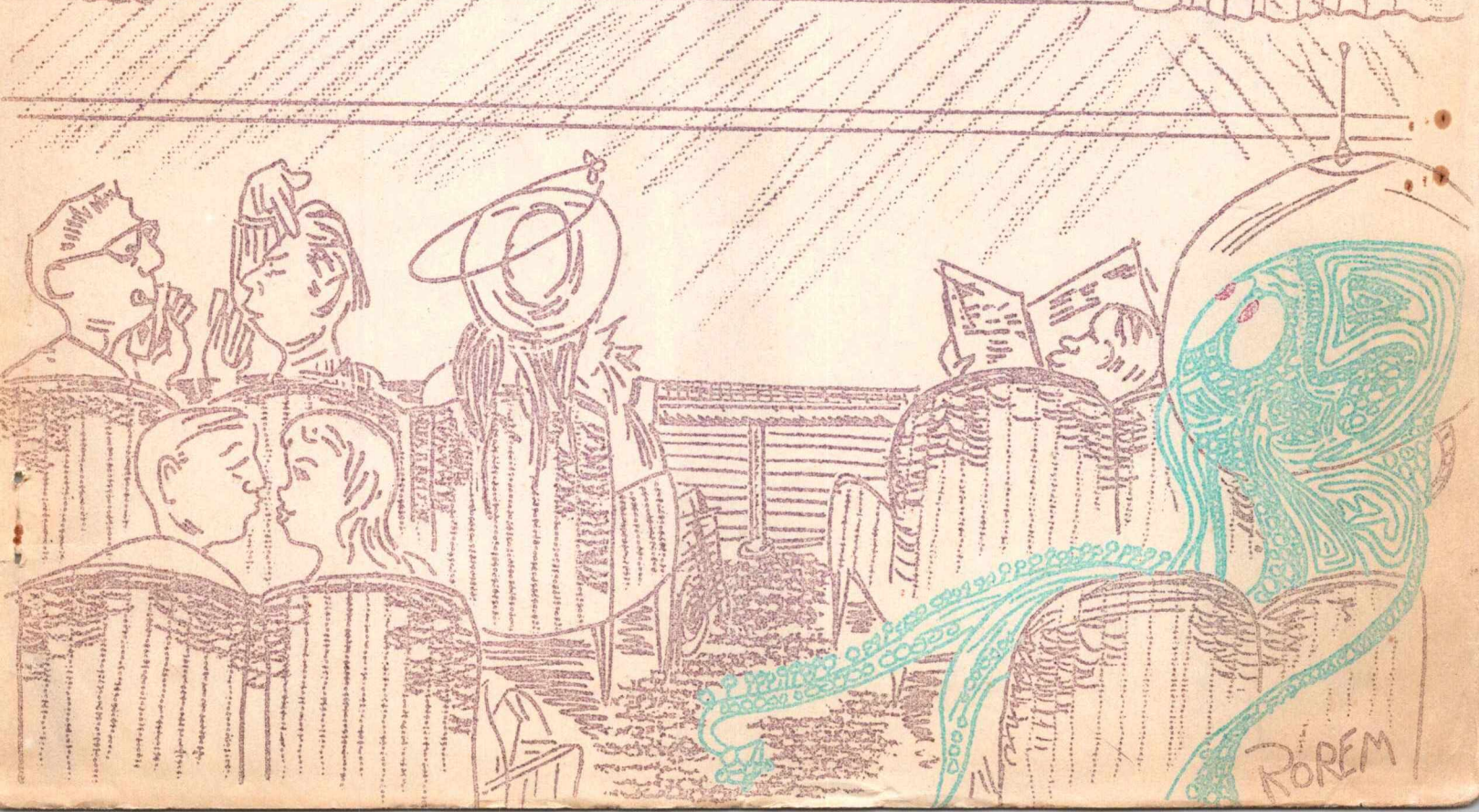
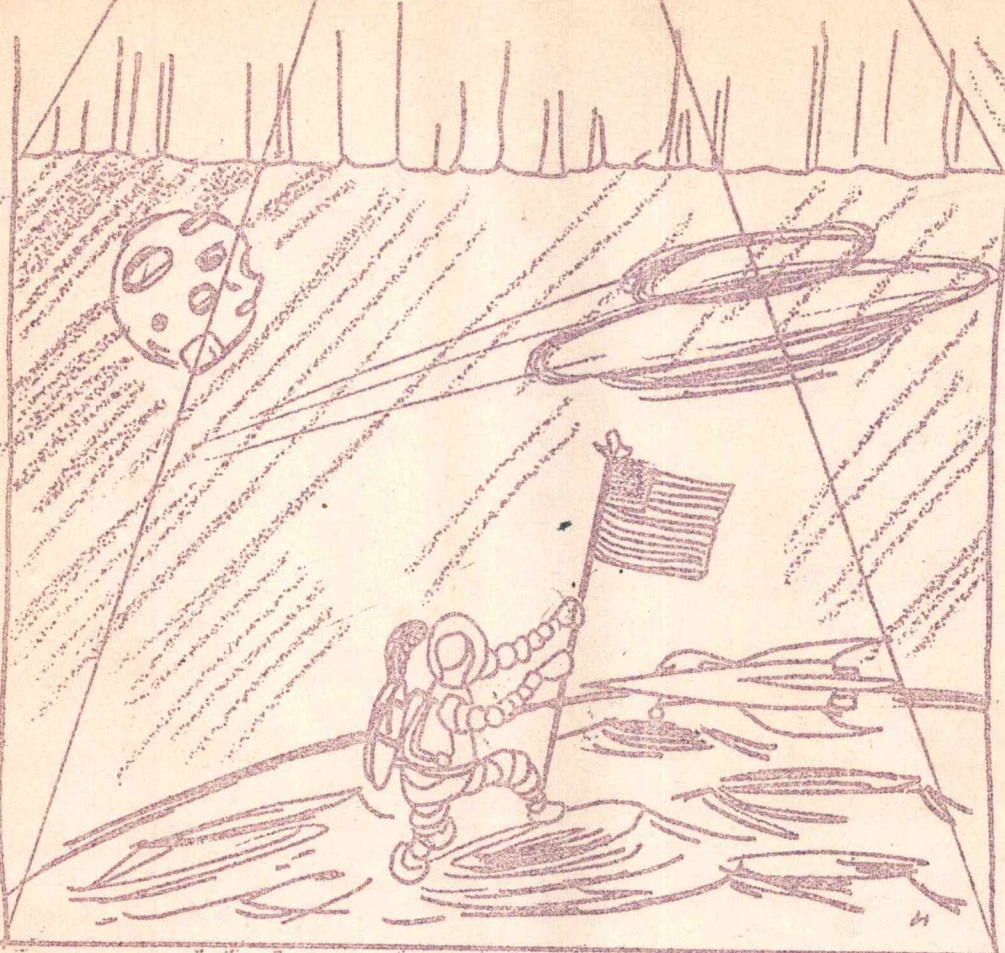


SIGBO #5

BIG
S-F FILM
ISSUE



ROREM

Pubbed and edited by
 Jerry DeMuth at
 (during school yr)
 1936 Sheridan Road
 Evanston, Illinois
 or
 (rest of the time)
 3223 Ernst Street
 Franklin Park, Ill.

Editorial Staff:
 Joe Sanders
 R R #1
 Roachdale, Ind.
 Claude Saxon
 R R #2
 Paris, Tenn.

Art Staff:
 Joe Harris
 333 Second St.
 Trenton, NJ
 Jak Roran
 2321 Sheridan Rd
 Evanston, Ill.

Please send Jerry all
 contribs, cash, and
 trades, tho it would
 be appreciated if staff
 members also got copies
 of trades-- esp Sanders
 who will review fms.

SIGBO-- 15¢ per iss or
 subs 2/25¢-- or free
 for contributions,
 letters worthy of being
 printed, trades, or
 review purposes.

CONTENTS

DeMuth's Drivel
 being sort of an editorial 4

Reflections on a S-F Film Theme
 by the drivelor himself. 8

James Dean Meets the Ape Man
 Bob (Grandfather) Tucker 12

The Horror Cycle
 Arthur Merdred 14

Dis Cum Bible
 Bob Coulson reviews-books. 21

Annotations of a Fan
 John Champion annotates this time. 24

The Incredible Head-Shrinking Man
 Bob (Ghed) Bloch 27

Tucker and Science Fiction
 Alan (Doddering) Dodd. 29

Litters of Letters
 our pregnant readers 32

Miscellaneous (incl fms revocs)
 Jerry DeMuth (who he?) 40

Birth of the Chicago S-F League
 the Earl of Kesp 45

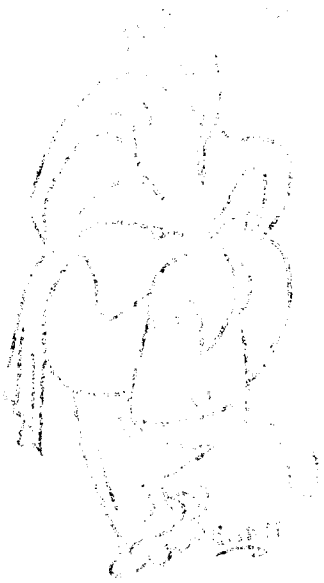
Frontcover by Jak Roran-Bacover by Jerry DeMuth

Interior illos by Ron Fleshman, Joe Harris,
 Jerry DeMuth, Eugene T. Caldwell, Lark Bourne,
 Dan Adkins, and Wa. Rotsler.

REASONS FOR RECEIVING THIS ISSUE:

- | | |
|---|---|
| You payed for it, have _ coming | You review fanzines |
| You're a contributor this issue | You're a staff member |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> We want you to be a contributor | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> We trade or let's trade |
| You were/are a contributor and we want more from you | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> At least send a letter |
| | Somehow a letter of yours got printed thish |

And damnit does anyone know Ron Fleshman's address so's I can send him copies of the issues his illos have appeared in.



DEWITT'S DRINK

Quite a few things have happened between the last issue of SICBO and this one which have loused up production--the biggest delay being an unexpected return to school. For six weeks (during which I took three courses) I had little free time to do anything. Also during that time, I went to the Midwestcon. Now I know that this issue is much too late for a con report, but still there are quite a few things about the convention that I would like to mention. Those who did go, I'm sure, wouldn't mind hearing them and those who did not go might enjoy it. In fact, there are lots of things that I would like to hear about. What hasn't been dimmed by gin and vodka has now been dimmed by wine.

The convention was held in Cinncin, Ohio and Ohio has a rather odd liquor law--and this is, of course, of great importance to all convention con goers.

Liquor brings in much profit to the distillery, the store owner, and--from taxes--the state. But greedy Ohio has run out the store owner and in his place has put state liquor stores. It is only at these stores that liquor can be sold in bottles.

These stores remind one of the Robert Hall stores. Take the one we went to, for example. It was located in an out of the way, low rent area. The store was a cave and you had to get to it by walk. It was probably an old deserted post office--and since the government waits till a building is about to cave in before vacating it you can imagine how bad this one was. It was either badly in need of a paint job or it had never been painted. The large plate glass windows were so dirty that you could barely see inside. But that did not matter since--like Robert Hall--they don't have window displays. A huge reproduction of the state seal was visible as was the store number.

Inside, there was a counter running from one wall to the other with a teller behind bars at one end and another man at the other. It is at this latter man that you give your order blanks--on which you have to sign your name, address, & date of birth as well as list your order.

You also present all the credentials and such which give your age to this fellow. And if he doesn't believe that you're over 21, it is to him-- probably a member of the clergy (the state doesn't take any chances)-- that you have to swear to your age by reciting an oath while having your right hand raised and your left hand on the bible. If he is satisfied, he goes to some shelves in back--which run perpendicular to the front of the store so that you can't see their contents--and removes what you have ordered. It's then wrapped up in plain drab bags and you pay for it at the barred window.

For this inconvenience to you--you order from lists without seeing the liquor, they have poor selections, the stores are closed on Sundays and Holidays and after 9 on Saturdays and 6 on weekdays and they are located in these out of the way spots--and for this convenience to the state-- low overhead and receiving all the store profits as well as their share of the tax--you pay at least 50¢ a fifth over the normal price. And of course there are never any sales. This is what I call a fine example of free American business enterprise.

Of course, we didn't have all of Cincy to ourselves, just part of a large motel. Across from the motel is a Howard Johnson's "restaurant." Luckily, though, there were other places right down the street where we could eat. Not that Howard Johnson's is bad--it isn't; it's terrible. Lewis Grant, I believe, suggested that a con report be titled "I Spent the Weekend at Howard Johnson's." This is the only place I've been where after waiting to be waited on for half an hour and then waiting another half an hour to get the food; I still didn't get any silverware. It might be said of the place that "the service is slow but the food is so bad that you don't mind waiting." Another con report title was suggested, I believe, by Sid Coleman: "I Ate at Howard Johnson's and Survived." (*(Briney must have been listening.--js)*)

Almost everybody ate breakfast there Saturday morning--and that was it. I ordered my old faithful wheatcakes. I just love wheatcakes and no matter how bad they are I can eat them--that is I could eat them until I had those at HJ's. The waitress brought me a stack of what I thought must have been at least five or six wheatcakes. But when I began to butter them, I discovered that there were only three. Now I don't mind thick wheatcakes--but 3/4 of an inch is just too much. Nevertheless I was hungry and I began to eat them--and that's all I did "began to eat them"--no matter how hard I tried I couldn't finish them. Half way through, I gave up as my syrup also did. No matter how fast I poured on the syrup, the wheatcakes soaked it up like some new miracle sponge-- until I began to wonder if maybe they were... Luckily, back at the motel, there was plenty of liquor to fill up on.

The motel wasn't too expensive, but we still wanted to cut costs. So Friday night six of us--unknown to the management--slept in a room for four. But Saturday night there was only going to be four of us. I think there were more, though, because some people who dropped in Sat couldn't get rooms and they joined others. Our Chicago crowd got an extra room--a double--for Sat night for two of us but Bill Connor from Texas joined because he couldn't find a room. Saturday afternoon, several original drawings were raffled off by the usual manner of drawing numbers. One group, though, had a little bad luck.

The first number drawn was 84, I believe, and the drawer went running around the motel--which also housed non-fans--screaming "84, 84; 84 84 anyone." No one replied, so he drew again. Still no luck. The next number he drew was 69 and he ran around the huge motel--97 units--yelling, "69! 69! 69 anyone!" I wonder what the outsiders thought of this...

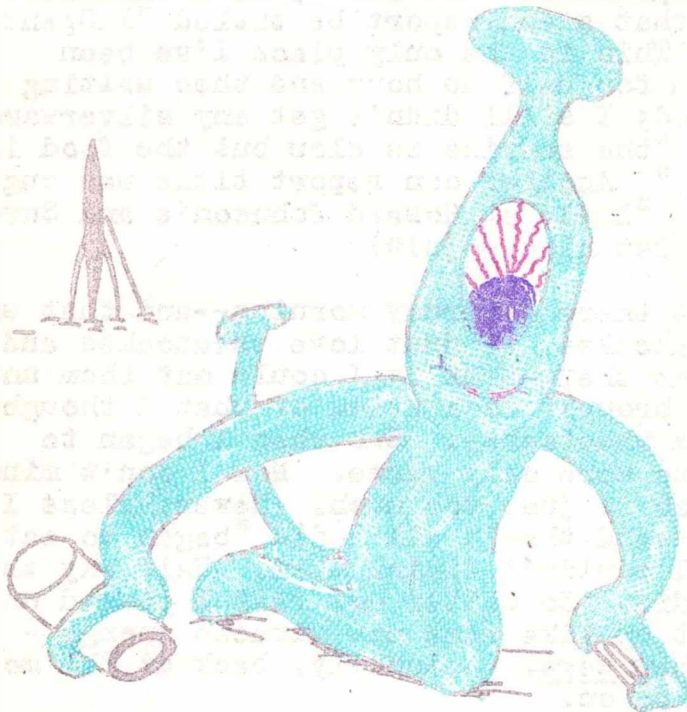
It is said that degenerate stars are called degenerate because they go down---Lewis Grant, Jr.

That night is just one big blur to me. All I can remember is a bathtub full of ice and bottles of liquor in our room, pouring down gin and vodka, listening to jokes--told mainly by Asimov--in the Detroit mob's room (I can't remember what the jokes were though), shooting the bull with all kinds of fans--but namely Bill Connor and Joe Sanders, and what happened when I came in. This latter is the only thing I can remember in detail.

About five o'clock, Jim O'Meara who could hardly stand looked at me and said, "I think I had better be going to bed." It wasn't the first time he had said it--he had been saying it every fifteen minutes for the past two hours. But this time, as I saw his face twist into an expression that could only be a sign that he felt like barfing, I knew that he meant it. He had the only key to our room, so I said that I'd see him to the room and then get the key from him. Out in the hallway, Jim turned around the corner to go down the stairs but kept on turning, almost falling over the railing. I steadied him with one hand as he said, "I'm all right. I feel fine. I just had one drink too many." He emphasized the one with his voice and with a raised finger.

He was okay from then on except once out on the sidewalk. he stepped off of the sidewalk with his right foot and because the lawn was about a half inch lower he lost his balance and fell. After that, he was okay and after I got the key from him, I returned to the Detroit mob's room.

I returned to our room a little before six-thirty after the last party was dead and a few of us had breakfast. Before



turning in, I decided to first drain out some of what I had to drink. The bath room door was closed and, when I tried it, wouldn't open. For about five minutes, I pushed and pulled at the door before it finally dawned on me that someone might be in there with the door locked. I shouted and a muffled yell came from inside.

A few minutes later, the door opened and out stepped Bob Briney.

"You better not sleep with Jim," he told me.

It didn't take me long to figure out why. "Did he barph?" I asked.

Briney nodded.

I looked in the bedroom and there was Jim lying in bed with his face stuck in a pool of barph. Still, he slept soundly. I let Jim have that bed to himself.

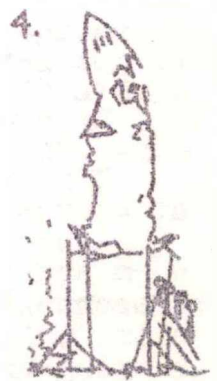
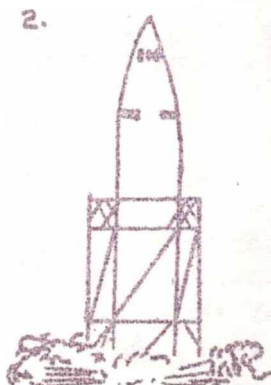
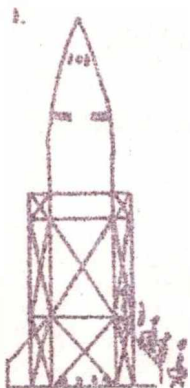
When we all got up about two hours later, Jim sat up in bed and stared at the pool. "Is that me?" he asked innocently while pointing a finger at it.

"Yes," we all nodded and smiled.

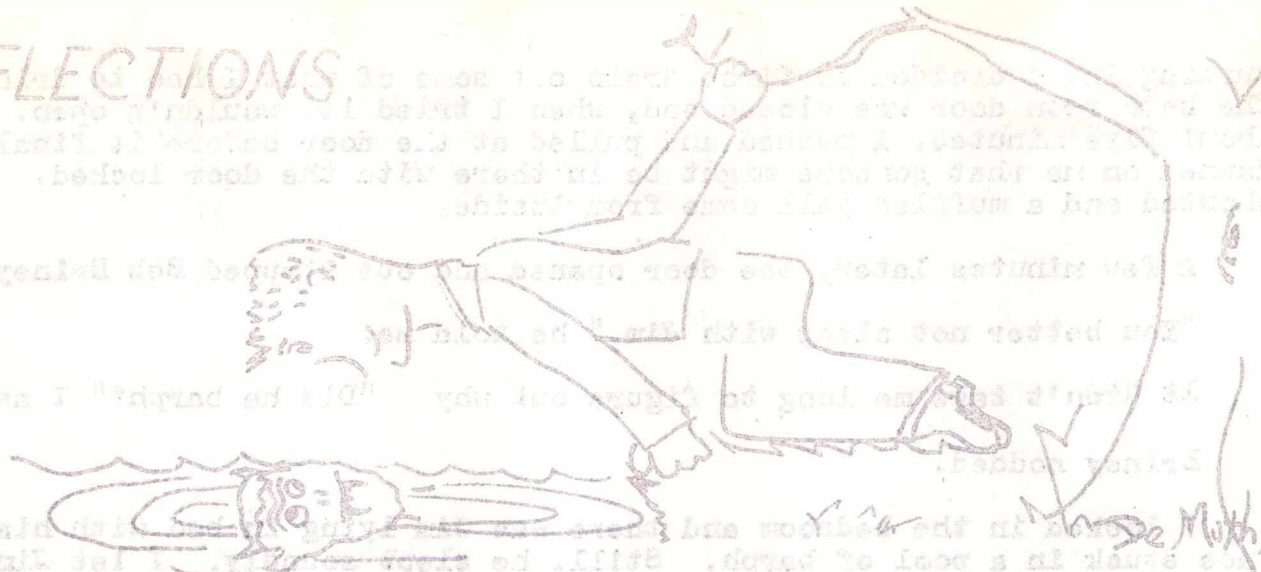
Jim stumbled out of bed and headed towards the bathroom after getting our advice to take a shower. From the way he walked, I swore that he was still drunk.

He didn't buy anything at the convention--he was footloose and fan-sine free.---Lewis Grant, Jr.

Sid Coleman, Lewis Grant, Earl Kemp, Jim O'Meara, and myself got back to Chicago at about midnight. After a brief stint at the Kemps' home and a drink--Pepsi this time--we all went our separate ways. Thinking back over the weekend when I was on the el going to Evanston, I wished that there was another convention the next weekend. But then again I was glad there wasn't because I had a quarter of school ahead of me. ///



REFLECTIONS



ON A S-F FILM THEME

BY JERRY DE MUTH

One day on my vacation up in Wisconsin last summer, my cousin, his wife, and myself decided to go swimming together. It was their last day up there-- my folks and I had another week to go-- and luckily it was a warm, clear, sunny day. So exuberantly we ran down to the beach in our swimming suits with our towels waving behind us. As my cousin's wife, who was first, reached the beach, she suddenly stopped.

"Oh no," she screamed. "The water's all scummy."

I was quickly by her side and saw just what she was referring to. The water was covered with a slimy looking green scum.

"It was all right last night," she exclaimed. "I'm not going swimming in that."

I wasn't either. Around the shoreline it was so thick that it looked like pea-soup. I climbed onto the pier and walked to the end. Away from the shore the scum got thinner. But there was still a film as far out as I could see.

My cousin-- whose usual habit is being late, or at least the last on the scene-- was just coming down the hill which leads to the beach. We quickly explained the situation to him: "dog days," and we might not be able to go swimming for the rest of the year.

Because the scum was thicker by the shore we thought that the wind was blowing it in and therefore if we went away from our shore the scum would get thinner-- and then we could go swimming. We got into a boat and rowed and rowed-- but wherever we rowed a thin film of green surrounded us. So we didn't go in swimming.

My cousin and his wife went home. I went in swimming the next day-- for the scum disappeared entirely.

Thinking back over the incident made me think of one thing: of course that's a science fiction film. I can just picture it.

A beautiful shot of a small, Northern, secluded lake, on a warm summer day. Over this is soon superimposed "Esa Pictures Presents." Then the screen is suddenly covered with a blob of slime which slowly oozes downward and forms the words: "The Terrifying Green Scum."

Then comes a series of sequences in which the slime is washed away by a wave, more forms, which cozes to form the screen credits, "Starring Peggy Fortress and Richard Autolahn, . . ., Produced by Sam Batzman, and Directed by Ivan Bores."

The last of the slime is washed away and we see the same lake scene. Birds are chirping and flying through the air. Butterflies are fluttering around. And-- for the best bit of acting in this largely cast film (there are hundreds of birds and insects in this opening scene)-- bees are darting about from one gently swaying, colorful flower to another.



A fresh, cheerful couple of about twenty in swimming suits come skipping through the fields. They're laughing and smiling at each other and are undoubtedly childishly infatuated.

"Last one in is a bug-eyed monster," the girl screams as she runs ahead of this idiot boy-friend of hers toward the lake.

Then a shot of the boy as he trots far behind her laughing. Suddenly the girl yells the standard choking scream.

The boy's face drops and his eyes bulge as he stares at her. "Good heavens," he yells.

Then comes a brief shot of the girl on the beach which is obviously a shot of her with slime running down her leg shown backwards. So there she is with this junk oozing up her legs while she goes through all kinds of contortions-- backward yelling, flapping of arms, and so forth.

"What is that thing on the lake?" the lad screams.

We get a close-up shot of a pot of oatmeal bubbling on a stove.

Then we see the girl panting and dragging herself to safety on the beach.

"It's," she gasps, "a terrifying green scum!"

At this point we have a choice and so does the producer and director. But it doesn't make much of a difference to them which one they choose because they'll use the other one for their next film.

----- He's one of those parttime travelers, goes in one here and out the other. -----
----- --Lewis Grant, Jr.-----



In both choices there is now a flash to a scene beneath the lake's terrifying green scummed surface.

But then one shows a sort of flying missile which has crashed underwater, over which has been superimposed a clipping from an ichthyology film on deep-sea life. A slime is shooting upward over the screen which is supposedly being secreted by the "Fish Monsters"-- only we can see the ends of the pipes at the bottom of the screen out of which this stuff is coming.

This is followed by a shot inside the space ship. There's a tank inside which is filled with these "Fish Monsters" and we see them swimming around in it-- only, strangely enough, they look exactly like the fish we saw outside the ship. Pacing back and forth in front of this tank with an evil grin on his face is a man dressed in a fish-like costume. We know it's a man in a fish-like costume (probably a set of long underwear dyed green with scales painted on) because we can see the zipper and the flap in back. This escapee from a home for demented stfen wanders over to a

weird screen set-up which looks slightly familiar. He twists dials as patterns whirl around the screen. Finally the whirling stops and as we see the painted face of a similar figure, we wish that the whirling would have continued.

In the conversation that follows-- which is read off of slips of paper Scotch-taped on the panel, we discover that this is the first space ship of hundreds, soon to come, whose job it will be to cover all of our water with this green scum thus killing off earth men and making this planet inhabitable for these creatures. It is the duty of this ship-- and what a novel idea it is too!-- to see that the scum works properly and that their creatures can live here. The ship, after a certain length of time-- now get this, it's really clever-- is to report to ships waiting outside Earth's orbit. If they do not report back to the ships it will be assumed that Earth is no good for them and the whole idea-- including their contract to appear in future films-- will be flushed.

In the other possible choice, we'd see a weird little concrete hut at the bottom of the lake with fish swimming by it. It looks faintly like a block of wood in a goldfish bowl. Inside is a heavily mustached, creepy looking fellow who waddles around while rubbing his hands together, grinning, and raising his eyebrows. At one side of him are rows of goofy looking equipment-- at the other side of him are tanks of fish he has "created!" Here we see the same clipping from the same ichthyology film.

By way of his mutterings, we learn that he is creating these "Fish Monsters" by changing hormones, glands, and so forth. It seems that his pet dog was drowned in this same lake and to avenge his death, he is going to destroy all the lakes in this same manner. (Green scum secreting fish.)

"A lake took the life of Fido so now lakes shall not have any life of their own-- and they shall be doomed to destroy the life of all that they come into contact with-- just as they destroyed the life of (sob) Fido."

After these original scenes, we return to the beach and the couple. Coincidentally, the fellow, we learn, is the son of an expert on these matters of deep-sea life and is also an excellent deep-sea diver. It just so happens that he has all the necessary equipment in his sports car just over the hill. He goes to the car to get it but while he is gone his girl is captured. I mean it can be assumed that she was captured. She was there when he left. When he returned she was gone and there were signs of a struggle where she was that lead into the water.

So now our dashing young hero dons his suit and dives into the water after the girl. No matter that the scum which crept all over the girl does not harm him now-- forget that, evidently the producer has.

He comes this underwater thing and is awe-struck. But now, how can he get into it undetected? Luckily just at this point everyone is attracted to an underwater fight which we also get to see-- but not for the first time. This scene, of course, is the standard clipping of a fight between a shark and an octopus. When the fight is over we rejoin our hero who is now inside.

Finally through the creatures'-- or the mad scientist's-- stupid bunglings and not any intelligence of his own, the hero destroys this underwater lunatic asylum, and saves the girl.

In the case of the creatures from the other planet-- since

this fellow in the green BVD's has not contacted the other ships which have been standing by outside of Earth's orbit, we see these ships turn around and head back for their own planet.

Then we see our red-blooded hero pulling himself to shore with the girl draped over his shoulder. As he sets her down, she comes to and they embrace just as there is an explosion in the blurry sea which is being shown on a sheet behind them. The water shoots up real high just as you have seen it done in all those old World War II film clippings-- in fact, this is an old World War II film clipping.

Over this flicks the welcome words: "The End." But then a line is added at the bottom of the screen to remind us of what the whole sickening mess has been about and it now becomes; "The End of the Terrifying Green Scum."

Choking, we run from the theatre, stumbling over and waking up the people in our aisle. But, due to some inexplicable force we'll return to see the sequel: "The Horrifying Pink Slush."

From the Chicago Daily Tribune, Mon., Sept. 16, 1957:

"The newspaper Soviet Russia reported today terrified residents of the Black sea city of Tuapse fled to the countryside in hysteria over a science fiction thriller about the end of the earth.

"The story, written by an author named I. Kris, related the discovery by Russian astronomers of a huge fiery mass rushing toward earth to destroy it. In the climax, Kris had the scientists find that the whole thing was merely a capitalists' plot to annihilate Russia and, with just seconds to spare, they eliminated the danger.

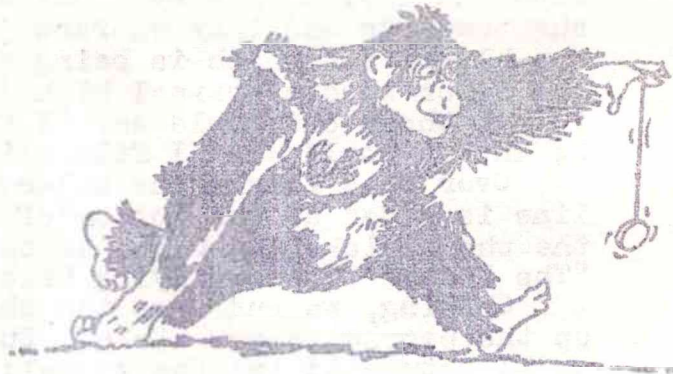
"The story was run in instalments by a Tuapse newspaper, but some readers did not wait for the last instalment. In a Red version of the familiar Orson Welles "Invasion from Mars" hysteria they sold off or deserted their belongings and fled their homes to find refuge in the rural areas. Many were convinced the earth would be destroyed in a few days."



JAMES DEAN MEETS

THE

APE MAN



by BOB TUCKER

My latest exposure to "Science fiction films" was only last week, when the theater presented a double-feature program along with a cheap-john vaudeville show on the diminutive stage. The double-feature was notable for one important fact, and I will get to that fact in a moment, but first let us examine the stage show.

The vaudeville star (who will never play the Palace) was a suave character who called himself "Doctor Silkini," and who included in his entourage the following:

- 1: Frankenstein
- 2: An ape man
- 3: A distant relative of Fu Manchu
- 4: A Hollywood starlet
- 5: The double (or stand-in) for James Dean, deceased
- 6: Numerous ghosts and unearthly noises

All this looked impressive on the posters, but the sad fact was that the entire show consisted of three people:

- 1: Dr. Silkini, who performed sleight-of-hand tricks and amused one and all with his double-entendres;
- 2: A young lady whose nearest approach to Hollywood stardom came when she rode through the town on a bus;
- 3: And a hard-working quick-change artist who was Frankenstein, an ape man, a distant relative of Fu Manchu, and the double for James Dean, deceased. He got little of the applause but he did most of the work.

The numerous ghosts and unearthly noises was supplied by a handful of eager young men recruited beforehand, who daubed on luminous grease-paint and ran shrieking down the aisled during a blackout. Unhappily, one of them also recieved a punch in the nose when he shrieked in the face of a gentleman who didn't care much for the entertainment.

The evil doctor performed his parlor trickery, the starlet carried props back and forth to the accompaniment of whistles, and the quick-change artist worked himself into a sweat. He was sinister as the poor man's Fu Manchu, he terrified the girls in the front row as an ape man, he scared the bejabbers out of the kids on the aisle as Frankenstein, and he was sickening as the double for James Dean.

The ghost of James Dean never actually appeared (no joke intended), although advertising led the patron to believe same would appear. There was just this young quick-change artist who dressed like him, wore his hair in appropriate fashion, and slouched and talked like the movie character. The young chap walked on, said a few lines, and walked off. He then switched into his Frankenstein costume and came out again later. All in all, a royal gyp.

But it was the impersonation of James Dean which paid him his just reward for the hard work done earlier on the show. Every female in the audience (from 6 to 60) gushed and swooned over him. Hundreds of them lined up for his autograph. And two of them found out, that night, what kind of a man he was. He lined up two dates and took them both out-- simultaneously.

I envy his nerve.

The asses who book this show are the theater managers and owners who pick up a tidy piece of change. Locally, the house made better than \$1000 for one day, not counting concession sales (which is terrific). They charged 70¢ a seat in the afternoon and 90¢ at night; there were three performances; the day's take was better than \$2100. This was split fifty-fifty after costs were deducted. The evil doctor made \$1000 or better while the theater made their \$1000 plus several hundred in confectionary sales. Not bad for one day. They seldom if ever gross that much on an ordinary day with single or double feature. So you can see why they go for this kind of foolery. And the gullible public come back, year after year.

I shouldn't complain, though. It pays my salary.

The pictures? Oh, yes. One of them had green film, was called "Killers from Space," and very nearly murdered our audiences before the stage show began. The hero was threatened by giant insects and animals. The evil space men had large egg-shell eyes and chased the poor hero through miles and miles of caves. That is, it would have been miles and miles of caves except that they had only one cave, and so the hero had to run back and forth over the same ground a few dozen times under different camera angles.

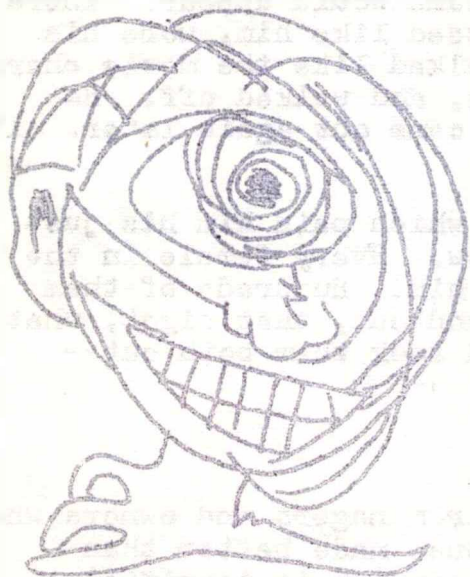
But the one notable fact mentioned at the beginning of this article was discovered in the second picture on the program, a dandy little chiller entitled "The Thing From Another World." (Which was freely adapted from John Campbell's novelette, WHO GOES THERE?)

Do you remember the vegetable monster in "The Thing"? Did you read the names in the cast to see who he was?

The Thing was James Arness, who is now the hero of "Gunsmoke," or one of these top-rated TV western dramas. I think this indicates a moral of some sort, but I'm not able to point it out. ///

THE HORROR CYCLE

by arthur mordred



ITEM IN "THE HOLLYWOOD INFORMER", DEC. 5, 1956:

COSMOS PICTURES PURCHASES LOVECRAFT TALE

Hollywood (Spl.)--Cosmos Pictures today announced purchase of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" from A. Derleth and D. Wandari, co-executors of the estate of the late master of the macabre, Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Purchase price for the screen rights to the weird novel, handled through the F. J. Haskerman Agency, was not revealed. Production is expected to get under way this fall for a spring release.

EXERPT FROM RADIO BROADCAST OF MOVIE COLUMNIST LULA BELLE CARSONS, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1956:

--My first exclusive! All Hollywood this evening is talking about Mr. Sam Glotzman's smart move in tying up the screen rights to "The Shadow Around Portsmouth" by that well-known writer, Mr. H. G. Loveman. Sammy intends to launch a new cycle of horrid movies with it.

"One of our brightest young producers and a very personal friend of mine, Sammy told me the other day at lunch that this Mr. Loveboat writes the scariest stories ever, and if he can scare Sammy, I believe it. I also have it on good authority Mr. Boris Carlott will be paged to play the monster, if there is a monster in it--"

NIGHT LETTER FROM MR. SOL GLOTZMAN, PRESIDENT OF COSMOS PICTURES TO MR. SAM GLOTZMAN, PRODUCTION CHIEF, COSMOS STUDIOS, DECEMBER 23, 1956, 9:35 PM:

From Lula Belle I should get news of what expensive, crack-brained monkey-shines you are deint in my studio. Stop. Shadow Over Dartmouth too long for Marque, you depe. Stop. Wheinhell is Loveberg Question Mark. Is he under contract Question Mark. Sign Abbott and Costello or Bowery Boys immediately. Stop. Horror movies don't make a dime without belly-laughs. Stop. Flying back from Palm Springs Tuesday. Stop. Best regards to Reva and the kiddies. Stop. Signed: Uncle Sol.

ITEM FROM HEDDY HARPY'S COLUMN. JANUARY 5, 1957:

Rumor has it all is not well at Cosmos Films between prexy Sol Glotzman

and his nephew, Sam Glotzman, over the casting and screen treatment of their new horror movie, the "weirdie" Sammy bought while Uncle Sol was vacationing.

One thing you can keep under your hat (a certain so-called columnist to the contrary), Boris Carlett will not be in it! Uncle Sol hasn't yet forgotten how Boris walked off the set of "Frankenstein Returns From Mars" rather than work a few comedy sequences into the picture with those darling, mad, "Blitz Brothers" (the Blitzes are cousins of Sol's on the distaff side).

As Boris told me at Glomanoff's, it wasn't that he objected to the low comedy, but he felt he was right in insisting he be the only monster in the picture. Now it is true the dear, mad Blitz Brothers aren't exactly living dolls, but it was very, very naughty of Boris to say so. Naughty, naughty, Boris!.....

INTER-OFFICE MEMO FROM SAM GLOTZMAN TO ALL DEPARTMENT HEADS, COSMOS PICTURES, JANUARY 16, 1957:

Our President, Mr. Sol Glotzman, gave us the "go-ahead" on "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" before he returned to Palm Springs on the advice of his physician. Production conference will be held Monday morning at ten sharp. All Department Heads are requested to attend, or face a six month suspension. Thank you.

ITEM FROM "HOLLYWOOD TRADE-NEWS", JANUARY 17, 1957:

Big pow-wow at Cosmos Films yesterday resulted in mass movement of technical men from other studios. G. Pal lost 6; Disney, 14; and Universal-International, 12. All special effects men. Call out to Central Casting for "fish-faced" men and women of all ages. Professor Ricard, of bathosphere fame, sought for technical advice on underwater sequences. Six oceanographers to be imported as technical advisers, and four marine artists hired as set-decorators. UCLA Swimming Team to be tested for roles. Plans now call for "Shadow" to be filmed for wide-screen. Promises now to be super-spec.

MEMO FROM SAM GLOTZMAN TO MILTON LISTER, SET DESIGNER, JANUARY 19, 1957:

Dear Milty: Build me a New England town, 25,000 population. Architecture early eighteenth to late nineteenth century. Then dirty it up. (See Platt attached). Run it up around Tank 93 on the back lot. Also put a reef on the La Brea edge of 93. Reef, doll, not "reefer." We hired Professor Smedly, UCLA, Tuesday. He can tell you what a reef looks like. See you in Bel Air, Sunday. Regards, Sammy.

AIR-MAIL. SPECIAL-DELIVERY LETTER FROM MRS. SOL GLOTZMAN, PALM SPRINGS, TO MR. SOL GLOTZMAN, ROMBLY HILLS, JANUARY 22, 1957:

Dear Sammy:

By the time we got back here we were afraid your Uncle Sol would have a stroke on account of that story you gave him to read. The doctor don't want he should talk about it no more, but before we got him into bed he was yelling his head off the story wasn't scarey and it ain't got no Sax.

Fishy-people, he said, was fishy, and the public ain't going to pay their good money to see a movie that ain't got no love interest, and for people that likes fishes they got aquariums with guppies cheap in ten cent stores. Henestly, Sammy, I'm worried; because even if Uncle Sol, like you say, ain't got no taste, the pictures he puts out make money--and he says this one he wouldn't touch at a fire sale.

I read the story myself, with all those funny names, and it only made me sick to my--well, sick. As your dear mother's sister, I'm telling you if you wasn't my nephew, I'd say you was a schneek to buy this property. The story I hadn't read yet when I persuaded your uncle to come back to Palm Springs. Your word I took, but I thought you was a brighter boy. Even Irving Thalberg couldn't make a silk purse out of--you should excuse the expression--such a sow's ear.

Your uncle screams at me it ain't got no heroine. To you I'm saying, confidential, it ain't got no hero, even. Who is caring if some crack-pot back east finds a town full of talking fish? Even if you got Brando for the part, it would still be a nothing. What did you pay for this so-called story? Money? Tell Reva to read it over and see what she is t thinking. Such a nice, sensible girl, I know she will be saying, like me, the story smells like the fish people was dead already.

The house-boy brought your uncle a kippered herring for breakfast this morning, and your uncle threw them both in the pool. For damages the house-boy is now asking, and Sol is so upset he isn't caring. Quick you should do something--I can't keep him here much longer.

Love,

Aunt Sarah

ARTICLE FROM "THE PROVIDENCE (R.I.) DAILY WORKER", JANUARY 24, 1957:

Word has just been received today by this paper that one of the eerie stories of our own H. P. Lovecraft has been purchased by a major studio, Cosmos Films. In a telephone interview with Mr. Sam Glotzman of Cosmos Pictures, Mr. Glotzman had this to say:

"We feel the time is ripe to bring to the screen, exactly as written by Mr. Lovecraft, perhaps the greatest of his masterpieces of weird fiction. His neglected genius is to be neglected no longer, and we believe the people of Providence will be proud of the integrity and fidelity with which Mr. Lovecraft's "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" will be brought to the Sceni-Vista-Remie screen by Cosmos Films.

"Every facility of this studio will be utilized to faithfully transpose this great masterpiece to the Technicolor screen. For this purpose our president, Mr. Sol Glotzman, has authorized us to secure the finest technicians available, and to spare no expense in obtaining the talented

services of some of the biggest stars in Hollywood. Mr. Glotzman, we are proud to say, is personally taking a keen interest in this picture....."



ITEM FROM "THE HOLLYWOOD INFORMER", JANUARY 27, 1957:

SOL SUPERVISING "SHADOW"

Ailing Sol Glotzman, President of Cosmos Productions, has returned from Palm Springs to take personal charge of "The Shadow Over Linnsmouth," the epic horror tale recently purchased for his studio by Mr. Sam Glotzman. Cosmos has hired Ray Breadbury, noted fantasy writer, to do the screenplay of this famous fantastic novel.....

ITEM FROM LULA BELLE CARSONS' COLUMN, JANUARY 29, 1957:

At the Bulldippers Barbeque last night I was talking to the lovely Reva Glotzman, who tells me she and Sammy and their adorable kiddies are flying to Hawaii for a three months vacation. The trip is a present from Uncle Sol to Sammy for the fine ground-work he has done on "Shadows Over San Diego," the Loveburn story Sammy snapped up exclusively for Cosmos Productions. Lucky Sammy! Lucky Reva! Aloha! Hurry back soon.....

ITEM FROM "HOLLYWOOD TRADE-NEWS", FEBRUARY 21, 1957:

TITLE CHANGED ON LOVECRAFT FIX

CASTING COMPLETED

Cosmos Productions has announced the title of its underwater spectacle, "The Shadow Over Onsmouth" has been changed to "The Mermaid of Nonmouth." They have signed Hester Billions (former Olympic swimming champ), and Tex Parker (former "Tarzan") for starring roles. Supporting them will be Boris Carlott and Fey Painter. Mr. Carlott will play the mad scientist, who discovers the underwater City of Pearl, lair of the fish-men, in waters off the Jersey coast. Agnes de Fille is set to create underwater ballets to be danced to music composed by Dimitri Tomtemoffkin. In announcing these changes, Cosmos Productions released a statement from Mr. Sol Glotzman, in which he is quoted as saying: "The crying need in the world today is for Beauty. So many dreadful things happen every day, we have decided to stress the beauty inherent in Mr. Lovecraft's story, and de-emphasize its more sinister aspects."



EXCERPT FROM THE T-V SCRIPT OF "THE ED O'SULLIVAN"

SHOW", SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1957:

Mr. O'Sullivan

And now, ladies and gentlemen of the studio audience, and all you TV listeners, it gives me great pleasure to present to you a gorgeous gal, the lovely star of such pictures as "Mermaid of Monicura," "Mr. Peabuddy's Mermaid," and many, many, others--that sensational swimming and singing siren--MISS HESTER BILLIONS. And here she is..... (Applause.)

Miss Billions

Thank you, Ed! And thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen! It's just wonderful to be back here again..... (More applause as Miss Billions blows kisses into the camera.)

Mr. O'Sullivan

And what brings you to Our Town, my pretty?

Miss Billions

Why, to see you, of course, Ed, darling! And, of course, I want to do some shopping, and see some good plays, and.....

Mr. O'Sullivan

(Chuckling.) AND??

Miss Billions

Oh, you're just terrible..... Well, I mean, I did want to put in just an itay-bitsy plug for my newest picture, "The Mermaid of Monmouth," a COSMOS Picture, produced by Mr. Sel Glotzman.....

Mr. O'Sullivan

What was that title again?

Miss Billions

"THE MERMAID OF MONMOUTH," Ed. And it's just wonderful. Honestly, Mr. Glotzman just went all out to make it super-duper. You know, naturally, it was made for the giant Seeni-Vista-Ramic screen in Technicolor, with a cast of literally thousands--including, of course, my co-star, that handsome hunk of man, Mr. Tex Parker.

Mr. O'Sullivan

Well, Hester, with your beauty and Tex's brawn, I know everybody can't wait to see it, but can you tell us a little bit of what it's all about?

Miss Billions

Of course, Ed, But I don't want to say too mush--you'll just have to see it to believe it. Everybody knows it's based on the great classic by Mr. R. G. Loversaft, marvellously adapted to the screen by Mr. Ray Breadberry, with additional dialogue by Anita Loose and John Colliar.....

Mr. O'Sullivan

Mr. Breadberry did that stupendous screen-play about a whale for another studio, didn't he, Hester?

Miss Billions

Oh yes, Ed, he did, But, I mean--whales aren't in it compared to the things we have in "The Mermaid of Hommouth." We've got schools of whales, of course, but we've also got squids, the cutest baby octopusseses--I never can say that word right--and sea horses. I really shouldn't tell you this, because it's a secret, but, by special arrangements with his studio, we even have the "Creature From The Black Bay" making a guest appearance. Isn't that marvellous?

Mr. O'Sullivan

That certainly is an added attraction...but what is the story about?

Miss Billions

Well, they've followed the book pretty close. It all begins a long time ago when I'm a little girl visiting in Atlantic City with my mother (Pey Painter) and my father (Boris Carlett). And, one day, while I am playing on the beach, I am kidnapped by the fish-men.

My mother thinks that I've been drowned, and dies of grief. But my father, who is a brilliant scientist--that's Mr. Carlett, you know--knows the fish-people have got me and tells everybody so, but they think he's crazy. I forgot to tell you when the fish-men steal me they do something to my lungs so I can breathe under water like they do, and they take me with them to their under-water "City of Pearls," which is under water just outside of Oceanport, New Jersey.....

Mr. O'Sullivan

That should exsiting, but, tell me, Hester, was the movie actually filmed off the Jersey coast?

Miss Billions

Oh, no, Ed! We couldn't get the right lighting, so most of the underwater scenes were made at Glass Lake, Florida--where they were just wonderful to us--but, as I was saying, the years go by and I grow up as a princess in the underwater city. And one day, while I am sunning myself on the beach, this handsome lieutenant --played by Tex--comes down to Oceanport from Ft. Monmouth to go swimming. We see each other and fall in love, but after what the fish people have done to me, I can only live out of water for just a little while at a time, and naturally I can't tell the lieutenant--Tex, that is--who I really am or where I come from.

But Tex Meets Boris on the beach and tells him all about me, and Boris, of course, guesses who I am, and together they decide to rescue me from the fish-people--but if I tell any more I'll spoil it for you.....

Mr. O'Sullivan

Well, now, we certainly wouldn't want you to do that. It sounds real thrilling, and I'm sure none of these good people are going to want to miss it. When can we see it, and where?.....

Miss Billions

You, darling, are going to see it as my special guest when it opens Wednesday night at the "Proxy." The West Coast premier was held last week at Grauman's "Oriental" and it was sensational. Everyone left the theater just raving about the "Love Dance" ballet Miss de Fille created for me and the "Aqua-Beauts."

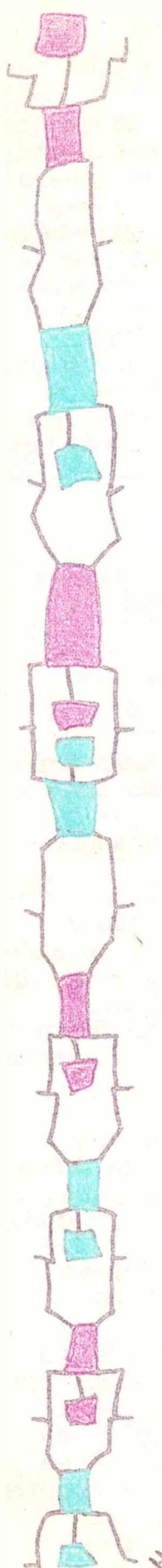
We dance it in the Temple of Ry'leah--you say it just like 'really'--and I know I shouldn't say this, but our dance is just a tenny bit naughty. Still, the Johnson Office passed our costumes, and the dancing is artistic --but "Ry'leah".....

Mr. O'Sullivan

Wild horses--not even sea-horses--could keep us away! Goodby for now--see you Wednesday when "Mermaid of Monmouth" opens at the "Proxy." Thank you, Hester, for dropping in on us. And now, ladies and gentlemen, let's HEAR it! A great big hand for Miss Billions.....

(Amid loud applause Miss Billions exits blowing kisses to the audience and the TV camera, while the orchestra plays "My Devotion is as Deep as the Ocean"--the hit tune from the picture.)

THE END



DIS CUM BIBBLE

ROBERT COULSON

Jerry said something about this issue of SIGBO being devoted largely to sci movies. Unfortunately, I can't get into the swing of things-- very few books have been made into movies recently, and of those few, the only one I recall reading is The 27th Day, which I reviewed last issue. Frankly, if I see the movie first, I don't want to read the book. ((Can't take both, ah?--JD)) I did intend to read Forbidden Planet, but the first two sentences of the blurb killed that idea. "Altair 4 was in sight! They had traveled billions of light years through dark, treacherous space..." As Gene De Weese remarked, "What were they doing? Running around in circles?" A random sampling of lines like "Trouble, as it so often is, was a woman." didn't help my resolve any, either. So I'll simply have to review those few books that I have read-- not many, since the effort of moving to a new address pretty well cancels such activities as reading and fanac.

OFF ON A COMET by Jules Verne (Ace Novels, 35¢)
This thing, originally titled Hector Servados, or: Off On A Comet, and written (it says in the blurb) in 1877, is a perfect example of what's Wrong With The Good Old Days, or Why Sam Moskowitz Is A Ninecompop. The blurb states that the last previous American edition of this atrocity was published in 1905; after skimming through the thing, I can see why. Briefly, a wandering comet yanks off a section of the Earth from the Mediterranean area (including Gibraltar, and likewise our hero and various bit players.) The area is mostly water, and our hero and friends go blithely sailing around on their "new aster-oid"

oid" while the comet carries it out from the sun. About the time they reach the orbit of Jupiter they begin to worry about freezing to death, but fortunately the comet swings back again, and when it again reaches the orbit of Earth the castaways build a balloon and drift back home, while the comet neatly deposits Gibraltar and the rest of the asteroid back where it was and wanders off again. And, back on Earth, they find that nobody ever heard of such a comet, and that the catastrophe never happened at all. Verne is quite deliberately hazy about this part-- the entire business of the comet is so much nonsense and he undoubtedly knew it, but he needed something to enable a human observer to get off Earth, and this was apparently the best idea that presented itself. Verne's major interest in the story was the presentation of facts and theories about the Solar System (the facts and theories of 1877, remember) and in poking a little fun at Englishmen. His comments on the British garrison of Gibraltar still make mildly humorous reading, but they are hardly enough to warrant removing Off On A Comet from its 50 years of well-deserved oblivion.

SF: The Year's Greatest Science Fiction and Fantasy, Vol. 2, edited by Judith Merrill (Dell, 35¢) Here is a book that is well worth the money -- in fact, some collectors and connoisseurs will probably want the Gnome Press hardcover edition. Any anthology labelling itself "Best" is going to come in for criticism, but this one stands up remarkably well. If Groff Conklin is the most prolific stf anthology editor, Judith Merrill is far and away the most competent. Sixteen stories, one semi-fictional commentary on stf movies, and one of Randall Garrett's parodies in verse, an editorial, and a list of "honorable mention" stories take up the book's 320 pages. The 18 items come from 13 magazines, including such unlikely items as HARPER'S. (Incidentally, this anthology comes close to providing proof for one of Bob Bloch's jokes-- "I'm referring to the #1 science fiction magazine: PLAYBOY." In the total number of stories published in the book itself and mentioned in the honorable mention list, PLAYBOY ranks 7th: on a ratio of stories published to stories selected, it would undoubtedly be first-- considering that the mags having more stories selected all publish several times as much stf as PLAYBOY does.) My own favorites from the book are Robert Nathan's "Digging the Weans" (from Harper's), and Roger Thorne's "Take A Deep Breath" (from Tiger). However, I won't argue with someone who has other favorites, because these stories are all good.

THE MARTIAN WAY by Isaac Asimov (Signet, 35¢) Two novelets-- "The Martian Way" and "Sucker Bait"-- and two short stories, "Youth" and "The Deep," which have nothing in common except that they were written by Asimov. If nothing else, the collection proves that Isaac is versatile. Personally, I'm not overly fond of Asimov the writer, so I'm not too hot a judge of this book-- I'd say that if you like Asimov (and most fans do) these are good samples of his work.

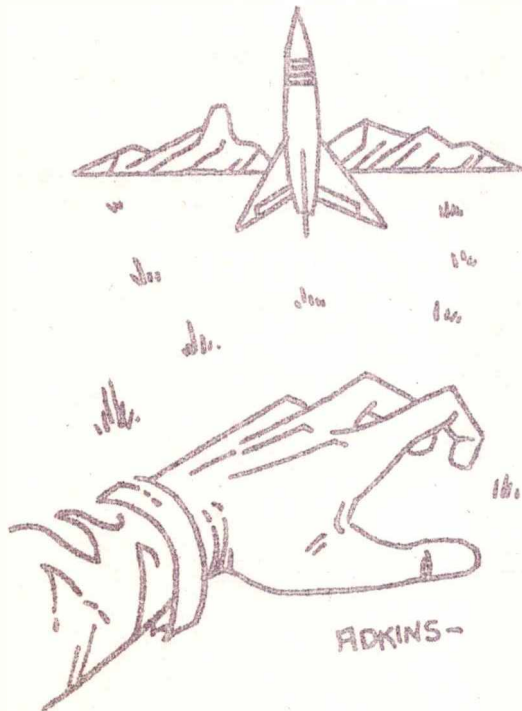
MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH by Robert Silverberg and THE SECRET VISITORS by James White (Ace Novels, 35¢) The Silverberg item is a fairly rare -- and quite pleasant-- twist. A story of the future which doesn't imply that the culture of 1957 USA is the best of all possible types and that all the problems of haywire future societies will be solved if they just return to the good old days. Silverberg sets up a problem -- overpopulation-- and sets his story against a background of the temporary solution to it, which is population control. And-- thank

God!-- he avoids the hackneyed plot wherein the Heroic Underground overthrows the Evil Tyrannical Population Control Bureau, revives 1957-style democracy and everybody lives happily ever after. Three cheers for Silverberg!

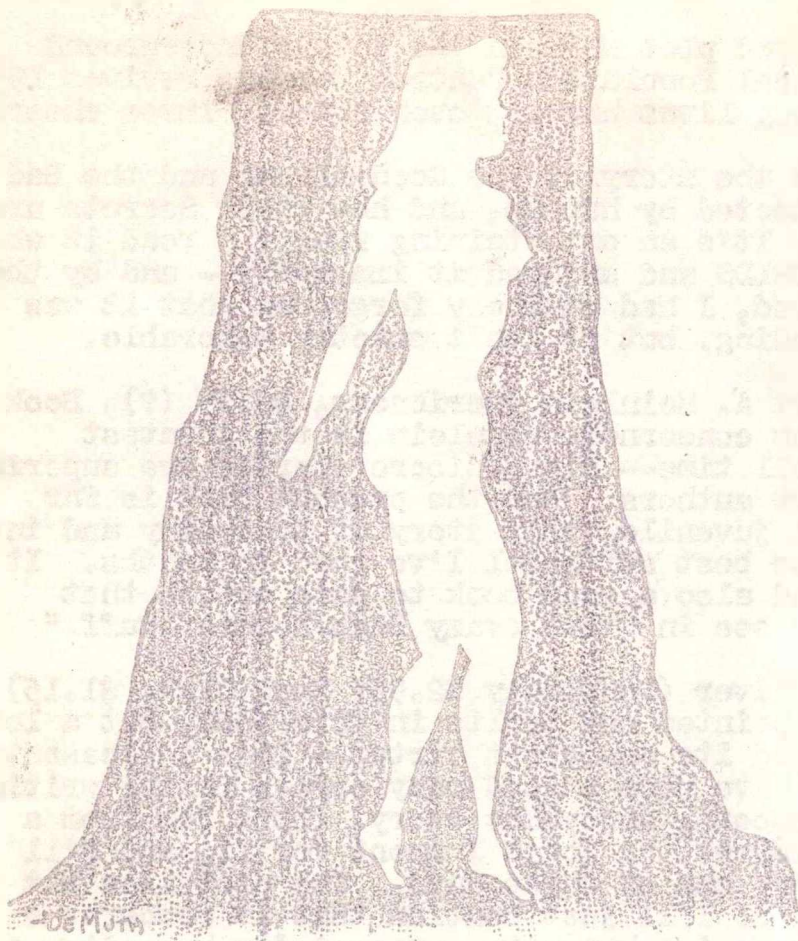
The Secret Visitors is the story of the Good Aliens and the Bad Aliens, both on Earth undetected by humans, and how their Secrets are Ferretted Out by Our Hero. It's an entertaining story; I read it when it was serialized in NEW WORLDS and enjoyed it immensely-- and by the time the Ace version appeared, I had entirely forgotten what it was about. It's well worth reading, but it isn't exactly memorable.

TIME FOR THE STARS by Robert A. Heinlein (Scribners, \$2.75 (?), Book Club, \$1.15) As far as I am concerned, Heinlein is the greatest science fiction author of all time-- his mediocre stories are superior to the best efforts of other authors. And the present book is far from mediocre. Nominally a juvenile, this story of telepathy and inter-planetary exploration is the best sci novel I've read in months. It's a "must" for every fan-- and also a good book to pass out to that friend who wonders what you see in "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff."

THE WINDS OF TIME by Chad Oliver (Doubleday \$2.95; Book Club, \$1.15) A good many reviewers have pointed out faults in this book, but a lot of them seemed to have missed its one great virtue-- it's a pleasant novel to read. Oliver may have made a good many errors in the writing, but the result is still a smooth, enjoyable story. It's far from a great novel-- but I don't regret the dough I spent for it, and I'll probably be reading it again, one of these days. The plot is a bit too complicated to outline, so I'll just mention that it concerns a wrecked alien spaceship, Stone Age humanity, present-day humanity, a modern doctor, suspended animation serum, and a few other odds and ends.



SOMETIME, NEVER (Ballantine, 35¢) A collection of three novelets. My favorite of the group is William Golding's "Envoy Extraordinary," a tale of the possible results had a few modern inventions been presented to Imperial Rome. Actually, the story is slight, but vastly amusing. "Consider Her Ways," by John Wyndham, details a future matriarchal society based on that of the ants. Interesting, but I could never really bring myself to care much whether the heroine got out of her difficulties or not. "Boy in Darkness," by Mervyn Peake, is the weird fantasy that the critics rave over-- personally, I consider it abysmally dull. Nothing in it makes much sense; the characters are inane, the action muddled. Quite possibly it is all very symbolical and fine writing, but as far as I can tell it's consciously "arty" without being truly artistic. This book is one of Ballantine's poorer selections.///



Generally, the Saturday night teeves movie on Channel 19 isn't worth watching, but every so often I turn on the set to at least see what it's going to be. Once in a while it's worth it. Like t'other night, for instance. After the beer commercial was over, here comes the standard opening cut on the screen, with the announcer telling us tonight's feature.

"Lost Women," he says.

Well, I say, this might be interesting.

Cut to opening scene, to opening scene, a man standing in darkness. Suddenly, two claws come up in approved Creature style and encircle his neck, but strangely enough, guy doesn't react.

Held on there...what's this? Ahah, a vamp-type female on the other end of

those claws. Interesting. Especially when the poor guy drops dead after she kisses him.

Then, a cut to a face shot of the vamp, an "Inner Sanctum" type voice asking: "Have you ever been kissed...by a girl like this?"

"No," I subvocalize, "but it looks like it might be fun."

On the other hand, probably not.

The title block comes on, and it seems that the real name is "Mesa of Lost Women." The name sounds familiar, but don't ask why. Don't ask me who starred, or produced, or polished the camera lens. I don't know. Teeves reception here leaves a lot to be desired.

After all the screen credits are finished, the film opens with a shot of some Mexican desert. "The Muerto Desert," the same voice tells us, "which means 'dead'."

I already knew that, idiot.

ANNOTATIONS
OF A FAN
ON
THE MESA OF LOST WOMEN

by
john
champion

There was also a Zapa Mesa or something sounding like that; however, my Spanish dictionary lists no words especially close in sound. There's a word sapo, which means toad, or also, freely translated, slob, but that's probably not the same word.

In a somewhat mocking tone, the Voice tells us that we are poor little humans, and insects have us all beat to hell, and so forth. After about five more minutes of this, we get into the plot.

Two guys out in the desert prospecting for oil pick up this lost couple and take them back to civilization, supposedly to get fixed up or something.

The man tells us his tale and it's a rippin' good one, of course. Giant spiders, evil monsters, mad scientists, and all the like can be found on top of the mesa, and all the oil company owner need do is take a load of his product up to the top and burn the place out. How he's supposed to get several tons of oil to the top of a sheer-sided mountain we aren't told, but since he refuses there's no need to worry about such minor points.

Cut into a standard flashback: A famous scientist comes to visit some colleague of his who lives inside the mesa. The mesa is like the plot--hollow. His colleague, a typical scientifico loco, has been fooling around with glands. He's put a human pituitary into a tarantula, thus creating inhuman (pardon me, human) monsters. Also he's implanted spider glands into humans, with the expected results. If, like me you weren't aware before this that tarantulas have pituitary glands, don't let it worry you.

As they said to Donovan's brain: "You should have stopped when you were a head."---Lewis Grant, Jr.

Since male insects are usually rather puny, all the males-with-spider-hormones have come out dwarfs. But the females--ah, here's the rub. That's where the vamps come in. Human girls with spider brains. Why can't producers put out a stfilm in which the mad scientist puts Spanish fly glands into exotic women?/

I nod knowingly to myself at this, having met several of the type around town. Unfortunately, I don't go for the spider type, or getting dates would be no trouble.

When the proprietor of this arachnoidal equivalent of a cathouse tells the visitor about his prime creation--a giant female spider (real spider) which "...will rule the world...under my supervision, of course..." Said visitor gets mad and righteous and begins preaching about sins against the Creator (I imagine Bloch would agree that the whole story might be called a sort of sin) and like comments. In other words, he has a big mouth and sticks both feet squarely in it.

Since this sermon doesn't go over so well with the bad, mad scientist; he has one of the vamps bite the visitor or something. He falls down and ends the scene.

A newspaper headline tells us how Masterson, the victim, has been

found wandering insane in the desert, and we open with a shot of the local sanitarium. The only trouble is that the guy's just escaped. We pick him up, though, in a local booze joint where he sits down at a table with a Mexican and his blonde American fiancée. Said girl, by the way, is the same one found wandering at the first of the film.

Another black-haired vamp comes out and does some sort of Mexican sex dance or something, and our recent guest of the South of the Border Home for Deranged Biologists gets het up about such an evil thing. So just about the time his keeper rushes in, the Avenger pulls out his little .45 and shoots her. This sort of thwarts the keeper's plans, having the popgun pointed at him, so he decides the time is no longer ripe to bring out the net and white suit.

The doc gestures at the blonde, the Mexican, and the keeper that they should come along with him like nice people-- afore he blows their goddam heads off. So they go. Since the Mexican and spouse-to-be are in a hurry to catch a plane somewhere, they all go to the airport.

But the pilot tells the Mexican the plane isn't quite ready yet, and it'll be a day or two. Trouble is, Masterson wants to fly. All his life he's wanted to fly, and by Ghu, here's his chance. (I presume he was no relation to Bat Masterson. . . a different manster film.)

So after the whole farshimmelt bunch hop into the plane, it takes off. . . and, of course, soon crashes on top of Tarantule Towers. While they're sitting around a fire in the middle of the night, the keeper decides to go have a look around. Something that remarkably resembles the leg of a giant tarantula is soon seen to pass in front of the camera in the general direction of the keeper. . . and then, of course, we hear the usual choked-off scream.

The group goes to look for him, is unsuccessful in finding anything but his body, and comes back to the campfire. Soon the blonde discovers she's lost a valuable heirloom comb given her by the Mexican, and so the husband-to-be has his Chinese valet go look for it. And the good mad scientist (Masterson), in a fit of benevolence, gives the valet his gun.

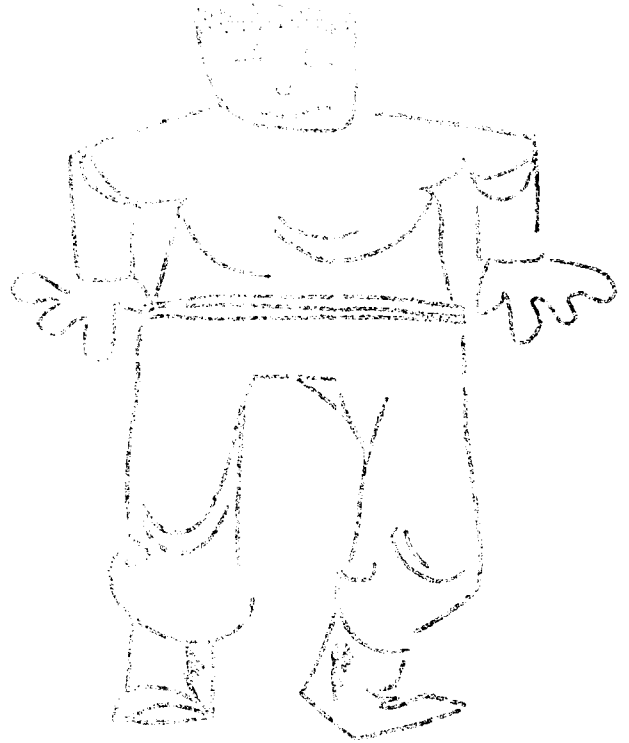
The Chinese, who has been acting rather suspicious before now, runs into the brush, and crawls through passages down into the lab. He tells the bad mad scientist there are visitors up in the penthouse, and about this time I left for a few minutes.

When I came back, a bunch of people were standing around inside the lab; the blonde half-nelsoning one of the vamps, and the pilot with some type of grip on the evil insane doctor. (Just for variety.) Apparently the good crackpot has come to his senses, for he's now acting rather like any ordinary human. He picks up a bottle of some fuming liquid, tells the pilot and girl they should bug out of the joint, and throws the acid-or-whatever directly at the camera lens. Large clouds of smoke and flame envelop the scene, and we come back to the hospital.

(concluded on page 39)

The Incredible Head-Shrinking Man

By Robert Block



From time to time I have taken poison-pen in hand and scrawled a few venomous comments upon the activities of those who make our science fiction movies. I have suggested that these merchants of paper-machemenuce, these apostles of mad science, these manufacturers of monstrosities, have done a disservice to the science fiction field by packaging their nonsense under the sf label.

It is only fair, however, to consider their side of the matter. I do not refer to the common argument that their efforts are justified because they are in business to make money-- the same rationalization applies to narcotics peddlers and the purveyors of eight-page cartoon booklets.

No, the producers of science fiction films have another, and much more potent defense for their products.

They are practical psychologists; they are the incredible head-shrinking men referred to in the title of this memorandum. They are the people who provide harmless outlets for paranoids; who gratify the wish-fulfillments of all those who feel a need to rebel against Authority.

It is easy to see that those of us whose consciences that we are living in "A World I Never Made" can take a certain degree of satisfaction in seeing a pictorial fantasy depicting the invasion, disruption, or even partial destruction of such a world. Hence the popularity of the so-called science fiction movies in which the cities are razed and the earth is menaced. It is equally easy to understand why less aggressive fantasies involving mere escape from intolerable conditions are gratified by movies of flight to other planets. Thematically, such movies supply a need.

Less immediately obvious, but still discernible, are the Authority-defying elements which form the basis of many of the standard science fiction movie plots.

We live in a world dominated by Authority; blue-coated, khaki-clad, white-robed, and armed with title and degree. Hence

it is no accident (and a cause for inward gloating rather than concern on the part of audiences) when the standard science fiction plot show us a picture of the Dumb Sheriff, the Stupid Cop, the Baffled Big Brass, the Smugly Ignorant Doctor, and the Half-Witted Professor.

In an era where every medium (including the motion picture screen, in the majority of "standard" pictures) steadily glorifies the Law, the Military, the Medical Profession and the Scientist, the science fiction film offers almost the sole outlet for rebellion-fantasies. Here is the policeman who is too brainless to believe the story about the Purple Cows from Mars, even when this smart little freckle-faced kid brings him proof in the form of a Purple Cowpatch. Here is a high-ranking army officer who can't stop the Armless Women of Venus from their ravagings, no matter how loudly he bawls commands. Here is a doctor who can't cure the mysterious disease which trails in the wake of the invaders from the fabulous planet of Gonerhea. And here is the scientist, helpless to combat the Giant Intestinal Worms.

All genuine spacemen greet each other with the salutation: "Space-sickness." Long time nausea.
----- Lewis Grant Jr. -----

There is a large audience which takes pleasure in such spectacles, and let us not forget it. The success of the sf movie-makers lies in the very fact that they haven't.

Not only do many of these pictures portray Authorities as incompetent or even idiotic; often they gratify the public with a presentation of the Authority as Evil. In every film where the monsters "take over" human beings, it's axiomatic that they either usurp the bodies of law-enforcement officers or enlist their active aid as allies. Hence the science fiction film again successfully violates one of the standard taboos and offers us a steady succession of Wicked Police Chiefs, Mad Doctors, and Cracked Egg-heads. Much to the delight of every child and every childish adult. How frequently, in these same films, do we encounter the undisguised situation where Parents become the corrupted agents of the "aliens" and the Innocent Kiddies are menaced? Here is one of the most common fantasies of rebellion offered nakedly and openly as entertainment.

Fantasies involving dislocation of bodies, changes in size and relationship, etc., are often encountered by the psychiatrist. He can now, thanks to science fiction movies, encounter them on the wide screen in such offerings as THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, where inferiority-feelings, the hatred of spiders and cats, the unconscious masculine protest of the small boy against the Gigantic Mother are effectively presented to evoke full response. It is possible for any psychotherapist to have himself a large ball by merely winnowing the symbolism which runs rampant through this and many similar films.

Whether such dramatized fantasies of protest effectively drain off the aggressive feelings of the afflicted or merely intensify their tensions is not for the laymen to say. Let the Dr. Werthams of this world make a big buck by presenting their opinions in the women's magazines.

But the next time you visit your neighboring cinema to witness a new science fiction epic, take note of the company releasing it; then wonder to yourself whether or not the producer's name should rightfully be replaced by the legend, PARANOID PICTURES PRESENTS. ///

TUCKER AND SCIENCE FICTION

BY alan dodd

For a start, the above heading is something of a sneaky title since the Tucker in question is neither of the split personalities Bob or Wilson Tucker but is that bland giant exponent of the Hollywood western, Forest Tucker. The reader will doubtless recall many times in the past Tucker uttering such memorable lines of dialogue as "You take the rifle Ray--- I'll stay behind and keep those Red Devils off; it's too late for me--- I'm (ulp)--- finished." Or maybe you never followed Bugles in the Afternoon and such earlier films of Tucker's.

Thus in the past has Tucker earned his living as an actor among other things such as television films and quite a regular income too since the western of that ilk mentioned has always been one of the most popular of all types of motion pictures with the public. But now with science fiction becoming its immediate competitor as indeed it did in the magazine world against the western mag, it seemed like time for old dogs to learn new tricks.

Having in the region of three new science fiction scripts available in England, Tucker uprooted himself to bring his own brand of distinction to three new films produced by the authors of The Curse of Frankenstein and The Quatermass Experiment.

The latter science fiction film it would do well to mention has something of a strange title history. Although it's original title was indeed The Quatermass Experiment, in the US it was called The Creeping Menace, in Sweden Experiment Q, and in France Le Monstre. Which only goes to show that a science fiction film by any other name doesn't always sound as good so it is possible that the titles of some of the three below mentioned films may be changed from country to country.

All three of Tucker's science fiction films have one thing in common. Their origins lie in British television. The first two, The Secret World of Planet X and The Trollenberg Terror, are adapted from six-part television serials appearing on the commercial station while the third story, and first released, entitled The Abominable Snowman, has its origins in Nigel Kneale's hour and a half BBC play The Creature, which story we shall take first.

The Abominable Snowman presents a legend as old as time itself. The legend of the yeti or creature that lives in the Himalayas and periodically leaves distinct footprints in inaccessible places at great heights. Tibetan Lamas and monks frequently are claimed to know more than they tell of the legendary Snowman but little information seems to have ever leaked through to our civilization that is not based on more rumor than actual fact.

The film centers around a conflict between a British scientist Peter Cushing who was Baron Frankenstein in The Curse of Frankenstein

and an American expeditionist played by Tucker. The latter wants to bring a yeti back alive a la Frank Buck to make a show of it and make his fortune by exhibiting it in sideshows and television much in the same manner as the detractors of King Kong and Mighty Joe Young. The former is convinced the Snowman is the super being designed to take over the world when our civilisation has ended itself in the last nuclear war.

These then are the two combatants who fight in an eery snow wilderness-- unfortunately so obviously composed of plastic rocks and artificial snow blown wind machines revving up. This is their hunting ground, each to his own reason while their adversary The Abominable Snowman, their inevitable prize, looks on with perhaps an intelligence they can only begin to guess at.

He waits-- but what they fail to realize is that there is more than one Snowman and he stands nearly fifteen feet high with vast prehensile paws that twist rifle barrels into loop knots. And when they kill one of his kind ("A dead Snowman is no good-- I wanna live one to bring back so that people will look at me!") and set a tungsten steel net trap for him-- then it is time for the Abominable Snowman to close in. . .

The Secret World of Planet X takes us from the phoney mountain rocks to the phoney mad scientists laboratory-- a familiar scene which is loaded with electrical equipment doubtless left over from The Curse of Frankenstein. Here is the elder doctor with ambition and the younger assistant who is our hero. The machine they are currently experimenting with has a cabin which transmits creatures back into a parallel time world of our own planet before civilization began.

Creatures go and return but when they do come back they rapidly mutate into obscenities which chase and devour dogs and must be destroyed though the exact method of destroying a mutated jelly is never quite made clear. And at the same time outside of the laboratory, isolated incidents happen evrytime the machine is switched on.

An old lady is strangled by her pet creeping plant. An organ grinder is ripped apart by his pet monkey in much the method of the gorilla in Phantom of the Rue Morgue. And when the parrot in a pet shop suddenly turns on its master in a strange new form. . .

It is not enough that animals go back-- a human being must go because he can return and report what he has seen and he must return within three minutes or he can never return at all. A volunteer is found who will die of blood calcification anyway in a few months so for a sum of money paid to his family he agrees to go-- until he sees photos of the creatures who went and returned. He refuses to go-- but mad doc is too far ahead to turn back now for such trivialities. A little drugging and he is shoved into the cabin and when he returns-- the creature he evolves into becomes a malignant brain, a giant from a world of blood-sucking brains who need earth and the machine as a doorway to get the food they need.

But while the brain keeps the hapless doctor under its power in the manner of Siodmak's Donovan's Brain, he realizes only too late the fate he has betrayed his own planet to.

Even as he obeys blindly the commands of the creature Army Sappers are already burroughing under his laboratory and behind them come-- the explosives.

In his third science fiction film, Tucker is again back in the icebound wastes of the mountains and here the phoney snow isn't so obvious since a larger part of the action takes place inside a hotel. A hotel at the foot of the Trollenberg Mountain. Here he finds people have been disappearing-- not one or two-- but around sixty within two months.

And not only humans but goats, sheep, dogs, etc. Somewhere, somewhere up on the mist enshrouded Trollenberg mountain lies the souvenir hunting creature of the title-- The Trollenberg Terror.

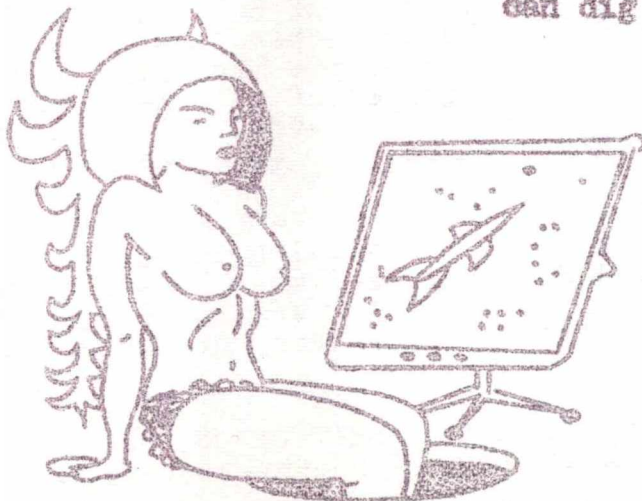
The action takes place chiefly in the hotel at the foot of the Trollenberg and in an observatory part way up. People continue to disappear as observers travel up to isolated huts and are found mutilated next morning. Tucker picks up a vacuum flask, hefts the two broken halves, and remarks sagely "This was torn apart-- by a creature who didn't know it could be opened!"

And when the Trollenberg Terror does make its attack, it does so from the strange mist that hides it at the top of the mountain and does so in the plural to the sounds of a deadly musical atmosphere and the hooting like a thousand fog sirens.

Of the three films, it is perhaps Nigel Neale's Abominable Snowman that emerges best-- though in all three cases the monsters are hinted at with strange noises rather than by actual viewing and one is driven off with a bottle of fluid used for stuffing animals-- "Well, try to remember which of the bottles it was!"

Tucker bestrides all three films with much the same manner he used in all of his previous stories regardless of context. Aliens and bug-eyed monsters are treated to the same genial contempt as befitting a man who once fought with General Custer.

There may be no bows and arrows around this time but Tucker is more than a match for anything the creators of science fiction can dig up for him--any time.



LITTERS

OF

LETTERS

LARRY S. BOURNE, 2438 1/2 Portland Street, Eugene, Oregon

. . . I don't usually comment on a fanzine the day I receive it, but Sigbo seems to be an exception. Despite the bad art I thought Sigbo was one of the best, (ie: most interesting to read) fanzines I've seen in quite a long time. It's very rarely that I receive anything that gives me food for thought, so therefore Sigbo rates very high in my estimation.

So I figger I can get away with criticising hell out of the thing after that. And the best place to start is with the cover. You have a good cover in that it appealed to me. Artistically it is not too much but the effect it creates is rather nice in my estimation. The color effect was nice and the simplicity of the composition brings focus to where it should be. However, the damn title was too big and practically spoiled the whole thing.

Your editorial was midway between the three extremes; Horrible, Well Written, and Excellent. Yours of course was well written. Although I like Moczaw and value his work pretty highly, I must admit that you have a moot point in raking his butt over the coals. . . I must also add something here anent my own exposure to college life. Being an independent to a very high degree I absolutely refuse to join any organization, except of course for the fictitious ones of my own making where I don't have to follow any rules anyway which makes it nice, but still I have not kept up with my fanac as I should and don't especially miss it either. If I want to quit, or do less, that is all well and good. I'm not one to extoll fandom for fandom's sake, or to think that publishing a magazine and answering all my letters is an obligation. And I haven't. Brillig comes out just as often as Sigbo does, and as of this issue will cost the same. I feel that this is all I should allow myself because there are other things to do besides fanac. In fact, I have become much less of a fan and more of just a plain publisher because of college. Fandom is certainly not so important that one should devote all one's time to it. There are other things in life too, that are just as valid if not more so.

American Science Fiction is a very good "Think Piece." I am amazed that things like this are being done.

Annotations Of A Fan surprised me. I had no idea that Joe Harris could write so well. This is very intelligent stuff, and I must add that yours is the same altho not making as much of a point as Harris did.

And now some comments from ARTHUR THOMSON, noted fanartist, who resides at, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S. W. 2, England

... Sigbo surprised me, both in its neatness of layout and general good looks. The spine backing is a thing that all fmz should copy. I like it, and in fact put my own tape on the splines of those zines I wish to file. How do you find the cost tho? I guess it must become a little expensive doing a whole issue.

Liked the cover illo, the colors and design went well with each other.

No quibble on the material, I enjoyed it all. Especially the BLOCH review. This came tops in the zines material, as any of Bloch's stuff does, anywhere. The review of Wouk's story is one of the best I've yet seen. Bob gives a critical analysis not only of the story but of the author, present day trends in slick publishing zines and the reading public. Indeed, Bloch is superb!

I enjoyed the letter section, and would like to see more pages devoted to this. I thought your comments on letters and issues involved quite interesting.

Thought too, that the artwork was well done, and a cut above the usual muzzy repro found in many fmz.

A/2G BILL CONNOR, AF15534626, 3320th USAF Hospital, Amarillo AFB, Amarillo, Texas

... I concur with much of what Joe Harris said on sensitivity, and your follow-up on stereotyped thinking. However, I don't think people have changed their way of thinking. I just think they are doing less and less of it! This country is showing signs of becoming one enormous audience of watchers who leave all the thinking and doing up to the "stars", "celebrities", and "personalities" of the medium of mass communication.

The amount of "doing" it takes to leave one's home screen and go "out" to enjoy "live" entertainment is often too much for a lot of people. This tends to make it rough on the more "small time" entertainment businesses such as the travelling circus, which has all but disappeared. People would rather watch the "Big Top" on TV and let the "sense of wonder" that the real circus generates in the young and the young at heart become only a fond memory. There is a tendency to consider the entertainment on coast-to-coast TV networks to be the "big time" and the thing to watch; while home town entertainers and entertainment may be looked upon as "hick stuff" or "local yokels." Entertainment, like the federal government, is becoming more and more centralized.

The TV viewer needn't expend many brain cells in deciding which product to buy -- not when there are "leading independent research organizations," "prominent New York doctors," and professional baseball players to analyze the market and tell us what is the "best." TV is the greatest broadcaster of propaganda known to man since the dawn of time (excluding, of course, the women). Through the eyes and ears of millions TV pours its flood of molasses to the brains of a few heads and to the sawdust of the many.

When you said "Whatever they (TV comedians and so forth) say their listeners will generalize and attribute to a large group of people," you said a "mouthfull!" This seems to just about describe how propaganda works on the lazy mind. How often one will hear some lazy-minded person say "They" said that -- the "they" is supposed to represent a large group of people, but it actually may be what the "Great Man" with the earphones uttered on his

morning program! Con formity, prejudice, and ignorance turn the crankshaft as the propoganda mills grind out tons and tons of crud for the lazy minds to feed upon.

Maybe one of Kent Moomaw's failings is that he hastily writes down whatever may wander into his mind without giving much thought to it. And this could be due to the fact that in his mad drive to become a BNF, Kent has time only to write, but not to think.

(I wonder what unconscious effect the professionals who plug certain products have on the veiwers. Thus does the skinny, flat-chested girl smoke "Dunghills" because Marilyn Monroe the actress or Marilyn Monroe the shapely, big busted woman smokes them? The same type of anology could be made between male viewers who are poor at sports and their unconscious reaction to Joe DiMaggio's plugging Gillete razor blades.--JD)

BOB COULSON, 407 $\frac{1}{2}$ East 6th Street, North Manchester, Indiana
Kent Moomaw has a tendency to be overly critical; if a few victims of his comments bite back, it might do him some good.

In fact, he (Kent Moomaw) strikes me somewhat as being an individual who is afraid to express a liking for anything in fandom — before it has been judged by the "experts," that is — for fear that the BNF's will pan it and make him look silly. It's much easier to express approval than disapproval — it may earn you a few glares, but you'll get no sneers. And a lot of fans — and here I'm not speaking specifically of Moomaw — seem to be horribly afraid of doing something that will make them look silly. They don't seem to know that they look pretty silly the way it is.

Liked your comments on stereotyping, and also on the reliance on "the voice of authority." People aren't used to thinking for themselves anymore — quite possibly they never were, but I don't have firsthand information about previous periods. Fans, too, tend to wait to see what Raeburn, or Geis, or someone of equal stature says about something before giving their opinions. I went through that period myself, but managed to outgrow it several years ago.

Jesse Leaf had better read a few more fanzines before he discourses on what is and is not an editorial. An editorial, like anything else in a fanzine, is what the editor says it is. There are no hard and fast rules.

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, 2214 SantAntonio, Austin 5, Texas

I'm glad to see that you're going to make a few changes toward informality with Sigbo #5. This is something I argue for. After all, this is only a hobby. Unlax. Enjoy it as much as possible. Not that putting out a formal fanzine doesn't give probably the same editorial feeling of "I done it...and I'm glad!" But too much work put into a fanzine (which naturally results in too little egoboo for the effort wasted) makes fanzine publishing grow old very, very fast. Treated as a hobby and enjoyed, fanzine publishing can be fun and continuous...

Frankly, I enjoyed everything...as I always do. Mr. Hirsch's article was very informative and interesting. Hell, I'm just not in the mood tonight for making worthwhile comments, nor in the mood for arguing.

The Damnation of Klutz was really something to bounce against the funnybone. Time Will Tell by Guy Draughon was fairly good, though I could see little sense of the framework. In fact, the

frank was stupid. But I liked the story. Just comment that both the names (of the writers) sound as fictitious as the stories.

Best thing of the issue was Bob Coulson's column. I liked its informality. Bob has the knack of saying something liberal without giving the impression of stuffiness or overpowering condescensions.

As always, each issue is improving. Where will it end?

TED E. WHITE, 1014 North Tuckahoe Street, Falls Church Virginia

I was quite interested in your comments on stf and jazz, since I am something of a jazz fan and collector myself. But I don't think that your analogies are at all apt. About the only common points in the two fields are a broadmindedness, and international feeling. In other words, the results for the fan are similar.

Any pro writer can tell you that the easiest way to fold a zine is to run it for the fans. Fans are a small -- very small -- minority in the average readership of a magazine. And fans' tastes differ appreciably from those of more normal readers. Some prozines can slant so that they are acceptable to both; some can't. But no one tries to slant entirely to the fan.

There are infinitely more jazz fans today than there are stf fans. DOWN BEAT sells somewhere over 100,000 copies per issue, of which at least 75% are bought by jazz fans. Contrast this with the maybe 500 actual stf fans, and your analogy is revealed as worthless. Jazz fans constitute an actual and ready market for records today. If stfzines sold only to fans, they'd be out of business in short order.

On the other hand, your reasons for fans leaving Fandom are fairly good. You left out marriage and draft, two powerful gafia inducers. But why worry? New fans are coming in all the time, and those who drift away are usually never missed. I doubt if names like Stu Hook, Don Wagers, Pete Vorzimer, Raleigh Multog, and a dozen others would mean a thing to you. Yet, two or three years ago they were all pretty active.

(Just two corrections Ted. One: DOWN BEAT sells only slightly over 65,000 copies per issue, not 100,000. There's a big difference. Two: A check of the membership list for the world cone will show that there are more than "500 actual stf fans!" --JD)



I'm going to move to Alaska
and become a big Gnome fan.
Lewis Grant Jr.

JOE A. BLAKE, 9 Mt. Gayet
Street, North Brookfield,
Massachusetts

Good job on #1. The front cover was very good. Did you paint every single cover by hand? Ghu. You did a good job on it though. The back cover I liked even better except for one very minor item. Take a look at the swordsman's right hand.

Odd, what? Both prices of fiction were good. The fiction you print in Sigbo for the most part is better than most fan fiction and pretty darn near as good as pro fiction. At least I enjoy it more than I do the fiction in a number of pro mags. Got a kick out of the lines on page three.

I hope Robert Coulson's book review column is here to stay. It's quite good. The title threw me though. Walter Hirsch's article was quite good. Informative, too. Imagine reading 300 stories picked at random in six months. Don't know whether to envy him or pity him!

Both you and Joe Harris have good points in Annotations. Could it be that an age of Conformism is upon us? It's getting dangerous to be different. I doubt that it will get far tho, due to teenagers ((Ghu bless us!)), who are great non-conformists. At least as far as society in general is concerned. When you're with the crowd you can't be different, or you're square (or cubic now, I guess). Maybe different conformist groups will cancel each other out to a degree, maybe? (Incidentally, in case you may think I've gotten on the wrong track, I haven't. I just think that something like high sensitivity and conformism go hand in hand).

Sorry I can't agree with Kent Moomaw about his "go all the way or don't go at all" idea. I'm not in college and don't expect to go (maybe) but, hell, I've got other things I like to do or have to do besides fanac, and I don't go for the idea of cutting them out. So, all in all, I'm not as active in fandom as some of these other fellows (like Moomaw). I'm more interested in stf than in fanac. I guess I'm what they call a sercon fan.

As a matter of fact, I only receive three fanzines (not counting Inside ans Science-Fiction Times) and I don't write to them as often as I should. (Glad Sigbo is one of them--JD)

I note that you haven't read much stf lately. I can't say I blame you. After three years of reading stf crud, I have finally had my fill. I just got good ans sick of the crud published in today's prozines. I still buy all the stf pocketbooks I see on the stands, however, and read most of them as well as some of the older pulp magazines when I can afford to buy them. But today's crud--AAAACH!

As you no doubt gather, I enjoyed #4 and think it's the best ish yet. One gripe before I forget, How about a longer letter column?

JOE SANDERS, R. R. #1, Roschdale, Indiana

. . . Sigbo #4 is very nice looking. The water colors give a very interesting effect. It was worth the effort, if you ask me. (We'll have more if we can get illos that are easily adaptable to this method.--JD)

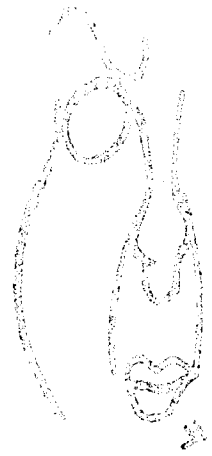
The illo for Vonover's story is good. It's the best in the issue as a matter of fact. However -- either Satan is double jointed or he has two right hands.

DeMuth's Drivel: I think you're getting too worked up, but I can't blame you. However, Moomaw is one of the people who show their intelligence better in conversation than in fanzines or letters. I like him better since talking with him.

DALE R. SMITH, 3001 Kyle Avenue, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota

. . . I would also like to make a comment or so concerning this business of fan activity. I have the impression

That many of the immature readers attack Fandem with their full vigor. They publish, write, sneer, and rant about on matters fanish almost to the total exclusion of other interests. They seem to believe that by doing so they will acquire a passport to the nebulous ranks of BNF'dom. Such a program must certainly tend to distort one's sense of values; it could hardly be expected to broaden it. Let's face it - there are some mighty important things in life outside the area of Fandem. A good Fan will be able to interest others in Science Fiction, and to do this he must have a broad sense of values in order to recognize the other's point of view. Well, I could go on I suppose but that is the essence of my thinking on fanatic fans.



JOHN CHAMPION, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

... He sex in movies; I wish to hell that Holly wood would make movies with more realistic attitudes. Even banning them to all under 14 would be all right, although I see no reason whatever why this should be done. The innocent ten-year-old brats are going to have to learn about Sex and it's a Hard, Hard Life sooner or later, and putting it off only makes the initial shock worse. It all reminds me of what some 19-year-old girl said in an article in PLAYBOY recently. The idea of a 19-year-old setting herself up as an authority on Sex amused me, but she brought out a good point that needs to be brought out again and again, until people start doing something. Namely, here in America we've tried to hide Sex (capitals on purpose) behind such a barrier all the time that a very large percentage of people have unhappy sex lives. No wonder! If you tell somebody that he won't have to worry about money (or else don't tell him about it at all and try to make him think it's dirty) he's going to have an unhappy financial life. I think I could take this Puritanism easier if it was a bit logical, but not even that; I mean, here we have ads and so forth all the time shouting sex at us, but when it comes out any different way, naughty, naughty! Apparently it's all right to talk about sex but not to participate. Heck, that's not even right. It's plenty all right to insinuate Sex, but to actually come right out in the open is horrible! That seems the situation to me in a nutshell. And it gripes me terribly.

(America is very Puritan when it comes to sex. When it is talked about in the open, it is often only with dirty connotations -- and not in mixed company -- despite the fact that sex involves members of both sexes. Books and such that treat sex seriously are banned while the ones which contain sex for the sole purpose of attracting readers and making a buck for the publisher and writer are permitted. In sex, only the naughty and the violent are given public exposure. Now I'm not saying that they shouldn't be given public exposure, at all. Far from it. Since they exist, people should be familiar with them. Negligence doesn't prevent their existence. But at the same time, people should be exposed to serious treatments of sex. And these serious treatments should cover everything. People, especially curious children, want to know about things that could be neglected -- such as abortion and birth control -- so they might as well find out about the right way.

(I said "people"-- which includes adults-- because it is surprising what many adults don't know about sex.) Not only is a lack of knowledge harmful. "Where sex is given a dirty connotation, sociologists everywhere say, guilt and dread are imposed on children." (The quote is from page 40 of a very excellent article "Sex in Sweden" in the September 3, 1957 issue of Look. This is an article that everyone should read to see how the problem is being handled in this controversial country-- and why it is being handled in such a way.) --JD)

The Hirsch article was most interesting to me. Some of the trends in stf are easy to point out, while others take more digging; but there is definite evidence of several different directions to stf, and that is greatly reflects the time of writing. . . I'd like to mention some of the trends I picked up from the graphs. In the occupations of heroes, for instance: the decline in scientists as heroes doesn't seem to have any definite reason ((what about less emphasis on science and the inclusion of other fields in its place?-- JD)), nor does the more-or-less level slope of the professionals. The sudden jump in pilots and crew about 1930 is no doubt due to more stories featuring space travel and an increased awareness of aeronautics, and the rise in the military heroes during WW II seems to indicate something obvious. As far as villains go, the sudden rise of scientists in depression years seems a little strange, but the dip in their numbers during WW II seems what I'd expect, also the recent sudden rise (due probably to anti-intellectualism and resentment for the H-bomb, ICBM, etc.). Criminals rose during WW II but this is hardly significant to me, however, the rise of businessmen during the depression and just before WW II is. I would have expected politicians to be more prominent as villains during the war but they weren't for some reason; the dip of their numbers during early depression years and the rise later on in the same period seems clear. As for solutions to problems: the gradual descent of technology from 1926 on is likely due to less "gadget" stories being written. Courage of the hero rising during the early depression has a possible tie-in, as in the period just before WW II, but the sudden drop during the war seems strange to me. The rise in solutions from aliens can easily be seen to concert with an increasing public attitude of "Let George do it;" those due to insight and genius of the hero rising during WW II might be the thing I should have seen instead of the hero's courage dropping during WW II. I imagine that courage would have played a very large part in solutions had there been much stf written during the Revolution or Civil War, even WW I. This turned out longer than I wanted it to, but what the hell. . .

I don't agree with all of what Kent ((Moomaw)) said; maybe it'd be better just to say what I think instead of commenting on your two opinions. I think that it's very likely true that extra-curricular activities are a lot harder to dodge in college than high school; and not only is it difficult to stay out of all, but doing this doesn't sound desirable to me. Neither does devoting all time to fanac. The solution (for me, anyway) would be to strike a balance between e-c stuff and fanac (not forgetting studying by the way); in other words, participate in both more or less equally, but only to the extent that you're not overloaded either way. I plan to go in for some of the e-c activities at Cal Tech, but I'm not giving up fanac either. A lot of it depends on the mood-- sometimes I don't want to do any fanac at all and would much rather go out and goof off with friends; other times I'm in the mood and enjoy fanac a lot. Nuff said.

Maybe he was right. Too right, in fact. Incidentally, what ever happened to the Steve Allen column in COSMOPOLITAN? And your explanation of the 'stereotype' business seems a damned good one to me. Much egoboc for thee, Jerry. I wish I wasn't this way so often myself; that is, "Gee whiz, since a guy like Hemingway (or whoever) wrote it, it sure must be good." Of course, there are some people who never turn out anything below average, such as Heinlein, but they're few and far between.

Coulson's reviews seem good to me. I agree entirely on The 27th Day. That was one of the worst books I've read in months. Ugh. They made it into a movie recently. . . it was a perfect Hollywood plot; I bet they didn't even have to change one word of the story.

Letters. You maybe said the same thing in your answer to Marty's (Marty Fleischman) letter; I'm not sure, but it sounds like it. Anyway, it seems perfectly fair (and logical too) to criticize an author if his characters don't act consistently to the situation and background of the story. James Blish's The Frozen Year seems a perfect example of this to me. (I hate to keep using this book as an example of bad writing, but that's how it is.) The characters in this book merely did whatever the author wanted them to, without paying seemingly any attention at all to what real people would have done in a similar situation. I hate puppet characters even worse than cardboard ones; at least you can enjoy reading about what the cardboard ones do without worrying about characterization.

I liked this: "We also want to mention and thank the following who wrote letters: . . . Greg Benford . . . and Claude Raye Hall, and Robert Heinlein." Mighod, you mean you got a letter from Heinlein and didn't print it? Or did he ask you not to print it, or did you honestly think that if somebody else had written the same thing you wouldn't have printed it? If the latter, I congratulate you, even though the egoboo of a letter from Heinlein, not matter what kind, would probably overshadow anything he might say. Ghads.

((The latter is right. I print only the letters which I think will be of interest to the readers because of their content-- not their writer. -- JD))

* * *

ANNOTATIONS OF A FAN

(concluded from page 26)

The blonde has finally come out of her delirium, and verifies the pilot's story, but unfortunately, the oilman still doesn't believe it.

"And neither should you," the Voice tells us. "After all, how ridiculous to talk about giant spiders and such. Everyone knows that's all hogwash. What nonsense!"

A pause for breath, cut of another vamp standing on the edge of the mesa looking hungrily out at her audience, and the usual line: "Or is it nonsense?"

I think so.

///

MISCELLANEA

by the editor

SIGBO ARTIST MAKES LIFE.

Wayne Becker who illustrated Neil Vanover's "Damnation of Klutz" in Sigbo #4 drew a cartoon especially for a Life article on football. The cartoon appeared in the November 11, 1957 issue.

NO FANTASY FOR GREEN MANSIONS FILM. Hollywood who seems to feel that it has a duty to "improve" the classics is deleting the fantasy from Green Mansions. According to Variety, Mel Ferrer who is writing the screen play says that it will be changed to an adventure story in the manner of King Solomon's Mines. MGM is filming the W. H. Hudson classic with Audrey Hepburn starring. Ferrer who is also directing the film also stated that the unusual love story will be kept intact. How they plan on doing this while deleting the fantasy, I don't know-- and I'll be damned if I'll go to the theatre to see it and find out.

THOSE HORROR FILMS FOR TV. Most of you probably know by now that Screen Gems has acquired Universal's complete pre-1948 catalog and that the first package of 52 films has already been released to television. Well now, here is a list of those 52 films complete with cast, running time, and date of original release.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>CAST</u>	<u>RUNNING TIME</u>
1942--	NIGHT MONSTER--	Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Leif Erickson, Irene Harvey	73
1944--	THE MUMMY'S GHOST--	Lon Chaney, John Carradine	61
1932--	FRANKENSTEIN--	Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, John Boles	71
1941--	THE WOLF MAN--	Claude Rains, Ralph Belamy, Bela Lugosi	70
1936--	INVISIBLE RAY--	Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi	80
1931--	DRACULA--	Bela Lugosi, David Manners	75
1933--	SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM--	Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas, Gloris Stuart, Edward Arnold	66
1946--	SHE WOLF OF LONDON--	June Lockhart, Don Porter	63
1943--	CALLING DR. DEATH--	Lon Chaney, Pat Morrison, J Carrol Nash	63
1939--	WITNESS VANISHES--	Edmond Lowe, Wendy Barrie	66
1946--	CAT CREEPS--	Lois Collier, Paul Kelly	58
1939--	SON OF FRANKENSTEIN--	Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill	80
1935--	THE RAVEN--	Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi	61
1944--	DEAD MAN'S EYES--	Lon Chaney, Jean Parker, Paul Kelly, T Gomez	64
1936--	DRACULA'S DAUGHTER--	Otto Kruger, Gloris Holden, Marguerite Churchill	70
1940--	ENEMY AGENT--	Robt Armstrong, Richard Cromwell, Helen Vinson	61
1932--	THE MUMMY--	Boris Karloff, David Manners	72
1942--	MUMMY'S TOMB--	Lon Chaney, Dick Foran, Turhan Bey	61
1941--	MAN MADE MONSTER--	Lon Chaney, Lionel Atwill	59
1938--	SPT RING--	William Hall, Jane Wyman	

1934--	SECRETS OF CHATEAU--	Jack Larue, Claire Dodd	65
1945--	FROZEN GHOST--	Lon Chaney, Evelyn Ankers	61
1943--	MAD GHOUL--	Turhan Bey, Evelyn Ankers, George Zucco	65
1935--	GREAT IMPERSONATION--	Edmond Lowe, Valerie Hobson	81
1945--	PILLOW OF DEATH--	Lon Chaney, Brenda Joyce	66
1935--	MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD--	Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson	87
1940--	MUMMY'S HAND--	Dick Foran, George Zucco	67
1946--	HOUSE OF HORRORS--	Rbt Lowery, Virginia Grey, Bill Goodwin	65
1939--	LAST WARNING--	Preston Foster, Francis Robinson	63
1933--	INVISIBLE MAN--	Claude Rains, Una O'Connor	71
1941--	SEALED LIPS--	William Gargan, John Litel	62
1943--	FRANKENSTEIN MEETS WOLFGANG--	Bela Lugosi, Ilona Massey Lionel Atwill, Patric Knowles	73
1937--	NIGHT KEY--	Boris Karloff, Warren Hull	67
1932--	MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE--	Bela Lugosi, Sidney Fox	62
1934--	BLACK CAT--	Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi	65
1941--	DANGEROUS GAME--	Richard Arlen, Andy Devine	60
1935--	CHINATOWN SQUAD--	Lyle Talbot, Valerie Hobson	
1939--	MYSTERY OF THE WHITE ROOM--	Bruce Cabot, Joan Woodbury	57
1944--	WEIRD WOMAN--	Lon Chaney, Anne Gwynne, Evelyn Ankers	64
1943--	SON OF DRACULA--	Lon Chaney, Robert Paige, Louise Albritton	80
1942--	MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET--	John Litel, Maria Montez, Patric Knowles,	60
1935--	WEREWOLF OF LONDON--	Henry Hull, Valerie Hobson	75
1942--	MAD DOCTOR OF MARKET STREET--	Lionel Atwill, Una Merkel	61
1946--	SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK--	Brenda Joyce, Kirby Grant, Gale Sondergaard,	59
1942--	NIGHTMARE--	Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy	81
1940--	INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS--	Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, John Sutton,	81
1942--	STRANGE CASE OF DR X--	Patric Knowles, Lionel Atwill, Anne Gwynne	66
1942--	DESTINATION UNKNOWN--	Irene Harvey, William Gargan, Turhan Bey	61
1941--	HORROR ISLAND--	Dick Foran, Leo Carillo	60
1946--	DANGER WOMAN--	Brenda Joyce, Don Porter, Pat Morrison	60
1937--	MAN WHO CRIED WOLF--	Lewis Stone, Barbara Reed	
1937--	REPORTED MISSING--	William Gargan, Jean Rogers	

THE DEATH OF FU-MANCHU. Those of you who have seen the Fu-Manchu series on TV will know what I mean. This TV series is just about the worst thing I have ever seen. But taking the fast-moving and colorful books into consideration, I feel that one bad feature is extra obvious. That is the lack of possible development in a half-hour show and the dire need of more hour shows. The settings and intricately interwoven fast-moving adventures are what made the books so distinctive and enjoyable-- and this is not possible in a half-hour show no matter how well it is handled. I only hope that the success of Playhouse 90 and some of the hour-long mysteries and westerns will get companies to film more hour shows-- and that a new Fu-Manchu series will be among them. Also perhaps a new s-f show will be among them. Those who can remember "Tales of Tomorrow" in its early days can remember a good hour show.

S-F MAGS FOR SALE. I still have some mags left. Astounding, April thru July '53 containing Hal Clement's Mission of Gravity, the four for 75¢. And Oct thru Dec '52 containing Asimov's Currents of Space, the three for 60¢. Also aSF, Jan & Oct '53 and Feb '52, 20¢ each. Madge: Jan, ~~and~~ Feb, Apr & May '53, Mar & Dec '52, Jan Jun Oct '55, 2 for 35¢. All of these are in excellent condition.

NOTING THE FANZINES

AMOK! #1, Don Powell, Box 7311, N.T.S.C., Denton, Texas, 15¢, 22 pp. Amok! is mainly devoted to fantasy as was Don's first fmz Bolide which combined with this fmz for the thirs ish. The material is the typical reviews of books and films except for a beautiful satire on H. P. Lovecraft probably by J. T. Crackel. This story is well worth the cost of the zine. Unfortunately Amok's layout is poor and there is a lack of illos. The zine's purple dittoing is very readable but Don has told me that starting with #2 Amok will be mimeed.

SPECTRE #1, Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn., 15¢, 46 pp. Here is truly a great first ish-- but then Meyers isn't a neofan as most first ish ed's are. Spectra is neatly and clearly dittoed in purple with an excellent additional use of color. The good layout is topped off with an even dozen illustartors including Adkins, Bourne, and Rotler. Berry, Parker, Benford, Terwilliger, and six others make the material excellent with way above average fiction.

DEMENTIA PRAECOX #1, Bill Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan, 6/¢1, 28 pp. DP is put out mainly as an attempt to get the '59 con to some out-of-the-way dead and filthy town known as-- damn I've forgotten the name-- oh yeah-- ah Deetoit or something like that. But most of the ish is taken up by a reprint of "Lensman on the Loose." Other features include a dozen MidwestCon photos, fanzide reviews, and some highly prejudiced propaganda about the '59 con.

STELLAR #13, Ted White, (QWERTYUIOPress), 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia, 15¢ or 2/25¢, 24 pp. This is the first ish without any fan-fiction but fortunately the articles are of as high a standard as the fiction was in past issues. This change in policy will enable White to get out Stellar more often-- and I won't object to that. Repro is tops and the layout is the most imaginative of any zine. Especially interesting is Randall Garrett telling how S-F Plus ground up a Philip Jose Farmer story. Here is a zine that newer editors should see esp for that outstanding layout-- in fact I'd better even look at it a little more closely myself.

ENIGMA #1, Jesse J. Leaf, 4510 Church Avenue, Brooklyn 3, 10¢, 16p ½size Hm-- Jesse has watercolored the figure on the cover in yellow-- following in Sigbo #4 's footsteps. Jesse is working under the handicap of not being able to do much as far as illos and layout go because of being half-size none the less he is trying-- just as he is sincerely trying to put out a good fmz. His editorial tho short shows many promises as far as interesting writing goes and the feature article a pro- (Jesse) and con- (Honey Wood) discussion on fan fiction which should bring in some interesting replies. How about someone lending this chap a hand.

MOTLEY #1, Mike Gates, c/o Lt. Col. J R Gates, Hdqtrs. NACOM, APO 757 New York, 15¢, 22 pp. And motley indeed it is. It's assmebled backwards and there aren't any jump lines, the material is from fair to good, the printing is from poor to good, and the illos...well-- yeah, let's just forget them. Jeeves, Benford, Berry, and Muscells are among the motley contributors. The cover tho is a damn cute drawing of a BEM and his pet gogging at another similar like animal-- ie the pet is going the gogging. The BEM is reading a mag-- presumably s-f or Motley.

GIRN #1, Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tenn., 16 pp. Six of the half-size pages are filled with illos by Bob done by what looks like linoleum blocks. Dodd's interesting dodderings fill two more pages while the editor's own ramblings fill up the rest of Girn. Bob makes some damn good points on some damn good subjects including Frankenstein, the technical in s-f, and various books and magazine articles. I wish Bob had expanded his ideas more. And I don't know what he plans on doing with Girn. No price is listed.

REFLECT BULLETIN #1, Peter F. Skeberdis, 606 Crapo (no comments) St., Flint 3, Mich., 8 pp., free to those interested. Editor Skeberdis rambles for a page and a half mainly on how his post office stupidly tells one to wrap packages. A letter from Dodd takes up an equivalent amount of space while the rest of the zine is filled up with brief bits. An interesting fmz which could develop into a nice letter-zine.

BRILLIG #10, Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland St., Eugene, Ore., 26 pp., free to those interested. With such questions as "Was Yngvi really a louse" and "What is the true origin of the crottled greep" the mailing wrapper is once again better than the cover. This is more informal than others but the quality is the same high. Bourne, the letter column, good illos, and an interesting layout make Brillig more than worthwhile.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #108, Box 92, 920 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, 10¢, 34 pp. Cry continues to review every ish of most prozines-- which I find boring as all hell. But the letters are always good (and edited) and two pages of beautifully reproed LonCon photos plus a LonCon report by Wally Weber make this ish well worthwhile. This "Amelia Pemberton" reviews only three fmz when in the past she has reviewed quite a few.

MEADE #2, David M. McCarroll, 644 Ave C, Boulder City, Nev., 17 pp. This zine is about as neofannish as possible from the childish editorial to the list of Burroughs books. There is also quite a few poems but there are fmz reviews and they aren't bad. Meade is hektced and very readable but this is counterbalanced by the complete lack of layout.

RETRIBUTION #8, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland, 1/- or 15¢, 34 pp. Ret continues to be a fine example of the so-called "subtle English humor." The GDA, Berry, and Atom's illos amuse me the most. This contains the usual high-level GDA fiction and letters plus a great plot by Berry on how to get the room mates mixed up at the Con in which I am rooming with Moomaw. (Chuckle)

PLOY #10, Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, 1/- or 15¢, 36 pp. Though minus the Goon Defective Agency, Ploy is similar to Ret. Both Berry and Atom have large contributions. Dodd, Jeeves, and Jenrette also contrib. As in Ret there are many ramblings on personal adventures which are highly amusing and well-written. Also enjoyable are the illos by Atom, Jenrette, Bill Harry, and Rotsler with clever captions by John Owen.

Science Fiction Times, Fandom House, PO Box 2331, Paterson 23, N. J. 10¢ or 12/\$1, out twice a month. SFT continues to print top news on s-f which I find helpful since I still like to know what's going on tho I never buy prozines and no longer read the stuff. Even fanzines and fandom are covered (by Dick Ellington). SFT is trying to go off-set so how about subbing and making this possible.

ABAS #10, Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada, 25¢, 46 pp.
A must for fans for Carl Brandon's hilarious satire "My Fair Femmefan"
complete with lyrics. Boyd relates his European trip before the Con.
A satirical discussion of fans such as Coulson, White, Carr, et al.
Bloch, Tucker, Ellington, Harry Warner, Alex Kirs, and letters also incl.

CANFAN #35, Wm D Grant, 11 Burton Rd, Toronto 10, Ontario, 26 pp., 8/51
In telling Bradbury's influences, Moskowitz mainly tears apart knight's
analysis of Ray in In Search of Wonder. Jenrette discusses "Modern Art
Forms" without knowing what the hell he's talking about. Pat Scott does
a good job of telling about jazz in Toronto as does Bill Cenner on the
MidWestCon and his earch there for Grant. Grant in interesting in "That
Old Movie Bug" (esp on Chaplin). Letters and fmzreviews fill out the ish.

YANDRO #59, The Coulsons, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind (new address), 20 pp
10¢ or 12/51, Yandro always seems the same to me, it's personality
never changes. Dodd dodders once again. Buck reviews fmz. And he and
Juanita ramble and rumble for two pages of editorials. Bennett realtes a
clever bedtime story. MZB mentions the quality paperbacks found in little
Texas towns. A verse, stfinitions, & letters also incl. Good tho not fannish.

VARIOSO #15, John Magnus, Jr., 6 So. Franklinton Rd, Baltimore 23, Md,
20 pp, free for trade, comments, or contribs I imagine since no price
listed. John discusses s-f as entertainment-- fascinating but tends to
get too serconnish. He also criticises "look out Duck" in Sept ASF and
tells how movies should be reviewed-- but then does something else in his
own movie reviews. Letters and John's interesting comments and Dave
English cartoons round out the issue.

INSIDE #52, Ron Smith-- ed, Box 356, Times Square Station, NY 36, 30¢ or
4/51, 64 half-size photo-offset pp. Inside remains to be the science
fiction fanzine. Hi-lite thish is an ASF satire complete with cover &
syabol, "short-short novel," article, and depts incl "Brass Hacks" and
"The Analytical Lavatory." The rest of the zine is the usual high qual-
ity book-reviews and articles. Price might be steep but you sure get enuf.

VAMPIRE #1, Stony Barnes, Rt 1 Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon, 5¢ plus
stamp or trade, 20 pp. Thish was sent to me late and nine pages are
missing because of it, so it is hard to tell waht Vampire is like. Repro
is good but illos and layout is bad and the fiction is cruddy. But a
fannish personality seeps thru the articles which aren't the usual first
ish childish serconnesses and if allowed to expand the zine could become
quite good. Stony I think just needs to see more fmz and more of fandom.

BOB TUCKER has put out THE BUGLE OF DINGLY DELL #2 which includes a brief
LONCon report by Raeburn in order to answer his correspondence. Tuck
has also put out Chapter Play #4 (in substitute of Fapa Booze) in which
he complains about the NYCon, rambles on on miscellanea, and tells what
his typical writing day is like.

Tuck and Bloch have co-edited SCIENCE FICTION FIFTY YEARLY to cele-
brate their fm 50 years (between them) in fandom. It's riotous 24 pages
are filled with reprints and new material-- fine examples of their con-
tributions to fandom-- and some relate fandom of the 1930's. A clever
cover by Plato Jones shows the Old Fans Home burning down with fire chief
Bloch screaming "Never mind the fanzines-- save the whiskey." Addresses
are for the uninformed Bloch: Box R362 Weyauwega Wis and Tuck: Box 702
Bloomington. ((Ha-- just made it, no more space-- no more fanzines.))