

FOR BEMS ONLY

#5



# → CONTENTS ← 14

- #1 On page one, you will find a blithe little piece by John Berry. Naturally, it's full of the Goon-type humor for which John is so famous, and rightly so.
- #2 Page nine carries the first page of a very nice article by Joe Sanders. Yes, Joe is back. This article, about Forbidden Planet, was inspired by a feud between Joe and I.
- #3 Page 13 carries a very nice piece of fiction by Marv Bryer. Sort of a wierd thing, but I liked it.
- \* #4 is A Simple Lars-Creation, by the one, the only, Lars Bourne, and this must be read to be depreciated. It's only recommendation is that it is by Lars. Page 18.
- #5 The really great columnist in this little thing, Kent Moomaw, comes back with more Books For Bems Only, and these are just as good as the rest, if not better. This can be searched for on page 24.
- #6 is a really imaginative piece by Alan Dodd, who is the only true Dodd. I suggest you read it through, it gets better towards the end. Page 31.
- #7 is the first installment of a new column, and I hope it's not the last. John Champion, who's been around about the same time as I have, writes Vengeance is Mine on page 36.
- #8 Fredrick J. Marlborough writes a little fiction and does pretty well. You probably all know Fred in another name. At the end is a few lines of free verse by yours truly, which you, no doubt, will

consider crappy, but I sort of like it.

- #9 is ye Olde Partie, conducted by Marty Fleischman, and contains comment on various and sundry things.
- #10 is Jerry Greene, who writes On Celluloid Capers. This, as can be deduced, is a movie review of The Mole People. This is also a new column.
- #11 and also the end, is Cosmo-Spondence, and is shorter than it deserves.

## THROUGH MY HAT

### EDITORIAL

Well, here it is, another issue done, stenciled, and run off. I hope you like it, and I know you can read it.

The scores for my little point-score job are as follows: I changed it about, first place gets one, second gets two, etc.

1st--Enchanted Thumb-----	Ellik-----	1.4
2nd--Books For Bems Only----	Moomaw-----	2.4
3rd--CosmoSpondence-----	Lettercol-----	4.0
4th--Tales of Tomorrow-----	Link-----	4.2
5th--Marty's Party-----	Fleischman----	4.4
6th--The Analyst-p-----	me-----	4.8
7th--The Cage-----	Spencer-----	5.2
8th--Danse Macabre-----	Sanders-----	7.4
9th--Editor's Progress-RAP--	Sanders-----	8.4

and the artists:

1st--Bryer-----	1.67	This is not very
2nd--Bourne----	1.75	representative, as not
3rd--Sanders---	2.50	too many of you voted.
4th--Elder-----	3.33	Let's do better next time.

There are a few changes in policy, one of which I know you are not going to like to

hear. Because of the cost of the mimeo and the fact that I am spending more money than I can **actually**, **afford to**, there is going to be a price tag on this from now on. You are getting pretty good repro now, and what I consider very good material, so it shouldn't hurt you too much to pay the price I'm asking. It is ~~1¢~~ per page, or 450 pages for a buck. I have been thinking about this, and I believe this is a fair price to charge. Sample issues will be distributed freely, and I will continue trading. The trading will be on a sub-for-sub basis, unless the editor has some special reason for not doing this. I will also add pages for letters of comment and mss.

Now the bad news is over, the good. The new mimeo is bought and paid for, it's ours, all ours. I own half, Paul owns half. Perhaps you wonder what Paul does to further this zine, so I will tell you. (1) he pays for half of it, which is very necessary. (2) he helps me run it off. (2) He helps edit and weed out the material. Believe it or not, there is material that we do not print.

The artwork, after this ish, is going to be just as it is in this. Because of the small format, it is almost impossible to work in decent artwork. So, I am going to print, in most cases, only artwork that will reasonably fill a  $5\frac{1}{2}$  by  $8\frac{1}{2}$  page. Some artwork will still be used to fill in at the end of an article, if there is a lot of space, but there won't be much. All other artwork will be returned, or used for Postie, the N3F letter-zine, and I only use full-size covers there.

Egoboo to Jerry DeMuth for selling me such a fine mimeo. I see I haven't got too much space left, so g'bye till next ish.

*Jerry DeMuth*

# InterAlias

1

JOHN BERRY

There's a word I'm trying very hard to recapture...it's flitting around in my mind... 'auto-suggestion'...no... 'mass hypnotism'... not quite...blast. I give up. Maybe there isn't a word to describe the phenomena I wish to write about. But I'll tell you what the said phenomena consists of, then perhaps you will let me know. Have you ever come across a queue outside a shop, and you join the end of it, just to see what you are missing? It's more than that, though. Did you ever hear about the shopkeeper who couldn't sell a certain type of cheap shirt, of which he had about ten thousand, and he hired an industrial psychologist, and this chap told him to put a notice in the window saying, 'NOT MORE THAN TWO SHIRTS TO ANY ONE CUSTOMER'; and the shopkeeper did this and was nearly lynched because he wouldn't serve 'em quick enough. It's not exactly that, either. To try and sum it up, because I think I'm confusing you, let me explain the situation. That is the word to describe the feeling you get when a certain item is only going to be available for a very short time, and everybody else is getting one, and you don't want one, and neither do the folks who've got one, but you want to get one just to be the same as them.. sort of thing.

Well, whatever it is, I've got it.

Rather, I had it.

Heck, you look a bit baffled.

Take a seat there, and I'll tell you all about it...purely as a warning. In any case, you're too late to get one now.

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In Northern Ireland, until today, it was

possible for anyone to get a license to drive a motor vehicle, providing they were the correct age. In England, you see, folks have to take a very hard driving test to obtain a license, and it was quite a common practice for English people to fly over to Belfast, obtain a license, and return to England, completely equipped, and not break the law. The Northern Ireland Government decided to establish a driving test, and, last week, announced that in seven days time, no driving license would be issued until the applicant had been officially tested.

In other words, there were still seven days left to get one under the old system. And what do you think happened? Every man, woman and youth between 15 and 90 years old (yes, George Charters not one) queued up outside the office, fought tooth and nail, and even waited all night, just to get a license. Honest, folks. The possession of a license became a symbol of the owner's initiative, far-sightedness, and patience. It came to such a pitch that not to have a license was to be socially inferior. This struck me forcibly yesterday. A dozen or so of my friends were chatting. Someone mentioned 'driving license', and, like a flash, everyone whipped out their blue card, and flashed it around like it was an autographed picture of Bob Tucker. Then they all looked at me. I sort of simpered a wee bit. I cleared my throat a couple of times. I managed a weak grin.

"Sure, I don't need one," I explained. "I haven't got a car."

They exchanged worried glances, then looked at me with unmitigated scorn.

"But that's not nothing to do with it, we haven't got cars, either. Well, Smithers there has an auto-cycle," explained one of them, "and McKendrick has an one mechanically

propelled tricycle. You'll have to get a license. It's just not done, old man, to be without one. And you've only got six hours left.

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I came to the end of the queue about one hundred yards before I turned left into Creney avenue, and the licensing office was another fifty yards past there. I took up my position next to an old lady with a shawl wrapped round her shoulders, and a wizened face peered at me.

"How long have you been here, Madam," I asked, trying to find out how long I would have to wait.

"About three quarters of an hour, dearie," she wheezed, "and I haven't moved an inch yet."

I pondered. I looked at my watch. Half past one. Must be lunch hour, I thought. All the same, you would think that with such a queue, and only five and a half hours left before zero hour, they would have forgotten their dinner just once.

I looked at my fellow queuers. Heck. The movement was spreading out of all proportion. It was just reasonable to assume that fairly young people could take a chance, and hope that within a couple of years they would get a car or a motor bike, but these folk in the queue with me were all over seventy years of age.

One was even blind.

That's when the theory of mass crowd hysteria occurred to me.

Then, half an hour later, we began to move...and move quickly. I worried a little. I mean, I know there can't be very much clerical work attached to getting a driving license, but it should take some time. As we turned the corner, one of the old men in front dropped a small plug of tobacco, and it bounced twice, and landed on a step, into which my queue was turning. Being the youngest person about, I got down on my hands and followed it along a corridor.

Suddenly I heard a roar of rage. I was gripped by the back of my neck and the seat of my trousers. Hot blistering breath roared in my ears. He came to the roadway, and my feet still hadn't touched the ground.

"I'll teach you to sneak in like that, you hypocrite," this voice bellowed, and suddenly I assumed a boomerang-like shape, and flew across the road.

I picked myself up.

I went across to expoatulate with this maniac, when what I saw stopped me in my tracks.

I had made a miscalculation.

I had been in the wrong queue. I had, in face, been in the queue of old age pensioners waiting for their free weekly cinema show, provided by the corporation. The license queue turned the other corner. That is, the ones that weren't lying on the pavement hugging their stomachs, and gasping for breath. Some folks would laugh at anything.

I pulled my coat collar up round my ears, did a circuit of the block, and joined the end of the other queue. I started to chat with a very nice young girl about eighteen years old.



When we turned the corner an hour later, I was on very friendly terms with her.

"What do you think of these, Fred?" she said. (Never give your right name to strange girls, Jerry) She showed me two small photographs of herself.

I looked at them.

"Very like you, Gladys," I replied, "but if I were you, I would try to get them enlarged a mite."

"No, they must be this size, Fred," she answered, "two inches square."

"Who would want photo's of you that small?" I scoffed.

"The driving license authorities," she replied. "Let's have a look at yours."

I felt a reply was superfluous. In any case, I was a hundred yards away, and sprinting like Jesse Owens to the nearest photographers. I secretly felt I was rushing things a wee bit. I mean, I didn't really want a license, but it was better to get one, than to be an outcast from society. Again, I might get a second hand motor-assisted pedal cycle in the future, and it would save me the expense of an official government driving test.

But all the photographers were closed up. Their union had just decreed Friday to be a half day. Now I was really up the creek. I looked at my watch. Two hours to go. I gulped, and prepared to...whoosh...I had a brilliant idea. I leapt onto a passing trolley bus, and rode to my house. I dashed upstairs, into my den, and thumbed through my fanzines.

I found what I was looking for.

Triode number five.

I ripped out the photo sheet, got a pair of nail scissors, and cut out my picture. Then horror struck me. The photograph had to be in duplicate.

But, once again, my brilliant intellect came to my rescue. Also on the fotosheet was a picture of Charles Wells, of Savannah. I cut his picture out, too, and daubed on a mustache with indian ink. If I half closed my eyes, and drew the curtains, it did look a trifle like me.

Back down the road, onto a trolley bus to the centre of Belfast.

Sixty minutes to go.

I rejoined the queue. Minutes passed. We shuffled forward very gradually, round the corner, along the side of the building, through the door, along a corridor, (half an hour left) up some stairs, along another corridor, into a long office, and, in the far distant corner of the room was a counter, and the clock above my head said ten minutes to go.

And then.....and then...I saw the other queue. It was only half as long as my own, and moving much quicker. Should I? With five minutes to go, should I cut across and join forces with this new and more experienced looking collection of clients?

With three minutes to go, I made up my mind. My old queue certainly wouldn't reach the counter by then. This other might.

I nipped across. Heh, heh.

I got out my five <sup>7</sup> shillings, and my two photographs. It was pretty dark in the building, and I didn't think they'd notice my deception. Charles Wells wouldn't even know himself.

I came to the counter. I winked at the tired looking man. He asked me my name, and address, which I gave him. Feeling kind, and anxious to help. I let my fotos drop under his nose.

"What do you think of them?" I asked.

He looked at the pictures.

He looked at me.

He looked back at the pictures.

"Very nice," he replied in a rather strained voice.

He gave them back to me.

Then the clock struck six, and the man pushed a piece of paper at me.

Hoorah.

I had just made it.

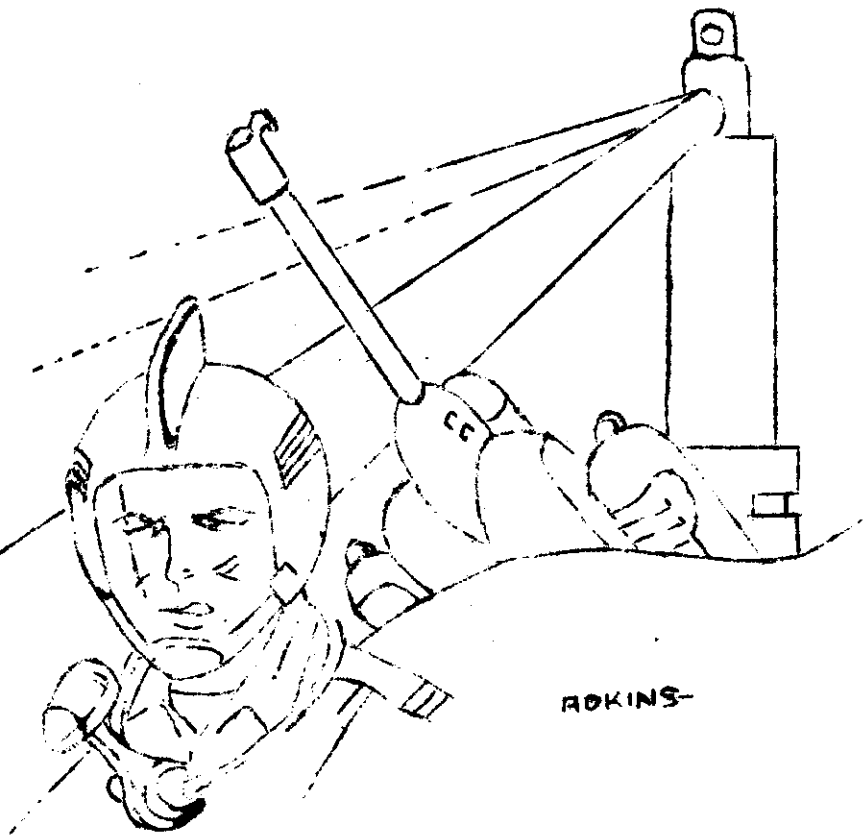
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In the privacy of my den, I examined my documents.

I thought that second queue was moving too quickly.

The paper denoted that I now had a license, which would last for one year, for two collie dogs, one of which probably had distemper.

I hope it's not you, Charles.



ADKINS-

# MALICE IN MOVIE LAND<sup>9</sup>

or: THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK MAGOO

JOE SANDERS

The other day I got a letter from a fan-nish friend of mine whose judgement I usually respect. I, in a previous letter, had recommended Forbidden Planet to him on the condition that some of the script be ignored. He, this friend of mine, said; in part "Sure, it had good special effects, but what the heck are they good for when the picture script-wise wasn't worth 40¢.....Parts of the script, heck, I had to ignore nearly the whole darned thing."

What did I do then? Well, I am a true-fan, and all truefen love to fued, so I did the truefannish thing and wrote a hot and biting letter which accused him of every fan-nish sin, and, quite incidentally, defended Forbidden Planet. But, ya' know, since then I've begun to think about it, and now I wonder which of us was really right. Or to go from the ridiculous to the sublime---

Was Forrie Ackerman Right when he said that Forbidden Planet was "Dull, dull, dull," and, "A pedestrian paced poop-out" (July, 'Madge Tales)?

Or was Bob Madle right when he said (September, S. F. S.) "With Forbidden Planet, science fiction movie making has come of age"?

Here is my answer---

Neither!

And both!!!

I say: Visually, Forbidden Planet is virtually perfect. The only word for it is beautiful! However, the basic idea (Space Marines to the rescue meet Monster) is very trite, and the script based on the idea is just so much trepid tripe. And yet---Forbidden Planet is a classic.

Imagine, for a moment, a man who has been fed for all his life on rotten dog food. Now assume that someone gives him a can of fresh dog food. Even fresh dog food is not as good as human food, but how is he to know that? He's never had any.

But what else do we have? Blood of the Beast Men, Vampire Planet, The Indestructable Man, The Werewolf, and so on. And on and on. I could name five or ten more, but what is the use? They are all low budget B (or lower) pictures, uniformly terrible. Forbidden Planet, with all its faults, is vastly superior to any or all of these bales of cretin fodder.

But why isn't it better yet?

For one thing, Hollywood has never been in the least chummy with stf as we know it. Their attitude, politely stated (omitting obscenity) is this: "Science Fiction is crud! We dispise it and we hope that the public gets good and sick of it so we can go back to good pictures." With this in mind, it is no suprise to me to see them trying to make people sick of it. They don't understand it, and they make no effort to understand it, so they are uncomfortably trying to

bury it so that they can make more slapstick, more soap opera, some commercials, more thud and blunder, more shit!

And then, there is the fact that mediocrity sells well. The unwashed mob would rather watch a mediocre monster picture than a good movie. Look at "Jungle Sam" Katzman. Or look at Universal-International. The Creature from the Black Lagoon grossed more than the Glen Miller Story.

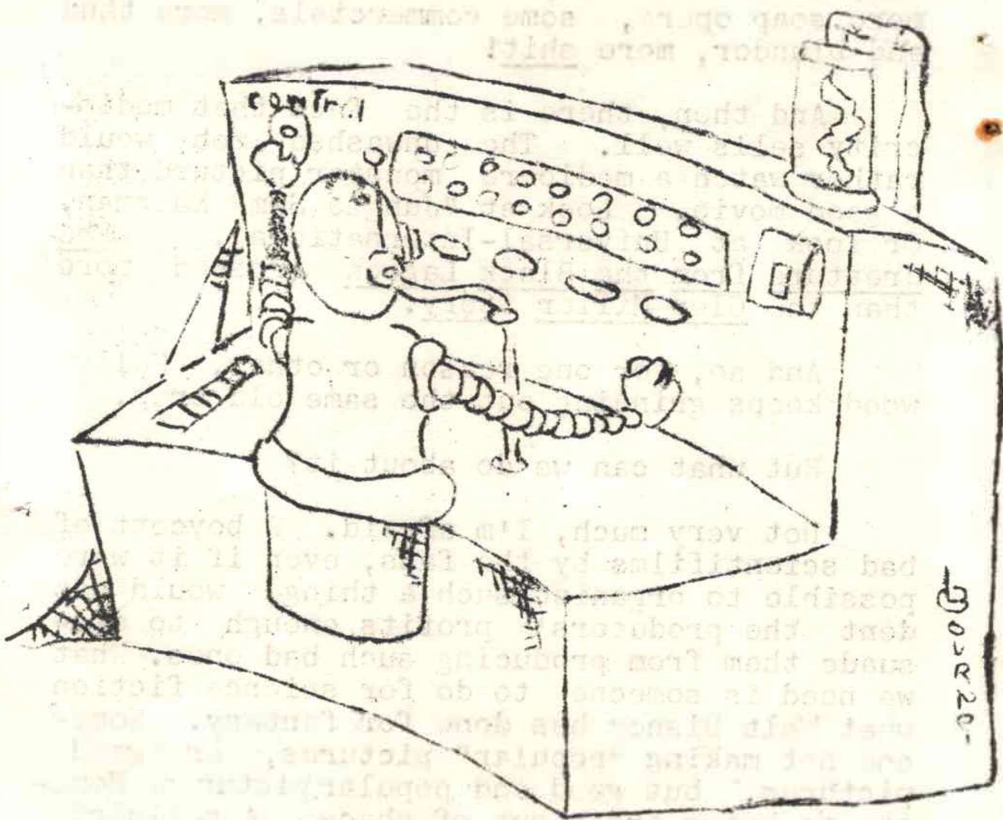
And so, for one reason or other, Hollywood keeps grinding out the same old crap.

But what can we do about it?

Not very much, I'm afraid. A boycott of bad scientifilms by the fans, even if it were possible to organize such a thing, would not dent the producers' profits enough to dissuade them from producing such bad ones. What we need is someone to do for science fiction what Walt Disney has done for fantasy. Someone not making "popular" pictures, or "good" pictures, but good and popular pictures. Someone to bring order out of chaos. A celluloid John W. Campbell, Jr.

But there's no one in Hollywood capable of doing it. (I am excepting the makers of Forbidden Planet. That might have been a mistake.) No one with the money, the materials, and, most of all, the desire to make a good science fiction movie.

Maybe everybody concerned would be better off if Hollywood would stop making science fiction movies altogether.



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# time out

There wasn't anything to do but to go and see the wizard. That's what granny told me.

I had been quarreling again with my cantankerous wife. This time she packed her bags and, between sobs, managed to blurt out that she was leaving for good. I stood in the doorway making one final effort at patching up our quarrel when she slammed the door neatly on my head. I pressed my hands against the painful rising lump and left for granny's shack.

Granny, as I affectionately call her, is a wrinkled thin old woman with trembling, claw-like hands. There's many a legend concerning her age but no one knows exactly how old she really is. Her lips formed the sage wise words that were uttered from her mishapen mouth. "The wizard," she replied. Conversation was nearly impossible with her, as she used the least amount of wordage possible to convey her messages. Knowing she had spoken her piece, I left.

Now, I never believed the wizard she spoke of was a real wizard. I think more of him as an old senile boy who's lost all his marbles. I had only seen him a few times, and those were but glances as he either emerged from or entered his cave. The mountain which his cave is situated in is covered with numerous mushrooms that grow in a huge abundance on the lower slopes. Great brambles and thorny bushes thrive in a wild abandon and colorful flowers dot the mountain side, lending their color and fragrance to an otherwise not so beautiful mountain.

Although I had problems, the day seemed placid and untroubled. I swallowed my fears.

and began the tedious journey up the mountain. I finally managed my way to the cave's entrance. My clothes were shredded, and I had received long scratches on my arms from the thorns and brambles.

I hesitated before entering and sat down on a boulder smoking a cigarette. I was deep in thought till the cigarette's glowing tip reached my fingers. I dropped it, ground it into the earth, and stepped into the cave.

The cave was pitch black and my eyes were still accustomed to the sunlight that glared outside. I moved down the passageway by groping along the sides of the cave. The passage seemed endless, and my fears were magnified with each trembling, fumbling step. When turning one of the many bends, my eyes were greeted by a strange yellow glow. I walked into a vast room and stared open-mouthed at the massive machinery and wierd apparatus that was scattered about. Huge globes of glass were attached to the roof of the cave with a fine, stem-like, tubing trailing to the floor.

In my glance about the room I noticed the wizard. I threw back my head and laughed hysterically. My laughter awakened him from his almost catatonic stare. His head whirled about angrily to face me, knocking his long black hat to the floor. In a sweeping motion to snatch it up, his thumb caught under the rim of his glasses, flinging and breaking them against the arm of the chair.

He was the funniest looking man I had ever seen. Besides looking short and plump, his head was two sizes too big for his body. He was bald and his large bushy white eyebrows hung over his eyes, nearly shutting out his vision.

My study of him ended abruptly as he

cursed, howled, and stamped his feet in fury. His bald head reflected the yellow green light in a brilliant manner. After he finished cursing me, he calmed down to a point where he could ask me in a screaming voice, what I was doing there. After witnessing such fury, I had a hard time finding my voice. With a lot of stammering and teeth chattering I managed to explain my problem. I asked him how I might bring my wife back.

The hard lines on his face softened immediately, and he took on a look of kindness and sympathy. A gleam came to his sparkling eyes, and a smile played across the corners of his lips. A twitch on his cheek moved spasmodically as he led me to a very large hunk of machinery that took up a good portion of the cave.

"What is it?" I asked.

The gleam in his eyes became even more perceptible as he replied, "Time machine."

Again I had a hard time finding my voice and gave up trying to speak.

"That's right, boy. Time machine. The solution to your problems. Simple. All I have to do is to send you back a day or two before you had your quarrel with your wife. Already knowing what happened, you should be able to prevent it this time."

I was doubtful, having read in science fiction magazines where all types of paradoxes are possible. He assured me that it was absolutely safe. It never occurred to me why he needed such gadgetry to perform his feats.

I stepped bravely into the ominous-looking contraption. Next to the machine was a platform from which the wizard would control the operation of the time machine. I stuck

my head through the porthole-type door to see if the wizard was ready. The wizard was shaking a hand-like piece attached to a man-sized bit of apparatus vigorously and addressing it by my name. It was then that I wondered just how much the wizard could see without his glasses. I informed him that I was ready to go. I bolted the door and sat down on the floor.

A shudder shook the metal walls, and an uncomfortable pressure pushed against me. Finally, when all feeling of motion subsided, I opened the door.

A great force of water rushed into the machine throwing me against one of the walls. The time machine quickly filled with water. When my senses returned to myself, I swam through the open door to the shore easily. A quick glance about me told me that I wasn't anywhere near where I should have been.

It's terribly lonely here in 1856. There are too many obstacles for me to overcome to enjoy life here. One thing, is that I grieve for my wife and home. I contemplated suicide yesterday, and today seems gloomier.

I visited the lake recently to see if the time machine was still there. It wasn't. The wizard, realizing his mistake, probably brought the time machine back to his cave to see if I was all right.

My last hope lies in the wizard. The only thing that mars this hope is the picture My mind conjures up of that huge time machine, filled to the brim, and overflowing with water, being transported back to his cave. It was nearly as large as the cave itself.

I'll wait a few days longer.



# A SIMPLE LARS-CREATION

Being a review of the odd little magazines called Fanzines.

Those of you who have seen my work before know about what to expect from this column. I may surprise you, however, who knows? The unforgiveable sin is that I might not, which remains to be seen. And as a matter of fact, speaking of something to be seen, why not get a copy of...

OBLIQUE #7, Clifford Gould, 3741 Liggett Drive, San Diego 6, California

OBlique is supposed to be the up and coming zine of today. I can see where that term is not far from wrong. OBlique is the up and coming zine of today. In fact, it would make almost any fanned turn chartreuse with envy. Oh, it's not that Cliff is a good writer and editor, mind you, it's the people he has writing for him that help to make OB really something.

Take, for instance, Richard Geis. Geis writes superbly. Geis writes intelligently. Geis provokes much comment from the readers.. Which is very helpful in keeping OB up there in front. Yes, Geis is good. He is very good in the latest installment of his column, The Varnished Truth. In this latest, he attacks Gold and his huxtering ways, and manages to put forth his views on many other subjects as well.

And then there's Rich Kirs, with something entitled Brawl at Riverside Drive. Kirs makes himself interesting. To phrase that differently: Kirs doesn't need to make himself interesting. It just comes naturally. In aforementioned, he writes about a fabulous fannish parth at the home of Dick Ellington.

To hear Kirs tell it there wasn't a sober fan at that party. I do not doubt his word.

He also included with the Brawl article, one of those Derogation things. It doesn't bear commenting on, so I shant do it. 'Twould only bore you as it did me.

(Shant. Not there's a strange word. I wonder where I picked that up?)

Yes, Kirs, not to mention Vernon McCain who writes very ably about How to Win Readers and Influence BNFs. A nice fat article check full of hints and tips on how to procure mss' and things out of the better contribs.

There are many other fannish fellows, too, who make up the OB team for thish. For example, Terry Carr with some very bad humor, Redd Boggs with a deep article on the classification of the great contributors and the not-so-great, Larry Stark with a story about a conversation in a Bar, and John Berry with a lively story about his army experiences. An enormous lettercol is also featured, which is one reason why OB is so ghood in the fannish eyes.

Wonderful cover with pics of Bnfs and Wnfs. Even a pic of Ghod.

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Now we come to a fabulous continental zine from the country of France. It has the title of...

MEUH #0, Annie & Jean Linard, 24, Rue Petit,  
VESOUL, Haute-Saone, FRANCE

Meuh is quite a fanzine. Not only does it come from the gay and romantic country of

France, it is also unreadable. Oh, I don't mean that it's written in French. Such, I'm glad, is not the case. Almost all of it is written in English. It is totally confusing due to the method the editors use to justify margins. They go merrily along until they come to the end of the margin, whereupon they break off the word like this. No hyphen, no nothing. It is disconcerting to come upon a single s at the end of a sentence, and find out that the rest of the word is at the start of the next line. All this, plus bad repro, make Meuh very bad on the sanity indeed. I wish it was done with a little more intelligence because the material seems to be very good. The editors have a certain way of expressing themselves with what might be termed as, well, cute. (I know I'm in for it after that last remark.)

The columns and the articles are written by such people as Alan Dodd, who writes A Doddering Column, Dr. Lesco who is as bad at punned titles as I am (imagine Le's Co Home, if you will) Terry Jeeves, Archie Mercer, Ron Elik, and the editors. The rest, or most of the rest, of the contents are letters, letters, and more letters. Such persons as Dean Grennell, Jan Jansen, Clod Hall, and many others. (I can't see Hall writing anything.) (Especially anything intelligent.)

Lots of bad art is present in profusion, or confusion, as it might be more aptly termed. Some good art is present, too, as with DEA and Rotsler illos. I did like something very much in the way of art. It consisted of some cartoons picturing The Female Microgroove Record. I believe it was done by the female ed of Meuh.

I have a good suspicion that Meuh will contribute much to the fannish scene, so watch it close with eagle sharp eyes. If you



want to make sure that it remains, send something or other in the way of written material to the editors, who state that if they don't get some material soon, there won't be any more Meushs.

(I just can't get over it, though. 68 pages for a first issue.)

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ESP #2 (soon to be retitled Shadow Book), Don Stuefloten, Rt. 1, Box 722, Hemet, California

Here is a zine that I am unsure of. I just don't know how the fans will take to this newer member of the fannish field. Esp is not a general run-of-the-mill fanzine. It is radically different. I would compare it to some of the literary fanzines of 49, 50, and 51. Such as Orb, for instance, or Challenge, or the Necromontican. Esp has that kind of a personality about it.

The material is the particular thing that gives Esp its flavor. It is written entirely by the editor which makes the editor a very fannish character indeed. He turns a prodigious amount of material out. He is a writing fool. All of it is good, too.

He has taken the title of Fan ATTIC for the name of his editorial which is a bloody shame since it is the title of the other Oregon fanzine. He is aware of the boo boo, though, and will change titles by next ish.

The Perpendicular Man is the horrible story about a man who saw little bugs on people, on the woodwork, and in the drapes. He lured a group of people to a huge tent for

the purpose of fumigating them and ridding them of the nasty little bugs. Bon constructs the characters very well in this story, as in all of his storys.

The Race of Man is a small but nice poem of free verse style.

War Expected is a humorous piece about the great ghod, BLOCH! (You'd better run that last word the way I typed it, understand, Jer?)(Not without mental reservations. That was also about GHU, you know)) It is a tongue in cheek rendition and just a bit silly, but I thought it was simply marvelous. (We Blochists must stick together, you know.) It was illoed by that great artist....me. (AHem.)(AHem, eh. You'll think AHem when your forces are broken up because you are such egotists))

Something Strong is another story. This time it is about a supermen, who has no comprehension of his powers, i.e. he doesn't know what he is, and doesn't know how he got his powers. This fine fellow seems to be feeble-minded, or so I gathered. This story is not readily understandable, though it has a definite mood which few faneditors can achieve.

Carnival of Souls is a poem, and what a poem. Free verse style, and has much meaning packed into it.

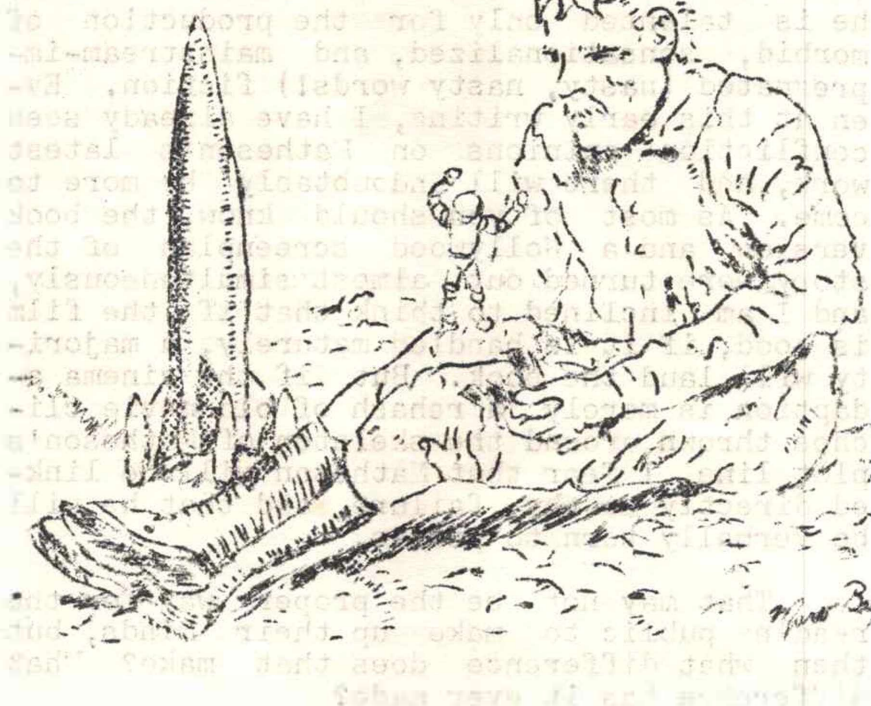
Shadows of Life is Vague, vague, vague. I do not know about this Stuefloten. I feel that he is trying to make me think.

And speaking of thinking, I'd better start thinking about how I am going to do the next installment of this column.

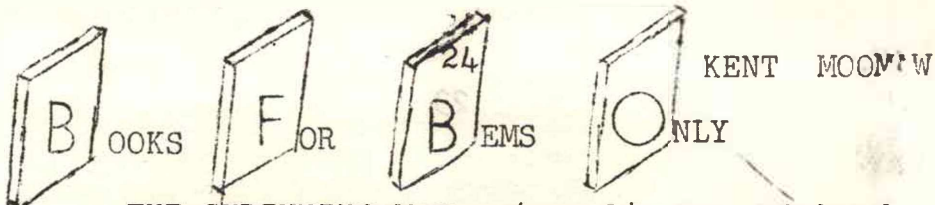
Happy Walpurgisnacht-----ars

THE SHRINKING MAN (novel) by Richard  
Fawcett. Published by Gold Medal Books.  
Price: 3/6.

This author, just as others such as Ray  
Brobury and Alfred Bester, is held in high  
esteem of opinion by readers and led; in  
some camps, he is the boy wonder of science  
fiction, while others regard him as a  
lunatic.



...the difference does that make?  
...as it ever made?  
...to admit that the  
...is only one of the  
...is the first really  
...I was in a world  
...that does he think  
...the brain under the  
...it's all as clear,



THE SHRINKING MAN (novel) by Richard Matheson. Published by Gold Medal Books. Price: 35¢.

This author, just as others such as Ray Bradbury and Alfred Bester, is held in both extremes of opinion by readers and fed; in some camps, he is the boy wonder of science fantasy, a budding literary great, while those at the other end of the ruler feel that he is talented only for the production of morbid, sensationalized, and mainstream-impregnated (nasty, nasty words!) fiction. Even at this early writing, I have already seen conflicting opinions on Matheson's latest work, and there will undoubtedly be more to come. As most of you should know, the book version and a Hollywood screenplan of the story were turned out almost simultaneously, and I am inclined to think that if the film is good, if it is handled maturely, a majority will laud the book. But if the cinema adaptation is merely a rehash of old movie cliches thrown around the skeleton of Matheson's plot line, I fear that Matheson will be linked directly to the failure, and that he will be verbally torn to pieces.

That may not be the proper way for the reading public to make up their minds, but then what difference does that make? What difference has it ever made?

I will be the first to admit that the tiny-human-bean-in-world-of-giants gimmick is far from original. It may even be regarded as one of the dozen or so basic gimmicks in science fiction. But, as far as I know, "The Shrinking Man" is the first really adult presentation of the theme. A man in a world which dwarfs him: what does he think about? How does he perform the basic duties for continued existence? It's all so obvious, but

Matheson seems the first writer to really tackle these questions and give mature, psychological answers.

Scott Carey, a "typical" young married man with all of the usual problems, debts, and such, is out on the ocean in a cabin cruiser, sunbathing and relaxing. But, suddenly he perceives what appears to be a tidal wave in miniature, a rapidly moving cloud of swirling waters coming at him from across the waves. He tries to duck into the cabin of the boat, but before he can, the spray is upon him, enveloping his body in a cloud of moisture. It sticks to his skin, seeps into his pores, and then passes on just as abruptly as it came. As Matheson puts it at the end of the first chapter, "It was the beginning".

From that moment, Scott Carey becomes the Shrinking Man. Day by day he diminishes in height, and as he does, his body becomes proportionately smaller. Day by day one seventh of an inch vanishes into Scott Carey's past. When he himself begins to notice the mystifying change, his wife demands that specialists be consulted, and this even though their funds are quite limited. (Only one of the interjections which gave this novel realism.) The doctors test him, tap him, examine him, and almost torture him, but Scott Carey continues to shrink. Even after it is ascertained that radioactivity in the strange cloud of water is causing his glands of growth to operate in reverse, there is nothing that can be done. One seventh of an inch per day.

Realism is the book's forte. Soon, Scott Carey becomes shorter than his own wife, and their necessarily strained relationship from there on out is dealt with in detail. Eventually, he is equal in size to a mere side-show midget, and two or three chapters are devoted to a poignant affair between Scott and a female midget to illustrate his frus-

tration. The inches melt away, and in time he becomes shorter than his daughter! You parents, out there: ever think what your child would think of you if you were on the short end of the yardstick? And there is the problem of sexual relations, when a four-foot Scott Carey becomes more excited over a sloppy teen-age girl than his own wife, merely because their sizes are less apart. Matheson weaves all these components into his tale.

Flashbacks, interspersed with an inch-high Scott Carey's struggle for existence in his very basement, give this book the suspense that the author has always been noted for. It's as good a mystery as it is science fantasy, and the surprise ending is truly something to behold!

Conclusion: Matheson is erratic, perhaps more so than most writers. His low points are low indeed, but his high spots are peaks of brilliance, and for me, this was one of them; if the film adaption of "The Shrinking Man" follows this story line as it should be followed, it'll make "The Day the Earth Stood Still" and "Destination Moon" seem like a cartoon in comparison. For CHUsake, buy it!

CONTRABAND ROCKET (novel) by Lee Correy  
and THE FORGOTTEN PLANET (novel) by Murray  
Leinster. Published by Ace Double Novels.  
Price: 35¢.

The Ace Doubles continue to appear on the racks very nearly once a month, which is the supposed schedule. In this one, editor Don Wollheim pairs a reprint (Leinster's) with an original (Correy's), and the results are somewhat mixed up.

Lee Correy, who is in reality the noted rocket engineer, G. Harry Stine, is one of the very few authors of science fiction in

the Hal Clement school. His short stories in ASF and F&SF, among other prozines, had contained all the technical details and data that one would expect from a man in his position, and this latest work is no exception. However, it also has the characterization and emotional appeal that those short stories lacked. "Contraband Rocket" is an unpretentious tale, possibly deserving the classification of a juvenile; but most of the recent Winston books, and those by Robert Heinlein and Andre Norton, have been looked upon by readers and reviewers in the same light as those of so-called "adult" slanting, so I'm not going to make anything of its lucidness.

The situation, in brief, is this: in the year 2050, man has broken away from Earth, but the men involved are a selected few from the government and government-sponsored organizations, not from private enterprise, and not from the ranks of the astronauts whose enthusiasm was influential in bringing the matter of space travel to a head in the first place. The membership of the Southwestern Rocket Society is among the large group of educated amateurs refused the right to travel in space because of ruling handed down by the Bureau of Space Commerce, but their intense desire to pilot their own spacecraft forces them to purchase a junked spaceship, refit it, and fight the legal loopholes which must be wormed through before they can get it off the ground. The most menacing prospect facing them is the possibility of being brainwashed by the BBS if it is decided that their tireless drive towards space is merely a vehicle for individualistic escape from normal life on Earth, which they consider unhealthy.

But the society, with a number of competent men among it, refuses to let their dreams die because of this threat, and there are some fine courtroom scenes as the Society battles for the right to space. They attain

that right, but are only plunged into further danger when the old space dog captaining their makeshift craft blacks out in the take-off, putting these "amateurs" on their own.

As I said earlier, there's nothing intricate about this book. Though it has plenty of action, it isn't the kind of thing that AMAZING features; the plot is supplemented by the accurate technology, complete with a table of spaceship specifications, and that all important element of suspense.

The other half of the duo is the recent Gnome Press hardcover of three Leinster novelettes: "Mad Planet" and "Red Dust" from pre-1930 AMAZING, and the final sequel, "Nightmare Planet" from SF. It is the story of men (and women, natch) who live on a world which was improperly seeded during a galactic survey, and which is, at the time of the story, a jungle of towering plant life--and giant insects! Unfortunately, the problems of men smaller than their surroundings is not as deftly handled here as in "The Shrinking Man", and is interesting only in spots. Long passages are superfluous, and often boring. The Greensback-era writing is in pronounced evidence.

Conclusion: Both of these books have emphasis on action, but unless you're an avid Palmerite or Hamlingite, I feel sure you'll be more satisfied with that in "Contraband Rocket". Much of the adventure in "The Forgotten Planet" sounds forced, and repetitious. Leinster's novel isn't really bad, but is outshined by its companion in this volume. Worth 35¢, I suppose.

HIGHWAYS IN HIDING (novel) by George O. Smith. Published by Gnome Press. Price: \$3.00.

This novel, Smith's first story of any



length in years, was generally cussed and discussed when it appeared as an IMAGINATION serial early in 1955. Suprisingly enough, it stood up rather well under the dissection. Now it's in hardcovers, and like most GOSmithiana, it's fast paced, deftly plotted, and filled with lots of interesting characters.

If the future setting proposed by Smith, psi has been brought out from the musty, unused corners of man's subconscious mind. Many people have powers of one kind or another, being either telepaths or espers. In addition, medicine has eliminated all major diseases--until one early space pioneer, an Otto Mekstrom, returns to Earth bearing a mysterious plague which transforms its victims into what resembles solid stone. They die, of course.

Steve Cornell, a protagonist unpleasantly similar to those in recent GALAXY serials, but not quite so stupid, is eloping with his bride-to-be when they are involved in an auto accident. Steve awakens to find that the girl hasn't been found, and that no one will profess having so much as seen her. He suspects that something is awry, and immediately upon being released, traces her disappearance. In the process, Steve stumbles upon a hidden encampment of people who have contracted Mekstrom's Disease...and are still alive!

To say much more would perhaps spoil the book for the reader, for Smith's construction is such that one detail is dependent upon another, with all of them contributing to the rousing, if slightly hackneyed in this case, climax.

Stories like this, well recieved by a number of people, make me stop and wonder why authors like Smith don't turn out more of them. If all of the greats of the past would

get down to business and stop resting on past accomplishments, I'm quite sure we'd be seeing some really classic stuff. Little chance of it, I'm afraid, though; who wants to work when you can live comfortably on royalties from your old novels?

Conclusion: The kind of action story that MADGE needs, "Highways in Hiding" is good, brisk entertainment. Unless you're a collector, there's no reason to buy it if you have the magazine version, but if you don't, why not try it, eh? You just might enjoy it.



MB

# BUBBLE DANCE<sup>31</sup>

MORE DODDERINGS BY ALAN BODD

I was walking along the street the other day. I do that occasionally. I find that it is sometimes useful for getting down to the other end. Then I suddenly stopped. I knew I'd stopped because my feet weren't moving.

Slowly creeping over the side of a bridge by the roadside is a thing. A white, shimmering, oozy thing. After having just seen "It Came From Beneath the Sea" I am a little perturbed. It moves slowly, a coalescent mass, billowing in waves as it rises to the height of a floor and a half.

The strange thing is that no one else in the street takes any notice of it. It is just as if they have seen it before. Can it be tame?

Inch by inch it flops over the bridge and into the road. slowly moving every time the wind blows. It has no purpose other than to ooze out of the swirling river below it.

In the middle of the street digging the customary hole you find in every road here are two Irish laborers. Unbeknown to them the thing is slowly creeping across the road towards their unprotected backs. "Walt", says one of them, it's back again."

"Is it?" says Walt, which I thought was a really snappy catch answer, and they both pick up their tea jugs, and walk away.

Evidently pleased at the removal of this object, the thing slowly flows down and covers the whole road, which is very narrow here, to a height of ten feet or more. It lies there, smug and self satisfied, and refuses to move. Bus drivers drive right

through it and out the other side, apparently unharmed. I approach. It moves away slightly.

I touch it. Bubbles. Yes, bubbles. The sort Finlay uses to cover his nudies with. Hundreds of bubbles. Thousands of bubbles. Detergent bubbles. Acres of them.

Apparently the women after using the detergents for washing pour them away, and eventually, they find their way to the river. The action of the moving river against the bridgework causes the stuff to foam and froth to such an extent that it can cover a whole street to a height of several feet.

What a wonderful weapon for the future use of science fiction writers! The whole town was found sudsed to death by a slushy BEM which crept up in the night. Crept in the crypt and crypt out.

Shortly after this I heard on the Saturday Matinee programme of the B.B.C. a play called "The Ultimate Detergent" which automatically set me thinking of John Taine's Science Fiction Hall of Fame classic "The Ultimate Catalyst". The catalyst in that instance, as you may remember, was a deadly chemical which turned human blood into plant fluid and thereby humans into living plants. "The Ultimate Detergent" is a little less bloodstained than that.

A chemist working for a small time soap factory discovers a new detergent powder he can use. It appears to be just another mid the hundreds of washing powders like "Tide", "Surf", "Omo", "Slush", "Sludge", and the most popular brand--"Muck", and so it doesn't fare very well.

By means of an expensive advertising programme they succeed in selling a few hundred packets. So nothing happens until some-

one writes in to claim that over three weeks ago she washed her old man's shirts and they are still as clean as they ever were. This is puzzling--until the soap boys realize that here they have the ultimate in detergents, not only does it wash cleaner, but it actually repels the dirt. One packet per household and the price rises a hundred times its original amount. Who needs to buy new clothes when the old ones never get dirty?

What a money making proposition for this small factory. Who needs soap or sudso when here is the ultimate. One packet is all you ever need.

Unfortunately, like all inventions that improve the lot of man, a number of people are put out of work. The laundries, soap people and cleaners of all kinds. One packet of the Ultimate is all you need. Whadda we need you other people for?

But, being a paying proposition of national importance, the greedy eyes of the bureaucrats are on them. The government steps in, seizes the works, and pays the inventors a compensation. "This", say the bureaucrats, "is Nationalization." So in move the red tape boys with forms in triplicate and filing cabinets.

So naturally, the company starts to lose money. But not much. After all, who can do without the ultimate detergent. Just wash your clothes once, folks, and the detergent of the future will stop them from getting dirty. Who cares about sudso or carbolic soap.

This blissful state of affairs continues until the woman who first washed the shirts that never get dirty writes in again. Demanding compensation.

"Do you realise, " she says, "my clothes are falling to pieces." She is right. She has found the Achilles Heel of the Ultimate Detergent. It prevents dirt, but after a few monthes, destroys the molecular structure of the clothes and they fall to pieces. Like some fanzines I know. (Hint..hint.)

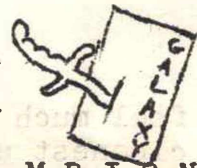
These typewriter ribbons are messy--get your hands filthy. I must wash them. No soap again. They must eat it. I'll use this soap powder. Stir it up a little. What's it say on the box, now. Oh, no--not that, take it away. Quick, close the door. Get my box of Astoundings out the window first, you idiot. Well, don't just stand there. Push it back. Get a shovel. Well, do something. Help! Scoop it up. Look out, it's seen the mimeo. No, I tell you it'll rust it. Who ever heard of a sudsproof mimeo. I can't see I te~~ll~~ you. Where are you? Well, if you WILL hide behind it. No, turn the water off. Don't empty that packet. Watch those Amazings I know it's movin'. What can I do? Stoppit! Go away, dammit....Slushy..Well, use a bucket if you can't find a shovel. What do you mean use your hat? Oh, I see, BigHead. My typer is buried under that pile of slosh. Whaddaya mean you're buried under it? No, I can't see it. Doesn't this stuff taste 'orrible. Worse than Hickman's Jack Daniels. Keep it from reaching that shelf whatever you do. That's my sub list you keep flapping it with. I don't care what else you use. Well, slide it out the window. What do you mean, WHAT window? Well, there ought to be a bucket. Why don't you look? That's not a bucket and leave it out of my ears if you don't mind. Never mind what it looks like. At least it isn't pointed. I never said it was pointed. How can you stand there TALKING. Get a scoop. Isn't there a broom? Oh, that's brillianb, that is. I'll call you Canute. No I don't want you to use that. What am I going to eat my sandwiches out of, anyway. I don't

feel much like eating now. I bet I've got the cleanest ulcers in town. The wind keeps blowing it. You don't have to throw it at me. Well, how was I to know. If YOU hadn't used the soap. Whaddaya mean? I YAM standing on a chair, already. I thought you were a bit low. Get those fanzines out the window. Watch that pile creeping up on you. Hey, what's happening. It's suddenly getting dark. Hey---ulps. Glug---glug---glug. Gurgle.....



*Ed van...*

## VENGEANCE IS MINE



JOHN CHAMPION

GALAXY Science Fiction, October through January 1956-1957... Edited by Horace L. Gold, published by GALAXY Publishing Company, 421 Hudson St., New York 14, New York... 35¢ or \$3.50 a year.

This review, rather than covering all of the contents of these four issues, is an evaluation of Alfred Bester's new serial, "The Stars my Destination", which appeared in them. And this certainly makes them outstanding, and it would even if the rest of the contents of these issues had been poor, which they weren't, although they may seem so merely by comparison.

This novel was originally scheduled to appear in F&SF, but instead Gold obtained it, mysteriously. It has, I believe, been published in England as "Tiger! Tiger!" At any rate, it's one of the most entertaining novels I've seen in a long time... In fact, maybe since "The Demolished Man". I can't say if it's the best written, because it's hard to compare Bester with other sf writers; his style is almost unique. The only author who approached it is Theodore Sturgeon.

The story is somewhat intricate, which is not surprising, since Bester wrote it. But, after looking at the synopsis in the last installment, here goes...

Gully Foyle, a 25th century spaceman, is stranded aboard the wreck of the spaceship, Nomad. When another ship, the Vorga, ignores his pleas for rescue, he is so enraged that he becomes obsessed with a maniac desire for revenge. Eventually he is rescued, after being captured by 'The Scientific People', a group of half-savage survivors from a spaceship wreck who inhabit an asteroid near where Nomad was passed by; but not before they ta-



too on his face a grotesque design that is almost impossible to remove.

Arriving back on Earth, Foyle finds that the Nomad, owned by fabulously rich Presteign of Presteign, had on board Cr. 20 million in platinum bullion, as well as 20 pounds of a transuranic alloy called PyrE, which is so unstable it can be set off by psychokinesis. The PyrE, a terrifically violent explosive, is needed by Earth to win its war with the Outer Satellites.

Foyle is imprisoned, but escapes with the help of Jisabella McQueen, a female thief. Together they go to the asteroid and salvage the platinum and PyrE from the Nomad, but Foyle leaves Jisabella behind while fleeing Presteign.

He returns to Earth, and to make easier his search for the crew members of the Vorga; takes the identity of Geoffrey Fourmyle, a wealthy, eccentric playboy. He finds three of these members with the aid of Robin Wednesday, a female "Telesend", but they all die through a hypnotic compulsion before he can get information out of them.

Eventually he finds the captain on Mars, but discovers that the person giving the order to pass the Nomad by was Oliva Presteign, daughter of Foyle's enemy, and with whom Foyle is in love. Seemingly losing his desire for vengeance, Foyle gives up, and...

Well, never let it be said that I spoiled for you the ending of a story as good as this one. It'll probably be out in hard covers soon, and you can always help Gold raise that circulation he crows about so much by buying a copy of the magazine. And it's a pretty good ending, too.

There is hardly any way to describe this

novel except to say it's typical Bester, only more so. The atmosphere and action of "The Demolished Man" are all here, in larger quantities. And Bester's style is such that after reading the story, you feel somewhat dazed. If I were to pick on one thing, I could say he hearily overdoes his style.

If you don't know what I mean by 'typical **Bester!**', here are a few instances: one of the plot devices is the discovery (before the time of the story) of personal teleportation, which is incidentally connected with the ending. (That much I will divulge.) Or Pyre, which is the primordial matter of the Universe... Or the people---the albino Olivia Presteign, blind to all but infra-red and radio waves; Foyle himself, and the Burning Man, who pursues him everywhere on his search; Saul Dagenham, the radioactive detective hired by Presteign to pursue Foyle; in fact, the entire half-mad 25th century civilization. Bester is noted for devices like these, and they are found here in abundance.

The immediate background is beautifully built up, but the civilization itself seems more hazy. Still, you get a pretty good idea of it. The characterization, too, is good, although it's hard to say whether you remember the characters because of the way their personalities are created, or because all of them are so outré.

Gold has been criticized often for having short stories and novelettes of a repetitive type, but no one can say that his choice of serials is poor. To name a few: "Time and Again"; "The Demolished Man"; "The Space Merchants"; "The puppet Masters"; "The Caves of Steel"...and I think that "The Stars my Destination" will be very likely to take its place and be rated one of the years better serials, if not its best.

There are, also, in the January issue, two novelettes and two short stories, with Willy Ley's article, most of which I haven't yet had time to read. After almost abandoning his editorials, Gold has come back again, and the latest reminds you very much of his first few..how much it costs to print GALAXY, what good paper he uses, his terrific circulation, and what a neat mag it is. But the issue is still worth 35¢, even with Gold's insufferable conceit, just for Bester's serial.



SAUDERS

# A MATTER OF COLOR

FREDRICK J. MARLBOROUGH

## I

Hran-le, commander of the forces of the stellar system Zin, looked at the advance panic-scout, and began to brief him upon his mission.

Hran-le blinked (because their mode of communication required light patterns produced by antennae upon their, if you choose to call them, heads) "Your shape and color have been chosen to create a failure in the fluid pumping organ of their bodies. One look at you and their intelleges pass into nothingness. None of these fool Terrans will be able to stand before you. Any interrogation necessary?"

"O, Hran-le, why does our home planet, all powerful Zin, wish to destroy these insignificant beings?"

"Because our two life forces are incompatible, any contact between our two races could result in the extinction of one by the other. Already they are living on their neighboring satellite and have begun to explore the second and fourth planets of their system. In fact, they have built weapons which release a force similar to the propulsion force of our vessel in a fraction of an instant; this force is capable of even destroying us. If they develop a stellar drive and clash with us, we are sure to lose!"

## II

The advance scout landed on the dark side of the planet, quite close to the largest city on the continent. He slipped into the city and remained unseen until he traveled far into it.

The aliens were coming in a small group.

He jumped onto the pavement and faced them: Wait, they did not die, they did not flee; they ran toward him and tore at his body, they/..

Hran-le looked sad as he watched the life-detection light that was focused on his scout go out. "Alas." he thought. The Zin had failed, they would quit this galaxy in order to save themselves from these beasts.

### III

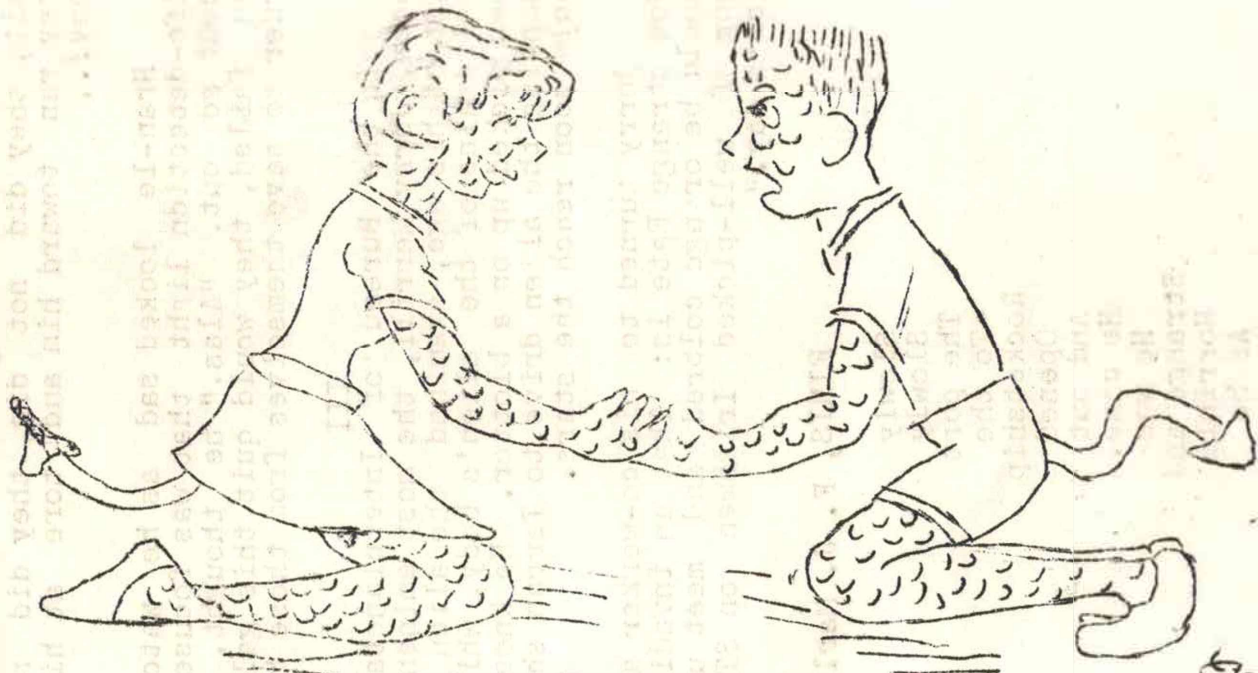
In the Bureau of Interplanetary Sciences, Jerry Merrill, the most eminent scientist of his age, examined the alien ship and the remains of the alien's body, which had been picked up on a blotter. He knew that by adapting the alien drive to Terran ships, Man would soon reach the stars.

Jerry turned to his co-worker and said, "How strange Fate is: That an invading alien should be orange colored and meet up with a gang of well-picked Irishmen on ST. Patrick's day."

FINIS, F. J. Marlborough

Slowly  
 Slowly  
 The port  
 To the  
 Rocketship  
 Opened  
 And out  
 He came.  
 He was  
 Strange and  
 Horrible  
 As he  
 Ate me.

--Jerry C. Merrill



... AND DARLING YOUR HANDS  
ARE SO SCALY.

Howard  
→  
TRINA Persen

# MARTY'S PARTY

## AN APOLOGY:

This installment of ye olde Party was intended to be solely devoted to my experiences at the Nycon II. However, such things as a poor recollection of what exactly went on, and lack of time, have prevented me from doing so. I would just like to make this statement concerning the convention: I had a wonderful time because this was my first convention, but if I were to judge by old con reports, this Nycon was one of the dullest conventions in history!

## AN OLD PRO BEFORE THE TV CAMERAS:

The bearded Ted Sturgeon recently appeared on the New York quiz program, "Twenty-One". The show--another "64,000" type imitation--has veteran radio and TV host, Jack Barry as its quizmaster. The object of the game is to get a score of twenty-one points before the other contestant can achieve this. It's a fairly entertaining show...if you like quiz shows.

Sturgeon's opponent was a New York psychiatrist, who, I'll have to admit, knows a little more than Ted. By the end of the first appearance, it was quite evident that the winner would be the young doctor. However, the following week neither of the two could answer every other question correctly. Since the show was running out of time, quizmaster Barry promptly suggested they both come back next week, "...because you both seem to very nervous tonight...."

Unfortunately, due to homework and other assorted plagues, I could not see the final show. It would have been interesting to see the outcome.

EGADS DEPARTMENT: OUT OF THIS 'ORLD REVIVED!:

Relax, bhoys, OOTW has been revived..... but as a comic book! believe me, this 10¢ comic is far, far better than the magazine that lasted only two issues. (thank GHU for that!) The stories are, of course, pretty mediocre--you want one example? In the "Man with a Screw Loose", a scientist is on the verge of inventing a machine capable of communicating with astral life, when three hooded men whisk said scientist into the distant future. When they arrive, the men unmask and take a common screwdriver and (ready?) tighten up the screws in the scientist's head. He finds himself back in his own time, and he says to his wife: "I never felt better in my whole life!" This is more like a parody of science fiction...still, it's better than OOTW the magazine!

NAME'S THE SAME DEPARTMENT: ATTENTION, BUCK COULSON:

Robert E. Coulson wrote an article in the November 1955 "Harpers" entitled, "Let's Get Out the Vote!" Who knows...he, too, may be a fan...

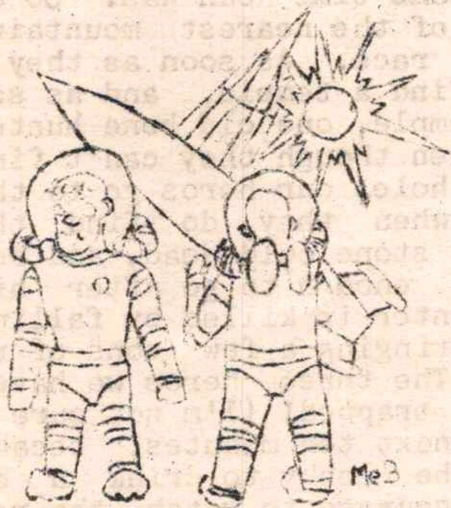
STUFF:

Jerry Page to publish letterzine PARADOX...one of these days. For further info write: Jerry Page, 9 Carthy Loop, Apt. 6, Madill AFB Florida... Kent Moomaw has unmasked--he admits he is prozine letterhack, Kenn Curtis. Says Kent: "...one fellow, when I told him I was Kenn Curtis, said that Moomaw was the pen name."... Good news from Dan Adkins: RAP has purchased some of his illustrations. Good luck, dan, on your pro career... The Nycon II had more kids under 15 present than any other convention in the past... Bob Silverberg should write a book--not stf--"How I Manage to Write a Story for Every Prozine". Seriously, how does he turn out so much work???

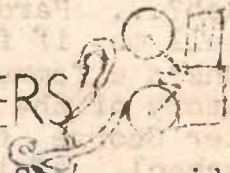


Bob?... Parden my ignorance, but can anyone tell me if fan artist DEA is real. I heard she's a femme... George Nims Raybin tells the story of the wise guy who came up to him after George got the highest grades in law school. "Tell me, Raybin, to what do you attribute your AMAZING success?" With that, George pulls out a copy of Amazing from his briefcase... I'll bet anyone (except Larry Shaw) that 'Archibald Destiny' the fellow who writes "The Fan Space" in SF Adventures is none other that Leeh... Has any fan besides me been getting strange letters from Bangor, Maine?..

I leave you with these words: "The hysteria, he thought, that comes when you've taken too much, when the walls close in and there's nothing to do but fight before you die..." Next time we shall see where these words come from...



## ON CELLULOID CAPERS



THE MOLE PEOPLE. Richard Shaver rides again! Hail the mighty Dero! The whole thing starts off with some guy who looks intelligent (Looks can be deceiving.) telling about different theoris about what is at the middle of the Earth. Never mentioned Shaver, but he should have. He ends up the introduction with one of those "Who-knows-what-lurks-at-the-middle-of-the-Earth-heh-heh-heh" type things. As the camera went off him, he gave me the impression he was trying to keep from laughing out loud.

As the movie starts, we find five arche..um..arka.. old bone hunters hunting for old bones. While they can't find a thing, this native kid finds an ancient lamp which convinces the old bone hunters that there was somebody in these parts who was building boats the same time Noah was. So off they go to the top of the nearest mountain to look for a lost race. As soon as they get to the top, they find a temple, and as soon as they find the temple, one old bone hunter falls in a hole. Even though they can't find the bottom of the hole, our heros go to the rescue. Of course, when they do find the guy who fell, he is stone cold dead, and because they were stupid enough to go after him, another old bone hunter is killed by falling down the hole and bringing a few tons of rock along with him. The three heros we have left find themselves trapped! (I'm not sure what happened the next ten minutes, because I went out into the lobby to drink a coke, so I could get courage to watch the rest of the movie. To my mis-fortune, I went back in.) Lo and behold! Our heros have found a lost city! At this point our heros decide to go to sleep. I think they were tired of the movie, too: While they are getting their beauty sleep, the local monsters (Shaver's Deros?) get them. After our heros choke out

some intelligent type talk, they find the lost race. These guys look like nothing more than two-bit actors with a lot of talcum powder on. Strangely enough, that's all they were. After the head man has said they should be killed, our heros do the most intelligent and heroic thing they could do. They ran.

That ends the first part of the movie. I think we can go thru the second part of the movie very briefly, because you are probably sicker than I am by now. So, to be brief, the king of the lost race finds out that the Everready Flashlight that our heros have plays hob with his eyeballs and that his troops can't get close enough to kill our heros. So he reconsiders and declares that they are messengers from the High Ghod instead of devils. To convince them that he means good, he gives our main hero, the one with the flashlight, the girl of his choice. Our hero tells her to run along and that she doesn't have to do a thing he says unless she wants to (This is where he first shows signs of being abnormal) By the way, one of our heros got himself killed by one of the local monsters which was a mistake. The High Priest shows the body to the king and he tells the High Priest to capture them so they can be roasted alive in the Bar-B-Q pit. So the High Priest feeds them poison mushrooms. It looks like curtains for our heros. But guess what? The roasting pit is a tunnel with a hole in the top which roasts the people of the lost race but does nothing to our heros except give them a tan. While our heros are getting a healthy tan, the local monsters decide they want more mushrooms or something, and attack the lost race. While they are fighting it out, our heros, along with the girl, who, because she is a throwback, does not get well done by the sun, climb through the hole to freedom.

Thought that was the end, and you could

get on to something worth reading, didn't you? Well, there is one more surprise to come. The main hero doesn't get his girl. Just as they get to the top of the mountain, the temple decides to fall and crush the girl, which it does. It is finally over.

The movie isn't really as bad as it sounds. It's worse. The only thing I liked about it was the monster. I thought they were cute. I always take a liking to the monsters in these pictures. The ones in this movie reminded me of the faculty at my school. In fact, I think that is who they were. They acted like them both mentally and physically. Here is the gasser about this film. Guess who wrote it? You're right! That well known SF writer, Laszlo Gorog. I'm not kidding. So help me, that is who is given credit for the script. Laszlo Gorog. Remember that name. With luck, you might never hear it again!

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 For BEMS Only is a Cosmos publication, published erratically by Jerry Merrill and Paul Cook, 632 Avenue H, Boulder City, Nevada. It is a generalzine, but no material of a libelous nature will be printed. The price is  $\frac{1}{6}$  per page, or 450 for a buck. Material is freely solicited. This is a non-profit venture.  
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Art Credits:

Lars Bourne: 12,30,35,42,49.

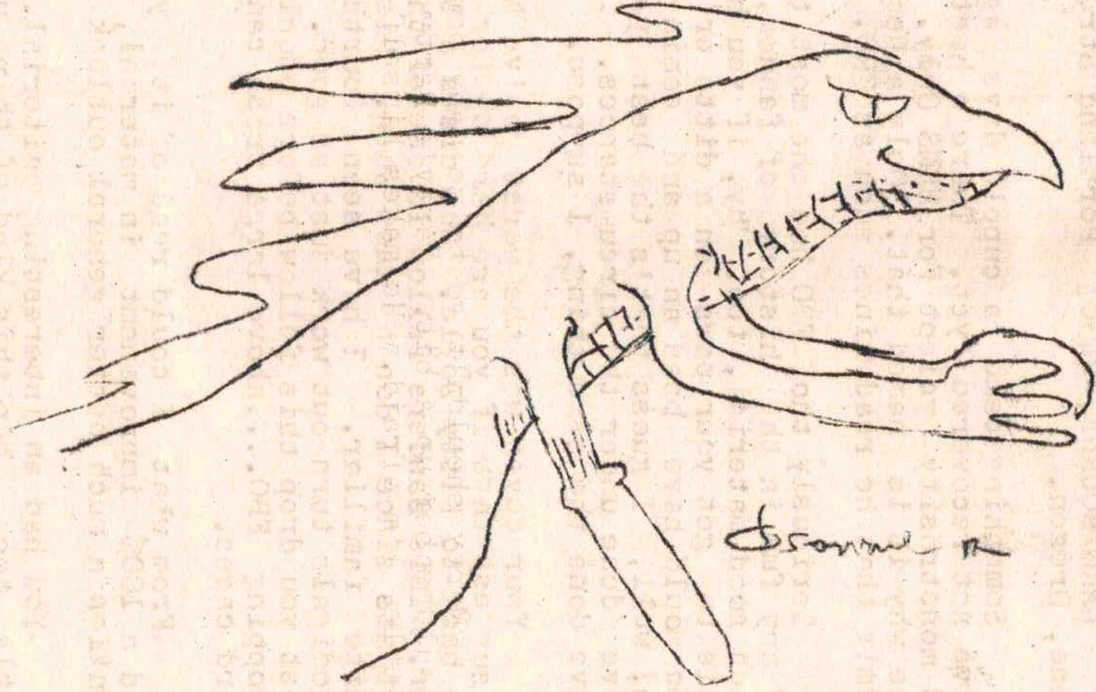
Dan Adkins: 8,17.

Marv Bryer: 23,30,45.

Joe Sanders: 39.

Cover was done by Kitty Doyle, and stenciled very poorly by yours truly.

Let's see more artwork from all artists, I'm running mighty low.



Chonow R

# COSMO-SPONDENCE

Being letters

LARS BOURNE, 2436½ Portland Street, Eugene, Oregon.

Something came a cupple days ago, but I've not recovered yet. Twere a hectograph-ed monstrosity yclept For BEMS Only. I can see why it is named that. Only a Bem would admit that he read zines such as FBO.

Seriously tho, FBO had the most turrible of any fmz in the history of fandom. And such good material, too. Why, if you had been able to get your paws on a ditto or mimeo, you would have been an up and coming faned. Oh, well, I guess that's the best you could have done under the circumstances. I would have done the same thing, I suppose.

Your cover was the worst you've had yet. I suggest that if you are hard up for covers, go back to Kitty Doyle. She draws a bit better. This Sanders fellow is one of the worst artists since I don't know when. His art is quite familiar. I have seen fourth grade prodigals turn out work just as good. I suggest you drop this fellow before people start dropping FBO....above large trash cans....or bird cages.

From what I could read of it, you have nad a 100% improvenemt in material, not to mention a much better general outlook.

You had an interesting editorial. Good title, too. Keep this kind of thing up.

That drawing by Sanders was bad. In fact as I have said before, Sanders doesn't know how to draw.

Marty shouldn't go to so many partys. He should sober up a bit. Marty's Party smelt a little, I'm afraid. He makes himself as clear

as mud in most places, but some of it isn't bad. Marty needs some improvement. I think he has the makings of a ghood columnist, tho.

I did not read "The Cage" yet, altho I might get to it if I get time.

Books For Bems Only I didn't need to read to know that it was good. You have a simply wonderful columnist and I advise you to keep a tight grip on him. Such as a Scotsman would keep on a bottle of scotch. Moomaw is BNF material, I tell thee.

The Analyst is not too good. It needs improvement. Maybe a different reviewer. I dunno. I myself have sort of given up on reviews myself since being given the old heave ho on SATA and ghoodness knows where else.

Editor's progress should have been progressed into some special kind of hell. One that would burn.

Darn it, I didn't read Tales of Tomorrow either. GHU, what kind of fan am I?

The Enchanted Thumb, I was engrossed with. I have always been interested in Ron Ellik, and when he pops up with a fantastic tale such as that, I am immediately all eyes. Twas exciting from start to bleary end of the installment. (I say bleary, because it got pretty bad, repro wise.)

The letter col was better than last time. I only hope it gets better than this next time. All clear?

So there you are. Another ish of FBO dissected, analyzed, and criticised by the fellow called Lars Bourne.

//So there you are. A second George Gobel, no less. Incidentally, Ron Ellik had the

second installment of The Enchanted Thumb-printed in NULL F, obtainable from Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, Va. Incidentally, Kent has a new fanzine out, ABBERTITION. First issue is good, very good. He shows great promise. He definitely is BNF material. Yes, the repro was turrible. It will go down in history as the worst repro in fandom. This ish is much better. I have a motto, now, "Remember ish #4". I like Sanders' work, and that is the only requirement it has to have to be printed in this fanzine. So, just so there.//

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 I have no respect for age.  
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DON STUEFLOTEN, Rt. 1, Box 722, Hemet, California.

The worst thing about For BEMS Only was the Retchable cover. In fact, I don't like ANY of the artwork in this issue. Not even Bryers--and I like Bryers' art very much. It's got something to it: talent, maybe, or style--but it has good expression. Maybe this is partly due to the reproduction....Hecto is not so good. Too much work, also, I'd wager.

Marty's Party was...fair. No more. That last half was moderately interesting. The Cage, by George Spencer, was sufficiently surprising, but not carried out too well. BOOKS by Loomaw: this Loomaw must be slightly prolific. 'Twas good enough, good enough, but nothing extra-special-like. The Analyst...by you...heh, heh. Need I mention it? Editor's Progress--RAP: did this mean something?? Danse Macabre, by the Senor Sanders (alias Ben Franklin, I believe)--take heart, Jerry about this I can say something good...well, partly good, anyway. It's a fairly nice mood-piece...this is the kind of think I like, usually. It could have been carried out a lit-



tle better: some of the sentences, especially, were a bit clumsy, and could have been more effective, with a slight change here and there. Nice.

Tales of Tomorrow: Good. Very interesting. The Enchanted Thumb: well, it's Ellik, isn't it? Would have been better and funnier if the repro allowed easier reading. The letter column was a letter column.

//And so it goes. Perhaps a little short and disjointed, due to the fact that I left the esoteric stuff out. I still haven't received that material I was promised. I couldn't have used it this time, but I can, certainly, next ish.//

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 Unless it's bottled.  
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STAN WOOLSTON, 12832 West Avenue, Garden Grove, California.

Latest issue took me longer to read, and this wasn't entirely due to the increased length. My eyes are aching, and that isn't entirely due to this being smoggy California. In other words, the paper plus method of reproduction led to some hazy pages.

But I did like some of the reading, after I took the effort to read it. Ron Ellik's hitch-hiking article was amusing; Kent Moomaw's book reviews were worth-while. (Now I need to write a phrase with the "is" and "are" words in it.)

If I should make a definite statement about FBO, it's this: I wish it was easier to read. First issues were better, even though the opaque, dull finished paper doesn't allow show-through.

I thought the contents had improved, for non-fiction especially. Someone snidely said that poetry should be short; that's my opinion on fan fiction, with very few exceptions. Of course, you can make any policy you wish, but I think that using fiction in an effort to "achieve Balance" is not as smart as most younger fans believe. Or maybe I'm wrong in believing that most younger fans seek a "generalzine" and put anything in it, regardless of type. I'm curious: why do you use reviews, articles, fiction, poetry and letters? Maybe if you tried, you'd think of something else for your fanzine.

Actually, I hope you don't take my advice. Artwork is the only other ingredient it suggests to me, and you need to improve yours.

I do think your mag is developing, but wait for a mimeoed issue to see how it turns out.

//And so, there it is. Again a little chilled, but I don't think what I left out would interest you. I do not print fiction because I want to achieve "balance", but I print it because I like it. Here is the mimeoed issue you were waiting for.//

ROBERT/o, Omaha Nebraska. (no further address obtainable, curse it. Could someone please give it to me.

Mr. Merrill will know as of now that he is reserving for himself a hot place in Fan Hell, for his insidious and derogatory remarks concerning his diety, Robert Block.

Robert Block is the only true Ghud of fandom and all unbelievers shall be destined forever to Fan Hell. GHU, foo, cthulhu, and all other imposter Ghods are and have been

proven to be non-existent by the Council of Venus.//You know only Blochists accept the council of venus as true.

As his most faithful and loyal prophet, it is my sacred duty to warn you to consider your position and be converted to the fold of Block. His diety has been disturbed by your and other's heresies against the true Ghud of fandom.

Block has had me warn you that, unless you deny your false beliefs, the end result shall be very painful, indeed.

Heed this warning, Mr. Merrill!

Hail to his diety. Robert Block, only true and existing Ghud of fandom. Hail to his loyal subject--Larry S. Bourne.

//Mr. Robert/o is indeed a sorry subject of my disapproval. He will learn too late that his blasphemy is going to cost him his happiness. He will learn too late that he has already been given up as hopeless by the one and only GHU. He has already had a place in fhanish hhel reserved, along with and right next to Larry S. Bourne. Larry's place is not yet reserved for certain, because I have his address and can make further appeals to him to repent of his madness.//

//And with a scream of torment we close the files of correspondence. We must always remember what fine fhans all the persons who are therein contained are, except for one Robert/o, who is a fake fan. We sometimes come upon a fued or fight, but it is always in good humor, and is always made up by the next time we go through it. Perhaps the persbn who said that "A fan is a proud and lonely thing" is wrong. A fan is a prould thing, but he is not a lonely thing, he always has his fan\_friends, whom he has never seen, but still exist.//

This was For Bems Only. Heed this warning!  
if an x is in the following box, you will  
not receive the next issue, unless you do  
something to deserve it.



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