CLEAR ETHER

personalzine of SEK3

for APA ν $\int \Psi \nabla (\text{ego}) \overline{\Psi} \partial \tau = \text{SEK}^3 \pm \infty \hbar$

A ASTRUM USQUE AD ASTER

Volume I, Number Two

June 6, 1974

How often is this rag supposed to come out, Richard? Every three weeks or six weeks? (I know, I know, you insist on maintaining the fiction that this is a monthly, falling behind, whilst I push for Bigger and Better. What, whaddya mean if I don't like it, I can always edit another 'zine? Well, when you put it that way...)

Back to the New York University Science Fiction Society (or NYUSFS, pronounced newsfuss, with a short U and a bit of Z in the "ss"). When I left you last gripping your seats (ridiculous position, but I hear it can be quite erotic), I had set up the beginning of a Typical NYUSFS meeting, and introduced the characters). Then, at the climactic moment, I entered and...

Unfortunately, I seemed to have got some of the facts wrong (hard as that may be to accept, sort of like a Catholic finding out the Gnostics had a point), so I am afraid you will just have to keep gripping your seats antil I get that straightened out (I'll bet that does feel groovy).

Turns out that although I was right about Victor having a sister (Biology is Blind), she has never come (tsk) to a neeting. On the other hand, our token femfan, Helena, is ired by my mistake. Problem is that, as I indicated last time, I come late to meetings and miss the introductions. Somehow, when I asked who she was, someone (I wouldn't Hurn Him in Even If I Knew Who It Was) told ne the erroneous information. There. And genetics has saved its reputation as a Science (for now...)

Also, Richard's class faded out about the time that Clear Ether first made its appearance, so meetings actually begin at 5 PM again. Why people stopped coming to a class on SF is ultimately moot, because one cannot read minds and hence leduce motivations directly, but I think it is because they all got turned on by Rich to read the stuff, and, of

course, as everyone is aware, if you are reading SF, you have no time to be a fan (at least in the intial burst of hard core shooting up). FIAWOL. So after they have got through most of the classics of the genre (sorry, The Genre), they shall return for more of Rabbi Friedman's instructions (regardless of creed, except that No New Wavicles Need Apply!). ((Anytime, Rich, I know you'd do the same for me...))

Oh, before I forget, I am no longer lavishing with praise (op. cit. p.2)

Jeff Grimshaw. Bad enough I can't get any artwork from that furshlugginer pseudofan, but he promised and Didn't Come Through...(*rumble* *dark clouds gathering* *rumble* *flash* *%AP!*)

The Thornton is becoming regular (hmm, sounds lax...) and Mike Moslow is in Florida with Black Abby (cccasionally Red & Black Abby when she gets left-deviationist), and, oh boy, at the last meeting, or was it two meetings ago since I missed two, ...but that would make it three...anyways, most of the regulars were writing exams and meanwhile a bunchof non-fannish libertarians dropped in on the meeting looking for me, so that the conversations really got weird and...

Where was I? (Oh, you poor thing, still gripping that seat. Or is that a look of ecstacy I espy on your face?) Okay, where I left off in my description of a typical NYUSFS meeting occured when I come in late. At that point, the usual thing is..oh, oh, I am running out of room on this side of the sheet and I have Plans for the other side. Well, sorry, but you will just have to wait until CE3 to find out how it all comes out (Typically that is).

You're still gripping that seat?! Wow, I can see your veins and muscles ... *ah, ah, AAHHHHHHHH.... * *mm*

FROZINE REVIEW (<u>Worlds of If</u>, June 1974, Vol. 22, Number 5, \$9/year, 235 E. 45th St., New York, NY 10017.)

Those of you too young or neo to remember the Golden Age of If (if not fandom), mainly the late 1960's may yet get a chance to savour the coming age of Silver. While I started "reading the stuff" in 1961 (high school, which is late for many), it wasn't until 1964 that I picked up a magazine that contained SF. (Actually, I has seen them around before, but except for a Retief story in an early ((for me)) Amazing, I did not consider them worth the bread). What hooked me was the serialization of Farnham's Freehold by the Perfect Master of Prodom, Robert A. (Of course) Heinlein. And, being cheap, I decided to read the rest of the pulp to get My Money's Worth. It turned out that I really did. Leumer's Retief stories, Saberhagen's Berserker stories, McCapp's Gree stories (I am a sucker for series) and Lin Carter's column on fandom was my introduction to that weird underworld which existed mainly down there and to the East and West (I hail from Western Canada). It was Carter's announcement of the Worldcon in St. Louis, 1969, that convinced me to go to a National YAF Con which was being held also on Labour Day weekend in the Same Sity...but that 8s another history.

When The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress was announced for the following fall, I had been buying it regularly for six months or more, and I knew that I would be unable to get IF for the summer since I would be working in Beaverlodge (the name says it all, except that there was a real laboratory there that hired first year Hohours Chemists). So I subscribed.

And a year later I renewed for two jears. And again. I never did subscribe to the companion phulication, <u>Galaxy</u>, because they did not publish HENNLEIN (although they eventually did publish I Will Fear No Evil in Balaxy), but it was comparable. Then Frederik Pohl was replaced by Ejler Jacobssen as Editor... and it just wasn't the same. When I found myself not caring that I was not getting <u>If</u> after a move, I just did not bother to renew and eventually just checked it out on the stands or got the word second-hand about what was in it.

For the last year or two, my favorite prozine was <u>Fantastic</u>, mainly because it was publishing <u>Conan</u> by de Camp and Carter and some of the other fantasies were quite good. Amazing had a story or two, but simply did not make it, even with Ted White's Herculean efforts with a low circulation and non-existent funds. F & SF was arty and occasionally even New Wave, anathema to a romantic. <u>Analog</u> was simply dull, and didn't change much with Ben Bova, except that the editorials went from conservative to liberal.

Jacobsen got young Jim Deen as an Editor for If, and finally lost both publications to him. The news interested me a little when I read Locus on the subject, expecially when he said that he was looking to Pohl for inspiration rather than Jacobsen. Still, Jacobsson had many nice words for Pohl...

The June issue of If has Robert Silverberg, a new Berserker serial by Fred Saberhagen, a new novelette by Isaac Asimov (who has definitely ended his decade and a half dry spell), a story based on a math theorem (what we Old-Timers called the "Hard Science" type of stories à la Gernsback) by Chris Anvil (which is good, by the way), a humour-mystery staple by James Schmitz. a couple of minor shorts (but then again. I'm not much for short stories), and, as if to rub it it, an account of the old days by ... Fred Pohl, bien sur! On top of that, far better than Carter for fanwriting, Richard Geis, The Alien Critic himself, is doing his Alien Viewpoint, a fannish writing rather than a writing about fandom.

Can Baen possibly keep it up? I don't know, but I sure as hell intend to give him encouragement, free market style (what else?). So I rushed my fiats in for a subscription to both If and Galaxy, rapped a rave 'round them, and swore to cancel should he fail to live up to The Promise. I unsolicitedly suggest that you do the same.

Search The Sky by Frederik Pohl and C.M. kornbluth, Ballantine 1954, p. 148:
"There must be people of normal intelligence around. In the government, is my guess."

"No," said Helena, but she wouldn't

say why. She just thought not.

So Kornbluth wasn't anti-statist, Pierce?