

# CLEAR ETHER

personalzine of SEK3

for APA  $\nu \int \Psi \nabla (\text{ego}) \bar{\Psi} \partial \tau = \text{SEK}^3 \pm x\hbar$

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For Locs. etc., write Samuel Edward Konkin III, Box 294, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, New York 10009. Acknowledgments for title to E. E. Smith, Ph.D., fellow chemist and lensman manque.

A ASTRUM USQUE AD ASTER

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Well, we were supposed to have collated this rag on the Staten Island Ferry on the above date. That's for all of you wondering why you are reading this zine in September and see the above date. But how the heck am I going to find a place to run it off at the last minute (as usual...)?

Back to my description (serialized) of a Typical NYUSFS Meeting. First of all, it is Out of Date. Since last I wrote, I no longer see some of the more prominent members of earlier meetings. And some of the more reticent types have blossomed into full scale nuts. For example, we seemed to have brought out the Real Phil Seligman (Master, \*snurf, snurf\* you have done it, \*drool\* you have created a Selig Man!) (Quiet, Igor, it's going to pass as the Missing Link. It will be in all the Archeology Journals [chemist's conception of Making It in the Mass Media], and I am sure it will pass. Look, Igor, it even doodles in Cuneiform!).

Phil goes to Cons with us (trufan), meets with the group (as much as hangs around outside of meetings together) on off-days (hard core), hangs around the NYU Chemistry Department and other Known Wherabouts of NYUfen (pronounced nyufen) (slan), is reading For A New Liberty to be able to converse meaningfully with frefen (except MDM) (double hard core with MJ clusters), and argues obscure Jewish mysticism with Richard and occasionally wins (above and beyond the call of duty!).

He is now even considering a New York-style, slan shack with a couple or three frefen. In short, he has become One of Us.

Step right up, folks, don't push. You too can join the inner elite circle of the ultra-outcasts! (\*Another soul, heh, heh, heh\*)

And don't say I neglected you in your next A MINYAN MILES AWAY, Phil. Just wish.

I was going to write a long, sercon review of Marc Glasser's last BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN in this space, but I believe no review should be longer than the reviewed, and this review is 13 words longer than his entire last 'zine.

And what can one say about the amazing Superstar Mike Moslow that has not already been said? Well, try "with it", "together", "really has a head on his shoulders", "down to Earth", "cool head", "modest and unassuming", "wouldn't hurt an anarchomouse",...

I was ready to get into a hot theological argument with the FIRST ISSUE OF as the spirit moves me BUT it failed to appear in the last APA-v. The Editor was taking a scalp shower or something.

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE PROSE isn't. It is entertaining faanish writing, by -o-!

I bet you have been waiting for me to review Neil Schulman's APANYUzine. You fool, do you really think he would put one out and blow his reputation as the World's Most Famous Unpublished Writer?

Tony Saglimbeni has sworn to put his first issue of HIS zine in this very APA-NYU. Advance subscriptions were rushed in by Conan the Barbarian, Cthulhu, and Edgar Cayce.

Then I could review CLEAR ETHER, "The World's Only Fannish Fanzine", but that would be moving from harmless incest to masturbation. ("The World's Onanly Fanzine"?) Me and the Editor have known each other since birth, and I really do think he's great...

Which leads me into the book review on the other side of this sheet. But first, I intend to review some real live fanzines Out There.

Surprise! It is NOT New Libertarian Notes--since I promised not to mention it.

Fanzine Review: KARASS 5, edited and published by Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076. 5/\$1 or trade, etc.

So Linda can't get GRANFALLOON out often enough to satisfy her ~~egobbb~~ ~~lust~~ need to satisfy the needy of fandom. She puts out this newszine. Well, is it really a newszine? After all, LOCUS (next issue, impatient one, next issue) defines the field, N'est-ce pas? And Linda credits half of her entries in this issue with LOCUS as the source. But somehow, it is different. For instance, LOCUS did not mention that Harlan Ellison streaked the Change of Hobbit Birthday Party (then again, maybe Harlan doesn't appeal to Charlie in the nude). And the fact that Mike and Susan Glicksohn (called Susan (Glicksohn) Wood in KARASS) are being divorced never made it in the pages of LOCUS (yet, anyways).

So KARASS distinguishes itself competitively by being better on ~~gossip~~ ~~faanish~~ news. Still, I can remember Linda hustling at a long ago Innakon (her zine, that is). I did not think much of Granny, as she Freudianly calls her .303 Magnum Opus, at the time, but then when she offered it in exchange for NLN, proving her penetrating perspicacity and excellent taste ahead of most other zines, why, I thought it had improved immensely.

Still, I still think she is the kind of person who could dig Kurt Vonnegut.

If you could not care less about Market Reports, and Publication News, and hate to see anybody make a profit (even if it doesn't count time and labour put in) out of a newszine, and you prefer the Editrix's intrusion more, then subscribe to KARASS. Besides, it's cheaper.

BOOK REVIEW: The Man Who Folded Himself by David Gerrold. (Popular Library 445-00546-095, 1973, \$.95)  
"This book is for Larry Niven, a good friend who believes that time travel is impossible. He's probably right."

I find David Gerrold infuriating. I ought to despise him. I should be holding him up as An Example Of the Degradation Of Science Fiction. After all, isn't he the Guru Maharaji of the Trekkies (for "The Trouble With Tribbles" and other Trekshit)?

And did he not put down Richard Friedman a few femmefen away at a Party in a ConSuite, forcing me to defend my Once And Future Review Editor? And, as Neil Schulman points out, does he not steal his ideas from Heinlein? From "The Trouble With Tribbles" to When HARLIE Was One to THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF (the last, for those who have not yet read it, is based on Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps" and "All You Zombies" my absolute favorites of all of Heinlein's short fiction), all he does is elaborate with a faintly New Wave style on unoriginal themes.

And surely he gets these annual Hugo nominations from all the Trekkies voting that have crept into fandom (or is it slithered, infected, or oozed into?)!

Last year, I voted for When HARLIE Was One over The Gods "hemselves" by the resurrected Asimov. This year, much as I have the urge to bullet vote for Time Enough for Love which I am scared shitless is going to lose to that Clarke-crap, Rendezvous With Rama, I am probably going to vote for The Man Who Folded Himself second. Over Poul Anderson and Larry Niven, both of whom I am crazy about.

I give up. He is become an Old Master nearly as fast as Larry Niven did back in the sixties when I was reading Niven's stuff in Worlds of If.

And to top it off, Dan Eakins, the hero of TMWFH, is a raving solipsist, and the book is sheer "naturalism", as opposed to Romanticism. Sheesh. Still, I'm hooked. The introduction has something to do with it. And this quote:  
"History is more than just old gossip. It's majesty. It's pomp and circumstance. It's the blare of trumpets, ... --and above all, triumph! The triumph of man over his environment, the continual victory of the intellect..."--SEK3