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We are here to make the nature and history of science fiction, fantasy and science fiction fandom clear, and to encourage the progress and keep up the readership of science fiction and fantasy writing.

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*cover by Robert Guernsey*

Howdy, All.

## EDITORIAL



### Many Brave Hearts are Asleep in the Deep

What, have they fallen off a ship, into water? No, my concern is not with the Pacific Ocean. As the song puts it, “Sailor, beware, sailor, take care”...it is actually dangerous to be aboard a ship, just as it is to be on an airplane, and now we have people out on spaceships, while we look in awe at their survival. These are dangerous times. People who try something out often don’t come back. One might even ask, in the light of this, where are our literary trips taking us? As historians and researchers, I think we ought to write about what we read much more than we do—essays, perhaps, on the theme of what’s in a book, not just reviews. We do have reviewing in the N3F, but still, not very much discussion. What would we talk about? Perhaps get up some talk about a book that has particularly impressed us. No one can keep up with the books that are rolling off the publishers’ presses, except perhaps to evaluate the titles for their meaning as they flash by.

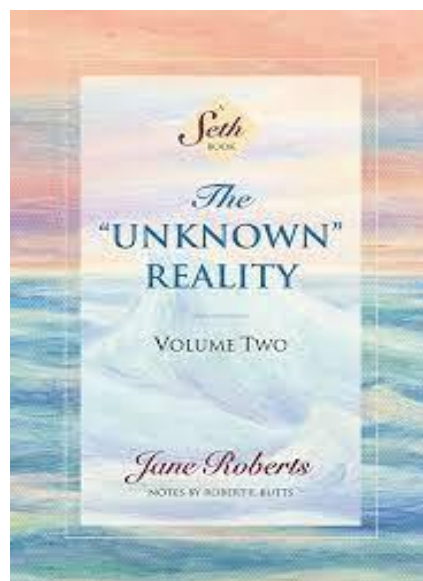
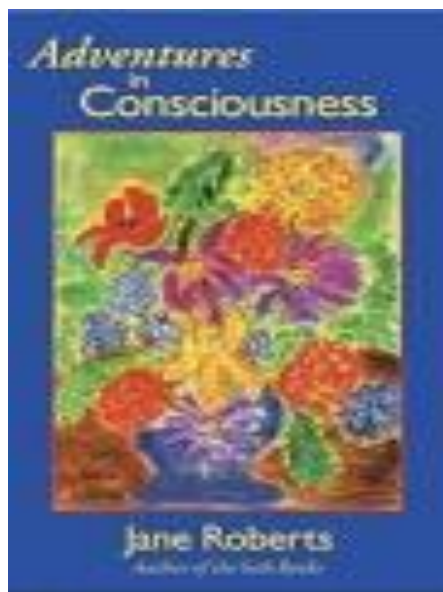
I keep saying, “Things used to be better”, but I think the common reaction to this is “They weren’t good then either.” What, did people try to get away from the turbulences they then faced, and did these attempts to get away lead to even worse than they strove to escape? The sins and ineptitudes of mankind’s past have been rounded up, working with which the discovery was made that “A king isn’t any better than a peon” and “The keepers of kings are in error,” and “that country is tolerating royalty” as if there were anything that could be done about that; the Observer Effect frequently neutralizes what is being observed. The study of sin is beyond anybody’s comprehension, and thereby that study becomes a morass of argumentation, itself generating untoward behavior and thought into available parts of the world. People lose what they do have in these explorations into other possibilities. We are faced with the sins of the past overcoming us when we have chosen to concentrate on what is wrong with people. Why did so many people choose these outlooks and procedures? It’s available in the literature where we see them being advised to do such and then doing such.

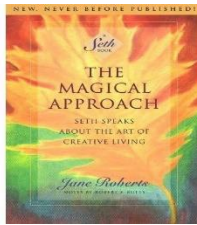
There are continual efforts to prove that those who have been respected aren’t worthy of respect, and so many brave hearts are indeed asleep in the deep; they’re unrecognized under the present wave of sin. A mistake we make in our mass evaluations is that a wise man in Tunisia isn’t a wise man here. Getting down on the supposed wise man is strangulation of that culture. We get negative feedback from the reading matter that has that broad viewpoint. Who are we to oversee and judge other cultures? We’d do better to think about our own problems, but we may be interrupted in doing this by other cultures responding by judging us. That leads us into the ignorant warfare we so much deplore.

SCIENCE FICTION WOMEN: JANE ROBERTS, by John Thiel



March 1958





Jane Roberts has not been very prolific in her science fiction writings, but when she writes, every story is a knockout. Most of her appearances have been in **The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction**. The first I saw of her was a story appearing in that magazine in 1956 called “The Red Wagon”, a story which appealed to me because it was about a child, and I was a child at the time of reading it. The child keeps imagining being some older person, who becomes more and more advanced in what he says. Then he begins regressing, and finally is again a child, talking about the red wagon he has received as a present.

Her stories were in the range of the metaphysical, and she wrote books of this sort and mystical volumes. I next encountered her in a story called “The Chestnut Beads”, appearing in 1957, in which the female students at a college are organizing secret mystical rites which are opposed to men, of whom they say “Men are the destroyers. Women are the creators.” This they chant in far away woodland gatherings, at which they plan warfare with men. Much of this is due to their fear of the atomic bomb. In 1958 there is a follow-up in which the young lady through whom this is witnessed becomes The Bundu, a leader in the warfare to come. She works toward the conflict having an outcome, for there to be explanations. The Bundu is a peacekeeper, as in Tarzan, where the shout Kreigah! Bundalo! means War! Withdraw!

These three stories are enough to establish her as a notable writer. She continued with stories whose titles showed the impact they had: “The Canvas Pyramid”, “First Communion” (printed in **Fantastic Universe**), “A Demon at Devotions”, “Nightmare”, and “Impasse”. The last was something like an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. Her stories weren’t very far out. They weren’t very far in, either, but they leaned more to that, studying the primal forces that lie within. Someone described some of her later writings as “psychedelic”, but she was not much a part of that movement.

Her books are explorations into the psychic realms. They include THE NATURE OF PERSONALITY, ADVENTURES IN CONSCIOUSNESS, THE NATURE OF THE PSYCHE: ITS HUMAN EXPRESSION, THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATURE OF MASS EVENTS, all published from 1974 to 1981. She was obviously highly involved in the events of the time, and the personal problems of living and survival, altogether a rather gloomy outlook, but her writing was incisive.

A spot might well be reserved for her in the consideration of science fiction. Likely her stories are ones that some readers will never forget. They might even have changed views and outlooks.





**JEFFREY REDMOND THINKS SUCH MATTERS OUT**

## POSITIVE THINKING by Judy Carroll



What is thanksgiving? A day to over-indulge in a special dinner with family and friends? A celebration to remember the Pilgrims and the Native Americans sitting down to eat together in peace? A day to get out of school, and for some people, getting a vacation from work?

Let's look at the word Thanksgiving. Now let's tweak a little and see if we can make better sense of the word Giving Thanks. That is what Thanksgiving really means. Giving thanks, but for what and to who?

Giving Thanks to our families for the love they show us whether it's expressed through smiles, hugs and kisses, fixing our meals, working for a paycheck, etc. These smiles and love are freely given. Cherish them.

Our neighbors for helping us when needed, whether it's their kindness in helping to fix our car, carrying in a new couch, or the smiles and waves they give us acknowledging that we do exist and that we are not isolated and alone.

Our co-workers who make each working day more doable by their smiles and understanding when something goes wrong.

The stranger, who rushes to our side as we leave the grocery store, and grabs our little three-year-old as he tries to race us to our car.

We should Give Thanks every day. We should be able to find something to Give Thanks for no matter how bad the day seems. It could be as simple as watching neighbor children playing tag, bringing forth a pleasant memory from long ago of playing tag with our cousins. We could be in the mall when someone in a wheelchair is coming out of a store and we are still able to walk without any kind of assistance. We could look at a picture of a relative who lives in another state, and know we love them and they love us.

I know, sometimes, trying to find out just one small positive thing in a day can be quite a challenge. Take the challenge. Find something positive. Write it down, if you like. Keep a record of positive things you have found each day. It will lift your mood and help your day.



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## FOLLOW UP by the editor



Thanksgiving originated in Colonial America where some of those immigrating got to thinking that they were mighty pleased to have gotten across the ocean safely and to be allowed entrance there and to be received and attended to. There were many complaining about how little they got and how poorly they were living, but some pointed out that if they had not gotten there safely they would not have anything. It wasn't well to be living a new life in a new place and be constantly complaining. What got them there was providence, and what looked over them was providence, and they should show gratitude for what they were having in being there. Those talking this way were asked, how could they show this gratitude for people who were not here? They decided to have a public ceremonial in which they would express gratitude for what they had, and they began the thanksgiving tradition, which spread all through the region and was made even more known throughout New England.

I think searching for the positive in the course of a day is worth doing. There would seem, at first, to be nothing to view with a positive regard. But check this. I look at my window curtains, which I have never very much liked, and find that I have been looking at them without seeing them. They have on them small arrangements of flowers in a repetitive pattern. I don't think flowers have done very much for anyone, despite what some radio songs have been yammering, though people have been talking flowers since the days of William Wordsworth and making loud argument with those who think nothing of them. I look at the flowers on my curtain, which aren't even real. They're good for swinging a cat with, is my impression of them. Then it occurs to me that they had an artist, and my first visualization of her is that she would stir meal in a stick with a barrel and sew baskets full of cloths when not doing anything artistic, with a scarf wrapped around her head, but this visualization is mean and I realize that that, too, is living and she has her own feelings about the way she lives, and I have another look at one of the curtained flowers and see what the designs of the flowers would be for her, and if nothing sidetracks me I can contemplate the tiny bouquets, and find interest and even a form of pleasure in them. Anything could, if taken aside, provide contemplative interest, unlike radio static or an auto accident. This is a way of developing better feelings toward things, and one might also note things that interfere with such contemplative exercises and wonder about their worth, though they have been a preoccupation. And do the flowers on the curtain say anything about life? Probably the woman who designed that and their arrangement would like it if I said something nice about them, and there's another happier person. Some fellow who was walking across my hallway, promoting his racket, saw some pointed flowers on the flooring which had a remote cheering effect, said he liked that flooring and it made me feel nicer that he said that, and I remarked that it seemed to have an Oriental look to it, and he agreed with that and it turned out he was an Oriental. It actually led to a brief conversation, which I remember as having made the day a little better. He'd just walked through the living room and said it had a remarkable décor, and I designed the living room myself, so I just said yeah, I think it looks nice. But it was a break hearing something

said about it.

So it brings up the fact that if we want the world to look better, we'd better start looking better ourselves. We are all we can really do anything with, all we can actually influence, so it's something where we can make a start at an improvement in things, where mass-minding is not.

