CLEAR ETHER

personalzine of SEK3

for APA $\nu = \int \Psi \nabla (\text{ego}) \bar{\Psi} \partial \tau = \text{SEK}^3 \pm 2\pi \hbar$

A ASTRUM USQUE AD ASTER

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APA-v at Infinitycon and on the U.S. Thanksgiving Weekend. Well, time for reminiscing and being thankful, to be in the Swing of things (fannishly speaking) ((No, Mike, this is not an obscure reference to Fhilip José Farmer, or Jos(i)e Farmer, for that matter)) So here is something fannish, and something sercon; you can decide which is the cranberry and which the Turkey.

LIFE IS A LOC (filked from "Life is a Rock" by Reunion, recent hit)

Note: sing verses very fast, and choruses relatively slow

Robert Heinlein and his Mistress, Boy, a dog and Herlan Ellison and Isaac Asimov. Beasts at heart and shouting love, Doc's on green and he's QX. Blackie Duquesme up to old tricks. Cyril Kornbluth has his soul, Still he writes with Frederik Pohl, Ursula and dark her left hand, Vonda has her mist and grass, sand. Bradbury writes of Martian ruin, Herbert's Paul is home on Dune. Alfred Bester demolished man. A.E. Van Vogt created Slan, Eric Russell, Fletcher Pratt, Philip Dick and Stainless Steel Rat, Campbell and L. Sprague de Camp, Clarke's Deep Range is far too damp.

Chorus: Life is a loc but the
Hucksters sold me,
Gotta pub a fanzine, so the fan GoH
told me (Woo, Woo)
Life is a loc, but the hucksters
sold me,

At the end lies a Hugo, if the Con is worldly.

Richard Geis and Charlie Brown, Tim Kirk's smile and Rotsler's frown, Eric Lindsay's Gegenschein, Peter says that Britain's fine, Sam Long's Gwertyuiop is so pun, Susan Wood left Michael Glicksohn, Jodie Offut writes of farm life, Moscowitz recorded fan strife. Granfallon is Linda's best work, Met you at last Faruk von Turk? Michael Glyer's Prehensile can Not be found in any phylum, Arthur Saha first-fan true blue, Schuster selling Trekkie gew-gew. Warner's always writing letters John J. Pierce respects his betters, Richard Friedman's prose instructful, Michael Moslow writes so fuckful.

Chorus:

Let us hear it for the prozine, Ted White's stamina's Amazing, Hangs Fantastic edge of cliff, Over fell the Worlds of If. Gone are Worlds of Fantasy, Great is Jim Baen's Galaxy. $\underline{F} \& \underline{SF}$ gets the rave now, Air Wonder Stories in its grave now, Analog and Vertex sell much, Hit the mundanes with a surl touch. Thrilling Wonder thrills no more. Weird Tales we do not yet forgo, And awards one not discerns lack, Memory of Hugo Gernsback. Philcon, Boskone, Luna to pick, If not Worldcon, then the NASFIC. Choices do the fen perplex on Anything but more Star Treks con.

Moving right along, overturn the page!

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

In contrast to the hyperfannish last issue, <u>Clear Ether</u> is going to pause for some thoughtful considerations. (Well, the song on the previous page does not count.) Now as I said in the overleaf, it may be time to count the blessings (or bhlessings, as you wish) we can find.

First, the revival of Romantic SF is something to be grateful for. True, Worlds of If may have folded, but one assumes that this means Galaxy/Worlds of If will have a sounder economic footing. Furthermore, there is less likelihood of the charge of certain fen that Baen is merely skimming off the best stories to rack in subs and then publish the slush to fill up the future issues. If nothing else, that would kill newstand sales, and of course the rest of us would cancel quicker than a hyperdrive. No, Baen's editing and all's well there.

Second, <u>Fantastic</u> still survives, and until a recent decline in their stories and the rise of <u>Galaxy</u>, it had the only stories worth byging the zine regularly for. I wish Ted White a speedy recovery from the momentary lapse, and I assume we all wish him hope from the prolonged economic convalescence.

Third, Worldcons are getting bigger and better than ever. Now some fen are carping about this. Linda Bushyager wants to fret like a liberal over the United Nations about this situation. Do we need controls? Has the market failed us? Well, first of all. Don Markstein has decided to throw a world Faan Con. Secondly, Harry Warner suggests fans getting to the Worldcon early so they can find all those people they want to. My feelings are that if you really want to, you can find someone. More importantly, let us remember that the original purpose of fandom was to promote SF. To put it mildly, I find this misplaced élitism a pile of Rull turd.

Fourth, and this follows really from 3, fandom is growing and SF readership is as well. Granted, a large part of the increase are Trekkies (but some grow up-I have incontrovertible evidence) and those who wish to Ape Apes (second-level social metaphysicians, as Branden might say were he fannish). But the real reason, I am convinced, that so many people are turning to SF is because of the fifth and last blessing I have room for.

The "world" is psychologically "down." Call it decadence, angst, sickness, bad premises or mass indigestion from non-organic foods. But it is there and we know it. The literature, the movies, the songs in general feflect it.

But not SF. We beat off the New Wave and with them, their view of Man. When all is said and done about writing technique, style, prendiness, and repression, the reason that the New Wave was rejected by the reading and paying public and fandom alike is that it subscribed to the current view of Man as worse than animals, who has robbed cockroaches of their land and practiced unconsionable genocide on stalks of wheat. No hopes for us. technology was just going to give us a spectacular dead end on the evolutionary scale. if a crystal forest didn't grab us first or we weren't silent in Gehenna. Boy meets dog and meats girl.

The SF pros which sell and are still most loved are the ones who show us that man is great, that "The Stars Are Ours!" "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress" but we can lick her. The Stars are our Destination, and on the way we will struggle with our hangups and cultural problems. But we will lick them, and do lick them in the stories we love, and go on to others. Does ennui lurk at the end of the Glory Road. Well, I shall fear no evil and have Time Enough For Love.

So I thank Ghu that it is 1974 and I am a fan, in a world I never made, but am in the process of making. FIAWOL!