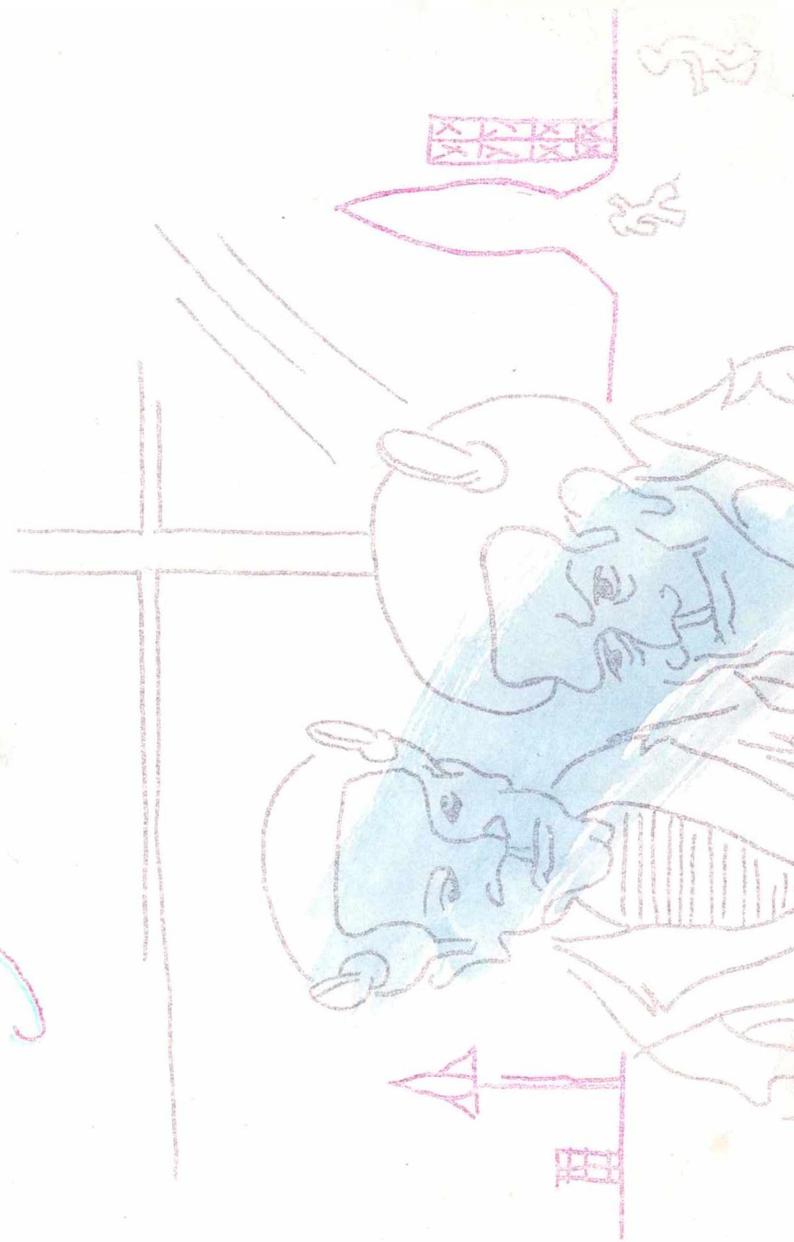
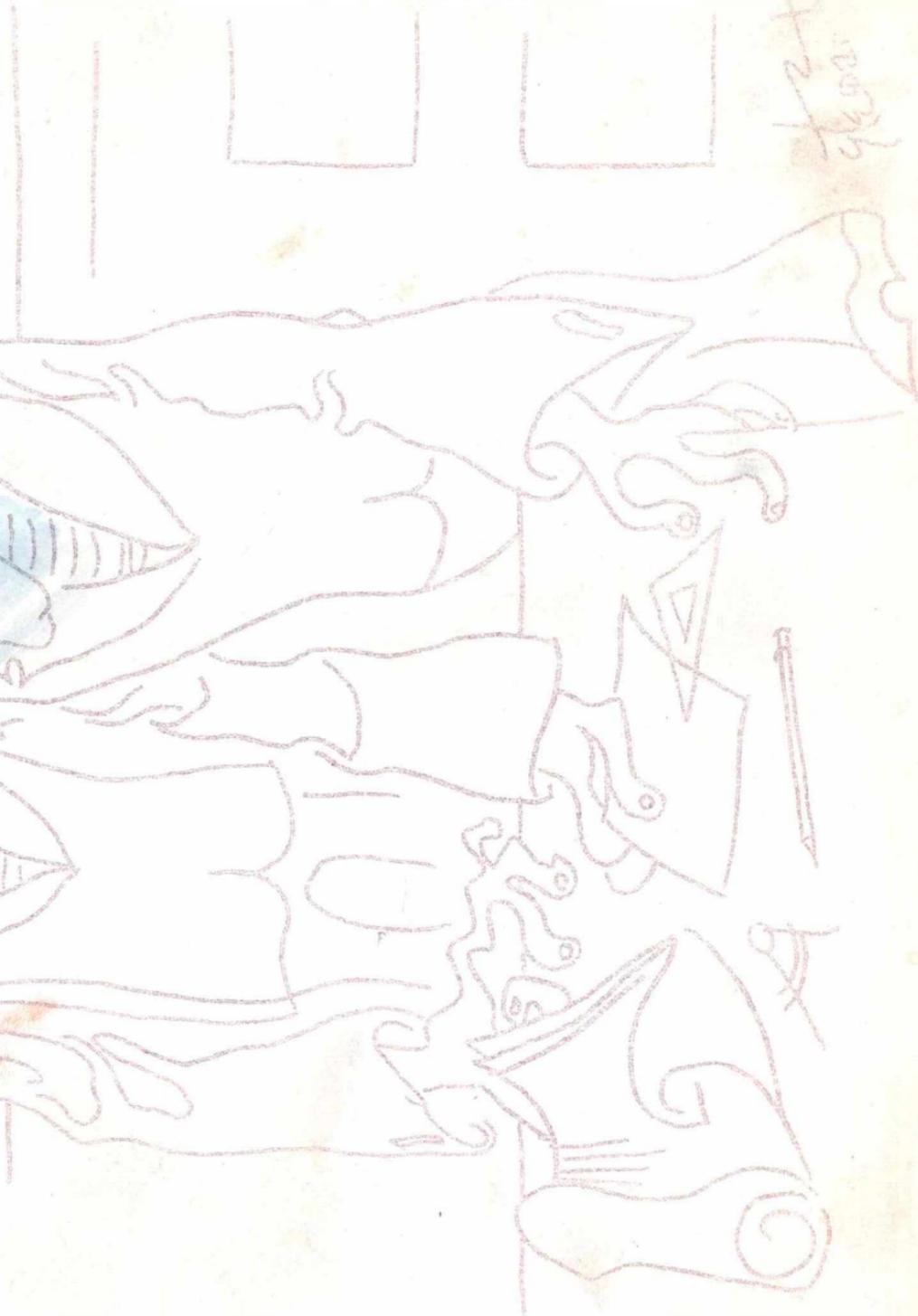


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Sigbo #6

LOWEST PRICED FANZINE IN
THE MEDIUM PRICED FIELD

15¢ per issue
subs -- 2/25¢
free for con-
tributions, re-
viewing, let-
ters worthy of
being printed
or traded.

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Front cover: Bob Stewart

Back covers: Joe Harris, Jr.

Interior illustrations: Ron Fleshman (p. 4), Joe Sanders (p. 5), Colin Caseran (pp. 6, 12), Ray Nelson (pp. 6, 24, 34), Lars Houma (pp. 9, 35), Bill Pearson (p. 12), Claude Saxon, Jr. (p. 14), Jerry Deluth (pp. 17, 27), Joe Harris, Jr. (pp. 19, 20, 21, 22, 37), Juanita Coulson (p. 26), Don Adkins (p. 32), Robert E. Gilbert (p. 40).

YOU'RE RECEIVING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE YOU'RE

A letterhack

A contributor

A fanz pubber-- le's trade

A subscriber with 0 issues left

A fanz reviewer

A BNF

Because we want you to become one of the above as checked

Chicago: 1959



I Finally had my first run-in with the post office concerning SIGBO.

I never mail off all the copies of one issue together. I mail the majority of them at several different times as I don't have the time to stamp and address every copy within a couple of days. Also of course, weeks after the majority of the copies have been sent out, requests come in from those who read a review or heard about the issue by mouth. Such happened with #5 but with one fellow ordering two copies.

Now I'll be damned if I'll slap on two 5¢ stamps and let the post office make a profit. Hell, I've been spending enough money on that outfit the way it is. So I decided to have the envelope weighed. After all, I was going past a branch of the Evanston post office that day and it would be just as easy for me to step in.

But that's the trouble—it's a branch. The clerks there are two old women who evidently are close relatives of the post master general. I can't see any other reason for them getting the job there.

"I am not a louse."

—Yngvi

Hell, I can't even see how they could get a job any place. They don't even have the ability to become waitresses at a Howard Johnson's.

Every time you ask them a question they have to look up the answer in a book. At least that's what I think they're looking up. Who knows, they might be looking up an explanation of the question.

I go there every day to mail records for the record store I work at. And every day when I ask to have them insured the same woman explains to me how records are only insured for delivery and not for breakage.

Well, anyway, I walked up to the window this time with a pile of envelopes filled with SIGBO's.

"These will take 5¢ apiece," I said, "but I don't know about this one." I pointed to the envelope which contained two SIGBO's, which I had kept to the side.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Printed matter," I mumbled. Hell, the packages were clearly marked.

She looked puzzled. "Yes, but what is it?" she repeated.

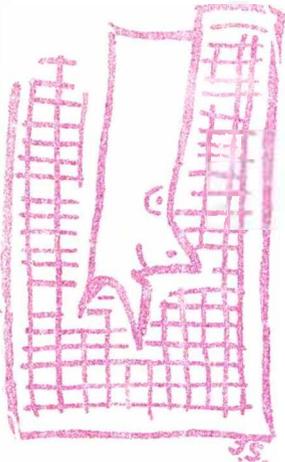
"Magazines," I said disinterestedly, shifting my weight from one foot to the other.

She still looked puzzled and began to open the envelope.

"They're not registered second class so they'll have to be sent third class—book rate," I explained, hoping that would clarify matters and she wouldn't go thumbing through the damned magazine. Me and

DE MUTH'S DRIVE

Chicago⁴: 1959



my bright ideas.

She felt the envelope. "Doesn't feel like a book to me," she shouted, as if I were trying to pull a fast one on the post office. Well, at least she was on the ball.

She removed the fanzines from the envelope and stared at them amazed. "What are these?" she asked while flipping through them.

"Just magazines," I replied as if that would solve the problem.

"Doesn't look like a magazine to me," she muttered. She began skimming through the pages. "This is written," she exclaimed.

"It's printed matter," I protested nonchalantly.

She began to read one of the articles. "Where was this copied from?" Now she was only accusing me of plagiarism.

"From the original manuscripts," I said sarcastically. "It was all written for the magazine."

"Ingi is too a louse."

—Mrs. Yngvi

"This looks like written matter to me," was her comment again. "You'll have to send this first class."

"It's printed matter," I retorted again. "It was printed on a duplicator machine."

By this time she was at the contents page—she had, of course, started at the back of the magazine in flipping through it. She did everything backwards.

Her finger ran down the page, her eyes squinting and carefully following the waving finger. I was afraid that she'd say something about the checks I had put at the bottom signifying reader status but she went right past that and stopped at the note at the very bottom and began to read that.

"And dammit does anyone know Ron 'leshman's address..." her voice had an odd tone to it.

I now began to figet around wondering what the long line of people we were holding up was thinking of the situation and her and myself. But I was especially concerned about the cute coed of about 19 who was right behind me in line. I wonder what she told her room mate when she got back to the house.

"No, this is personal mail," the old bitch (this is how I felt toward her by now) went on. "It'll have to be sent first class." Fuming, I muttered down at her, "Listen, I've sent these things third class before."

"But this is written matter. Didn't it come back before?"

"No, I didn't have any trouble. I've been sending these magazines out for over two years."

She still didn't look satisfied.

I leaned on the counter top and with



Chicago⁵: 1959



"CAMERON

"I felt like an idiot
in my Maidenform bra."

I pocketed my change and smiled and shook my head from side to side as I walked by the long line--but especially as I walked by that cute coed who was smiling up at me.

one hand swept across the pile of envelopes. "These are all the same magazine. I've sent out copies before and none of them were ever returned."

"Okay," she finally said, but in a tone that hinted she just wanted to get the whole mess over with and not that she agreed with me.

"But it isn't my fault," she added, "if they're returned." She shook her head. "I still think they should be sent first class."

Dammit. I knew it. The goddam old f'in' bitch.

So she counted the envelopes, did some weighing, and some doodling on a pad and then mumbled the cost at me.

I paid it, happy to get the whole affair over with.

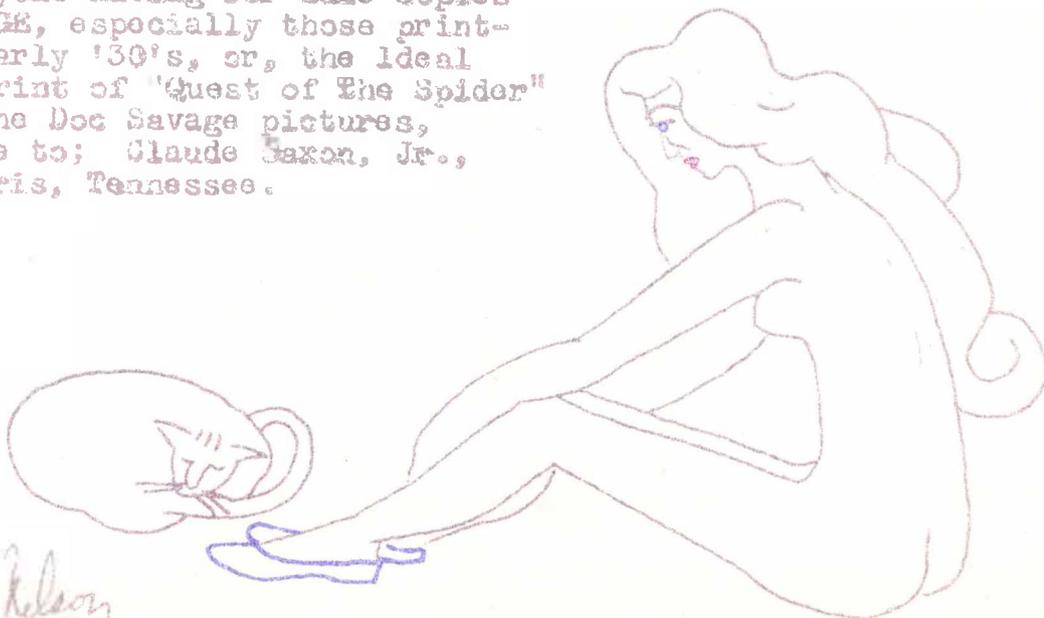
Do you realize that 50% of mankind
is under average intelligence?

--Lewis Grant, Jr.

When I finally calmed down, I began to think about how much she had charged me. I divided it out in my mind. Five cents for every one but... twenty-six cents for the other! Good god, she must have charged me first class for that one after all.

I dunno, maybe Jerry Merrill has a good solution to the post office problem after all.

NOTICE: Anyone having for sale copies of DOC SAVAGE, especially those printed in the early '30's, or, the Ideal Library reprint of "Quest of The Spider" or any of the Doc Savage pictures, please write to; Claude Saxon, Jr., R.R. #2, Paris, Tennessee.



Ray Nelson

Chicago⁶:1959

POST OFFICE VS FANDOM

BY JERRY C. MERRILL

I was just thinking the other day... what a score fandom could give the Postmaster General.

Just think, a Fannish Pony Express... Now, I know this sounds like nonsense. But think: if fandom could get around the Post Office somehow and not have to send letters, fanzines, etc. through the mail. I would venture to say that after business is subtracted, US fandom takes up half of the mail that is left. What other group could you name that is so letterhacky? What other group has members that write a dozen letters a day each, as I have just finished doing? What other group makes such extensive use of third class mail. I would venture to say that fanzines take up half of third class mail.

Now third class rates go up 50 percent and the mean naughty Postmaster General keeps threatening to close down third class mail. Think what abolishing third class would do to fandom. Fans, naturally, can't afford to buy or go through channels to secure a second class permit. From what a nice solicitous postmaster here at the DC post office states it takes about \$50 and six months to get one. And that censorship the post office would have over fanzines then. Absolutely no more Rotsler, Rotsler would go crazy.

There is another alternative-- we could send them first class. But this would cost even more than a second class permit. It would entail certain privileges, rights and mainly just things we could do-- like sealed envelopes, uncensored mail, etc.-- but would it be worth it? Just think having to pay three or four times as much postage for the privilege of that nude on the cover that the post office would see if it weren't sealed up in a nice dark, thick envelope.

If third class was closed down, fandom would surely have a collapse for a short while. Fans would revert to first class mail, start going through channels to send second class mail, try railway express, telegrams and all sorts of things. Just think, a telegram fanzine-- that would really shake you up.

However, there is such a thing as money that all this would take. And so, where are we to look for a solution? Letters to Congressmen in such states as California would help. But in a state like Nevada, with only four active fans that I know of, that isn't going to work. However, we could make up some pseudonym or something, fandom is famous for that.

However, what congressman is going to listen to someone he considers a fake and an adherent to a form of escape fiction any reader of which is necessarily nuts, but mostly insane?

A letter to the Postmaster General by every fan would help. He would be pretty helpless in the face of two or three thousand letters imploring, begging, and mainly ordering him not to curtail third class mail.

In the meantime, anyone know where I can buy a pony?

Chicago⁷:1959

RUMOR MILLIONS

BY BILL CONNER

HERE In the Panhandle, the latest public phenomena is Buck Nelson, a "hillbilly farmer from Mountain View, Missouri," who has talked to people from Outer Space, and travelled to Mars, Venus, and the planets behind the Moon! He has been the star of a local radio program here for the past two weeks, and has spoken to many different clubs and such. This Friday night he is speaking in the Municipal Auditorium in Amarillo, and I don't doubt that he will really do a big box office.

His story is pathetically crude if you happen to be at all familiar with astronomy. But like the other current travelling flying saucer phonies, his story is what the people want to hear. He tells, in a folksie and sincere manner, his simple tale of how "They" are people who have not had wars for thousands of years-- "it's just unheard of." Naturally, "They" live in a utopia, and "They" are afraid we are going to "blow ourselves up." But he says the space people won't let us do this, that they will stop us before we can. And so on and so forth ad nauseum.

He told his audience of how the Missouri authorities took his old age pension away from him because of his tale about flying saucers-- they took court action and "tried to prove that I was crazy." What really happened is that the state couldn't see paying the old boy a pension when he was cleaning up with his public appearances. The Big Lie principle in action.

To help him reap his golden harvest from the fields of human ignorance, he has acquired a manager. Rumor has it he was advanced \$1,000 for his radio appearances. Yet he says he is a "man with a mission"-- namely to tell the people about the beautiful, all wise, kind, and good Space People.

If I didn't have any scruples, I would go downtown and see his manager and offer to do an article on his boy for Ray Palmer. Maybe the possibility of doing a book on him could be looked into too. Ray publishes saucer books with his Amherst Press I think. And in my financial state I could surely use some money to supplement Uncle Sam's meager pittance.

Yes, the travelling saucer phony is the latest species of legal con men who are perfectly safe while relieving the suckers of their cash. This Buck Nelson isn't charging admission to the Auditorium this Friday, but you can bet he will ask for donations "for the cause" when it's over, and I can just see his henchmen reaping it in at the door.

Chicago 8/1959

...the evening were bright and early. I don't know if it will
...not certainly not be a dull evening.

...are so used to plugging their brains into their tele-
...ever see through a two-bit phony. You think you're
...people who will jeer at a SF fan for reading "that crazy stuff"
...can watch tv," they say. Why think when you can
...mind worked by big brother tv.

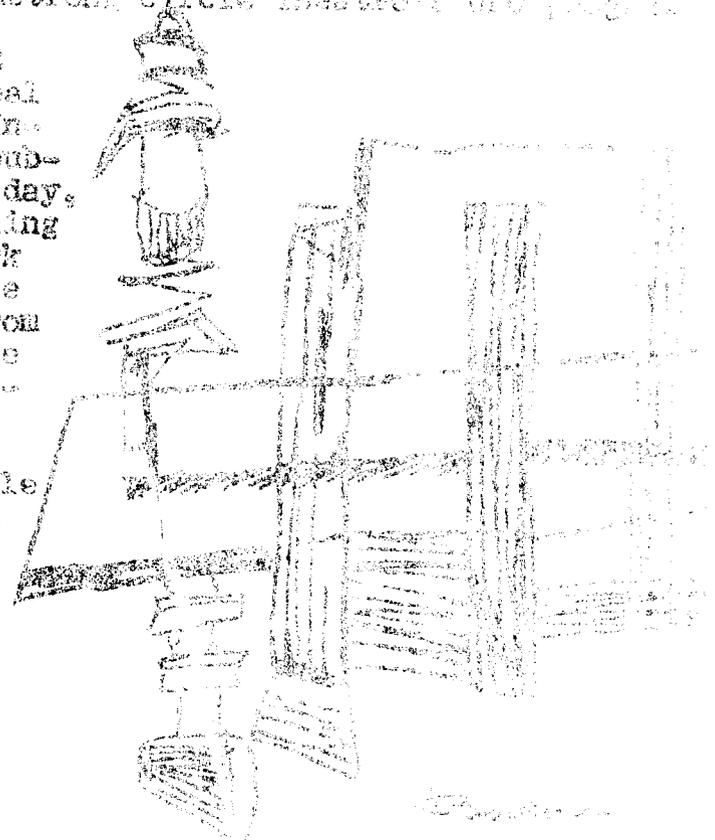
We must spend a certain portion of our lives asleep. This is the
...can't use to better ourselves in any way but physically. If
...our spare leisure time is time that we can devote to our hobbies or
...special interests, and a person who has none is always bored. He often
...complains, "It's so dull around here-- there's just nothing to do."
...for people like this, tv is a great boon. They can spend even more
...time dreaming without having to go to bed.

Maybe one good outcome of the idiotic western show craze on tv
...will be that we will be seeing fewer and fewer of them in time to come.
...Then maybe some decent sf and fantasy programs will return to the air-
...still. I must remember that the entertainment industry has been known
...can shoot-em-up after another for years and years. The Hollywood
...legend says that "you can't lose on a western." But even the western
...must have it's saturation point, and I certainly hope it will
...be reached soon!

Oh well, hell. Into a Mad world! A mad, overpopulated world.
...that historians 2,000 years hence will record this as a mad, un-
...especially if these intelligent historians are some kind of mutants!

A FBN observation on the Armstrong Circle Theatre's UFO program

It seems Major Keyhoe was cut
...just when he was about to reveal
...something about a "Congressional In-
...vestigation" of the UFO's to the pub-
...lic for the first time. The next day,
...the news concerning it in the evening
...paper stated the reason the network
...cut off Keyhoe was he broke a rule
...about ad-libbing-- he digressed from
...what was already to be read from the
...teleprompter. Keyhoe made a state-
...ment to the wire service that "...
...this was not an attempt at censorship
...on the part of Armstrong Circle
...Theatre or CBS." Also that it was
...a misunderstanding on my part
...about the rules for approval of
...script changes."



The statements do not mention
...whether or not he thinks he
...was harassed by someone, but it
...at least had the spirit and
...of a... to them.

Chicago: 1959

This leaves the air force and the government wide open-- the script change hit seems quite ridiculous. Why cut the man off unless he said, or was about to say, something obscene? Of course I realize that it is the sponsor's and network's prerogative to cut someone off any time they choose.

It seems possible to me that somebody representing some governmental agency may well have suggested to CBS that they monitor Keyhoe's portion of the program very closely for any digressions from the script. What are they afraid of? What are they trying to cover up? Is this merely a precaution on the part of the network to prevent any Martian landing panic?

I doubt if I'll ever know the truth, but in view of my opinions concerning UFO's, I suspect government censorship, directly or indirectly.

However, the federal government rarely has the occasion to want to censor anything. If a disturbing issue is before the public and it is one that is very serious to national security, then the government can issue propaganda to lull the public to sleep, relying on the inherent prestige and authority vested in their offices or agencies. If the top brass and civilians of the Air Force say UFO's are all natural phenomena, then they can bet most people will stop worrying about them, even if they still may be interested in them in other ways. If the Defense Department wants to soothe the public about Strontium 90 fallout, all they have to do is get a few "scientists" with big fat reputations say the danger is nil.

Now the UFO issue could very easily cause a panic if the Air Force would admit many sightings designated as "unknowns" could be vehicles from outer space controlled by alien intelligence.

It could cause a panic if the news was suddenly thrust out to the news services-- they would surely play it up in a sensational manner. But if the news was broken slowly and carefully, the public would accept it with the same resignation they now accept the threat of atomic doom.

However the Strontium 90 issue is a Monster the boys in the Pentagon are getting ulcers over. They're the Frankensteins that created some of it and they are faced with the dilemma of choosing between the necessity to develop hydrogen weapons and trying to keep the production of Strontium 90 down as low as possible.

Isaac Asimov's article "I Feel It In My Bones" in the December issue of F&SF goes into the dangers of Strontium 90 in a way that makes me doubt whether I'll live to be 50 or not! If you haven't read it yet, I strongly suggest you do.

To get back to the point, the defense department has an excellent motive for wanting the public to keep off their necks while trying to work out an answer to the fallout problem.

But the Strontium 90 problem is one that shouldn't be kept from the public attention. It's like the U. S. suddenly discovering it has a new enemy nation almost as powerful as Russia threatening it. / / / /

ROBERT

DIS

CUM

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NO. 5 TMO. SON



ON THE BEACH by Nevil Shute
(William Morrow & Co., \$3.95)
You might think that it would
be hard to write a dull book

about the end of the world, but Shute has managed it. Other reviewers seem to be criticizing the book for the correct, stiff-upper-lip fashion in which his characters meet their doom. This I don't object to, particularly. Shute set out to describe a sort of numb apathy which settled over people who know that they are going to die of radioactive poisoning and can't do anything about it, and he succeeded. In a way, he succeeded too well, because his characters are so apathetic that the reader finds he doesn't give a damn what happens to them. The major trouble with the book is that nothing—literally nothing—happens in it. We find out in the early chapters that the Final War loaded the atmosphere with so much radioactivity that even the survivors in Australia, out of the actual fighting, are doomed to slow death. And eventually the survivors do die, and that's the end of it. I think the main trouble with the book is that Shute failed utterly to project the horror of the radioactive menace, creeping slowly and inexorably south. It should make your hair stand on end, and all it does is put you to sleep. Not recommended.

WOLFBANE by Frederick Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth (GALAXY serial) This will probably appear in part of an Ace Double Novel someday, so watch out for it. Somehow, I get the impression that Kornbluth, at least, isn't trying very hard in this one—I often get that feeling about writers who sell to GALAXY. Briefly, this thing concerns a bunch of aliens who bring their planet into the solar system and make off with the earth and moon. The authors avoid giving reasons for and of the Aliens actions by having them be too alien to describe—the aliens themselves are mildly interesting, and more than mildly improbable. Also, the story contains a couple of jarring inconsistencies. First, it is stated that after yanking earth and moon away from our sun, the moon is, by some alien magic, transformed into a small sun, around which earth and the alien planet rotate. Then, later on, it is mentioned in passing that the aliens are living on the moon. At one point in the book, much is made of the fact that the wife of the central character (I hesitate to call him a Hero) has been translated, and we know that translation involves being transported to the Alien's planet. A few pages later, the same person is wandering around on Earth, and not only is no mention given of how she got back, but an acquaintance who witnessed

Chicago 11/1959

her translation doesn't even bother to ask about it. This is the sort of sloppy writing which shows that neither the author nor the editor was paying any attention to what he was doing. "Or I never see it in SPACE", Gold declared—but I will see it there.

Anglovers are pretty dumb; there's all these Anglovers: m.
—Lewis Grant Jr.

OGGON'S RAZOR by David Duncan (Dallantine, 35¢). I hope that all those who publicly yearn for the "good old days" will read Duncan's works. The man has what they've been asking for—the ability to project a "sense of wonder" along with a reasonably modern writing style. (Actually, his style seems a bit archaic, but it's much more entertaining than that of George Allan England, say, or Abe Merritt.) The plot of "Oggon's Razor" is fairly simple—a pair of humans from an alternate universe show up in the middle of a top secret guided missile base and proceed to wreak havoc by their very ignorance of our ways. Duncan, however, makes you see the weirdness of the situation, an ability which few modern sf writers possess.

This is probably Duncan's best book so far. While he still makes perfectly clear his dislike of security regulations, the book doesn't have the overriding political connotations which marked "Beyond Eden" and does have the same "sense of wonder". Recommended for people who are tired of slick science fiction without any meat in it.

ROGUE IN SPACE by Fredrick Brown (Bantam Books, 35¢). This is not a bad space-opera. I can't say that it's a particularly good one, either, but it's readable, if all you're looking for is an hour's entertainment or so. Originally, this was a couple of novelettes; one of them, "Gateway to Darkness", was published in the November, 1949 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES. So far, I've been unable to track down the second one, but I distinctly remember reading it, though I think it's been changed somewhat for book publication. (The story appeared in the October, 1950 AMAZING STORIES as "Gateway to Glory"—Saxon) In general, this is not a novel for people who like the sort of stories Fredrick Brown usually writes; it is more for the people who like the sort of story Edmund Hamilton sometimes writes in an off moment.

THREE TIMES INFINITY, edited by Leo Margulies (Gold Metal, 35¢) This is one of the oddest assortments of stories I've seen in a long time. Three novelettes; "Lorelei of the Red Mist" by Leigh Brackett and Ray Bradbury, was originally published in PLANET STORIES (despite the credit given in the book) and is almost pure Brackett at her swashbuckling best. It's an excellent example of the sf-adventure story featured in PLANET (and now being palely imitated in SPA and RADGE TALES), and bears no resemblance at all to "literature". "The Golden Helix", by Ted Sturgeon, appeared first in TWS, is fairly typical of Sturgeon's lesser stories. Slickly written, well plotted, full of symbolism (I think: I'm no expert on symbolism), it still lacks something. I read it in the magazine and had



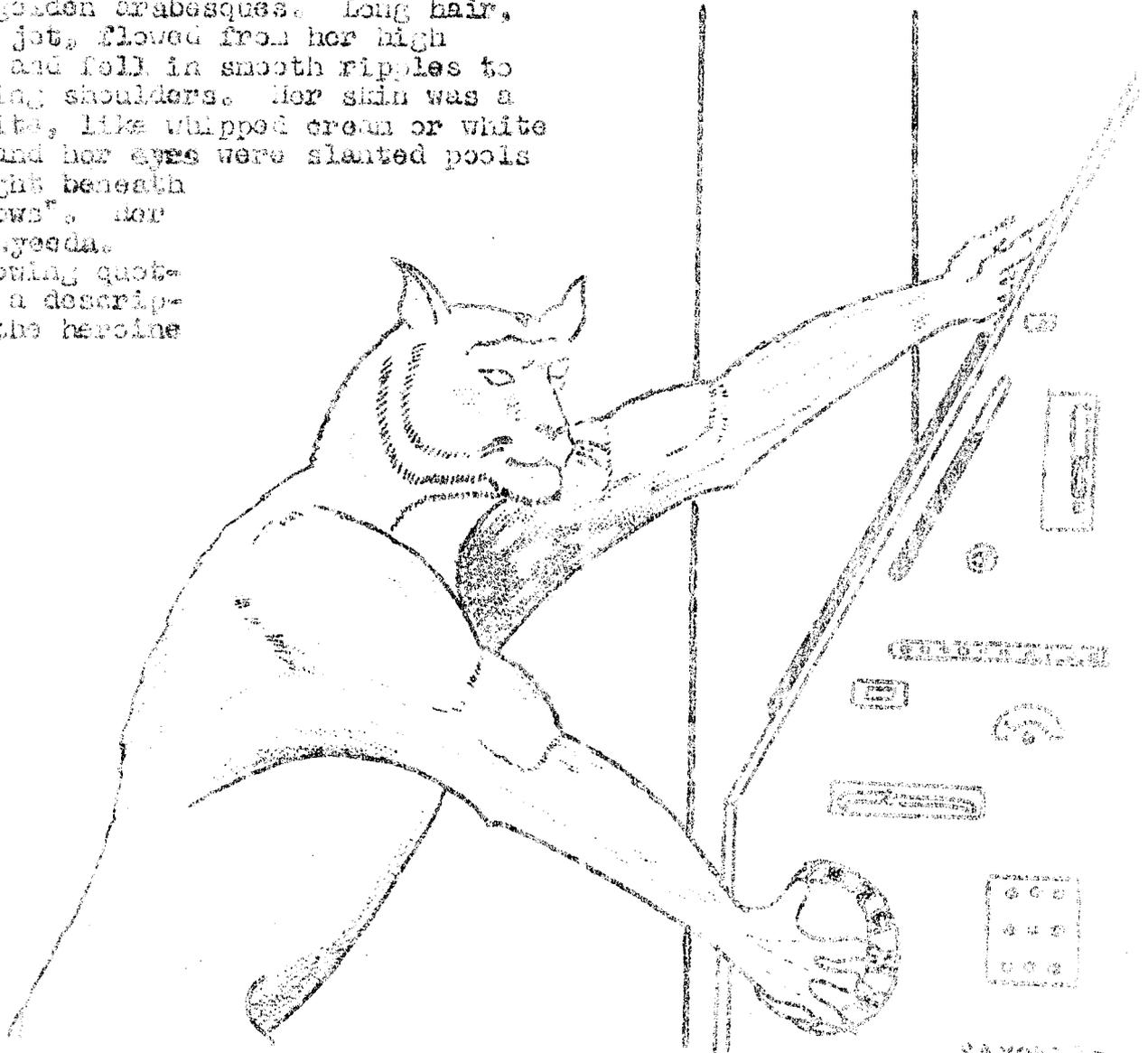
Chicago¹²: 1959

...not outstanding. Even at his worst, Tubb is readable (and
...incidentally, exactly at his worst that most American readers
...can, except for the lucky few, like me, who own copies of "Allen
...and" or have seen his better stories in British magazines). "Mech-
...anical Research" isn't exactly a bad story, but the fact that it was
...originally published as a British pb is a good clue that it isn't
...exactly a good one, either. To the person who hasn't encountered
...Tubb before, the book might be considered a fairly typical Ace sci-
...ence-fiction--entertaining and readable, though not great science fiction.

Of course, I just haven't met the right angleworm.

—Lewis Grant, Jr.

To the reader who knows Tubb, the book is a fascinating example
of the way he hangs on like grim death to an idea he likes. As an
example, I quote from his description of the heroine in "Mechanical
Research". "She was tall and with a curved slenderness and as she
walked forward toward the wide desk her figure moved with the minute
grace of a dancer. Unlike the matriarch, she wore a clinging dress
of some iridescent black material elaborately worked in a fine pat-
tern of golden arabesques. Long hair,
black as jet, flowed from her high
forehead and fell in smooth ripples to
her sloping shoulders. Her skin was a
milky white, like whipped cream or white
velvet, and her eyes were slanted pools
of midnight beneath
dark brows". Her
name is Iyesda.
The following quot-
ation is a descrip-
tion of the heroine



SAXON 17

Chicago, 1959

of "Tormented City". "She was a tall woman, slim and graceful, with a tide of long black hair rippling over her shoulders and with long, oddly slanted eyes as dark as her hair. Her hands were slim and with the long fingers of a creative artist, devoid of rings and nails merely tinted with polish. She wore sombre black, a high-necked blouse and flaring skirt, the deep color relieved by writhing arabesques of golden thread. Her skin was smooth, pale, and almost colorless, yet with an innate softness and with the firm resiliency of youth. A wide band of gold on her left wrist supported an elaborate chronometer..." Her name is Nyaia. And finally, the heroine of "The Nutents Rebel". "A tall, slender woman, no longer young, but as yet unmarred by age. Thick black hair fell in soft ripples to narrow shoulders. Her skin had a faint bronze cast, and her oddly slanted eyes were as black as ebony. She wore a uniform of slacks and high-collared blouse, belted at the waist, and all of deep black. A faint pattern of thin gold lines weaved in an intricate arabesque pattern over the entire uniform, relieving the sober coloring. A wide band of gold was clasped to her left wrist, supporting an elaborate chronometer, her long thin fingers were devoid of rings, and her nails lacked varnish." Her name is Nyla...well, he does change the skin coloring a trifle. However, despite the fact that I occasionally chortle gleefully over instances of Tubb hack-work, I like the man's writing. "The Mechanical Monarch is not, by most standards, a very good book, but I liked and I think you might, too.

Then there's the sentient vegetable
whose favorite sport is pulling his pod.

—Lewis Grant, Jr.

THE TORTURED PLANET by G. S. Lewis (Avon, 35¢) I've had a British pb of this book for some time, under the original title of "That Hideous Strength". I've had it for some time—and I've never been able to finish it. It is the third (and I hope the last) book in the series which also contains "Out of the Silent Planet" and "Perelandra". The forces of good and evil are still battling, this time on an Earth dominated by magic and spiritualism. My own personal opinion is that this series gets weaker with every book; I liked "Out of the Silent Planet", I managed to wade through "Perelandra" and I find "The tortured Planet" completely unreadable. What little action there was in the earlier books has been completely submerged by long turgid discussions of Good, Evil, Morality, etc. On the other hand, it does complete the series, if you're a collector, and it does contain some concepts which Tolkien borrowed for his (much better) novel, "The Lord of the Rings". (Tell me, slave, what is Numinor?) "The true West", said Ransom) Buy it if you're a collector; read it only if you're interested in Lewis's theological opinions.

MAN OF EARTH by Algis Budrys (Ballantine, 35¢) I read the version of this story which appeared in SATELLITE, and considered it a rather vague, unimpressive novel. The book is something else again. It has been extensively rewritten, the entire first chapter and other extraneous material of the magazine version has been removed, and the resulting fast-paced adventure story is well worth your money. It isn't literature and doesn't pretend to be, but, even though hampered slightly by an overly hasty and ill-fitting

15
Chicago: 1959

(continued on page 34)

LETTER FROM BUCK COULSON, 105 STITT ST., WABASH, INDIANA:

Enjoyed just about everything in the issue, this time. You're improving, even if you're reproduction isn't. (The repro was just a bit blurred this time; still readable but not up to the last couple issues.)

Tucker's article was possibly the best. I've always wondered what those horror stage shows were like (but not enough to pay to see one). The "notable fact" was no surprise tho...not to anyone living with as staunch a movie fan as Juanita. She could have told Tucker that Arness played the monster-- in fact she could probably reel off the entire cast. (After all, she has a complete screenplay typed out from memory.) Arness was also the hero of Them, for that matter.

No, come to think of it, Tucker's article wasn't the best thing in the issue. The best things in the issue were the interlineations by Grant.

Surprisingly, this time I liked Champion better even than Bloch. His comments were hilarious-- I particularly like the "no relation to Bat Masterson" remark.

Bloch has a good point. I wouldn't say that the stf film offers "almost the sole outlet for rebellion fantasies" though. What about two other intensely popular types-- the slapstick comedy and the rock-n-roll epic? Take, for example, the Bowery boys. They don't make as many movies as the total stf output (thank God!) but they're a bigger drawing card, in this locality, at least. And stupid cops, dumb sheriffs, and half-witted professors are stock items in their movies. And there are all the "teen-age gang" type movies, which say that juvenile delinquents are mostly pretty nice little boys, just misunderstood by their stupid parents.

And then (as I once mentioned) there are the cartoons. Everyone who goes to a movie gets at least one of these atrocities (and sometimes 5 or 6, if he doesn't read the ads carefully) shoved in his face. And 90% of them not only show authority as being stupid, but imply that a clever crook can easily outwit a stupid honest man, and have a lot of fun doing it.

I can't say that I agree with Ted White about "marriage and draft" being two powerful gafia inducers. Draft, maybe; I can't speak from experience there; though I know that some fans do keep on fanning while in service (and Dan Adkins started while in service), I expect that the lack of spare time does have a pretty powerful effect on fanatic for the serviceman. But marriage is just an excuse to quit fanning; it isn't a reason. The fan who gafiates when he gets married is the fan who would have quit anyway before long. Marriage may hasten the decision a bit, is all.

I can't see Joe Blake's argument that the presence of teen-agers will save the world from conformism. The person who is a conformist as a teen-ager will also be a conformist as an adult. Blue jeans and leather jacket will give way to grey flannel and button-down collars, but the individual won't have changed at all-- he'll still be conforming to what is considered "correct." "When you're with the crowd you can't be different." Exactly...and you won't be different when you're with the suburban commuter crowd either; you'll be just as afraid of being different as you were as a teen-ager. Basically, the person who conforms to any group norm-- whether that norm is long haircuts, blue jeans, button-down collars, cocktail parties, or fannish fanzines-- is either too lazy to make his own decisions or a coward. (Of course, there are always a few people in any group who actually enjoy the group's fad; they're usually the ones who started the fad in the first place.) ((Note: this letter appears here because I goofed in making up the dummy and this page ended up blank.--JD))

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Chicago: 1959

Star White and the Seven Dwarfs



Demuth

by Neal Wilgus

A fairy tale: 2796

LONG AGO, before the Galaxy Beauty Company had discovered Deep Space Skin Cream, there was an evil old Emperor named Hecker who owned seventy three star systems and nine hundred planets, and didn't like any of his subjects. This Emperor had a thinking machine that would tell him anything he wanted to know and always told the truth. Whenever he was sad or low he would go to this machine, (ECIF, made by Jiffy Star Electronics), and ask:

"Oh, machine ECIF, I have the gall, to ask you this; who's best of all?"

The machine, knowing on which side of the cathode it's electrons were charged, would quickly say:

"Oh, Emperor mine, so glad you asked for the truth can now be unmasked. You, my Emperor, are the best. You're so much better than the rest."

Chicago 17 1959

The Emperor, never asking what the machine meant by "best" or what made him this way, was always pleased and gave the machine an extra 10,000 volts each time.

One day Emperor Decker went to his machine and said:

"Oh, ECIF, please don't stall,
who is the greatest of us all?"

To which the machine replied:

"Oh, your majesty, please go way,
for the truth is, I hate to say,
That in all your empire, comets and all
Star White, the Zero-G girl is best of all."

which is pretty good considering that the machine had never been wired with the Little Nova Rhyme System.

However, the Emperor didn't appreciate this bit of poetry on the part of the machine, so, he smashed it to pieces with an atom gun. Then, talking back to his throne room, he sat in the royal chair (made by Free-Fall Furniture, "For Furniture, Free-Fall's fine") and called his space police.

"Bring this Star White before me," he commanded them.

Then he had the Chief of Police pull her mug shot and package and together they studied her record.

"She's a free-fall dancer," said Axeman, the Chief of Police, trying not to anger the Emperor. Axeman wore a long, black beard, for this was long before the days of Sol's Little Beard Remover.

"Has she ever fallen?" questioned the enraged Emperor.

"Twice," returned the trembling policeman, ignoring the possibilities of a wonder ful gun. "Once for disturbing the peace and once on a drunk charge."

"Well, I want her before me tomorrow at one o'clock."

And with that he tramped back to his throne room.

The next day the police brought Star White before the Emperor at one o'clock to face her charges.

Star White was a pretty girl; with, thanks to Universe Eye Makeup, eyes like a super giant blue star; hair, thanks to Outer Space Tint, as black as space; lips, thanks to Meteor Makeup, the color of a red dwarf; and, thanks to Madame Mote's Complexion Treatment, a complexion resembling the afterglow of an atomic reaction. She wore a gown of Satellite Satin spun glass, the color of a Martian Eclipse.

"Star White," said the Emperor, "dance for me."

"I'd be glad to," she replied, "but I only dance in free-fall."

"Guards", The Emperor shouted, looking for an excuse to have her killed, "take this woman out into space and execute her."

Star White gave a gasp that she'd learned at the Cosmic Finishing School, and fainted, this she picked up on her own.

When she awoke again she was in a space snip, on her way to be executed in deep space, somewhere between the star systems.

* * *

When they got to the appointed place however, the jailor, who had a kind heart, because she bribed him, set her adrift in a life boat.

The clever young girl had smuggled aboard a small rocket, and

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Chicago: 1959

when she was alone she attached it to the boat and lit out for parts unknown.

After a few hours of faster than light travel in the Thomas Intraverse Rocket she arrived at a multiple star system that was one of the strangest she'd ever seen.

Seven dwarf stars were circling around and around each other.

As Star White came closer she could see that there was one planet threading its way through the whole mess, and, landing on it, she found that the place was livable, though far from comfortable. There was never any night, but the dwarves were so faint that it really didn't matter. It was warm enough so that she could live outside, and since the planet wasn't inhabited, she made herself at home. She had food enough to last a long time, and she missed only one thing—men.

Yes, sadly enough to say, our heroine went for anything in pants—even armored space suit pants.

After a few days of intense loneliness, she decided to do something about the lack of men. First she spent her time making a house for herself, with a little Jiffy Home Builder—portable size. Then she decided she would make believe that the dwarf stars were men and that they'd make love to her.

She also decided to name them so that she would know just who was lavishing his affection (and light) on her at a time.

Each star had its own personality and she named them accordingly.

One star was a rather slow moving thing, and never seemed to burn quite as brightly as the rest. This one she called Sleepy. Another, just the opposite, was always raging and fuming, speeding in his orbit as if in a hurry to get somewhere. He always seemed on the edge of nova state, and Grumpy was his title. The third was a small pulsating dwarf which she named Sneezzy. Happy and Dopey were a lot alike, and she could never have told them apart if they didn't had different periods of rotation. Happy buzzed along almost as fast as Grumpy, but he didn't seem to mind the gravitational stresses that so upset his grouchy neighbor. Dopey didn't seem to know just what his orbit or speed was, and whenever Star White saw a stray star that shouldn't be where it was, she knew it was Dopey. There was one little dwarf that was always in back of the others.

She called it Bashful because it would come out and shine brightly until she glanced up at it, then it would scurry behind a cloud or one of its fellows and wait to peek out at her when she wasn't watching for him.

And the last was Doc. She called him Doc because she just couldn't think of another characteristic that would fit him. Doc seemed to be the biggest of the dwarves, and was undoubtedly their leader. Star White thought of calling him "The Boss" but it didn't seem to fit in with this story.

Star White was very happy on her little planet, and although she missed many things, she was quite content to stay here and flirt





with her star frields.
At least for a while.

* * *

A few days later, Emperor necker decided to ask his new truth machine, again, who was the greatest.

Approaching the newly made machine, he said:

"Oh, ECIF-11, straight and tall, who's the greatest of us all?"

The machine immediately replied:

"Oh, noble necker, I hate to tell, for Star White is alive and well, and you, I'm afraid must have ataste of what it is to be in second place."

After smashing the poor defenceless machine, staking to his throne room and sitting on his thronq, the Emperor summoned the torpedo whom he'd dispatched to liquidate the young girl.

The Emperor tortured the man for seven days and seven nights; the gunman would have told him what he wanted to know without any torture, but the Emperor thought it was more romantic this way, finally, the Emperor got the location of the runaway moll, and, after disposing of the gunman, went after her.

When his gunboat had found the seven-suned star system in which the girl had taken refuge, the Emperor had his technicians add a little protoplasm here and there and subtract a little flesh (of which the Emperor had plenty) from other here's and there's, so that, when he landed on the single planet, he was disguised as a jolly apple merchant.

Upon seeing a real live man (although the Emperor looked more like at least two men) Star White started dancing to lure him into her small but comfortable home. The Emperor, after their meal, fought off his desire to do as the lady wanted and offered her an apple.

"I'll eat it later," she said, "now let's get better acquainted."

"No, my dear," replied the Emperor, his tongue hanging out, "I want you to sample my product. This is one of the greatest of all bargains. This amazing apple, just picked from a tree on Grover, is one of the best and most startling buys you've ever seen. Now, I don't want you to take my word for it, so I have here an offer..."

Star white snatched up the apple and took a great bite out of it just to keep the plump Johnny Appleseed quiet. Then, as the wickey Fin. in the apple started working, she doubled up, groaning. "I've been had."

With these words she fell to the floor and passed out.

Dragging out a hidden two-way radio, the Emperor called the ships waiting in space for him, and commanded them to bring the quartz coffin; made by the Atom Quartz Company ("Quartz in quality and quantity--for your every deep space need!") down to the surface of the planet.

Before the wickey wore off, the Emperor had his technicians put the Zero-G girl in a state of



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expressed animation and looked her in the quartz
mirror.

A few hours later, they launched the coffin
into an orbit among the seven dwarves and lit out
for home.

* * *

Well, old Star White just floated there and
didn't move. She wasn't under completely when
they launched her, however, and she could still
think as she lay there.

My, she thought, if only I could open my eyes and see my friends,
the seven dwarves, around me.

But try as she would her nerve centers were frozen, and she could
not move an eyelid.

It's just as well she thought to herself, I'd only see the adver-
tisement on the outside of the coffin, and it'd be backwards, which
would bother me terribly.

Floating there, however, she tried to imagine what her friends
were doing.

Dear old Dopey, she thought, she could just see the thick lips
on his stupid face trembling. And sneezy pulsating rapidly and trem-
bling not to mix hairs with his sunspots. It was all very vivid to the
suspended girl, and she even imagined old Grumpy grudgingly letting
a tear or two slip down his wrinkled face soon after shrugging in his
coarse way and saying to himself, "I don't really care." But she
knew he did care, and she felt sorry for the old fellow.

After a while, to keep herself from going psycho, she started
repeating poetry that she'd especially liked as a child to her-
self:

"Lucky ladies, and you will get
the best advertising offer you've had yet.
For the makers of GLAMOR space soap, now,
are preparing a sale that's really a WOW!"

She hummed it to herself.

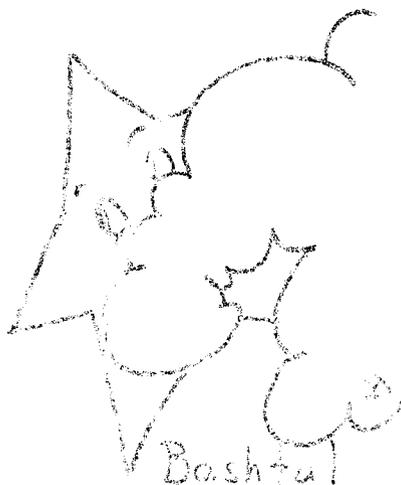
How about another? she thought. Well, there was that old favor-
ite:

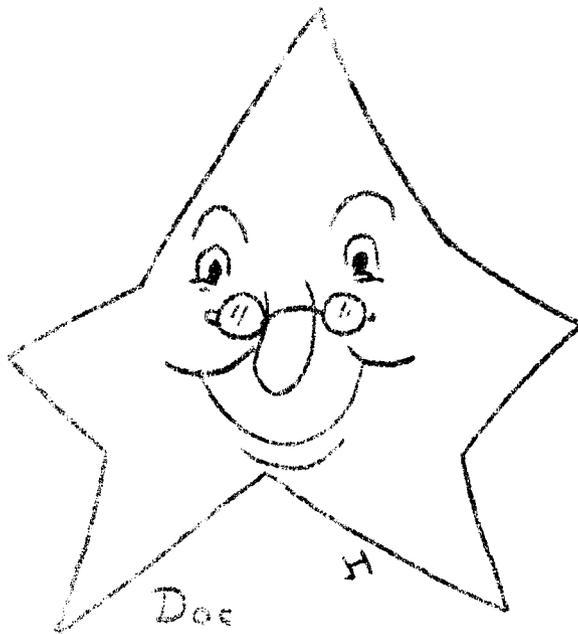
"Star Light helps your body, true
, and that is why we say to you
that the magic in a bottle of BLAM
is just the same, so it helps you, dear."

At this point we'll leave poor White
bawling to herself and go on to the next cri-
tical development.

* * *

Cruising through space nearby in his new
Super Atomic Reaction Star Dopper, made by
Blastoff Ships Inc. was a young insurance
salesman named Prince. He was looking for a
prospect in this more or less deserted section





of space when he noticed a strangely complicated system of stars which seemed to be oddly excited.

Coming closer, he saw that they were all dwarf stars and he immediately headed that way. And so young, The Great Social Space Insurance Company, had just brought out a new policy for people who lived in odd systems such as this one, and among the inhabitants of planets circling dwarf stars.

If anyone's anyone living, there, he thought, I'll make a big killing, and really make a place for myself in the insurance game.

After closing his ship, he landed on the single planet and looked for any living things. Finding nothing but Star White's empty house and a few apple trees sprouting from the Emperor's deserted apples, he gave

up and left.

As he headed back the way he had come, he crossed Star White's orbit.

She was speeding along at a rapid pace, and Prince had one hell of a time catching up to see just what it was. He was not to be discouraged by a speeding coffin though, and upon finally catching up with it he threw out a net and pulled it into his storage section.

Leaving the control room and running back to the coffin, he found that the lovely girl inside was in suspended animation. He immediately fell in love with her and tried to figure out how to awake her.

He kissed her but she did not awaken.

He kissed her passionately but still she did not stir.

"To hell with the fore play," he muttered and crawled in the coffin with her.

Upon awakening, the young dancer arose and asked in a cracked voice, "Do you like apples?"

Prince replied, "Of course I do."

She fell in love with him at this point and said, "Then marry me and we'll settle down and raise apples and kids on the planet where I was so cruelly marooned."

He agreed and they went full speed ahead out of the system (soon to return) to find a preacher through the United Teachers Union, and pick up a load of supplies.

* * *

The Emperor, back in his palace, was looking for someone to torture or irritate, and since everyone knew it and was on his best behavior, he could find no excuse to do anything evil to anyone. Finally, he went to his thinking machine machine (number three) and asked:

"Oh, Machine EOLP-III, before I fall,
tell me who's the greatest of us all?"

The machine replied:

"To tell the truth, I'm the best,
I'm even greater than my best.
Star White's alive, and she's second
and you come in third, aguess, I reckon."

The Emperor, madder than ever,, destroyed the machine and vowed never to build another. Then, after first firing (with real fire) half of his aides, he set out in his ship in the direction of the seven dwarves.

The technicians (the ones that were still alive) on the ship again added and subtracted (while Star White and Prince multiplied) and when he was again disguised as an apple seller he had himself landed on the planet. He hurried to the little white house in the middle of the gigantic apple orchard and rapped on the air lock.

Star White opened the door, saw the plump apple seller standing there and said, "Say, you've got your nerve coming around here again, Jack, after what you did the last time."

The Emperor replied, "That was a mistake, honey. That apple was for some humanoids over in the next system, and you got it by mistake. Those joes over there like that stuff, but when I thought you were dead, I gave you a royal space burial and went away to mourn. I came back and you weren't there. I thought you'd fallen into a star so I came back here to grieve in the place where we'd met. Now that I see you're alive, let's pick up where we left off."

Upon hearing this she opened the door and let him in.

"I'm married now, Jack, but that needn't stop you. Prince is a charming fellow, but I need a little change."

Delighted to hear this, the Emperor was about to make the most of this chance, when Prince came in from the field and found this fat man making time with his wife. With one blow he beheaded the Emperor and disposed of him.

Star White cried out and told her husband how the man had attacked her. When Prince had disposed of the body and made sure that no one would find out what had happened, he went back to the house and sat down to dinner.

"You look lovely tonight, dear," he said.

"Thank you."

"Your hair is so softly radiant and easy to keep in place."

"That's because I use Comet Egg Shampoo. It only takes minutes to wash, pin and atomize. Comet Egg Shampoo outsells all other egg shampoos in this empire two to one.

"And your eyes shine so."

She smiled and replied, "Ladan Space's Eye Glow. Made with Algerian Uranium."

Turning his attention to the meal of apple cobbler, apple stew and apple juice with apple pie for desert, he remarked, "And this dinner is delicious."

"These apples, as you well know, are grown right here and exported to nearby systems. We use calcium and nitrates to bring out the taste, and you should try our new luminous winesaps, with phosphorus added to make them shine in the dark. They're delicious. They're SUPER."

Her husband smiled at her and felt a little ripple of pride go through him as Star White recited the advertising copy.

"They are SUPER," he repeated.

Chicago²³: 1959

Then they both looked out of the window at Dopey, who was the only sun shining right then. They smiled.
"And they are mild," he seemed to say.



Frankenstein and Lugosi's original Dracula are still showing in the cinemas around here though I've not seen the particular programme.

We have only 4 full length films a week on our TV and the Film exhibitors want to stop that too! They threaten the producer that if he shows his films on TV they won't book his new films unless he refuses to sell the old ones. Now the producers are trying to sue under the Restricted Practices Act or some such thing. So the fight goes on.

Jerry sent me a record of songs from the Gay Nineties and it was interesting to find a number of songs that are thought here to be old English music hall songs appearing on the record. It was also interesting to find that the number I know as "Two lovely Black eyes" is known in the United States as "My Nelly's Blue Eyes".

We have very little in the way of sauces here. O. K., Worcester-shire, Daddy's and one other whose name I can't recall. You can buy things like those in most places but there isn't much variety. I like sauces and savories myself but unusual foods and sauces can only be gotten at special stores and they wouldn't have them in the smaller towns.

There are a few Chinese restaurants in London and these are about the only places where you can get Chop Suey. As for me--I've never seen it let alone tasted it and in a rural area like this practically nine out of ten people wouldn't even have heard of it. They don't seem to take much interest in food which isn't English. If they did there might be a little more variety in things to eat at restaurants.

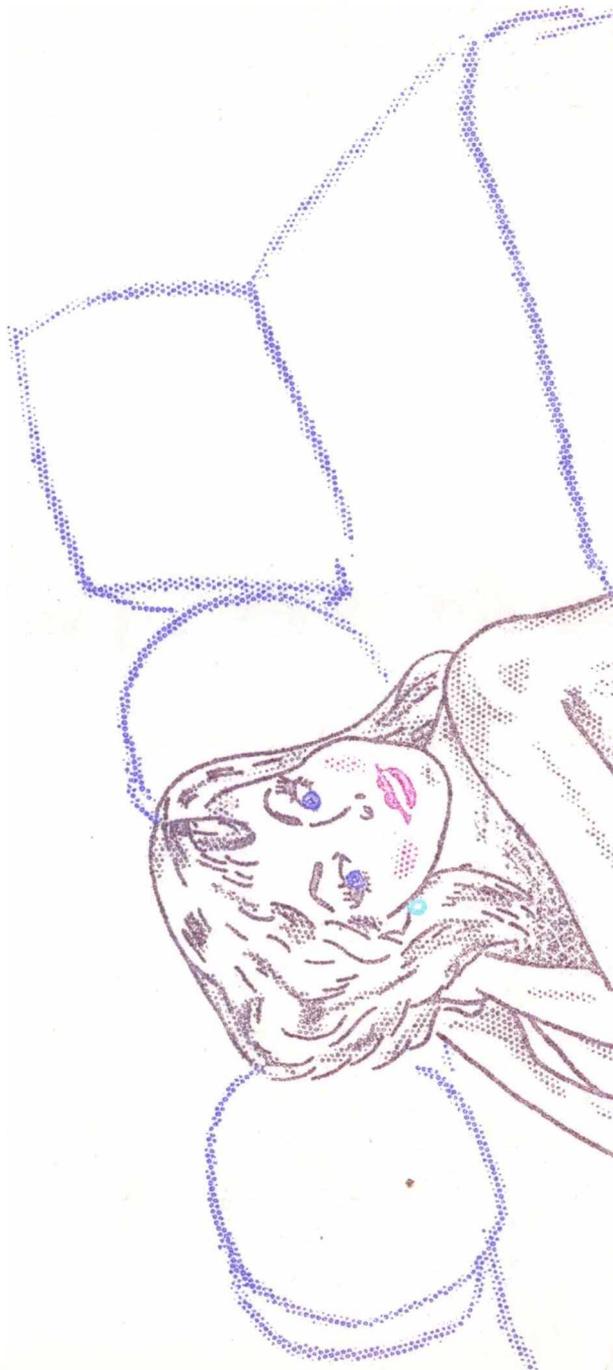
(The preceding consists of extracts from about half a dozen different letters organized to follow as consecutively as possible. I have done this because I think they give an interesting picture of life in England.

—JD)



Chicago 26
1959

SIGBO'S BEDMATE OF THE MONTH





~Delluth

The QUICK and the DEAD

I think that the title of this column is self-explanatory.

Just remember: The zines are not listed in order of preference or in any sane order. The amount of space given or not given to any zine does not indicate my opinion of the zine. I call 'em the way I see 'em.

Joe Sanders

Remarkable for regularity of publication and irregularity of quality, CRY OF THE NAMELESS usually contains 40 or more pages. You can never be sure what you'll find in the pages of CRY. One recent issue contained three letters from RAWLowndes, another featured a John Berry story written especially for the CRY, and another issue contained a letter from Harlan Ellison, explaining the deep, philosophical gesthunk-inishness of one of his stories which had been panned in one of the CRY's review columns. You can be sure of finding Renfrew Pemberton's excellent prozine review column, Amelia Pemberton's fanzine review column, lots of letters, and some of the worst artwork being drawn and/or published today.

Give the CRY a try.

(*The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Wash., 10¢ or 12/\$1 Monthly.)*

* * *

✓ OOPSLA, The Fake Fan's Almanac, features superior reproduction, artwork, and material, but has an informal and faanish personality. Regular contributors include Robert Bloch, Walt Willis, Dean Grennell, John Berry, Bob Tucker, and Vernon McCain. The Rotsler littul fellahs set the mood of the affair. Recommended.

(*Greg Calkins, 1039 Third Avenue, Salt Lake City 3, Utah. 15¢; 2/25¢; 4/50¢. Bimonthly.)*

* * *

VOID has appeared twice since the Benfords reached the United States. It usually features 2 or 3 articles by good writers and material by editor Greg Benford-- no slouch-- plus about 8 pages of letters. Reproduction is fair, though not up to par, and artwork is sloppy. VOID is quite readable.

(*Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas. 25¢ or letter of comment. Irregular.)*

* * *

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES has finally achieved its goal of photo-offset reproduction. So far, however, the major changes are that it's smaller, harsher to read, and about a month behind schedule. Still worth getting, but. . .

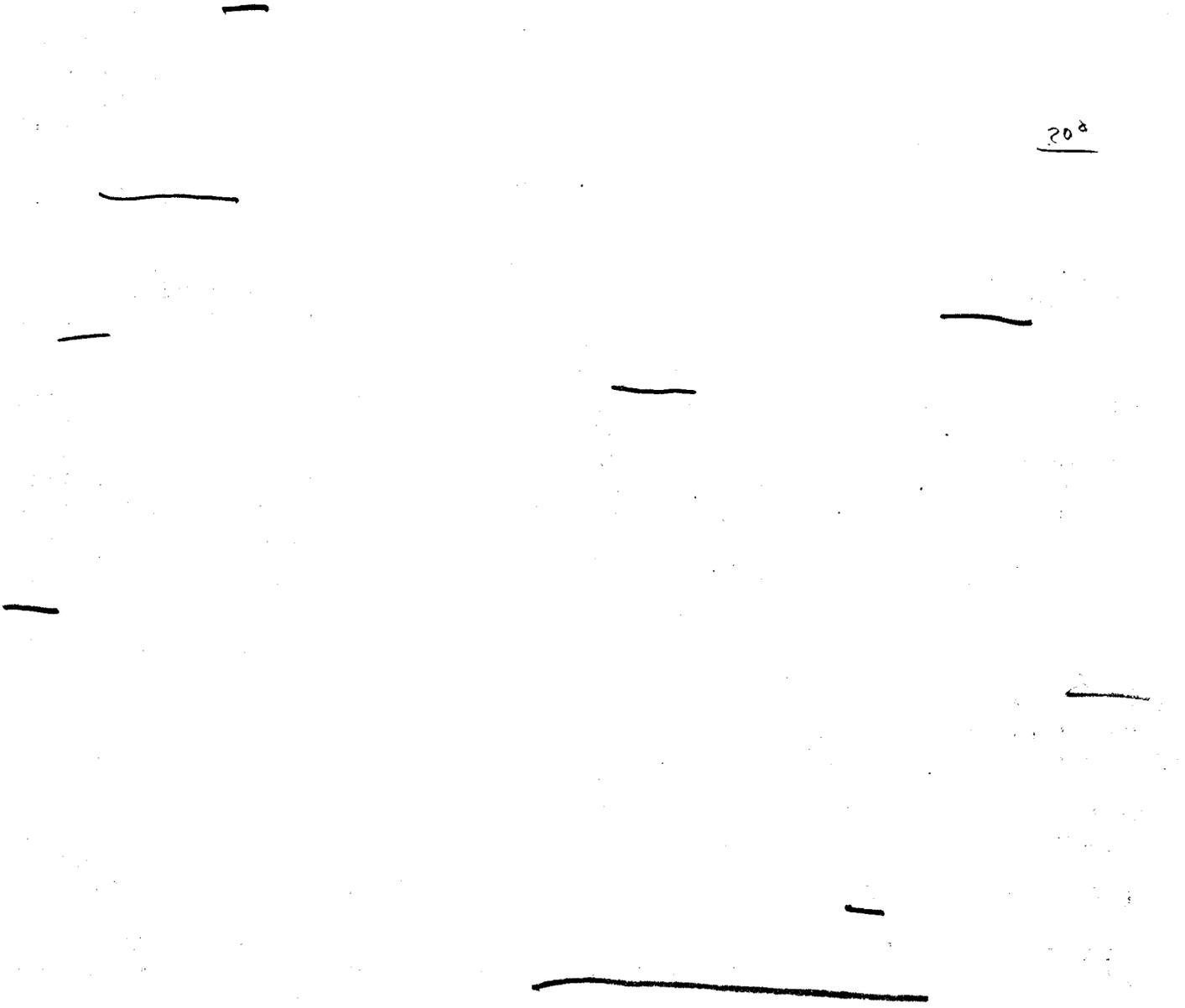
(*Science-Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 184, Flushing 52, NY. 10¢; 12/\$1; \$2 per year. Twice a month.)*

No matter what Kent Moomaw's failings may or may not be, his fanzine, ABERRATION, is good. Excellent material by John Berry, Dean Grennell, Ted White, Vernon McCain, Bill Pearson, Adam Ehrlich(?), and

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Chicago: 1959

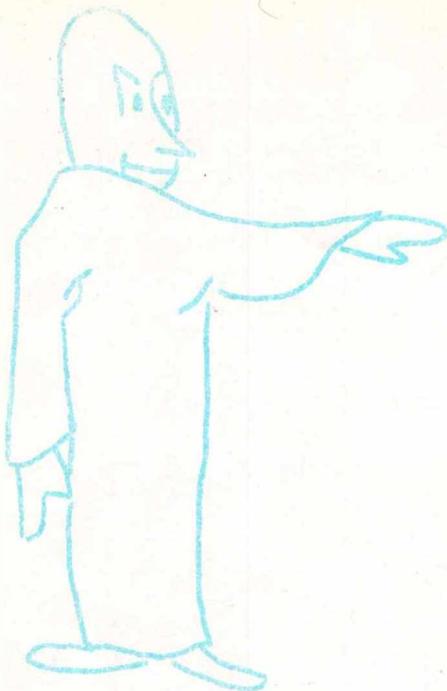
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Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Chicago - 1959



Bourne

LITTEERS OF

Lars Bourne, 2456 $\frac{1}{2}$ Portland, Eugene, Oregon.

I got SIGBO and that that cover stank. Liked the couples kissing tho. Nice touch.

Allin all I tho that that SIGBO was pretty damn inpeccable. I liked Tucker's bit, Chaap's bit, Bloch's bit, and how good a percentage can one hope for. I seldom like more than one item in a fanz. And where do you get all the BHP'S to contribute. I take off my beanie to you.

As to the illos, I liked some of yours, and the one on page 12. Who did thatun, and is it possible to get some more artwork from him. (That's me, a human scrounge).

Bob Tucker has this to say. . .

The "Big S-F Film Issue" was a resounding success and I'm happy to have been included in it. The complete cover-to-cover enjoyment derived from this issue makes me wonder if you shouldn't concentrate on theme-issues in the future? In keeping with your crowded personal schedule, why not fewer issues but more neaty issues such as this one?

But don't ask me what themes are readily available for the coming year; some times it seems necessary to avoid the hackneyed and still remain interesting. You accomplished this trick very well with movies--but what next? Television dramas? BHP fiction? Pandom is a way of life? A con of ten years ago? On fanzines?

In regards the film list on pages 40-41, have I mentioned before that "Weird Woman" (1944: Lon Chaney, Anne Gwynne) is taken from the Fritz Leiber novel, "Conjure Wife"? (UNKNOWN, April '43.) Taken is a kind word. It was cruelly ripped from the novel, and about all that remains is Leiber's byline on the credit cards.

The 1941 picture, "Dangerous Game" makes me suspect that it is another one of the many remakes of "The Most Dangerous Game" which RKO released in 1932. (Grandfather Bloch would have the answer to this). That picture, which I believe was taken from a prize-winning short story, has appeared several times under various titles, but whatever the title it is easily recognizable: our hero lands on a private island and must fight the owner for his life. The owner gives him a weapon and a twelve-hour head start, then takes after him with blood in his eye. If hero manages to elude villain for a stated period of time, hero goes free. But of course the villain reveals him-

LETTERS

self as a trickster and our hero dispatches him to his just reward. "The Most Dangerous Game" is an intelligence quarry who is also armed. (When they give guns to rabbits, all the hunters will stay home.)

I believe Kларед's "The Horror Cycle" to be the very best piece you've published, and I urge you to put copies of same before Tony Boucher and Larry Shaw. Tony has already reprinted items of lesser merit, and this fine parody may strike his fancy. But if not, surely Larry would consider it for his fanzine reprint dept.

Dick Ellington, 88 Suffolk Street Apt. 3A, New York 2, New York.

Your repro deserves special kudos. Some of the neatest I've seen and thank god you avoided that horrible purple so many people seem to favor with the various hecto-recto processes. Really a nice job and very nice to see the luvverly care you've taken with the illos and cartoons. Time and pains put in--nice illos too while I'm at it.

Well, I'd be satisfied too if they'd stick to adults-children classifications on pictures and leave it at that and damn the age limits--unfortunately there isn't one city I know of that leaves it at that--they censor first--then they get around to classifying what's left as adult or family. It's rather pointless on the face of it. Your point is well made about the age-limit kick tho. Here in New York they actually don't have it at all, tho they sometimes recommend a pic for adults only--which intrigues the more aware kids.

Kazan I suppose he's all right--he has added a few moderately new themes to Hollywood's pointy-head limited merry-go-round of so-called themes but I certainly hesitate to recommend him as putting out adult or realistic pictures. Even such things as ARMY, BACKLOR PARTY and EDGE OF THE CITY fail to really touch on anything, crucial tho they go farther than most. In Europe such things aren't really much different to the Europeans than the rest of the American fare they get. The Europeans tend to get in a rut too but at least it's a slightly more believable one and pictures like Kazan's aren't anything to be coked or ached over but merely run of the mill. Then again, looking on the other side of the thing--American movies have damn little, if any, art in them at all. Go see LA STRADA, LA SORCERESS or such like (just to name a couple of really recent ones) and see some pretty damn touchy themes handled frankly and casually and still handled with a full accent on art rather than routine and stereotyped filming. To hack badly at my favorite theme--I don't think any modern film maker has ever done anything (in spite of modern processes and techniques) to compare with the best of Eisenstein, which, in spite of the lack of modern equipment and processes, are unmatched in really artistic film work and he certainly wasn't afraid (in his earlier periods) to attack any theme which interested him. Then came Bolshevik Puritanism and regulation of course and it was too hot for that. Try and see POTEMKIN uncut tho for a real kick.

ANIMAL FARM is a fine piece of work and beautiful satire but unless you have a fairly thorough political education you'll miss the greater part of the political satire inherent in the book (and movie) and maybe--for those of the yokels who are really ignorant--they'd be left completely out in the cold as far as the underlying story is concerned. Every single character or animal or event or person in the book is adefinite satire on adefinite person or group before, during or after the revolutions of 1917 and is meant to be so identified. The G.P.U., Trotsky, Lenin, Stalin, the old Bolshevik Caste,

the purges, the development of the present Soviet Philosophy out of Marxism, the ultimate insult to the top-ranking bureaucracy of the Party--comparing them and identifying them as just another form of Capitalism--all of this has a particular point and meaning and I don't believe for a minute that the average person in the U.S. who reads the book--college students on the average included--gets half of it.

Ditto 1984--preview of a dictatorship is correct, but Communist? Possibly but definitely not limited to this form. It's a preview of any kind of authoritarian society carried to it's ultimate extreme with utter disregard of the particular ideology that brought it there. Could most definitely be Stalinism--but it could be McCarthyism too.

Hal finally broke down and bought a teeved after all this time. Am enjoying several hours a week of it even myself. Harris interesting tho he says nothing new. It is the ruination of comedy, but then any kind of censorship, particularly this "ain't offend anyone at all" bit, breeds the purest pabulum in any art form and damned if I don't think comedy is an art form.

Yeah, too many things from the sea lately. Avoid stf films mostly but hit a few the last few months at neighborhood theatre which runs triple bills of Sunday that always have at least one really good old-tiney thing of some sort that I want to see and always tosses in some cruddy stf. film for the kiddies and yokels.

That's a crazy illo with Tuckers thing. Liked it no end.

That show played around here too but I carefully avoided it like the plague. Good bit.

THE HORROR CYCLE was a good bit--this I enjoyed thoroughly.

Very funny. Which means I Approve.

I (ugh) read FORBIDDEN PLANET and after reading it avoided the picture like the plague--they can have all the nice jazzy little technical effects they want but with a plot and characters like that they can keep it--off!

Coulson again interesting and quite readable if not startling.

Don't kid yourself--or let look kid you either--Sweden is far from being too happy, uninhibited place you might think--apparently they haven't gone far enough and a lot of their laws verge too far toward things that we would consider silly here.

So GROSS MANSIONS won't have the same plot as the book? To quote the eminent Martin Jukovsky--howling film goer--the film is not the book and the author of the script doesn't owe a damn thing to the author of the book except possibly some money for using his general theme. Try judging them (the films I mean) as individual creations--which they are--instead of translations from one medium to another. Almost impossible to do well anyway.

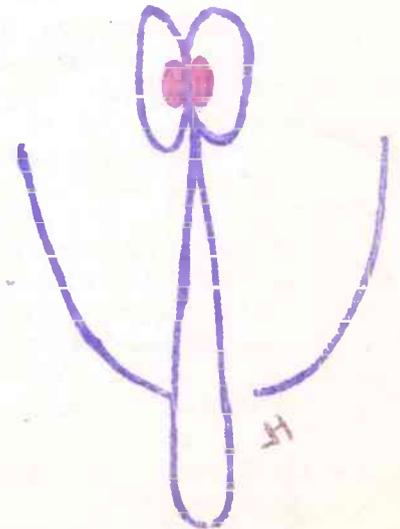
Movies are not books--the medium is too completely different to allow dead accurate translation, even if anyone was interested in doing such a thing.

No. 5 big improvement over 4 which is nice to see--improvement in a youngish zine is always interesting. I like it. What more can I say?

Claude Raye Hall, 2014 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas.

with a little polished work, your cover

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would have been terrific. It reminds me to a small extent of the cover Bob McMillen did for MZZTY #6--what I thought then (and still do) was one of the best cover efforts ever accomplished in fandom. As typical, the damned thing drew little comment.

There's nothing in particular that I can single out of this issue of SIGBO--everything is just averagely damned good--at least the equivalent of an amish by most other fanzines.

Probably the item I enjoyed most in this recent issue of SIGBO was "The Horror Cycle" by Arthur Cordred. When I read it, I got to laughing and was shock-up pretty much. My mood has changed since then. Two rejections came in the mail this morning--CAVALIER and SAGA. That's enough to make anybody blue. Besides that, a Brigitte Bardot movie is showing this evening and I can't go because I've an editing lab until six and by that time the waiting line in front of the theater will be a block long and although I like Miss Bardot very much, it takes more energy than I can sum up to stand an hour in line. Maybe I'll tee off Saturday evening and see the movie before time for the basketball game.

Just came back from a Bardot movie. Can't even sit still. "God created women...." It's a damned good thing I haven't got boat fare.

J. T. Crackerl.

Thanks for your note of October 26th. I am naturally sorry there will be a delay in the publication of SIGBO #5, but don't feel too badly about it. For, while I never had the guts to publish a fanzine myself, I did do a great deal to try to help Miss Trapper keep her little 'zine on schedule, and I know how many things can happen to the damned things before you can actually get them in the mails and start worrying about the next issue.

So, I'll just expect SIGBO 5 when I see it, realizing that its publisher is a young man whose primary concern--as it should be--is getting the most out of college (which is probably costing that same young man's parents a great deal of loot.)

So, don't neglect the important things for the entertaining ones. I can wait--the slight delay will only make your book twice welcome.

* * *

I want you to know that in make-up, reproduction, and printing, SIGBO 5 is far superior to any fanzine I've seen in years. I don't see how anyone could possibly do better from a purely visual standpoint.

I believe you said the completion of the front cover caused one of the delays in publication. Well, in this instance, the cover justified the delay; and was second only to your own back-cover advertising pungently a movie (God forbid!) Hollywood hasn't ground out yet.

I am always interested in letter columns, so naturally I read this section first. Your fanzine reviews are also intelligent and encouraging (in contrast to some fan-editors who apparently publish a fanzine for the sadistic delight they get from tearing everyone else's effort to pieces). You managed to be critical without being caustic,--no small accomplishment. Also enjoyed your account of your adventures and mis-adventures at the Midwest Convention. I didn't attend, but I am all too familiar with the peculiar liquor set up in Ohio, with especial reference to the Cincinnati area (since I worked in that city for a couple of years). In my extreme old age, I intend to retire to Cincinnati and become a "bootlegger". Despite their so-called

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a fanzish record. To my knowledge not only has no one ever read *PLAY* through, but most people make a dive for the side of the ship after just seeing the covers. So, you have a hardy constitution. Which *WAPA* could do with!

Thanks for the comments on *PLAY* anyway. I think that the fanzines in Britain tend to be more of a level and constant quality because on the whole we're a closely knit and somewhat isolated group, so that several writers and artists feature in practically every zine.



John Kaming, 318 S. Red
Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio
(from three letters)

American SF 1926-1950 was interesting to me, a confirmed addict. However it indicates a weakness in us, as humans. The chart of the solutions of problems would indicate, by the rising dependence on alien intervention, that we have too little confidence in our own powers to solve anything and must rely on a myth or shadow figure to do the saving-- in this case saving the whole damned earth. Of course a look at today's mess all over the globe would shake any persons confidence in man but when we lose faith with ourselves it will do no good to look for an alien savior (not in the religious sense, the maybe that too is a solution) we might as well quit right now.

Joe Harris talks as if the age of sensitivity has harmed him, maybe it has, it has restricted the kind of entertainment I see-- sort of like a sf story I read where

people had to consult huge books before appearing in public to make sure they wouldn't do anything to offend anyone from the thousands of planets that make up the empire. Same for movie censorship. The rate of illicit births in countries where sex is taught in school is less than in liberated America.

Bob Gordon's reviews are informative to say the least, and he seems to think about the same as I do on at least the books in the column I've read. He uses about the same approach as Damon Knight but they are not as biting and entertaining, whose are?

At the moment I am in bed with the typer in my lap.

But you are indeed a cunning editor, you casually mention that you have some very good fiction starting as soon as my sub runs out, ah well, I imagine I will still be around, I have only not two zines and four fms that I intensely disliked while on the other hand I enjoy *SIGBO* and don't find you offending my sense of friendliness, or whatever it is.

My mother keeps asking me if I don't think I've got enough of those "fanzies" and perhaps I am writing to too many fanz, tho I do think I am

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winning her over. She sneak-read part of Walt Willis' "Harp Stateside" and even she had to admit it was good.

Have noticed the veins standing out on my legs, I think my typer is cutting off circulation. It's either stop or risk gangrene...

Hmmm. Man, this is quite the best SIGBO yet. And also quite the biggest.

But one thing bothers me. There is no Ackerman, and this is a S-F Film ish. The cover is alright, but the ideal one would have shown Ackerman and Dodd madly competing to see who can write the most film reviews.

Your satire on a sfilm was adequat... I mean adequate. And unfortunately, all too true.

That stage show Tucker reports on was also in Youngstown. I didn't go to see it but I understand it was quite a shock-- a shock when the people realized how they had wasted their money.

But for me Arthur Mordred (?) was the high point of the ish. Coulson is there.

Bloch is maybe right, but maybe wrong. It is the customers who are paranoids, the producers are just mercenary.

Thank for the info on the SHOCK series. It is a help.

Also the reviews((ing)). A bit above those of Adkins and Twig in some places, the same in others.

I am really quite sorry about this letter of comment, but that is what comes of waiting a month to comment.

Barbara W. Lex, N. Shimerville Rd., Clarence, New York.

I don't know about you and other fen, but I and other people my own age have been seeing "adults only" films for years, and I'm only 17 at the present. This seems to be only a box-office trick, and I am of the opinion that any teenager today who doesn't know what things are all about has just landed from Mars. [The releasers of "Desire Under the Elms" are fighting in court in Chicago to have the "adults only" tag lifted from the pic.] I saw "Baby Doll," although my church banned it, and I'll be darned if anything was worse in that picture than some of the things on TV or circulated in those silly "true confession" mags that so many teen-age girls read and enjoy. [In "sexy," the stories in these mags are highly moralistic, supporting lower middle class values.] I too am sick of the "bowl of cherries through rose colored glasses" routine that so-called adults are always handing everybody under 18. "Baby Doll" was a darned good picture from the acting standpoint and I enjoyed it. It did not give me any strange ideas, I don't need movies to do that, and I didn't feel any compulsion to behave like Babydoll. When are "adults" going to realize that you don't have to be over 21 to be mature?

I am tired of those silly movies where the happy ending is so corny you are tempted to throw rocks at the wide screen. I can't recall EVER seeing a movie in which anybody outside of the stereotyped villain was thwarted. How I would love to see a movie in which the Marines do not land in time, the villain gets the girls, or the Martians DO conquer earth. I wish Hollywood would stop feeding us all that pap.

Nick and Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr, Parma 29, Ohio.

We've been trying to decide for years whether Lewis Grant is a genius or a dream in the mind of Sid Coleman. "As they said to Denavan's brain, you should have quit when you were ahead" settles the issue. He is an

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authentic genius and we bow down.

All of SIBO #5 was good ~~and~~ to prove the statement, we read the whole thing the day it came. Outside of A Bas, no other zine can make that statement. Especially enjoyed the Tucker (Bob-type) article and "The Horror Cycle." Letter and fanzine review columns are just about the right size. Can't stand those interminable reviews that babble on and on without ever making any clear cut statements about the zines involved. Yours were concise and definite.

On the subject of SF movies, we saw "The Invisible Boy" the other eve. This was so corny, it was almost good. The two guys responsible for "Forbidden Planet" must have had some ideas left over ~~and~~ also some props--

JD and felt this would be their last chance to use them up. The darn picture is crammed with hints of genuine science fiction that madedly trail off and leave you wishing they'd developed just one of them into a full-length plot. As it stands, it will play kiddie matinees for years very successfully. A little boy's scientific fairy tale where all the adults are confounded.

It was nice seeing you and the Chi gang in Detroit. Enjoyed our talk on jazz. An amazing number of fans are jazz enthusiasts. We maintain that you could walk into a room of fans anywhere and get a good argument on the merits of Bix or the MJQ. Just one more thing that makes fans different from people.

We understand the King Brothers may win the Thalberg Award this year.

Colin Cameron, 2561 Ridgeway Drive, San Diego 5, California

Starting with the cover; terrific! Rorem did a grand job on the movie-theater bem. Glad to see a little color in the zine.

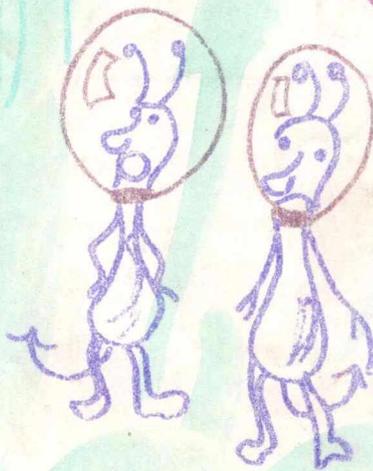
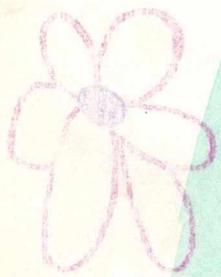
Now I'm no fanaticist but when I see someone who tries to imitate James Dean I usually get fairly mad. This character that Tucker describes is just riding upon the fame of another person. Thru creative genius and hard work, Dean was able to reach the height that he did-- to be an actor was not his ambition; he wanted to be a director, an artist and a writer-- and now some two-bit quick-change artist comes along, robs him of his well deserved oblivion, and is actually a success to boot. Things like this should never occur-- leave him rest in peace, and let only his memory burn a niche in the minds and hearts of those who knew him through personal acquaintance or the screen...

The whole group of articles was great-- terrific-- superb! Didja ever find out what caused "the Terrifying Green Scum?" Sounds like someone must have put some chemical in the water, as it disappeared so rapidly. ~~It~~ It was "dog-days" and was caused by the sea-weed.--JD

Now, I ask you, is there anyone who saw "The Thing" and didn't know James Arness played the role? ~~I~~ I didn't. I'd still rate it as one of the best, if not the best, black-and-white sf film in the last ten years. Then Mebbe "The Abominable Snowman," which came the closest yet to re-creating the suspenseful, spins-tingling atmosphere of "The Thing." #6



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H

"Perhaps it's a natural rock formation?"