

**fantastic
worlds**

30c

robert bloch: calling dr. caligari



summer 1953

Book News
and Reviews

IN GENERAL: by S. J. Cornell
A lull has settled on the British publishing world, at least in so far as "non-fiction" is concerned. After the initial experimental boom in 1971, this is to be expected in view of the move to the publishers

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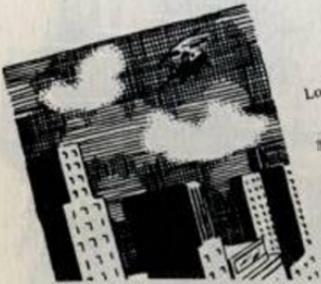
WINTER - 1952

Whole No. 13/14

Vol. 2, No. 1/2

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Operation Fantast

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BOOK REVIEWS

POSSIBLE WORLDS
ADVENTURE
THE BEST

MASTERS OF FANTASY (11)
by Sydney Fowler Wright
by Dr. John K. Adams

BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY



"WHERE MONSTERS DWELL"

by Roger Dard

One of the
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DIANETICS: My Experience
Vernon L. McCain

Science Fiction of the Silver Screen
by Ross W. Healy

AND

H.J.C., who is better known
as Bert Campbell, was born
on a bleak morning in Novem-
ber 1925, and reckons he
has never got the chill
out of his bones. He
is an uneventful child
who spent the first
eleven years of his
elementary school, at an
aged thirteen, he
passed a domestic
science course.



scholarship. But
went to work at a
factory
Since he was sligh
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less a job was
sued.

fantastic

worlds



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NAAMAN
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POWLESLAND

SUMMER, 1953

Vol. 1, No. 4

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Cover by BEN JAXON

fantastic worlds is published quarterly at 1449 brockton avenue, los angeles 25, california. the price is thirty cents a copy or one dollar for a year's subscription (four issues). contributors may secure copies of the issue containing their work at the rate of five for one dollar. the contents of fantastic worlds no. 4 are copyright, 1953, by sam sackett. all stories appearing in this magazine are fiction. any similarity to actual beings--with the exception of demons and extra-terrestrials--is coincidental. all manuscripts should be addressed to the editor at 1449 brockton avenue, los angeles 25, california, and should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. payment is made in cash prizes determined by reader vote after publication.

last day

the name and stories of the english writer a. bertram chandler--who is also "george whitley"--are familiar to thousands of readers on two continents. here is one of his best: the moving story of a man who goes on the first rocket to the moon--and of the wife he leaves behind him.

by a. bertram chandler

FADE IN TO DISTANT CHIMING of church clock, to seven slow, solemn strokes. There is a short pause, followed by the subdued creaking of a mattress as the man shifts and stirs in his bed. Then--

JOHN (sleepily). Seven already. And it's light. (His voice becomes more alert, a little querulous.) Why didn't you set the alarm, Evelyn? I wanted to be up early. I wanted to see the sun rise. I wanted . . .

EVELYN (bitterly). I wanted, too. I wanted all kinds of things. I wanted you with me, just ourselves, as long as possible. I wanted you to sleep all through today, all through the night that's coming, so that they couldn't find you and you would miss this craziness. But now (her voice takes on a strained cheerfulness) I suppose you want your breakfast.

JOHN (rather surprised, as though the idea is brilliantly novel). Why, yes.

EVELYN. In bed?

JOHN (surprised and gratified). Thank you, darling.

Fade in to sizzling frying pan, then footsteps on stairs, then door opening.

EVELYN (still with the same forced gaiety). There you are, m'lud.



Illustration by NAAMAN

Sunny side up, two, with crisp bacon. And . . .

JOHN. 'M'lud.' Funny you should say that. Reminds me of something else . . .

EVELYN (sharply). What?

JOHN. Trials and things. The Old Bailey. The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast. . . .

EVELYN. The condemned man . . . John, John!

There is a crash as of breaking crockery, a sound of a woman's sobbing. And--

JOHN. There, darling, there. Don't worry about it. It was a silly joke. Do you suppose I'd have made it if it wasn't meant to be a joke? We're no more condemned men than Brown and Alcock, or the Wright brothers. Less so. They had to make up the rules as they went along; we already have a mass of theory and practice to work on. And look--you've broken the teapot. You never liked it, did you?

EVELYN (with a laugh that is very close to a sob). No. It was an ugly thing. But what a mess I've made of your eggs, darling. And they'll be your last eggs, too. The last for a few days, I mean. Why can't you take eggs? The acceleration?

JOHN. No. Properly stowed, they'll stand anything that we can stand. It's just the old, old story of Mass Ratio. It means that we have to cut down weight as much as possible. It means dehydrated foods . . .

EVELYN. And powdered egg omelets . . .

JOHN. There you are, now. You've got it. It just means a few days of discomfort, of putting up with unpleasant sensations and unappetizing food. There'd be far more danger in an expedition to either of the poles or the South American jungle. . . .

EVELYN. Except that polar explorers know what to expect.

JOHN. So do we. What do we have astronomers for?

There is the sound of somebody knocking--gently at first, then with increasing violence.

JOHN. Peep out of the window. Don't let 'em see you. Who is it?

EVELYN. Looks like reporters.

JOHN. So they've tracked us down. Hell! What . . . ?

EVELYN. Get dressed quickly. There's no one at the back yet. And the car's round there. We might make a getaway. (Her voice comes clearly but faintly as she shouts to those below.) He's still in bed. He's just getting up.

REPORTER. We'll be waiting, Mrs. Kent. And perhaps you wouldn't mind answering a few questions. What . . . ?

There is the sound of a window being violently closed. Fade in to noise of self starter, to roar of violently accelerating engine. There are angry shouts, the sound of the swift and violent passage of a wheeled vehicle. This latter fades.

FIRST REPORTER (indignantly). Gawd! He was off like a ruddy rocket!

SECOND REPORTER. What else would you expect? Come on!

Self starter. Roar of engine. Sound of fast driven car fading out. Fade in to subdued murmur of engines of Kent's car, noises indicative of traffic.

JOHN. Thank Heaven for that red light. They'll never catch us now.

EVELYN. No. And nobody will recognize you. You kicked up enough fuss when I gave all those very posh photographs of you to the papers--but now you're wearing a sweater and you need a shave and your hair is mussed. We have this day to ourselves.

JOHN. Yes. I say, this is a charming old pub. Very fitting name, too. The Rocket. But I suppose they mean the first railway engine. Not the first . . .

EVELYN. Don't say it. Don't talk about it. Just stop here, and we'll have a drink, and we'll listen to the locals talking, and it'll just be gossip about the sins of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. . . .

Fade in to noise of stopping car, of opening and closing door, of friendly, companionable murmur of saloon bar. There could be background music, too, obviously coming from loudspeaker, on the lines of BBC's "Music While You Work."

JOHN. One gin and Italian, please, and a pint of mild and stout.

Fade in to other conversations.

FIRST MAN. This time termorrer them fellers'd sell their souls to be 'ere, suppin' their beer wiv us.

SECOND MAN. You're right there, Ted. They must be fools, all of 'em, ter leave all this kind o' thing. 'Ere, Bert, is it right wot I 'ear? That you've sold 'em a gallon o' your special rum for fuel?

LANDLORD. If I had, an' if they were going to use it the right way, as fuel for their own bellies, they'd be alive and well this time tomorrow. Which is more than they will be. But ain't it a wicked waste? Good alcohol being used to drive one of them things!

FIRST MAN. What do you think, guv'ner?

JOHN. Oh, I don't know.

FIRST MAN. But wot good does it do? Answer me that! Wot good does it do?

JOHN (sarcastically). Oh, none at all. It only pushes back our frontiers a few hundred thousand miles. It's only the first rung of the ladder to the stars. It . . .

EVELYN (urgently). I've finished my drink, John. Let's go.

JOHN. I . . .

EVELYN (a little viciously). I want to go.

Noise of door opening and closing, of car outside starting, moving away.

FIRST MAN. Queer customer.

SECOND MAN. Yers. Talked like a toff, but didn't dress like one. One o' them in . . . intelligentiles, or whatever they calls 'em.

LANDLORD. Takin' it all quite serious, wasn't he? One of them blokes who'll tell you that they'd sell their souls to be going, and who'd back out like a frightened rabbit if they was given the chance.

FIRST MAN. I dunno. 'E might go.

SECOND MAN. Not 'im! 'Is wife'd never let 'im!

They all laugh. Fade out laughter and pub noises, fade in to background clamor suggestive of Hyde Park. A Salvation Army band, distant, supplies sweetly corny Moody and Sankey.

FIRST ORATOR. I tell you, friends, that this is flying in the face of the Almighty. There are some things that we were never meant to know, and this is one of them! Mark my words--there will be consequences. You all remember, don't you, the ruined harvests after the Bikini experiments? You remember . . .

Fade out. Fade in to--

SECOND ORATOR. But it cannot possibly work. The jet from the rocket must have something to push against. In airless space there is nothing, nothing, for it to push against. . . .

JOHN. There is!

SECOND ORATOR. Perhaps this young man, who seems so remarkably well informed as to conditions outside the atmosphere, will condescend to explain just what is there to push against.

JOHN. Certainly. The forward wall of the combustion chamber. The fuel is exploded, you see, and the expanding gases rush free through the venturi, but also impinge upon the walls of the cham-

ber. It's like the recoil of a gun. The bullets are the molecules rushing out through the jet, the jet itself is the gun muzzle. You must have a recoil. And the rocket recoils.

SECOND ORATOR. A gun recoils, young man, because the expanding gases are pushing against the shell on its way out, against the air itself. But there is no air in space. . . .

HECKLER. How do you know there's not?

EVELYN (whispering). Don't be silly, John. Don't get into these absurd arguments. You know, we know. . . .

JOHN. Yes. But it's so damned infuriating. It's all so obvious, and the fools can never see it. . . . Something to push against!

Fade in to--

THIRD ORATOR. And who is paying for this insanity? Why, you, sir. And you. And you. One would think that the Government could find better things on which to spend your money. Is there not cancer research? Is there not fen drainage? And what of the long promised hydro-electric development? But no. All these, to the visionaries that you have put into power, are matters of no consequence. You may remember that, this time two years ago, I warned you. I warned you that your money would be squandered on the wildest of wild goose chases. I warned you. . . .

Fade in to--

FOURTH ORATOR. No, friends, we ain't an imperialist nation. They tell us that, don't they? An' you believe it. You would. There ain't no British Empire any more--only what they call a Commonwealth of Nations, same as they called it in the days when it was an empire. But they have freed India. I grant you that--they have freed India. Because they had to. They can't get away with the old imperialistic tricks any longer down on this world. But this ain't the only world. Perhaps this ain't the only inhabited world. There may be people up there--on the Moon, on Venus an' Mars. They may be ripe for exploitation. . . .

But that's not all. Here's another point. Suppose they get to the Moon, to the other side of the Moon that nobody has ever seen. Do you realize what it means? Of course you don't. But this is what it means: Whoever holds the Moon holds Earth. They can set up their rocket launching sites there, on the Other Side, where no one, not even with the best telescopes, can see them. They'll be able to bombard any city on Earth with impunity. An' it needn't be foreign cities. Oh, no. Just suppose that we all get really tired of this incompetent gang we've got in Parliament. . . . Just suppose that there are demonstrations, strikes, riots. Just suppose that the people seize, and hold, London. An' then, from a blue sky, come the V-2s. The first ones might be a warning, like, mightn't have no warheads. An' if they didn't work--well, you know what happened to Hiroshima. . . .

Fade out. Fade in subdued noises of park. John and Evelyn are closer to the band. It is playing, and people are singing. "When the Roll is Called up Yonder."

JOHN. Why do they hate us so? Why have they always hated us? All down the ages they have hated us. And there's always the old, old parrot cry--What good will it do? (Softly.) And what good will it do? All this is making me wonder. That last chap, for example. All that talk of his about cheap labor waiting to be exploited was so much rubbish. But not the rest of it. Whoever holds the Moon will hold the Earth. . . . And the other powers won't like it. We may be ushering in an era of interplanetary war. . . . Evelyn! Do you think . . . Do you think that I should . . .

EVELYN. No. You know that I hate you going. You know that I've never wanted you to go. But I should hate you if you backed out now. You're tired, John, that's all. We should have spent the day, as we planned, out in the country.

JOHN. We could get away now, for a few hours. But no. This is London. The country is not England. London is England. . . .

EVELYN. And then . . .

Fade in the band again, the people singing, swell so that the trite melody assumes an air of momentous import--"When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there!" Fade out, fade in roar of traffic, snatches of music from restaurant orchestras, rattle of eating utensils, clink of glasses, montage of conversation.

MAN. Are you going out to see?

WOMAN. You bet. Bigger and better than any Brock's Benefit!

FIRST MAN (from pub). This time termorrer them fellers'd sell their souls to be 'ere. . . .

FIRST ORATOR. This is flying in the face of the Almighty. . . .

SECOND ORATOR. But what is it pushing against?

THIRD ORATOR. And who's paying for it?

FOURTH ORATOR. Imperialism! Imperialism!

A GRAVE VOICE (with a touch of unidentifiable foreign accent). Understand this--whoever holds the Moon, holds Earth. . . .

A CHILD. But, Daddy, will they get there?

A FATHER. Of course not. 'Oever 'eard of anybody flyin' ter the Moon or the stars?

Fade in to rattling typewriter.

WRITER. We've dreamed about this for centuries. Wells and Verne, and all the queer old johnnies before them with their vivid imaginations and no science, and all of us paper astronauts after them. And even when we've been reading about it, writing about it, we've never dreamed that it would come in our lifetime--not

until Jerry launched the first spaceships and called them V-2s.
 . . . God! I wish that I could go!

The single typewriter is reinforced, becomes a battery, and a voice is heard calling--

VOICE. A Voyage to the Sun and the Moon . . . From the Earth to the Moon . . . The First Men in the Moon . . . A Columbus of Space . . . Stowaway to Mars . . . Vanguard to Neptune . . . Far Centaurus . . .

WRITER. Yes. We were the first. . . .

Fade back to John and Evelyn.

JOHN. Time I was at the field.

Noise of car in a hurry, then squealing of brakes, protesting of tires. Then--

POLICEMAN. What's your hurry? I shall have to run you in.

JOHN. But I am in a hurry.

POLICEMAN. Are you a doctor?

EVELYN. No, officer. This is Mr. Kent.

POLICEMAN. Let's see. Sorry, sir, didn't recognize you at first. But do be careful, won't you? The roads are packed tonight--all of England's on its way out to the field. And--best of luck, sir. And to you, lady.

Fade in to noise of traffic, to the hooting of innumerable horns, to the shouts of irate drivers. Reduce in intensity so that it becomes background to dialogue.

WARREN. So you're here at last, Kent. Thought you wouldn't make it. It. Evening, Evelyn. There's a place for you on the stand with all the big-wigs.

JOHN. Sorry we're late, Warren. But the roads are literally jammed. We abandoned the car and walked the last stretch 'cross country.

WARREN. You should have come by 'copter. (To himself.) They should have insisted on having only single men in this show. You can't expect a man to spend his last day on Earth away from his wife.

JOHN. Well, Evelyn.

There is a silence, broken by Warren.

WARREN. Come on, Kent. The others are inside the ship, waiting for us. Officer! Will you take Mrs. Kent to the stand?

Fade in to voice of BBC Announcer.

ANNOUNCER. And so, for the benefit of those of you without television receivers, I shall attempt to describe the scene. The sky is clear, and there is a waning, gibbous Moon high in the Eastern sky. The stars seem very close tonight. The field looks almost frosty in the glaring light of the big lamps. In the middle of the field is the ship. She could be a huge, silvery tower as she stands there, firm on the buttresses of her four big vanes. I can see somebody, with my binoculars, moving about in the "greenhouse" in the nose of the ship--the transparent cupola of the tower. That will be either Grant or Harris. Captain Warren and Kent--who was delayed in getting here--are just climbing the ladder up to the ship's airlock. This airlock, as you know, will enable them to come out in their spacesuits to explore the Moon's surface without losing any appreciable amount of air from inside the hull.

There are crowds all around the field. The whole country is black with them. The police are having trouble in keeping them back. There has already been minor rioting, caused by various fanatics who assert that the whole project is, in some obscure way, sinful. But the temper of the crowd is mainly good. And I am sure that the good wishes of all of us will be going out with those four brave men tonight.

The airlock door is closing. It is shut now. The hull is an unbroken surface of silvery metal. The police and the last few officials are walking, unhurriedly, away from the ship. Some of the people are singing, and there is a band playing, but I can't hear what it is for the roar of countless voices, the ceaseless clamor of motor car horns. . . .

Fade in to--

EVELYN (to herself). No, I wouldn't sit in the stand. I couldn't bear it--all the stuffed shirts with their talk about Empire and Conquest, all the old time-worn platitudes applied to something which is new and fresh and . . . and beautiful? I suppose it is. But John would want me down here, I think, among the people. He'd want me to hear what they said, so I can tell him if . . . No, no, I mustn't say that! So I can tell him when he comes back. . . .

A WOMAN. What good will it do? What good will it do?

EVELYN. I beg your pardon?

WOMAN. What good will it do?

EVELYN. They asked Christopher Columbus that question.

ANOTHER WOMAN. Narsty things, them rockets. My old man was killed by a V-2.

A MAN. They've got guts. Say what you like--they've got guts.

ANOTHER MAN. Somebody had to be the first.

EVELYN (to herself). But not John! But not John!

A MAN (with pompous solemnity). If blood be the price of Admiralty . . .

AMPLIFIED VOICE. Fifteen seconds . . .

Fade in to the ticking of a clock. An unendurable pause, with dead silence. Then a screaming roar, fading rapidly to a faint, high whistling. Cries, screams, and shouts from the crowd. Fade in to--

ANNOUNCER. The grass of the field is burning, and the ship is only a streak of fire in the sky. Only a pathway of fading flame . . . the road to the stars . . .

Fade in to crowd noises.

EVELYN. John! John, my . . .

A MAN. Stand back there, she's fainted.

ANOTHER MAN (sourly). She ain't the only one.

Silence. Then--

A VOICE (It could be John's; it could be the Writer's. Perhaps there is a distant roar of rocket drive, perhaps a phantom typewriter, perhaps both.) We were the first.

the observatory

First prize in the third issue went to Philip José Farmer for his article "Lovers and Otherwise." Gene Hunter took second place for his story "Faint-Heart," and Garth Bentley third for his poem "Love Song for the Year 2053." Among the illustrations, first place was Naaman Peterson's for the spaceship illustrating "Faint-Heart"; second place, Lee Hoffman's for the cover.

Capt. K. F. Slater, 13 Gp. RFC, BAOR, 29, c/o CPO, England, is now the English representative of fantastic worlds and will accept subscriptions and advertisements. Our Australian representative is David Cohen, Box 4940, G. P. O., Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Scheduled for future issues are the following:

THE QUESTION, by David H. Keller, M. D.

THE EIGHT-HUNDREDTH HUNDRED DAY, by W. L. Bada

PATH OF GLORY, by A. Bertram Chandler

THE MAD MAN FROM MACHINERY ROW, by D. R. Bunch

SELF-DEFENCE, by Clive Jackson

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLES, by Bob Shaw

NO BEES IN T V, by Dick Morgan

PI LINE TO PRINT, by Alice Bullock

CARNATIONS IN THE SNOW, by Arthur J. Burks

FANTASY IS IN THEIR HANDS, by Leo Louis Martello

THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE, by Alden Lorraine

calling doctor caligari

anyone who has ever read any science fiction or fantasy is familiar with the name of robert bloch, a milwaukee writer whose protean productivity, beginning at the age of seventeen, is astounding. the high level of his writing can best be seen by dipping into his collection of short stories, the opener of the way. in this article he shows himself also a wide scholar and discriminating critic of cinematic horror.

by robert bloch

ACCORDING TO ANCIENT GREEK LEGEND, when Pandora opened the box, a lot of troubles were loosed on the world.

According to modern fact, when fat, pudgy old Doc Caligari opened up his cabinet, he loosed somnambulist Cesare and--with him--an unending wave of so-called "horror movies."

So-called.

That's where the troubles begin--troubles that made Pandora's brood look pretty sickly in comparison.

Ever since The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari was released, the movie-makers have devoted themselves to the fairly frequent fabrication of fantasy. Said fantasy has ranged from the cartoon ghouliness of Mr. Disney to the pseudo-realism of the Swiss The Eternal Mask.

And, as is the case in literature, each effort is hailed by some, denounced by others. Everybody, it seems, reacts differently to cinematic shockers. Everybody has his own opinions. This, of course, is what makes horse-racing. But does it make "horror movies"?

My contention, synthesized in scholarly summation, is--uh-uh. It doesn't. It makes everything else but.

It makes King Kong and then Son of Kong burlesquing its predecessor. It concocts Frankenstein and then adds Abbott and Costello. It gives us three successive Draculas--Lugosi, Junior Chaney, and Carradine; then throws in a daughter for good measure. It knocks out a House of Horrors with Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin, just for laughs, and fails to provide said si-



Peter Lorre . . . with the fake steel neck, in . . . Mad Love.
Picture from the collection of Forrest J. Ackerman.



Lon Chaney at the organ in The Phantom of the Opera. Picture
courtesy of Universal Pictures Co.

lent epic with any humor. It goes to great lengths to do and redo Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and concentrate on a non-existent series of love affairs which a poor hack like Stevenson didn't have the sense to write into his story.

So the producers and powers-that-be prefer to operate that way. So it's their business. So let them. But meanwhile, they accompany these gyrations with a steady barrage of attendant adjectives. "Chilling, Thrilling, Horrible, Not for Weak Hearts, You'll Gasp, You'll Scream, You'll Throw Up--"

That last is granted.

But the rest is obfuscation. If the movie-makers think they are turning out "horror movies," they are mistaken. If the movie-goers think they are attending "horror movies," they are mistaken. So much nonsense has poured out of Caligari's cabinet in the last thirty-odd years that it's difficult for either movie-maker or movie-goer to remember just what it is they're talking about.

The purely arbitrary conventions and stylizations surrounding the production of fantasy have made it difficult to criticize the cinema unless an attempt is made to define basic terms.

So--what's a "horror movie"?

A horror movie is (a) a film (b) whose content horrifies. Simple? Obvious? Yes. But remember, we're operating in a strange frame of reference. We're dealing with movie-makers who are more interested in the icing of adjectives than they are in the actual contents of the cake. As long as they shout "Devil's Food!" loudly enough, they think the public will swallow it.

And most members of the movie-going public, having never tasted actual horror fare, do just that. To many, the clutching hand and the body falling out of the closet, the shadow on the wall and the guy in the moth-eaten ape costume, constitute the epitome of terror-in-celluloid. They accept the convention of "comic relief" and know by heart every cliché.

Which leaves the true aficionados only a few crumbs. Because, as I stated previously, in my opinion there are no true "horror movies"--motion pictures designed purely and simply to scare the hell out of you.

There are, instead, "trick" movies and "science fiction" movies, and "mystery thrillers" and "comedy mysteries" and standard items featuring "Karloff the Fiend" (in which Karloff invariably portrays the role of a kindly, white-haired old scientist with a beautiful daughter, his "fiendishness" being limited to a misguided attempt to conduct an advanced "scientific experiment").

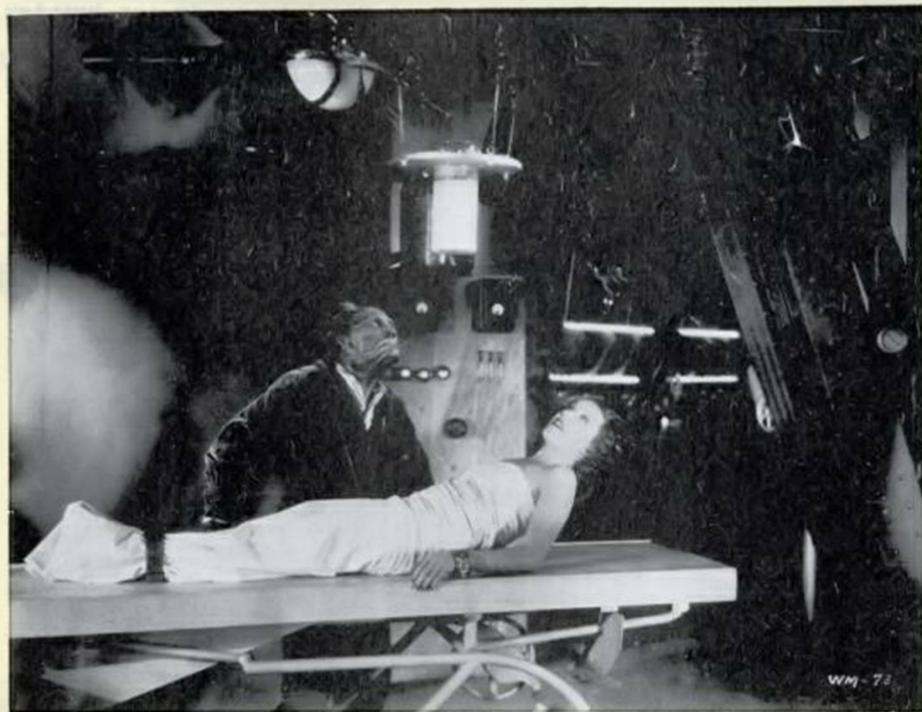
ALL RIGHT THEN, LET'S SWEEP UP THE CRUMBS and see what we can find there.

Here, from the breadbox of memory, are a few crumbly moments of "pure horror" I've found in films.

1. The sequence in Val Lewton's The Cat People where the train suddenly rushes over the trestle . . . followed, a few moments later, by the trickle of blood under a doorway.
2. Peter Lorre coming up the stairs with the fake steel neck, in his first American movie, Mad Love.
3. Lorre again, in the little-known RKO effort, The Stranger on the Third Floor--specifically, in the dream-sequence.
4. Conrad Veidt's somnambulist sortie in the aforementioned



Tod Browning's Freaks. Picture from the collection of Forrest J. Ackerman.



Lionel Atwill's scene in The Mystery of the Wax Museum, where the waxen mask is ripped away from his burned face. Picture by Scotty Welbourne, from the collection of Forrest J. Ackerman.

Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

5. Veidt, again, in Paul Leni's production of Waxworks.
6. The single shot in King Kong where the giant ape's head peers through the windows of the wrecked el train, his eyeballs rolling hideously.
7. Lon Chaney at the organ in The Phantom of the Opera.
8. The scene where the armless-legless monstrosity crawls through the mud, knife in teeth, in Tod Browning's Freaks.
9. Lionel Atwill's scene in The Mystery of the Wax Museum, where the waxen mask is ripped away from his burned face.
10. Basil Rathbone's brief sequence at the piano in an otherwise hopeless Paramount turkey, titled (and this will give you some idea of the whole) The Mad Doctor.
11. The last sequence in the British Dead of Night, where the entire film dissolves into a kaleidoscopic montage of imagery. (By the way, Dead of Night comes closer to being a true "horror film" than almost any other nominee, in my opinion.)
12. The ghost-voice echoing through the house in The Uninvited.
13. One solitary shot in the original Dracula: Bela Lugosi descends the cobwebbed stairs of the castle and approaches the commercial traveler.
14. The "shock" moment of Great Expectations, when Finlay Currie as the convict rises up out of nowhere to confront the boy in the graveyard.
15. The sequences involving the dead Edith Evans in the British production of The Queen of Spades.

These are the moments I remember--the ones that yanked me out of my seat. All too often the films as a whole merely yanked me out of the theater.

BUT ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON. So if you don't agree with my findings--tell me, what did poison you?

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One solitary shot in the original Dracula: Bela Lugosi descends the cobwebbed stairs of the castle and approaches the commercial traveler. Picture courtesy of Universal Pictures Co.



The "shock" moment of Great Expectations, when Finlay Currie as the convict rises up out of nowhere to confront the boy in the graveyard. Picture courtesy of Universal Pictures Co.

through crisis with the gonedaidins

taoiturn david r. bunch does not reveal any information about himself; external evidence suggests that he comes from st. louis and attended the state university of iowa. internal evidence demonstrates that he possesses a fine talent--that he has a powerful imagination capable of the creation of a whole new universe, that he has a brilliant and compelling flair for stylistic experimentation, and that he has the true and rare satirist's gift.

by david r. bunch

THEY DIDN'T EAT MUCH--small pats of gravied air and thin little slices of light--but what they said was sometimes of importance. For you see they were the Gonedaidins, the Wow Wow Nib-Nibs, lurching in Irrn Council on the Eve of Plans. The principal speaker of this Council occasion was Smaack-Smaack Jack, the Nib-Nib's hulking leader. Some several several thousand thousand billion billion of him lumped together and crunched into a pat "might" have made him seen in lenses most multiple. But in the Nib-Nib land of Wow Wow he stood seventy-eight inches up and weighed like two hundred pounds of stuff. His shape was egg. His eyes were oval holes where two red little wires of tongues licked in and out eating constantly light and the gravied air of distance, and sometimes lumps of beauty that had best be described as not large. His mouth did not show until he had something to say, and then a section of the lower part of his face would come up like a trick done in Kidland a long long time ago, with gum bubbles, and at the moment of formulation thought would burst through with--well, imagine a sack of shaken words and explode them like little bomb sticks.

On this occasion Smaack-Smaack Jack stood up and fixed the shapes of his Irrn Council with the little sticks of his eyes. And he began to speak in the crashing crescendo of a Nib-Nib with something on his thoughts. He praised the land of Wow Wow and spoke longingly of his love for other lands, and held forth hopes for the time when his good Nib-Nob policy would be received in the domain across the Spoce Mountains. Then he came to the nub of his harangue, and he began the message in smaacks that

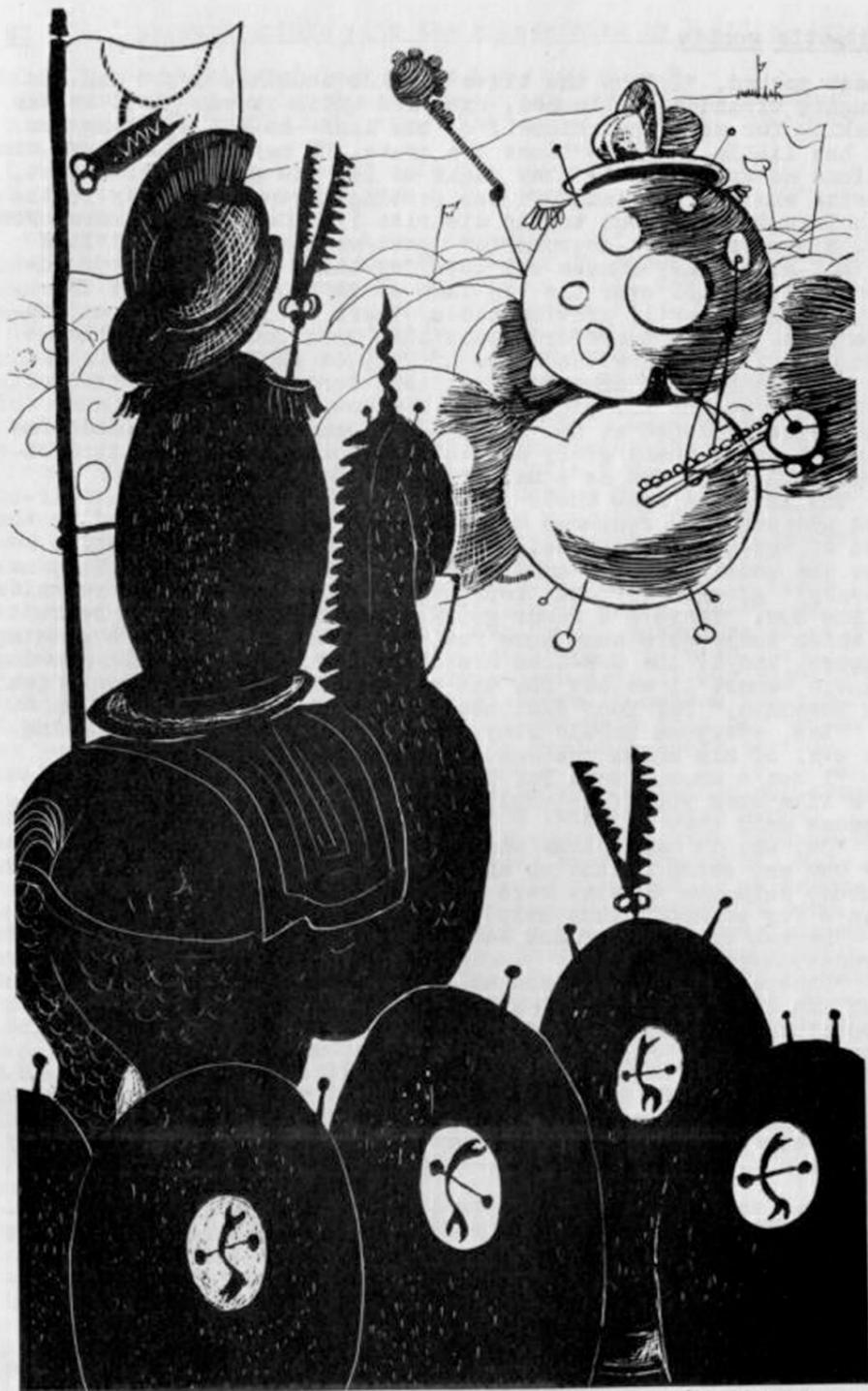


Illustration by NOVAK

almost sobbed, "I love the brave Nob-Nob nobbins. But." and his thoughts expanded, ballooned, exploded until it was plain he was speaking for more than himself or his land--he was speaking for all the little things--"times are grave. We may not long have conditions as we would--as they ought to be." He paused for effect, knowing what he said and did was getting through not only to the main Irrn Council, but to the district Irrn Councils all over Wow Wow. His manner left no room for doubt when he exploded, "It's the Nob-Nobs! They menace our love for them. They flout our advice to them. All over the big land of Eb Jeb they are at this very moment sneakily growing tails. There is but one course, duty's path. I ask, therefore, that this Irrn Council and all the Irrn Councils declare the state of Help on Eb Jeb."

And pandemonium came loose at that lunch hour on the Eve of Plans. All across the big land of Wow Wow the words of Smack-Smack Jack exploded at the lunches of Irrn Councils, exploded again and again until every nibbin knew Wow Wow was committed. Every nibbin rejoiced as a matter of course.

The Nib-Nibs drew their plans, rubbed their coins that carried the scowling features of Smack-Smack Jack, and prayed to the gods of Waf for a short Help, but a good. And of course there arose the usual question among the recruits. "Why is this Help necessary?" groused Tor Jum, representatives of the rawest recruits in Wow Wow. "There's a rumor going," replied Paf Toof, a recruit of which there were none more raw, "that the Nob-Nobs are growing wagers. And if the Nob-Nobs are allowed to get away with growing wagers, where'll we be? Oh, the Nob-Nobs'll have no wagers near Wow Wowangia," Paf Toof finished in song.

"Yes, everyone should stay shaped," agreed Tor Jum, rubbing the oval of him which was egg. "What's tail?"

"I don't know," said Paf Toof, "but I have my ideas. I think it's like when your face explodes and something silly comes out. Someone said that was."

"Oh, no. It means like when the tongues in your eyes flick way way out and swish up and up and down and down. That's wagging. But someone said the nobbins were getting it at the other end, and that's for no good. Thus Help."

"Hurrah for Smack-Smack Jack and the Help smack," said Tor Jum peranthetically.

"Cheers for Big Jack and my out-'em-back," said Paf Toof, rubbing his oval in a gesture most evil. "Let me at 'em and I'll be decorated first hero of the slice." He felt his out-'em-back and went on honing the edges. The instrument was an especially evil scissor-like contrivance with a little notch marked off on both blades and labeled "slice Nob-Nob here." It was the basic small arm for the Help against the nobbins of Eb Jeb. The first Help offering was due for Gaads Nonsday, second Nonsday in the month of Monbom.

MEANWHILE, IN THE LAND OF EB JEB all was un-seat among the Gonedaidins called Nob-Nobs. "Aren't these new tails awful when growing, but won't they be snazzy when grown?" crowed Nob-Nob 1 to Nob-Nob 2. "I haven't sat since last Tonsday, and here it is already Frondsday."

"I'm eating tail pepper in unrestricted hups," said 2 to 1, "because I've understood the Nob-Nob with the biggest tob, that is, the whatever it is we're growing, will possibly unseat Tall

Tiddler, present king of us for you know how much."

"But of course he isn't sitting either, and he has the keys to the stores of purple tail sage, than which there is none more growy, as you wot."

"Oh, woe is me, and woe," said the one and the two to each other. "But Tall Tiddler has been a fair and a just," they concluded together.

"I'll fight for his right to keep at it, if he grows the best," said 1. "But if he doesn't, the Kingdom of Eb Jeb is in for a first prize rolling of taily forms in contention, I'll tell you. Because I'm good as any nobbin in Nob-Nob, and better if T. T. messes up."

"I'd say," said 2, "it would be worse than that thing in which our neighbors in Wow Wow chose ~~Smack-Smack~~ Jack I. As we have heard, they chose him because he could smack his eyes a fith flick farther than Gith Del, the nibbin they hurled to Nath, after he had stated his views. The fith flick didn't mean he could see any better than Gith. In fact, I don't know what it meant."

"Oh, the Peekies make for wrath--in Nath," sang 1 or 2. "Yoh," said 1 or 2, "I hear Gith Del is transforming Nath into an armed land of the fitful, using the Peekies to wash the feet of the armed battalions, which makes everyone stirred." "How?" "The Peekies sneak wound-culture into the foot-wet and every troop in Nath gets a blister-sore on his bottom ovalafot. When he rolls on training days he's especially more than some angry. He wouldn't move out of the way he's going for Jesu Crust, patron saint of open blood. He'd kill his own Futher and Buther, he's so hurt. He's the kind of chap who, in the long done days of our begetters, would go around pulling scabs up on sleepers to season the red pulpy under with sultry lamon joce salution. He's that bad because they make him so mad down in Nath. They send him their second-hand evil."

"I hear," said 2 or 1, "he used to be a nice little egg-type jasper, with a sunny-up temper. Wouldn't hurt a nib or a nob. Just like us, almost--before tails of course. But now, because he is what he is, he's frying the wind; he's transforming all Nath into a land of the Keeker battalions, plus the Peekies as eggoners. Gith Del claims he's the one true because he doesn't bend nor pretend. The symbol of Truth on the Keeker flag is a running sore with a Peekie beside it throwing, into a bearing-away wind, the clot seasoning of Heal. Truth, in other words, is not to mask your evil nor try to coagulate it into something less than free-flowing. Anything less than frankness about bad is tails out in laugh-love and heads holed and round-pounded in cheeriest felicitations. It is said Gith Del has said. Wonder what he could have meant, if anything? But--well, it's none of our troubles, and besides it's time for my tail pepper."

So they both rolled off to gorge hoping to be top nob in almost no time. They knew not of the Help planned by Jack nor jinks planned by the Tiddler at home.

BUT TALL TIDDLER, TOP NOB OF THE NOBBINS, had a mace up his ogg that no one in the world suspected, especially not 1 and 2 who have just recited. Knowing his job was on the hook he thought of a diversion that would get some tails shortened as well as reflect upon glory due the Tiddler the world called tall. He issued a proclamation, the issuing date of which, so it happened, coincided with the Wow Wow day, Eve of Plans. The word went out to all Tall Tiddler's minions in the ball-shaped land of Eb Jeb,

rolled in round transmission in the land where all was perfect-round, bounced in roll-climb across ge-ooodles of milewhiles and rolled at last into the round-hole ears of nobbins and beat upon a drum-head membrane a round-robin of love-love talk.--"Valiant, favored, Gok-selected, most meek, most fierce, and most loyal loving Nobbs," said the Tiddler tall, "give hole to this I send you across the ball-bumps of blair-air from a heart that grieves to do it. Know ye the land of Wow Wow, our neighbor of long and never abstaining love for us? Know ye the streets where the Nibs walk in all their egg-shaped glory, loving us, loving themselves, flicking their eyes in and out, eating distance like tongues of Nib-angele, devouring wonderfully graved air and dainty slices of light? Know ye that place where all my being that is a neighbor's loving being lies in second life--aye, almost first life, so great is a neighbor's love in neighborly love--the being, I, which worships and serves my land which is Eb Jeb? Know ye that land of the nibs? It is Wow Wow! And yet--oh heart that stops and almost quails, near fails now to hammer round eggs through me for my life--let me tell you there is a fault in Wow Wow. No, it is not a fatal one. But it is a grievous one. Have you not heard, on days when silence comes, wafts and tumbles like many tons of shush-hush on us, when we are at our Love, those solemn days when we do not speak or act, but only love--have you not on such days heard a billion, nay, a billion trillion small explosive sounds from toward Wow Wow land? I grieve to tell you this, you who have never seen a nibbin, but only loved them--my heart near guggles and refuses me, and yet, I must go on. That sound you have heard on our great loving days, my countrymen, that distracting suction sound and explosion turmoil, it is talk, it is Wow Wow talk!" (Pause pause pause and round round tears.) "We must--we must help them. We must aid them until they talk as we talk, rolling from heads, in quiet serenity, the balls of thought from perfect holes. And so, because I can do no different and still face Gok, I declare Aid on Wow Wow to make holes for the Nib-Nibs. With Crust's help we cannot but do it."

Following this impassioned speech there was a long period during which nothing but applause sounded in the land of Eb Jeb. This applause was rendered mainly where any two nobbs stood near together. They bumped against each other to render it. And after the speech and the cheers there was hectic preparation in Eb Jeb for the great Aid on Wow Wow. Many Aidors were trained and armed with round-pounds. A round-pound was a sturdy gadget consisting of ten dense balls and a denser big-ball. The ten small balls, activated by o-gears, crawled repeatedly over the dense big-ball that revolved constantly, and at every tenth revolution big-ball danced up and down (as though it were a hot-fot) on whatever little ball happened to be underneath at the time, for ten bounces. After one hundred revolutions and one hundred bounces a hole opened in big-ball, and a blade came out to carve in the place that from pounding should be somewhat soft. Yes, the round-pound was a near-perfect tool for the Aid on Wow Wow designed to make the Nib-Nibs good talk holes. All the nobbins would have to do would be hold the nibbins and apply the round-pound for the good that would come of it.

THE BIG DAY ARRIVED IN WOW WOW and was called H-day, and the same day came necessarily to Eb Jeb, but it was called A-day. That the

days were one day and that Gaads Fronsday should be that day was coincidental as well as a comment from Fate in the universe of Gonedoodus.

Across the leagues and leagues of march came the Nib-Nibs and the Nob-Nobs, all beautifully uniformed and carrying the tools of Help and the instruments of Aid with jaunty precision, as un-blooded troops are apt to do. Smack-Smack Jack rode down on his egg-nag toward Tall Tiddler on the ball gelding. There was a masked little look of unbelief on the faces of the two leaders. They eyed one another's banners, the rippling rectangles that proclaimed "Ever Onward in Help" or "Always Forward in Aid." They eyed one another's horses and looked at saddle and gear. They eyed and they eyed. But not having as yet a common language of sound, Smack-Smack and Tall could not speak except in that universal "Well this beats me!" on faces. But Jack and the Tiddler tall stood in their stirrups finally and scowled at each other, and perhaps they saw in that exchange a little of universal Truth; perhaps they unmasked one another and found only treachery there. Then they nodded their legions forward, and all day on that red plain, called No-Nibnob's Land, beings were Helped and Aided with the cut-'em-back and the round-pound. Many a tail was sliced and many a hole round-pounded before that day's assistance could ever end.

NEAR THE END OF THE DAY, when nibbin and nobbin blood was making sludgy all that Help-Aided place, there came a whirring, like locusts sound when they come into a band of trees. It came like a black rush, and the banners were pieces of dark. A sound like orange symbols spoke across the black flags. The voice spelled "Truth is sores on the Keeker Battalions; Truth shall never heal on the Keeker Battalions; Truth and Evil are one, the True Black wave." And big Gith Del, smiling his true Black smile, like an honest cat come mousing, rode down, on his donkey that rolled on knobs, and the Keeker Battalions whirled on and behind them the important Peekies; and Truth broke across the plains of No-Nibnob's Land in the smiles of running sores; the nobbins and nibbins were eaten where they ran. And on the silent field the flag-staffs reared, and the flags waved with wound symbols and a Peekie throwing clot powder to the many directioned air. Then Gith Del rode across black light for a moment and basked in the glory that was his own true smile; then he laughed and his donkey brayed like a trumpet that one time blew.



Bug-Eyed Monster by FOWLESLAND

the fireside

IN OUR SOMEWHAT ANOMALOUS POSITION as a literary magazine in the fields of science fiction and fantasy, fantastic worlds is confronted with peculiar problems in the lines of acceptance and rejection of manuscripts. It would not be impossible for a fantastic worlds reject to sell to Galaxy, and vice versa; both Mr. Gold and I are looking for writing considerably above what is generally called "fanzine fiction," but he wants it within the customary patterns of commercial literature, and I want it outside those restraining boundaries.

THE FACT THAT WE OFFER A SMALL PAYMENT to our writers adds incentive both to the new writers, like David R. Bunch, and to more seasoned hands like A. Bertram Chandler. (For this reason our writers are particularly desirous that you send me your votes, rating our stories and illustrations in the order of your preference.) New and old can experiment with new forms and commercially unacceptable materials--particularly, can invade new territories which might violate the mores of large segments of the American population.

RELIGION IS ONE OF THESE AREAS. During the past seven months I have read no fewer than thirty stories dealing with the Hereafter. Most of these, for some obscure reason, dealt with hell; but some of them treated of heaven, and enough of them concerned themselves with God as a character that Mr. Kemble suggested we might have an "all-God issue." Where there is so much duplication of theme, rejection is a regrettable necessity--even where there is considerable merit. I thought you might be interested in a reply the Fireside received from a rejected author, whose story was laid in the infernal regions.

"I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW DELIGHTED I AM that you have rejected my story. I would rather have you return one of my manuscripts than sell one to any other editor. Not only have you taken considerable time and effort to comment on my manuscript, for which I am grateful; not only have you expressed yourself in mellifluous cadences, the music of which is still ringing in my ears; not only have you shown yourself an astute and helpful critic; but you have aroused in me the tenderest emotions of sympathy. Your picture of the agonies you find yourself in at being unable to use my offering in your magazine is truly touching. The hot tears started into my eyes as I considered your plight. What a cross must it be to edit fantastic worlds and to be plunged into such despair at every returned story! But the clarity and purity of your expression has communicated the profundity of your emotion to me, and I long to express to you how sincerely I share it. Perhaps I shall have that opportunity when you have reached what I am certain is your ultimate destination--the scene of my story."

a chat with the editor

the microscope

Donald A. Wollheim, Ed. Prize Science Fiction. McBride, \$3.

This collection is designed to include the twelve outstanding stories of 1952, selected by a committee consisting of the editor, Forrest J. Ackerman, and somebody named Otto v. St. White-lock, to receive the Jules Verne Award. If this represents the best stories that 1952 had to offer, it is notable that no writer included has anything like the stature of a Heinlein, a Bradbury, or a van Vogt. The average level is merely competent--only Mark Clifton's "Star, Bright," a fine Galaxy story about real people, rises high above that mark. Most of the other stories are rereadable; E. D. Locke's "Demotion," Pearson and Corwin's "Mask of Demeter," Charles Beaumont's "Beautiful Woman," Gordon R. Dickson's "Listen," and Walter M. Miller's confused "Big Bunker" are all worth reprinting. Slightly above their level are "The Altar at Midnight," a touching story by C. M. Kornbluth, and "The Last Days of Shandakor," an extravagance in the great tradition by Leigh Brackett. E. F. Russell's "Timeless Ones" is marred by unwarranted racial antagonism, Alfred Coppel's "Peacemaker" by careless writing and dullness, and August Derleth's "McIlvaine's Star" by an awkward form pressed on him by the nature of the story. The first story in the book, Arthur C. Clarke's "All the Time in the World" is the only real clinker--unreadable for its complete lack of human values, ideas, or literate writing. The book's format is cheap. SS

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What sets it off as different? The LOW price of 15c or 7/¢1? Or that it is colorfully lithoed in several colors? Or maybe it's the contents. Maybe that's it. But what is the name of this 'different' kind of fanzine? Is it OOPSLA? SF? QUANDRY? STAR ROCKETS? SF TRADER? Or maybe it's GEM TONES?

NO! It's

à la space!

What was in A LA SPACE #3 to make it so good? Well, here's the contents:

Guest Editorial, "Plans for Tomorrow," by Ray A. Palmer, Editor of O. W. This is the man who rocked the fan world with the "Shaver Mystery" and the Flying Disks 4

Short Story, "Not Important," by R. E. Multog, Editor of the up-and-coming new fanzine Star Rockets (Details on request) . 5

"Dear Diary," by Shelby Vick, Editor of the famed 'Confusion' 8

Article, "How to Write SF," by Chester S. Geier, Ed. of FATE 11

Science Article, "Skyhook Fortress," by W. G. Reive, Sci. Ed. of ALS 13

Article, "Why I Changed to Astounding," by W. F. Johnston, Mgn. Ed. (ALS) 15

Editorial, "The Left Overs," by me, Editor of ALS 17

HEY, are you still with us? GOOD! Let's take a short trip into the future and see what's in store for ALS #4. Well, well, just look at the contents page.

Editorial, ELAST OFF! by Vic Waldrop Jr. (Assistant Editor of ALS)

Article, WHAT DOES PROJECT FAN CLUB DO? by Orville W. Mosher

III "Dear Diary," by Shelby Vick (Editor of Confusion) Story (6,000 words), "The Savage Breast," by TOBY DUANE

"Legibility," by Shel Deretchen

"A L'Interrogativ," by Gregg Calkins (Editor of OOPSLA)

"3-D and S-F," by Vic Waldrop Jr. (Assistant Editor of ALS)

"The Left Overs," by me; this is for what's left.

Covers and inside illos by DEA, Maddox, Rotler, Johnston, and Vic.

Is that enough? What, no letter section, you ask. Well, if there are enough subbers for #4 I will run one. At the present, it costs too much. Can YOU write for us? If so, send your mss. to

A LA SPACE
c/o Kent Corey
P. O. Box 64
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the horsemen

by sam sackett

THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS BLACK from war; it was as if horsemen had galloped through it, firing the buildings and laying waste the crops. And along the road, these children walked.

The little girl, about twelve, pushed a buggy with a sleeping infant. The little boy, about ten, walked along beside. They walked westward, into a declining sun, red with anger and destruction.

"I think I hear a bird," the boy said.

They stopped and listened. There was only the engulfing silence.

"Don't be silly," the girl said. "There hasn't been a bird since the Bomb."

The girl began to walk on, but the boy complained: "I'm tired. I want to rest."

"We have to keep going."

"Why? Where are we going? Everywhere we go it's the same."

"Remember, Mother told us before she died that we were to keep going and go as far away from our home as we could."

"But we've gone and gone and gone, and we haven't come to any place. It's all the same. And there's no food, Martha. I'm hungry."

"I know there isn't any food, and I'm hungry too. But what are we going to do about it?"

The boy was silent. He walked over to the side of the road and picked up a charred stick. It had been burned into charcoal, and he crumbled it in his hands.

"Now you've gone and got your hands dirty. Timmy Nelson, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. We'll have to go along to the next creek and wash your hands."

"Do you suppose we can have a drink of water? I'm awfully thirsty."

"I don't know," Martha said. "Come along."

They started off again, boy, girl, and buggy.

"They must have dropped more than one Bomb," Timmy said. "It's been black all over. I don't think one Bomb could make everything black all over like this. We've been traveling for days."

"I don't know," Martha answered.

"What did they do it for, Martha? If they wanted the country, why did they ruin it so they couldn't have it?"

"Oh, I don't know, Timmy. Now be quiet. The baby's asleep."

Occasionally as they walked they saw charred hulks at the side of the road. They might have been tree trunks. They might have been men.

They came to a creek. Martha said, "You go wash your hands." She went over with him to see that he did.

The water revealed ugly scars on the backs of his hands. "My burn's healing up," he announced. "That's good. I was afraid it wasn't going to. It doesn't hurt near as much as it did."

"That's good, Timmy."

Timmy cupped his hand and tasted the water experimentally. He said, "It doesn't taste very good."

"You'd better not drink any of it. Remember, Mother told us to be very careful of the water."

He stood up, letting the water drain from his hand. "I'm pretty thirsty, but I'll try to wait until the next creek. I think I'll have to drink then."

"I think I'll have to, too," Martha agreed.

They went on. The sun got redder and angrier, and high above them somewhere a drone of hate sounded. Timmy ran to a charred bush and threw himself under it. Martha stood indecisively with the buggy, looking for someplace to hide it. There was no place big enough. She wrapped the baby in the blanket and ran to another bush. The baby did not protest. After the droning stopped, they came out to the road again, and Martha put the baby in the buggy. It had not waked up.

"It was one of them," Timmy said. His little fists were clenched. "I wish I could do something to them. They killed Mother." He looked up into the sky; it was clear. "I wonder who they are," he said, looking up. "I wonder why they did this."

"I don't know."

"I'll kill them!" Timmy suddenly burst into tears and threw himself on the ground, where he beat with his fists and kicked with his feet. Martha stood there until he stopped, tired.

"We'll have to go on," she said.

He lifted his face and looked at her. There was dust on his face, and the tears streaked it. He got up and hugged her to him and sobbed, his shoulders shaking. She just stood, patting him, until he stopped.

"Let's go on," she said.

They came in a while to a creek again, and Timmy washed his face. Both Martha and Timmy drank. They did not wake the baby. "This is good," Timmy said, "but I wish it was colder." He sat for a while and looked at nothing.

"I wonder where all the people are," he said. "I wonder whether there are any left at all. I wonder whether we will ever see any again."

"There are people," Martha answered. "We saw an airplane."

"That was one of them." Timmy's voice was scornful.

"We'll go on to one more creek," Martha said, "and then we'll stop for the night. I'm tired, too."

"I'm hungry," Timmy said. "I haven't had any food for days."

As they started, Martha said, "I don't know what I'm going to do with you, Timmy. You complain all the time. Baby never complains, but he hasn't had anything to eat either."

And so they walked on--the hungry little boy, the girl, and the baby that neither moved nor cried.

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DICK WILLIAMS

★ Mirror Entertainment Editor ★

UNSNEAKING A PREVIEW

The lengths to which some people will go to catch a sneak preview!

Forrest J. Ackerman, who might be described as Mr. Science Fiction himself (he has the largest book and magazine collection on the subject in the world at his Beverly Hills home) got wind of a preview on "It Came From Outer Space," new 3D thriller, last week.



WILLIAMS

Even his good friend, Ray Bradbury, who wrote the yarn, didn't know what theater it was to be in. Bradbury was told to show at the studio at 7:30 p.m. So Ackerman drove his own car out and parked across from the auto gate to the studio, ready to take off in pursuit.

A little before 8 a blue car whipped out and Ackerman set off in pursuit.

Halfway down the Hollywood Freeway he caught up with the car, only to discover that friend Bradbury was not inside.

Back he rushed to Universal. It was 8:15 now. Was he too late? He feared so.

But no, at 8:25 out came two well-packed studio busses and Ackerman trailed them all the way across town to the Lelmert Theater in Lelmert Park.

Two minutes before 9 he was seated in the fifth row center wearing his Polaroid glasses, out of breath but happy.

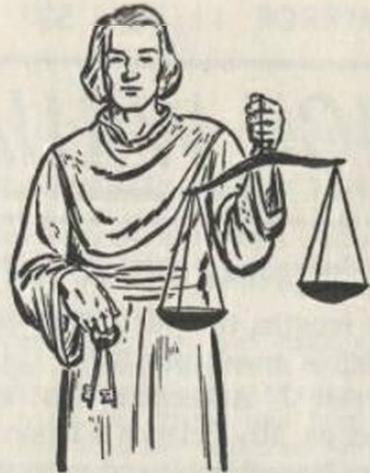
"It would make it so much easier if the studios would just tell me where they're screening their pictures in the first place," he says. "I always get there in the end, anyway."

Besides un-sneaking previews I also sell science fiction and fantasy stories. No less than six of the "new voices" represented in August Derrleth's forthcoming anthology of fifteen MORNING STARS are Ackerman clients: Joe Slotkin, Ed Ludwig, Frank Quattrocchi, Robt D. Locke, Chad Oliver and Jas Causey. In VORTEX Sci Fic, the new prozine, fifty % of the first issue was accounted for by my men (and women) Verett, Jacobs, Evans, Keeds, Sinclair, Riker, Ahearne, Hernhuter, Gardener and Reynolds. Movie sale pending for Paul W. Fairman. Subsidiaries being offered for: Curtis, de Camp, Farmer, Galouye, and many others. IOI clients! FJA Sherbourne Drive Los Angeles 35

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