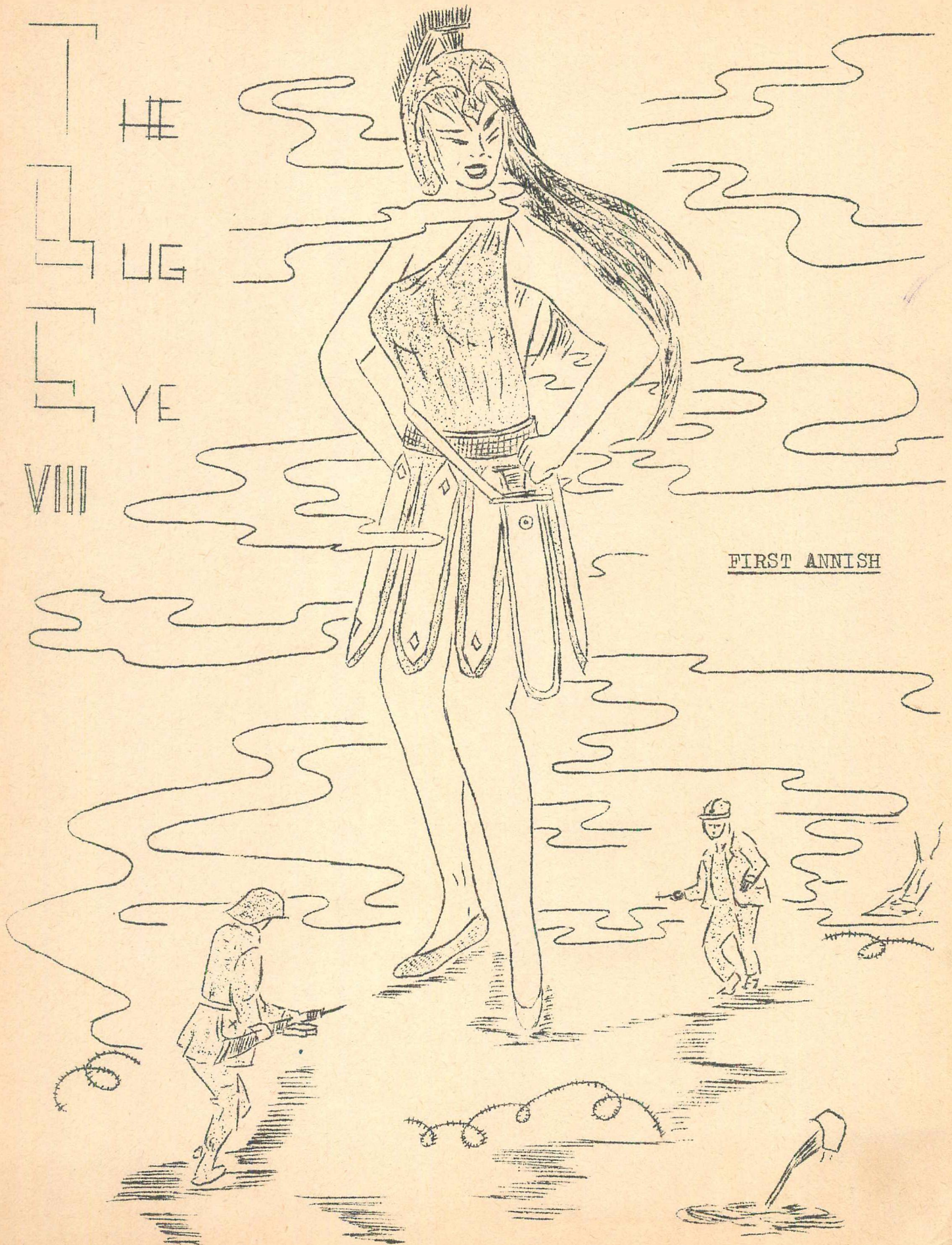


THE
LIG
YE
VIII



FIRST ANNISH

RIP

1961

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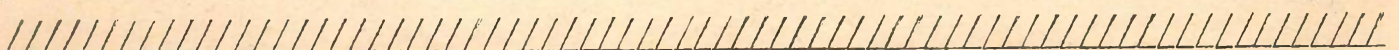
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HARLEMM PUBLICATION no. 2

GOLEMM PUBLICATION No. 6



EDITORIAL

-3-

by

Hel Klemm

The whole world has been interested in the lawsuit against Eichmann, and many commentaries in all newspapers, magazines and even for films and television programs were made about.

But actually the proceedings against Eichmann have been instituted against the Germans in general. The Germans, who pretend having been unknowing the death of millions of people in the concentration camps, are to think about, what happened in their name in those days - although unknown to larger parts of the people.

I regret saying that only few Germans seem to reflect these accusations; most of them are horrified by the numberless crimes done under the rule of the nazism, but they are ashamed of making these proceedings against Eichmann a personal problem to deal among themselves and with their friends for avoiding that such crimes might again happen in future.

On the one side the other nations make this lawsuit a sensation -- on the other side they try to understand the Germans and their actions in those days of the "DRITTEN REICH".

As a young boy of sixteen I can't understand that under this rule of cruelty not only men, but also women and helpless children were murdered for any political or national reasons. I think, that every man has to be regarded as a human being, so as our fundamental law requires: "Nobody is to be injured or favoured for his birth or principles."

We must be ashamed by the bad moral and attitude of those Germans, who still affirm and justify these actions under the rule of nazism and who do not feel ashamed of showing their low instincts by smearing public buildings with hooked crosses and nazi paroles. They seem to have learned nothing by history.

I cannot help saying that I often hear such stupid commentaries in busses and pubs about the proceedings against high leaders and functionners of the S S, who murdered in the concentration camps. Thus I realize that there are still many unconscionable and unreasonable people among us better Germans.

oOo

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oOo

Perhaps a few personal details wouldn't be out of order: I'm 16, at the "Julius Stursberg Gymnasium of modern languages". I speak, besides English, a little bit French and Esperanto. I entered German fandom back in '57 when I became member of the SCIENCE FICTION CLUB EUROPA, two years later this club was dissolved, because there had been a feud between its president Walt Ernsting and the treasurer Wolf Detlef Rohr. Rohr wanted to make a commercial organization out of the SFCE, and of course, Ernsting (who is a Ghod man) and most of the fans were against those designs.

I've been reading s-f for about six or seven years but in the last time

(continued page 25))

AN OPEN LETTER

TO GERFANDOM

-4-

- FROM THE ANGRY AMERICAN! "

to wit: Jack Chalker,
5111 Liberty Heights Avenue,
Baltimore 7, Maryland, U.S.A.

Now that I've seen two issues, I see that THE BUG EYE is not really an international fanzine at all -- it is a tool by which the people behind it hope to revolutionize Gerfandom. Needless to say, it has not made Helmut Klemm the most popular fan in Germany. The entire 'zine seems to be devoted to pushing faanishness wherever possible -- an action Klemm himself says is not happening, and should not happen. The main thing, I think, is to make TBE either a fanzine or a faanzine, but not a private battleground. For, with some exceptions, the entire thing is concerned with a conflict of ideas inside Gerfandom -- something that does not involve the bulk of the readers, I'll wager, since no matter whether every Gerfan could speak English fluently, TBE would have very little chance to build up a readership in such a bigoted fan society as the sercon (the majority element) in Gerfandom. So, then, we in the U.S. and England couldn't really care less about a localized struggle. This is what forces me to draw the abovementioned conclusions.

Now, if Klemm and Gindorf and all the others want to really show what their goals are, and simultaneously keep interest in other countries high, they must stop this idiotic and inconsequential bickering in TBE and really DO SOMETHING! Here is what I propose: Don't argue with them, show them! Drop all your articles on what should and shouldn't be, and develop your fanzine to its fullest extent. Replace all fannish-versus-sercon pieces with good fannish articles. You're putting forth a lot of words, but you aren't doing anything. You even let someone else get a prime fannish feature -- the Berry novella -- and further weaken your cause. Don't talk -- fight. Take a look at the prime U.S. and British fanzines. See what they do, how they work, what they print. Then develop your own 'zine along these lines. There are so many fannish pieces going around now that there aren't enough 'zines to contain them all here -- so don't stand back and allow them to sink into oblivion, SNATCH THEM UP! AND NOW! It takes more than words to show them anything. It takes action, which is a word (regardless of which language) none of you so-called fannish fans of Germany have ever heard of.

I am, in the U.S., considered a sercon fan. My fanzine, MIRAGE, is considered very sercon. I imagine that it much resembles some of

the fanzines you have in Germany. I am not, however, against fannishness. I like fannishness, and I like faans and their really fannish fanzines. They're great, in fact, but they, too, have their faults. Quite a few of the faanish fans here have forgotten the genre to which they are supposed to be fans. It's gotten to be almost all faanish, and that isn't good either. No better than an all-sercon group such as Gerfandom. There must be a balance struck. I believe that here, and in England, that balance has been kept, however precariously it stands now. The main trouble with the Gerfan's sercon society, I think, is that they are not true fans at all. Over here they are no more than mundanes, who read the stuff but only because they can get it nowhere else do they gather together and call themselves fans. They are fans, according to the dictionary definition. **BUT THEY ARE NOT FANS BY THE FANNISH DEFINITION!** They have clouded themselves with an air of intellectual superiority and in the process have forgotten how to be broad-minded. This is not unusual -- it is human nature. I object strongly to them. But I also object to that small group who feel that they are right, everyone else is wrong, and attempt to singlehandedly overturn any who are opposed to their ideas. That's not the way things are done.

I object also to these revolutionaries claiming that fan fiction is all lousy and will never get better. I'm trying to prove differently. Most fan fiction is crud, but -- oh, at random -- Bradbury started out with fanpubbing -- and putting his own cruddy stories in his 'zine. His work has advanced via this route from crud to some of the finest imaginative fiction today. H.P. Lovecraft, one of the greatest masters of fantasy the world has ever known, second only to Poe, wrote for fanzines often right up until his untimely death. Some of his finest stories were first published in FANZINES. Even after he sold to WEIRD TALENS steadily, he continued to have his shorter pieces published first in fanzines. He was the president of an apa, and was in three of them. There's two. And there's more -- more than you'd believe possible. So let's not down the amateur writer, but encourage him instead. Let us not force out these stories from fanzines, nor serious articles both on the two sister fields of fantasy and SF and on other, unrelated topics. Let us encourage them as well. But let us not sacrifice the entertainment and enjoyment we receive out of the other side of the coin -- the faanish side. Let us too encourage faanish articles, faanish fiction, and other faanish doings. Let them exist side by side as simply two different approaches to the same thing. They can exist side-by-side, and with less talk and a whole of a lot of work they can exist together as two forces completely related, helping each other and keeping each other going and strong, and not as two totally opposite factions each out for the other's blood. Neither the sercon fan nor the faanish fan is correct, yet both of them are -- if they'd just get together some time and each attempt a breakthrough in the tough shell the other has built around his ideas. And let us not forget that fandom is an international thing that cannot recognize any boundaries and still exist the way it should be!

This applies to every fan or fan group, but with particular emphasis on the two German factions. I'm sick and tired of all this guff in TBE -- I want to read something worthwhile for a change!

May 6, 1961

-5-

--- Jack L. Chalker

P.S.: I'm not really that bad. I only hate people.

++++ . . .

THE OPEN EYE

FROM GERFAN

-6-

- as given by Rolf C. Gindorf,
52, Hans - Böckler-Straße,
Wülfrath /Rhld., GERMANY.

Your Open Letter was given to me by Helmut Klemm, with the suggestion that I answer it in a personal letter. On further consideration, however, we decided that the fundamental misconceptions, inherent in your letter, of what we are trying to do, and of what purpose - if any - we are seeing in fandom, would make it worthwhile to bring our argument before a broader audience than just the two of us. I'd like to make one thing clear, though: Having addressed your letter to Gerfandom, you might feel entitled to a reply from Gerfandom. I'm afraid I won't give you that; I feel neither qualified nor inclined to act as spokesman of that rather amorphous mass known as Gerfandom. Instead, you will be reading in the following my personal views and opinions, based on my own judgment, which - although I share them with quite a few people - are not necessarily those of 'Gerfandom'.

Before coming to the crux of the matter, let's consider some of the details you mention. First of all, I'd like to state quite positively that THE BUG EYE is not a "tool by which the people behind it hope to revolutionize Gerfandom", and still less a means, as you seem to imply, "to make Helmut Klemm the most popular fan in Germany". As tempting as these bold assumptions may appear on first glance, they are easily disproved by the simple fact that the number of German fans sufficiently interested in TBE to ask for (and consequently get) a copy doesn't even attain ten per cent of our Anglo-American readers (viz. 20) - rather a poor audience to start a revolution, as you'll no doubt agree. If it had been our intention (as it was) to revolutionize, or rather, to develop, Gerfandom you should credit us with the good sense of using the appropriate medium of German-language fanzines (which we did), and thus obtain the desired results (which, incidentally, we did, too).

While you blame us for being "concerned with a conflict of ideas within Gerfandom", and go on to say that such a conflict does not involve (and, by implication, interest) the bulk of our readers, I suggest that all ideas - and, by extension, conflicts of ideas (as opposed to personal feuds, mind you) - involving fandom are of general interest, irrespective of national boundaries. After all, it was this conviction that started, with TBE No. 4, this fanzine's gradual transformation from its original all-German to its present all-English shape. In point of fact, what is and what is not of interest to fandom is a quite intriguing question, the probable answers to which I shall feel free to use in support of my argument.

Now we come to what sounds like a most reasonable and convincing point in your article, viz. that we "must stop this idiotic and inconsequential bickering in TBE and really DO SOMETHING!" Well, I hope you won't mind if I have my own opinions on the 'idiotic and inconsequential' part, but I'll readily admit that you do seem to be justified in challenging us to replace all fannish-versus-sercon pieces by good fannish articles. Trouble is, you are falling prey to the old fallacy that in order to be qualified to judge on and criticize something you should be able to do the same thing better. It just ain't so, and I trust you'll realize this without my having to quote some obvious examples. Moreover, you haven't taken into account that TBE, being published by Gerfans, shouldn't necessarily be just another U.S.-type fanzine - and I certainly don't mean this depreciatingly - but should also show Continental trends and idiosyncrasies to our Anglo-American readers, part of the fannish mainstream. Which is exactly what we have been trying to do. If, in order to give you an idea about the situation here, I've been a bit programmatic and thus earned your dislike, I am truly sorry.

"Don't talk - fight!", was your advice to the editors of TBE. Quite frankly I can't see anything we should fight for in this fanzine except the recognition, in the U.S. and Britain, that the German-speaking Continent with its approximately 500 fmz.-reading fans, isn't entirely so aloof from the bulk of fandom, nor quite so bigoted and pseudo-sercon, as it appeared in the past years. And again that is exactly what we've been trying to do.

This basic misconception of yours becomes again apparent when you blame us for letting "someone else get a prime fannish feature -- the Berry Novella -- and thus further weaken (our) cause". For one thing, I can't see much value in reprinting "The Goon Goes West" in a fanzine with a predominantly English-speaking readership that has read the story before. On the other hand, and more important still, I fail to see how one of the German 'zines (which we had previously accused of being too narrow-minded and bigoted) picking up and introducing to Gerfandom a fannish feature of the Berry type should weaken our cause ... Quite the contrary, I should say, and I might add, with all due modesty, that this is a result of the campaign for a more liberal and broader outlook on fandom which we've been leading during the past year or so in Gerzines.

You say that, in the U.S., you are considered a sercon fan, and that your fanzine MIRAGE is considered very sercon. I'm afraid I've never seen it, so I really can't say whether or not it resembles the conventional type of Gerzine, with its strong tendency towards stuffiness and its air of rightful indignation at anybody and anything that dares to leave the respectable and well-worn groove of science-fiction-plus-science-cum-book-reviews. Mind you, I don't claim that all sf-fan-fiction is lousy; I'll even go so far as to say that occasionally some pretty good sf-stories may be written by fans, and I don't object at all to people who like to read sf publishing their own amateur science-fiction magazines. I do object, however, when those same people start setting up rigid rules for all of fandom to live by and, on the strength of their majority position, categorically require anybody to conform to their own limited scope of interest -- or else.

You know, it's not that we have forgotten the genre to which we are supposed to be fans. I for one have been a regular reader of good (mostly Anglo-American) science-fiction for some eleven years now, and my liking for it has not diminished, although the

burning enthusiasm of the early years has been replaced by a certain sophistication. However, you might say that we consider our liking for sf a sort of least common denominator, a starting ground from which to probe into broader aspects and, eventually, into the very reasons that made us fans (as distinguished from mere sf-readers) in the first place. In this connection it should be interesting to note that, according to a survey published recently in the Official Bulletin of the German Association of Book Dealers, there are some 500,000 regular readers of sf on the German-speaking Continent - whereas the number of people aware of and interested in fandom is 500 at most. The reason, of course, lies in the specific psychological matrices that make up a fan.

In a previous column I've said that I considered fandom's prime function to be the providing of a meeting ground for intelligent, novel, and unorthodox ideas as well as the realization that we are just a bunch of relatively nice people, indulging in a hobby and generally taking it easy. I was promptly taken up on the first part of that statement and would like to make clear, with a specific nod to Bob Coulson, that the basic purpose of fandom actually is to provide amusement for the participants. But I can't see what's wrong with people who derive their amusement not only from the fun they poke, but also from thinking ...

Possibly you will have realized by now that the 'fannish' fandom we have been advocating is not exactly identical with your 'faanish' fandom, tho' closely related. While sharing basically the FLAJAGH attitude and general predilection for humour, we also like to discuss in extenso any problem or set of questions that happens to come across our minds.- It was when publishing these views that we were heatedly attacked by the then majority faction of Gerfandom, whom you so aptly described as 'bigoted' and 'not true fans at all', and who yet called themselves the "true, serious-constructive fans"!

It's quite amusing, incidentally, to see you using the term "intellectual superiority" in connection with the sercon element. Perhaps this may apply, to a certain extent, to U.S. fandom, but it's definitely *déplacé* with regard to our variety of sercon-fans. As a matter of fact, the most outstanding contributions to such discussions as the compatibility of genuine understanding of true sf and genuine belief in god, or the increasing proletarianization of society, have been made by outspoken 'fannish' fans!

Of course it should be possible for the 'faanish' and the 'sercon' factions to exist side by side. Don't forget, though, that the basic difference between them lies in their different psychological 'basic situations', resulting in a totally different outlook on and approach to fandom and life in general.- When asked for an analogy some time ago, I offered that of the bird's view and the frog's view, respectively, and I still think it's basically valid.

As a purpose and way of life, Serious-Constructiveness is an illness, but one that can be cured. An excellent therapy is Walt Willis' Serious Constructive Insurgentism. Mere Faanishness, for all its inherent advantages, may get a bit dull eventually.- Why not broaden it, include a bit of thinking, add a dash of tolerance, and be what a fan should be, "fannish"?

June 17, 1961

--- Rolf C. Gindorf

P.S.: If you're not really that bad, why do you hate people?

+++++

OZARK INCIDENT

by

-9-

JOHN BERRY

The youth bent the thin sapling, and tightened the cord. He held the sapling in his left hand, and drew the cord back as far as it would go. He grunted, relaxed the sapling and plucked the cord with his right forefinger. There was a delicate 'hum'...a subtle vibration which caused him to smile....smile somehow rather cynically...

He picked up an arrow (he'd hammered the head out of an old baked bean tin) and pulled a length of cord which ran through the long grass up the hill. Seventy yards away, the cord released a larger tin can...and as it rolled down, it increased speed, and it bounced now and then as it hit a hump on the ground. The youth put the notch at the rear of the arrow to his bow-string, pulled the bow, followed the rolling can and released the arrow it flew straight and with force and missed the tin by a yard.

The youth scowled. He pulled yet another cord, and the tin was dragged up the hillhock again to the forked twig which held it...he pulled the other cord, bent the forked twig and the tin rolled down again....he did the same practice thirty times....that was his morning schedule, and at the end had hit the tin seven times...and two weeks ago, for five day running, he hadn't hit it once.....

This was fairly rapid improvment, and he pulled a wry smile...hell...it Couldn't be rapid enough...it was damn funny.....

For years he'd snared rabbits....mostly to sell in town. Now, there wasn't a town anymore...and rabbit-snaring had become essential to him, because his life depended upon it. There was no rationing...no food to ration...they'd taken it all...he knew a farmer a couple of miles away who had a gun buried in the yard...and this farmer had promised him the gun, and ammunition and his daughter if he would supply his family regularly with rabbits.....

Was it the H-bomb....no, it couldn't be, there was no logic to it....and yet what else could have caused the gradual increase in intelligence amongst the rabbits....now, they wouldn't go near a snare...and because they hadn't been hunted they had multiplied...they seemed to taunt him...not a snare filled in six months..yet some mornings, early, when the grass was heavy with dew, he'd seen hundreds of them...and once he could have sworn he saw a rabbit with four eyes...true, it was hazy..but the binoculars were expensive (well, they had been in the old days when dollars counted for something) and he could plainly see the A-bomb crater on the moon which the Russians had exploded via Lunik III in '63.....

But he had to practice and practice more and more with the bow and arrow until he was as near one hundred percent as he could get. He knew he'd get rabbits....they sat looking at him until he was close....(and was it imagination that when they bounded away they seemed bigger, and they leapt further ?)...but how long would it take before they found the range of his arrows? ...and a stupid thing to say...but the fact were plain, even if the cause wasn't....they couldn't be snared...they seemed bigger...they were multiplying...and one had four eyes...what had caused it...?

The farmer now...he had the solution...he had a gun and ammunition

...but he was afraid to use it...the Chinese called regularly to take his crops (they hadn't found out about the daughter yet)...and his young children were the price he'd have to pay for not handing his firearms in.....

The youth went into the forest...he walked lightly...and by a sudden whim he lifted his bow, placed an arrow and fired in one swift movement...the rabbit in the small clearing rolled over and over and lay twitching at the foot of a tree....

Hell, it was bigger...the biggest rabbit he'd ever held...he took the arrow out...and he pondered...it was sure a lucky shot...and yet...he'd been aiming for it, hadn't he?...he re-traced his steps to the edge of the forest and stood still...after a moment several brown heads popped up, and white tails flashed, but the rabbits didn't move...they just sort of looked at him....

He had three arrows with heads made from the baked bean tins (thank God no baked beans the coming night...Christ...baked beans...he felt his bile almost bubble over...it wasn't so much the beans...times were hard, and he was lucky...it's what he had to step over in the store in town to get the beans....that's what got him..) and he aimed carefully...no moving target (and yet he was prepared to bet the farmer's daughter to a chimpunk that in a few weeks they'd be moving fast whenever they saw him) and one rabbit dropped....he stepped forward and fired another arrow..another rabbit....he hadn't intended to start on the rabbits until he'd become more proficient but that farmer's daughter....another mouth to feed but....ah ha....another arrow another rabbit. But the others sat there looking, and only moved when he went over to retrieve his game. In half an hour he had so many he could hardly carry them back into his shack...

The shack was a ways from the road...a quarter of a mile or more...and how Dan the postman used to curse in the old days when he had to cycle all the way with the youth's mail...in the old days.....

The shack was warm and filled with many incongruous items he'd picked up during his night safaris over the countryside.

The Chinese had been only once...he'd spotted the patrol and taken to the forest, and he'd had the foresight to leave no trace of occupation ...and there was nothing in the shack, he'd only found a couple of days previously....but now it was reasonable ..even palatial when you figured what the contents would have cost in the old days.....a solid silver clock with little angels on it which he'd found outside of town...three thick carpets (it had taken a month to move them by night and hide them by day)a couple of hundred tins of baked beans...a wireless set...hell...he switched it on...high pitched voices and so-called music which reminded him of a few harps and a piano dropped from a great height onto a mass of bed springs....and soon would come the announcements...he switched the set off...a bone china tea set...paintings...several dozen watches...etc etc.....

So long as he could get the rabbits...and make trips over the countryside at night without making the Chinks suspicious...well...he could manage...and he had a few traps set to warn him of any unwelcome visitor....

He skinned a rabbit, skewered it over a slow fire, and the saliva almost tripped him as he raised the flesh to his lips:....

It grew dark outside...and he lay on the carpets and covered himself with a tarten car rug....he thought about the farmer's daughter....now then...tomorrow night he'd go see the farmer and tell him to expect supplies...for some time anyway.....

He tied the cord to his big toe and went to sleep immediately.....

-11-

+ + + +

His big toe jerked.

He was out from under the rug like a flash...grabbed the bow and arrow, moved aside an oil painting of a couple of ballet dancers which he'd hinged over an opening in the side of the shack (and which had once been hung in the local art gallery) and sought the seclusion of the forest. He crept round to see who was approaching his home...the moonlight was bright...three men were there...they carried heavy parcels...and one was the farmer.....

"Jim", he called softly...not going inside the shack.

He walked up softly behind them....

"Well....?"

"Let's go in, Jim..."

They sat round the carpets, and he tied the two bare wires together and a dim light flared from the battery-operated lamp from the rafters above them....

"These two men want to see you, Jim..."

He looked at them...they were old...maybe forty or fifty...

"So.....?"

"We're from the army, Jim...and you have the qualifications to do a job for us...for the country..."

He saw them looking greedily at the rabbits....

"Why me.....?"

"We know about you...believe me...you are the only one within a hundred square miles able to do this...by reason for your natural talent...your practical ability...and the seclusion of this place...the Chinks have it marked in their HQ as untenable...we've been looking for you for a long time, anyway...."

"Why me particularly..?" He threw a rug over the rabbits...funny how their eyes hardly left them....but it wasn't really funny...the farmer was giving his daughter for them...they were sheer luxury....

The grey-haired army man (and that was queer, he was dressed in a grey loungesuit three sizes too big, and it looked as though it had previously been used to carry potatoes.....) reached in the large case and threw a booklet over....

The youth let out a long uncontrolled gasp of astonishment...it was a copy of his last issue of RUMBLE...his tenth issue...one which had gotten him top fanzine rating in the FANAC poll for the first three months in '64....way back....

"We can't tell you much, Jim...but we have a Plan...that you can rely on...one day...maybe in three...four years...the Chines will go...those which are left....but the work before us is immense...we all must play our parts according to our abilities and you and several dozen fans over the country...whose we've been able to trace...have got the job of publishing a newssheet...we've got to keep peoples' hopes high....and with out-of-the-way places like this...we plan a slow but steadily increasing wave of hope....we'll supply everything...this, for instance...it came from a Chinese Army store...we lost fifteen men getting it...."

The other army man pulled a blanket off a wooden crate...he opened it and pushed the wooden sides down. A Gestetner was revealed....

The youth....the faaan...whistled...Model 795...the latest....

and from another smaller crate came tubes of black duplicating ink, and reams of paper....

"You can use this, Jim?" the grey-haired one smiled.....

"Chee....." The fan bent down, pulled the black casing off, fondled the sweet mechanism.....

"Once or twice a week one of us will come with notes for you to stencil and duplicate...the typewriter and stencils are in this crate I'm sitting on...we'll also keep you supplied with paper...do a thousand copies of each newssheet...we'll collect them again....." and their eyes kept creeping back to the hidden pile of rabbits.

The fan smiled grimly....

"Pull up a rabbit," he grinned... "be my guest."

The two army men pulled the rug away, selected a rabbit each...."Mebbe another sideline, Jimmy...supplying food for our organisation..." they looked at him hopefully.

"I've got an arrangement with Mr. Cooper here," he grinned.....

The farmer looked at him, then at the two army men.....

"Cooper told me about that Jim...nice girl...but no go...Cooper is in our organisation, but no one else must know about your activities...sorry...like I said....nice girl....."

The fan gave the farmer a dozen rabbits, and they went away furtively into the night.....

He looked at the fannish paraphernalia....all in perfect condition....all the stencils and ink he wanted...and nothing to do except duplicate all the time...and out after the rabbits...after all, he could always go across to Cooper's with the rabbits.....

It was a proud thing to be a faaan.....

Proud.....but lonely.....

JOHN BERRY

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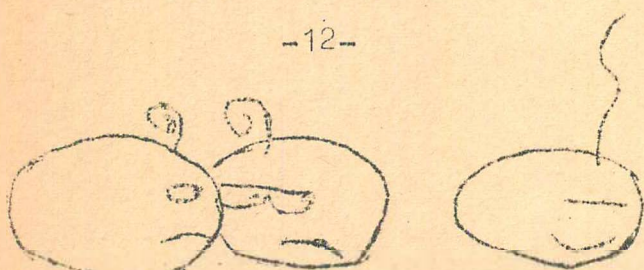
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-12-

SO VERY COLD

by Mike Deckinger



Marty isn't acting a bit like he used to. I don't know why, but he seems changed. All he does is sit in his chair and stare out the window. I know that he's sick; I must have known it longer than he has, but I won't call a doctor. Not ever. If I do, they'll take Marty away from me; and then I'll be all alone with no one to talk to.

It just wouldn't be right to have anybody interfere with us. Marty is my friend, even if he is dull at times.

Marty's been here as long as I can remember, which is pretty long, you can bet on that. Him and me have been good friends all the while --never an argument, never a fight. Oh we've exchanged harsh words occasionally, but nothing like you'd call a quarrel, and we've made up afterwards.

Marty doesn't have any place to go. Just nowhere. Sometimes I wish I lived in a little apartment, instead of the large mansion I got when Uncle Wilbur died. It's nice, but it's just too large, if you know what I mean.

I'm getting pretty old now, and so is Marty, but that doesn't bother us. Should it? We can still walk around without any help. Don't need any either. Marty helps me and I help him and we get along fine. No need for any nosy people to come along and see how we are.

Anyway, it was almost a year ago last Thursday that I had to call the doctor to see how Marty was. Mind you, I don't go calling a doctor very often, but Marty begged me this time, and I just couldn't refuse him, not after being friends so long, and even going to the same school together. So I called the doctor. Marty said he had a few pains and the doctor said it was only because he was getting older, same as all old folks do. Heck, even I got these pains once in a while myself. But the doctor gave Marty a thorough examination anyway. I don't know why, but I guess he believed in taking no chances with him. And anyway, he knew about the money I had inherited along with the mansion, and he knew how Marty was living with me, and I bet he wanted me to pay a lot for it.

This doctor was funny. Even Marty mentioned it to me after he left. He checked Marty carefully, gave him a few unimportant tests, and then he wrote out this prescription in that sign language all doctors use that I was to take to the druggist to get filled. He prescribed some medicine that Marty was to take every day for what he had. He mentioned what it was, but it was a long name and I've forgotten it. But this doc was probably a crook and a chiseler; most of them are, you know.

But that ain't all. I rigged up a chair by the window where Marty liked to sit and look out or read a book or listen to the radio or do anything else he felt like doing. The only thing he didn't like is walking around, but that ain't so unusual, since I don't like it myself.

This doc sent me bills a couple of times for the house call but I always tore them up and threw them away, until he stopped sending them. After all, why should I pay the crook? All he did was look Marty over and even I could do that. So when I said I wouldn't pay him.... I meant it.

A few day after the doc had left I got to thinking about the prescription he had given me; so one night I went out to a druggist to have it filled while Marty stayed home and listened to the radio. But the druggist wanted me to pay six dollars for a small bottle filled with some colorless liquid that the doctor had written down. Now do you see what I mean about them being crooks? This fellow had already made up the drug or whatever it was for Marty, and there was a cop in the store too. So I paid and hurried out. Those guys were probably working together. It happens all the time: once some greedy fellow knows you have money he'll try to bleed you of every cent you have. Only in my case it wouldn't work. I wasn't going back to that drug store anymore to spend six dollars for nothing. No sir, medicine or no medicine, those crooks wouldn't get any more money from me.

I must admit that the guy sure got Marty believing the stuff was genuine. After he took it just twice he said he was feeling much better. And I remember one morning he actually walked without his cane from the

kitchen up the stairs to his room. I was so used to feeding him and helping him wash that it came as a surprise to see him strolling carefree as you please across the hall. That was the only time he did it, though.

-14- Everything got along pretty well those next few weeks, until what I feared happened. Marty ran out of the medicine and wanted me to go back and have the bottle refilled. I didn't have the heart to argue with him about those high prices, but one evening I snuck downstairs and took the empty bottle that had his medicine in, and filled it with pure water from the faucet. I was certain he wouldn't be able to tell the difference in appearance, because both mixtures looked like water. And as for taste, well I had got a little on my finger once, and had to admit it tasted pretty much like plain water too. And since it had never been any good for Marty before, what wrong would I be committing? I wouldn't pay that crook's six dollars, though I never told Marty. Everything would be fine.

As I had expected, Marty could detect no difference in the medicine. Oh he held it up to the light a few times, and sniffed it mysteriously, but that was all. I guess he figured any differences in it were only his imagination.

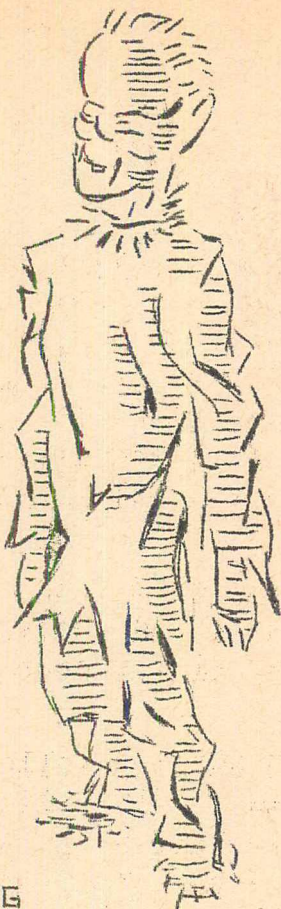
Marty never walked around anymore, just sat and rolled about in that wheelchair we had found up in the attic -- we fixed it up real good. Soon it was good as new and Marty got to love it. He hardly ever left it, except to eat and sleep of course. Most other times he'd sit in it and listen to the radio or else to go to the large chair by the window and stare out. I don't think he ever saw anything interesting, but it was relaxing to his eyes.

I had to take care of the house, and did a pretty fine job of it too, for a person of my age. Everything was kept spic and span just as if some maid had come. I even hired some guy to go out and get groceries for us each weekend. Paid him well too, not extravagantly, but good enough.

But everything is so different now, I don't know what to do. It's been almost a year since Marty has been sick, and been taking the water he thought was medicine. And last week it ran out for the fifth time and he wanted me to go out and get some more. He sat by the window watching me, so I had to drive away as if I was going into town, even if I wasn't, and when I got back I saw he had fallen asleep in his chair. So I just left him and quietly went to bed.

Next morning he acted even stranger; so I figured it was because of his not feeling well, and washed him and fed him just like a baby. It wasn't easy, I'll admit, but Marty had to eat. And I've been helping him like this all week. He doesn't say anything, but I know he's happy, and all he does anymore is listen while I play the radio or stare out the window.

Some might call for help, but wouldn't. Just because a man is sick is no reason to leave him alone, and Marty's my friend and deserves all the assistance I can give him. He only eats twice a day, too. I guess he ain't hungry any time else.



Right now he's looking out the window with that half-formed smile of his that never seems to leave his face. His head is tilted back and he must be watching that flight of birds go scooting across the sky.

Soon I'll have to feed him again.

Yesterday I noticed something else about him, but I haven't mentioned it to him because I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings. Whenever I lifted his hand to feed or dress him I noticed that it had become quite cold. Not like he ever used to be. Only different.

So very cold !

MIKE DECKINGER

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( For those of you who have not met Roo, perhaps I should explain that he is a pet kangaroo belonging to Chris Miller, who wrote this account for me, after much prodding from yhos. Roo appears mainly as a rubber-stamp, on his letters. )

### A TROO STORY

by CHRIS MILLER



It was in the summer of 1944, I guess, that I first remember meeting my father. Roo came a few months later. I am unsure about this date, because I was very young at the time.

My mother, my younger brother, and I were staying at a boarding house on the South Coast at Brighton. It was a nice, sunny afternoon, and we were sitting on the beach, eating read currants. I distinctly remember this, perhaps it was that I had never had them before, and that I kept dropping them in the sand, which did not improve them!

Anyway, we were sitting there, enjoying ourselves, when, on the top of the sea-wall above us, we saw a sailor. He came down the steps towards us....yes, of course it was my father, why else do you think that I bothered to mention it? He was home on a few months leave, but promised us something special, when he did finally come home for good.

During the war, he was with the Navy, in Australia.



One of the joys of my very early days was helping to open the food parcels that we got from him, every so often. There was always a jar of nice sticky boiled sweets, a luxury, when we had to get our sweets on 'ration points'.

-16-

When the war was over, he didn't return immediately. All I can remember is that he "had to stay and look after the ship". We must have gone back to Wakefield (in Yorkshire, where I was born) after this first reunion, for that is where the Grand Opening Ceremony took place, in 1946.

The large crate was placed in the middle of the room, complete with the seal showing that "the contents had been in quarantine for the required period." I could hear a rustling noise, inside it, but my father refused to say what was caused it. Finally, after a great deal of effort, the crate was opened, and there, inside it, was a small kangaroo! How my father got him, I still don't know, but there was, a real life kangaroo!

Since I had read all the "Whinnie-the-Pooh" books, he was at once christened Roo. He was about six months old, and very timid. We kept him in a large hutch in the Greenhouse, at first, letting him out for exercise, each evening. The garden was fenced round, and there was no danger for him escaping, at that age. He soon learned to come, when called, as his reward was a bunch of really juicy grass that grew behind the Greenhouse, where he couldn't get. Later, we took him out onto the waste ground, near our house, where he would race up and down, to the amazement of passers-by. The kids in the street soon got to know him, and it was quite usual for a group of us to go for a 'bike ride 'round the fields' with Roo bounding a long by my side. He was always wary of mechanical devices, since the time when we collided, when I was cycling round the garden he grazed his chest, which soon healed, but it did scare him off machinery.

As he grew up, he needed these longish runs, to get his food, as there was never enough grass on the lawn to last him for long. Each day, on our way home from school, we would collect bundles of grass, for his supper, whilst a bike ride in the evening supplied dinner. My mother usually took him for a walk, during the day. We couldn't let him out alone, as he might have got into the cornfields that were just at the bottom of our garden, and spoiled the crops, in the right season. Though we kids collected wild wheat, and cultivated wheat too, and gave it to him, for treats.

As it is rather difficult for us to get him enough grass, we gradually accustomed him to eating root crops, so that he would eat turnips and mangolds, which he held in his front paws; as well as cabbages, and the like. This is a great help, during the winter, obviously. As he spends quite a lot of time doing other things than eat, we have to supplement his diet, with all sort of things. We get him oats, the same as we get for our Guinea-Fig, and he consumes these with great relish. We also give him vitamin pills, and my mother bakes a special sort of very hard bread that he likes. He also has a piece of the branch of a tree, still green, that he chews on constantly, so as to keep his teeth ground down, as otherwise they would grow too long, and fill his mouth!

He has never grown as big as the ones that you see in films about Australia, perhaps this is because of his abnormal diet, or the fact that he is a different breed from the usual. He may even be a Wallaby, tho I



don't think that he is. He now seems to be fully grown, and is about 4ft. tall, if that is the right word. His head is rather out of proportion to the rest of his body, being a little too large. I don't know why this should be, or if there is any connexion, but he is quite intelligent.

We have always talked to him as if he was a human, and about 10 years ago, he began to make little answering noises. In time, he began to mimic the words that we used, which we deliberately kept simple, once we realized what was happening. Thus, much in the manner of a child learning to talk, he learned also. His voice is rather high pitched, and some of the words he cannot pronounce very well, as his mouth is not really the right shape. He can only use simple words, anyway, as, of course, he has never been to school. At present, he is learning to read and write, as a few of you will know. He finds the latter rather hard, as his front paws aren't meant to hold a pen, but he's managing. He has started putting messages of his own, on the ends of my fan-letters, and reading my small collection of fanzines. He says that he thinks that all fans are a bit 'touched' but great fun, all the same. At his request, I have decided to buy a copy of FANCY II instead of using the BSFA one, as he finds it so very useful.

When Alan Rispin and Jhim Linwood visited me, recently, they were very surprised to meet Roo. I made them promise not to tell anyone about him, until I said it was OK, because I wasn't sure how fans would take to the idea of a Kangaroo fake-fan, which he is, almost. He doesn't read SF, as the words are too difficult, and the concepts too strange. He hasn't been to school remember.

At the moment he is busy telling me all his exploits, in the Belle Vue Zoo, where he stayed, as usual, for his holidays, whilst the rest of the family were away, either in Scotland, or in London. He certainly seems to have had fun, with all those lady-kangas!! Or perhaps he's exaggerating a bit.....he'd make a fine fan!

-17-

CHRIS MILLER

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News

by Hel Klenn

Rolf Gindorf didn't know it yet, when he wrote his article but since the 2nd Niederrhein Con the number of Gerfans who are interested in TBE has increased steadily. The German readers of this fanzine amount to 35 now!

Three new fanzines came out recently: LYRA (the German edition of BUG EYE) edited by Rolf Harder & published by me.

FANTOPIA (Otto Volkert, Mannheim, I.Z. 14, Germany, 70pp, irregular, trades, LoCs or 25¢) A fanzine that has personality! Something that's rare in Gerzines. The editor has a fine, easy to read style. He's also one of the most promising new artists in Gerfandom. The fiction in this is not outstanding and only one story is really lousy! I'm surprised at it because most of the fiction in German fmz is beneath contempt.

ASTEROID (Franz Solcher, Pfarrkirchen/Niederbayern, P.O.Box 50, W.G. 17pp, trades, sub rate unknown) This zine contains mainly reviews of s-f books & pulps. Most of the reviews are rather dated.

IN DEFENSE OF THE OVERMIND.

-18-

by

ALAN BURNS

The most valuable things are quite often not recognized as such, gold in the raw state looks nothing to the inexperienced, pitch-blende is like black stone and so it goes on. The most unrecognized article of value to the human race is the overmind. This term is my own, and if I've copied it by accident I'm sorry. Well the overmind is that part of the brain that is only excited by contact with a fully working overmind possessed by someone else, at least in the majority of cases, though there are some self-catalysing overminds, these are very rare. The overmind is responsible for what I term out-thinking, that is for thinking contrary to normal thought patterns in humanity. Aesop was the possessor of an overmind, he was a slave but yet he could think out certain etics and sugar them with excellently contrived fables. Fandom is probably thick with active overminds, thus it is fandom's duty to preserve itself. But the main protective guise for active overminds throughout history has been witchcraft.

Let's not deceive ourselves, the Christian churches have done good work in trying to destroy witchcraft, good work from their own point of view that is. They have tried persecution, they have tried to ignore it, they have tried, and almost succeeded, in destroying it by misrepresentation. But the fact remains that witchcraft is as strong today as ever it was, stronger in fact, because added to witchcraft is the formidable body of evidence collected by scientific investigation. The only lack is the admission by scientists that witchcraft is theoretically and scientifically practicable. But even if they don't admit it that doesn't alter the fact that witchcraft, or the use of the overmind, is inherently workable. So it would be useful if some of the untruth were put right.

Well first of all we could begin with the Sabbat since it is the main event in the witches calendar. Sabbats are of two types, great and ordinary, the great Sabbat is of course celebrated on the night of April 30th, or Walpurgis Nacht. There is a sound reason for this. Look over the birthdays of great and famous men, you will usually find that they have birthdays somewhere about December, January or February, which means that they were conceived in the Spring. Witches have known from time forgotten that in Spring the male and female conception dynamic is at the highest point, and the peak of the graph is somewhere in April, great Sabbats are in general an occasion when the inhibitions of civilisation are flung away, and sex takes place in an atmosphere most conducive to its original purpose, the enjoyment of the act of procreation. The ordinary Sabbats are just the same as the 'good folk's' visit to church excepting that they are an act of reinforcement of the 'community dynamic' of the witches, the entire ceremony requires too much space to relate but put very briefly the witches join fingertips in a circle and presently the combined natural electricity builds up to a high level and everyone is charged again for a time like battery, again certain rare people can generate their own personal electricity, the same people in fact who have the self-catalysing overmind.

Now the action of the overmind is the power that makes spells effective. The olden days saw a lot of things stowed together in a cauldron in the hope that sympathetic magic would endow the person making

PROLOGUE ---

"But I don't want to write yet another con report!", I yelled. "My reputation is shaky enough as it is, and besides ---" I stopped in fascination to watch Helmut Klemm's face slowly adopt a beautiful rosy tinge.

"Now listen", he said carefully. "I guess we'll have to talk to you like a Dutch uncle again. You know damn' well that we can't let you handle any of the really hot stuff, but we don't want you loafin' around either. So the con report is the one item we'll let you try your hand at. at least-", he added with a disgusted look at his fingernails, "you can't spoil too much there ..."

He must have noticed something in the way I breathed, for suddenly he leaned forward and drawled, "If you think of chickening out, I'll print that comment on your photo lastish when you were called a 'brute' ..."

"But-", I protested weakly, casting a furtive glance at Anne-marie, "didn't it say something about 'handsome', too?"

"Ha!", snorted Helmut, "don't tell me you took that obvious cynism at face value! Just let me tell Annemarie here what that American femme-fan thinks of you and your ---"

You see, I really didn't have a chance at all.

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EUROPEAN SF - CONGRESS

-20-

by the BUG EYEd Special Correspondent,
with occasional appreciative nods to SF-TIMES (published
by Burkhard Blüm) and SF-Nachrichten (published by Klaus
Lylmann).

- Time: June 1 - 4, 1961
- Place: Bad Homburg vor der Höhe, fashionable health resort 15 miles from Frankfurt. Famed for its mineral springs, nice climate, beautiful parks, gambling palace (one of the few licenced in this country), and general air of haut monde (King Ibn Saud is reported to have been seen making love to ex-queen Soraya in front of con hall).-- Furthermore, the town is noted as convention site for Learned Societies ...
- Sponsors: EUROTOPIA - Federation of European SF-Clubs, and STELLARIS SF-Club, with headquarters in Frankfurt
- Attendees: estimated at 130, though 104 only registered in attendance list
- Public Relations: radio interview, write-up in local newspaper
- General atmosphere: Grand
- Next year's con: not yet fixed; probably in Unterwössen, Bavaria.

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Thursday, June 1:

By early afternoon some fifty fans were gathered in the smaller of the two conference halls rented by the con-committee. Thursday being a holiday in some of the eleven German States only, the majority of fans had not been expected to arrive until Saturday. Therefore no fixed programme had been scheduled for that day, but the day was to be left for general get-togethers.

The "fannish" faction, centered around Rolf Gindorf and Karl-Heinz Jakubeit of Hamburg, started a free-swinging discussion about such subjects as "God & SF" (basically incompatible), "phaanish vs. serconnish" (see 'Open Reply'), "Are we genuinely interested in popularizing SF?" (no), about the concept of justice and the position of judges (general agreement, even by lawyer Jakubeit, on the non-existence of absolute laws), and a myriad of other subjects. - The outspoken 'sercon' fans (are you listening, Klaus Eylmann?) were conspicuous by their long loud silence.

Later that evening there was a slide show of colour shots taken during the Düsseldorf Niederrhein-Con and other fannish occasions, slides of PLAYBOY's vision of sexed-up sf-magazine covers, several amateur films (both sf and fannish), as well as a taped space opera.

Friday, June 2:

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The Day of General Meetings, which your correspondent had the good sense of avoiding by going - utile dulci - away on business. On returning in the evening, he learnt that the General Meeting of the EUROTOPIA - Federation of European SF-Clubs, had been held in the morning. The Federation comprises the various clubs and groups on the German-speaking Continent. Secretary Winfried Scholz, part-time author but above all, fan, earns a vote of thanks for the work he is putting in. - While the Federation's treasury was in the red that day with DM 293.24, later sales of lottery tickets and label buttons carried its assets to DM 64.44. Winnie as well as the more or less titular president, well-known author Richard Koch, were re-elected for a second term.

In the afternoon the Science Fiction Club Deutschland (president Walter Ernsting) held its General Meeting. This club, which started fandom in Germany six years ago, is now second in terms of members to STELLARIS. It boasts a circulating library and a 'Phonotek', making a wide range of taped sf-plays, radio commentaries, discussions, etc. available free of charge to club members. It's incorporated as a non-profit organization furthering public education, with dues and donations deductible from your income tax.

Saturday, June 3:

The "European Science Fiction Congress", after a long time the first to be held jointly by the various German-speaking groups, was officially opened by STELLARIS-president Karl-Herbert Scheer. Scheer is pro-author, and reported to be a member of N3F. Well.--Letters and telegrams were read, received from publishers, from the French club 'EUROTOPIA' (headed by Pierre Versins), from the LASFS, as well as a cable from the U.S. in German which read translated:

IN REPLY REFER TO M-DIR ALL ATTENDEES OF EUROTOPIACON BEST GREETINGS AND THANKS FOR YOUR INTEREST IN PROGRESS OF OUR SCIENTIFIC SPACE PROJECTS SIGNED WERNHER VON BRAUN DIRECTOR NASA GEORGE D MARSHAL SPACE FLIGHT CENTER HUNTSVILLE ALA =

Wernher von Braun has been in contact with Gerfandom for quite some time now; recently an sf-story written by him before the war was published in one of our 'zines.

Thereafter Winnie Scholz gave a short résumé about the activities of the EUROTOPIA.- The main speech was made by Jesco Baron von Puttkamer, popular faan and rocket engineer, on American rocket development over the next ten years.

After the lunch recess the STELLARIS club, biggest on the Continent, had their General Meeting. The auditors stated that the books of the club had been kept like those of a big company; discharge was given. Electing a new slate of officers proved difficult, as president and secretary refused to run again. Only after long negotiations, promise of less work for them, and announced intention to join - at long last - the EUROTOPIA, the two were ready to serve again, together

with three other officers.- Subsequently the STELLARIS applied for membership in the EUROTOPIA and were unanimously admitted. The Federation includes now all active groups of the German-speaking continent. It operates as a roof organization, with each of the member clubs retaining their inner independence, and the EUROTOPIA acting as co-ordinating instrument. Clubs must have a minimum of fifty members to have a vote (exceptions are the Hamburg and Berlin groups, which have one joint vote); those with more than 100 regular members have two votes.---

Room parties, prominent feature of Anglo-American cons but not very well-known here, were made difficult by most fans being scattered for the night over various hotels (the con-committee had not rented an entire hotel, but only two conference rooms). Nevertheless Saturday night, the infamous 'last night', some twelve of us tip-toed up the stairs of a hotel as noiselessly as possible, to the room of SOL-editors Guntram Ohmacht and Wolfgang Thadewald. What followed was one of the most phannish bull-sessions ever to rock Gerfandom. Fans were liberally sprinkled all over the big double bed and the floor; among them were such notables as Theo Grade, Klaus Eylmann, Karl-Heinz Jakubeit, and Rolf Gindorf. - When, about 2 a.m., there was a sudden knock at the door, a deathly silence settled -- at last the proprietor had found out that a group of strange maniacs, among them - how scandalous! - a girl, had invaded his respectable hotel. While the door was slowly being unlocked, we began envisioning charges of disorderly conduct and immoral behaviour --- only to see two pyjama-clad fans of two stories down who had heard us and wanted to join the fun ...

By about 3 a.m. the former sercon fans had dropped all pretext to serious-constructiveness and moved that a visit be paid to the tent of Wolf Pippke and Frank Romahn, of our Düsseldorf-Duisburg gang, who were camping somewhere in the outskirts of Bad Homburg. The motion was immediately seconded and carried unanimously.- The epos of the twelve fans, roving thru' the nightly streets of Bad Homburg in search of a tent, locating it in the park of a youth hostel and subsequently invading said park; of the ensuing turmoil alerting the hostess who, mistaking the elite of Gerfandom - lawyers, doctors, dentists, export merchants, graduate students - for juvenile roughs, called in the police --- all this will go down in fannish history.--- That night, for all its seeming juvenility, was extremely significant, marking as it did the beginning of the end of the German 'Serconfandom-is-a-way-of-life' movement.

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Sunday, June 4:

After the showing of a film (Jules Verne's "Journey to the Centre of the Earth") the results of a Hugo-like poll were announced, conducted by the EUROTOPIA thru' SF-NACHRICHTEN (formerly GOSHOBWOBOY). Seven Awards were given, viz. Best SF-Author (Isaac Asimov), Best SF-Film ("Raumschiff Venus antwortet nicht" of East German vintage. Literal translation: "Spaceship Venus does not answer"), Best Fanzine (SOL), Best SF-Fan author (Willi Voltz), Best Fan-Artist (Mario Kwiatt), Best SF-Critic (Jürgen Nowak, of our group), and Best Writer of Article of General Nature (Rolf Gindorf, ditto).- This latter award can only be described as outright masochism, as Gindorf had previously denounced certain traits of Gerfandom as "nauseating hypocrisy" and had, "for the time being", renounced all publishing activity in German language fanzines. Oh well. --- Our group (if you'll excuse us for blowing our own trumpet) received thus 50 % of all awards given to individual fans. Aside from covering the largest area in Gerfandom (1,200 square kilometers), our group is at present the only one whose members publish 3 fanzines (SPACE TIMES, TBE, and LYRA, which features translated reprints of your fannish pieces and fan-written sf). More important still, we've never had any fighting or feuding whatever among us, although we used to include both the outright 'phannish' and 'sercon' types.

Which strikes me as a good note to end on.

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It happened at the con in the night from Saturday to Sunday.

But before I tell you the story I've something to explain (besides, if you're interested in the whole story, buy the nextish of SPACE TIMES): We two (that's "Frankie - boy" Romahn and me) had travelled to Bad Homburg by hitch-hiking, and from that moment we'd arrived, it rained, rained, rained cats 'n' dogs 'til we went back. And I idiot had no coat, no umbrella, only a pair of sandals and other summer-like clothes. At the first night we had slept (slept, ha!) in the tent of a group from Austria. But next day we found a good place to camp beside the youth-hostel at something like a children's playing ground among some bushes.

Well, we'd arrived at our tent about midnight. It would have been later, 'cause I wanted to go to a jazz-band-ball; Frankie was too tired, tho', and so we returned to our home (home, sweet home) so early. We crawled into our sleeping-bags and laid down on our air-matresses. There we talked a little, smoking cigarettes, and at last we fell asleep.

I think, it was about three o'clock in the morning, when I awoke suddenly. The reason was loud fuss and much shouting and a shrill titter. First I thot the monsters, painted on our tent by Frankie; had come to life. Our tent was rocking Without any doubt: a gang of potted Teddy-boys were going to kill us!

Frankie jumped up and rushed out of the tent, while I was crying curses, which I don't care to write down. At last I came out of my sleeping-bag, inagining Frankie having a terrible struggle outside. Then I staggered out of the tent, but before I pulled the trigger of my blaster I could recognize the whole gang: first there was big Thea 'Molly' Grade, still shrieking with joy, then Rolf Gindorf, Wolfie Thadewald, Guntram Ohmacht, (I wanna name all these revellers), Horst Margeit, Karl-Heinz Jakubeit, Klaus Eylmann (oh, how that did disillusionize me of sercon-fandom), a Swedish fan called Pierre Lundberg and some others. And they were all dancing around our tent thru the night.....

"Dammit!" I cried, "you crazy crackpots, xrtylon.....ah, Molly, ye wanna eat some salame?"

"Oh yes, you know, I'm always hungry!"

So I crawled back into the half-destroyed tent to fetch some salame for my sweetheart. When I was in, I heard someone shout:...."in the middle of the night. I have called the police, and I think that you are..."

Thinking that someone of us was joking there, I murmured: "Yass, yass! Hear, hear! Absolutely right!"

But when I came out, I had to recognize that it wasn't anyone of us, but the hostess of the youth-hostel! The guys were standing there, heads down, silent; only Molly had run away.

Frankie advised them to go, 'cause we should arrange things. Slowly they shuffled away from the scene, loaded with the heavy burden of their guilt.

And we stayed back in the black night in front of our tent waiting for the police. Frankie was so depressed that he wanted to pull down the tent. Last but not least the hostess came back shouting and crying. I was going to catch up my blaster again, but at last she went away.

After some time the police came.

"Good morning," I said, "nice Sunday, ain't it?"

"What's the matter here?" the policeman said, ignoring my good wishes.

We explained the whole thing, and he noticed our names and asked if we knew the drunken bums.

"Ho, ah...I mean yes, a little, you know. We saw 'em at the convention here. But don't think that all of us are like those. These're just the dregs. There're everywhere people destroyin' the picture of the whole. Usually s-f-fen are intelligent, nice characters, but we can't avoid that from time to time such hoodlums appear at cons....." etc. etc.

The police-officer was content and answered that I was quite right and went back to his car.

And we went back to our tent, hoping to have a quiet night now, but.....

(to be concluded nextish)

WOLF 'I ain't no beat' PIPPKE

\$

-24-

editorial continued))

^{my} interest in s-f has diminished, you'll seldom find me reading an s-f book or pulp. I've decided, that 90% of all s-f is trashy literature! Oh, I forgot to say that I'm, since '58, member of the DUISBURG/DÜSSEL-SF GROUP, the most ~~fanzine~~ active group in Gerfandom!!! You may compare it with the SFCoL or one of the fannish New York clubs. The group was founded in 1955 by Julian Parr, Rüdiger b. Gosejacob and Jürgen Nowak, the latter is still as active as he used to be in the first days.

oo00oo

oo00oo

oo00oo

I don't know ^{what's} cooking with Alan Dodd. Although I've asked him for the fanzine reviews he didn't send them to me. That's why I need a new fnz. reviewer. How about you, John Koning?????

oo00oo

oo00oo

oo00oo

Franz Rottensteiner's letter in HAMMER is a typical example of the fugg-headedness and intolerance of some Gerfans! Phooey Mr. Rottensteiner, PFUI!!!!

oo00oo

oo00oo

oo00oo

Got a card from Craig Cochran yesterday, announcing his gafia for gen-fandom.....sad sad....see you in OMFA, Craig....?

Hel Klemm

TWENTIETH FANDOM IS

NOT DEAD!

-25-



+++++
+ + + + +
+ + + + +
+ + + + +
+ + + + +

FRANZ ROTTENSTEINER, Quarb 38, Post Ortmann,
Austria :

Dear Mr. Klemm:

...GIMMICK, GIMMICK is a nice piece of nonsense. ((use your eyes and dictionary, Cookie!! GIMMICK was a rather Sercon piece, special written for European fans!!! -hel)) But there was an even better article in your darned fanzine. I'm speaking of "Gerfandom and the Development of SF" by one Walter Ernsting. In twenty years I haven't read such nonsense. Walter Ernsting is the man, who said recently of himself and the other German writers: "We are no geniuses, and we are not intelligent. If we were intelligent we wouldn't write in fanzines!" That means, an intelligent man doesn't write for fanzines!!

He established the METEORITEN and abbreviated the best novels! He helped to publish. May I give you some examples of what he did: Brian Aldiss' NON STOP (STARSHIP) is a very fine novel. The American Signet edition has 160 pages. The German pulp

edition only sixty! Bob Tucker's THE LONG, LOUD SILENCE, Rhinehardt & Company: 217 pages, German edition 90 pages! Harold Mead's THE BRIGHT PHÖNIX, Corgi, 287 pages, German edition only 94 pages and so on. We have nearly all wellknown authors, yes, but only in pulp editions! The German versions contain only so about the half of the original edition. That's not good s-f!!

He had an idea of united fandom? One Fandom, one Club, one Fuehrer! Eh? He's right, Germans are never clever. And the people who are not clever and not intelligent become s-f authors (in Germany at least). We have good authors??? They must be hidden in the woods, because I haven't seen one. He has to write Space Operas?? The poor guy! Who has called him to write s-f? He should go back to work for a living.

All the wellknown authors are so wellknown, because they wrote what the publishers wanted them to write, huh? But I think, for one, who doesn't want to write Space Operas he does pretty well. Every time, when I read one of his so-called s-f novels I think, he must have grown up with NEMs.

The old, wonderful days of the birth of fandom...When he was leader of s-f and fandom. When there were no heretics, no such people like me. What are s-f clubs good for? To praise the master? The might and strength of the united fandom...And Mr. Ernsting, the sword of the united fandom. The good father, the caretaker of literature. Let's hope, these wonderful days will return not in one year, not in ten years, never, nevermore...!

Yours unfaithful

Franz
Rottensteiner

STEFAN SEDOLIN, Vällingby 4, Sweden

Dear Helmut,

-26-

There was really no need to have Terry Jeeves and REG sending you illos when you had Mario around, his cartoons are as good as Atom's and Ray Nelson's, and his sericon art can be compared with Dan'l Adkins... and duping is OK, and on a few pages you used even white paper, how about to keep it up and get rid of this lousy pulp you're using now? ~~Give me money!~~...but still I somehow like the color of this pulp paper...it's different....~~(the color or paper??)~~

Rudi's editorial comes with some shocking facts..I thot he was "only" 17, but now he says he's 21---he should know what I mean!! And at the moment the only thing Rudi seems to be doing in the zine is an editorial....~~(yes, he's semi-gafia)~~

Rolf always choose nice titles for his articles, but the one this time was a letdown...he'd stick to conreporting in the "old usual way" instead instead of this style...

Klaus Eylmann & Walter Ernsting in the same issue, my, my, here's 2 of Germany's most wellknown fans, both abroad, and home in Germany...and they are complete different. I find Klaus to be faanish and Walter sericon...and I think I agree with Walt...he also gives interesting "nside" infos on the German s-f field, more pliz. With Klaus' "Muddling in a Corner" I think this faanish vs. sericon has gone to damn far!! It started nicely out as being a lengthy discussion but seems to end with a feud.~~(it seems; it isn't, though. It was never more than a discussion, that is still going on. --hel)~~ ..that wasn't the intention, I think. However, I can only say that both, faanish and sericon is OK...depending in which mood you are, and I think Buck Coulson summed it up by saying, that, after all, s-f fandom is for the s-f fans, and other being outsiders.

The photo page was a lot of fun, altho I'd seen almost the same thing in an issue of SPACE TIMES some time ago...and you Germans manage to get such a wonderful photo-offset repro...altho the place I print my photo pages for CACTUS uses a German ROTAPRINT press the result is rather bad...and how much do you have to pay for getting this printed? ~~(we let it print at the offices of the SCIENCE FICTION CLUB DEUTSCHLAND, c/o Gottlieb Mährlein, Munich 42, Börschacherstrasse 20, W.G. 150 sheets cost \$5)~~

The Germans appear to be very faanish; in fact, I even find that Walt Ernsting looks faanish...no, he wasn't on THAT photo page but I've seen others too...And seeing Helmut "I'm only 16" Klemm was a shock I won't recover from. Don't feel like an outsider because you're only-16, I was 15 when I got started in fandom and I think someone started in the age of 9 or 10 (eh, Terry Carr??).

Nero really had something new to say on this subject, which now is getting somewhat boring.

I don't think YOU have mentioned s-f in TEE, you just tell us you have petting parties on your club meetings, which sounds pretty wild..and you drink Blog there too? ~~(I HATE COCKTAILS!! --hel)~~

Like you said, the lettercol was a great improvement over the last ish..have just read Bob Lambeck's advice on how a lettercol should be edited (in ETWAS 2) I must quote one thing: "The editorial comments in the lettercol must be of interest to the readers." And Bob is sooo right, you comments like: "Uff!! Jazz!! and hahahah ogawd!" are very much of interests to the readers--at least for me---they show your way of thinking ...hihi!

GEORGE C. WILLICK, 856 East Street,
Madison, Indiana, U.S.A. :

Dear Hel,

-27-

This issue of Bugeye was a great improvement over others I have seen. The photo-offset page was very interesting to me. I would hate Jürgen Mann on sight and dead. So do what you will I'm on your side. Likewise Klaus Eylmann. You can tell him for me that there isn't anything disgraceful about having your hair cut and then recommend a barber.

These sort always are present in fandom because it is open to odd ball types. The people who encourage intellect in fanzines don't happen to be intellectual. The intellectual uses fandom as a sounding board and a relaxing hobby. Who's the boy on the left in pic 5? He looks intelligent and sincere but misguided. ((It's Rainer Schmidt, a neofan. He entered fandom at the con. A biologist!))

Misguided....that's a word that has been aptly used to describe the German race. I open to the pic page and spotted you. I begin to think that maybe a person's character does come through in photographs.

JHIM LINWOOD, 10 Meadow Cottages, Netherfield, Nottinghamshire, ENGLAND
Helmut:

Taw for the latest Bug Eye which has shaken me out of my apathy to make a few comments on the fannish-phenomenon of our times: the Gerfan Rebels.

As I see it you lot have said "too hell with this sercon jazz, let's be faaaaaans, get drunk, jump into bed with the nearest dame, etc." All this is a severe case of reading too many highly colored con-reps from both sides of the big-pond....what you're glorifying isn't being particularly faaanish, but only a manifestation of adolescent-rebellion, with sercon Gerfandom taking the place of a staid-conservative family. Being faanish is being one's self. Two phrases seem to glare at the reader from the pages of Bug Eye: Goshwow we've discovered SEX, and s-f, who reads that craaaazy Buck Rogers stuff? Enuf of this damning (I was like it once)...nevertheless your splinter-group is a good thing, provided it doesn't over do it. Your photo page has made me consider visiting you next con...jeez we don't have femmes built thataway over here! (Linwood discovers SEX). ((I'm afraid you haven't quite understood what we're actually intending with our campaign for a more faanish Gerfandom. In fact, we've nothing against serconness at all! We just hate the sort of serconness, that is popular in Gerfandom! It's rather different from that you might understand under serconness. We are sercon too, sophisticated sercon, tho'. We don't speak about 'primary'-s-f, that is. But....you're right I don't read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff anymore... In fact, haven't read ~~any~~ s-f book for six months. --hel))

any

WIM STRUYCK, Willibrordusstr. 33B, Rotterdam, HOLLAND

((first Wim announces that he's no more active, semi gafia, he'd lost interest and wrote only from time to time a letter. --hel))

Hi, Hel,

-28-

I don't know much about Gerfandom but what I heard about it, was, in the first place, that it was a rather heavy and very serious affair. Now you tell me, you don't represent Gerfandom, but be that as it may, I now know that there is at least another kind of Gerfandom. Not so serious, not so dull, but faanish as it should be. Keep it that way, pliz. I certainly like the way you handle things in BUG EYE. Compliments for the picture gallery. Just one question, and please explain to me this mystery: In your pic page, pic 13: To whom for heaven's sake belongs the arms with the wrist-watch? Something is wrong in that picture. I suspect with malicious intent. I won't be able to sleep right, before I know the solution. ((the arm belongs to a wellknown, sercon, German BNF! I must keep it secret! The other sercons, his fiancee-in-be, scandal....!!!!hel))

PETER MABEY, 10 Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Glos., ENGLAND

Dear Hel,

'I was very interested to read Rolf Gindorf's con-report, and most impressed by the way the SFCD sub has been made an item deductible from income tax. I'll have to tell Joe Patrizio about this - though it'll not be so easy to persuade the Treasury we're respectable, as Kingsley Amis has joined the BSFA (he's definitely a faan!)

Although there are various other things I'd like to comment on in more detail (such as Julian Parr's extraordinary linking of Frazer, Velikowsky & Fort - like linking Heinlein, Statten & Bradbury!), I don't have time - so will finally remark on your passing mention that there are now no German prozines at all. Now, I've noticed that it's the proz much more than the pbs (still less the books) that are the real link between fans in this country - sciencefictionwise, anyhow - and indeed it's only through the prozine lettercols that any sort of organized fandom became established. With this background, it appears to me that fandom without prozines is almost a contradiction in terms - and it's therefore even more commendable that you've been able to keep your group going.

((0; there are ads of the EURO-

TOPIA & TRANSGALAXIS in almost any German s-f pulp!))

PETER SHINGLETON, 10 Emily Street, Burnley, Lancashire, ENGLAND.

Dear Hel,

'It appears to me that the main reasons for the violently opposed factions in Gerfandom of sercon and faanish is somewhat due to a considerable extent to the deplorable lack of regular prozines in your country for reasons which I'm sure will be obvious to anyone who cares enough to give the matter some thought. The position is sure to produce a strongly serconnish oriented group in order to 'preserve' as it were, a medium for the expression of the s-f talents of fandom, which is in itself a good thing. Providing it doesn't try to flourish at the expense of the faanish oriented group! Both facets are essential to the continued livelihood of fandom, and fandom as a whole cannot develop until counterbalance is reached between the two factions in order to form a cohesive whole. Quite a lot has been said already about the subject so I won't propound further, as further comments would be superfluous. In any event, I haven't had personal contact with the situation so I'm certainly no authority and any opinions I venture are purely conjectural!

The cover illo to TBE 7 was far less in keeping with the title of your fmz than its equivalent on TBE 6 but was no less effective and is far more likely to meet the approval of casual mundane visitors who happen to see it and are liable to pass hasty judgement on a fandom on viewing such an illo as decorates TBE 6: despite the fact of the existence of a number of unlikely protuberances emanating from the lower half of the figure depicted on the cover of No. 7 which only the most minute inspection displays to the puzzled observer the fact that a wayward post-mark plays an important part in the area under incredulous !
A most unfortunate coincidence which tends to mark a highly commendable combination of drawing and stencil-cutting.

Congratulations on your photo-page. A most interesting array of Gerfans in various moods of expression. Quality of photos and repro is of the highest standard - and that goes for the rest of your zine ! I must add my name to the long list of English & American fans who stand in praise of the high quality of Rolf Gindorf's mastery of the English language. I can hardly believe that he is a German and I constantly had to remind myself of the fact during my reading of his excellent articles!

Burkhard 'Nero' Blum has no need to apologize for his English which he wrongly states is a (quote)"pain of all English-speaking readers to read my contributions" (unquote). I first corresponded with Nero late in 1959 and I've always found his brand of English understandable and interesting and I wouldn't want him to change his style because his unusual grammar makes a refreshing change to the all-to-precise grammar one usually has to contend with. I feel that Nero always makes his meaning abundantly clear.

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JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut, Gerfandom today is very much like the American fandom of not so long ago. We've had our serious phases, and our fannish ones, and when they have overlapped there has always been conflict. Most recently the arguments, centering mostly around TAFF, have been 'tween the sercon convention fans (who do not produce fanzines) and the fannish fanzine fans (who do). Fanzine fandom is divided in America today, with the trend, I'm sorry to say, toward serious discussion zines, and away from the Innuendo-A'bas-Excelsior-Void fannish fanzines I've come to love in my four years in fandom. I don't disapprove of serious discussion zines, I rather enjoy them, but it hurts to see fanzines which revolve around fans and fan doings (Stellar was the ideal example of this type) being completely replaced by those revolving around s-f and, to a greater extent, mundane subjects. We aren't as bad off, however, as you would seem to think, and I still have no trouble finding the fannish material I want for Dafoe. ((The situation is sad, now you've folded Dafoe, and Void is alone! I pin great hopes on Steve Stiles, tho'. Be sure, as soon as Void folds I'll gaffate, too! --hel))

Gosejacob's English is not as bad as he would have us believe.. none of your writer's English is. Rüdiger's English is not only understandable, it is readable...his future columns should be of great interest.

Rolf Gindorf writes a conreport notable not only for its lack of chronological "then we went out and had hotdogs and saw...." flavor, but for his observations on and descriptions of conflicts in Gerfandom. Characterizing all fannish fans as childish is quite incorrect. One of the most nature traits of fannish fans, especially when compared

to sercon fans, is their ability to take a feud or argument as being an end in itself, and an event that does not interfere with friendly relations between the feuding parties at a con.....something that sercon fans, who must be deadly in earnest about everything, seem to lack.

American fanzines have given rise to many pros, Bradbury, Silverberg and Ellison to name a few....but in their time these fans did not write exclusively s-f. It is a truth that a man who can write dynamic fiction, can also write well in other fields (such as fannish fiction, articles, etc.)

-30-

KEN CHESLIN, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, ENGLAND. Hi, Hel, Good old Rudi...Hel, tell him to press on with the good work, write more in TBE.

Interesting account of that con; by Rolf C. Gindorf. I hope that this will convince the more serious types that fannish fandom isn't all that bad, so long as it isn't overdone. I like Rolf's style of writing:

Klaus Eylmann & you: All the fan eds I know of publish because they like publishing...and attract readers from those who like to read the same sort of stuff as the ed prints. After all, no one forces anyone to read a fanzine he doesn't like. However much a faned may "crusade" for fannishness (or serconess) it won't do much more than create a temporary stir of interest...the ones who like what they read will stay on, and all the "crusadeing" in the fan-world won't make them stay otherwise. If TBE or another fannish slanted Gerzine gets a large German readership it will not be because of the "crusadeing" editor (like you, Hel) but because those Gerfen like a fannish zine.

Personally I wouldn't be surprised to see the prin & proper Gerfandom go extremely fannish during the next 5 years. As far as I can see Gerfandom is roughly the same position as US & Anglofandom was in the 30s ...and as it emerges from the serious period it will, for a time, swing over to the very fannish. (only to swing back later, and back again later still...these things seem to go in cycles).

It seems too that, owing to the preponderance of English speaking fan, that English is going to be a useful language for the active German fan; in the future far more than it is today.

And then there is Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France...and so on.. GALAXY is ^{translated} ~~translated~~ into many languages...there must, potentially at least, be a fandom in each of these countries. (One thing I'm rather surprised about is that Canada & Australia are not the homes of a more active fandom...mayhap this lack of a fandom is in some way connected to the distribution of their populations..and, in the case of Australia, the fact that is, geographically, awkwardly located.

In photo no. 1 who's that bloke in the glasses? Kwiat? ~~hell no~~, use your eyes & read the description. It's Winnie Scholz}} anyhow he looks a convivial type.....and handsome brute Gindorf ~~HA!~~ in no. 4. And who's the intelligent looking type in no. 5, next to Jürgen Mann? ~~see~~ Gee Willick's letter}} (J.M. looks as if he's the type who likes to think things out, logically and unhurried, but accurately.)

As for no. 6.....so that's where Alfred E. Neuman hides out when he's not in MAD!!! That darkhaired girl in no 13 looks something like our anglofemme Sandra Hall.

Three cheers for Nero Blün.

This thing, (review I suppose) by Julian Parr...agreed that there could be more s-f written with religion coming "under the microscope".....

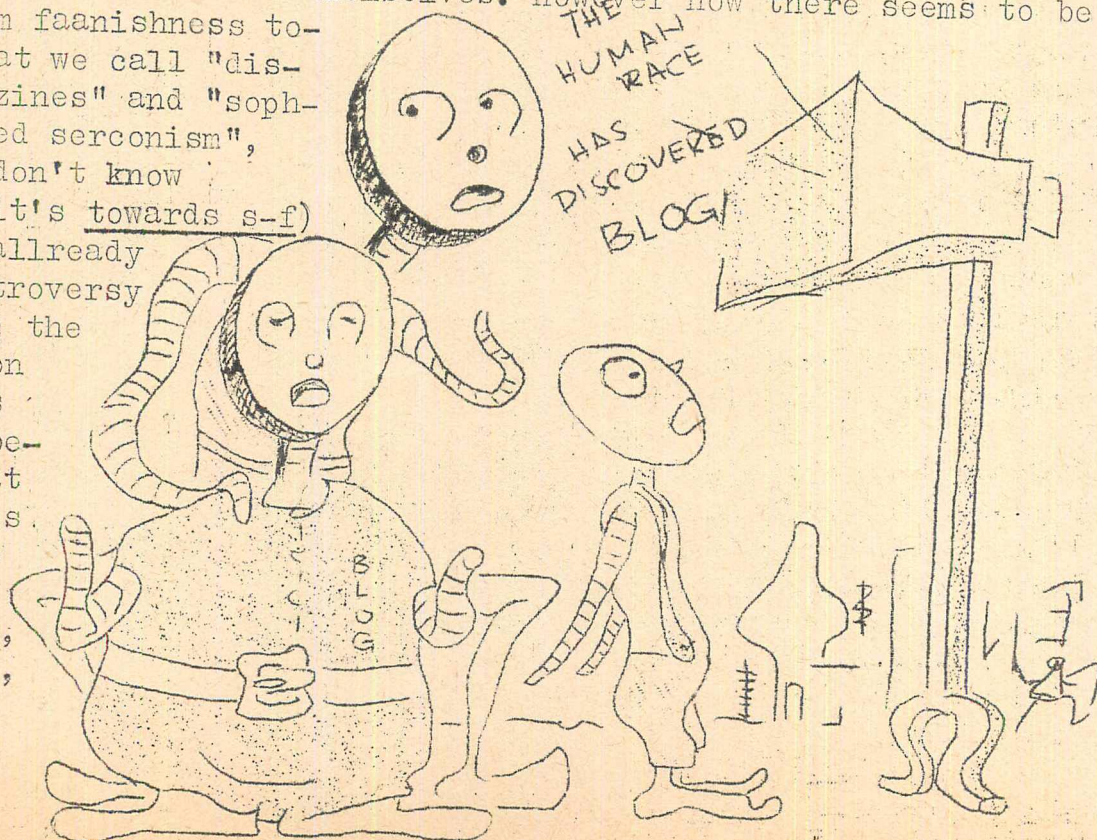
but I doubt that many authors will try to anything too controversial. BE-
CAUSE they have to sell the story. To sell the story it must be considered
by the editor, to be the sort of thing that his readers will enjoy.

IF it, during the course of the plot, takes to 'hefty a swing' at re-
ligion it is bound to annoy a fair proportion of the readers...and an editor
can't take too many chances at upsetting the people who, indirectly but cer-
tainly, pay his wages. Therefore, most of the more interesting and "off
trail" speculations will be unacceptable...only the more conformist "religion
based" stories stand a chance of publication...(like James Blish's "A Case
of Conscience", or the C. S. Lewis books). Admitted, some interesting sto-
ries have found their way into print but not many...and not many authors
will write a story on a theme which they think/know, will not get past the
editor.

Ha haha har ha har har haw haw haw heh heh haw...O Boy! Never, but
NEVER did I think to see the day that Dick Schultz would write a SHORT let-
ter....o ghod, oh my o my.

STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y., U.S.A.
Dear Hel,

Rolf Gindorf's article was highly interesting. Rolf seems to have
the typical sardonic overtones most fans have, plus, in his mention of his
experiences with Frau von Müller, the fans typical attitude of belligerence
towards bullheaded authority. It must be rather difficult for German fandom
to appear innocent when Germany is under the threat of communism; and since
fandom usually has quite a lot of intelligent young men, which, unfortuna-
tely seems to be the ear mark of some forms of communism, holds meetings,
which might be mistaken, with cons, as communist rallies, and publish fan-
zines, which might be mistaken as propaganda. Do you usually have problems
in trying to explain fandom? ((see nextish)) It seems that the split between
sercon & fannish fans in your country is much more pronounced than in the
U.S. right now, perhaps because the sercon fans were somewhat in the mino-
rity and rather fannish themselves. However now there seems to be a swing
away from faanishness to-
wards what we call "dis-
cussion zines" and "soph-
-isticated serconism",
(altho I don't know
whether it's towards s-f)
there's already
some controversy
involved; the
discussion
zine fans
seem to be-
lieve that
fanishness
is on its
way out,
the faans,
of course,



violently disagree. It may develop that if more fans switch to sophisticated fandom a more pronounced separation will appear.//I liked the photo page; quite an intelligent looking group of fen there. You, Hel, remind me somewhat of Leslie Gerber, known three years ago as Les "I'm only 14" Gerber. ((Judging from articles I've read about Les, we both seem to have the same character. I'd been fired from school recently, too....--hel))

The more I read Bug Eye the more I see how universal fandom is. The arguments Burkhard 'Nero' Blum mentions about s-f in fanzines are almost identical to our opinions. Most short s-f stories in our fanzines are miserable. The idea of fanzines recruiting new comers by printing s-f has also been discussed. Most of the stuff would tend to scare them away!!! ((By the way, Steve, all contributions in the last issue⁺ have been written by the authors!! WE HAVE NOTHING TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH!!! +and in this too. --hel))

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY, Box 158, Rochester, Texas, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut Klemm,

I wish that I could write in German, since you do me the courtesy of writing in English, but I began to learn German only a little time ago, in order to read through the Wagner operas without translation; ((Shudder!! I hate Wagner, so I do Stravinsky & Hindemith! I don't like 12tone. And...there is another reason for my disliking of Wagner. Give a guess!--)) the translation are all very poor. So-- the words which I learn this way are of little help to me in writing about fandom!

I know enough to read through the translations I have seen of my novels in German, and to know if they are good or bad. I wish I knew who made these translations ((Walter Ernsting, I guess)) -- the man who translated RAUBVOGEL DER STERNE, I would like to shake his hand; the man who made over SEVEN FROM THE STARS into ERDE, DER VERBOTENE PLANET --(diese Übersetzung ist zu frei) I'd like to kick his --- dog. I've also seen an edition

of Dr. Allison's Zweites Ich, which I think means Dr. Allison's Second Self, and I like this, too; it is so simply written that I can read it in German myself, without holding the dictionary on my lap!((I've tried to read it but stopped after the sixth page! What a silly, confusing yarn!--hel))

I do not think much of the inclusion of short stories by amateurs in fanzines. The reason? If a young writer wishes to write the professional type of story, he will do better to submit it to a professional editor, and get cruel rejection slips which will teach him to do better next time; if it is



I GOT IT AT
KETTERING

Teevoo

printed in a fanzine, the editor will praise him (in order that the writer will give him more material) and so the young writer begins to think he has nothing more to learn. If a young

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writer wants an outlet for his early efforts, he should write things which are not professionally slanted. Writing fannish articles will teach him just as much about writing as anything else, too...but if a fan really wants to write professionally, he should be writing and submitting his work to professional markets. If they don't buy his work, he should tear it up, not give it to his friends for fanzines.....

REG

now I am not consistent, because I've written a lot for fanzines myself. But I would have sold professionally much more quickly if I had listened to the professional editors who said "Your stuff is lousy" instead of listening to the fans who told me how "talented" I was....

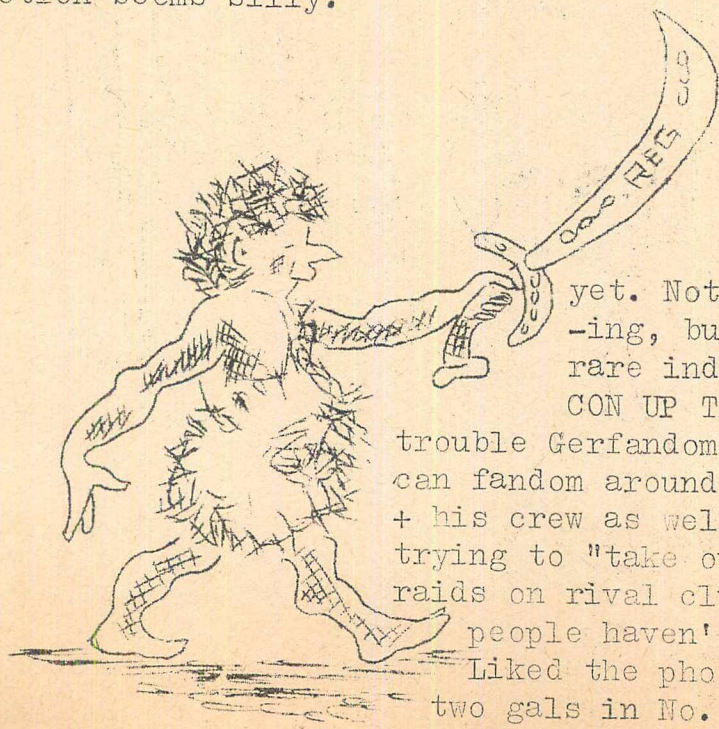
The worst thing about some fanzines published in Europe is this: the American reader doesn't know the fans who are involved, and accounts of the fannish doings of strangers are rather dull. On the other hand, not many people care to read dry & sober articles which are a poor imitation of what he can read in the professional magazines. I think, in BUGEYE, you have a very nice balance of the two elements. I particularly appreciated Walter Ernsting's article on fandom and science fiction in Germany, and Blüm's account of German fandom. As you probably know, the struggle between the sercon and the fannish fan types is as old as fandom itself, and will probably never be settled. As for me, I quote Shakespeare and say "A plague on both your houses!" I read s-f, I write it, I enjoy fanzines and fans, and this business of classifying fans as if they were specimens in a stamp collection seems silly.

OWEN HANNIFEN, 16 Lafayette Pl.,
Burlington, Green Mountains
State, U.S.A.

Hi Helm-

Got Bug Eye today, it is one of the finest received yet. Not only are the articles interesting, but well written also - a thing rare indeed these days. DOWN WITH SERCON UP THE ~~X/ZZZ~~ FAANS! You know, the trouble Gerfandom is having reminds me of American fandom around the late 30s, what with Michel + his crew as well as several other groups all trying to "take over" fandom. These were even raids on rival clubs (~~(????)~~); a step I hope you people haven't taken yet.

Liked the photo page muchly, just who were the two gals in No. 13, and HOW CAN I CONTACT THEM?



Marion Duval, Düsseldorf, Bergische Landstr. 408, W.G. I don't know the other gal. You look much younger than I tho't, and the zine is doubly excellent because of the youth of the editor.

Damn, I wish I were over in Germany now, it sounds like fanning is much more fun there. Smaller groups, feuds usw. But my Deutsch is limited to Wohin ist die (der das) Eisenbahnhaltestelle? (wo geht es hier zur E.) Geben Sie mir bitte....., Grüß Gott, and such like phrases - only one year in College. We Americans still tend to think that anyone can speak English, if he really try, and that if one speaks slowly, loudly, and clearly, anyone can understand English. Thus, when I see a German made zine in English it makes me wonder if we translate any of ours into any other tongue. Ah well...I've always said if I wasn't Irish, I'd like to be German, and this production strenghtens that viewpoint.

I liked the conreport, especially the part about the local BNF (GNF?) being refused bheer - wonder if Americans would have taken it so calmly, or if they'd have invaded the bar en masse plonkert & zap-guns blasting.

-34-

I'd like to visit you people at a con, but the only way at present is to join (eccob) the ARMY + this I'll not do for a while yet. There is TAFF, however..... Allerdings, I'm a Wagnerian, how about you? (see MZB's letter) The London recording of DAS RHEINGOLD was given me recently + I've played it till I almost know it by heart - GHOD. (ECCH)

CHRIS MILLER, 44, Wheatclose Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs., ENGLAND.
(EXCERPTS from a 6 page letter) Dear Hell,

I quite enjoyed the conrep. And the con seems to have been a success, if you have managed to show some of the serconfen that fandom is not all stupidity, and anyway can be fun.

To me, these other fans in Germany seem to be frustrated reader types. If you don't have enuf printed s-f, then they will, and I dont see why they shouldnt, expect that the duplicated fmz will do some extent supplement this lack. Thus they want stories, articles on Science, and the like. They are still in the stage of being serious about their s-f. There is nothing wrong with this, but, they are not FANS. A fan in these days, is someone who wants to talk and read, not only s-f, but other things too. After all, there are many millions of people in the world, and you cant to write them all. So, a common interest in s-f is as good a reason as any, for narrowing the member down to manageable proportions. But then, you usually, you find that the s-f reader who is prepared to write to you, is prepared to be voluble on many other subjects than s-f. Now Hell, there is no reason why s-f shouldnt be discussed in fmz...witness the storm about STARSHIP TROOPERS! This is s-f, you must admit, and it was being discussed in fmz. There is nothin wrong with s-f, or even science in fmz, but usually it is out of place. Discussions about science will usually be of the form..."is such-and-such an idea scientifically feasible?" and then, there are only a certain times that you can ask this question, before you start having to repeat yourself, as you have run out of ideas to discuss. It is at this stage that you perhaps start to discuss the ideas on societies that s-f puts foreward. This sidetracks away from s-f, and may well bring in discussions on Boats, and crime, and sociology, and religion, politics and so on, all the other non-s-f (in themselves) ideas, but which stem from a discussion on s-f. This is a good thing. Then there will develop fmz that dont bother to mention s-f at all. They publish humor, and concentrate on fannish doings, rather than be serious. Because

it is an accepted thing, that when fen get together, things happen, and some other fen are interest in what does happen. So this also has interest. This is what you seem to be trying to create. But this is no reason why you should scorn the other fans in Germany, who are what I would call s-f readers, if there were enuf s-f for them to read. They seem to be after something like the BSFA is attempting to appear, to outsiders...an organisation to encourage s-f writing, to which end they pub. in VECTOR, the O-C, book reviews, and such like. Thus it acts as a sort of miniature s-f mag...or rather it can do. There, if readers want to argue about s-f, a stage which a lot of fen have gone thru, then they can. And, this is the point, if they want to go on and discover fandom, as they progress along the lines I suggested, up there, then there are fans in the organisation who will help them. In fact, it is run by fans. But that is no reason why it should be a fannish organisation, and in fact, it isnt. Fannishness is kept in the background, so as not to scare them off.

What I dislike about Gerfandom, as seen from your zine, and others, is the attitude that the other side are a load of nuts! Thus, you tend to think of the others as being a load of fuddy-duddys, who cant see the "greater glory of fandom." And they cant understand, and perhaps dont want to understand, why you do such childish things. Both of you are wrong. They are going thru the process that will eventually either make a fan, in the USA/UK sense of the word, or they will stay as s-f readers. You have either missed, or telescoped this period, and can accept fandom. But it seems you ^{may} have skipped too much, and are only seeing one facet of fandom, the most obvious one, the faaanishness. The good fellowship; the friendliness. But this only springs from a feeling sort of group feeling, because you are, after all, a "member" of a very small minority group. To neglect all that has gone before is wrong. But I seem to have strayed from my main theme, which was that they are wrong, for being intolerant, this is always a bad thing, in people, and also that YOU are intolerant, which is much worse, as a fan should be tolerant, above all. I think that, if he isnt, then there is something missing, in his development. Now a fan, knowing all the different sorts of people who make fans, can get on with them, and not be tolerant, beats me, but then, I dont know everything!!! Still, I think that a pitying attitude towards these other Germans, an attitude that "they'll learn in time", rather than "they are just dated" will be better, just because they dislike you is no reason why they should be fought with their own weapons of antagonism themselves. I hope this makes sense ((it has! Thanks for the good advice.)) -35-

Muddling in this Corner....well, I dont know. I dont see why you should have to be typical of German fmz, just as I dont see why Alan Burns insists that Sture Sedolin pub. a fmz which is typically Swedish! This is just stupid! Why should a faned restrict his zine to be typical of his his country, if he doesnt want to?? ((!!!!)) On the other hand, I dont see why you shouldnt pub some s-f, if you think that it is quite good. There is no reason why you shouldnt have some sort of "balanced" zine, rather than all trufannish, which I think tends to be a bit tiring, after a short time. To be funny all the time is impossible, and the attempt is only not to realize this which is silly. There must be some serious stuff, sometimes, and this is what makes a zine good...some fan fiction (sorry faaan), some serious topic, or perhaps an article about something which interests the writer, and seems likely to interest some of the readers, a lettercol, NOT filled with praise of the zine, but with comments on the lastishs, and ideas thrown in by the writers, after the style of GOOD m-cs in an APAzine.

((Chris Miller continued)) There must, I think, be some sort of an editorial, either personal reminiscences, a point of view, statement of policy or whathaveyou.

Thanx for the foto sheet. Annemarie looks swell!!! Hell looks like a nut!!! ((I'll give you a beating, bhoy!)) Why thell dont you comb your hair?! ((Gimme money, a good haircut is rather expensive here.)) Who was the other fenmefan with Marion Duval? ((Karen Sterman. You can get details about her by contacting Rolf Gindorf)) I guess that Jürgen Mann has such a straight nose, from looking down it the whole time!!

From what Julian Parr says about Religion in the future, it would seem that Nowak seems to be developing, not many such futures, but one. This is bad, as there are many possible futures for religion, and to concentrate on only one of them is a self restriction which is cramping to the style, and not needed, anyway. I seem to remember having read several s-f stories which attempted to explain various passages in the bible, as incidentals to the story, so as to make it sound more feasible, but I dont think that this sort of story has any advantage, or inherent superiority, over one which does not. Tho I s'pose that, to a Christian, this may be different. I think, that in the future we will have many changes, as the older religions dwindle, and possibly die out, to be replaced, perhaps, by y cult of materialism which may be followed by a revival, or a new religion, more suited to the times. Dont forget that when first "introduced" if that is the right word, a religion was topical, and ideally suited to the times in which it existed. And by turning even further....to Fort, for eg, one is eventually going to become involved in the idea that what is being written could be true, and then we get another Shaver-type blow-up, as the author claims that his findings PROVE that such-and-such is true, and the bible is OK & c. So s-f get a bad name, again. It is not good for s-f authors to delve to deeply into the past, and to try and explain eg the bible, as it too soon ceases to become merely a story frame, the author starts to believe what he writes, and KAPUT. ((I'm sorry, Chris, that I had to cut your letter. I'll print your comments re. Walt Ernsting & organized fandom in a later ish. --hel))

-36-

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, ENGLAND

Dear Hel,

"DICK BNEY FOR TAFE" - of course, and very much so too.

"Adkins" - the only Adkins illo I ever remember actually liking.

It came as a nice surprise, an all-English -language German fanzine. (To return the compliment, somebody ought to put out a German-language British or American fanzine, but I doubt if the will somehow.) An even greater surprise, to see Deckinger among your contributors and Dodd mentioned in the lettercol as having contributed to a previous issue. This is probably a Good Thing. I'm not exactly enthusiastic over their pre-occupation with lousy filma and things, but at least they have diplomatic relations with you.

Gindorf's conrep was of considerable interest, and highly amusing in places. It's largely notable for signs of a sort of impromptu order arising out of the chaos into which Gerfandom seems to have been wallowing these last couple of years. I've read reports here and there on the current state of various Gerfan clubs, who belongs to which one when, which initials belong to which club at which time, etc, which both saddened and puzzled me. But from current signs, you seem to be **settling** down into a system whereby it's the fandom that's important, not the individual clubs,

and fans can meet, correspond, publish etc. without necessarily belonging to the same club or any club - the same happens in English-speaking fandom for the most part.

Klaus Eylmann's piece seems to be harking back to the previous state of affairs, I'm glad to observe that this piece is "dated".

The idea of English-language reviews of German-language books is a bit dubious - inasmuch as few if any of the English-language readers would be able to read the book concerned if they had it. If the book is interesting enough, of course, the idea is justified, and might even prompt somebody to ask for translations (though who would publish same's another matter of course).

Alan Burns does NOT look anything like the illo at the bottom of P.15. But I'll have to think this over further, he's given me an idea----

Ernsting's article was interesting, too. And that's an excellent kangaroo illo there.

Cheslin's "Peghoot" actually worked on me. Actually it cheats - traditionally, the Peghoot-type character should make the pun, spoonerism or whatever the payoffline happens to be. But it's one of the better specimens, nevertheless.

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WE ALSO HEARD FROM: DONALD WOLLEIM, Don's letter was by far the best I got.....and I lost it!!! Verdamtnochmal! Send me the carbon of the letter, Don, will you? ROBERT E. GILBERT, Hell, why don't you use AIR MAIL? DOTTIE HARTWELL, she needs material for her forthcoming zine WHISPERING.

" " , 124 Satnley Road, Hornchurch, Essex, England. PHIL HARRELL, who says: "Not only does Gindorf speak better English than I do, he writes it ~~better~~ better and more enjoyable than I do. There ought to be a law against guys like that, make me feel so stupid.//Welcome Fellow Muddler in a corner, all American fandom muddles with you, probably in the same corner." LARRY McCOMBS: "I've just finished a year of "scientific" German, so now I can say things like: "In einem sorgfältig getrockneten, mit Rührer, Thermometer und Topftrichter versehenen Dreihalskolben, wird eine Lösung von, im Vakuum unter Stickstoff destilliertem Benzolsulfchlorid in über Natrium getrockneten Petroläther auf mindestens -10° abgekühlt." Sagen Sie Larry, das haben Sie doch bestimmt aus einem Lehrbuch abgeschrieben, oder...? LYNN HICKMAN, BRUCE BURN, ROY TACKETT, RUTH BERMAN, BOB LICHTMAN, FRANZ SOLCHER, HANS FRANZKE, HELMUTH KAISER, JACK CHALKER, WILLIAM E. NEUMANN, ALAN BURNS, JOHN BAXTER, GEORGE LOCKE, E. Ziegert, B. Blüm, Art Hayes //COME BACK ANNE STEUL!//DICK BNEY FOR TAPP!//

-37-

Hel Klemm

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we trade

☒ I'd like to print something by you

☒ I'd like to trade (all for all) TBE for ~~SE HICKMAN (1-1)~~

☒ Bitte send a LoC AIR MAIL

☐ You CONTRIBUTED

☐ You commented

☒ Your name is mentioned

☒ Please review it. In

☐ You're JOHN BERRY, LYNN HICKMAN, ED MESKYS, KEN CHESLIN

☒ Other: How about coming over here and visiting me?

☒ Please send me your KAPA zine