

METROFAN

BULLETIN

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IT'S TOO LATE DEPARTMENT:

Ken Beale reports that THE WORLD OF RAY BRADBURY closed its doors after only 3 performances, not counting previews. It closed October 10th. Terry Carr wrote in a letter to Bruce Pelz:

"The audience was largely unappreciative of the performance, and I must say I agreed. The sets and technical work with lights, sound, etc., were excellent, and some of the acting was fine; the scripts, unfortunately, were Bad. THE VELDT, especially, suffered from bad scripting, most notably in the incredible moment when Daddy looks out over the African landscape and says, "It's quiet," and Momma, frowning, says, "Too quiet." In general, the trouble seems to be that Bradbury was writing down to a non-sf audience, spelling everything out, and actually the audience was far more hip than he gave them credit for. The sf content came across as Buck Rogersy ("Now I'll push the stud on our automated electric eye dinneromatic," etc.), and the philosophical content was just naive."

The theatre party mentioned in the last Metrofan consisted of 28 people, and was termed a success by whatever standards a fannish theatre party has. Afterwards there was a party at Mike McInerney's apartment, where everyone had a Nice Time.



INTERESTING NEWS STOLEN FROM OTHER NEWSZINES DEPARTMENT:

"The NEW YORKER went on for better than a page about the New York ComiCon; not a bad report at all, considering that the subject matter was almost as esoteric as science fiction, at least insofar as giving devoted study to it goes. But it credited comic fandom with the invention of such terms as "fanzine," and that smarts, by gar." --Focal Point #14

"Bill Buckley mentions John D. MacDonald in a stfnal connection in a column in the L.A. Times Wednesday, 9/22. Writes Buckley, "Mr. John MacDonald, the illustrious mystery writer, gives me his opinion that our computerized society has bred a general dissatisfaction with an ungutsy life..."

'I wrote a short story once,' Mr. MacDonald continues, 'which I was unable to sell, as I suspected would be the case. The federal government established a national lottery. Nobody had to buy tickets. Huge computers in the Bureau of the Census made an arbitrary selection 50 times a year. Fifty time a year, the computers, programmed to select at absolute random, picked two persons (each time from a different state) between 20 and 60. The government flew the two to Washington. They appeared on national television. They stood on either side of the President for the drawing. As a result of the drawing, one was given one million tax-free dollars and exempted from all future drawings. The other one was taken to a government hospital, painlessly killed, and buried at government expense. If there were any dependents, they were put on pension...

People smiled again at strangers. It felt good to be alive. Terror freshened the spirit. And every man was absolutely equal in his chance of death or riches. And it made 50 damned good television shows a year." --Scrimshaw #9

SPECIAL NEWS: There will be a Halloween party at Mike McInerney's on October 29th