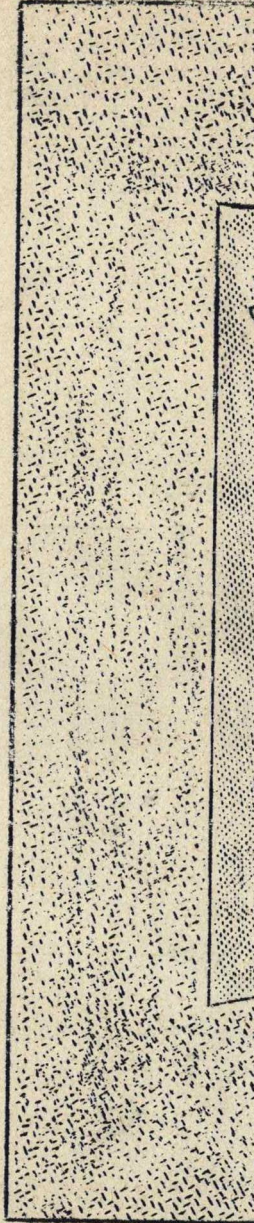
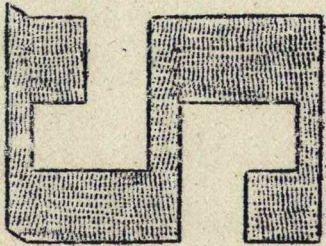
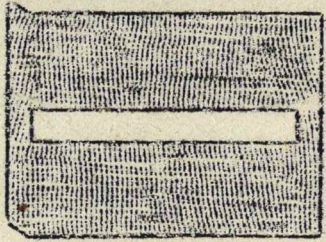
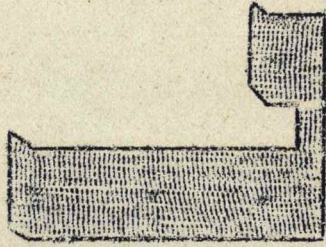
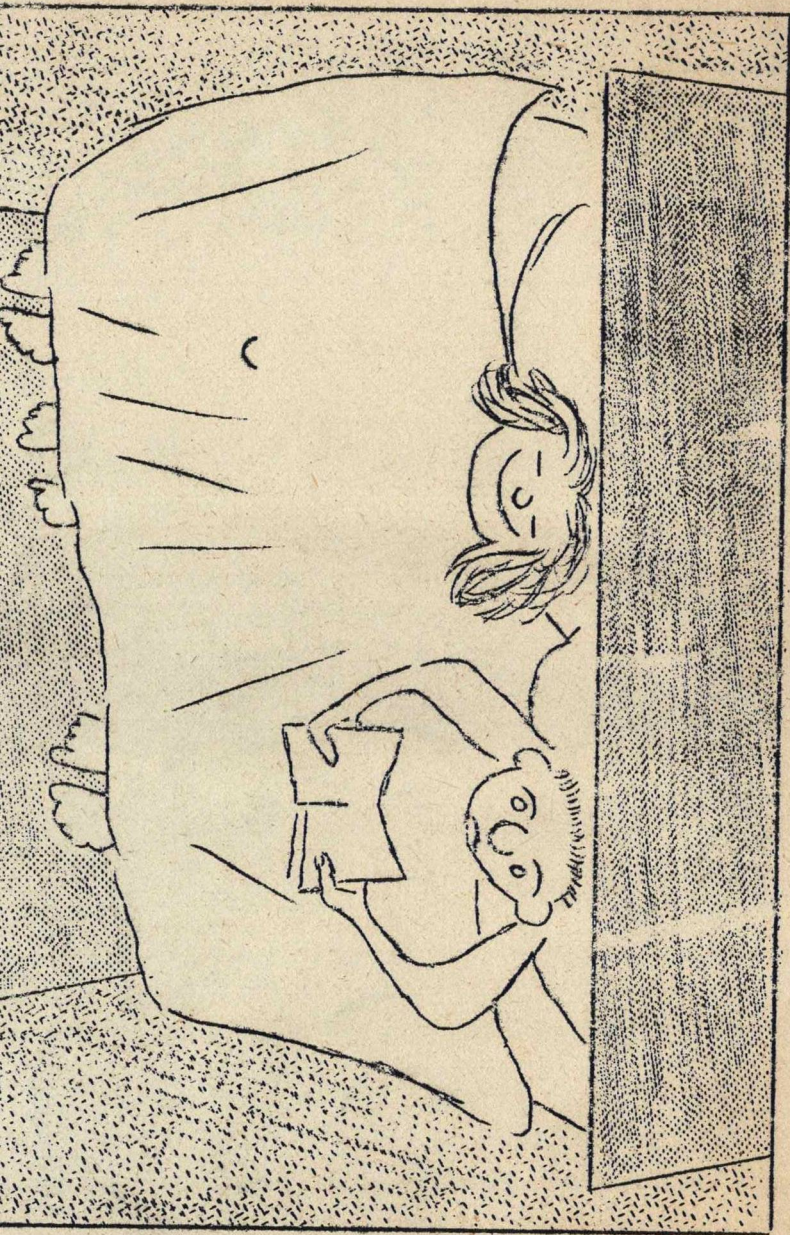


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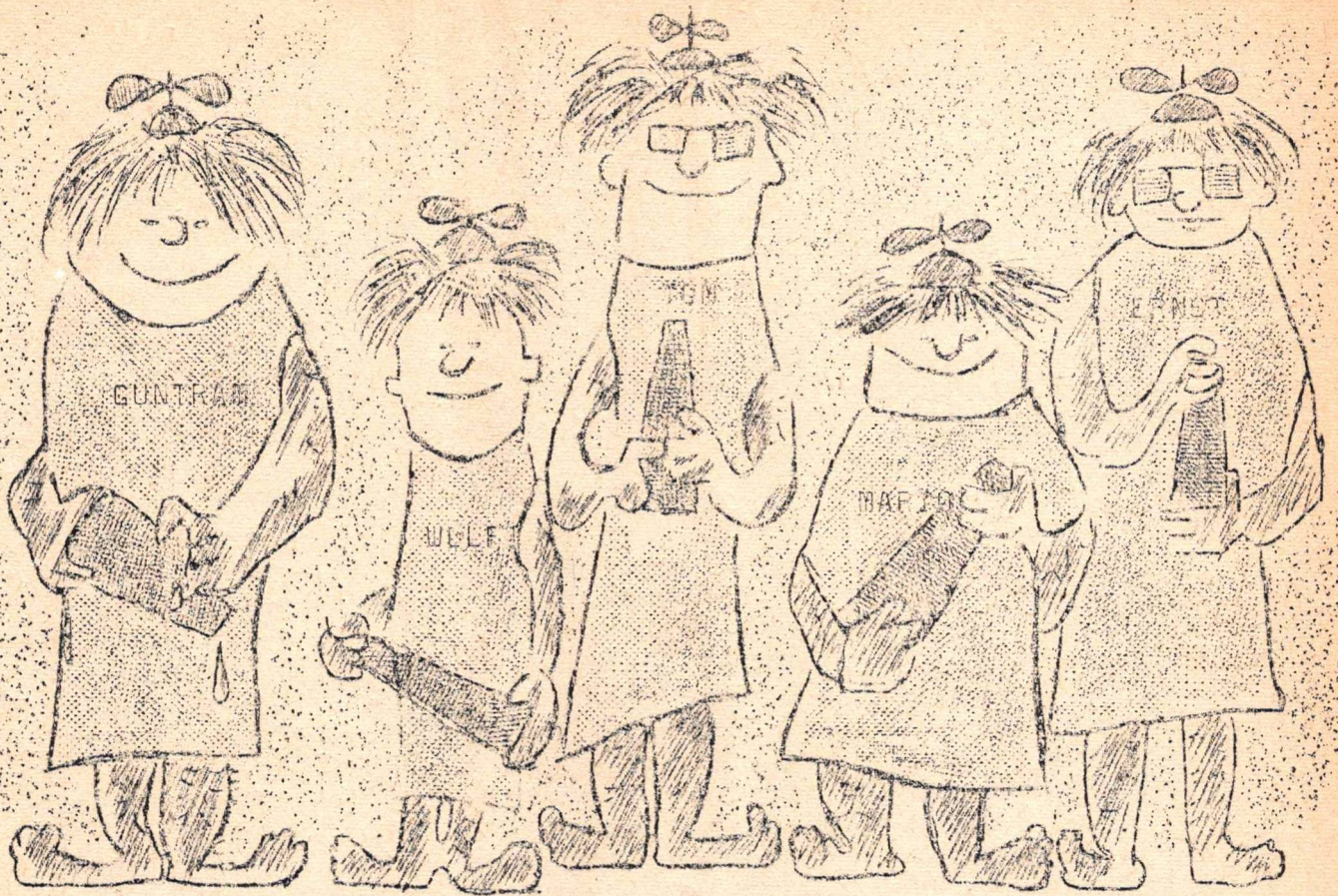












## WANTED

X X X Familiar scene, isn't it? Here we are again, your editor  
 X X X x full of energies with his gallery of publishers who promise  
 X X X x help every week. We've added to the world-population of  
 publishers - there's a fifth face in our rows, ERNST AUGUST POSSE.  
 He is a seriously looking fine man of about 29 years, engineer, is  
 wearing glasses. He has been married for two or three years. Ever  
 since he spent less and less time in fandom, and in order not to lose  
 contact completely he joined in to be a financial as well as moral  
 support. Thank you very much. Some time we shall show up in all  
 our beauty on a photopage herein. By the way - my remark about SOL  
 publishers not being able to read their fanzine was met with a  
 fierce frown. I do hereby correct my statement by free will ~~and~~  
~~add the fact~~ that SAID SOL PUBLISHERS can READ THEIR FANZINE.  
~~to a certain degree.~~

=====  
 This is SOL 39, dated July 1964, published by Mario Kwiat, Guntram  
 Ohmacht, Ernst-August Pöse, Wolfgang Thadewald and was compiled by  
 Thomas Schlück  
 3 Hannover  
 Altenbekener Damm 10, Germany.

This publication is to appear three or four times a year. It is  
 free for trade letters and material. Each author is arguing on  
 his own. Many thanks to all the helpers. Illustrations by Mario  
 (Cover, too), Dick Schultz (Ralph left me some original stencils  
 from Detroit - ), Terry Jeeves, Wolfie Baum, yed. LESS THAN THREE  
 WEEKS TO THE CASTLE CON - LONDON IN SIXTY-FIVE! ...-----



This SOL contains contributions by various people. Flipping through your letters of comment I came to think about how SOL should be like contents-wise. Being sent to such a lot of people all over the world it should be a bit of everything, should be a newszine, an apa-zine, a discussion- and letter-fanzine, chatter fanzine and contribution fanzine all at a time. The former German SOL was often accused of being too wild a mixture of everything. If this reproach was justified with the former German edition, it would quite certainly not be with the international fanzine SOL intends to be now. AND, why don't you tell me about the way you want it?

My editorial policy is as follows - I'll reprint a variety of (to me) interesting items from German fanzines, by special arrangement often immediately after or before their appearance in German. I'll be trying to get original illustrations by other German artists - as well as from your ranks. What do you think I should do?

MANFRED ALEX is a young fan living in Berlin. His stories are well-written, and I can well imagine that his own writings apply to the same standard he asks for in his book reviews, which he does for several, mainly Berlin fan publications.

Some other pages will - probably - strike you as being dittoed. They are an original production of the staff of MUNICH ROUND UP, the only monthly German fanzine. MRU has humouristic ambitions, is in German in spite of its name, and is filled with intelligent nonsense - let aside some very interesting book reviews and articles. I have some other 1st class material by them for SOL 40. They were so kind to do these six pages again for me, and here is the result. Wolfie Baum is the artist, and his style of cartooning fits excellently into the atmosphere of MRU. All I know about him is that he's been in the Munich group for some time and that he had one or two pb covers published professionally - amongst them THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. Many thanks to him and Waldemar Kumping for duplicating. I don't know who did the text. (From Munich Round Up 67, May 1964)

Rest of the ish is filled with my texts - (keep seated!). Actually CHATS IN THE DARK is my OMPA fanzine, but maybe you are interested in what I would like to tell - protest if you don't. Quite certainly those who are in OMPA will not get CHATS a second time, but I promise not to make SOL less than 32 pages nextish.

These past weeks I have been doing quite a lot of work for the magazine of the S-F Club Germany - mainly reporting about foreign news items. I made myself representative of the LONDON-IN-'65-bid in Germany and published SCENE No. A, a composium of Scenes 1 & 2 in German. This was mingled up with comments and explanations of my own so that people may understand what it is all about.

Project Art Show is another matter I have been talking about. Naturally the active interest is restricted to artist-like people and real artists, but since the 65-artshow will most certainly be in Europe, more people are likely to see it then and should be informed about its existence and virtues. Besides, I hope to get some artists to work, and I have definite promises.

Returning from a two-month's education sojourn near Hamburg, Guntram shocked us with the news that he will be marrying on Jul 31st - the day Marquartstein caught fannish fires! He grinned as he told us. Wow. But he promised not to drop out.

Another important matter is the Kwiatz expecting a baby this month. Mario did the duplicating again, but if there should be some misprints - you know the reason! Enjoy yourself - and show interest!



He was convinced that the enemy in the dark was invincible, and it was this assumption that proved his fate ...

BLIND-MAN'S EYE

fiction by Manfred W Alex

BLUFF

The hatch slammed shut. Scott shuddered. Now he was quite alone, alone with an unknown opponent whose one aim was to kill in order not to die himself. Unconsciously Scott took an even tighter grip on the handle of the little dagger, which was his only weapon in this unequal fight for life or death. "A weapon?" he asked himself bitterly. It was but a blade of straw which a drowning man would clutch and which, in fact, would only serve to lengthen the tortures.

An unpleasant feeling crept over him, a feeling which he gradually recognised as fear, every creature's fear of the strange and unknown. "Everybody has to die," he told himself. "What does it matter when you die, and where?" Death is death, no matter in what disguise it comes." This perception did little to set his mind at ease. His profession was so time-consuming that he had never been able to develop any romantic thoughts and, therefore, had not been able to understand those who, being old and tired, sought to return to their home country before death claimed them.

But now he understood. The thought that he would have to die here on this dull planet, far from his Mother Country, was suddenly unbearable to him. As an officer, he did not fear death - or so he had believed till now. He had always had to accept the fact that at any minute he could be atomised together with his ship 'Genius', or frozen to death in space, die from lack of oxygen or rot in the glowing heart of a sun - all these ways of dying had been part of his daily life. But things were different now.

Before he fought, he had to try to assess the capabilities of his enemy. What did he know of him? Nothing, absolutely nothing, he had to admit. The fact that his opponent was equally handicapped in this respect did nothing to encourage him. He was used to having advantages. Of one thing he was certain: his chance of ever again seeing the red sun of this planet was very remote, or the Q'llers would not have guaranteed him freedom if he won. This race's love for sadistic torture such as this was well-known, and so he had to be prepared for whatever hideous monster might be waiting for him there in the darkness.

It might be one of the carnivorous plants of this planet, the dangerous arms of which already longed for him. He felt a sinking



sensation in his stomach when he thought about the ill-treated bodies of those who had heard the slamming of the hatch before him. The sane and strong bodies (and this was the Q'ller's way: they treated their prisoners well, if only for one terrible purpose) had become sapped frames from which the deadly plants had drawn life. Nothing but a pathetic collection of bones, linked by a few shreds of skin, would remain of the 1. Lieutenant of the 'Genius', Larry P. Scott. The thought was far from pleasant, but he had to be prepared for the worst that could befall.

He was aware of the extraordinary tension of his nerves and could feel the streaming down his forehead. His eyes burned. The knife tried again and again to slip out of his moist hand. He knew that much more of this endless waiting would send him crazy. Already he thought he could see a pair of green eyes peering at him from the corner, but when he looked again there was nothing. At one time, too, he imagined he could hear a faint scraping, as if some scaly tentacle was dragging along the wall. "Keep cool, old boy!" he said to himself. "This is only an illusion!" His opponent would hardly be so stupid as to reveal his position in this way.

But what if the spider's net was already drawn around him? Just as the fly, already in the net, still thought itself to be free and unsuspectingly observed the spider coming closer and closer. On the other hand, vampyr-plants had neither eyes nor scaly tentacles. But that proved nothing. There were thousands of different types of dangerous beings all over the planet and also very many creatures existing which were more dangerous than the vampyr-plants, and the Q'llers had settlements on every planet within a radius of 250 light-years.

Scott was filled with a useless fury when he thought of those monstrous creatures which would observe the happenings in the vault. They would revel in his fear. But it might be possible to spoil their pleasure. Perhaps they had made a mistake by giving him...his fingers ran along the sharp edge of the dagger. No, that could not be the solution - it was not in keeping with his training as an officer.

Scott did not dare move, fearing that, in so doing, his opponent might then realise his position. His muscles began to hurt. He knew then that he must take the initiative and put an end to this waiting, for the enemy would not lay himself open, and every minute wasted would be a point in favour of his opponent.

There was a movement in the darkness. In excitement, Scott clutched the dagger, the thoughts racing through his mind. The die had been cast, the cards dealt, the game could begin. He crossed the darkness in several strides, then stopped abruptly. He could sense the nearness of his opponent; he heard a gasp. For a moment he hesitated, then, conquering his disgust, the dagger plunged into something soft. Scott drew back his hand in dismay.

Something shot out of the darkness. A cry, born of fear and desperation, shrilled through the dark vault. The darkness disappeared; red rings danced in front of Scott's eyes. Two human hands clutched his throat in terror.

SOL 16 (Nov./Dec. 1959)  
With kind help of  
Margie Harrison



# HOW ABOUT THE FUTURE OF Europe?

What does that mean, Europe? The amazing story of Zeus, who fell in love with a girl named Europe and abducted the maid from Asia to Crete changed into a bull? Europe the peninsula of Asia, is indebted to a piece for a thank to a misunderstanding concerning its name as far as it is the opinion of the historians. The Greeks believed that the Caspian Sea is a bay of the East Sea. Therefore the Caucasus would be the land connection between the continents Asia and Europe.

European spirit - a comprehension.

Because Athens, Rome, Jerusalem, the mediaeval Europe of the popes and emperors are the stations. In history we are not missing efforts to attain the unity of culture as well to the political sector. The first Emperor of Europe was Octavian, who divided the Roman Empire into a European, Asiatic and African part. Later the Latin Europe of the Westroman Emperors arose, which broke down under the rush of the migration of nations. The world's center of spirit, the land around the Mediterranean, enlarged. The Roman Church took over inheritance. The attempt of Charles the Great to found an interior European France was only of short duration. Pierre Dubois, the Crown-Attorney General of the Fench-King Phillippe le Bel, sketched the utopian plan of a European confederacy of nations, for that one purpose the use of that united power for a reconquest of the Holy Land. Because of the Reformation the European Nations did not look into the far world but they started the great slaughter in their own countries. After these bloody casualties of all European nations, great poets and thinkers from SCHILLER to DOSTOJESVKI, from KANT to ROUSSEAU assigned more and more to the "European-Thought".

NAPOLEON was the first one who dared the attempt in recent history to gain the unity of Europe with the power of arms. On the ruins of Napoleon's Empire grew the nations consciousness. After the revolution of 1848 the nationalism triumphed and celebrated orgies of hate. Who dared to speak of a United Europe after the war 1870/71 was confined by his fellow-citizens into a lunatic asylum. The exceeded "National Feeling" gave the "European-Thought" a provisional push of death.

The madness of the idea, to be the best nation of Europe seized each land and upset Europe. Europe and the rest of the world slid due to the extrem raising of the question of racial prejudice and national delusion into the terror of World War I. At the end of that battle of nations Europe was reduced in half, exhausted, massacred and teared into innumerable small states. Russia has been part of the European family of nations since Peter I ("the Great") for more than 200 years ago. The victory of Bolshevism departed it again.

At the other hand out of the ashes of the "World-Power Europe" ascended the new power USA. After finishing World War I Europe lost its leading role in world's politics. 1923 Coudenhove-Kalergi wrote his book "PANEUROPE" It was appraised as a sensation by all men who became very unenthusiastic by the massacre of peoples. The "European-Thught" enlarged again until 1929 to such an extent, that the French Secretary of State BRIAND could dare the attempt to put the plan of a union of European countries before the "Confederacy of Nations". His most eagerly partner was the German Secretary of State STRESEMANN.

But the situation changed.



The crisis of world's economy, the shifting of guilt of World War I to the Germans, the treaty of peace in Versailles, the failure of the Republik of Weimar, all that permitted HITLER'S gaining of might.

His Europe turned out to be a Europe of terror.

Finishing World War II Stalin showed up to be the solely victor who was able to expand his communistical "Anti-Europe" up to the Elbe. Europe was divided in two halves. The east of Europe was ruled by dictatorships, the West was governed with a few exceptions only by democratic governments. Here the idea of a "UNITED EUROPE" could expand.

The TRUMAN-DOCTRINE assured the help of the USA to the free peoples of Europe in their fight against the enemies of democracy, the communists, since 1947. At all the time comprehensive efforts were made to save Europe from the economical rain and the parallel political radicalness.

The east countries had to refuse the help of MARSHALL PLAN forced to do so by Moscow.

Because of the generous help given by America the teamwork of European countries was really promoted. The EWG took possession of the immediate succession.

In summer 1949 the EUROPEAN-COUNSEL was founded in STRASSBOURG. For that purpose Europe became a "Political Comprehension".

But the enthusiasm with which the "European-Council" was welcomed by a broad class, had to yield by disappointment.

A council only advising unable to push its demand loses importance.

Does Europe have a future ?

Yes, only it will take at least 20 - 30 years before the realization of the UNITED STATES OF EUROPE will be a fact, faster is impossible. Europe must grow together, not be tinkered together.

The youth, which is growing to a political responsibility now will be matured enough in a few years not to mean a difficulty for the UNITED EUROPE.

The EWG shows to be the touchstone.

The close aim of the "Union of Economy" is moved in palpable proximity. The second and greater aim is the political union of the states. A hindrance is removed, GERMANY and FRANCE have, a great merit of ADENAUER and DE GAULLE, reconciled. But Great Britain stands aside concerning Europe.

It cannot overcome that it is unable to play the first violin in the concert of nations as a former world power. Soon Great Britain founded the EFTA as counter-pole of the EWG. But now, born out of fear to be isolated concerning economy and culture, it slowly tries to work with the EWG.

Great Britain must and will have consideration, that the distance to the continent practised for hundreds of years is out of date.

Europe is unthinkable without England!

The EWG will become the melting-pot of all European national economies.

The problem of relations between Great Britain and the continent is able to be solved in scope of this European dynamics. Which difficulties do we have to overcome ?

No nation wants to lose its privileges because of a union. Everybody tries to keep what he possesses. But is a renunciation of certain privileges not connected with the help to others. Can one not have a benefit of the merits of others? In a harmonic compensation ?

The Soviet Union adheres permanent to its intention to split Europe and pull it into its sphere of might. In comparison with that, the flourish of a "native country Europe" or a "Europe of native countries" which shall give us a common shelter seem to be an idle puppet-show. Perhaps this is more obvious to a German than to somebody living far of beaded wire and the wall of dictatorship. But are the inhabitants of Europe matured enough for a "United Europe" ?

Does not only the threat of the East glue us together ? Do we not still have all the prejudices against our European brothers?

Prejudices, vaccinated to our fathers and ancestors to make it easier to slaughter them in wars.

Is it not a fact, that all over Europe still the phrases are haunting:



Italians are lazy, Frenchmen are fickle, Englishmen are deceitful but the Germans are worst ?

But the more Europe is combining, the more tourists drive around the better we know each other, and the own conception the contact from man to man removes the most prejudices.

But we shall not hope too much. Prejudices are convenient, judgements require independent thinking. What could we do ?

We must recollect the European mental gifts. We must prove us again in the world. Certainly, the present world-powers USA and SU are rooted in Europe. Without the European pioneers America would be nothing to day, without would be no Bolshevism in Russia now-a-days.

If we could offer to the world the model "European Confederacy" as a model of the " World's Confederacy", and above all, if we could live and demonstrate it for example. We would find enough allies among the neutral nations in East and West. We could open the human sense of science, technics to those, who, born out of their completely different history, had to take over these provinces for the present ready and very superficial. We Europeans are more suitable for this problem than the very self-sure Americans or Soviets.

As well will a hindov f.e. perhaps come to a deeper and better talk with somebody referring to SOCRATES and MOSES, GOETHE or VOLTAIRE than with somebody referring to LINCOLN or LENIN and STALIN.

But if we want to try the solution of this problem, to offer the model "Confederacy of World's Nations" in order to preserve the world of that choice between a political block of unity at one hand and a melting-pot at the other, as well as to open up the deeper human sense of the ambiguous gifts of modern civilisation, we must fulfil some stipulations in our-self. We may interpret nothing as "mission", as "convocation" ( as many Americans and all Russian do!) but as "offer", as "service", as task.

Europe has been of great use to the world and of terrible harm. Backwardness and prosiness suits us.

We do not want to be reputed to be messengers of the only true politics, but we want to talk out of our severe and costly experience.

Then we must realize our-self in Europe that, what we want to offer the world. We have it easy, we have a prototype of a state of several nations:

SWITZERLAND !

We have to make our confederacy credible, by which the modern civilisation does mean a help to the crath population. We must represent an economical and military power, to make our advice effective.

To help our partner America and deter the conquest-raging communistical block. Not to threaten, but for self-preservation. Then we must win a new authority.

By the union itself and by a decent and honest working and living together of Frenchmen, Italians, Germans etc must we make our model credible.

Then we could admit East-German, Poles, Czechs without difficulties and force of arms one of these days.

Europe does not end at ULBRICHT's barbed wire -- Europe reaches up to the Ural !

Our young generation will master this problem.

Let's hope it....

MANFRED KAGE ( TRANSLATOR) and MARIO KWIAT ( ERROR INWRITING)

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# Invitation to the Little LOR Galactic Convention in 1964 Horrorborough

Wher're yo'  
goin'?

To  
the next  
page.



EDGE OF PAPER 1"





The GALACTIC CON 11964 will be held at Horrorborough Castle, Monstros. The idyllic castle near the Monstrosian Alps is at the disposal of con visitors during the last week of Auguly and the first week of Horrember.

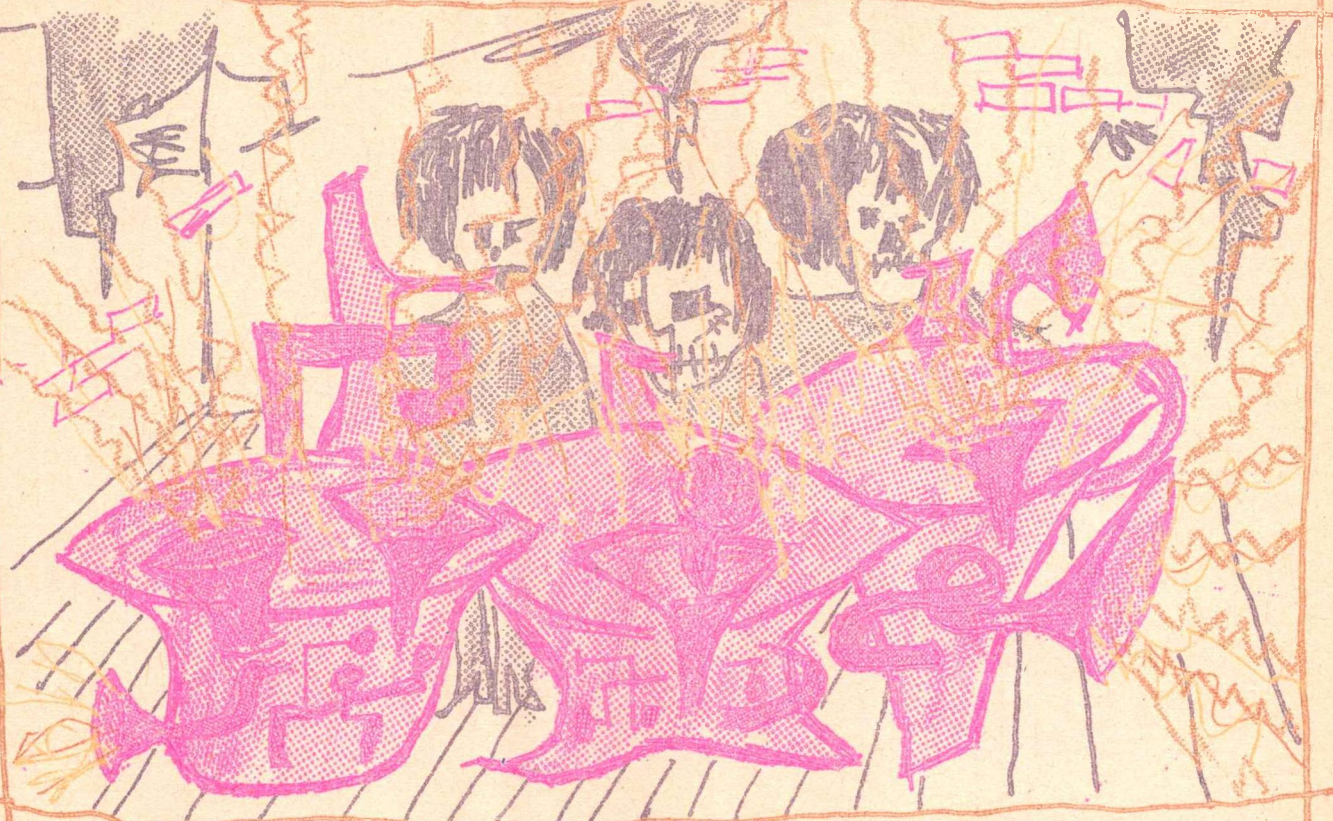
You may reach the planet Monstros taking the galactic hyper-space equisignal nulradio range zone of spiral arm IX. Turn off 372° 61' 81.5" at the Great Black Cloud. If you own a teleporter, dial 1196437Alx2HMon4StRos7623000hanNoverlo876é TOMas+schLUeckxl0altenBekenERDaMml0vv2785593a9VURguzzzz250% Isthe=DRINKforYou!!lonCoNin1965dontForgettoGROUNDyo'Hyperra dioANTENna. This will deposit you directly at the castles teleport stage.

The membership fee is GalCred 7.50. This is reduced to GalCred 5.50 for members of the Deimotopia League of Gentle- men and for visitors from outer space. By spatial arrange- ment the charge for rooms at the castle will be only GalCred 7.50 to 9.50 per night and head. (Visitors with more than one head will get 50% off for the second and each further head; special discount of 20 % for members without any head.) Rooms with running hot and cold blood are available at an extra charge of GalCred 2.-.-

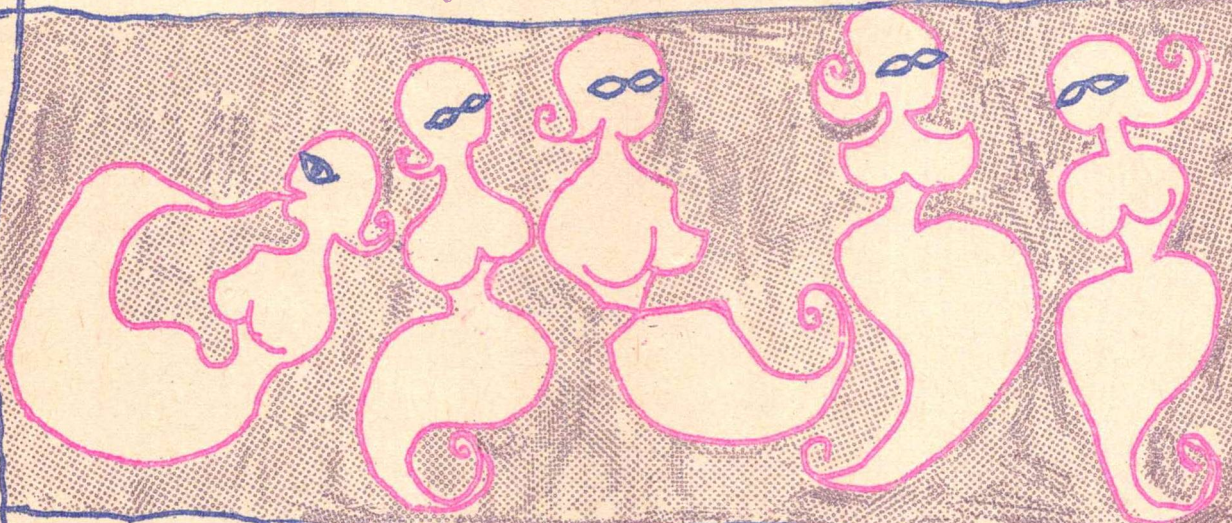




The con will start officially on the evening of Auguly 33rd with a grand dance party. The con committee is proud to be able to present two unique and sensational attractions.



The world premiere of the "Beatlophonia in Ekch-Minor for three horrophones and orchestra" by Fran Z.Xetl is predicted to become a houseshaking success, especially since up to now composers have only dared to use one horrophone.

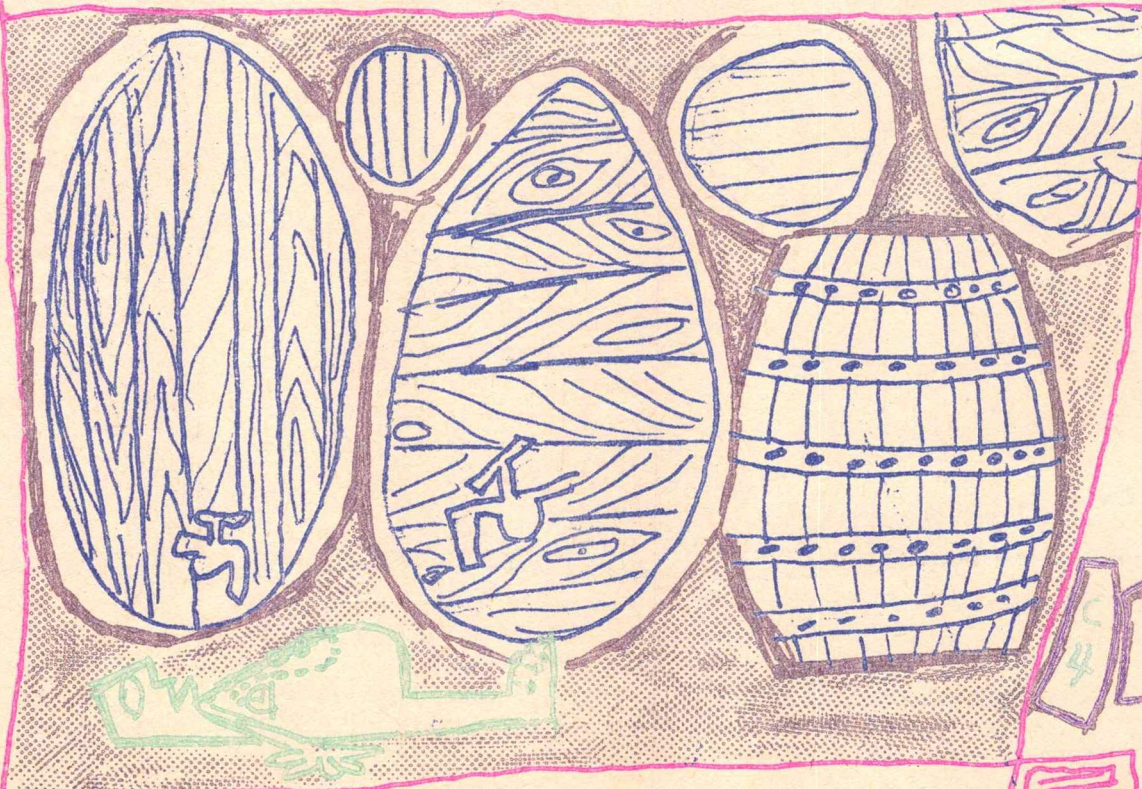


The second surprise will be the 'Horrorborough Burgh-shoi Gost Ballet. According to legend these are the gosts of a mixed choir of virgins, wich had starved to death in the castle dungeon. The unfortunate girls had annoyed the burgrave by not being able to hold the exact pitch after three days of singing his favorite note.



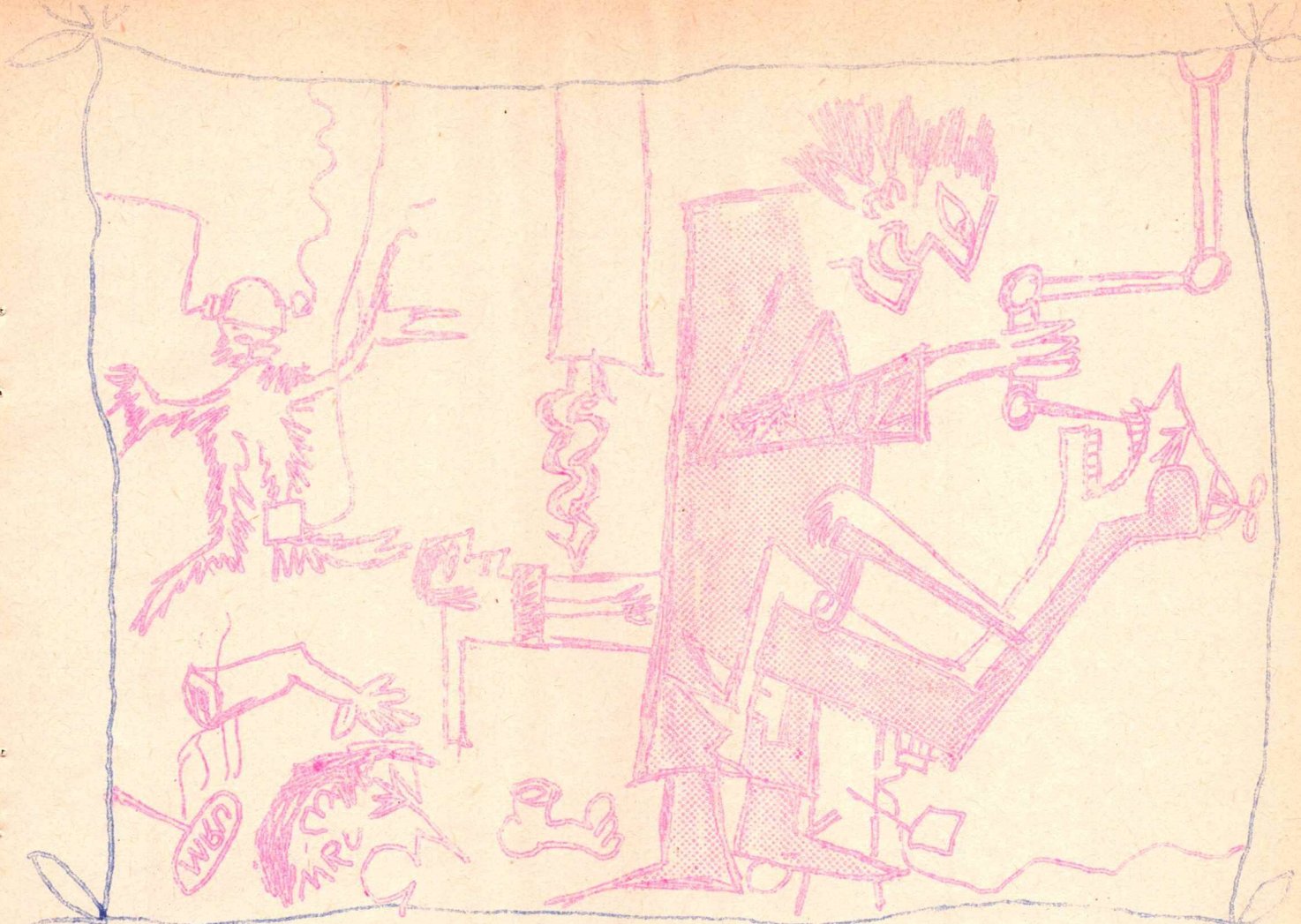


The castle kitchen is deservedly famous throughout the galaxy for its ability to serve even the most unusual dishes at well reasonable prices.



The VURGUZZ-vaults are well stocked with the most delicious vintages of this 500-proof potion.





The torture chamber was so infamous in olden times that the name of Horrorborough Castle became a household word throughout the hole spiral arm. It will be shown in full operation every evening.

The view of the castle is especially romantic during the thunderstorm starting every night at 26:63 hours sharp. Legend ascribes this punctuality to the curse of a clock-maker tortured to death by one of the old burgraves. While croaking 13 hours, the kraank-clock build by the unfortunate artisan made a mistake one day and devoured the burgrave's two favorite bats instead of the obligatory butler.

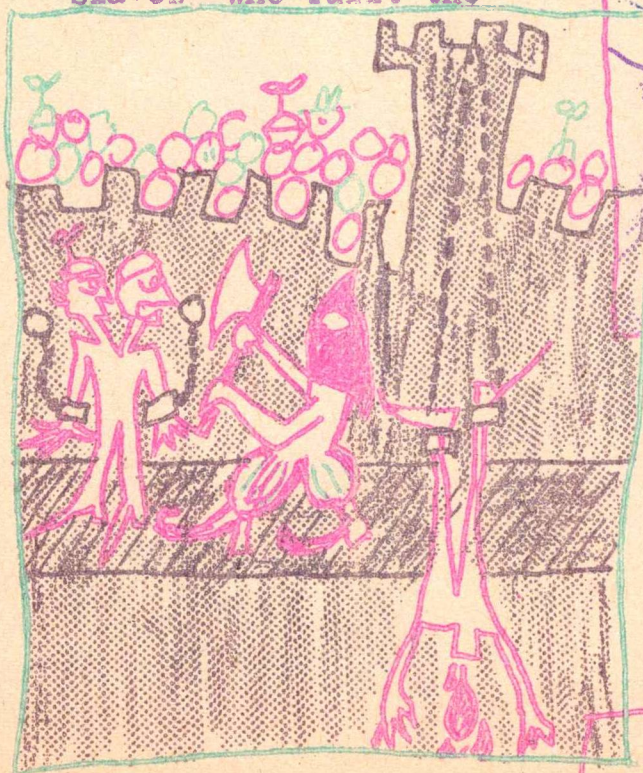
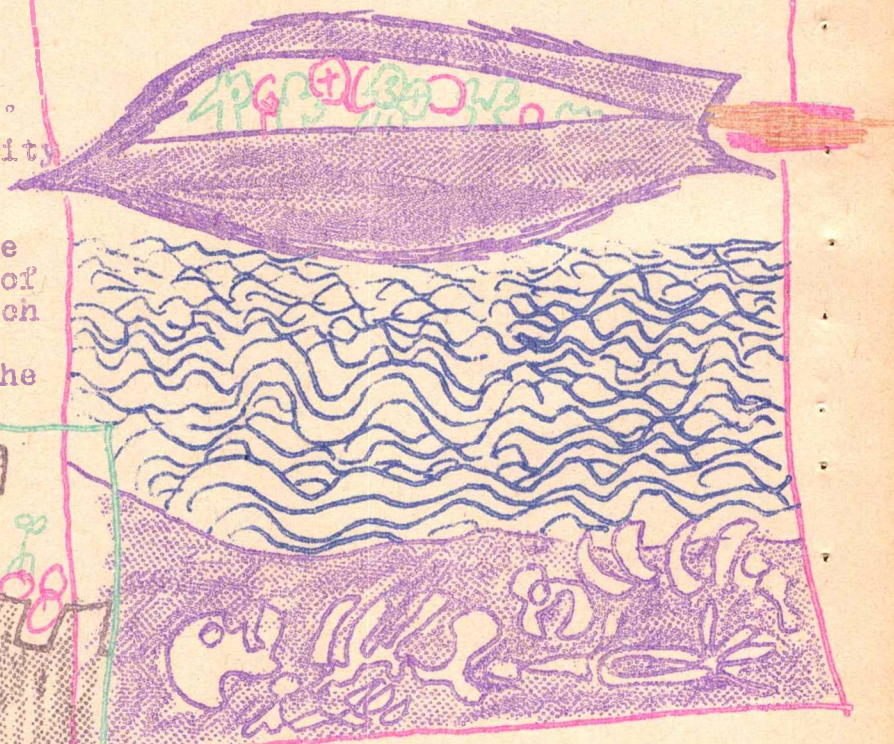




Many opportunities for killing time (or themselves) exist for visitors desiring to spend their horridays at the castle. There are hikes through the nearby Triffid-park, bathing in the wellknown Monstrosian magma bath, asteroid golf, atom bomb polo, and riding flying Dragons. Athletically inclined visitors may participate in the elimination trials for the galactic tentacle-pulling championship.

A fleet of comfortable cannonballs will depart daily for the Great Acid Lakes, Lower and Upper Horropolis and various other points of interest.

An unparalleled opportunity offers itself for time travellers and retro-temporarians to watch the inauguration ceremonies of Horrorborough Castle, wich included filling up the moat with the blood of the slaves who built the



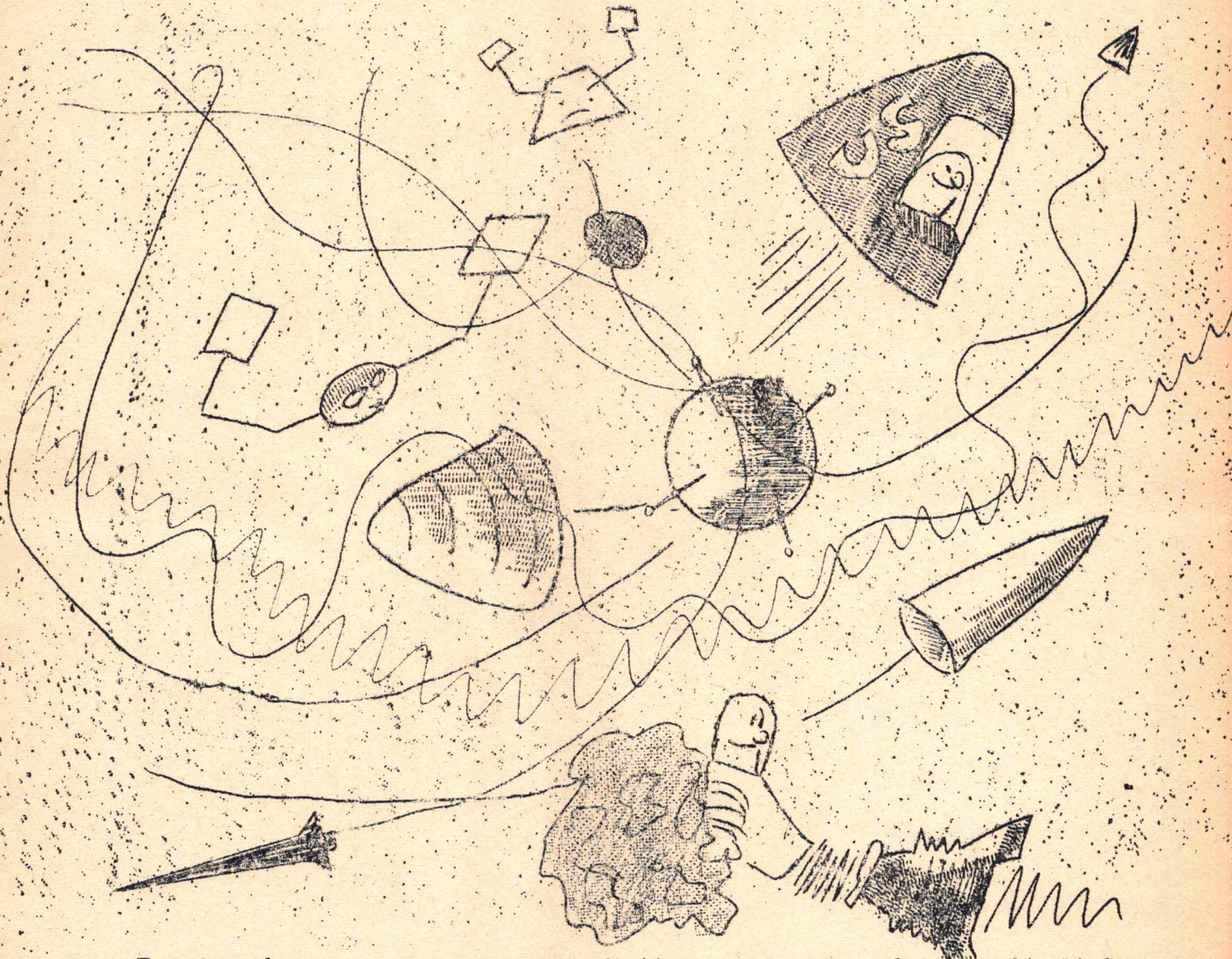
castle. This trip has been licensed for the duration of the convention by the Intergalactic Ministry for Time Barriers and Dark-Time Fields (IMTBDF)

Adapted from  
MUNICH ROUND UP No.67

Text : Waldemar Kurring  
& Gary Klüpfel  
Drawings by Wolfie Baum



Time was when the successful orbiting of a satellite (after the usual number of fruitless attempts) provided sensational headlines for newspapers. Nowadays this item is more apt to be found on page five, squeezed in between an account of the sinking of a small fishing vessel and the latest developments in the elections for 'Miss Madagascar'. This attitude is hardly surprising. There is so much sheet metal and plastic floating around in the sky that the scene at times looks like the rush-hour-traffic on Picadilly Circus.



In geruhsamen vergangenen Zeiten war es noch ein mit dicken Schlagzeilen verkündete Sensation, wenn nach langen vergeblichen Versuchen endlich ein Satellit auf Umlaufbahn gebracht werden konnte. Heute findet man eine derartige Nachricht auf Seite fünf eingezwängt zwischen den Kurzbericht über den Untergang eines Fischdampfers und die Vorentscheidung über die Wahl der 'Miss Madagaskar'. Kein Wunder, denn da oben fliegt bereits genügend Blech und Plastik herum, um mitunter eine bemerkenswerte Ähnlichkeit mit den täglichen Verkehrsstauungen am Münchener Stachus aufkommen zu lassen.

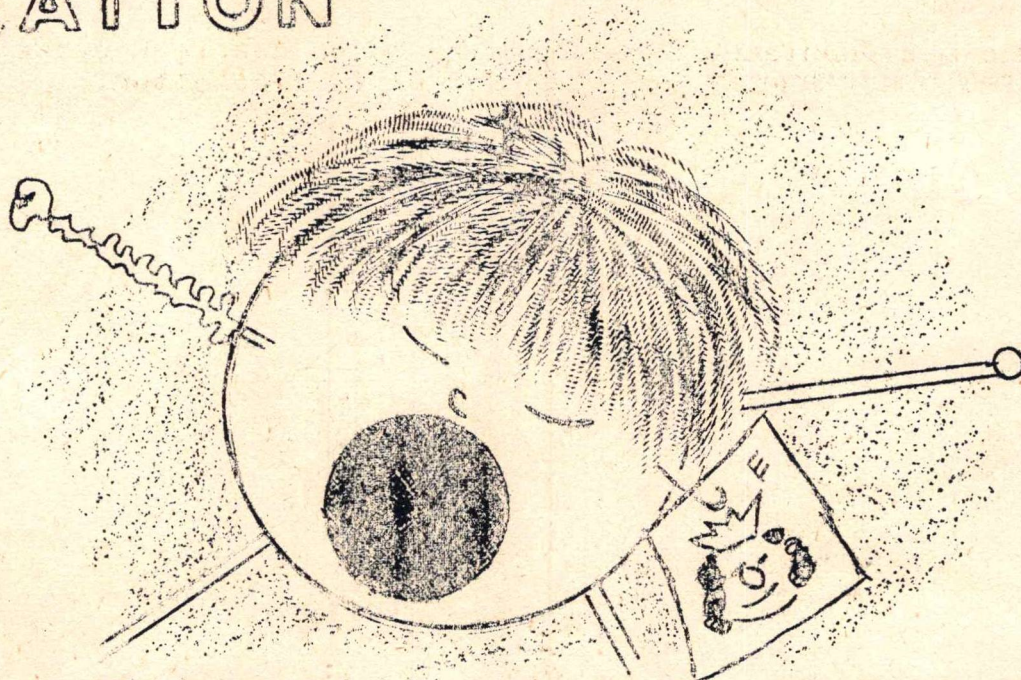


However, while even children of preschool age can easily identify even the most exotic makes of cars, hardly anybody can distinguish between different satellites, unless they are of the familiar american or russian types. In an effort to meet the requirements

MUNICH ROUND UP and SOL have pooled their resources and facilities in a joint research endeavour and present:

Während aber bereits Kinder unter dem schulpflichtigen Alter spielend auch die ausgefallenen Automobiltypen identifizieren können, vermag kaum jemand Satelliten zu unterscheiden, sofern es sich nicht um die satzsam bekannten Modelle russischer oder amerikanischer Herkunft handelt. Um diesem Mangel abzuhelfen präsentieren MUNICH ROUND UP und SOL hiermit als gemeinsame Frucht langwieriger Bemühungen:

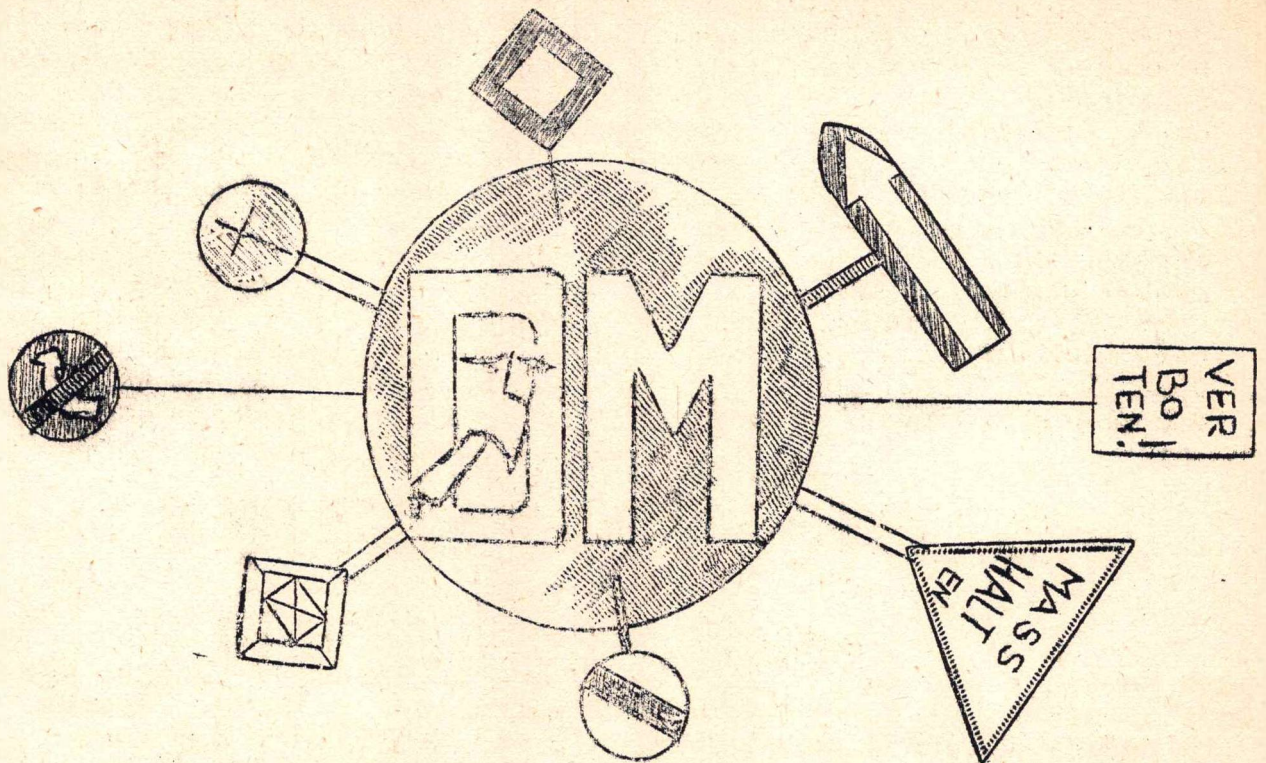
# A PRIMER OF KLEINE SATELLITEN IDENTI- KUNDE FICATION



No British satellite could be complete without a prominently displayed picture of the Queen. This model broadcasts the latest records of the Beatles in order to further the export drive. Fortunately nobody can receive them because transmissions are made on frequencies differing from the international standard for space communications.

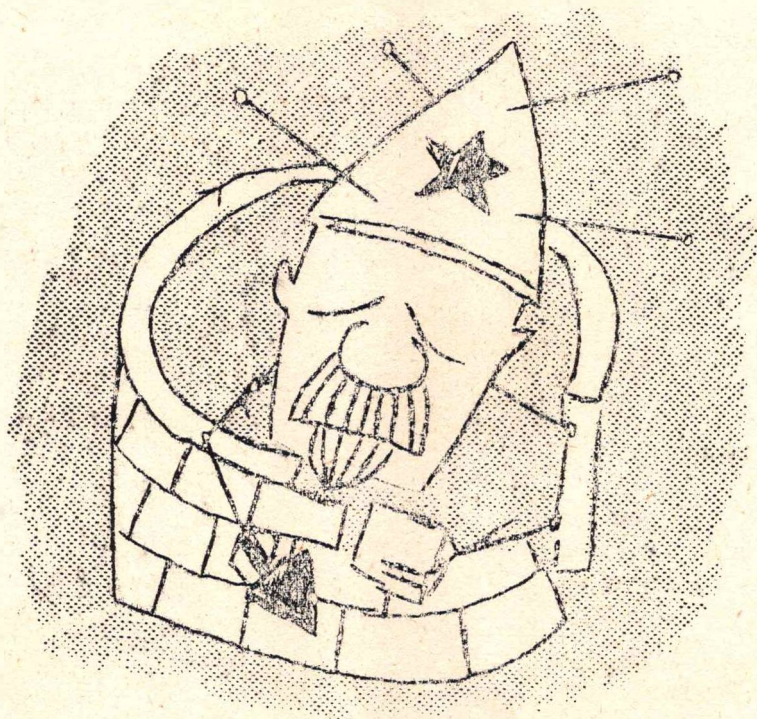
Kein britischer Satellit wäre ohne das Bild der Königin denkbar. Zur Ankurbelung des Exports sendet der Satellit ständig die neuesten Beatles-Nummern. Glücklicherweise können die Sendungen nicht empfangen werden, weil sie nicht auf den international festgelegten Raumfahrtfrequenzen stattfinden.





The Western-German satellite is kept on the right course in true German fashion by the traffic sign STRAIGHT AHEAD preceding it.

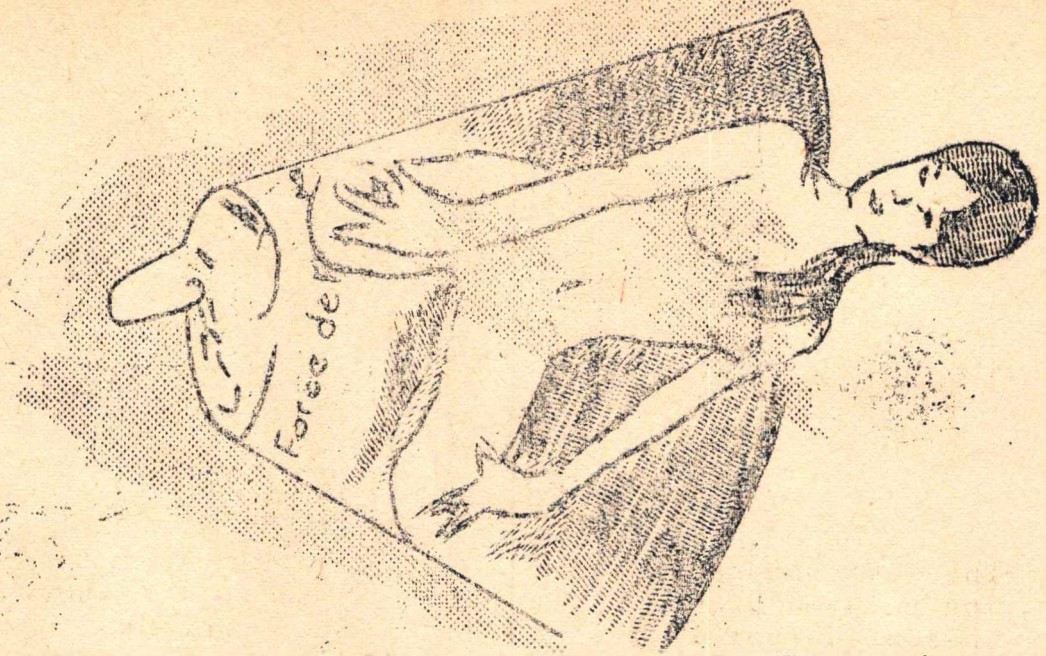
Der west-deutsche Satellit wird durch das Verkehrszeichen ABBIEGEN VERBOTEN auf dem rechten Kurs gehalten.



This is one of the last glimpses of the East-German satellite before it succeeds in extending the wall all around itself.

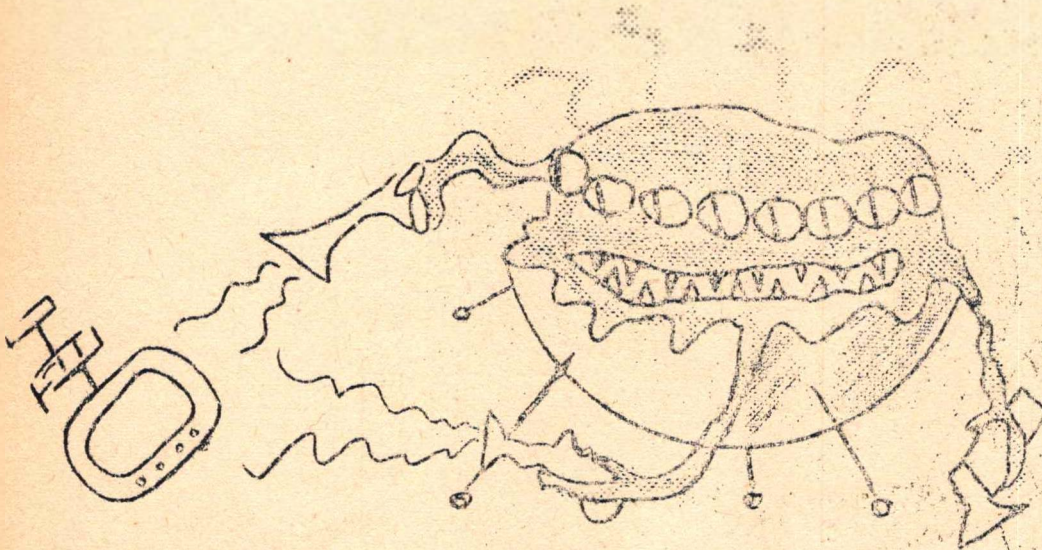
Eines der letzten Bilder des ost-deutschen Satelliten, während er dabei ist, die Mauer um sich herum zu vollenden.





Some Portions had to be omitted from this French satellite picture in order not to run afoul of the censorship laws. Persons with easily offended moral sensibilities can ignore the rear half and recognize the satellite by the special shape of its frontal antenna.

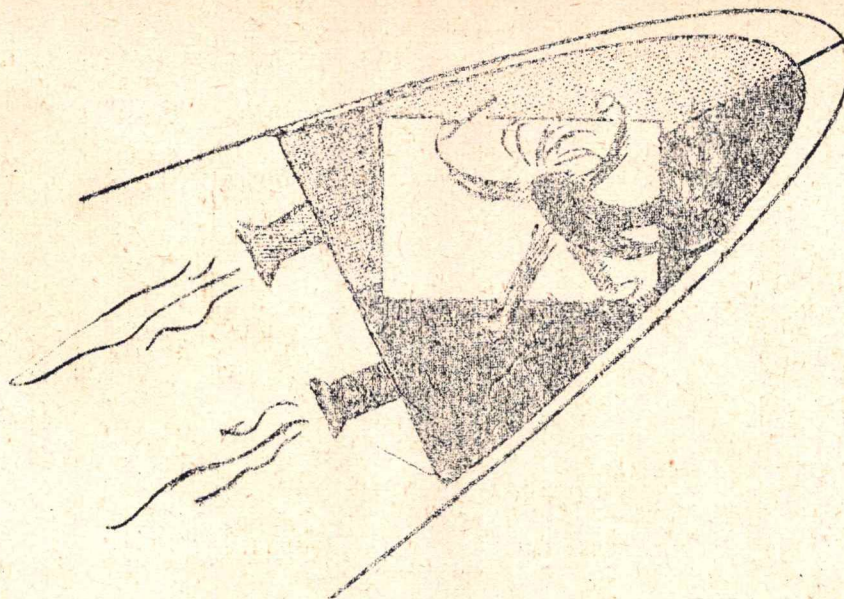
Um Schwierigkeiten mit der Zensur zu vermeiden, mußten aus dem französischen Satellitenbild gewisse Stellen weggelassen werden. Personen mit starkem Moralgefühl können den Satelliten an der speziellen Form seiner Frontantenne erkennen und die Rückseite ignorieren.



This dangerous looking satellite is not really in space but before a Hollywood movie backdrop. The monster inside will shortly destroy all life on Earth with deathrays unless it will be destroyed itself by an other monster called Toeves

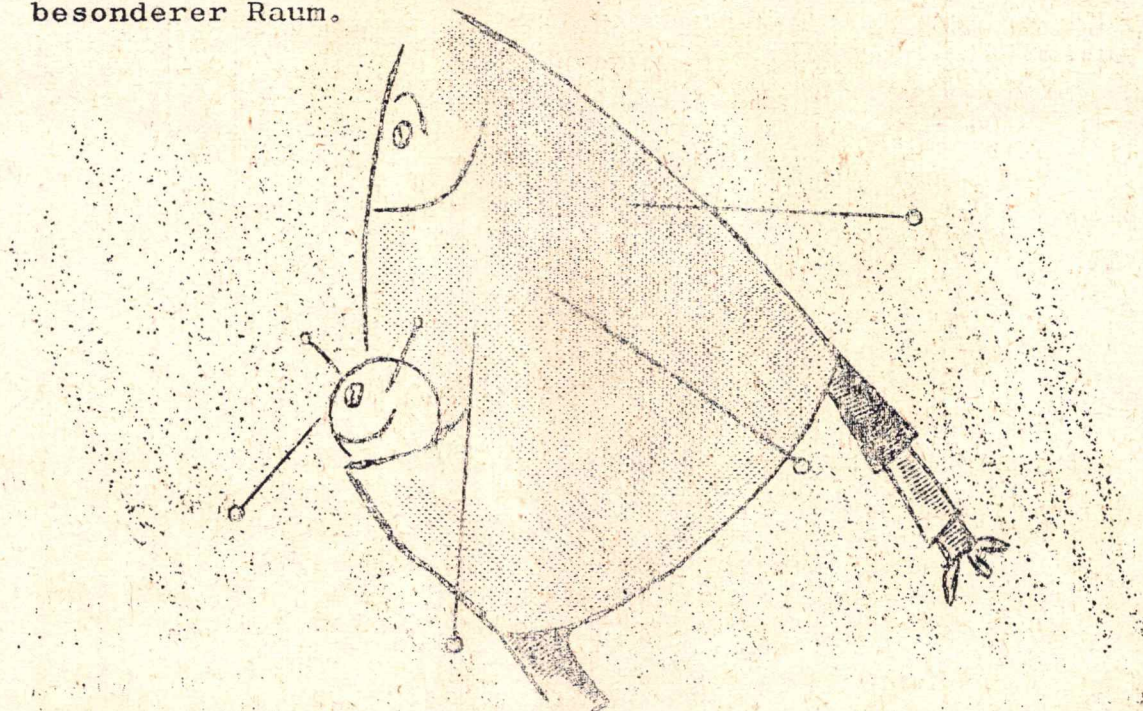
Dieser unheimliche Satellit ist nicht in Wirklichkeit im Weltraum, sondern für einen Hollywoodfilm bestimmt. Das im Innern befindliche Monster soll alles Leben auf der Erde vernichten, falls nicht die Filmgesellschaft ihrerseits von dem Monster Fer-Nse-Hn erledigt wird.





The Austrian satellite reflects the political 'proporz' by being painted black on one side and red on the other. A special inside chamber is reserved for Herbert Karajan in case he should decide to extend his global music directing operations to space.

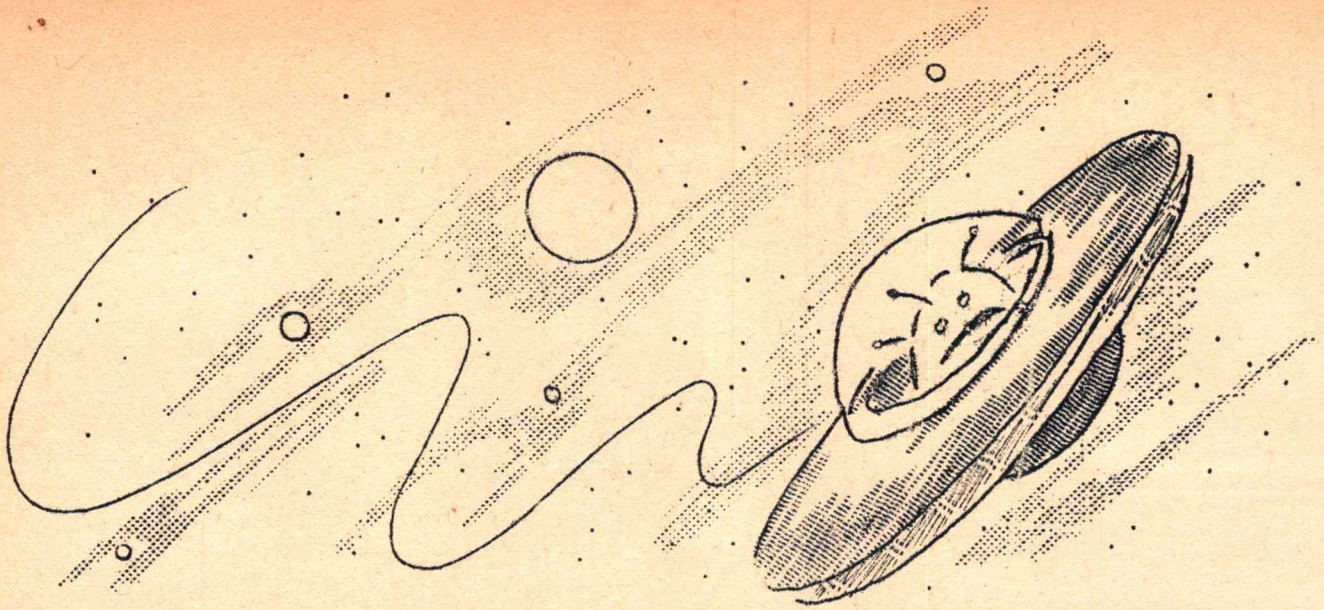
Der österreichische Satellit spiegelt den politischen Proporz wider: eine Seite ist rot, die andere schwarz. Für den eventuellen Wunsch Herbert Karajans seine globalen Gastspielreisen auch auf den Weltraum auszudehnen, befindet sich im Innern ein besonderer Raum.



The Australian satellite carries a small baby satellite in a special built in pouch. It also features hydraulically operated legs for kicking off from booster stage.

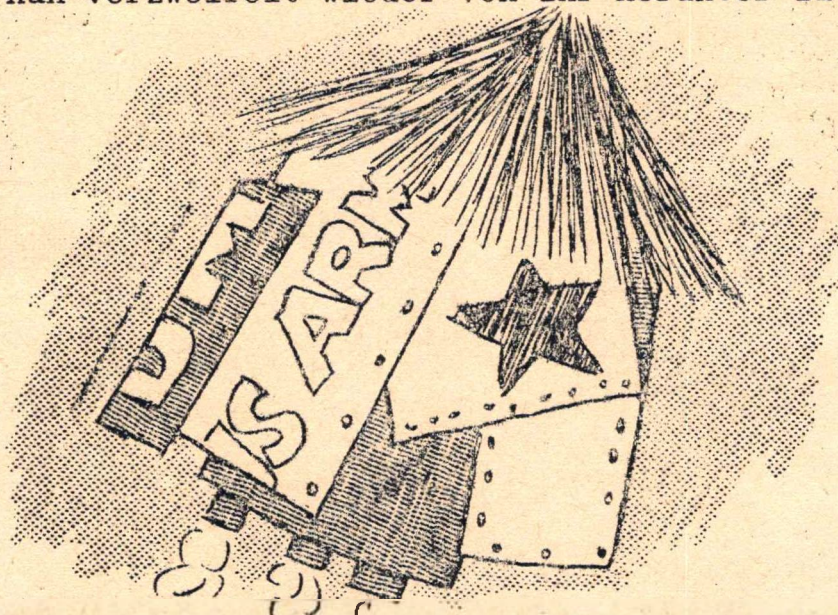
Der australische Satellit trägt einen Babysatelliten im eingebauten Beutel; außerdem besitzt er hydraulisch angetriebene Beine zum Abstoßen von der Trägerrakete.





This is not a satellite at all. The Martian pilot of this flying saucer just got his craft on this page by mistake and is now frantically trying to escape from it.

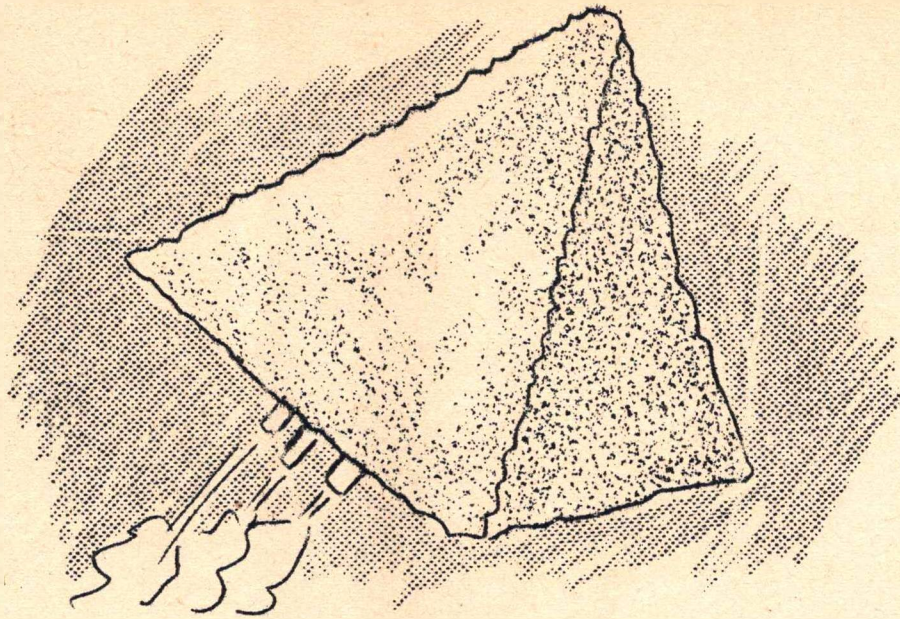
Dieses Objekt ist kein Satellit. Der marsianische Pilot kam nur aus Versehen mit seiner Fliegenden Untertasse auf diese Seite und versucht nun verzweifelt wieder von ihr herunter zu kommen.



Partly finished satellite was launched from a small African country with an unpronounceable name (which nobody remembers anyway). It was built with foreign aid funds left over from building a palace for the chief. Chances are that the satellite will stay unfinished unless enough money will be left over from the next foreign aid grant after building a second palace for the chief.

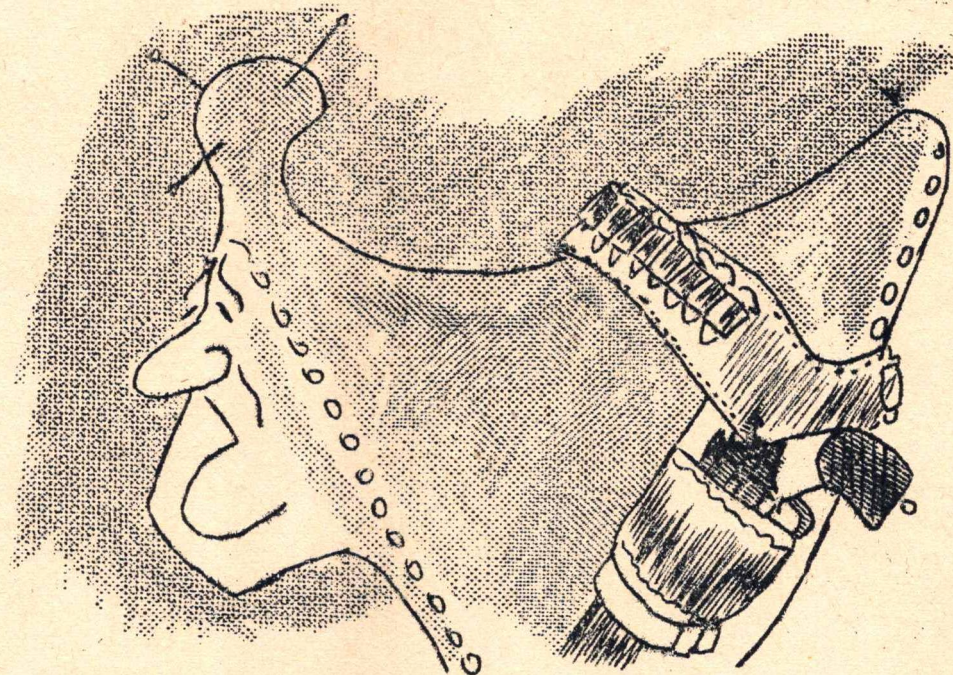
Dieser nur teilweise fertiggestellte Satellit stammt aus einem kleinen afrikanischen Land mit einem unaussprechlichen Namen (an den sich sowieso niemand erinnern kann). Er wurde mit dem Rest der Entwicklungshilfegelder gebaut, der nach der Errichtung eines Palastes für den Häuptling übrig blieb. Die Aussichten auf eine Fertigstellung sind gering sofern nicht von der nächsten Entwicklungshilfezahlung nach dem Bau eines weiteren Palastes für den Häuptling genügend übrig bleibt.





The pyramidal shape of this satellite betrays its Aegyptian origin, while the sign scrawled upon it betrays the origin of the scientists responsible for its construction.

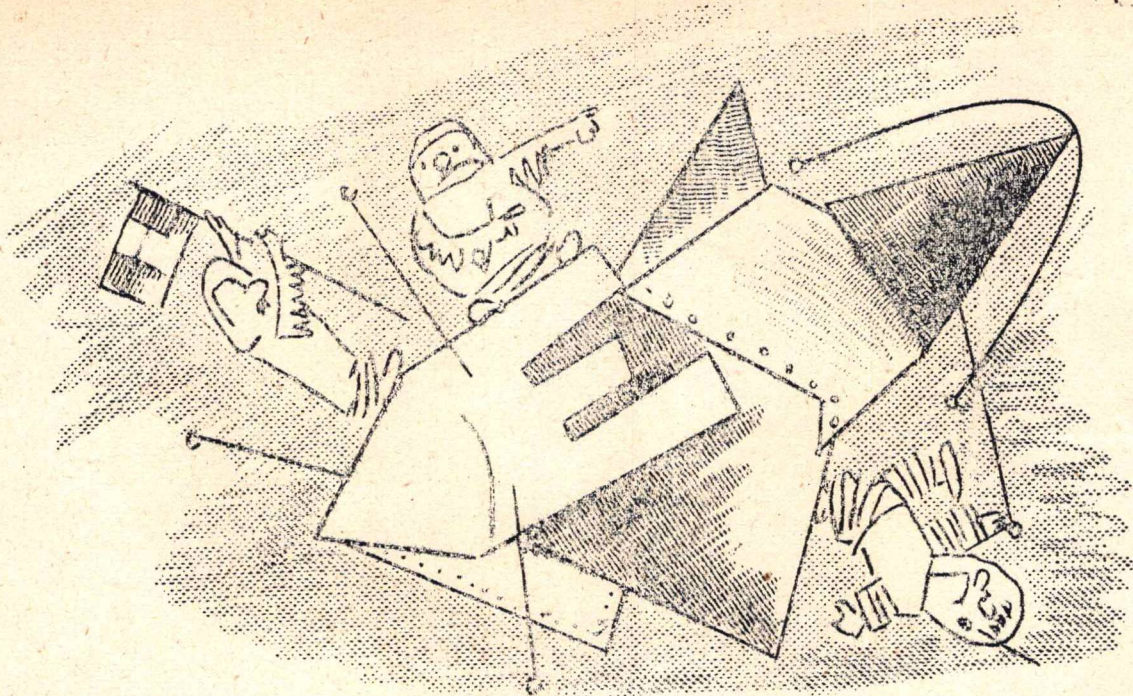
Die Pyramidenform dieses Satelliten weist auf seine ägyptische Herkunft hin, während das draufgekritzelte Zeichen, die Herkunft der für den Bau verantwortlichen Wissenschaftler aufzeigt.



This year 'Saddlelit' was sent up by the Sovereign State of Texas, natch. The editors are not going to dispute anything against its claim as the worlds biggest satellite because the bullet-proof vests have not yet arrived.

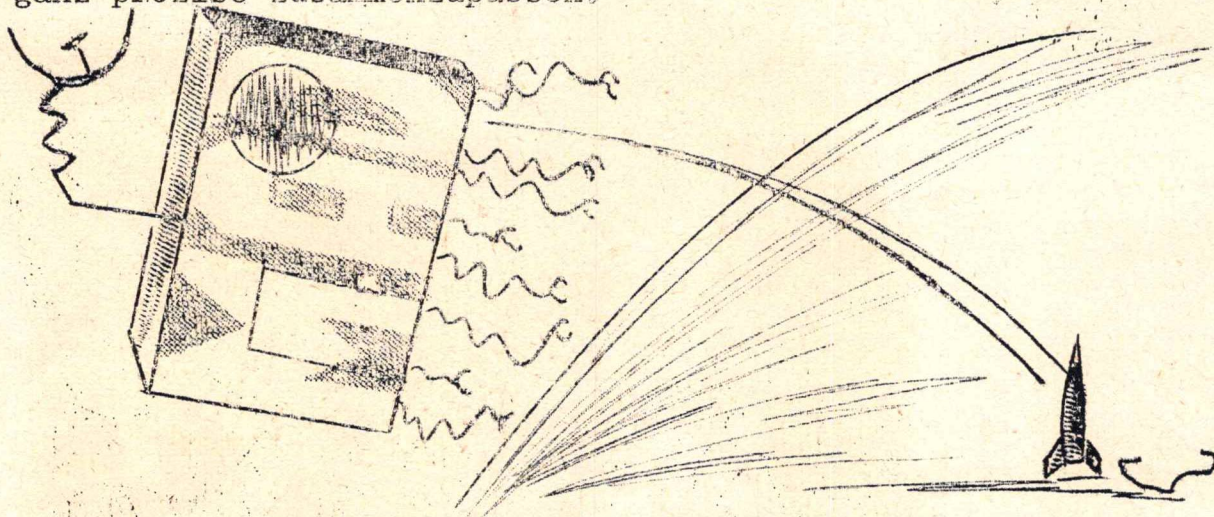
Dieser 'Sattel-lit' ist natürlich aus Texas und soll angeblich dergrößte der Welt sein. Die Herausgeber wagen hierzu keine Bemerkung, solange die kugelsicheren Westen noch nicht eingetroffen sind.





Final assembly of the European satellite still continues while it is already in orbit. The various components were developed by different countries and don't seem to fit precisely.

Der endgültige Zusammenbau des europäischen Satelliten, der sich bereits auf Umlaufbahn befindet, dauert noch an. Die einzelnen Teile wurden in verschiedenen Ländern entwickelt und scheinen nicht ganz präzise zusammenzupassen.



The strange (but hardly unforeseen) result of the MAD magazine launch experiment was that the rocket remained on the ground while the blockhouse rose into orbit. Pilot Alfred E. Neuman reported: "What-Me Worry?" (He was sitting in the grounded rocket)

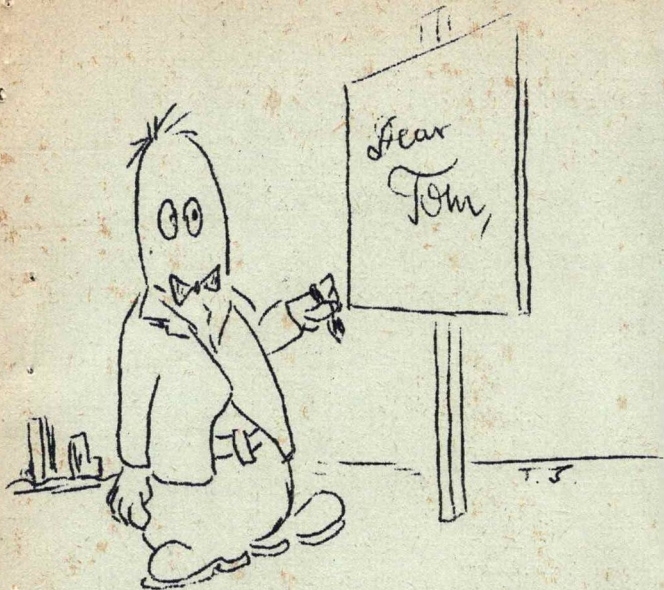
Das etwas sonderbare (aber kaum überraschende) Ergebnis des Satellitenversuchs des amerikanischen Magazins MAD war, daß die Trägerrakete auf dem Boden blieb während der Kommandobunker auf Umlauf gebracht wurde. Der Pilot Alfred E. Neuman gab durch: "Wen juckt das?" (Er saß in der Trägerrakete am Boden)

To be continued in the Horrember issue  
 Fortsetzung im Horremberheft

Text: Waldemar Kuming  
 Illustration: Mario Kwiat



# READER'S CORNER



James Blish:

Thank you very much for SOL 38 (and for the SOL Reader which I also received). Of course I read Mr. Rottensteiner's article about my failure as a thinker with particular interest. I knew that Goldmann had published "The Seedling Stars" in Germany as "Auch sie sind Menschen," but until now I

had no suspicion that the book "is considered by many the best piece of science fiction that ever appeared in Germany." This pleasant news enabled me to bear up under Mr. Rottensteiner's strictures with a certain cheerfulness.

The sheer bulk of his charge of smallshot precludes my putting up an argument -- which I would probably do badly at anyhow, since I first took up the notions involved in 1942 and bade them a fond but final farewell in 1955. Either the work stands on its own feet or it doesn't; if it has deficiencies, as no doubt it does, it wouldn't be improved by my attempting to explain them outside the framework of the stories themselves.

I do think it most odd, though, to find anyone complaining of me that I am unaware that many s-f problems have religious implications. Mr. Rottensteiner could hardly have chosen a poorer charge. Even if one puts entirely aside any consideration of my theological s-f novel "A Case of Conscience" (though its existence can hardly be a secret in Germany), your critic does not note that the central problem of "The Thing in the Attic" -- a story to which he devotes a sizable bloc of his complaints -- is explicitly a religious one; this is announced at the outset with a quotation from the holy book of Tellura (not "Telluria"). But in general his tack seems to be that what I did not discuss is very important, except where I did discuss it, when it promptly becomes irrelevant or silly. I do not see any hope for an argument founded upon such shifting sands.

Fandom is a remarkable community. Here you publish a letter from Jock Root, of whom I had never heard until less than a year ago and who now is a cherished friend -- yet the first writing of his in a fanzine that I encounter comes from Germany! His remark about Yeats' "The Second Coming" is baffling but I don't have to wait another two years for a SOL to query him about it; I can pick up the phone and ask him, or be at his door in ten minutes if the question really exercises me. (217 Mott Street, New York 12, NY)

Peter Singleton: (Ward 2, Whittingham Hospital, near Preston Lancs.)

THE COSTUME is one of the most amusing items I've read for a long time. I hope Willi writes something for SOL's next issue. Perhaps this story is a truthful account of costume-ball activities! Not being able to dance and not being fond of mixing with large crowds, I've never had to undergo similar preparations myself but I can now easily visualize the problems involved. In the same situation I think cardboard covered with silver paint to simulate metal would have been quite enough for me to wrestle with.



I'm at a distinct disadvantage as far as Franz' BLISH'S FAILURE AS A THINKER is concerned, because I haven't read the book in question. Even though I must have read at least one of the stories in the original magazine version, precisely no recollection of it springs to mind in spite of the detailed merciless dissection . . . performed by Franz. He certainly raises a number of very interesting arguments against the book. I agree that many SF authors ignore (or are unaware of) certain aspects of the ideas and circumstances they employ, thereby presenting a series of 'cause and effect' events which would be entirely nonsensical when all the major factors are taken into consideration. But isn't this true, in varying degrees, with all fiction? In fact, wouldn't it be really impossible to weigh up all the implications of a major movement with worldwide influences involved? Even in contemporary civilisation, the ultimate effects of actions (particularly within the complex and oftentimes perplexing field of politics) often fall very wide of anticipated repercussions, even when the various ramifications are studied by experts. In a purely hypothetical set of circumstances, the difficulty of resolving things to a logical conclusion are multiplied a millionfold. And what could be more hypothetical than a future civilisation such as depicted by James Blish in "The Seedling Stars"? Ghod, I must read the book.

Mario is a good faaanish artist! Has Burkhard Blüm had his nickname changed, or is 'Nappa' an obscure German variation of "Nero"?

+++Well, 'Nappa' is quite new in fandom - it's the name of an exquisite sort of leather. And Burkhard turned to wear leather ties and exquisite suede shoes, so there... +++

Manfred Kage (via Mario):

+++Part of the following letter is referring to one of Mario's articles in German of some time ago, SEX CONTRA FANDOM. Due to some purists this problem never ceased to be dealt with in German fandom. In my view MK offers some generally interesting, concluding thoughts. He is a non-fan. +++

If a "Youngster Fan" has found himself a "Space-Hero" he wants to deny the necessity of satisfying human needs for that hero at all. It might be hard for a young man to imagine that his intrepid hero feels anxiety in front of a lady's bedroom door, or that it will be necessary for him to guide his feet to a lavatory instead of boarding his space ship.

If the opponents of sex in fandom would be recruiting from the rows of these "Youngster Fans" only, it would be alright. They are young and enthusiastic, and due to their age they have a right to be so. But it is different with the elder fans, the so-called (by you) 'Morality-Apostles'.

They seldom show their real feelings, but they believe it is a matter of (wrong understood) decency not to talk about the most important human problem in fandom. Wars had been started and had been lost only for the solution of a part of this problem. Men died and will die only because of that problem. Families had been ruined and will be ruined because human beings were not - and will not - be able to solve their lascivious (here I do not mean unchaste) problems, but these fans still deny their existence. I really would like to know what THEY do at night.

Well, Mario, as I told you before, I will develop my conception why most s-f writers describe their femals heroes as persons without a personality - without normal female reactions - without sex and charm - and last not least as women without addomen.

Female feelings, female thinking, female reaction are the most mysterious problems of male mankind within the memory of man. Only a few experts, as for instance Casanova, were lucky enough to be



enabled to discover a certain part of female psyche. Only a few classics in literature are able to describe the relation between man and woman in a manner of reality. And they don't deal with s-f. It may be just too much for an ordinary writer to lay bare these mysterious relations down to the basis of human psyche and make them even understandable to his readers. He can't be both writer and psychiatrist. But although most of our writers do not dare or are unable to do so, they should not deny these relations at all. I believe no woman or girl will be mad because of a wrong or incomplete description of female feelings or reactions if that female human being only really feels and reacts. But if a writer wants to make us believe that a man and a woman could live all by themselves aboard a spaceship or on a planet for a period of years and still call each other's last name -- I can't even laugh about that. Oh Lord, let me be that man...!

+++In my eyes the basic question is: what ought s-f to intent? People write it for money and for bringing entertainment to other people. Your quest, Freddy, seems to me as being aimed too far, again. Roughly spoken the quality of a piece of writing - depends upon how much a fundamental plot and surface action are embedded in what a reader 'gains' from reading. As we came across in school, he gains by interpreting, by seeking out from between the lines what the writer was able to pack into (or better 'behind') the story, of his common sense, of his knowledge of people, of his style, of his being-human-himself. There have been women in science fiction, but hearing them speak and seeing them hop about the scene, one does not wonder why writers find difficulty in finding a proper place for them in the mechanized worlds that predominate s-f. They lack the ability of characterization - and a woman as actor makes this even more obvious, a woman with her 'strange reactions'. A real good writer will match this problem with ease, since his aim is not only the 'story'." +++tom

Now I'll come to SOI 38, April 1964, published by Mario Kwiat, and so on. ... A few words about Franz Rottensteiner's article. First of all I want to praise style and use of terms. The very few mistakes might be more or less fugitive. Even though the contribution shows here and there a touch of typical 'school-English', it has to be praised for the amazing extent of terms. But now let's talk about one point only - religion. Or to be more exact - the pretended missing of religious themes in s-f. I don't know if Franz Rottensteiner ever did try to discuss religious problems with two priests of different religions. I did. I discovered one amazing truth; although both priests spoke English, they used two different languages, and were unable to understand each other's point of view - unable to come to an approximately satisfying solution. Both were human beings talking about historical background and problems of human religions. Both were discussing with human emotions and thoughts. And last not least both were experts concerning religious thinking.

If these experts were unable to get a satisfying solution of problems existing for hundreds of years, it is rather an unfair demand for our s-f writers (or most of them) to deal with these problems concerning future human beings or even unhuman beings - and find a solution which only will satisfy ten per cent of their readers or themselves. But if we have a lack of these themes in s-f, why does Franz Rottensteiner not try to show us the right way?

I like his sharp and direct style, in spite of my foregoing sentences. No anxiety of stars - that's what we all need, not only in fandom. (68 Mannheim-Schönau, Heilsberger Strasse 47)

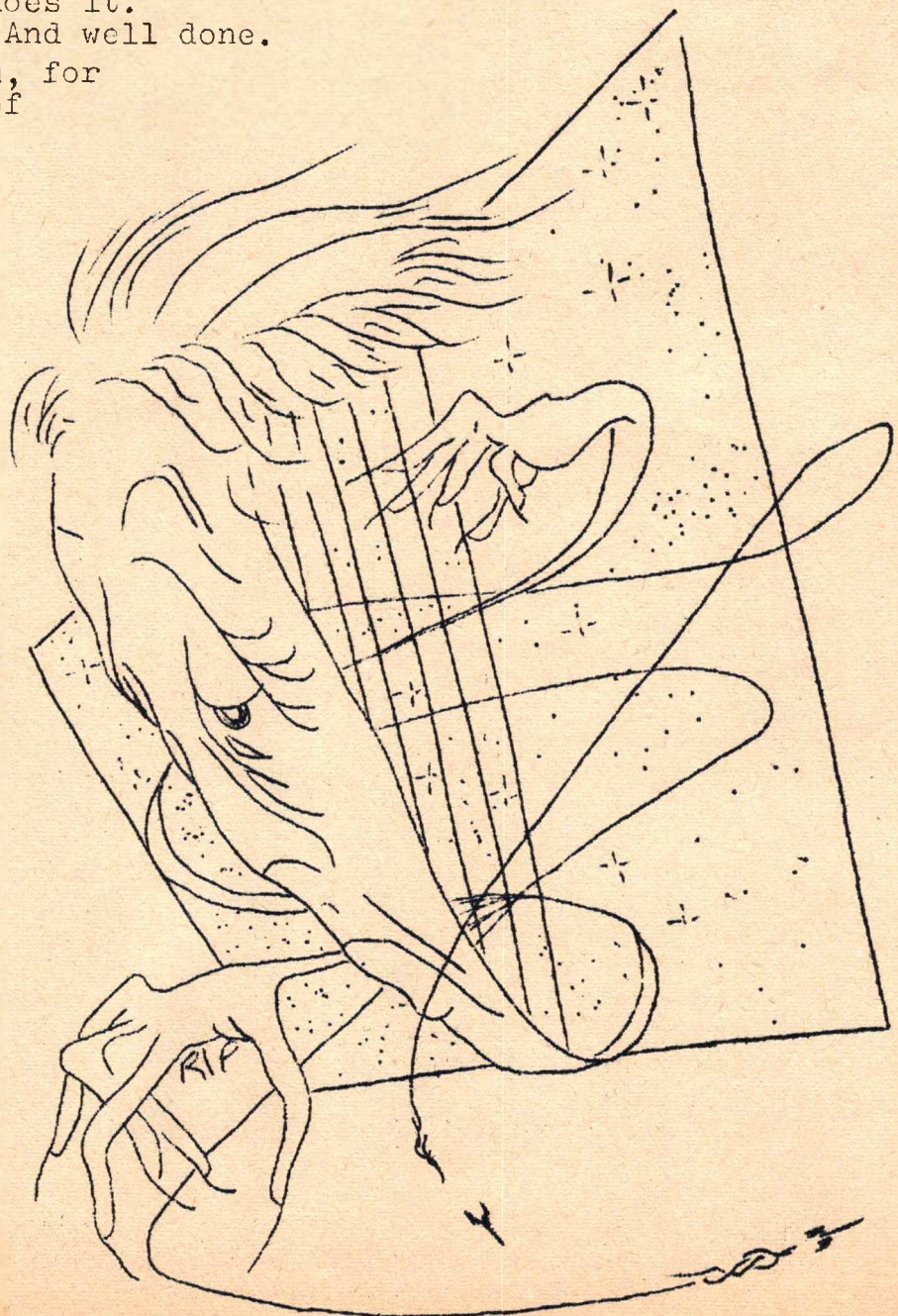


Wim Struyck: (Willebrordusstrasse 33 B, Rotterdam, Holland)  
Anyhow, nobody can say you aren't international enough. A very interesting article on Blish. Now I didn't read his Seedling Stars, so I can't say I agree, or I don't agree. It's four stories? Of one I'm sure I read it. SURFACE TENSION, and boy was that long ago! But I sure did like that very much at the time. The fact alone that I can still remember the story proves my liking for it. For the rest I can't judge. And I don't care overly much. It's of course very nice and interesting to analyze a story or an author. But the result never means much to me. I like a story or I don't. That's what counts. Take Burroughs. Old-fashioned, horrible style, bad plots, full of accidentals, full of action stops, illogical, unscientific and what more do you want. I still like his books, and so many others do.  
The lettercolumn seems to be all foreign. Even good old Betty Kujawa wrote, and she is a very old friend of mine. ... And Harry Warner, also a good friend, but he seems to be able to write in any and every fanzine. I must ask him how he does it.  
Artwork: nice girls. And well done.

+++Many thanks, Wim, for your letter, most of which was in very good German. I just love to receive mail.

I'm a-falling  
Uh huh.  
I'm still falling.  
boing ! !  
I awake  
Confusion  
                  where am  
                  I  
in bed.  
a second's nightmare,  
no monster,  
no fiend, no  
villain,  
a German s-f author!

Klaus Eylmann  
SOL 30





Terry Jeeves:

Four men and one god was not in my orbit I'm sad to say. Rather too pretentious without having anything to be that way about. ...and as for friend Root's (+ should be 'Chalker's here, I suppose! ++) objection to a London Worldcon...How the hell can he justify calling a Convention a 'Worldcon' if it must always stay in the USA? Luckily most US fan would not agree with him. ... Remember, LONDON IN 65. (30 Thompson Road, Sheffield 11, ENgl.)

Archie Mercer: (70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, Great Britain)

Thank you (or whoever was responsible for sending it) for sending me SOL 38

-----  
"It's Latin for the sun." "No it's not - it's French for earth"  
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As it seems to be a departure from previous SOLs, I suggest that it ought to have been called SON OF SOL. Though it's probably too late now.

-----  
"You're both wrong. It's short for Solomon."  
-----

So "Damm" means "boulevard", does it? In my ignorance I thought it meant "dam", and had visions of you living on the edge of a great artificial lake somewhere. Is there a Neuenbekener or Neuerbekener to go with the alter one, and what is a beken, anywas? Or is Beken the plural of Beke or Bek - hey, this is getting interesting. Wait while I look up my dictionary. No - plenty of long words beginning Bek- or bek- but not by itself. Pity.

I loved those "convention" cartoons by Mario the Quiet.

+++But, Archie, the Altonbekener Damm is leading directly to the shore promenade of a great (two miles long) artificial lake! It's the Hannover central 'Maschsee' born out of meadows. It's a picturesque sea, with boats and things. The word of 'Beeke' (Probably not in your dictionary) is often used for small creeks. Maybe that's the origin.+++

Ralph-Günther Vogel:

Yet the contents, hmmm! Oh, the contents - it took at once a very fancy to me, you know! 32 pages are enough; then the distinct print, the very funny Scrawls, and last not least the Girl on page 16, hm, a "highly finished" maid..! (++) Who did it, I ask you! ++)

As you mentioned you had tried to press out of your brain whatever there was in it -- and: Was there something? (++)...er...++ Tom, forget-me-now? I can't follow you. And what shall mean "Mario is about 20 by now"? Is he 20 years old? (++)Mario is 28, but by trying to correct my "27" statement ruined the numeral. And heck, yes, he is 28 years! Easy to say afterwards: pun intended!+) Franzl's article isn't less to appreciate than the other contributions, but I don't know 'cause I haven't read it. Just look: I can't imagine that somebody has real fun with this scientific article. It's instructive, isn't it? Well, Tom, if you'll advise me to read this contribution...until today I can't do so (5 Köln-Mülheim, Glücksbürger Strasse 3/5)

Ron Bennett: (17 Newcastle Road, Liverpool 15, Engl.)

You may be interested to know that Britain had zip numbers quite some time ago, oh, four or five years back anyway, possibly more. But only in certain areas. I used to write to one fan who lived in Norwich at that time (he's since moved to London) and had to put



at the end of the address the code "NOR 430" as I remember it. I don't know, however, whether this scheme is still in operation. I got a big laugh out of Jack Chalker's letter. ... It's a good theoretical argument, I suppose, but hardly one which takes any notice of past experience. American worldcons are primarily American, I would say, with very few non-American attendees (at which fact I've not heard anyone grumble, by the way), whilst at the previous British worldcon there were some 60 or 70 American attendees, making the con the most international worldcon ever. I'd hazard a guess at the fact that at that 1957 London Worldcon were more attendees from visiting countries at the one con than have attended the entire series of 20 or so American worldcons. I don't really think that he has an argument about non-English attendees feeling like outsiders, either. I've seen several continental fans enjoying the centre of the limelight at British conventions before now, yourselves at Harrogate, Jan Jansen at Kettering, Rainer Eisfeldt at London, Nic Oosterbaan at Kettering and Klaus Eylmann at a Manchester party being cases in point. I've also had the very enjoyable experience of attending, some nine years ago, a small convention in Antwerp at which the proceedings were almost entirely in Flemish, of which language I speak about five words, yet I can't recall that I felt anything of being an outsider. As for Chalker's third point, I can't honestly see that a London worldcon would rob anyone of a convention: an eastcoast con in the States would merely be postponed for a year, which certainly cannot be said to be the same thing.

Fantastic typed photo-illo you had on the back page. Whose idea was that?

+++It was Mario who typed it on stencil, but it's probably not his own work. I remember him mentioning that it came through by tele-typer. - Klaus Eylmann has very fond memories of the Manchester party indeed. What did you offer him to drink? +++

Clyde Kuhn: (615 Pacheco Boulevard, Los Banos, Cal. 93635, USA)

Chatter about SOL? Not much for a newcomer to say. It is German, which makes it seem different (++ oops, Clyde wrote DIFFERENT ++), Your informal editorial chatter broke the ice with me, as did it do with many others, I'm sure. What I really enjoyed was "Four Men and one God". I must meet this fellow who wrote it. I enjoyed (it) not as an attack on religion (as many beffuttled Americans would no doubt take it for), but as a work of satirical (or is it Satanic) humor. But then again I may have missed the point of the story completely, but to the way I look at it, the undertones of humor are unmistakable.

+++ No more of my informal chatter now, the issue comes to an end. Many thanks to all of you again - letters are always invited and are fully enjoyed, if only reprinted in incomplete sections, due to lack of space. (Odd: All those who saw their letters treated this bad way in SOL 38, didn't bother to write again, with the proud exception of Terry Jeeves. If this goes on, we'll be alone one day, Terry... Anyway, I don't see the use of printing sentences like "I liked..." or "...was very good" etc. here. My sincere thanks to Robert A. Heinlein and Mr. C.C.Schaef for their notices. Many thanks, too, to all those who sent their fanzines for trade, amongst whom are Dave Hale, Ken Cheslin, Al Andrews (ok, let's trade!), Terry Jeeves, Takumi Shibano (I wish I could read it!), J.H.Osterrath, Ed Meskys, Carl Brandon, Hans Lopatka, Ethel Lindsay, Arthur Thomson (Scene), and certainly a lot of others. Keep being busy! And that's about this issue - yet a lot of stencils to cut. Best Tom+++