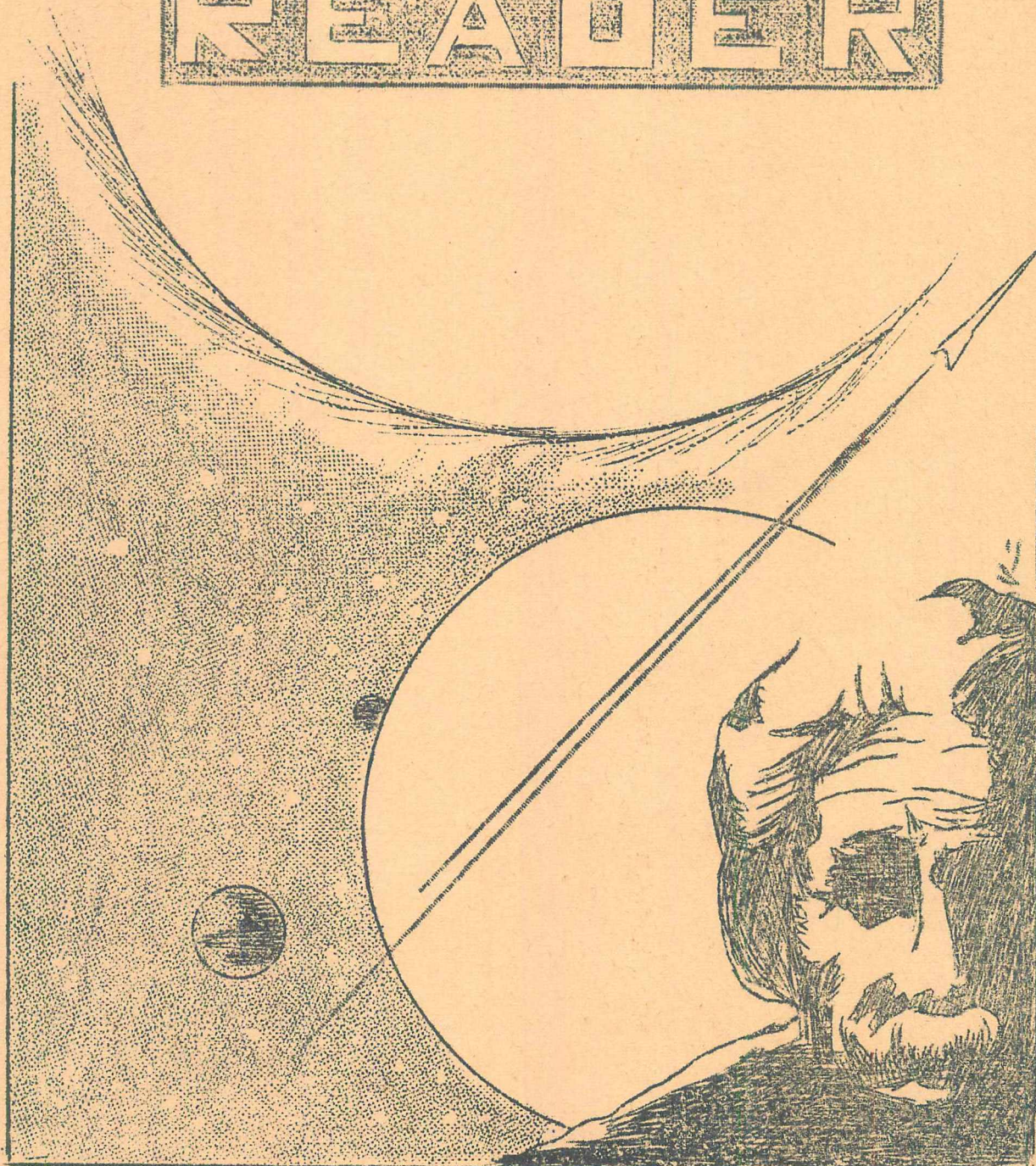


# SOL. READER

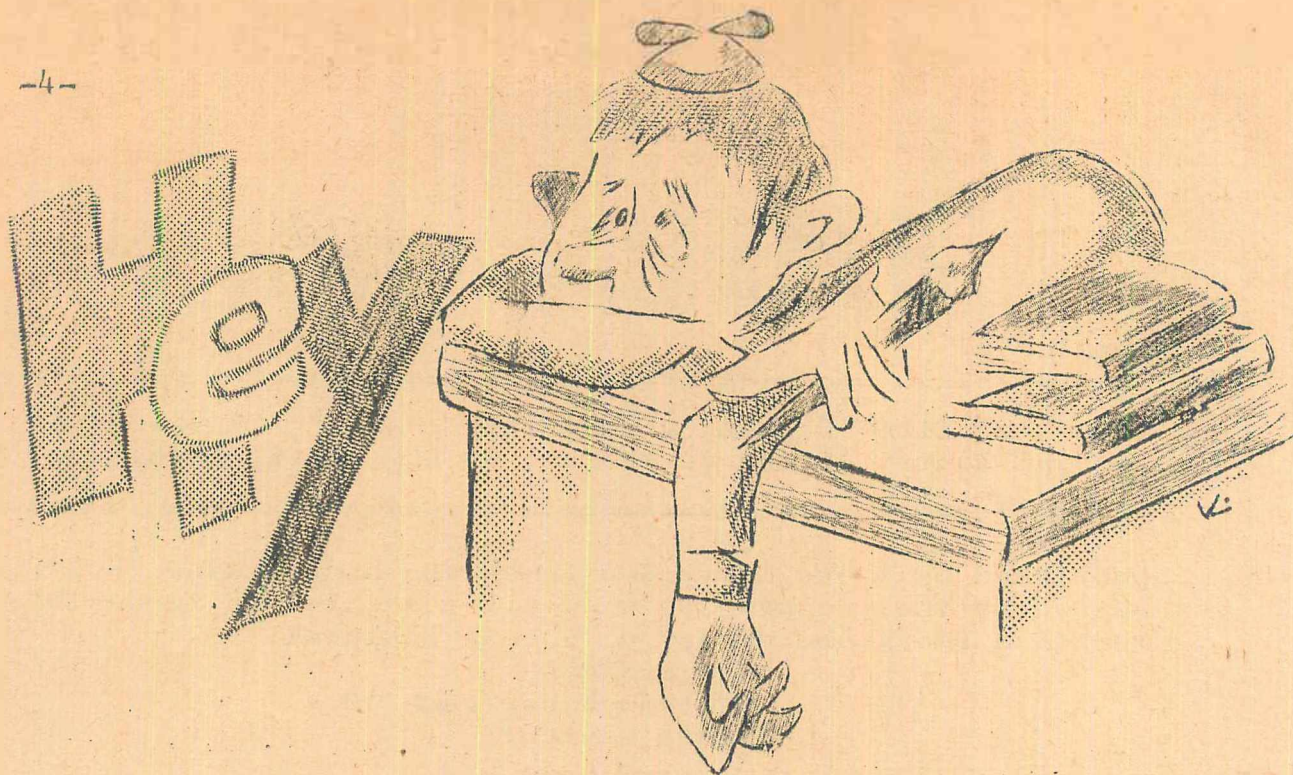






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You will probably be astonished to receive something by me of whom you have never heard; you may not even know that there is something like a fandom over here in Germany. Heck! I had enough trouble scratching together all your addresses! I flipped through all the fanzines I could obtain and particularly found useful LDBroyles' WHO'S WHO. So now you have the honour of receiving the first fanzine from Germany written all in English, the material of which is entirely by German fans (with only one exception...) SOL-Reader will report about Gerfandom's activities and is to show how Germans (well...how this German) edits a fanzine. I hope you will be pleased enough to write some lines about how you enjoy it.

SOL has been Germany's best fanzine for many years, being founded in 1957. Its 30 issues contained a lot of material; we have selected from them, translated from them, and here we are. There have been many people who have helped actively or by giving money, and they enabled me to start this issue. Many thanks to them all, especially to all those active translators who are named on Page 3.

The plan of publishing a German English-language-fanzine was born when some US-fan asked about what we were doing in our fanzines and if we had quite a different sort of fandom. I think enough has been told about the differences, now they ought to be shown. The abstract discussions should cease, and the first concrete step is this issue. Now it is your turn to let these nice phrases of "international cooperation" become true.

Bibliographical dates about Gerfandom will be found within; our fandom is like others - a bunch of more or less mad people wasting time and money on unusual problems and projects. The words by Bloch about fandom being a "self-dramatization" are as true here as elsewhere. There are several clubs, fanzines are being published, feuds never cease (or at least only for a short while), cons are being held, and all the usual stuff. Anglo-American fandom has been the model, for there were some British and American



fans helping with the birth of Gerfandom back in 1955. As Hugo Gernsback did with his SF-League, Walter Ernsting effected with his SF-Club Deutschland. Our first SF-pulp series lettercolumn brought enough members, and the new fandom turned out to be rather active. Today we have maybe 15 fanzines appearing regularly and there are perhaps 200 people who may call themselves fans or neos.

I myself staggered on the fannish scene back in 1958, attracted by an advert in the only German SF Bookclub; this brought me into contact with fans, and here I am. It is useless to list all the crimes I committed in my time since, but I think myself rather active. Born in 1943, wear glasses, am tall (look down on people).



...your editor, as seen by Mario Kwiat.

SOL-READER is not to appear regularly unless you folks out there are as interested in further proofs of my incapability as to help us in some way or other. Another issue would probably request money (mybe 25¢ or 1/9 d). Furhter issues would contain not only material from SOL, but also from other German fanzines. I intend to have a lettercolumn, so would like **letters**, letters, **LETTERS!** I would like to swim in letters. Please, be honest; tell me what you think of the idea of SOL-READER, and if you would like to see more issues.

Finally I would like to thank the German fans who, with their unselfish donations to SOL-READER, have proved their interest in making Gerfandom (or at least a part of it) known to 250 foreign fans.

This issue is dedicated to Mr Sci-Fi 4e Ackerman..who maybe will write a letter too?

Let me say good-bye now...turn the page and go on folks! Sorry for the seriousness of this editorial, you will know it's always the same with first issues!

And please don't ask why it is you who got thish!

yours,

*Tom*

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'&'  
-5-



Let's begin by a sort of fan-fiction,

# CHESS IN THE EVENING

by Harald Kressler

Say to yourself: what else can be done than play chess? Do you know how long and lonely and terrible dark winter evenings are when sitting in front of the fireplace, with your pipe pouring forth grey smoke, and a cold glitter from the stars shines through your window?

Perhaps it is my fault that I am alone and forgotten; I remember the time when there were many friends, thinking of it I grow melancholy. They were different, these times, with people I danced, laughed, and feasted. Then I discovered my love for chess. I cannot remember if my friends left me because they could no longer bear my "chess-fanaticism" as they called it, or if I began to play myself after they stopped visiting me. Anyway, there is no one to speak to, only the fire - it cannot run away. This conversation is a bit one-sided and even the best reading cannot drive away the tedium of this evening.

For half a week I had a dog, a small cur and a stray; then it ran away and did not return. And I was alone again. Alone with the fire, the cold outside and the scornful glittering of the stars. It is not surprising my love of chess grew; another might have turned to drink, but I played chess. I played it with perseverance and doggedness not only for hours - for days, and once a game that lasted for several weeks. Against myself of course! I have no friends anymore.

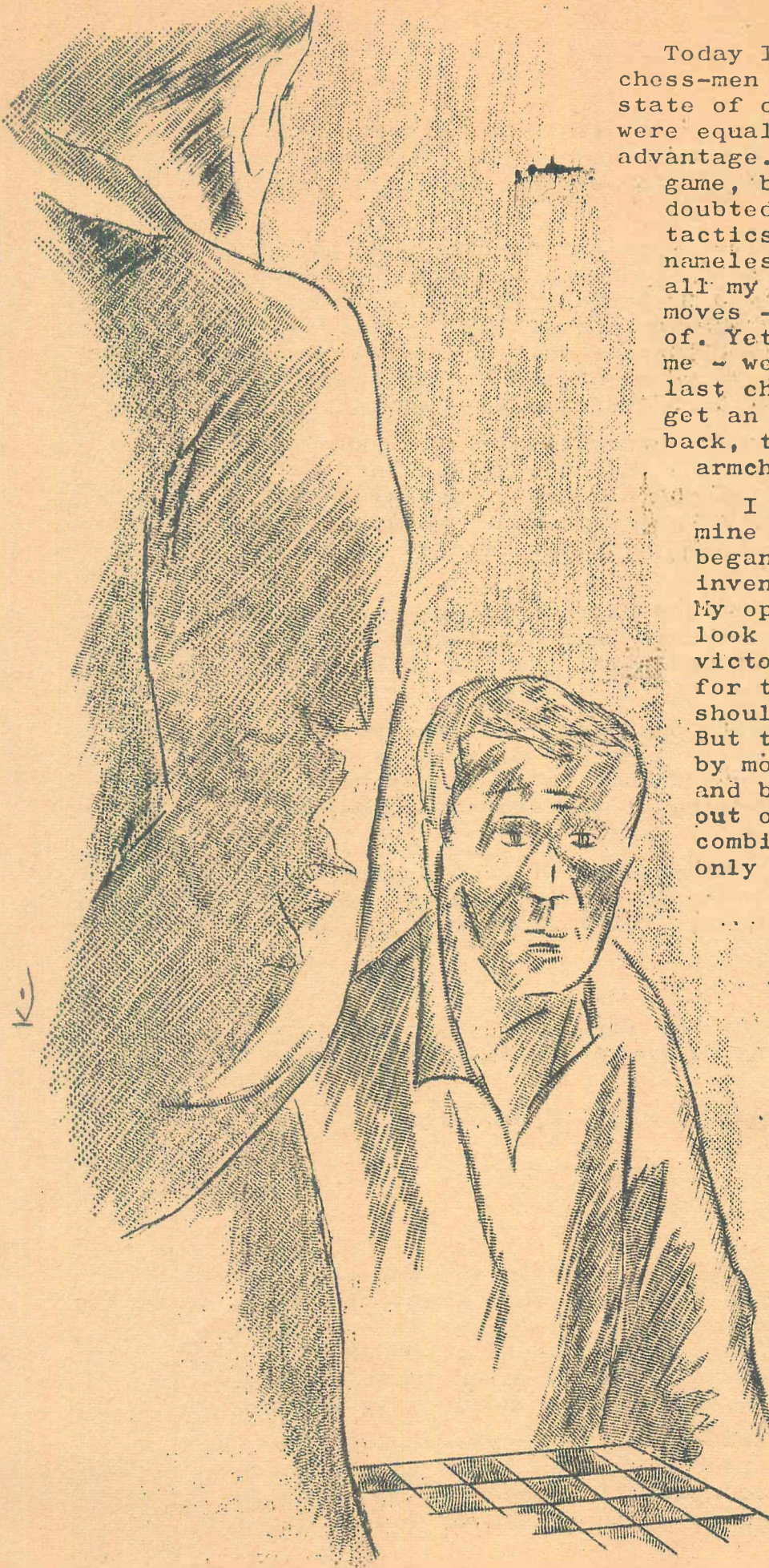
This did not make the game dull: I played fair, never preferring one side against the other - then the game would be useless. Sometimes I laid traps for myself, which I would blindly overlook. Afterwards I realised what had happened, but most times the game was decided then. This often happens after the game has gone on for a long time, you get tired after four or five hours, and it happens easily. I really know all the rules and the only possible answer to each move. I'd certainly be an outstanding player if I -- ah yes, you already know -- if I only had a partner!

One day I had a partner; I don't know who he is, and I don't dare ask for he might be angry and run away. I'm so pleased to have found such an excellent player for his playing is outstanding, he seems to be my equal.

When I set up the chess-men, he suddenly appeared in front of me and began to play. He did not ask permission, he did not speak, he only played. It was strange: I was neither astonished or joyous at his presence. Only after a long time, when he was gone, did I feel an almost insane delight.

Now it is customary among good chess players to speak rarely during a game, but I learnt he was a clerk; so we were colleagues! Any other questions were silently ignored by him, so that I finally gave up the effort.





Today I began to set up the chess-men using my notes of the state of our unfinished game. We were equal, neither had an advantage. I would try to win the game, but an inner voice doubted I could meet his tactics. It is strange, but my nameless opponent is aware of all my feints and misleading moves - the ones I am so proud of. Yet his are also known to me - we are equal. I put the last chess-man up and turned to get an ashtray, when I turned back, there he was... in the armchair grinning at me.

I took my place silently; mine was the first move, I began to play a system I invented only one night ago. My opponent seemed to overlook the trap; sure of the victory I advanced the runner for three squares, now I should win after three moves. But then he evaded the trap by moving his horse elegantly and by hitting a pawn he was out of the trap. This combination of moves was his only hope, I invented that too but a night ago. ... The game went on, the ashtray filled, sometimes a move took an hour or more. The game was still undecided.

In the past my friends called me choleric, I don't know if that was right, but now I felt something rise which dimmed my eyes. It was hatred and grudge, envy without reason, for he played no better than I. When he finally evaded a carefully built-up trap I nearly lost my self control! Only the thought of losing my only opponent kept me from using my fists.



"Well done," I said appreciatively but dishonestly, actually I was furious. My partner remained silent, the game was undecided and I knew this would be so forever unless one of us forgot the rules. Or if he died!

If he died! Can you imagine the feeling when you play for years and years and think there could be no one superior...and then find a partner you cannot beat! A partner whose name even you do not know... The last I had thought aloud! "Dave," said he shrugging, "perhaps my name is Dave." Saying this he smiled challengingly and so scornfully I knew he laughed at me, for my name was Dave, and he to have the same name...? Ridiculous, wasn't it?

As I write this I cannot understand myself, why was I so excited? I don't regret the end, but it does not satisfy me. Smiling in comradeship I shook his hand, congratulating his ability and went to the kitchen to get some wine. When he raised his glass I shot him dead. He dropped the glass, looked at me and tried to smile - then died.

At this moment my fury and hatred disappeared, and with it my love for chess. I did not care that his corpse disappeared - the magazine of the revolver was still filled; this convinced me that I had not shot at all.

But my opponent remains dead and gone. The revolver has been the symbol of my wish to kill. I do not play chess anymore and only sit in front of the fire. Uninterested in any hobby, or my lost friends; the cold glittering of the stars remains, but I do not look. I have changed.

Of course I had only played myself even during his presence, that was the reason I could never win, and you will understand why I have no feelings anymore...for it was my soul against which I played...

I've killed my soul - - -

So now I am sitting by the fire and do not think and do not love, and the glittering of the stars and the cold, it does not touch me.

My partner was my soul ...and I killed it.

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(SOL 20)

+++ Harald Kressler is a young Austrian fan who seems to have gaffiated by now. I do not know very much about him, but for 1960 he was elected best fan-writer of the year. This piece may have lost much of its atmosphere by translation. CHESS IN THE EVENING was part of a sort of competition in which three authors wrote about the same theme; Harald's story undoubtedly was the best.

Next you'll find some lines about Meyrink's THE GOLEM. The author of this piece wants to remain unknown (even to the readers of SOL), so he made up this pseudonyme. I choose his article, for a fair amount of you will already have heard about Gustav Meyrink.



G. Asarod:

## Gustav Meyrink -- The Golem

What causes me to comment the GOLEM at this place in connection with a few scenes from the poet's life is definitely not due to the fact that we esteem this work as an utopic novel only, but because the GOLEM, at the same time, is Meyrink's standard work.

Many of you will have read this novel with great interest or at least will know from the film with the same title what the contents of the novel has to offer. Since, however, you will learn only little in this way about the poet's personality I want to start right at this point.

Meanwhile 28 years passed since Gustav Meyrink died, and he would now be 92 years of age. This, indeed, gives ample reason to remember him.

In addition to the above, the attempt ought to have been made long ago to give an outline of a mental personality who, in his special way, takes rather a strange place between literature and psychology. Both spheres coincide, and the result of such combination is a new entity, the wide-reaching peculiarity of which is revealed to the searching eye the more time progresses.

Meyrink must be numbered amongst those strange persone in the field of mental history who can nowhere be subject to some sort of scheme. When it formerly were the pens of the writers of literary history he caused to move, it is today the psychologists and para-psychologists to whom he gives many a puzzle to solve.

The series of his so-called novels started with the "Golem", then followed "Das grüne Gesicht" (The Green Face), "Walpurgisnacht" (Night when the Witches Meet), the "Weiße Dominikaner" (The White Dominican), and the series was completed with the "Engel vom westlichen Fenster" (Angel from the Western Window). In between were added some small narratives, which he wrote for the satirical paper "Der Simplizissimus". The "Golem" was his greatest success and awarded him the highest reputation.

Hardly will you be able to state that Meyrink gave a report on his own origin and descent. At this point some information will therefore be welcome.

G.M. was born in Vienna on January 19th, 1868 as Gustav Meyer. His father was the Wurttemberg secretary of state Freiherr von Varnbüler von und zu Hemmingen, his mother the Bavarian court actress Maria Meyer with the original name Meyrink. You will see that his personality was composed of aristocratic and comedian traits. He always had to fight hard in life, and it was his personal wish always to pass for a foundling. This accounts for his motto: "Das ganze Sein ist flammend Leid" (All our life is burning sorrow). You should try to understand his work from this point of view.



G.M. published his "Golem" in the middle of World War I and the novel was a success that happens but rarely. The value and the impression are based on the atrocity of the events emerging out of timeless depths strange and cold or supreme and sublime, partly scintillating in a demonical and grotesque manner tearing apart human values and beautiful forms - a dreadful, exciting throng of eternal chaos -, partly, however, G.M. verges on fields the classification of which is impossible to the psychologist. This visionary matter is infested with peculiarities, which can also be observed with the phantastic imaginations of lunatics. This will be rather interesting for many fans... And, vice-versa, the psychotic products often have an importance the tremendous greatness of which can only be found with a genius.

His close contact with such people as Ramakrishna and the Maharshi of Tiruvananmalai in India imparted to him extraordinary para-psychological capabilities. Maybe you will now put on a pitiful smile, but it has, nevertheless, been scientifically proved that Meyrink never stayed in India and was in contact with these Yogi only via the medium of telepathy.

For this reason it is not surprising to find that G.M., when writing about the Prague Ghetto - which is considered under quite an exotic and futuristic viewpoint - and the supposed cabbala rites, presents Indian rather than Jewish ideas of redemption.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the entangled and impure promiscuity Meyrink's "Golem" is possessed of an inimitable mood, where we find elements of uncontrollable depth connected with a rare sense for mystical quackery.

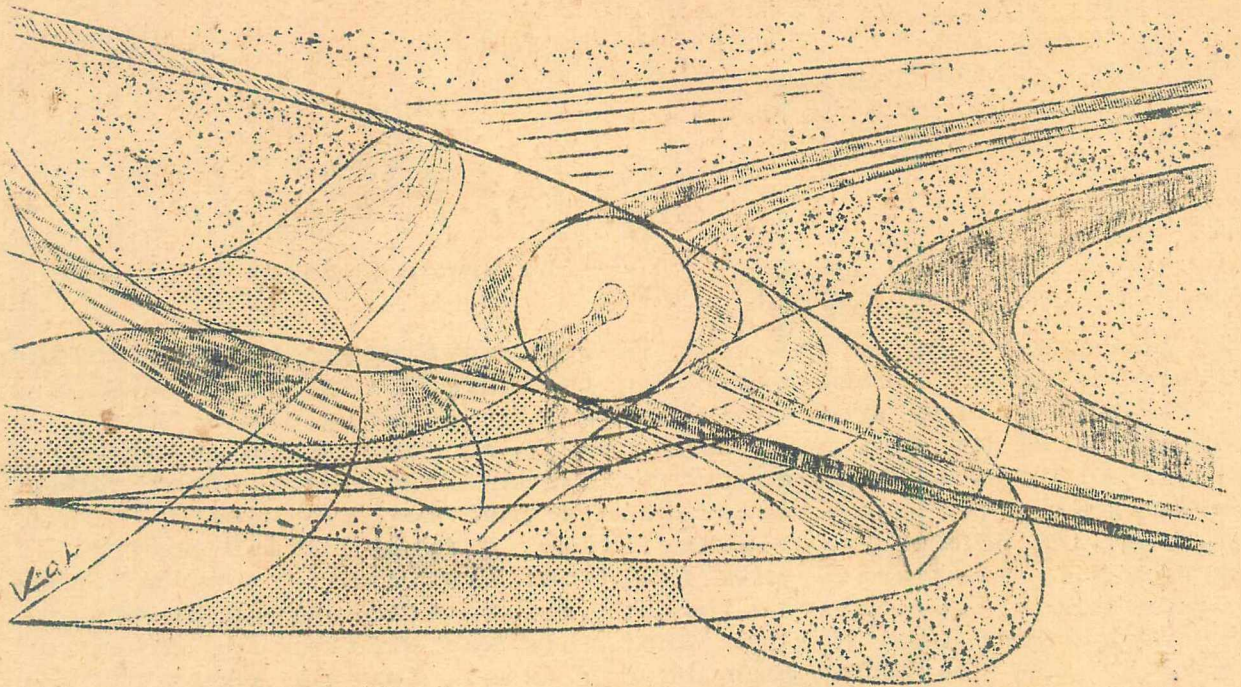
Seen from a psychological point of view the "Golem" is partly considered as the materialized collective soul of the Ghetto, partly as a double of the hero fighting for his redemption and purifying, by such redemption, the Golem, his own unredeemed Ego.

However, the "Golem" cannot be explained only from the specially psychological side. Selecting the motive that represents a main problem in this novel we shall see that the Tarok symbolizes an age-old mystical symbolism converted into a game of cards. It is the "unio mystica" with a pronounced esoteric training of occult matters.

Ranking the "Golem" among the series of utopic novels is rather a risky step. Although all the other works of Meyrink show the same tendency, it is not correct to accuse the author of utopic writing.

In spite of a very profound symbolism and an often phantom-like plot doctrines of the gravest importance will again and again be found. Many a thing reminded me of the doctrines of famous Bo Yin Ra. This great esoteric expert said on Gustav Meyrink in 1932: "I had a good chance to state for myself that literary documents, some of them extremely rare copies, were to be found in the poet's library in great numbers. It was easy for Meyrink to report on matters of which the existence is normally unknown to men. You could often feel the influence of this occult world when writing his sentences." In this connection it must be stated that G.M. and Bo Yin Ra were intimate friends.





The only thing in the novel that shows rather an utopic respect is this: Meyrink uses the motive of the exchanged hat of his hero, who puts on Athanasius' hat, and is consequently transferred into a different existence.

Should you have the opportunity of reading the "Golem" once again try to penetrate more deeply into its contents by setting the utopic motive a bit aside which ought to be shadowed by the other grand ideas of this really great work of a strange, seldom understood human being.

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+++ I'm sure that this article will not be very useful to readers who have not read Meyrink's novel. G. Asarod refuses to re-tell the contents but tries to enlighten some of the deeper problems of this work. Maybe this piece causes you to read the "Golem", I'M sure this won't be lost time for you...

What to do with all this blank space on the page? Let's have a brief look at some of Gerfandom's institutions, called clubs. Different to your fannish scene we have several greater clubs, the oldest of which is the Science Fiction Club Deutschland, founded in 1955. In its seven years of existence it has undergone many quarrels and name-changes, but is now returned to SFCD. The O-O, ANDROMEDA, has topped 30 issues. The club has a "phonothek" from which tapeplays can be taken by the members. In addition it has a library which contains over 700 titles. They even have an original Russian novel, as far as I know, no one ever ordered it!

The other main club, STELLARIS, has some more members than the SFCD; this was founded when quarrels made SFCD's existence uncertain. Apart from a bi-monthly fanzine there are no other facilities for members. Besides, there are several local clubs, in Austria, Switzerland, Hamburg, Berlin, and Wuppertal. These are independent, tho' most members also belong to the main institutions... The top-representing thing is the EUROTOPIA which is to represent fandom to some sort of public, by advertising in stf-books.

---tom +++



# SCIENCE FICTION

## and POETRY

by Anton Ragatzy

In hope to raise an interest in science-fiction-poetry, Julian Parr once started a competition in the German fanzine ANDROMEDA for the best German translation of Robert A. Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth". Though there were many articles on "Science Fiction as Literature" in German fanzines at that time, this promising field of exploration seemed to have been overlooked. I hope the following examples from English poetry will not only illustrate this field but also incite some science-fiction-enthusiasts to look for stf-elements in German poetry of past and present (+++ Realise that this was written for a German fanzine! --tom +++). They undoubtedly exist, for the fancy of poets had always been a fertile soil for those fantastic and prophetic elements being characteristic for science fiction-.

Early predictions of aerial journeys and warfares apparently are science fiction, as are these following lines from "Paradise Lost" by Milton (1608 - 1674):

"...when, to proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds; before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of heaven -- the welkin burns..."

Another grand vision of future was given by Alfred Tennyson (1809 - 1892) in "Locksley Hall":

"...Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth  
sublime  
With fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;  
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it  
closed;  
When I dipt into the future far as human eye can see;  
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would  
be.  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a  
ghastly dew.  
From the nations' aity navies, grappling in the central blue;  
For along the world wide wisper of the south wind  
rushing warm,  
With the standarts of the people plunging through the  
thunderstorm,



Till the war-drum throb'd no longer and the battleflags  
 were furl'd,  
 In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.  
 There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful  
 realm in awe,  
 And a kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

It was Tennyson who also wrote the poem "The Kraken", the following verses of which were cited by John Wyndham as an introduction to his science-fantasy novel "The Kraken Wakes":

"Below the thunders of the upper deep;  
 Far far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
 His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep  
 The Kraken sleepeth..."

... There hath he lain for ages and will lie  
 Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,  
 Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;  
 Then once by men and angels to be seen,  
 In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die."

Probably one of the earliest predictions of interplanetary explorations is to be found in John Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" (1660):

"Then we upon our globe's last voyage shall go,  
 And view the ocean leaning on the sky;  
 From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,  
 And on the lunar world securely pry."

(What a graphic image is being given in the second line! It is only from recently-made photos (made by rockets) that we can see how accurate it was!)

The following quotation by Thomas Hood is another vision of future interplanetary voyages:

"...Me thought I saw life, swiftly treading over  
 endless space..."

while a poem by Rudyard Kipling (1865 - 1936) is sounding like a hymn on the pioneers of interstellar space travel:

"Beyond the path of utmost sun, through utter darkness  
 hurled  
 Farther than ever comet flared or vagrant stardust swirled -  
 Live such as fought, and sailed, and ruled, and loved,  
 and made our world,

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where  
 Azrael's outposts are,  
 Or buffet a path through the pits' red Wrath when God  
 goes out to war.

Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a  
 red-maned star.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open  
 darkness hurled,

Further than rebel comet dared, or living star-swarm swirled,  
 Sits he with those that praise our God for what they  
 serves this world."



English poetry of recent times often is more pessimistic, which is to be seen from the following sad poem by Norman Nicholson about consequences of atomic warfare:

"Gathering sticks on Sunday"

If the man in the moor  
Gazing at the waning earth, watches  
How the frayed edge of the sunset catches  
Thimbles and nodules of rock,  
Hachureing distinct with threads of shadow  
All that is hammered flat in the earth's brass noon;  
And if he sees,  
New in the level light, like pock-  
marks on a face, dark craters,  
The size of acorn cups, or scars  
Vast as his own dried oceans, then  
He'll know that soon  
The living world of men,  
Will take a lunar look, as dead as slag,  
And moon and earth will stare at one another  
Like the cold yellow skulls of child and mother.

Another contemporary poet, John Buxten, gave us the following sad image of the inevitable end of earth:

"They say the earth some day must come to an end;  
The sun will burn to dust, and quiet cold  
Will grip the shrunken earth, and break its mould  
Which no new travelling sun will ever mend.  
The seas will all be ice no tide can rend,  
The fields be grey with rime, the cities hold  
Nothing but shatter'd walls; unseen, untold  
Will be her last days, which no man will tend."

To end with a hopeful prospect, let's be consoled by Eden Philpott, who believes that life will survive the death of his native planet:

"Home to Urania"

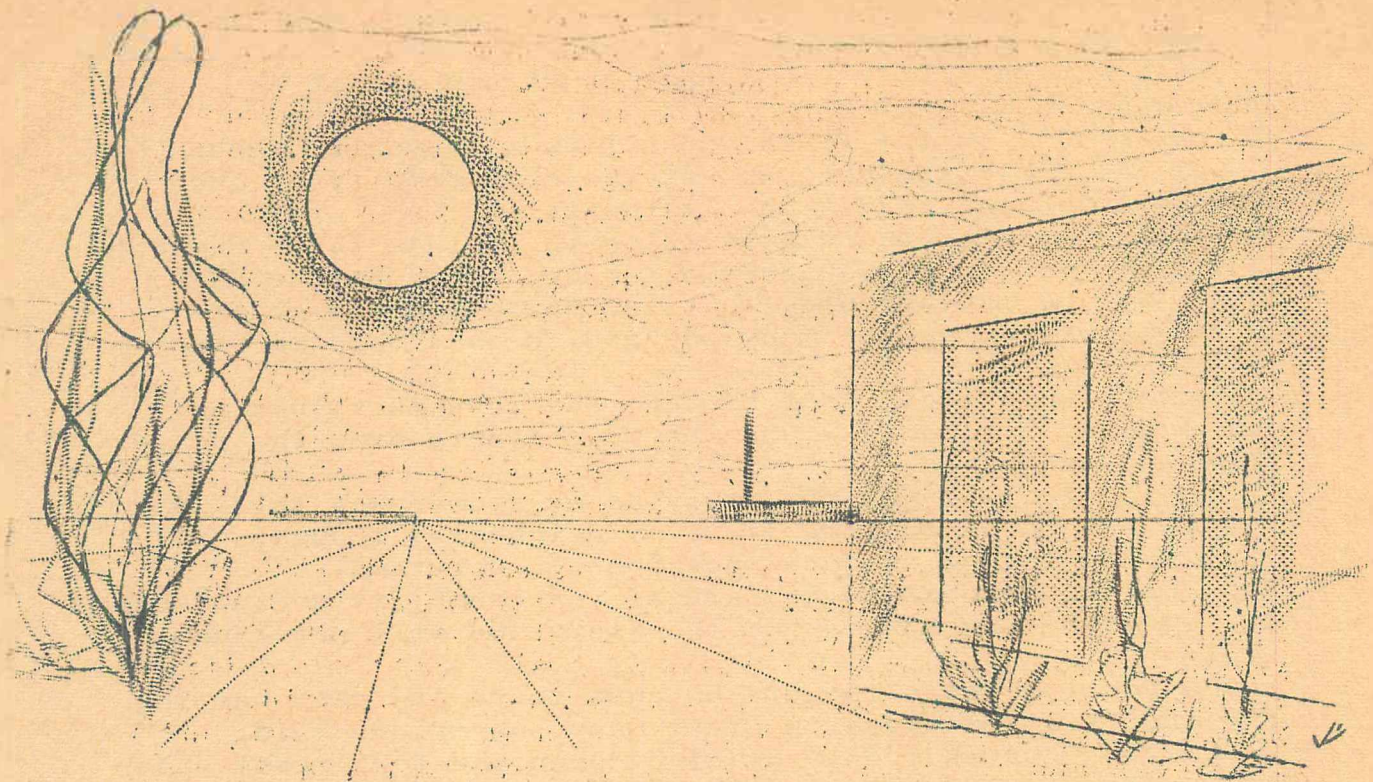
From all the duration, hoary age on age,  
Through the eternal fabric of the vast,  
Life wings upon her endless pilgrimage  
And universal journey from the past.  
Though change and death destroy her planet homes,  
To worlds newborn the vital spirit roams."

(SOL 26)

(+++ Anton Ragatzky will probably be known to you, for he has been active in international fandom for some time. Back in the mid-fifties he was busy building up Gerfandom, but now retired from the fannish scene.

The translation of the texts in-between the poems may not be good, as I did it in a hurry, but it are only the poems which are really important. I myself did follow the advice of Mr. Ragatzky and indeed found a lot of poems bearing science fiction traits. --tom +++)





This is a run of the mill-story,  
run of the mill for a time  
in which living-in-time is as boring as travelling the  
railways. You try a ticket and there you go.  
Only mostly it lasts but

twelve minutes and somewhat more

BY WOLFGANG JESCHKE

#### THE RUNWAY

stretched itself dozing under the sun.  
Kiara.  
Glistening heat.  
The dust flirred and made the few trees gray.  
At the border the TIMER aquatted yawning into the afternoon  
with its high windows.  
The wind slept.  
The TIMER entwined the souls in the currents of time.  
Hairthin threads and invisible, and the runway stretched  
itself dozing under the sun, the runway of Kiara.

#### I GOT

a roomer.  
You may say that's nothing special. Many have roomers;  
agreeable or unpleasant ones, but the one I've got is  
extraordinary. He lives together with me in one room, but I  
have never seen nor heard him.  
Actually heard.  
A pleasant roomer, you'll say now, but to me he is sinister.  
I have never seen nor heard him.  
Actually heard.



Only at night.

At night I can hear him.

He speaks very softly and I have to strain myself to understand him.

He says, he's in the TIMER and stricken in years, though not yet born. Him being here and at the same time tyre, and volcanic ash and leaves and stardust.

He says I'm an extraordinary telepath, seldom to be found.

I didn't know that. How should I know, then. But he must know, for he is very old, that is, maybe I'm his great-grandfather, a 'great' many-powered. He has told me his story.

At night, when I can hear him and the town is silent and rests under its roofs - and the moon floats over the rooftops and laughs.

I'm going to tell you the story as my roomer has told it to me.

I will beware of telling it to my neighbors, though.

They would laugh, because they won't understand.

But you are unknown to me. And if you laugh, it doesn't hurt me. Or maybe you understand the story and will not laugh at all.

Maybe you too got a roomer because there are many waiting for the first gateways. A great many, as my one said.

Maybe you hear them only at night when the town rests under its roofs and the moon floats over the rooftops.

Then you have to listen very closely.

At night.

#### KIARA AND GLISTENING HEAT

and in the front of the window the afternoon on the runway.

- It should rain, you know, Gin, a real rain and thunderstorm who leaps and dances and wets everything, really wets.-

He liked to say 'really' and was one of the last human officials.

He wore a sand-brown uniform and transpired.

The uniform was like the dust on the leaves and had dark sweat-stains.

- Thunderstorms are forbidden here, chief, because of the TIMER. Never any thunderstorms here. -

Gin was android and never transpired.

He was made of plastic and was a normal official.

- But I wish it would rain, in spite of all prohibitions.

Really rain, so that everything becomes wet. Can you imagine - everything really wet? I will hunt for a thunderstorm. A real thunderstorm. -

- Yes, chief! -

The ship dripped onto the runway and the loudspeaker startled the afternoon. He fled into the desert, and the big voice blared after him - up to the border, where the storehouses are situated, then returned to fade away.

The heat glistened and stayed.

Twenty minutes break at Kiara. After that - Vega, Aldebaran - and on.

The restaurant drove on the runway and settled itself.

It radiated freshness and was gay-coloured.

The customer wore his hair long and was lean. He looked strange, as if from distant places.

He put his suitcase on the counter and his shoes were dusty.



- A journey, please. -

His voice was soft, almost shy, like the voice of a little boy who wants to buy something big.

The voice was from far - as was his face.

- Where to? - Gin asked and punched the ticket.

- 17 346 before Zahatopolk, please. -

His shoes were dusty. He looked at them.

The man with the rain looked up.

- We have up to two years spread in this district. They have no bodies there yet and the return is possible only from 15 300 before Zah.

- I know. I'm prepared. I have orders. I... -

He was silent and counted the credits on the table.

- You have to wait 3000 up for your point of travel. 15 370 before Zah the TIMER will be discovered, but only from 15 300 gateways will be open upwards for travelers coming from us here. I recommend the Johannesburg Gate. The first useful TIMER since 15 275. Archeologists take Johannesburg. Never had any trouble with it. We get them safely back from there. -

- Have a good time! This way, please! -

The cabin closed.

Gin blew the gas into his face.

He began to float.

When the electrodes entered his brain gropingly, they were like the long, tender fingernails of a woman in one's hair.

He began to soar.

It got dark and cold and faster and faster.

Only the light touch of the woman's hand in his hair kept him, kept him so he did not fall, did not get lost in time. He soared on and on, to a point where the body was dust still, or tyre, or window-pane or dog or tree or stardust or all these things at the same time.

Now he sat in that cabin and his mind flew and soared on and on...

#### GLISTENING HEAT.

- Gin, did you ever see books, real books? He has some in his suitcase. Age-old books. -

He held them tenderly and smelled.

- They smell like I-don't-know-what.

They smell terribly old. -

The afternoon had dared to come to the runway again and strolled with soft winds about the foreign ship and the open shadowy tables of the restaurant.

- Chief! I've got it! -

- What? -

- 17 346 is the beginning of an old chronology of this planet. -

- So what? Maybe he's a space-travel historian and studies, what once... -

- I think then they hadn't any. -

- He must have something in mind, else he wouldn't wait so long. 3000 years just for pleasure - and without a body, too.

Naw - nothing for me. -

- I too'd like to go TIMING. -

He said it longingly.

- Well, it's not for androids. -



#### THE TIMER

had cast a thread and waited in the Johannesburg epoch.  
A woman's hand.

When the man arrived there, she bore him back through tyres,  
window-panes and trees, stardust, coldness and obscurity.

-- IT' S HIM AGAIN! --

- Wake him, Gin! I'm getting him a glass of water. He must  
have gone through something. --

When he got out, he limped.

He looked pale and lean and his shoes were dusty as 3000  
years ago.

- Nice work. No spread. Exactly twelve minutes. -

The official said to himself and smiled self-complacently.

The stranger rubbed his hands as if they were hurting him.

- You're limping? Had a good time or any trouble? -

- No, no -- everything went fine, as predicted --- everything. -

He looked around absent-mindedly and put the hand around the  
cool tumbler as if they were burning.

Then he drunk.

- Your ship leaves in three minutes. -

When he went, with his suitcase and his books, he already  
limped no longer. The mind had itself adjusted to the body,  
controlling, watching again.

The restaurant had waddled away and when the ship had jumped,  
the afternoon came closer again, hesitatingly, and spreaded  
himself with his stillness and basked in the sun.

The dust went with the wind and the few trees became even  
grayer,

#### HE HADN' T EMPTIED

the tumbler completely.

The official, who transpired, emptied it into his cupped ...  
hand and wetted his face.

- Gin! Inquire if there's a free channel to Manila. It will  
rain there. It always rains there. Nearly always. -

- Wilco, chief. -

His uniform was stained with dark splashes and large spots.  
Outside the runway stretched itself dozingly under the sun  
and the wind slept.

#### ON SUNDAY I WAS

at the institute- accompanied by my friend and his car, you  
know. I was not inside, naturally, just looked from afar.

Where they handle atoms, you are not allowed too close.

They do a lot there, but it' s still quite miserable.

My roomer has to wait for a long time, I'm afraid.

He doesn't care, however.

He waits for 2000 years now and can tell a lot.

I'm glad every day when I can hear him. It doesn't work  
always. Sometimes he's gone or I'm too tired or it's too  
loud.

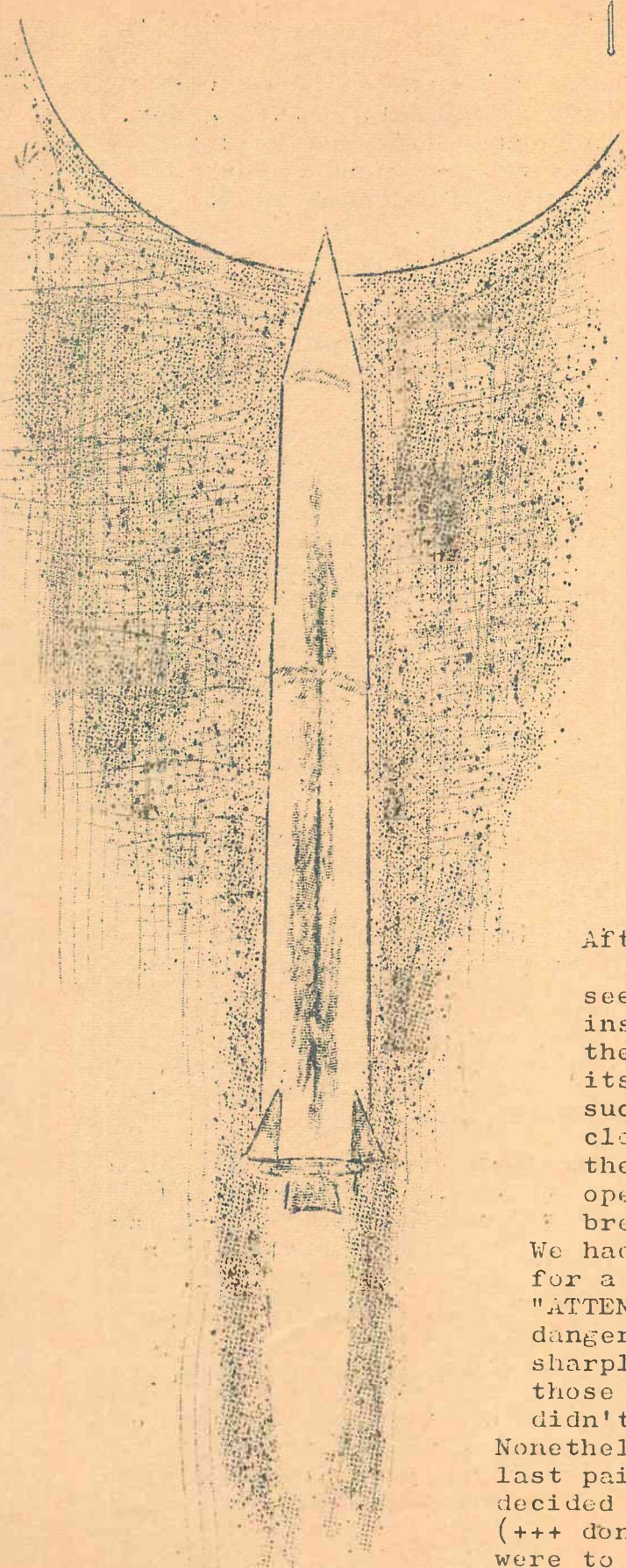
But when the town is quiet and rests under its roofs and the  
moon floats over the rooftops and laughs...

(SOL 14)



# The Meeting.

by Wolfgang Thadewald



It is quite a memorable day, this 3rd day of September, 1958. Extremely hot, and with a very blue sky above the eight of us very bad tempered persons. The reason for this being the fact that the President of the Science Fiction Club Deutschland, Walter Ernsting, had been able to speak to Wernher von Braun for nearly five minutes whilst we eight had to wait in a restaurant called "Zur Post", all of us being in the southern German town of Oberaudorf.

It was very depressing for us not to have seen this famous guest of Oberaudorf, who was visiting his parents here, for the weekend.

And then we had an idea! Why not look for Laurentius Road ourselves? Eight hearts beat irregularly, sixteen eyes suspiciously looked at each other to discover signs of excitement, whilst we drove through Oberaudorf in our "Bully". (Volkswagen bus for eight persons).

After some minutes we arrived. From the fact that there was nobody to be seen, we knew that there was somebody inside. That's always the same with these prominent people. The House # 14 itself is small and nice, like most such Bavarian houses. The curtains were closed and nothing was to be heard. Only the French window on the first floor was open, and from time to time, a soft breeze moved the curtains.

We had left our Bully and had begun to look for a guide for our group. The sign, "ATTENTION! BITING DOG!" seemed not to be dangerous: as the garden door was open, we sharply argued amongst ourselves, either those snappish dogs were bound, or they didn't even exist!

Nonetheless, some didn't want to risk their last pair of trousers, so it was finally decided that Guntram Ohmacht and Gerd (+++ don't even know the name myself -tom++) were to be our cats paws. They approached the house. The rest of us piled up behind the garden fence and watched. It was only later



that we learned about the events which transpired at the door. Let's let Gerd tell.

"I couldn't help it. Guntram pushed and pushed, being very glad to hide his 180 Pounds behind my 120. I felt rather giddy, so I don't know what exactly happened next. But we seemed to have knocked at the door, for it was suddenly opened. But only five inches. A face lacking any sign of welcome in it looked out at us, his eyes furiously blinking.

The old gentleman grumbled, "What do you want?"

It was apparent that this old gentleman wasn't Wernher von Braun, but after a short period of thinking I recognized Wernher's father. Guntram poked me in the side, provoking me to stammer some words in the direction of the door.

"Which newspaper do you come from?" he immediately queried.

But finally, after we had sworn that we had not been sent by any newspaper, that we would like to, we would be glad to, it would be very nice, we had come especially, etc., etc., the door was opened a bit more, and Wernher's father consoled us. Ja, that was different... He would try to get Wernher!

Guntram then pushed me back, until we could see our friends at the gate. They knew we had been lucky when they saw our faces. We then waited...

That was Gerd's report. After that somebody got the idea of obtaining autographs, there immediately ensuing a race to our Bully to get paper and pens.

Finally we saw the door of the house open and He came out --- the FBI-man. He passed us without smiling and leaned against the gate and watched us. Not a gun was to be seen.

The door opened for a second time, and this time it was really Him, Wernher von Braun. For the first time in our lives we met Wernher von Braun. His parents accompanied him out to see these strange fans of their son's.

Wernher showed his famous Boy's Smile whilst the Old Baron von Braun looked like nothing so much as the warrior before the battle. Only Wernher's mother seemed to happily smile.

Wernher hobbled a bit in his light brown trenchcoat, his hair slightly in disorder, leaning on a cane. He looked around and said, "Ah, you are from the Science Fiction Club, too? There has been a gentleman from that group here this afternoon." Wernher had evidently noticed the SFCD badges we were all sprouting.

We all immediately chimed in with the information that "the gentleman" had been our President, and that he had no knowledge of our presence here. He nodded at this, apparently satisfied.

Now some of began circling around, taking pictures of Wernher from all possible angles, whilst the rest of us started to engage him in conversation. A few shutterbugs probably wished for a helicopter with which to photograph him from above as well!

Wernher von Braun spoke slowly and accentuated his words as if he was speaking a foreign language. It was apparent that he



had spoken mostly English for some time now. His presence effected a certain calm about him and we all looked at him, fascinated, as he spoke. It was thrilling for us to speak to such a famous personage, and gratifying to note that there was nothing to be seen of that certain arrogant manner some young people and famous people often have. We were polite as we had never been before, I can assure you!

"So," Guntram suddenly stated, "And now, Herr von Braun, we'd especially appreciate it if you would allow us to take a few pictures of you standing with your parents, if you don't mind."

In the midst of this near-Holy hour, this lad was still able to quote a textbook full of technical terms about lighting, shade, background, subject, matter, photography and such related matters! Carefully Wernher leaned his stick against a wall and joined his parents by the side of the house. Though this seemed to give him some slight pain, he still smiled for our cameras.

Wernher's parents had been standing some yards away, watching us. The Baron's grim face hid his feeling perfectly, tho Mrs. von Braun didn't even try to hide them. Only a mother can smile that way!

After the photos had been taken Wernher rejoined us, with his parents coming a bit closer now. They seemed to have realized that we were not at all dangerous, even in our enthusiasm. Even the FBI-man tried to smile but gave it up, probably because it wasn't in the rule book.

We then brought the subject up of Wernher's illness, the cause of which was told us all in a humorous manner. He told how he was attending this International Astronautical Congress in Amsterdam, and there had occurred this terrible thing. He didn't mean the view of the lady but the events which occurred afterwards. This lady, he said, had lost some sheets of paper, just in the moment whilst he was looking at her half way turned round. Remembering protocol he immediately bent down and retrieved them for her. All this was done in a second, but enough to sprain the small of his back.

His advice? Never to help young ladies, he seriously commented.

We all laughed, even the FBI-man at the risk of his face cracking. We then told him that we had all seen him on the TV last night, praising him for his interview. Wolfgang not only praised him, but nearly patted him on the shoulder, but stopped himself, tho' Wernher probably wouldn't have been displeased about this.

Then somebody held up his ball point pen, and we all held out our papers to get autographs. Wernher, through long practice, instantly knew what we wanted. Smiling, he began to sign. It was very quiet, as he wrote, as we breathlessly watched the lines grow, until "Wernher von Braun" was to be seen. Wernher wrote onto postcards, books and most anything else that could be written upon. Wolfgang had succeeded in finding a copy of Wernher's pb "THE CONQUEST OF SPACE". We had all rummaged through Oberaudorf book-stalls, but only Wolfgang's revenue-instinct took him to the only copy in town.



When Wernher saw the pb, he asked, shock in his voice, "Oh, and what about this? I thought you only read Science Fiction?" We revealed all to him...

Wolfgang, who has to know everything exactly, asked, "In the book here we are told that your EXPLORER I had been launched in February 1958. But I thought it had been shot up in January!?"

Now Wernher began to explain that both Wolfgang and the book were right. It had been late at night, January 31st, in America, when EXPLORER I went up, while it had been February 1st in Europe already. We then learned quite a good deal of the time differences on earth, particularly those between Europe and America which happens to have nothing to do with the theories of Clark Darlton (+++ temporary sf-writer (German) who formerly constructed utopia theories on this subject -tom ++)

The old Baron began to warm up and participate in the conversation, with a short chortle. "Ja," he told us, "I haven't thought of this either at the time EXPLORER I went up." When I read about the launching of that satellite, I immediately ordered those American papers of the same date. Of course they were the wrong ones!" He smiled contentedly, and it was self-evident that he was quite proud of his son.

We spoke about many subjects, always shying away from Wernher's daily work. We didn't particularly want to put questions to him only to hear the well-known answers that filled the gusty interiors of our magazines. It was only later that we asked him about the moon-rocket, tho' he was unable to tell us any details. Which is perfectly understandable. (( Since then, the first stage of SATURN has been successfully fired, and Wernher is publicly pumping for the use of SATURN, a Space Station and all it entails instead of trying to reach the moon directly from the surface of the earth. -RIP ))

Much time had passed by the time Wernher finally shook hands with each one of us in turn, then went back in the house before heading back to Munich. Regretfully we said our good-byes. Would we meet again? He certainly has shook many hands with many people, but for us his gesture meant, "I was glad to have met you: We shall meet again." Maybe he didn't say that, but we felt it.

We wishes him a good journey, not only to Munich, but back to the States. Wernher turned, took his stick and entered the car. His parents followed him to the car, before it started to move away. After we had photographed this last scene, the car disappeared around the corner.

Half an hour later we were on our trip back, a handful of young people who had met their own idol, which is usually considered to be a superman, but which simply is a man.

SOL 10)

-----  
----- LONCON IN SIXTY-FIVE!  
-----

HANNOVER IN NINETY-NINE!



(+++ Now I want to put in a page of my own, maybe to make this 'zine a sort of personality-zine, even if it's only mine. I doubt if I have one, or if I ever get one, nor do I think that I could express it on stencil if I had one, as many of you faneds do over there.

I want to warn you, to begin with, the whole zine here is ztenfillde ba me, and you should blame me for all typos you'll undoubtedly find in masses. In addition, you'll probably not get the sense of all what is written in these freshly\_invented brackets of mine (+++ ++), because this is written as it comes into my mind, which sometimes is very strange in English-language matters, and why do huge MSS when it's as easy to write on stencils as it is on paper? (This wise exclamation is not by me, there has been some famous fan using this thought before..., but who was he? I cannot remember his name...)

Relating to the last piece by Wolfgang Thadewald (or "wth" as are his initials in SOL) I'd like to tell you that SOL 10 was a great success as a whole. It was planned as special issue, bringing two photopages and best material. And one of these (really excellently-reproduced) photopages did show the fruit of Guntram's reckless work in that nearly Holy hour, did show that it is not useless to have all important rules of photography in mind even if most important things are happening. And so he produced an excellent gallery, showing Wernher von Braun in all poses, surrounded by one, two, three, and more fans, besides his parents, alone, smiling, signing, with really proud people all around him. And why should they not be proud of having met such an important person? Wolfgang still has his pb CONQUEST OF SPACE, and he and Guntram often tell of this historic event, when they beat their own President...

I have often wondered if you will like the contents of this SOL-READER. I know that it is impossible that all of you be content, because each of you may like other ingredients of fannish life, each of you may have other interests in fandom. And as addressing quite a large fan-audience with naturally wide-spread opinions, I tried to give a varied contents. I tried to bring a cup of tea for everyone, not leaving the general line SOL has always been following. SOL of today is neither sercon nor sercon, but tries to content both, fannish and serious constructive fans. We are able to do this, because we have to fill 80 pages every other month. SOL is the second-oldest still-existing German fanzine, SOL 30 finished the 5th year of publication. During this time SOL always was in the hands of several fans in different towns, who each work on different "ressorts". And so we are able to put in really good pieces about stf, as well as the reprint version of John Berry's The Goon Goes West, named WESTWARDS NO. John writes an extra-version for us, urging Eddie Jones to do excellent heading illos, and so we've been trying to bring a small part of your fandom into contact with our reader's. From SOL 31 upwards I'll start something like a column on your fandom and for this I'll try to get some famous writers of yours, telling their opinion on their fandom in general. (So watch letters by me!) In addition, Chuck Devine had a oneshot about his SeaCon-trip, and now our international activity is continued by publishing this. Chew it or die!

-tom+++)



Shalima Shyuna:

# MECHANICAL ROMANCE

Wilfried, the little robot, had run away. Right away. Somewhere. Of course, Wilfried knew well where he was and also why, but the stocky man looking for him didn't know. Not yet!

Wilfried had left the town far behind him. He had tramped the whole night through, though occasionally when the road was smooth, he had let his wheels out and could then move faster. This, however, did not happen often. And now he was here in the midst of an enormous desert of fine sand. The seashore. Wilfried had never been on a shore before but he knew that a shore must look like this. Now some sand had got into his gears, and he carefully unscrewed his feet and put the matter right. Safety! He had to hide somewhere.

A gigantic basket chair crouching in the darkness of a moonless night and groaning slightly under the steady breeze seemed to him at the end of his long flight from reality to offer the best refuge for the unreality of his mechanical love affair.

The shimmer of a human smile was on his face as he opened the small box in which she lay, bedded in a beautiful oily rag. She! Yes, there she lay in her smooth rounded beauty, giving out a friendly tick-tock. She kept on ticking for him and suddenly Wilfried no longer felt so alone but strangely comforted by her presence.

With curiosity he took another look at her, lying there so naked in front of him and hiding nothing of her shining exterior. And there was the knob. One only needed to press it and her inside lay open to him. She seemed to enjoy the caress so much that she devoted herself to him and did it again and again. Now what was life without her! It was nothing, a barren, boring, and senseless life.



But she was able to fill it with her beautiful form, her delicate gears and her undisturbed friendly ticking, clickety-click, tick-tock. He stroked her lovingly. Here was peace, here they could be alone and could live for love. And how much he loved her!

Hours of sheer happiness were theirs, one minute more beautiful than the last whilst his love continued to grow and she gave him ever more, making him drunk with happiness the while her body was the aim and content of his mechanical life, of his tiny life, willed and controlled by others. If only they did not find him to bring him down from the throne of his ever increasing sensual delight.

How beautiful was life, gorgeous, wonderful with his all consuming but so rewarding love! The world around! What did that mean? But love! The surrounding world was something one did not need when one had love, love such as she gave Wilfried and to which she responded. Bodily love. For mechanical love can only be bodily love, it cannot pass from heart to heart, for neither of them had a heart. Oh, if only they did not find him!

Inside him there was a humming tone, had been there as long as he could think. For him it was a comforting and friendly noise, but in truth deceptive and treasonable, stretching its arms out and calling for help. For it was a directional transmitter. But Wilfried did not know it. His love made him blind, deaf, and his mechanical senses failed him. For him and for his love there was no surrounding world, no reality. And that was his mistake.

And so next morning the stocky man found him without difficulty and with some annoyance he picked up the eight inch robot and also with mild surprise his pocket watch.

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(SOL 7)

(+++ This fiction-piece, as that by Harald Kressler before, may not have been everybody's cup of tea, not to mention Wolfgang Jeschke's...er, how to call it...story. (I just don't seem to come off that word "piece" in my ramblings...this is not intended to mean anything bad). But these three pieces (damn!) I found best. We had much fiction in our 30 SOLs, but I thought them most useful for this noble auditorium. I don't want to start a discussion about the question if things like these are right in a fanzine in general, but I wanted to show you that they're part of the fanzines in Germany.

Harald's story is a 'mood-piece', as someone told to me, whilst Wolfgang Jeschke's TWELVE MINUTES AND SOMEWHAT MORE is somewhat more, indeed. Back in 1958, when SOL 14 came out, I read it four times to get the sense of it, but then I found it wonderful; maybe you just try to do the same rather than throw this product of my sleepless nights (I mean SOL-READER!) in some far corner at the first glance. In German Jeschke managed to bring a certain rhythm of language into his story, which naturally was difficult to be transposed into English, but you may still see this from the outer appearance which resembles to verses. Wolfgang Jeschke himself is maybe 25 years old now, and is studying theology and "Germanistik" at Munich University.







# The next Stage

a contemplation by Dieter Gerzelka

Speculation concerning the future is risky unless it is developed from a firm basis of proved facts. These basic facts have been proved if they are compounded of factors which do not conflict with one another and which are incontrovertible.

If we now ask which is the next step in a development sequence of which the last stage is man, one can by analysis of the previous history and its causes find a sufficiently secure basis on which to predict a definition of that which follows Man. The philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer in his teachings has given us a version of the development of the world which is very useful for answering our question.

Any material is nothing else but the embodiment of a will acting within it, which is the primary factor of the world. This embodiment of the will has in the history of the world passed through several stages of which Man so far is the latest. In particular Schopenhauer distinguishes the following stages:

At the initial stage the embodiment of the will to live was confined to inorganic nature, and during this period the titanic battle of chemical elements coming into contact with one another not only shaped our Earth, but also the suns, the nebulae, and milky ways. Each electron circling about an atomic nucleus and each elemental particle is subject to this blindly acting will and its embodiment. The existence of unalterable physical basic laws shows us its infallibility at this lowest stage.

The next higher stage is manifested to us in the vegetable world which, however, is far from having any form of perception and only reacts to external stimulation. The will to live is demonstrated by the fact that the plants seek their most favourable conditions such as for instance, sunlight, and if this is absent they turn away or defend themselves.

Following the flora the next stage is the fauna or animal world. This already rather highly developed embodiment of the will to live could not exist if it had to depend for its necessary nourishment on the mere reaction to external stimulation, for here the nourishment is closely circumscribed and the likelihood of finding it is very small. In this case the will to live has created an accessory in the form of the brain which gives the animal the faculty of perception. It is the first creation to be conscious of its surroundings, to recognize danger and to adjust itself accordingly. Now here we reach the limit of the infallibility of the will which in the inorganic field was a law of Nature; for whilst the animal is conscious of its surroundings it is also exposed to deception and errors.

As the final stage of the embodiment of the will we now have Man. This creation, extremely sensitive, complicated, and exposed to innumerable dangers and also because of its high degree of



specialisation troubled by innumerable needs is the only creature endowed with reason. In addition to the ability to recognize and understand, this gives him the possibility to conceive ideas and thus to think in the abstract. In his thinking he can take account of the past and the future, can thoughtfully consider the results of actions and decisions which go beyond the simple recognition and unconscious instinct. The infallibility of the will which already in the case of the animal life could be affected by illusions is now completely lost. The conscious abstract consideration of an action can lead to mistakes if one or other decisive point is overlooked or not paid sufficient attention.

Thus Man with his gift of reason is unable to completely and finally satisfy the eternal and boundless endeavour of the will to maintain life. All the weapons which Man can bring to bear against death are only illusory and delaying. Any fight with the means created by reason thus serves finally only for the preservation of the individual and consequently of the species.

What then would be the nature of the next stage of this development series?

Since it is the endeavour of all matter to maintain itself and since Man has been endowed with reason, the final means, subject to the will, to enable him to achieve this aim as nearly as possible and since he cannot completely reach it because he himself is subject to material law and thus to the continued battle for existence, some creation must arise which is completely independent of matter. (Other more or less authoritative science fiction writers have already dealt with this subject. A brilliant and so far as I know unsurpassed example of this is A.C. Clarke's novel "Childhood's End".)

It is impossible to anticipate if and when such a being will ever be produced. There is, however, no obvious reason to the contrary; for why should a development series once commenced and which already has passed through several stages of the will to live with an ever higher state of development suddenly cease at a still imperfect stage?

This next creation independent of the laws of matter would then so far as we can understand be the last in this series of development since, having reached absolute independence of its surroundings, the will to live which then will require no battle for existence will have become obsolete and superfluous. The creature would thus have to be without material substance, for, as already stated above, the material substance is the embodiment of the will to live and thus the cause of all battles.

What then would remain would be an unsubstantial purely perceptive form of life, without any needs or requirements. (Stanley G. Weinbaum's "Lotus-eaters" are thus, seen from our point of view, absurdities, creatures still in the second stage of development whose will to live is merely a blind urge reacting only to external influences, though equipped with a perfected faculty for perception, but without the sense to produce a conscious abstract thought. In saying this, I do not deny that such a development might be possible, but in that case



I would remark that they would have to be built on a quite different superhuman basis )

Immense aeons of time would have to pass before this stage can be reached. Meanwhile Man is likely to develop further and with the aid of progressive technical science and continuous extension of his consciousness investigate the depths of space and make contact with extraneous intelligences. Nevertheless he will still remain Man; for a development in this regard will still not represent an elevation to a higher stage of being. It will merely help him by means of a steadily growing development of reason and by corresponding, planning and deliberation so far as possible to satisfy the will and urge to live.

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(SOL 6)

Shalima Shyuna.

## The Leg

Space burst open in a blaze of flame, glowing bodies of living cells entered the atmosphere, then came to earth and revealed themselves as enemies!

Martians? Maybe. At any rate, unable to destroy them, fright and horror, panic and flight ruled the earth. But they caught one, a hoary, hard-faced cold looking man, Old Jim of Texas!...

They led him into a room of one of their spaceships, their red globish bodies nothing but bizarre shiny faceless menaces. But their thoughts came through clear, and evil their demands were...

"We're students. Let yourself be dissected, give us one leg, say, and you can save the earth." Hard lines wrinkled briefly in a slight ironic smile, and Jim gave a short "Yes!" to the shiny globules.

A sharp yellow beam projected from a globule and severed the leg, without anesthesia. Old Jim leaned back and remained silent while the globules took his severed limb.

Later, while the strange vehicles seemed to become ablaze once more and lifted up, away from earth, carrying their round passengers, dignitaries came from near and far to acclaim this hero of earth. Jim didn't mind being feted and honoured. He just gave a cheerio for the last two World Wars and swore that he'd have to buy himself a new artificial leg tomorrow.

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(SOL 16)

(+++ These are the last pages, readers, but I don't want to close up without having mentioned another project of mine which may already be known to several of you. It's something like a calendar which I'll publish around November. This being called MAZE was a great success last year, bringing 18 illoes by artists from Germany and abroad, such as Eddie Jones, Pierre Versins,



Bo Stenfors, Dick Schultz, and a lot of German artists. For MAZE '63 I already have got a lot of nice things, which will be even better than last year. I offer MAZE '63 as a trade item for one copy of your fanzine appearing around December, too. How about that? Mebbe you can add in your LoC that you're interested, so I know-... Sorry for using SOL-Reader as an advertising field, but I couldn't help...

So, folks, that's it, now don't be lazy and do something! Write, review, or send something in return, if you think it's worth the money... I, for my part, thought that you were worth our money...

Have a nice time, and remember: I want to swim in letters! Cheerio,

*Tom*

=====

You got this because of various reasons, some of them being:

~~X~~ ... I like you

...you've already sent me copies of your fanzine.

~~X~~ ... I sincerely hope that you'll do something for this: write a LoC, please, show some reaction!

... you're a faned.. Please send me a trade-copy of your fanzine, but not too dated!

... you are one of the helpers.

... Es ist ein Beitrag von Ihnen in diesem Fanzine, den wir (ohne um Erlaubnis zu fragen) übersetzt haben. Können Sie uns noch einmal vergeben? Sämtliche weiteren Rechte bleiben Ihnen selbstverständlich unbenommen.

... you are attending the annual British EasterCon at Harrogate, and you just could not get out of my way, so I threw this copy at you. Or did you steal it...? But you ought to show reaction, too!!

... you are Forrest J. Ackerman to whom this is dedicated.

... Sie haben diese englischsprachige Ausgabe SOL bestellt, bitte beachten Sie beiliegende Zahlkarte!

your own!

... make up a reason of

... you have such a nice address!

..... anything else.....

=====

All letters should be addressed to Thomas Schlueck

HANNOVER

Altenbekener Damm 10  
Western Germany.

Fanzines, bombs, and other nice surprises should be directed to the same address. Published in April 1962