

S O L







SOL VI

SOL

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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COVER by KEASLER

SOL is being published at its editors summer address of 704 South Princeton, Villa Park, Illinois. After much disgruntled struggle with this different typer the editor has resigned himself to small type for this part of the issue to prevent getting this ? when you want this,.. This is the anniversary issue us having a one year old fanzine this issue. All back issues are yours for a dime. This is No. 6. 1



THIS ISSUES EDITORIAL IS really being written in SOLitude, a SOLitude from fandom, as I have moved to a summer address, where I must, I. mimeo the anniversary issue, and II. work for enough money for the Chicon. We must also, write a longish, column-like editorial to try and get near the number of pages we promised.

Although this is only our first anniversary, we'd like to reflect the past issues of our magazines in our editorial mirror.

Our first issue was mailed out in late June and early July of last year. It was twenty pages thick, mimeoed on 16lb paper (both sides) and miserably reproduced. It contained three articles, (one by Rog Phillips) two fiction pieces, and two book reviews. We had our editorial, SOLitude, and an invitation to write to "The Circular File" our letter column. It was very thin, with only twenty pages of material, and contained a countless number of typographical errors. At the time it was finished I had seen possibly five fanzines, and had only a vague idea of what a fanzine looked like. The cover was hectographed and had what reviewer Bixby called "A syndrome picture of same((SOL)) on the cover". There were 41 copies mimeoed, and I hopelessly distributed some through fandom. Too this day, I still have copies (about 5 or 6) of that first issue left, and am probably the only fan editor who has reached the sixth issue of his fanzine without being completely sold out of first issues. You completists can still have it for a dime, too. What can be briefly said about the first issue of SOL is this: It was like most first issues, sloppily mimeoed

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and carrying fiction. The material I secured for that first issue I believe was above average for first issues; my book reviews were by Gerry de la Rey, possibly one of the best fan reviewers of books to date, I had an article by Rog Phillips, lifted (with his permission) from a rather amusing letter he sent me. I wrote an article on my failure to convert a girl to stf. (which may sound fuggheaded by brought may favorable replys) and Arthur Hoagland (who has some fiction in this issue) did an article called, VIDEO, NOTHING BUT THE CAPTAIN? which discoursed on the lack of mature stf. programs on television. Bob Silverberg and J. Edward Davis had some fiction in it. All in all, as far as material went it wasn't too bad as first issues go.

The second issue, produced shortly after my return from Illinois contained a bit of Hoffmanian, picked up from reading to many quandries. A touch of it has still remained to this day. That issue saw the inauguration of two columnists, Harvey Gibbs, and Shelby Vickm both of which (although one only in vauge sense) are still with us today. There was a fiction piece, but this time a really good one, written by Gerry de la Rey, and reprinted from a few years back. It was one of those prose pastels like found in the earlier Quandry's. I had a lengthy letter column including a letter from Willis who has been in every letter column I've ever run. The column ran about 8 pages and proved to be, as in later issues, my biggest feature.

The third issue, was in many sense's what Redd Boggs termed "a step in the wrong direction", In this I managed to loose columnist Romanoff who had been turning out a rather interesting column in the first two issues. I also tried printing the entire fanzine in red, a most horrible mistake. I have only a few copies of this left, as most pages were too horrible to wish off on anybody, and only a few good copies were made. It contained an article by my mother ON POGO (which, when my circulation increases a considerable extent, and

SOLitude (3)

abdt, and when enough time has passed I will reprint) and the first column by Lee Hoffman. It could have been an excellent issue if it had received the proper amount of mimeo-care that it should have. It had a slick screen cover by Richalex Kirs, and our first masthead, the contents one by Kirs, and the SOLitude masthead by Richard Ward.

The fourth, and last issue before this big mailing was the best to date. Containing a Hoffman column complete with little people, a serious article about fanzine reviewers by Bob Silverberg, an amusing article on time by my mother, two book reviews by GM. Carr, my other two regular columnists, my letter column (changed in the previous issue from "the Circular File" to "Egoboo") and a few other items, it was the most mimeoed and most widely distributed issue to date. Of the 120 copies only 10 or so are left. SOL #5, the issue devoted to Willis, is included with this issue, and contains various pieces of material about or by Walt. This present issue, running over thirty pages, has no letter column, and consists purely of two of my columns and several articles, serious and otherwise. Bob Silverberg, has outdone his long article last issue by coming up with a six pager, all about Science fiction anthologies. Walter Willis writes his first article for SOL, COMES THE REVELATION.

PERSONALITIES: Has anyone heard of Su Rosen, a rather interesting fem. fanne from the Minneapolis area? Rather interesting is putting it mildly. She has a piece or two in the fiction section and a cartoon in this issue. One of the better fan writers (who coped first prize for both fiction and poetry in the national scholastic writing awards contest) she is rapidly becoming well known in fan circles, and has intentions of publishing a fanzine in the near future. She's one of the few pragmatic, mature adolescent fans that this editor gets a kick out of corresponding with. "ish there were more like her!

In the process of CRYING INNER SINK, Marion Bradley has been doing a bit of diaper wrapping on this magazine. Accussed by some of giving me a "three lollypop" rating, she has reviewed issues number three and four of this stalwart publication with a maternal eye, and encouraging head pats. I didn't mind however, letting the reviews pass lightly by. However in her review of the fourth issue she stated, "Dave does remarkably well, considering he is working with the equivalent of a toy mimeograph..." No, that was sort of pouring salt on the wounds. After all Marion, I feed this damn thing my life's blood, and because it doesn't produce your precious standard size fanzines is no reason to call it a toy. Granted my mimeoing isn't the best in the world, but I paid damn good money for this monster and don't like to have it palmed off as a toy. The impression the average fan will probably get is one of me-sitting down in a cross-legged manner, beany cap tilted at a proper angle while I turn out copies of my fanzines on a pocket size rubber-stamp machine, while one hand while the other hand is busily clutching a large orange lolly pop which I am licking on feverishly. At least, that was the impression I gathered from your review. You don't seem to realize that one can attain a certain amount of maturity at an early age, and does not have to necessarily be the type of "brat" you probably associate with early-adolecents. The fact that I can exchange ideas with other fans many years my seniors, in a reasonably even-keel basis, should indicate that I'm not what all those diapers of yours should be wrapped around. I pride myself on being a little more mentally mature than the average fellow of my age, and pride myself on being a little more literary along the lines of classical music appreciation, literary reading, etc. When some one says "The baby of fandom is losing its diapers", I'm apt to get a little peeved and devote a whole page of my editorial defending myself, I'd like to have you continue reviewing me, but I'd wish you'd treat my review with a more adult approach!

A few words about the supplements this issue: First of all, we have the gallery of fan art, which contains a few pictures by a variety of fan artists. First there's Dick Ward, about one of the finest fellows we know who has just lots of fan art in the gallery. Then there is a picture by Lee Hoffman, and a few by Richalex Kirs and W. Max Keasler. We hope you'll like this portfolio of four different artists and we hope you keep this section of this mailing for years to come. It really has a lot of fine art in it.

Then of course there is SOL 5, the Willis issue. All Willis fanatics will want to keep this for a collectors item.

There is also a fanfile section, which, although not as large as originally intended has still quite a bit of information on some fairly well-known fans.

Then there is the fiction section. We're really proud of this one. We've got a lot of good fiction in this section, some stuff with time really spent on. This isn't run-of-the-mill fan fiction, it has some really top-flight stuff in it, of almost professional quality. We'd like to look into our fiction section, (designed to emulate a prozine), and look good, because we feel you'll really like it.

Well, our big mailing it seems is carrying us over the eighty pages we promised as a minimum for this issue. We've really sweated through this issue, which originally scheduled for June. Then some sent-out material didn't come in, and then it was time to get out to Illinois, and SOL wasn't mixed, and some material wasn't out yet. Then I got an add published in Quandry announcing the date of publication as June 15. I got a couple of requests from that. Then I got out in Illinois and got a leg infection which set me up for a couple of weeks. I started sending out letters of apology for the delay in SOL.

Then we got on our feet and started mimeoing, which brings us up to high onto August, and SOL just getting out. We are so horribly late in true SOL fashion that we are almost afraid that some of the less optimistic among you had given us up for dead. Now we discover that we are out of stencils and that we still have a few more things to cut. That wouldn't be bad, but being that this fanzine is such a different type critter that we have a different size stencils that these charming retailers out here just don't seem to sell, so I must order them direct from speed-o-print. Delays, delays, delays, it seems sometime that this fanzine will never get out.

There is a chap here that sends me awfully flattering letters. Take an this fellow Henry Oden. He says in part,

"I'm trying to get a fanzine started, too, but I need more material. Well, I decided to return Other World's favor and print an issue on fandoms editors. And I'd appreciate it if you would send me a fairly complete autobiography of yourself along with your picture and your zine. I'm writing other prominent fan figures, too, but you are the first. Sure thank you.

Henry Oden"

Now the letter was dated May 30th, and -I haven't even had the chance to so some good Eastern courtesy and send him a nice lengthy reply. Since I'm being selfish and printing my biography in my own fanfile, I wouldn't be able to contribute much, but maybe some of you fan-editors that read this here journal can send him something. Anyway his address is 2317 Myrtle Street, Alexandria, Louisiana.

Well, that's about all I'd better say for now. Six pages is enough wind for any editorial. Looking things over it seems I've got thirty four pages in this section alone. By the way, if you want to meet this mundane editor in person come on out to Chicago for the convention, and I'll see you there.

The Editor.

... a few words about ...

FANTASTIC WORLDS

By the Editors

To be honest, this is more in the way of publicity than anything else. We hope you won't mind because we feel that you may be interested in what we have to say. At any rate, we believe that you will want to read these few words.

By the time you read this we hope to have the first issue of our new magazine--FANTASTIC WORLDS--ready for distribution. For the benefit of those who won't be seeing the first issue, we offer this instead; in the hopes that you might want to see the second issue.

FANTASTIC WORLDS is a lithographed, 5½ x 8½" quarterly.

We will be using off-trail weird, fantasy, and science fiction, preferably from 500 to 2,500 words, of types not readily found in the established magazines. (such as where God is a character), and pieces that are neither flesh nor fowl--such as a tale that is too "weird" for sf. mags and too science-fictional for WEIRD TALES. Mature satire and philosophical overtones are especially desired, although we hope, too, for humorous material.

Articles will feature background material in the genre, such as writer biographies, fan profiles, news and histories of fantasy publications and organization. We'll use some material on the unknown and supernatural.

We want FANTASTIC WORLDS to appeal not only to the active sf. fans but also to all larger groups of readers who, while interested in imaginative literature, remain inactive in fan affairs. We hope to develop into a professional-type publication which can provide a stepping-stone for

newer writers and a place where established authors and editors can let their hair down in both fiction and articles.

Payment is in the form of cash prizes from 3 to 10 dollars as determined by reader vote. In exceptional cases we may make a small additional payment on acceptance. All rights except those of first American magazine publication remain the property of the author. The magazine is copyrighted.

We are also interested in short poetry, fillers, jokes, cartoons, and artwork.

Prompt reports will be made on all submissions and reasons for rejection will accompany returned manuscripts.

Sample copies are 25¢, a year's subscription \$1.00.

Material and queries may be sent either to:

Ed Ludwig
Editor, FANTASTIC WORLDS
1942 Telegraph Avenue
Stockton, California

or to:

Jan Pomanoff
Managing Editor, FANTASTIC WORLDS
26601 So. Western
Apt. 341, Lomita, California.

We already have secured material from such people as: Milton Lesser, Clark Ashton Smith, Dr. Keller, Forrest J. Ackerman, William F. Temple, E.E. Evans, Kris Neville, A. Bertram Chandler, August Derleth, Stanton A. Voblenz, and Arthur J. Burks. Also such fans as: Lee Hoffman, Shelby Vick, Bob Silverberg, Vernon L. McCain, Walter Willis, Bob Tucker, Vince Clarke, Bob Shaw, J.T. Oliver, Clive Jackson, Peter J. Ridley G.M. Carr and many more.

Our first issue features a long article by the guiding light of Arkham House--August Derleth, titled, "The Arkham House Story." There will also be a humorous article by Walter Willis--"The Immortal Gael." A short story by Forrest J. Ackerman. Then there will be a few more short stories, and our regular departments, "Chat With The Editor," "In General" "Meet Our Contributors" and beginning with our second issue, "Letters to the Editor."

After reading what we have just set down here, we feel certain you will want to look into this.

POGO POSTSCRIPTS

Eldon K. Everett

((Eldon K. Everett, never one to be outdone when it comes to research, came up with some interesting facts, and proof for you who did not remember Pogo as originally Albert. A collection of interesting Pogo facts for you Pogo fans.--Ed.))

I remember when it was "Albert", and sometime during 1944 it became "Albert and Pogo". In the earlier days of the strip, Albert and Pogo were good friends, but if Albert ever got hungry, he'd grab up the pan and start chasing Pogo. At one time he did eat both Pogo and the porkypine, but they came out all right.

Also in Animal Comics, Kelly had two other strips- one was "Goozy", about a chimp; and the other, which far outshone Albert and Pogo, was called (at different times) "Nibble" and/or "ibble and Nubble". Nibble being the mouse in the derby hat which appeared in the Pogo book, and Nubble being a rather stupid kitten. Taking the part of Churchy la Femme was a parrot, and also included was a dog with a British accent.

-Eldon K. Everett

COMES THE REVELATION!

Revealed by Walt Willis . .

The corporeal manifestation of the divine being who founded the Roscoeite faith, known in his bodily form as Corporeal Arthur Papp, recently announced a new revelation to fankind. This was, on the surface, merely a suggestion that fandom should adopt a new calendar. The importance of the suggestion was recognized by even the infidel Hoffman, for she quoted it both in this magazine and in QUANDRY, but we Roscoeites know that the great Papp would not have intended his message to be given such a frivolous interpretation. No, we must look deeper. We must read between the lines--and, if necessary, up and down the margins. Like many other mystical utterances, this one was expressed in terms unintelligible to the heathen and comprehensible to the devout only after fasting and meditation. Since I have been sitting here for the last half hour wondering when Madeleine is going to get my supper ready I am probably one of the first fans to be in a position to interpret the Papp Revelation correctly.

First, we must ask ourselves, is the existing calendar wrong for fandom? Well, first, obviously the days are too short. No actifan ever finds them long enough for all the fanning he has to do. Secondly, the years are too long. The intervals between conventions is much too great. And thirdly, the months are too short. Ask anyone who ever tried to produce a monthly fanzine, even Lee Hoffman. But none of these things can be changed by law. They depend upon the rotation of the Earth on its axis, of the Earth around the sun, and of the moon around the Earth. We would have to live on a different

planet if we wanted a calendar to suit fandom. And that, friends, is the inner meaning of the Rapp Message! The calendar of this planet is not natural for us because we are natives of another. We really are star-begotten!!

Let us visualise a civilisation which has developed an interstellar drive. What sort of people would they be? For the answer look at our own world. How many non-fans do you know that have the slightest interest in space flight? Not one! Who are the only people that are interested? Science fiction fans! Therefore any great intergalactic civilisation would be a fan civilization. Imagine it, a whole galaxy full of fans, all writing and publishing, funding and organizing, coming and going in fannish friendship! And imagine a great spaceship, manned by neophens, carrying a group of Galactic BNF's to some Cosmic Convention. It crashes on some obscure planet. The drive can not be repaired. The radio is smashed. They are lost. With true fannish courage they decide to try and build life anew on this savage world. Bravely they fight the hostile environment while still struggling to preserve their fannish way of life. But the odds are too great. As time goes on the carefully hoarded stocks of mimeograph ink become exhausted. The mimeographs themselves rust and fall to pieces. The old fannish traditions begin to die out. The Sacred Fanzines decay and are gradually forgotten. Inter-marriage takes place with the natives. After many thousands of years the fannish culture has disappeared. But no, not all! Preserved in the genes and chromosomes of humanity the fannish mind lives on. And every now and then there is born to apparently normal parents a viable mutation which we refer to as a 'fan.' With some deep subconscious racial memory he senses his fannish ancestry. He knows he is different from the crass non-fans around him. Through ridicule and persecution he preserves the living flame handed down to him from his god-like ancestors. Knowing deep down inside that this world is Not Enough, he turns his eyes up to the stars. To home! Amateur fan astronomers should look for a planet circling a G-type sun every eight months, rotating on its axis every 30 hours, and with a satellite having six week periodicity.

SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES

By Bob Silverberg

Donald A. Wolheim has been a fan for longer than most of us have been alive; he figures prominently in *THE IMMORTAL STORM*, and whenever some infidel says "Praise Ghu" he is actually adding to DAW's renown. As a professional, though, Wolheim is responsible for editing possibly the worst prozine of all time, *OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES*--but few people seem to realize that Wolheim is also responsible for the two greatest evils of the modern science-fiction field: the 35¢ prozine and the science fiction anthology.

Wolheim was the initiator of both of these; if he is to be held to account I would blame him more for starting the trend towards 35¢. I'm sure that, as he set about editing *ROMANCES OF SCIENCE FICTION* in 1942, he had no idea he would set into motion a cycle of expensive, silly, and futile anthologies.

I'm not sure at all how Wolheim in 1942 and ex-editor for the first time (he had just seen *COSMIC SCIENCE STORIES* and *STIFFING SCIENCE STORIES* the first of his six prozines, fold) came to edit a science fiction anthology for Pocket Books. But edit it he did, and under the working title of *ROMANCES OF SCIENCE FICTION*, which became *THE POCKETBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION* by the time the first printing was distributed in March, 1943.

This has subsequently become a popular item, constantly reprinted and kept in print--and for good reason, too, for of all the fifty or so s-f anthologies, this is not only the first but also the cheapest and one of the best.

SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES (2)

In case you havan't seen it, it bears an attractive cover painting by an unknown artist with a style similar to Paul's; it is subtitled, "Fantastic Tales of Super-Science," which is just about the only way science fiction could be packaged and sold to the public in the pre-boom days of 1943.

I have a sentimental feeling for this book, because it was one of my first encounters with s-f, when I found a copy some time in 1947. Add it certainly is a magnificent job.

Wollheim ranged far and wide for his ten stories, wisely he aboided the bem-ridden pulps of his day, shoosing just two stories from magazines of the 1940's, and both from astounding's heyday; "Microscopic God" (Sturgeon) and "--And He Built a Crooked House" (Heinlein). He plucked three stories from the Gernsback Amazing: "The Green Splotches," by T.S. Stripling, a timeless story which one can hardly believe was written in 1920 (published in Adventure and subsequently reprinted in Amazing in 1926 and FFM in 1952); "The Last Man," by the still-popular Wallace West, dating from 1927; and "In the Abyss" by H.G. Wells.

The only other pulp stories in the book were two of the best of the rather sad 1930'd--"A Martian Odyssey," Weinbaum's justly famous first story, and Don A. Stuart's "Twilight." The other three stories were by authors not connected with the field: John Collier, Stephen Vincent Benet, and Ambrose Bierce.

No subsequent anthology has been able to match either the price--25¢--or the range of this anthology, covering as it does, representatives of pulp s-f from the 1920's, 1930's, and 1940's, as well as stories from the field.

SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES (3)

But those were truly the Good Old Days, because in those days anthologies came two years apart instead of two hours. The next one did not appear until 1945, and again it was Wollheim who edited it--and again it was a job rating with the best.

This time it was an anthology of novels, something rarely seen. (Though, to be sure to different publishers issued anthologies of novels during the same week not long ago). It included another ~~H.G.~~ Wells story, one which I have never failed to enjoy: The First Men in the Moon. Also included were novels by John Taine and Dovecraft, Before the Dawn, and Shadow out of Time--and I feel that each of these stories is the best those authors have done. It concludes with Odd John, by Stapledon.

Few modern s-f anthologies can offer four of the greatest s-f stories of all time at 50¢ a piece!

The first of the so-called modern-type anthologies appeared the following year, edited by Groff Conklin--first of many for him--THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION. This again was a noteworthy effort, since it drew its material from an untapped field (in sharp contrast to the anthologies of the past two years, anthologize from each other freely.) It contained forty stories, making it the most comprehensive anthology ever to appear, though others have had more pages. Of these 40, no less than 25 came from astounding, with one from TWS, a few from amazing, the old Wonder, and the rest going back as far as Julian Huxley, Conan Doyle, and even Poe!

This book, alas, tried to cover the entire field and failed. As a historical work it is valuable, but much of the fiction contained in it was dull to the point of unreadability, even though it represents the best work of the period. Accordingly, also in 1946, there appeared a fourth anthology, this one virtually opposite from its predecessor.

SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES (4)

It was ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE, edited by Raymond Healy and J. Francis McComas. With 997 pages for \$2.95 it stands as the biggest bargain in s-f history; it also will probably remain forever as the best anthology of science fiction to be published.

Editors Healy and McComas made no bones about representing every type of science fiction, or about printing a historical collection. They wanted to print the best science fiction, and to further this end they drew all but three of their stories from the best science fiction magazine of all time: Astounding, circa 1937-43.

The lone exceptions are "Brain," and S. Fowler Wright never published elsewhere in this country, the often reprinted "Star Mouse" by Fred Brown, from Planet Stories, and "He Who Shrank," the outstanding story of the 1930-1940 Amazing. The remaining 32 are all culled from Astounding, and of these most come from the fertile 1938-41 period.

I suppose this book contains the best story of each type ever published. There's the best beam story "Black Destroyer" (in the original version uncontaminated by Nexialism.) There's the best time-travel story since HG Wells, "By His Bootstraps?" by Robert Heinlein. There's the best space opera, "Symbotica", The best horror-stf. "Who Goes There," The list goes on and on...two of the hilarious Gallegner stories by Kuttner...Heinlein's "Requiem"...Asimov's "Nightfall"...van Vogt's "Weapon Shops"...Padgett's "The Tonky"... "Farewell To the Master," Hollywooded into "Day the Earth Stood Still" the contents page reads like the s-f hall of fame.

If anyone were to require an introduction into stf, I'd give him this book. It stands as the definite science fiction anthology, at least until someone else with the caliber of Campbell comes along.

SCIENCE FICTION ANTHEOLOGIES (5)

A couple of more years went by, and then Conklin came out with his second anthology, A TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION.--which is considerably superior to his first book, but place beside the Tealy-McComas book. It takes a leaf from that volume by including 25 stories from ASF, chiefly the 1942-48 period, and five from other sources.

In retrospect, nearly five years after buying "TREASURY," I can see what a fine job it is, containing Kuttner's "Mimsy" Tenn's "Child's Play," Anderson's "Tomorrow's Children," Williamson's, "With Folded Hands," and other exceptional stories. But it suffers from the ailment which has made me shun all succeeding anthologies--at the time it was published half its stories were only a year or two old.

Nevertheless, these five books: the two Wellheims, the two Conklins, and ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE, constitute a basic library of short science fiction. I have not bought any of the several dozen hardcover anthologies which have been issued in 1950 and 1951, and for good reasons: I've read almost everything in them. Granted that Galaxy has published a load of fine stories, but I feel reluctant to lay out \$4 for a bulky book containing stories dating as far back as October 1950!

Agreed that the Galaxy anthology is good stuff, and it would make a hell of a splash if published in 1960, when the earlier issues will be scarce as 1940 ASF'S are now. At present, though, I can't see anybody, but collectors buying it, and apparently other people agree, because bookdealers tell me it isn't selling.

The same goes for the ASF book, but for different reasons: the best of the stounding material has been picked over and published in ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE and so there's not much left for Campbell to use in his own collection.

SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES(6)

The same goes for all the other anthologies now appearing--one is forced to admit that there was not a powerful lot of good s-f short stories published before 1948, and almost all of them have been used up. Thus, the recent Heinlein anthology, which has been acclaimed as one of the best, uses hardly a story dating before 1948.

As far as I'm concerned, the anthology field is dead. I haven't bought one since 1949, and I doubt that I will again, so long as they consist merely of pulp stories of the past few years. But apparently there is a market for them someplace, because the field is overcrowded with them and still they come. The five anthologies I've named will serve for me I think.

Most analysis of this kind wind up with a prediction of some sort, so I might as well offer one or two: one that we will reach a position where short stories are published simultaneously in anthologies and magazines, or even where the anthologies get them first--but it is more likely that the end of 1953 will see the end of the anthology craze, and that a good many of them will be going for reduced rates by that time. Save your dough.

-Bob Silverberg

OUR UNDERSTANDING ADVERTISERS

...And it's easy to sin! In fact, it's a lead pipe cinch, if you really want to be sure of things before going into them.

-From an add in Quandry 21

What the hell are you selling, anyway?

YOU BRING OUT
THE BEAST IN
ME, HELEN



RU

A LOOK AT SOME CONTEMPORARY FANZINES

W

By the Editor

Being of sorts on a vacation, we have lost some contact with fandom except for the chosen few who have my summer address, and the weekly bundles of forwarded mail that plop religiously into the mailbox every Monday morning. I have been looking over some of the fanzines that have been coming in lately. Its rather frightening what fandom does when one isn't looking.

For instance there's this infidel Lee Riddle, who behind my back has turned out his last two issues of Peon, and two of the nicest fanzines I've seen in a long time. His fourth Anniversary issue, which I received shortly before going away was exelent. Joyfulm I exclaimed to myself as I surveyed it with an eager eye. Really full of mature, intresting articles. Mimeographed nicely. It's a wonder how he can do it. I looked over the contents page. Articles by Edward Wood, Jerry Bixby, Herome Blish, and E. Hoffman Price. A Yellow Cardboard cover front and blue cardboard bacover. A nice fine tape binding. Thirty four pages of fine mterial.

Then I get out here in the wilds of Illinois, and receive the next issue of PEON. "Gor", I remark, "So soon?" I look at the cover, this time on a sort of mottled gray cardboard, (I don't know the proper name) and cloth tape binding. This fellow out does himself. Two fine issues in a row. Then I got the real shock. He has lowered the price to a dime a copy. I thought of all the fans that might want to send a dime or a dollar to Lee Riddle, 108 Dunham Street, Norwrich, Conn. for some future copies. If this fellow, doesn't watch hi self, I felt, he'll be turning out a damn good fanzine.

A LOOK AT SOME CONTEMPORARY FANZINES (2)

Then there is a chap in N.Y. who goes under the name of Bob Silverberg. I understand he's temporarily retired from fandom for the summer, and I can see how he'd need to after his latest SPACESHIP. SPACESHIP 18 is a big, 28 page magazine with a rather lengthy Fortean article by Roger Nelson. There were lots of other fine articles and fiction, and it really showed up well against # 17 the forty page anniversary issue. It had those nice thick yellow covers front and back that have been on those few issues past. I could see that 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, N.Y. was going to be flooded with requests for a SPACESHIP as soon as the word got around.

Then there is the much talked about JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION. I didn't believe the reports I'd heard until I got a copy a short while ago. This is a proverbial shot in fandoms arm. JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION contains mature thoughtful articles, and is just the type of fanzine that fandom has a need for a present. I don't think Charles Fruedenthal at 1351 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill. will have much trouble getting a quarter a copy for this plano-ed mag.

While looking through those forwarded-mail bundles I came on a couple of new fanzines that could use a little financial and moral support. For instance there is DARK UNIVERSE, a first issue put out by a florida fan, by the name of ~~DEAN~~ Van Arnam of 1740-34th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida. Like most first issues, its rather heavy on the fiction side. Something which will be remedied in the future I hope. There's another first issue, this one for only 5¢, coming from Bill Kane, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Mont. At least what I remember from my mailing list his name is bill Kane. I wish some of these editors would be kind enough to leave their names lying around incase people ever wanted to send them a letter or something. Anyway, this zine is half size, and has two short stories, and a couple of other things that take up 10 pages. Rather poorly mimeod I'm afraid.

A LOOK AT SOME CONTEMPORARY FANZINES (3)
A LOOK AT SOME CONTEMPORARY FANZINES (3)

I've gotten a couple of fanzines from across the pond lately, too. For instance there's that '52 OPERATION FANTAST handbook, with fourty pages of information about fanzines, fan clubs, exchanges, etc., etc. Available from Capt. Kenneth F. Slater, 13 Gp. R.P.C. B.A.O.R., 29, c/o GPO, England.

Then there was the new Willis 'zine, Hyphen. Ibrather upholds my opinion that Willis is funny no matter what his means of duplication is, a fact dispued by a few fans. Anybody that doesn't know the mad Irishman's address by this time, ought to be put in cold storage.

Then there's a newszine from A. Vincent Clarke, and H. Ken Blumer, full of news for both British and American fans. A lot of humor too, by Clarke, wb, if I didn't know it were impossible, seems to be a pen name for Willis. Anyone intrested can send for a copy from 16 Wendover Wy, Welkington, Kent, ENGLAND.

I've been getting some more stateside 'zines, too, like QUANDRY, but anybody that doesn't know that QUANDRY is at it's usual exelent best, can't be very much of a fan,

Anyway, that looks like what summer fandom is turning out, while I'm sort of out of contact. Seems to be a new splurge of fanzines, and the old r ones seem to be getting better. Of course you've all heard about FANTASTIC WORLDS, so I won't mention much more. the editors have three pages about it here anyway. All in all, it looks like a good summer for fanzines. I wonder how many are going to be planning con reports?

The Editor

UNPOPULAR CONTEST!

SOL INVITES YOU TO BE UNPOPULAR WITH ITS EDITOR!

The more unpopular you are the bigger the prizes!

All you have to do is send us the following sentence filled out in as many words as you want to spare.

"I don't like SOL because..."

What a way to become unpopular. Here's a chance to get insome nasty digs at us, and at the same we can find ways to improve our magazine. If your nasty or sincere enough you may even win a prize in our contest. Here is a list of prizes:

1. A life time subscription to this magazine; with or without bombs, at the deitors preference.
- 22 A two year sub. to his magazine. Mailed to you in a handsomely bound back page along with your name and adress hand inscribed!
3. Third to fifth prizes, are a years subscription to this Journal, with a genuine cancelled two cent stamp accompanying everykthrill-packed issue!

Just think, if you've never been unpopular before, here is your golden opportunity. Any entry gets a free copy of this magazine. Were really intrested on how we can improve, and we hope this is the best way to find out. Lets have alot of serious entries into the UNPOPULAR CONTEST!

CALLOPE

Small Talk from the Triper of
Lee Hoffman

The way this column works is as follows: When I receive an issue of SOL I realize that another will follow soon upon its heels and I, like a good li'l columnist, should get in my copy ~~for~~ the following issue, so I sit me down to the triper and press my immortal words into a sheet of ordinary writing paper. This is dispatched to Dave who okay's it and returns it with stencils for me to type up the works. Well, Dave has a bad habit of failing to return the copy. Ususally I write and ask him wha'hoppent to it? But this issue, Dave has gone to great expense to airmail the stencils to me (18¢ postage due, to be exact, not to mention the postage he did put on the parcel.) so I suppose speed is of the utmost, or some such. And now here I sit with Dave's stencils in the typer, no authorized copy in my hands, and the opportunity to say what I please in someone else's fenzine. Hen.

But I don't think I will.

I'll just comment that if people don't stop sending me letters and packages with 16 and 20¢ postage due on them, I'm gonna stop accepting them. Say, there's an idea. You send me packages with dollars and dollars of postage due on them and no return address, and I'll refuse to accept them. We could drive the p.o. to bankruptcy. The government would have to increase its allotment, and taxes would go up and up and then we'd all go broke and the whole affair would go to pot!

Then we slans could take over the country.

Picture it, The United Slans of America! We could hold the annual conventions in the Pentagon Building. With all the rooms re-labelled 770, we'd have to hold 365 day cons. That reflecting pool in front of the Washington Monument could be filled with beer and we could mount a diving board on the monument itself.



The White House would be black after enough ink-stained fingers touched the woodwork. And the Capitol building would make an expressive address for publishing offices.

We could toss all of those old papers out of the government libraries and archives, and keep fanzine and prozine collections

there instead.

Grant would be ripped out of Grant's Tomb, and Tucker installed. The UN buildings could be given over to IS and other non-stateside fans for temporary or permanent habitation, as they choose. The Lincoln Memorial could be changed to the Ackerman Memorial, and as mentioned, the Washington Monument would make a fine tower for a diving board, and could be dedicated to Morgan Botts.

Art Kapp, himself, of course would be recalled and put in charge of the military. Other servi-fans could make

up the military staff and direct the activities of the Armed Forces. The nature of those activities would be decided by the revived Activity Requirement Plan of the NSF.

I might suggest that a detachment of Marines be assigned to patrolling conventions and protecting pure-hearted fans from that certain refugee from a belfry. And the Navy might take over the department of liquid refreshments, unless the TVA could handle it better.

If he wouldn't object to working with f-a-n-s, F.T.Laney might be a good man for postal inspector. And Hedd Boggs would be a fine editor for the Congressional Record.

Since our government of the people, by the slans, and for the slans would necessarily be a dictatorship, we could take over the publication of pro-zines and put in someone, say Max Kessler, to operate and okay all of them.

A Council composed of Russ Watkins, Ken Beale, Charles Burbee, Marion Bradley and Sam Moskowitz, would be in charge of subversive investigations...to make sure that there was no non-fan activity underway in any part of our great nation.

A general migration might be called for too. The SCIENCE-fiction fans all move to one part of the country, the science FICTION fans to the opposite part, and a thin strip of ~~science~~ science-fiction fans in the middle to prevent friction.

Of course all fanzines would be government subsidized and all fans would receive a comfortable living allowance.

Of course there are a few small difficulties, like what to do with Robert Bloch. But these would eventually be ironed out.

* * *

Speaking of postage, how does the post office decide whether to send an item on postage due, or to return it marked insufficient postage, when it has a return address?

Have you tried Gugh! The cigaret which is stronger, much stronger?

Fans are pretty notorious for the number of projects that start without finishing them up. But Shelby Vick has pulled off WAW With The Crew almost single-handedly and done a really good job of it. Of course without a number of fine people, especially Manly Banister and some others, who have contributed both above and beyond the call of duty, he couldn't have done it. But the driving force has all been supplied by Shelby.

I remember when the idea of Big Ponding ~~him~~ came up. Shel and I had been wiresponding for some months, and we talked of the possibility of sending wires to WAW. Then the idea of bringing WAW to the wires came up. I was both optimistic~~ally~~ and skeptical. Shel was merely determined.

We felt out WAW himself with casual comments and then Shelby began the campaign. And at Chicago we'll see its climax. It's a wonderful example of fan cooperation, sparked by Shelby Vick, and supported by you.

* * *

Curiouser and curiouser are allusions to s-f maybe on radio. For instance the mention of The Illustrated Man on the Fibber McGee and Molly show, and Bob and Ray's mention of Hugo Gernsback, which tho it could be due to that gentleman's connection with radio, might have other ~~shapes~~ shapes.

And likewise interesting, tho not surprising or unusual is that fact that the bookshelves of several members of the EC comics art staff are lined with aSF, Galaxy and MoF&SF.

 "I know where my future lies."

CAMPBELL MAKES 'EM TOO!

Gerry de la Poo

John W. Campbell's Fantasy Press book, "The Moon Is Hell", has been out a year now. When I first read it I noticed a glaring error in the chronological order of events, an error that, to the best of my knowledge, has not been mentioned in any promag or fanzine review of the book. I'm certain, however, that many readers must have noticed it.

For those who have not read the book, it is the story of the members of the first successful expedition; the story of their wait for a relief ship. The yarn is told by Campbell in diary form, with each passage dated.

On page 88, under the October 8 entry, Campbell inserted the following statement in parenthesis:

"As a matter of fact, the relief ship was even then approaching completion, far ahead of the time the men felt they could expect it. Indeed, far ahead of the schedule of work laid out. But, like all efforts to relieve the expedition, it was handled with consummate blundering. When the ship was actually completed near the end of November, it was suddenly discovered that there were no trained rocket pilots on Earth! They had to be trained in the new relief ship! The inevitable results was that in the first week of December, the ship crashed heavily, fifty miles from Mojave. It took nearly two weeks to move equipment to it and set it up, and a month and a half would still be needed to repair it."

On page 104, in the November 14 entry, Campbell writes:

"An answer has been received. It is fragmentary, but tremendously encouraging. The first word from Earth in over two years! ...This message was repeated several times, with subsequent filling in of missing letters, and extension. We learn that the rescue ship built has crashed due to lack of competent rocket pilots....This is bad news, as it will be some weeks before the ship can be repaired, and at least a month or more before any man can attempt to cross space in her."

It doesn't take a genius to note the contradiction in the above statements. In one Campbell says the ship was completed late in November and crashed the first week of December. Still, on November 14 a message announcing that the ship has already crashed -- some three weeks ahead of schedule!

-Gerry de la Ree



Shelby Vick

by Johnie Henderson

(It occured to me that it might sound rather egotistical of me to talk too much about myself. So, naturally, the thing to do is get someone ELSE to tell everyone about me. Now, wanting this all to be a surprise to me as well as anyone else, I shall make like a wheel and turn -- turn this over to Johnie Henderson and turn my back until it appears in GDS. ...Johnie?)

Shelby Vick is a fine, overworked zined! He has personality, humor, looks, money (gad, I didn't know that, Vick) artistic ability, writing ability, skating ability, blab ability, and ability ability.

He is the brilliant creator of puffins. He is the great, wonderful, sharp minded, brilliant person who --

SOB! Sniff.

I can't go on,
Vick ole bum, er, crum, uh, chum YOU cheapskate
you, I will NOT lead these lost...things...astray
(for only two bits, at that.)

Vick is a rat, a bum, a space tramp, a planet skipper, a solar jail bird, a HUMAN!

(All donations of bad adjectives, concerning Vick, are kindly appreciated. Please send to Vick's-A-Bum Campaign, c/o your local A-Bum Shelter. Our slogan: Vick's a dope without any hope.)

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THE EVILS OF FAN PUBLISHING

By the Editor

Now that SOL has seen one year of fan publishing, I feel perhaps experienced enough, to give advise to those readers among you who are not yet fan publishers. Although I am far from a veteran in the field, I am equally as far from a beginner. The purpose of this article is, if you haven't guessed already, to show the evils of fan publishing, and perhaps to discourage the less foolhardy among you from publishing that magazine you've planned for so long.

I don't think anyone has seriously condemned fan publishing, no fan at least. It has been regarded by most as the quickest way to become a BNF, and to get the most ego-boost. However, few of the fanzines ever get those two things that its publisher asks most of it. It usually folds before the third issue. The editor, sadder but wiser, follows the advice written in large bold letters on the wall. Give it up. Maybe I can save some of these future editors from a lot of trouble, physical exertion, and ego-deflation, if they listen to this article.

There are two important essentials in the production of a fanzine. A means of reproduction and material. Neither of these may be by-passed. Material is not necessarily easier to get, but it's less expensive. The means of duplication can range from hand written fanzines (which, do exist) to printed ones. The means you choose depends a lot on how much of a success your fanzine will be. Mimeographing is of course the most common medium. If we assume that this young editor has acquired a mimeograph, and has begged, some material off of some fans and is ready for his first issue, we may also assume another thing, that his first issue will probably be miserable.

There are several valid reasons for this. He doesn't know a thing about how to run the mimeograph. Even following instructions to the letter will only help a slight amount. The most common mistake in mimeoing is placing paper too far away from the mouth of the machine, which results in a constantly dirty roller. This unnerves the fan to no great end. The fact that every bar sheet misses the rollers, and that he must take the machine apart to get at it and wipe it off, is maddening. He either handfeeds it or lets offests appear on the back of the page. He eventries moving the sheets up. He is fooled, because the page doesn't start then until the middle of the page. His first issue therefore will be extremely poor from the duplication standpoint. Almost all first issues ever published stand as mute proof of this statement.

Now as for material, it will probably be mostly written by himself. The letters he sends to BNF's will probably be ignored because of their fuggheadedness. He may get a few lesser known fans to contribute, and a few of his fannish friends. His first issue, like all first issues, will be loaded down with fiction. This is natural since fiction is easy to get, as most fanwriters are trying constantly to get rid of it.

Now you can get a full idea of the first issue. Poorly reproduced, containing an excess of fiction. Commonly called in fancircles a crud zine.

Naturally the fan will send sample copies of his first issue to everyone he has ever heard of. He will probably get a couple of replies, none favorable. A BNF might answer him, if he's feeling in a particularly nasty mood. He might hit a favorable reply, but it isn't too likely. His ego is deflated considerably. He has been seeking egoboo, perhaps expecting it, and gets just the opposite. He has spent a good deal of time and effort on a project no one has appreciated. It is probable that the editor

THE EVILS OF FAN PUBLISHING (3)

will cease publishing his magazine by the third issue. If however, he has guts, he may continue and may in a couple of years time make a success out of his fanzine. He spends a lot of time trying to bury earlier issues of his publication. Almost any fan editor will tell you he'd have like to start publishing with about his third or fourth issue. So those are some of the evils of fan publishing, well really, only one of the evils, ego-deflation.

Another evil is the fact that it employs a hellish amount of time. This isn't bad if you enjoy your work, but to the beginner it's not enjoyment to ruin almost every sheet of paper you try and feed the machine. Even if you do reach a state where you enjoy publishing, it doesn't automatically stop fan publishing from taking up time. It tends to draw you away from your personal responsibilities. It may (if your attending college or high school) detract seriously from your studies.

Fan publishing is not necessarily expensive in relation to some other hobbies, but it does consume a certain amount of money. Money that could be spent on something else. It costs a considerable amount to maintain a fanzine on any sort a schedule as far as finances are concerned.

It is exceedingly difficult to secure material for every issue and maintain a par of quality or quantity. That's why so many magazines fold after a year or two of publication. Just think, fanzines have been published for 20 years. There must have been thousands and thousands of issues put out, with three or four articles in each issue. At that rate it won't be long until we run out of things to write about. Anyway, maintaining a par of quality is just as hard as getting one.

THE EVILS OF FAN PUBLISHING (4)

Despite the various pitfalls and evils mentioned fans become faneditors at an increasing rate year after year. There seems there is no limit to the amount of crudzines that flow daily into a fan's mailbox. Perhaps this article will help to, as I said before, lessen the amount of crudzines annually appearing. And yet, one must keep in mind that some of these crudzines may some day be worthwhile fanzines. That one fan editor out of many may make something out of his fanzine. Perhaps its worth it to suffer through a lot of crud with the hope that one of these 'zines will someday make the grade. That something be done about it is of course ridiculous. Perhaps by simply ignoring them until they become good fanzines is the best policy. Maybe I'm wrong about the evils of fan publishing, and maybe, due to lack of time I haven't made my point as clear as it should be. Maybe I've succeeded in pointing out a few reasons for not putting out a fanzine. Maybe you can give me a few why I should.

The End

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"Something as deeply rooted as a tendency towards baldness"

-From an editorial in IF by
Paul W. Fairman.

What the hell's so deep -rooted about that?

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