a good effort. Your editorial was informative, and a boon to all those who labor for love & fandom the world over. I'm sure (by the nature of the beast) it didn't do much to stir up the "I've got a great idea. . ." group, but it deserves reprinting if only to cheer up all those who manage to find the time for just one more month. The fanzine reviews were (as always) excellent, you have a deft touch for good & bad points, but I'm afraid I shall always dislike (I was going to say hate but chickened out - how big is he: Richard) Steve Harris for his terrible, unworthy review of 2001: I would particularly quote "Some of us like a message. . . or content . . . or humanity." I admit the plot was close to non-existent but didn't Mr. Harris get any of the things Clark and Kubrick put into the picture. . . or did a certain Ye Olde Ed: ask for a controversial review. Your summing up para on the same subject was fine, excellent, great or even better (I just ran out of superlatives.)

Don't feel too bad about the club taking 18 months to put out a zine, and only having a name in all that time. . We (We??) at OSFiC have been producing a zine for 18 months, and still haven't come up with a name we like. Maybe we can have theirs.

Best,
Peter
OSFiC
The Ontario Science-Fiction
Club
594 Markham Street
Toronto 4, Ontario
Canada

DDear Dick:

You were probably wise to behave as you did on the potential worldcon bid. It's increasingly evident that we're in a cycle of intense competition for worldcons, and even if the pendulum shifts back to the lack of bidders and indifference again eventually, the change will hardly affect the 1973 affair. Putting on a convention strikes me as the most extreme form of masochism, but trying to put on one in a city where only a couple of the fans were energetic enough to work could create an absolutely impossible situation. Has anyone ever figured out just what would happen if a worldcon committee won a bid under such circumstances, then three months or so before the event, one or two committeemen go sick or sent to jail and there just wasn't enough manpower remaining to hold the thing? Would there be any possible way to switch to another city, so late in the game? If the rest of the committee ran and hid under such emergency circumstances, would it be possible for volunteers from other cities to step in and cope with all the problems of putting on a worldcon in a strange city where planning had fallen behind? Suppose circumstances forced cancellation of the worldcon just a few days before it was scheduled to start, leaving a hotel holding the bag. How long would it be until hotels again were willing to dicker with fans for worldcons?

I have a sneaking suspicion that this Illustrated Man review is only the first in a deluge almost as great as those lavished on 2001. Chances are that the interpretations and the readings of deep hidden meanings will be at least as numerous and varied for this movie, too. I can imagine already how some reviewers will interpret the symbols represented by the illustrated man and girl friend as man's creative potentialities and the way they are frequently unlocked by the activity of a female.

The Nebula adventure was quite exciting. But I wonder why both the Nebula and Hugo award ceremonies actually give the trophies to the winners. Lots of competitions use the same awards to present to winners, year after year, with instructions to bring them back after the banquet crowd has made its exit. Then the real awards are shipped to the winners, suitably engraved. It makes certain that the right information will be etched into the award without a frantic last-minute rush job by a jeweler or the manufacturer. In many cases, I imagine, it must be a real problem to get a Hugo home, if you're traveling to and from the worldcon by some means other than private auto.

The review of The Naked Ape was quite interesting. But I'm not convinced that the unusual sexual attributes of humans came about simply because monogamy was popular among them. Quite a few other animals pair off in couples that remain quite faithful down through the years, without going in for all the sexual distinctivenesses you list and the others like the non-seasonal nature of the sexual impulse. I'm awfully doubtful that any accidental or evolutionary influences could have made men and women as they are. There are so many reasons for thinking that somehow, there was some selective breeding or highly sophisticated messing with genes or some other special influence. Maybe it was nothing more esoteric than a now-lost ability to alter the body by trying hard enough to wish it altered.

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

((The next letter is a not-letter. Richard says it is a review and that he likes it it so we are printing it. We hope you, the reader, likes it too. Ed.)) ((oh, yes, the form is the author's Ed.))

LA ROUE de la FORTUNE

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

HARPIES #1, Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan, 48234, the United States of America. 20¢ per copy. Contributions desperately needed. This is done in very poor mimeographing (overused carbon copy?), and suffers from several glaring faults. Its too thick for its literary value, and it tries to cover too few things in too many pages. Resulting it it suffering with a monotony of prolific verbosity. And as for the artwork and lettering, you only get what you pay for (20¢, somewhat less than the price of the paper). And frankly, I could have done without the fanzine review. A profound disappointment after an acceptable job on EN GARDE which is as sharp as a snickersnoc. Better luck next time (?) Dick.

Rating. . .negligible, hence for all intents and purposes UNRATED.

B.S.- After Harpy 1, it has become generally accepted that Richard Schultz is indeed a MISFIT (miss fits?).

Double B.S.- OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY (first edition, very rare).

snickersnoe, n. (facet.). Knife, esp. one usable as weapon. (perh. f. obs. snick-or-snoe a fright with knives, earlier stick or snee f. Du. stokon thrust, snijen cut)

((ok back to the letter type letters Ed.))

Dear Mr. Schultz,

Enclosed please find twenty cents (20¢) in coin for Harpies Number One. I'm afraid I don't know too much about Science Fiction. I did get a copy of Photon #16, which, among its contents, contains a letter from Forest J. Ackerman, explaining the reasons for Famous Monsters decline from a fairly decent magazine, to a grade ZZZ rag not fit even for wrapping fish. Photon also contains some reviews of "2001," etc., but I was mainly interested in the Ackerman letter.

I hope "Harpies will be as successful for you as En Garde is, and I'll be looking for En Garde number six.

Sincerely yours,
Frank Bateman
388 Morrill Avenue
Columbus, Ohio
43207

Dear Richard,

Thank you for that 6-day wonder, Harpies #1, which I am sure Mighty Michigan Fandom will stand in awe and reverence of for. . .for, humm. . .well, let's see. . .for. . .ah, how about every bit of 5 or 10 minutes. Well, fans are a fickle group of folks anyway. . .I should know, I've been one for over 20 years now.

I found particularly enlightening your discerning and knowledgable editorial concerning World-Con. bidding. I never before realized the many factors that constitute a successful bid. I see now how important that projected total "image" of the bidding group is.

Your review of the NAKED APE is well done. I've been reading the book for sometime now, and, so it was interesting to read someone's evaluation of it. Desmond's book is certainly **fascinatingly written** and contains a number of **valid** points. . .even when not considered against the evolutionary background. I am not an evolutionist, but rather, a creationist. . .no, no, not the 6 literal "days" kind. (If you are interested in viewing the Creationist's case, let me know, and I'll be glad to mail you a small, hardcover book entitled DID MAN GET HERE BY EVOLUTION or by CREATION? It is approximately 180pp, illustrated, and fully documented. I'll be glad to post you a copy to read and add to your library, at no charge whatsoever. You can let me know if you wish me to mail you a copy. ((Now that I have typed that last line, I'm not sure I should have. He, Al that is, may be swamped by requests for the book, since this mag is going to about 200 fans. Let us assume that the free offer is to Richard only.Ed.)) It was published a year or so ago, and yet there are over 2,000,000 copies in circulation.)

Faanishly and Sincerely,
Al Andrews
Fairview Rest Home
Room 118
1028 Bessomor Road
Birmingham, Ala.
35228

Dear Richard,

Thanks mucho for HARPIES. I'm sorry that at this time I'm so snowed under with work and correspondence that I can neither draw nor comment other than to say Harpies was a little tough but left a pleasant after taste.

Pax,
John B. Gaughan
P. O. Box 516
Rifton, N. Y.
12471

Herr Schultz,

Many thanx for your nice review of BLACK ORACLE in HARPIES. That was our #1 ish, though, and we're not exclusively a Horror zine, as you noted. We're supposed to be half horror and half sci-fi, an unlikely combo as ever you'll find. Bill is the horror editor, writer and I handle the sci-fi half. Perhaps the most important thing you left out was that the zine is 25¢. That bloody offset costs, unfortunately. But it's the thot that counts, so thanx.

Maybe the MSFS isn't the most active club in the galaxy, but Baltimore, from what I gather (and I'll admit the info is third-hand), is ridiculous.

We have these two groups. . .ostensibly Sci-fi clubs. . .Group A gets together and gets drunk. . .Group B gets high on pot. . .The fuzz raid Group B and they think Group A squealed. . .to say that there is disharmony between them is like saying that Diana Rigg is mildly talented.

I can only pity someone who gets absolutely nothing out of "2001." Really, how can Steve Harris say that there was "not even a central unifying theme or image?" What in Middle-Earth was the Sentinel-Monolith? It tied the episodes together and was functional, so what else do you need?

Didja hear that one Thomas Dische is on the stands in paperback with a book (novelization) on the PRISONER? Supposedly, this will be released soon and I'll be damned if I can remember who the publisher is. I'm not about to ring up Gary Svehla at this hour and ask. Announced in the WSFA Journal, I believe, and I imagine the SF Times would also mention it, they're pretty thorough. I keep trying to fathom what could be the reason why the British are so superior in their air-waves fare. The PRISONER's last episode, frinstance (some frinstance!) was just too much to take at once. I have to see it at least once more. Why can't the Americans do something like this? What is the Magic quality?

Well, THE ASSINATION BUREAU is released at last. The only report I've seen was from San Francisco in VARIETY of March 19. . . a "Bangup" \$16,000 at one house for one week.

I've recently read AB, LTD. (I like that LTD. on the end, such class.). They've destroyed the original plot (not too uncommon an occurrence) and I'm hoping that the film will be to the book what Feldman's CASINO ROYALE was to the Fleming novel. High hopes, I must admit, however. Bill says, by the way, that in one of the tradazines he saw advice to exhibitors to play up Diana Rigg. (AB)

Thus spake Zarathustra . . .
C.D.M.A. Ellis
4221 White Avenue
Baltimore, Md., 21206

Dear Richard,

The address that you have for me, Box 1467, Lenoir Rhyne College, Hickory, North Carolina 28601, is soon to become obsolete. Please send future issues of En Garde and so forth to my home address:

Norman Stewart
925 Fourth Avenue Drive N. W.
Hickory, North Carolina 28601

Suggestion: While you have it on your mind, please go to your files and change it, i. e., do it now.

I must say something about Harpies 1. It's a truly amazing job. The movie reviews have little to offer. I saw The Illustrated Man piece in Variety a few weeks ago, but it's presense showed the amazing currency of the zine. I was glad to see that someone in fandom doesn't like 2001. Neither did I particularly, but I saw it after sleeping about 18 hours in the past six days and would have almost gone to sleep during anything. Still, my sleepiness may have given me a certain objectivity; who knows?

Was very pleased with the fanzine reviews. I'm always happy to hear of new ones. Now, if you'll work on it 12 days next time you might really have something.

Sincerely,

Norman Stewart

Perfect Watchers

by

Bennett Sims

Lunar night, Martian desert,
Dying yet living in memory
Of things past but not forgotten
Not forgotten by the infinite memory,
of night and the desert.

Youth memories, of blood and lust,
Memories of a race seeing only
Power, mad unstable,
Power.

Old memories. Memories of wisdom,
Contemplation, Peace.
Memories of a race called Man,
Facing his future with serenity.

And yet. . . Death remembers
Memories of the strong and calm,
And of the weak and fearful,
Seeing only their everlasting souls.

Perfect watchers, infinite,
Seeing and contemplating,
Serene in the knowledge that you,
Will outlive time itself.

Both the poem above and the poem to be below are re-printed from a Michigan fanzine of the early '50's.

The Chronicle of Clarence
by D. B. Rognis

And an oldsmobile rocket,
Has a detachable sprocket,
And a platinum key to lockit!
Upholstery Dad? Then flock it!

FROM
ROGER SIMS
1961 VERNIER
GROSSE POINTE
48236



TO
THE DEVORE'S
4705 WEDDEL
DEARBORN, MICH.
48125

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