



ETHEREAL VIBRATIONS

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EV is still being published for distribution through SAPS; this issue is for the One Hundred and Third mailing of the Society. Date of Publication (official): 13 July 1973. Actually, this is being typed in the merry month of May. I began on EV II the first part of April, but all the little disasters of life have kept me from adhering to anything like a rational publishing and/or typing schedule.

I'm still doing it all myself, which should be crystal clear to any of you who have lasted this far. I still can't bring myself to attempting to do any sort of artwork for EV, but sheer desperation may make me try before I'm finished. Unfortunately, I know damn well what I like in the way of art, but I seem to be totally unable to come anywhere close to it myself. Oh, well, I see from the rest of the mailing that I'm not alone in this.

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Just to spoil the surprise, I'm going to keep on listing the contents of EV on what I'm (laughingly) calling the cover. For one thing, it fills space; for another, since I type this first, it helps me keep in mind what I was going to do in these pages. SO: Corrections to EV I. General natterings. Miscellaneous ramblings. Comments on the 103rd Mailing. Probably another two pages on "photographica". Some news and notes from us (Cele and I) on various subjects as they come to my fevered brain. And, if I can remember parts of what went on, a report on Marcon VIII.

I'm, obviously, trying something new (for me) with this issue of EV: double columning the entire issue. I'd really like to hear what you think of the appearance of this - it's quite a bit of extra work, and I probably won't keep on if no one but me has kind words about it.

But first, a correction. I did a thing on copyrighting in EV 1, and it appears that I made one major blunder. I can only plead wanderings of the mind at the time. The correct term of a copyright is twenty-eight years, and it is renewable for the same again. I must have been thinking of patent law for some weird reason, and my fingers just went ahead and did thier own thing.

There's an excellent article on copyrighting photographs (and I would imagine that the same thinking should hold true for other works of art) in the April and May issues of Petersen's PhotoGraphic. They're well written, and not too full of jargon for the average layman to tackle. I recommend them highly.

Since I'm typing all of this long before I find out what your reaction to the original article is, I suspect that I'd better let it go at this, until I do discover what all of you have to say about what I had to say in EV 1.

 I began work on this issue of EV on 19th April which was, entirely un-coincidentally, the day we got the 103rd mailing. With dire memories of the agonies I went through to get EV 1 done in time to make the last mailing, I hope to get this done and finished somewhere around the middle of May. ((HA! I'm typing this as a final draft on the 29th of May, and I still have four and a half pages to retype at this point. So much for the fond hopes of editors.)) I'm also hoping that guilt by association will spur me into turning out Cozine 4 by Midwestcon, like I was supposed to do last year.

Speaking of Cozine, it's available to any of you who indicate interest (SAPS members only, please; I've no great desire to buy out the stamp counter at the local PO). I would, of course, greatly

appreciate contributions to Cozine, but I'll send off at least one copy to anyone who requests it. The content is entirely general, since the zine is purportedly published for the benefit of the local club, but some of the past issues have had material of much wider interest.

One thing leads to another, it seems. Speaking of the local club.... COSFS has been around since early '66, and has held meetings of one sort or another fairly regularly since then. If any of you are coming this way for a weekend, and think you'd like to drop in on one of our affairs, please call me so I can tell you when and where. The phone number is 614-268-6885, and there's usually someone home after about 1730. COSFS is currently on a three-week meeting schedule; this seems to be the most comfortable as far as not being too close together (familiarity breeds contempt, as someone once said) and not so far apart that the members loose touch with what's going on.

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Something I noticed in the last mailing of SAPS (and this is NOT intended to be a derogatory comment) is that there seems to be a total lack of concern about typos, spelling and so forth in most of the zines. I'm curious, since all of the zines I was ever connected with had editors with a positive mania for neatness and correct spellings. I hate like hell to put something out with more than one typo per page (altho I seem to be over my limit with this...) and I wonder if I'm the only nut in the tree? I suppose this sounds pretentious as hell, but I really do wonder.

Another thing that puzzles me is

layout. I've seen some very impressive fanzines floating by at various cons, but very few of us in SAPS appear to be the imaginative sort (self included!). Is this due to the personal nature and limited distribution of the zines in SAPS, or the pressure of deadline time, or just a sort of general feeling that maybe SAPS isn't the place to do spectacular work? Again, I'm not trying to nit-pick, I just have this curiosity bug biting me.

For those of you who hadn't guessed, yes, Ethereal Vibrations (and Mundane Torpor - Cele's contribution to this madness) is done on an offset press. An AM 2650, to be exact. Lovely gadget - do your original work on any sort of reasonably good grade white paper, shove it into the master maker, shove the resulting pink sheet into the maw of the press and out come xxxx copies of whatever it is you want. Art, presstype, line drawings, felt-tip, typewriter, what-have-you. Wish to hell and gone we could afford one for our very own.

Whilst I'm wishing, I dearly love to have an IBM Selectric II. Or ANY Selectric. At this point, any new office-size typer. I've had this SCM portable since before I got into fandom, And I long ago lost count of the number of kilowords I've put into it. At any rate, the keyfaces are beginning to look a little faint, the ribbon moving machinery doesn't do too well, and the motor is developing a bit of a tick. All of which is disquieting, to say the least.

I once had free access to a Selectric for about six months, and I'm afraid it rather spoiled me for any lesser machine. A Vari typer is just great for doing justified, typeset-looking pages, but I don't think I'd care to do my regular correspondence on one. Carbon ribbons and all those nice,

interchangeable type balls are such fun to play with, especially when doing a fanzine. Oh, well, perhaps some rich relative I never heard of will keel over some day and leave enough loot for me to acquire one for my very own.

I still can't really decide if I'm going to insert mailing comments on the respected work of all of you into EV. On one hand, comments may well be the life-blood of SAPS, with much tradition and hallowed memory behind them, and I hate to spoil things by not going along. One the other side of the same coin, I don't like to make idiot remarks about things I don't know much about, and a lot of things going on in SAPS right now leave me utterly out in the cold. Thirdly, I wonder if it's fair to make comments on just one or two zines in a mailing? I've read all of the prose and poetry contained therein and, frankly, not too much of it makes sense to me at this time. Coming in in the middle does lead to this feeling of disorientation, doesn't it? I guess I'll wind up playing it by ear and seeing what comes of it.

Cele and I are nearly finished with the humongous task of getting all of our books and magazines out of various and sundry old boxes and up onto shelving for the first time since we got married and merged our collections three and a half years ago. As a rough estimate, I'd say we own just about 1200 volumes of SF and fantasy, counting both hard and soft covers, not including duplicates, and counting Ace Doubles as one volume. Then we must have well over 2000 other tomes - Historical fiction, mysteries, reference, technical, arts-and-crafts, general fiction, et al. Most of these are down in the basement library in one place, but I have a small pile of home-maintenance and electronic reference books shelved around my workbench, and Cele

has some of the sewing and art books in the second-floor den where she works (and where this is being typed late at night), and most of what I call our "coffee-table" books (the big, impressive, expensive, deluxe books) are in the glass-fronted book-cases in the living room. We're still working on the prozine collection, but my best guess is that there are maybe 2000 or so of those still to be worked over. I'm trying to collect a full runn of Astounding/Analog, and Cele is pursuing F&SF and Fantastic (which is a bit odd - she hates fantasy, at least for reading matter). We've also, of course, picked up odds and ends of the other zines in the course of being fans, so the total heap is a trifle awesome.

By the bye, we're using shelves made by the Hirsch Corporation for all the library storage. They're light, good-looking and hold an amazing amount of paper. The shelf units are 12 by 36 by 72 inches, and each separate shelf will hold two rows of standard size paperbacks, spines out. Yes, we can get to both sides of each shelf! One set will accomodate about 300 pbs, and we've been paying around \$13 per set at the local discount houses. The shelving Sears sells seems to be made by the same company, but they are quite a bit more expensive, tho they do look nicer in the living room. The best thing, for us, about these shelves is that they're completely adjustable, come apart into two main units for moving, are a uniform size and color and can be connected to one another for rigidity.

Our library is laid out in the form of a large "U" with the open end partly closed off. Right now, we have six sets of shelves forming the body of the "U" with a couple of three-foot high units at the end. I'd say that by the time we're through with the prozines, we'll have used up another three or four sets of shelving.

Fandom seems to be having a fit of telling all about their houses all of a sudden, so I think I'll join in and try to give you a picture of ours. I could always cheat and just print the floor plan set I drew up when we moved in, but I somehow doubt that Doreen would count them. Maybe later.

The first floor starts off with a screened-in porch which contains a door to the outside world that is used mainly for company. The porch is a great place to stash the overflow from a summer meeting and it also comes in handy for running the cats and for watching Cele's house plants grow.

None too surprisingly, the living room comes next. It's a fairly large item, about 13 by 22 feet, and is dominated by a phony fireplace flanked with a pair of glass-doored bookcases and surmounted by a huge mirror (someone read the wrong "decorating" magazine, I think, but Cele likes it). The mantel extends clear across the cases, and I found it a perfect place to put my main stereo speakers (AR 4x bookshelf units). Cele uses the rest of the mantel space to display the candles and other small things she crafts; the big mirror makes them show up well. The rest of the room is fairly conventionally furnished, except for the large (and to my wife's eyes ugly) component stereo rig I insist on keeping out in the public view (this consists of a Scott 344C receiver and a Dual 1218 changer, if you'd were wondering). Fortunately for her, the bulkiest item, a Roberts 455 tape recorder, is in need of new capstan bearings and maybe heads (ouch!), and is up in the den until I can get it repaired.

Going back on the right side of the house is the dining room, which is probably the most "ordinary" room we can admit to. To its left is a room we use as a pantry and storage space, and

the kitchen. The pantry is used as such because the kitchen is too small to accomodate the refrigerator. Seems that the owners, when they decided to have a new kitchen installed, swapped room uses around. The former pantry, which is about 7 by 10 feet, became the new kitchen, and vice versa. The new kitchen is nice, with built in cabinets, range, dishwasher, disposall and so forth, but the arrangement still strikes me as an odd one. I think the first try made more sense, but it's a bit late for second thoughts now, and it works fairly well.

If you've followed along this far, you may have guessed that there is a central core on the first floor, around which it is quite possible to chase cats, one's wife, the phone and lots of other things. I like round-and-round floor plans - never boring.

The second floor is a lot less interesting. It has three bedrooms, a bath and the den. The bath is big enough to hold both a full-size tub and a shower stall, which is most convenient. The "den", where I'm currently sitting and typing EV, is also serving as yet another catch-all room as well as my office and Cele's sewing room. Great, except for one minor omission - someone forgot to pipe in anything resembling heat! I'm still trying to figure out why, but all I draw is a blank. Perhaps they ran out of money?

The bedrooms are just that - bedrooms. My mother lives with us, and my brother is also staying here while he finishes his degree work at OSU. The only thing some people find strange is that each bedroom has its own stereo system. I'd agree that it's not too common, but then we all like different sorts of music so why not? Cele and I have a Realistic 2500 compact system, Mom has a Panasonic SC-666 compact, and my brother Jerry has his components in his room. And then

there's the cassette system in the den. It's probably just as well that we all have headphones! Four people, five different stereo rigs. Oh, well, it's nuts like us that keep the great American consuming machine well lubricated with cash.

The basement has the usual junk in it - furnace, water heater, laundry, half-bath (if you count a throne and a tub as a partial bath...) tucked away in the corners. The rest of the space contains the library, a large stack of boxes holding unfiled literature, two bicycles, my workbench, and a large area that I hope to fill with an "N" gauge model railroad if I ever get the time to work on it. I've got all the railroad equipment, most of the framing lumber and the room, just no time to putter with it.

That pretty well describes the house. The lot, what's left of it, has a two-car garage and carport plus Cele's garden across the rear, a nice size back yard and a smallish front yard. It's big enough to enjoy and small enough so I can mow the whole damn thing in less than two hours with a push mower.

Alas. We only rent the place. I wish like hell we owned it, because there are one or two major deficiencies I'd like to remedy if the place were mine to order. For some inexplicable reason, the wiring is sort of half-assed. There's a new 100-amp main breaker box with umpteen branch circuits and new wiring to about half the rooms - but there are only five wall switches in the whole house! Everything else that normally rates a switch has a pull-chain here. Even the new kitchen and pantry. I can't figure out the logic, unless the owner had a phobia about pushbuttons. That's the biggest gripe; the other things are relatively minor items like new fencing and sod for the yard and the installation of a central airconditioning system (I drip and get surly when both the thermometer and hygrometer read 90!). Still, it's by far

the best house we've found in our price range, and both of us are hoping that we may get an option to buy it one of these says.

The house has a comfortable capacity of about 35 or so for meetings, and we could probably hold 50 if we used all the available space and borrowed some chairs. There are enough accessible rooms for about six subfandoms to hold gatherings at one time, so kitchen fandom doesn't have the movie nuts hanging over them, and the computer freaks aren't overly bothered by the teachers, etc. We even have a bar in the dining room in case the supply of bottles overflows from the pantry. And, if things really go on late, we can sleep six or eight extras, if some of them can sleep in a chair.

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MARCON VIII

This year's Marcon, the eighth of the series, was held the last weekend of March at the Holiday Inn East here in Columbus. Gordy Dickson was Guest of Honor, and we had about 95 assorted fans in attendance. The weather cooperated, mostly (and it's been rain, rain, rain ever since, it seems), and I think most of those in attendance had fun. Marcons have always been run as low key affairs, and this year's was no exception - formal programming consisted of a couple of panels, two showings of the Australia in '75 bid film (thanks to Jack Chalker and Rusty Hevelin for the prints and narration), two parties, and the traditional Banquet followed by Gordy's GoH speech.

Other pros in attendance included Andy Offutt and Dean McLaughlin. For some reason most of the authors who normally attend Marcons stayed away in droves this year. I don't know whether it was the timing, the weather, the committee or what. Dean was selling books for the first time (to the

best of my knowledge) as a huckster. Andy Offutt makes one damn fine toastmaster for a con; I'm thinking of inviting him to do it for real for the next Marcon. About 80 percent of the Marcon membership came from the very near Midwest - Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Kentucky. Ted Pauls, Karen Townley, Kim Weston, Jack Chalker and Mark Owings formed the Eastern contingent at the con, as they usually do.

The con parties are almost always the highlights of any given Marcon, as they should be of any con. This is really the only time that you get a good chance of catching those fan you've been meaning to talk to for the better part of a year, and, especially at an informal sort of bash like Marcon, the parties are the only time that everyone loosens up and is willing to circulate freely.

Yours truly must plead to having had a bad case of mal de con during most of Marcon VIII, which is why I was more or less inaccessible most of the time. I really didn't feel like surviving, let alone circulating among the partiers. My apologies to all of you who wanted to see me at Marcon, and I hope it doesn't happen again. The committee has also taken a resolution not to hold secret meetings during the parties in the future; this should also give the con party more room to breathe in.

We had excellent relations with the Holiday Inn - the room and catering staff couldn't have been nicer or more cooperative, at least with the committee. I haven't heard any gripes from the members, so there must have been only minimal problems if any there. The only real disaster at Marcon occurred when a couple of neofen from OSU decided to see if they could screw the con by ordering drinks at the motel bar and charging them off to the con on the pretext that they were officers of "cozine". I don't really expect ever to see them again, and I think they got the idea that that particular cute

trick is not likely to win friends and influence fandom. We still don't have our money back, and probably never will get it, but I think Marcon will survive in spite of it.

On a happier note, I am pleased to announce that Hal Clement will be the Guest of Honor at Marcon IX, which will be held at the Holiday Inn East again on the weekend of the 29th, 30th and 31st of March 1974. Registration as of now is \$3.00; we don't yet know about the Banquet. Program and other interesting details are, of course, still entirely up in the air - if you have an idea you think might work out well, let us know about it and we'll consider incorporating it into Marcon IX.

Also on the subject of conventions, Columbus is bidding for the 1976 Worldcon. At least, we think we're bidding for 76. The way things are now, if Australia wins in 75, we either continue to bid for 76, or we get booted back a year. Since I haven't been able to attend a Worldcon business session for the last 3 straight years, I'm not as well up on the intricacies of the rotational plan changes as I probably should be. I personally think we can do a damn fine job with a Worldcon, and I hope we win. Right now the only competition I know of is from New Orleans, and I don't really have much information about their bid. I've heard mumblings that Minneapolis may want another try at a bid, but nothing concrete from them, either. The way things are now, the Bid Committee consists of myself as Chairman, Bob Hillis as Associate Chairman, Howard De Vore and Lou Tabakow as Vice Chairmen, Cele as Secretary-Treasurer, Bill Conner as Publicity Director and John Ayotte as Art Director. It's a strong committee, with one hell of a lot of experience in conventioneering, and I think we should be able to put on a superb con. If there are any questions, I'll do my best to provide sensible answers to them.

This is now the second column on the seventh page, and I do believe that I should come to a screeching halt. It looks like mailing comments and Photographicica are going to get squeezed out this time.

I can't decide whether EV should have some sort of editorial "personality", or whether I should just continue to put any old thing my fevered mind can devise onto paper and send it out. I don't have this problem with Cozine so much because there are pages other than my own to temper the drizzle a bit, but EV gets nothing but a spate of my verbiage to hold it together, and I wonder if I wander a bit too much for the good of the zine. It would be fun, I suppose, to have a cohesive and definitive list of things I was going to accomplish in each and every issue, but it would probably take all the fun out of EV. This is, after all, the only way I can freely express myself without the slightest need to worry if doing so will bother the rest of the contributors to the zine.

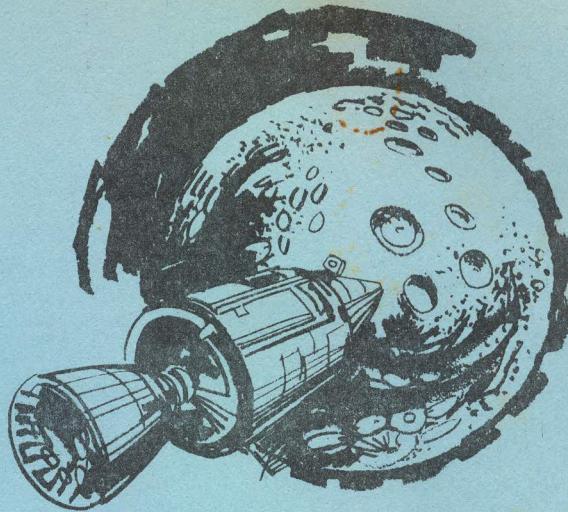
I trust that I'll have the desire to go on longer with EV 3, but I think I'll just kill 2 right here.....

30 May 73

Derry

HAL CLEMENT

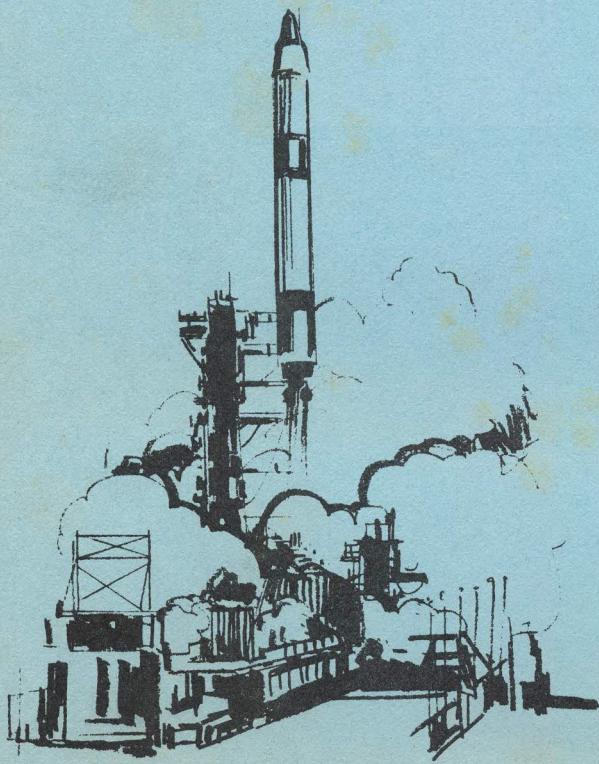
March 29, 30, 31, 1974



MARCON
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