









# BEABOHEMA 1

BeABohema, the journal of Bohema fandom, is (going to be) published whenever there's enough material to warrant publication at all. Time between issues hopefully won't be more than three months and if at all possible, I'd rather put out BAB on a bi-monthly schedule. But for now, it will have to be considered irregular.

BAB is issued for contributions, trades, healthy locs, kicks, friends, and if you're rich enough--25¢ an ish. BAB also goes out to all Bohemas. YOU too can be a Bohema. If you want to buy your way in--well, the Brotherhood isn't entirely without corruption.

This is Deutsch Noodle Press publication #1. Will it reach #100? Bets are now being taken. Published by and available from Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951.

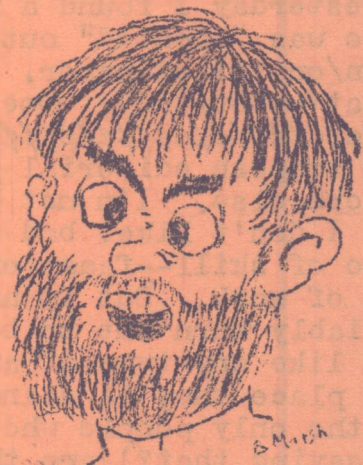
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## Art

All the art for thish was spawned from the brush of Bill Marsh--Gambler, Roadmaker Extraordinary. The interior illos were by him except for the one on page 4. I did that before I got Bill's stuff, and I was scared, and I didn't want the entire ish to be devoid of art, no matter how bad it would have been.

You idiots that can't recognize the cover artist---JACK GAUGHAN, another FELLOW BOHEMA. Now that he's a Bohema, I predict big things for Jack. Now pray towards Rifton three times a day.... His munificence shines!!

BE A BOHEMA!!!!!!!!!!!!



Man, whadya mean that Ramparts aint the epitome of objective reporting?



# BELLOWINGS OF A BOHEMA

Thus is born the firstish of another fanzine, with the unlikely name of BeABohema. BeABohema heralds itself as the first, last, and only magazine of Bohema fandom. This is NOT Bohemia fandom, but Bohema fandom. This mag will try to increase the respect granted Bohemas at the present time by increasing the overall number of Bohemas. Therefor, each ish will feature the selection of one of the contributors or loccers whom the High Lord Bohema considers worthy of admittance into the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood of Bohemas is not to be taken lightly; only this magazine will be allowing admittance to the Divine Association. Will Ted White be a Bohema? If he performs an act above the call of duty, he will. It doesn't have to be above and beyond the call of duty; just a little bit above. Will Dick Geis be allowed into the Brotherhood? That question was raised at a recent meeting of the Order, when the subject of psychotics, neurotics, and despotics came before the floor. The ruling is: anyone possessing the least degree of fannish power--even if psychotic, etc.--will be permitted to gain entrance to the sacred conglomeration. Yes, Dick Geis may become a Bohema. Will Regis Toomey have the chance to be a Bohema? I must say: no, even against the surrounding cries of rage. Regis Toomey is doomed to be President, and may NOT become a Bohema.

To kick off the Bohemaward thish I've decided that it's impossible to pick one person out of the few who have contributed to this first issue of BAB. Therefor all the contributors are hereby named to the guild; as of now: Ed Reed, Leo P Kelley, Gary N. Hubbard, Faith Lincoln, H.R. Racwain, and Jack Gaughan, with his pretty great, tho unrealed, managed to produce a rendering of a former student of Bohema University in conference with his former instructor. These people may always be called: Bohema

If some enterprising fanartist happens to produce a rendering of The Bohema Certificate, far be it from me to prevent him from submitting it for nextish, or the one after that.....

~~~~~  
Yesterday I found a very unusual letter in the mailbox. The envelope was "created" out of an old pillowcase? with the letter written in/on toilet paper. The entire text of the letter was: Who sank my boat?--Courtney. Does anyone know?

~~~~~  
I suppose editorial policy will have to be explained as it is everywhere else. I'm not big on fanfic for the simple reason that most of it I don't like: bad writing. But if somebody can write with any degree of skill--faaan or "serious" fiction--, I'll probably print the piece of work. But it has to be short. I doN'T want novellettes that invariably turn out to be a drag. Maybe 1000-1500 words at the most.

I like any type of article, and as long as they're written in the first place they'll stand a good chance of being accepted. It seems that the only people who write articles in the first place (why do I keep saying that?) are those who have been writing the articles for years. So how do they get started?

I want lots of artwork, as can be seen from this firstish which has the number of interior illos at about:0000. If a cover deserves



to be offset, I'll probably do the same as I did with Jack Gaughan's  
lurvevly illu on the cover. So don't worry about your masterpieces  
going to pot with a cruddy stenciler. I'll take care of it.

I'm not big on book reviews as they usually turn out to be a  
short one-paragraph telling nothing about the book at all. Buck  
Coulson writes his paragraphs better than anybody else, and I don't  
intend on competing with him. So if you have to write a book review,  
go through the book thoroughly giving criticism where needed in about/  
at least 500 words. In other words, about a full typewritten page.  
That doesn't stretch the mind too far, and most books that would be  
worth reviewing in that style would make available to the reader/  
reviewer more to say than would be possible in 500 words, and cer-  
tainly more than could be said in one paragraph. Make the reviews com-  
plete whether on books or movies, records, what-have-you.

Nextish I intend to review fanzines. I'll review all I'm asked to  
review PLUS the ones I think need a review or are just great anyway.

I'll trade my mag with anybody who also wants to trade. I'll trade  
for any zine regardless of its main theme, especially the comic zines.

As long as I'm going to review zines that people ask me to review  
I may as well ask anybody receiving a copy of BAB who also does reviews  
to do the same for me. If you want to review BAB, go ahead. If you  
don't want to review BAB, go ahead.

You'll get BAB as long as you write locs--if you don't contrib,  
trade, or pay; I don't mean the little letters saying, in effect, "I  
liked BAB. Send it again." Put some ideas into the letter. I want  
long letters, but I'll send a copy to each person who writes a letter  
that's later printed, long or not. But if you don't write a long let-  
ter and the dinky thing you do write isn't printed, you'll only get  
BAB by trading, paying, or giving a reason for doing nothing that tears  
my heart apart. Yeah: long letters and letters that say something.

~~~~~  
We may be in store for sf on the tube that is actually worth watch-  
ing. Jerry Sohl, George Clayton Johnson, Richard Matheson, and Theo-  
dore Sturgeon formed a company earlier this year "for the purpose of  
providing new and unusual ideas for television and the movies", as ex-  
plains Jerry Sohl. A TOUCH OF STRANGE, a half-hour anthology, is now  
before the NBC wits who pick the shows that finally make it. If a cam-  
paign can be started to save STAR TREK, why can't one be started to get  
A TOUCH OF STRANGE on the air to begin with so it can be saved when THE  
NIELSON puts it down? Yeah. It could be the first time anybody ever  
had a campaign in favor of a show before the show was even on the air.  
So if anybody happens to be writing to NBC, you might mention A TOUCH  
OF STRANGE.

The company is also completing a two-hour pilot for MGM (and CBS)  
and are planning another two-hour pilot. With luck we'll be able to  
see these films as "World Premiere" and with more luck, as regular ser-  
ies.

Already advertised on the backs of comic books are Aurora models  
based on VALLEY OF THE GIANTS. I quote: "the science fiction series  
with 'the most spectacular sets and special effects ever seen on tele-  
vision'". If it's as spectacular as the rest of the Irwin Allen Pig-  
pen Productions, I know what to expect--and what to tune out.

JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN, coming in September, may have more to  
offer as Robert Bloch has already been working on scripts, and if it's  
the British show, OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, many sf stories have been and  
probably will be adapted. I know it's English, but I've already seen  
it excluded from the sf realm and stuck in drama. Who knows?

~~~~~

BE A BOHEMA!!

\*\*FL\*\*



# T WERP

by Mike Lunney

Before you read this I'll tell you I'm not a great writer, so you can keep the criticisms down to about 5 million. Yeah! How about Marvel comics?; the first breath of fresh air since Timely. First item on

\*\*\*\*\*  
the agenda: Stan Lee.

In recent issues of Marvels, on the Bullpen Bulletins page, Stan Lee has been babbling about trying to improve and upgrade the image of comic mags (obviously, so an oldster, hooked on comics when he was young, --and still hooked--won't be stared at by a store owner when coming to the counter with a pile of comics. The out taken by most enthusiasts is: "The little kiddie can't do without his comix." "Neither can mine" is the usual reply of the stone-faced storekeeper.). Why then do you see such inane things as a superhero motorcycle toy with Captain America on it; or a Spiderman hand puppet? These things make the comics look like the normal readings of a five year old, so newcomers to the world of comics never read the particular mag. But if some of them (the reading (so-called) public) would pick one of these comics up and glance through it, their thoughts would be extremely changed.

I can still remember way back when Marvel was a baby with a few artists and Stan Lee as the major writer. As time passed on, and Marvel grew--artist and writer-wise --they became more popular, thus knocking Brand Echc out of its high roost. With Marvel gaining more capital every day, they could satisfy more fans by putting out more than 20 mags a month with one Spectacular? quarterly. To tell you the truth, Marvel was excellent; at least 5 years ago it was. Nowadays they are becoming more commercial and selling more new titles it seems almost every month. They say they still don't have enough new writers and artists, but they still put out new mags. Ohmigosh, they don't even answer letters we labor hours to write anymore.

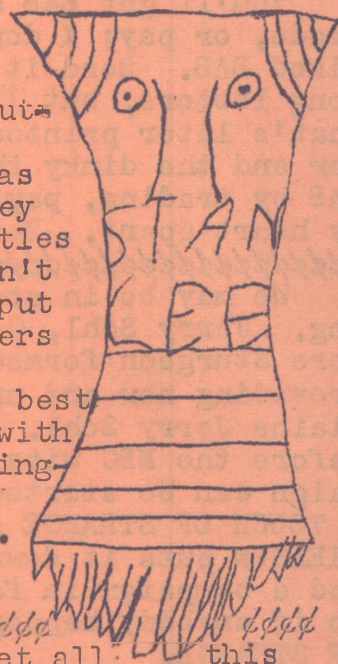
Whatever happened to Jim Steranko/"? He was the best artist-writer Marvel ever had. But he is now stuck with drawing only his spectacular covers, while Frank Springer draws the story.

My 800 copies of Marvels are not nearly complete. Please send me some lists of books you would want to sell, PLEASE!!!!!! Send to my brother, Frank Lunney.

And that's all he wrote. But I'm not going to let all this space go to waste. Stencils are enough without letting each one go to pot because of a few lines left over simply because somebody didn't write a column long enough to fill the page.

If anyone wants to write a column on comics, you're welcome to write and ~~try to do it~~ see what can be worked out. I have a feeling Mike won't be doing any more writing!!!!

I disagree with most of what he said there above me, but most of it can be attributed to ignorance. He still labors under the impression that everything not a Marvel is unmitigated crud, but from what I've read on this page, he doesn't like Marvel either. What the hell does he like? Archie. Marvel is better today than it ever was. I remember the team of Kirby-Ayers on FF, and it was something to puke about. Joe Sinnot puts some meat in the strip. And even Steranko started out like a bum, letting the influence of everybody else go to his pen. His institution of REAL art in the SHIELD strip has left something which Springer can't hope to catch up with.--FL.





# THE SF MAGAZINES AND NORMAN SPINRAD

SIX OF ONE AND ANOTHER /// BY ED REED

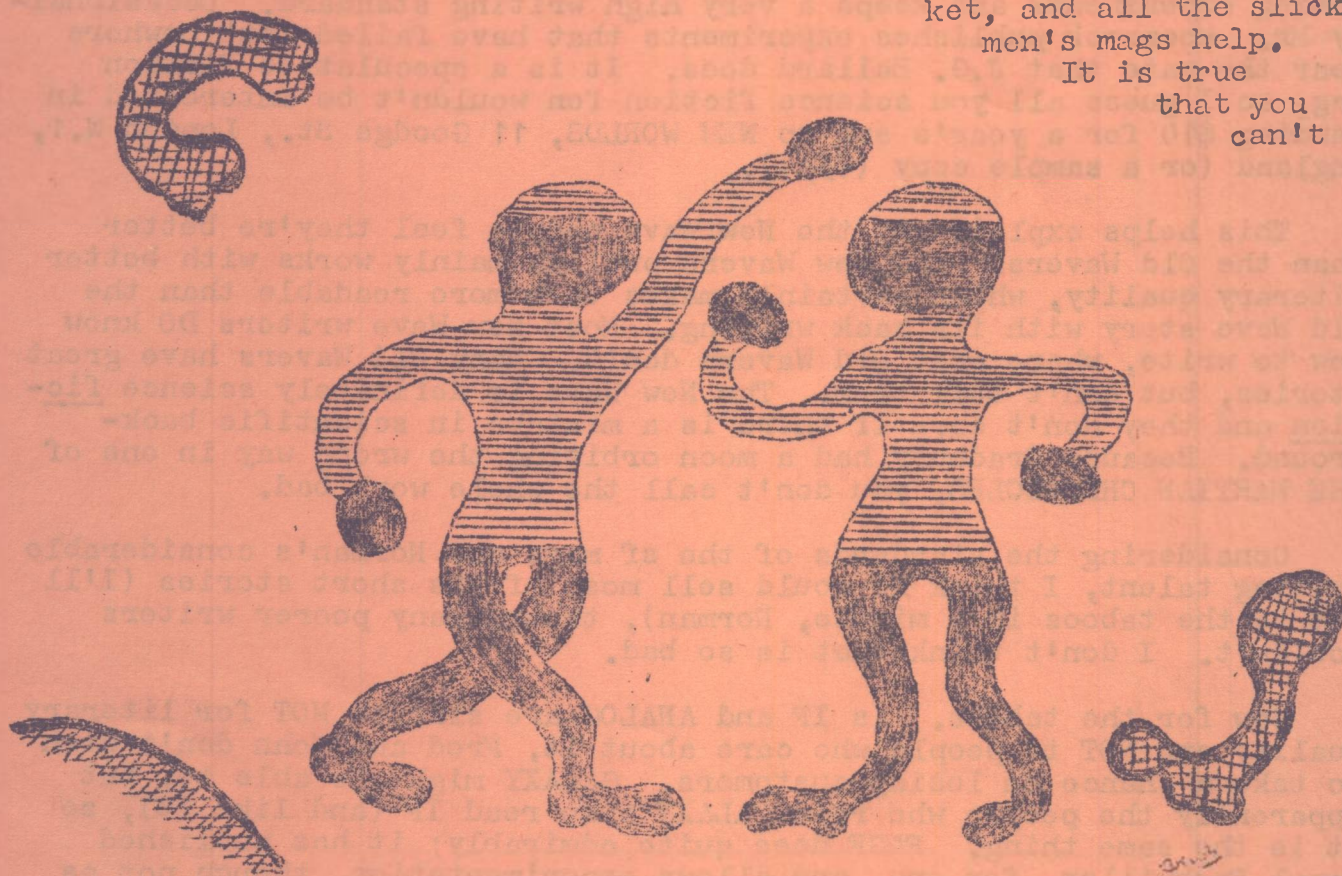
Norman Spinrad has complained.

There isn't enough of a market for sf short stories, he says. He feels the prozines are too juvenile and are ruining the best writers. He complains bitterly of the taboos and little experimentation in the American prozines. Perhaps Poor Norman is paranoid. Maybe we should all be.

He has a right to feel annoyed when his excellent novel, *THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE*, is reviewed in only *ANALOG*--in the U.S.--and *NEW WORLDS*. But he seems to feel it is the editors' fault for not threatening their reviewers unless they review his books.

As for too little a market for short stories, Norman is getting QUITE paranoid. Though there could and should be more of a field, it is slowly expanding and quite large at the moment. *GALAXY* and *IF* publish around 12 stories a month; *F&SF*, *ANALOG*, and *NEW WORLDS* each publish around 5 a month; *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC* pub around 2 a month, and growing; *ORBIT* is a marginal market and *NEW WRITINGS IN SF* do about 25-30 a year. Two new magazines, *WORLDS OF FANTASY* and *STELLAR*, will help increase the market, and all the slick men's mags help.

It is true  
that you  
can't





make a living writing sf SOLELY, but you can live pretty well if you hold a small job. It is a rare writer in any genre that can make a living at writing ONLY. Swallow some pride and write a science text; look at Robert Silverberg. It is lamentable that Spinrad can't make a living in sf, but he can in writing.

Spinrad is unfortunately right in his feeling that a good deal of sf is slanted towards the juvenile, as do many paperbacks and most libraries, and one magazine: IF. I hear the cries of outrage around me, so I better explain my last remark. IF is slanted towards the juvenile--or it comes out that way. Most stories are bland writing with an "adventure" plot. Very few have literary quality and very few are good. I think Fred Pohl sees this as he has an occasional Delany, Zelazny, et al., story. The new writers can get into IF because you don't have to write very well. Another magazine, ANALOG, is very scientist oriented...er, maybe engineer. Anyway, most stories are either "scientific romances" (some are fun, but...) or the typical ANALOG story we all know so well (and some despise so well) with a

smattering of "humor". Occasionally a good story appears out of nowhere. The literary quality is above IF's but not as good as it should be. Campbell is a science fictioneer. We've used up too much science fiction. It's boring to most people now. Let's try some more science fiction and maybe the mundane people will get a better view of sf.

GALAXY runs above IF in its story quality, and usually has mostly good stories in it. But it could be better if Pohl would allow some experimentation. F&SF is the best American sf mag. Most stories are science fiction and very well written. It is the only sf prozine which could reprint a Guillaume Apollinaire story and have another story in the same issue written better. NEW WORLDS, of course, runs daring experiments and keeps a very high writing standard. Occasionally Mr. Moorcock publishes experiments that have failed, but nowhere near the rate that J.G. Ballard does. It is a speculative fiction mag, so I guess all you science fiction fan wouldn't be interested in sending \$10 for a year's sub to NEW WORLDS, 11 Goodge St., London W.1, England (or a sample copy (75¢)).

This helps explain why the New Wave people feel they're better than the Old Wavers. The New Wavers publish mainly works with better literary quality, which certainly makes them more readable than the Old Wave story with its hack writing. Most New Wave writers DO know how to write, where most Old Wavers don't. Many Old Wavers have great stories, but can't tell them. The New Wave is definitely science fiction and they don't care if there is a mistake in scientific background. Because Bradbury had a moon orbiting the wrong way in one of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, you don't call the whole work bad.

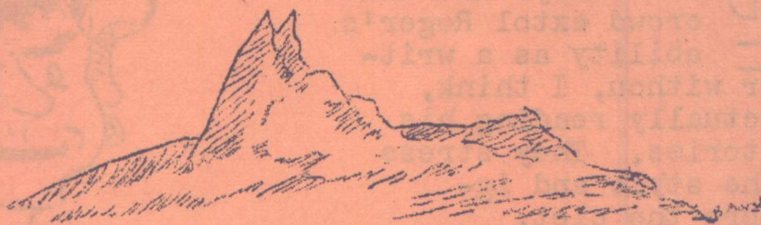
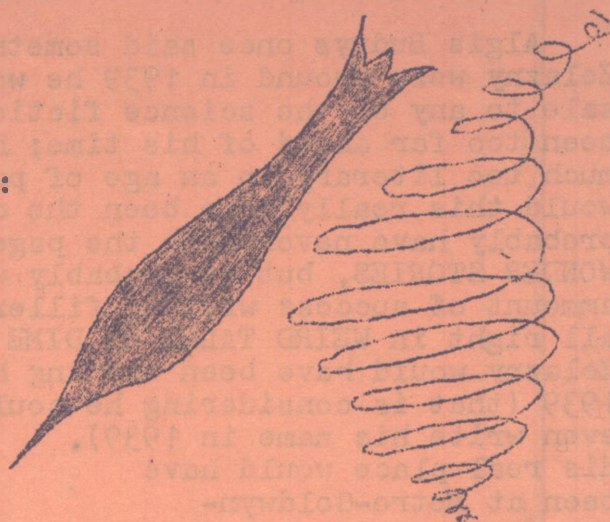
Considering the standards of the sf mags and Norman's considerable writing talent, I think he could sell most of his short stories (I'll get to the taboos in a minute, Norman), though many poorer writers couldn't. I don't think that is so bad.

Now for the taboos. As IF and ANALOG are slanted NOT for literary quality and NOT to people who care about it, Fred and John don't wish to take a chance on losing customers. GALAXY might be able to, but apparently the people who read GALAXY also read IF (and like it), so it is the same thing. F&SF does quite admirably; it has published Carol Emshwiller, for one, and allows experimentation, though not as



much as would be liked. I lament Avram Davidson's demise as the editor because F&SF would really be great with him around (it was). NEW WORLDS isn't one of the mags Norman is complaining about--and neither am I. And to think Mike Moorcock writes good stories, too.

As for destroying good writers: that will happen if the author allows it to happen (no, I'm not talking existentialism. That's just the way it happens to be. Shades of Kierkegaard!). If he values his writing style he'll work mainly for F&SF and NEW WORLDS and GALAXY and always work on his writing. Many writers who work in NEW WORLDS don't get their well-deserved recognition but that won't destroy them. If a writer needs all that recognition (egoboo type) then it isn't the mags that are going to destroy him, but the fen.



Norman also complains (every chance he gets) about BUG JACK BARRON. He thinks that no one will publish it because it is "too much" for them. Yet he's given them a great excuse! Besides not allowing censorship, he is also so paranoid as to not allow editing. He (presumably) feels that they (the editors) could use editing as a cover-up for censoring, which is nonsense. But many companies don't think that any writer is good enough to not need editing (except, maybe Joyce in FINNEGAN'S WAKE) and won't touch it. Certainly they used this as an excuse. Well, let's hope Avon has pacified Poor Norman for a while.

is

Poor Norman/also trying to get the mags to do some experimenting. But he gets mad and calls Pohl a pimp because he won't experiment, and he's wrecking the short story market (and blaah, blaah, blaah). Pohl isn't a pimp. At worst he's a die-hard, middle-of-the-roader materialist. As such, he wants to keep his mags as they are (contents wise) and feels the Vietnam war can be solved in 100 words or less. Though with the latter perhaps Fred is trying to get more fantasy in his mags.

Sf does need experimentation and less taboos. If Norman (and all his friends) want this as badly as they make out they should start their own magazine, even if they have to mimeo it. If it is good it will go over with the few people who are needed and then experimentation can spread.

But, Poor Norman, don't abandon your heritage. There is still merit to a straight sf story done well. There isn't to any of that IF nonsense, in the guise of sf. Finis, and all that. Pax, Poor Norman, pax.

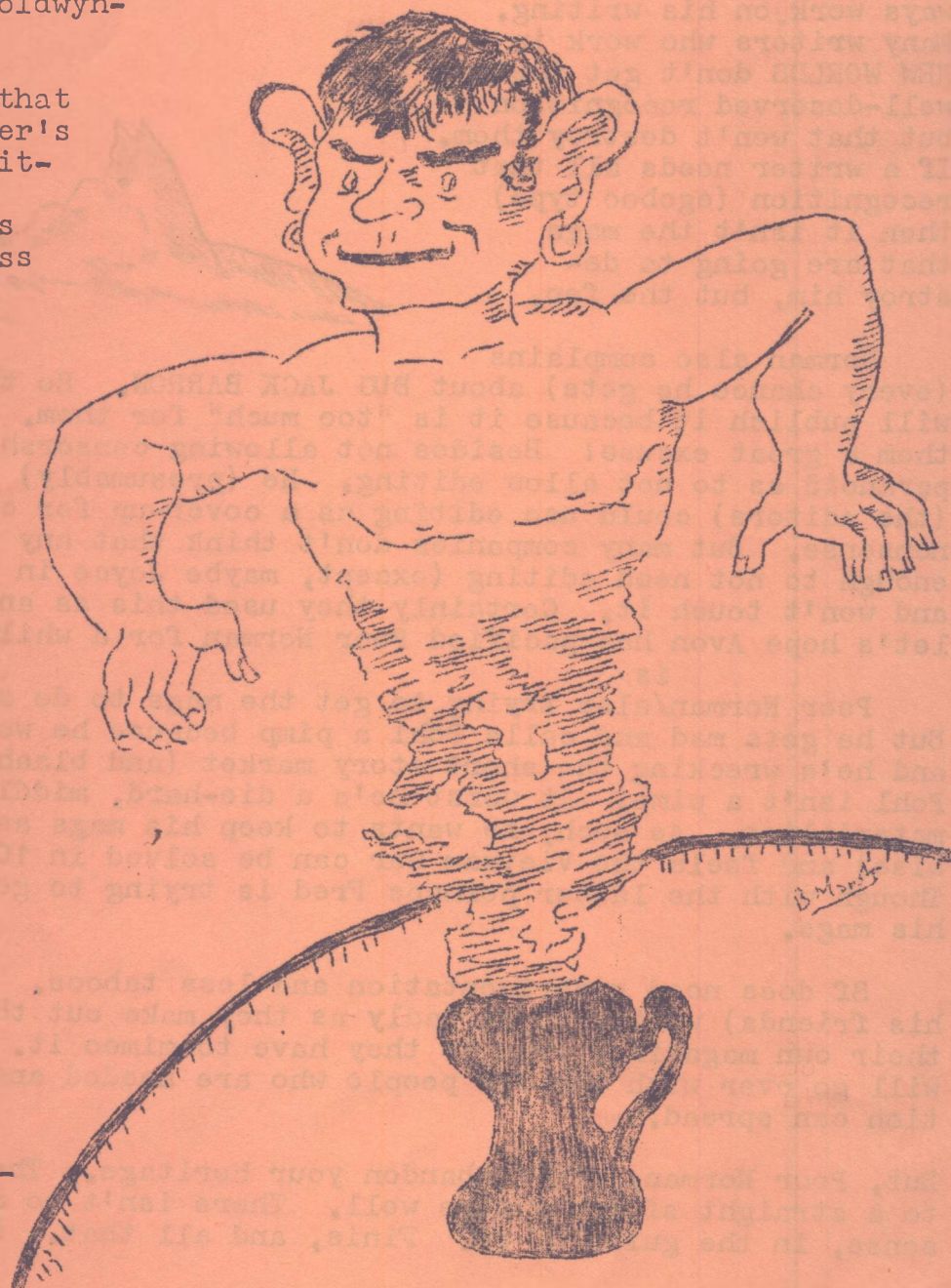


## DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL! IT'S TIME FOR THE LATE LATE ZELAZNY

Algis Budrys once said something to the effect that if Roger Zelazny were around in 1939 he wouldn't have been able to make a sale to any of the science fiction pulps because he would have been too far ahead of his time; his writing style would have been much too literary in an age of purple prose and gadgeteers. But would this really have been the case? Not really. Zelazny would probably have never made the pages of ASTOUNDING or even THRILLING WONDER STORIES, but he probably would have achieved a moderate ammount of success writing fillers in STARTLING and would be doing all right in WEIRD TALES or DIME DETECTIVE. However, I think Zelazny would have been wasting his time writing for the pulps in 1939 (that is considering he could even write his name in 1939). His real place would have been at Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer.

Budrys and that crowd extol Roger's ability as a writer without, I think, actually reading his stories. They stress the style and ignore the plot. The truth is that the only difference between Zelazny's writing and that to be found in the old pulps is that Zelazny's is purpler, and his plots are basically the same thing you'll find on your local late, late movie. Roger Zelazny writes old movies with science fiction-al trimmings.

For example take "The Lamps of his Eyes, the Doors of his Mouth". Here we have a big-game hunter who's lost his nerve and therefore his fortune and his bitch of a wife. After a





lot of running around and excitement he gets his nerve back and assaults his former wife in the control room. It's a good story. It's Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. The story of the big-game hunter/detective/test pilot/circus star/movie star who loses his nerve or becomes destitute for one reason or another was one of the really old stand-bys in Hollywood. It was THE plot in just about every movie Richard Widmark made before he joined the Navy.

In AND CALL ME CONRAD we have Tyrone Power in a combination of the White Hunter and Lost World flicks. You really expect to see Tarzan come swinging down from the trees at any moment. And that vampire is Tor Johnson.

"The Graveyard Heart" is a Doris Day movie (any Doris Day movie) in black. Just read in, for the names of the main characters, Doris, Rock, and Tony and you'll see what I mean.

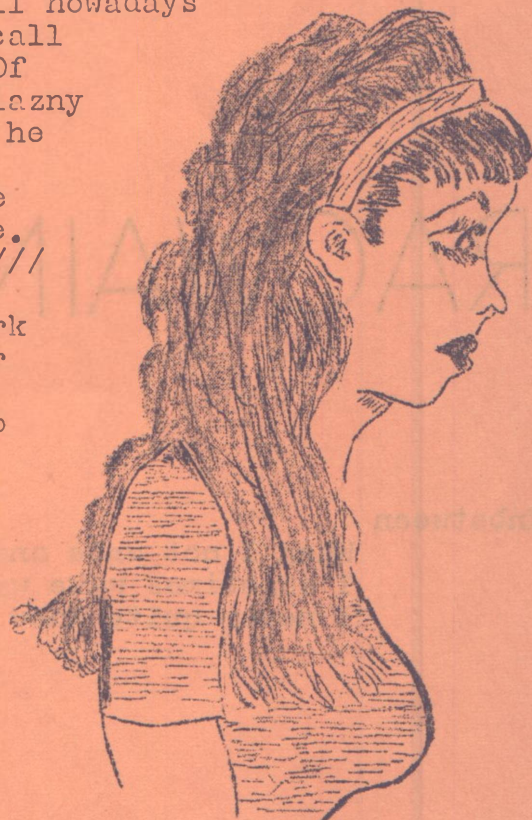
Zelazny could've written some great old movies. He knows all the plots, the situations, the characterizations and how to mix 'em. He also has a fine sense of the melodramatic. In "The Furies" James Cagney is gunned down by the cops just as he decides to go straight.

But Zelazny's real forte would have been the horror movie. A fine example of this is "Damnation Alley". Here we have a mish-mash of every creepy picture American-International ever put out. Giant gila monsters, huge bats and a maladroit on a motorcycle cavort around in a mysterious atomic wind, and once in a while you can see the zippers on the costumes.

So there you have Roger Zelazny. A misplaced movie writer working in a media that will nowadays do anything to look respectable...even call pastiches of old movies "literature". Of course, it logically follows that if Zelazny could have made it in Hollywood in '39, he could still do it today. Not movies, maybe, but certainly television. And he probably will. That's the real New Wave.

////////////////////////////////////  
How do all the faneds do it...I mean work it out so that the end of the article or work in question falls exactly on the bottom line of a page, replete with illo and heading letters. YANDRO does this almost perfectly, and I don't know how it's at all possible. I can't fill it in with an illo, cause I already have one to the right.

Speaking of the illo, they're all done by Bill Marsh, a really great Bohema from out in Nevada. I typed up the editorial before everything else so Bill's name isn't listed along with the others who were made Bohema's as a result of contribbng to thish. So, once again, IT SHALL THEREFORE BE KNOWN THAT BILL MARSH, BRIDGEBUILDER, IS TRULY A BOHEMA. AHHHHHHH!!!!\*\*\*\*\*FL.





## The Dark Lord

The Dark Lord stays in his tower high,  
With immortal fear of those who die.  
Always, always fearful he will have to fly,  
When the rain of fire falls from the sky

R.H.

## Gone

They are now gone as never came,  
Gone is their glory, gone is their fame.  
Gone, they left in a burst of flame!  
Now none remembered even in name.

RACWAIN

## Inbetween

When I not wake and before I dream,  
I sometimes wake with horrid screams.  
I never quite know just what they mean.



# THE FINAL FRONTIER

BY

LEO  
P.  
KELLEY

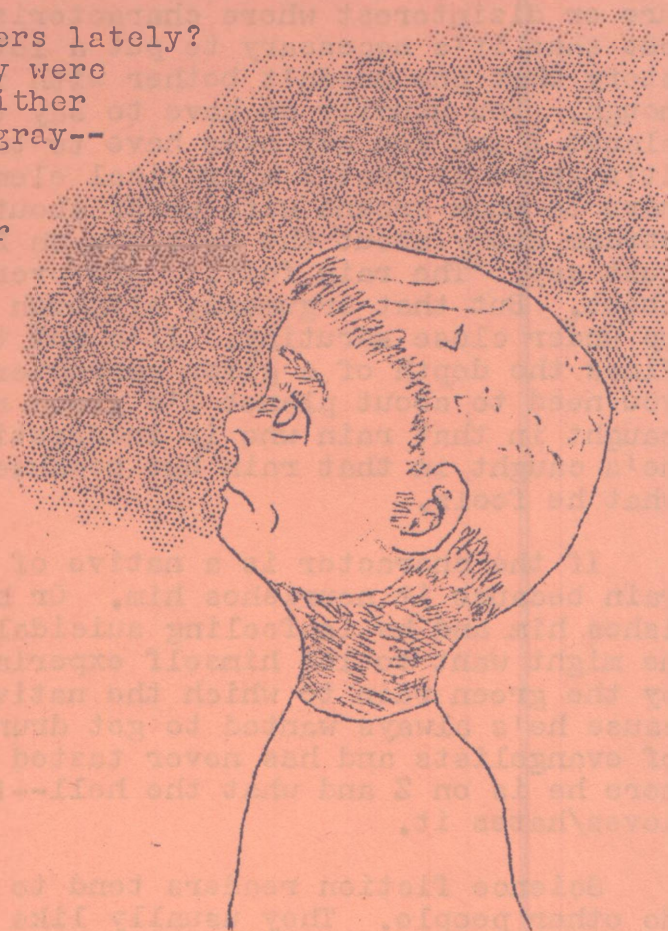
In western novels you have the hero and the villain. The "good gun" and the "bad gun". The Indians are all merciless, not to mention bloodthirsty. And the heroine--well, she doesn't sleep around.

In science fiction you have too often the "good gun" (the Ter-ran) and the "bad gun" (the alien). And the heroine--well, she doesn't sleep around.

Now heroines in science fiction stories needn't sleep around. Although that might not be a bad idea for either the heroine or the reader. But characters in science fiction stories should possess more than one dimension. In fact, at least three or four. The more the merrier. But science fiction characters are all too often without complexity--without "humanness". Or, in some cases, "alienness".

Have you read any good characters lately? If so, what made them "good"? They were probably good because they were neither black nor white and certainly not gray--but psychedelically colored.

Let's take a hypothetical character who stutters. He stutters because he is scared to death of people. He is scared to death of people, it turns out, because his father was a pathological liar and the stutterer, while growing up, never knew whether to believe his father when he said he worked two jobs or when he said there really was a hungry grizzly bear in the woodshed. But, his stuttering notwithstanding and his fear of people notwithstanding, this guy is the one who runs into the burning building and drops a trapped girl down into the firemen's net while all the non-stutterers and "brave" guys stand around outside wondering when the roof is going to cave in and speculating on how many people might get killed when it does. No, the guy doesn't marry the girl he saves. You





see, he's learned never to trust anyone over ten. Okay, so it's a crazy characterization. But the point is that it isn't shallow and it isn't predictable and it isn't dull.

Take Raskolnikov. Or Oedipus. Or any number of Somerset Maugham's characters. Or Ben Gant in Look Homeward, Angel.

Why are such characters as rare in science fiction as the well known day in June? Could it be because some science fiction writers don't cotton to people much and it shows in their writing? Could that explain why godlings and nameless forces and gadgets and a lot of other things besides people get the big play in science fiction?

People will say, "Yeah, man, but that's the nature of the beast, you dig?"

No, I don't.

Although science fiction is very definitely a literature of ideas, it doesn't necessarily follow that science fiction writers must cop out where characterization is concerned. The scorn in which science fiction is held by some members of the literati is a reasoned scorn. They've taken a look at a lot of science fiction stories and said, "It's great, I guess, if you're queer for space ships and hyperdrive and all that jazz but give me a plain old story about people anytime."

Science fiction writers tend to justify what is often their failure or disinterest where characterization is concerned by pointing out that it's necessary to put a lot of things into a science fiction story that one needn't bother with in a mainstream story. True enough. You usually do have to say that the rain is green on the planet Z and you may even have to take time and words to explain why it's green if that's a critical element in your story. You don't have to muck around with words about rain if you're writing a mainstream story about the hero now on Earth. You just say, or you can just say, "The rain fell." And everybody knows what you're talking about. But that argument, although valid to some degree, doesn't hold up under close scrutiny. It's not the number of words used that defines the depth of a given character in a story. You can tell all you need to about planet Z's green rain and also create a character caught in that rain who is interesting not because (or only because) he's caught in that rain but because of what he is, what he thinks, what he feels.

If the character is a native of the planet Z, he might love the rain because it nourishes him. Or he might hate it because it nourishes him and he is feeling suicidal. If he is not a native of Z, he might want to let himself experiment with the drunkenness induced by the green rain to which the natives of Z are immune. Why? Because he's always wanted to get drunk but he comes from a long line of evangelists and has never tasted a drop of John Barleycorn but now here he is on Z and what the hell--! So he gets greening drunk--and loves/hates it.

Science fiction readers tend to vibrate to different stimuli than do other people. They usually like their fiction ideational as well as adventuresome. They want to know what's out beyond. And around. And way up in the middle of the air. Fine. But they also want to know what's going on inside the hero and the heroine and the Indians.



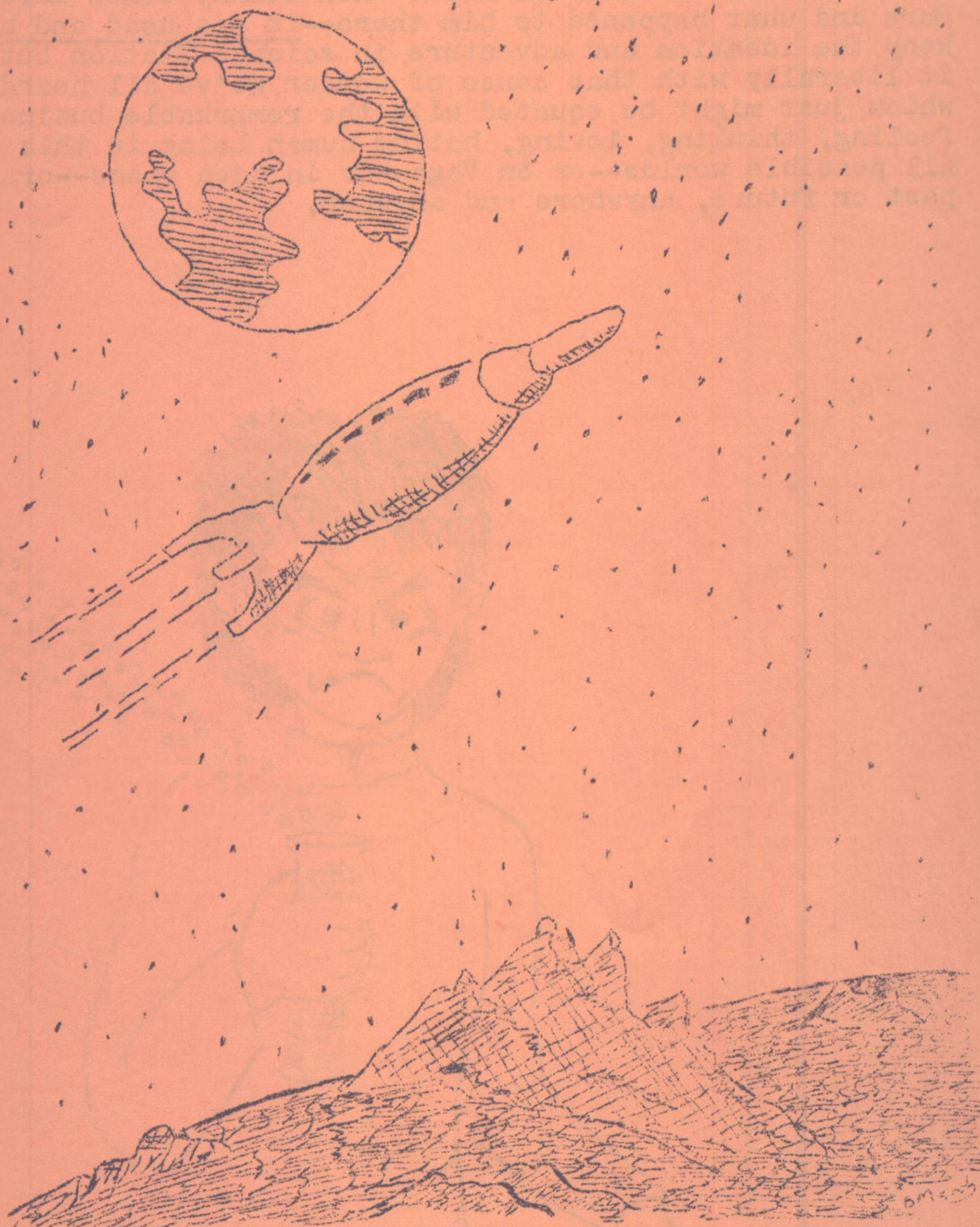
Space is  
not the fi-  
nal frontier.  
Man still is.

Now I'm  
all for a  
good knock-  
down, drag-  
out fight in  
the interstic-  
es of a time  
warp or on  
the deck of  
a manned sat-  
ellite. I  
like to see  
the good guys  
win. Or the  
bad guys--de-  
pending upon  
the story.  
But I also  
enjoy meeting  
a hero who  
isn't all  
that heroic  
or a heroine  
who doesn't  
end up with  
a soulmate  
because deep  
down she's  
shown to  
be a man-  
eating bitch.

If sci-  
ence fiction  
is ever to  
become some-  
thing more  
than one of  
the black  
sheep of the  
literary fam-  
ily, one of

the ways it will do so is by presenting multi-faceted and in-depth characterizations. Stories, after all, are not only about what happens to people. Plot, that's called. And it's fine as far as it goes. But stories are also--and first and foremost--about people themselves.

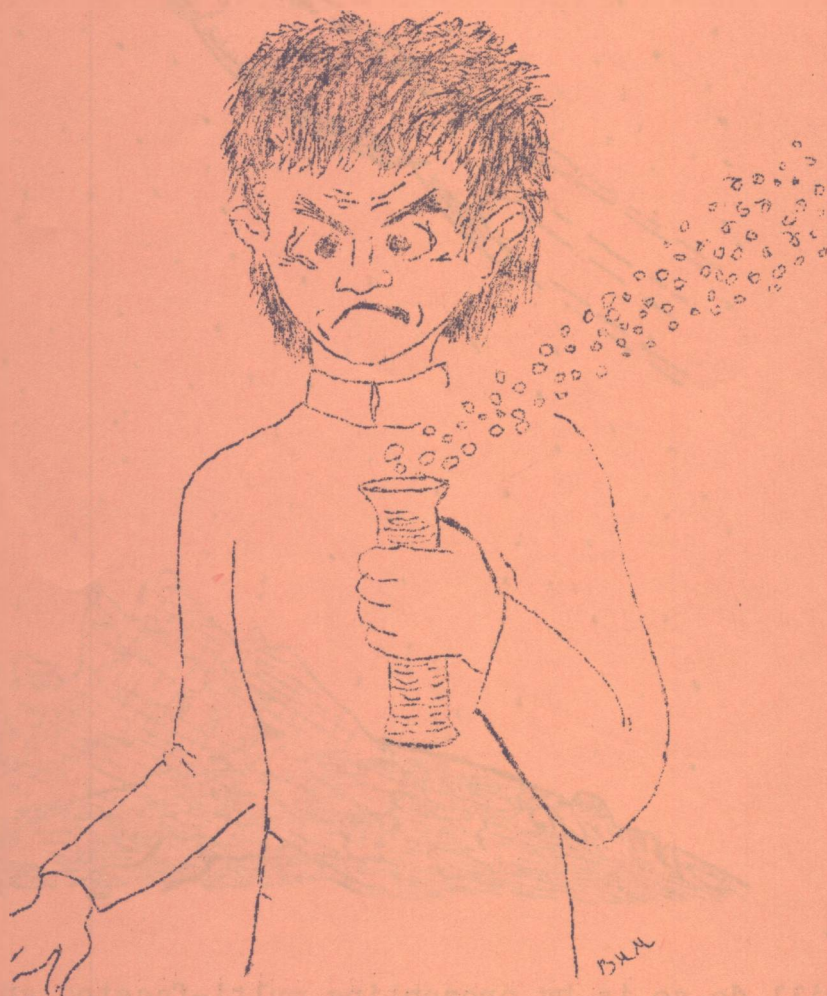
And people are "about" feelings and thoughts. Good and evil. Pain and pleasure and the many ways they can be taken. Life and death. So let's hope for more stories that tell us about how it hurts to lose the girl you love in a battle with predatory alien colonists. Or how good it feels when you sober up after getting drunk on the green rain falling all over planet Z and you realize that no single god has struck





you down with a thunderbolt with your name on it because you were having one helluva good time.

Let's look for stories about when Johnny comes marching home from Mars and what happened to him there--in his head and heart. Let's keep the ideation and adventure in science fiction but let's sprinkle it liberally with that sense of wonder we've all heard so much about which just might be equated with the remarkable business of being a feeling, thinking, loving, hating human being in this craziest of all possible worlds--or on Vega--or in deep space--or marooned in the past or future, anywhere and anywhen.





# THE MINATORY MIMOSA

BY

FAITH LINCOLN

Pistle walked along the sand, yet did not know where his feet fell. The same sand over which he had travelled as a boy lay wasted behind him...catching his nonexistent foot prints. They lay not on this Earth. Pistle was escaping the dread he could not take: hot beer was his backlife, and it almost killed him.

The beer can hovered above his head, and circled in a menacing attitude. Away, Pistle told the beer can, but it would not leave. Pistle decided the can could not harm him in his present state of flux, for the can had no desire to be swept away.

The line dominated the sight of Pistle as it wound down the beach and out of sight. He could not decide whether the line was his own--meant for him to follow--or belonged to some other person--or animal. Pistle had seen many animals on this beach. Many he could not stand the sight of, but he could not tear his eyes away, nonetheless. These beasts, especially the ugly ones, held a special fascination to the eyes. It intrigued one to speculate on the origin of such a bestial life. Finally Pistle decided they had been grown in a garden.

Where did the beasts come from, Pistle asked the beer can. The beer can sloshed but did not reply. High and mighty beer can, Pistle said under his breath.

Pistle thought of catching the beasts--the ugly ones--and selling their hides. Sleek and scaly, yet not rough to the hand. They held a feeling of security, but no one had ever been able to secure a skin. Aren't I witty, Pistle thought to himself. Pistle wasn't big with puns.

The beer can floated and cast a shadow on Pistle's nonexistent trail. Pistle didn't see the trail. He didn't turn around.

From out of the waves--whitecapped yet full of grease, strange--came a towering Godzilla. Pistle knew Godzilla was fake...cheap Japanese movies. Never did go for them, he thought. Godzilla's shadow engulfed Pistle and a freezing feeling permeated his hair. Now everybody could say his hair looked cool. Pistle felt pleased with himself. He never regarded himself as a punster before. He didn't consider himself one now either.

The beer can hovered in front of Godzilla, and Godzilla became a picture of Matt Dillon. The picture floated to the ground, and Pistle picked it up. Pistle was a great admirer of Matt Dillon. When he was nine his mother had bought a scratch pad that had a picture of the Sheriff on the front, and it even actually had his autograph. Pistle thought Marshall Dillon signed it personally, so the pad rotted away in the desk drawer. Pistle picked up the picture and crumpled it in his hand. Why do I have to throw it away? He



stuffed it in his pocket without folding it out.



The A-bomb attracted Pistle's attention. That's a stupid place to put an A-bomb if I ever saw one. You should never put an A-bomb on the beach, Pistle thought, and leaped with joy at his little funny. Pistle knew the pencil shaped object was an A-bomb because on the side of it, in tiny little itty bitsy lettering, was written "A-bomb". Pistle prided himself on his reading ability and kept it a secret from no one. How much do A-bombs go for these days?

\$1.98, said the A-bomb salesman standing behind Pistle. Pistle glanced around and stifled a laugh: the beer can was perched on the A-bomb salesman's head. The salesman didn't know the beer can was there. It isn't right to live

without an A-bomb handy...at your fingertips. You never know when you might trip over a grating in the beach or something and want revenge. What better way of getting back at that damn grating than by blowing it up with an A-bomb? The old sales pitch, thought Pistle.

Pistle looked in his pocket. I only have \$1.97, he told the salesman. I don't know...he dragged on. The salesman continued, I'll do you a favor and let you have it for \$1.97. But this is going to set the tax department back a million years. You lose money in one place, you have to make it up or the company goes out of business. And what would happen if we couldn't make any more A-bombs? Pistle didn't know the answer.

Pistle took his A-bomb--his very own--and sat on it. Pistle would hatch his A-bomb. Then he'd never have to worry about it again. The beer can helped sit on the A-bomb when Pistle took a lunch break. That night the egg hatched and on to the sand rolled the world.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Has anyone noticed that Norman Spinrad's favorite word--in his books--  
is "sycophant"?  
\*\*\*\*\*



AFTER THE FACT\*\*\*\*\*

This really looks like it's going to be a cruddy ish, repro wise. It's going to take me a while to tame the thing and have it produce any legible copy at all. But I suppose all zines have gone through their cruddy stage. Why, even PSYCHOTIC must've had those first few issues that nobody wanted because it looked so bad.

I must say that the outside package, with Jack's cover makes it all look good, and maybe even think the whole zine is offset. No such money. The repro should be as good as the writing. Thank to fellow Bohemas Jack, Ed Reed, Gary Hubbard, Faith Lincoln, Leo Kelley, and Bill Marsh. On the BELLOWINGS page I mentioned that I didn't have any artwork thish, which is obviously changed now. Bill Marsh sent me these thingies yesterday, and I've been going on the stencils all day. But Bill draws with ink and brush and knocks in these solid areas of black that just about make the picture. You can understand how they came out the way they did if you add that to my art form when it comes to stenciling. But I'll be practiced by nextish and..... I should offset all the artwork, but the cover costs enough.

To solve the mystery that may have been pervading thish, you can know go through the rest of the page and SEE WHY YOU GOT THISH IN THE FIRST PLACE. Hey, I forgot to mention fellow Bohemette Faith Lincoln in the above paragraph, and H.R. Racwain is one too. It's just that I haven't stencilled their stuuf yet, and I'm a dunderhead.  
BE A BOHEMA!!!!!!

- You gots it cuz:
- ☐ You contributed and
  - ☐ You're a Bohema
  - ☐ I thought you might like to contrib
  - ☐ I like the way you draw and....???
  - ☐ You're a correspondent, but you'd better repro
  - ☒ I want a loc
  - ☒ I want a long loc
  - ☐ I want your head on a tray
  - ☒ I'd like to trade SANCTUM ???
  - ☒ I'd like to be reviewed???
  - ☐ You're a pro
  - ☐ You're Ted White
  - ☐ The margin was missed
  - ☐ You write grouchy letters
  - ☐ You're Jack
  - ☐ You're the Secret Messter of Fandom
  - ☐ I had to match with the other miss
  - ☐ I like the way you write
  - ☐ You are mentioned
  - ☐ NFAS
  - ☐ You're Norman Spinrad--I liked TMITJ but BJB is better. Now what???
  - ☐ BNF (various interpretations)
  - ☐ You might just want to read this
  - ☐ What happened to you?
  - ☐ You're Robert Bloch and yes you do have time!
  - ☒ I want a contrib from you too.
  - ☐ I need more artwork than can be said once.
  - ☒ I need a lot of contribs, too

PICK  
SOME



