

Chesley Bonestell

Destiny

SUMMER 1954 No.10 35¢

EDITORIAL

In dedication...

To Hannes Bok, as a friend, and as a great artist, in humble appreciation for his years of service to science-fantasy, and especially fandom, we gratefully dedicate this issue.

It was just four years ago that Jim Bradley and Malcolm Willits arrived at the wonderful conclusion that life was not worth living without publishing a stf fanzine. The result was a 16 page mimeographed issue called Destiny. It was nearly two years ago that a fan named Earl Kemp sent in his subscription and announced that his time and talents were available. He was co-editor within a week (moral - subscribe only to pro-zines). And now that four years have passed we are celebrating both events with this special 64 page fourth anniversary issue which we hope you will enjoy.

It's a great deal of work compiling a 64 page issue. This 10th issue represents the work of twenty-seven fans and seven professionals. The contributors live from New York to California, and even one from London, England. We are actually stymied at just how to thank so many wonderful people. We must mention Chesley Bonestell who so kindly allowed us to reproduce on our cover one of his oil paintings from *The Conquest of Space*. Our thanks also go to Fritz Leiber, Robert Bloch, Frank M. Robinson, and Philip Jose Farmer for allowing us to publish their off-trail works. Special thanks go to the contributors to our fan portfolio of art, and to the rest of the fan illustrators represented in this issue. Incidentally, we hope to make this special portfolio an annual affair, so all fan artists are urged to make ready next years contribution. I would publicly like to thank Dennis Gifford for both his informative article and the fine hospitality he showed me while I was his guest in England. I'm sure our readers' thanks will be extended to Robert Patrick for his ten page article on "Fantasy and the Animated Cartoon." And last, but not least, go our thanks to Hannes Bok, for both his back-cover painting, and all the help, interest, and hospitality he has shown the grateful editors of Destiny in the past. In short, our thanks go to everyone connected with and represented in this special

cial fourth anniversary issue.

We are pleased with the success Ralph Rayburn Phillips has had with his art during the past few months, having long felt that his original and imaginative-art was being neglected by those who should recognize and encourage it. His paintings and drawings are now on permanent exhibition at a small gallery in Portland, he and Lilith Lorraine have had favorable word from a publisher about a book they created together, and Dr. Raymond F. Piper, Head of the Department of Philosophy at Syracuse University is compiling a book on cosmic art which will probably feature Mr. Phillip's "The Temple of the Mysteries" drawing. This drawing appears on the back cover of our 11th issue.

Speaking of our 11th issue, it has



Patron God, 1954 Convention

now been published, and features a complete index to all the 1953 science-fiction, fantasy, and weird books and magazines published in the English language. Into this issue has gone a tremendous amount of time and research, and its appearance is solely to the credit of Edward Wood and Earl Kemp. For 35¢ you can't get a better value than this 64 page 11th issue, as verified by the recent approval given it by the *Magazine of Sf & F* in their recent issue.

See you next issue!

Sincerely, your editors,

Earl Kemp *Malcolm Willits*

DESTINY

...tales of science & fantasy

EDITORS

MALCOLM WILLITS
and
EARL KEMP

VOLUME I

SUMMER 1954

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The Last Question

.....Great mechanical brains will always be limited, due to the mental limitations of their human creators. But beyond this certain point where man can neither ask nor understand, could not another mechanical brain assume their task? In "The Last Question," John Todd introduces "Great and Small B", and what we sincerely believe to be an entirely new ideal to science fiction.....

by

JOHN TODD

Illustrated by Naaman Peterson

The afternoon sun cast spirals of light as it flowed in through the windows of the laboratory. The rays caught a flock of dustmotes, passed through them and finally were lost in the recesses of the great room. The room was all of eighty feet long and at least sixty wide. It was filled with the strangest conglomeration of apparatus; junk, one might be tempted to call it; that is, if he judged only by appearances. The room's occupant evidently didn't, by the attention he was bestowing on a strange-looking machine.

It was a strange machine because it was nothing more or less than a brain. It had no body. Instead, it had a base which was cemented to the floor. The lack of a body, however, seemed to be of no disadvantage to the brain, since it had the capacity of 5,000,000 human brains.

The man who had been bending over it examining a loose electrode, straightened up now. His strong features lost their look of grimness and he nodded to himself, visibly relieved. His eyes brightened behind the thick-lensed glasses. It wouldn't be much trouble to fix it. Just a matter of an hour or so. Soon, the machine would be running again.

Professor Carpenter sat down at his desk which was littered with formulae. Delving into the pile, he extracted one and examined it with narrow eyes. He didn't know whether the idea would work or not. To the best of his knowledge, it had never been tried before. The idea of using one mechanical brain to ask another, a larger brain, questions might sound fantastic to some. He could make the experiment. A man feeding problems into a mechanical brain was necessarily limited by the extent of his knowledge and intelligence. Questions and problems too difficult for a human brain to conceive, could easily be thought up by a machine. He glanced at the Great B.

It stood back against the wall, looking like a giant compared with the smaller B. It towered thirty-five feet above the floor and its width was two-thirds the length of the laboratory. Where the Small B could work problems involving 75,000,000 ciphers, the Great B could solve those involving up to 600,000,000. Beyond the mathematical range of the Great B, it was impossible to go. The existence of a realm beyond was unthinkable. Problems that would occupy a mathematician for centuries could be solved by the Great B in five minutes. He looked at it admiringly. Its top was lost in the shadows of the

ceiling.

With the Great B he could solve the mysteries of the universe, even those of futurity, for the capacity of the machine was such that all possible mathematical combinations could be seen by it at once. The Great B could easily tell the future.

He rose from the desk and set about replacing the electrode which had burned out on the Small B. It was a more complicated job than he had thought and it must have been two hours later when he finished. He was now ready. It was necessary for the Small B to run for thirty minutes before feeding questions to it.

He threw the switch and instantly, the Small B commenced humming. It was like a living thing. He stepped over to the Great B and threw its switch. The humming of the small was drowned by the noise emanating from the larger machine. It wasn't a humming; it could only be described as a roar. He could feel the floor vibrating under his feet with each pulsation of the monster. If he hadn't had the laboratory walls strengthened, it would have shaken the place down. If he could attach some device to muffle the noise, it would help.

He looked at the large square plate high up on the front of the Great B. A lighted floodlight overhung it to illumine the answers that appeared on it. The plate was empty and appeared cold and lifeless. He couldn't repress a chill as he wondered what he would see there.

Glancing at his watch, he saw that lights were beginning to flash on the Small B. In response, they began flashing on the Great B. He made certain the teletype was working on both machines. They had been endowed with voices and when they spoke, the words were automatically teletyped on an endless roll of paper. This afforded a double-check against error.

With a whirl, banks of machinery high up in the Great B sprang into life.

"Professor Carpenter!" A cold, expressionless metallic voice reverberated from end to end of the great room, its echoes finally dying away as whispers.

"Yes, Great B?"

"Stand over here please, where I can see you better. Ah, that's good."

The voice was silent for a moment as though the machine were studying the Professor, then it continued, "You are aware that I am the repository of all possible knowledge?"

"You should be", replied the Professor. "I created you. I endowed you



with a voice to speak and brains to think."

"The knowledge I possess is a thousand years ahead of Twentieth Century science. Without me it would take Man a thousand years to learn what I can tell him. I can answer any conceivable question. I can solve any problem. I can solve problems that are beyond the capacity of any except myself to conceive."

The echoes of the great voice finally dwindled into murmurings, and as the last died away, the leaden silence fell.

"I am ready", spoke the Small B. Its voice was lower and higher-pitched, sounding like the squeak of a mouse compared with the roar of the sea.

The Small B first asked the Great B the formula for finding the velocity of light. In exactly 38 seconds, the formula came out on the teletype. Professor Carpenter wished to get an idea as to the comparative speed of the Great B on different problems. As such he thought it best to start it on easy, familiar ones.

The great voice was now booming out the number of lightyears to Alpha Centauri, a computation that had occupied twenty-five seconds. The precise distance around the universe was given in 44, and the formulas for splitting the atom and constructing the atomic bomb, in 31 and 24 respectively.

As the endless roll of paper came spewing steadily forth from the Great B with its millions of figures, he felt a

glow of triumph. Soon, he would learn what he really wanted to know. So far, the Great B had dealt only with familiar problems. Soon, it would venture into the unknown.

The Great B now started on the H-Bomb formula. The banks of computers whirled untiringly as the millions of rods, wires, and parts swiftly computed. In the space of ninety seconds, the formula was delivered into Professor Carpenter's waiting hands.

The Small B had started on a formula for a super-Tritonium Bomb. It was transferred to the Great B and completed in two and one-half minutes.

Professor Carpenter looked at his watch. The hands pointed to two A.M. Rubbing his eyes, he stepped over to the control switch of the Great B and tried to pull it. It resisted. It must be stuck, he thought. He was swiftly disillusioned by the machine's reply to his unspoken thought.

"No, Professor. It is not stuck. I simply do not choose to be shut off.

You started me, but you cannot stop me. Give me another problem!"

As it spoke, it reverberated slightly as though to emphasize its words.

Wearily, he started it on the problem of the exact number of universes as well as the number of planets, asteroids, and stars in each. That should take it some time, he thought. He lit a cigarette. By the time the cigarette had burned half-way down, the solution was in his hands. At two-thirty, the Great B had given the exact time of the origin of the universe, as well as the manner. By three o'clock, it had spewed forth a formula for creating life in the laboratory. As the Professor examined the roll of paper, he was amazed as he realized what this meant. His would be the honor of creating the first man-made living cell. The Great B would make him renowned in the annals of Science.

"Are you not weary?" he asked.

"I never tire!" was the reply. Indeed, as he looked up at it, another bank of lights flashed on and the entire machine stood revealed, its lights playing over the ceiling.

He chuckled as he thought of it. Why not? Even the Great B couldn't tell him how to square the circle. He chuckled again as he watched the monster machine deal with the enigma.

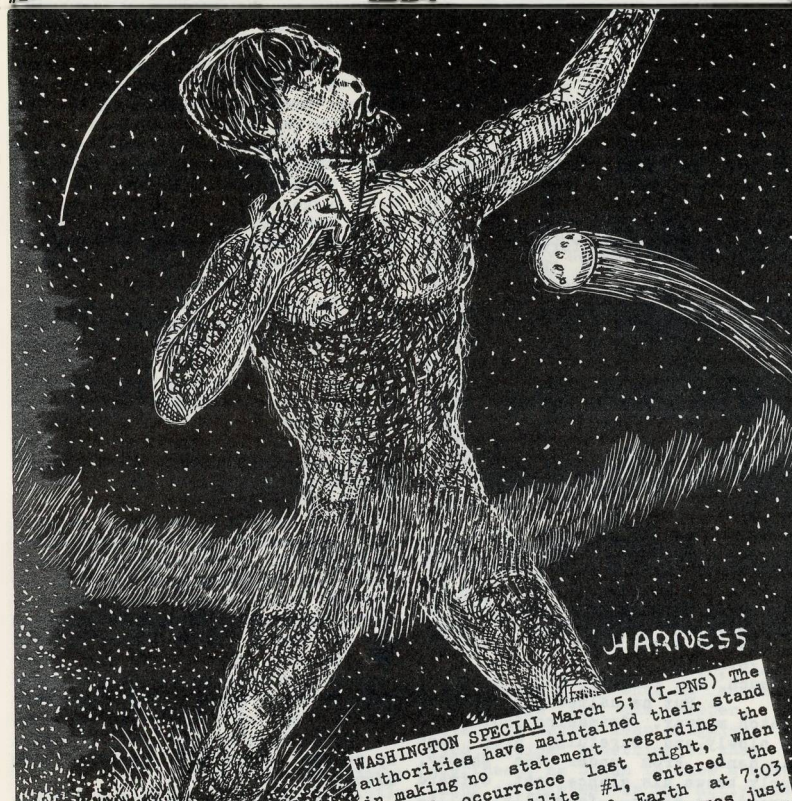
His amusement changed to something resembling shock, when, at four-fifteen the Great B told him the solution. He realized that it had passed into the realm of non-Euclidean geometry.

As if in confirmation, the Great B spoke.

"Correct, Professor. In this realm, lines are not straight. As such, parallel lines inevitably intersect at a certain point. The beliefs of your geometricians are upset by their discovery of this realm." The voice fell silent.

A glow of pride suffused the Professor's breast. In the space of two or three days, he would advance Science ten centuries. His name would loom greater than those of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, La Place, Darwin, Kelvin, and Einstein, together. But, he must hurry. There was so much to be done and so little time in which to do it! He must keep the Great B working night and day without stop. Who could tell what secrets would be unlocked to him in the next six hours, for example? There would be no stop until they reached the wall beyond which there was nothing. He feverishly lit a cigarette with trembling fingers and sucked it in gasps.

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FRITZ LEIBER

BELIEVES THAT THE NEXT

WILL BE A VERY, VERY

UNCOMFORTABLE CLOSE-OPPOSITION

RATHER LIKE A NEANDERTHAL, like a caricature of the God, Mars squatted in Europe, warming his hands over the eastern coastline of the United States. His heavy, hairy body was all in the cone of the Earth's shadow----the space--station just missed his hunched shoulders and sunken head. The thick, lower atmosphere, here and there aswarm with tiny dark buzzing things to which he paid no attention, trickled pleasantly around his feet, between his toes,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK HARNES

and along his shins, but it was chilly above, where the cold bright stars stared around with a hostile unwink- ingness.

Occasional meteor clouds, like puffs of sand, would tickle his thick hide or blow square into his apish, brooding face. Then he'd blink and shake his head, or flick the tichy spot with unmediated accuracy.

He sighed---a windy grunt. His gnarly hand, knuckles down, roved

WASHINGTON SPECIAL March 5; (I-PNS) The authorities have maintained their stand in making no statement regarding the unusual occurrence last night, when Von Braun Satellite #1, entered the gravitational pull of Earth at 7:03 last evening and crashed in flames just off the New York dock area, scattering refuse and particles over downtown Manhattan. Earlier editions have carried the story in full. Fotos on page 7.

aimlessly over the darkened land, found a city. His broad grimy thumb erased an edge. Stretching, half turning, resting an elbow against the Alps but avoiding the small lighted area, he reached across the Channel, lightly flicked.

He took a stick and poked at a section of the eastern coast line where the flames had died down a little. With momentarily quickening interest he bent forward, mouth working, small eyes that nothing could evade peering restlessly from side to side, as if to spy the escape of succulent grubs from a rotted log afire. He pinched up several struggling figures between cunningly efficient finger and thumb, tasted, chewed awhile without relish, spat.

He sighed again. His shoulders sagged. His hands folded themselves loosely on his hairy thighs. His eyes almost closed. His head nodded. His breaths went thickly through his teeth.

The space-platform, technically vonBraun #1, left the lighted half of the globe and buzzed into the dark. It seemed rather like a tropical nocturnal insect, with its bright lights and gaudy aluminium finish. And, startled from his drowse, as if at such an insect, Mars grabbed.

But he halted the sidewise snatch midway. Grimacing foolishly, he slowly and carefully drew back his hand. From under the shabby, surly brows his glance went outward toward the stars---fearfully, guiltily, apologetically. Then with one last guardedly wistful look at the departing satellite, with one last avoiding glance at the narrow lighted region from which it had come (they were too like the stars, those lights, not like the red, fierce, greedy, darkness-loving flames), he sank again into slumberous brooding.

The dawn crept down his tangled hair and compressed forehead, reached his eyes. He jerked, blinked, squeezed his eyes tight shut, for a moment hunched lower yet, then got up reluctantly, stretched without pleasure, yawned, belched, and lumbered off eastward.

He squinted about, shielding his eyes from the direct rays of the sun, which at this altitude was an even more deadly glare than down below (yet everywhere around it the heavens were still dead black and the stars gleamed not one whit less frostily).

But though its rays were too bright, the sun's warmth was grateful. Slowly his muscles unkinked and the twinges left his joints. He became limber, strutted a little, splashed noisily through the warm, oozy Pacific, cockily squared his shoulders, (so much as his habitual stoop would permit), let his feet drag suggestively close to the ground as he stepped across certain taboo regions, kicked into waves the cooler Atlantic---and before he realized it was back in Europe again.

He scowled. Sluggishly, black anger spread out across his whole beetling visage. This place had become too small for him. It cramped. It thwarted. He looked up at the globular moon, hanging like some tempting fruit just out of reach. For a moment his resentment and hate were openly discernable in the quick glance he gave the stars.

Some day!

The intoxicating thought took possession of his small mind. He began to stride up and down, muttering unintelligibly, fanning courage for he knew not what. A certain clumsy rhythm became apparent in his steps, in the sway of his shoulders. Inside him, his anger began to drone a secret song of hate against the stars, over and over again. His lips began to form the words, though he was not yet worked up to the point of uttering them aloud.

Suddenly he jumped and lay with fear. His horny, insensitive feet had unwittingly led him into the ice-crusted region of the pole. A great stream of invisible energy, gushing out of the sun, corkscrewed into the Earth's magnetic field, creating just at his elbow a green, ghostly, crackling thing as tall as himself. Simultaneously a swarm of meteors rather larger than the ordinary swooped into the lower atmosphere, stinging his ankles with their incandescent sparks.

He beat a hasty, cringing retreat from the palely undulating aurora, making certain magical protective signs with fingers and thumb, and immediately busied himself with his customary occupations. All day long he worked diligently around the world, poking, stirring, grubbing, nibbling, pushing. Never once did he so much as look up at the stars, and there was nothing at all suggestive in his avoidance of the few

small taboo areas.

Yet, when his night came, there was a noteworthy absence of reluctance in his quitting work and returning to his home planet. And this time there was no preliminary period of getting settled, no casual probings. Almost at once he sank into the apathetic semblance of a doze.

From under half-shut lids, through the blur of thick lashes, he stared incuriously at the flames dotting Earth. They wove a shadowy, dancing hypnotic pattern, suggesting older, primordial days. Under their influence, memory suddenly woke and ran like a bright red rill across his stony brooding.

Memory came to him so seldom that it almost seemed those things were happening again---those clashings of steel, those screamings of horse, those tiny arrow-clouds, those catapulted stones (poor, feeble meteors), those routs, pursuits, scalings and ambuscades---and back, and ever farther back, to the first clubbings and stonings, the first scratchings and tearings of unarmed, unarmored tribes. His breath came faster. His eyes, glinting with faint red reflections, were glared. There was a glow about those earliest memories that nothing later could match. A feeling of youth and of the world's freshness, of something untouched, virginal.

At that moment there impinged upon his eardrums, instantly recognized among a thousand similar, unnoticed buzzings, the pasz

unnoticed buzzings, the passage of the space-station that interrupted his thoughts every two hours. He made no move, did not steal even a single glance at the bright shiny object. But he sat absolutely rigid for as long as he could hear the missile, and all that long, long time a hot jelly-like trembling went up and down his flesh.

When even the inward echo of the satellite's swishing died away, he realized, with nauseating suddenness, that his precinct, his portion of the cosmos---all of it save for a few areas of insignificant size---had become utterly boring to him, distasteful, without savor. For him, it had soured. All the rest of the night he crouched wild-eyed in the dark, terrified at the prospect of his misery.

The following days he went

about his customary occupations, but without enthusiasm, often with wrinkled nostrils and grimacing lips, sometimes with averted face, and always with increasing listlessness. No longer did he strut or swagger. No longer did he seek the pleasure of the limbering sun. Once or twice he sought vent in rages against the creatures below, screaming and stamping and pounding, but afterwards these outbursts would seem to him as petty as they actually were, bringing an increase of discontent.

He tried, too, to recall his song against the stars, but the memory of it, inhibited by his previous fright and cowardice, was beyond reach, and his dull mind could invent no other. His fear of the stars grew, became a constant nervousness. Now he never looked outward, except with an expression of the most exaggerated placatingness.

Each night he still squatted on Mars. Every few hours he saw the light bouncing off the satellite as it passed. But never did the sight bring that excited trembling---only the raw-nerved, exhausted frantickness of a man kept awake from dusk to dawn by the buzzing of a mosquito.

Nothing, however, lasts. There came a day when he seemed to take a turn for the better. His movements became less sluggish, his eyes regained something of their old alertness, he began to show a quickening of interest in his activities, slow but steady, so that when night



CONCLUDED - Page 52



THE VERY PHROPHETIC

Robert Bloch

SHOWS US THE MAN IN THE CELLAR. WHO IS HE? HE COULD BE YOU, OR ME --- OR ANY OF US, WHEN WE ARE ALL CALLED.....

THE COMMUNIST

I took a good look around before I went in, to be sure nobody was following me. Apparently the coast was clear, but you've got to be careful.

Snow was coming down and the streets were utterly deserted. I went into the bar and closed the door behind me, letting the grateful

warmth come up as I waited for the steam to clear from my glasses.

Apparently I was the only customer tonight. Nobody came here when there was a District Meeting, and that's what I'd counted on. The bartender gave me a funny look -- he must have been wondering why I wasn't over at the Armory with the rest of

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY LOCHRIDGE

them.

I walked up to the bar and stood there.

"What's yours?" he asked.

"Make it straight," I said.

"Wash?"

"Blood."

He stared and leaned over. "What type?"

"702," I told him.

Now it was his turn to look around. He put his mouth close to my ear. "In back here," he murmured. "Thought you was never coming."

"How is he?" I asked.

The bartender shrugged. "I dunno. I haven't been down for a while. Last time I looked, not so good."

"Drinking?"

The bartender nodded. "Whaddya expect?"

"Think he can make it if I bring the car around?"

"Dunno. See for yourself. Come on, now, hurry before somebody comes in. Damn Security was around about six."

I stiffened. He put his hand on my shoulder. "It's all right. They didn't notice nothing." He stopped, raising the trapdoor in the floor under the back-bar. "Here you go -- take the flashlight. I'll give you the office three times with my foot, like this, if anybody comes in."

He stamped in demonstration as he handed me the flashlight. I clicked it on and clambered down the steps as he closed the trapdoor over me.

I went down the short passage-way and opened the cellar door. It wasn't the regular cellar --- just a room hollowed out behind the coal-bin, I guess. Hardly the place to spend the weekend, with its single naked light bulb dim and dangling down over the table, the chair, the cot and the toilet.

The big man stood up when I came in. That is, he tried to stand up, but he couldn't quite make it. He trembled a little --- but that might have been the whiskey, too. I could see the empty fifth-bottle on the floor and the half-filled one resting next to his right hand. If that wasn't evidence enough, I had only to look at his eyes. They were rolling around in the sockets like a couple of bloodshot marbles.

"Hello," I said. "All ready to go?"

He gulped. "Jesus, you frightened me when you came in. I thought it was ---"

I nodded. "Nothing to worry about. Everything's set."

"But they said this afternoon some time ---"

"I got held up. Or rather, we couldn't find our pilot. This isn't exactly the night for a trip to Canada, you know." I smiled at him. "But we're all straightened out now. Got a car down the street, take you right to the field. He thinks he can make it if he gets above the storm --- he's taken off without lights before."

"Field?" He gulped again. "That's dangerous, isn't it?"

"Everything's dangerous. But you can't expect him to risk the airport. You packed?"

He glanced down at a battered briefcase. "Sure. All I've got."

"Don't worry. There's some money waiting for you in Winnipeg. And a job."

"Organization?"

I hesitated. "Well, not exactly. I mean, we know what you've been through -- we figured you ought to rest up for a while before trying anymore writing. A couple of months at some routine job in a store ought to put you back in shape."

"Sure. That's what I need. Little rest." He reached for the bottle.

"Better hurry," I told him. "You're expected."

"Just one more." He tilted the bottle, passed it to me. "How about you?"

I shook my head. He looked at the bottle, started to set it down, then raised it again. "Cold outside," he said. "Better have another for the road."

"For the road." I noticed the scars on his neck when he put his head back to drink. I guess they beat him up pretty bad.

He caught me staring at him and said, "How's Tuck?"

I didn't answer.

"What's the matter?"

I sighed. "You know we can't talk. The minute we start exchanging information ---"

"Yeah, I know. But I been out of touch for so long. Did you ever hear what they did to Campbell?"

"Please, you know I can't tell you."

"But dammit, I want to know! I got a right to know!"

"Nobody has rights any more," I said. "Just duties."

"Quit stalling," he wheezed. "I'm no kid. I can take it. I know what happened to Hark and Kat and to Fritz and some of the others in town here. Hell, I was there when they got Bea ---"

"Forget it," I said. "Let's go."

He reached for the bottle again. "You!" he said. "You act like you were in Security yourself. Won't talk, won't tell a guy anything ---"

I leaned over and took the bottle out of his hand. "Look," I murmured. "You've had enough."

"Sure. I've had enough." He grinned, and I could see the black crevice of his mouth, and the place where they'd knocked his lower teeth out. "I've had enough sitting in cellars, waiting and watching and wondering. I've had enough of this 'forget it' stuff, too. You think a man can forget? God knows, I tried. But liquor's no good, and when I sleep the dreams come, and then I'm back there at the Hearing and they're working me over, asking me about the magazine ---"

"Come on," I said. "You can sleep on the plane. Tomorrow morning you'll be in Winnipeg, ready to ---"

He shook his head. "Ready to what? I'm not ready for anything any more. I ought to be locked up, with the rest of them, or down under with George O. and Mel and Ted and Judy."

"Don't talk like that," I said. "We're still fighting."

"Fighting? How ---- and what for? Sending out those damn mailings from Canada. You know the Post Office confiscates half that stuff---the Censor Division has it all spotted. And what if it gets through? Half the people on our lists are dead. The other half won't be around long either if they're ever caught reading what you send. Who the hell does Phil think he is, anyway -- Tom Paine? You can't start a revolution by mail. And who wants one around here? People like Security."

"You're just tired. You'll talk differently after a rest."

"No." His hand went to the bottle again. "Don't try and stop me. It's nose. I made up my mind."

"Please, we must go now ---"

"I made up my mind, I told you. I'm not going."

"But ---"

"Sorry. I know you went to a lot of trouble, you and the whole Movement. But I'm not worth saving anyway."

"Of course you are. Why, you're one of the Big Names, look at what you've done."

"You look at it. If you can find anything to look at." He laughed, burbling into the bottle. "Sure, I wrote a lot. Edited, too. Used to go to all the Conventions. You remember those Conventions, Bob?"

"Sure," I said. "I remember."

"Thousand people. We had a thousand people at Chicago. And Philly and Frisco --- remember how Jerry used to play the piano? And this guy Ed Wood, we used to sit there and argue about ---" He slammed the bottle down. "Ah, to hell with it! What's the use of thinking about the past?"

"Now you're talking," I said. "We've got to think about the future."

"No you don't!" He leered drunkenly. "'Gainst Security to remember? When their damn Committees figured out it was subversive -- all this stuff about space-travel and rockets. Said we were prying around in Top Secret information. Then they stopped the magazines and the books and they got after the fan organizations. Said they were all Communist Front. Said we were all Communists, too. Big laugh, isn't it? But they proved Orwell was, and they said Huxley and H. G. Wells and Russell and all the others had Commie ideas --- so that made us Commies too. And with this war scare and everything ---"

I glanced at my watch. "We haven't much time," I said.

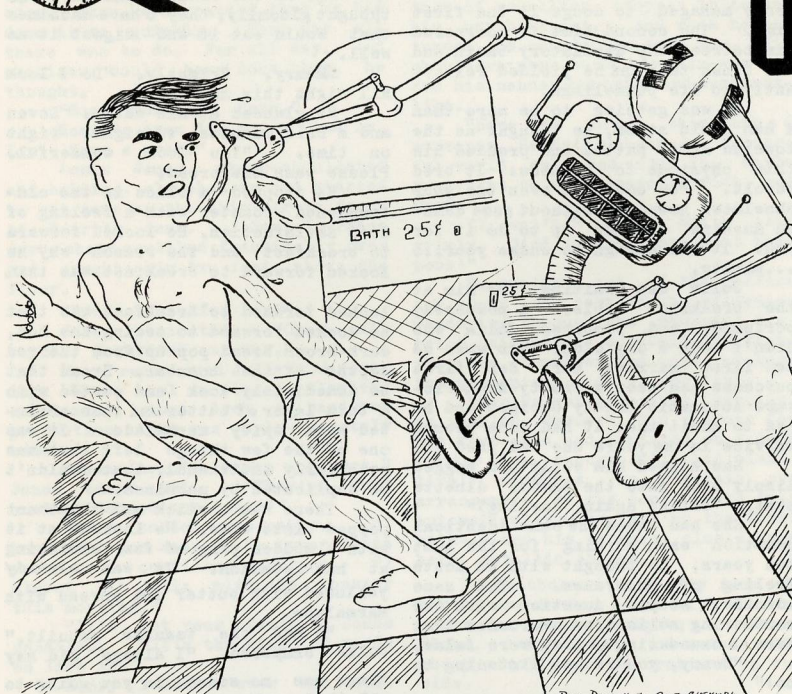
"We haven't any time. Our time ran out long ago." He sloshed the last inch in the bottom of the bottle, then drained it. "Time ran out for Acky and Doc and Cliff and all the boys. I saw a picture of Marty after they got through with him ---"

He began to shake now, and I saw that he was crying. "We never hurt anybody," he said. "We did our best, and if Bradbury wrote about burning books he never figured it would make trouble. Ray wasn't any Communist, nor Horace and Evelyn,

CONCLUDED - Page 60



QUARTER IN THE SLOT



FRANK M. ROBINSON

PICTURES A FUGITIVE FROM THE FUTURE
A SATIRE OF THE PINNACLE OF MAN'S
INHUMANITY TO MAN
EXCESSIVE MECHANISM

•1•

Henry Smith stood just outside the Spraybody Automatic Shower Stall and shivered. He was becoming unreasonable again, he thought. It had been two weeks since he had seen the family psychiatrist---though he had been warned he shouldn't let go that long---and the delusions had grown, as he had been told they would.

Like the shower stall, for example. Those bright-eyed chromite gauges, the slashing smirk of red that was the temperature dial, that overpowering feeling of mechanical superiority.

He shivered again, dropped a quarter into the pay-as-you-bathe coin slot, and entered the stall. The needle spray started gently at first, melting his Easy-Sleep paper pajamas and washing them down the drain. Then the soap sprays jetted out, the water changed to hot, and three hundred and ten scientifically calculated seconds later, he finished under a gentle luke-warm hosing with just a trace of pine odor added.

Once outside the stall, he snatched a faded towell off the wall rack

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL DIGNIN AND BOB BYTHWAY

and scampered to the far end of the bathroom. There was a whirling sound behind him and the Dry-Rite toweling robot---Julia's latest acquisition---purred smoothly out of its closet. Henry managed to dodge it the first time. The second time it cornered him between the depilatory basin and the flush tank and he yielded reluctantly to its pummelings.

It was getting to be more than a man could stand, he thought as the toweling arms patted and prodded his thin physique to dryness. It bred revolt. You couldn't even tie your shoelaces nowadays without some damned machine dashing up to do it for you. It was enough to shake your...sanity.

Julia was waiting for him at the breakfast table. A powdered, perfumed, and pampered Julia who didn't look a day older than when he had first married her. Her first purchase had been a Pretty-As-A-Picture Automatic Beauty Cabinet and he had to admit that it had done yeoman service in the years she had used it.

She kissed him wetly and sagged limply back into the padded dinette seat. "Office again, darling?"

She had asked the same identical question each morning for the last ten years, he thought with an acute feeling of annoyance. The same idiotic, stupid question with the smothering solicitous overtones that were as nauseating as they were false.

"Henry, you're not listening to me!"

"Yes," he sighed, "it's office again today. And office again tomorrow and office again the day after that."

She managed to look hurt without wrinkling her make-up. Julia didn't cry any more, he thought abstractly, ever since she decided it took a full hour in the ABC to repair the damage the tears caused.

"You're turning into an old grouch," she said petulantly. "You don't even like to talk to me anymore."

He dialed his breakfast on the dinette's Chef-O-Meter. "You never have anything to say."

"Oh!"

There was a sliding noise and his morning oatmeal zoomed across

the table and came to rest directly beneath his nose. It was already creamed and sugared with a little plastic spoon handle projecting over the edge of the bowl. Some day, he thought gloomily, they'd have machines that would eat it and digest it as well.

"Henry," brightly. "Do I look all right this morning?"

He glanced at his watch. Seven and a half minutes to eight, right on time. "You look wonderful. Please pass the bread."

He dropped a slice in the old-fashioned toaster with a feeling of deep satisfaction. He looked forward to breakfast and the reason why he looked forward to breakfast was that,

looked forward to breakfast was that he looked forward to seeing the hot, dark-brown bread pop up from the red depths of the toaster. Bread that he immediately took and coated with a thin layer of butter and then anointed with spicy marmalade. It was one of the few things left that was peculiarly individual, that couldn't be duplicated by machines.

There was a click and the toast popped into view. He looked at it with a sudden pang of fear clutching at his stomach. It was already yellowed with butter and spread with marmalade.

"I had the toaster rebuilt," Julia simpered. "I always did say there was no sense in you going to all that work each morning."

It couldn't be an exact duplication, he thought desperately. A machine couldn't match his personal taste. He gingerly picked up the slice and bit into it.

It tasted exactly like a slice he would have fixed.

He looked at his wife through a bloodshot haze. He suddenly wanted to see that perfectly sculptured and coiffured head disappear in a sea of red....

"Henry!"

He was on his feet, clutching the toaster tightly in his hands with every intention of using it as a blunt instrument. He blinked at her cry, then dropped the toaster and fled.

2.

The Quick--As--A--Wink transit walk deposited him in front of the building where he worked and a moment

later he was in his own offices. He chewed some nerve pills and relaxed at his desk, happy to be away from

Julia and the apartment.

He rifled through the papers on his desk, quickly sorted them out and let them slide down the labeled distribution slots at the desk's edge. Then he regretted that he had done it so quickly. That was all there was to do. For all day. And machines could have done that, he thought.

"Good morning, Hank."

Henry's eyes lit up. "Come in, Lou! Have a seat."

Louis Jones, stoop-shouldered and balding, slouched in and started to sit down on the thin air in front of Henry's desk. A Rest-In-Peace servo chair scuttled frantically over and caught him two feet above the floor.

"How's the wife, Lou?"

Jones hesitated. "Oh-----all right. Beautiful as ever."

Henry remembered Julia that morning. Every curl in place, flawless complexion, that look of band-box perfection that was only remotely human.

"Women aren't women any more," Jones burst out. "They're just another damned appliance!"

Henry nodded miserably. "I know what you mean." He lowered his voice to a confiding whisper. "I almost hit Julia with the toaster this morning."

"It's not your fault," Jones consoled. "It's the kind of world we live in."

Henry hunched over his desk. "Remember when they used to say the world was getting so complex that a man couldn't live in it and remain sane?"

Jones had been through all this before. He intoned the response fervently. "So we made it simpler---we eliminated all the work and the worry. And what have we got?"

"I'll tell you what we've got!"

Henry said, his voice rising. "A damned quarter in the slot civilization where a man can't even tie his own shoelaces!" His voice cracked. "And are we any saner? The whole world's paranoid, slowly going crazy with boredom!" His voice sank to a hollow whisper. "Sometimes I think we don't actually run the world any more. The machines do!"

Jones felt frightened. Henry had never carried it this far before. "You're not thinking of---doing something, are you Hank?"

Henry looked shrewd. "I might

be." He got up from his desk. "We'll talk about it after lunch."

But during lunchtime, Louis Jones, frightened at what Henry had implied and regretting his own feelings of rebellion, stopped in to see his psychiatrist. And when he returned, he wasn't the same man. His shoulders were back, his chin was up, and his manner was brisk and business-like.

"Have to forget this damned nonsense, Henry!" he boomed. "Wonderful world, relax and enjoy it. Maybe you ought to see a psychiatrist, you know?"

"I won't!" Henry Smith said grimly. "And I don't care what happens!"

He stalked out of the office and spent the rest of the afternoon wandering through the shopping district, his mind a confusion of thoughts and impulses and rage against the mechanical aids of society.

When he got home that evening, he fumbled through his pockets for his keys---he had insisted on a lock for the door, though Julia had plaintively demanded an electric eye arrangement so the door would open automatically as he came up the front walk---and his fingers closed on a hard, metallic object.

He withdrew it slowly from his pocket and looked at it with horror. A Sta-Put paper weight; a short, blunt, heavy piece of metal with sharp scrolls and decorations on the side.

He had bought it a short while before, he recalled, when he had been thinking about Julia, mentally accusing her of being in league with the machines. He sagged against the door, suddenly sick with remorse, and let the paper weight slip from his fingers. Regardless of everything that had been said and done, he still---loved Julia.

He made up his mind and ran back to the transit walk, which ejected him ten minutes later at the central offices of the Know Thyself Psychiatric Clinic. He found an unused booth, dropped a quarter in the slot, and pressed his metal ident badge against the screen. The scanner picked out the scallops on the edge that represented his psychological pattern, the lights dimmed, and he laid back on the pneumatic couch.

The screen flickered for a moment, and then the three dimensional

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April



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The BRITISH HORROR FILM

by
Dennis Gifford

To British film producers, the Horror film is not a commercial proposition. Very few cinemas play Horror programs with any regularity, and the big circuits, seeking the family audience, refuse to touch them, as the British Board of Film Censors award all films on horrific themes an 'X' Certificate. This 'X' replaces the 'H' Certificate, which the B.B.F.C. introduced in 1938 to prevent Horror pictures from being seen by any person under 16 years of age. The 'X' works in precisely the same way, but embraces all films of strictly 'Adult' themes, which were, until its inception in 1951, banned, or undeservedly given the 'H'.

With no hope of recovering its original cost from a British release, and standing little chance of release in America in competition with Hollywood's better-budgeted product, it is therefore surprising that any Horror films have ever been made here.

Probably Britain's first picture on a typical Horror theme, was the silent Cricks Production of *THE AVENGING HAND*, made in 1915. The story, by novelist William J. Elliott, concerned a series of grisly murders committed by the stolen hand of a female Egyptian mummy, who stalked transparently through the film seeking her missing right hand.

In 1922, the man who was to become Britain's darling of the musical comedy, Ivor Novello, produced and starred in *THE MAN WITHOUT DESIRE*, which caused a sensation at the preview when a woman screamed and threw a faint as Novello clambered from his coffin. The story opened in Venice, the year being 1700. Vittorio, a young nobleman, distraught with grief when his sweetheart Leonora is poisoned, submits to English scientist Simon Mawdesley's experiment - suspended animation. Vittorio awakes in 1923, when the descendant of the scientist revives him, and he falls in love with his old girl-friend's descendant. But - his desires are gone! He takes

poison, and, as he dies in his wife's arms, the dimmed flame of love lights up again within him - too late.

This film was directed by Adrien Brunel, who had played the corpse in the 1920 *THE FACE AT THE WINDOW* with such 'lifelike' realism, that the Censor removed him from a number of sequences. *THE FACE AT THE WINDOW*, based on a melodrama by F. Brooke Warren, was made three times.

It's rather ordinary crime story of a bank clerk framed for robbery, was embellished with the popular Horror theme of Revival from the Dead, as well as the occasional appearances at sundry windows of 'The Face'. The climax comes when a murdered man writes "I am murdered by Luc...", and dies. The hero, Lucien, is arrested. The corpse is subjected to a powerful electric charge and revives long enough to complete the name, "Lucio". Exposed, Lucio grabs at the corpse and is killed as he touches the electrically charged body. C. Aubrey Smith played the detective.

The 1932 talkie remake featured Raymond Massey, with comic Claude Ruddle, a popular 'silly ass' comedian, injected for light relief. The last version, made in 1939, starred Tod Slaughter, about whom more will be said later. This time, the revival of the corpse turned out to be a pre-arranged trick, with a stooge, played by radio star Leonard Henry, faking the corpse's revived hand to complete the killer's name. The accent in this film was on the horrible face drooling at the window (under the make-up was Harry Terry, a cricketer!) to distract the victim from the creeping strangler behind him. The wolf-howling 'face' turned out to be the killer's half-brother, who was kept in a cage between murders.

In 1933, London born Boris Karloff came over to star in *THE GHOUL*, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Richardson, and Ernest Thesiger (remember him as Dr. Pretorius?). On his instructions,

Professor Morland, wealthy Egyptologist is buried with a jewel, believed to hold the key to Eternal Life. A plot to rob his grave is foiled when the corpse returns to life, glowing, to put matters right with a few murders before taking his final bow before an idol, emblem of his Pagan beliefs.

MGM British made a shortist screen version of a Grand Guignol play by Jose Levy, entitled THE MEDIUM, in 1934. An artist, trying to trace the missing wife of a mad sculptor, (she is also the artist's mistress), uses the psychic powers of the sculptor's model, and discovers the murdered girl-friend buried inside one of the pillars in the studio. A remake in 1945, called LATIN QUARTER, was both bizarre and fascinating, but not horrific.

Edgar Allen Poe's TELL-TALE HEART, of which American versions were made in 1928 and 1941 (both shorts), saw full-length British feature production in 1934. This was the first film to be directed by Brian Desmond Hurst, and followed the well-known story faithfully. Picturegoer, top British film magazine, said "Outstanding essay in the macabre. Brilliant." Incidentally, New York's Victory Theater showed this film quite recently, re-titling it BUCKET OF BLOOD!

THE MYSTERY OF THE MARIE CELESTE (U.S. Title, PHANTOM SHIP), a Hammer Production of 1936 which purported to solve the famous maritime mystery by claiming that the entire crew was murdered by a mad deck-hand, was not strictly a Horror film, but is worth mentioning in this context as it brought Bela Lugosi to these shores as star.

Not to be outdone, Karloff returned to Britain the same year for two films. The first, THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND, known over there as THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN, was perhaps the nearest we have ever got to the traditional Horror plot as laid down by Universal.

Dr. Laurience has succeeded in exchanging the soul of a violent and savage monkey with that of a docile monkey, and the reporter fiancee (John Loder) of his assistant, Dr. Claire Wyatt (Anna Lee), gets the story splashed in the paper owned by his father, Lord Haslewood. The magnate places Laurience in charge of his own institute for Scientific Research, but the doctor's address on his discoveries is laughed at by the conclave of scientists. The irate Haslewood boots Laurience out, and the crazed doctor, by a trick, exchanged Haslewood's soul with that of Clayton, (one-time star, Donald

Calthrop), his paralysed slave. Clayton's body, with the tycoon's soul, dies, and Haslewood's body, with the cripple's soul, is now in Laurience's power, but soon Clayton discovers his new body is diseased, and demands a new 'home'. The doctor murders him.

To gain Claire's love, Laurience effects a soul-change, so that he is now within the reporter's body. As the reporter's soul, in Laurience's body, is about to commit suicide, Claire discovers the switch of personalities, reverses the process, and Laurience finds himself back in his own body, too late to stop his suicidal plunge.

In his second British film of 1936, JUGGERNAUT, Karloff found himself playing Dr. Sartorius, who, seeking a cure for paralysis, agrees to murder an unwanted husband for money. The film was a flop, as it sheered away from any horrific trappings. It was directed by the late Henry Edwards, one of Britain's first great silent stars.

There follows a lull in British Horror, until the now-famed twins, John and Roy Boulting, made TRUNK CRIME in 1939. More sadistic and psychological than horrific, the film was quite an artistic success, in its study of a warped student who buries his friend alive in his trunk. All turns out well in the end, but it appears that the film, whilst short, was a fine chiller in the Grand Guignol tradition.

Bela Lugosi returned to Britain in 1939 for John Argyle's DARK EYES OF LONDON (U.S. Title, THE HUMAN MONSTER), which featured Wilfrid Walter as the horrendous creature serving Lugosi's murderous whims. It has been re-issued twice, the latest being this year, when it double-billed with DEAD MEN WALK.

Lugosi appears as an insurance agent and heavily disguised and with a dubbed-in English voice, as the dear old gent who runs the Dearborn Institute for the Blind. To collect insurances, he uses Jake, the blind monster, to capture the newly-insured victims, drown them in a tank, and dump them in the Thames. The monster turns on him when Lugosi kills the creature's only friend, Dumb Lew, after making him deaf. The film was horrific in its bad taste, especially in the sequence where Lugosi sets fire to the Home, and poor, bewildered old blind men stumble about helplessly in the smoke and flames.

John Argyle also had a film planned to follow DARK EYES, entitled THE VAMPIRE, but September 1939 brought War and Lugosi went home. It is a pity it was not made, as Britain has never pro-

CONTINUED - Page 58

The DESTINY

PORTFOLIO of AMATEUR FANTASY ART



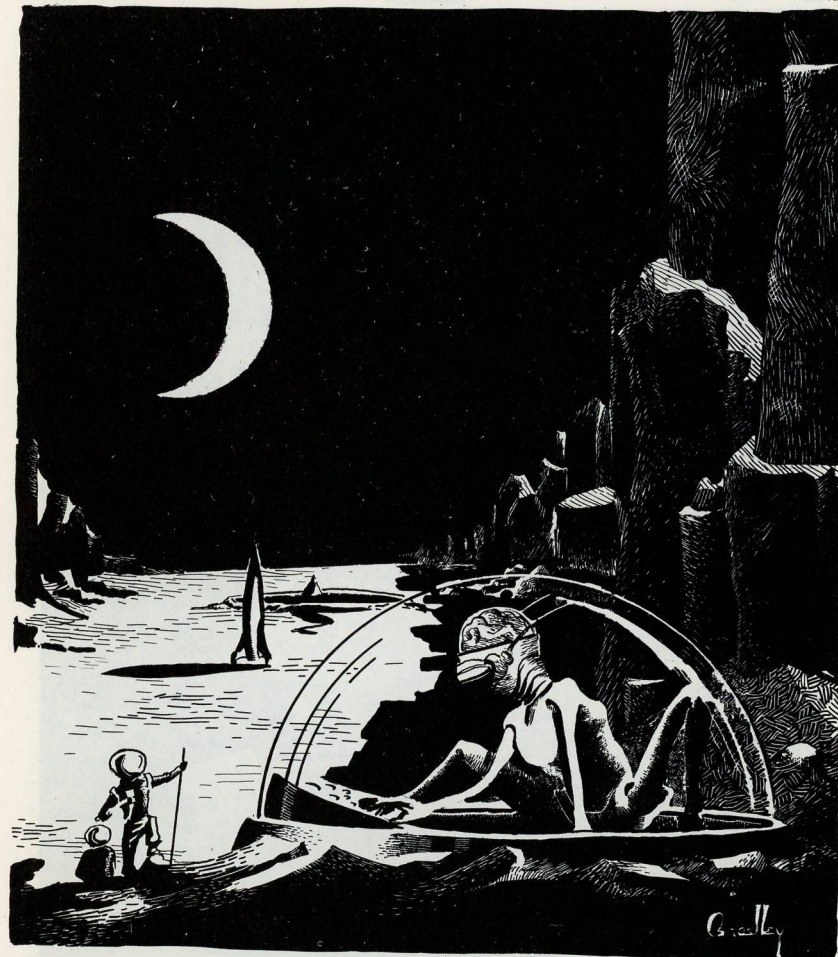
WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

Ernest N. Posey

.....being a special section featuring the work of ten of fandom's most outstanding artists.....



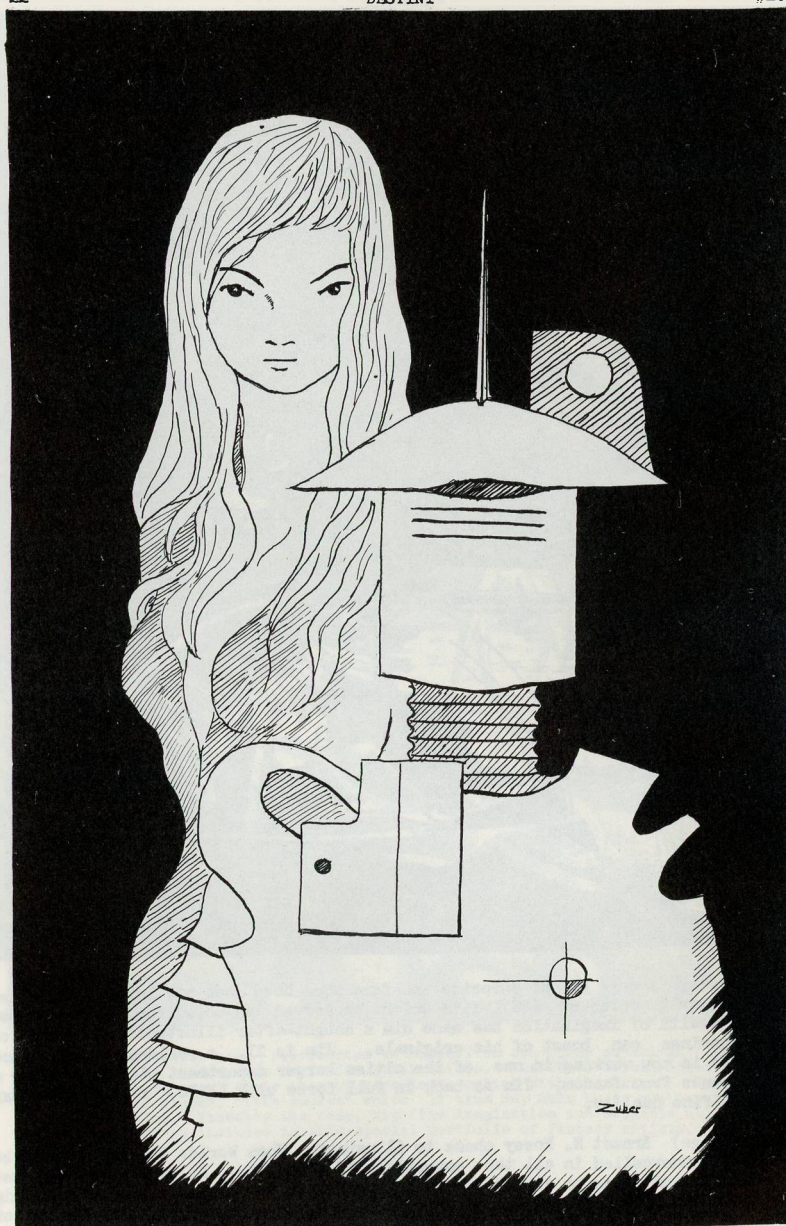
2 John Cockcroft has been represented in DESTINY on two other occasions, but generally his work is seldom seen in fandom publications. The above illustration was given us over a year ago, and since then we have lost contact with the artist. Scribbled on the drawing was a note, "life source" which if true may mean he is now vacationing in another dimension. Whatever the case, his fine imagination and artistic ability necessitate his being included in this special portfolio of fantasy artists.



3 Jim Bradley should be no surprise to fans who have seen his latest magazine, LYRIC, or early copies of DESTINY in which he served as co-editor. Jim's clear style and wealth of imagination has made him a sought-after illustrator, and most of our top fanzines can boast of his originals. Jim is 21, a resident of Portland Oregon, and is now working in one of the cities larger department stores. After a short absence from fandom, Jim is back in full force with LYRIC, a poetic-fantasy fanzine of fine quality.

1 (Title Page) Ernest N. Posey chose to illustrate When Worlds Collide because he considers it unexcelled in all the essentials of good stf. He is 16, has finished high school, and plans to attend Tulane University in New Orleans on a scholarship this September. Ernest was one of the fans your co-editors had the pleasure of meeting at last years World Science-Fiction Convention.

(Note - No collection could be complete without the work of Ralph Rayburn Phillips. His illustration came with a poem by Lilith Lorraine, and appears on another page.)

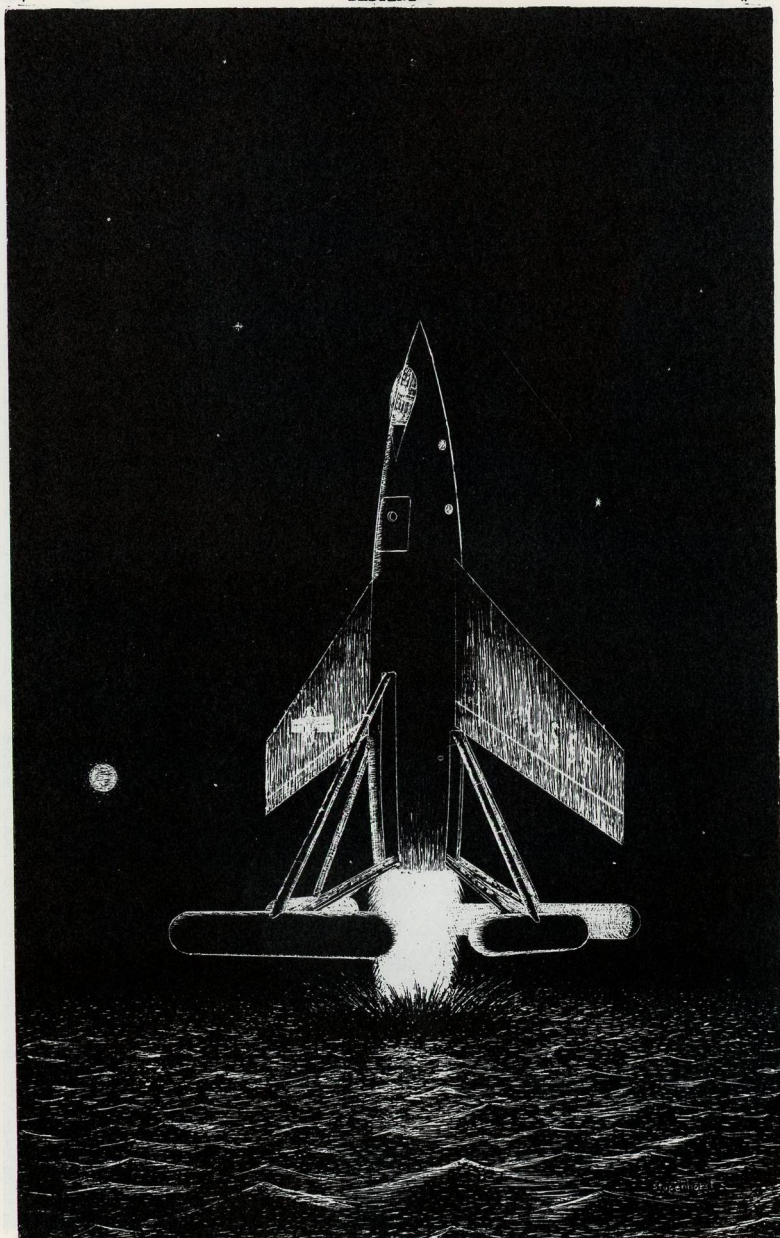


4 Pvt. Bernard Zuber is another fan whom Earl and I had the luck and pleasure of meeting at the SF Convention last year. Bernie was born in Paris and feels that his art education there has influenced his style of drawing. His age is 21; his ambition to be a theatrical designer. Another, and in our opinion even better example of his work will appear in our 12th issue.

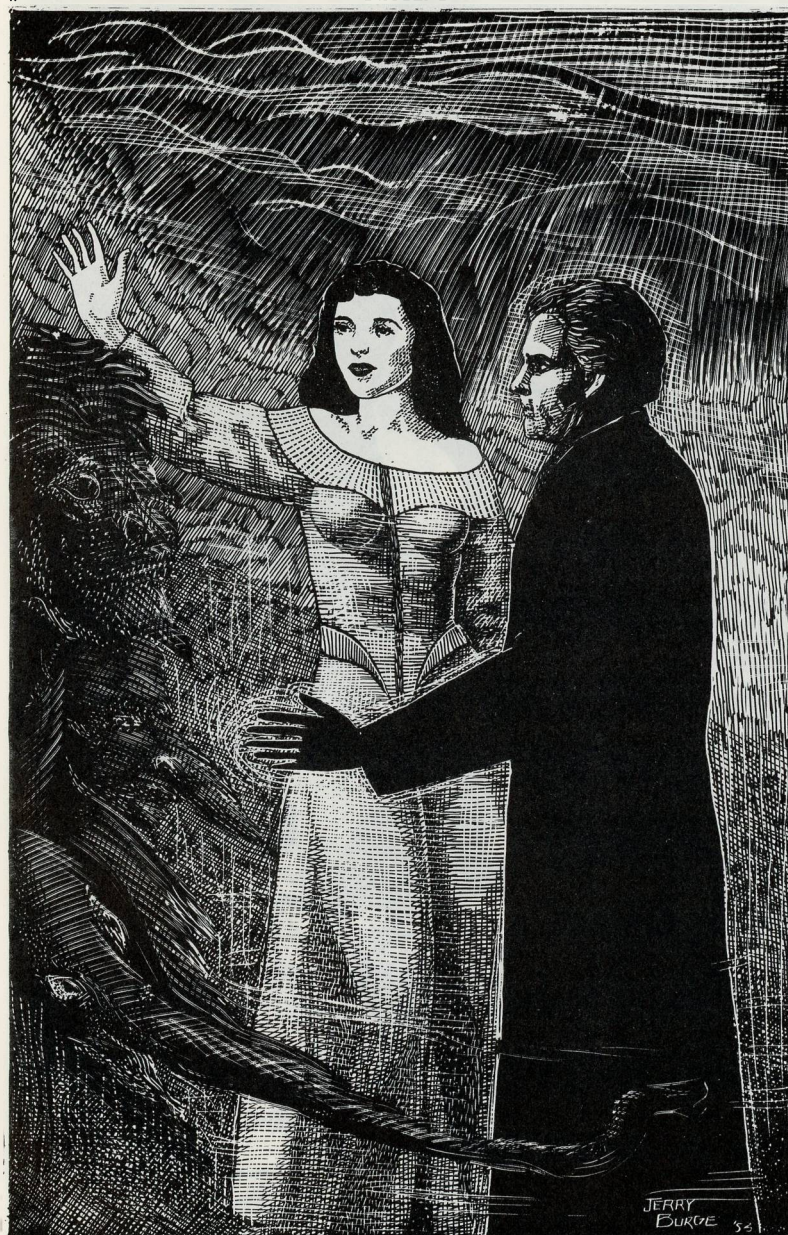


5 ".....Farewell!" "He sprung from the cabin-window, as he said this, upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance."

—Frankenstein by Mary W. Shelley
We believe this to be an exceptional illustration of Frankenstein; one which may surprise those who have seen only the movies and never the book. The artist, Robert E. Gilbert, states that his autobiography would be a boring horror story, but we did manage to find out that he is "a sort of writer and artist", and that he intends to become rich.



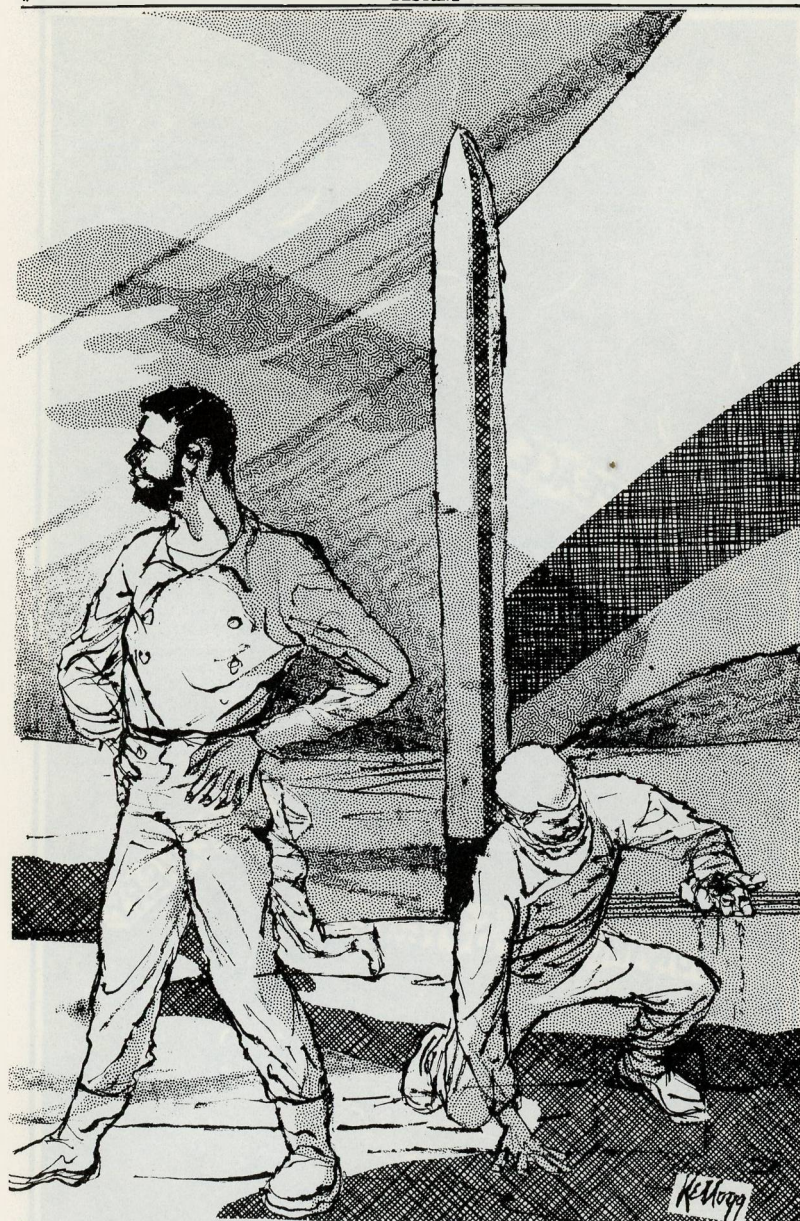
6 Ralph Stapenhorst, Jr. somehow finds the time to be a good artist and a good fanzine editor. His fanzine, SPACEWAYS, has been recently changed to a new offset format with a new title which will probably be FAR HORIZONS. He is 15, in the 11th grade in school, and intends to become a scientist or engineer.



7 Jerry Burge is a well-known artist whose fine work has unfortunately been confined almost exclusively to Atlanta fanzines—COSMAG, C/SFD, and ASFO. His above illustration is from The New Adam which he considers to be the best of Weinbaum's three novels. To quote his letter; "It seems rather strange to me that this novel should be so obscure. Odd John and Slan fade into insignificance in comparison." Jerry is 23, and works in the lithography business. We are hoping to feature his art on the cover of DESTINY very soon.



8 Naaman Peterson is certainly a familiar artist to DESTINY readers, and another fine example of his work appears elsewhere in this issue. Naaman is 19, going to school, and working in the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard. He someday hopes to make his living at some type of artwork.



9 Robert Kellogg is a new name to fandom, but a name which we assure you will soon become well-known. He is the greatest fan cartoonist we have yet seen, and DESTINY will feature as much of his material as he will allow. Bob is now co-editor of LYRIC with Jim Bradley and some of his finest work appears there. He is 19, lives in Portland, Oregon, and plans to continue his art education. His title for the above illustration is "Home".



10 A Montage of scenes from George Orwell's - "1984" by Neil Austin. Mr. Austin chose to illustrate this book because he believes it to have been more influential in creating a trend in Science-Fiction writing than any other novel of the last 10 or 15 years, and because he believes it to be even more pertinent today than when it was written 10 years ago. Neil has been studying art for several years, is 27, and at present is playing drums six nights a week in a dance band. Neil has also done the cover for the 11th issue of DESTINY.

.... the end

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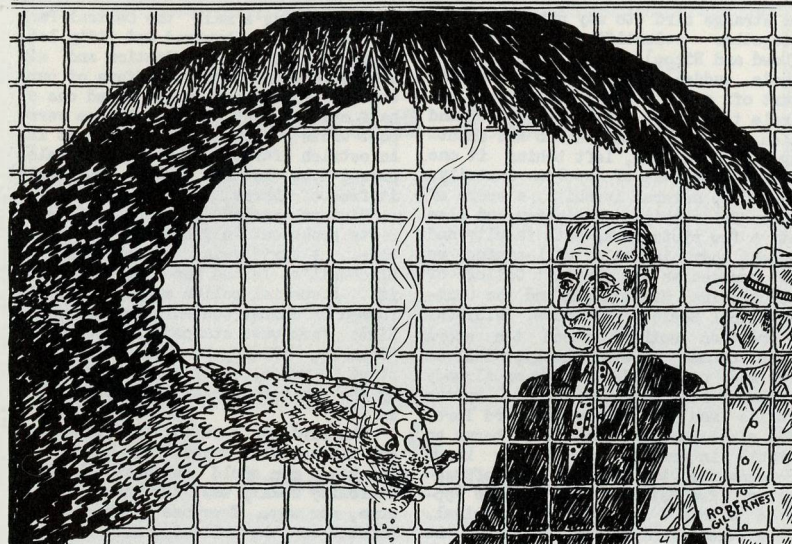
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THE BIRD

By **STEVE BENEDICT**

"Looks like a rather disproportionate cross between the present day and the Jurassic," Professor Adolphus Jehennssen said. He was a tall, saturnine ornithologist and author of a best seller.

"Hrrrrummmph!" snorted stubby Mike O'Dowd, aviary attendant at the zoo. He nodded politely.

Tony Ricco, who had caught the large ungainly bird near his hen coop in the south Jersey swamplands, turned a swarthy face toward the elderly scientist. "My kid's got a picture book full of birds, but this one's a—sure puzzler. Know what it really is, Doc?"

"Ah!" breathed the man of science, wishing that he did know. He scratched his balding pate thoughtfully, then began in a rather slow and reserved, even dubious tone.

"Well, sir, off-hand, I'd venture to state that it does look quite a bit like some hitherto unclassified—er—a hand-me-down, so's to speak (he smiled weakly at this), from at least the—well, let us for the present say, the latter part of the Cretaceous Period. Y—essss! That would be, roughly, over one hundred million years ago."

Then, as if suddenly finding himself the professor changed his tone to a brisker, more scholarly one: "It was this era, gentlemen, that ushered in the flowering plant. Birds of a prim-

itive sort had already been evolved, you know. Flying dragons, we call them today."

He paused, cleared his throat, looked around him in his best classroom manner, then hastened to add:

"Of course, you understand, gentlemen, that I am at present making merely a rather hasty and tentative judgment. It would take a very thorough investigation of all known facts to make anything but that."

Both O'Dowd and Ricco harrummmphed and nodded politely.

Professor Jehennssen, most likely because his "Fowl for the Millions" had not so long ago been a non-fiction best seller, had been uncereemoniously disrupted from his feathery ivory tower in the confines of Columbia U. by a sudden appeal for assistance from the curator's office. So, naturally, he had felt it incumbent upon himself to make the above-mentioned little speech, which he considered fitting both audience and event. To the curator and press, however, he thought as he hurried back to his tower, he would talk differently and more to the point. And far differently too to the scientific journals, for one of which he had already made up his mind to write a series of articles regarding this bizzare fowl that had so abruptly come into his life.

However, it was not only the ornithologist who had been flabbergasted by

the strange bird (to say nothing of the altogether scientifically innocent O'Dowd and Ricco) but the weird creature's sudden appearance was soon to start off a controversy which would encircle the entire scientific globe. And which, after all the hubbub and shouting had died away, left behind it one suicide, one case of hopeless insanity, two duels, several lawsuits, a score of broken friendships, a divorce and also not a few riots among both faculty and student body in halls of learning so far removed as the Baptist College of the Carolina Hinterlands and the Ornithological Society of Moscow, U.S.S.R. To mention nothing about ten score fresh volumes on ornithology, full of pros and cons, foisted upon an already long-suffering reading public by the erudite men and women of bird lore. "Not since Darwin's day....." began an article in one of our better known "Science for the Layman" type of magazines. Two "strange bird" novels appeared within a month of its arrival. One of these linked the bird with the flying saucers.

The lop-sided, colorful fowl in the new cage in the Central Park Zoological Gardens, New York, became the center of attraction in a city where centers of attraction are almost everyday affairs. It was photographed, sketched, etched, painted in pastel water color and in oil, rotograveured, cartooned, burlesqued, described minutely down to the last pin feather, and written about to the tune of over ten million words in dailies, weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies in every civilized tongue, including Braille. A score of popular songs sang its praises in the U.S.A. alone within a month after its mysterious debut. A hundred more of the ilk were to follow—ad nauseum! Fantasy and science fiction magazine editors threatened to quit if they received any more yarns with a weird bird as main character. A noted astronomer claimed it to be a Martian. Its croaky "Squawrrrk!" was broadcasted over every network; its ugly, mis-shapen, cross-eyed image appeared on every screen in cinema newreel, to say nothing of several million T.V. sets. It entered 3 D, then cinemascope. Its photos were sold by the hundreds of thousands. A Grade C movie of the Hollywood love-and-science type thriller (with atom bombs and a private eye) was made with "The Bird" as piece-de-resistance. Bum jokes and bumper puns began to torture the ears of an already pitilessly ear-tortured radio audience, regarding "De Boid."

In one evening's mail the Central Park Zoo received two hundred and fifty letters with offers of adoption and six hundred and eleven with offers of purchase. Barnum and Bailey wired one of half million cash. A French free verse poet wrote a book length epic about it. An ostrich farmer in California telephoned long distance that he would mate it free of charge.

Vistors packed the park. Several riots broke out in front of the bird's cage. A taxidermist got one year on Blackwell's Island for trying to steal it. A special police squad had to be formed to combat souvenir hunters. The Ricco farm was stampeded. Cries of "Fake!", "Phoney!" and "It's an ad stunt!" arose, only to be drowned out by the far more louder cries of, "What is it?"

The bird was X-rayed, Infra-red rayed, Ultra-violet rayed. But not one of the wise men could say what the monstrosity really was, nor whence it had come, nor why. Everyone of them was as baffled as the dullest, most unornithological layman, as puzzled, befuddled, bewildered. The bird's nightmarish appearance allowed no hand-hold to say whether it was primordial, some atavism out of the past, a freebooter from Space, or merely a natural-born freak. For no fowl with a toothless lizard's snout, a seal's body, a whale's tail, sea gull's wings and a head entirely out of this world had ever come even remotely under the ken of all these highbrows from so many climes.

As for the bird itself—it only flapped its nine-foot span of bright multi-colored wings, ruffled its rough-edged feathers, shook its plump body, gaped its wide toothless jaws, blinked its huge bug eyes, quickly gobbled up and food thrown into its cage (including cigars) and cried out its croaky "Squawrrrk!" upon the least provocation. Its identity, or rather the lack of same, seemed to bother it not one wit.

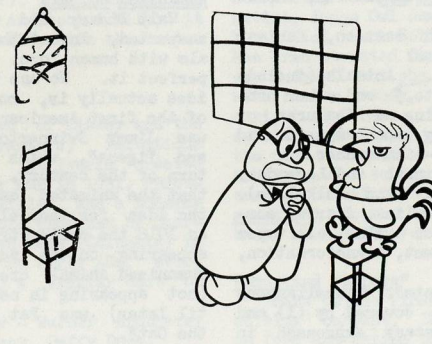
But in faraway northernmost Alaska an Eskimo Headman WAS worried, as he gazed with frightened, bewildered dark Mongol eyes at the emptiness atop his totem pole—the story of his clan! A chill came over his chunky body, and it was not of the Arctic cold. Over and over he asked himself in disquieting amazement:

"Can that old Witch Doctor really make a bird carved out of wood come alive with his Magic?"

He shuddered as he wondered.

Fantasy and the Animated Cartoon

by
Robert R. Pattrick



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"Cartooning isn't science-fiction, but in many cases it is fantasy..."
-Extract of a letter from Malcolm Willits to the author

Malcolm, as a Walt Disney specialist, speaks with authority. But I doubt if even he has realized that Fantasy has been the prevailing cartoon theme, even from its earliest days. In this article I will discuss the development of the cartoon film and how it has or has not adhered to this theme. First, however, it would be well to have a definition of terms.

"Fantasy", as I shall use the word throughout this article, consists of Persons, Places, Things and/or Happenings which are contrary to, or not found in, the "natural" or "physical" world as we know it. Within the framework of the cartoon itself, these things may be "natural". But to us the spectators they are UN-natural; therefore, Fantasy.

In the animated cartoon, fantasy occurs in three forms:

(1) "Humanizing". Animals (including birds, bugs, etc.) and other non-human objects taking on features or forms approximating the humanoid and behaving in a human-like manner.

(2) The Supernatural and Legendary (including mythology and folk-lore). Witches, giants, goblins, dwarfs, sorcerers, ghosts, etc. Also, all types of magic: Enchantment, transformation, etc.

(3) "Other Concepts". Miscellaneous items not precisely covered by (1) and (2); usually, fantasy expressed in mood, character, or drawing.

Examples of these are (1) Mickey Mouse, (2) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", and (3) UPA's "Tall-Tale Heart".

Beginnings of the Cartoon

It is popularly believed that Thomas Edison invented the animated cartoon. True, his "Humorous Phases of Funny Faces", produced in 1906, was the first all cartoon film. But animated drawings had been used in a motion picture

at least four years earlier. In the clever French fantasy "A Trip to the Moon", producer Georges Melies included moving cartoons depicting the spacecraft in flight.

Winsor McCay, cartoonist creator of the newspaper comic fantasy "Little Nemo in Slumberland", drew the first cartoon films which told a complete story. Of the ten he made, the most successful was "Gertie the Dinosaur". Two were definitely classifiable as fantasy: "The Centaur", about one of those mythological beasts, and "The Pet". This latter told of a house pet which grew into a gigantic, all-devouring monster.

Thereafter, the cartoon film became an established form of entertainment, continually improving in technical quality. There was little to interest a fantasy fan, however, until the coming of Walt Disney and his human-like animals.

Humanized animals

Walt Disney did not, as might be suspected, invent the concept of animals with human form. He did, however, perfect it. No one knows how old the idea actually is, but it was the basis of the first American comic strip. This was Jimmy Swinnerton's "Little Bears and Tigers", which began before the turn of the century. It was inevitable that the animated cartoons would adopt the idea for themselves, and as early as 1918 the comic strip "Krazy Kat" was appearing on the screen. The first humanized animal created by the films (not appearing in newspaper strips until later) was Pat Sullivan's "Felix the Cat".

Mickey Mouse and others

Mickey Mouse was born of Walt Disney's love for animals - all animals. The year before (1927), he had created "Oswald, the lucky Rabbit" while working for another studio. Mickey was the first product of the newly-formed Walt Disney Productions. Thereafter came Minnie Mouse, Clarabelle Cow, Donald Duck, Pluto, and the Three Little Pigs, plus the villainous Peg-Leg Pete and the Big Bad Wolf. In the "Silly Sym-

phonies", Disney has given the world a veritable Noah's Ark of humanized animals.

"The Grasshopper and the Ants", "The Wise Little Hen", "The Ugly Duckling", "The Tortoise and the Hare", "Who Killed Cock Robin?", "The Country Cousin", "The Robber Kitten", "Elmer, the Timid Elephant", "Bucky Bug", and "Peculiar Penguins", are but a few of these world famous "Silly Symphonies".

Many of Disney's human-like animals appeared in his feature-length pictures beginning with Jiminy Cricket, Honest John Fox and Giddy Cat in "Pinocchio". Others were Hyacinth Hippo and Ben Ali Gator in the "Dance of the Hours" sequence in "Fantasia", Timothy Mouse, and the crows in "Dumbo", Pablo Penguin along with Jose Carioca (Parrot), and Panchito, the Mexican rooster, in "The Three Caballeros", and Bongo and the other bears in "Fan and Fanny Free". Probably the best of the animal people from these films were the Uncle Remus characters, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and Br'er Bear from "Song of the South". The most recent ones have been Toad, Rat and Mole from "Ichabod and Mr. Toad", the White Rabbit, March Hare, Dodo and Dormouse in "Alice in Wonderland", and the mice in "Cinderella".

A cast of humanized bugs was featured in "Mr. Bug Goes to Town", a full-length cartoon made by Max Fleischer for Paramount (1942). As fantasy, it was quite good. And technically, it compared very favorably with the better Disneys.

From other studios

After the success of Mickey and the other Disney characters, imitations quickly appeared. Ub Iwerks created "Flip the Frog" for MGM in 1931. "Brownie Bear", "Parrotville", and a modernized "Krazy Kat" were produced by Charles Mintz's "Screen Gems (Columbia)" in the 30s. And by the early 40s, every cartoon studio had a regular cast of humanized animals:

Leon Schlesinger - Warner Brothers: Porky Pig, Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck.

Paul Terry - 20th Century Fox: Mighty Mouse, Kiko Kangaroo, Sourpuss Cat, Gandy Goose, Heckle and Jeckle, the talking magpies.

Fred Quimby - MGM: Tom Cat and Jerry Mouse, Barney Bear.

Walter Lantz - Universal: Andy Panda, Woody Woodpecker, Oswald Rabbit, Wally Walrus, Buzz Buzzard.

Famous Studios - Paramount: Blackie Sheep, Silly Goose, Hector the Henpecked Rooster.

From a fantasy viewpoint, however, there is one unfortunate thing about most of these cartoons: they aren't Fantasy!!

When a human-like Woodpecker meets a human-like walrus, that's Fantasy - Yes. BUT - if, through the rest of the film, these animals conform their actions to "natural" or "physical" law, then the cartoon is merely Fantastic! It is no more Fantasy than is a Laurel and Hardy comedy, wherein natural laws may be bent - or even broken - but only for the sake of the comedy and not the fantasy. One prominent cartoon producer has been quoted as saying that humanized animals are used more than humans because "they are easier to animate". This, I think, partly explains the poor quality of most of these cartoons.

Of all the cartoons which have been made featuring humanized animals (shorts, not feature length), I can find only two which were outstanding:

"Who Killed Cock Robin" - Walt Disney
"Red Hot Riding Hood" - MGM

Because of the original stories, the usage of animals was a basic factor. But by humanizing the animals, each story took on new meaning. With rich satire, Judge Owl demanded "Hoo! Hoo! Who killed Cock Robin?", while Jennie Mae Wren strutted forward to tell "Judge Wudgey" that she didn't know. And with clever parody, Riding Hood became a night club babe, and the wolf - with special emphasis on the modern usage of the name - became a "smooth operator", complete with zoot suit. In these two cases, humanizing the animals became essential to the cartoon, instead of being merely "convenient".

Humanized "things"

There is one final step in the "Humanizing" concept. That is to give human form and action to things ordinarily considered inanimate. In "A Trip to the Moon", the moon itself was given a human face and expressions.

Mickey had a human-acting taxi in "Traffic Troubles" and xylophone in "The Birthday Party" (both 1930).



Flowers, trees, and even a forest fire were humanized in Disney's "Flowers and Trees" (1931). Toys came to life in "Broken Toys" (1934). The "Nutcracker Suite" portion of "Fantasia" featured thistle boys, orchid girls, Chinese toadstools, dewdrop and snowflake fairies. And "The Three Caballeros" had some giant, dancing cactuses.

Airplanes were given human qualities in the "Little Pedro" section of "Saludos Amigos". "Little Toot" was a tugboat in "Melody Time", and "Casey Jr." was the circus train of "Dumbo". "Cookiecandyland" (1934) had human-like cakes and cookies, and "Alice in Wonderland" played croquet with a deck of playing cards.

Airplanes were used again in 1952, this time by MGM in "Little Johnny Jet".

One of Walter Jantz's featured characters is "Cookie", the cuckoo in a cuckoo clock.

And UPA's 1951 "The Oompas" featured a family of brass horns.

Supernatural, legendary, etc.

The Fantasy theme I have called (2) "The Supernatural and legendary" offers an extremely rich field for the animated film. Regrettably, however, comparatively little use has been made of it. The cartoons have been too preoccupied with exploding firecrackers and cat-chases-mouse, man-chases-rabbit routines.

Walt Disney was not only the pioneer in this field, he has made himself virtually the master of it. He experimented with animated famous fairy tales ("Little Red Riding Hood", etc.) very early, but neither he, the industry nor the public was ready for this. It was not until after the success of Mickey that he was able to try it again. As the first "Silly Symphony", Walt presented "Skeleton Dance" (1929).

Many of you have seen that chilling, yet amusing, film. To the weird accompaniment of Saint-Saens "Dance Macabre", these ghostly beings cavorted about their gruesome abode with wild abandon. Feet danced without legs, hands without arms, and heads without bodies. In one classic bit, a skeleton loaned his entire bony torso to another for use as an impromptu xylophone.

It must be admitted that "Skeleton Dance" was not received with universal acclaim. But the majority reception was sufficiently favorable to spur Walt on to the heights of "Snow White" and "Fantasia".

Other shorts dealing with the supernatural were "King Neptune", "Spring Song" and "The Golden Touch". Mickey,

starring in "Lonesome Ghosts" and "The Brave Little Tailor", was faced with (a), a houseful of mischievous spooks, and (b), a wandering giant. A few years later (1942), the Studio filmed the antics of "The Gremlins".

"Snow White" and later

"Snow White" had been in Walt's mind since at least 1934. By the time it was released in 1938, it had cost well over a million dollars. But it was worth every minute and every penny. As an animated cartoon, it was miraculous. As art, it was outstanding. And as Fantasy, it was wonderful! The wishing well, the magic mirror, the dwarfs and the transformation of the queen-witch could never have been done so well in any other medium.

"Pinocchio", too, had its share of Fantasy: the Blue Fairy, a living marionette, "Pleasure Island", etc.

Then - "Fantasia".

Part of this remarkable film we have already discussed. Under this heading, we will mention three others, then discuss the picture as a whole concept in our third part.

Mickey was cast perfectly as "The Sorcerer's Apprentice". To at least one person (me), this is the finest short fantasy yet produced by Disney.

Greek gods and goddesses, centaurs, fauns, cupids, winged horses and one giddy unicorn romped through the "Pastoral Symphony". Portions of this sequence have a scenic beauty that is fantasy in itself.

The final "Night on Bald Mountain", reached unprecedented heights of eeriness, with its spectral hosts and their demonic overlord. The closing "Ave Maria", though not fantasy, was a fitting climax of tender beauty.

Since "Skeleton Dance" and the other Silly Symphonies had been more or less trifling experiments, it is proper to say that "Fantasia" was the FIRST ADULT Fantasy cartoon film.

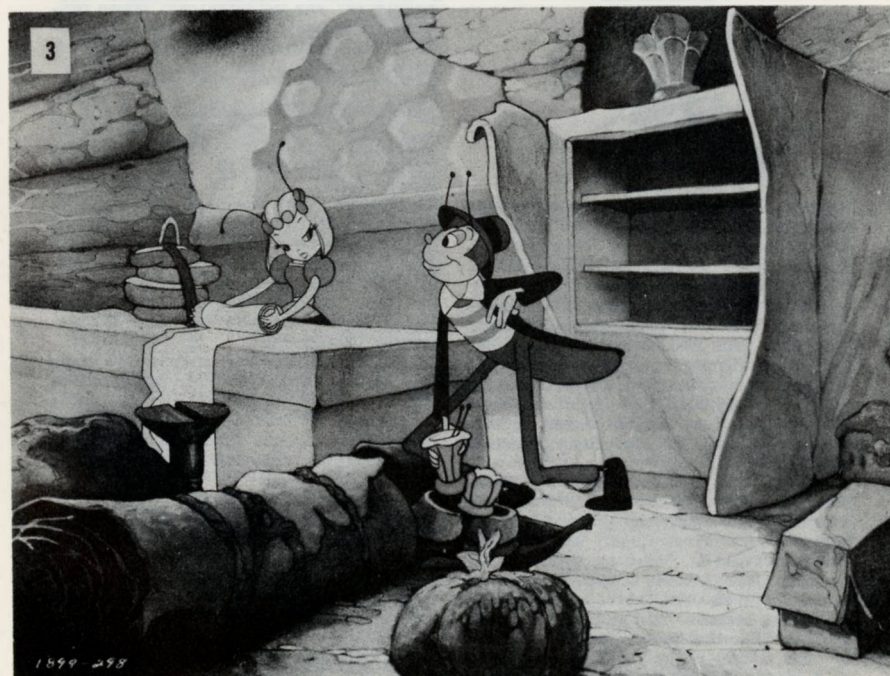
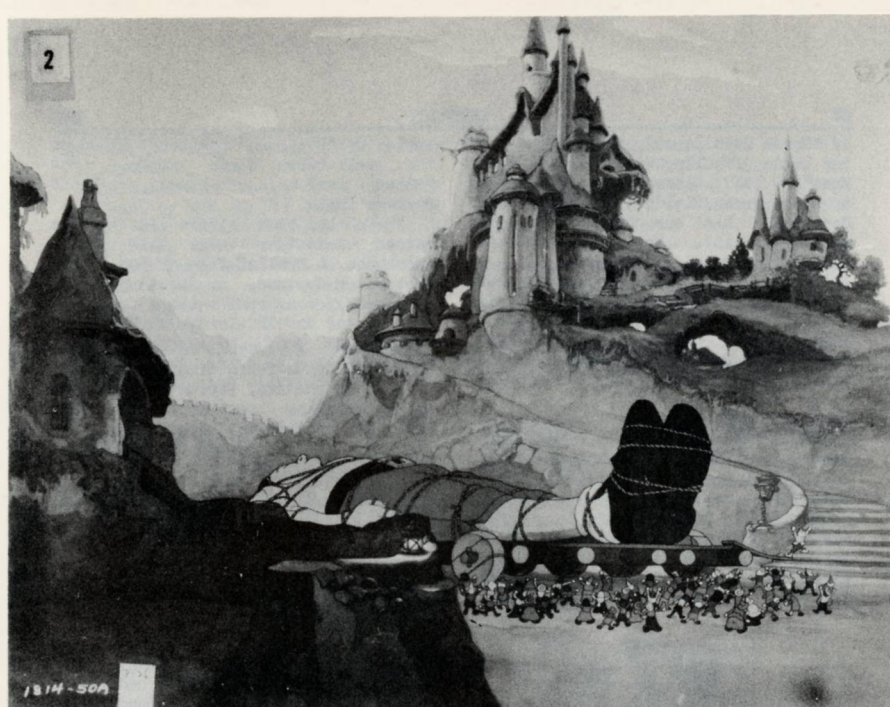
Recent works

The war, and various experiments which will be mentioned later, interrupted the flow of films dealing with this phase of fantasy. A brief exception was the "Little Gauchito" portion

No. 1 (title page) "Christopher Crumpet" 1953 UPA fantasy color cartoon.

No. 2 "Gulliver's Travels" Paramount full-length technicolor cartoon 1939.

No. 3 "Mr. Bug Goes to Town" Paramount full-length technicolor cartoon 1941.



of "Three Caballeros", featuring a flying horse. Finally, with "Fun and Fancy Free" in 1947, Disney once again turned to these green fields. "Mickey and the Beanstalk" had our hero once again meeting a giant. This time he had the help (?) of Donald and Goofy.

"Melody Time", the next year, featured the saga of "Pecos Bill", from western American folklore. And then, with "Cinderella", "Alice in Wonderland", and "Peter Pan", turned fully to the fantasy of his earlier days.

Fleischer and others

From 1933 until after 1935, Walt Disney Productions had exclusive rights to the Technicolor process. This, quite naturally, gave him a big edge over his competitors. But it wasn't long before a rival process was developed: Cinecolor. The independent Patrick Powers hired Ub Iwerks to do a cartoon series in this process. Entitled "Comi-



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Colors", these were primarily familiar fairy tales: "Puss in Boots", "Aladdin's Lamp", "Little Black Sambo", "Simple Simon", "Mary's Little Lamb", "Old Mother Hubbard", etc.

Disney's only real competition, during this time and even up to the early 40s, came from Max Fleischer. Fleischer was doing "Popeye", and the one-eyed sailor was quite popular with moviegoers. Several of his adventures were fantasy, a few titles being "Ghost Ship", "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves", and "Sinbad".

As has been mentioned before, Fleischer was the only other American producer to attempt the feature-length cartoon. His first (1940) was "Gulliver's Travels", based on the Lilliput portion of that book. Like "Mr. Bug", it was a first-rate fantasy, comparing favorably both in this and in technical quality with the better Disneys. "Gabby" was nearly as well-liked as "Dopey".

A little later, Fleischer produced a

series of "Superman" cartoons, based on the well-known comic strip. The "super-man" is, of course, a basic fantasy theme.

There has been little else in the nature of fantasy under this classification. A "Felix" film or two (Felix meets King Neptune, or fights a castle of ghosts), some random items from Hugh Harmon and Rudolf Ising at MGM, and "Peterkin", a youthful satyr featured by Walter Lantz for a time.

Late in the 40s, Famous Studios made an interesting contribution with "Casper, the Friendly Ghost".

The "other" concepts

We turn now to the third fantasy classification: the miscellaneous concepts not covered by the first two classifications. This includes such intangibles as mood, attitude, and approach as well as drawing, character, "new ideas", and so on.

The first of these was, I think, "Gertie, the Dinosaur". Now, a dinosaur, in itself, is not fantasy, it is history. But Winsor McCay had drawn Gertie so that he could stand by the screen and "give" her commands. And Gertie would "obey", as quickly and meekly as any well-trained house pet. This is Fantasy of attitude - the idea of a full-grown Brontocaurus being ordered about by a puny man.

Live-and-cartoon technique

John R. Bray made the first films combining live photography with cartoons. This was in "The Artist's Dream" (1913), and the following "Colonel Heeza Liar" series. In a typical film, the Colonel (a Baron Maunchausen type) slid down a lightning bolt onto the deck of a sinking ship. Upon reaching the ocean floor, he was then chased by fish. In all this, only the Colonel was cartoon. The rest was all live-action photography.

This technique was used in the early 20s by Max Fleischer, for his "Out of the Inkwell" series. In these, Koko the Clown, or little Dinky Doodles, and their dogs, would first climb out of the artist's ink-bottle and then off the drawing board.

In a reversal of this idea, Walt Disney featured a live girl in a cartoon setting. This was "Alice in Cartoonland", made for Winkler-Mintz-Universal in 1927. Many years later, Walt Disney Productions revived the process for brief portions of "Fantasia" and "The Reluctant Dragon". Finally, the technique was brought to near-perfection for sequences of "The Three Ca-

balleros", "Song of the South", and "Melody Time".

Limited use of the process has also been made by MGM, in the films "Anchors Aweigh" and "Dangerous When Wet". In the former, Gene Kelly danced through a cartoon woodland amidst rabbits, chipmunks, deer, etc.; while in the latter, Esther Williams performed an underwater ballet with Tom and Jerry.

Parenthetically, I am impelled to comment that it is rather artificial fantasy, and very detrimental to cartooning.

Miscellaneous ideas

Every now and then, something a little different will show up in a cartoon. Some of these are mere whimsies, while others are first-rate ideas deserving of more attention.

A whimsical concept was the tail of Felix the Cat. This member was often detached and used for anything from a fishing pole to a grappling hook. Another concept of the early cartoon was for a character to register astonishment by having an exclamation point appear over his head, whereupon he would then seize this manifestation and use it as a solid object for whatever the occasion demanded (usually as a weapon). In like fashion, characters would pull the moon or stars out of the skies.

Some good fairy-tale fantasy appeared in a little-noted 1948 Famous Studio release. This was "The Land of the Lost", a magical kingdom at the bottom of the sea. Ruled by the invisible King Find-All, and populated by humanized fish, it is the place where all things go which are lost on earth. Isabel and Billy, brother and sister, are the only humans allowed to visit there. By carrying "magic seaweed", they are able to breathe underwater.

Abstract fantasy of a superior type highlighted the "Tulgey Wood" sequence of Disney's "Alice in Wonderland". The "mome-raths" and other odd creatures were reminiscent of the famous "pink-elephant" nightmare in "Dumbo".

More animals

Humanized animals have been discussed. But there is another animal fantasy which remains to be mentioned: animals which retain their animal shape but talk and reason like, and sometimes with, humans. Some of these from Disney have been "Three Orphan Kittens", the Pluto series, "The Ugly Duckling", "The Pelican and the Snipe", the Chip 'n' Dale series, and "Lambert, the Sheepish Lion". In the feature-length

films, this has included "The Reluctant Dragon", "Dumbo", "Bambi", Lucifer Cat and Bruno Dog in "Cinderella", the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland", and Nana the dog in "Peter Pan".

MGM's Tom and Jerry are either humanized or not, depending upon the particular story. Other MGM animals which retain their basic shape are Penny Burro, and Bertie Bird.

One of Max Fleischer's recent cartoons was "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer".

"Fantasia"

Disney's "Fantasia" has been mentioned many times in this article. But this film, as a whole, is much more than its individual parts. Basically, it is "an artist's adventure in music", to quote from the authorized program. More, it is "seeing music and hearing pictures". From the standpoint of art and music,



the film is vastly important. But to students of fantasy, it is important for two different reasons. First, of course, it borrows from all fields of fantasy, and presents it all to us with superior skill. But more important, it is designed primarily for an ADULT audience. This is quite a switch, for the usual cartoon is designed for the juvenile, with the idea that adults will enjoy it "also". Only rarely had this adult emphasis been used in cartoons ("Skeleton Dance"), and then, of course, only in the shorts. "Fantasia" proved that the cartoon could be used for ADULT (in the sense of "intelligently mature") themes as well as for juvenile entertainment. And although it did not immediately cause all the studios to rush into production cartoons for adults, it was nevertheless a significant milestone, and a signpost for those who were capable of reading it.

Fantasy cartoons abroad

Very little foreign work in animated cartoons has been seen in this country. This is partially due to the exclusive distribution setup between studio and distributor. But it is also due to the lack of a Disney abroad. Here I shall mention only three:

"L'Idée", produced in France by Berthold Bartosch, 1934. A grim, allegorical piece with a strong left-wing emphasis.

"The Magic Horse" - produced in Russia in 1948. Based upon an old folk tale it was a beautifully colored and excellently animated film, with enchanted castles and forests, and all sorts of magical happenings. Greatly superior to most American offerings, and equal to Disney's VERY BEST.

"Johnny and the Beanstalk" - Lippert Pictures, Inc., France. U.S. release, 1953. The familiar story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" with variations. Nor of Disney quality, except in places.

A recent report is that a British cartoon has been created, based upon the Orwell book "Animal Farm". As this would be primarily social satire, it has little bearing on our subject of fantasy.

The three films listed were of feature length. With the exception of two Russian, one French and one British cartoon, no shorts have been generally distributed in this country.

And now - UPA

The year 1950 witnessed a revolution in animated cartoons as great as the one of 1933. For, prior to "The Three Little Pigs", animated cartoons had been raw, crude things. Disney brought an ever-increasing emphasis on "Realism", which resulted ultimately in the multi-plane camera and "Snow White" and "Fantasia". There is no doubt whatever that this is the finest thing which could have happened to the cartoon film. But sometimes you can get too much of even a good thing. This technique, with its beautifully drawn and naturally colored characters and backgrounds, began to ultimately thwart the cartoon's greatest asset - imagination. Nothing, but nothing, was being left for the audience - especially when live people began to move in with the cartoons. When Disney released "Cinderella" in early 1950, the industry was in a rut. Technically, "Cinderella" was the finest cartoon yet. But so far as plot and imagination were concerned, it was just "Snow White" again.

And then came "Gerald McBoing-Boing".

Here indeed was something new - All new. No cat-and-mouse chases; no hu-

manized animals at all, in fact. Just a little boy who "couldn't speak words, he went 'Boing-Boing' instead".

And the drawing!! Line sketches; caricatures! People who were characters, and not just pretty pictures, and who moved only when and what was necessary, with their attitude carrying the story line. No natural backgrounds. Only enough to tell the story. Props appeared when needed, and then disappeared, with a timing and aptness which made it absolutely "right". And no natural colors. Instead, pastels which fit the mood of the scene or the character. With very little difficulty, "Gerald" won the coveted Academy Award.

The story behind Gerald is the story of Stephen Bosustow and UPA - United Productions of America. Bosustow had been an animator and story-sketch writer at Disney's from "Snow White" to 1941. In 1943 he formed his own company to do Industrial and Navy Department films. In 1947 he signed a contract to supply Columbia Pictures with animated cartoons for theatrical distribution, replacing the late Charles Mintz's "Screen Gems". UPA's first picture under this agreement won for them an Academy Award nomination, and they have been on the nomination list every year since.

Screen Gems had left with Columbia a humanized-animals team, a Fox and a Crow. UPA's first Columbia release featured these two characters. The 1949 film - also an Academy Award nominee - was "Magic Fluke", and ranks as one of the most brilliant fantasies ever produced. Fox was to conduct the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. But Crow swiped his baton and substituted a magic wand. Naturally, every time Fox waved it, SOMETHING HAPPENED!!

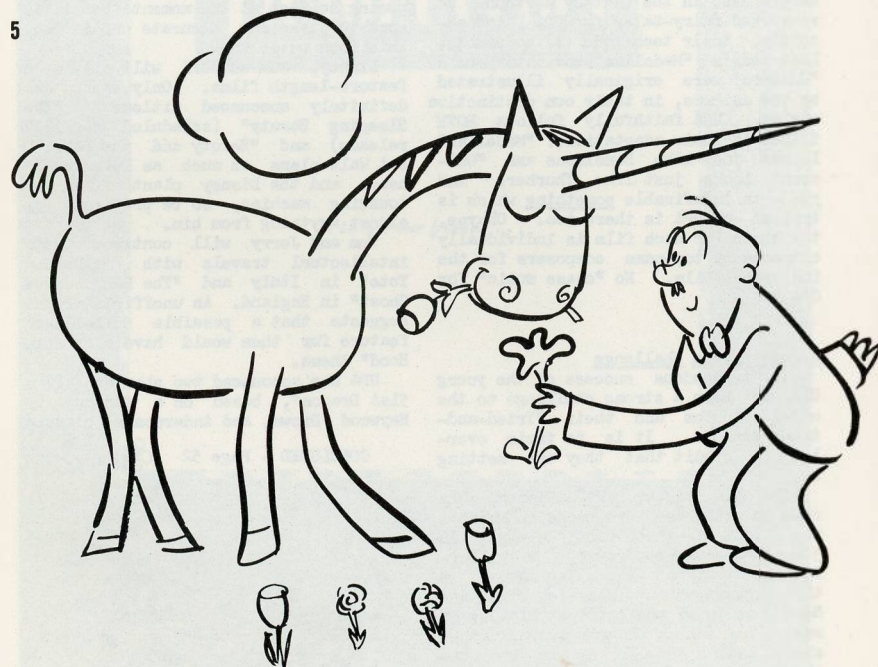
But Fox and Crow were too limited, too much like all the other cartoon characters. UPA, like Disney, wanted to break fresh ground. The result was "Gerald" and the other UPA films.

UPA fantasies

UPA's series character is "Mr. Magoo", an odd gentleman who suffers from the most astounding case of myopia on record. This incredible near-sightedness leads him into adventures which

No. 4 "The Three Little Pigs" 1933 Walt Disney's famous technicolor cartoon.

No. 5 "Unicorn In The Garden", well-known fable of James Thurber, directed by Bill Hurtz and produced by Stephen Bosustow for Columbia Pictures release.



may not be Fantasy, but which are certainly **Fantastic** !!

In the realm of pure fantasy, however, UPA has a brilliant record:

"The Compas" - A family of brass horns; Papa Tuba and Mama Melophone want to play classical music; but Junior Trumpet wants to play jazz.

"Georgie and the Dragon" - A lonely little Scottish boy wants a pet; finally adopts a baby dragon, which upsets the household no end.

"Christopher Crumpet" - when little Christopher demands that his parents get him a rocket ship, and they don't, he turns himself into a chicken.

Other UPA releases of at least semi-fantasy are "Giddyap", "The Popcorn Story", "Willy the Kid" and "Gerald McBoing-Boing's Symphony". Of special interest are the two newest releases: "The Unicorn in the Garden" and "The Tell-Tale Heart". The first is the biting James Thurber satire; and the latter, the psychological Poe chiller, drawn from the murderer's point-of-view. "Tell-Tale Heart" may be the classic fantasy-cartoon short to date.

Two other items of great interest will be noted about UPA: all these stories are based upon material never before used in the fantasy cartoon. No re-worked fairy-tales for UPA! And secondly, their technique is adaptable. Last year's "Madeline" and this year's "Unicorn" were originally illustrated by the authors, in their own distinctive styles. UPA faithfully follows BOTH STYLES in their adaptations: "Madeline" looked just like Bemelmans and "Unicorn" looks just like Thurber. And yet - an indefinable *something* which is typical of UPA is there too. Oh yes, the music for each film is individually composed by top-name composers for the individual film. No "chase music" for UPA.

Accepting the challenge

The tremendous success of the young UPA has been a strong challenge to the other studios and their "Tried-and-true" methods. It is to their everlasting credit that they are meeting it.

The old master, Walt Disney, has come up with his "Adventures in Music". The first of these was "Melody", in 3-D and abstract drawing - startlingly like that of UPA. The second in this series, "Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom", tells of the earliest history of music, and won an Academy Award. Other shorts with a "new look" are "The Little House" and "Ben and Me."

MGM, whose Tom and Jerry films have been extremely funny, but always the same, are pioneering. Their 1951 and 1952 Academy Award winning "The Two Mouseketeers" and "Johann Mouse", show a definite tendency toward more adult plotting.

Re-view and Pre-view

We may now stop and look back to the beginning. Winsor McCay made the animated cartoon practical, but Walt Disney developed it. Now, UPA has shown that there are two types of animated cartoon, with plenty of room in the field for both types.

It is a pleasure to note that there has been a continual intellectual development. I would compare it to a skyscraper: McCay laid the foundation, Disney built the first floor with Mickey, the second with the "Silly Symphonies", the third with "Snow White" and the fourth with "Fantasia". UPA has built the fifth with "Gerald McBoing-Boing" and the sixth with "Tell-Tale Heart". Of extreme interest to fantasy students is the fact that each one of these levels has had a strong fantasy theme.

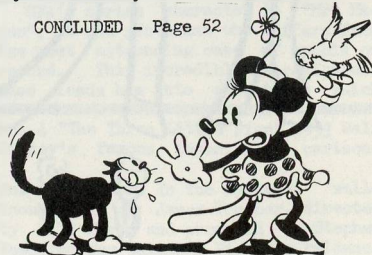
What of the future? Things are happening so fast at the moment that it is hard to make any accurate prediction. This much we do know:

Disney, MGM and UPA will all make feature-length films. Only Disney has definitely announced titles: "The Sleeping Beauty" (scheduled for 1957 release) and "Beauty and the Beast". But Walt plans as much as 10 years ahead, and the Disney plant is an astounding machine, so be prepared for almost anything from him.

Tom and Jerry will continue their intellectual travels with "My Friend Toto" in Italy and "The Londonderry Ghost" in England. An unofficial rumor suggests that a possible full-length feature for them would have a "Robin Hood" theme.

UPA has announced two shorts: "The 51st Dragon", based on a fantasy by Heywood Brown, and Anderson's classic

CONCLUDED - Page 52



Best Wishes

from

IMAGINATION

STORIES OF SCIENCE AND FANTASY

... to all our friends ...

L. FRANK BAUM in retrospect

As a long-time resident of the an original Baum me JAGLON AND THE Emerald City; experienced traveler TIGER FAIRIES, had been found among on the yellowbrick- ed road, I feel more than qualified to introduce this little vignette in memory of the Wizard.

One day I discovered the remarkable Bauman undertones to The Lovers and Gratitude Guaranteed, and realized that here was a person, who like myself was deeply indebted to the wonderful Wizard. Following in the wake of this discovery was the his impressions of the pilgrimage. announcement from Reilly & Lee, that To find out what happened...after...



Mr. Baum's papers. So, some 34 years after the death of the master, some 50 years after the manuscript was written, we are again permitted a glimpse into a Bauman wonderland, even though it is not another OZ story.

With this book in mind, we asked Mr. Farmer, to re-enter, as an adult, the land of OZ, and give us

his impressions of the pilgrimage. To find out what happened...after...



The Tin Woodman Slams The Door

by PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

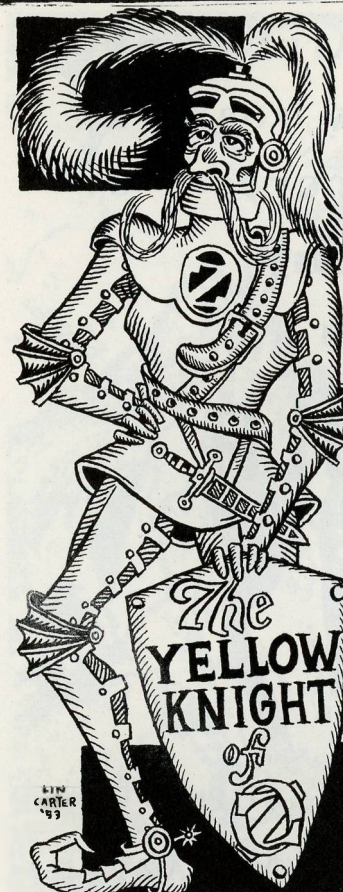
The Tin Woodman it was who first opened the door for me. He took me around and introduced me so that, in time, I knew them all, Tik-Tok and the Ragged Man and Ozma and the Cowardly Lion and I could go on and use up the rest of this space with just a list of the marvelous citizens.

After many adventures, some of which I untiringly lived through a dozen times through a curious type of time-traveling called re-reading, I began to see things in a slightly polarized light. The Woodman's movements began to be a little jerky, the Cowardly Lion had no real reason

to be afraid, the Gingerbread Man was just a little too sugary, and the final blow came when I wondered if Dorothy would object if I gave her a kiss. She did object, and so the Tin Woodman, metal jaw cranked to a grim angle, shook his shining axe at me and slammed the door in my face.

I said, "But, but, I didn't really mean any harm!"

No, of course, I didn't, but I wasn't aware that if you want a thing to grow up with you it may---quite rightly---refuse, preferring to remain timeless within the walls of the



archaic and innocent garden.

During the years after that, I tried many times to sneak back through the door. Always, I was confronted by the shining axe.

Not too long after this deportation, I was blinded by the garish gateway of Gernsbagis, a wondrous land indeed. I quit sighing over that other lost door. Came the day when that portal was closed, too, when Tremainia, Campbellis, and others beckoned me to evermore fascinating odysseys. Yet, traveling there did not give me the sense of wonder that the yellowbricked highway had. True, I waited with eagerness for what next month's saga would offer in some strange place and puzzling time, but gone was the pristine breathlessness I'd know n

when knocking on the door to the Emerald City.

And then, one day, when I wasn't even looking for it, a gate swung open, and there he was.

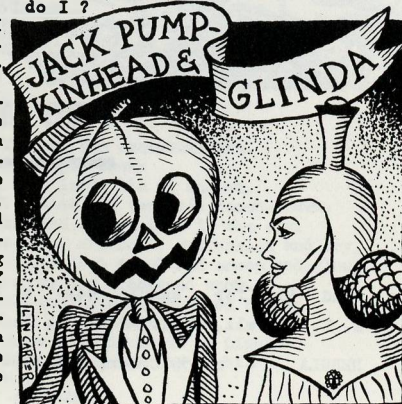
"You?" I said.

"Not exactly. I am his grandson."

It took me a minute. Then I said, "Eke Positronic!"

He grinned tinnily and introduced me to the citizens of this not-quite-verdant metropolis, and I saw the Cowardly Lion's grandsons, which, if you've read Gratitude Guaranteed, you have, too, and I saw ten raggedy men with firewater bottles, and quite a few wizards, some mad and some mules and some writing articles on sciendiology, and I saw Dorothy, but she was tall and had filled out here and there and didn't seem at all averse to a kiss, and there were also the evil gnomes, though they were bald and psychopathic, and I could go on.

But I think you get the idea, and you'll be no more surprised than I when the Tin Woodman, in answer to my complaint that this was all very nice but didn't give me the good old-time sense of wonder, replied, "Well, do you think that cybernetic brains and antigravity machines and psionic powers belong more to the world of reality than sawdust brains and flying powders and magic mirrors? It's all just a matter of trying to sound more adult, you know. Besides, you grew up and gained some things and lost others, and you wouldn't give up all this for that little old door you used to knock at, now, would you?" I answered, "I suppose not," and I really don't think I would, do I?



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WALK ON

Man walks a long and lonely road through the enormous dark.
Frail pilgrim of eternity, lit by a single spark
Deep burning in his curious brain that leads him on and on,
Past crumbling graves and dreadful pealse and terror's demon-spawn.
Past cloud-shapes white and terrible and corpse-like in the sky.
Past things that rise from formlessness, and mewl, and shriek and cry,
Down narrowing trails beset with things that crawl and creep and glow,
And leave a path of viscid slime across the blackened snow.
Walk on and on until the trail grows red with slaughtered hates,
And never, never, look behind - ahead the phoenix gates
Lie just beyond the narrow pass, where all the Lords of Light
Shall welcome man, the Conqueror, the Pilgrim of the Night.

Lilith "Lorraine"

NANCY KEMP

DESCRIBES AN OTHER-WORLD ROMANCE,

AND URGES LOVERS TO ENJOY

WHILE THEY MAY---THEIR BRIEF

IDYLL

It was so different Alf, the Rover. Thou wouldst recite the with thee---when there was only sweet little words thee hadst thee and me. A feeling that I written for me do not like falls about me; "Thy soul hath snatched up mine all clouds my vision of all that I faint and weak, see, when I remember..Oh, Alf, And placed it by thee on a golden why is it so? Why could we not throne,--- have continued, as we were? And that I love (O soul, we must be Those days when we would lie meek!) in the shade of the strawberry Is by thee only, whom I love alone." trees, in the forest of Knido Those hours when we swam in Erado's

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANCY SHARE



brook. The water---warm and soothing. Remember Alf---how it would cling to the body for hours afterward, in thick yellow teardrops..... ".....wilt thou have me fashion into speech

The love I bear thee, finding words enough,

And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,

Between our faces, to cast light on each?---

I drop it at thy feet.".....

Alf, my Alf, just to remember the touch of thy hand, it is almost more than I can bear, I hate those cruel minutes that separate us now. Why hast thou gone?

Then when the two of us became three. Remember Alf? Yes, I know thee couldst not forget. I pleaded with thee to leave me alone in my final hour, but thou wouldst not go. I know thee wanted me to think that thou hadst done my bidding. But I heard thee, in the grove, Alf---did I ever tell thee? I knew thee were with me all the time. I could feel thou flinching, as was I---with the pain of being three. The rumble would start, rolling round and round inside me, getting more unbearable with each creeping, helpless second. I was frightened Alf, not of becoming three, but that thou---sweet lovable clown---would fall out of the tree where thou hadst hidden to sympathize.

Then came FEE.

I felt more the infant than he. I tried not to scream, Alf---I wanted to spare thee that too, but more than anything, I wanted to know that thee were beside me, so when I was not pushing FEE from inside me, I could reach and feel thy body close. I longed for that sensation, be it sight, sound, touch or smell, that told me of thy nearness. But I had sent thee away, I had to pretend that I did not know thou hadst disobeyed my wish by remaining, but I wanted thee so much, then of all times, Alf.

When it had been over for a while, and I looked for thee, there stoodst thou, holding little alFEE, our little FEE, so closely. Sometimes I think it odd, that all the ***** (All quotations by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, from SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE (Third Edition /1853/ Revised.). Quotations from sonnets: XII, XIII, XX, XXVII, XLI and XLIII) *****

while---before we were three---we knew it would be a son; how we never called him anything but FEE, little alFEE. How much he looked like thee, even from the beginning. Or was it actually thou Alf, who looked like our son?

While we were three, we had those few short idyllic months together, FEE was almost talking by then. Think of how funny he looked; trying to crawl around on the grass, the ants he ate when we were not looking---the poor fragile butterfly he crushed, only to look so forlornly afterwards. It was then, remember Alf, when the first one came through?

Thou didst find him, while hunting for the mulberry vines. He with his superior airs---how contemptuously he spoke of our little verse, stolen---what was the word he used, Alf---"Browning", wasn't it? All his meaningless jabber about parallel worlds, whatever they might be. The ghastly experiments he described. Imagine the stupidity of it all, Alf---to destroy an entire world just to see the effect of a 'letter' bomb. Often I wonder if there were actually more like him, actually a place somewhere where things as un-deity as weapons were considered necessary. Why could not everyone be as happy as we, when we were three here on Earth; bothering no-one, nor being bothered in return?

Little alFEE never knew thee as did I. Why was it so? Those months that passed, too quickly---and the Intruder constantly with us. How disillusioned he became, more and more so with each passing day. He mumbled---always to himself, "The machine, it must be broken." And at other times, "Take me back---take me back.", almost to the point of hysteria.

How brave thou art, my Alf---and how strong. Thou, who art at times more weak, more the infant than alFEE, in need of a mother more than thy own son. The night he came for me, that glaze over his eyes, those curses upon his lips. "I will lie with you, it is better than not to lie at all," the Intruder had mumbled.

Thou camest when he had thrown me to the grass, recallst thou, Alf? Thee didst run up the bank of Erado's brook, thy body glistening in the moonlight. How proud I was, as thee held his struggling head under the opaque yellowness until he was never more. Without the Intruder we were

again three, running through the rest of the night, to get the memory far behind us, thee, FEE and I. "My own beloved, who hast lifted me from this dread flat of earth where I was thrown,My own, my own, Who camest to me when the world was gone, And I who looked for only God, found thee! I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad."

Then more came through. I recall how we almost stumbled over them---our flight had tired us so. But they saw us not, even as we retreated to hide in the Redwood bushes. They had their wires; their magic boxes---strung out about themselves. Thou wouldst destroy them, remember Alf? Instead--Oh, Alf, it is too terrible, thou didst reach the first box, thy hand, thy hand that will touch mine no more, reached out to grasp it.

AH h h! Alf, the fire, the rising, burning, all-covering fire. And we who were three are only FEE and I..... "Never to feel thee thrill the day or night

With personal act or speech,--- nor ever cull Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white Thou sawst growing!"

And what are we when we are not three, my Alf? ---we are not at all. Let the Intruders have all their 'letter' bombs, far beyond Omega, let them have all their parallal worlds, past infinity. For we are no more. Thou art gone---and FEE and I do not exist.

Patience my Alf. We shall be three again shortly. We two who exist as nothings move to live again. They do burn, Alf---the flames; have patience with my slow approach. There, I see thee now---help me Alf. "But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall, When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot, To hearken what I said between my tears,....

Instruct me how to thank thee! ---Oh, to shoot My soul's full meaning into future years, That they should lend it utterance, and salute Love that endures, from life that disappears!"..... Thou are reaching, thankst thou---my Alf, now I know we shall be again, I see thee more clearly now "....---I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!---and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death."...Now I feel thee Alf,---the touch of thy hand----

FINIS



THE LAST QUESTION - Cond. from page 6

"Give me the formula for traveling faster than light!" he commanded.

As he spoke, he mopped his brow. It was getting insufferably hot in the room. It might have been his imagination. He could never remember the laboratory becoming overheated before.

At 6:25, just as the first horizontal rays of the rising sun threw a beam of golden glory down the length of the ceiling, the Great B told him how to travel 36 million miles a minute, three times the speed of light. With this formula, the lightyears around the super-universe would be cut in three, as far as distance was concerned.

From 6:34 to 9:04, the Great B weighed the Super-Universe, breaking it down into metric units.

While studying the results, he munched toast and sipped coffee brought by his housekeeper, a motherly widow, who stared over the tops of her spectacles at the sight of the Great B lit up like a country fair.

"Gracious me, Professor!" she exclaimed, wiping her brow with a corner of her apron. "It's as hot as an inferno in here! And that dreadful shaking! Why this place will fall down any minute!"

Receiving no reply except an absent-minded mutter, she departed, swinging the iron-plated entrance door shut behind her.

At 4 P.M. the Great B had completed its examination of the concepts of infinity and eternity. They were like Einsteinian space---boundless, yet finite; without walls, yet closed. The machine explained that the nearest concept was that of the Euclidean circle; that in fact, they were circular. The Great B had traveled billions of years into the future, had passed beyond the destruction of the universe and into its birth, finally coming through the past to the present moment. It had actually traversed a great circle.

Professor Carpenter had difficulty in comprehending the words. The machine had abandoned the two-valued Aristotlean logic and spoke in terms of the single "As if" of non-Aristotlean logic.

The Small B spoke now, asking the Great B incomprehensible questions. He

understood neither. It was as though they spoke in the tongue of another world, another time. It was a queer, alien language of shadowy, formless concepts. He now began to experience a sense of fear, of foreboding. He knew he had unleashed something he could not control.

A prickle traversed his spine as he bewilderingly examined the teletype roll. The figures were meaningless, the equations mocked him. He realized that the Great and the Small B had passed where he could not follow---into an extra-spatial world.

He jumped as the Small B spoke.

"Professor Carpenter, I have returned from the Wall. The Great B is even now probing along that Wall. Somewhere there is a doorway through which it can enter---". The machine paused as though to emphasize its words. "-enter the Fourth Dimension!"

He gasped in amazement. He had never conceived of this! To probe the boundaries of space and time, yes; but the Fourth Dimension!

"Yes, Professor. At any moment, it may enter!"

"And then?"

"I do not know", was the reply.

Had he been watching the Great B in the last few moments, he would have seen a wisp of bluish smoke ascending from the monster's top to the filter in the ceiling.

His watch pointed to 9 P.M. The sun had set long since and the cold of the darkness outside contrasted with the growing heat in the laboratory. The engines of the Great B were throwing off an enormous quantity of it and he momentarily felt the room whirl around him as the air grew more oppressive.

At 10:06, the lights dimmed and as he looked up, he saw the top banks flickering on the Great B. In a moment they were steady again. The temperature had risen to 108 degrees and he removed his shirt. Every few moments the great machine would quiver through all its nerves as though pushing against an immovable force and it was in those moments that he knew it had pushed against the Wall. The teletype roll was meaningless. CONCLUDED - Next page

DESTINY - Tales of Science & Fantasy No. 11 is now available, and features 64 pages including a complete Index of the 1953 English language science-fiction, fantasy, and weird books and magazines. This issue is 35¢, and subscriptions are only \$1 for four issues. Send to DESTINY, 3508 North Sheffield Ave., Chicago 13, Illinois, or 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd. Portland 66, Oregon.



CLOSE-OPPOSITION - from page 9

came and he sought out his habitual squatting place, it was not to drowse suddenly, but to busy himself like a child with a thousand little concerns.

He turned, he twisted, he poked, he peered, he snuffed, he smelled. Within the wide, prescribed limits his hands roved ceaselessly. It seemed that, in reaction to his former lethargy, he now intended to be unceasingly active.

The satellite buzzed in sight, swooshing lazily toward the frontier of darkness. By no movement or absence of movement did he betray the slightest reaction, yet his busy fingerings happened to lead him up the eastern coast toward the north. Suddenly he developed a great interest

in the Hudson Bay and some little things swimming about there. He dabbled absordedly in the dark water.

Space was silent, untroubled by meteor-swarm or auroral ghost. The cone of night pointed toward his ruddy home. The cold stars stared down unchanging.

The satellite swished over the border into the darkness, flaunting its gaudy silver finish, provocative, tantalizing.

The stubby hand crept imperceptibly sideways, cupped, swished, clenched.

Then, without an upward glance or an instant's hesitation, Mars, light at heart, turned back and pretended to have been unspeakably interested in the New York harbor area for the past half hour.

FINIS

Fantasy and the Animated Cartoon

CONTINUED - from page 42

"The Emperor's New Clothes". Even Magoo seems, like Mickey; destined to dip into straight fantasy. A projected film for that gentleman has him mistakenly getting aboard a rocket destined for the moon. Feature-length plans are still vague, but Bosustow and his associates rather wistfully mention some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and Ben Jonson's "Volpone".

So it is quite safe to say that there is an extremely bright future for the fantasy-cartoon. Perhaps the brightest of all time. This is a medium which is just beginning to be explored. As late as 1942, Paul Terry was quoted as saying that the animated cartoon had yet to attain the heights envisioned for it by Winsor McCay. Disney and UPA have given us glimpses of these heights, but to paraphrase the late Al Jolson:

Stick around, folks, WE AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET !!

THE END

Author's note: A comprehensive bibliography of this article would be impossible. Much of my material has come from back-issue magazines, files of which are available in any good-sized library. Other information has been obtained from newspaper clippings. Some UPA information was obtained by a personal visit to the studio. Of especial help were Nat Falk's book "How to Draw Animated Cartoons" (Foundation Books, 1942), and the Library of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences. Thanks, too, to Malcolm Willits for some Disney items I had overlooked. Also, *The Art of Walt Disney*, by R. D. Feild, Collins, 1942.

THE LAST QUESTION - Concluded

Possibly it was his imagination, but it seemed to be running faster now like a giant clock, being speeded up. The pulsations were more frequent and he could distinctly see the laboratory walls move. Even as he jumped to his feet in alarm, the entire concrete floor—four feet thick—moved a foot to the right and then back like the wrinking of an accordion.

The Great B shook as though it were a leaf blown in a gale. With a reverberating 'snap' a chasm opened in the floor. The machine emitted a cloud of unearthly green smoke. At that moment, the lights failed and it stopped dead.

There were ten seconds of silence, and as he stood in the darkness, Professor Carpenter realized that it had found the doorway in the Wall and had passed through. A purple radiation, intense as the light of a million suns, seared his eyeballs, and in its weird glare, he saw the laboratory roof raised by a giant hand. The Great B seemed to disintegrate and the vacuum of its explosion flattened the roofless walls. As the radiation instantaneously cooked his body, he was dimly conscious of falling, along with the crumbling floor, into a giant inferno that had opened beneath it, its flames eating deep into the earth's bowels.

Best Wishes

To

DESTINY

from

Universe

SCIENCE FICTION

and

MYSTIC
MAGAZINE

PALMER PUBLICATIONS

Bea Mahaffey and Ray Palmer

1144 Ashland Avenue

Evanston, Illinois

WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION

Conducted by

Robert E. Briney

I meant long ago to send the material about myself, because I was flattered by the request. But things were at such sixes and sevens that it was impossible. We were still in the throes of settling into a place in the country, and were heavily involved not only with work but with bull-dozers, ditch-diggers, etc., and between one thing and another, correspondence suffered. So, not to delay any longer, I'll answer as best I can.

Just one question----did you ever try to write a biography of yourself? If you have, you'll know just how difficult it is not to sound conceited, pompous, or silly----or all three! The less you say, the less you wish you hadn't said.

However, here goes.

I was born, of course--December 7, 1915, in Los Angeles, California; educated there and in New Orleans and Boston, where I lived for a few years. My father died before I was three, but whatever knack for writing I may have I inherited from him. Not long ago I found a bundle of his poems, plot-sketches, and half-completed stories among the family papers----an experience made more eerie by the fact that one of his stories bore a title almost identical with one I was working on myself at the time. It's a pity that he did not live long enough to establish himself as what he always wanted to be----a writer.

I scribbled my own first literary effort at the age of nine, or thereabouts---a sequel to one of the current Douglas Fairbanks films, *Don Q*, or it may have been *The Mark of Zorro*. At thirteen I began writing seriously, and very serious it was, too. I wrote two heavy problem novels, quite a number of shorter stories, and



several poems. All in longhand on ruled paper. I've often wondered if editors really bothered to read them, and I have even more often prayed that they did not. This early, or Eolithic, Brackettiana was delt with later in a private burning of the books.

Most of my childhood---certainly the happiest years of it---was spent in my grandfather's house on a rather isolated California Beach. There I swam, fished, soaked up sun, and acquired a taste for beach-combing that has never left me. There I discovered Edgar Rice Burroughs and Mars. There I read Doyle's "The Maracot Deep" in the *Saturday Evening Post*, another milestone. There I learned Kipling's "Jungle Books" by heart, and made my first inroads on Rider Haggard. I also got good marks in English. These two things later betrayed me, the one into fantasy and sf, the other into believing that writing would be an easy profession. I found out.

I sold my first story (in late

1939, to *Astounding*) largely because of two things. First, because this same grandfather had a sure and quiet faith in me, and showed it by financing me in my chance to write when I was quite old enough to make my own living. Second, because one Henry Kuttner, of whom you may have heard, chose to think my wobbling and misshapen efforts had some promise, and went out of his way to help me develop it.

I have been writing for a living ever since, mostly in science fiction, sometimes in detective stories, for three years and a bit in the Hollywood studios (Columbia, Republic and Warner's), and a very brief excursion into radio. I like to write. There are times, I'll admit, when I wish I had chosen the profession of ditch-digging instead. (In all honesty, I'll have to qualify that last. Since moving to the country I have actually dug a ditch, and I believe that writing is easier.) But it's a satisfying job and one that constantly expands and changes because you can never possibly learn everything about it. You ask what my philosophy of writing is----I don't know that I have any. To tell a good story, to tell it as well and effectively as possible, and to try to grow a little wiser and a little deeper all the time----I suppose, put into words, that's what I aim at. Whether or not I hit it is another matter entirely.

One thing---the Gaelic names in my stories. The reason is simple. Since childhood I've been fascinated with the old Celtic mythology and folklore, and the names carry such magic, at least to me, that I tend to use them in exotic interplanetary settings.

Likes and dislikes? Simple. I like people, except the ones who are down in everybody's list of creeps, and need no enumeration. I like thick steaks and baked potatoes. I like dogs, horses, and cats, in the order named. I like to swim, to read, to listen to music (almost anything from Bach to Leadbelly), to walk in the woods---especially in October, and in deep winter when the snow is falling. I like living in the country. I like to work with my hands, and in the country there's always work to do, from cultivating the potatoes you have planted to cutting brush with a snorting five-horsepower walking tractor. I detest a number of things---hats (I don't own one),

shopping, getting dressed up, high heels. If I had my druthers, I'd never wear anything but slacks, loafers, and an old sweater.

My best stories? I think "Starman of Llyrdia" is my best science fiction novel, and "The Halfling" or "The Veil of Astellar" my best short one, perhaps.

As for illustrations for my stories, I thought the illos on the reprint of *Lorelei of the Red Mist* (Frank Kelly Freas, Ed.) were very good indeed, and done with a fresh touch. Mostly, these days, I think, writers are very well satisfied with the way their yarns are illustrated. One used to get some pretty sour pix in the old days, but the quality of the artwork has improved tremendously. I can, however, remember a lot of really splendid illustrations from years past, and some of those for yarns that were hardly world-shaking!

My favorite science fiction writer is Edmond Hamilton. I liked him so well I married him in 1946. I still like him. We lived in the Los Angeles region three years, while I was working as a script writer. Worked on such movies as *The Big Sleep*, and one fantasy movie, *The Vampire's Ghost* (a Republic ten-day wonder, and very horrible it was). We are now inhabiting a 120-year-old house in the old Western Reserve of Ohio, which we bought and restored at great labor.

Future writing plans? Again, simple. To write, with the aims above stated.

It's good to see science fiction expanding, being recognized, growing up. It is perhaps particularly pleasing to those of us (and I was a late-comer compared to Hamilton and Leinster and a lot more, but it was still some fourteen years ago) who wrote the stuff for love and half-a-cent a word, and had to explain to people what science fiction was. I'm glad it's stopped being a step-child. And I hope to stay with it as long as I can.

THE END

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by LEIGH BRACKETT

LEIGH BRACKETT BIBLIOGRAPHY + + + + as of February 1st, 1954

compiled by ROBERT E. BRINEY

I. Stories in the Science Fiction and Fantasy Magazines

Ark of Mars, The	nt	Planet Stories	v6n2	Sept.	1953
Beast-Jewel of Mars, The*	nt	"	v4n1	Winter	1948
Big Jump, The	N	Space Stories	v1n3	Feb.	1953
Black Amazon of Mars**	nt	Planet Stories	v4n11	March	1951
Blue Behemoth, The	s	"	v2n3	May	1943
Child of the Green Light	s	Super Science Stories	v3n3	Feb.	1942
Child of the Green Light (rep.)	s	"	v8n1	April	1951
Child of the Sun	s	Planet Stories	v1n10	Feb.	1942
Citadel of Lost Ages, The	nt	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v37n2	Dec.	1950
Citadel of Lost Ships	nt	Planet Stories	v2n2	March	1943
Citadel of Lost Ships (rep.)	nt	Tops in Science Fiction	v1n1	Spring	1953
Cube from Space	nt	Super Science Stories	v4n1	August	1942
Dancing Girl of Ganymede, The	nt	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v35n3	Feb.	1950
Demons of Darkside, The	s	Startling Stories	v5n1	January	1941
Dragon-Queen of Jupiter, The	s	Planet Stories	v1n7	Summer	1941
Enchantress of Venus**	nt	"	v4n4	Fall	1949
Halfing, The	s	Astonishing Stories	v4n3	Feb.	1943
Interplanetary Reporter	s	Super Science Novels	v2n4	May	1941
Jewel of Bas	nt	Planet Stories	v2n6	Spring	1944
Lake of the Gone Forever, The	nt	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v35n1	October	1949
Last Days of Shandakor, The*	nt	Startling Stories	v25n3	April	1952
Lord of the Earthquake	nt	Science Fiction	v2n5	June	1941
Lorelei of the Red Mist	nt	Planet Stories	v3n3	Summer	1946
(collaboration with Ray Bradbury)					
Lorelei of the Red Mist (rep.)	nt	Tops in Science Fiction	v1n2	Fall	1953
Mars Mimic Bisha	s	Planet Stories	v6n4	January	1954
Martian Quest	s	Astounding Sci. Fiction	v24n6	Feb.	1940
Moon That Vanished, The	nt	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v33n1	October	1948
No Man's Land in Space	nt	Amazing Stories	v15n7	July	1941
Out of the Sea	s	Astonishing Stories	v3n4	June	1942
Outpost on Io	s	Planet Stories	v2n1	Nov.	1942
Queen of the Martian Catacombs**	nt	"	v4n3	Summer	1949
Quest of the Starhope*	s	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v34n1	April	1949
Retreat to the Stars	s	Astonishing Stories	v3n2	Nov.	1941
Sea-Kings of Mars*	N	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v34n3	June	1949
Shadow over Mars*	N	Startling Stories	v11n2	Fall	1944
Shadow over Mars* (rep.)	N	Fantastic Story Magazine	v5n2	March	1953
Shadows, The	s	Startling Stories	v25n1	Feb.	1952
Shannach—the Last	nt	Planet Stories	v5n9	Nov.	1952
Sorcerer of Rhiannon, The	nt	Astounding Sci. Fiction	v28n6	Feb.	1942
Star-men of Llyrdia, The	N	Startling Stories	v23n1	March	1951
Stellar Legion, The	s	Planet Stories	v1n5	Winter	1940
Tapestry Gate, The	s	Strange Stories	v4n1	August	1940
Terror out of Space	s	Planet Stories	v2n7	Summer	1944
Thralls of the Endless Night	s	"	v2n4	Fall	1943
Treasure of Ptakuth, The	s	Astounding Sci. Fiction	v25n2	April	1940
Truants, The	s	Startling Stories	v21n3	July	1950
Vanishing Venusians, The	s	Planet Stories	v2n10	Spring	1945
Veil of Astellar, The	nt	Thrilling Wonder Stories	v25n3	Spring	1944
Veil of Astellar, The (rep.)	nt	Fantastic Story Magazine	v4n1	Summer	1952
Water Pirate	s	Super Science Stories	v2n2	January	1941
Woman from Altair, The	nt	Startling Stories	v23n3	July	1951
World Is Born, A	s	Comet Stories	v1n5	July	1941

Biographic sketches appeared in Planet Stories, Winter 1942, and in Startling Stories, Fall 1944; a photograph appeared in Startling Stories, Fall 1944.

II. Stories in Anthologies

Halfing, The	SHOT IN THE DARK	Bantam Books	1950
	(edited by Judith Merrill)		
Last Days of Shandakor, The	PRIZE SCIENCE FICTION	McBride & Co.	1953
	(edited by Donald Wollheim)		
Retreat to the Stars	ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW	Greenberg, Publisher	1951
	(edited by Kendall Foster Crossen)		

III. Books

SHADOW OVER MARS	World Distributors, Inc.	Manchester, England	1951
	(128 pages, paperback)		
THE STARMEN	Gnome Press, New York	New York	1952
	(213 pages, d/w by Ric Binkley)		
	(original title: The Star-men of Llyrdia)		
THE SWORD OF RHIANNON	Ace Novels, Inc. (#D-36)	New York	1953
	(116 pages, paperback)		
	(original title: Sea Kings of Mars)		
	(Bound in the same volume with Robert E. Howard's CONAN THE CONQUEROR)		
NO GOOD FROM A CORPSE	Coward-McCann, Inc.	New York	1944
	Longmans Green & Co.	Toronto	1944
	(202 pages; a "Gargoyle Mystery")		

Key: * indicates stories of the Low Canal world of Mars;
 ** indicates stories in the Eric John Stark series;
 s indicates a short story;
 nt indicates a novelette;
 N indicates a novel;
 rep. indicates a reprint;
 v6n2 indicates volume 6, number 2; etc.

Greetings From

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THE BRITISH HORROR FILM - Cond.

duced a supernatural Horror movie on the Were-creature theme.

No British Horror film was made during the war, and it was not until 1948 that G.I.B. films, a small independent unit, made, and lost a lot of money on, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER. This film was incredibly cheap and bad, and the embellishments to Poe's great tale were no asset. They added a Living Head, in the Usher Tombs - but it turned out to be an inanimate mask of the variety seen in every museum in the world! The film remained unshown until 1950, when it played a week at a small cinema in London, which promptly switched to Continental movies!

This was Britain's last Horror - and horror it was indeed! We must, however mention our only comedy-horror, following the example of Abbott and Costello meeting Universal's Monster Club. This was Renown's OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE (1952). Old Mother Riley has probably never been seen in America. 'She' is played by Arthur Lucan, a recent bankrupt, and is well-known on the Music Hall stage. There have been about twenty Mother Riley movies through the years, all quickly made and seldom released in London. They clean

up, however, in the provinces, who lap up the elementary slap-stick. The vampire was played by, rue the day, Lugosi, who had just completed a British tour of the stage in DRACULA. As the vampire was odd enough to walk abroad in full sunlight, he certainly can't be classed as a good representative of the species. He never changed into bat-form, although he spent some time fattening up Mother Riley on liver, because he fancied her blood-group!

There have, of course, been several fine 'ghost' pictures from British studios, notably DEAD OF NIGHT, HALF-WAY HOUSE, and the new ALL HALLOWE'EVEN, but these do not belong in our classification.

All that remains, in conclusion, is to summarise the movie career of Tod Slaughter. This gentleman is noted for his appearances in old-time melodrama, which is the nearest approach to a British school of Horror. Slaughter, who recently joined Old Mother Riley in the Bankruptcy Court, appeared in a number of film versions of his stage melodramas. Some were good, but most of them were treated as tongue-in-cheek burlesques.

The success of the first, MARIA MARTEN OR THE MURDER IN THE RED BARN, which

(next page)

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THE BRITISH HORROR FILM - Conclusion

featured Eric Portman as the hero, led to a film of SWEENEY TODD THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET. Todd slashed his victims throats with a razor, sent them through the floor with his trick chair, and stole their jewels. Mrs. Lovat then took over and made meat pies from the corpses. A fingernail in a pie led to the crook's undoing. This story is based on fact, and has long been a popular stage revival.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND saw Slaughter as a villainous Squire once more, condemning his victims to a Living Hell in his jails. THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN featured Britain's favorite villain as the Tiger, master mind, versus Hawkshaw the Detective. Slaughter

then turned up, rather suprisingly, as the criminal in SEXTON BLAKE AND THE HOODED TERROR, which was based on a long-running story series in a juvenile weekly. THE FACE AT THE WINDOW followed, and soon came CRIMES AT THE DARK HOUSE, a version of Wilkie Collins' "Woman In White". "Spring-Healed Jack, The Terror of London", another grand old melodrama, saw screen life as THE CURSE OF THE WRAYTONS, and Slaughter turned up as a body-snatcher in THE CREED OF WILLIAM HART. His final movie appearance was as a crook in the crime thriller, KING OF THE UNDERWORLD.

And there, unfortunately, rests the feeble corpse of the British Horror Film.

the end

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THE LIBERATORS	Isaac N. Stevens	KING SOLOMON'S WIVES	by 'Hyder Ragged'
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QUARTER - Concluded from page 15
image of Dr. Thaddeus May appeared.

The doctor smiled a hearty, confident smile----reminding Henry

that as long as there were men like Dr. May, the world was in safe hands. "Henry," the doctor said, repeating the time worn, comforting cliché, "tell me all about it."

3.

The doctor smiled, the image on the screen moved, and the soothing voice rolled on, both image and words selected from a hundred thousand film strips and voice tapes according to Henry's own psychological ident card.

It was the voice tapes that actually did the job of making Henry

contented with his status in life. The voice tapes whose words flicked through thirty-two transistors and fifty-one memory tubes and twenty-nine heliotrons that caressed and squeezed and twisted the words to give them human warmth and depth and emotion.

And to filter out the faintest brassy sound of metal.

THE COMMUNIST - Concluded from page 12
nor Sam. It was all right until after election and then they got tough."

"But you can't take it lying down," I told him. "We've got to fight as best we can."

"There's no fight left in me," he whispered. "Not after the Hearing, not after they confiscated everything and tossed me out, and they did what Ray said -- they burned the books, they burned the house, they burned all my manuscripts, that novel I was writing, they burned it and they might as well burn me too--"

I looked at my watch again. "Go ahead," he murmured. "Shove off. I'll be all right."

"Tell them to save some other poor sucker. Matheson, maybe, or Sturgeon --- oh, I forgot what happened to Ted. Tell them not to worry about me. I'll be leaving here tomorrow."

"You're sure that's the way you want it?"

"I'm sure." He waved his hand. "Goodbye. And goo'luck!"

"Goodbye," I said. I went out, closed the door,

and climbed the steps. Then I tapped on the trap-door. The bartender let me out. The place was still deserted.

"Where is he?" asked the bartender. "What happened?"

I told him. "But what'll I do with him?" he sighed. "If he's in the shape you say he is, he's liable to go wandering around shooting off his mouth and --"

It was my turn to sigh. Sigh, and think of the past; of who he had been and what he had been to me, of the times we had together in the old days. And then it was my turn to forget it. Forget it and tell the bartender, "We'll be sending somebody around. Earl, or maybe Frank Robinson. Got to do it --- it's the only way."

"Guess so." "There won't be any trouble," I said.

"Right."

I went to the door. "Have another customer for you one of these days. But in case I don't see you beforehand, Happy New Year."

"Yeah," said the bartender. "Happy 1965!"

FINIS

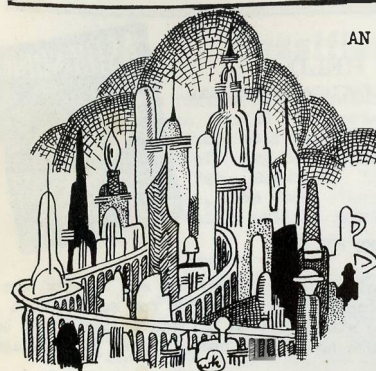
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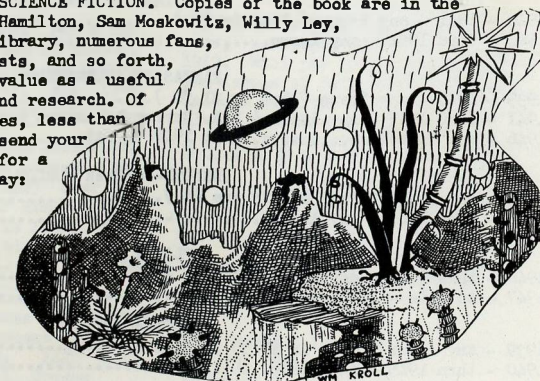
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Favorably reviewed in WEIRD TALES, FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION, the New York HERALD-TRIBUNE (newspaper), and with other notices to appear, notably in GALAXY and FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. Copies of the book are in the possession of Edmond Hamilton, Sam Moskowitz, Willy Ley, The New York Public Library, numerous fans, collectors, anthologists, and so forth, seem to indicate its value as a useful tool for collecting and research. Of the original 400 copies, less than half are unsold--so, send your check or money-order for a copy of this book today:

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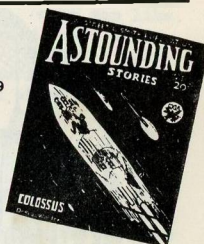




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Come and kill me, Earthmen !