

SOL 42



HANN



SOL 42
September 1965
published by Mario Kwiat, Guntram
Ohmacht, Ernst-August Pösse, Wolf
gang Thadewald, and compiled by

Thomas Schlück
3 Hannover
Altenbekener Damm 10
Germany

SOL is late again, but who - with this late summer - isn't? I have been thinking of a big Worldcon issue, a fat and shiny thing, to be distributed in London personally - and I had even made up a smashing welcome page to the attendees -, but it all went wrong somehow. Anyway, here we are.

For some reason or other this issue will be something like a Mario Kwiat family issue - as indicated by the cover. Mario's little one shows a strange preference of strangely labelled bottles - she is a fan's daughter!

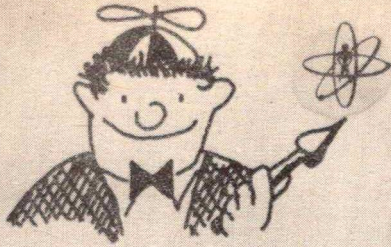
The cover and the photopages overleaf have been printed by Waldemar Kumping and Klausgerd Berger, München, who, with the tenth anniversary of the German SF Club at hand - have had quite a lot of similar pages to work on.

The first ten years of German Fandom have come to an end this August. The SFCD was founded on the 4th of August 1955, and though there had been some minor fanac before, this foundation marks the true beginning of Gerfandom. Its evolution and revolutions from that moment were pretty similar to those of other fandoms in the world, maybe it was a quicker development on the whole. Many of the old fans have already gone, but there are others who have survived. One of them is Mario, who is as active as ever and who is determined to celebrate his birthday by publishing his third oneshot, name of

FANny Hill.

You will remember my mentioning Mario's other two oneshots, PLEHBOI and BABBIT. These consisted of drawings mostly and were published a few years ago. FANny Hill is going to have a similar build-up, but stressing Mario's personal development in fandom. Mario himself will give an introduction, telling about his time in fandom, about the friends he made there, and about his work. And he will feature the two photopages you are seeing right here. I'll be giving the explanations as far as I know the people.

- 1 Summer 1959. Fan-freshman Mario at the Berlin Funkturm. Mario was born and raised in Berlin.
- 2 May 1957. Mario and Guntram Ohmacht in Hannover. Guntram is another oldtimer who has more or less retired.
- 3 March 1958. Mario and Wolfgang Kowalke. Wolfgang was first man of the Berlin sf group for years.
- 4 May 1959. Walter Ernsting and Gottlieb Mährlein. Gottlieb has been editor of our clubzine ANDROmeda for years, whilst Walter, reknown as 'Father of Gerfandom', has succeeded in making a living out of science fiction (as an author, agent, translator) without leaving fandom.
- 5 June 1956. WE and the late Lothar Heinecke. Mr. Heinecke earned his reputation by publishing an excellent German edition of the GALAXY magazine. He selected with good taste, translated, and reprinted the original illustrations, one of the strong parts of GALAXY. The German Galaxis lasted for fifteen issues.
- 6 February 1959. Convention in Hannover (I missed this one - I entered local fandom a few weeks later!) Front left Britfan Julian Parr who played a leading role in Gerfandom's first days. Front right Klaus Eylmann, who had been active in international fandom for some time. He is ga_fia now.
- 7 Rolf Gindorf, former editor of THE BUG EYE.
- 8 Fred and Margot Kage, Mannheim, personal friends of Mario. Fred has entered fandom recently.
- 9 May 1961. Willi Voltz and Mario, who were publishing a very famous column at that time, are staging the title of this column 'Mario's and WiVo's Little Island' for a series of photographs. Willi has become an active pro writer and is out of fandom now. You will remember his contribution in SOL 38.
- 10 The late Heinz Bingenheimer, author, agent, book-seller, and science fiction collector. He had one of the most comprehensive collections of old German science fiction.
- 11 February 1959. Karl-Herbert Scheer, one of Germany's most popular authors at the Hannover convention. Beside him, Thea 'Molly' Grade.
- 12 Motor-cyclist Mario.
- 13 Mario and Jürgen Molthof, leading Düsseldorf fan, who was killed in a car accident in 1961. Jürgen published one of the first provocative sexy fanzines in Gerfandom and got a hell of a reaction.
- 14 January 1961, Duisburg Convention. Jürgen again, here with Inge Hartmann, femme-fan from Göttingen.



FANNY HILL

10 jahre K. im fandom



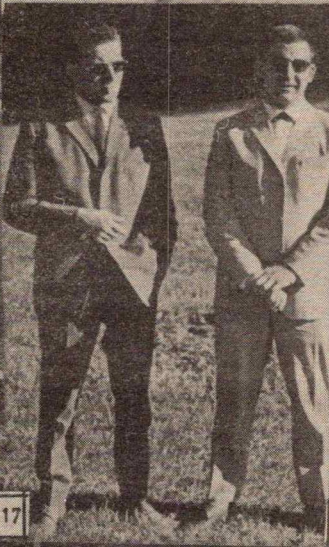


15

16

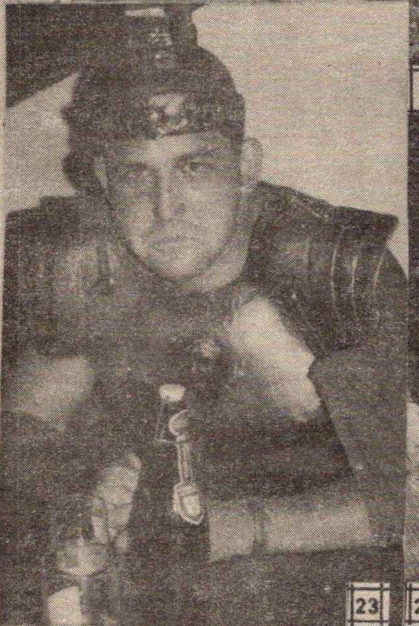


22



17

18

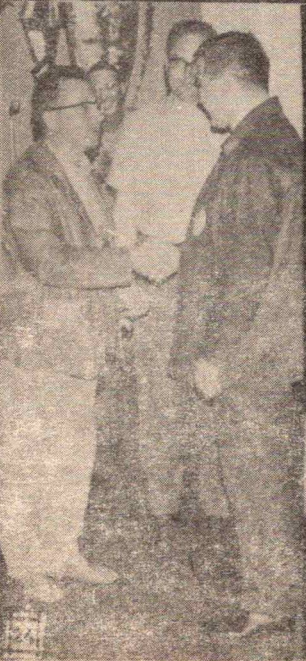


23

21



20



24

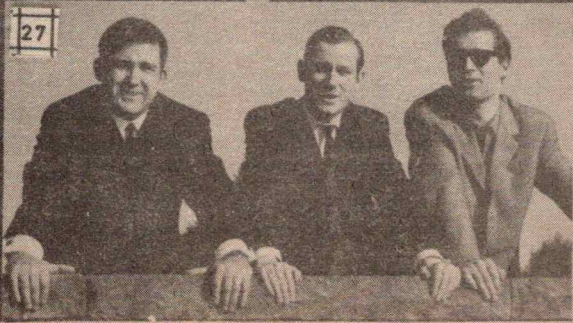


25



26

27



- 15 January 1961 Duisburg. Authors Winfried Scholz and Jesco von Putkammer showing up in front. Jesco worked as a translator, too, and is now in Huntsville, Alabama.
- 16 June 1963, Extern Stones. Helmuth W. Mommers, Wolfgang Thadewald (look at him, he's one of those who publish SOL!), Ernst Vlcek (try to pronounce that!), Mario Kwiat, Thomas Schlück (ha!), and Franz Ettl. This was the party of six people who left the Bielefeld Convention in Franz' big Citroen to make up the AKTuell magazine, which turned out to be a very successful oneshot, being reproduced in photostats in about thirty copies only. Special!
- 17 Wolfgang Jeschke and Mario (I told you it would be a Mario Kwiat issue - I wouldn't dare to count how often he appears on this page!). Wolfgang who has now retired from fandom was very active as an amateur author and has appeared in SOL twice already, in SOL-Reader (March 1962) with FOURTEEN MINUTES AND SOMETHING MORE, and in this issue with SIREN CALL. He is one of my favourite
- 18 Axel Melhardt and Ernst Vlcek, Vienna, with Mario, in August 1962. Axel is the publisher of Gerfandom's most ambitious amateur science fiction magazine, PIONEER. There is so much work in every (excellent!) issue that PIO comes out but infrequently. But it is worth waiting for. Ernst came into fandom as an artist and fan writer, but has now turned to writing pro and drawing sf cartoons. You see, continental sf has its authors, too, though there is hardly hope for them to be translated.
- 19 Spring 1963. Dieter Steinseifer and Ralph-Günther Vogel, SOL-Letterhacks.
- 20 Mario in good company, his wife Susi and Doris Kolberg, femme-fan from Schwerte. (This is a town, if you wonder!)
- 21 Summer 1963. Mario being visited in a Berlin Hospital by local fans Klaus Sage and Siegfried Raguse. Mario broke his shoulder badly in a judo fight. Siegfried is the publisher of Gerfandom's other mainly literary fanzine, ANABIS.
- 22 Inge Raguse.
- 23 August 1964, Castlecon. Mario at the Fandress-Party, made up as Alkibiades II.
- 24 Castlecon congratulations for Mario on the birth of his daughter Silke who arrived some days earlier than expected, with Mario spending days of fannish delights in Marquartstein.
- 25 Silke at the age of five months, December 1964.
- 26 Castlecon again, Mario and Eddie Jones.
- 27 SOL-slaves: Mario, Wolfgang and Thomas.

A lot of unknown people, eh? I have often been asked to introduce Gerfandom to you more intensely, but I didn't find a sufficiently comprehensive way of doing so. Photographs are one of the possibilities. Please tell me about your impression.

Photographers are unknown, no credits

As I've said, this issue is going to be a Mario issue mostly. At the end you'll find a small folio of Mario drawings, including some items from FANNY HILL, which has been published in the meantime. Have a good look at this man's versatility in style.

These pages normally being a place of introduction of people appearing in SOL, I don't want to miss to point out to you the worthy persons who have contributed this time.

I need not say anything about JAMES WHITE and HARRY WARNER Jr. who kindly submitted interesting material, which I'm herewith laying before you. Both have been in fandom long enough. Many thanks.

On the other hand there are newcomers to the fannish scene. LOIS LAVENDER, who claims to have never had any material of her own in a fanzine before, was kind enough to let herself be persuaded to DO something. She is a charming girl whom I met at the LonCon, and I thought it might be interesting to see matters from the female point of view for a change. Enclosed you'll find the first instalment of her report. Studying literature amongst other subjects, she is just now busy reading Shakespeare, and her dramatic talents are shining through when she uses highly dramatic dialogue in her report. Prosit.

JON BING is another newcomer to the fanzine field, as far as I know - at least to the English language section. He played a major role in building up Norwegian fandom. His contribution is a first step to bringing other continental fandoms to your attention; there are plans to deal with the Polish and French side of science fiction and/or fandom at length in the next issues. There may be an Italian excursion as well.

'The New One' having been rather successful with most of the readers, I couldn't resist including another piece of fiction. WOLFGANG JESCHKE may be known to you; he contributed to the first English language issue of SOL, SOL-Reader (March 1962), with a story of similar style and atmosphere. You see, I do prefer fantasy. Something else next time. Wolfgang is studying literature at München University.

Another thing I'd like to bring to your attention is the VIENNA CON in '66. Details on one of the following pages. There have been so many voices of interest at the LonCon that I hope Tony Walsh will be successful with his plan of hiring a bus for the convention-goers. Austria's worth the effort! And, Harry, Salzburg is quite close!

Urgent request: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE LONCON! I've been there all by myself, without the normally busy Wolfgang Thadewald who, in former years, supplied me with lots of shots from each and every convention. However, there seem to have been only few photographers in London, pity. Help! All costs returned.

Now thank you again for all your support. You had to wait for quite some time, but working in a bank and being something of a professional translator at the same time inflicts its problem re. fanzine publishing. I'll try to be more frequent next year (one of my New Year's Resolutions). So see you RSN! And in case we're NOT too late, MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY 1966!

Do I hear from you (though many of you never hear from me) ?

Tarway

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST is a Law of Nature. Therefore it is important to know your strength. But it is even more important to know about your weaknesses.

THEY HAD TRAVELLED

for a long time, but now they were longing for a planet, for a cloudless sky and an evening to rest, and it was afternoon when they landed. As the twilight befell the plain, they made a fire and waited for the night, for the sleepy darkness of a breathing world, after eternal nights of switched electric lamps.

THEY SAT IN THE OPEN AIR

and enjoyed their drinks. The space-ship rested over them, and its jets were like mouths - wide, and roarless, and black. The smell of earth and vegetation, the light of a glowing sky - all this surrounded them like a net in which they were caught - nothing like naked beings, men.

The ship faded out of sight against the darkness of the sky; there was a far moon and a pale diffuse light between branches.

THEN THE SONGS,

homesickness, memories, the guitar, a fascinated glow of fire in their eyes. These were songs that spread faster than light and yet stay where you hear them first.

Of Canak, who was falling into a sun for ten long years and still hoped, even as the protuberances nearly touched him. The song of Old Giron, the tree on Pollux, who could tell more about Earth than any human because of his age. Songs of home and far off and of men in-between.

SOMEONE GOT UP.

The air was pleasant, the peace of a world's open lap. Safety.

HE THOUGHT OF ELIZABETH,

his wife. He left the circle of light, and the moon became brighter and in rising poured light over leaves and grass. The singing floated, painting soft figures.

A rustling, crackling noise. Branches. An animal?

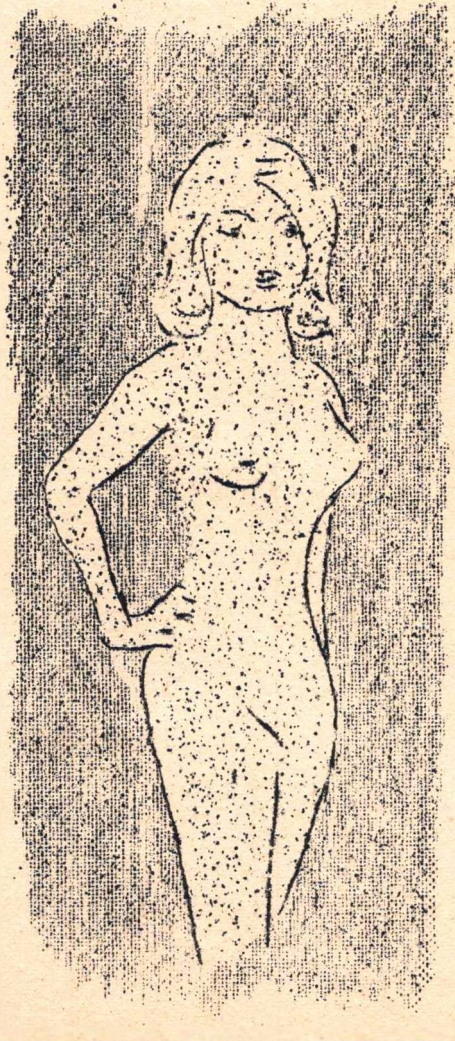
Old Giron.

Bark, chappy and dry, made to be grasped,

Siren Call

fiction by

Wolfgang Jeschke



groping fingers, skin, hair.

Hair?

She leaned white, silvery eyes, nightly brightnesses on silent pools.

"Elizabeth, you? No!"

Silvery tears, breathing closeness.

"Who are you?"

Whispering, "Come!"

BELLS RINGING AT THE SPAN,
hoofs rolling hollow, snow.

"Come!"

She seized his hand, and he followed, enchanted. Leaves swallowing the noise of their steps.

Light foot, heavy foot.

"Call me Elizabeth", cooingly. Dancing ferns.

"There are humans here?"

"Yes, look, feel!"

She spread her arms and tittered. He followed, she escaped.

A stumbling chase.

"Be careful. I will lead you."

Her small hand slipped into his like a soft feathery bird.

"Where do we go?"

"Home. We must hurry before the moon is rising. The children are hungry." hungry."

"Child? Your children?"

"No, my sister's. She went hunting. I'm all by myself."

THERE WAS A LIGHT AT THE ENTRANCE.

A red glow trickled through the cloth and dyed the ground. The threshold was high. He lifted her carefully. She was twisting like a cat, at last breaking loose, pulling him inside.

Exhausted he fell down. The room was filled with the glow of the fire-place. Hides on the floor, to drown in comfortable warmth.

"Drink! You are my guest." - and he obeyed and couldn't stop.

"Drink!" - and he drank.

THE CHILDREN WERE

two tiny balls of fur. They crept towards him, pulling at his legs, climbing his chest, hitting their little hands in his face.

"Wait, not now! Let him go!"

She put them down, and they began to cry.

She came down beside him and looked at him, her face upturned.

Her hair was like a golden waterfall, and he closed his eyes.

'This cannot be true', he reminded himself. 'She is not Elizabeth. I must be dreaming beside the fire. It's the songs and the whisky.'

He opened his eyes again. Her face was swimming above him in the flickering shine of the fire.

"My name is Elizabeth. I am Elizabeth. You - Dan."

His name.

"Don't wake up. Rest here and dream."

Her face came down. Her fingers in his hair. Her breath.

'But this must be a dream!' he wanted to cry, but there was the wine.

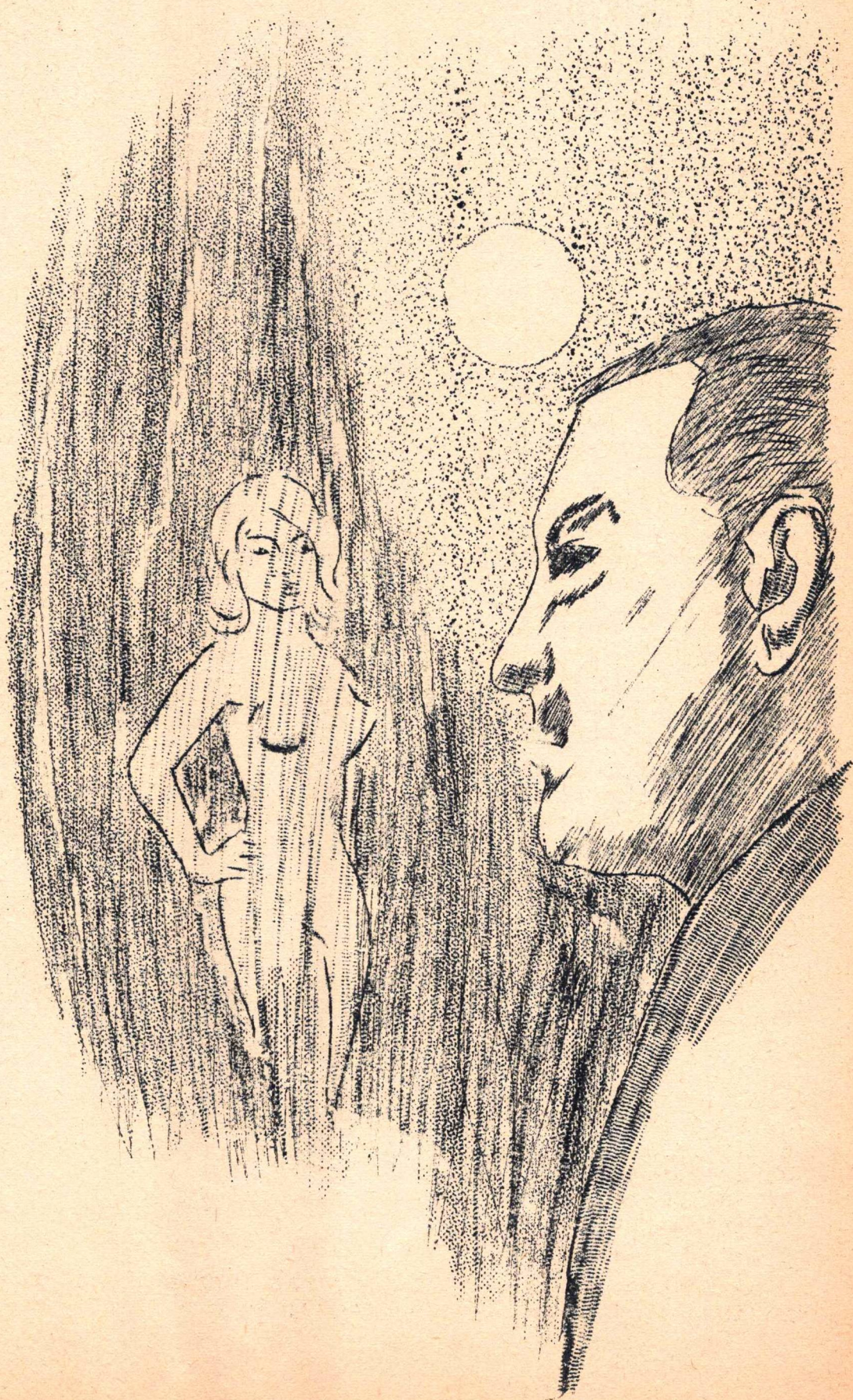
"No dream!"

The whispering voice was very close.

"No dream, Dan."

HE FELT

becoming easier; he was lifted, was carried on into a sea of exciting dizziness and anguished sweetness, into a world of abundance for



life is much too short. A stunning sense of happiness and tenderness.

He felt soft claws -- the children -- far, far away. The pain was sweet.

He tried to grasp them, but he was weak. Soft fur between his fingers.

The pain grew tormenting. Clumsily he tried to withdraw, to escape, but he did not move.

"Let them, they like you."

Her voice, smooth, near.

He could feel them, velvet fur over steel muscles, and sharp teeth in his wrists.

There was wetness around him.

The pain grew, urging upwards, demanding, forming itself into a cry.

'Cry, awake, cry!'

Sickness retched him.

His hands fought, seized, clawed, squeezed. The fight sobered him.

He flew out, tore up the heavy eyelids --- fingerlike teeth, like sabres, flashing down, hitting his throat.

He cried ... soundless.

Wetness, warm sticky wetness.

He felt his strength floating out of him, his fingers growing numb.

The light faded away into coldness.

THEY HAD SEARCHED FOR

him last night already, but the forest had been silent and dark.

Where it had been kind and familiar in the evening, it was malicious and dangerous now.

At dawn they began to search, swarming through the forest, an army ready to fight.

IT WAS A SMALL

cave, humid, the ground covered with leaves, blood and excrements.

It was a terrible sight.

A little ball of fur lay stiff beside him among rotten leaves. Its snout was full of crusted blood, its long teeth were like sickles.

The men wondered how they had gotten him here, since he seemed to have offered resistance.

They took along the strange animal, and they buried him in the sunshine, with flowers and branches, and the sun shone high, but the men felt chilly, and the forest was stooped and malicious.

THEN THE BLACK MOUTHS

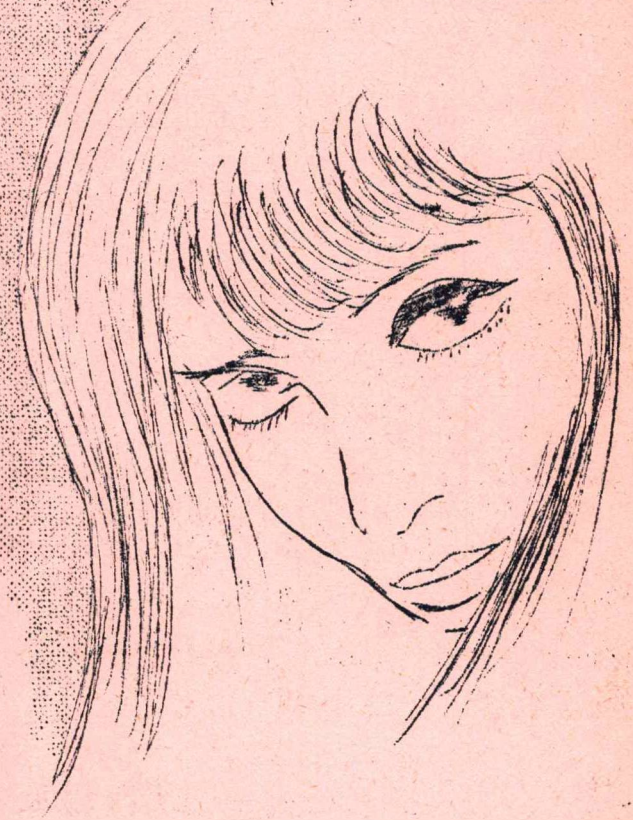
spat bales of smoke into the forest, vomiting a stream of fire that ignited the grass.

The ship started, screaming away into the blue heavens, making the hills tremble. And it marked the sky with a vertical sign which was subject to the winds, until it tore to pieces.

reprinted from 'Telepath' (1960)
and from 'Amateur SF Stories' (1964)
translated with the help of
Manfred Kage
Original title
'Sirenen an Ufern'



Alphaville



Film by Jean-Luc Godard, France 1965, 'Alphaville - une étrange aventure de Lemmy Caution', with Eddie Constantine Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff.

The new film of "New wave" man Jean-Luc Godard was awarded the "Golden Bear" of the Berlin Film-Festival 1965 as best film of the year, and it started its round through the cinema soon after that.

Most of Germany's cinemas are specialized on certain types of films, and this one being called "Lemmy Caution against Alpha 50" in Germany, it seemed predestined for the B-class of theatres, where people expect their Eddie to roam about the screen fighting and killing.

But wonder, Eddie turned out to be an actor! Godard succeeded in avoided Constantine's Lemmy-Caution-routine, which had made this French actor the forerunner of James Bond, popularity-wise.

Godard places his hero and the Paris of 1965 in an Utopian town. Here there is neither past nor future. Love and tears, poetry and conscience are forbidden. This town, name of Alphaville, shows elements of communist and fascist states, and sees inhuman hearings, brainwashings, mass executions and an ever changing vocabulary, which is to be found in the Bible of the State, turning out to be a dictionary.

The film is ironized, the truth well-wrapped. It is full of new conceptions and formal ideas, and is nearly inconceivable in its compact diversity. There are visionary elements of Orwell, Huxley, Cocteau, and Fritz Lang.

This truth is being defended fanatically by Godard: without love and tenderness, without poetry and human illogic, life would soon come to an end of total destruction.

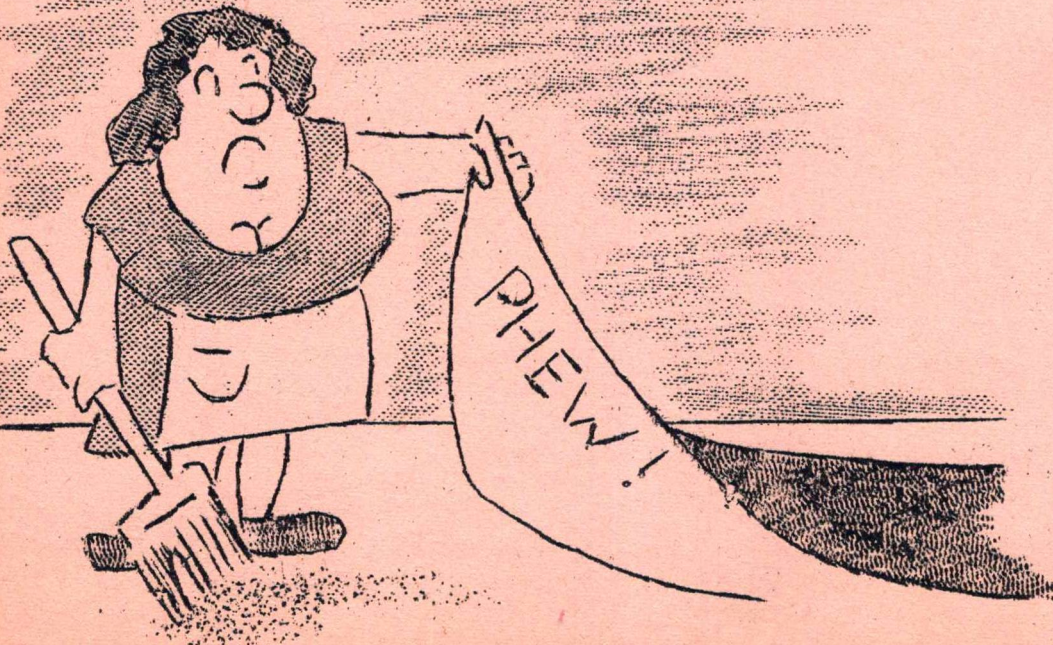
Godard turns out to be a master of the screen and makes Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina act logically. The contrast and composition of some of the scenes stimulate the sensitivity of the spectator .

Alphaville is a science fiction film. An art film.

However, most of the spectators didn't seem to be satisfied at all, and due to the mis-start in the wrong kind of theatre, comments ranged from "impossible" to "what a madness!"

Those for whom the film was made seem to ignore it. In Germany. Let's hope this is different in other countries.

Supplied by Mario Kwiat.



Not Just the Captains and the Kings Harry Warner Jr.

The iconoclast is making a comeback in fandom. Buck Coulson has gained much of his fame for speaking plainly about celebrated pros and fans whom others don't dare to criticize. Alex Eisenstein produced a tremendous blast at Farewell to the Master, a story that nobody else has risked condemning in a decade or more. And I've just found some consolation to think about, whenever I get tired of reading praise for this story and that fan, over and over again. The consolation consists of certain poll results that have been mouldering away in various old fanzine pages for many years.

Real quick now, can you remember the author and place of original appearance for Brood of the Dark Moon or The Mechanical Mice? I can't even though I took the poll in which the latter was one of the winners. The automated rodents won recognition as one of the best stories of 1941, when I took a poll in my late fanzine, Spaceways. The lunar Blackout occupied so much attention in the minds of old time fans that this story was among the nine stories that placed highest, when Donn Brazier took in 1936 an unusual kind of poll, counting up favorable mentions of stories in the letter columns of prozines. If you think that you will never see a new fanzine without a discussion of Glory Road, take consolation in the possibility that a quarter-century from now, someone will try to remember if it was a novel or a short story, when he runs across this article in a musty old fanzine.

If you think I'm being unfair, by going so far back, let's look at a poll that W.N. Austin took among 52 fans to determine what they liked best in the prozines in 1950. The Second Night of Summer, Helping Hand, and The Exiles are some of the celebrated titles that finished among the top five in each category.

Or, suppose you don't read the prozines and believe that fanzines have a greater immortality. If you're a British fan who has been active for a half-dozen years, you'll have no trouble remembering all the facts about the winners in the poll that Skyrack took in 1960. Otherwise, you might do some headscratching and synapse-searching before you achieve concrete mental images to go with several of the fanzine titles that were among the top ten: Ploy, Smoke, and Femizine, for instance.

It's strange how some fanzines that used to be famous still get mentioned from time to time in reminiscences while other once-celebrated publications are rarely recalled. Only a genuine neo-fan would look bewildered when someone mentioned The Acolyte, because it helped to make Laney famous, or Le Zombie, which Tucker published for so long. But joining them among the top four fanzines in a poll taken in 1945 by Boff Perry was Diablerie, and how long has it been since someone typed that title on a stencil or master? Bill Watson of San Francisco published it, and it should have clung in memories of older fans because it possessed unusual sophistication and literary elegance for those primitive days. There is no prize if you can identify Boff Perry, but you do get my sympathy because you must be nearly as old as I am.

Without scientific measurements, I would estimate that favorite fans manage to cling to their fame longer than any other poll winners, with the natural exception of favorite authors, who may cling to top spots for decades. It's hard to believe that the Fanac poll

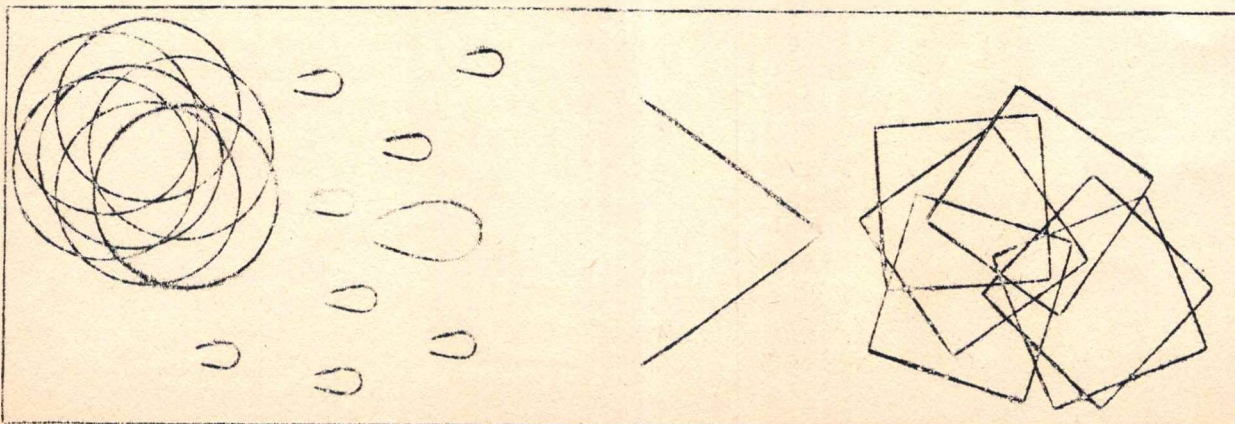
covering 1959 is now old enough to go to school, and it's even harder to realize that all the fans who placed highest in it are quite widely known, through either reputation or continued activity. The only name that seems to have reduced from attention, out of all the fans who won top spots that year, is J. Arthur Hayes, and even this statement isn't true if you're active in the NFFF. Even the top fans of that year had a high survival rate: Les Nirenberg, George Locke, Bob Lichtman, Ella Parker, and Don Franson.

An example of what I mean about persistence in favor for prozine writers, can be found in a very early poll, taken by Wonder Stories around 1935. Half of the top ten would still gain lots of votes from various segments of today's fannish civilization: Smith, Campbell, Burroughs, Weinbaum, and Merritt. Four others would stir memories vigorously even though their literary reputation has faded: Keller, Manning, Fearn, and Coblenz. The only winner that raises eyebrows is Vaughan. No wonder you don't remember him: he was essentially a one-novel man, who attracted a big commotion with a story called Exiles of the Skies in Wonder and never did anything in particular after that. A poll taken by Le Vombiteur in 1939 shows results that are even more familiar and somewhat less restricted to the contents of one publication: Wells, Stapledon, Weinbaum, Coblenz, Keller, Campbell, Merritt, Smith, Taine, Lovecraft, and Burks.

Not exactly a poll, but a good indication of how tastes change, are the results of a study of what science fiction and fantasy book were most frequently advertized on want lists published in a professional trade journal in the United States, late in World War Two. Have you read The Brother of the Third Degree, Old Ugly Face, of House of Fulfillment lately, and how hard have you longed to find copies of them? Then stop and consider that you may not be quite as impatient to find a copy of Silverlook or Titus Groan a generation from now as you are today.

One final bit of philosophical consolation may be found in a poll taken in 1947 by Gerry de la Ree. Sam Mason and Robyn LeRoy were among the top five on one category, to determine the identity of the worst fans. So if you do something tomorrow to cause all fans everywhere to hate and excommunicate you, just remember that by surviving a few decades, your transgression will be completely forgotten and the fans of that future will think that Claude Degler was the only infamous fan of the past.

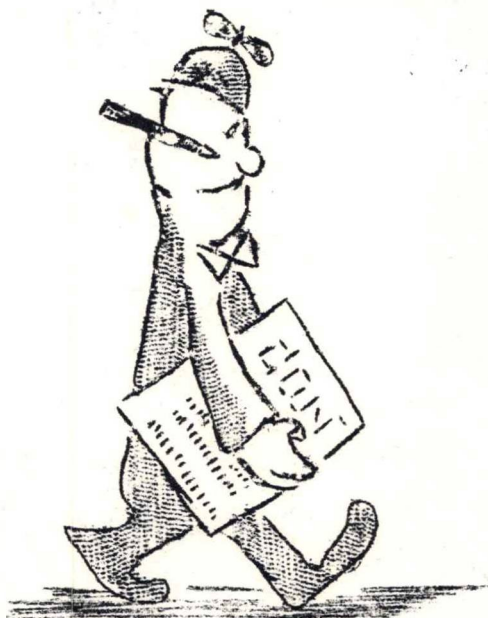
Harry Warner Jr.



As far as I can see now,
this issue will be the
last in 1965, and since

CONVENTION DEPARTMENT 1965

there is a considerable
time lapse between the
last two issues, this
time convention reports
comprise one whole season.
I've always been very
fond of convention
reports, and so I couldn't
resist enclosing remarks
about the Eastercon,
the FranCon, and the
LonCon. ---t



James White: Not a contribution



// As I wanted to make this issue
/// truly interesting, I wrote to
/// several fans asking for
/// material. One of these poor
/// guys was James White, whom I
/// tried to persuade by promising
/// to buy him a drink at the
// Worldcon... -Thomas

Dear Thomas:

Thank you for your letter and also for the succession of Sols which come up as regularly, if not as often, as their namesake. But I am very sorry indeed for not answering your letter sooner, my excuse being that we have been redecorating the White House and the typer along with practically everything else has been buried under an avalanche of wet wall-paper. That is one excuse, others are that I am just naturally lazy and thoughtless and anything else you want to call me. Now, however, the house is finished, the fence is painted, the grass cut and the hedge still needs trimmed, but as I would much prefer writing you than trimming a hedge, here goes.

Your letter was very persuasive. If you called at our house selling vacuum cleaners or Encyclopedia Britannicas or bundles of kindling wood we would probably take some, and the thought of meeting you again at the Loncon where you can be persuasive at short range has me feeling slightly anxious. And, by the way, I drink chiefly tomato juice, neat, on account of my diabetes, but after the 14th or 15th glass I become fuzzy and easy to persuade so that you might even get a promise of an article from me. Not an article, mind you, just the promise of an article. But the truth is that I can't possibly write a contribution for Sol. As well as my laziness and various other virtues mentioned above, there are two other strong reasons for not writing for your zine. They are called Walt Willis and George Charters, the strong, well-muscled editors of Hypthen and The Scarr respectively, who live close by and who would subject me to various indignities -- like beating me with horsewhips -- if I didn't contribute something to their mags first. As I haven't written anything for fanzines for three years you can see my dilemma.

So I can't possibly write anything about the Brumcon, even though it was a great convention and was the first that my wife Peggy attended. Neither can I mention Harry Harrison, the Guest of Honour. Harrison is a brilliant, cosmopolitan type who looks like a cartoonist's impression of a Prussian General, who, although an American, lives in places like Denmark, Yugoslavia and England -- sometimes all at the same time -- and who has a deep and abiding interest in the Bogs of Ireland. (The next time you see him tell him I said so, then duck!) On the last day of the Con I had to hold him in my arms like a baby outside the hotel entrance -- his wife Joan wanted a picture of him this way for some odd reason. The strain of holding Harrison's considerable weight in my arms -- my own physique runs heavily to skin and bone rather than muscle -- kept me from noticing the remarks made by people passing in the street. But then Harrison insisted on cradling me in his arms like a baby...

Now you know that I am not a large person. My build is normal and it is just that 99% of the rest of the human race are dwarfs. But Harrison did it. He lifted me in his arms like a baby and held me for the three minutes it took for the camera to get a clear shot. Did you know that Harry Harrison perspires pure Whisky? Scotch, I think.

Altogether it was a very confused convention. At one time we were having a party in Tom Boardman's room -- Margaret Manson, my wife Peggy, Mike Moorcock, who was under the bed hiding from a fan who was persecuting him at the time, and a lot of other people. The fan above mentioned had practically driven Mike from Mike's own room and was then outside the door trying to get into Boardman's room with a group of other fans, all calling loudly for admittance. Tom Boardman had left his own party with Harry and Brian Alldiss to try to break into a fan party downstairs, but even so the room was small and very crowded and the noise outside sounded as if hundreds of people were wanting to get in. We all tried being deathly quiet in the hope that the crowd outside would go away, but instead more kept coming all the time. There had been a talk of a fan film being shot at one of the parties, and maybe they thought it was in Boardman's room and we needed extras for the crowd scenes. After some time Peggy went out to them and spoke in the quiet, firm, no-nonsense voice she uses when our children have been misbehaving. She said, "Go away, please, we are going to bed..."

They all went away, giving her peculiar looks as they left. She was puzzled by these odd looks she had received until I reminded her that this was Tom Boardman's room we were in. Was Mrs. White's face red...

Then there was the business of the fan -- the same one who persecuted Moorcock and banged on doors -- who went around in the small hours of the morning closing the fire-proof doors with which the hotel was equipped. In the darkness this so altered the hotel's internal geography that practically everyone got lost and couldn't find our way back to our rooms without the help of the hotel night staff. Then about two-thirty

on Monday morning Ted Tubb formed a long procession of fans led by Brian Burgess clinking milk bottles together in slow-march time -- they were milk bottles! Brian had very thoughtfully laid in a supply for the children attending the con, and had given Peggy a bottle every night, when he discovered she had an ulcer -- and singing a sort of slow, Gregorian Plain-chant which sounded very weird to say the least. But then, like I said, I can't tell you about any of this because any fan writing I do must go to Walt or George first. Sorry.

Do you drink your tomato juice neat or dilute it with alcohol?

--James White

1966 is going to be THE year again!
Another Big International Con in
Central Europe -

VIENNA it is! VIENNA it is! VIENNA it is!

Here some details for your notebook

Date: August 5 to 8, 1966, including
an extended sightseeing tour.

Membership Fee: 10/- (US\$ 1,50)

Write to: Eduard H. Lukschndl,
61 Klosterneuburgerstrasse,
Vienna 20
AUSTRIA

Prices will be fair, accomodations ranging from (probably) free campbeds (Remember, Archie?) to 16/6 (US\$ 2,50) per night, and 25/- (US\$ 4,--) per bed/breakfast. (Prices approximately and subject to slight changes, since there are no definite hotels at hand yet.) However, Vienna is said to be an inexpensive town, and whoever is able to jump the distance in some way or other (see below) should find possibilities for his size of income. But don't you miss this chance!

For the British fans, Tony Walsh (61 Halsbury Road, Redland Bristol 6) has taken matters into his able hands. He has organized a bus tour, starting Saturday, July 30th, 1966 from Bristol, via London and Dover. Return Saturday August 13th, 1966. He is waiting for bookings. Full details from him. A unique chance to see the continent! Deadline for bookings (according to Tony's flyer), was Dec. 10th, 1966. But just in case his roaster isn't full, by all means CONTACT Him! For all of you who want to make it to Vienna, this is the cheapest and most entertaining way to get there. Vienna is calling you... --t

Wien
CON
|
Vienna
CON

--- Thomas speaking:

Let's continue our convention history of 1965. The next big event was going to be the London Convention. Attracted by this affair, many fans from all over the world up-rooted themselves from behind their typewriters and began to travel all over Europe, in order to end up in London. Some of these couldn't resist the temptation of visiting Hannover.

First forerunners of great events were Ron Ellick and Al Lewis who passed through Hannover to pick up Ron's new Volkswagen which I was to see again two months later, after two thousand miles (or more?) and with several nice scratches. We spent two nice evenings, having a time in fixing safety belts, attending a local Fair ground, and seeing the Herrenhausen Baroque Garden. - At the beginning of August, Forry and Wendayne Ackerman left the plane at Hannover airport to spend the day with us. It was very interesting to get to know this man so often spoken about. We had him interviewed by the local press and toured the Maschsee.

Thank you, all of you, for your coming. It was great to have international fandom here!

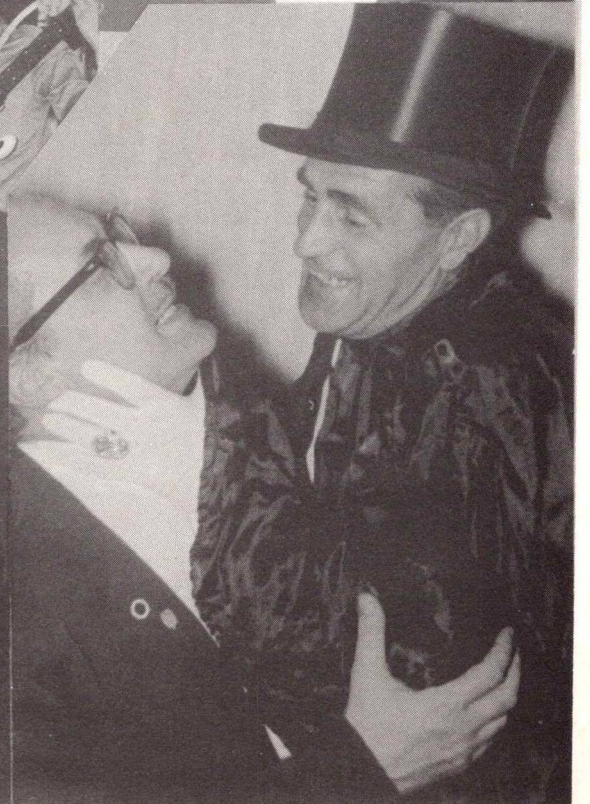
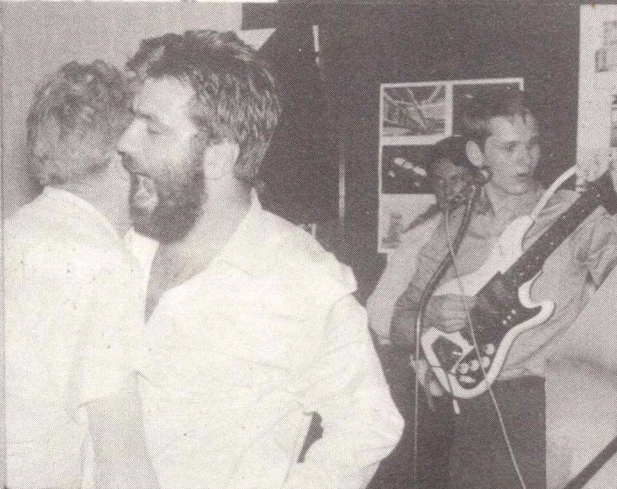
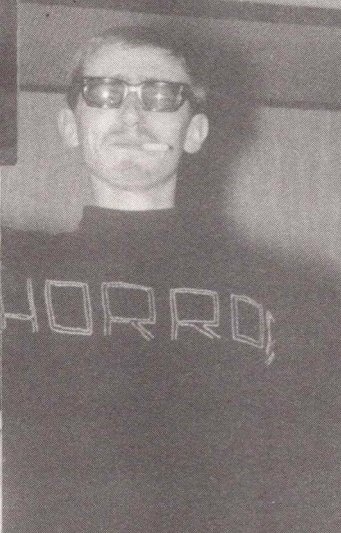
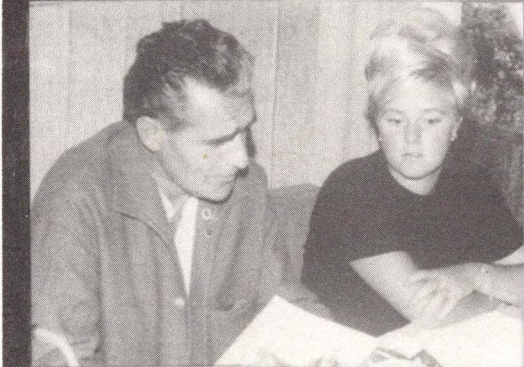
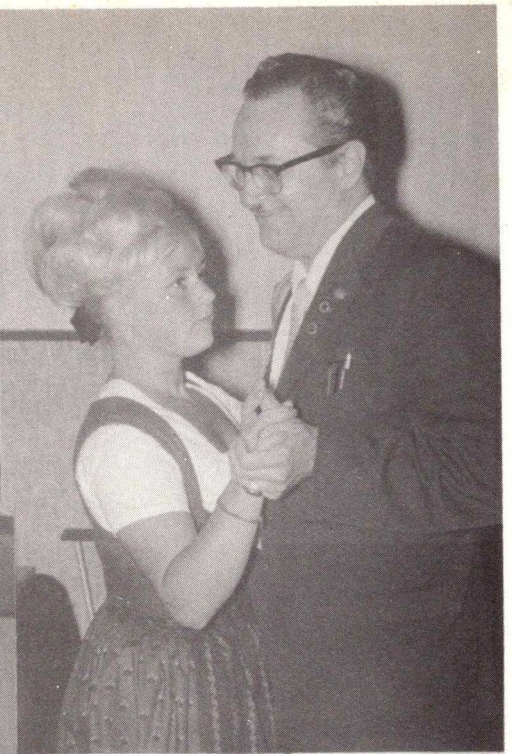
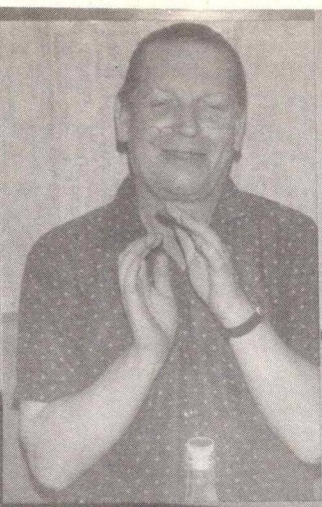
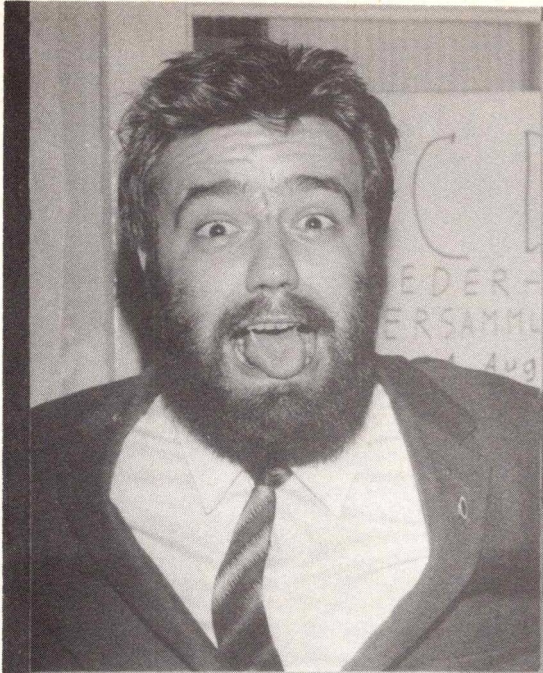
The Francon took place one week before the Loncon. 'Frankfurt fans' George O. Smith and George H. Scithers turned up as well as some other international attendees, including Ben Stark, Ed Meskys, Timothy Slater, Cliff Teague (20,-!) and a lot of German fans! Arriving Saturday morning in the small con restaurant I was told to have missed the most important event, a drinking contest between George O. Smith and Axel Melhardt the night before. There were speeches by GoH George O. Smith (about Science Fiction), by Gert Zech (astronomy), and Waldemar Kuming (electronics).

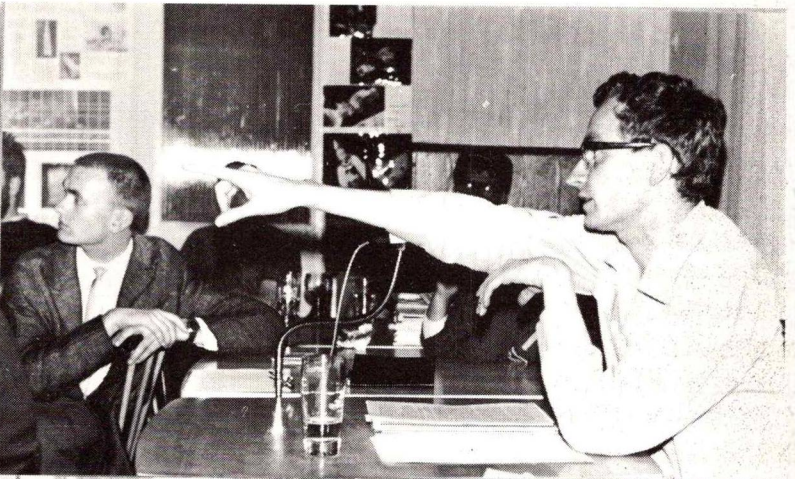
I succeeded in obtaining two photopages from the Francon, but, alas, only one from the Loncon. There seemed to have been only few photographers there. Now, at first, another lot of German fans:

Page opposite: Top left: Axel Melhardt slightly astonished. Axel's main task in 1966 will be the Vienna convention, and he's dealing with every problem wholeheartedly. Top centre: Walter Reinecke. Top right: Forry and Ursula Ernsting. // Second row: Walter and Uschi Ernsting. Walter was awarded the E.E. Evans Memorial Award in London. // Sunglassed Peter Fieber presenting the name of his fanzine written on his shirt. // Smiling CC Schaefer will - I hope - appear in these pages nextish. Bottom row: Willi R. Wewer, originator of this photopage with a Mannheim fan friend. // Dracula Walter dealing with Forry in a proper midnightly way.

Next page: Left side downwards: Walter Reinecke again, enjoying the weight of a bottle of Vurguzz. // Franz Ettl on parade. He appeared on the stage dressed as an Englishman, in order to be properly prepared for the Loncon which he intended to attend. // Walter Ernsting and Winfried Scholz, who was one of the founders of SOL way back in 1957. Right side downwards: Gert Zech pointing out slides. // Forry, Walter, and Mrs. Bingenheimer, owner of Germany's only sf book club. // Ben Stark dancing (he was dancing all the time). In the background we see Walter and Georges O. Smith and Scithers enjoy themselves. // Rick Norwood enjoying a quiet hour with comics.

My thanks to Willi R. Wewer and Waldemar Kuming for supplying the convention photopages.







And then the time had come. Many preparations were coming to an end: the London Convention began to roll. Whilst four carloads of fans started for London, proceeding slowly in about four days, I had to return from Frankfurt for another three days of work. But I eventually arrived at London Victoria Station on Thursday afternoon, to be met by Eddie Jones and Dave Kyle - a very nice surprise.

Having never been in any hotel like this before, I was duly impressed by the Mount Royal (especially by the heated towel support). The rooms were ideal for convention purposes, though there were some minor discussions with hotel managers when it came to closing down room parties.

I hadn't come for the sole purpose of finding a poor soul to write a convention report for SOL (thanks to Lois I eventually did), but I succeeded in enjoying myself thoroughly, and not only because of the most overwhelming surprises that were in stock for me.

London has been one of my favourite cities ever since, and the Loncon II was the biggest convention in size I ever attended. I'm still marvelling at the thought what may be the real cause for several ¹⁰⁰ people coming together in one hotel for a weekend, only to be scattered all over the world again a few weeks later. This is one of the attractions of fandom. I want to thank all those who made me feel so very much at home during my stay, and above all, my thanks are due to the convention committee for their superb work on what was, for me, a really GREAT weekend.

Before I pass the word to Lois, here are some photographs taken by Dieter Sachse:

Top row: Looming beside the Con Hall entrance was the symbol of the Delta-Group Monster films, a photograph of a who-knows-what-monster. The films were even more impressive and raised great applause, and had to be repeated.

Thea Grade, in the Con Lounge, in front of a LARGE metal relief wall, which the hotel manager kept insisting was part of the hotel, in spite of various efforts by Art Show visitors to bid on it.

Walter Ernsting with his Memorial Award.

Another winning man, three-fold Art Show winner Eddie Jones, presenting himself happily in front of his works.

Second row: In the Convention Lounge. The man with beard, or what is left of him, is Thomas RP Mielke, covered by Franz Ettl in his costume as Knight Kunibert, or whatever his name was. To his left, Norman Shorrock (hovering over the unbelievably staring Walter Reinecke) listening to Helmut Hörnlein. Photographer Dieter Sachse taking a good sip of Vurguzz, which was spread amongst the fans at various times of the day.

Forry Ackerman, Edmund Fiegweil, and actor Christopher Lee.

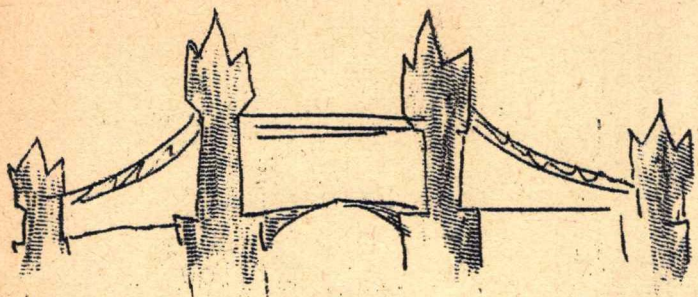
Bottom row: Glimpses of Costume Party activities: Jon and Joni Stopa as 'The Elementals', winning the Most Beautiful Award.

Betty and Ian Peters, George O. Smith.

The Monster From Outer Space. I think it was James Blish who dared to wear this costume.

I didn't say very much about the 1965 convention season myself, though I come to regard conventions as an ever more important and enjoyable part of fandom. However, I have paid my toll by writing a fourteen-page report about the Loncon for a German fanzine, which Eddie was so kind to illustrate...

Enter Lois...



Between Two Thoms

by Lois Lavender

LonCon impressions
First Instalment



It's the day after the convention. I've had a little sleep and can finally look the world in the face again.

I'm staring at what seems to be an enormous hunk of blank paper before me and trying to remember how I ever got into this mess. Oh, yes... it comes back to me now. I met Thomas Schlück again on Saturday night and we were talking about German fandom and its rapid growth in recent years. He asked me to write something for SOL and my immediate reaction, "Heavens no! I just couldn't!" (I've never published anything before, you see, and the thought of writing for hundreds of readers whom I've never met just left me petrified.) After another drink I seem to remember agreeing to write a few words about the Art Show since I'd been working on it and knew a little something about it. We left for the TriCon Party soon afterwards where I had the pleasure of meeting another German fan, Thomas Mielke. Thomas S. immediately presented a glowing picture of the Londoncon II report I had promised to write. "Wait, hold it!" I cried pathetically. But it was no use. Thom Mielke was already wringing my hand and congratulating me. Between the two Thoms, I was caught more securely than if I'd been in a vise.

So here you are, Thom S and Thom M.: this is the Londoncon II report that you tricked me into...

First to backtrack a little -

I arrived in London five days before the convention to help Ethel Lindsay, Ron Ellick, and Al Lewis set up the Art Show. I had spent the major part of my summer taking a special six-weeks summer course at the University of Uppsala in Uppsala, Sweden. While there, I took a course in Swedish literature and one in Contemporary European History - both were taught in English. The next three weeks had been spent

traveling through Europe by train, foot and car. I made a grand tour through eight countries: Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, France, Italy, Spain, Andorra, and Switzerland, ending up at long last in England.

I'm sorry to have to admit that I saw almost nothing of Germany - I only passed through the northernmost part (Hamburg, Bremen etc.) on the train ride from Copenhagen to Amsterdam. Thomas Schlück spent over a half hour telling me about the beautiful Rhineland and, of course, their famous wines, the Black Forest, and the now world famous Castlecon. I finally had to tell him to stop.

"I just can't take any more," I wailed. "I feel that I've skipped so much."

"You've missed the best part of Europe," Thomas assured me. "You'll just have to come back and do Germany!"

"I intend to," I answered, "but first I want to learn some German."

"All right then, your first German word will be Prosit."

"What's that?"

"It's the same as Sköål in Swedish."

"Ah," I answered. "I'll never forget that word. I visited fandom's Carl Brandon Jr. while in Sweden and said bottoms to more glasses of wine in one night than I usually consume in a month just because of that innocuous little word!"

"Prosit works as well or better."

"T'is so? Then, 'prosit!'"

"Prosit."

But back to the report...

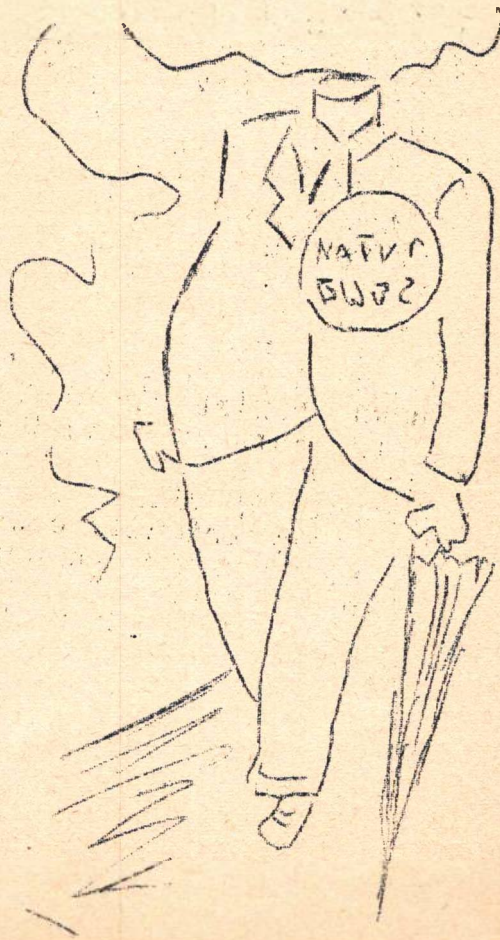
Ron Ellik had bought a VW in Germany and he and Al Lewis had spent the entire summer driving through Europe. I met them in Rome (after a terrific mix-up in trains which you can read about in Al's report, we picked up Boyd Raeburn in Genève and proceeded on through southern France and eventually to Paris and London with only a few side trips to Spain, Andorra and such. We left Boyd with the Carrs (Terry and Carol) in Paris and proceeded on to Boulogne and the ferry. We landed at Dover and drove through Canterbury towards London.

We arrived late Saturday night a week before the con. It was dark and almost 10 p.m. when we entered the city. Even with Al as navigator, or perhaps because of it, I'm not quite sure, we got lost. Finally, in desperation, we phoned Ella Parker. "I'll send Atom to find you," she said, as if we were babies in the woods. (Later, we found that we were only ten minutes away.)

Shortly thereafter I peered out of my window only to see a huge and menacing figure loom out of the darkness.

"It's Dick Emey," someone shouted.

And sure enough, it was he... sporting a sign reading NATIVE GUIDE



in huge letters, tho' he had just arrived a few hours before. Off we ran to Ella's place and then out immediately. We wanted to get to the restaurant before it closed at 11 o'clock.

In we all went...Ella Parker, her brother Fred, Ethel Lindsay, Dick Eney, Arthur Thomson, Peter Mabey, Jim Groves, Ron, Al, and myself. I ordered veal, if I remember rightly. Immediately I was confronted with a choice.

"New potatoes or fries?" the waiter threw at me.

Fries I understood. But "new potatoes" revived old memories of my childhood on an Ohio farm where we dug potatoes out of the ground with pitchforks.

"How new?" I finally stammered.

"They mean boiled, honey," Ella said, coming to my rescue.

"Oh," I gulped.

It was bad enough not being able to speak the language in Holland, Italy, and Spain, but it's a real shock to come to England and find that you can't understand the blokes. During my entire stay here I had to keep reminding myself of such little things as a highway is not a highway but a "carriageway". The subway is the "tube", an apartment is a "flat", a truck is a "lorry", etc.

The next day was Sunday, and Ethel had arranged a special trip to Salisbury and Stonehenge for us. The party grew and grew until at last there were 11 fans in three car loads. This was my first view of English countryside in daylight, and I was amazed at the amount of farmland so close to the city of London. Los Angeles, which has a smaller population, extends for miles and miles through suburbs, shopping centres and new housing tracts. Miles of open fields between cities are simply unheard of.

We drove towards Salisbury, running into rain on the way, and arrived late at the Haunch of Venison Restaurant where Peter Mabey had so graciously reserved us seats. The food was scrumptious... regardless of what you may have heard about the plain food in England. We were all a bit disappointed, though... deer were out of season. What would have been better than to eat venison at the Haunch of Venison?

From there we headed for Stonehenge. When we arrived we found that Don Geldart's car had turned off somewhere along the way, with Al Lewis inside. He was the principal reason we were all here, for he had absolutely refused to leave England until he had seen Stonehenge. So, here we all were, wandering around the ancient stone monument, getting colder by the minute and no sign of Al. At long last their car appeared on the scene. While Al scampered off to take pictures, Don told us that they had purposely wandered off to see a lesser known prehistoric area nearby. When Al was satisfied, we hurried back to the cars just as a storm hit us, and we drove on to Avebury. Huge stones had been placed upright in a gigantic circle around the present day village. We wandered into the pasture to see them and met some very friendly cows who were used to treating these prehistoric stones as their own personal backscratchers. They would peek out from behind a stone and stare at us with their enormous brown eyes. They seemed to be saying, "Look at those silly people, Junior. They don't have anything better to do than stare at those old stones. Aren't you glad you're not a people?"

More rain and cold dampened my spirits somewhat and I went back to the car to sit and read while the others went to the museum.

Monday morning Ethel got us up to a full sized English breakfast, which was a real treat. Continental breakfasts may be fashionable

but they aren't very filling. While she was busy cooking the eggs, bacon, mushrooms, and tomatoes, Ron, Al, and I started in on the pastry that she had bought at the bakery across the street, Ummmmm... We all agreed, "These are go-ood!" A moment later Ethel came in. She stopped in the doorway with a horrified look on her face. "Americans," she cried, "don't know the difference between breakfast rolls and tea biscuits!" We turned sheepishly toward the bread basket and just stared at the unadorned rolls that were remaining as we guiltily licked the last remaining sugar crumbs from our fingers.

We had set Monday aside to work on the Art Show, but, as usual, the major part of the artwork had not arrived yet. (Artists, like many fans, can't be bothered with deadlines so consequently, most of the art appears mysteriously at the last possible moment and, in a few cases, too late). The four of us quickly disposed of the work involved and spent the rest of the week relaxing.

Ron went up to Manchester by train to interview for a job that afternoon.

Tuesday afternoon, Al, Ethel, and I went over to Ella's flat. Dick Eney joined Al and the Thomsons for a day of sight seeing while I remained behind to help fold and staple convention folders. Lucky I did, for who should walk in but Ted Carnell (the former publisher of New Worlds). Ted and my father have corresponded for years by letter and by tape, and I've heard his voice between English Jazz selections since I was knee high to a tadpole. It was a distinct pleasure to meet Ted in person. We talked Disneyland and Old times until Ella dragged him away on business. Later, I didn't have much time to talk to him. He was always closeted away with the professionals at this or that meeting, so I was glad to have had this first informal meeting.

Eddie Jones popped in about that time, if I remember rightly. We spent the good part of that afternoon talking about art and art techniques. He brought out many of the art works that were later to win a whopping big majority of the awards at the show and explained his techniques to me. None of his paintings were the same. Eddie, to the contrary of many artists, has many styles and is always experimenting, in color, style, and medium. As a result, his wall at the Art Show showed an amazing versatility. Come to think of it, so does the man...

Wednesday afternoon and evening we did the town. The Thomson's served as guides as a large group of fans braved the usual British weather (yep... you guessed it... rain) for a boat tour down the Thames to the famous old schooner, the Guppy Sark. Afterwards we split up, some of the Londoners going home for dinner while the remainder of us tried the local fare at the first restaurant we came to. Being replenished, we walked to Trafalgar Square and got caught by a sidewalk gambling room. We wasted our threepence and sixpence on slot machines of all shapes and sizes, pin-ball games and such for about half an hour. I lost, of course, but somehow it didn't seem as bad with that play money the English use.

Next we headed for the Gilbert and Sullivan pub to try some of the famous British "bitter", and to see the numerous mementoes from *Patience*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and the other operettas. The other fans rejoined us there... After a few drinks and some not-worth-mentioning gab, we headed on to another pub in the West End. This one was called the Blue Boar and drinks were served by buxom wenches in peasant costumes, and free cheese was standing on a sideboard hewn from a log. The sign above it read, "Stolen from the Sheriff of Nottingham!" I was perfectly happy to sit there all night because they had an abundance of delicious mead which I had grown to love while in

Sweden. Someone finally decided that I had lapped up enough and lead me away... brokenhearted.

Thursday dawned much too soon, and we found ourselves putting up the Art Show in the two rooms that the Mount Royal hotel had set aside for us. Frames had to be built out of lumber and covered with burlap to hold the canvases. We needed some seven or eight of them measuring some 6 by 10 or 12 feet. Ron Ellick and Al Lewis managed to make a spectacle of themselves trotting through the lobby of that very respectable English hotel in their lederhosen with lumber over their shoulders. They had all the old ladies tittering and pointing before they were through.

It was on this occasion that I had my first meeting with the famous or perhaps infamous, Ted White (depending, of course, upon whose fanzine you read). He dropped into the Art Show to see what was cooking and willingly volunteered to lend a hand which we didn't give back

for hours. I was later to spend several enjoyable hours listening to his account of the Westercon, held in Long Beach this year, and of people and places that I no longer notice or react to because I live there.

Work was finally abandoned to attend the usual London fanclub meeting at the Whitehorse pub. When we arrived we felt that the con had really started. There were dozens of new faces to meet: British fans such as Archie Mercer, Ron Bennett, Walt Willis; authors such as Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison. From Germany were: Walter and Ursula Ernsting, George O. Smith and Thomas Schlück. On the American side were both old and new acquaintances: Poul and Karen Anderson, Robert and Barbara Silverberg, and Forry Ackerman who had spent the majority of the summer in Europe; Ben Jason, representing the TriCon bid, Donald Wollheim and Terry

Carr, both from Ace Books, and Dave Kyle, representing the Syracuse bid. Of course, there were many, many more. (I'm just setting down a few that I recall at the moment.) I was to get to know all of them better after the next few hectic days were over.

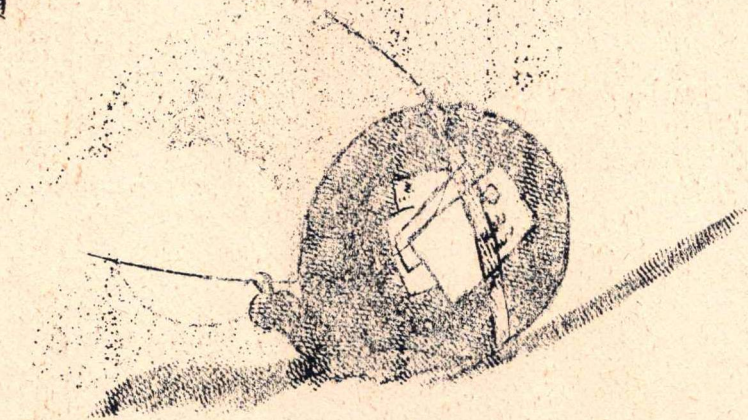
This is where I leave off... to be continued in the next issue. This report was intended to be all in one segment, but due to various assorted events, such as finally marrying my brother off and writing two term papers this semester, I have fallen behind. (A normal fannish complaint, I understand).

So stay tuned, same time, same station, as they used to say on the radio...

(Illustrations by Eddie Jones (2)
and Lois Lavender (1))



Almanach



of the Galactic
Postal Service

des galaktischen
Postdienstes

Ever since intelligent beings invented writing as a means of communicating their ideas through space and time the conveying of messages has been a service of major and ever increasing importance.

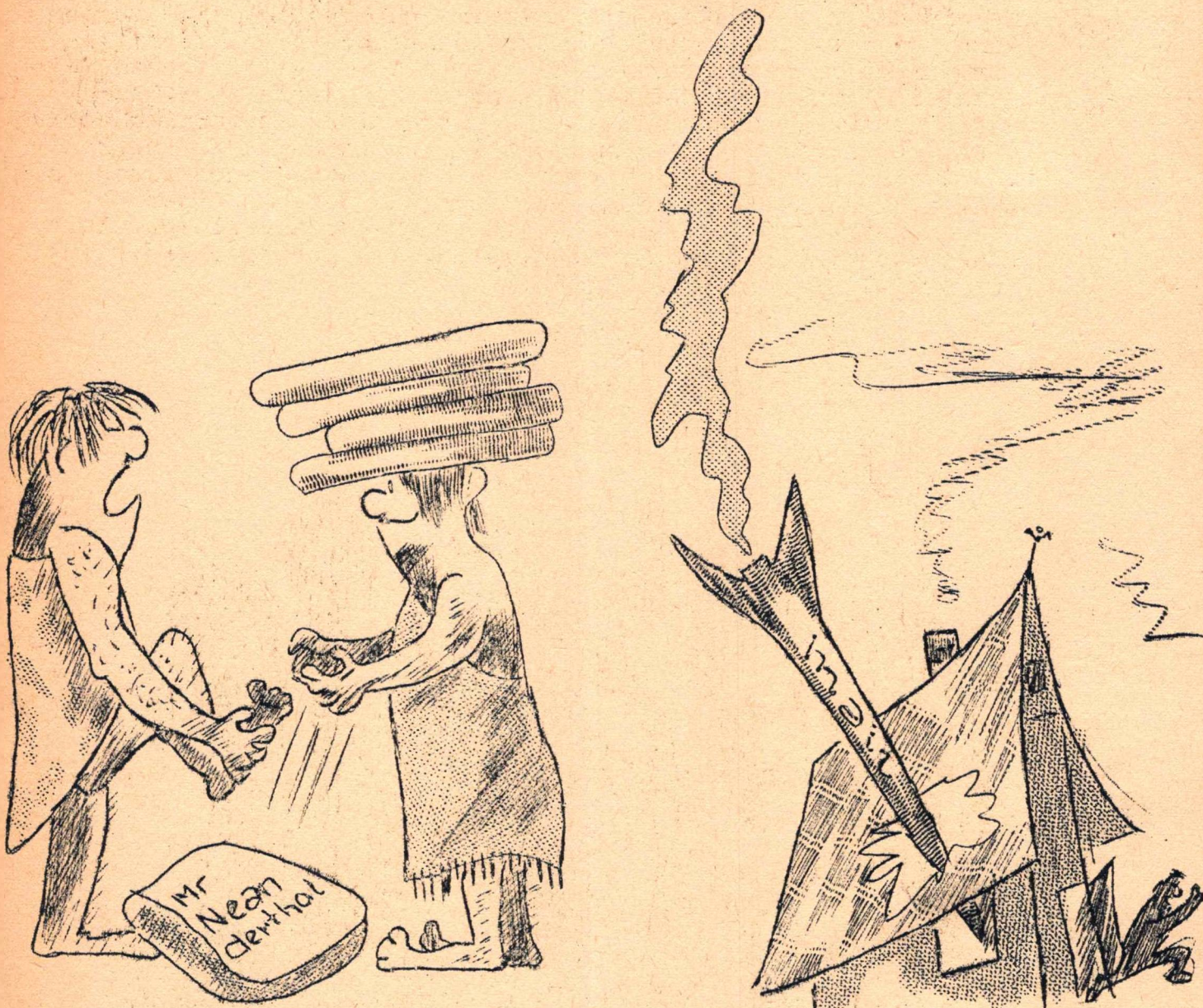
The GALACTIC POSTAL SERVICE (GPS) can trace its traditions back to a long line of planetary and local organizations which always had the common goal of using the most rapid means available at their time to deliver the mail. This philosophy prevails unchanged even today.

On the following pages the Galactic Postal Service proudly displays some examples of the progress made in its manifold departments.

Seit der Erfindung der Schrift als ein Mittel zur Kommunikation über Raum und Zeit ist der Transport von Nachrichten eine Aufgabe geworden, deren Grösse und Bedeutung ständig im Wachsen begriffen sind. Der GALAKTISCHE POST SERVICE (GPS) hat seine Wurzeln weit zurück in einer grossen Anzahl planetarer und nationaler Organisationen, die alle das gemeinsame Ziel verfolgten, jederzeit über die modernsten und schnellsten Mittel zur Verteilung der ihnen anvertrauten Post zu verfügen. Dieser Leitgedanke ist auch heute noch ein unveränderliches Anliegen des Galaktischen Post Services geblieben. Er ist stolz darauf, Ihnen auf den folgenden Seiten einige Beispiele des Fortschritts zu zeigen, der in seinen mannigfaltigen Abteilungen erwachsen ist.

The actual delivery of the mail has also kept pace with the evolving technology. Old and new ways are illustrated below.

Auch die Entwicklung der Postzustellung hat mit dem Stand der Technik stets schrittgehalten. Die untenstehenden Illustrationen zeigen alte und neue Methoden.



The mail service is the oldest and still the most important branch of the postal service. The spread of man and other intelligent races to the farthest corner of our galaxy and even beyond has brought about a volume of mail that can be handled only by the full utilization of the automatic sorting processes first developed in the twentieth terran century. The inauguration of the Galactic Positronic Sorting Center on Polaris II marked a galactic milestone. The routing of all mail through this center which covers the entire planet has made possible the delivery of all mail to all destinations within three standard years. Some may think it unfortunate that even mail addressed to destination points on the planet of origin now take that much time till delivery, but this is surely a small price to pay for progress.

Auch heute noch ist der Postversand der älteste und bedeutendste Dienst des Postservices. Die Expansion des Menschen und anderer intelligenter Rassen bis in die entfernteste Ecke unserer Galaxis und darüber hinaus hatte ein Anschwellen des Briefverkehrs zur Folge, der nur noch unter äusserster Ausnutzung der zuerst im zwanzigsten terranischen Jahrhundert entwickelten automatischen Sortiermaschinen bewältigt werden kann. Die In-Dienst-Stellung der galaktischen Positronik-Sortierzentrale auf Polaris II setzte einen galaktischen Meilenstein. Nur durch das Umschlagen der gesamten Post über diese Zentrale, die übrigens die ganze Planetenoberfläche bedeckt, kann eine Zustellung an alle Bestimmungsorte innerhalb von drei Standartjahren gewährleistet werden. Mancher mag es zwar als Nachteil ansehen, dass auch die Post an einen Bestimmungsort auf dem Planeten des Absenders die gleiche Zeit inanspruchnimmt; doch dürfte dies nur ein geringer Preis für den erzielten Fortschritt sein.



In less civilized times rival postal organizations would often fight over territories. In modern times this barbaric custom has given way to cooperation. As an example, the picture shows the delegates to the 2795th Intergalactic Mail Conference voting unanimously for another increase of postages.

Einzugsgebietsabgrenzungen waren in früheren Zeiten oft ein Anlass zum Streit zwischen rivalisierenden Postorganisationen. Heutzutage ist diese barbarische Sitte einer einträchtigen Zusammenarbeit gewichen. Unser Bild zeigt zum Beispiel die Abordnungen auf der 2795ten Intergalaktischen Postkonferenz bei der Abstimmung über eine weitere Erhöhung der Postgebühren.

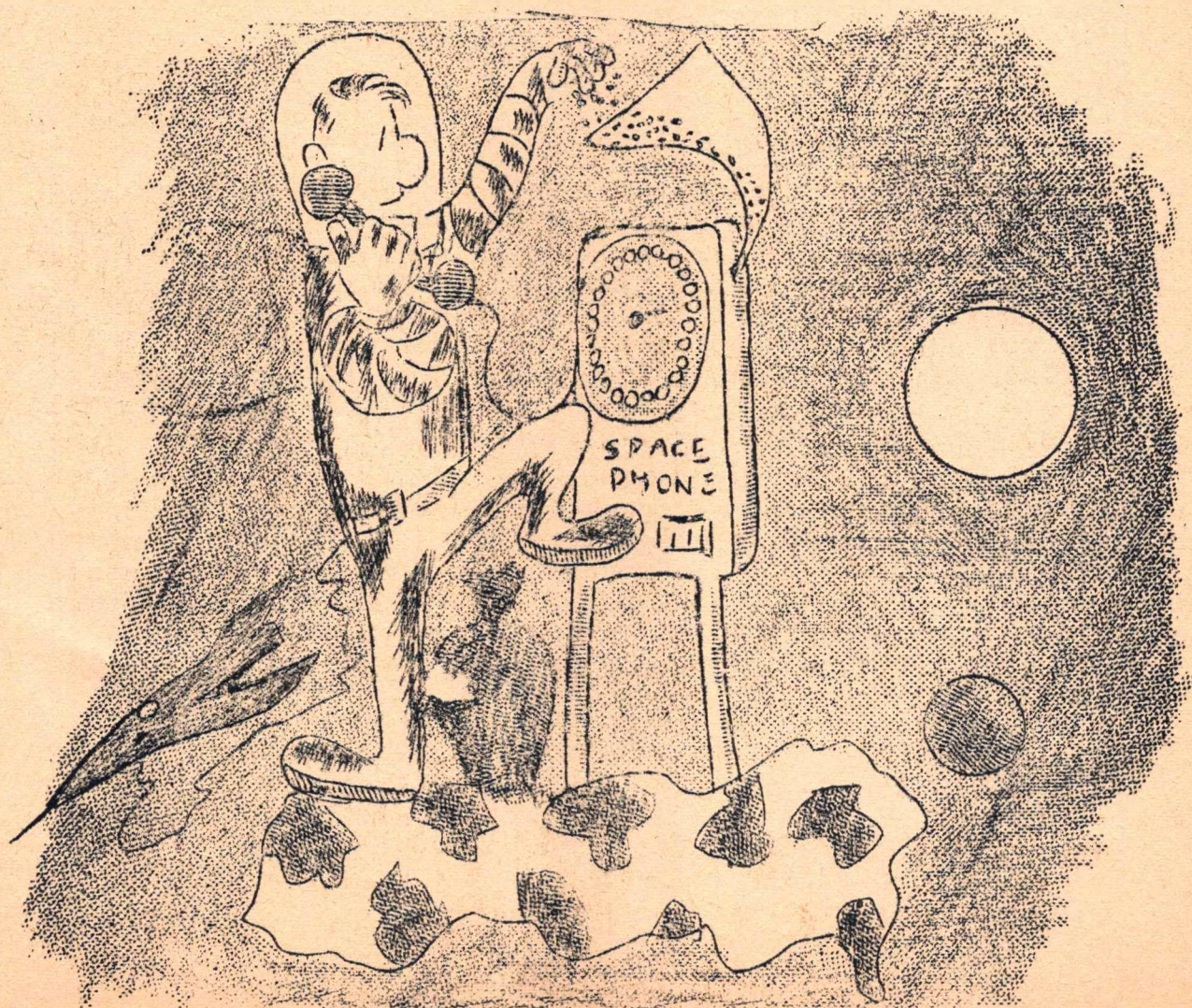
The local post office is the point of contact between the GPS and the general public. Realizing the importance of impressions created there the GPS has taken care to use only the most advanced models of robot workers and install in them a program of unflagging service and courtesy.

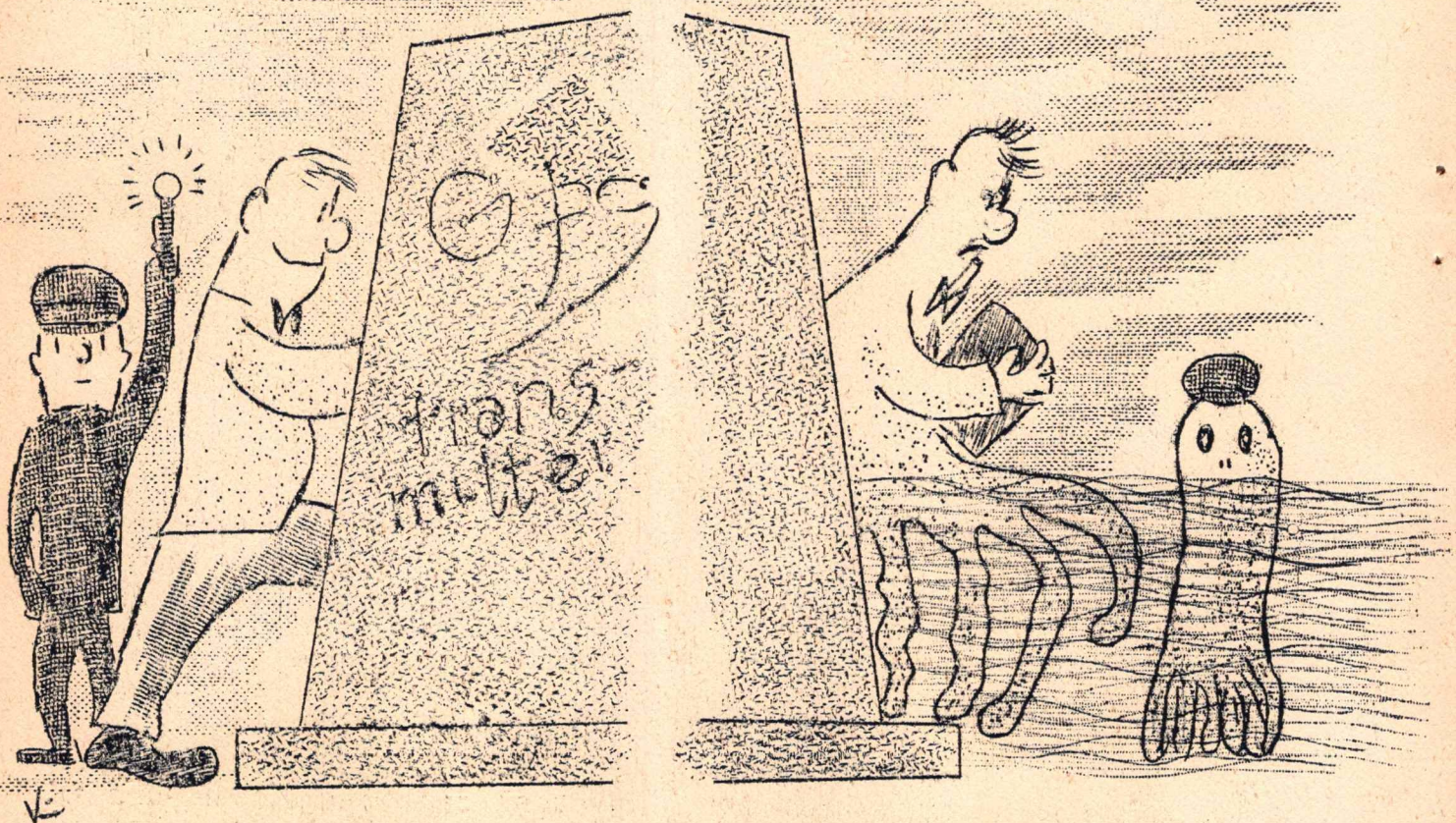


Die örtliche Poststelle ist der Berührungspunkt zwischen dem GPS und dem Publikum. In dem Bewusstsein, dass hier das 'Bild in der Öffentlichkeit' entsteht, legt der GPS besonderen Wert darauf, immer die neuesten Robotmodelle im Dienst am Kunden zu wissen und sie mit einem Programm ständiger Zuverlässigkeit und Dienstbeflissenheit auszustatten.

From the days of smoke signals telegraph, telephone, and telepathy communications have grown to a well encompassing even the remotest and most inaccessible planets. Today it is commonplace to ring up a partner on the other end of the galaxy by simply dialing a 1050-digit number. While some minor problems remain (as for instance using a coin operated phone booth for very long distance calls) an early solution for them is confidently forecast.

Seit den ersten Rauchsignalen ist die telegrafische, telefonische und telepathische Nachrichtenübermittlung zu einem Netz gewachsen, das auch die entferntesten und unzugänglichsten Planeten einschliesst. Heute ist es nicht aussergewöhnliches mehr, einen Teilnehmer am anderen Ende der Galaxis anzurufen - nur durch Wählen einer 1050stelligen Nummer. Für einige untergeordnete Probleme (w.z.B. die Benutzung von Münzfernsprechzellen für Ferngespräche) wird eine baldige Lösung zuversichtlich erwartet.



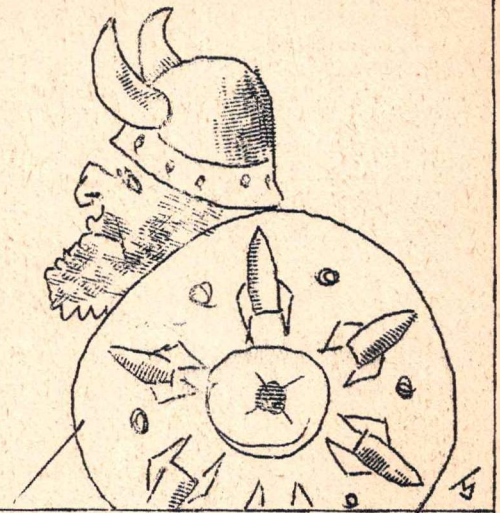


For messages of high priority and great importance delivery in person has allways been the preferred method. Recognizing this need the GPS has established as its latest branch the Matter Transmitter Service, which stands ready to transmit the customer to any concievable destination in the blink of an eye. The highly trained and competent staff of engineers takes pride in insuring the absolute absence of noise, distortions, crosstalk, echoes, and other deleterious influences.

Für wichtige Botschaften grösster Dringlichkeit war von je her die persönliche Überbringung die bevorzugte Methode. In Anbetracht dieses Bedürfnisses hat die GPS als neuesten Dienst den Materie Transmitter Service eingerichtet, der bereitsteht, den Kunden in Bruchteilen einer Sekunde an jeden erdenklichen Bestimmungsort zu transmittieren. Ein Stab besonders geschulter und bewährter sogenannter Ingenieure sieht seinen Stolz darin, eine vollständige Unterdrückung von Rauschen, Verzerrungen, Übersprechen, Echos und anderen schädlichen Einflüssen zu gewährleisten.

- another MRUsome SOLar production -
 by Waldemar Kuming, text
 and Mario Kwiat, illustrations
 (German translation: W.Kuming
 and G.Kluepfel)

Jon Bing:
Graduating Space - Viking



When Norway graduated into the ranks of organized fandom shortly ago, we found ourselves in a terrible situation. When there are several Norwegians present, they usually have no trouble in finding something to boast about. But in this particular respect it seemed like we were completely without anything we could refer to in the same way as we do to the midnight-sun, our merchant navy, skiing, or any other subject you care to name. You certainly know the way: a mocking half-smile and the superior glance across the rim of the beer-mug.

But, as already stated, now we were completely at a loss. Even the name of our club we had to steal from our neighbours in the east, the Swedish, where a great poetic work, ANIARA, had been published some years ago, written by Harry Martinson and later re-written and staged as one of the very first true science fiction operas, a great success indeed, both in Scandinavia and the United States.

But also being energetic and stout like the typical Nordics, we began hunting for something to mark off as Norwegian in the sf field. We found a novel by a well-known Norwegian scholar, Holberg, from about 1600 or thereabouts, which - with some good will - you may call science fiction, but apart from that, our search was a disappointment.

That is, until we stumbled across the space-viking and became completely happy. Whenever a Norwegian gets enough pressure on his small-nation inferiority complex, he will erupt into praising the vikings who - if you are not aware of the fact - were Norwegians mostly (at least the boldest and most terrible of them were), and these bearded barbarians crossed the oceans in their longships, discovered America (which they typically enough named 'Land of Wine'), conquered parts of England and Eire and made a general fuss all the way down through Europe. Their main purpose was to get hold of as much gold and as many virgins - I trust they did not stay that too long - as possible and return to the weather-bitten shore of Norway to dwell among their countrymen and newwon riches until their wanderlust or greed made them set out once more, on a new, dangerous, and glorious voyage to more civilized countries.

This subject seems to have a certain fascination for science fiction writers. Many of them seem to feel completely at home in the company of the bearded barbarians and their jolly gods. For the old vikings also had a jolly good mythology, made up of such great blokes as Thor, Odin, and Balder. They also had a pretty interesting idea of how Paradise would look like: Valhall was a place where all the bold warriors retreated after their respective deaths. Here they were allowed to fight all day, and when the day's battle was over, the slain rose and all joined a big party. A fat broiled pig ran around, and everybody cut a juicy slice off it, and no sooner had they done so, a new, tender steak would grow in its place. And, of course, there was plenty of mjød, the old Norwegian equivalent to beer, which had pretty much the same effect as the latter brew, when being drunk in big enough quantities. As the supply was more or less unlimited in Valhall, everybody would be snoring at the end of the party, a fitful sleep, from which they would rise refreshed the next morning, to enter into a new day of fun and games.

Writers with a Scandinavian background naturally rejoice in this milieu, Poul Anderson being the prime example. Several of his stories take their inspiration from the old Norse way of life. But it is more surprising that writers without any such background do the same. As an example, the famous collaboration novel by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt, 'The incomplete Enchanter', is partly set among the old mythological figures. Here we meet the gods and are being introduced to many of their tales of heroic battles with the demons.

In many of these stories the writers have been able to preserve some of the old humour and laconic dialogue, which is very difficult to translate into English. In an Anderson novel, 'Twilight World', the following piece, translated from the Edda, may give you an idea of the curious form of poetry:

Brother bringeth
Brother his bane
And sons of sisters
Split kinship's bonds.
Not even a man
Spareth another.
Hard is the world.
Whoredom waxeth
Ax-time, sword-time,
- Shields are cloven -
Wind-time and wolf-time,
Ere the world waneth.

Typical, too, is the tale of the little boy who cut off the head of one of his father's favourite slaves. When questioned why he did such a thing, he answered, "He came in so handy for slashing."

Especially the space-opera has adopted the romantic space-viking, the bearded barbarian riding the skies in his atomic space ship and settling arguments with swords and axes. Everybody who may have been mildly irritated by this paradoxical existence of atomic and iron-age equipment side by side, may get a kick out of the closing passages of Clive Jackson's 'The Swordsman of Vernis':

"It seemed that nothing could prevent them now from winning the secret of the Living Vapour, but they reckoned without the treachery of one of the remaining Swordsmen. Leaping backwards out of the conflict, he flung his sword on the ground in disgust. 'Aw, the hell with it!' he grunted and unclipping the proton gun from his belt, he blasted Lezni-tel-Loanis and Her Warrior Lord out of existence with a searing energy-beam."

--Jon Bing

// Jon Bing is a 21-year-old Norwegian student,
// studying at Oslo University. He has become
// active only recently and is very eager to
// get contact. He even joined the German SF
// Club, since he understands German very well.
// He is playing a major role in the founding
// of Norway's first science fiction club,
// ANIARA, and intends to publish a fanzine soon.

A SHORT LOOK AT GERMAN FANZINES

ANDROMEDA 51, Science Fiction Club of Germany, Waldemar Kunning,
8 München 2, Herzogspitalstrasse 5

ANDRO has been a clubfanzine ever since it was founded ten years ago. It is and was linked closely to the history of the club, and still reflects activities and inactivities of the club. It's quite different from the British VECTOR, or from comparable NFFF publications, though. It's less than a genzine and more than just a collection of department reports. There are the usual columns, a few convention reports in this issue, general club news. Its chief value lies in the fact that it is being read by virtually every German fan and that it has survived for so long a time. For it has been with the real oldtimers as well as it is with the youngest of neos. And it's open for experiment.

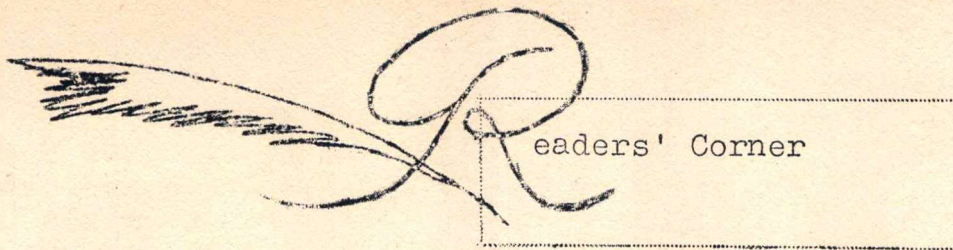
MUNICH ROUND UP 85, Waldemar Kunning, address above.

Another Munich fan production, famous for their contributions to SOL. This excellently dittoed fanzine, having appeared monthly for many years (oh, not that many years, Robert Coulson!), is ok. Their chief interest has been to have a field for making nonsense and MRU served this purpose. Besides, this fanzine is famous for having a column of interesting book reviews and for being self-supporting. No LoCs - but many ideas.

Anyway, the Munich fans are a busy crowd.

WANTED

'Fancylopedia II', 'The Compleat Faan', cash offered. Write to me, Tom, please.



Chris Priest, Cornerways, Willow Close, Doddinghurst, Brentwood,
Essex, ENGLAND

Thank you for sending me SOL 41. Frankly, I'd never heard of it before, though no doubt it has been mentioned from time to time in British fanzines. Must have escaped my notice.

I can never understand foreign fans compiling fanzines in English; I know I could never do it in French or German even though I speak both languages. This has made me ponder the thought of an international fan language. After all, we're halfway there, what with our esoteric initialness and neologisms. The outcome of my ponderance was that fans don't need an international language... all we have to do, you see, is develop the psychic properties of our feet; and there we are with esper-fantoos.

I found little of interest in SOL. I don't read fan-fiction any more, so that was about 40% lost on me. I thought "How To Repair Your own Time Machine" was too puerile for words; ditto "The Law of Fan Deleopment". This latter was a case of stating the obvious in a non-too-artistic way.

About the only thing I read with any degree of enjoyment was Jock Root's conrep, but then I always read conreps. Pity I never saw the first half of the story No copies left, sorry. -t 7--- did I miss anything? This was one of those reports where the reporter is determined to tell everybody what a grand, exciting, funny and boy-you-missed-it-all time he had. High spot of Sunday evening was when Jock had an Adventure: he borrowed a car and went out to buy some liquer. Goshwow. No mistake, he sure had a humdinger of a time. How come I miss all these Cons where it all happens? The Cons I go to all seem to be a sustained anticlimax. Or it's because I haven't got an Adventurous spirit. Must remember to do something exciting next time.

I can't comment on the lettercol, for fear of starting one of those comment-on-comment maelstroms; the cover was very pretty, if a little overinked; the editorial wafflings were unremarkable. And that's that.

Manfred Kage, 68 Mannheim-Schönau, Heilsbergerstraße 47, GERMANY

"The New One" appeared very well done to me, although the definite statement of this contribution can be doubted.

"The Time Machine". If it is calming you down, ha-ha-ah.

"Unearthly Call". To be honest, this contribution is lost on me.

"Pacificon II" is a nice report, which is really intuitively written. But a commentary is unnecessary.

"Readers' Corner".

Indeed, SOL does not offer very many possibilities for commens, and moreover, you should possibly publish commentaries unshortened and commented by you. The way it is now there is simply a lack of seasoning. The whole thing dabbles more or less agreeably its way. At last a praise for the clean print. - Well, that's it.

Heinrich R. Arenz, 6 Frankfurt 1, Postschließfach 5002, Germany

The only complaint I, being a member of the SFCD and getting some other Gerzines, have is that I know most things published in SOL. Contrary to my usual practice, I did read the fiction in SOL, and I liked it. However, it took up place that could have been used to publish more in the way of FANAC of fannish articles, so I don't advise you to continue this sort of thing.

Readers' Corner: Well, to tell the truth, there is not much in SOL to comment on. However, I enjoy this column most of all - maybe because I know most of the people mentioned.

Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, Great Britain

This 'ere zine. It looks like SOG, but it hasn't got a Terry Jeeves cover so it can't very well be SOG. Perhaps it's SOL again. (I rather like the cover, by the way, effective) Tower, anyway.

Well, there's this fiction. I can't pretend that I like "The New One" - but it is gripping, and exceedingly well-written. Margie Harrison is in practice responsible for the latter aspect of course - why doesn't she come to cons? From her letter, she sounds like an interesting person in her own right.

By contrast, "Unearthly Call" didn't seem to have anything particular to say.

If the "Time Machine Manual" appeared in MRU in 1963, that means that it dates from before the MRUvians met Brian Burgess. Therefore it would be apparent that Brian Burgess appears in it as a translation of something else. One wonders what. Has Germany anything that can be translated, however loosely, as "Brian Burgess" ???

✓ We do, as far as I've been told, Archie. There is a Munich fan beating Brian in one competition: speaking slowly - well, s - l - o - w - l - y. He is noted for beginning a sentence at one group meeting and finishing it without warning a fortnight later. ✓

The "trilingual text" to Mario's illustrations is a bit unnecessary, I think. "Der SF-Enthusiast" - "The sf-enthusiast" - "L-enthusiaste de la SF" - see what I mean? Then: "Der Sex-Fan" - "The Sex-fan" - "Le sex-fan".

Jock Root's conrep made me feel I was there - which is as much as one has any right to expect from a conrep.

The Mercatorial bottle of Vurguzz was duly opened and consumed at the recent Brumcon. Norman Shorrocks now claims to have the only unopened Vurguzz bottle in the country - I haven't checked on the state of George Locke's recently, though.

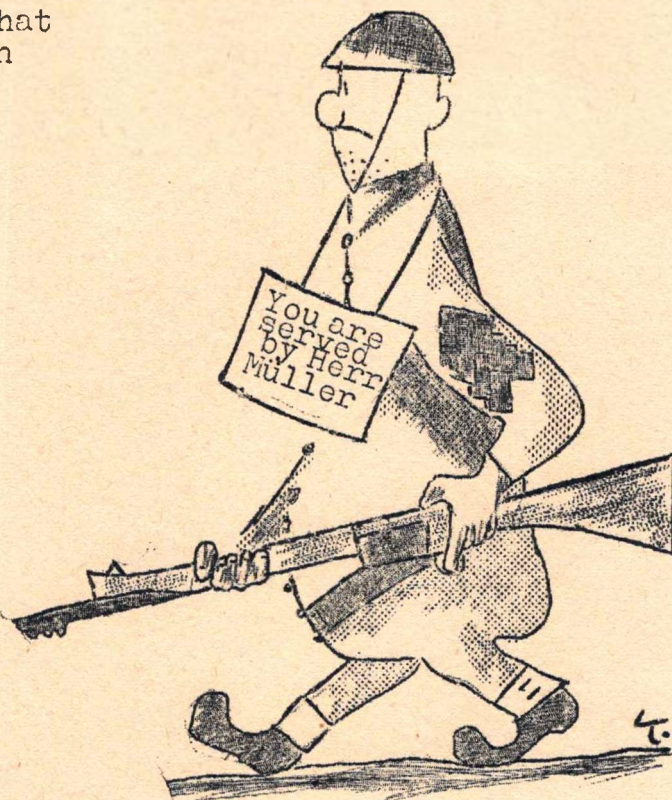
Harry Warner Jr. 425 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740, USA

SOL was most impressive this time. I am particularly fascinated by the way it derives from all over Europe, like some giant international cartel making itself prominent, a far cry from the American tendency for a fanzine to be the work of one or two fans in one city. But the results certainly justify the complications this variety of sources must cause. The front cover is particularly wonderful. It feels to the fingers as if this is ordinary mimeographing, and if it is, Axel must possess some secret process to those coal black, unbroken areas. I was also much impressed by The New One, both for its quality as a story and for the excellent job that the translator did -- it doesn't have that vaguely tentative style or writing that even the finest professional translations of classical literature usually possess. I liked the way the author concealed the nasty aspect of this mystery world until late in the story, then finished the tale quickly with the vivid illustration on what discovery of this situation did to the children. The other story I

I didn't care for-- I feel that a writer should be very precise and explicit when he's dealing with such cosmic concepts as these. The Jock Root convention report was again much fun to read, making me feel all over again that there should be some sort of rule that a TAFF competition must have a dozen candidates, because candidates for that trip write so much more than usual during the period of their candidacy. The pictures are phenominally good. It is the first time, to my knowledge, that good photographic reproductions of fan art show winners have appeared in a generally circulated fanzine. The MRU material was almost as wonderful as the satellite series in a previous issue - nothing could be as good as that - and the letter section contained much valuable information about the reasons for the difference between American and German paper sizes. [The 41-cover was mimeographed. The stencil, however, had been cut electronically, the duplicator was fed with paste instead of fluid ink, and the cranking had to be done exceedingly slow. The output are prints that you will enjoy for their eternal freshness. As I've written you personally, the DIN +letters stand for normed sizes in general. --t]

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California 94301, USA

This is just a short note to let you know that I received and enjoyed SOL 41. Even your fan fiction was nice, although it seems to be unfannish to admit it "How to Repair Your Own Time Machine" was extremely funny. On the whole, very, very nice. There is a letter in your lettercol from Clyde Kuhn which is just begging to be refuted. I can't do it right now, but I certainly hope you don't take him seriously, with his "Anglo-America has a super nationalistic Germanis racial core", his "black Imperialism", "every white American fears the Negro", and so on. He is being ridiculous, to put it politely. He is right about one thing, though; there is a lot of moral pressure being put on the racists, the segregationists and "white supremacists". It is being applied by the average (one is tempted to say "normal") American who is sick and tired of seeing the Negro and Oriental in this country getting a raw deal; who feels that if we're going to take a moral stand for the scrutiny of the rest of the world, we had better clean house at home; who doesn't like the inconsistency of defending freedom of opportunity abroad and suppressing it here.



in
In my opinion, and I feel the opinion of the majority of reasonable Americans, the views Kuhn expresses in his letter are just plain sick. As I say, I hope you didn't take him seriously when he claimed to give the "American" point of view. For that matter, there are well over 180,000,000 "American" points of view...

Peter Singleton, Ward 2, Whittingham Hospital, Nr. Preston Lancs.

The New One: I read this bathed in sweltering sunshine surrounded by a chorus of merry birds chirping away and rattling my ears with songs filled with the delights of a calm summer. In addition I was wearing a dragon-infested shirt, so I sat there looking like a refugee from a far off exotic land! All of which helped to provide a fitting setting for a delightful fantasy, so you can perhaps visualize the unsettling jolt I received when this item turned out to be a bizarre plot, completely contrary to initial expectations on my side. The unexpectedness of the ending made it a very effective one indeed and I definitely enjoyed it.

The Time Machine: Zany stuff! It did make me laugh, and I'm usually hard to please as far as funnies are concerned.

A well-written story follows the colour section, but I have one little misgiving about it. I didn't like the plot, mainly because I'm an atheist and up to here in Meet-Thy-Creator stories. One of my pet ... / Undecipherable, even so with a dictionary, I'm sorry_7 but I'm sure the author needn't feel any personal responsibility for this entirely subjective state of affairs!

I like Jock Root's Pacificon II conrep continuation, but it isn't very intense, if you get my meaning. It's a very clinical report, seemingly scribed by a sideline observer uninvolved with the main sequence of events. Too detached, but still interesting.

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California, USA

Turning to letters I am shocked at (not "by") the degree of intolerance expressed by Clyde Kuhn... While I do not care for the Beatles or Fan fiction either, I don't think the less of people who do. His views of the racial problems in the State are very unfortunate... Doubly so, in expressing them to you, who, not having enough background, may take them more seriously than you should. - The Rumford Act he mentions did not say whom you had to sell or rent to... It did provide that a person with four or more rental units, could not refuse to rent to person because of race, creed or colour. - Or in the sale of a home, when Federal money was involved, either through veterans loans or Federal Home Loan. Anyone could still refuse to rent for normal reasons, and charge whatever one wanted... Persons found who violated this law were reported to a regulations committee which had the power to hear the case and impose fines -- such as regulate all trades and professions -- and during the year or more the Rumford Act was in effect, only a few hundred cases were brought up, (maybe closer to a hundred), with only a dozen or so actually resulting in fines. --- The Proposition 14 became a very emotional issue in the State, and many political careers rose or fell as a result of the stands taken. The Proposition was supported by the Governor, most church groups, PTA, many papers, and of course all the civil right groups... It had, as the Governor said, everyone behind it but the people... It passed by almost the same percentage that Johnson won by -- though there was no relationship, as most Democrats were opposed to it, and we were sure the President would have been, too.

There has been some suggestion that this defeat was a contributing factor to the riots that just tore up parts of Los Angeles. (The Eastern side of the area hit is only a mile from me, and I'm less than five miles from the centre of it. There was no trouble here, though. We could see the smoke drifting overhead, and hear the sirens going, and the worst night I thought I could hear some of the shooting...but we stayed inside and watched the action on television. One of the local stations has a helicopter and gave live air coverage of it during the worst. It was so good that the police and fire departments watched, too, as communications were so fouled up they couldn't tell what was happening.) I don't think so. It is my opinion that in part it was; the rightful agitation of negro leaders for better conditions had convinced the uneducated lowest class that all their troubles were not their own fault; some real police brutality (there is always some, in any poor area with a lot of crime); and a spell of hot, humid weather. Least you have been given the wrong impressions, it is estimated that maybe 7,000 negroes were actively involved -- out of a total population in that area of 300,000... And mostly hoodlums and people at the point where they have nothing, and never had anything, and have nothing to lose. The vast majority with jobs and homes were as shocked and frightened by what happened as the white population. -- But it whites like Kuhn who make the problems harder so settle.

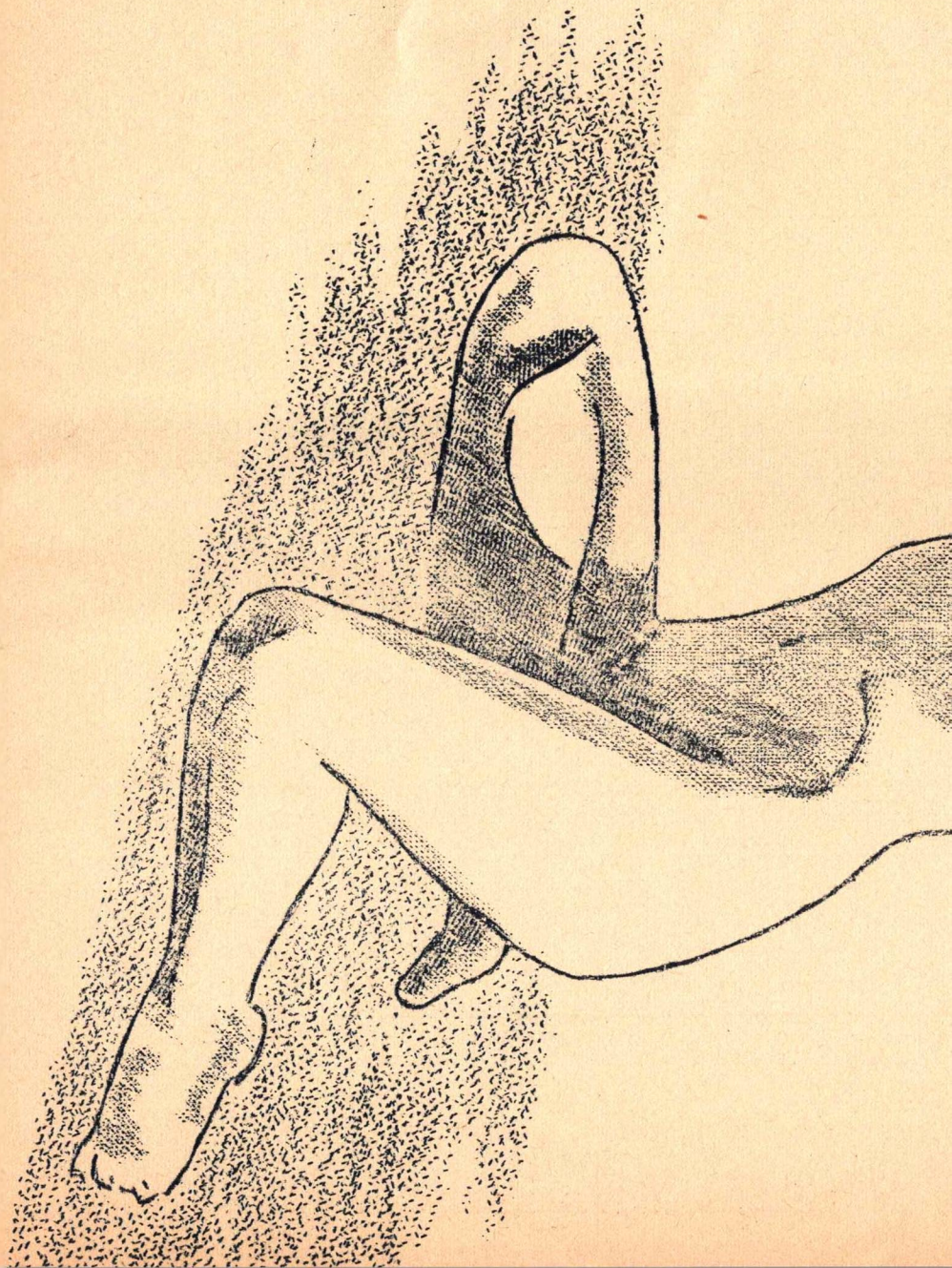
Root's report of the Pacificon may seem delayed, but Alva Rogers has just run his report in FAPA [just = August 1965] 7. I agree with remarks about Tony Boucher-- I don't see how the man does it. If he tells you he will be on a panel or show up for a talk, he will be there, no matter what else. He has done more for Westercons, over the years, than I think anyone else has. So this year we were going to get around to recognizing what a lot he had done for Fandom -- as a fan, by making him Fan Guest of Honour. He has been more than just a pro that has helped out; he has set in on committee meetings, worked for support, written for fanzines, entertained in a fannish manner, and even tried to organize fan-type organizations (of pros). So this year, of all years, one week before the con he writes and says he can't make it. And there goes our surprise... But Toni is still a good man. In a class with Willis, Tucker, Ackerman, and a few, very few, others.

[From an earlier letter, following some remarks about reduced activity in letter writing] 7: My interest in Fandom and Fanzines is not really less, but the length of time it holds my interest is less, if that makes sense. Maybe it is just that this summer (1965) will be the 20th since I first ventured into Los Angeles and met my first fan, Elmer Perdue... Though, if that seems long to you, last Fall I met two ladies who had been very important in the early history of L.S.F.S. I knew them by name only, having read of them a lot, but never had met them before. They dropped out of fandom 24 years ago... Boy, that makes one feel strange.

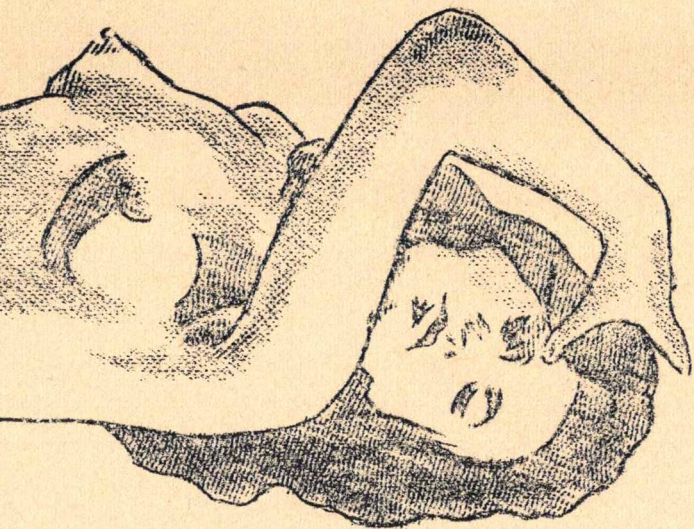
We also heard from:

Mike Sharp, Kris Carey (who sentt some very nice cartoons; thanks), Clyde Kuhn, Jon Bing, and probably others. There were so many fanzines in the meantime that I cannot possibly list them here. Thank you very much for all your effort and confidence. Here, at last, is another issue to pay for the debts.

So long ---t

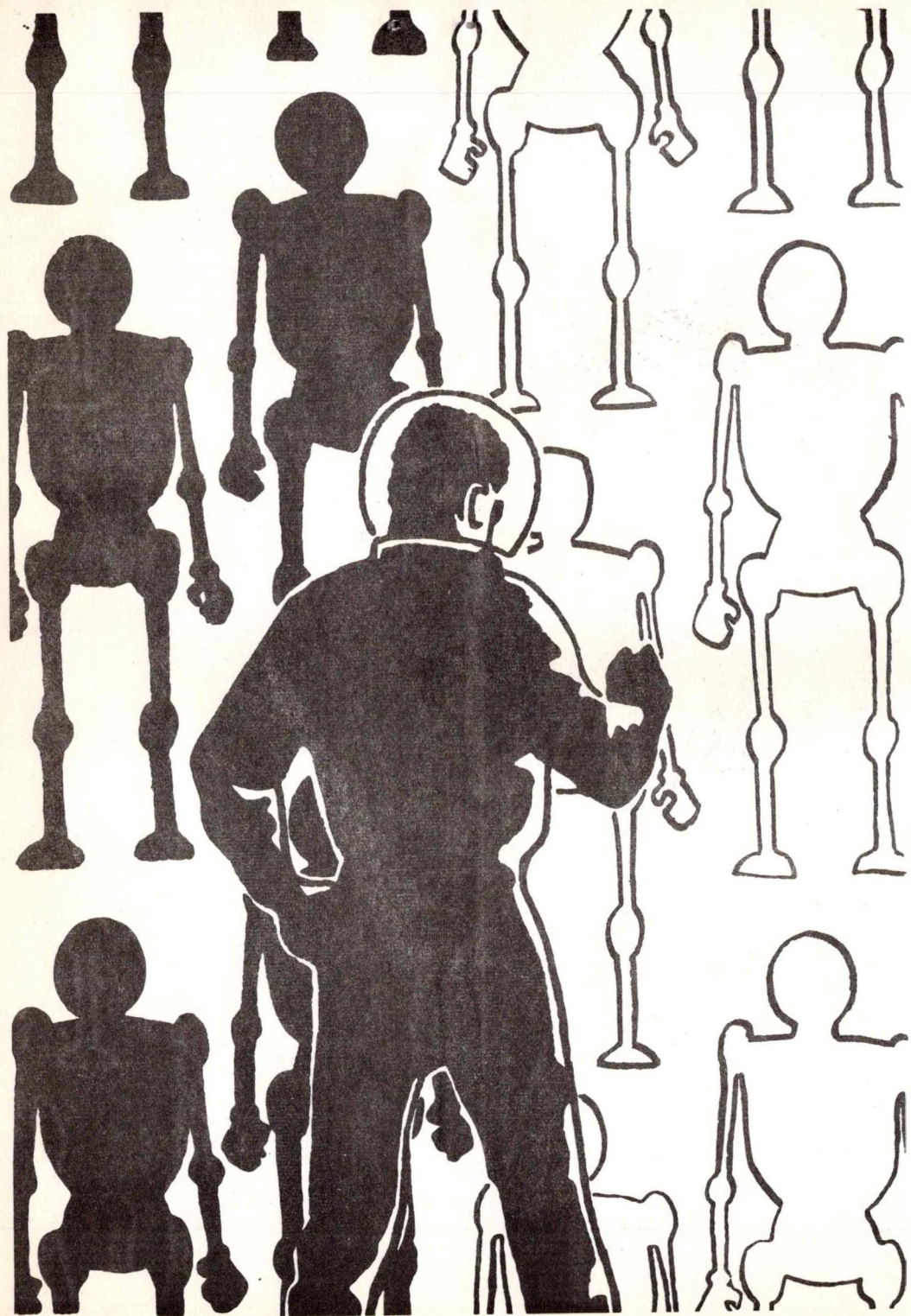


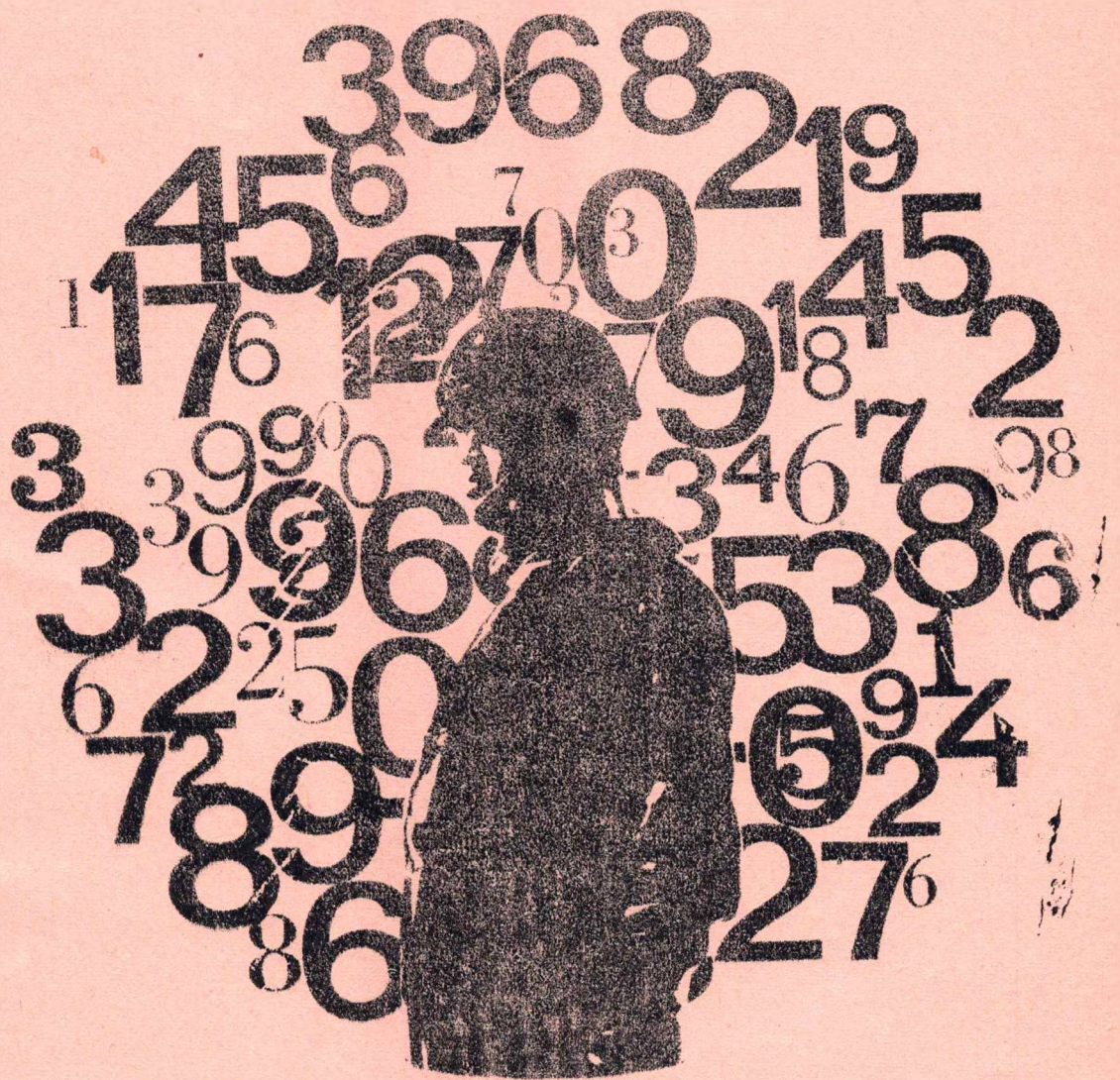
A Mario kwiat Folio

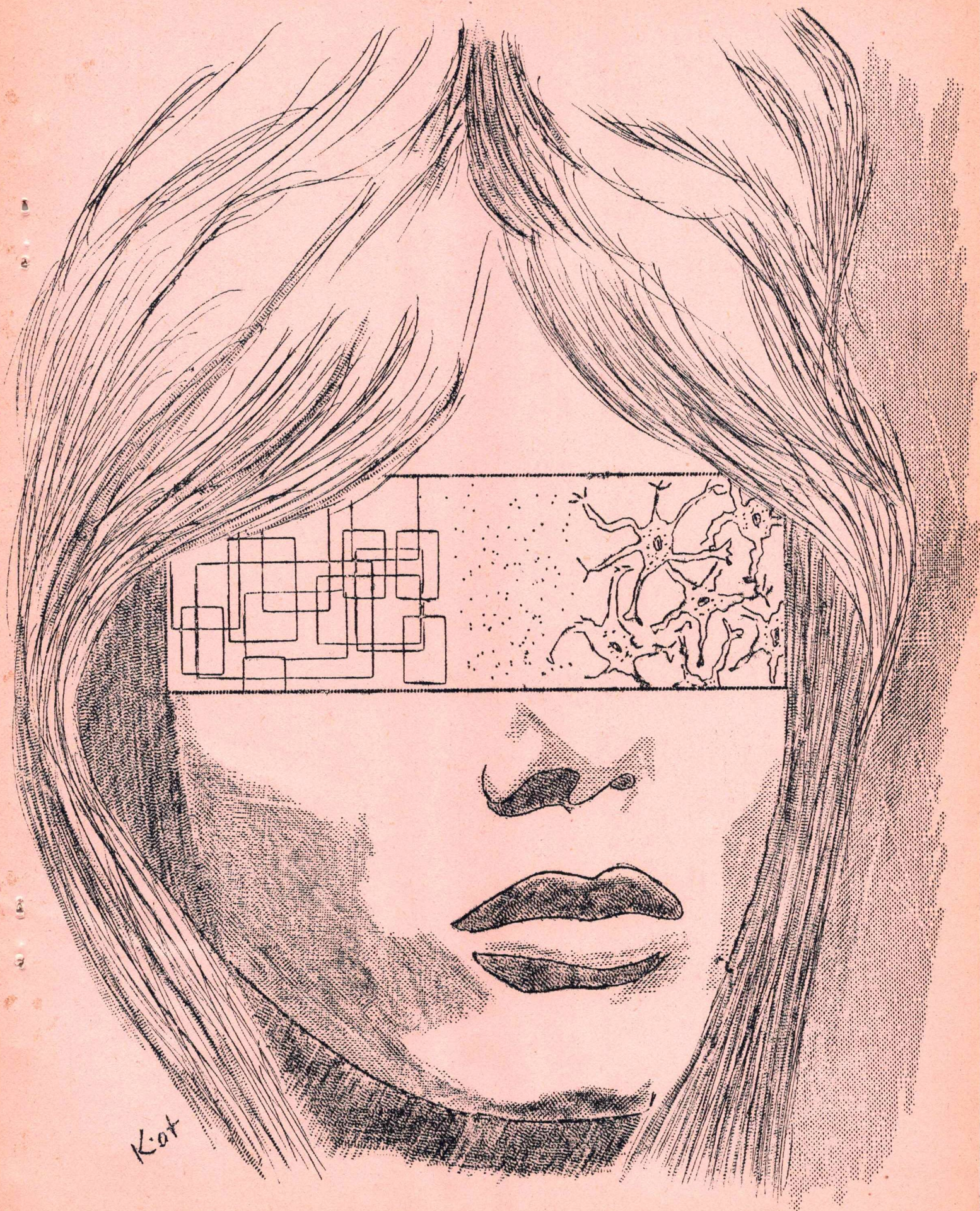




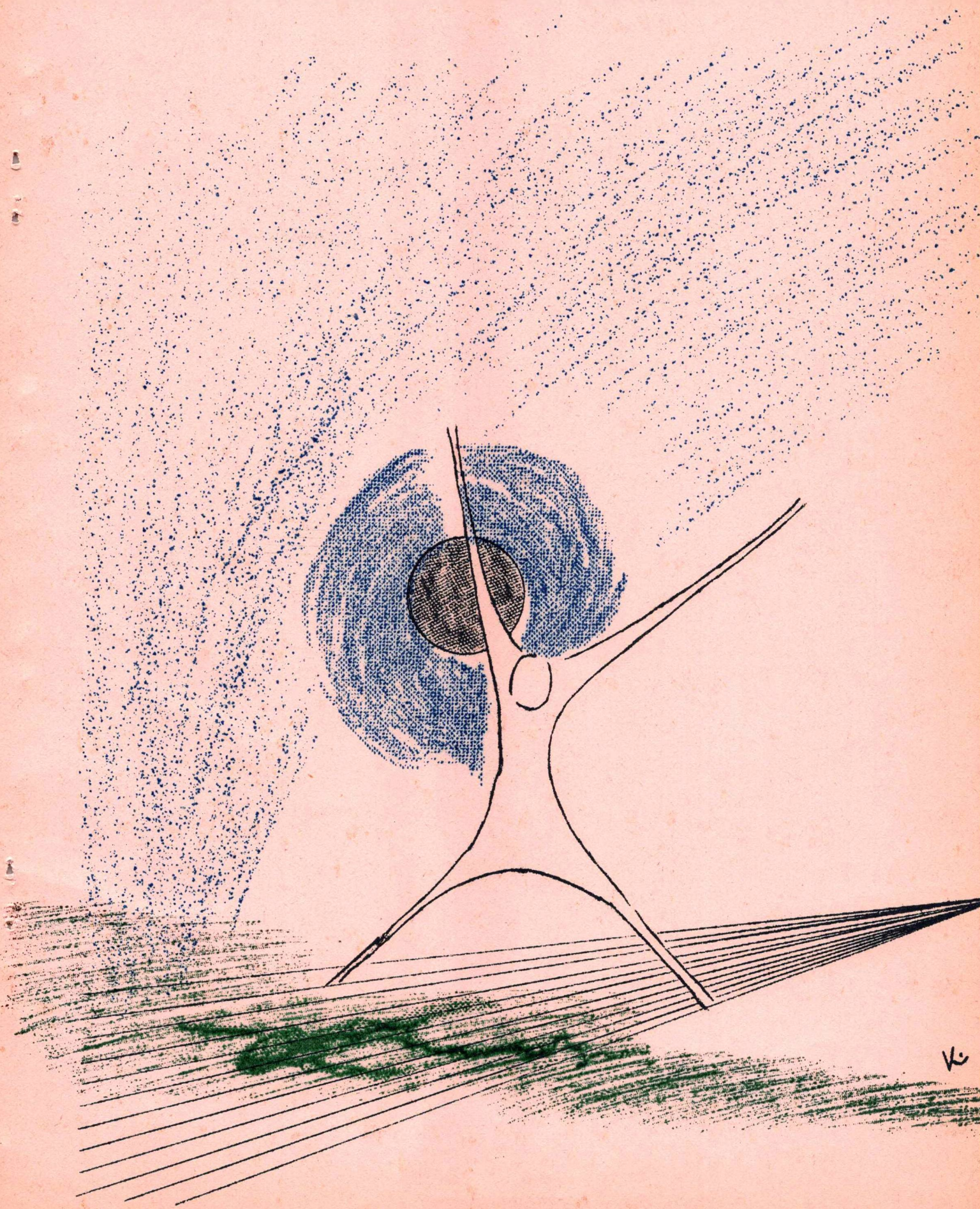








Kot



K



MERRY X-MAS and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR