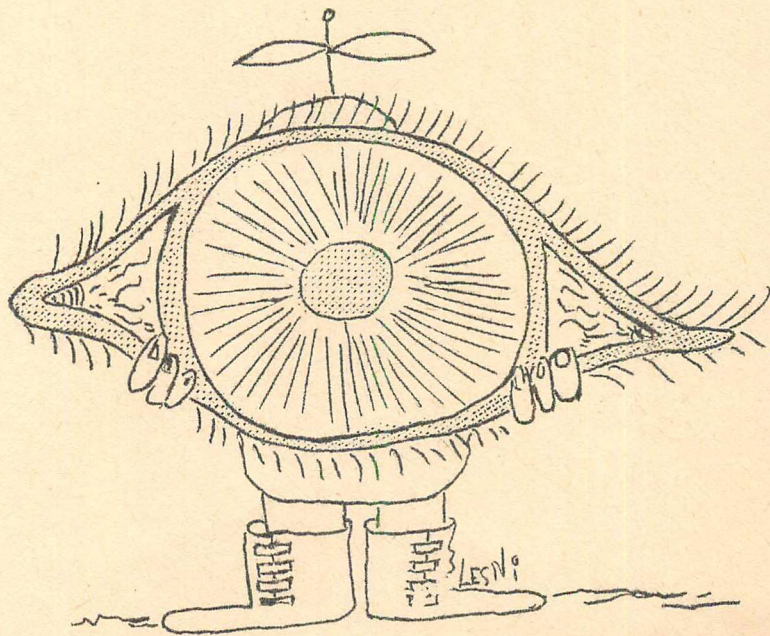


THE BUG EYE

9



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THE BUG EYE No.9

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GOLEMM PUBLICATION NO. 11

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NUNTIUS HORRIBILIS FUIT AUDITU

Hel Klemm

"Would you mind explaining your address to me? What does Krs. Moers mean?" Chuck Wells asked. Ah well, let's see: HELMUT KLEMM....that's my name, in case you didn't know it.

16 Uhland Street...I guess you are intelligent enough to know what that means!

Utfort/Eick is the village I live. It's a suburb of Moers, and the nearest big towns in my neighborhood are Duisburg, Wesel, (are you listening, Harry Warner?), and Düsseldorf.

Krs. Moers....Krs..is an abbreviation and stands for Kreis = county.

I am descended from an old socialdemocratic family. My great-grandfather was one of the founders of the SPD.

I got a rather peculiar conduct grade in my last report: "Impertinent"! And that in a girls' school....I sure am a real faaan!

THERE AREN'T ANY NAZIS IN GERMAN FANDOM, JIM LINWOOD! Quite the opposite, I'd say. Just look at me. There seem to be lots of Swedish fans belonging to Neo-Nazi organizations, tho. These people never give up, do they?

As a matter of fact I joined in the "Walk For Peace" march in Osnabrück, July 28. It was a sublime demonstration, but later on some right-wing papers asserted we were a communist underground movement. These people call anything that's rubbing them the wrong way, commies. I can't help it, I hate conservative!

Ingrid Fritzsche is on her way to Germany. She is going to visit Heinz Bingenheimer (TRANSGALAXIS), and then, as far as I know, the Hannover s-f circle. Let's do hope I can meet her.

By the way, due to pressure from mundaneland, I'm composing this directly

onto stencil. I haven't the time to make a draft. Looking over the mess I've written so far, I'll never do it again! Hope ye can get it.

My personality comes thru, doesn't it? It's true, Jürgen Mann says I have none but that doesn't trouble me, he's disliking me anyway, as, incidentally, most Germans do.

"If Alan Burns is right, I'm a premature baby, because I was born December 19, a bit early. Wouldn't it be odd if someone

took a poll and the vast majority of fen really did have birthdays

about nine months after the Walpurgis party"...Harry Warner. I was born December 12.

(cont'd page 10)

WOULD YOU SAY THAT
ALAN BURNS WAS
UNDERMINED BY
THE OVERMIND?



RAMBLING FAN

by Rolf C. Gindorf

Having proceeded as far as the heading I guess I've made my purpose amply clear: at the time of this writing I don't have the slightest idea what I'm going to write about, so I intend to take the easy way out and just plain ramble. This is something I've always liked to do, since it doesn't take long and careful preparations as with an article on some weighty question or other; all that is required is keeping your mind open and watch for some ideas to hit you. It does happen, you know ...

FANS I'VE MET AND FANS I'VE NOT

Leaving the question of the rather peculiar grammar aside for the time being, I'd like to talk about those English fans who've been unfortunate enough to meet me. Not that I've ever been to England, mind you --- all the Anglofans I know (... ahem .. all three of them, that is) came to Germany ~~just~~ to see me ... at least, that's the way I prefer to look at it.

First of them, of course, was good old -- well, not quite that old -- Julian Parr, of the late Stoke-on-Trent Science Fiction Circle. For some time after the war Julian Parr, aka Anton Bagatzky of the provocative articles, was rather a well-known figure in Anglo-American fandom, who had had material in various English and Stateside 'zines. He was mid-wife to Gerfandom back in 1955, and remained an officer of the original Club until things were well under way.

It was he who made me realize that fandom could be more than 'scientific' articles and cruddy fan-written sf, published in the even cruddier amateur magazines appearing at that time in Germany. In his great collection of English and American fanzines --- in the pages of HYPHEN, ORION, and the other 'zines of five years ago --- I first met Walt Willis and John Berry, and in some way I've never been the same since. It was Julian Parr who actually got me involved with mainstream fandom ... and I hope you won't hold this against him!

The past couple of years he's been fafia, but he wrote me last month that he intends to return to actifandom not too far in the future. 'Old fans never die' ... but I certainly hope that Ju Parr won't fade away either!

+++

My next encounter with an Anglofan was not to take place until some time later, in 1958. One afternoon Julian phoned me (I was then living in Düsseldorf) and told me that the English fan Brian Burgess was in town, and would I like to meet him? I sure as hell would; I vaguely remembered having read his name in one of those

fabulous fanzines which were so different from our own local output, and I was decidedly not going to miss the chance of meeting a real honest-to-Ghods Anglofan!

Now stop for a moment to consider that at that time, I was still very much of a starry-eyed idealist. Somehow I'd got hold of the idea that Anglo-American fandom was peopled by venitable supermen. Add to this the cliché conception of the English Gentleman of the Upper Middle Class, complete with stiff upper lip, bowler hat, and umbrella, and you have a good idea of what my juvenile mind was expecting to see.

After Julian had made the introductions and taken his leave (he had to go away on business) I simply stared at Brian. Please bear in mind that I had been looking forward to seeing an English Gentleman (whatever that meant), that there was no HABAKKUK around at the time, and that I had never heard anything about beats either. True, I had seen the 'clochards' in Paris, but even this did not soften the blow I felt at seeing my highly cherished stereotypes smashed beyond hope of repair. Not that I thought Brian Burgess was a somewhat watered-down British Edition of a French clochard ... no, it was worse: there he was, my first direct contact with contemporary Anglofandom with which I wanted to identify, and he turned out to look just like -- of all things -- an ordinary human being, albeit with somewhat extraordinary (or so it seemed to me) ways and dress.

Instead of wearing a City suit or at least Harris Tweed, he was dressed in what I have since come to regard as the TETU -- the Typical English Tourist Uniform, which is quite a bit different from what we all know, from countless movies and novels, the English Gentleman to be wearing.... All this was topped by one of those things (I guess they call them 'Seppel-Hüte') that the English seem to think all the Germans are wearing as head dress. Brian carried his head with so much gusto and obvious pride that I never had the heart to tell him that, not counting a few backwoodsmen in the Bavarian Alps, those hats were nowadays the stock-in-trade of road working gangs and professional bums ...

He struck me at once as being a very quiet and soft-spoken type, and although I am usually quite the contrary (which is understatement at its brilliant best: you should have seen the low marks in 'Conduct' I used to get in school!) I was still too dazed to contribute much to the conversation. We walked along the Rhine, and Brian told me all about the latest developments in the 'plane trip' affair which was then rocking fandom, and he generally did his best to answer my somewhat incoherent questions about British and American fans. - I was awe-struck by his casual accounts of his many hitch-hiking feats (which is illegal in Germany) and, just like the dumb young neo I was, I gradually began to admire him for his non-conformity ...

What stands out in my memory of that meeting is that we did talk a lot about science fiction!

If Brian does remember meeting me in those days, I'm afraid he'll think of me as a very conventional youth asking a lot of silly questions --- and I surely can't blame him.

++++

After that it was not until last May that I was to meet another

Anglofan -- Peter Mabey, who was vacationing in Soest with his parents. I knew that Peter was librarian of the BSFA, of which Thea Grade is an Overseas Member. He had been corresponding with Thea and Helmut Klemm for some time, while I had met him in various lettercols. So it was arranged that we would all meet in Soest, with Thea picking Helmut and me up on the way.

This time it would all be different, I told myself. After all, I was by now fully au courant with fandom; I knew what was going on and, what was more, English fans could be expected to know about me! In short, I intended to be prepared --- to the point of practicing what I considered an Oxford Accent when dictating English letters in the office. In retrospect now I'm beginning to suspect the meaning of those side glances the girls in the office kept exchanging at my heroic efforts, and perhaps it was just as well that somehow I never got around to trying it out on Peter ...

Thea was at that time the proud owner of what is commonly known as a bubble car, although quite frankly 'bibble car' would have been nearer to the truth from a phonetic point of view. It was SMALL, and of the type of which six can park under a medium-sized American car ... As she has acquired a real car since I hope she'll forgive me my irreverent remarks. - Anyway she picked me up all right and even managed to stow me away somewhere conveniently, but I couldn't help wondering where in blazes Helmut was supposed to fit in. I need not have worried: Helmut failed to show up at our rendezvous in Duisburg. It turned out later on that he had misinterpreted the instructions he had received. After waiting for over an hour we climbed back into the ... well, all right ... car to arrive at Soest ninety minutes later than scheduled.

When approaching the hotel we knew Peter to be staying in I immediately pointed out a figure standing in front of the hotel entrance and told Thea that this was definitely our man. We parked the car some fifty yards from the hotel and went slowly towards the character standing idly at the door. Neither of us had any idea of what Peter Mabey looked like, but we counted on his recognizing us, since he'd seen our pictures in the photo-page of THE BUG EYE.

The man I had spotted from the car was around thirty, wore spectacles, and had a good-humoured face which seemed always on the verge of grinning. He was an Englishman if I ever saw one, from the TETU to the camera dangling from his neck. When we passed him I looked him straight into his eyes --- mind you, I'm not exactly used to staring at strange men in public, but this was evidently a special case calling for an exceptional approach --- and although I would have sworn it was Peter Mabey he returned my gaze without so much as a flicker. So much for my hunches, I reflected sadly.

Inside the hotel I checked with a clerk and asked for Mr. Mabey. "I'm afraid he has left", I was told. "No - there he is, standing in front of the door!" -- So my hunch had been right after all: Mr. Stony-Face was our man all right. I straightened my shoulders, adopted what I hoped could pass for a steely look, and - feeling like Stanley in Africa - marched back up to the guy at the door, asking him softly, "Peter Livingstone Mabey, I presume?" - He was.

After having lunch together Peter took us on a guided tour thru' the town of Soest, acting as our cicerone - and a very qualified one he was. I liked him immediately; he struck me as a mature person with a quiet, ever present sense of humour. We exchanged gossip

about recent events in fandom, and spent a wonderful fannish afternoon. - Peter works for an aircraft company, and I asked him if he could let me have one of their turbo-props cheap. Nothing expensive, mind you, just a medium-sized passenger job. Although we had got quite far in our negotiations the business could not be concluded after all; Peter stubbornly refused to grant me the other one per cent discount I insisted on ... he just wouldn't give me more than 99 p.c. ...

As usual, I'd forgotten to bring my camera with me, but we took turns at taking shots with Peter's. It was here that he outdid himself and played a dirty trick on us --- as we were to learn later, that camera of his didn't have any film most of the time ...

We didn't leave him before having his firm promise that he'd have another issue of SIDEREAL out Real Soon Now.

+++

You may have wondered, when reading the caption of this column, how one could possibly write about fans one hasn't met. Well, I was referring to those whom I might have met, if it hadn't been for some tiny circumstance that happened to prevent my doing so. Take the case of John Berry, for instance ---

The town of Wuppertal (pop. 350,000) is world-renowned for its overhead railway, the Schwebebahn, winding its way for some twenty miles over the river Wupper. The only accident that ever occurred was when, believe it or not, an elephant broke through a wall and dropped from one of its coaches some ten yards down into the river. While the elephant (a small one) emerged unscratched to trumpet his joy at this unexpected bath right in the middle of the jungle of the big city, the circus that had put him in the Schwebebahn as a publicity stunt was less jubilant, since they had to foot the bill for the damaged coach. - But we digress.

Said town boasts a strong garrison of our allies: the British Army of the Rhine, to defend us from any attacks by evil forces. That is, at the time we are concerned with they may still have been called Occupation Army, but that would be splitting hairs. We all know how such things change nowadays. - One of the British soldiers serving there was none other than Lt. John Berry, who was later to become the distinguished man of letters we all love and admire.

Furthermore - and to round things off - said town boasts a number of schools of Higher Learning, and one of them is the Städtisches Neusprachliches Gymnasium Aue - 'Gymnasium' being the German equivalent for a combination of High School and College. It is a venerable school that has recently celebrated its 125th Anniversary; one of its teachers had been Professor Fuhlrott, discoverer of the Homo Neandertalensis, and one of its students was, oddly enough (-any relationship is purely coincidental-), this writer.

After discovering in the English Section of my school's library Orwell's "1984" and Campbell's "Incredible Planet", I had swallowed the bait hook, line and sinker and become, by 1951, a science fiction addict. German sf worthy of the name being non-existent at the time, I automatically turned to such sources as were open to me to get the books from: the Main Station International news-stand, and the British Centre Libraries. From the former I bought the early Signet paperbacks, and from the latter I could borrow Clarke, Wells, Heinlein, and many others. - Aside from those I had discovered one other valuable source: the Y.M.C.A. book-stand of the local garrison near the Freudenberg barracks, and the 'Globe' of the Army Kinema Corporation, where I saw many a fantasy film.

Of course, those places were normally out of bounds for mere Germans, but I was in business relations with some chaps from a certain battalion, and thus never had any difficulties. To tell you the truth about those relations, I was for some time a member of a veritable gang of smugglers --- the British soldiers procured sizeable quantities of army issue cigarettes (mostly 'Senior Service' and 'Players', as I recall it) and sold them at a nice profit through 'channels', with me acting as interpreter. I never got or wanted a penny out of those transactions: I was only interested in speaking English. I'm not sure a Court of Law would have considered this an extenuating circumstance, but thank goodness this heinous act of customs evasion will by now have fallen under the statute of limitation.

The point I'm trying to make though is that I may have been playing 'darts' with, or sitting in a chair next to, John Berry --- without either of us having the slightest idea that our ways might cross again within that fascinating microcosm called fandom ...

All of which, of course, was not much more than a bit of wild, nostalgic speculation. I'm not sure at all that the Goon was still in Wuppertal in 1951, nor whether --- being a candidate for a commission as I understand --- he was ever likely to be at the Y.M.C.A. with the enlisted men. Finally neither he nor I were fans at that time, in the sense of being aware of the existence of fandom, and for all I know John Berry might not even have been reading sf then.

All these things notwithstanding I sometimes wonder what might have happened if we had actually met then and there ...

+++

L A J A G H !

On reading the lettercol of the last BUG EYE I made a little mental note to thank Phil Harrell for informing me and fandom at large that I speak battier English than he does. Of course, I'm not prepared to argue this point, since it's all a matter of relativity (and very much so in this particular instance, it would seem), but I'll admit to having been fascinated by languages --- any languages --- ever since I could read. For some time I even thought of making linguistics my career, but then decided against it and in favour of a profession offering me an optimum of --- economic and personal --- satisfaction (or 'influence', or 'power', or just plain egoboo, which all boils down to essentially the same thing) with the added advantage of making use of --- in an instrumental and at the same time quite fundamental sort of way --- those most basic media of human communication, languages.

But to come back to Phil Harrell and a few others: you're definitely seeing things out of proportion. After all, English is genealogically a Germanic language (and I wonder how Mike Deckinger, who 'hates all Germans', will take this), although typologically, of course, it's between the Mongolian and Chinese languages (and that's for this 'yellow-skinned bastard' bit of yours in SHAGGY, Mike Deckinger!).

I've found a nice little phrase which, spoken with oh-so-casual modesty and while lighting a cigarette, never fails to make people shut up about that language bit for good.... After all, discounting a few Germanic and Romanic languages of our own native Indo-European Group the only other language Group I know reasonably much about is the Hamito-Semitic one, and I can't say that I'm very good at Arabic either ...

Languages are just a ghoddamn' hobby, like!

++++++

Yesterday I received Ayn Rand's ANTHEM. Yesterday was friday, 13th October. I'm not at all superstitious.

I just read the novel. I think it's a good work. Ayn Rand knows how to write, her style is good. Also the consequences of the novel I accept. I'm an individuum -- I don't like communism at all. Am not a part of an imaginary we -- I am an ego. I'm sure it would be impossible for you -- and it's impossible for me too -- to live in a community described in ANTHEM, in 1984, in BRAVE NEW WORLD or in WE.

It is impossible for you to live in such a world, and it is impossible for me to live in such a world -- as long as you are you, ego, and I am I, ego.

I accept relativism and pragmatism too. I think I know the consequences of Watson's theory -- but it is not only possible to 'build', to create, to form the ego, it is also possible to change mankind by changing the characteristics inherited from the parents, the chromosomes. Maybe it's not possible at the moment to change them aimed, but that's of no account. It's only of account that there is not the one essence of man and consequently it is nonsensical to speak about these 'rights by nature' or how you named it.

It is on principle possible to change the abstractum 'man' which means that there is no such abstractum, no essence of 'man'. It is, of course, impossible to change philogeny, but it is on principle possible to change ontogeny by changing the inherited characteristics. In consequence, ontogeny is no longer the abridged repetition of philogeny -- what does endure of 'man'?

This means that the world of Huxley or Rand is possible, possible without any member of this community who (or which?) does not like this community and does think it's against the essence of mankind.

I think that's all I had to tell you -- or ask you, for I'd like to know how you think about these problems. But let me write some more words -- let me come back to relativism and pragmatism. Relativism says too that there are no absolute values and pragmatism tells us to do not act as if there are such values. These words have only account if we (we=mankind) do not create a 'synthetic nature' of man -- if we created a BRAVE NEW WORLD, this words would be without any sense.

Does pragmatism be in contrast to communism? (I do not speak of the communism we find in the communistic countries) I think it doesn't say anything about communism -- it only would no longer exist in a communistic country

Pragmatism needs individuals and is a senseless word without an individual. If you're a pragmatist you have no cause to be against the Brave New World.

You know -- for you know that the essence -- the nature of mankind can be changed -- that the people of the Brave New World are happy. It's a sterile happiness and a strange happiness, but you can definitely say that they are happy. You also can be sure that they will always be happy for they will never change and never know or imagine an other world and a way of life. Mankind will not even become decadent, for every part of the 'we' is created new -- is like each Alpha or Beta or Gamma before

him had been.

A BRAVE NEW WORLD would be a huge benefit for mankind and would bring no disadvantage -- only mankind needs to be changed a little -- but why not -- you act in conformity even with pragmatism, for there would be no future danger for an atomic world war and self destruction of mankind.

Let's see forward to the Brave New World -- I do not even wish to become an Alpha, because they are all happy.

Burkhard Blüm

-finis-

(editorial continued) The keyboard of German typers seems to be quite different from British and American ones. By way of comparison here is mine:

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A S D F G H J K L Ö Ä

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Y X C V B N M ? ! ' I'm thinking of calling my mimeo QWERTZUIOP-

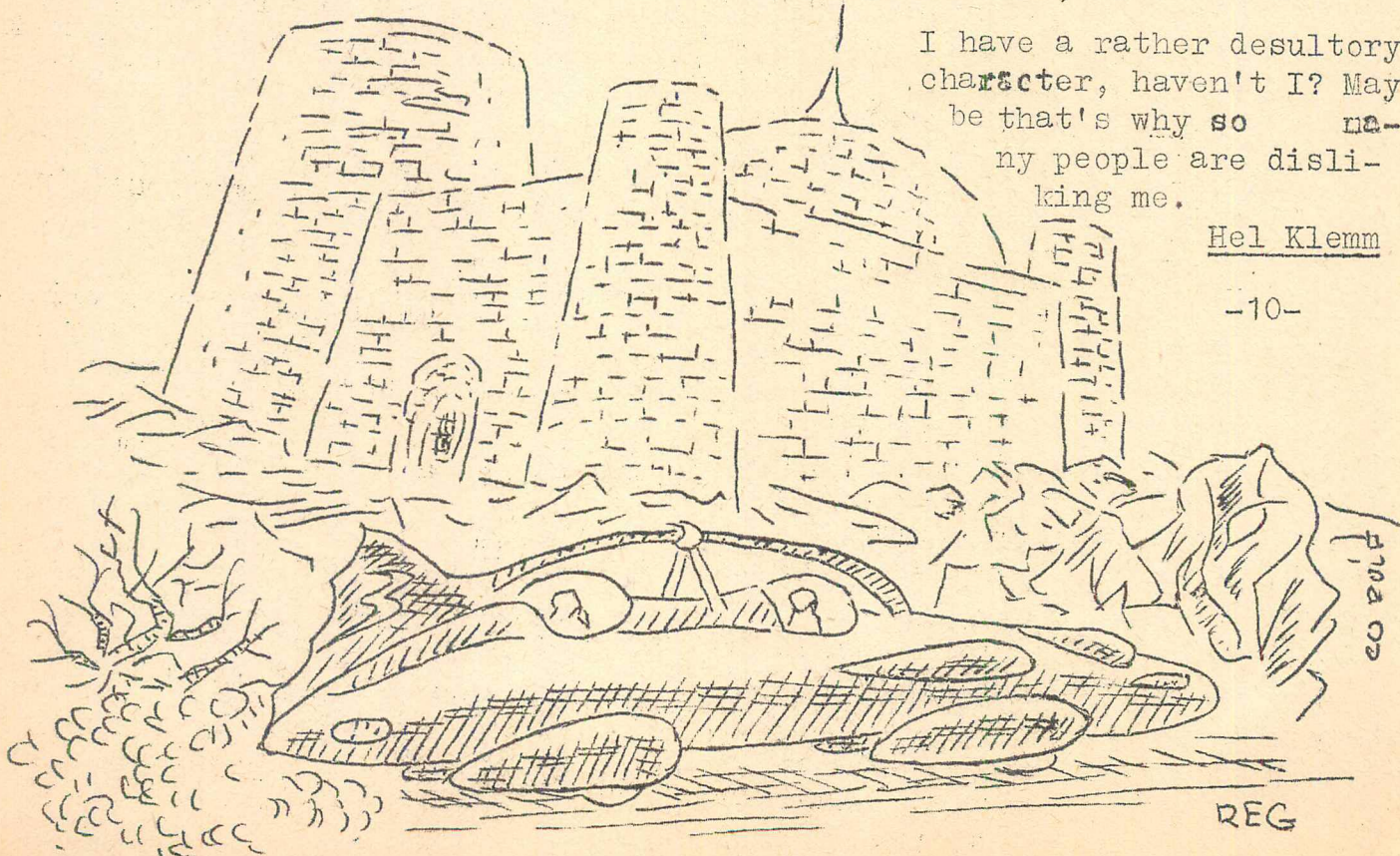
press!

Willis Fund.... Let's do the same thing with Berry in 1969! // In case you didn't know it, Willis' "The Case Of The Disappearing Fan" has been translated into German and published in TBE #2. We used names of German BNFs instead of the original ones, tho.

I have a rather desultory character, haven't I? Maybe that's why so many people are disliking me.

Hel Klemm

-10-



REG

COOL CATS ON A HOT TENT-ROOF (II)

by

-11-

Wolfgang Pippke

I hope you remember the things that happened in the first part of my story. You know, I happened at the 'Homcon 1961' in the night from Saturday to Sunday. The night was dark, darker than you could think and even darker than your soul. I hope you remember that gang of Teddy-boys that were going to kill us, to murder us, to blast us, to cut us, and to eat us. It didn't matter what they were going to do, the main thing was that we would've been dead. And nobody, I know, likes that, especially me. So (I hope you remember) we had a great struggle (we -- that is Frankie-boy and me), yes, a great struggle against this gang, the hostess, the police, the army.....

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

But I think you don't remember. So read the story out again (if possible in front of a mirror to test the impression)! But why don't you remember? I think, the whole story stinks. All stink. You stink.

We had crawled back into our sleeping-bags and tried to fall asleep again. After some time I heard a strange noise. It was a very quiet but rythmical noise. I listened and listened but I couldn't imagine what it was like, but it sounded like slow steps.

DANGER! cried my mind.

"You hear this, too?" Frankie-boy asked at this moment of extreme excitement.

"Out, out!" I shouted getting nervous.

Frankie jumped out of the tent, while I was crying curses again. At last I came out of my sleeping-bag imagining Frankie having a terrible struggle there. But when I got out, I only saw Frankie and darkness and then --nothing. Nothing was to be seen or to be heard. And there we stood in the night and listened exited.

And there it was again! We walked a little away from our tent and it became a bit louder (the noise). And then we saw something lying there among the bushes.

"A mere hoodlum, a damn yegg," Frankie said.

Yes, that was the fact, a bum was lying there snoring.

"He must've come after that gang had been here," I murmured.

"Yes," agreed Frankie, "but what'll we do now?"

"Whataya say? Hmm, dunno."

"As a matter of fact, such a man is dangerous!"

"Yeah!"

"Better we call the police!"

"Yeah."

"He might kidnap or even kill us!"

"Yeah."

"One of us has gotta go to call the police!"

"Yeah."

"That means one of us has got to stay here!"

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"Ah...better I go, Frankie! See, I'm a diamond of fandom, but if you get killed it doesn't matter."

-12- "I'm jiggered if somebody'll be killed! Don't yap!"
"Sure, so lemme go Frankie! Tell me, where's the phone booth?"

"You don't even know where the phone booth is? Like, cat, I gotta go! And look Wolfie, you're much stronger than I am, with yer body-built muscles, aintcha?"

This speech finished the discussion at once, and I agreed to stay to watch our tent. Frankie looked for our camping-axe and put it in my sweaty hands giving me good advice. Then he left and I stayed back in the night with the camping-axe in one hand.

It began to rain again. Nervously I was glancing at the bushes that surrounded me, expecting that every moment someone would jump on me. I leaned against a big tree to get my back safe. I couldn't hear anything more, and that looked dangerous, and I was sure that I's going to get trouble. A mysterious situation (I hope you can dig it!). Cold sweat was on my forehead and my knees were trembling. Nothing was to be seen -- not even of Frankie.

AND THEN SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED!

I had expected something all the time, but nothing like that.... But that's life, you see, the unexpected things would happen, the things you hope for will never come true. Even I am a man (haha!) who always is aware of these unexpected things. This here shocked me terribly... You may say that I'm telling nonsense, but I tell you it's true! Yes, at this moment (you may believe it or not) it suddenly stopped raining....

Don't think I'm making a fool of you; all I told you up for this word is the very truth. But I must always think of ol' Pilatus who once said: "Quid est veritas?" This here is veritas, but you see, at this moment I should wish the story would go in a bloody way. Sorry, it doesn't! If it would, you'd not believe it, tho this here is the very truth! And the truth is -- that nothing happened. Maybe you're disappointed now, but I can't help it. Let's think over: Does anything happen to any time at all? And what? And wherefore? I guess I better finish my philosophical ideas or you'll never read this story to the end. So let's go on:

I stood there in the night. In the night from Saturday to Sunday. Waiting for Frankie. But he didn't come. I mean, he did come, that lasted for a long, long time, tho. At last he came, that's it, yes! He had called the police and now we were waiting for them.

At that moment we saw two figures rushing out of the bushes to a half-built gym which stood on the ground where we camped on.

"Hm," mumbled Frankie.

"Whazzamatter?" I asked.

"Didn't ye see? That was a pair of lovers, nothin' more!"

I began to laugh, but then stopped suddenly.

"What'll we do now?" Frankie asked.

We walked slowly over to them. Indeed, that was a pair of lovers. She leaned against a wall, and he was doing something that I can't describe. "You better scram!" I said. "Sorry, we called the cops, 'cause we thought a hoodlum was lying there." She laughed in a disgusting way and said, "Oh, no! He just drunk a bit too much, so he panted a little."

"O.K. But I think it's better..."

The car of the police suddenly stood on the street. The guy disappeared somewhere in the darkness and the gal slowly passed the car, saying "Hello" to the cops and we stood there and had to explain our error.

-finis-

According to the editorial by Hel I want to say my own opinion, too, and my thoughts re. the past, present, and future of the world.

Hel said that he can't understand why during the regime of the nazies so many people were brought to death. I tell ^{you} they were murdered without any doubt and sense. Hel was also right when he said, that the Germans seem to have learned nothing by history. That's a hard word and a lot of people will say it's not true, but it is ! If there would be a man who'd be able to speak and to riop up the people, the same would happen as during that time. Sure it would be so! A lot of Germans have not changed their opinion.

But why do we speak only about the Germans? In other countries it's the same, isn't it? E.g. Africa or the southern parts of the US of A. There are the negroes the people which are hated and why? There is no doubt, only because of having a black complexion. And what's about the Chinese? It's all the same: the white people think, they are choiced to be the only reigns and favourite people. The others are not better that animals. I know, not all people of white complexion think so a lot of them, tho'.

And the future? The future of all people, black, white, yellow, and brown, the future of the whole world?

The first flights in space have taken place but is that a real result? Out of the sight of technic and science; YES; but out of the sight of humanity and international peace: NO.

What was the first we heard? The first RUSSIAN, the first AMERICAN was in space! Is that so important? It seems so.

I think, the only idea which is important enough to be mentioned is, that the first HUMAN BEING has done the dash into space. Isn't that enough? I think so, and many other people too, how many don't, tho'. They are seeing just the political result. We can't be proud of such a mankind.

What shall we do if there are other beings in the unknown Galaxy? Shall we tell them, that on Terra is no peace, that there are only political thoughts?

Before the people of the whole world do not change their opinion, make peace, and work together and not against the others, there

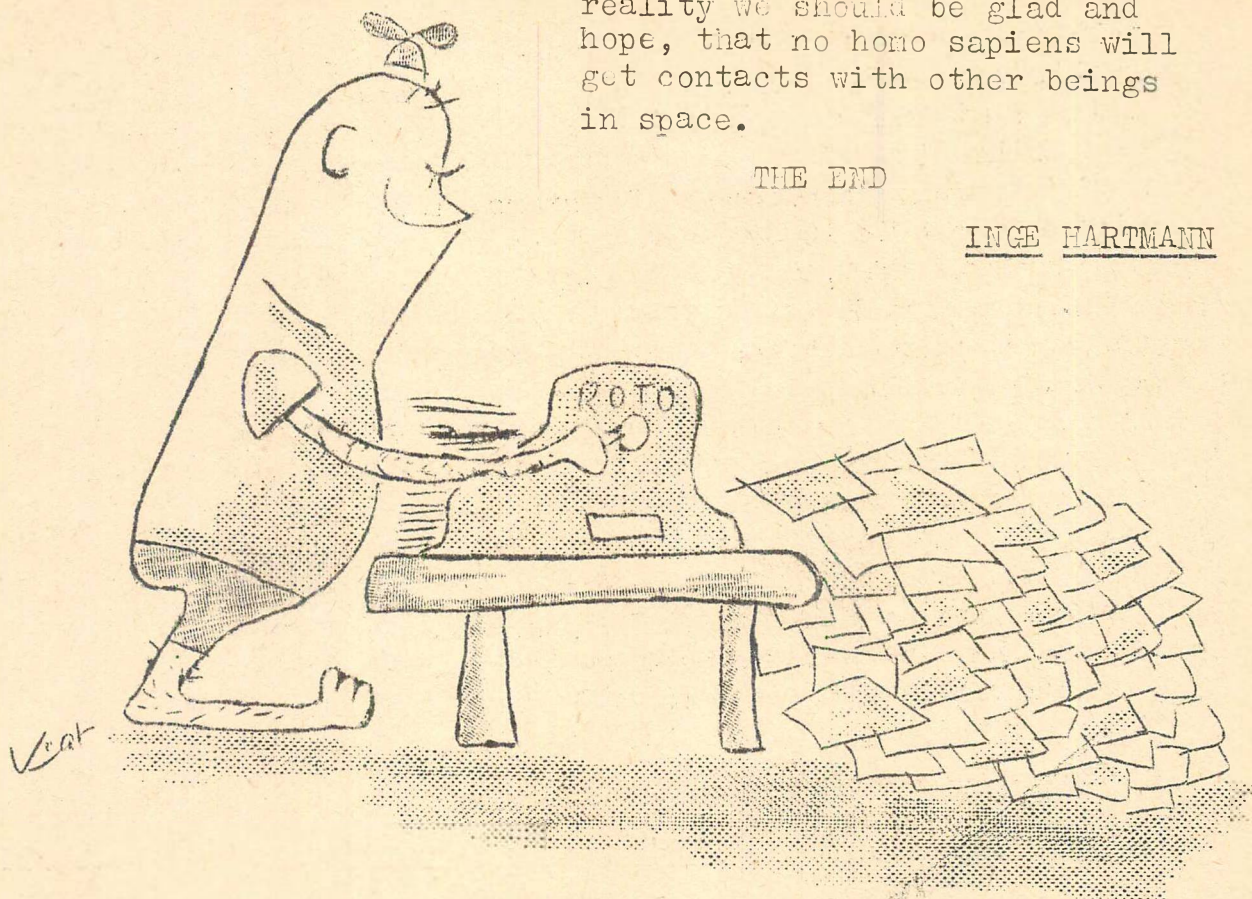


should be no meeting with other beings if they exist.

Until that doesn't get reality we should be glad and hope, that no homo sapiens will get contacts with other beings in space.

THE END

INGE HARTMANN



NOTICE OF PRESIDENT

by

Hans Franzke

(found in old archives of the ~~UWSF~~-FanUnion)

Yesterday I went to town by bus. I took a seat near the window and read again the invitation: "The minister of World United Forces wants to see you on Jan. 3rd 1992 at Palace Hall to discuss a question of highest importance." Since I was now about 30 years President of United Worlds ~~ST~~ FanUnion I wasn't surprised to get a letter from some minister, but that just the minister of United Forces wanted my advice, that was interesting.

When 1961 Gerfandom had only about 500 members and Worldfandom perhaps 5000, I had become president -- as the youngest and best-known editor of a fanzine (TBE of course) -- of worlds' fans. Last not least I'd to owe it the open letter of a special fan-friend of mine, Jack Chalker, who helped me to break open my popularity at first in Germany, then all over the world. As I felt the need of fen to find their chief and because I also felt just the proper man I said "yes", when out of 5000 fen 4999 cried for my presidentship. You know of course who did not cry for (me). Now, 1992, world fandom was the biggest union ever thinkable. My list of memberships was stored in three rooms of my palace. I think we had 50.000.000.0 members all over the universe. Naturally our influence in all the worlds welfare had become bigger each year. At first only the minister of families, a German minister (called Worm or so) had greeted me in the bus, when I went to my office. Then he'd asked me to

tell him about the task of a fan-president. He invited me to a cup of tea in his office at Bonn. There I told him all I did know, and he agreed to collaborate with me, to find more parents giving birth to more children, so helping to get some more fan in the organization. When we had more than doubled our numbers other ministers also were interested. One day the minister for traffic asked us to use for our meetings special prepared streets only, to help non-fan to come forward, as we were coming forward. Naturally I answered friendly but said, I hoped for his understanding and giving free places in busses to our meetings. So we went up in numbers again. Soon this good convention was remembered in other countries and our influence became stronger with time. Furthermore, as you know, we helped to bring together all European countries for a United Market, then for the World market, finally for a World Government. Smart as I am, I negotiated all official governments-posts but of course, I had to give advice to everybody who asked for.. And you see, all the top-men did asked for it. But not the minister of United Forces. And now he's sending for me. Dunno why,.....Then the bus stopped at the palace of the minister. I went in to ~~hear~~ hear what it was he wanted to know. And he asked me:

"Tell me, what is science fiction?"

THE END

HANS FRANKKE

-15-



SATURNALIA

by Art Hayes

Entry Into this group is rather difficult, but a person who is sincerely interested, has to go thru several tests. The first and easiest, one which few actually fails, is to spy on the Odd Ones. Actually, even the successful ones, gain little of value to the Saturnalian headquarters, since every aspect of the Odd Ones are known to them by more efficient methods than by personal spying. But, there are the occasional failures in this preliminary test, and a failure in such a simple test, is not considered to be fit for everything but membership in the Odd Ones, since his moronic simplicity obviously labels him an "Odd One".

Beelzy brags of having been able to get a small thunderstorm to discomfort the neo-spy, whereas he admits that the weather, in general was "Horridly Nice", not realizing that all it took to prevent the Odd Ones from having the type of weather they wanted, was merely the efforts of two who were trying for their 3rd tests for membership in Saturnalia. There are seven tests there. The two who did permit that single short thunderstorm, however, will have to try their third test over again, in fact, have, and are now trying their fourth one. I am not too sure that they will pass beyond the 6th.

But, Saturnalia has for a long time claimed to be by, for, humans. The very nature of their likes in the weather, their dislikes of such things that humans enjoy such as the weather, birds, flowers, etc. Their enjoyment of a thunderstorm, the burning of Burning barns and their wish to perpetuate such practices as Bribery, etc.

But, the true nature of the Odd Ones is graphically depicted in the locations they chose for their gatherings. Realizing that they are NOT humans, can never be humans, the nearest they can get to us, is by association with our dead. Ghouls cannot associate any closer to us than with

our dead.

We rarely bother with the Odd Ones, not considering them worthy of more than as qualifying places for aspiring Saturnalians. Recently, they tried to meddle with a person from Venus. Even Venus do not like the Odd Ones, and they, the Odd Ones, are also "Odd" even on Venus. But in this short encounter, they lost possession of this Venus person. She is now back on Venus, and happy. The Interplanetary Federation, and the BEMS, finally turned against the Odd Ones (and, in a way, the BEMS ARE Odd Ones).

But, to even give you this information, is to give them, the Odd Ones, of the Beelzy class, more recognition than they are worth.

ART HAYES



-16-

There seemsto be quite a lot of US fen who can speak/read or write German. For them, here is a list of all German-speaking fnz published today :

- ANDROmeda, Gottlieb Märlein, Munich 42, Pörtschachertrasse 20, Germany. bi-monthly, 0-0 of the SCIENCE FICTION CLUB DEUTSCHLAND. Trade, contr. or §2 for six issues.
- SOL, Wolfgang Thadewald, Hannover-Süd, Stoltzestr. 58, Germany. bi-monthly, for trade or six for §1
- SPACE TIMES, Helmut Struck, Mühlheim/Ruhr, Wallstrasse 9A, Germany. quarterly, for trades, LoCs, contributions or 4 for 40¢.
- GERMAN SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, Burkhard Blüm, Hofheim/Ried, Jakobstrasse 17, Germany. bi-weekly (4-8pp), for trades, or 5¢ a copy.
- FANTOPIA & ASTEROID, Otto Volkert, Mannheim I.2. 14, Germany. irregular, trades, LoCs, 30¢. (editor of ASTEROID is Franz Solcher)
- TELESKOP, Hans Peschke, Mönchengladbach, Buscherstrasse 3, Germany. bi-monthly, 6 for §1 -- no trades!
- TELESKOP-NACHRICHTEN (fannish newsletter), Jürgen Mann, Frankfurt/Main, Hallgartenstrasse 71, Germany. monthly, free.
- MUNICH ROUND UP, Waldemar Kümpling, Munich 2, Herzogspitalstrasse, Germany. monthly, trades or 12 for §1.25
- SCIENCE FICTION NACHRICHTEN, Klaus Eylmann, Hamburg 39, Maria-Louisenstieg 23, Germany. bi-weekly, (6-8pp), 15 for §1.10, no trades!

continued page 18

(review)

4D MAN

by

Chuck Devine

An Universal-Internatinal Release starring Robert Lansing, Lee
Lee Meriwether, & James Congdon ((sic!))

The other night, taking my life in my hands, I risked attending another "horror" type motion picture. I went, fully prepared to sleep through half of the show and spend the other half watching the various teen-age couples in the audience neck. However, things did not turn out all the way I had expected them to. Hollywood depends upon various effects to drag people to show (I probably wouldn't have gone excepting that our TV set wasn't working). I have suffered through Scareascope, Horrorscope, Terrorscope, Sinascope, and various other messes, but this horror movie (I hate to call them s-f movies) used a new and novel effect. This device has been used quite successfully in mundane movies in the past and was quite well received by the audiences. I don't know why the studios that produce these things didn't employ this novel approach before.

The movie was, naturally, riddled with such time-w~~hore~~ conveniences as a sexy feme scientist, a jelous assistant (a mean man), a brilliant but unrecognised handsome hero scientist. (Unrecognised because the old duffer who owns the research center where he works takes all the credit for himself...natch). There is a new twist employed in giving the scientist an equally brilliant (and even more misunderstood) brother (also handsome, by the way). However, despite these valiant attempts to produce a rotten movie, the 4D Man comes off quite well. It is all owed to the new device.

This device, by the way, is known in professional circles as an "actor". (The term may be a bit unfamiliar to you, but I assure you, they really used one.)

Despite all the handicaps employed in this production, Mr Lansing turns out a really quite laudiable performance. Nothing worthy of the academy award of course, but really a pretty good job.

The plot in the story is as transparent as the onion-skin paper I'm typing this on. Tony Neilson (the younger brother of our hero, who, by the way is called Scott) is engaged in attempting to devise a way (using a small force field and "Will Power") to pass an object (i.e. a pencil) through another solid object (a block of steel). He succeeds (burning down a few labs and getting fired in the process) but is unable to duplicate the feat. He travels to his brother who is engaged in making an artificial material that is to steel, as steel is to wood. He succeeds too, (to have the nasty old man who runs the joint take all the credit). Since you are all busy fen I won't bother to go into detail about the love tangle. I'll leave out the assistant too...he gets killed

WALTER ERNSTING

WALTER ERNSTING, Irschenberg/Obb., Post. Miesbach/Obb., West Germany
Lieber Helmut,

Your fanzine is in its kind the best we have in Germany. I am very glad, we could establish a real contact with fandom abroad and I hope, this step will be a profit for all of us. You said in TBE that Mr. Rottensteiner is a typical example of the intolerance of some Gerfans. You're right. But Rottensteiner is not a typical example of Gerfandom -- thank goodness! -- When Rottensteiner writes that he never in 20 years read such nonsense as my article about Gerfandom & s-f, I begin to wonder, how old he is and what he reads. And I begin to wonder, if he understands what he reads. Rottensteiner (an Austrian, by the way) is condemning German pulp-editions and my role in editing American s-f in Germany. In HAMMER he mentions three titles and cries Hell and Thunder because of the abbreviations. Just in this case we see that he (from a far-away spot) is not aware of the situation. NON STOP by Brian Aldiss was published by Moewig unabbreviated from his first short novel. Later Brian wrote his STARSHIP, a booklength story, using the ideas of NON STOP. He wrote it after the German publication. You see, Mr. Rottensteiner, how fatal it is, to criticize a situation without knowing about it. --- THE LONG LOUD SILENCE has been offered five publishers but was rejected. If I wanted this excellent novel by Tucker in German language, it had to be abbreviated and published in pulp. Had it been better to publish it never? -- And BRIGHT PHOENIX -- well, I'm not responsible for every s-f publication in Germany. You should know the titles, Mr. Rottensteiner, that I sold, published or translated. -- Also: in one article you criticize the low standard of German pulp science fiction -- in the next one you criticize that pulps publish too good s-f abbreviated. My question is: what do you want anyway? When anyone publishes really bad s-f and trash, it is Austria with his ominous pulp editions in Vienna! You, Mr. Rottensteiner, should do something about that!

...and, by the way, the old days have returned! Gerfandom is united, I'm not the 'Führer', tho, you believe I wanted to be. Perhaps I could be, but with your limited knowledge about fandom, history of German s-f and your intolerant mind you'll never understand, why I do not have to be. And with it there is quite a lot you will never understand.

FRIEDRICH SCHOLZ, Bielefeld, Falkstrasse 2, West Germany
Lieber Helmut,

When finally do we stop the discussion about fannish and sercon fandom? English and American fans sufficiently have explained how useless it is! And at last we have the demonstration of Bad Homburg that this discussion will never be brought to an end.

Real fans are serious and fannish at the same time. Long time before our "struggle" about this theme started, there were fannish fans at the first convention in Bayrisch Zell. The same ones, who call themselves 'sercon' today. That was, when Gerfandom was just 12 months old. And there was no necessity to learn it from fans abroad.

The right thing at the right time. Real fans are intelligent enough to participate in a serious discussion and they are human beings

enough to show their sense of humor.

The main trouble in Germany: we overdo things and put the good aside together with the bad. We act without discretion as, for instance, Franz Rottensteiner. His letter is an anthology of vileness!

"One fandom - one club - one Fuehrer!" That marks his own fanaticism according to fandom and s-f literature, - and against them.

Where Walter Ernsting speaks from "intelligence", Franz Rottensteiner ignores the wood-club-irony! Furthermore, if in Germany an English novel is published we are left to the resources of the "pulp"-publishers. And they - THEY ONLY - determine the multitude of pages. Not the translators! In Germany most of the original English novels can only be published in an abbreviated edition. To hang this fault on Walter Ernsting is, said as mildly as possible, a nonsense!

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A.

-20-

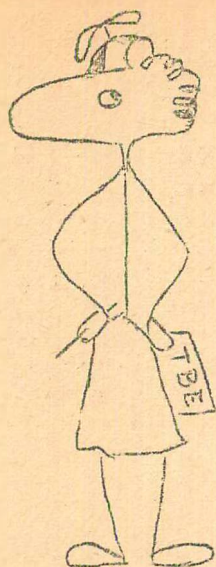
Dear Hel,

Chalker and Gindorf both miss one of the main points, which is that fans as a whole like "inconsequential bickering"; that such bickering is, in fact, one of the main pursuits of fandom. (When you come right down to it, how many fannish discussions are about anything important? Their main value is in giving fans a chance to blow off steam and learn a bit about the techniques and effectiveness of argument.) Inconsequential bickering can be great fun if properly handled.

An argument against fiction in fanzines: in the USA, the two most recent fans-who-became-pros are Bob Silverberg and Harlan Ellison. (Some other fans have sold a few professional stories, but Silverberg and Ellison became full-time writers.) And neither of them wrote any appreciable amount of fan fiction. As fans, they wrote articles, columns, reviews, etc. Possibly they did write a few stories, but I never read any fan fiction by Silverberg and not over one or two stories by Ellison. So the argument that you have to write fan-fiction in order to graduate to pro-fiction just isn't so; fan-articles and fan-reviews provide just as much practice.

Rottensteiner does seem to have some points in his favor (but I bet what set him off was the comment that intelligent people wouldn't write for fanzines, and that comment is absolutely correct.)

Burn's article seemed a little confused. "The overmind is that part of the brain that is only excited by contact by a fully working overmind possessed by someone else..." Bully. One of the first lessons an article writer should learn is that one cannot define an object in terms of itself. As for the overmind being responsible for thinking contrary to normal thought patterns, he fails to say whether everyone whose thoughts are in the minority has an overmind, or whether there are other reasons for contrary thinking. In fact, he doesn't even define "normal thought patterns" -- is he talking about the conclusions reached or, or the means used to reach conclusions? (that is, does a decision to ignore worldly possessions and live as a beat -- or a saint -- constitute an abnormal thought pattern, or does there have to be an abnormal chain of reasoning leading up to the decision?) As for the overmind resisting commercials, political speeches and the like; resistance is a lot more widespread than Burns seem to think. (Either that, or we have an awful lot of witches nowadays....) I resist commercials and political speeches; do I have an overmind? Bah. Likewise humbug.



LEE HOFFMAN, basement, 54 E 7th Street, New York 3,
New York, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut -

Thoroly enjoyed what I've read of TBE so far. Was muchly interested in your comments on Eichmann - albeit disappointed in the terseness. Can only be terse myself at the moment, though - much to do.

Danke,

LeeH

CHUCK WELLS, 190 Elm Street, Oberlin, Ohio, U.S.A. ((on7))

Dear Hel:

This is a damn good fanzine. I really enjoyed it, as I have enjoyed very few other fanzines from anywhere. Its layout, stencil-cutting, and paper have a 1940's look about them that reminds me of the old VOM.

I went on^{at} length about people who criticize other people's English in the last Candenza, so I won't go into it here. Except to say, don't let the fuggheads get you down! And tell Rudi-ger b. Gosejacob (why the small "b."?) to keep it up; his English may be ungrammatical, but it is understandable and he says some entertaining things. ((the "b." stands for "bimbo", that's his mundane & fannish nickname. When people began to call him bimbo instead of Rudi, he was still a kid, and he didn't know that there were capital letters. Don 't dare to write bimbo with a capital b....he'll kill you! Just ask Mario Kwiat. While I'm typing this I still don't know if Rudi will have something in this. You know, he's export merchant by occupation and has changed his place of employment recently, thus he hasn't the time for fanac anymore he used to have.-hell))

The conreport was excellent. I just can picture old Winfried Scholz now, being not-served because of undignified behavior! I don't know him, in fact I had never even heard of him before getting this issue of TBE, but I know people just like him, and I'm always glad to see his kind get his comeuppance.

I'm not sure I agree with Alan Burns. There are two opposite attitudes with which you should sit down to eat. One of them is that eating is an art; the other is that eating is a necessity. Most of the time the average person hasn't the inclination or the time to regard eating as an art; he should eat lightly, eating easily-digestible foods. Then he will not suffer the pangs of indigestion and will be healthier. And in those times when he DOES have the inclination and the time to eat artistically, then he should go into it enthusiastically and eat well-cooked foods heartily. And then is the time to linger over eating, too. But you can't make every meal a work of art, or at least most people can't, and they don't want to. Different people have different hobbies, not everyone's is eating.

Now, I like to eat, and my size shows it, I'm afraid. But I have learned when to eat lightly and rapidly and when to enjoy every mouthful; that way I'm not frustrated by 45-minute lunch periods and the like.

Well, Ich habe nichts anderes zu schreiben auf deutsch oder auf englisch; und jetzt ist es fünf Jahre her, daß ich deutsch studiert habe, und ich habe kein Wörterbuch, and oh, hell,

give me a couple of months and I might be up to writing you a paragraph or two in ungram-matical German ...«Ihr Deutsch ist ausgezeichnet, Charles!»

LYNN HICKMAN,
224 Dement Ave.,
Dixon, Illinois,
U.S.A.

Dear Hel,
Enjoyed THE #8 very much but I'm wondering about your sercon vs. fannish discussion.

I can't place much importance on it. I think you will find most fans that have been around fandom a long time are a combination of the two. In my own case I love the conventions and the parties, I love reading fanzines both fannish and sercon. I publish both types of material in my own zines. I still read most s-f that comes out and I'm still a collector. I feel like Bob Coulson does, that it is s-f fandom. I enjoy every bit of it in all its phases. So you could hardly classify me in either of your categories. But, if you did, I would rather be called a sercon fan because to me, s-f is the basis of fandom.

I hope you continue Bug Eye in the same manner. I like learning of the people in German fandom and hope to read more of their opinions on the s-f field there as well as their opinions on the fannish doings. Would also like to see more of what they think on mundane subjects. Every day life, politics, German automobiles, etc.

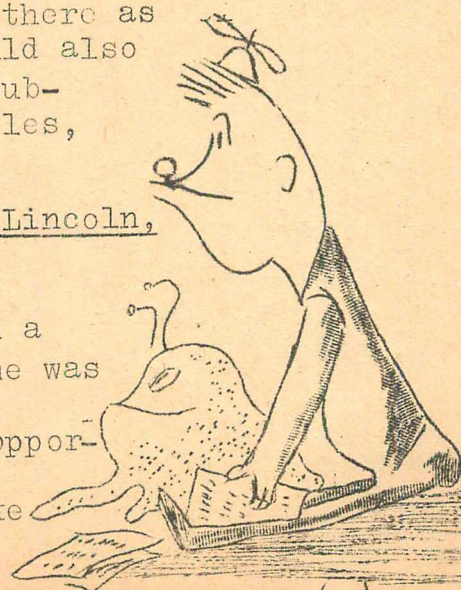
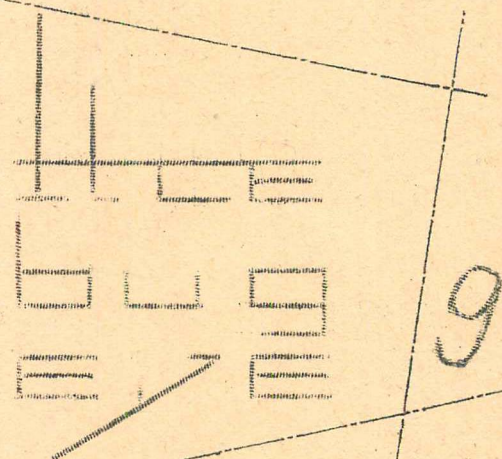
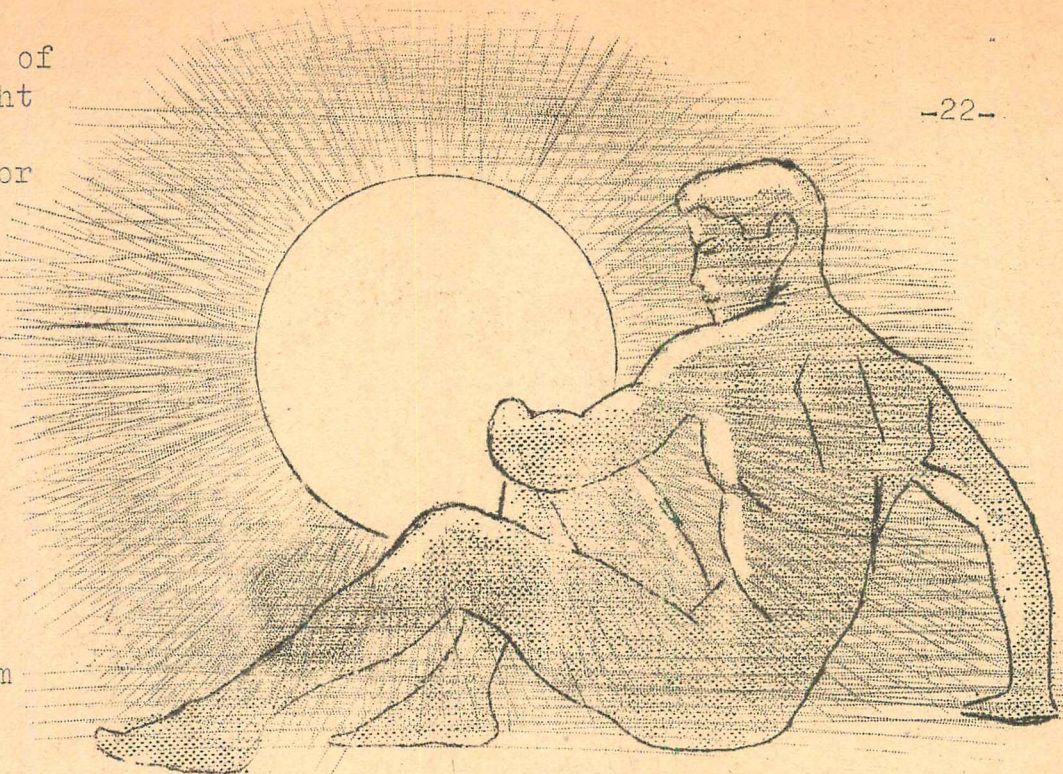
ARCHIE MERCER, 434/ Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln,
ENGLAND.

Dear Hel,

Taw for THE BUG EYEIGHT. Actually I feel a trifle guilty - the 'idea' Alan Burns had given me was to parody his "How to Eat" article with "How to Sleep". But I was ill for three weeks, and the opportunity passed unused. Pity, sorry, too.

I like that cover - the woman looks like Bobbie Gray in fancy dress.

The Conrep seems to top the issue for quality again. Chalker seems to have the right idea but in a



Keat

very vague and woolly sort of way. It just sort of begins to make sense at the end. Actually it's a pity Gindorf didn't have something better written -- that is, less confusingly -- written -- to reply to.

Burns Witch Burns - interesting, but I don't consider myself qualified to comment. Actually there IS a book on witchcraft - "WITCHCRAFT TODAY" by GERALD B. GARDNER, Pedigree Books (paper covered), 3/6, that, whether or not it IS really any good, is written in such a way that it DESERVES to be. That is, what it says may or may not be the truth, but it would be a good thing (probably) if it was - if you see what I mean. If you're interested, you can get it from Ken Slater (well, I did). ~~[[I cant~~ print more parts of Archie's letter because of his lousy handwriting. I'm not a druggist, y'know! ~~]]~~

-23-

DONALD WOLLHEIM, 66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills 74, New York, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut:

A very interesting fanzine, which begins to present some kind of a picture of Gerfandom. The only picture I was beginning to get from confused and sparse reports was of a fandom intensely opinionated, very much on personal feuds, and splitting all over the place. I still see something of this.

Your editorial is just about the first such comment I have ever seen from any source. It's a slight light in darkness to know that at least someone in Germany has a faint feeling that your army didn't do so honorably in the war--or your government at that time. ~~[[Do you know~~ that at the moment there are more than 160 ex-nazies in our government?! But, after all, it's all your fault (well, you government's) -- why did you support such a semi fascist party as the Christ "Democrats" and not the Socialists?! -hel~~]]~~

However... it is possibly too late for sorrow. The news from Berlin indicates the crisis that cannot be put off forever. It reminds me of "The Seventh Day" and reads something like the Second Day in it. It was a German book and it first appeared in Germany and was then translated. The title of the German edition was Keiner Kommt Davon.

BRUCE HENSTELL, 815 Tigertail Road, Los Angeles 49, California, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut;

You have requested a letter of comment. You should know that I never, never write letters of comment. By well, since you are for the SPD and Willy Brandt I will write.

I don't know how the situation looks from Germany, but from where myself and others are, it looks like war. The allies cannot possibly hope to save West Berlin, the question then becomes, "can they hold Europe?" The answer is that it will a nuclear war with no winner. The choice is up to the Americans, shall we fight for a speck of land in a country that 15 years ago was our bitterest enemy and still contains a very great number of Nazis? I can not answer that question, can any man? At what point does the world decide that it must kill 3/4 of the population, and for what?...

A great letter of comment! The cover wasn't bad. Somebody there should learn how to stencil RIP illos. Jack Chalker's remarks are lost on me as well as 7/8 of American fandom.

CALVIN "BIFF" DEMMON, 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood, Calif., U.S.A.

Dear Helmut, Your editorial was interesting. We have heard so much crap

WALTER ERNSTING

WALTER ERNSTING, Irschenberg/Obb., Post. Miesbach/Obb., West Germany
Lieber Helmut,

Your fanzine is in its kind the best we have in Germany. I am very glad, we could establish a real contact with fandom abroad and I hope, this step will be a profit for all of us. You said in TBE that Mr. Rottensteiner is a typical example of the intolerance of some Gerfans. You're right. But Rottensteiner is not a typical example of Gerfandom -- thank goodness! -- When Rottensteiner writes that he never in 20 years read such nonsense as my article about Gerfandom & s-f, I begin to wonder, how old he is and what he reads. And I begin to wonder, if he understands what he reads. Rottensteiner (an Austrian, by the way) is condemning German pulp-editions and my role in editing American s-f in Germany. In HAMMER he mentions three titles and cries Hell and Thunder because of the abbreviations. Just in this case we see that he (from a far-away spot) is not aware of the situation. NON STOP by Brian Aldiss was published by Moewig unabbreviated from his first short novel. Later Brian wrote his STARSHIP, a booklength story, using the ideas of NON STOP. He wrote it after the German publication. You see, Mr. Rottensteiner, how fatal it is, to criticize a situation without knowing about it. --- THE LONG LOUD SILENCE has been offered five publishers but was rejected. If I wanted this excellent novel by Tucker in German language, it had to be abbreviated and published in pulp. Had it been better to publish it never? -- And BRIGHT PHOENIX -- well, I'm not responsible for every s-f publication in Germany. You should know the titles, Mr. Rottensteiner, that I sold, published or translated. -- Also: in one article you criticize the low standard of German pulp science fiction - in the next one you criticize that pulps publish too good s-f abbreviated. My question is: what do you want anyway? When anyone publishes really bad s-f and trash, it is Austria with his ominous pulp editions in Vienna! You, Mr. Rottensteiner, should do something about that!

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FRIED SCHOLZ, Bielefeld, Falkstrasse 2, West Germany
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The right thing at the right time. Real fans are intelligent enough to participate in a serious discussion and they are human beings

towards the end anyway.

The problem of the story (all stories have a problem, you know. That's what the action is centered around. After taking four years of drama that is exactly all I learned, but I learned it!) Anyway, the problem is that through some fool up due to racial activity Scott works with, his brain waves have become extraordinarily strong. He is helping his brother, Tony, pushing pencils through blocks of steel when he suddenly shouts:

"Tony! It works!" (He pushes the pencil through the steel block. A very nice bit of photography, too).

"But....but....(gasp!)", gasps Tony, "I didn't have the force field turned on!"

...and so on. Scott can now walk through walls by "will power". (To do the trick, tho, takes tremendous energy and each time Scott puts the little trick, he gets older).

Scott manages to keep up his youth by sapping energy from people. Naturally this does the people from whom he's sapping, no good. As a matter of fact, it kills them in a delightful way...they age (another nice bit of camera work) rather gruesomely in front of the camera. Shades of count Dracula...a time vampire!

Needless to say, the last half of the show, Scott runs around ageing people....you know the bit.

Don't get the idea Scott is a mad-man or anything. He just wants to stay alive. Really, he is a rather fun loving fellow. He walks down the street at night swiping apples from store windows, reaching into mail-boxes, pulling out out heavily perfumed letters, smirking, and remailing them. Sorta like a kid on a school day.

Of course he comes to no good end. While he is in a 4-D state he can't be harmed but he comes out of it into normalcy for moment to kiss his girl friend...she shoots him. I've said it before and I'll say it again ...girls are no damn good.

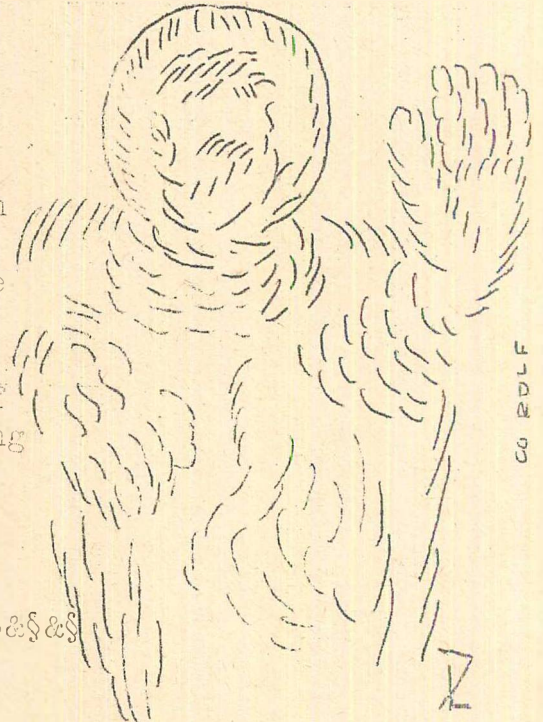
Really, if you get a chance to see the movie, it's worth seeing. There is no great "message" here, just lopsided entertainment. If you are in a bad mood, you can always scoff at it all the way through...better than staring at deoderant commercials on T.V. anyway...

CHUCK DEVINE

§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§&§

(List of German fmz continued):

- LYRA, (editor Rolf Harder) Helmut Klemm, address elsewhere in this, bi-monthly, sorta German edition of BUG EYE, free.
- PIONEER, Axel Melhardt, Vienna 3, Hintzerstrasse 11/19, Austria, 0-0 of the "AUSTROTOPIA" (Austrian s-f fandom), bi-monthly, free for comment or trade.
- ANABIS, Burkhard Ziegert, Berlin-Charlottenburg 9, Reichstrasse (sic!) 108, West Berlin, Germany, quarterly, 4 for 40%, trade.
- That's about all, to be concluded next. h. --hel



about the Eichmann trial over here that I refuse to listen to anymore of it. I'm not so sure that the trial is an indictment of every German person, as you seem to think it is. I think that most people are interested in the Eichmann trial simply because they are as morbid as hell. The paperback book companies over here have been publishing all sorts of hasty little volumes depicting "War Crimes" in photograph after photograph and in a bunch of sloppily-written text. People buy this junk because they get a big kick out of reading about tortures and the like. No kidding. And about the only time the big trial gets a really giant buildup in the newspapers is when some new atrocity has been discussed, or like that. The whole thing makes me sick. I somehow feel that everybody would have been a lot better off if Eichmann had been allowed to go free (he wasn't really free, you know). But now I'm beginning to sound like a fugghead. It's not that I'm a fugghead, you understand (I hope). It's just that I have a hard time communicating in this foreign tongue (English).

KEN CHESLIN, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, ENGLAND -24-
Howdy Hel,

A lot of political manouvering consists of goading the people by harping on the wrongs, or supposed wrongs, that have been or are being done to it by other nations. German polititions, like any other polititions presented with the opportunity, I have no doubt done their best to keep alive a resentment that Germany lost the Hitler war.

The slaughter of Jews and other "non-aryan" types is something they find difficult to explain away, when talking about how the war was conducted...so. People, anywhere, hate to think of themselves a worse than the beasts.

So...they try to erradicate the Jew program, or to justify it, in an effort to preserve some semblance of self-respect.

The two solutions are something like this:--"We never had anything to do with the deaths of the Jews, we didn't know a thing about it until the war was over, anyway, it was all exaggerated, it wasn't really as bad as the Yanks/English/Ruskies make out."

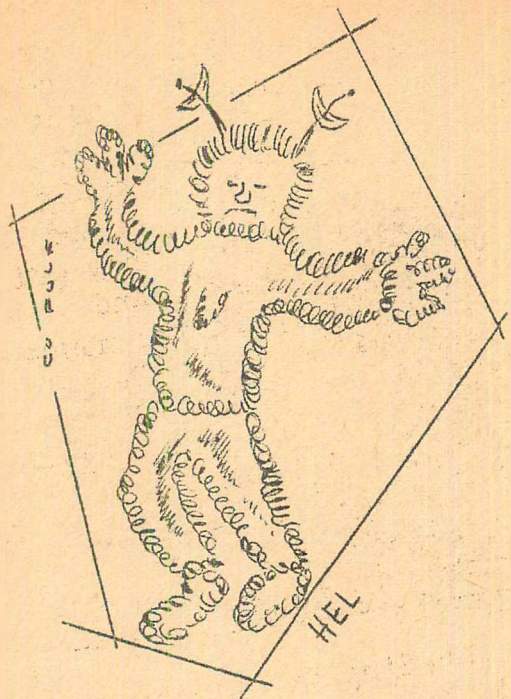
Solution two is like this:--"Hitler was wrong of course, but he did us a lot of good getting rid of all those money-lenders, those Jewish bloodsuckers...he had the right idea. Besides, everybody knows the Jews were anti-German from the start, they only came here to make money out of the decent German people". -- and so on ad nauseum.

Inexcusable, yes, but they have their reasons, their disavowal of guilt, to support.

Hel, why disavow s-f?...perhaps your tastes have changed? Certainly a high proportion of s-f is not very good, there has never been a time when all the s-f being published was all good. You just have to take the rough with the smooth...perhaps how's the time you should start really hunting up the s-f classics of yore, if only to compare them with present s-f...and some of the "good, great, old stories" look pretty, well, forlorn and cruddy from todays viewpoint. But it gives you some idea of changing tastes in s-f, its development, or historical process, so to speak.

Very decent Berry story...different from his usual items, but I liked it a lot...I wonder what happened after that?

Wonder if, or when JB will write for a promag..he could do it, tho I've heard that he doesn't want to write for promags..I think he said that he writes because he likes writing, and perhaps prodrom would spoil



his way of looking at life... or like that.
He could do it tho, I'm sure.

Mike, very nice, compares, in a different way of course, with JB's item...one of the best, if not the best Deckinger thing I've read.

Chris Miller educated 'Roo...fantastic...reads well eh? amusing ~~to~~ too. (I wish someone would send him a real 'roo, that'd larn him).

Rolf Gindorf...by Ghod, all this talk of clubs with 50 plus and 100 plus members amazes me...even the BSFA only has about 150 plus members...and that includes a majority, I think, of s-f readers rather than fans...no English fanclub to my knowledge has more than about 30 members...usually. SFCoL has only about 15 or so, Liverpool about the same, SADO only (official) 7...the rest, making up less than 200 fans in all, are scattered over

the UK...Ron Bennett's FAN DIRECTORY for instance, lists about 500 fans...and they are mainly US fen...amazing Gerfandom. Possibly an instance of the Germans well known love of method and organisation. That figure of 500,000 s-f readers, German language, also startled me. Highly interesting to hear of the things that are happening over there in Gerfandom.

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., ENGLAND

Achtung Helmut!

The cover is rather unusual, looks like a couple of fellows are crossing a battlefield to fight for this big tall girl. Whoever wins is going to have to ask "Take me to your ladder" - not leader I should reckon.

I thought your editorial was very fair, very well written too and I don't think anyone could have approached the situation as you did with less bias. I was sorry to hear you are sixteen now though, this means your most famous phrase "Well, I'm only 15" can never be used again, doesn't it? Very sad...

Why can't we have less articles by Rolf Gindorf in THE BUG EYE and more photos of his girl friend Marion Duval?? How about a Playboy type cover of her for the next BUG EYE eh? Make a change from those drawn covers having a photocover again don't you think. I don't believe you over that address you give of Marion though - I think you are playing a hoax again, whoever writes to Marion Duval at that address is I bet writing to some male Gerfans who will answer the letters addressed to her. You aren't going to tell me you'd really give her real address to us, are you??
((Why Rolf Gindorf's girl friend? She's the girl of all of us! The address is OK, I assure you; I'm not a Jhim Linwood type of fan who's corresponding with more than half a dozen neo-femmes and refuses to give anyone their addresses. -hel-))

John Berry's OZARK INCIDENT struck me as a very good short straight story, I was rather disappointed when he faded it out to a fan-nish type ending. I could have taken a serious ending to the story I thot. I'm a bit doubtful though as to how many rabbits any archer--even William Tell or Robin Hood could manage to kill with a baked bean tinned arrow

head somehow. Mike Deckinger is one of the few practising fans whose short stories show enough polish to be read in fanzines and I can't help feeling it's only going to be a short step for Mike in the future from fanzines to magazines. So you're fortunate to have possibly one of the last pieces he wrote for fanzines because I understand he's working on pro-stories only in future. SO VERY COLD was very smoothly flowing a piece as I've ever seen from him. I wish you could have done it more justice by a better heading and more illustrations, having a distinguished artist like Robert E. Gilbert working for you isn't much use if you don't get Rolf to cut his artwork more clearly - he should try Harder...

Very good letter column also, you certainly range far and wide with you circulation these days don't you? I think it's all to the good that there should be a fanzine like THE BUG EYE to come from Germany to connect up to other fandom a fandom which in itself always seems rather insular and not interested in outside fandom as you and Rudiger seem to be. Good luck to you both. ((I met Rudiger last night and asked him: "Hey man, bimbo cookie, have you done any work on your TBE editorial yet?" "No", he said, "I'm gonna go gafia, I'm gonna quit article and letter writing for good. Of course I'll remain active in the group, I'll continue stencil cutting for SPACE TIMES, that is, but you won't get articles out of me anymore!" "But...but you was the one who had the idea of pubbing a zine like THE, you gave the zine its name, you said 'cheer up!' when all Gorfandom was down on me and I was losing courage, you've always been like a brother to me, you can't leave me in the lurch now!" I cried. "Well, Heh, I guess you're adult and mature enough now to pub TBE all to yourself", he said, and if you need advice, just ask me and I'll do my best, BUT I'M GOING TO QUIT GEFANDOM!!"))

ART HAYES, R.R. 3, Bancroft, Ontario, CANADA

-26-

Howdy:-

My own opinion is that there is too many attempting to unify Gorfandom. Unification comes about only as a natural event, not brought about by any artificial means. There is room in fandom for the sercon, the fan-nish, and any other types of fanac and fan. When each facet of fandom is allowed to develop without interference, even a fan/pro connected fandom, then, in time, there is mellowing that takes place that tends to bring them all a little closer to a common level. This approachment of a common level must come naturally. Anglo-Fandom (here used in the way of meaning English speaking fandom in the U.S. and England) have gone through most of this. They are not still very near being a unified fandom, but they are closer to it now than they ever have been. Here, because there is a tendency in any organization to adopt a particular form of fandom, there has developed an active, but not organized general fandom. This development is modifying the tendencies of organized fandom. This pretty well sums up my opinions as developed through Chalker and Gindorf.

LARRY CRILLY, 951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Lieber Freund (or something like that...):-

I think I know why Jack Chalker says: "I'm not really that bad. I only hate people." What he meant to say, of course, was: "I hate only people." Or "...HUMANS!" The verb directly after the subject, of course! It's a mistake I made a few times before I realized it...actually, Doc Manchú pointed it out to me (he's a close personal friend, y'know).

Contents: Berry's story found a receptive reader in myself. A nice blending of fan- and pro-fiction there. FAUNCH for more! Mike Deckinger's story wasn't bad, tho it did have a Hitchcock-type plot. Similar to the type of story Alfie on his TV show and in his mag, I mean. Chris Miller was interesting in his article about Roo. Say, if Chris gets TBE, I'd like to remind him that I still owe him about 50¢ in trade; why haven't you written, Chris? Burns article was informative--now I know what to call my mind. I had been informed it was "twisted" and other synonyms; but now I know the truth!

So you've found out that s-f is almost all trashy literature, eh? Good for you! You have to rise above these petty things, however! Now, altho I idolize Heinlein as THE s-f writer, he still can't compare with Leslie Charteris! (any remarks about Heinlein being a more sympathetic and 'human'-type story writer will be dismissed on the grounds that Charteris' type of story (his earlier ones, at any rate) is taking place in the real world, and not some figment of a diseased writer's mind!) All literature is no good, since it's 'make believe'! Down with literature! Down with all books! ~~Down with all books!~~ (heh-heh)

After getting a copy of George C~~W~~ Willick's poll some time ago, and receiving TBE #8 with his letter that says: "...fandom...is open to odd-ball types." I practically broke up laughing. He ought to know, boy!!! Speaking of a person's character showing in photos, I suspect I've seen pics of Clod in various copies of a certain high-circulation magazine published by E.C. publications; wonder if it is the character whose initials are ~~A. E. Newman~~. They both have the same type of character, anyway...

Owen Hannifen is right--from what I've learned in The Immortal Storm, anyway. It sounds like fun, all those fueds; but I suspect Mos-cowitz and Wollheim didn't think it was fun then!

As for fannishness vs. serconishness ("...he hissed out the word.") :I don't really see where there's that much difference. Now, in the USA, both have to beware of 'discussion- zines', which don't hinge on either! Then there's also comic-book fandom, with several comic fanzines being published! You got it easy over there, ol' man! Only fan vs. faan!

Well now...met Steve Stiles in NYC about three weeks back; he attended a lecture at the Hayden planetarium with me and one of the lecturers started his talk with: "I got my first interest in a Science career when I started reading a magazine called Amazing Stories in the '20's"!!! How about that, eh!?

-27-

BOB SMITH, 1 Amenities Unit, Victoria Barracks, Sydney, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA
Dear Rudiger and Helmut:

Your decision to publish an all-English and an all-German language zine is wise, I feel; this has the definite advantage of allowing the Gerfan more than just a "glimpse" at overseas fandom, whilst we also are kept relatively up-to-date on Gerfan affairs. More power to you. There are times (when reading TBE) that I wish I were still in England, and could attend a few of your conventions...as John Baxter has no doubt told you such gatherings are very rare in Australia these days.

I certainly hope that in future issues you will not confine yourselves to a couple of pages of editorial; those of us who do not correspond with either of the editors personally would probably like to know more of you both, and your ideas. Hmmm? Don't let the English language worry you at all. Fandom's esoteric jargon is nothing compared to some the Australian "slang" that I and my wife had to contend with!

Rolf Gindorf's conreport was most interesting and quite amusing in places. It would seem a slice of the Irish "blarney" is somehow mixed in with that European manner of his...the manner in which he got round Frau Doktor von Müller (with tongue firmly lodged in cheek, I would say) was a classic! His command of the English language is amazing-nay, even a trifle frightening, especially if it was indeed composed straight on to stencil.

I'm not quite sure what Klaus Eylmann is driving at in his short message, but I think it's possible for "fannish" items and the more serious contributions to exist side by side in the same fanzine, German or otherwise. John Berry's own zines are good examples of this, where book reviews and articles are intermingled with the more fannish humor. I hope you don't intend using TEE as a 'vehicle' for this sort of mud-slinging too often, bhoys.

I'm inclined to agree with most of Alan Burn's comments on eating (especially the "intelligent" female conversationist), except his attitude towards female cooks. I doubt very much if Alan is married, otherwise he most certainly wouldn't come out with such foolhardy suggestions! His description of that fellow who cooked breakfast for his new wife the following morning, for some inexplicable reason, reminds me of certain Sturgeon characters who whipped up perfect but simple meals halfway thru the yarn - usually described in mouth-watering details...

"The amazed wife was quite willing to lean after that..." Hah! What a clot. Alan's ideas about eating irons are fairly reasonable, altho I can think of quite a few desserts that most definitely require a fork. However, I imagine Alan's dessert would be almost as 'simple' as his eating arrangements, and the spoon would do a sufficiently capable job. Dear old Dr. Johnson (who also suggested that the human race should not "hold back" another natural physical function, which I cannot mention because this may be a family fanzine...) may have had the right idea about female cooking in his day, but things have changed slightly since then.

Walter Ernsting's short review of the beginnings of science fiction in Germany was interesting. If the younger fans in Germany want "better and hotter s-f" maybe they should import a few Farmer yarns...!

Not a bad letter column you have these days. I'm inclined to agree with Buck Coulson that TEE should (if possible) draw on more Gerfans for contributions about your variety of s-f fandom, in fact for anything that could be considered as fanzine material. The average American/British/Australian fan tries to obtain, TEE, for instance, because he/she wants to know more of Gerfandom; it can be a trifle dissapointing to find much of the issue taken up with overseas contributors, who are found in many other fanzines. Instead of feuding over the relative merits of serious material and fannish fun, there should be the 'togetherness' of creating something of interest and communicating it to everybody in the English-speaking fandom. If Gerfans can be persuaded to contribute material (whether it be a serious discussion on the works of Heinlein, a fannish tour de farce, artwork or just plain conreporting), then I think the editors should take the attitude: "it's your fanzine, we must show the world what German fans can do, do your best and I/we will print it..."//As Roy Tackett says the spread of English thruout Japan is phenomenal, but they don't 'arf mangle it at times! Many signs were apparently done by individuals who considered that English should be displayed "as she is written", but one became used to them. When I left Japan my assistant projectionist presented me with a magnificent hand-worked belt, and the buckle was a replica of the well-known "Warner Bros." trade-mark; now I go around advertising "W.B." pictures on my navel...

PHIL HARREL, 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia, U.S.A.

-29-

Dear Helm;

One Angry American doesn't make a nation, nor does one persons opinion, I refer to Jack Chalker's letter last ish. Do what you like with BUG EYE and I wish you luck. Unlike Jack I think you're doing something after all how many Americans publish a zine in completely foreign language an' a whole zine at that. Who care if you don't get every word perfect we know what you mean, and anyway if you did you'd be doing better than some American faneds do, as it is you do a better job anyway, than some of them do.

Seeing a checkmark here reminds me of a statement I can NEVER forgive Jack Chalker for and I quote it verbatim: "Bradbury started out with fanpubbing---and putting his own cruddy stories in his zine."

THEMS FIGHTING WORDS MR. CHALKER! If his work in his zine was crud as You claim it was (and your very words do a most beautiful work of damning you and ALL Bradbury fen surely will) Then Pray tell Why an issue of FUTURIA FANTASIA #1 (Ray Bradbury's zine) now sells for \$20.00 an issue when a collector decides to sell one which is damn seldom? How come M.G.M. recently paid \$120.000.00 to him for a movie script he wrote? How come he is one of the top writers today and a kings ransom is paid for any and ALL writings that Ray has EVER done in manuscripts. Crud indeed Sir, you should talk. Even his so called crud (called that ONLY by you) is better than most stf being printed today.....ahhh for a bit of Bradbury crud to grace the issues of my zine. All I can say is that if you call Bradbury Crud what pray tell do you call good? Fout on you sir. Shall I send you the loaded plonker are ~~{{for?}}~~ will you do the honorable thing and buy it yourself.

By the way in the check boxes you had "I'd like to trade (all for all) TBE for Helmut Klemm" now tell me why would you want to do athing like that I know I wouldn't trade Hel for a dozen TBE's.....

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Avenue, North Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut,

I was very much interested in the information on German fandom contained in Bug Eye, and especially enjoyed the articles by Rolf Gindorf, who seems to me to be a sort of a German Terry Carr. I don't think a loud between fannish and sercon is enjoyable or even necessary, however, and I hate to see it in fanzines. I hope Gerfandom doesn't take this up. By the way, Jack Chalker is far from representative of American opinion, as you no doubt know. However he is right when he says that it is better to stop fighting and just print good material, fannish or sercon (whatever those words mean--no one agrees on the definition either, and who cares?)

Editorial: Why should you feel guilty about the acts of a former regime, done without the knowledge of most of the people? I am interested in what Germans think today, especially since it was once feared that 12 years of Hitler-type education would permanently warp the minds of the next generation. But apparently this hasn't ocured, yet we worry about the same thing regarding total communist education in communist countries. // There is a difference between disliking current or a majority of s-f (90% is trash? Of course. 90% of everything is trash as Sturegon once said), and dislike of the field itself. I know you must still like science fiction itself, as do most fans, regardless of their other beliefs.

This is my first fanzine received from a German fan. But my

first connection with German science fiction was when I saw "Rocket to the Moon" in 1931, and this spurred my enthusiasm for science fiction greatly. I've often wondered what magazines did the stowaway (a small boy) have in his possession. I thought there was a German s-f magazine then, but apparently not. I haven't seen the movie since unfortunately. I'd like to read something about early German ^{fandom} besides Willy Ley. ((Watch for Harry Warner's History of Fandom. I've just sent him Herbert Häussler's memoirs.))

GREG BENFORD, 204 Foreman Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

-30-

Dear Helmut,

I don't think I could call myself an oldtime Gerfan and not comment on BUG EYE. I suppose you're aware that I was quite active in Gerfandom some years back, and that VOID was originally a zine to support Gerfandom.

I remember cranking out VOID for three years in attics of Gießen and Frankfurt, and thinking that I was helping Gerfandom. It was only after 6 issues that I finally realized that, although VOID would bring attention to German fandom, it wouldn't make too good an impression without good material. The number of Gerfans who would write well in English was very small in those days, so I gradually changed to Britons and Americans for material....you might say this trend has reached its inevitable conclusion now, since we haven't carried any Gerfandom material for over 3 years.

But you have realized this in short order, and although you're taking a different tack, the results are beginning to look the same. Your writers are good, and your slant is excellent for the job you've set for yourself.

I was amazed to learn that you're 16 -- my German was poor when I was that age, and I lived in Germany! I suppose it's somewhat more natural for a language student to become fannish, since you have the equipment (but then, look at me -- I'm reading physics). ((Uhh, there seems to be an awful lot of mathematicians, physicists and chemists in fandom. I got "D" in math and physics in my last report; but "B" in English and -- hold your breath -- "A" in Latin.))

Berry's OZARK INCIDENT is quite good. I think it could be made into an even better stf piece if he could cook up something or other with the oversize rabbits, for they interested me quite a bit. The device has been used before of course (what hasn't?), but John's presentation was so good I wish he'd continue with it. Makes a nice little fan piece tho. Didn't particularly care for Deckinger or Miller tho. Alan Burns is interesting -- just how does he get all this information on the overmind and "natural electricity"?

Convention report^{is} interesting and informative. I attended the 1st Bad Homburg while in Frankfurt and enjoyed it. (I wonder if Julian Parr still remembers me?) Likewise Wolfgang's piece.

The whole matter which seems to concern BUG EYE is one I've seen quite often, and unfortunately had to deal with once or twice. I've found that the best method to employ, if one is outnumbered by huge odds, is simply to ignore the majority. If one has a chance of communicating with an appreciative audience, then the best method is simple ridicule, rather than fuming articles. However, these last two sentences apply to fanzines written in German; since you can appeal to all of America and England, it shouldn't be hard to combine the two outlooks -- mention the rest of Gerfandom only if something in it amuses you; for the rest, forget

it. I assume you're interested in entertainment, and the most entertaining thing to do in a situation like this is the humorous approach. However, humor is most difficult to write when your audience doesn't know the subjects, so it is necessary to get to know the people you're criticising first. This sometimes disgusts you so much you're incapable of making the affair funny, so it demands a certain amount of detachment. My editorials in VOID about Dallas are something like what I mean, if you happen to have seen those. Of course, occasionally it's good to publish a refutation like Rolf Gindorf's to set one's case, too. Actually, I have my own vile and greedy reasons for urging you on this course--if you can turn out something as fine as Rayburn's past Derogations in A BAS, fandom will be a better place indeed. (You might see VOID #6 for an indication of what I mean if you have no A BAS).

I'm a fan of portions of : Wagner, Bartok, Hindemith & others. I hate waltzes. As far as music goes, I wish I were back in Germany. ~~As~~ As I've said in a previous issue already, I don't like 12tone. I love Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn-Bartholdi, and especially A. Thomas. Have you ever heard/seen his opera Mignon? Ahhh, wonderful! Well, to a certain extent I like Carl Orff, too. Hey, this reminds me of a letter I got from Japanese fan Aritzne Toyoda: "My hobbies are, Science Fiction reading, dancing, listening to music (especially Beethoven's Symphonie and Concerto, Schubert's Lied, Elvis Presley and many other rock 'n' roll singers)...."

As Harry Warner said in refutation to an attitude sometimes advanced by the serious-stupid types to whom you are opposed, if a man like Walter Ernsting, who spent years in the east with the Wehrmacht and as a prisoner, wants to spend his leisure time being fannish or sercon, I hardly think anyone could deny him the right (or as some others say, claim that's he's "escaping from reality").

The best attitude to take is approximately the one you've adopted: there are some good things in stf which are quite worthy of discussion, but for the most part they're not enough to fill a lot of fanzines. In these days it's the urge to publish and create which inspires fanzines, not the desire to communicate about stf, so any attempt to limit the topics of discussion is futile.

The editorial on Eichmann was quite well put. I have always felt that, right or wrong, the Germans have such a great potential in so many areas that anything which might steer or influence them in the right direction is doubly valuable. I hope the Eichmann trial will help. I still think that in the field of Weltpolitik Germany, Russia & America will play the most significant place in the next 10-20 years, which gives me something of an advantage, since I speak all three languages.

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ANDY MAIN bem, 163A West 10th Street, New York 14, New York, U.S.A. ~~((on7))~~
Lieber Helmut! ~~((heheheh~~ bhoy, I'll give you a beating! My name's writ-
with one t ; you mutt!))

This fanzine of yours is, it seems to me, quite an important step. German fandom is growing up, fan-wise, as it were. US fandom has been in existence quite a bit longer than German fandom, or any other country's fandom (England, France, Sweden, Australia, New Zealand, and the newly appearing Japanese fandom), and it is interesting to note the change from the completely sercon, s-f-centered fandom of the early days to the widely varied present fandom, a great part of which concerns itself little if at all with science fiction. As I am a member of that latter part of present-day fandom, and am also interested in foreign countries and the

people, especially fans, inhabiting same, I hope that the fandoms of other countries, which for the most part are still in a stage corresponding to that of early American fandom, will follow the road of American fandom and eventually have at least a goodly percentage of non s-f-centered fans, like unto the fannish fandom of the USA. So you can see that the appearance of BUG EYE is something of an occasion, so far as I am concerned. It is the first non-sercon, non-s-f centered general fanzine to come out of Continental Europe, with the exception of the Linardzines, which are unclassifiable.

A part of Rüdiger's editorial makes me feel an Old Fan and Tired already, at the tender age of 18. When I burst quietly into an unsuspecting fandom in January 1960 with my first issue, I quickly became, for some unknown reason, the Neofan's Neofan, or what you will. Although I had published only a few issues of my usually mediocre, sometimes worthwhile fanzine, there were a number of neofans who came into fanzine fandom through my zine more than any other. There were some who were inspired to publish their first fanzine by me, mostly indirectly. I was ("blush") a kind of BNN--Big Name Neofan, big among neofen, at any rate. Now, it seems that many of My Children (as I affectionately call them) have gone on to be quite active in fandom, while I went through my first big gaffiation. A prime example of this sort of thing (and the only one I can think of at the moment) is Chuck Devine, who started out with me, and has now gone to develop his own little readership of his fanzine, which, I recently realized, has already topped mine in number of issues. He also seems to know more foreign fans than I ever did, and is really going strong in all directions. In short, he has taken my place in fandom, with a dittoed neofanzine with a small but active readership, a great number of whom are young types like himself. It makes me feel Old and Tired as I said. An Era of my life has passed; an era when I was publishing like mad, printing almost anything in an indiscriminate manner, corresponding madly with everybody in sight with a nature similar to mine. Another neofan bites the dust.

So much for the self-egoboo department. Rolf Gindorf is quite articulate, I find. His English is better than that most of "Men on the Street" in this country. The conrep was good, though marred a bit by references to German fen-doings and fen-fends about which most outsiders would know nothing. // I too was saddened by the news of the death of Jürgen Molthof; I had traded only one or two letters with him, but had found him to be a Good Man, especially as he sent me a small pile of German yellow ditto masters, which I found quite useful. Requiesat in pace.... // It seems to me typically German in a way (although I normally deplore such type-casting), that such a Big Thing should develop over the supposed conflict between the two branches of fandom. The whole thing is not that important, but it is typical of those who represent the worst element in s-f-centered fandom (I don't mean to put down everybody in s-f-centered fandom, just the rabid, bigotted ones, of whom there are a few everywhere, but not many in fannish fandom because of the basically whimsical unserious nature of the latter) that they should make a Big Fight and a Big Deal about the fact that there are some fenwho are not so interested in stf as they are.

Thanks for your translation of "Welch ein Glück!" In a few years I should know German well enough to write to you in it; I'll also know Swedish and French and probably other languages---one of my major ambitions is to learn as many languages as I can in my life. ~~44~~You ought to meet Rolf

Gindorf, he speaks 8 or 9 languages, among them Arabic!))

Blüm's article is another example of something I was talking about in the last paragraph--the great tendency for German fans to organize everything. Now here he wants there to be a set number of serious s-f type fanzines, a set number of otherwise fanzines, and all like that. The idea Daddy, is just not to worry about a Goddam thing, and publish what you like and send for the fanzines you want to receive and don't make any kind of Big Thing out of it. The essence of fandom is free, open, often haphazard communication, and all this attempt at organizing things and such-like sounds rather more like the NFFF than like worthwhile fan doings.

I agree completely with Buck Coulson's opinion about the "purpose" of fandom--it's just a hobby, and the purpose of any hobby is to have fun. And I repeat this words to Thea Grade: "180 miles? A mere jaunt." Why, I drove about 6600 in my little 1956 Volkswagen (wonderful cars, those) in exactly three months, most of it in trips of between 350 and 900 miles. I bought the car June 5, 1961, in Santa Barbara, and sold it in Seattle, September 5, 1961, after the worldcon. I loaded all the belongings from the VW into Ted White's Ford and came to NYC with him.

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JOE GIBSON, 5380 Sobrante Avenue, El Sobrante, California, U.S.A.

Dear Hel,

I believe it's a grave error -- altho a very common error among these Earth natives -- to judge others by ourselves, so I'm not in full agreement with the American fans who would treat the problems of Gerfandom as comparable to problems faced by American fandom at one time or another. After all, you fellows have certain considerations which few Americans ever heard of -- for one simple reason: they don't live in West Germany. Also, I hesitate to advise you on how to solve your problems. As an American fan, I have problems of my own, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to have a dozen German fans start telling me how to solve them, but I would be surprised if their advice proved sound and well-founded.

Some implications of your sercon/fannish dispute are very new to me, and the whole situation is extremely interesting. For that matter, I can't imagine American fandom (or British fandom, either) actually setting up or remaining for very long in any such organization as EUROTOPIA. It's sort of like expecting all the pirates of 16th Century Port Royal to voluntarily enlist in His Majesty's Navy. The thought actually shocks me!

Perhaps for this same reason, I felt a somewhat negative reaction to your editorial. It would seem abnormal and inhuman to expect to compare themselves, personally, to any man like Eichmann; after all, your mind certainly isn't that dead, and you very probably couldn't have made yourself into a nazi big-shot if the fate of all mankind depended on it. Right? Why, you couldn't even knife an old woman and steal her purse! Neither could I. (Yet if we deliberately got ourselves drunk in some bierhalle, you and I, and then staggered out into the dark to do something exactly as cruel as that -- why, afterward, perhaps ... well, you don't know.) Well, does that matter?

Sonchow, I can't feel it does. Much more important to you and I, Hel, are those two rough-looking fellows over in the corner of the beer-hall. I noticed that one with the scar looking at my billfold when I paid for our last round of drinks. And the polizei aren't much help in this section of the city, are they? We should never have come here. In fact, we could just as well have not come to the city, in the first place. This kind of situation would be inthinkable in you village gasthaus!

But consider, now -- nearly two dozen patrons in this beerhall, and think how much more important those two roughnecks are to us than all the others! And with this section of the city growing larger, and the polizei having less and less effect -- well, some mad dog of a genius puts these devils in brown shirts and then you've got them in your village gasthaus, too.

Worse yet, suppose the polizei were getting to be just as bad! In that case, my friend, I suggest we both make a run for it -- and not stop for breath until we're in Bern or Geneva or someplace like that. It's already too late to do anything here...

In 1920, I think it was already too late. Just look at the problem you have there in Germany, the geographic center (the latest books call it geopolitical) of a continent! You've had either enforced order or enforced chaos since long before Charlemagne, but either way there's always somebody throwing his weight around. The Chinese had the same deal for five thousand or more years and never found a solution. A problem? You've got one of the toughest problems anyone ever faced!

Still, the world around you is as much a part of that problem as you are; in a final analysis, this is what licked the Chinese. But this may permit a solution to come along -- we've got to prevent war, any kind of war, even including such international crimes as smuggling and hijacking. It will require some kind of world policing, properly controlled. It will take the united action of some well-unified nations, and a unified Germany will most certainly be needed there.

All right, it's a pretty dream. There might be a chance, tho. I believe I can see a faint glimmer of light in this shadowy world of Cold War. As a s-f fan, perhaps you can see it, too; which may make us both much wiser than the rest of mankind or the most optimistic fools in history. But do you suspect, as I do, that outer space will prove the toughest thing mankind has ever tackled? Well, if we can just nudge this nuclear weapons race over into a nuclear rockets race, perhaps -- just perhaps -- we'll get these militant fighting something besides each other, something they'll be kept busy fighting for a long, long period of future human history. And something so much bigger than they are that they don't dare endanger their only real home (and ours, too) here on Earth. ((Which could thus, eventually, become their only real home -- here in the Solar System.)) Anyway, I've always felt that if the meek are to inherit the Earth, some of us must certainly be fated to go somewhere else.

Of course, that may be, but you and I have to live now, in this world and these times. We're sitting in that beerhall with no place to run, and very little chance of coming out of it if anyone starts a brawl. No use arguing about how we got here, now; we can only hope that we'll last it out until morning. But I have some memories, nonetheless, about how we got here...

Hans and I used to talk about this. Hans was an SS Feldwebel who spent 3 years in the Afrika Korps and a year on the Russian Front because he never kicked hell out of prisoners; he was also on the Western Front for a while, in the same sectors as some of my American units. I met him at Camp Dachau; we'd made it a PW Lager. I used to take his work-crew of five men into the town of Dachau, and march them thru the streets to a cabinet-maker's shop where they did some work for us. They'd sing lustily, with the civilians smiling out windows at them and giving me dark scowls, and I picked up some of the words. One day I spotted a bunch of civilians down at the corner ahead of us, so I called Hans out, shoved my

rifle into his astonished grasp, jumped into the ranks and joined in the singing. We carried it off past the civilians and around the next corner before we all broke up and collapsed in the street, laughing. But once a civilian joined Hans and I, talking, and after a while this civilian commented that both Hans and I were good men and what a horrible thing it was when we had to kill each other. Hans and I exchanged a steady look and said nothing; after all, the civilian was speaking as only a civilian knows how.

You just can't tell noncombatants, at a time like that, how really simple and easy it is to kill someone else. You can't quite expect him to understand that the horrible thing, the really terrible and awful thing, is to have somebody else out there who's determined to kill you.

But you learn that, you see, and then it's all over (for a while) and they let you come back and be a civilian again. They think it just takes a little readjustment. Well, perhaps that's all you will do.

I still meet an occasional American who's busily disliking Germans "for what they did" -- who won't consider buying a Volkswagen because it's a German product, for example -- but I suppose it's asking too much to expect them to make a little readjustment.



REE

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Dorothy Hartwell, who didn't exactly comment but sent a lovely poem that's elsewhere in this, and an article. She has just finished writing on a novel. // Bernd Ruthström, Brahegatan 8, Stockholm Ö, Sweden. 'Twas a rather interesting letter, I lost it, tho. Try it again, Bernd, huh? Faneds, send him your zines, he seems to be quite a good letterhack. // Dave Locke, Chris Miller, Ruth Berman, Bruce Robins, Axel Mehlhardt, Thea Grade, Klaus Eylmann, Hans Franzke // FIJAGH?...of course, but LTTVoAIWOL! // If you neither have the time, nor the inclination to write a LoC, send me a copy of EVERGREEN REVIEW, it will get you 4 free issues; you Britishers have a rather secure position on the mailing list, anyway...besides Eric Jones', of course! It's now a year ago that he promised to write an article for TBE, but I didn't hear anything from him since. Oops, almost forgot to mention Ed Meskys. --hel

We trade

- ☒ I'd like to print something by you!
- ☒ I'd like to trade (all for all) TBE for
- ☒ Bitte send a LoC ☒ AIR MAIL, please
- ☐ You CONTRIBUTED
- ☐ You Commented
- ☐ Please review it. In _____

☒ Send me your KAPA line, huh?

☐ You name's mentioned

☒ Other: How 'bout coming over here and visiting me?
I live near the Dutch border.