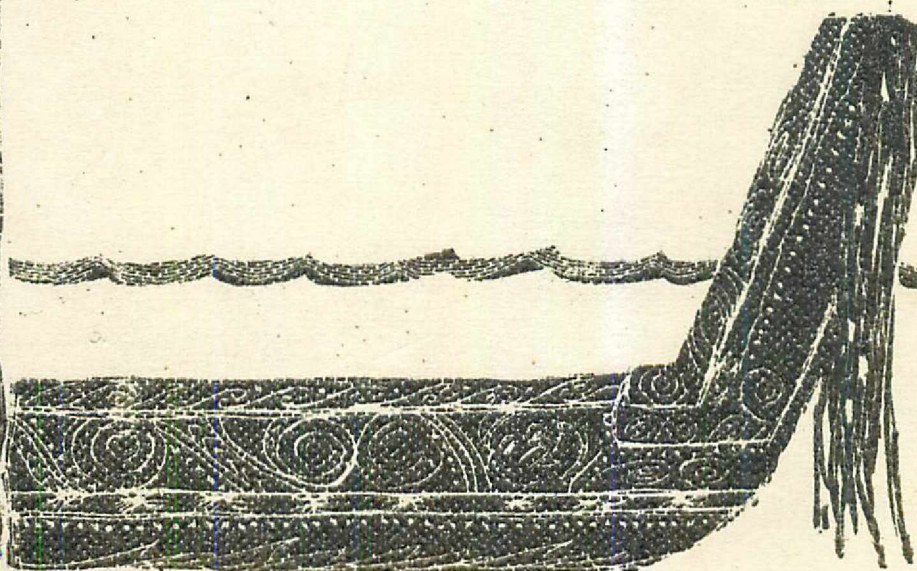
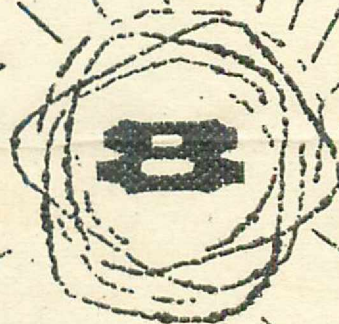
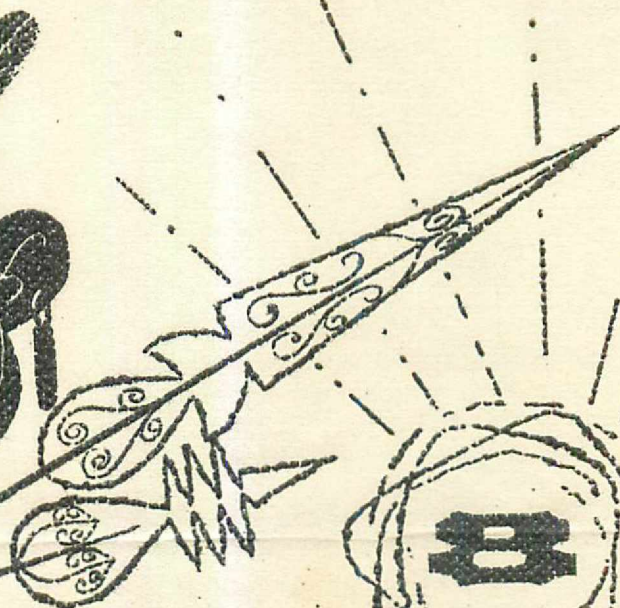
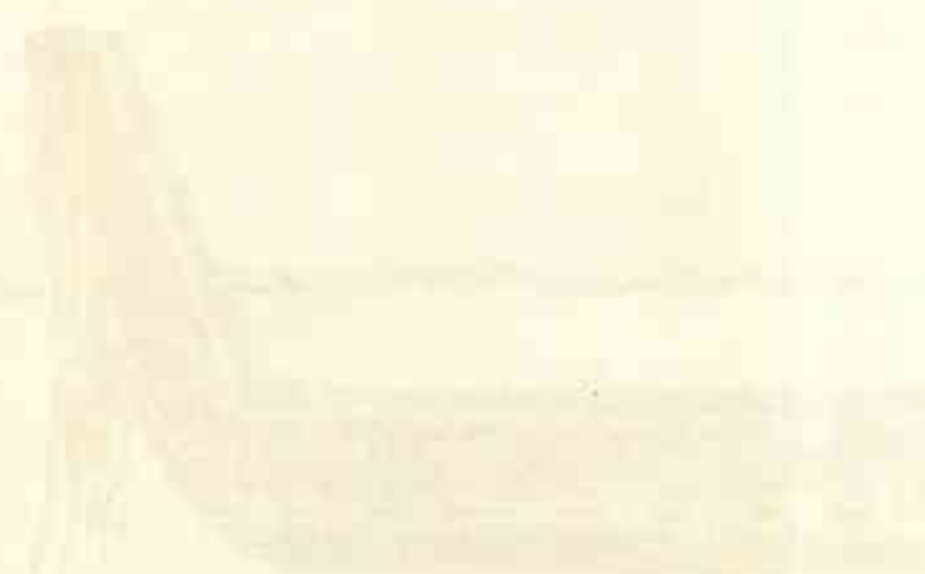


KiwiFAN



Mikaere Inihi

MAJIN



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COVER BY MICHAEL B. HINGE

Horokini
(THE RUNNING OF THE KIWIS)

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (A Vital Message to all faans)

"Years ago" (says Len Moffatt) "I made up some imaginary friends and used them in some semi-factual pieces I wrote for one of my early fanzines. They were three beer loving, trouble making characters... Actually, I guess, they were really facets of my own personality, exaggerated for the sake of humour and satire. I'd be trying an article and they would come in and start raiding my ice box and making critical remarks about the thing I was writing which would all be a part of the thing I was writing if you follow me, so the reader got the impression I was constantly being interrupted. Their names were: Pistachio, Zankowitz, and Vronduski. 'Vronduski' I made up in my own headbone without any conscious reference to a real name and now I find that there is a fan (a New Zealand fan) named Vondruska! Almost the same..."

Beer loving. Trouble making. Ice box raiding. The comparisons are staggering! But what really shocks me is the fact that 'Vronduski' was (so I hear) very fond of egoboo.. You will therefore understand my surprise, amazement - nay, terror! - at receiving a letter from the New-Zealand-Fan-Almost-The-Same to say that he is just putting the finishing touches to a new fanzine, enthusiastically yclept: EGOBOO!

This sounds to me like a case requiring immediate GDA investigation. It may even be that this amazine situation is one which menaces the security of the entire civilized world (i.e.: fandom). In case you can't see what I'm getting at: just think of all the horrible characters you read about in fanzines, and then imagine them knocking on your front door one day...

For my own part, I know only that several years ago this 'Vondruska' appeared mysteriously in Wellington. His past life is still extremely obscure, though he insists he's a Czech. It is at 6 Telford Terrace, Oriental Bay, Wellington, that he has taken up residence; and this is the house he uses as H.Q. for his notorious beer loving, troublly making, ice box raiding activities - and his fanac.

There is only one other figment of evidence at hand, and this I shall now divulge to convince (shatteringly) any amongst you who still feel dubious.. This figment is the last part of the letter I received from 'Vondruska' and goes like this:-

"IndexofEGOOB(tentative): Worlds, Paradise, Intergal.League Envoy, Apotheosis,Relativity For Beginners, ReveriesOfAnAgnostic, The Booby-Trapped Tram, Boomera Rocket Range Report, Perpetratorial, Semi(LM)Nudes, and The Desperate BLB Bight Errand!!!!.."

Is Vondruska a character? Vondruska is most certainly a character! Help! Help! Help! We are prisoners in a fanzine character conspiracy!

Local News

Jack Connell, who owns one of the three SF Bookshops in Auckland, tells me that he is hoping to start up a library of American SF magazines. Now the new import restrictions have come into force and American mags are few and far between, this sounds like a good idea. If any local fans have zines to sell to the library, they can contact Jack at his shop in Variety Lane, Balmoral, Auckland.

Although I'm straying somewhat from the subject of SF, I think it may be of interest to readers to hear about the pro sale I've just made. When Sputniks 1 and 11 went up I realised that there was a definite market for a cheap, up-to-the-minute work on SPUTNIK AND SPACE TRAVEL, giving facts, figures, and forecasts. This I produced, and in an effort to provide something which other satellite books had not, I incorporated "A History of the Artificial Satellite", "Space Dictionary", and "A Guide to Seeing Satellites". The ideas appealed to A.D. Organ Ltd. (an Auckland publishing firm) who went ahead and printed the book/booklet/digest. Finished product sports a coloured cover, 48 octavo pages -- including seven full pages of pics.

In the fannish traditions of Ghods Bloch and Tucker, included several disguised references to local fen! Mervyn Barrett, for example, receives a plug (unpaid) for the good (??) duplicating in FOCUS. (This particular reference - which occurs in the Space Dictionary - goes somewhat like this: "When an image is in FOCUS it is sharply and clearly defined.") On the less lucky end is Bruce Burn who is somewhat ingratiously referred to as "a weird inhabitant of another planet". This all is expensive on law suits, but FUN.

Any New Zealander who'd like a copy of the book can obtain one from me at Haselmere Rd. (full address elsewhere), for the cost of 3/6. English customers can order through Ron Bennett (7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrowgate, Yorks.) who also earns a 'reference' in the book... As for Yankee fans, the price is 50¢ a copy, and the source: Miss B. Lex, Nth. Shimmerville Rd., Clarence, New York. Customers be assured: all proceeds thusly earned will go toward Good Works (like paying up my SOLACON sub, buying a new duper, and like that).

In case some of you haven't heard: we New Zealand fans are plugging hard for KIWICON 2000! In other words, we are campaigning for the 2000 A.D. World SF Convention to be held here in kiwi country. Slogans are flowing free and fast: WELLINGTON FOR CENTURY CON! AUCKLAND IN TWO-THOUSAND! etc etc.. Despite all the difficulties involved this is nevertheless a serious scheme. Of course, if the project gains enough momentum (and just think how South Gate ~~caught on~~) then we can bid for the con site sooner than 2000; say, in 1967! In any case it is all good publicity for New Zealand fandom.

(((N.B. Burn writing... I just thought I'd better tell you all that Roger is all up the chute in the foregoing paragraph. 'we New Zealand fans' are not all plugging for a KIWICON in the year 2000. Truth is, we in Wellington started yabbering about a con in Wellington at the turn of the century, since our calculations have shown that by that time, some sort of fandom should be established here. Our bros. in Auckland decided -- patriotically they said -- that we should all campaign for a Kiwicon in 2000, rather than a Wellington in that year. Feindishly cunning, these barbarians from the north....)))

I have here an exchange ad from the editors of VAMPIRE.. They say: "Would like to get a whole bunch of British or New Zealand fan'zines. Will trade copies of VAMPIRE, my fannish effort for those. It is now co-edited by a friend of mine, Mike Klose. Besides our wanting fmz and pulp sized Brithish Fantasy and SF, Klose would like to know if anyone has a hotwater bottle in the image of Jayne Mansfield. If any of this stuff interests you, send your pocsarcd, water bottles, etc., to Mike Klose & Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon, USA, and by George, you'll get fast results!"

Well, I dunnow about that hotwater bottle in the image of Jayne Mansfield, but over here we do get Belisha Beacons, hand-painted by native craftsmen, in the image of our Prime Minister. These do as substitutes, fellahs?

ET ALIENA.

Rog Dard tells me that his Fantasy/SF Checklist is to be issued soon, despite the difficulties he's had with an agent. The checklist, which is expected to be very cheap indeed, will sell through Graham Stone (Box 4440, GPO, Sydney, NSW, Australia).

At last Pete Jefferson is to ressurect his fanzine, "mc²"! This is Good News, since the first issue showed considerable promise. Besides Pete is himself by birth a New Zealander! Items lined up for No. Two and No. Three include: "Modern Paperback Rarities" by Pete, a skit by Jim Harman, notes by Don Tuck, "This is Kiwifandom" by myself, a long article by Swedish fan Alvar Appeltofft, a four page story "Syrtis Revisited" by David Rankin, three articles of a bibliographical nature on the SF field, and a piece by Graham Stone. The issue out soon should run to at least 20 4to pages. Available from: Pete Jefferson, 41 Mary St., Longueville, NSW, Australia. And worth getting, too.

SOUTH GATE IN '58! assuredly. But what about '59? Where is the '59 World SF Convention to be held? Our thanks to Len Moffatt and Barb Lex for keeping us up to date on this question. And thanks too to Buck Coulson (editor of YANDRO) who has kindly airmailed his own words of sage counsel:

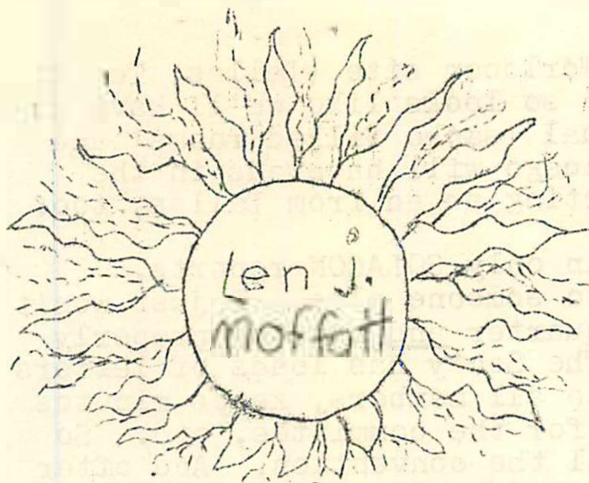
"Three cities are in the running: Chicago, Detroit, and Dallas. Personally, I'd regard Chicago as the best choice, Detroit a very close second, and Dallas a very poor third. (I've also hear that the bid will be from Houston instead of Dallas, but Dallas is the centre of Tex-fandom at the moment, and the headquarters of the group making the bid, no matter which city they pick.) One strike against Chicago is that they've already had a Worldcon recently, while Detroit has never had one."

----- CHICAGO (or DETROIT or DALLAS) IN '59!

That seems to be all the news for Now. However, I'd like to take this opportunity of saying how indebted I am to Bruce Burn for doing all the duplicating and 'donkey work' behind this issue, which would never otherwise have seen the black of GESTETNER (plug) mimeo ink. Bruce has helped me over a very difficult period during which I had little or no time to spare for fanac, and I'm really grateful. He and I are hoping to get KIWIFAN back on a regualr schedule with this issue and the next. If all goes well, No. 9 will be in your hands in about six weeks time.

Till next time, then, best wishes....

Roger



SOLACON NEWS

First of all, the Bad News: Walt and Wife will not be able to come to the SOLACON. They still want to come, of course, as much as ever, but personal difficulties (unexpected house repair expenses, finding someone to care for the children in their absence, trouble getting away from Walt's job, etc.) just won't permit them. This, to us, is the Biggest Disappointment of the SOLACON and the convention hasn't even begun. But one must face the harsh realities of life. At least we know that Walt and Madeleine will be there with us in spirit. Walt has always been one of the strongest supporters of "South Gate In '58!" and, of course, still is.

And so -- as advertised -- the money collected from the Selected Writings of Rick Sneary will be divided between Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund and the Treasury of SOLACON (16th World SF Convention).

"It's a disappointment not to be able to go but it makes up for it to think that someone on the other side of the world has such kind thoughts for us. Maybe you'd pass along my thanks to the people who contributed when the opportunity arises and ensure them we're very grateful."

Walter Willis.

Robert Bloch has started -- with a letter to his fellow pros -- another drive to get pros to contribute autographed first or rare editions of their published works to raffle or auction off for WAW. Also was asking pros to let themselves be auctioned off at the SOLACON for same purpose. Fans could have bid for an hour of their favourite pro's time and undivided attention; a wonderful and crazy idea -- typical of Good Man Bloch.

Actually, we may still have the author - slave market as part of our regular auction, if the writers are willing to co-operate. I think most of them will as those who have volunteered did so because they liked the gag, and not only to help the WAW Fund.

As for the SOLACON proper, 174 people had joined as of January 17th. We expect many, many more of course but the year is young yet. The first ish of the Convention Journal has appeared...still better than 100 copies on hand for those who join NOW. Next ish due out this month. Guest of Honour not yet decided but should know soon. Three

groups are planning to bid for the 1959 Worldcon site (Dallas, Texas; Detroit, Michigan; and Chicago, Illinois) so looks like we'll have a lively business meeting producing the usual 'smoke filled rooms' and much campaigning... Both Detroit and Chicago will have ads in the 2nd issue of the Journal and we are expecting an ad from Dallas, too.

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE 8 will contain only SOLACON reports. After that, I plan to turn the mag over to someone else. I just won't have the time to turn out the mag every quarter and conduct properly my duties as Secretary of the SOLACON. The Sec'y has loads of letters to write, mails out the SOLACON Journal to all members, keeps minutes of Committee meetings as well as records for the committee, etc. So there just won't be any issues of SFP till the convention. And after '8, I'll turn the mag over to Rick Sneary and/or Stan Woolston if they want it; if not, I guess George W. Fields would be the next in line to be offered the mag. Time will tell...

But I won't be giving up fanac altogether, Will keep the mimeo and bring out an occasional oneshot. Will also when I feel the Urge (tho not necessarily upon request) write bits and pieces for other fanzines. But most of my spare time after '58 will go into writing fiction with a For Sale sign on it. I have always wanted to be a Writer -- ever since I can remember. Even before I heard of Science Fiction. Now I want to write s-f, fantasy, and mainstream fiction, as it is called. Short stories and novels. Whatever I feel like.... Maybe articles too, if I can get hipped on a subject which might sell to one of the mags, s-f or otherwise...

Read somewhere where someone was suggesting a Transpacific Fan Fund for benefit of you all in New Zealand and Australia. Of course somebody might say that two such funds in fandom every year would be too much. But since you all are doing so much actifanning, I would think you were entitled to the chance of coming to a World SF Convention, and think perhaps that TAFF should change its name to include both Atlantic and Pacific...TRANSOCEANICFANFUND?....TOFF??....Well, why not? Hope TOFF is taken up and made a reality by fandom. It seems only fair that all overseas fandom should have a chance to get in on the 'big pond fund' -- no matter which pond they are near. As long as they are actifans, and Foo knows the Kiwifans are active!

MOFF FOR TOFF!

-rjh

Rick Sneary was pretty sick a few weeks ago and is still taking it easy so he won't have a relapse. (Asthma and bronchial trouble, which makes him most susceptible to pneumonia.) Last time I saw him, about a week ago, he was feeling pretty good but wasn't ready to go back to work yet. (He's an accountant.) But he is doing an excellent job of book-keeping as SOLACON Treasurer, and hasn't missed a Committee meeting yet.

And now it's time to sign off again till nexttime. Should be able to tell you who is SOLACON Guest of Honour in my next report. Till then, best wishes,



SOLACON: August 29th to September 1st, 1958, Los Angeles, California. 5

A HISTORIC PHONE-CALL AND...

a Hinge for the Gate in '58!

I gesture hypnotically but the phone refuses to go away. Instead, it continues ringing defiantly. Grrr. I toss my Saturday morning comic section aside in disgust and stagger out of bed, awash with sheets. I wipe the eyes from my sleep, and bedclothes, and search frantically beneath the bed for a pair of slippers.

There is nothing frantically beneath my bed but a pile of deserted FANFARONS. And the phone rings on.

Puff, pant. This is too much. Lurch phonewards, mind fully awake at last, mind active now, turning over carefully in my mind what exactly I am going to say.

I say "Hello."

"Hello." It is a deep, mature, laconic voice at the other end. Dammit, I hate people who say "Hello" when I say "Hello". Puts me immediately in a one-down position. This I collapse to the floor again to think about.

"Boy! Guess where I'm goin?"

I could tell you, fellah, only you is Mike B Hinge, resident of Mission Bay, Auckland, jazz fan, artist, oddball, owner of deep, mature, laconic voice, and mainly fellah from whom I am trying to cadge cover for KIWIFAN 8.

So, I don't know where you are goin.

"South Gate is where I am goin."

"Oh. South Gate. Oh. And you mean to tell me, ****you, that you just rung me up at this hour of the morning -- gadfry, man, at 10 am! -- just to ****well tell me you ****just goin to ****South Gate, hyah?"

"1???*%@!!!\$9!."

"South Gate. South Gate. Why, ****it man! GO to South Gate, GO!!!. If you want to, GO to South..."

...Gate. South Gate. SOUTH GATE.

"SOUTH GATE?!!!!!!!"

"That's what I said, Roger, that's what I said. Have just got word from the American Assembly that I'm to go on the Immigration quota and that everything is right for me to leave for California in May or June this year which means that chances are I'll be able to attend SOLACON in September.....as NZ representative, if you fellers want.... Be selling up a lot of my stuff, so come around some time and take a look. Guess I'd better go now, and get on with my packing and tidying up....
(continued bottom next page...)

NEWS
OF

ACE BOOKS

A Division of A. A. WYN INC
25 West 47th St., N Y 36, N Y.

ACE No. 266

THE MECHANICAL MONARCH by E. C. Tubb

...Of a man from yesterday and the machine that ruled tomorrow... He had been the first space-flier but his ship had missed the moon and gone on to drift silent, frigid, forgotten. Centuries later the derelict was found, defrosted, and returned to life. In any other world he would have received a hero's welcome. But Earth had no room for an extra man. A perfect thinking machine ran Earth; so this man had to be eliminated. But in this man's memory was the key to the control of the Mechanical Monarch!

TWICE UPON A TIME by Charles L. Fontenay

Interplanetary peace was maintained by a small band of men known as the Deathless Legion. One of this band, Chaan Fritag of Earth, was the first to cross the path of the man who would be the First Napoleon of the Stars. The battle was between one man in the glactic blue and this emperor of a planet with a million man army. But Chaan Fritag had two all-powerful secrets--one from his past; the other from what was yet to be--they wereworth a full army to him! But first he had to understand them!

Both books for 40¢, available thru A. A. WYN INC., New York.

ACE No. 274

WORLD WITHOUT MEN by Charles Eric Maine

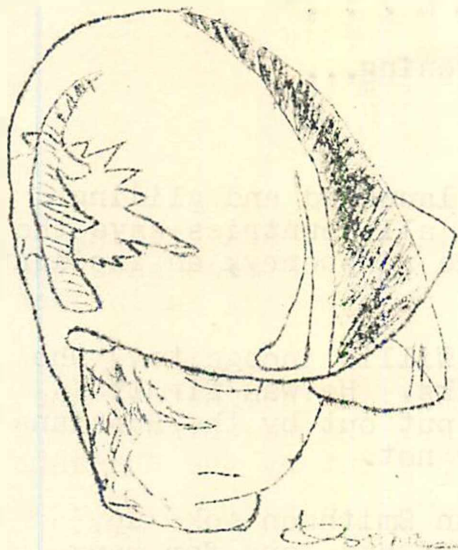
A truly unique s-f novel which dares to discuss a scientific subject hitherto untouched--ultimate birth control, the gradual elimination of the male from the human race! The world of 5000 years from now was a world of only one sex--women. Love was an unnatural affair, ruled by the merciless hand of an unseen government. Babies were created by laboratory techniques based on mass deception. The one great project--the one motive for humanity's continued existence--was the struggle to recreate the male sex. Yet the very act of realising this dream was to creat a crisis the world of women had never anticipated -- and could not control!

This brilliant new novel, by the author of TIMELINER and SPACEWAYS, is available from A. A. WYN INC. for only 40¢

....Um? Yeah, I should be able to take over some samples of NZ fanac with me when I go... Yeah, OK then, I'll be seeing you."

I put the phone down, navigate the hall, and collapse into bed.

(SPECIAL NEWS RELEASE FROM ROGER; 8/3/58)



dodd or ALIVE

...a Doddering Column by...

ALAN DODD.

"SPUTNIK WITH A BEARD" was the heading of one of a batch of clippings that Peter Francis Skeberdis sent me from Flint in Michigan the other day which combined with the recent boom in professional wrestling in England during the last year made me realise just how much the world of wrestling is connected to the world of fantasy and science fiction.

The clipping showed a quite remarkable photo of a star-studded sky in the centre of which gleamed a vast spiked sputnik out of which scowled the bearded face of "The Mad Russian", a well-known villain of the wrestling ring. Trick photography of course - but a brilliant new idea.

The caption to the photo reads, "The Russian Dog in the Russian Satellite has nothing on Promoter Lee Donoghue, who offers this photographic version of a Sputnik - with a bearded Russian inside. The matman is Nikolai Zolotov, billed as "The Mad Russian" who will appear on tonight's mat card at the Arena. The picture was taken in Flint, although how and when remains Leo's secret - shared only with the photographer who came up with the trick shot."

This highly imaginative idea continues my belief in the connection between these two fields as did an incident that happened nearer home the other night.

I wonder if you are familiar with the method and magic word by which Captain Marvel, that doyen of juvenile sf makes his change?

Picture the scene:-

It is Harringay Arena. The lights are lowered. Along the aisle to the ring strides Australian wrestler Gene Murphy.

Now Gene Murphy has the most extra-terrestrial cloak you ever saw. To describe it needs a book of poetry alone. It has a flared crimson interior with black outer covering on which is pictured a vast white bounding kangaroo. This alone would be sufficient to cause comment, but on each shoulder too is one of a pair of epaulettes. Glittering epaulettes of gold and yellow like an imperial Guardsman.

There is an awed silence.

A hush descends.

8 He climbs into the ring...

- And a voice behind me roars, "S H A Z A A M ! ! !"

I never quite recovered from that, that evening...

* ===*=== *

Just about the time the first sputnik was launched and gliding its way merrily rounding the world, bleeping at all countries save the U.S. whence, to all reports, it emitted a double raspberry; an incident or two happened not far from here.

There was the old Irishman on television (Willis incognito?) who firmly refused to believe there were any sputniks. He was firmly convinced that they were nothing by propaganda put out by the Russians and that they didn't exist, dammitt, signals or not.

And then about fifteen miles from here John Smithson woke up, dressed and came down into his front garden as he had done for many years previously to find an object resting there.

It was round, black, two feet in diameter and with a steel rod right through the centre fitted with a red reflector gleaming on the top. A thin wisp of smoke curled up from it. And maybe the sputnik had eventually come down?

He, intelligent non reader of science fiction unlike us, ran like the wind down to the nearest police station. You and I who know better would have -- would have -- er, what would we have done?

Well, the police came back to look at the object with sandbags and buckets of water to deal with it as they would have done with an unexploded bomb. Suspicious lot the police.

Mr. Smithson's Satellite on closer examination proved to be as ingeniously constructed as the aforementioned trick photograph. First, there was the plastic globe from the top of a street Belisha Beacon, painted black. Second the rod; a piece of old steel rod from a scrap heap. Thirdly, the reflector was taken from an old bike and the smoke (Devilish cunning this) came from some smouldering rags inside.

From the official report comes the following, "It looked very convincing," said one policeman, "someone with a strong sense of humour. No, we are not taking any action. We regard the matter as closed."

So....if you ever want to see an artificial, artificial satellite, just pop around to a police station about fifteen miles from here and you can see it. It's out lying on its side in the back yard ...along with two stray dogs.

You see -- it happens to the best of us one day.....

* ===*=== *

I never did get to see THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN film after all. This was due to no particular fault of the film itself, although to many reports it had a number of those too, but due to the distributors and their unimaginative coupling of it with a third rate film wherever it 9

was . In the case of England the second feature was a reissue of a noxious Alan Ladd western, O'ROURKE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED, seen only two years before and scarcely enough water has flown under the bridge for the smell of the first showing to pass before they unearthed it again, and to all intents and purposes in New Zealand, the coupling of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN with ROCK PRETTY BABY didn't do much good either.

Now the author Richard Matheson in writing the scenario for his I AM LEGEND to be produced in England. Perhaps this will be an even better film than ISM. It might be -- but let us hope the distributors of the film use a little more imagination than they have in the past.

When it comes to my cinema, knowing my luck, I'll probably get another delightful second feature, maybe something really interesting like FLINT CHIPPERS OF ICELAND.

To me -- it could happen.

====*

Two recent science fiction books that might come your way and are worthy of mention while I've got 'em here in front of me are a) DAN-DELION WINE which isn't strictly vintage Ray Bradbury science fiction but falls more into that slot of his filing system marked "whimsical fantasy". It gives the story of a summer in a small-town in Illinois as seen through the eye of a twelve year old boy who finds among other things !! a witch in a slot machine..

b) Gives us John Wyndham's THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS in which the DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS man visits the opposite end of the scale to Bradbury's small American town to show what happens in an equivalent small English town when a flying saucer lands, everyone falls asleep, and when they awake -- all the women of age are found to be expecting babies. Are the embarrassing children-to-be cuckoos of the title, planted by a master race to take over the next of mankind? The theme of mysterious pregnancy in science fiction isn't new by any means, Sam Merwin used it very successfully some years ago in STARTLING STORIES, but Wyndham's story does not suffer any the less in comparison and his answer to the problem is both bright and amusing.

====*

Which leaves me with the final thought for a cartoon I never did get around to drawing. It shows two bewhiskered, fur hatted gents outside St. Peter's Golden Gate behind which reposes a shiny round object while St. Peter himself looks out inquiringly.

The caption reads--

"Please -- can we have our ball back?".



RE-VOUS

paraFANalia 3 : Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E5. (20pp)
SIZAR 2 : Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E5. (OMPA: 4pp)
GIN A BODY MEET A BODY AN' TOSS A KHYBER RYE : Burn. (oneshot 8pp)
FOCUS 6 : Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington C4. (20pp)
THE GREEN EXPRESSION : one-shot from Mervyn Barrett, W'gton. (24pp)
FANFARON 1 : Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Auckland SW1 (14pp)
RE-PETER 1 : Peter Davies, 7 Coates Street, Linden, W'gton. (1pp)

Seven fanzines in as many weeks! Methinks the plurry local inhabitants are plurry active, py kori. And what's more, with 4 new fannags 'on the way', this boom in N.Z. dupac shows no signs of recession.

Pride of place in the latest crop goes to paraFANalia 3. Altho' this issue pales in comparison with the first, it nevertheless retains considerable personality of its own. Bruce shines prominently and pleasantly throughout, and the excellent cover by Lynette Mills seems 'just right'. Surprisingly enough the only article which doesn't fit is John Berry's "Psychology of the Gafiate"; amusing, but hardly Berry at his Berry Best. Still, taken all in all, this is an interesting issue and a welcome change after the great stereotyped mass of today's 'general-zines'. Rates 6 (out of 10).

Here's another fanzine worth watching -- SIZAR. Already there is something different and enjoyable about it, despite the fact that to date only 6pp have been produced. I'm glad to see that its editor (though himself an Anglofan in origin) is attempting to inject a NZ flavour. I like it. Rates 4.

Figuratively, FOCUS 6 hath fallen betweeneth two thtoolth. The attempt (by Paris, Talbot & Co.) to achieve a kiwifannish atmosphere does not succeed. Neither does the attempt at building up a distinctive Barretty flavour, for Mervyn simply does not put enough of himself into the zine. Which leaves us with one, only one, successful article: a fannish "Rake's Progree", making amusing reading, but not substantial enough to carry the whole issue on its own. In short: FOCUS 6 entertains you but just hasn't enough unified personality to leave any big impression...

If only editor Mervyn could return to the style of FOCUS 4, things would improve tremendously. And if only Lynette could better her lettering, and instil directness into FOCUS drawings... The cover on no. 6 is good material (snigger, you groundlings!) but looses its effect from an overdose of detail. However. If the editorship sweats some, mayhap FOCUS will again attain its position of top NZ fannag. Which is something well worth waiting for. Rate 4.

THE GREEN EXPRESSION is something quite, quite different. Here is Mervyn wheeling free 'n easy, all relaxed and entertaining. And to add to the fun theres a portfolio of Rotsler Bems & Immodest Women. Happy stuff. 5.

GIN A BODY, tis more than a oneshot -- tis a broadside! It features the combined bangs of Bruce Burn, Toni Vondruska, Lynette Mills, Beernie Walsh, Richard Paris, Roger Horrocks, and Peter Davies. In other words; 'most all of Kwifandom! This was produped on the occasion of my trip, in January 1958, down where the nights are gay by the sun is extremely Prodigal. There's nothing very gemlike about the contents but its all good fun and the personalities show through well. GIN A's vital statistic: 5

FANFARON. Now this one should most certainly appeal to all lovers of bad duplicating. I haven't yet worked up enough courage to send out more than 4 copies, so if you're a thrill seeker -- rush me an insult right away, and I'll send you FANFARON.. (Unrateable.)

La-st we come to Peter Davies' little oneshot entitled RE-PETER. Pete is a newcomer to fandom and would be very grateful for any fanzines you might send him. He is also interested in any American SF magazines. REP itself sports a pleasant personality and plenty of promise.

Roger J. Horrocks

The SOLACON (or 16th World SF Convention) is to be held in Los Angeles, California. The time: August 29th to September 1st, 1958. The place: Alexandria Hotel. The \$1 membership fee (which should be sent to Rick Sneary, Treasurer, at 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California) entitles you to membership card, all issues of the SOLACON JOURNAL, and Programme Booklet. The list of members in the JOURNAL provides practically a Who's Who In Fandom, and is alone worth the money. So even if you won't be there at South Gate in '58 -- Join SOLACON now!

...and...

HELP AN ENGLISH FAN GET TO SOLACON! Send donations or enquires to Ken Bulmer (English representative for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund), 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London SE6, England.

SOLACON GUEST OF HONOUR.

...Richard Matheson is going to be our Guest of Honour. It will give us a chance to show off our very successful local writer to the fans from the East. ...We are also going to give six awards. Three to the Best Magazine, Short Story, Novel-Novelet. Three to the Outstanding Artist, Movie, and Actifan. Now all we have to do is find trophies. The going price is gone over our budget. ...Three cities are running for 1959. Dallas, Detroit, and Chicago. A battle is developing, and already the solacon Committee has been nicked in the crossfire. Life is getting most exciting -- and a little dangerous.The Pacific Rocket Society is going to be taking a big part in the Solacon; part of the programme, and they'll be in charge of a whole room.

RICK SNEARY.



THE AMERICAN SCENE

This is a sort of State's news column which will (I hope) be a standard feature in KIWIEN from now on. My name is Barb Lex, I am a femme of only a few months fannish and sometimes I have strange ideas and even stranger things to say, but you must all bear with me and pity my poor family who have to endure me throughout all of our daily living.

FEUDIN' AN' A-FUSSIN'

I sort of predict a big brawl about the site of the '59 con. Already, the Dallas, Detroit, and Chicago groups are extolling the virtues of their respective locations and the '58 con is six months or more away.. I don't dare say which location I favour, or I'll lose half my friends, all two of them. I also predict that in the future there will be more and more of this haggling and no doubt there will be a wide split in fandom, almost like the Republicans and the Democrats of the Conservatives and Liberals... I have an idea that con sites are picked for proximity to the homes of the majority of fans, attractions of the city itself, and the group backing the city. May I take this occasion to say THE MOON FOR SHORE IN EIGHTY-FOUR. I hope I'm the first to say this.

HAPPY UN-BIRTHDAY

I don't know how it is in the other countries, but most Americans seem to be greeting card happy. No one as yet has come up with a "Happy-Un-Birthday card", but no doubt that will come, too. The Hallmark card company has a line called Contemporary cards which are sort of funny, nasty, dirty, or anything you'd like. Examples of such can be found in most drugstores (whoops, chemists) and card shops. I'll give a few descriptions. Halloween: Shows a weird femme playing ghostly organ; "A pretty ghoulish melody". Thanksgiving: Decrepit Pilgrim saying "I'm thankful for you". Christmas: Scrooge bearing gift, "Have a Dickens of a Christmas". St. Valentine's Day: Feuding man and wife, "War is Hell, so let's have some peace". Besides these there are everyday cards for no specific purpose, usually with silly pictures and sayings. Then, of course, there are get well, thanking-of-you, secret pal, you-owe-me-a-letter, happy pregnancy, happy anniversary, and happy everything else. Special cards for operations, Asian flu, forgotten birthdays, Sputnik ("When Sputnik comes over the mountain there'll be a satellite tonight"), confirmation, holy communion, weddings, condolences, going on trips, and just about anything you have happen to you. No doubt we will see Happy Income Tax (State AND Federal) Day cards out before April 15, Arbor Day, Flag Day, Independence (sorry) Day, Columbus Day, and any other occasion. Some fool missed Groundhog Day last week and lost a few million dollars. Then will come the "Sorry you had a tooth extracted", "Happy Divorce", "Glad-you-finally-paid-off-your-13

mortgage", "Too-bad-they-repossessed-the-furniture", Happy Pay Day and Happy Day Day will follow with many others.

The States is "Week" crazy, too. Just last week Was National Nut Week. During the year we honour various businesses and national commodities with Do-nut, Sun, Flower, Peanut, Potato, Dental Health, Daiby, Apple, Be Kind to Animals, and any other kind of week imaginable. Some things are honoured for a whole month and a great many of these things over-lap, & so we eat peanut butter on our apples out in the sun while brushing our teeth and petting the dog.

PROLIFIC FENS

Quite a few of the American neos are beginning to put out fanzines. Every so often there are mutterings among the older fans about "no new blood", but there seems to be a feeling contrary to that, particularly when there have been at least ten new fanzines in the last few months. Nothing exceptional, but they at least try and all show promise. I doubt if fandom will ever die out, so everybody can rest easy.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

American pop music is going to the teenagers. Some wag said about some peice of unintelligent trash, "Sounds just like perfect rock and roll record @-loud music and unintelligible words"...how true. Now songs (?) are going to be named for dances and we have the "stroll", "walk", and the "pivot" has just come out. No doubt we will be exposed to the creep, crawl, stagger, run, lope, and the stumble. The record makers are catering to the epitomy of crass commercialism, one certain show which screened such top British films as "The Lady Vanishes", "Genevieve", "The Titfield Thunderbolt", and so many others too numerous to mention. Now instead of watching top British we see hundreds of strange teenagers gyrating about the floor instead of being at home doing their homework as they should. When asked their names and ages they can barely mumble them and show typical lack of intelligence associated with rock and roll fans.

Perhaps next time I can talk a bit on the future of jazz and classical music. I hate to bore people with too much talk on the same subject, and, besides, I have to save something for the next time.

PLUG

I might as well get in a plug for BARBARIAN which is my embryo fmz. BARB. will be a columnzine, that is, no fiction, a few articles, and four or five columns by various fans; Lars Bourne, Pete Skeberdis, Ron Ellik, and the ed of KIWI.FAN himself, Roger Horrocks. Some moderne poetry, good illos, and of course, a moderately serious editorial batted out by yours truly. Overseas fen send an old BRE mag for three issues, ~~Americans~~ Americans plunk down four bits for three.

Unless Horrocks throws me out bodily (((Haaawwwgghh!!!))), I SHALL RETURN....

"Barb"

At My Front Door

harvey stapleton / 30 HATRICK STREET, WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.

Most bookshops here in Wanganui stock the English editions. The Public Library have a good number of books; they do not have a special SF section, but sufficient to warrent a special report in the local papers not so long ago. A second-hand bookshop has some scores of British and USA magazines -- the latter thanks to yours truly. So I guess there must be quite a number of science fiction readers, even if they may not call themselves fans. ...A few years back I noticed sf at the second-hand shops at Palmerston North, Hastings, New Plymouth, and Hamilton. Most bookshps there and in the adjoining towns stock, or at least used to stock, the BRES. ...Jack Murtagh had practically the whole kaboozle in mint condition. He was at Hastings the last time I was in touch with him. /Have been reading this type of classical (ahem) literature since around 1937-9, but have been off it the last few years. Just an onlooker more or less on fandom. /And Waiouru Military Camp used to have a SF Club.

/ YOURS TRULY / *Harvey Stapleton*

peter davies / 7 COATES STREET, LINDEN, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

A fanfare of saxes breaks the still morning air... FANFARON is out! WOW WOOOOPY YAAAAAOWWW YIPPEEE! Gimme a copy willya that real gone fannish fanzine sure sends me!

F E N F
A A A A
N N N
I F F A N I S H
E A A S O
ROGER J. FORROX
O O R
N E N O
S
H
O
T
X CERT.

As you can see clearly, my mind patterns are horribly twisted. ROGER MY FRIEND what have you done to me? /Thought your book SPUTNUT AND SPACE TRAVEL was very good don't know how you do IT. /Had an amusing incident the other day, when I went into Whitcombe and Tombs and asked a dumb looking male assistant if he had Ray Brad's latest book DANDELION WINE and he directed me to the recipes on making-your-own-drinks section... Definitely a square nonfanac type. Or maybe an ALCOHOLIC BUM. /WELL in the crazy last words of Ray Brad: "He stopped pressing the keys, and watched the sky turn crimson... and 15

the typewriter typed so-long all by i+self."

YOURS TWISTEDLY

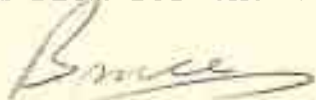


bruce burn

12 KHYBER ROAD, WELLINGTON E.5., N.Z.

Last Friday, while I was in town, I decided all of a sudden to drag myself over to the Picasso Coffee Shoppe. It's a pleasant place, and one can meet some really interesting people in it. (Pardon me while I peer heroically into the void that lurks behind my noble brow. Ah, sweet nostalgia!) But on my way to the dump, I decided to look in a second hand junk shop. The time was about nine-o'clock, and the owner looked keen to shut up the place; so I decided to look around carefully for any bargains. Eventually I came across something resembling a Neuremburg Maiden. It was the owner, outfitted with hat and coat, patiently waiting to close up the place. I asked him if he had any duplicating machines. He said no, then noticed my GDA badge, hurriedly whipped off his hat and coat and said yes. He went to the back of the large, musty, dirty, dingy, and dusty room. I heard some vague scuffling sounds, and was startled to see one of the huge mounds of oddments suddenly drop about three feet. I heard a scream of terror, followed by a hoarse male shout, and the owner's voice muttered, "Jeez, Gloria, I told you the back room. The back room." Before I could climb a bearby pile of pianos, the owner re-appeared, this time dragging a liddle black box. I drew out my saw, ready to do some magic twicks, but he shook his head and said, "No, no, it's a Roneo No.10." I had a look at the thing, but couldn't find the silk screen. There didn't appear to be a handle either. Funny, there wasn't nuffink. He removed the cover, and planted his feet firmly on the fl.. hard-packed earth. Too firm. He gave the drum an experimental twirl; and then calmly asked me to pass him a sling from a nearby medicine cabinet. I did, and then, at his request, squared up to the duper. I gave it a twirl. But I was canny, I let go the handle halfway round, saw what happened. A small rod jutted out from the woiks and stopped the handle in its upper periphery (phew!). With masterful intuition, I tore the rod from its setting, stood up again, and merrily turned the handle. The owner of the machine was probably spinning too. The shop-owner siad; "Fifty bob"; I said, "Two quid"; and we shook hands. I said I'd look him up in a few days time, grabbed my wallet, and fled for the hills...

ETC.



art wilson

CAT, KAITAK AIRPORT, KOWLOON, HONGKONG.

I shall do my best to answer your query regarding fandom in Hong Kong but I'm afraid the information I have is rather scanty. This seems to be a 'fan vacuum' area, if there is such a thing. I have heard of no organized fandom here, nor in Formosa. There is no SF published here, either, but most of the better known American and British SF Magazines are on sale. Sorry there is no fanac to report on; that is why I correspond with other fans -- to assure myself that I'm not the only one! / Incidentally,

did you know that G. Harry Stine got fired from rocket research for speaking his mind when Sputnik went up? I don't read his non-fiction, but enjoy his SF which is usually signed "Lee Correy."

/ BEST WISHES /

Lee Correy

peter skeberdis / 606 CRAPO STREET, FLINT 3, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

My impression of Noo Zillun: Noo Zillun is a semi-tropical isle, inhabited by refugees from Great Brrrrrrritain (like it said in the London papers during this last cold speal); these refugees came to liberate the natives from Who Knows What. Perhaps they (the natives) were unworthy of their isle much like the American Indians in the United States, so they were eventually put on reservations to die off. Noo Zillun is a separate nation paying homage only to the motherland of Britain (sic. ed.). The Queen Mother is there now paying some sorta visit and if I remember correctly schools and workers were let off an hour early to see her ride by. (Well, he did say Crapo Street!) It sure does sound active down thar in Noo Zillun, for the size of the place it's really a fanac place (?) (?!).
/KIWICON IN '00! CLARENCE IN '60! DETROIT IN '59! SOUSE GATE IN '58!
(Amen. ed.) /You wear zoot suits over there? How quaint.

/ YRS, THE 25¢ POORER /

Lee Correy

mervyn barrett / 6 DOCTORS COMMONS, WELLINGTON C.4., N.Z.

I have just turned on my electric radiator and it is making a squeaking sound -- very odd. That has nothing to do with the reason for this letter but it is so unusual that I thought I'd mention it in case you wanted to report it in KIWIFAN. (Mice?)
/Re that neo-fanne: laughed like a drain when I read in you letter that she was "a bit disturbed over receiving TWO HOURS." Egad, who wouldn't be? I think (she) has taken all the things she has read about the Wellington SF Circle and the people in it a bit too literally. First there was that letter Richard wrote to her (to this day I still don't know what he put into that thing but we never heard from her again). Then there was TWO HOURS with that Toni Vondruska thing, which must have read like the confessions of a sex maniac; and I don't suppose that my thing in KIWIFAN helped to create a very good impression with her either. I think she has got the idea that her attendance at a meeting of the W.S.F.C. would go something like this:-
J*n*tt knocks timidly on the door of Mervyn's Bach. From inside can be heard the sound of Woody Herman record playing at top volume, mingling with the sould of a girl's voice alternately giggling and cursing. From inside comes the sound of a voice which seems as though the owner is gargling as he talks, telling her to enter. She enters the room and looks around her in horror. A five-gallon keg of beer (DB of course) is mounted on a trestle and underneath it with his open mouth directly below the keg tap from which beer is flowing freely lies Mervyn Barrett in a drunken semi-stupor. In one corner a fan lies groaning as he pushes a hypodermic needle loaded with Heroin

into his emaciated arm while in another corner two fans - a boy and a girl - are locked in a passionate embrace. Toni Vondruska looks up from a copy of THE KINSEY REPORT he is memorising and says: "Just take off you clothes, I'll be with you in a moment." J*n*tt runs screaming out into the night!

Unfortunately, it's not at all like that, curse it. Why, we don't even have GROG at regular meetings.

/ SINCERELY /

Hedge

peter jefferson / 41 MARY STREET, LONGUEVILLE, N.S.W., AUST.

Your note and a peculiar duplicated-type almost fanzine-like thing arrived jeek by chowl in the same envelope a couple of hours ago. I said to Moriarty as he sat buttering his socks that look a strange object have come in the post. After he helped me get it out of the post he said Yess Neddy it is a very strange object indeed. Then we noticed the inscription. We carefully photographed it from all angles. It was a bit hard to distinguish but we finally worked most of it out, apart from the barbed-wire bit and that odd bit next to it:

EMIZ
MORIARTY

What does it mean? Anyway we think it is all very nice. And it was such a nice gesture for you to draw a picture of the statue of liberty in the middle even if you have got it wrong -- she should be holding a torch instead of a simplified-representational-type atom. But Moriarty says it is very nice anyway. Regards to yourself and everyone else over there.

/ BEST /

Pete

ron bennett / 7 SOUTHWAY, ARTHURS AVE., HARROWGATE, YORKS, ENG.

But surprise! You start off an issue of an otherwise respectable fanzine with a letter from Bennett? Hell! Ployse not, tho... Bentcliffe lives at Alldis Street, though that's not importants... What is is that someone goofed on line 4. I'm no longer agent for PLOY??? Well, if I said that, I deserve all I get, though I meant ALPHA, Jan Jansen's magazine. I've passed that on to Eric, but PLOY....? No, fandom is still landed with a Bennett-edited fanzine! (at which point a letter arrives from Walt Willis and I roll on the floor for a while)... Re this writing to Siberia, this raised a laugh which I think was unintentional, for a couple of years ago Jeeves and Bentcliffe set up a mock-TAFF fund to send a fan to Siberia, and Peter Reaney 'won' it. Hence the remark in one PLOY: "You mean Reaney's actually going there?".....

/ BESTEST /

Poy (and Cecil)

toni vondruska / 6 TELFORD TERRACE, ORIENTAL BAY, WELLINGTON.

has again been delayed; this time by the after-effects of the by-now rather famous rocket explosion, when Lynette and I tested a newfanfled rocket fuel for a model rocket in a steel tube and were forced to decide that it was slightly too powerful after the whole thingumajig blew up in our faces. Well maybe not faces exactly, but Lynette had a 6" cut in her tummy and I had 4 cubic inches of flesh taken out of my leg. (Chacun a son gout, if you'll pardon the expression, ed.) /Cover of KIWIFAN 7 was crazy. Lynette had some difficulty in recognising the golden arm, but that can be excused by the rather progressive rendering, bad eyesight, and subtlety.You probably don't know it, but you have a HOLD over Lynette. (??) Apparently you sent her a couple of letters to which she did not answer, and then everybody around here got a KIWIFAN 7 except her. Now she thinks you're mad at her and will do almost anything to be friends again. (Whoa, I said almost..!) Anyway, you'dbe a clot not to take advantage of this golden opportunity. (Mmmm, I hadn't recognised this golden opportunity, tho I guess that can be excused by bad eyesight, subtlety etc.. ed.) As far as I can see she ranks with Atom, and her nudes leave Rotsler biting his fingernails in frustration. You'll probably see her name and work shortly in the NZ LISTENER (advt unpaid). This, of course, is Man to Man; if you let her find out I thus basely betrayed (abused?) her confidence, I'm a Dead Man. (A minutes silence, readers.) Editorial of FAN 7 was okay, except humour maybe a bit forced, but I have the same trouble, and so does most any other faned I know with a few notable exceptions on the FAN scale. ...Lettercol, or rather the Fanac condensations, good, esp. since it's got my name right up on top there in shining letters. /I too got a wow of a pactsared from Bruce when he was in Fiji, but that's got nothing on the one he sent me after hisreturn. This one, vulgar and obscene as it (yummy!) was, came to me at Lynette's address, (why, I'll never know) in an official envelope marked OHMS. (KIWIFAN, the CONFIDENTIAL of NZ Fandom...)

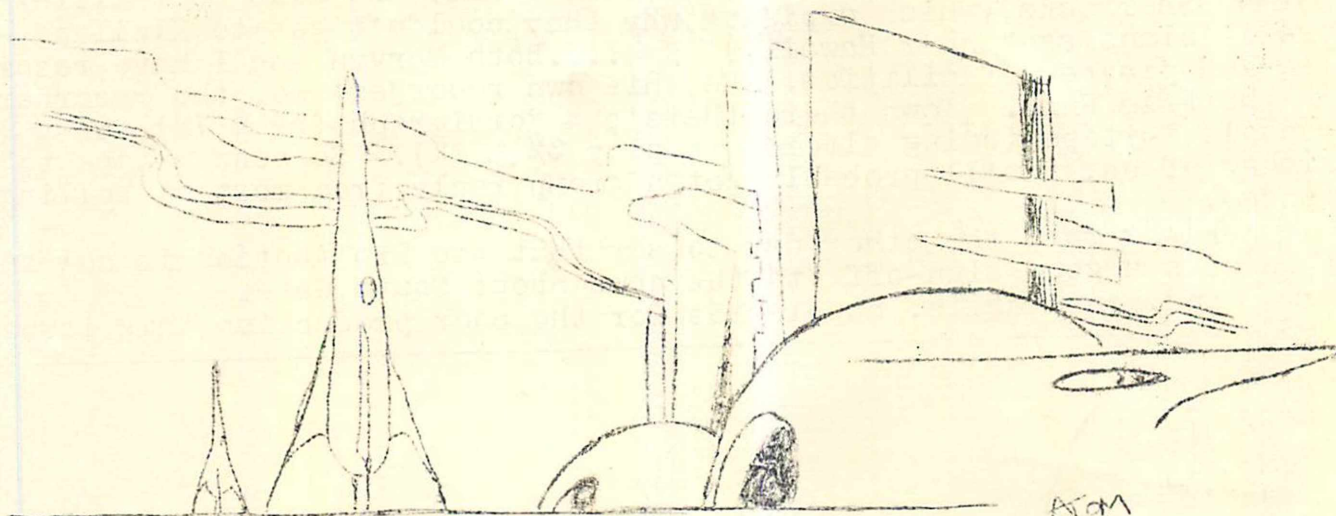
/ YRS. HUMBLY IN DAMNATION /

terry jeeves / 58 SHARRARD GROVE, SHEFFIELD 12, ENGLAND.

Don't know what you have been hearing for doings over here, but following the Worldcon, things have been pretty quiet in general, very few UK fmz have appeared, and letters seem to have trailed off.... Probably due to a surfeit of fandom during that 'lost weekend'. The Liverpool Group threw their usual firework party in November, and we duly fired rockets into the canal in token appreciation of Will Ley's comments in his BIG book. Came January, and again a Liverpool party, with broke with tradition insomuch as bad weather prevented the usual foray into the woods at 3 am to roast potatoes and finish off the beer. Because of this, the brag school started two hours early, and did not continue to the dawn as in previous years. /Still in the future are the two main fannish events for '58 as far as the UK is concerned. The Kettering Con will once again be convened, and a trifle earlier, in February; Eric Jones hopes to hold a preview of his first SF film.. I have an added interest in this, as I painted the scenes which appear on the radar screen. /Tape recording continues to spread throughout fandom, and I recently purchased my second machine, a £95 Ferrograph. Don't know if any of you

blokes down there are interested in tapespondence, but if so, I'm open to receive (and reply) tapes recorded at either 3¼ or 7½ inches per second.

/ V. BEST WISHES TO K. /



BEM BLOWS

by
Bruce Burn

This issue of KIWIFAN has been pubbed in quite a rush of sudden activity. I've had to do all the work on it during some quiet speals in the past few weeks. For some pages, I had to borrow a typewriter, you'll probably notice the difference between some of the pages. And I've had to rely upon doodles for fillos and headings. Most of the lettering is my own and consequently is pretty cruddy -- it tells ya what ya reading about, but that's all. Contents, well, they're not too bad, but I've squeezed like blazes to get them all into the twenty-odd pages that make-up this issue. Some of the letters and articles have been cut quite cruelly, and on most pages, lay-out simply had to be forgotten. Consequently, most of this issue is a solid mass of typing. For all the crummy typing and lousy titling, I take the blame, and offer my apologies.

However, next issue should be better. Roger describes it as a BOMB. Has articles on kiwifandom by John McLeod, A Report on his trip to Wellington in January, a biog of Mike Hinge, and -- he hopes -- an item by John Reid on SF written in NZ. We'll have more time in which to duplicate the zine, and there should be time to get some illos made.

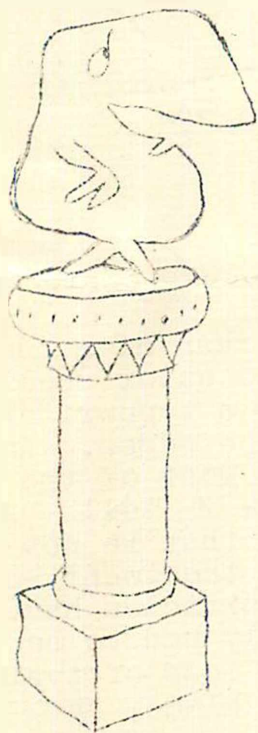
Other fanac down here includes: publication of paraFANalia 4. This issue has been delayed, and when it does come out, it'll cover no more than about 24 pages. EGOBOO should be pubbed within the next few months, we hope. Toni now has a duplicator of his very own (the one mentioned in my letter in the lettercol), and seems to be actually getting the thing to duplicate. No recent news of Lynette's zine, SLINK, but hopes are high that it'll be pubbed soon after EGOBOO -- in other words, before the end of the year. FOCUS 6 also is in the works. Merve hasn't mentioned a date yet, but keeps saying he's working on it.

And there's news in the air of THE JOLLY ROGER, a fmz Horrocks intends to pub sometime.

Mervyn has a tape recorder of his own, an MRI (Morrow Radio Industries, I think). It's a New Zealand made recorder, and plays at the usual two speeds: 3¼ & 7½ i.p.s. The only fannish tapes that've been played on it so far are two I received from Archie Mercer (a reply to one the whole W'gton Circle sent him) and Eric Bentcliffe/Norman Shorrocks (which explains why they couldn't get to Kiwiland -- their 'plane sank near Hawaii.)Both Mervyn and I have recording and playback facilities. He, his own recorder; me, the recorders in the Film Unit. Down there there's a Fordigraph (3¼ & 7½) and a console Emitape (being altered to play 3¼ & 7½). So send a tape to either of us, you'll probably get a group reply from most of Wellington fandom.

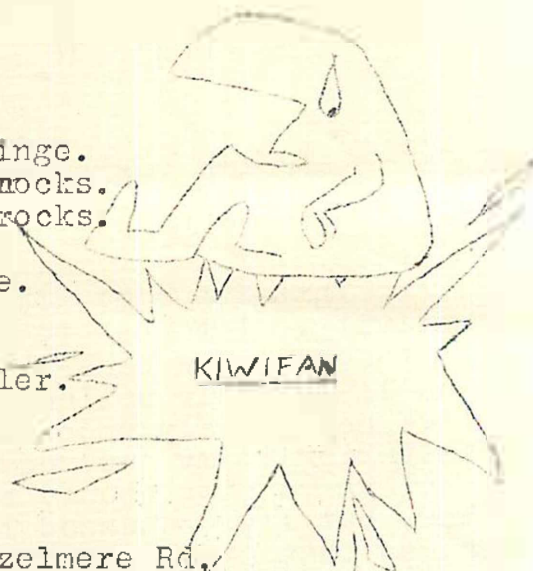
Roger rang the other day to say that the Pro Auction is now on. This adds a good sign-off to the news about South Gate.

And, once again, appologies for the poor production this issue.



Art Credits

COVER : Michael B. Hinge.
Page 1 : Roger J. Horrocks.
Page 4 : Roger J. Horrocks.
Page 8 : Lars Bourne.
Page 10 : Margaret Duce.
Page 13 : Lars Bourne.
Page 20 : Atom.
Page 21 : William Rotsler.
Page 23 : Atom.



EDITORS:-

Roger J. Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd,
Auckland SW1.

Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E.5.
John McLeod, 33 Renfrew Ave., Auckland SW1.

Suckers may buy KIWIFAN for 1/- a copy. Otherwise, you can trade fanzines with us, or simply write a letter of comment to one or all of us. Also, you can contribute something printable. We can do with plenty of articles about the real early days of fandom.

Roger

Bruce

Mac

FRANKENSTEIN CURSED

by

Roger Horrocks.

The film CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN has met with a storm of protest from Auckland residents. The film itself is a typical horror epic; but the management of the theatre concerned has gone all out in a sensational, macabre publicity campaign. "The acme of horror films!" shriek the billboards. "The most frightening creature the screen has ever seen!... In Horrorama!... Remember, PLEASE TRY NOT TO FAINT... ..See jellied eyeballs stored up by the mad scientist!... The CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN will haunt you forever!"...

As a result a number of letters have appeared in local papers. To quote: "To older people this is only acting, of course, but to young and impressionable minds it is very real and could do untold harm, whether the person be over the age of 16 or under..." or: "What are the censors thinking of? 'First aid supplied' indeed! Rather remove the cause for the need of it!" or again: "With the present wave of delinquency and murder all over the world, what are we doing to help the weak-minded and unstable brethren whom we allow these dreadful horror films to be shown here in New Zealand?"

The complainants (mostly Disgusteds and Teenage Parents) are rather emotional about the whole thing; but nevertheless they are putting forward some very real objections. THE CENSOR WOULD DO WELL TO PROHIBIT THE IMPORT OF THESE FILMS? WHICH DO NOTHING MORE THAN CATER TO PERVERTS AND JUVENILE THRILL SEEKERS.

Meanwhile the film in question is screening to record audiences.

MORE NEWS OF THE

SOLACON.
(sorta stoppress)
from LEN MOFFATT.

Block (or someone appointed by him; it was his idea and a good'un) will conduct the Auction Bloch (named by Forry), auctioning off the 'fair white bodies' of famous pros to the lucky fans present. What the top bidders get for their money is an hour of their favourite pro's time, uninterrupted by others present.... This was originally set up to raise more money for the now defunct WAF Fund, but the pros who volunteered to participate in the gag are still willing to do so for the benefit of the SOLACON. Of course, we will have the regular, traditional action too, and already have a goodly supply of material for same.

The LASFS is planning a sf fashion show for their hour of programme time. Pacific Rocket Society will show a film and put on a demonstration (having promised mangger of hotel they would not actually fire a real rocket...). Little Men will prob'ly present a play, as is their custom, and I understand they do a real fine job on these things.

For the BEST and OUTSTANDING awards, ballots will be sent to overseas members earlier than stateside ones so everyone will have time to get their votes in before the July deadline.

TAFF ballots will be mailed out with the next (3rd issue) issue of the SOLACON JOURNAL, late in May or early in June. The voting system this time is okayed by Willis, Madle, and Bulmer, who all met during the LonCon and thrashed out their differences.

U.S.A.

CALIFORNIA

Downey

10202 BEECHER

LEW MOSFATT

FROM:-
Roger Horrocks,
18 Hazelmore Road,
Auckland SW1,
NEW ZEALAND.



TELLING

PRINTED PAPERS
— ENCLOSED —

KIWIFAN

APRIL

1958

