



Richard Z. Ward



SOL

SOL VIII

JANUARY

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COLUMNS

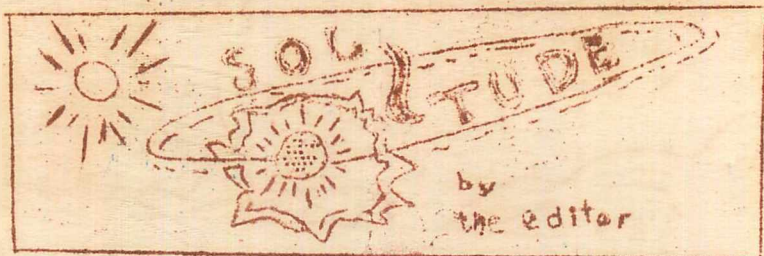
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RETURN POSTAGE IF POSSIBLE. ART-
ICLES PERTAINING TO SCIENCE FICTION,
FANTASY OR FANDOM ARE DESIREABLE,
BUT FICTION IS NOT WANTED.



WE ARE HAPPY to inform you that this SOL has come out closest to our "bi-monthly" schedule, being only 10 or so days late. We are saddend, though, that this issue is so thin, but the good material just hasn't been coming in in abundance. If any of you readers want to see this situation remedied, send us something. Just remember, though, we have a habit of rejecting crud.

DID YOU MISS OUT on hearing the Orsen Welles radio scare of some 14 years back? A recording of the original script has been made by us, with appropriate sound effects, etc. and if you have access to a wirerecorder, drop us a line, and we'll send it to you. We only ask that you return it as soon as possible.

ONE OF OUR COLUMNISTS, Lee Hoffman, is leaving us with this issue, due to a rather violent attack of gafia. We are looking for a replacement, and if any English geniuses like Vinde Clarke or Chuck Harris are interested in doing something, we'd like to see it, preferably at a distance. Seriously, we are looking for a replacement, and we'll even settle for an American, if he can write like Boggs.

ERRATA: Our apologies for not giving cover credit last issue. It was done by Lee Hoffman. Gad, is there no end to this girl's talent? Also apologies for calling Ron Madicks Ron Smith in our convention report.

NEXT ISSUE we hope to have a photo-off-set section of photographs of our editorial office, "staff" mimeo, recording layout, etc. The only thing standing in our way is the cost, as the pictures have all been taken. If you are in the habit of buying SOL on the "dime-at-a-time" basis, we'd like you to sub. so we can get enough money to do it. Even if you already subscribe or trade, we won't turn down any doughnations. you care to throw our way. A total of eleven pictures have been taken, and we'd like them big enough so that you won't have to persue them with a magnifying glass. If you are interested in seeing just what this place looks like, don't hesitate. Send us money.

IF BOOKS LIKE "The Four-Sided Triangle" ever become a reality, we can't help wondering if publishers would give away a free copy of the author with every book.

DO YOU TIRE of receiving adds, letters, and fanzines that run something like this?;

"There is a fan club in formation. It is the Northern Idaho Fantasy and Science Fiction Association. It is our purpose to organize all the fans in Northern Idaho who are interested in the field of fantasy, science fiction, and fandom in general. The dues are \$1.00 a year, and membership is strictly limited to fans living in Northern Idaho. We'd like you to mention our club whenever possible, as we want all the publicity we can get."

ARE FANS LIKE THESE ever going to get wise to the fact that people living even as near as southern Idaho aren't going to give the faintest damn about what happens to the The Northern Idaho Fantasy and Science Fiction association? Admittedly, some fans have caught on to the fact, and have opened up their organization to surrounding territory, etc., but our mailbox is still overflowing

with stuff like the above. Won't somebody put a bee in their collective bonnet?

THE TREND IN PHILOSOPHY today seems to be toward the individual placing himself in history and society and analyzing himself and how he fits in that placement. The trend seems to be catching on with fandom, too, as we've recently seen a couple of articles to the effect, along with SHELBY VICK in this issue. It is probably worth a considerable amount of thought; how the individual places in the micro-cosom of fandom and the macro-cosom of the outside world. In fandom the individual usually has a placement different from his placement in society. In fandom he may be an extrovert, well hidden behind his typewriter which flows forth with gregarious and profound thoughts. Socially, however, he may be an introvert, an anti-social who finds an outlet in fandom. He may be compensating for a whopping inferiority complex by befriending people who "can't be fooled" because they are so far away. As I've said before, this is undoubtedly the driving force behind most of the letter hacks in the pulp field. (And a tip of our editorial hat to Sam Mines for quoting our comment in FANTASTIC SF). The vicious critic is probably mentally, still a scared little kid. He has taken out his bitterness on fandom, or has used fandom as a crutch to help him up on his mental feet.

That's my opinion. Whats yours?

--Dave Ish

DEPT. OF LITTLE READ VAN VOGT

"...Quite possibly Van Vogt is today's most popular writer of science fiction...He does not allow himself to wander into the maze of semantics or psychiatry as some authors persist in doing..."

--August Derleth from the dustjacket of Destination Universe! Not only that, he writes about real, live, people, just like you and I.

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THE GOOD IN FAN PUBLISHING

By Marion Bradley

In the anniversary issue of SOL, Dave wrote a long article about the evils of fan publishing, admittedly written to discourage young fans from becoming fanzine editors. I think the subject deserves a rebuttal, and therefore this article.

Fanzine publishing has more benefits than evils, even if one publishes nothing but crudzines. I say this, having published several of the slop-job variety, and a few fanzines which were reasonably well-done, myself. I've also contributed to countless other fanzines, and corresponded with their editors.

Just what are the benefits of fandom? Well, the first, and most definite, is the familiarity one gains with one's own language. You'd be surprised to discover how few persons really use their training in English after they leave high school. The necessity of writing editorials, countless letters, story blurbs, and advertisements, eventually teaches the young editor that a dictionary is something worth owning, that spelling is not an "impractical school subject", that he must use care in his choice of words if he wishes his readers to understand what he is saying.

The second large benefit one gains is a widening of one's mental horizons. I know this has been used as a contemptuous and sarcastic phrase so often that it has lost its meaning. But the point is this; that corresponding with readers and writers in other parts of the country gives one a slant into the other fellow's point of view. I grew up in back-country upstate New York; a rather stonight-faced New England environment.

At nineteen, I moved to the most different background possible; Texas. Frankly, without the national outlook gained through correspondence with fans scattered all over the nation, I should have been utterly lost. Of course, one can gain this experience through fandom alone, without the necessity of fan publishing, but the fan publisher especially gets this brought home to him, through the varying reactions which will come in from everywhere.

The third benefit, of course, is in the literary skill one gains. No matter how uninterested in writing you may be when you start, you must eventually develop enough cleverness to write an editorial, a blurb, a filler. (And even Rick Sneary did eventually learn to spell you know!)

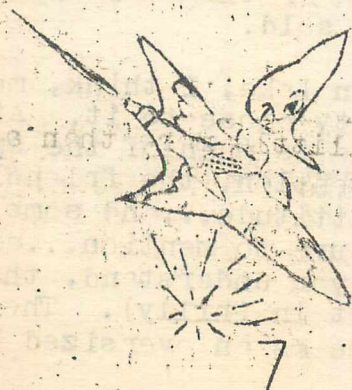
The other two benefits are less tangible, but they are the most important of all. First, in the actual doing of something, you become a part of it. Active participation is the key enjoyment. The kids out on the field playing football at the local high school, the band, the young cheerleaders jumping up and down-- these are getting a great deal more from the sport than the listless lazybones in the bleachers, the apathetic or stupid to do anything; who merely sit and watch. The writer of science fiction, the editor of a fan magazine, the young person who sweats blood into his mimeograph-- these are getting active value from the science fiction they read; much, much more than the young fan sprawled on his bed with a stack of GALAXY on the pillow.

The final benefit, and perhaps the best of all is the fact that the fan magazine publisher eventually develops a thick skin. He may begin by being unhappy and discouraged about the deflation of his ego. But if he sticks it through, there will come a time when he can evaluate this criticism and begin being severely critical of himself; to weigh and


measure every word he writes, types or publishes; to balance vicious slander against good-natured ridicule; to ignore the former and heed the latter. He learns to deflate his own ego instead of having it deflated for him by others. He learns to enjoy publishing for the sake of publishing, instead of for the egoboo in it. He learns to be so severely critical of himself that the criticism of others never reaches first base-- because he has already gained some soreness in himself which enables him to evaluate criticism at its true worth. He develops poise, self-sufficiency, trustworthiness --(reliability about deadlines, subscription money and the like) and a sense of humor. He loses his touchiness, resentment, and immature attitude.

These values are not confined to the young fan; every person could profit by editing a fanzine for even a few issues. No fanzine consolidation plan can ever get to first base, because of just this; fanzine publishing has personal benefits for everyone who gets into it. It can not be a spectator sport. It is first person singular; and it will make everyone who goes into it with any seriousness and intelligence, that much better. It is a part of the never-ending process of human education, development and personal growth. Like any hobby, it enriches the individual; it is the best of hobbies.


--Marion Bradley



"...Say something erudite..."



Callopie



Another installment
of that scintillating column by Lee
Hoffman

So there I was with a bottomless Dixie cup in my hand and a lap full of hot coffee, peering out of the train window at the swiftly approaching city of Philadelphia. For almost a year one member of the PSFS had been selling me the idea of attending the annual Philly-con. So there I was on the West Coast Champion along with a batch of tourists. And I was looking forward to another meeting like the ones Indian Lake was famed for. I was sold on regional conferences, and I had some notion of attending two or three of them each year. Now I am not so sold.

Indian Lake, I think, must be unique, or pretty close to it. At the Midwestcon there is much of the spirit of a National Convention, the friendly conventioning attitude... and some snide soul would be sure to mention... and the drinking (not, you understand, that there was none of that in Philly). The Midwestcon impressed me as an oversized house-party.

8 On the other hand, the Philly conference was little more than a starry-

eyed high fan would expect of a Big City fan club's regular meetings. A number of fans, many from as far away as New York City, and a fair quantity of dirty pros, gathered just before the meeting, sat and listened to speeches (or in some cases, gave speeches) and then departed. Some grouped off and dined together and then attended one or more of the parties thrown afterwards.

They tell me too, that the night before saw some fair fannish folderel. I don't know. I wasn't there then. And it could be that I was in the wrong places at the wrong times altogether. But although I did enjoy the trip I don't think it lived up to the advance billing.

Or maybe I just expected too much of a 1-day gathering.

"...Tell Charlie gor 75¢ a week..."

Speaking of fan gatherings, there was a somewhat impromptu one in Columbus, Ga. when some of the nation's B-best NF's happened together at the Hub Of The Universe. Paul Cox and Jay Oliver, the Hub's #1 fans, Henry Burwell, Bill Entrekin, Bob Tucker and I met at a hotel, the name of which I've forgotten, but which advertised itself as a convention site. Tucker was passing through on the way to Florida, which seemed as good a reason as any to start a small conference. Several telegrams and some long distance phoning and a bit of all-night driving brought together the other representatives of Georgia fandom.

Highlights of the programme were Jaicon photos, a report by Burwell, and the Buck Rogers Space Kit that was awarded to JJ after Hoffman and Tucker had all the fun of assembling it.

The latest fad among neophans seems to be not going Pogo. Every other first or second issue received at the Hovel seems to be inscribed somewhere with an "I HATE POGO" or a similar slogan. Could all this be the cause of the strange lack of a recent issue of POGO comics among many Pogo fans? Is someone shunting the supply away from fandom in a vile attempt to refocus our attention on science-fiction?

CB/FTL CB/FTL CB/FTL CB/FTL CB/FTL CB/FTL

And with that we close the book for now. This is the last installment of Calliope. Let us not say goodbye tho. I am dropping all of my fanactivity except mere reading for an indefinite period. Tentatively I say three months. But what will happen at the end of that time I do not know. I'm not folding Q. But #30 will probably be delayed until spring, so I ask that no one send me any mss or material for the mag until further notice. And I'm not quitting fandom. The truth is that I've enrolled in night school for a study load somewhat greater than the prescribed by the school as normal and I want to be free of all fan commitments so that I can devote my time and energy to getting my money's worth out of the courses. When the quarter is over perhaps I shall fling myself into actifandom with renewed fury. We'll see.

Oh yes, if you edit a fanzine and you'd like a cash sub to it, and you're willing to take a little extra trouble, drop me a pc with your name and address and sub rate. I don't want to get left out completely during my hibernation.

Always yours,

Lee Hoffman

SCIENCE FICTION IN ADVERTISING

By Jerry Hopkins

As everyone realizes, science fiction is now becoming an increasingly popular trend. Science fiction programs appear, have appeared, and will appear in ever increasing quantity and quality, on radio and television. The movie industry has finally realized the possible money in full length movies and shorter science fiction features. "The Thing", "The Day the Earth Stood Still", "Destination Moon", and "When Worlds Collide" are just four productions which offer proof of this. The literary world is opening up even more. Ever increasing numbers of science fiction magazines and pocket editions are making their appearance; not to mention the hard-back novels, the non-fiction volumes, and the growing number of science fiction publications in the slicks. The toy industries have taken advantage of the almost untapped wealth in the Buck Rogers and Space Cadet type of toys, uniforms, ray guns; and even toy rocket men are slowly replacing the tin soldier of the past. Small model space stations and junior spacemen headquarters are sprouting up all over the country. Science fiction is a trend that is soon to become as popular as the Hopalong Cassidy westerns are now; and the multiplying number of adult shows, books, movies, and programs now being produced is doubling and tripling the adult following of science fiction. It is truly expanding.

This sudden rise in science fiction's popularity is due to several causes or factors. The editors and publishers, the movie and television producers and directors, and the big business men have finally realized a good thing and thus an increasing amount of science fiction products are being made and placed on the markets. The thorough advertising coverage of the magazine and television fields have put science fiction be-

fore the public where they can't miss it. The science fiction movies might not have been such hits if they weren't carried on. So advertising has played and will continue to play an important part in the growing popularity of science fiction.

Although science fiction is appearing in an ever increasing amount, the advertising field is as yet, "hardly tapped." But the advertisers and businessmen realize the value of unique and outstanding ideas in this field and science fiction is it. Science fiction plays a very important part in modern advertising because people are space conscious, and an ad with a science fiction bearing attracts the public's attention.

Naturally the ads for space toys, science fiction books, magazines, movies, telescopes, or other such products apply science fiction heavily. But even the more common everyday products are made to stand out more by a science fiction sketch or layout. Look at any Oldsmobile and you'll see a picture of a rocket and a writeup about the Olds Rocket "88". The designs for the chrome trim on the Hudson Hornet and the Hudson Gasp are very similar to that of a rocket ship. The Fisher Body Corporation recently pictured a sleek streamlined car called the X-300 in their Buick ads. This futuristic car made the ad what it was and represented the car of the future. Many ads depict present day home building and architecture by picturing an ultra-modern house or office building.

So science fiction plays a very important part in the field of advertising in the future, the near future will play an ever increasing part.

-Jerry Hopkins

DICK RYAN

I'd always envied the BNF's who had their biographies printed in fanzines; I considered that I could assume myself arrived as a fan when someone asked me for mine. Well, evidently I've now arrived; the question that comes to mind is, where am I, and is that red light the exit?

My fan life began one day in 1949 when I picked up a copy of Planet, mistakenly thinking it was something akin to True. As it turned out it wasn't even a fifth cousin, but I was hooked anyway. About six months later I discovered astounding, having run the gamut of pulpzines, and found science fiction could be well-written. I didn't know half of it was hack, and the editor's career was ebbing fast away, until I started reading fanzines. For two years I bought every stf. pulp on the stands, with two exceptions. Make what you will of the fact that I bought Amz and FA only sporadically; call it discerning taste if you like. Now go ahead.

I wrote letters to the editors off and on, purely for egoboo; I joined the N3F and the Norwescon, and sent for a few fanzines. Along about July of last year I decided this was getting me nowhere, and on the spot began planning a fanz. Enlisting the aid of a friend whom I introduced to stf by cramming it down his throat, I inquired about prices on paper, ink, and the like and finally found a mimeo I could borrow. A couple of plaintive letters to BNF's were unanswered (one was at the Nolacon at the time), so we wrote the first issue ourselves. I still think its less trouble than burdening the postman with pleas that usually aren't answered until its too late.

The first issue of MAD, all fifty copies, went out in September, causing a stir in the fan world closely resembling rigor mortis.

But we perservered, and today MAD is booming, more or less.

Full circle. The next issue of MAD will be the last. There is just too much work to fanning to leave time for science fiction, which they tell me is very intresting these days.

Personal data: I'm 5'7", 145 pounds, with twinkling blue eyes which belie my serious, intellectual appearance. When I take off my glasses I look somewhat less like Howland Owl. I admit to twenty one years; often brag about it, as a matter of fact. Favorite fanzines: Quandry, Qpus, Slant. Favorite stzines: ASF, Galaxy, F&SF. Favorite sfwriters: Heinlein, Bradbury--who else is writing these days? I like books, girls, history, traveling, politics, money, conservative clothes, sports, beer, and conversation. I dislike crowds, two-floor houses, loudmouths, regular hours, hominy grits, barking dogs, work, pomposirt, fanatics, and being wrong. Thanks for reading, its been fun.

-Dick Ryan

((Our apologirs for the datedness of this fanfile, and the all-to-numerous spelling errors in it. The stencil was cut last May,, and we being the conservative type, we didn't cut it over.--The editor.))

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

"In a report dated February 27th, 'the bulletin states the convention society has ~~389~~ members; and a treasurer's report dated March 4th shows a balance of \$163 in funds on hand. Membership "cards" made of tooled aluminum were mailed out with the bulliten. Advertisements for the program booklet run to ~~\$6.50~~ per page, \$3.50 per half page, \$2 for a quarter page, with booster adverts at sixty cents each. The booklet will be multilithed (similar to News Letter), and advertisers may furnish pen-and-ink sketches with their copy!"

--From a news item on the Nolcan, Science Fiction Newsletter, May 1951.

a short column by

SHELBY VICK

BUT I THOT YOU LIKED BEING CRAZY!

In a recent issue of Rhodigest, a columnist commented on the space-flight issue of COLLIER'S. He seemed very pleased with the success of the issue. It indicated to him, he said, an acceptance of science fiction by the public. His attitude was, "Now let 'em call us crazy! The world has accepted science fiction -- hoorah!" Since then, there've been other, similar comments. And, long before that, fans showed a tendency to grab at straws to prove that sf was, indeed, spreading and being accepted.

Isn't this a little stupid?

It seems kinda inconsistent for a fan to feel that way. To begin with, don't fans always like to think of themselves as being a little apart from everyone else? Isn't this partially -- if not entirely -- what makes a fan? If the world was suddenly converted to sf, what would become of that 'proud and lonely feeling to be a fan'?

The truth of the matter is, the only way the world could suddenly take in science fiction is by a sudden change in sf -- science fiction cannot convert the world; the world, instead, will convert sf. It has remained restricted because it appealed to a small group. Naturally, that small group was different from its neighbors. Naturally, being different, their neighbors thot them 'crazy, wacky, a little 'off'.

Which, of course, we are. Anything away from the norm is, comparatively, 'insane'.

The point is that in hoping for the world to accept us, we are asking a sane man to let a lunatic into his house -- or, from our point of view, we are wanting to go into a lunatic's home. Why? Apparently, fandom is trying to be normal within itself, while still deploring the normality around it. It's as if fandom was a man who knew himself to be different, but wanted mightily to be like everyone else.

Consider the parallels between fandom and the outside: We too have our witchhunts and purges and homosexuals. Ask Barney. And our ceaseless unsuccessful attempts at forming clubs -- an urge that never seems to die, no matter how disappointing previous attempts have proven. It's a vain endeavor to emulate that best-known of group entities, Average Humanity.

And what's the use of all of it? If we are going to maintain that 'It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan', can't we resign ourselves to our place? Do we have to get out and be missionaries for an unwanted messiah? Why try to cram sf down the throat of an unwilling populace? Now, there are a few fan-personalities wandering around that have yet to discover fandom -- but they'll eventually discover sf on their own, in any case.

True, it's satisfying to know that your brainchild is recognized by everyone -- but a child genius in, say, mathematics could never be fully appreciated by a culture that worshipped art.

Publishers, their eyes naturally on the dollar sign, are changing sf to suit the public, which is the only way. But whenever the new sf has spread over the world, and everybody knows what it is, we'll still be in the same boat. People will understand what they're reading then, but they would probably be as blank as ever if you handed 'em a '48 ASTOUNDING.

I WOULDN'T CALL HIM 'QUIET'!

Tucker referred to Willis as 'The Quiet Man'. I have a case against him. (No, Tucker -- not a case of Scotch.)

Exhibit A -- (Quoted, as are all following exhibits)

On arrival: Hoffman: "Have you any statement to make, Mr Willis?"

WAW: "I had one grunch but the April '43 ASF over there."

Exhibit B -- In Bloch's room. BeaM: "You want an ashtray?"

WAW, tossing his ash out over Chicago. "No, this one isn't full yet."

Exhibit C -- WAW: "Some of my best friends are Henry Kuttner."

ECOB00

ROBERT BLOCH
740 N. Plankinton Ave.
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Dear Dave:

Many thanks for SOE. I found it round, firm and fully packed. ((We hope you didn't tear to compare.))

Judging from your and Shelby Vick's contributions, the time has definitely come to split science fiction conventions into two separate entities rather than maintain the present schizoid affair. Either that or take TWO hotels at each convention site.

The latter notion might work. For example, in Chicago, the Hotel Chicagoan is right alongside the Morrison. For the sake of argument (which I understand is the only reason for bringing up anything in a fan-mag in the first place) let us suppose that the Chicon has been held simultaneously in both the Morrison and the Chicagoan.

The pros could have held forth in the Morrison quite well--making speeches to each other, signing one another's programs, autographing each other's books for three days of unalloyed hucksterish bliss.

The fans could have gathered in the Chicagoan, which has no ballroom or banquet hall, but does boast a fine bar and any number of rooms which can be properly smoke-filled...as a matter of fact, the management could probably rent a smoke-machine from a movie company and fill any room in the joint in about five minutes. And here the fans could sit around, rip each other down the

back, complain about the prozines, and check on the number if drinks consumed by other fans.

Occasionally a schizoid human, or semi-human (that is to say, a pro who is also a fan like Tucker) could ~~rantback~~ and ~~forth~~ be between the two hotels as a liason officer. Pretending to be a pro, he could rush to the first hotel and autograph for other pros. Pretending to be a fan, he could rush to the second hotel and drink some corn-likker. Being Tucker, he'd sell something at both places, so he wouldn't complain...

Think it over. My other suggestion is a bit more drastice...~~make~~ a deal with the Limeys and the Celts. Us dirty hucksters to keep to America, and the fans to be deported, en masse, to the British Isles. Unless, of course, their migration laws are strict. Still; I dunno...they let Willis back in again...

Robert Bloch

The Con waso big even my wifecorder was burnedout

RUSS WATKINS

115 West 34th Street
Savannah, Ga.

Dear Dave,

Thanks for a great issue of SOL. Equal to your annish. Liked your cover immensely. Who did it? ((Hoffman)).

Only likeness to QUANDRY I see is the little sayings in the unlikely places on the pages. I can't make sense out of them but I'm sure they must mean something to someone.

Hammond's article was very amusing. I thought the funniest thing in the issue was in your con report when Elsberry abbreviated your fanzine. I laughed out loud at that

one. Must have been amusing to you at the time too. You might know fen would do the impossible. Guess you can tell the CCF has worn off me a bit. Your comment was very funny about it though.

Shelby Vick hit the nail on the head. The con was too big. I think most all of the true fen think so and long for the old ones like Cincinnati and Portland. Fandom itself is getting to big. Too many fakefans.

Your con report greatly enjoyed. Fine writing. Makes one feel as if they were there. Almost.

Reynolds' article interesting also. You had a nice line up of writers in this issue.

Your letter column was a good one. Keep it at its present length.

Good Luck with #8

Russell K. Watkins

Did you look behind his ears, Bob?

HARLAN ELLISON

12701 Shaker Boulevard Apt. #616
Cleveland 20, Ohio.

Dear Dave,

I'm taking time out of a helluva jam-packed schedule to send this letter to you. Probably before I've spoken my 300 or so words worth you'll be gunning for me with a petrified copy of your fanzine (?) looking for my head.

Another point I hasten to point out, since I can't take chances on this being misconstrued, if and/or when you publish this in

your letter column, is that I must be becoming a disgusting knob insofar as fanzines, their quality, and their contents goes. Since starting SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN last February, I've tried to bring the mag up to a point where it can not only be enjoyed by fans and (as you might term them) "deadwood" stf readers, but by the casual reader, your old grandma with the Puritanistic ideals, and the post office. Hell, I'm not perfect as is anyone, nor is SFB anywhere near what I'd like it to be. And as far as that goes, there's no real reason for a big mouth like me to be panning anyone else, but since I sincerely like you, and have the disgusting habit of telling the gawdawful truth no matter what the outcome, I'll get into it and let my critics tear my head off (that is after you've had your turn).

You're in rotten taste, Ish. Your material is crap, your spelling is the worst I've ever seen, with no style to it as Max Keasler's is, but just the plain "school-kid" mistakes that could be cured if you took time to use a dictionary and occasionally a Thesaurus. Your mimeo work I won't dote on because you yourself are aware of its limitations and yet you persist in lousing up your left-hand margins, ruining your stencil work by typing over a mistake, leaving many mistakes as is, etc, etc, ad disgustum.

For the sake of whatever God you dohtt ridicule, what are you trying to do? Publish a magazine or slap out a lousy little rag with noxious, off color, worthless material that appears to have been scraped off someone's barrel-bottom?

Don't you believe in proof-reading your copy? DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN READING YOUR MATERIAL BEFORE YOU RUN IT?!! If you did you certainly wouldn't run off some of that slop.

*instance, just what was the reason, in using Hammond's article? It said nothing, was obscene in its rather puerile connotations, and was poorly written. You can't even honestly defend it on the grounds of good satire--because it certainly was not! I'm amazed actually. A character with the obvious brains you lug around should be able to come up with something better than this.


Are you trying to be "too, too cute" with your snide remarks pertaining to 1) every aspect of sex you can fish up (the only one I missed was Hermaphrodisism--but I may have skipped a page), 2) fueds, 3) character assassination, 4) such pleasant but frowned upon hobbies as dope-peddling and spirit-guzzling, etc, etc.

It seems to me, and I can speak with some authority on the subject, that if a magazine is worth publishing it is worth publishing well. None of this slipshod, devil-may-care-to-extremes attitudes. It may be fun (otherwise why do it?) but it ~~is~~ sure as hell be a serious matter at the same time or you are violating what little trust is slapped on you by your readers. If I sound like I'm bubbling over with catchphrases--YOU ARE WRONG! I, for one, feel strongly about this matter, not only in relation to SOL, but as the thing it stands for. It is this craseness of attitude and slipshodgy productivity that give the entire range of fmz a bad name. It is an uphill fight for a conscientious editor to bring his magazine up to where it commands respect. And the reason for this is shiefly, though there is nothing personal in this Dave, due to magazines like yours.

I realize I have left myself wide open for criticism, and I expect it. I only hope you stay as much above the fable as I hope I have. None of this character alandering if possible. Being an editor (or at least I fancy myself as one) I look and see the faults others see but in addition pick out

other more subtile ones due to no extra gray matter on my part but simply because I'm dealing in the same medium as you.

Harlen

 Sorry if I tread on your pride or violate your trust, but I'm not going to change SOL. Why should I, the readers like it the way it is. There are fan-eds (including myself, by the way) who've been publishing a hell of alot longer than last February, and have been dealing in the same medium as you, and who don't think SOL is a noxious off-color rag. I'll take their advise before yours because they've had more experience than you, and have learned in the most part, not to take fandom as a whole so goddamn seriously. Anybody that's afraid I'm ruining fandom's prestige can only be considered fuggheaded because of the obviously false statement he's making. If your afraid I'm ruining fandom's prestige, I'm afraid your fuggheaded. Such staunt serious constructive fans as Ed Wood and Russ Watkins have never condemned SOL for being off-color. There's good reason for it too, because outside of legibility and poor typing, there isn't anything wrong with it. If there were, we'd be swamped with letters condemning us instead of just one, which in the light of others, looks pretty silly. So instead of taking your advise, Harlan, I'll pass some on to you. Don't make fandom your Great Crusade. Don't write letters to fanzines condemning them for material everybody else likes. Don't be a Roman when your not in Rome, and don't worry about my or fandom's prestige, because we can both get along alright on our pwn, and mostly don't give a damn. But if your heart's set on worrying about me, do it privately, because you sure as hell look silly doing it in print.

I was never one to lay awake nights worrying about fandom's prestige. ---WAW

CHUCK HARRIS
"Carolin" Lake Avenue
Rainham, Essex, England.

Dear Dave,

Thought I'd just write to tell you that I'm not voting for Ed Wood as Fan-Face Of the Year. Confidentially, and I trust you won't spread this around, I hold a very low opinion of wholesome fans like this. Especially when they class me as "vapid nothings". I'm desolated by the fact that He doesn't consider Quandry a good magazine, and it was BIG of Him to allow that there's room for it. I would hate to see Lee have to cease publication.

His comparison of 'Fantasy Magazine' of '37 and Quandry is unfair and biased. "Fantasy Magazine" was a circulation-hungry, serious constructive tome, whilst I couldn't care less for the size of the readers circle, and caters strictly for the jaded types who think Ziff and Davis are beyond redemption, and that hopeful publishers should make with free copies before expecting reviews. A fairer criterion of progress would be obtained by comparing FM with say, Slant or Operation Fantast (about 500 circulation each), or with SFNL which is probably double this figure.

As an example of "a better magazine" he offers us "Acolyte". Even Towner called it crap and he published the damn thing.

I tell you Dave, the worst thing you could do with SOL is to follow Ed's suggestions. You keep a tight hold on your abilities for analysis, and stop worrying about "impending the coming critical journal of worth." Fandom is a fascinating hobby, better than stamp-collecting, almost as good as women, but it is not and never will be a Way Of Life. Nothing you or any other fan can do

will change the profession ls viewpoint. You are part of a minority whose opinions will be ignored as long as Fantastic Adventures can sell three times as many copies as Galaxy.

The thing I can never understand is what fun Ed and the rest of the high-minded faction get out of fandom, or why they try to get the rest of us to join their crusades. Sure, the average fanzine is "ephemeral" and "so much waste paper" but they just happen to be more entertaining than those published by F-a-a-n-s With A Mission.

and why should he snipe at Elsberry? Rich is entitled to his opinions and he makes them entertaining to read. "Foaming at the mouth" isn't much of a refutation to "The Open Letter To Harry B Moore". An answer to this would be a lot more interesting to read than any "essays" on "science fiction topics". An Elsberry-Wood feud would really be something worth reading.

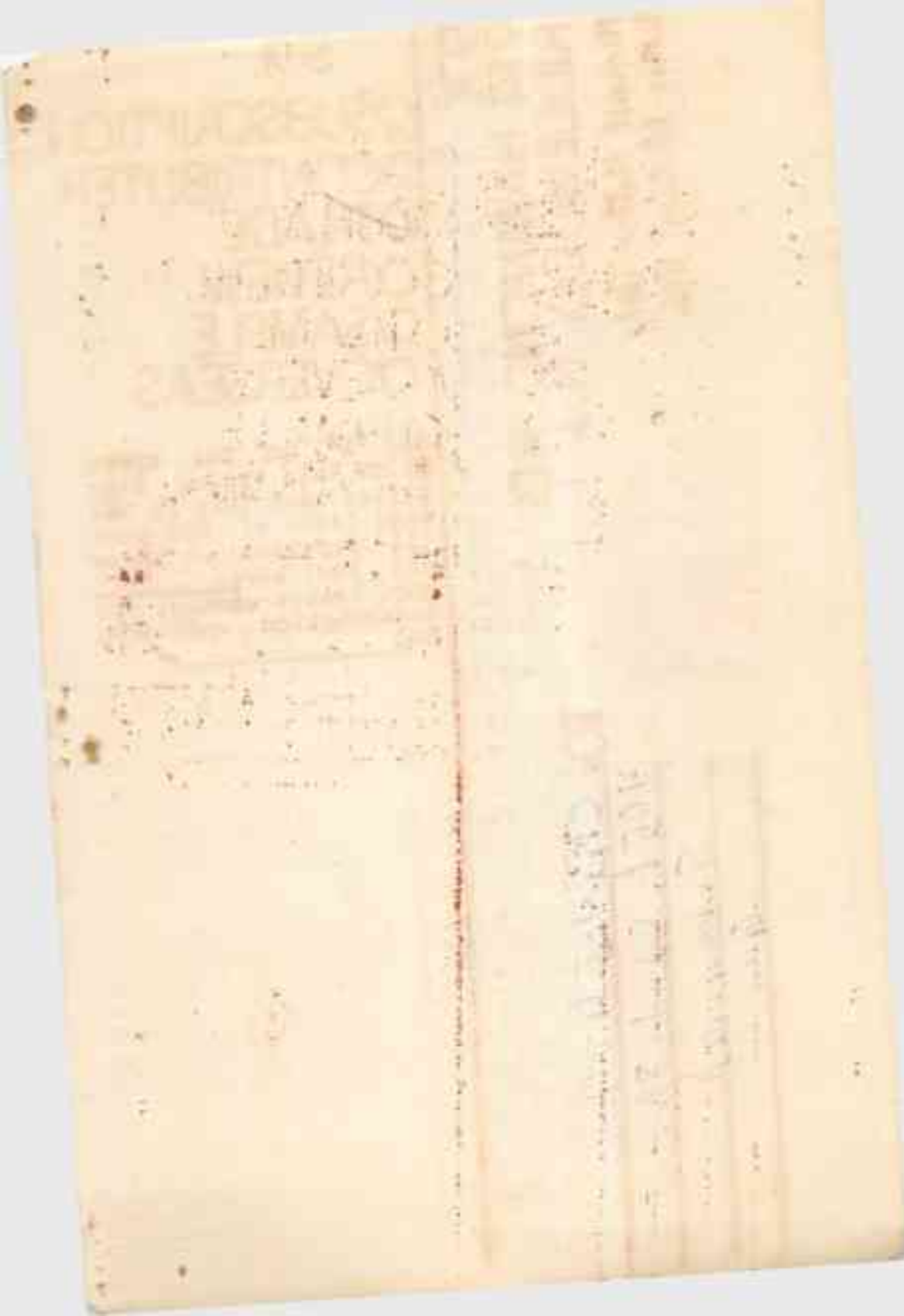
On re-reading this, it sounds as of I'm gunning for Ed. I'm not. It's his opinions that I dislike and I think that he's missing a lot of fun by staying in the serious, constructive fringe.

This damn sheet costs 6d and I'M not spending all that on Wood. (There's no fuel like an old fuel).

SOL was much better this time. The material was good and the legibility pretty fair ...I especially liked the Neal Clark Reynolds piece and the con report. I can just imagine how entranced Walt was to hear your dulcet tones at 7:30 a.m. I thought that "sex" joke was much funnier in the Reader's Digest. ((What sex joke?))

Ever Thine,

Chuck



SOL

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