

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ASKING ME WHERE FOND DU LAC IS, SO --

LAKE SUPERIOR

MINNESOTA

(terrible
cold
here)

MARQUETTE

alias
"QUEEN CITY"

Upper
MICHIGAN

from
NYC

Jack

to Edmonton
(get passport)

APPLES

WISCONSIN

"HOME of SEVERAL COWS"
ooo and a few people

MENOMINEE

St PAUL

AMHERST

"LIVE A TOWN FROM AN-
OTHER WORLD"

MARQUETTE

GREEN
BAY

LAKE
WINNEBAGLE

HERE

BRANDON

HERE

FOND DU LAC

LAKE
MICHIGAN

ANTHONY

TWESLEY

PODUNK

MARILYN MONROE
FAN CLUB

402
MAPLE
AVENUE

W.S.F.L. CLUB

BLOOMVILLE

(formerly Milwaukee)

OE MADISON

FT. ATKINSON

(HOME OF DOUGLAS
GRAVES)

RACINE
KENOSHA

IOWA

NORFOLK, NEBR.

to
O PAARUMP
O FRAMP

GET A
TUCKER
CONVERTIBLE

ILLINOIS

EVANSTON

(BEA) CHICAGO

FT. SHERMAN

DAG

SLEPT
HERE

IRLEY

CLEVELAND
SILVER SPRING
BROOKLYN

Box
702

IT WEIGHS
A
BLOOMING
TON

TO
JAW-JAW
INDI
AW-DAH

FAPA 63

amp7

IN THIS
of

FIVE CENT

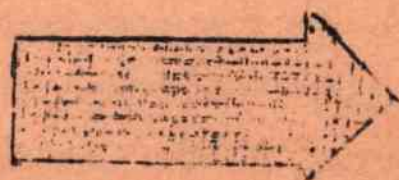
amp7

BOO!

COVER.....cover
CONTENTS.....contents page
DEDICATION.....dedication page
EDITORIAL.....editorial page
FEATURE.....feature page
POEM.....poem page
STORY.....story page
MUSIC.....music page
ARTICLE.....article page
COLUMN.....column page
ART.....art section
POEM & ILLU.....illo & poem page
LETTER COLUMN.....letter column page
ANNOUNCEMENT.....announcement page
DISCOVER.....last page
MAILING WRAPPER.....what you ripped
off.

BOO! is a fanzine that Ellison refers to as "putrid" and Stewart refers to as "a magnificent piece of work." Subs are: 50¢ per year, \$1.00 2 years, \$1.50 3 years, \$2.00 4 years, \$2.50 5 years, \$3.00 6 years, and so forth. After that's \$5.00 free to anyone weighing over 300 pounds. Graham: where are you? WE ARE 1381T HEALD TO 7th FAIDON! Ad rates are: 4¢ per line per page, and 6¢ 4th BOO! is lacking many things: d. re-m. material, sex appeal. If you have any of 'em on hand send 'em. Bob Daniels is Art Editor and Terry Carr is Assistant Editor. Address for former: 575 Missouri St, Frisco; latter is 154 Cambridge, Frisco. GAD, I could ramble along like this and call it the editorial. FEELING THE ANIMALS IS PROHIBITED! If anything herein disagrees with you, don't tell me; remember, ALKAPSELTZER OFFERS QUICK RELIEF FROM NAUSEA.

THIS ISSUE IS
RESPECTFULL Y
DEDICATED TO
SEVERAL PEO—
LE.



THE CUSPIDOR

by yeditor

Thish I am again composing on the stencil--which explains why there isn't justified margins on this, while on the rest of the issue there is. All things, besides the Cuspidor, from now on will be dummied.

First change you have noticed is the paper this issue is on. It's MASTERWEAVE, the stuff that Confusion uses (while Confusion is not the first or only fanzine to use it, it's certainly the one that mad it popular). All issues will be run off on Masterweave, no-thinks; that is if the postage doesn't run too high.

The cover thing is something that Dean A. Grennell sent me, all ditto'd up. However, it seems that he also sent other people copies of it, because just after stenciling it and running it off I got a letter from him saying that Shelby Vick was also going to use it in his mag. It was too late to stop it then, but I'll be out with it before Vick is. So there.

Bill Knapheide gives with a review of INVADERS FROM MARS in his column thish. I'm going to review it, too--I think it deserves more than comparison with Rocketship X-11.

Invaders From Mars is easily the worst movie I have ever seen, including strimovies. The setting is so cheap that one would think of a jr. high graduation play having better. The acting is worse than the setting--let me quote (tho I can't write in words the way it sounded on the screen):

Boy hero, just after someone tells him that his mother and father minds have been taken over by the Martians: "Please, God--don't let them kill mommy and daddy like they did (sniff) the others..."

The parenthitized "sniff" was just the way he said it--"sniff."

The US Army is called in, and as the tanks roll off the assembly line, music in the background plays "The Cassons Go Rolling Along."

Boy hero and a detail of the US Army are trapped in the Martian's hide-away. Just after planting a time bomb in it, they meet up with a barragade blocking their exit from the cave.

Colonel: "How much time have we left?"

Soldier: "Three minutes, sir."

Colonel: "Start digging!"

It's funny how 6 or 7 men can dig thru 10 feet of rock, run down a passage way for about 15 yards, climb up a ladder, and run 50 yards away from the cave--all in 3 minutes.

CUSPIDOR II

So I warn you--if you have 40-50¢ to throw away seeing it, go ahead. If not, you'd best stay away.

The picture I saw with it was Moulin Rouge, with Jose Ferrer. This was the most excellent and picturesque movies I have ever seen; even better than 'Beau Geste'. Jose Ferrer played the part of a Parisian painter, crippled since childhood, and denied love of several women (this beginning to sound slushy--actually, I'm quoting the bill board outside the show) and finally all ends well when he falls down a flight of stairs and kills himself. If you want to see a very dead movie, but a darn good one, see this.

Just remembered a part in 'Invaders From Mars' that Terry Carr and I nearly split a gut over. Boy hero is just telling his parents that he saw a space ship land out side.

Father: "You've been reading too many of these trashy science fiction magazines!"

Sounds like some mothers I know. (Namely mine.)

Bought a nice lettering guide for only 15¢; but just after starting on the top lettering on the Cuspidor, I seem to have misplaced it. I may have it by the time I get to the rest of the issue, so look for a small one with plain letters, something like Dave Ish uses.

On the contents page of this is marked PAPA #64. You see, I'm 2nd on the waiting list--but still not in yet. I'll probably be a fap by the Aug mlg, tho and this will probably go thru that. Just in case you were wondering!...

Also on the contents page is marked "/dwp7" and "/fip7". That's DIMWITTY PUBLICATIONS and FANZINE MATERIAL POOL. Those of you who have gotten letters from me with the printed envelopes know what DWP is. FIP is a club, just forming, by which a number of faneds exchange material. I don't know much about it myself, but I'll ask Terry to mention it in his column.

All hail to Roger Canales, BOO!'s new Art Editor. Send all artwork for the Art Section to him, Rog Canales, 575 Missouri St., San Francisco, California. Send fillers and small stuff to me.

Also, hail to Terry Carr, new Assistant Editor. Don't send nothing to him, 'cause I do all the stenciling. Anyhow, I see him practically every day since he lives only a few blocks from me and I can show it to him.

All hail too Underwood, the typer that does all the stenciling, worst one in America!

Now gives mit a plug for MICRO-, 10¢, 3/25¢, Don Cantin, 214 Bromer St, Manchester, NH.

Now will you send me a copy, Don?

Bacover done by Gail Rodgers, poor man's Keasler (where did I hear that phrase before?).

CUSPIDOR III

Guess who's a pro. Bill Price, the guy who did the cover and poem in last issue. Was thumbing through a copy of NEBULA and found several illos by him in it.

I'm not quite sure right now, but I think BOO! will either go bimonthly or six-weekly soon. Expenses have been piling up and with an income of only 35 bucks a month I just can't find the money.

But I am NOT going to raise the price of BOO! I think that a fanzine should not make the price any higher than 5¢ until it is well established in the field. There are exceptions, but certainly not BOO!

The Bergeron I mentioned in last issue is just an illo for a poem. Terry said he had some Bergeron pix laying around over his house but when we looked it was just a small one. Sorry I built it up so much when it just turned out this way.

I'll see you next issue here; that'll be some time in August.

Goodbye.

Bob Stewart

If we had some eggs, we could have some ham and eggs, if we had some ham.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO
ME!

At the date of this writing I am 14 years old. Today I will hold a birthday party, and I will serve ice cream, cake, (chocolate-- if you don't like chocolate you can bring your own cake) and we will play Pin-the-Spacesuit-On-the-Bergoy-Girl. Lots of fun.

If you can't come, just send those birthday presents to: -

Bob Stewart
274 Arlington Street
San Francisco, California

Hint: I need a new typewriter.

Rike's Ramblings

I

Some of you'uns may wonder why I wasn't around last issue. Well I'll tell you about how come I didn't... To keep my column up to date I never start the next installment of any column I'm writing until I get a copy of the fmz having the preceding installment; well I never did get a copy of #5, in which my THING appeared in. In fact, I didn't even know the ish was out until I happened over to Val Golding's place a few Fridays ago to catch some of the real fine hot jazz he has in his collection, which numbers almost 6,000. Val's pubbing a fanzine, UNEARTHLY, with material by Carr, Graham, Stewart, and myself, amongst others and with area fine cover done by a commercial artist. If any of you are interested in obtaining this fmz, address all inquiries to Val J Golding, 156-B Kenwood Way, San Francisco, California. Well, anyway, Val told me over one of his numerous half-hour phone calls to me about UNEARTHLY and how he wanted me to fill up Stew.'s article; thus, I was scrounging around in his combination living room, den, library and storage room for his records for some paper to draw on when.... I came upon issue #5 and noticed that the olde column was in it, the time it came to my attention that it was being published. I didn't think Bob would get it in the 5th ish, the possibly the last one or even this one; guess his backlog of material wasn't as large as I thought it was; since #5 was the one he was running off when I brought it over to him during Easter Vacation, when Balint & myself dropped in on him ((yep, Balint was up here, it was April 4th)). We went around dropping in on the various THINGS sprinkled about Mission Street. We even went and called me up on the phone, person to person (since Carr and Graham told Stew that we were a couple of boy BEES from Pahrump, name of Lancy and Burbee. We also saw ~~Michael Jackson~~ /Because of a little bet I made with Larry Balint, this is censored...yep/

II

Saw a sorta weird pic while h, I don't believe ol' Balint knows about; it's a 2-3 minute abstract in color sponsored by the San Francisco Chronicle. Ol' Pete could use a couple of stills for his "Eystrain Image Company," since the effect given (put to music, incidentally) is that when you close yr eyes after looking in to a bright light, but better and a bit more imaginative and unusual. It's making the rounds of the local theatres, tho it may even be distributed elsewhere. A companion feature was "Salome", which Roayals. I was really fractured after seeing some of those Roman centurions packing cardboard shields around; you could even see the creases where somebody y sat down on 'em.

III

A style note: it's real ZORCH, and all of the putrescence to have your hair dyed green; a fad innovated by the Red Blanchard Show, which has such scintillating heroes of crystal sets, the police calls, and Third and Howard as Captain Space, the Planet man; the Flatman; a private eyeball from Pneumonia Flats in San Mateo; and the arch villain, Zip Zorch, the Human Torch. This is

RIKE'S RAMBLINGS II

the same program that built up a tower of empty orange juice cans and subsequently filled them with bottle caps to keep the wind from blowing it down.

time out for a smoke.....

IV

That crack about the plural of BOO! being BOOZE wasn't that up by li'l ol' me (after all, I'm only 6'2"). Its origination dates back to the night of March 7, this year, when Carr and Peter were loungin'g around Carr's Crypt when one of this intr-epid couple remarked, "Ithot Stewart was going to the golden Gate Futurian Society meetin'g today and peddle some Booze." (or something of like nature). It took a few moments of thotful con-templation, in silence, for them to realize what was said; laughter followed. Peter told me about it the next day when he came up to my Chambre d'Honneur in Rodeo, from whence we went and lost the rest of the weekend.

V

Wal, I gotta shag now; have to fix the Lucky Lager beer sign I've in my room; the starter to one of the fluorescent tubes burnt out and I have to take a fast blast down to the local hardware store and replace it.

...daev rhight

Sorry this page is so sloppily dummied. When I first typed it I forgot and put a '3' instead of a '2' where I wanted the extra spaces to be, and consequently the whole thing had to be dummied on the stencil....yed

-c-

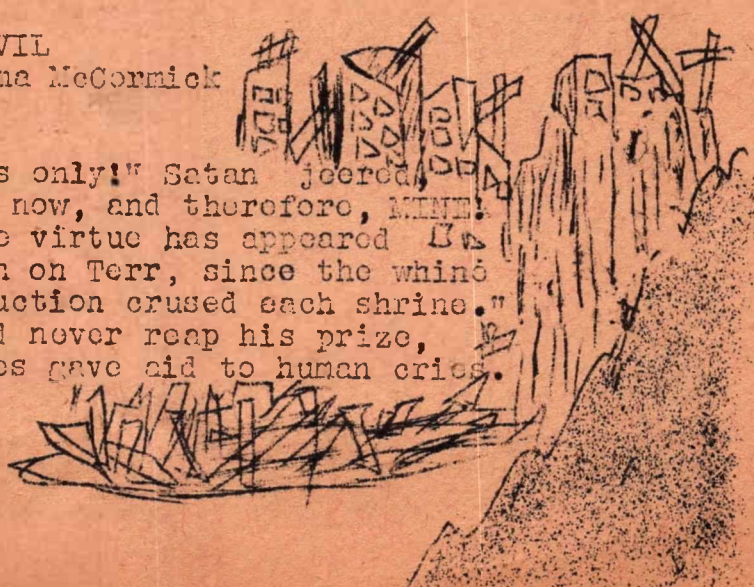
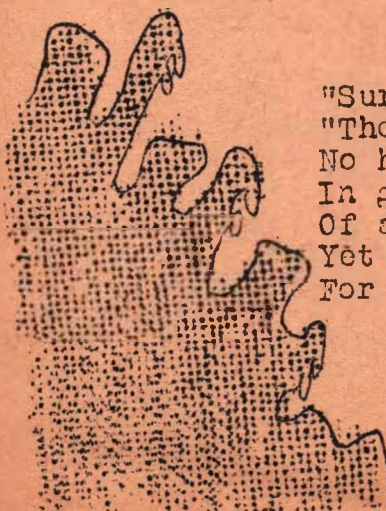
Willy bought a robot
And trained hi good and true
In fact, he trained it all to well,
For the damned him too.

-b-

NOT ALL EVIL

By Orna McCormick

"Surviving mutants only!" Satan jeered,
"The race is evil now, and therefore, MINE!
No hint of godlike virtue has appeared
In gargoyled flesh on Terr, since the whine
Of atomized destruction cruised each shrine."
Yet Lucifer could never reap his prize,
For tortured shapes gave aid to human cries.



INTRIGUE IN DEEPEST

By Richard E. Geis



"Cynthia?"
"Yes, Gerald?"
"The rocket motors will stop soon."
"Yes?"
"That means...weightlessness."
"Quite."
"Chin up; stiff upper lip, eyes front and all that sort of thing. Remember, we're English!"
"Gerald, will it hurt?"
"Just a bit; I'm afraid."
"Stay by me, please."
"Of course."
"Come closer."
"Umm."
"Closer still."
"Umm."
"I want you near when it happens."
"Cynthia, does this mean---?"
"Yes."
"For long?"
"I have loved you since Blovington-on-the-Buff."
"I didn't know."
"Darling."
"Your lips are like liquid fire...your hair is like the finest Oakle fiber...your throat is like---"
"What is in that breifcase?"
"Wha...? Why do you ask? Speak to me of love."
"Come closer. Gerald, kiss me!"
"Cynthia, I beg of you! Remember, you're English!"
"Gerald, you must---THE MOTORS HAVE STOPPED!"
"We are in free-flight."
"Damn, it came too soon!"
"Cynthia, I beg of you to restrain your language. Remember, you are---"
"Hell, now my body will change!"
"Cynthia, your arm...your head...melting...flowing into a new shape. YOU AREN'T CYNTHIA!"
"Correct. I am Yurg-Urgle III of the Rigelian Spy Corps."
"The Hated Enemy!"
"I want those top-secret, confidential, restricted dispatches that are marked 'Private.'"
"As Cynthia you were going to..."
"Precisely."
"And as your true self you intend...?"

INTRIGUE IN DEEPEST SPACE II

"Exactly."

"All to get these dispatches, which I, Gerald, trusted diplomatic messenger to the Tri-World Amalgamated Federation of United Peoples of the Outer Stars Incorporated, am to deliver to Urshal Blerp, Exalted Ruler of the Lower part of Upper New South Splatonia?"

"Would you mind repeating the question?"

"Never."

"Humm. Stand aside, Gerald, I'm taking that briefcase."

"Over my dead body."

"Accurate."

"You are drawing a Torch Gun."

"Observant."

"You are going to shoot?"

"Correct."

"No, no! Cynthia! Stop...remember...You're..."

BANG!

"(gasp) ---English!"

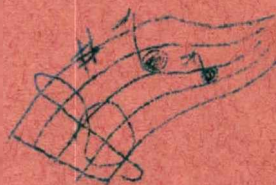
...regeis

AN EXPERT BELLBOY,
MASTER OF THE CRAFT
MISSED AN ELEVATOR
AND GOT THE SHAFT.



UNEARTHLY MUSIC

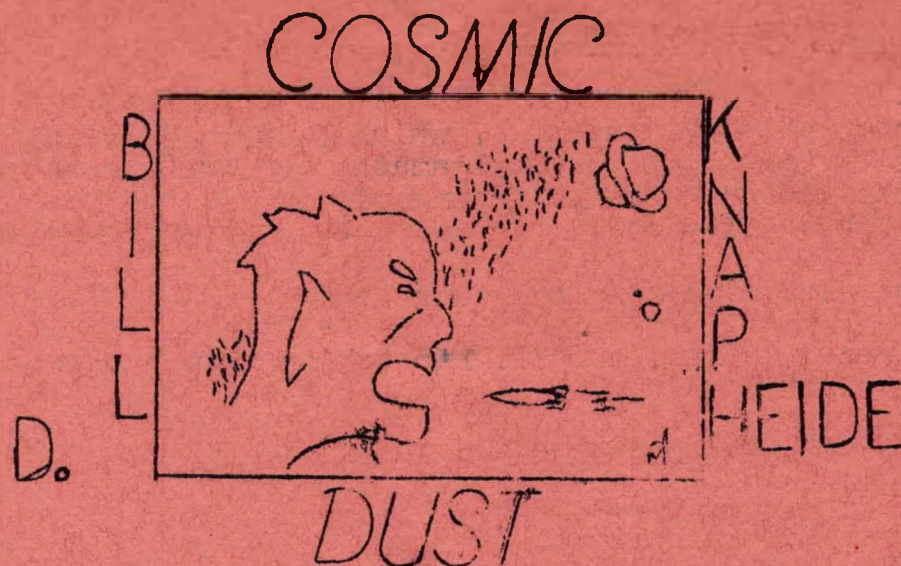
by val j golding



A set of five 12-inch, 78 rpm records has been called to my attention. These are not records of any ordinary music, but an entirely new approach and understanding of the art. The composer is Harry Patch, brother of the well known cartoonist, Virgil I Patch. His music is based on a 43-note-to-the-octave system of acoustic, not equal, intonation, introduced by him and explained in his book, GENESIS OF A MUSICIAN (University of Wisconsin Press; 1949). The music is introduced a new range of melodic resources, and expanded basis of tonality, and a new perspective on consonance and dissonance.

The instruments include the chromolodian, an adapted reed organ; a microtonal cello; an adapted ten-string guitar; the kithera; the bass marimba; and various other string and percussion instruments. The cost of these records is approximately \$7.50, plus postage, and they are available only from Dr. Lauriston C. Marshall, Director of Research, Link-Belt Company, Indianapolis, Indiana. Since this is a private pressing, I imagine the supply is very limited, so if you're interested, don't delay. I highly recommend them to all fantasy fans as an interesting and most worthwhile addition to their record collection.

...vsgolding



I have just seen INVADERS FROM MARS. I think this is best reviewed as a series of news flashes.

FLASH: Boy sees Martians land.

FLASH: Martians prove hostile; kidnap people.

FLASH: Rocket ship XM is taking off (Pardon me. How did that get in there?).

FLASH: General gets captured; colonel takes over (What happened to the scientists? We should call this not Science fiction, but military fiction.).

FLASH: Tanks are called in.

FLASH: Rocketship XM is soaring by. (Excuse me, a slip of the typewriter.)

FLASH: Soldiers blast hole in Martian tunnel.

FLASH: Troops invade Martian spaceship.

FLASH: Meteors swish by XM. We could hear the wind as they went by. (Oops, I did it again.)

FLASH: Martians attack soldiers.

FLASH: If you liked ROCKETSHIP XM, you should like this.

COSTELLO: But I don't want to go to Mars.

ABOTT: Neither do I.

COSTELLO: Did you hear something?
(Noise in background: ZZZZZOOOMM!)

COSTELLO: Lookout, here comes the Lincoln Tunnel.
We're thru it! We made it!

COSMIC DUST II

ABBOTT: We've gotta land!

COSTELLO: Uh, oh, here we go under the Brooklyn bridge..

ABBOTT: Naw, you're kiddin'.

COSTELLO: Here comes the Air Farce! We've gotta take off for space!

ABBOTT: Okay, we'll land at Mars Orleans.

COSTELLO: Lookit the costumes. It's the Marli Martians!

ABBOTT: Well, we'd better be gettin' back to the ship.

COSTELLO: Here we are back in Tick Tok. Say, I think somebody else is here with us!

BABY FACE NOONAN: It's only me and Snuggler Pete. We just escaped from the cage and you'll get us out Mars or else..

You'll have to go see this picture to find out how this all ends
It's too much for me.

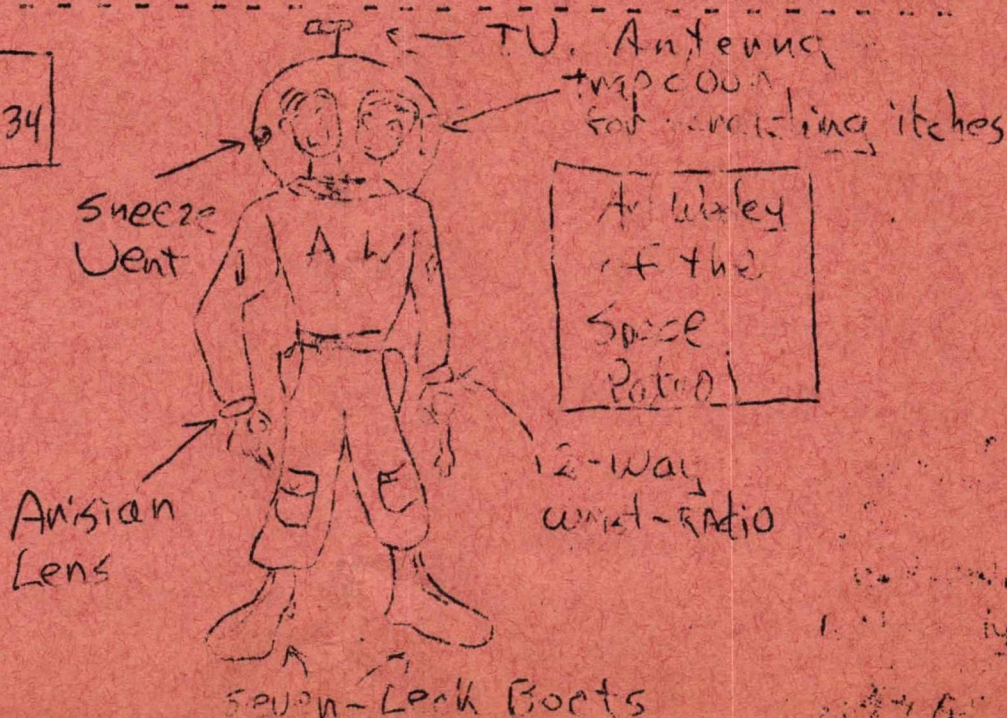
I received my copy of TERRA the other day--that ~~XXX**~~ published
by Gilbert Menicucci. Words fail me in describing this. I must
go back to Merwin for appropriate comment when he reviewed the
first issue of SPACEMARE. "This fanzine can only go in one dir-
ection--up."

...wdknaphaide...

Chocolate Syrup tastes awful on parsnips... Pliny the Middle-Aged

Top-secret
PLANS #7734

drawed by
R. Twesli
with only
one hand
2187 A.D.



WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO S-F? BY

SEIG E. DRAHCIR*

I used to pounce on the stiff mags as they appeared on the stands. I could hardly wait from one month to the next, from one issue to the next. I haunted the stands; I stopped by every day for weeks before a magazine was due out, hoping against hope that it might be early. I read slower then I do now. And yet, today I am a Satiated Fan. No longer do I hang around the nest stands. Rather, I dread the sight of one. I enter more and more as a duty to my hobby. I endure the pitying looks of those in the store as I load my arms and pockets with mags and mags and mags. I hand the proprietor my wallet and stagger to the bus stop. I am a doomed fan. My hobby, my way of life has risen up and swallowed me.

No longer do I turn the pages of a magazine with zest and sparkle in my eyes. That is gone. Gone in the past is my youth. More and more rarely does my eye light up in anticipation as I buy a magazine or book. I am satiated.

Why is the fire out? Why is the sparkle gone? Why do I feel like an aged Sultan with a harem of thirty demanding wives? Two reasons I think. The first is that I have aged. I have "matured." I've become slightly cultured. I no longer consume a story like a ravaging forest fire a piece of kindling. I read with a critical eye.

The second reason is the vast and truly staggering quantity of science fiction and fantasy I have read through the years. Recently tried to figure up approximately how many words of science fiction and fantasy I HAD read in the years since 1940. I arrived at a tentative total of 45,000,000 words. Makes me tired just to look at the figure. That is just too much reading to have done without becoming blasé and critical. After all, that represents a great many plot repetitions. One has the chance to compare one author's handling of them against that of another. Too, one gets sick and tired of reading the same stories again and again. I found that my reading standards went up and up. Now days a story has got to be positively a minor classic before I will sit up and take notice.

At this very moment that I write this, I have something like 1½ million words waiting to be read. Magazines and books that I have bought and intend to read...when I have the time.

*Pseudonym for famous fan author and critic.

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE? II

Now this situation is not because I am a slow reader. I can easily read a thousand words an hour for as long as three hours. It's just that there are so many magazines to read. So damned many. And there are more and more to come. It's frightening. I feel like the fellow whose pet cat named Miko has just had a litter of kittens. I'm hurt, angry, and resentful. Like the inventor of a robot that turned on its master and is threatening mayhem; I don't like it a bit. "My Ghod," I howl, "What have they done to Science Fiction?"

I curse the Atom Bomb. Give us back our hobby.

STOP!

DON'T GO ANY FURTHER UNTIL YOU'VE EXAMINED THIS PAGE...

BOO's first Annish is already being worked on...

It will be the largest Annish ever put out by a faned...

It will even be bigger than QUANDRY #13...

It will contain pro-stuff...

It will have a 25 page ditto'd and mimeo'd art section...

All columns will be extendedd to 6 pages eachh...

It will contain the best reprints from BOO!...

It will have loads of other stuff...

It will be out January 1st, 1954...

AND it will be limited ONLY to regular subscribers; no trades, no sample copies, no single issues...

So get in that 50¢ to:--

Bob Steward
274 Arlington St.
San Francisco, California

Hurry!



INTRODUCTION THIS ISSUE'S

ART SECTION

And now, at last, we come to the art section. This is indeed an important part of any magazine if it hopes to succeed.

In our Art Section, we hope to bring you each other's individual impressions of the fantastic, the absurd and the beautiful, in such a way that it is quick and clear, yet not unpleasing or offensive.

This issue we have four contributors:

First is Ronald Thannell, one of a set of twins that live here in San Francisco. Both draw quite well, but unfortunately, Donald's drawing didn't quite make it this time. However, I am sure that he'll have something in here in the future.

Second is myself, and you know who I am.

Third is Bill Reynolds. I know very little about him, but here's what Bob told me: He's an old timer in science fiction, having been around for about 10 years. He's an active member of the GCTS and once was on the staff of SCIENCE.

Fourth is Lee Chapman, who did several drawings for the now defunct fanzine, OMEGA.

Let's hope I'm giving you what you want. If you have any comments, advice, likes and dislikes, tell me how you feel. I want to give you just what you want, nothing less.

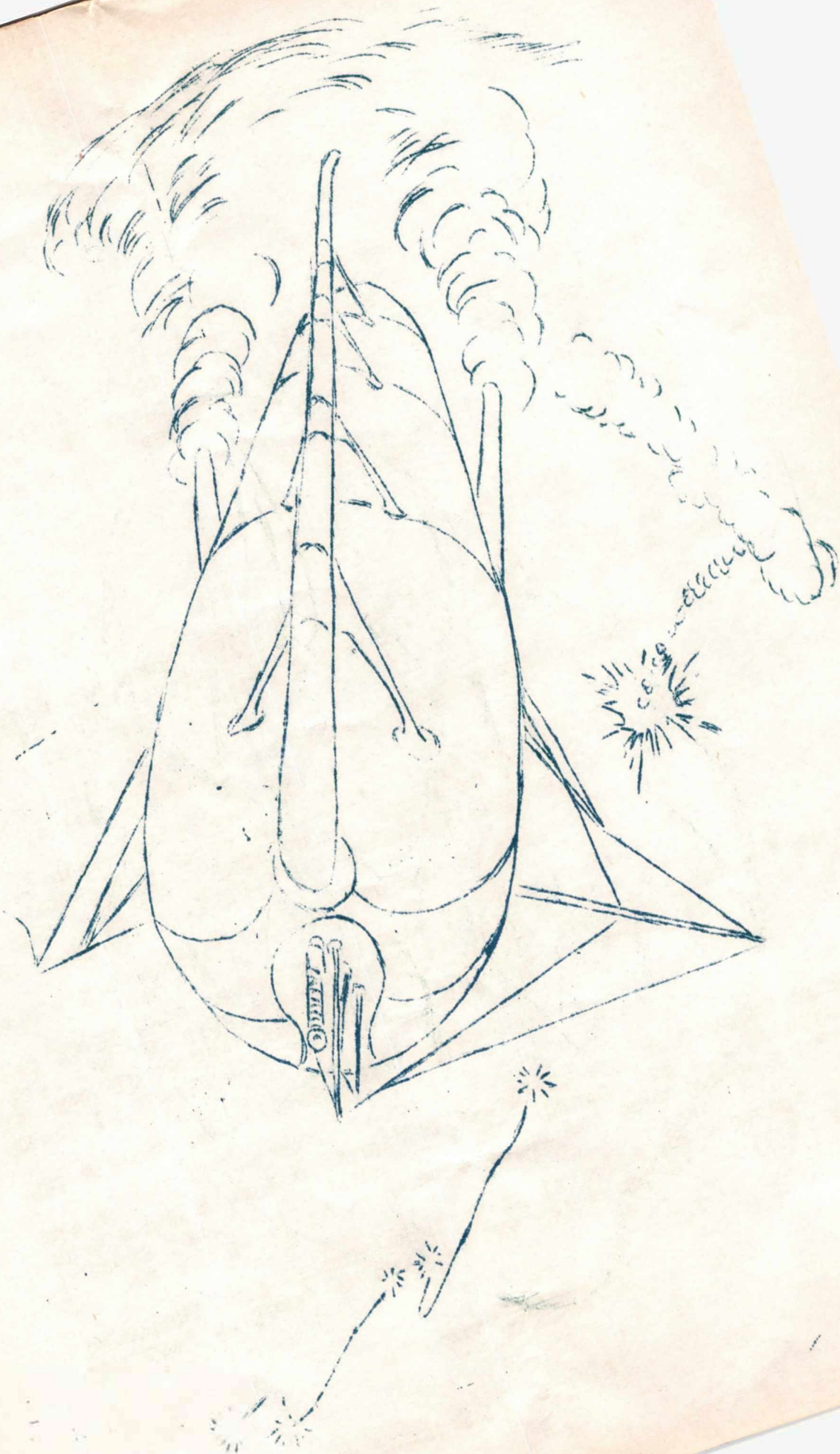
This issue is in Misc; let's see if it did justice.

Roger Canales
Art Editor

Note: If Roy sound something like me in the fan files on the contributors, it's all right because I talked him on this introduction; he didn't know about the artists.

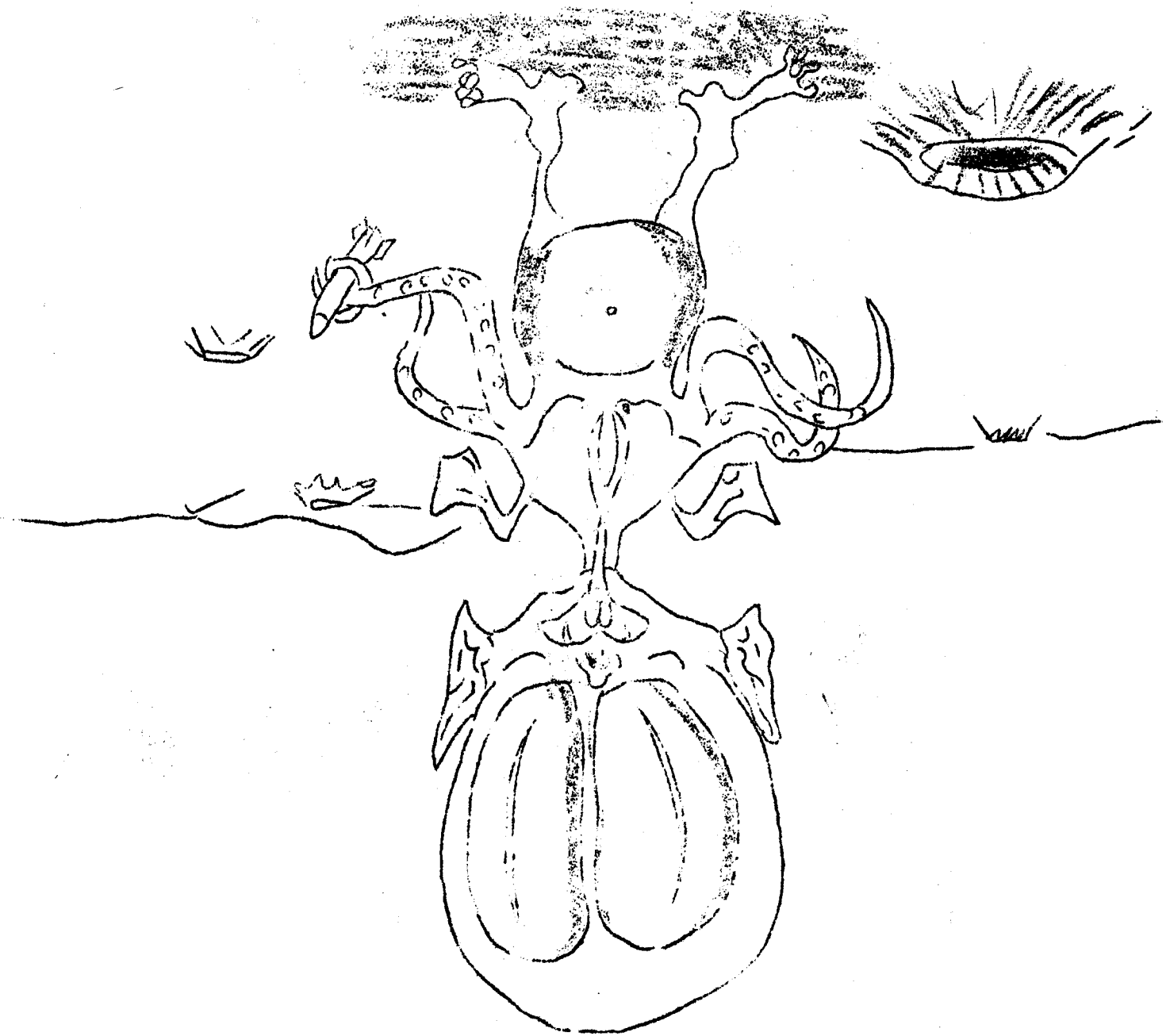
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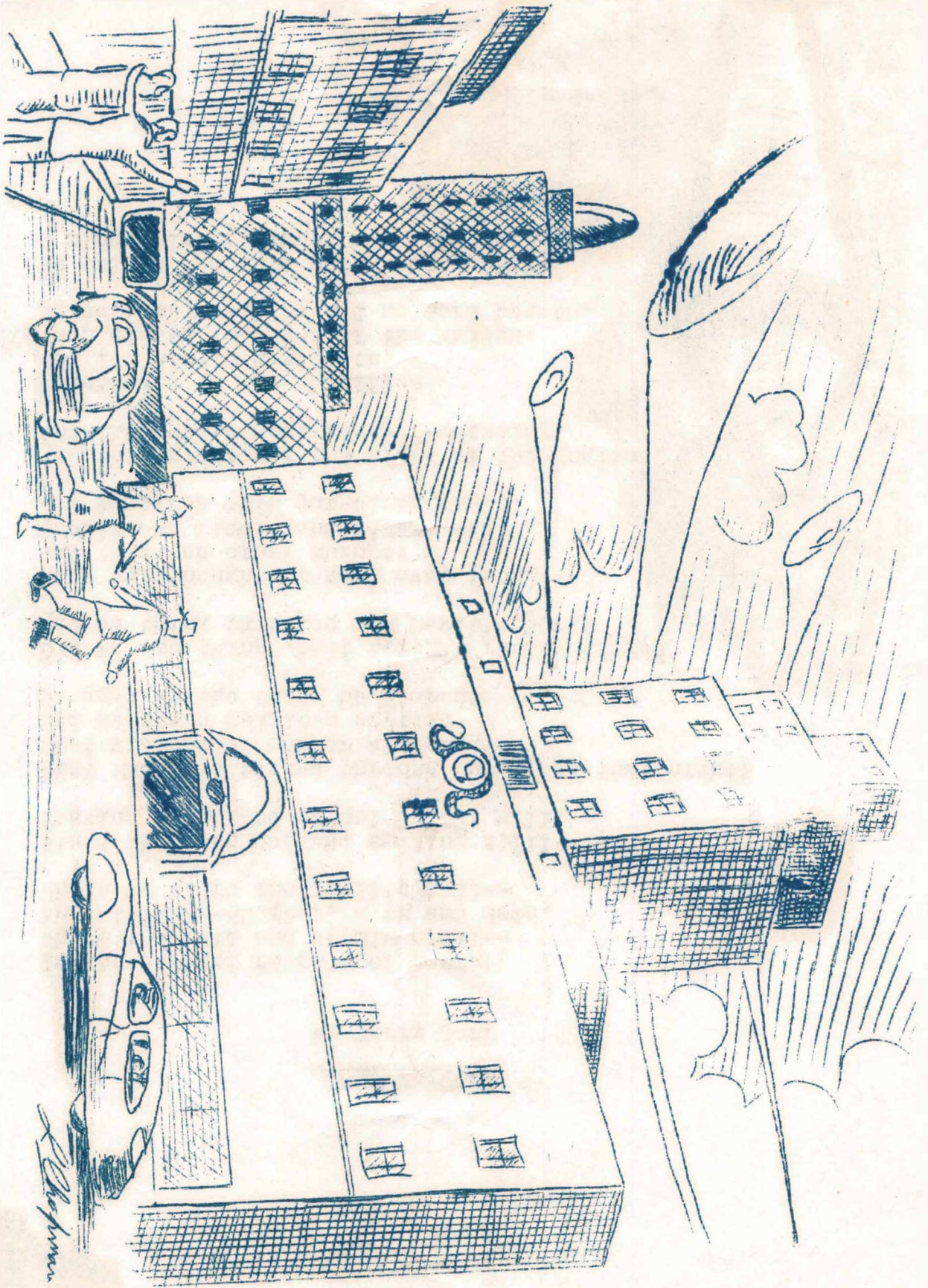
W. S. REYNOLDS





Raymond





IRON MAIDEN

by Terry Carr

In the darkest reaches of horror,
Where the rats and vermin crawl--
In a torture-chamber, dark and damp,
Where we heard the Devil's call--

Stood the Iron Maiden, smiling still,
Tasting the blood of her latest kill.

What thoughts passed through our minds that night?
What visions of horror appeared?
Did we see a helpless captive
Dragged to the thing he feared?

Did we see things that weren't really there?
Did we think this was the Devil's lair?

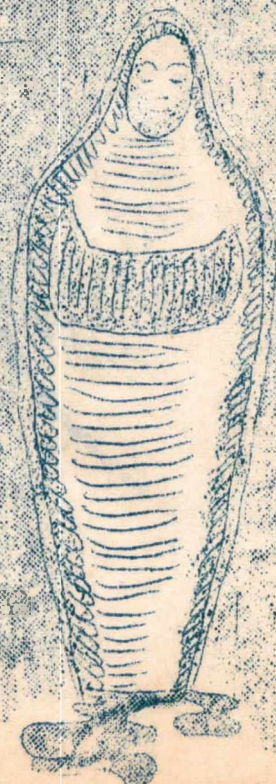
Nay, our thoughts passed over these
And dwelt on other things:
Ghouls and fiends and werewolves,
And vampires with jet-black wings.

For that night was the night of the Meeting,
And the Guests were ready for eating.

We ushered in the sacrifice
And led him to his death,
Then closed the door of the Maiden.
He screamed till he had no more breath.

We pulled him out, not a bit unnerved.
A minute later dinner was served.

BERGERON



FANTASTA FILMS

Larry Bahint

Without a doubt you'll be hearing more of THE BEAST FROM TWENTY THOUSAND FATHOMS than any other stf picture this year. Starting June 19, the greatest advertising campaign for any picture will be launched for this one. It will utilize the facilities of tv, radio, newspapers, magazines, and billboards. The story is by Ray Bradbury from a Saturday Evening Post original. This picture was formerly entitled MONSTER FROM BENEATH THE SEA which I mentioned earlier in this column.

Warner Brothers' has planned an stf 3-D picture called THEM for the end of this year.

George Pal is now working on a picture called THE NAKED JUNGLE. It concerns a plantation owner in South America attempting to fight off the hordes of giant ants. The picture will be 3-D. Also, it has been planned to use stereophonic sound to give the impression of the huge ants crawling through the audience.

PHANTOM FROM SPACE which is now playing somehow escaped my attention and I didn't speak of it in this column... 'Scuze me!

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE with original story by Bradbury is soaring hell out of people from coast to coast. It is advertised as the first 3-d stf picture which it is. You can now see it in plain 3-d or 3-d widescreen process. Both have stereophonic sound which lends itself to the screaming therian. Now the studio bigwigs plan to put it out in 2-d too.

ISLAND IN THE SKY is being shot by Wayne Fellows Productions. I have no definite information that it's stf, but it sure sounds enough like it might be one.

TRANSESTITE with Bela Lugosi in the lead is ready for release. It concerns the transformation of men into women and vice-versa. This seems to be the fad nowadays so why not a movie on it? Listed as weird-stf.

Slight mention of something called RIGHT AROUND SATURN. Nothing definite.

Below is a list of pictures already mentioned in FF and which should be out at any time. Look for 'em.

FOUR SIDED TRIANGLE
WAR OF THE WORLDS
OPADEWAYS
DONOVAN'S BRAIN
SPACE PIONEER
SPACE GIRL
ROBOT MONSTER
NEANDERTHAL MAN

EGOOFUL

THE LETTER COLUMN

Since this has been cut down somewhat to save on paper and cash EGOBOOFUL is all contained hercon:

HARLAN ELLISON SEZ:

No doubt you will consider my comments boorish, ill-made, improper and fallacious. If I considered them such, I would not have made them. Obviously, from my ballot's comments I do not find BOO! stimulating. I venture to say it is one of the weakest magazines I've ever encountered in the fan field. Your mimeography is the chief gripe, being about as poor as duplicating can get. Use a heavier grade paper (20 lb to be the lightest, I should think), ink the machine more. Use color mimeography. Don't be afraid of the expense, for if your magazine appears as a nicely-wrought item, the fans will purchase it in ever-increasing numbers, as the old SF BULLETIN.

BOB SILVERBERG COMMENTS:

Roberta Stuart told me to watch her column in BOO, so I'll be happy to exchange with you regularly. The hitch is this: you can't expect your first spaceship from me for another six weeks, because all back issues are just about gone and there won't be a new one to send you till then. I trust you'll be patient, and in the meanwhile welcome to my exchange list. BOO! seems to be an intelligent job, and should get much better very quickly. I like it.

JL MAGNUS YAPS:

BOO! scared me outa the mailbox the other day; but having recovered sufficiently, I read it and though I let you know how I liked it. ## Its personality is good, which is most important. ## But why do you insist on being inferior on purpose? Your cover is as good as any I've ever seen on a mimeoed mag. Your material is interesting, and, say as good as that in the old MAD which made itself big name in only four issues. If you want to be better, look at the obvious things. In the first place, your paper is far too thin. My mimeoing shows thru too, even on 24 weight paper, which I am using in the next issue, and this is an ever-present problem, but I think you agree that either you should use colored paper or use a heavier weight.

...etc.

All letters that were left out of this will be carried over to next issue's EGOBOOFUL.

...yed

EXCITING - CONTEST! -

WIN PRIZES! HAVE FUN! GO TO HELL!

Just tell us in 25 words or less what
you think the picture on the back of
this is.

FIRST PRIZE:

A BIG barrell of cow dung

SECOND PRIZE:

Same as first prize, only smaller

PLUS:

1,000 canceled checks from the Bank
of America, to be given as third
prizes.

REMEMBER -- this contest closes on
September 1, 1953...So get in that
25 word entry on what you think
this's bacover is.

GAIL
FOODGERS



Could you
contact me - or - call me
if not at least a letter
if possible
Chuck
P.S.

Home Stretch

Oh me: So many things wrong with this: #1: FANTASTA FILMS was left off the contents page; #2: FANZINES, SLAG, EFFUSE, and Roscoe knows what else was left out. Ellison writes me a letter saying that my mimeographing is terrible and I reply that next issue there will be no typos, better mimeoing, etc! Just look at this! Anywee, please forgive all the typos and aforementioned things. You see, this h was put out in a mad rush to get it in time to sell at the GGFS meeting this Saturday (Sat. before the PO mark on this). #Also, no where in this is anything saying what number it is. This is #7. ##Here's how last issues stuff rated:

- 1.) Cuspidor
- 2.) Slag
Cover
- 3.) Fantasta films
A.S. Roberta Stuart
- 4.) Terror of Darkness
- 5.) A.S. Terry Carr
- 6.) Juicy Argument
- 7.) Cosmic Dust
- 8.) A.S. Bill Reynolds
- 9.) A.S. Roger Canales

Thatts all for this, but again I ask that you return thoseslips filled out.

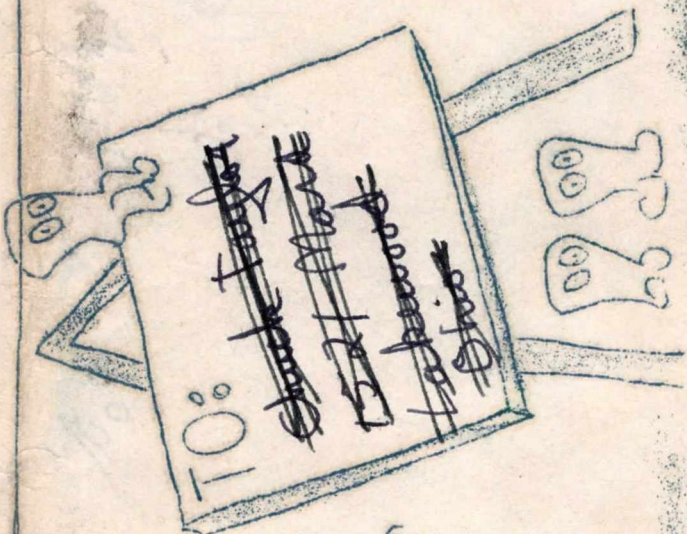
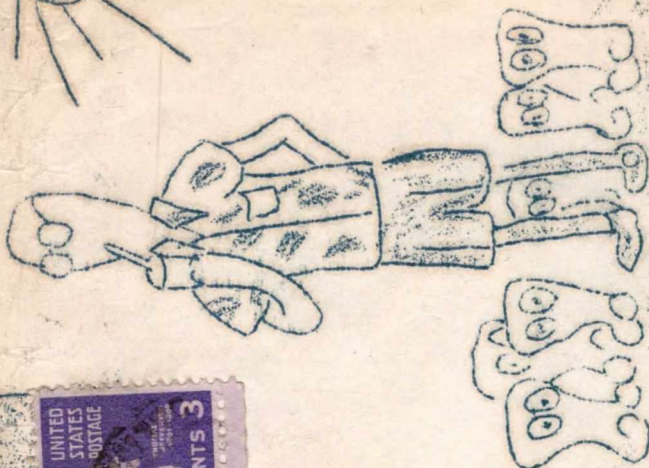
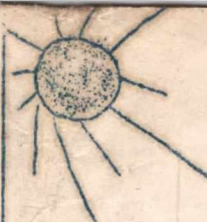
Bob Stewart

DEADLINE FOR #8 is July 20, 1958

WHY YOU ARE RECEIVING BOG!

- 1.) You're a fellow fap _____
- 2.) You subbed _____
- 3.) You contributed _____
- 4.) Trade for ETRON
- 5.) You're a reviewer _____
- 6.) You paid for 1 issue _____
- 7.) Sample _____ Want more?

You have _____ more issues coming.



From:
Bob Stewart
274 Arlington St.
San Francisco,
California

Mailed from
SUNNY
California

