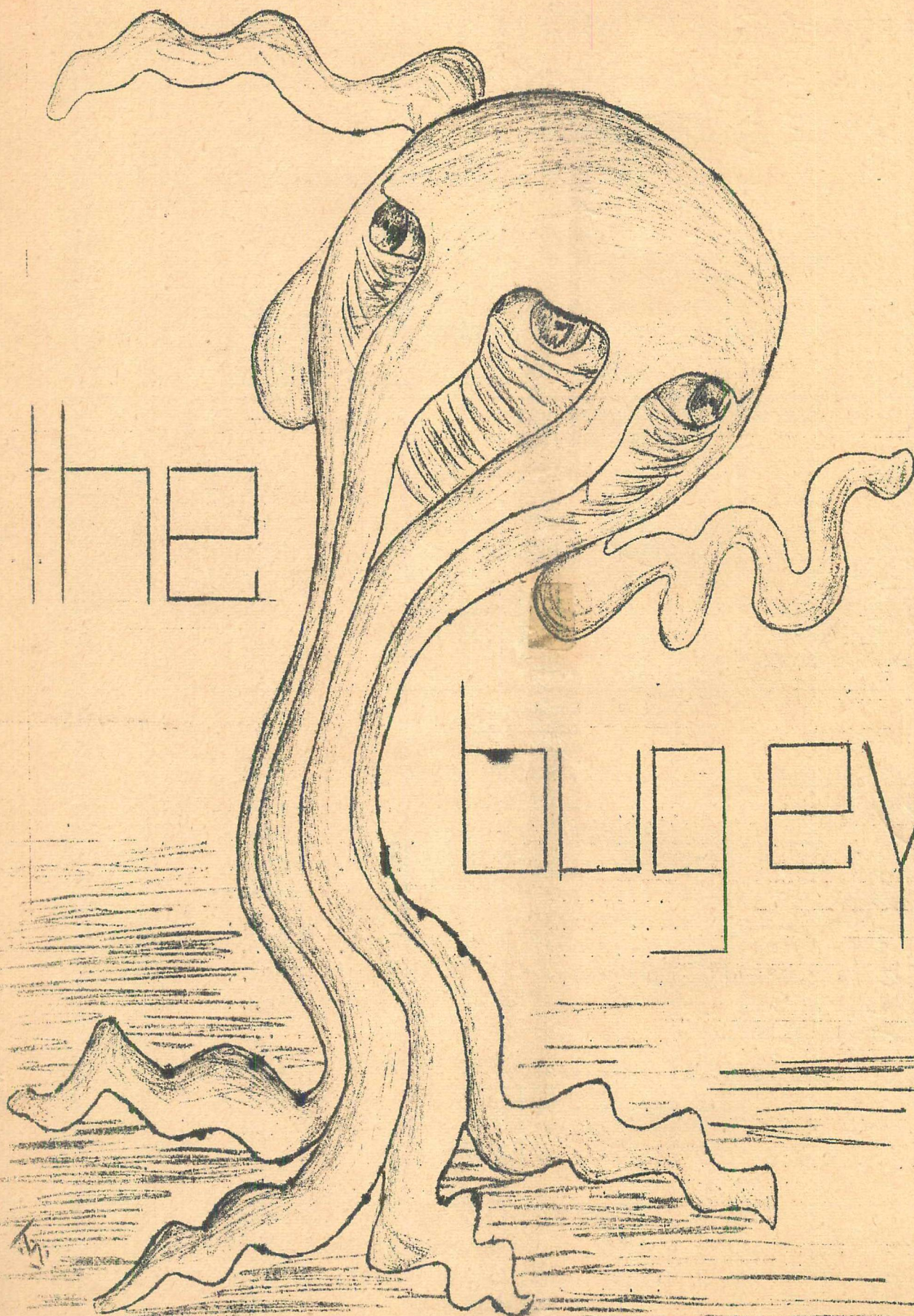


6



the

bug eye

No. 6

Deadline for material for number 7 - 5th February 1961

ON UNDERSTANDING FANDOM

-3-

ROLF C. GINDORF

"Oh judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
"and Mann has lost his reason ..."

I sincerely hope that William Shakespeare (or, if a more unorthodox school of literary historians has its way, Geoffrey Chaucer) will forgive my twisting the above quotation slightly to demonstrate a point about which I intend to say a few words. - To do this it will be necessary to remember the state-of-fandom address I delivered in THE BUG EYE No. 4. In that article I had summed up the situation at our end by expressing the opinion that, as Ella Parker put it in the latest ORION, Gerd fandom could do with a bit of lightness. My exact words were that we were "still a long way from having truly fannish 'zines".

When writing this I had anticipated some discussion on the respective merits of "sercon" and "faanish" fandoms and had, in fact, said as much. I should have known better. If we disregard, for the time being, one or two suggestions made with a view to altering the editorial policy of this fanzine (such as to print reviews of English fmz in German, to which I personally agree), it resulted not in an objective discussion to be expected among mature persons, but in a tho roughly emotional, unreasonable and polemic outburst by one of our younger and, I am sorry to say, lesser fanzine editors.-

Far from presenting any tangible arguments about the case in point, he contents himself with quoting five lines, viz. those leading to the statement on our lack of "fannish" zines mentioned above, of my article which, as he smugly tells his readers, is an "outright insult to German fandom!" - From there he goes on to bemoan the ideas underlying such heretic views, which tend "to make in vain all the work done so far", presumably by himself. True to type, he does not neglect to play on the nationalistic angle of the matter (something that never fails to win the support of certain quarters), speaking about "a further Americanization about to be forced upon our plagued Germany." The man's honesty and fairness may finally be judged by such remarks as "... I would love to hear (the foreign fans') laughter at (Gindorf's) numerous 'printing errors' ..." which he could make, secure in the knowledge that the majority of his readers was not in a position to obtain first-hand information on the original article. Incidentally, he carefully forgot to send me a copy of his fanzine when the article appeared, although he knew perfectly well that I was not a subscriber.

Insignificant as the man was (and, in all probability, will remain) fairness demands that his identity be made known. His name is Jürgen Mann (which should explain the quote at the beginning), and the fanzine he used to edit was TELESKOP. Which makes me wonder whether one of the reasons for his outburst of hurt indignation may have been my omitting his magazine from the list of German fmz I mentioned in TBE 4 ... Yes, u s e d to edit -- for with its latest issue, carrying the "insult"- article, TELESKOP unfortunately

ceased to exist. Contrary to the official reason given ("We are
-4- losing money at it") its death is the result of recent differences
of opinion on the magazine's policy between Jürgen Mann and his
sponsor.

It has been said that feuding is one of the favourite pasttimes
of fans, and past history certainly points in that direction. In the
relatively few - when compared to many Anglo-American fans - years
that I have been in fandom I have consistently succeeded in steer-
ing clear of the many feuds going on, mostly by remaining in the
background. I have every intention of continuing to do so, as far
as the "no-feuding"-policy is concerned. Therefore I challenge
Jürgen Mann to justify his assertions and state his case in this
magazine. I shall see to it that sufficient space be given to him
so as to enable him to explain his views to the English-speaking
readers of THE BUG EYE.--

The incident I have described in the first part of my column
serves to demonstrate adequately the need for a more objective and
a more tolerant outlook on fandom.- I remember that, back in my
student days, I had to do a paper on some article in the (then)
'Manchester Guardian'. This article was entitled "Nibbed in the Bud",
and although I am not too sure any more about its political-econo-
mic implications its very title has stuck in my mind ever since, for
reasons I should probably consult my psychiatrist about. Anyway,
'nibbed in the bud' now is, I hope, an utterly destructive urge to
attack opponents with irrelevant and basically emotional means.

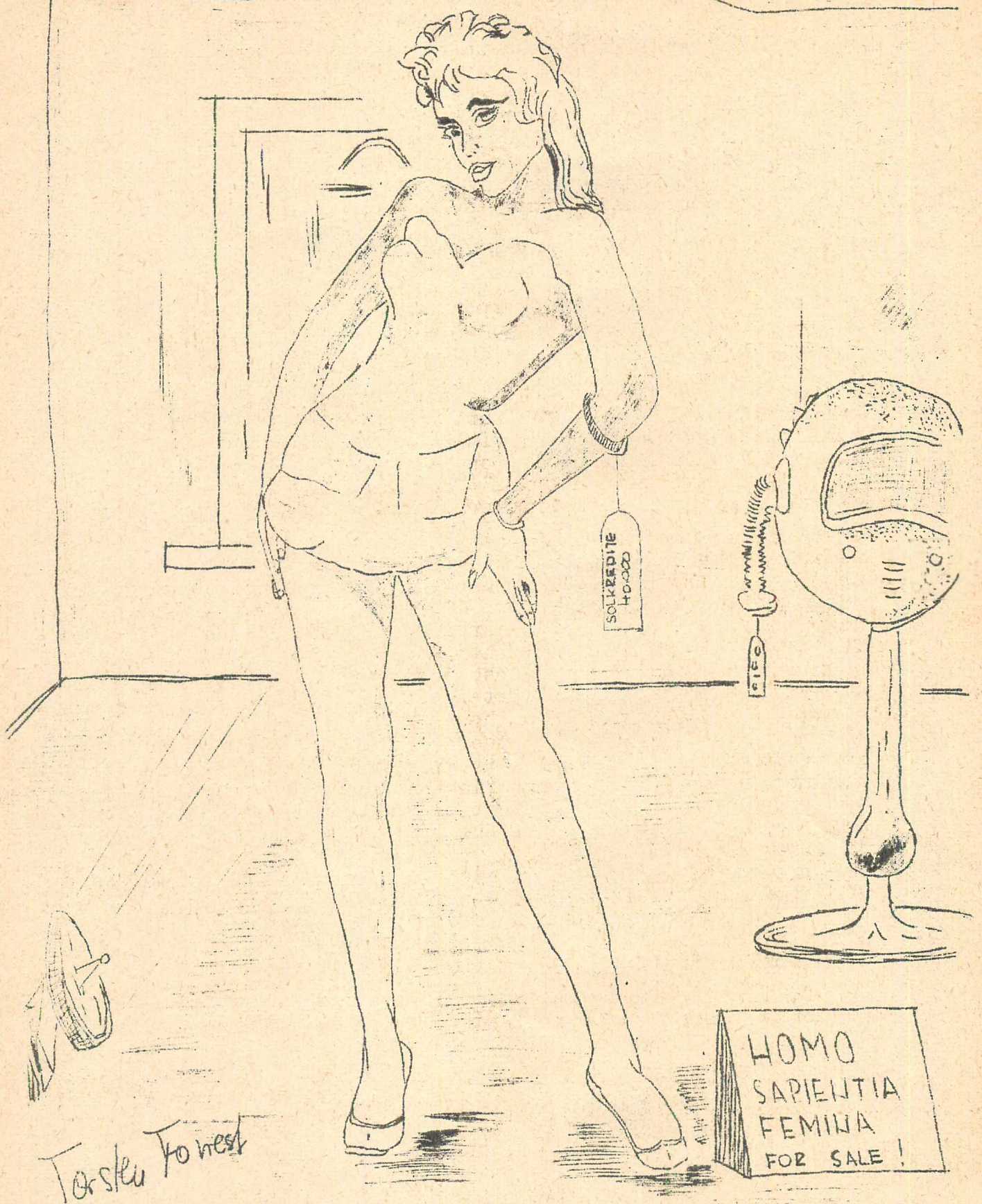
It is an established fact that people are 'convinced' not by
reason or logic, but by appeals to their thalamus, their emotions,
their soul, or whatever term you prefer to use. A sufficiently
adept and ruthless demagogue can easily get the enthusiastic back-
ing of an entire people (disregarding, for the sake of argument, a
few intellectuals and malcontents), as the recent history of my own
people has amply shown. Those who have given some thought to the
subject, and have drawn certain conclusions from George Orwell's
classic "1984", will know that the same can, and will, happen again,
to any people or group of peoples, unless we learn to think
instead of to feel. - It is my considered opinion that fandom
has not as task the 'furthering of science', nor the 'spreading of
SF', nor even the 'betterment of mankind'. Instead I consider fan-
dom's prime function to be the providing of a meeting-ground for
intelligent, novel and unorthodox ideas and, at the same time, for
the realization that we are just a bunch of nice guys (and gals)
who should not take things - and ourselves with them - too serious.
As I understand it, fandom in its ideal form should consist of a
happy symbiosis of intellectual brilliancy and witty humour that
does not hesitate to direct itself against its very perpetrators.-

If, in my writings, I have expressed a preference for what is
commonly called "fanish fandom" this is by no means to be regard-
ed as a term indicating inherent value, as it was apparently mis-
construed by Jürgen Mann. I was - and still am - of opinion that
this attitude towards fandom is best suited to bring about eventu-
ally the hypothetical state of affairs referred to above. It goes
without saying that it is perfectly legitimate for anybody to dis-
agree with me on this point, but in that case I expect to be pre-
sented with honest and tangible evidence instead of with personal
slurs. It is with this in mind that I shall rest my case.-

Before signing off definitely for this issue I ought to apolo-
gize to Klaus Eylmann, who probably will be disappointed with this
column. If I was somewhat moody this time, it was to talk about a
problem which I think is important. This done, I intend to return
to a lighter vein nextish.

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This issue we look back a little further than 1955 - in fact we look back over a quarter of a century to one of the grand old magazines of science fiction:-

WONDER STORIES November 1932. This is a very large paged magazine whose cover is a mottled mass of yellow, blue and red dots with a crimson flash in the centre saying "Now 15¢" - Can you imagine any magazine of comparative size saying that nowadays? I can't somehow. Twents eight years have made the edges of the pages crumble a little but the rest seems in remarkable a state of preservation - "The Magazine of Prophetic Fiction" says the headline and the editor was of course Hugo Gernsback.

THE VENUS GERM is the first story in the issue by R.F.Starzl and Festus Pragnell and takes one of the familiar themes of science fiction that of interplanetary intrigue with the fate of worlds as pawns. "Just as today powerful interests use races and nations as pawns in their game of power, so in the future their ambitions will extend to the wider sphere of interplanetary dimensions." - Remembering that this was written 28 years ago it seems to be a theme that is both typical and appropriate.

Arthur G. Stangland's THE LAKE OF LIFE takes us to the then - and for all I know still unexplored interior of Central Australia where the forces of evolution have played queer tricks and have produced veritable monsters of animal life. (Are you listening Baxter? hi!) Down in the caves underneath the bush exterior lie a group of plant men - who have a strange habit of treating their visitors - they make them into stalagmites. Which is one way I suppose of becoming a solid citizen...

One of the world foremost science fiction writers comes next, a man who can still write some of the greatest, most human and moving science fiction stories anywhere in the world - Clifford D. Simak. It seems incredible to think that the man who is now seen in Galaxy was writing for WONDER STORIES all these years ago. This is a short of Simak's THE ASTEROID OF GOLD - space fiction again but the beginnings of a master.

Clark Ashton Smith's THE DIMENSION OF CHANCE takes place in an alien world where the laws of nature do not work with invariability and how the wonders of this world would turn out, including inhabitants almost given to suicide.

The final story in the issue is a part of a serial of one of the classics of s-f S.S.Held's THE DEATH OF IRON which is a French classic translated here by the late Fletcher Pratt, himself one of the foremost writers in this field until his recent tragic death a few years ago. This story as its name suggests tells of the progressive deterioration of iron and steel as though it has been attacked by some strange disease. It's the kind of spectacular story that goes down so well and formed such an integral part of early s-f - imaginative, wide scale and full of ingenious descriptive work. In fact a perfect example of the kind of early s-f for which this magazine was noted.

You might wonder too about the "15¢" price too - it was a reduction in price -- "We believe the change to the lower price will be welcomed by all readers, as the present financial state of country has made it apparent that mags of this type should follow the trend of other mags which also found it necessary to revert a popular price." A worthy ambition in any era o' science fic'n methinks.

""""the end""""

A KIND OF A LETTER.....

-7-

.....OR SOMETHING !

by Thea Grade



Bug Eye hasn't a lettercol. No. Not up till now, anyway. But when I feel like writing a letter I am going to write a letter and no insignificant, puny detail as such will stop me. Oh no, not ME. Besides that, this isn't exactly the kind of letter faned Helmut might be expecting and, on the other side, letter-writing makes me chatty - when I say chatty I mean CHATTY - so there is alwys the overwhelming chance of squeezing right out in the cold every single other letter the next Bug-ish intends proudly to represent by my rambling along all by my lonesome tongue wagging self. Might be just as well BUG EYE has not got a lettercol.

Or has it? In the meantime I mean?

But lets get started in earnest. To everybody who is interested I am only a very new, brave, humbly stumbling neofan (in fannish matters, mind me), a neofan-babe in the wood I might say and quite a miserably feeling one at that. This isn't my fault! It's BUG EYES! Oh YES!

Just the other day the latest ish came rolling along. I snatched it up happily, snuggled down in a nice cozy armchair, opened it up and.....stared down horrifield! For what was staring right back at my sweet, sensitiwe fan face? My most closely and jealously garded secret dragged merciless yout in the open! The only thing I do not want to be known all over fandom revealed! My up till now so cleverly and skillfully hidden shameful past - I had thought securely tucked away and which I am trying so awfully hard to let sink into oblivion - disclosed to all and everybody! No, no, no, no, Oh NO!

Worst of it, it is even true, that is, most of it is.
Oh well, so I was once upon a time a big shot officer in a
sercon German sf-club!

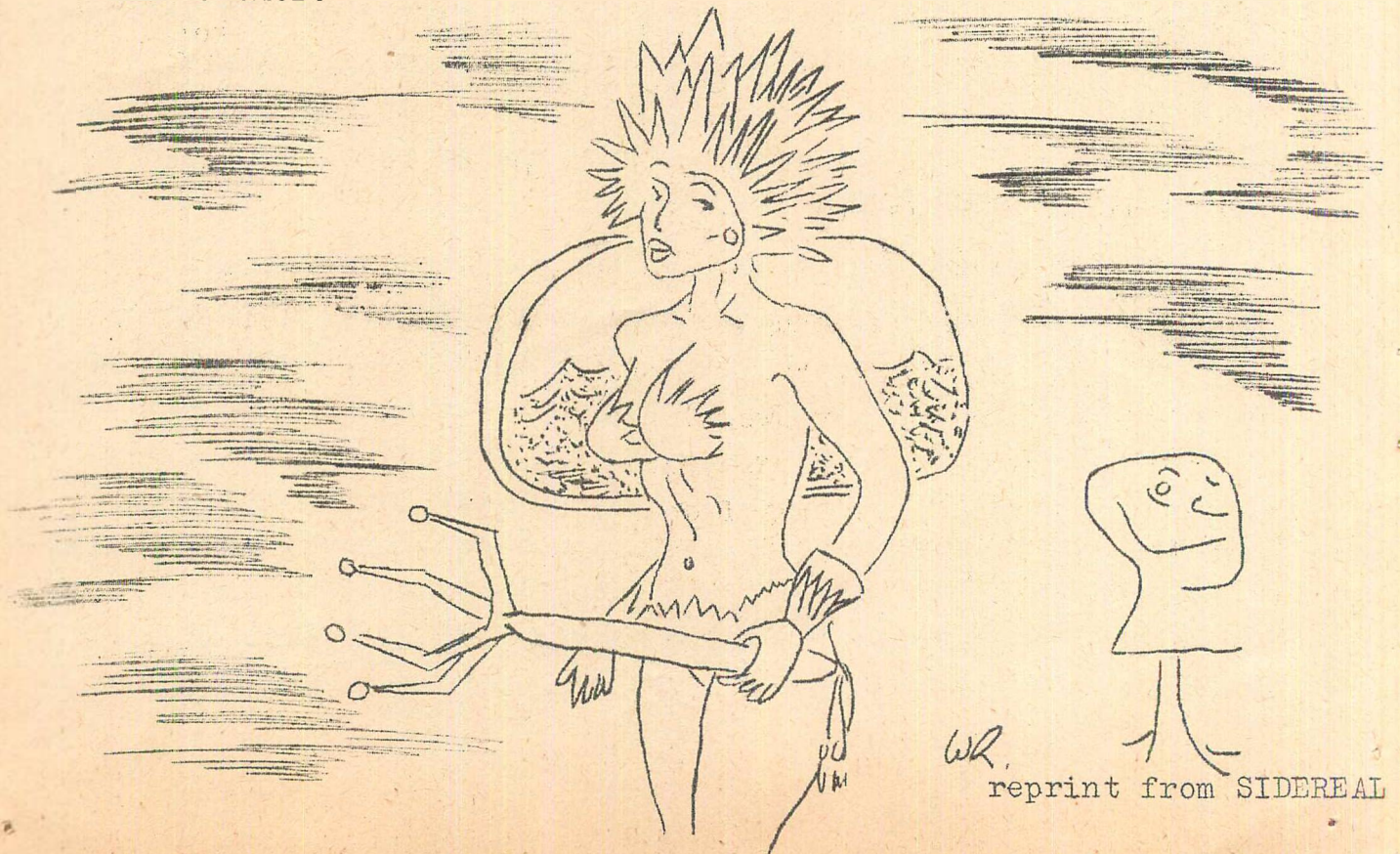
So I was even very, very serconnish myself!
So what?

-8-

It is the privilege of a woman to change her mind whenever she
wants to and whichever way she wants it the moment she feels
like it! I felt like it and that is that. Right now I am a
fannish neofan worming up slowly my way to truefan status, or
so I hope, and it is very interesting and amusing too!

But this preposterous idea that I went all the 180-mile-way
only to tell those odd chacters Jürgen Molthof and Rolf
Gindorf of my getting fannish is - expressed very mildly -
utterly hogwash, as you suspected rightly (I hope at least you
did). Our mail-service is still in good order, winter hasn't
arrived yet, so it is functioning in a way. The simple reason
I went visiting Rolf and Jürgen is the fact that they do live
180 miles off. No, I am not crazy, I just LOVE to drive a
car! Hmm car driving! I could go on and on on the merits of
this worthwhile occupation for hours. But I think it might be
a good idea to save this topic for another time I feel like
letter-writing again!

So, longing for another nice, long car drive I remambered Rolf
and Jürgen. They did live the reqiired number of miles off
and seemed to be a very p̄romising prospect on the fannish side.
They were, too. The cocktails paid off also! Ghreat Ghu they
were Ghood! Especially the concoction mentioned by Rolf last
time around. Only thing that puzzledme to no end was why was
Jürgen hit by these soft little drinks so strong and so hard
in practically no time flat? Huh? He didn't drink more than
I and I didn't feel a thing. Oh well, a bit dizzy maybe, but
that was all. And he did go out like a light. Also I am sure,
I KNOW positively Rolf wasn't
slipping him a Mickey -
tinn either.



reprint from SIDEREAL

No, it isn't only 'cause Rolf just doesn't look like that kind of a joker, in fact, he looks like a gentleman, but then you never can be sure, can you?

It is because I was watching pretty close, real eagle-eyed, for a short time after the cocktail mixing and drinking got in full swing I noticed surreptitiously Rolf pouring drinks freely right and left but pussyfooting very, very softly around his own one. Now, I am only a nice, little, innocent girl but I am not that innocent. I did the next best thing and took over, for a change, the drink pouring for a while. Believe me, I kept all the glasses filled up well and had a eye on the drinking rate too! I told you, I KNEW.

But then, what happened to Jürgen?

I wondered and wondered and then ten days ago the Big, Bright, Dazzling Truth hit home!

Since then I am busily scratching together every penny I can lay hands on. I am going to save up a neat little pile of ready cash. There is a con coming around, remember, and I am dead set on going there with some Vodka and Orange Brandy. I am just dying to see who will hit the floor first, next time this harmless drink is around.

Don't you worry, it will NOT be me!

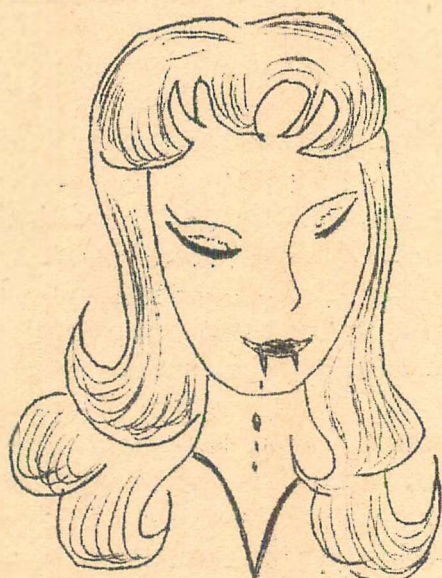
And I am not psi or esp or something either!

Me, I had had a granddad and he was a mighty fine innkeeper in his time. The whole curious business is only a question of having the right set of genes!

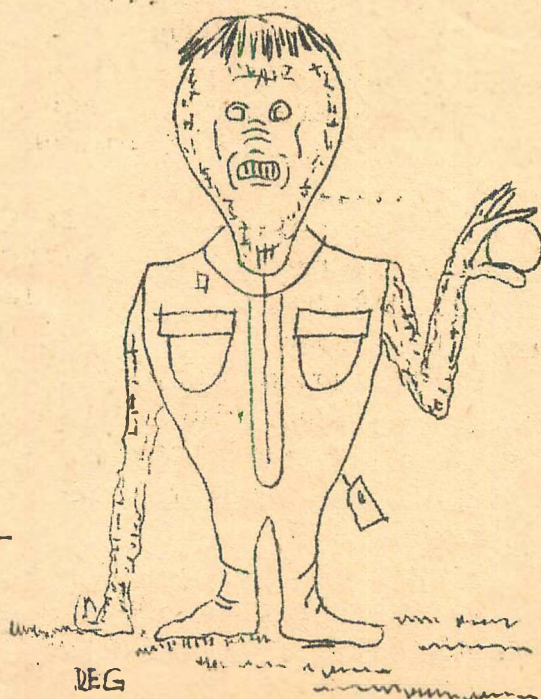
Real easy, see!

'by 'by

Thea

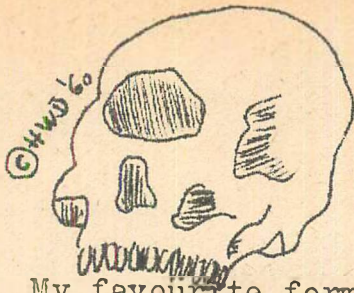


Imilani



-9-

REG



HOW TO WALK AND BE HAPPY

-10-

by

KEN CHESLIN

My favourite form of outdoor exercise is, quite simply, walking.

This I call, "the exercise of the amature"; for you need to do no long training, or buy expensive equipment to enjoy walking, you don't even have to wear those chilly little short pants like the football types do.

Actually, all you need to do is to wear you normal every day clothes, (the scrufyness or otherwise depending on your proposed route), and step outside your house.

There is a part of "The Lord of the Rings" in which Bilbo Baggins speaks of paths...can't remember the exact words but it was something like...."and the path outside your door is connected to the road, and that road to another road, and another and another; in fact its part of all the roads in the whole wide world. If you let your thoughts stray along the road you can sense the strange lands, as a spider senses the vibration of her webb, the sounds, the smells, the sights...all..."...that of course is only a papaphrasing, the actual worsing is much better.

On a different note, For those readers who view a stroll around their own near-neighbourhood as rather tame, let's take a look into the differing technicques, the "does" and "don't" of walking.

Well, "the second-stage walker" finds that he has exhausted his immediate surroundings and desires new worlds to conquer. Um, so. He then discoveres those things on wheels, you know, 'busses. He finds that, for a small fee, the 'bus will take him to many and many an untrammt district...so, he gathers his wealth and boards a 'bus out into the great untrod.

Once he has arrived at his selected destination our hero finds that there are several choices open to him;

He can, for instance, forget about the whole darn thing and go home.....

But no!, our lad is a determined type!. He thinks. He could just amble around the village, (supposing he got off the 'bus in a village) until he feels like taking abus home...or again, he could walk home from where the 'bus has left him..or another possibility, he could strike off, across county and eventually come upon another 'bus route and ride home a different way.....

He choses the last idea..and some hours later (having forgotten to take a map with him) he stumbles back into the village, completely lost.

Another wise precaution to take when going walking at the weekend is to check up on the 'bus times...the Sunday services usually differ greatly from the midweek times, and there are few things as exasperating, when you've been waiting at a country stop for a couple of hours, than to be approached by a local yokel who says

words to the effect of, " thar buzzez doe goo on sundays ".

When the walker gains experience he will find no difficulty in planning a route which intersects the 'bus route at frequent intervals, thus ensuring an "escape route" should the weather turn foul, or he get tired of walking.

Walking with a companion....hmm. Well, it is well, before embarking on a walk with a companion to first of all find out a few things...and take certain precautions.

The most important thing to check up on is the staying power... HIS staying power.

Always make sure that your companion is weaker tahn you are, there are few things as damageing to the ego as being left behind by some disgustingly healthy, overly energetic, friend. Choose a weedy companion, then YOU can take sadistio pleasure in leaving HIM behind!.

For the male walker the advantages of taking a female companion along are fairly obvious..

Here is someone, (we hope), weaker, someone who is probably easier to look at than your male friends, and, above all, someone to impress with your stamina , agility, and maybe, wit.

On the other hand, supposing that only a male firend is available, you can have a very satisfying, maybe even profitable, hike with **this companion**, provided you take certain precautions.

First of all,make sure that it is you who does the choosing of the route,(the advantage of this will be obviouse in a little while). Then, before you set out, empty your pockets and wallet,putting most of the cash in a safe place while retaining one large note and a few pence in change.

If you are cigarette smoker you must of course empty your case, or better still, leave it behind. If you are a pipe smoker and your friend is too, then you must"forget"your tobacco, (if he smokes cigarettes, and you only smoke a pipe you may as well take it with you).. but whatever you leave behind **in the way of smoking material** don't forget your matches.

Having made all the necessary arrangements you can now safely "press on"...it is now that all you **trainging** begins to pay off.

You set out a moderate pace, but you unobtrusivly increase it until your companion begins to get short of breath. At this point your route should pass near an inn, or country pub.Keep up this process, tiring your friend and passing near pubs, until he suggests that you pause "for a quick one"... this is the first crack in the wall and should be brushed aside with some remark like, "but I'm not a bit tired,and besides,there's a much better pub a little way up the road".

At last, as your companion is at his last gasp, you consent to stop.

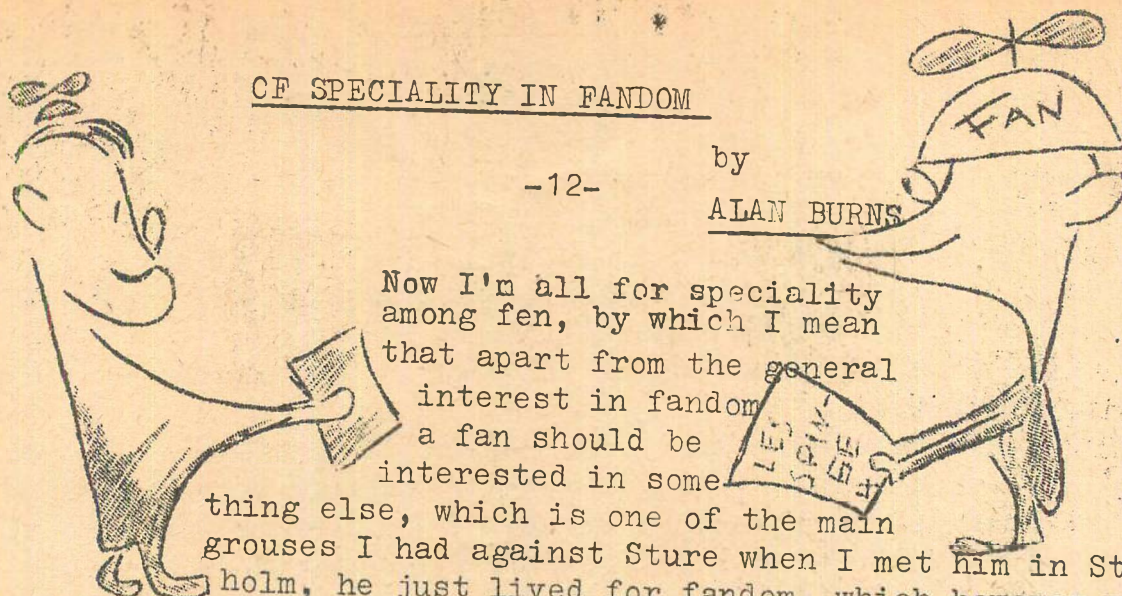
On entering the hostelry you discover that you have no change... but, if you have whittled down your companion as indicated in the preceeding paragraphs, he'll be so darn glad to sit down and quench his thirst that he'll be good for a couple of tankards.

Only one thing I haven't quite worked out yet...what happens if two of my readers try this ploy on each other.....

OF SPECIALITY IN FANDOM

-12-

by
ALAN BURNS



torious it may seem is just plain foolish in my estimation. All the fen I know seem to have a speciality. Terry Jeeves for example has taping, Sam Lundwall and Horst Margeit have photowork, Alan Dodd is a cinema expert and so it goes on.

The advantage of a speciality is that it gives everyone an individuality which is most refreshing. Of course if you meet a guy and his interest is in, say, stamp collecting, well if you aren't interested it can be boring but then you can file it in your collection of useful information. Sometimes tho' you run across a guy or doll who has some hobby you haven't heard of and you can really get fascinated. I recall one year I rented a cottage from a couple whose hobby was collecting beer coasters, and their collection was housed in a cottage. There were beer coasters everywhere, even the er chemical sanitation unit rested on a set of coasters, oddly enough the coasters were all fixed down, and there wasn't one loose to move so you could put your glass on it.

But in my wellknown way I'm rambling a little and I would like to say that it isn't a bad idea for a fan to try now and then some sort o' speciality just for kicks. Just now the one I'm playing with, apart from my regulars of photography and taping is what I call The Morbid Muse. Namely it concerns the study of Death in all its ways and mutations, and I've been in our local library doing some excavation among dusty books, it's quite fun. It's also gone into some odd articles sent out to long-suffering faneds.

The mental advantage of doing something new is of course that it stirs up the mind very nicely. After all, man is a creature with a tendency to have fixed habits--a hangover from the animals from which we come---and breaking them is a good thing from the point of view of adaptability. Also if you look around those in authority are trying like mad to get everyone conforming, it makes extrapolatory politics easy, whereas if you have a country of odd-balls and folk with all sorts of odd specialities it's hell to govern. Does anyone recall Harry Stine's "Galactic Gadgeteers" in ASF, where they had a ship crewed by srewballs of high IQ if you can get out of a rut and do something different. Just let me reach round and give myself a pat on the back with one of my four arms.

ALAN BURNS



"JOIN FANDOM AND BE HEALED"

-13-

by

MIKE DECKINGER

Some items that I read in fanzines affect me more than others. Some things make me lose sleep as I twist them about in my mind, wondering if they might be hitting a bit too close at home.

Such as Bob Lich'man's story in the last BANE where he brings up the horrifying prophecy of Billy Graham gaining converts on the N3F, working in conjunction with the recruiting bureau. Now I would be the last one to say something uncomplimentary about the N3F. In it's place, as a correspondence club for neos, I feel it's admirably suited to its purpose and has every reason for existence, I refuse to knock a neo slanted organization solely because it is neo slanted.

But the N3F has, as always been making a drive to entice new members into the club. None of the methods used are as ingenious as actually getting Billy Graham to provide the added inducement, but given time, they might be.

When I went to bed after reading BANE I was thinking of "Recruiting Problem." I shut out the light, lay back on the pillow, and waited for the inexorable, undeviating arrival of sleep which would put my troubled brain to rest.

Only it didn't.

You see, I had a dream. Not a large of extravagant dream, as dreams go. There was no harem or fall trough space or anything that crops up in regular dreams. I had a fannish dream.

I found myself in a huge line that seemingly stretched for miles over a bare, but woody hillside. Comprising this line was myself, and more people than I could ever hope to count in my lifetime. We seemed to be moving very slowly and I noticed a distinct profusion of impediments existing with the others in the line. There were some people who had broken arms which they carried in slings, others hobbled painfully along on crutches, oblivious to all that went on around them, still others were seated in wheel chairs and were forced to propel themselves along. A man standing in front of me had nearly half his body sheathed in bandages, someone behind me had both his hands covered. About 70% of the people were afflicted like this, there were some (like me) who bore no physical disability.

Even though it seemed at first as if we weren't moving, in a very short time I found myself in front of an enormous tent. A tall man wearing a very officious costume led me to a seat. I sat down and when the huge was full it became deathly quiet.

A man wearing a beanie with a revolving propeller walked out onto a raised platform and lifted his hands into the air. It was Billy Graham.

"Oh neofan sinners", he called, "hear me and heed me and you shall be saved. Either accept Ghu as your only Ghod or suffer. Ye shall know him by his sign", he held a huge banner aloft and every cheered, "ye

shall know him by the sign of the fan and his mimeo, this cross we all cherish."

On the banner was a picture of a fan standing by a Gestetner with his arms outstretched so he could hold each end. I had to admit it did resemble a cross.

"And now, non-fan sinners," Graham continued, "ye shall know the miracle of Ghu's own healing. Arise, to be healed by BNF Oral Roberts."

As Graham said the words he left the platform and another man walked up. He was the same whose face I had seen on television when twisting the dials to avoid a commercial. It was Oral Roberts, allright. He was gesturing to the crowd and abruptly everything was hushed as a stooped figure approached. It was a man of about 30, and he had his arm in a sling.

"Come forward, brother neo", Roberts urged, "be not afraid, if ye trust in Ghu he shall heal you. You have a broken arm, is that right?"

The afflicted one nodded sadly and looked away.

"Ghu rewards his followers", Roberts assured him, "now watch as Ghu, through my body, will heal this afflicted one." Roberts gripped the man's arm. He turned his head up to the top of the tent where the cross like figure of the fan and his Gestetner was painted. "Oh Ghu", he intoned, "heal this poor non-fan so that he may enter your ranks. Drive the fuggheadedness that torments him from his body, and make his vein flow as if they held mimeo ink. Heal him..."

There was a thunderous roar and a puff of smoke, and when it cleared I could see the fellow on the platform throwing his sling.

"It's healed", he was saying disteleivingly, sobs punctuating his tone, "it's been healed, praise Ghu."

"And what will you do now that Ghu has healed you", Roberts questioned.

"Only good", the neo assured him, "because ghu has healed my arm I shall devote all my time to cranking a mimeo, I shall put out the finest fanzine in the land, and it shall be in praise of ghu that the zine will be dedicated. With my healed arm, I will turn the crank alone."

"Bless you, Brother Neo", Roberts said, kissing him, "Bless you as Ghu has blessed you."

He stepped back and there was another puff of smoke and when it disappeared a great golden beanie covered the head of the neo. Still holding his newly healed arm, he walked away and another person was lead up the platform. This was a man of not much older than the first one. Boths his hands were bandaged.

"And what is your affliction", Roberts asked tenderly.

"I broke all my fingers in an accident", the man sobbed, "the doctors say there is no hope."

Why Ghu", Roberts proclaimed, "there is always hope." He repeated the ritual as before, and when the smoke had cleared the man was tugging off his bandages. He held up his hand and carefully inspected each finger. He had been healed. He sank to the ground and began to cry joyously.

"Arise", Roberts said, "Ghu does not want your kisses, but your promises to serve him faithfully, how are your hands?"

"Wonderful", the man said with a happy faith, "I shall repay ghu by putting to work the hands he healed in his service. I will letterhack, I shall write long letters to every fanzine, even those I don't get, glorifying ghu and spreading his words. I shall be the greatest letterhack that fandom has known, in the name of Ghu."

"Bless ye neo", Roberts saidm "Bless you." As he walked away he was wearing a golden beanie.

Abruptly I began to fell strange and I realized that Roberts was motioning to me. I shook my head and tried to turn away but I could not. To my horror I felt my feet propelling me towards the platform. I tried to resist but I could not.

Then I woke up. It was as simple as that. Just as I was about to approach Roberts I woke up.

But I'm still not satisfied. The whole dream has frightened me, at the thoughts of how future recruiting may turn out, but at the same time I'm still a bit disappointed.

Now what was it that Ghu was going to heal me of ?

MIKE DECKINGER

~~~~~THE END~~~~~



SERCONNESS OR FANNISHNESS ?

by Ken Cheslin

&

Hel Klemm

Everyone knows that Gerfandom is highly organisation prone, (President, Vice-President, Vice-Vice-President, first Treasurer, second Treasurer, 1st secretary, 2nd secretary and so on), and very serconfannish. Only so about 5-7 fen are studying to make the Gerfandom a little bit faannisher. But we are too few to have a great influence on the other Gerfans. Now, a few weeks ago I discussed this problem with Ken Cheslin and he sent me an interesting letter about this. His opinon is mine, too, and I'd be glad, if I get some comments on this letter. Hel

"Just to sort of let you know my attitude to faaaanishness and serconness ... I'm a bit of both... I wouldn't like to see fandom go all together faanish and neither would I like everyone to concentrate on being very sericon... I dislike the people who "DOWN WITH SERCONNESS" as much as I dislike those who say "DOWN WITH FAANISHNESS AND SUCH CHILDISH NONSENSE" both, in my opinion, are wrong.. the idela fandom should consist of both...and a fan should be able to read/write enjoy one as much as the other...without drawing such inane cries as, "fugghead" or "Childishness"..I myself think that such an attitude reveals a certain ridgity of mind, narrowmindedness if you like, and not at all my idea of what a true fan should be like." KtC

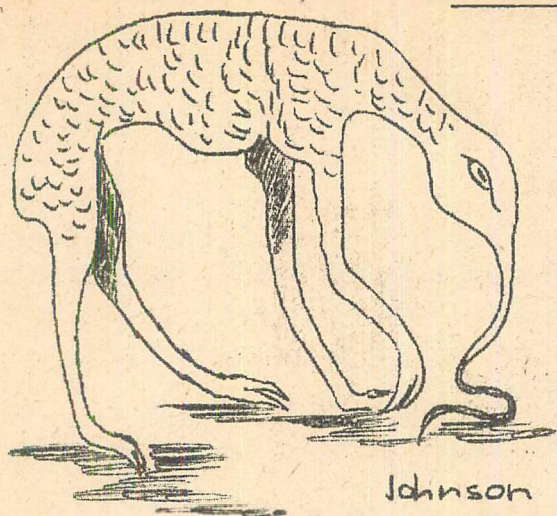


## DODDMENTS

Fanzinereviews by

-16-

ALAN DODD



DAFOE No.3 John Koning, Pardee Hall,  
Box 555, Case Institute of Technology,  
10904 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland 6, Ohio,  
United States.

Of course by the time you've read thru this adress you as likely as not won't have time to read the actual fanzine. I've seen some long adresses in my time of reviewing fanzines but this holds the record so far. Anyway - this is the

third issue of DAFOE in about two years and each issue has been an improvement on the previous one - a slow but steady increase in readability. This is a neat, superbly laid out fanzine, plents of spacing, colourful paper, legible printing. Some unusual material by and about one Eugene Hyrb - if you can figure out who he is. Big lettercolumn, fanzine reviews, odd article - no central piece to link the fanzine around but very readable nonetheless.

DISCORD No.7 Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Min-  
nesota, U.S.A.

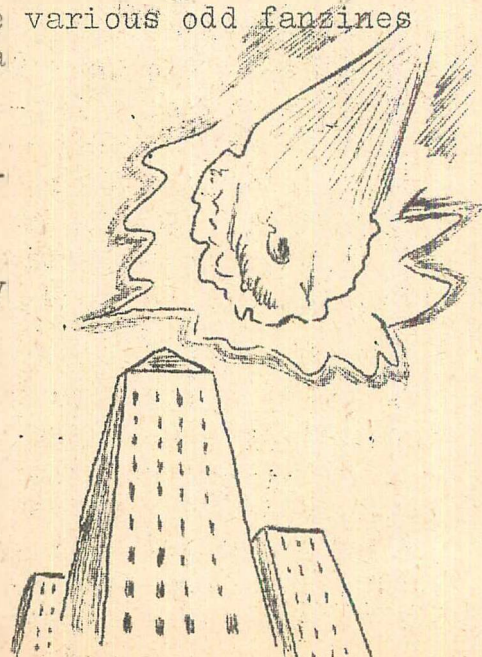
DISCORD used to be Redd Boggs' RETROGRADE a name under which one came to look forward to a monthly fanzine of several pages of khaki paper illustrated often with expensive Stenofaxed illustrations, quotations, reviews, letters etc and this fanzine continues the good work. It is 'course ipeccably produced and faultlessly typed.

IDLE HANDS Norm Metcalf, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida, U.S.A.

The title is somewhat ironic when you consider Norm Metclaf is in the USAF and supposed to be busy working defending somebody or other - instead of which from Rich Brown and himself come these various odd fanzines from time to time and I'm left in somewhat of a quandary whether to review them or not because this is a FAPA fanzine and I suppose maybe I'm not really supposed to have it - technically speaking but maybe a line to the adress above will get you this - lemme see 14 pages of swamp pulp paper printed legibly if unevenly but full of readable little titbits of reviews of s-f stories, letters, and other FAPA fanzines. Handy size for the pocket fan who reads his fanzine to the bus to work.

J.D. ARGASSY- No. 55, 10th Anniversary Issue.  
Lynn A. Hickmann, 224 S. Dement Ave., Dixon,  
Illinois, U.S.A.

This is aspecialised issue of Lynn Hickmann's multilithed fanzines - he in fact is one of





the few skilled fans in the world who actually knows, how to master this method of printing which has a vast scope for a fanzine editor enabling him to produce shaded, black illustrations that other methods of reproduction cannot copy, it can also do colour work. This particular issue is an anniversary issue which has had virtually all the issues already distributed so there is I fear little chance of getting this particular issue. Which is a pity because any collector would be proud to have this fanzine in his collection because it is if anything a milestone in fanzine publishing. It has 13 different artists - the pick of several countries and it contains in particular some of the finest work ever perpetrated by George Barr - quite outstanding with a Chinese style cover printed on a yellowed parchment paper giving it the quality of an aged and antique Chinese print - and Dave Prosser contributing yet further fine examples of his distinctive and unusual style.

KALEIDOSCOPE- Jack L. Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Maryland, U.S.A.

Howard Philippe Lovecraft must surely be no new name to any reader of this fanzine and it is very interesting to have a fanzine giving him just tribute as one of the masters of the brand of "weird" fiction that forms such an important part of fandom's literature. There is for the first time I recall on the cover a drawing of Lovecraft himself, the first time I myself have seen any illustration of him. THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH one of his lesser known pieces of supernatural fiction is reprinted here and is so little known it must be new to most readers. The rest of the issue consists of a story by Howard St. John (Not the film actor but a pseudonym for another writer), letters, editorial and some further examples of the versatility of artist Dave Prosser.

ORION No. 26. Ella A. Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London N.W.6, England

If you ever ventured down to that part of London where half the houses are propped up by great chunks of wood and you need an oxygen mask to reach the rooms at the top of No.151 you'll find the apparatus and the formidable editress that produces this fanzine. Neither is an experience you will forget easily. There are 54 pages in this issue and an incredible amount of backbreaking work has gone into this issue - too much for me to dismiss in a few words. How can one do justice to the pages pages after page of closely typed script with the knowledge of how long it took to type them, to run off the many pages, the ream upon ream of paper that must have been consumed. There is hard work behind every single page of ORION. So much so that it does tend to show through somehow. I enjoy ORION but knowing what effort has gone into it makes me feel rather rather sorry for the editress - tell me Ella, isn't there any easy way of producing a fanzine as large as ORION is without working at it? Atom is in delightful evidence through this issue to suggest as though he couldn't care how hard everyone else worked, he was only drawing for fun! We gotta have fun in fanzines Ella, fun-fun-fun+!



Remembering this is a supplement it has 25 pages!! That makes a total of around 80 pages from the same source in one envelope. Don't seem possible do it? I think I'll have to take vitamin pills or something to keep up with this kind of quantity/quality that's coming -- perhaps the urgency is due to those old buildings which must be collapsing -- they have to produce fanzines quicker from this part of the world or all you'd get would be a handful of paper and a sniff of decayed brickdust.

QUE PASADO Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada.

It means "what passes" I think or something like "Er - what's up Doc?" as Bug Bunny might have it. This comes from that mythical establishment known as - wait for it - The Coexistence Candy Store, which unlike most fans sells science fiction among its contents instead of buying it. This is a decided improvement over the first issue which read too much like a section from one of Boyd Rayburn's fanzines to have an individuality of its own. This edition shows the editor's own personality finally beginning to emerge from the glutinous mass of Toronto fandom as a real person and not an echo of other fanzines from the same area. Rather difficult to do with so many outside influences. Apart from a strange dislike of Tom Lehrer - author of today's Most Appropriate Song - WE'LL ALL GO TOGETHER WHEN WE GO I found this issue much more readable. Things are looking up.

SHANGRY L' AFFAIRES- No.52. John Trimble, 980 1/2 White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California, USA

Another beautiful example of how a fanzine should be produced, excellent Gestetner duplicating, layout, ill ustrations - 47 big pages and some very good material especially a piece by Fritz Leiber entitled plaintively - I WRITE FOR STRANGERS. Which when you come to think of it is a lot more difficult than you or I writing for our various fanzines because we do know a number of the people we are writing for and they don't consist mainly of people who we don't know or haven't any idea of what they like. The aothor's life is a very hard one it seems. This is definitely a fanzine one should get, in fact I've almost begun to take SHAGGY for granted - a sure sign of the success of a fanzine.

TERROR. Nos. 2 & 3. Larry Byrd, P.O.Box 714, Costa Mesa, Calif. USA

Another specialised branch of fandom - TERROR. Terror from stories, from horror films, from illustrations in fact your first introduction to Horror fandom under the capable hands of Larry Byrd and artists Charlie Scarborough and Jiro Tomiyama both new artists of exceeding talent. A very unusual colourful and interesting 'zine. Covers of both issues are outstanding, the first of the Frankenstein monster and the second of a Halloween Demon. Recommended to all together with a new fanzine from the same group - ESCAPE.

ALAN DODD

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One of the eds now takes over. You've heard Alan...((Hi, Art Hayes!)) SF NYTT 15, Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hägersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden. From now on SF NYTT will have in every ish a German section by TBE editor Rudiger Gosejacob. Sam intends to publish NYTT in two editions, a Swedish- and an International one. Rating 6

KEEPING POSTED, A Sort of Apology to Northlight, Alan Burns, Goldspink lane, Newcastle-'on-Tyne 2, England, this contains mainly LoCs on NORTH-



-LIGHT 11 and fmz. reviews. Only interesting for you if your name is mentioned in it. Alan says he'll publish in the spring a one-shot for Tape-fans:TAPELIGHT. Ask for a copy!

LES SPINGE 4 Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, England,

Excellent front-and bacover by Dick Schultz and some ghooed art too. In my opinion SPINGE is the 'zine with the best Faaan Fiction. Rating 8

DISCORD 8, Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland place, N.E., Minneanapolis 21, Minnesota, USA

Besides SHAGGY, YANDRO and JD ARGASSY the best printed fanzine. I agree with Don Wollheim who said that DISCORD is not a fanzine but a Little Literary Review 'cause this fanzine contains almost only reviews of s-f mags and books. Recommendable for serconfannish types. Eh, Jürgen Mann!

ETWAS 2, Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306, "SIX ACRES", Landsdale, Pennsylvania, USA

Gosh, a German name for an Englishspeaking fanzine!!! I don't know why Peggy has called her 'zine ETWAS((that means in English SOMETHING)), perhaps she has a German boy-friend, who knows!? Anyway, it is still a ghooed ish with material by Harry Warner ((reprinted from HORIZON)), Bob Lambeck, and Bob Lich'man. Besides this you'll find in this ish a sercon-article by Milton A. Rothman, a Philadelphia fan, I think. Rating 7

ANDROmeda 22, Gottlieb Mahrlein, Munich 42, Portschacherstrasse 20, West Germany.

ANDROmeda is the O-O of the big German S/F Club SCIENCE FICTION CLUB DEUTSCHLAND (SFCD). Every ish has 70-100 pages full of stf stories, book reviews, film reviews, con reports, and scientific articles but you'll find ghooed faaanish chatter and faan fiction, too!!! We've here in Germany no s-f magazine and ANDRO brings sometimes translated pro-stories by A.E.v.Vogt, Forry Ackerman and many others.!! But that's not all, ANDRO has also the best artwork I've ever seen in a fanzine!!! If you're interested in actual good s-f illustrations, get it!!!! Gottlieb Mahrlein, the editor is the best German artist, too!! Available for trade. Rating 9

SOL 22 Guntram Ohmacht, Hannover-Kleefeld, Scheidestrasse 12, West Germany.

Published bi-monthly by the Hannover science-fiction group. Mostly stf stories and things like that. But sometimes you'll find ghooed fanish articles, too. Excellent lettercol! Only interesting for you if you speak a little bit German.

OTHER GERMANFANZINES ARE: MUNICH ROUND UP, Jürgen v. Scheidt, Munich, Hessesstrasse 6 ((are you listening, Mike?)) Only humerous horror stories and illos. Like TERROR. Recommended for horror fans. Published monthly by the Munich s-f group. Dittoed. Rat.7////SPACE TIMES; Jürgen Molthof, Dusseldorf, Ulmenstrasse 194, West Germany. SP is Germany's only faaanish fanzine!! The contents are conreports, famz. reviews, faan fiction and faanish chatter by Rolf Gindorf. O, yes, some ghhhhhood illos too. Rat.9 ////FUTURE, Walter Kirsch, 17 Ketteler Strasse, Bildstock, Saar, Germany. Rather sercon! Unlogical opinions of the editor! Bad stf stories! Rat.4 So, I hope that's enough. Next ish more about Gerfanzines. By the way, 1960 was the best year of Gerfandom! Only two zines folded (TELESKOP, NOVA) And five new ones saw the light of the world. THE BUG EYE, GOSH-OBOYOBOY, HYPERSPACE, PIONEER and STUNK. (the last two came from Austria.



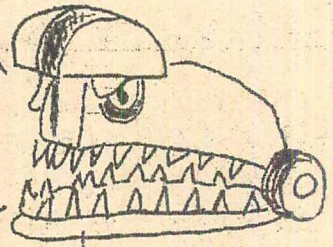
Liebe deutschlesenden fans,  
 An dieser Stelle veröffentlichen wir zum ersten Mal in THE BUG EYE eine Story sowohl in Englisch als auch in Deutsch. Und zwar bringen wir sie in Englisch, weil sie auch in dieser Sprache noch in keinem fanzine gebracht wurde. Und in Deutsch drucken wir sie, weil TBE auch an einige deutsche fans geht, denen wir uns ein klein wenig verpflichtet fühlen. Es ist in der Tat so, dass von den 136 Exemplaren der letzten Ausgabe TBE's etwa 100 ins Ausland gingen und nur der Rest sich auf Deutschland, Österreich und die Schweiz verteilte. Man kann also beim besten Willen nicht sagen, dass TBE ein fanzine ist, das für den deutschen fan bestimmt ist, wie wir es bei einigen Rezensionen zu lesen bekamen. Wir wollen uns hauptsächlich an das ausländische fandom richten, trotzdem aber nicht den Kontakt zum Gerfandom verlieren. Kann uns das jemand übelnehmen? Doch nun noch einmal kurz zu der folgenden Story. Ich weiss, dass einige Leute sie besser übersetzt hätten, und ich weiss auch, dass einige Leute überhaupt besser Englisch können, als ich. Aber dann bitte ich auch nur diese Leute, meine Übersetzungsweise zu kritisieren. Es ist zum Beispiel auch vorgekommen, dass man Rolf Gindorfs Englisch, das meiner Ansicht nach hervorragend ist, in unfairer Weise kritisiert und heruntergemacht hat. Selbst wenn einmal ein Fehler darin war, und ich habe wirklich keinen gefunden, ein Ausländer hat sich nicht daran gestört, aber ein Deutscher!  
 RbG

-20-



CHUCK DEVINE

THE STAPPLER AND ME



Johnson

DER KLAMMERAFFE UND ICH

übersetzt v. RÜDIGER u. GÖSEJACOB

Eine Menge Leute haben sich darüber beschwert, wie PILIKIA gehftet war. Sie beklagten sich, das zine würde auseinanderfallen wenn man es anfasst, und die Seiten lägen nicht der Reihe nach und alles wäre durcheinander. Vielleicht wird man uns nicht mehr ganz so angreifen, nachdem man mir erlaubt hat, zu erklären, welche Mühen wir hatten, das zine zusammen zu bekommen. Es geschah wie folgt (Bitte entschuldigt evtl. Tippfehler. Es ist dunkel hier drinnen und meine Finger sind wund.): Ein gewisser Big Name Fan aus meiner Nachbarschaft riet mir, mein eigenes kleines fanzine herauszugeben, nachdem ich mich so an fanpubbing interessiert gezeigt hatte. Das gefiel mir und ich beschloss, es auch zu tun.

A lot of people have complained about the stappling done on PILIKIA. They complain that the zine falls apart when it is picked up and that the pages are out of line and all messed up. Perhaps after I have been allowed to explain about the troubles we have putting the fanzine together, people won't blame us too much for the way PILL is stappled. It happened like this. ( Please excuse my typing. It is dark in here and my fingers are sore. ) A certain Big Name Fan in my neighborhood advised me to put out my own little zine since I was so interested in fanpublishing. I liked the idea and decided to do so.



Obwohl es das erste mal war, daß ich so etwas versucht habe, kam ein wirklich gutes zine heraus. Das Material war gut und der Druck war fein. Mein art editor Mike Johnson und ich freuten uns sehr darüber. Das heisst, bis es an der Zeit war, die Seiten zusammenzuheften. Wir hatten keinen Hackepeter und so borgten wir uns einen. Es war ein sehr nett aussehender kleiner Hackepeter. Ganz fein und neu und glänzend. Ich ordnete die Blätter und wenn ich die Seiten zusammen hatte, sollte Mike sie heften. Schon bald schien Mike nicht klarzukommen. Er blieb mit der Arbeit zurück. Er kriegte den Hackepeter nicht soweit, richtig zu hacken.

Ich nahm Mike den Klammeraffen weg und überliess ihm die Blätter während ich sie heftete.

"Du hast zu fest draufgeschlagen!" erzählte ich ihm. "Du hast die Klammern im Hefter verklemmt du Dummkopf!" Ich zog an der Spitze des Oberteils. Es schien festzusitzen....

"Hier! Du hast es verklemmt." Mike senkte den Kopf vor Scham. Ich lieh mir sein Taschenmesser und versuchte, die Spitze aufzubrechen. Ich bekam sie los....

WUMMMM!!!! Durch den ganzen Raum flogen Klammern! Ich fand eine, die bis zur Seite 47 meines Exemplares von BEST OF FANDOM durchgedrungen war.

Although it was the first time I had ever tried to do anything like this, the zine turned out real good. The material was good and repro was fine. Mike Johnson, my art editor, and I were having a lot of fun with it. That is, until it came time to put the pages together. We didn't have a stapler and so we had to borrow one. It was a very nice looking little stapler. All nice and new and shiny.

I arranged the pages and when I got the pages put together, Mike would staple them. Soon Mike seemed to be having trouble. He was getting way behind with his work. He couldn't get the stapler to work right.

I took the stapler away from Mike and let him work with the pages while I fixed it.

"You have been hitting it too hard!" I told him. "You have gotten the staples jammed in the stapler, dummkopf!" I pulled at the top of the device. It seemed to be stuck....

"See, you have jammed it." Mike held his head in shame. Borrowing a pocket knife from him I pried at the top. It came off....

Wham!!!! Staples flew all over the room! I found one stuck up to page 47 in my copy of BEST OF FANDOM.

"Damn!" cried Mike.

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EUROPIAN FEN! ATTEND FRANCON !!!

1st - 4th of May, 1981  
Frankfurt - Germany

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"Verdammt!" schrie Mike.

Ich sah zu ihm hinüber. Er rieb sich sein Hinterteil. Eine der Klammern schien ein nettes Ziel gefunden zu haben.

Nachdem ich Mike geholfen hatte, das Metall aus seinem Gesäss zu ziehen, ging ich zum Klammeraffen zurück.

"Hmhmhm! Da muss eine Feder los sein, oder so etwas."

Mike schluchzte leise.

Während ich die tödliche Maschine wieder auflud, versuchte ich herauszufinden, was los war. Da schienen sich drei Klammern in

I looked over to him. He was rubbing his rear. One of the staples seemed to have found a nice target!

After I helped Mike to get the metal out of his bottom I went back to the stapler.

"Hmhmhm. A spring must be loose, or something."

Mike just sobbed sortly.

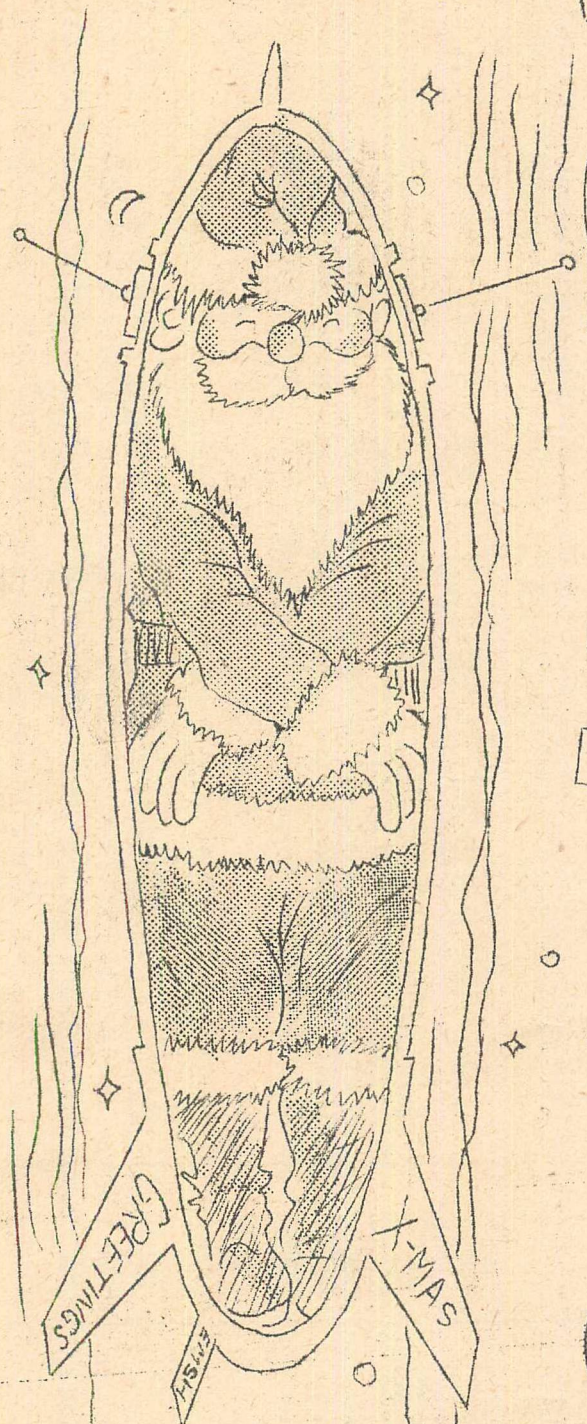
Reloading the deadly machine, I tried to find out what was the matter. There seemed to be a staple or three stuck in the object.

"You finish the pages while I



Tom

-22-



THE  
BUG  
EYE

wünscht  
allen Lesern

ein  
glückliches  
1961



den Apparat verklemmt zu haben.  
"Mach du schon die Seiten fertig während ich dies Ding wieder klarmache," befahl ich Mike.  
Dann begann ich das Ding neugierig abzuklopfen.

"Hilfe!" Mike sprang hinter einen Tisch. "Halte das Biest in eine andere Richtung!"

"Feigling!" sagte ich zu Mike.  
Ich gab dem Klammeraffen noch einen Stoss. PENG! Auf der anderen Seite des Raumes ging eine Lampe in Scherben. Mike versuchte unter den Teppich zu kriechen.  
"Vielleicht ist die Feder zu stramm," dachte ich.

Vorsichtig kam Mike herüber. Gemeinsam bereiteten wir einen Blick auf das komplizierte Innere dieses Monsters vor.

Wieder hob ich das Oberteil.

WUMMM!!!!

Nachdem ich Mike überredet hatte, aus dem Papierkorb zu klettern, entschloss ich mich, herauszufinden, warum der Hackepeter auf diese Weise seine Klammern verschoss. Ich beschloss, es noch einmal zu versuchen.

Ich ergriff den Hackepeter....

Hob das Oberteil an....

Nichts geschah. Ich beugte mich tiefer, spähte hinein....

WUMMM!!!!

Gott sei Dank, hatte ich die Brille auf.

"Mike," sagte ich, "lass uns mal mit SF darangehen."

"fix this thing," I ordered Mike. Then I started to poke curiously at the thing.

"YIPE!" Mike leaped behind a desk. "Point that thing the other way!"

"Coward," I said to Mike. I gave the stappler another poke. POW!! A lamp on the far side of the room shattered to pieces. Mike tried to crawl under the rug.

"Maybe the spring is too tight." I thought to myself.

Cautiously Mike walked over to me. Together we prepared to look into the complex insides of this monster.

Again I lifted the cover.

Wham!!!!

After I talked Mike into climbing out of the waste basket, I decided to find out just what was causing the stappler to shoot staples the way it did. I decided to try it again...

I grasped the stappler....

~~Lifted~~ the cover....

Nothing happened. I bent closer, peering into the thing....

WHAM!!!!

Luckily I had my glasses on.

"Mike," I said. "Let us look at this scientifically."

"There isn't anything scientific about it," cried Mike.

Calmly I reassured Mike that it was harmless. Then I fed the machine some more staples.

"Now I see," I yelled.

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SKANDINAVISKA FANS! HÄLSA PÅ F R A N C O N !!!

f.o.m. 1 t.o.m. 4 juni 1961

Frankfurt - Tyskland

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"Da ist keine SF daran," schrie Mike.

Ruhig versicherte ich ihm, dass es harmlos war. Dann rüttelte ich die Maschine mit neuen Klammern.

"Jetzt hab' ich's," rief ich.

"Huhhh??"

"Sieh hier, diese Feder hängt an diesem Ding hier, das den Schieber drückt, der die Munition, ich meine die Klammern, nach vorne schiebt! Wenn ich den Deckel hebe, zieht die Feder so stark, dass die Stange der Klammern bricht und durch das ganze

"Huhhh??"

"See, this spring hooks on to this thing here which pushes this object, which pushes the ammunition, I mean staples, up to the front. When I lift the lid, the spring pulls so hard, that the group of staples breaks and flies all over the room!"

"Huhhh??"

"Never mind, you stupid...."

"But how come," asked Mike, "The thing shoots staples across the room like a machine gun?"

I slapped Mike a couple of times to bring him to sense.



Zimmer fliegt."

"Huuuh!"

-24-

"Du kapierst es nie, du Dummer."

"Aber wie kommt es," fragte Mike,

"dass das Ding Klammern durch den Raum schießt wie ein Maschinengewehr?"

Ich schlug Mike ein paar mal, um ihn zu Verstand zu bringen.

Zurück zum Hefter .... Ich hatte entdeckt, warum das Ding explodierte, aber warum arbeitete es wie ein Maschinengewehr?

"Das Ding lebt," sagte Mike.

"Nonsense!"

"Aber es bewegt sich!"

"Mike, du verlierst den Verstand!"

"Aber es kommt auf dich zu!"

"Mike, ich habe dich gewarnt,..."

"Aber ....."

"HILFE!!!!!!!"

Ich riss den Klammeraffen von meinem Bein, woselbst es versucht hatte, meinen Fuss anzubeissen und warf ihn an die Wand.

Als er an der Wand aufprallte, liess er eine Garbe kleiner scharfer Klammern gegen uns los. Sie klatschten in die Wand hinter mir.

Ich warf ihm ein Exemplar von VOID nach, das ihn zu beruhigen schien. Er füllte das zine mit Klammern auf.

Nun war er leer und wir konnten uns ihm sicher nähern.

"AUHHH!!!!!"

Well, er war noch nicht vollkommen leer.

Nun, da es sich beruhigt hatte, nahmen wir die Arbeit an PILL wieder auf. Aber aus irgendeinem Grunde arbeitete es immer noch nicht richtig.

Wie dumm von uns! Wir hatten vergessen, es wieder aufzuladen.

Aber bald waren die meisten fertig. Trotzdem schien Mike schon wieder Mühe zu haben. Es wollte anscheinend nicht arbeiten. Noch vor kurzer Zeit hatte es Klammern durch 50 Seiten BEST OF FANDOM geschossen und nun gingen sie nicht einmal durch 15 Seiten des PILIKIA.....

"Vielleicht sammelt es nur neue Kraft," vermutete Mike.

Back to the stappler ... I had discovered why the thing exploded, but why did it act like a machine gun?

"The thing is alive?" said Mike.

"Nonsense!"

"But it's moving!"

"Mike, you are going out of your mind!"

"But, it's coming at you!"

"Mike, I warned you..."

"But ....."

"YIPE!!!!!!!"

Removing the stappler from my leg where it was trying to chew my foot off, I threw it against the wall.

As it bounced off the wall, it send a spray of sharp little staples at us.

They splattered into the wall behind me.

I tossed it an issue of VOID which seemed to calm it down. It filled the zine full of staples. Now that it was empty we could safely approach it.

"OUCH!"

Well, not completely empty.

Now that it had quieted down we resumed the stappling of PILL. For some reason the thing would not work right.

How careless of us! We had forgotten to reload it!

Soon, most of them were finished.

However, Mike seemed to be having trouble with it again. It didn't seem to want to work.

A short while ago it had driven staples through 50 pages of BEST OF FANDOM. Now it wouldn't drive a staple through 15 pages of PILIKIA.....

"Maybe it is just gathering strenght," suggested Mike.

This time I didn't laugh at him.

"Wooooops!"

"What's the matter, Chuck?"

"I'll swear I didn't touch the cursed thing but this whole ish it stappled.

"Oh?"

"Yes, 30 staples on all four sides of the zine!"

"That's funny....."

"What?"

"Those zines, they are smoaking!"

"They're what?"



Dieses Mal lachte ich nicht über ihn.

"Iiiiiiiiiih!"

"Was ist los, Chuck?"

"Ich schwöre, ich habe das verfluchte Ding nicht berührt und doch ist dieses Exemplar voller Klammern."

"Wie?"

"Ja, 30 Klammern an allen Seiten des zines!"

"Das ist aber lustig..."

"Was?"

"Diese zines, sie rauchen!"

"Was tun sie?"

"Sie brennen!"

"Die Klammern darin? Sie.....sie .... sie GLÜHEN!"

KLATSCH!!!!

Ein Packen Klammern flog nur ein paar Zentimeter an meinem Kopf vorbei in die Wand.

"SCHNELL, MIKE, RENN UM DEIN LEBEN!!!!!"

Es wird eng hier drinnen, und es wird schwierig zu atmen. Es gibt hier kein Licht, nur ein schwaches rotes Glühen, wenn eine der Klammern über meinem Kopf durch die Tür bricht. Der Rauch macht das Atmen sehr schwer. Es fällt mir schwer, zu schreiben. Trotzdem muss ich diese Erzählung beenden, solange noch Zeit ist. Ich sitze hier auf einem Haufen noch warmer Klammern. Alles, was sich zwischen mir und dem schrecklichen Klammeraffen trennt, ist eine inch-dicke Schranktüre. Sie kann nicht mehr lange halten. Ich hoffe, Mike wurde nicht vom Glas geschnitten als er aus dem Fenster sprang. Alles, was ich sah waren seine Hacken, als ich meine Schreibma-

"They're on fire!"

"Those staples in it. They..... they.... they're RED HOT!"

SPLAT!!!!

A flight of staples flew into the wall only inches from my head.

"QUICK, MIKE, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!!"

It is getting stuffy and hard to breath in here. There is no light only a faint red glow when one of the staples breaks through the door above my head. The smoke makes it hard to breath. I am still having trouble typing. I must finish this tale while there is still time, however. I am sitting here among a pile of still-warm staples. All that remains between me and that horrible stappler is an inch of closet door. It can't hold out much longer. I hope Mike wasn't cut by the glass when he jumped out that window. All I saw were his heels as I grabbed the typer and ran for the door. Unfortunately I got the wrong door.... I think the door is giving away now. I can't hold out much longer! The staples are getting closer....

end

chuck devine

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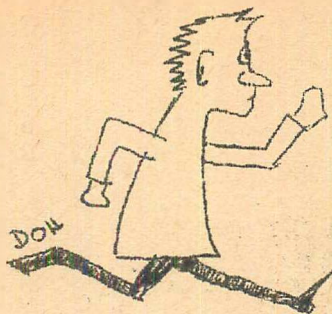
schine schnappte und zur Tür lief. Leider erwischte ich die falsche Tür....

Ich glaube, die Türe gibt jetzt nach. Ich kann nicht länger aushalten! Die Klammern kommen näher....

Ende

chuck devine





31/10 boulevard des Couteaux  
WATTRELOS  
Nord France

Übersetzung aus dem Engl. :  
FRANZ SOLCHER (der gleiche  
Artikel erschien in NORTHLIGHT)

Das französische Fandom ist sehr klein. Eigentlich ist nur noch ein Club übrig, die Futopia, deren Zentrum in der Schweiz liegt (Lausanne). Sein Präsident ist ein Berufsschreiber, Pierre Versins, dessen Kenntnisse über die SF in der ganzen Welt und insbesondere über die französische SF sehr groß sind. Der Club hat mehr als 100 Mitglieder, manche davon aus fremdsprachigen Ländern, und sogar Amerikaner sind dabei. Unter den Mitgliedern findet man Berufsautoren, Verleger und Fans. Der Club besitzt eine sehr große SF-Bibliothek (mehr als 2000 Bücher und Magazine, die sich ständig vermehren) für Mitglieder, die sehr seltene Bücher in 5 oder 6 Sprachen enthält. Als Fanzine wird AILLEURS herausgegeben, wunderbar gedruckt, das Stories enthält, sowie Gedichte und Aufsätze von Fans wie auch von Professionals. Van Vogt, Ray Cummings, Pierre Versins, Jaques Bergier, Gerard Klein, Rene Barjavel und die Namen anderer bekannter Autoren tauchen auf. Auch ausgefallene Stücke, wie ein einzelnes, sehr sehr langes SF - Gedicht von Victor Hugo werden gebracht und gemischt mit ernstesten Artikeln und verrückten Dingen. Neudrucke und auch vergessene Werke von französischen SF-Vorläufern, wie J.H. Rosny (nicht Jules Verne) machen das Fanzine sehr interessant. Jetzt will man einen Katalog herausgeben über die französischen SF-Romane, Magazine und Buchserien.

Ein anderer Club, NOVA (Nihil Obstat Vitam Anticipare) oder ACADEMIE JULES VERNE, war wie schon der Titel zeigt eine sehr ehrgeizige Sache, löste sich jedoch vorzeitig auf. Vor der Futopia existierte ein anderer Club, aufgebaut von Fiction. Er kam jedoch zu früh und dauerte nicht länger als zwei Jahre. Der eigentliche Brennpunkt des französischen Fandoms ist ein kleines, enges, jedoch sehr inhaltsreiches Buchgeschäft in Paris genannt L'Atom. Man findet hier alles was mehr oder weniger zu SF gehört. Bücher aus allen Teilen der Welt. Malereien, Zeichnungen und 'Dinge von anderen Planeten'. Man kann es kaum glauben bevor man es nicht selbst gesehen hat. Hier treffen sich Fans und Autoren aus allen Teilen von Frankreich. Die Besitzerin soll eine alte Dame sein, auch ein Mitglied der Futopia.

Auch einige Fanzines werden noch herausgegeben.

CANOPE von J.P. Chevalier, KARELLEN von G. Gheorghiu und noch eines herausgegeben von Marcel Battin. Ray Nelson brachte es zu drei oder vier Ausgaben von "LE MARCHÉ AUX PUCES FANTASTIQUES", einem französisch/englischem Fanzine.

Von den Premagazinen sind nur noch zwei übrig.


- I. FICTION (Französische Ausgabe von Fantasy and SF). Könnte kaum besser sein.
- II. Au Delà Du Ciel (Französische Ausgabe eines italienischen Magazins).

Lehnt sich wegen der sehr schlechten Übersetzungen nicht zu lesen. Mir ist kein Käufer oder auch nur Leser bekannt.





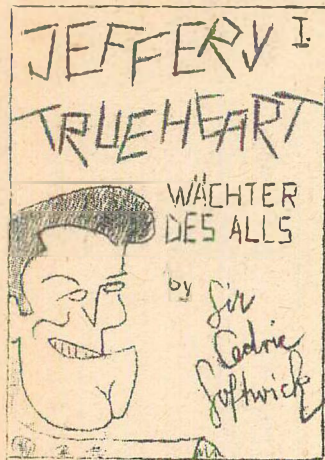
A line drawing of a woman with curly hair, wearing a two-piece bikini. The word "Doll" is written in a cursive script at the bottom left of the figure.



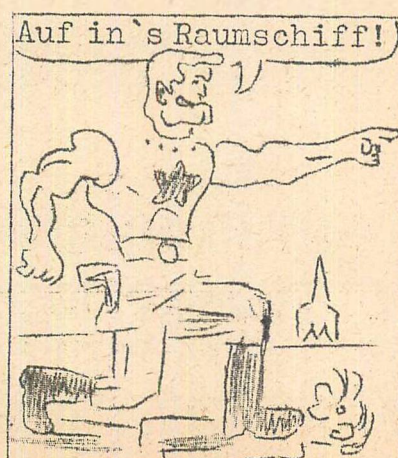
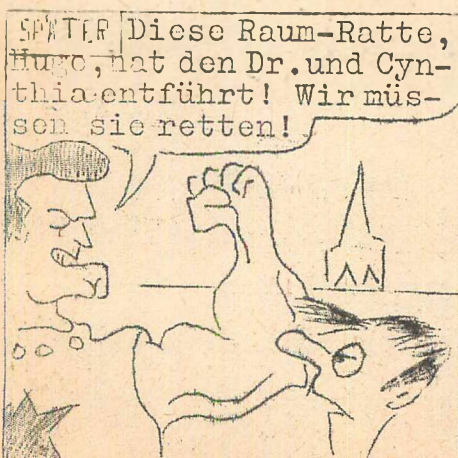
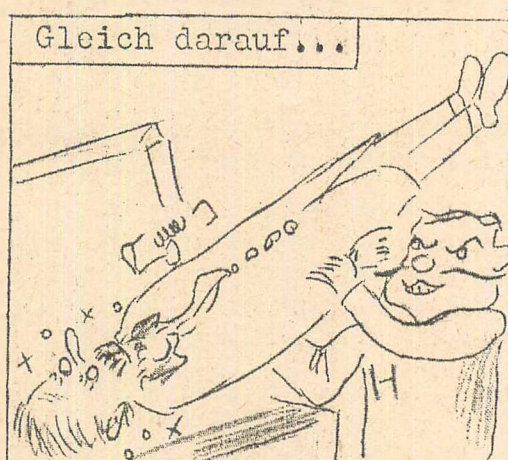
I. ANTICIPATION, Space Operas der niederen Qualität, von französischen Massenprodukt - schreibern. Die Qualität verbesserte sich nun, indem man

[illegible]





Herausgeber: Chuck Devine, 922 Day Dr., Boise, Idaho, USA



Wollt Ihr erfahren...

...wie's weitergeht ?  
...was Jeffery auf sei-  
ner Verbrecherjagd  
erlebt?????????????  
...ob TBE noch erschei-  
nen wird????????????  
...ob hel noch lebt ?  
Ja ??

DANN LEST THE BUG EYE  
NR. 7 !



AMERIKA:

Clayton Hamlin, einigen Lesern von TBE durch sein fanzine THE ODD ONE bekannt, ist zum Sekretär der N3F und zum Präsidenten des amerikanischen Clubs ISF CC gewählt worden. Er möchte darauf hinweisen, daß die ISF CC nichts mit Erwin Scudlas Einmannclub ISFS zu tun hat!!!

Clay arbeitet gerade an seinem one-shot JANEY'S JOURNAL. JJ wird ausschließlich stories von dem amerikanischen femmefan Janey Johnson, Mitglied der N3F, enthalten.

Das vergangene Jahr war wohl eines der fruchtbarsten für das amerikanische fandom. Über 30 neue fanzines wurden gegründet und fast alle brachten überdurchschnittliches Material. Zugleich brachte 1960 aber auch einen Rückschlag für das "faaanish fandom". Sehr viele 'zines gingen dazu über, neben den fannishen stories und artikeln, Buchrezensionen und andere sericonische Sachen einzuführen. Ein fanzine wagte es sogar, eine SF Kurzgeschichte von einem fan zu veröffentlichen. Ich bin auf das Echo gespannt, gut war sie nicht. Aber, Jürgen Mann, spring nicht gleich vor Freude an die decke! Das kann man noch immer nicht mit dem deutschen fandom vergleichen!!!! So schlimm ist es nun auch wieder nicht!

Noch immer haben sich die fen nicht mit der Namens Änderung von ASTOUNDING SF in ANALOG, "astounding, SCIENCE, FACT, and FICTION, abgefunden. In fast jedem 'zine wird John W. Campbell auf deutsch gesagt "zur Sau gemacht"! Besonders in YANDRO, (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA) läuft eine rege Diskussion darüber. YANDRO kann ich übrigens jedem fan empfehlen! Eines der besten amerikanischen fanzines. Ausgezeichnete Illustrationen und sehr guter Druck!

TBE wurde in sehr vielen fanzines positiv beurteilt. Nur wurde bemängelt, daß wir zu wenig Artikel von deutschen fans brächten. Ich bitte daher um stories, Artikel, etc von EUCH!!!

Redd Boggs änderte den Namen seines monatlichen fanzines 'RETROGRADE in DISCORD. Es erscheint nun sechswöchentlich. Es ist neben SHAGGY und JD ARGASSY/das bestgedruckteste und sauberste US 'zine!

Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306, "SIX ACRES", Lansdale, Penna., USA, gibt ein fanzine mit dem deutschen Namen ETWAS heraus. Wie sie darauf kommt, weiß ich nicht, vielleicht hat sie einen deutschen boy-friend. Jedenfalls ist das 'zine gut!

Arthur J. Hayes, R.R. 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada, ändert den Namen seines 'zines' MEMORITOR in ROVER um. Er begründet das damit, daß MEMORITOR zu lang wäre (ich meine der Name). Dieses 'zine fällt dadurch auf, daß es ab und zu sogar wissenschaftliche Artikel bringt. Daher ist wohl auch nicht so beliebt. Mir gefällt es, weil es auch sehr gute faaan fiction stories und fmz reviews hat, auch der Druck ist gut.

Die letzte Hugo Wahl hat lebhafteste Diskussionen innerhalb des amerikanischen fandoms ausgelöst. Sehr viele fans sind nicht damit einverstanden, daß Robert Heinleins Roman Starship Trooper den Hugo gewann! Man nimmt Heinlein seine pro-militärische Einstellung übel. Außerdem halten viele fen den Roman nicht für Science Fiction.



Hören wir, was Wilson (bob) Tucker zur letzten Hugo Wahl zu sagen hat. Er schrieb dies in einem Leserbrief an DISCORD:

"At present the Hugo awards are as farcical as the Academy awards in Hollywood. The most worthy picture does not win."

Im fandom geht das Gerücht herum, daß Philip Jose Farmer nur darum nicht den Hugo '60 gewonnen hat, weil sich diesmal sehr viele femmefans an der Wahl beteiligt hätten.

Philip Jose Farmer hat einige stories mit sexigem Inhalt geschrieben.

+ + + + +

#### SCHWEDEN:

Sture Sedolin machte mir die traurige Mitteilung, daß er nicht das Geld dazu hat, CACTUS im Januar herauszubringen. Das nächste CACTUS wird erst im Sommer '61 erscheinen. N Bis jetzt hat mir nur Gerd Maximović 4,50 DM geschickt. Ich bitte alle anderen Interessenten von der Überweisung Abstand zu nehmen! Bitte zahlt das Geld erst im Juni ein.

Ich denke, die Überraschung ist gelungen. Ja, Rüdiger hat jetzt die deutsche Auslieferung für SF NYTT und macht den deutschen Teil dieses 'zines!! Zum ersten mal in der Geschichte des deutschen fandoms erscheint ein deutschsprachiger Teil in einem anderssprachigen fanzine! Ich glaube wir können Rudi nicht genug dankbar dafür sein, ebenfalls Dank gebührt auch Sam J. Lundwall, dem Herausgeber von SF NYTT!!!

Burkhard Nero Blüm übernimmt ab Januar '60 in der Schwedischsprachigen SF TIMES eine Spalte SF NYTT IN TYSKLAND ( Sf News in Deutschland)

+ + + + +

#### DEUTSCHLAND:

Einen groben Schnitzer leistete sich der Autor Jay Grams im letzten MRU. Er schrieb die story Küss mich, Jacky! Fast die gleiche story erschien vor Jahren in einem amerikanischen Magazin!! Es wäre nicht entdeckt worden, wenn nicht unser Duisburger Gruppenmitglied Jürgen Sonnenschein, diese story aus dem mag übersetzt und an einem Gruppenabend vorgelesen hätte. Wie kommt das, Jürgen vom Scheidt?? Du bist doch sonst so erfahren in amerikanischer Literatur??

Da TBE jetzt so viele englischsprachige Leser besitzt (120), muß der deutsche Teil ein wenig in den Hintergrund treten. Das hat zur Folge, das TBE von jetzt ab wieder kostenlos abgegeben wird; aber nur an ernsthafte Interessenten! Fans, die auf die Belieferung mit TBE keinen Wert mehr legen, mögen mir oder Rolf Harder das sofort mitteilen! Porto ist teuer!

Von meinen Eltern ist mir seit einiger Zeit untersagt worden, einen großen Briefwechsel mit deutschen fans zu führen, ich konnte daher kaum Briefe beantworten. Ich bitte um Entschuldigung. Wichtige Briefe an mich ab sofort nur an Rolf U. Harder, Kamp-Lintfort, (22a) Krs. Moers, Straßburger Str. 56, schicken!! Sie werden dann garantiert durch ~~xx~~ ihn von mir beantwortet! Leserbriefe weiterhin an meine Adresse! Fanzines ebenfalls!

Dieter Braeg, der in einem der letzten STUNKs sich gegen die "veramerikanisierung" ausgesprochen hat, nennt sein FAN zine HABAKUK!! HABAKKUK ist aber auch der Name eines bekannten und beliebten amerikanischen fanzine's, das von Bill Donaho herausgegeben wird. Dieter, Du willst mir doch nicht weismachen, daß Du den Namen nicht geklaut hast!!!

So, Freunde, ich muß schließen, macht mir bis zum März keine Dummheiten! Hel





# HAMMER

BUG EYE'S

— LETTERCOL —

Chuck Devine, (922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho, U.S.A.), writhes:

I liked THE 5 a lot. I enjoyed it much more than 4. (Probably 'cause I couldn't read much of 4!) I'm glad you stappelled it differently than you did 4. It looks better and is easier to read.

Dodd's reviews were interesting. After a while I began to loose some of my interest. I think it might have been better if you had spread them out a little, instead of having them all at once.

Sture did a nice article. In his list of Swedish fanzines, didn't he leave out Stenfor's fine artzine, CANDI FANTASI ? ((yes, he has forgotten it)) Or is CF being published

lately? I noticed that you had much of Bo's artwork in the ish. A lot looked like it was reprinted from CF. Reprinted or not Stenfor's artwork is still among the best in fandom.

I read "Die Lehrmethode" and "Die Sindflut" but I don't dare give an opinion on them since I din't really understand enough to comment on. What I could read tho, sounded interesting. (( "die Lehrmethode (School Daze)" was a reprint from wREtch 12! hel))

The cartoon you reprinted from PILL 2 was drawn by Ray Nelson.

Gindorf's column is one of my favorite parts of THE. Rolf writes better English than I do! Honest! I noticed in his column he complained about the lack of reviews in THE. He must have talked to you about it since about 25 diffrent 'zines were reviewed and a couple of movies too.

What does "Spiritusfanzine" mean? I looked it up in my Wörterbuch but I don't believe what it says! ((Well, Spiritusfanzine means dittoed fanzine! ))

Pete Mansfield, (14, Whiteford Road, Slough, Buckinghamshire, United Kingdom) Pete I ought to kill you!!! Why didn't you use a typewriter for the LoC???? Don't blame me if I make some mistakes, but I really couldn't read all parts of this lousy paper!!!! Helmut.

cnt. n.p.



"Jo's cover wasn't exceptioned by any means, but I certainly liked it. That centaurus was very graceful indeed and pleasing on the eye. (Which is more than I can say about your Bo Stenfors reprints. They were probab-ly better in their original form I should think, but whoever cut the BUG EYE stencil /YOU?/ has done nothing to enhance them! ((No, it was n't me. Look at the index o' No.5!))

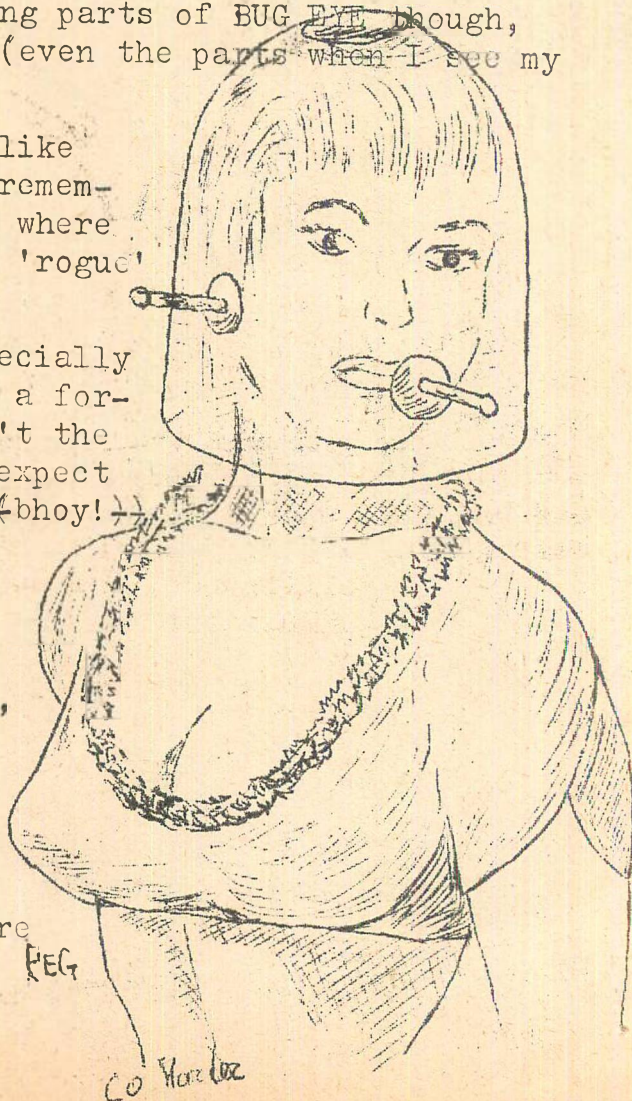
Dodd? Well, Alan is one of the most interesting letter writers that I, personally, have come across to date - and as far his reviews ----- They're rarely outstanding, but I've got to read one that lores me. Only objection to the Planet review is that it's too slight: but after all it wasn't supposed to be an article. THE DEAD THAT WALK - again too slight, but of more interest to me because I remember reading the story in some 'Movie Horror Stories' magazine or other a couple of years ago. The story was anything but memorable and was featured along with the plots of TEENAGE WEREWOLF and a couple of other lousy films. The reason that this magazine sticks in mind, however, is 'cause it contained the first Lovecraftian-styled story that I ever read. Along with all the trash that I've already mentioned was a real gem of a story by Bob Bloch entitled THEM ONES. (( sorry, Pete, but I couldn't read what now came )) Alan's other reviews were pretty much the same as their predecessors -- they weren't as meaty as the review of ILYA MUROMETS that he did for AMRA. However I do like the way he winds up his efforts with those amusing, anticlimatic comments like "----And you collapse at the thought of actually paying to see this ----."

.....Can't comment on those foreign-looking parts of BUG EYE though, Helmut....hike its all Kookie talk to me (even the parts when I see my name mentioned.)

Say, I just loved that "mysterious saucer like object" in Al's review of THE ODD ONE. I remember making a real howler in DREAM QUEST 2 where I somehow put 'rouge' elephant instead of 'rogue' ----so I know how the things happen.

Rolf's rambling col was well done --- especially so when you consider that he's untying in a foreign language. Surprisingly enough it wasn't the stilted, fumbling sort of thing that I'd expect from a Gerfan using the English tongue. ((bhoy!)) Hmm, goes to show you.

So, I have no more stencils! Next ish I'll print the LoCs of STURE SEDOLIN, ROY TACKETT (by the way, his new daress is: Roy Tackett, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA!!!), ALAN BURNS, KEN CHESLIN and CLAY HAMLIN.//I also heard from Art Hayes, Bill Donaho and Mike Deckinger who wished more English parts in future issues of TRE.//Actually this should have a Swedish Section by Sture Sedolin and Sture has sent me this too, but...I can't find it!! I must have lost it. anyway, so it'll come next ish. by for now! Hel.









You must have done something to deserve this:  
like

...You CONTRIBUTED

...You traded

...You commented

...I'd like to print something  
by you. Interested??

...I'd like to print something  
more by you.

...I'd like to **trade**

...You're a BNF

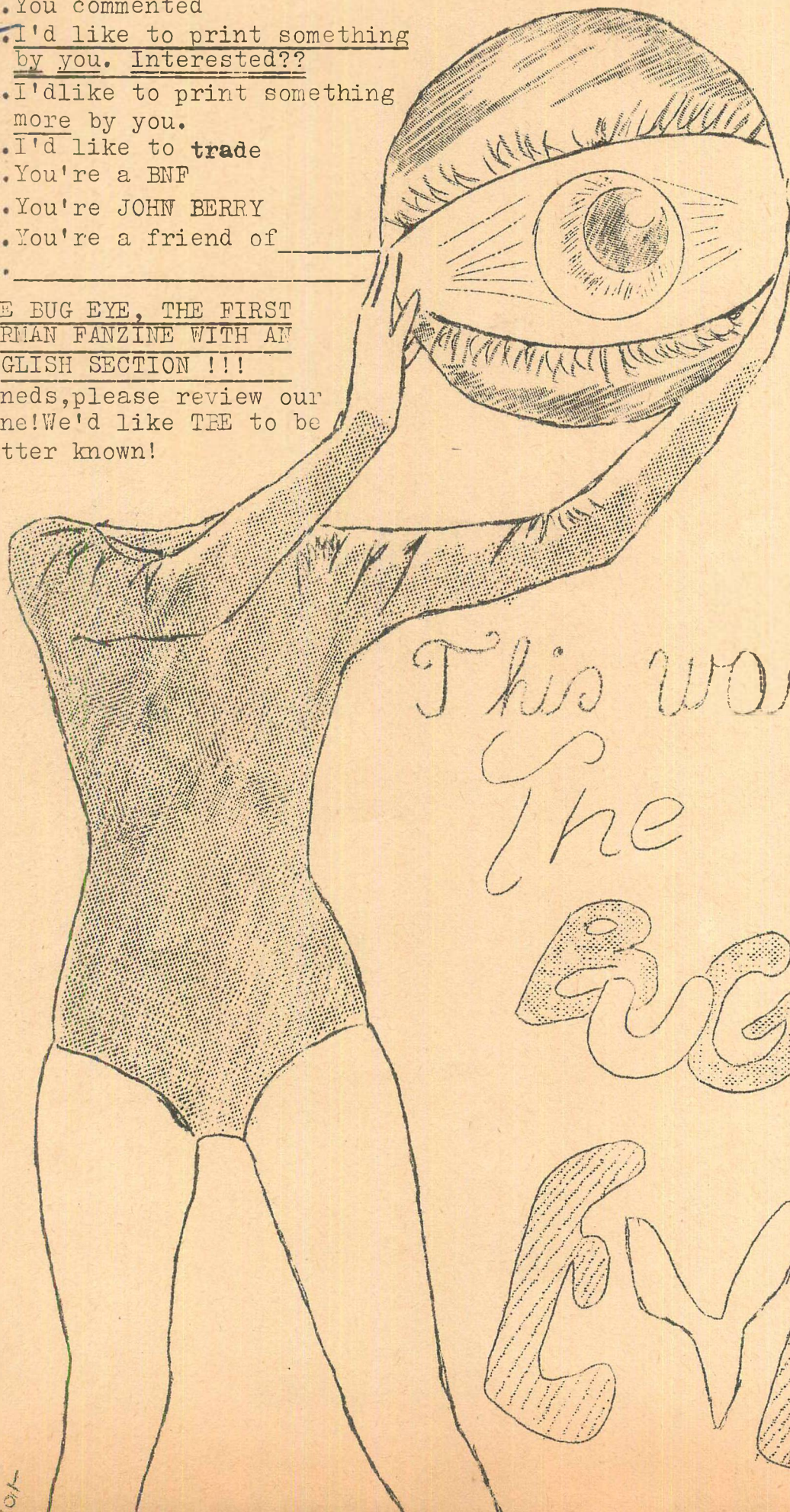
...You're JOHN BERRY

...You're a friend of \_\_\_\_\_

...

THE BUG EYE, THE FIRST  
GERMAN FANZINE WITH AN  
ENGLISH SECTION !!!

Faneds, please review our  
zine! We'd like TEE to be  
better known!



This was  
The

BUG

EYE