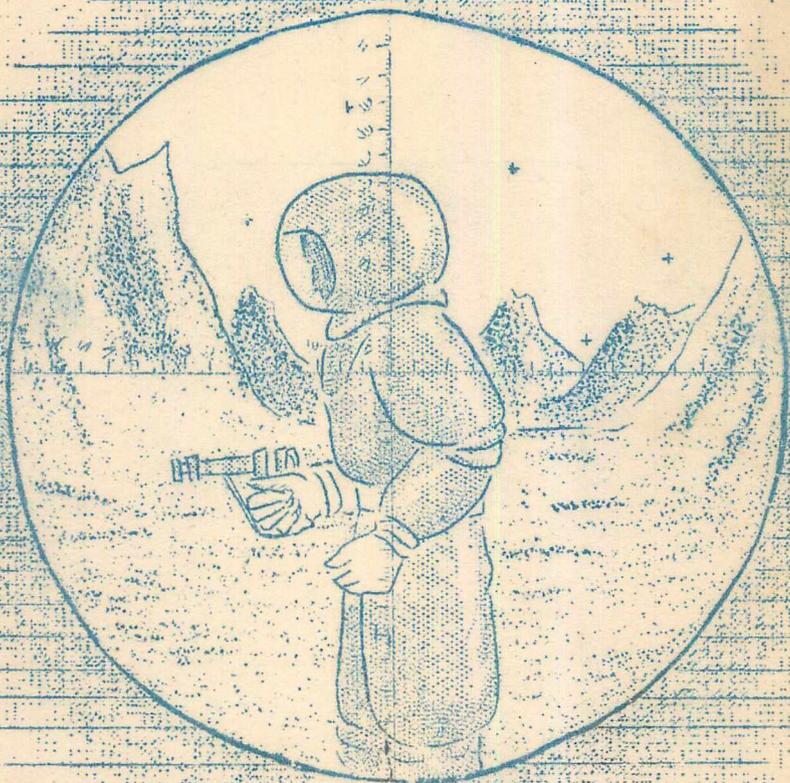


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SOL VII
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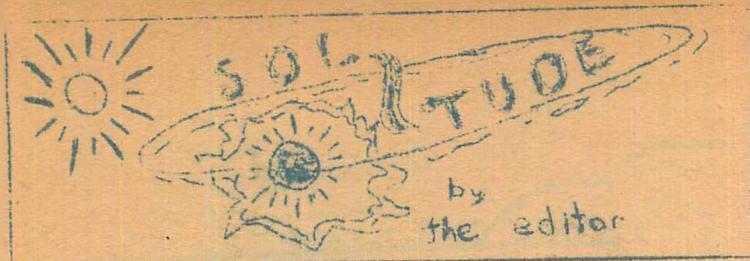
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It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan!

Especially when one publishes fanzines. We are finding that out. This issue is 42 pages, which is 8 more than the annish could boast, 'though that didn't have a letter column. If you don't think that occupies time, your mistaken. This week SO is being mimeed along with two FAPA 'zines, and our outside interests have dwindled to non-existence. To make are fate complete, we now have a wire-order and we're wiresponding, plus fooling around with the thing between stencils. We don't even read science fiction any more, due to lack of time. We've also stopped correspondence. What does that leave us? There's wiresponding, FAPA and fan publishing, going into N.Y. every other week to a fan club, and hacking out work for school. Outside of eating and sleeping that is our rut. But it's a nice comfortable rut, and we don't mind it in the least. In fact, it's fun. I guess I'll have to wait awhile before becoming the man of the world I'm planning to be.

He PLANS ARE BEING MADE for October 25, for a fan session at our humble abode. Five Ridgewood and surrounding fans will be present for the making of a wirecording and publishing of a FAPA fanzine. The fanzine will be circulated free to all our friends, so if you consider your self a friend, drop us a line and we'll send you a copy. Any fans owning wirerecorders let us know and we'll send you the wire. It will be similar to the WILD HAIR sessions held by Durbee and Laney. (Anyone interested in private wirespondence

with us can just send us a wire). These five fans could almost be considered a club, as all we need is a name and a purpose. I have a feeling we can do without both.

APOLOGIES IN ORDER for our con report. If it seems to speed up a bit after the first 4 pages it is because we were cramped for room. We also made the mistake of writing most of it a month and a half after the con so we might be a little confused on the dates of the night-parties. Please forgive us.

WE STAND ACCUSED: Of emulating Quandry. Joe Samenovich blasts off at us for being a small size version of Fandoms Leading Swampzine in his fanzine "Renaissance" as does Ed Wood in our letter column this issue. We can't see any distinct resemblance outside of Lee's own column. At least we're trying to steer away from emulating it, (I think you'll notice quite a difference in this issue) as we may have done in the past. If you're afraid SOL hasn't a personality of its own let us know. We'll be glad to tell you off.

That's about it this time. We'll be looking forward to your replies although we haven't the time to answer them personally.

See you before Christmas if all goes well.

Dave Ish.

OUR HYPERHEARING AUTHORS

"When sound rate vibrate between 16 and 30,000 vibrations per second they are audible."

-The Galcophone by Alan Nelson,
F&SF, Aug. '52

We don't know about you chum, but we can't hear a damn thing over 20,000.

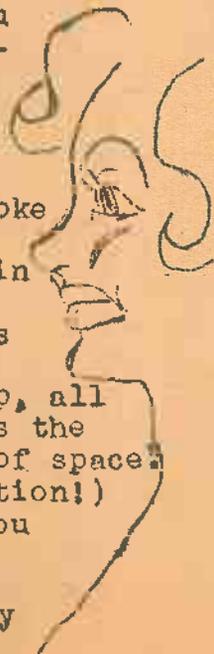
SEX AND/OR SCIENCE FICTION

by

DAVE HAMMOND

In writing an article of this type, it is necessary to know something of your subject. Well, I am a science fiction fan and that, of course, qualifies me for just about anything. Doesn't it? Let's be democratic and take a vote on this question. Since it concerns only science fiction fans we'll limit the vote to them. Science fiction fans, don't you agree that fans represent a group of people with an extremely high intelligence and a well developed sense of humor? And, furthermore, aren't we science fiction fans bonafide experts on almost any subject? Rather than be deafened by a volley of throaty assents to my questions I will merely ask the fans if any of them disagree. I've been listening for five minutes and haven't heard one! That settles the point. I am an expert.

In reading science fiction you've got to be in the right frame of mind. You can't be like the space cadet who-- I'll tell you. There were three space cadets (Or, if you wish, three soldiers, three sailors, boy scouts or bems---I just used space cadets to make a science fiction joke out of it) taking an examination. The examining doctor took a fountain pen from his pocket and held it before the first cadet. "What does that make you think of?" he asked. "That makes me think of a spaceship, all silver and gleaming, blazing across the endless void and boundless wastes of space. (This kid evidently had an imagination!)" "Very good," says the doc. "And you (obviously referring to the second cadet), what do you think of?" "I think of a space torpedo like I may



someday, if I pass my examination, use against the Capellans (This character is apparently a brown naser)." "How patriotic!" gasped the doctor in awe, patting the second cadet on the head. "And, you, the third cadet, what do you think of?" "I think of sex," said the third cadet. The doctor smiled wanly and reached into his pocket and pulled out his handkerchief. "What does this make you think of?"

The first cadet smiled, took a deep breath, and said: "It makes me think of the beautiful nebulosities and the awesome sweep of the galaxy." "Nobly said," said the doctor, taking a sentimental sniff into the galaxy. The second cadet said: "I think of that handkerchief as an irresistible force like our own space navy, in which, if I'm lucky, I may soon be, ready to swoop down and surround the Capellan suns and prevent their filth from exploding into the pure universe." "A bit vague, but brilliantly conceived," was the doc's terse comment. "And you, my third cadet, what do you think of when I sweep this handkerchief in front of your eye?" The cadet's expression didn't flicker. "I think of sex," he said.

The doctor was frankly confused. He sent the first and second cadets from the room. "Now, lad," he said, "why does the sight of my fountain pen and handkerchief make you think of sex?" The cadet smiled: "I ALWAYS think of sex."

Now, when you read science fiction, you can't believe that. You can't think of spaceships and phallic symbols. It isn't done. You must allow the story to develop in itself and not go hunting for the sex sequences.

For sex it is necessary to have to people (supposing them to be human beings) preferably

 "I know what you mean."

of the opposite sex. Now, when they meet, or when they appt, there is liable to be some sex involved. We d.n't have to be afraid of any sex development in the time from parting to greeting because the necessary proximity is lacking; and nothing destroys a good sex sequence more than having the two main characters miles or (in a science fiction story) parsecs apart. Consider what Blue-nosed Bill was telling a bunch of the green kids from earth in that little bar on Barkside, Mercury last trip:

"Well, boys, there we both were in bed and I says, 'Venus Nell, howabout you and I getting married?' Nell sorta yawned and said, 'What a thing to say. Why do you think I'd want to marry you?' I says, 'I was sort of hoping. I suspected that you liked me (At this point all the kids in the bar started snickering and one of them handed Bill another glass of 'Martian Zip-juice').' 'Maybe I do,' said Nell, 'but just a little.' 'That's something anyway,' I ppined; 'Now howabout marryin' me in the mornin'?' 'No', came the answer, 'an' thats final.' Then, boys, the gal hung up on me."

So you see, propinquity is an absolute essential.

Now, Let's consider one of those off-color epics, these salacious sagas. During the fourties there was on particular serial that badly strained the morals of its readers. Of course, I don't dare to use his name for obvious reasons; at any rate, this character no longer appears in his magazine (Probably discontinued due to trouble with the postal censors). I'll quote an especially sordid sequence using a different name--let's just call him 'The Captain'.

Consider the scene. Twilight is falling quietly (which is rather odd when you come to

Say, what's all this sex business about?

Think of it.) and the early stars are starting to twinkle on in the blue-black sky. In the background the silver length of a gleaming spaceship rises, ready to take off on a mission against the deadly hordes of Sirius' dark star. In the foreground is a girl, a typically beautiful, dazzling young girl. Standing beside her is the Captain. He breaks the star-shot stillness:

"Jean, this may be the last time I'll ever see you. It is only my ship and my three trusty friends, Catmeal, Crackle, and the Vacuum against the millions of space ships of the Sirians and their dozens of mysterious weapons. Our chances are barely two to one."

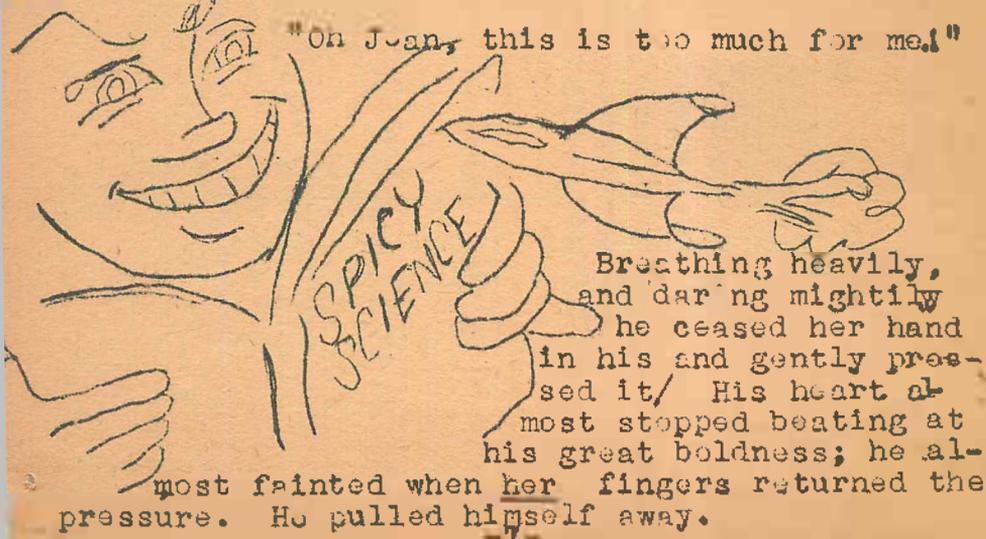
"I know--darling."

The captain drew back in sudden amazement.

"Jean, you said, 'darling'. This is sudden. You can't mean it. I'll pretend I did not hear you say it. It's too much for me to hope for. It must be the excitement of the moment."

"It's not--dear!"

"Oh Jean, this is too much for me!"



"Farewell my darling," he said. "I shall destroy the Sirians with ease; I shall conquer worlds for you. Farewell!"

"I'll see you around," said the girl.

There, you see? I hope that printing the above on ordinary paper is safe. I could have suggested asbestos. Some people may wonder why I would dare to print the above in this article that might possibly fall into the hands of adolescents. My purpose is to reveal the astounding depths of sensational sex writing that used to be called science fiction. I hope I haven't offended anyone.

Anyway---why are people so interested in sex? After all, what's sex? Isn't it just the sum of three and three? I'd rather have planets and spaceships and adventures and good stuff. Down with sex! Down with girls!

That's right: Down with girls! And when we get them down....

But you have probably lost the thread of the entire article and I'm probably wasting my valuable time so I'll leave you. You don't appreciate intellectual discussion anyway. Probably too interested in sex.

*Dave Hammond. (also illustrated by same.)

LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE FAN WORLD
(Embarrassing handicap division)

"David labors under many handicaps, one of which is Marion Bradley."

-From Planetoid #1

Are you with us, Towner?

CALIFORNIA

"Say something erudite."

This, of course, is Lee Hoffman at the typer. And this is supposed to be a column. And this issue, I have a bit of news about Savannah Fandom.

Well you may know, for a couple of years now, I've been active in fandom. And maybe you knew that back in the mid-Forties, Walt Kessel and Fred Werth were active publishers, who produced 9 issues each of COSMIC JUST and LUNA PONO, before the Army brought an end to their fancy.

And, of course, there are the numerous and unchartered hordes of readers who buy the stuff off the stands. But that is by no means all.

If you're up to date on fan publishing, (and who is nowadays?) you know that there is Charles Wells, now publishing Fiendette, a nicely dittoed mag with a lithoed cover.

But there was another fan back in the very late '40's of whom you may or may not have heard. Namely, George Warren, who was not too active during his short sojourn in fandom. He was a member of the NSF but

to my knowledge, he never published, and did very little corresponding. And as best I can discern, he is completely out of things now.

And now the news: Yesterday I was conversing over the phone with one Paul Rosenberg, who has been a reader for some years now, and has finally decided to take the last long and horrible step into personal tragedy. He wants to join the ranks of fendom.

The man responsible for putting me in touch with Paul is Lynn Hickman, who dropped me a line with his address not long ago.

And for frosting on the cake (or that last straw, as depends on your point of view) Hunter Air Force Base, which is three or four miles from Savannah, will soon be playing host to one Russell Watkins, of DAWN/THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR fame, not to mention the CCF, which we won't mention here.

But on the negative side of the board, Fred Werth is going off to the U of Ga to study so he won't be here. We shall miss him.

Well, that's a tally up of Savannah fans as of the moment of this writing. By the time you're reading this, the town may be cluttered with them.

Speaking of foolish actions, I am in the market for LeZombies and Pogos. I am so desperate that I will spend money (spelled m-o-n-e-y) for them. Let me know what you've got and what you want for it. My address is as follows:

Lee Hoffman
101 Wagner St
Savannah, Ga.

And I hope Dave doesn't object too strenuously to my advertising in the column.

Hoffman (3)

On this happy note we (meaning me) will
leave you for the present.

---Lee Hoffman



"...ragged and domed..."

CALLIOPISTS!

for the proper replacement of worn:
or defective parts *call*

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO

Maintainance Department

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Steam calliopes sent by parcel post must bear
sufficient postage or they will not be accepted
by this office. All steam calliopes should be
accompanied by return postage.

Steam calliopes sent from foriegn countries to
the Fort Mudge offices should be accompanied by
English translations.

-advt.

"He has a morbid fear of being conflagrated by Jim Wobbert"

GRRR

By
A. Vincensed
Clarke

Put that lollipop down and listen to me, Dave. I don't mind being regarded as a pseudonym of Willis... (SOL 6) And I'll even pass over being included in a general classification on 'not quite so good as Him'. (WILLUSH)...after all everybody is entitled to their own opinion, however crassly stupid, mistaken, fuggheaded and intellectually inept the are/it is. You've only got to compare a drawing of Walt:-



:-with one of Bob Shaw,



and one of James White:-



:- with Chuck Harris and



myself

to see how absurd this talk about sameness of identity is. We're living in a semantic reality, not a Van Vogt yarn, you know.

BUT, may I be everlastingly tied to a beanle-prop and spun at 20G if I let you get away with (1) misprinting Ken BILMER's name and (2) misprinting my address. WAW may jeer at mailmen and leave bombs in mailboxes, but in our more advanced culture we have some sympathy with the poor guy who has to tote a letter from the U.S. to Wellington, New Zealand, only to find out that through YOUR error he has gone 12,000 miles out of his way, and that he wants Welling, Kent, England. (There are three small Wellintons here, but none within 200miles.)

It's bad enough getting mail re-addressed from London, Canada, and the Bho; Himself has already mentioned INQUANDRY the letters that try to reach Belfast, Iceland, but to think that we may miss some egoboo 'cos you need a new pair of glasses is too much. We are not annoyed...just terribly, terribly enraged.

But we all make mistakes don't we? Only some lay'em on with a steam shovel.

VINCENT CLARKE

GERRY DE LA REE

As is the case with many fans, I can't quite remember when my interest in science fiction and fantasy originated. The idea of space flight and thoughts of the future just seem to have always been part of my general makeup.

Among the first books I ever read were Wells and Verne. Fact of the matter is, I had an aversion to books until I was around 12. Until that time I had the idea that movies were the big thing.

It took me less than two years, reading at a normal rate, to exhaust the limited science fiction and fantasy supply of the local public library. Said supply consisted of Wells, Verne, Poe, Burroughs, and a few others.

Just when I thought I'd reached the end of the reading trail, (dreamer that I was) I stumbled onto sf pulp magazine form. While it would only have been a matter of time until I found it, I still must give Ray Palmer the credit, for it was his re-wamped Ziff-Davis AMAZING that caught my eye late in 1938. It wasn't long until I'd discovered ASTOUNDING and TWS. Like most young enthusiasts, I devoured every word in every issue that came along.

The appearance on the scene 1939 and 1940 of a dozen or so new sf publications started me on the road to becoming a collector. I never did throw away a magazine I bought, but it wasn't until around 1940 that they really began to pile up and look like something.

Around this time a few friends and myself started a small sf club in Westwood, N.J. called the Solaroid Club. Rod Gaetz and Roy Plotkin were the only other members with anything akin to a sincere interest in fantasy. The three of us started the fanzine SUN SPOTS, which went through quite a few issues.

Later, Ben Gaetz and Plotkin moved front town. I took over SUN SPOTS myself and turned out a handful of fairly decent issues, partially erasing the horrible memories of our more juvenile efforts.

Around 1945, 1946, and 1947 I conducted a number of fan polls on a variety of subjects, ranging from "Most popular author, fan, artist, etc." to a pair of "space flight" polls.

Took another brief fling at fan publishing in 1948 with two issues of a fiction-poetry mag called LOKI. The mimeograph machine, a \$14 Sears-Roebuck job bought on time payments back in '40, finally seemed to be giving up the ghost, so I gave it to Sam Moskowitz, who gave it a shot in the arm and is still turning out material on it.

Today I'm mainly a collector. Have some 2,000 magazines and probably 800 or 1,000 books. In the past year I've been selling mags and books, more as a hobby than a money maker.

As to personal data: Born September 7, 1924, in Oradell, N.J.; spent 24 years in Westwood, N.J., where I was married in 1948. After living for 1½ years in Hackensack, N.J., bought a home one mile away in River Edge. Have worked for Hackensack daily newspaper, The Bergen Evening Record, since 1944 and am now night sports editor. I'm 5-11, 170 pounds, brown hair, worn crew cut style, and don't wear glasses -- yet. My full name is Gereaux de Forrest de la Fee, John V. Baltidonis, a Philadelphia fan, tagged me with the "Gerry" nickname for the first time back in '40.

-Gerry de la Fee

EDITORIALS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

"We feel like a huge fat spider caught in its own web."-

-Fantastic Worlds No. 1

THE TENTH ANNUAL WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION was, undoubtedly, the biggest one yet. Well over 1000 people in attendance. And a few fans. Of course, I attended. Dave suggested I write a report on it -- but I haven't any notes, and am possessed of -- for memory -- to suppose, instead, I bring to light a problem; not a solution, you understand -- just the problem. Really, I'm a little undecided myself as to what is the best way out of this -- tho I know what I'm going to do, perhaps you have a different idea; one better, for fandom. Anyway --

First, there were too many at the Tasfic. Too many for a 'fandom' convention, that is. Just about right for a science-fiction con. Is the trend going to be towards more of this type convention? Are the fans going to loose control of the annual cons? --or

--or have they already?

What do you want? Would you be satisfied with regional conventions for social stuff, and have the yearly cons be actual Science-Fiction cons, with the emphasis on Spreading the Word? Have the yearly things for them people who like to go and stare at Real, Live, Pros? Meet publishers? A time when fan can tag along if they want to; wheels within wheels.

Why shouldn't the yearly affairs become Big Business? All of s-f is turning that way. The stories themselves have been radically changed so that they will have General Appeal; you no longer read the type of story that most Outsiders would read and then say, helplessly, "But what's it all about?"

Maybe that's good.

But, in the general broadening, most of what used to make up the aura of s-f has been lost. They're trying to write stories that everyone can understand, now. And in the general change, fandom has changed, too. And, as fandom changed, so too the cons.

Originally, weren't cons just for fans and pros to get together and have fun? Wasn't the idea just for social stuff? Shoot the breeze, compare notes, and so

till, so many regionals have sprung up -- the InLaCon - the Westercon -- the Bufflocon -- why not have those for fen, and give the pros the yearly affair; let them organize it, use it for their publicity and for furthering s-f. Of course, if the fans and the pros could cooperate to put on a convention aimed at both pros and fen, it would be best -- but can they?

'Well, we've got Philadelphia coming up. Let's wait and see...

.....

AT THE MORRISON HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL

ringzzzzzzzz, said the phone, at five in the morning.

Hello?" sleepily.

Hello." Silence.

'Yes?" puzzled, mildly annoyed!

Is that Walt Willis?"

'Why, no -- this is Peter Graham. Didn't you get my card? Willis died a few months ago."

.....

'Say, Max -- do you know how to get up on the hotel roof?"

'No, Lee; sorry. Why?"

"Just wanted to get Kerkhoff down; that's all."

"Kerkhoff? What's he doing on the roof?"

"Oh, some fool had to go and tell him that the drinks were on the house."

.....

REPORT ON



CHICON II

Saturday morning, early about 7:00. The clerk looked as bleary eyed as I was. Over on a phone, about ten feet away another clerk was saying, "There's only one Moskowitz registered, and that's from Newark, wait'll I check his phone-"

I smiled. It made sense then. It wasn't until later that somebody said that Sam didn't arrive until that afternoon.

I finished writing out my registration. "Front Boy."

The "boy" came, a balding gentleman. He picked up my suitcase, and bent down for my wirecorder. I mumbled something about "careful," but he paid no attention. The recorder is supposed to weigh 32 pounds, but I'd guess it around a hundred. If you try lifting it slowly, it's almost impossible to get it off the ground. He wheezed, muffled a gasp, and limped off towards the elevators. I followed at a leisurely pace, trying to look as non-cholant as possible. We finally made it to the elevator, were in and then climbing rapidly toward my then-unknown destination. The bellboy swallowed his pride and put down the recorder, exhaling great gasps of air. He had recovered by the time we reached the thirteenth floor, where I was ushered out into one of the stereotyped halls of the Morrison.

I don't know how most hotels are built, but the Morrison's halls go around in a spiral, and my room, as it proved, was near the very end of the line. On one of the final turns I noticed a big blue sign, on which black letters exclaimed, "S

SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION HQS."

or something to that effect. "Well," I thought, "It's nice and near the convention suite."

We got to my room, the only one located in that particular bend in the hallway, and the bellboy went in ahead, and I was revealed two beds, one unmade, and obviously slept in only a short time before. After a bit of dialouge it was acertained that they were out of singles and that this double was given to me at a single price, and that the made would make the unkept med in a little while. After a moment the bellboy was gone, clutching hotly the quarter I gave him in his cramped hand. From the look on his face I gathered that I should have paid for his hospitilization. However I was now alone with my thoughts, and I let them wander freely. My eyes felt their way across the room, revealing comfortable surroundings. They finally lighted on the clock and I realized it was 7:10. What a marvelous time, I thought, to call Willis! I got 1404, about ten rings and then an Orange brôuge that sounded as if it were being filtered through a pillow. After exchanging a few remarks Walt assured me that he wouldn't be awake for hours yet, and so we bid a farewell to each other, as his head, no doubt, sank back on to the pillow and the comforts of sleep. I remembered then there was a girl called Su.

"You may call for me," she had said, "At 8:30."

I hated to be prompt, but so no other choice. I ate breakfast with this certain individual, whom I'd had the pleasure of corresponding with for the past few months, and whom I was meeting for the first time. After breakfast with her, and a short walk around Chicago in the locale of the Morrison, I reminded myself that I volunteered for duty on the convention committee, so I excused myself from the presence of Su, and phoned the convention sweet. I learned then that I was made fan-exhibit chairman, and the con-

vention suite wasn't open until 10, and that I wouldn't be on duty for hours yet. I hung up and went into the main lobby, to find Su again. The first other fan I saw was curiously enough the one fan I've seen the most of. It was Garry de la Rue, and he was poking his way through a crowd of people, mostly non-fans from what I could see of them. I picked up on conversation with him for awhile until Su said that Elsberry was standing about ten feet away. I excused myself and went over to get introduced. We chatted a bit and then Elsberry introduced me to another fan whose name I didn't catch. It was the introduction that got me.

"This is Dave Ish," Elsberry said. "He publishes a fanmag called SHIT."

He was obviously referring to Scientific, Horrible, Interplanetary Tales, but rather than say the whole thing, he decided to abbreviate it. He isn't very subtle about those things.

A half hour went by in the lobby, while I kept bumping into various fans like Burwell and McCaully. Presently Ted Dickty, Ginni Sarri and a couple of others staggered out of the elevator, looking somewhat the worst for wear. No doubt they were up half the night getting the convention prepared. I said hello to Ted and Ginni who I'd meet two weeks previous at a committee meeting. Dickty mumbled something about a "typical convention suite," said something about breakfast and went off.

The morning slowly crept by, while I spent my time shifting from the convention suite to the registration room, and then back again. After a while I found myself in the lobby again where a group of fans were chatting and a tall blonde fellow was shaking hands with Fritz Lieber. The tall fellow said, "I'm Walter Willis." Seizing the opportunity, I said hello, but didn't say anything about my name. He looked at my card and said, "Oh hello Dave!"

Then I was saying hellow to Max Keesler and Lee Hoffman. They said something about going out to eat, but I remembered my committee comitments so I turned down their offer. They gave me the name of the place incase I could get free, and I spent the next 15 minutes trying to find Judy May. With no luck I said the hell with it and went out anyway. I got to the restaurant just in time to get a glass of water. We left before I could even finish that, and were back in the hbtel. X

Most of the afternoon was spent in Lech's room, and was for me one of the most enjoyable part of the convention. Locked in securely to protect ourselves from filthy pros, non-fans and readers were Lee Hoffman, Walt Willis, Ian McCauly, Max Keesler and myself. We enjoyed the wonderful fannish habit of just sitting around with our mouths shut except when the occasion demanded when we opened our mouths for a moment to say something. Like Willis reclining on the bed, said with the littlest energy possible, "D-ve, don't ever call up a fan at 7:00 in the morning." After consuming a half a pack of Old Gold's and about 5 of McCauleys Kools I remembered it was time for the convention to start. Everything broke up about then, but time was mercifully slow on the party. I could have sworn I was in Hoffman's room for the entire three days of the convention.

I got down in the Terrace Casino about 4:30 and got a list of rented tables from ED Wood while fans started coming up to me and asking what tables they were assigned to. I was showing tables to various owners when a good-looking fellow in a dark bron suit came up to me and asked where table ten was. I didn't here what his name was at first and before I got a chance to ask again he looked at my card and said, "Dave, you know me, I'm Dick Ward." And then I was shaking hands with the fellow that was one of my staff artists. After a friendly conversation I showed him

his table and went back to work. Some Huckster by the name of Tucker set up his table and started peddling Don Day Indexes Science Fiction Newsletters and Fantasy Advertisers. A few more fans set things up and the tables were filled.

An hour-and-a-half late, the convention officially opened with Earl Korshack stammering something about-"This is a convention that is going to start on time." There was an address of welcome, a horrible introduction of notables, followed by the installation of Judy May as chairman and the adoption of rules. In the back of the hall a man of slight build with a crew hair cut was asking when everything was going to start. He finally left, and I don't think he came back. It was Burr Tillston who gave the con a whooping plug on Kukla Fran and Ollie.

Some time passed and the evening session rolled around. I sat at a stage-hugging table with Elsberry, Rosen and Harlen Ellison, plus some people I can't remember. We talked through "Thinking Men and Machines," gagged through (in both senses of the word) "Flying Saucers-What are They?" and walked out on "Life Elsewhere and Elsewhen." Doubtless they were good, but I wasn't in the mood for listening to serious lectures.

I went up to the penthouse, found nobody was there and quickly retreated 42 floors to the main lobby. After awhile I went up to the open house held at the convention suite, but found it too crowded. I went up to the penthouse again, found it packed with people and stayed. After that I believe I went to 1628, the Atlanta Suite and got in on a smoke-filled room. (In the archaic sense of the word). After whole-heartedly agreeing with everybody that the proper place for the next con was in Phille, I departed. Not before engaging in a joke telling session with Van Splawn (umhpaa, uhmpaa) Elsberry, ("damn there go my Sunday's") and a Calkins ("#%&'#") and a few others in an

adjoining room, however.

I returned to my room to read some of the fanzines that had been accumulating under my tierd arms. It was about 4 A.M. I stretched out on my bed and started reading the copy of Shangrila Forry had pedled me for two-bits. "Some where along there" to paraphrase Van Vogt, "Sleep came."

I got up about aloveon and went down to the second floor where in "Parlor F" and Parlor G" some sort of meetings of fan groups was going on. What happended from then until 1:00 is a blank in my mind, but I imagine I was doing some sort of fanning. Anyway 1:00 found me listening to the editor's panel with, again, Hsifasn Willis, and company. I wandered around a bit too, stoping at different tables and the such.

5 to 7 found me fanning again and eating a bite at m. favorite restaurant, the Super Hamburger or some such name. In the three days of the con I ate more cheesburgers and drank more malts that a troop of boy scouts would consume in a years time. I shall never look either in the face squarely, again.

The banquet started late, as I recall. I went up to some fellow I could have swron was Manly Bannister and asked him if the lone remaining seat at the table he was sitting at was occupied. He said it wasn't and that he wasn't Manly Bannister, he was Mack Reynolds. I sat down and waited, gabbing with the others at the table which consisted of Lee Hoffman, Rog Phillips and wife, Jack Williamson, and two fans whom I think were from Michigan. We all stood up and got our pictures taken, sat down and ate our banquet (the \$4.50 got me a shrimp salad and a main course of stuffed ham.) After that Bob Bloch gave his toastmasters spe-och, (what happened to Jenkins is a clouded mystery) introduced Gernsback, de Camp. Doc Smith, Walt Willis (all eating off the table on the stage) and a couple of others, all who gave speeches.

It broke up in time for us to get dressed for the masquerade. I donned my sports coat, put my 98¢ Briarpipe in my mouth and pinned the sign "Filthy Pro" on the back of my jacket. The masquerade wasn't bad, but it wound me up in the oddest circumstance. I started talking to Joe Semenovitch and a soldier in a room of the place where the masquerade was being held (it turned out to be too big for the penthouse) about philosophy, and I didn't stop. Semenovitch quite after awhile, and so did I, but only to take it up again.

I went to a party in Dietz's room, only to get bounced with the rest of the crowd by those wormy hotel dicks. I went over to the Super Hamburger and found the soldier again. He said he was leaving because he ran out of dough, so I told him he could sack in on the extra bed in my room. He had a fannish face, and didn't look the least bit like the descriptions of Degler, so I knew I was safe. We talked until the sun rose, and then 8:00 am rolled around he went to sleep. Not I, I started reading some Rhoads's. Suddenly the bed put on about 10 Gs and pulled my head back. It stayed there.

The phone was ringing. The hell with it. I remembered what I did to Willis and suspected revenge. I picked it up and said something about who-the-hell-is-it. It wasn't Willis, it was Ellison and he was telling me to come down and hear his talk, and I assented. The clock said it was 9:30. I hung up and layed back to get some rest before going down. It was noon when I awoke.

I got down in time to have Ellison give me hell for not coming down to hear him, and to listen to DR. Brauner finish up some horrible talk on "Posthistoric Man." I sat with Beale and Elsberry through the "Fandom-Is it Still a Force in Science Fiction" panel and the Campbell speech was spent with Keasler Hoffman and Willis.

There was an hour recess, during which time fans started leaving the con, one of which was the philosophical soldier. I gave him my address, and added another member to my burdened correspondence list. Su Rosen left, too, and after bidding her farewell, and catching another cheesburger and malt at the Super Hamburger I got back in time for the 1:30 session. I suffered through the Book Publishers Panel and laughed my head off at Bob Bloch's inappropriately titled "What Every Young Spaceman Should Know." After some pseudo-science lectures the best of which was "How To Be An Expert Without Actually Knowing Anything" by John H. Pomeroy, PhD and after Fran Hauling said 1500 people joined and 1100 people showed up, the blood started running. For the next bit of business was the selection of the '53 convention site. I was still sitting with Hoffman Willis and Keasler, but Elsberry, Leo Bishop, Rich Bergeron and some little fan from Chicago who did nothing but read my fanzines which were spread across the table, had joined us. Then somebody went out for cokes and Willis left to count votes or something. The bidding was fast and furious, and Burwell applied some steam-roller tactics to get in Phillie. 'Frisco hung on however, but was trailing Phile by quite a bit, and Phille wantonly 12 votes away from a majority on the third ballot. Indianapolis was dropped then, and the Indianapolis rep. ordered his votes be given to 'Frisco, but Tucker (palementarian) said he could only request it. Phile got the twelve votes needed, and quite a bit more, and 'Frisco, (as I recall) even lost some votes on the last ballot. Willis came back and finished his coke, (I swear he's the slowest coke drinker in the world) and everybody left until the evening session.

I checked out and brought my suitcase and aircorder (burned out by DC current, courtesy of the hotel Morrison) up to Gerry de la Rue's room.

The evening session opened with an apology from Tacker for blowing up his tape-recorder, and having to use someone else's to give us "The Revolting Fan Reporter" which nobody heard because it was picked up of the tape-recorder by a mike. Ted Sturgeon sang three songs on his guitar accompanied with a bad case of larengites. The ballet came next, and was for my money, terrific. This was followed by a talk by Gary Davis, preceded by a comedy skit by him. The Philc group gave an illustrated talk, "The Fall of Fen or Paradise Lost" which was miserable. The last thing was two films of Tales of Tomorrow, complete with commercials. After that the con was officially over.

After that I helped de la Ree and another dealer, Ron Smith, move some mags. of off Smith's table. De la Ree and Joe Gibson myself, Ron Smith and a few others tried to crash the pro party in the penthouse with Forry Acerman, only to get ejected (except for Forry) after five minutes or so. The party then went to Gerry's room on the 38th, and then about 4 AM de la Ree bade us farewell and we all went down to Ron Smith's room with Ken Beale, (who joined us somewhere along the line) to finish up the party and watch sunrise on Lake Michigan. We went out, leaving Beale sleeping on the bed, for a cheesburger and malt. When we came back we saw the sun rise, (along with Ken) and then I left to the penthouse again. I got in this time to find a few fans and pros finishing off the party. Willis and Hoffman were there, along with Jerry Bixby, Forry, S.J. Bryne, and the Little Men. I left with WAW and Leo for a cheesburger and malt, and then coming back to the hotel, I said goodbye, and finished out the morning in the hotel lobby with Beale. I said so long to Keasler and Elsberry and a few others as they left, and then presently went up to Gerry's room and got by stuff. Then I left, too.

I was pretty tired.

UNPOPULAR CONTEST WINNERS

The unpopular Contest has been entered and one. There were 7 entrants, which means only two people went with out prizes. Prize winners were:

First Prize: Peter Economu (life time sub)

Second Prize: Dick Clarkon (2 year sub)

Third Prize: John L. Magnus Jr. (1 year sub)

Fourth Prize: Russ Watkins (" " ")

Fifth Prize: Larry Touzinsky (" " ")

Other entreants were Neal Calrk Reynolds and Bob Wheeler who got a free copy each.

First prize entrant was so clever we're running it here, and we hope you'll enjoy it as much as we did:

I don't like SOL because:

Calipso was funny -- I nearly died laffing,
But you sure could improve your mimeographing.
Some say a big ~~word~~ lends a charm all its own
But in midst of a tale its no fun to be thrown
By a ~~word~~ that could mean almost any old thing--
When I come to a ~~word~~ then the bells start to ring
In my furious skull -- I hang on my top,
And, dear Ish, all those strikers simply must
stop!

All in all I'm in mind of a beef stew for dinner,
Not to neat but --oh, boy! -- there's an awful
lot in 'er!

-Peter Economu

Dave Ish: "Ed Wood has prompted me to put
out a Serious Constructive fanzine."

Lee Hoffman: "What are you going to publish it
with, an Erector set?"

OVERHEARD. HERE AND THERE. Mostly there

(Quiteable quotes, either heard at the Chicon proper or at a convention meeting held at Judy May's house two weeks previous of the convention. If uncredited it means we can't remember who said it. Squiglies and captions under them at the bottom are by Lee Hoffman)
"Say, when is this fellow Campbell going to say something about Science Fiction News-cope?"-Walt Willis, listening to JWC speak.

(Su Rosen, concluding a talk on Opium to W. Max Keasler): "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

(Dave Ish commenting on the recent CCF in Watkins fanzine); "Pistols at DAWN!"

"Reading Bradbury is like a diet of Marsh-mallows."

"I was begining to feel like an illigitame child at a family reunion."-John H. Pomeroy during his talk.

Keasler: "I'm going to quit fandom and become a pro."

Elsberry: "To the rear--March!"

(Gerry de la Rue upon seeing a certain young-fan with a cigarette in his hand): "Gad, the tobacco habit!"

Su Rosen: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wearing the same shirt two days on end."

Walt Willis: "But Su, I've been on my back for most of it."



MR PHILLIPS,
I PUBLISH
A FANZINE
AND I ---

DID SOME-
ONE BRING
A GOAT
INTO THE
HOTEL ?



How To Win Fans & Alienate People

by

Neal Clark Reynolds

Fellow fans, for a minute, pity the poor neo-fan, the one who has just discovered AMAZING. This fan is more likely around the age of 14. He has been raised on Buck Rogers etc., and has just discovered there's more: AMAZING of course. He picks his magazine off the shelves, pays his money at the counter, while the white-haired lady clerk glare at him and the nude girl on the cover of the magazine, and leaves the store. Friends, seeing the magazine he's carrying, give him withering looks. Parents, teachers, business people ministers all are quite misunderstanding concerning the fan's newly found interest in science fiction. So, I, Neal Clark Reynolds, will now share my great experience in gaining the appreciation of others for my favorite literature.

I. Influencing Parents: Upon arriving in this world, the newly born infant ordinarily discovers that there are such things as parents. These creatures brow-beat us, misunderstand us, are unreasonable, bossy, etc. until we reach the age where we realize that the parents did know best, after all. And parents are the experts at misunderstanding what kind of literature we're reading. Of course, we can't always see why parents think we're reading completely vulgar literature--just because the average magazine cover or pocket book cover shows a nude, semi-nude or at least a very scantily clothed fem on it. And when fanzines start streaming into the neo-fan's house, parents, oftentimes, aren't too happy over the idea. I, though, have discovered the most inoffensive methods of introducing science fiction to parents:

HOW TO WIN FANS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE (2)

A. Suggest the family's going to a show, and don't mention the main feature is THE THING. The response is always surprising. But never mind your mother's gasp or your Dad's stony stare as the title's flashed on the screen. And don't be hurt when neither parent speaks to you on the way home.

B. Another way to introduce your family to science-fiction is just to meander by the t-v set while your Dad is watching wrestling and just happen to twist the dial, turning it to the channel "Tales of Tomorrow" is on. Naturally, you Dad will love you for this.

II. Influencing Teachers: Naturally, there is nothing teachers like more than hard-working slaves. Of course it's only natural, as any fan knows, that science-fiction readers know much, much, much more about science than any normal, uneducated person like Albert Einstein. Therefore, science teachers are thrilled to catch their students reading copies of SPACE STORIES during lectures. I, who have done this have received A's from the toughest science teachers. Of course, these A's were one-legged.....

III. Influencing Ministers: This following account is a true experience. I am a fairly religious person, and attend a local, orthodox, protestant church. A few weeks ago I happened to be talking to the minister of said church and his son and daughter who are 21 year-old twins. Once, unfortunately, I mentioned to Rev. Buck my interest in writing. So, on this occasion, he asked me how my writing was coming. I said fine. Immediately, Eldon, the son, started asking what sort of stories I was writing. Not knowing what the response would be if I told the truth, I rather hedged around. However, I was finally forced to come out and admit that I wrote science-fiction. Surprisingly enough, I received no stony stare from either the minister or his son. Rev. Buck, in fact, asked me to tell about one of my recent stories. So, I gave him a summary of a story I wrote recently and am now trying to sell to

FANTASTIC. I didn't know what reaction I expected, but I certainly didn't expect the one I got. Eldon looked at me for a brief minute and said, "That's sort of like THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, isn't it?" I was amazed at this, since I knew that T.V. Buck didn't go to movies, and I didn't think that Eldon went. (I should say that the main reason the minister and his family refrain from going to shows and non-alcoholic dances is to keep up best appearances as far as the stricter part of the congregation is concerned, rather than a concrete and specific objection to such things) Eldon said he read about it in a movie magazine, and thought it sounded quite good, with a good moral and everything. In fact, he said he thought the church should show it at an evening service. Oh boy, I wonder what the congregation would say about the idea? But I bet the church would be packed that night. After he mentioned the picture, I mentioned RED PLANET MARS. All in all, we had a very interesting discussion about science-fiction.

IV. Influencing Girlfriends: One of the most enjoyable aspects of human endeavor is trying to influence fems. All masters of the art have ended the same way, insane. You see, to influence the mbe bewildering sex one has to understand them. 'Though I know I'll be labeled insane for the following boast, I claim that I can understand women, to a very small extent that is. Of course there is one rule about women that every male should know. When they say something they either mean it or they mean the opposite, also, they always fall for handsome men, so it pays, if you look like me, always wear a mask when you're likely to see a girl. One more general rule, girls always like romance, so the male should pay no attention when the girl acts otherwise, even if she does slug him with a huge purse. Of course many males who follow this advise don't survive long. Then, there's the question about where to take girls when you date them. If you can dance like I can, then I

suggest taking the girl to a movie. But the purpose of this paragraph is to tell you how to help your girl-friend appreciate science-fiction. One technique is as follows: After you have taken your girl to a show, having held hands and having put your arm around her, you're riding home in a very cozy position. Park the car, take her in both arms, and allow your cheeks to touch. Murmur a few sweet nothings in her delicate ears, as you draw her as close as possible to you. Then face her, your lips little more than an inch from hers. Now, look deeply into her eyes and say, "Dearest, have you read any good science-fiction lately?" I can guarantee a response in every case. Another technique is to take a girl to a formal dance. There she is, in her lovely blue formal, and here you are, in your best suit. The corsage you bought for her looks lovely on her, and smells heavenly. As you dance, she's quite close to you. Then she snuggles a bit closer, and your cheek is against her soft, black, hair. And then, in your deepest voice you whisper, "Sure wish I could have seen 'Tales of Tomorrow' tonight". This likewise always gets a response.

And so you can see how very, very easy it is to gain a heartiest appreciation from others for your favorite literature.

-Neal Clark Reynolds

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

"There are two important essentials in the production of a fanzine. A means of reproduction and material. Neither of these may be by-passed."

---From "The Evils of Fan Publishing" in SOL 6.

EGOB00

Another letter column in traditional SOL fashion; lengthy, interesting and as always full of EGOB00. The only thing we lack to make the picture perfect is a Willis letter, and this shall be the first SOL letter column without one. Unshaken, we're printing EGOB00 anyway, taking the firstist letters firstist:

JOHN L. MAGNUS, JR.
9612 SECOND AVENUE
SILVER SPRING MD.

Dear Dave: Got my copy of SHI...whoops! Scientific HIT (hah! fooled you) today. Seriously, though, the fan fiction in it is the best I've seen.

The Art Gallery was very good...but for some reason I'm partial to Kessler. I don't why, but there's some quality in his work that I particularly like.

The Willish I just plain like. It seems that anything by or about Willis is 100% interesting.

Annish is a tres bien as far as material goes, from my point of view, but I can't say how great it is compared to your others, as these are the only two I've seen. I think that your editorial should be longer in every issue. A lot of good things come out of them than SOLitudes.

If everyone was like the annish, though, you probably would have a circulation of five or six hundred...and I don't think you do. Too much work for one bird in a Villa.

See you in Chico,

JOHN L. MAGNUS JR.

Human Beans are Human Beans

GERY de la REE
277 HOWLAND AVENUE
RIVER EDGE, N.J.

Dear Dave:

Received SOL and accompanying items early this week.

The best piece of the lot is the ART GALLERY -- for the simple reason there was no chance for you to make typing or spelling errors, which again marred the best of your material.

How can you mak so many muffs? I know, you're know saying "It's easy." But really, Dave, it's been a year now and you still haven't done much to improve these numerous errors which make it pretty difficult to read anything in the issue without wincing.

I don't know how the rest of your copy was turned in, but I'm quite sure my article had all the words spelled correctly. Still I spotted the following errors in SOL in this 1 1/2-page yarn: "tiose", "expidition", "rekuef", "confilction". Seems to me you also skipped a few words here and there. And then there's all those strikeovers. They're common, but correction fluid should clean them up.

That's just one item in the issue I've hashed over -- one of the shorter ones. There are just as many errors in the others.

I just wish to Hell you'd take your time and turn out a neater looking 'zine. I know you mean well, but some place along the line something seems to go wrong! Some of the stuff in this issue was really worth reading, but I hate to wade thru the typos and the spelling errors.

Thought the front cover was very good. Also the Kensler illo in the ART G. He's

definitely superior to Ward or Hoffman, although their contributions were fair.

I think you must love Willis. I don't as you know. I hope the great man lives up to your expectations.

Sincerely,

Gerry

 Neophyte, Step on it!

DAVE ENGLISH
 516 DEER STREET
 DUNKIRK N.Y.

Dear Dave:

Thanks for the SOL Willish, the Art Gallery, the regular issue, and the copy of--that is, the copy of Scientific, Horrible, Interplanetary Tales. I enjoyed them all. Did I send you a copy of F#4 and my Willish? If I didn't, let me know.

Well, first a few words about--damnyou!--Scientific Horrible, Interplanetary, Tales. The blurbs didn't seem quite as flamboyant as good old SSS's (no, there's a nice abbreviable title for you). "Then he stood on the verge of the brink of Earth's Last Chaos, he flung a challenge in the teeth of the Stars that would echo grimly through Eternity!" The first story, "Lock Not the Door" was very interesting and nicely done; it seems to have been written in a style particularly appropriate for a story dealing with demons. "Child of Armageddon" was pretty bad, Dave, pretty bad. I hate to say it, but this is the first story of anthropoglia (love that word!) to actually make me ill!

The most interesting piece in the Willish was the article "On Willis". (The Willis material was all excellent, but that goes without saying; when he writes something I don't like it will be ovrth mentioning.) I'd say Walt's puns are the sort of jokes where one laughs at the joke and not the humor contained in it; that is, one is amused that this odd person before him actually hoped to amuse hi with such a ridiculous thing. Or maybe they amuse by arousing envy: "God! I wish I could get away with such a thing!"

That's about all I have to say. I'll be looking forward to SOL VII.

Fanishly

Dave English

 "Dump the Pile."

RED BOGGS
 2215 BENJAMIN ST. N.E.,
 MINNEAPOLIS 18, MINN.

Dear Dave:

I thought I'd better write you and thank you for the thick pile of SOLs and its cousins you sent me some weeks ago. I was surprised to find that SOL has gone legible! What happened? Did you run these things off on a different machine? The Lilliputian mimeos you've heretofore used seemed chronically incapable of doing legible work, and if you did use a junior SpOPr, you did a marvelous job.

It is too bad that you still haven't bought any correction fluid and got after the numerous typos and misspellings.

Willish was fairly interesting, but by far the best item was the Plinth reprint. It's too bad Lee Hoffman hasn't hit her stride as a columnist. From her fanazine you get the idea

that she could write on of fandom's best columns, but she hasn't fulfilled that impression. Maybe your space cramps her; she needs a place like Choog to roam around in.

After I'd preid out the staples and re-stapled it so the pages were more neatly and evenly stacked, SOL VI turned out to be the best SOL I've seen. The material was quite good, too. Silverberg's article about sf anthologies was excellent, though far from comprehensive. I'm suprised that Bob didn't comment on Derlerth's anthologies. But maybe he, like me, doesn't consid r Gus' efforts as falling in the sf field. Loeh's column was better this time, though her picture of a fan-dominated America was a bit strained. Hmm, does the congressional Record have an editor? I once heard the post office returns mail for "insufficient postage" when more than 3¢ is required, but sends it on "postage due" when 3¢ or less is due. But that's not true. Your "Evils of Fan Publishing" was inaccurately titled, but was enjoyable. I especially liked your revelation that to publish a fanzine one must have something to publish and something to publish it with.

I talked with another fan about Scientific Horrible Interplanetary Tales and we agreed the proper motto for it is "That magazine you should abbreviate." Nevertheless, Su-Rosen's poem, "Child of Armageddon," struck me as worthwhile, though it used demon knights payoff line. I wonder how Su, Hoagland and your mother liked to appear in a publication with such a title?

The art gallery: I liked Ward's "Exploration" passing well, but Max Keasler's bearded man stole the show. He also did the best work in SOL issues and well-illustrated "Child of Armageddon."

What with pleasing improvement in legibility, SOL looks like a good bet again.

S Sincerely,
Redd

ESOTIC

A3 VINCE CLARKE
16, WENDOVER WAY
WELLING
KENT
ENGLAND

Dear Dave, I

Many thanks for that nice fat bundle of SOL 6, WILLISH, TFCBA, (The Fanzine That Can't Be Abbreviated), and the portfolio (hah!) of 'art' which through the ESP of our general post-office (GPO) arrived here on Saturday.

Well, you'll see my first reaction on the accompanying stencil. If you like to run it, it'll help you I hope. In any case you will read it. Take Warning! Who touches our ego-boo risks his very fannish existence! I have had one letter already adressed to "Wellington".

I was extremely interested in you "fan-zine editor" article in SOL; I've just made a typewritten 'zine full of mimeograph tips and I'm sending it around to British faneds for their comments, and I hope learning. The chief trouble with Sol is of course "dirty roller" trouble and the uneven margins. You say that, or you infer that, you don't know where to place the paper on the machine, and I'm a mite puzzled...surely experience will teach you exactly how much to get on a page, and where to place the paper in relation to the stencil?? Very odd.

Not having seen Marion Bradley's review I don't know whose side to be on, but I liked your page five defence ver' much. But don't forget that one of the factors in "maturity" is experience. "Com's The Revelation" was typical well polished Willis, intended as if he had a post to catch Silverberg to the point, as always, as always your "Lock" sta for the faint praise. La Hoff fine an personal... I object to Robert Bloch being ironed out. I'm surprised at Campbell...and de la Ree spotting

the slip...one of those eidetic memories? Vick... well, I guess we all slip sometime.

TFTCB...well, you'll be interested to know that only five days before it arrived Chuck and myself and Bob Shaw were planning the HYPHEN 2 contents page on exactly the same lines ...we'll probably still do it in fact. Ours related to non-fictional items, of course. Liked your editorial but I won't comment on the stories as I'm allergic to straight fan fiction.

The Art. Ward puts too much in his pics, tho' I like his individual style. La Hoff having trouble with what to do with the hands of her characters again...("Oh have it grasp a ray gun!"), and Keasler still experimenting with shading...getting nice solidity into those reclining forms' now?

WILLISH. Ah, the magnificent Gael. I've never noticed him having any trouble with his paragraphs in letters...he just doesn't use them to speak of Ken Blumer, my SFN co-ed, is a great advocate of no paragraphing...says it enables one to get ones thots down, speedily, like James Joyce. Personally I wouldn't let Ken or James Joyce write for SFN.

Shelby Vick's "heck" much appreciated.

Calliope...ummmm

Oh Willis...does "this woman" know that Jerome also wrote a sequel to "Three Men in a Boat"... "Three Men in a Bummerl"? It's not quite as good as the former. It has some good passages tho...Jerome also wrote numerous books of essays, most famous of which is "Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow." There is a distinct likeness between WAW and JKW's humor. V V Interesting.

"The Truth" sort of article is getting slightly overdone. This one is not bad but the author (you?) seems slightly confused between "England" and what he should term "British

fandom" if he includes Shaw and White. Ireland Scotland, England and Wales are separate parts of the collective "British Isles". I guess Anglofandom does all right for the lot. The question's never arisen, tho' of course England is derived from Anglo-land...(in a way, in a way!)

I forget how old you're supposed to be (of course you're really Bob Tucker, aren't you?), but none of our younger fens here are turning out dupered 'zines yet. There is a movement afoot ("Junior Fanatics") but they're having trouble with a change of editors of their proposed 'zine, so we're still waiting to see whether England can equal young (?) USA

You'll be getting a Con Report (London, not Chicago) from me by surface mail in about 3 weeks, and another SFN, I hope, about three weeks after that. Keep going on SOL please... I'm interested.

Vincerely,

A. Vincent Clarke:

A couple of points I'd like to clear up, Vince. I was explaining the troubles a neophan experiences in publishing a fanzine, I wasn't telling what an old grayed veteran like me goes through. Those were my first futile encounters with a mimeo, and from interview, th that encounter was not experienced by be alone. That damn stencil you sent me bothers me. I've never seen anything like it before. Really Vince are you sure you didn't send me the cushion sheet? I'll try and run it, but ghod knows what is going to hold it on the mimeo outside of centrifugal force. If that doesn't work I'll restencil it. Good lord how you English do things! Yes, I wrote that truth article, and as for my age everybody knows I'm old enough to be Tuckers grandfather.

ED WOOD

21 E. ABERDEEN St.

CHICAGO 7, ILL.

Dear Dave.

A few minutes available to comment on SOL. Thanks for the kind words about JSF. But I think fan magazines would be better off if they commented on the professional magazines other than the ephemeral fan magazines. Of course SOL is yours to do with as you wish. Too bad you don't use your abilities for analysis instead of being an imitation of Quandry. I never considered Quandry a good magazine to copy simply because it needs careful handling to successfully get away with publishing a fan magazine that continually puts out 5 to 10% of ideas or facts and 95 to 90% of vapid nothings. There's room for Quandry. But I wouldn't want to see it get too much room.

SOL -mimeographing poor. Sloppy, lots of strikeovers in #5. #6 much improved. Wouldn't it be better to mimeograph in the regular size 8 1/2 x 11 than in your present size? Don't take anything I say too much to heart. You should see the critique on #2 JSF that I made up. Your material is much better than your format except that it suffers from lack of space. Many of your remarks could be amplified and extended. "The Evils of Fan Publishing" could easily have been 3 times as long and 10 times as interesting. Think of what the new fan magazine reader thinks of science fiction when he sends in good money and gets a "crud" zine back. How can it be explained to him that there are quality productions like Science Fiction Advertiser, Rhomagnetic Digest, etc.? What of the very number of fan magazines, spreading the small talent available to discuss science fiction even thinner? What of the intense personalization in fandom which finds it important to talk of fans and fan interests in preference to science fiction topics? Why is it impossible to raise the circulations of the

various magazines? 12-Fantasy Magazine in 1947 had a circulation of 200 and Quandry one of today's most famous (infamous?) magazines has 200-250 where's the progress in 15 years? I sincerely believe the fan magazines of today neither help science fiction or fandom. (on the average). It (the fanzine) has become rather a drag on the field, impeding the coming of a critical journal of worth. And Lord knows, science fiction needs criticism today as never before.

It would be interesting to find out what some of the present day fans and professionals think about the fan magazines they formerly put out. I understand Bradbury's Futura Fantasia is one of the skeletons in his closet. (Just an opinion you know!) And what of Wollheim's stuff, and Sam Moskowitz's, and Lowndes, and so many others like Ted Dixty, Mel Korshak, Oliver Saari, Ray Palmer, Harry Warner, etc. Would they approve of their past activities or would they regret their past indiscretions? It's an interesting thought at any rate.

I understand Elsberry is foaming at the mouth about the convention. Oh well, just ignore him, maybe he'll go away. The convention was a trifle to successful in that everyone will expect the next to be as good or better. This puts Philadelphia under a terrific tension right off the bat. With all the East coast fans, there's no reason why 1000 people can't come provided the publicity is up to par. Nor do I mean fan magazine publicity. I had the impression at the convention that the fans were lost in the crowd, of course at the parties they were their usual sensitive fannish selves. I'm still shuddering.

Enough chit-chat. Tucker's report should be out soon and we can read what the great sage says of the 10th convention.

I can't sign off without commenting on your statements: page 33 SOL 6-"Just think, fanzines have been published for 20 years. There must have been thousands of issues put ou with three or four articles in each issue. At that rate it won t be long until we run out of something to write about.." No! No! No!. True there have been alot of fan magazines. ~~But~~ the quality has been so damn low as to be unbelievable. Sure the better magazines like The Holyts, Fantasy Fan, Fantasy Commentator, etc. were filled with meaty article, but the average fan magazine is so much waste paper. Consider that there has never been a good article on Film and Fantasy. Sure alot of talk about what the movie was about bt what about cinematic analysis? Few people in the world ever talk about the film as an art medium and fewer still about the role fantasy has as a filmic "species". and what about science fiction in other media, radio, television, drama etc.? Reportage in plenty we've had, but pityfull little discussion. And why not symposiums in the fan magazines? Articles are not the only form of critically written material. The essay is a form little used. What about the articles about science fiction that appear in the general magazines like the New Yorker, New Republic, Life, Harpers, etc.? The fund of material has scarecely been tapped. The fund is brinful of topics but of course if the fans are more interested in who drank what beer in what saloon by the river, they can t be expected to use this fund of material which does require a little intellectual work.

I certainly have a tendency to rant on and on, don't I?

Best Always,

Ed Wood

"Tucker's selling them."

- SOL
- OSUBSCRIPTION
- OSAMPLE *gone*
- TRADE (*Pogo!*)
- CONTRIBUTOR
- O REVIEW
- O OVERSEAS

If there is an X below this, you're a marked fan, because it indicates that this is the last issue of SOL you'll get unless you do something drastic like re-subbing. If you are a subber, then you have 2 issues coming.

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