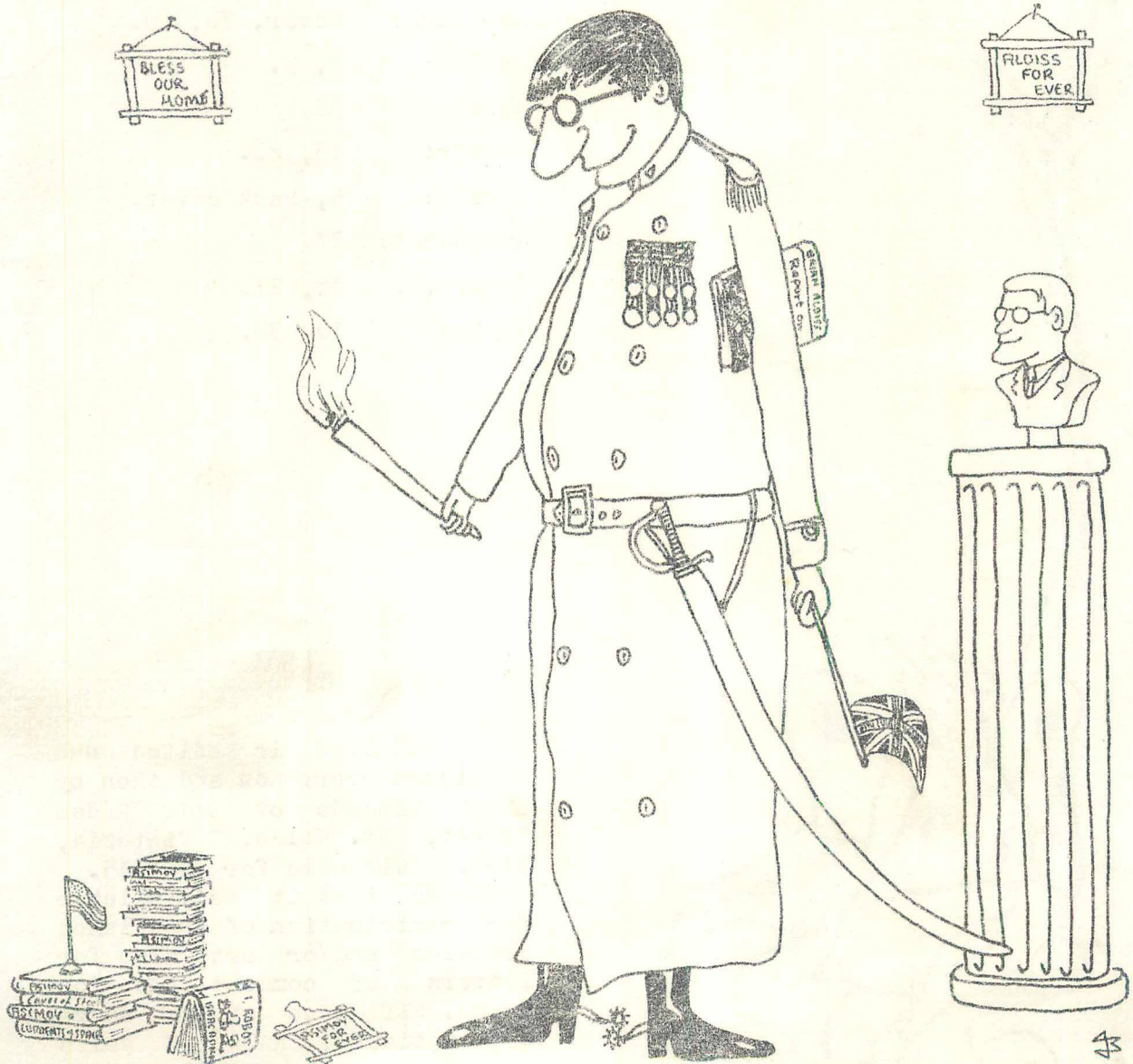


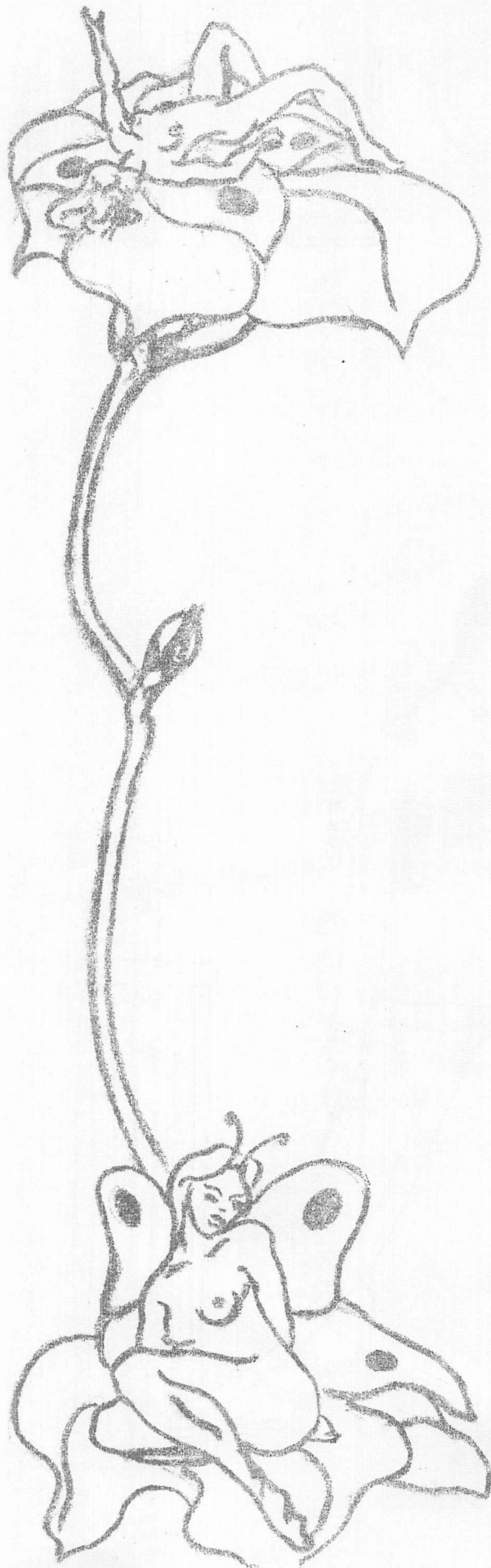
# RATAPLAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

Number One



# RATAPLAN 1



## ART CREDITS

Bangsund: Cover, 7b, 29.  
Breden: 2, 3.  
Ellis: 32.  
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# GEORGE

POLICY: (if any)

I will print whatever interests me. If there are people around who enjoy the same kind of things that I enjoy, they are in luck.

Somewhere in the latter part of this issue the 'famous' Gary Woodman says that he thinks editorials should be used to subjugate the wills of the readers to the bidding of the editor. Perhaps this is true for Gary, but not for me. I suppose an editorial to be a place where the editor should write about himself and the things about him which he thinks will be of interest to others. If anybody finds this hard reading, it is a great pity and I weep for them.....as I said above, I print what I like.

RATAPLAN is a genzine, of sorts....something along the lines of CANTO (remember that?), though with not the same pretentious atmosphere as that which existed in the Harding fanzine. Lee, though he didn't print anything about stf....didn't print anything which I would call fannish of having to do with fandom either. Here is where we differ (in matters of policy) as I intend to concern myself with fandom and I won't mind sinking into the middle of a ten page fanzine review column, simply because the writing style is unbearably poor. If I can get quality and fannishness I will be happy, if I have to chose one or the other....I'll make my choice when I get to it.

I won't say that I have no intention of printing stuff about stf, but I will be happy if I never get a review of criticism of stf submitted. On the other hand, it isn't a good policy to look a gift horse in the mouth and I will find it mighty hard to reject anything of ASRF standard. In this issue there are two articles which are connected with stf, but to me these are more about people than the field.

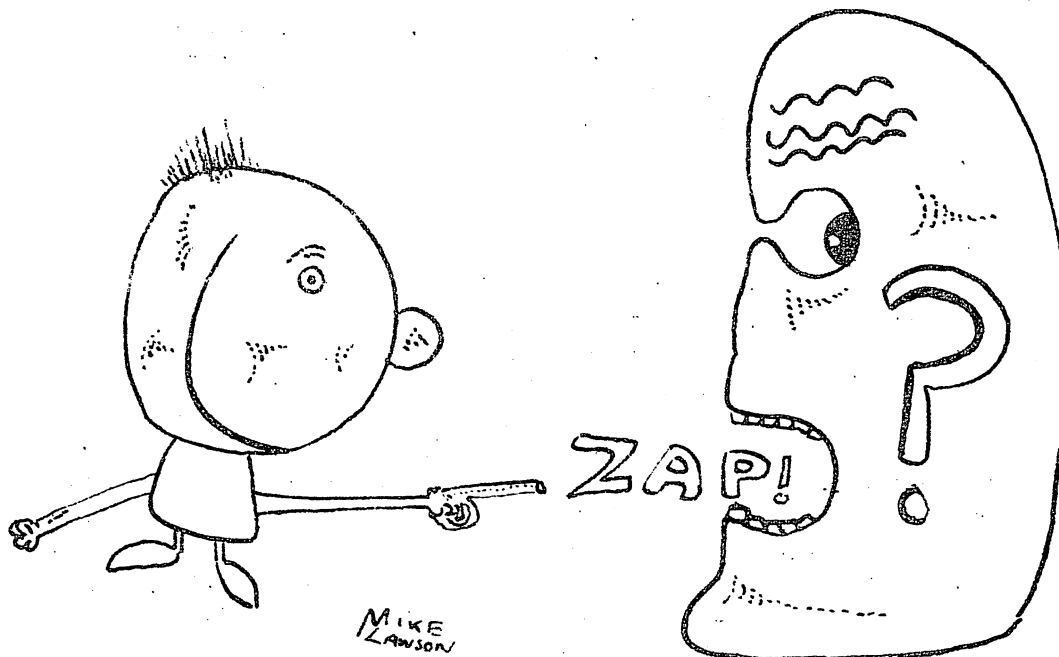
ST. KILDA, SYDNEY & SO ON

Life here in St. Kilda is interesting. Here we seem to be in the middle of fandom and (to some extent) science fiction in Australia. Here is the place where the interstate fans come, for it is here that the John Bangsund resides, and the John Bangsund is the central figure of Australian fandom.

Some time ago, would you believe six weeks, two well known fans from Sydney visited, being as they were, that famous comic fan Gary Mason and leading light in the SSFF (?), Peter Darling. We seemed to spend the whole day (they were here almost exactly twenty-four hours) talking about almost everything to do with stf and a lot to do with those comic things. At one stage we tried to make a tape to be replayed at a SSFF meeting, but I doubt if it was of much interest since Paul, Peter and myself sat around and just talked about Hugo nominations ( I am not going to talk about them here). I seem to remember sitting around at about two in the morning comparing the merits of the Melbourne radio stations....still they haven't convinced me that the Sydney stations are best. I am not going to believe that anything in Sydney could be better than anything in Melbourne.

Over the last month or two it seemed that there was going to be a real fan type brawl develop between the groups in Melbourne and Sydney. It seems that the Sydney lot got upset when Paul and I sent them up a tape in which we talked generally about things and managed to tell





them how to run their foundation (which is what they call their club). They were upset, to say the least, and sent down a tape in which they replied rather nastily. It seems that the tape was recorded at a foundation meeting and there they were all sitting around egging each other on to try to say something worse about the club down here. It seemed that their President (Zian Wilkinson) was in her element with everyone looking on and encouraging her to thing up something worse. Along with this tape come two others, one from Pat Terry and the other from Ron Clarke and Peter Darling, asking us not to get too upset about what had been recorded.

Down here some of us did and some didn't. Diane Bangsund was going to go right off but somehow managed to cool down. Paul made copious notes to make a reply from and I sat down to do some more work on RATAPLAN. The visit from Gary and Peter has in part helped to clear up some of the ill feeling which was developing, so that now there is nothing except everybody telling everyone else that they want to be friends and refuse to take any part in feuding. My attitude to all this is that I am not going to go out of my way to anybody to be nice to them simply because I don't want to get involved in fighting.

If I may (and I don't see why not since this is my fanzine) I will say something about Sydney fans. Sydeny seems to be lacking in a sense of humor. Their fanzine, THE MENTOR, never has a word which is not serious, a reference to P.D.Q. Bach made on a tape here was taken seriously and most goonish allusions seem to be lost on them.

#### The CRUMMY CON:

The committee which was elected to run the Eighth Australian SF Convention has done nothing. So far as I know they have had one meeting, and that was simply to decide who were to be the members. I would suggest that they get to work and do something.

Straight after the Conference we were hearing and thinking about all the things that could be done, and would be done. They were saying that we would have to book a venue for next year within a couple of weeks of Easter to be sure of having a place, but nothing has happened,

and nothing will happen for a while yet. Almost four months (four months by the time you get to see this) have passed, this is a third of the period of time between con's. Luckily I am not on the committee for this coming event because I wouldn't be too keen to have my name mixed up with the mess that it will be if the organisers don't settle down and do something.

FUGG JACK BARRON:

NEW WORLDS is getting to be the best spf magazine on the market. This is not because of its fiction which is usually pretty poor, if we were to count solely on that score, the magazine would come out poorly. NEW WORLDS is far out of sight when compared to other promags in the field of format and production. The only one which can come anywhere near it is ANALOG with its glossy paper and its fair illustrations. GALAXY and IF on their poor quality paper and poor quality illustrations are just no match for NEW WORLDS. When I talk about illustrations I mean that all the stuff to appear in the Pohl and Campbell edited magazines are lines while the illustrations to appear in NEW WORLDS are in most cases wash drawings, paintings and montages. (Not being an artist and not having handy handles to affix to different types of art, I can't really say what I mean in the description of some NW illustrations.)

NEW WORLDS looks as if somebody really cares about what it looks like. Somebody seems to have designed every page and shaped it so that it presents the best possible image. Even the pages of solid type looked different to the US product. I feel that this originates from the fact that Mike Moorcock cares about NEW WORLDS and cares about what people say about it. He is not a Fred Pohl who just reads through a lot of stories and decides which ones he will have printed.

I notice that Mike Moorcock no longer calls NEW WORLDS a science fiction magazine or even a speculative fiction magazine. Now, on the cover he has, Fiction/Science/Art. No longer does there seem to be a distinct de-lineation between the three, and Mike seems to have blended them into each other so that no matter what category one is reading, one still seems to get an overall impression of all three together; there are differences between Fiction and Fact, but the Art binds them together.

The story of the moment in NEW WORLDS is the one by Spinrad, "Bug Jack Barron". From the parts I have read (I can't bear to read every last word), it seems OK. The idea seems pretty mundane and unless the final episode turns out to be something rather spectacular, the story as an idea will be a flop. I have yet to make up my mind about the style, but I do have the impression that this is just another of the contemporary American novels only this time written by an sf author. Even so, this is most certainly not the standard rubbish that is served up in the US mags, but it is spoiled to a very large extent by the over use of obscenity; the word "fuck" is used so many times on the first page that I was completely put off. This story contains the first account of oral sex that I've ever read, but then I've not read many sex books.

The FANZINES:

It isn't exactly easy to tell what I have done with the fanzine reviews. In the beginning I started out simply to list the fanzines I had seen, but soon I was doing them as you will see. I attacked all the things which I did not like, which is fair enough, but left a lot of note worthy material and art unmentioned. I ended up doing this because I thought these things should be pretty obvious and fans should expect to

continued on Page 40

# THE OLD HAY SAGA

by John Bangsund and Paul Stevens

A dark, drizzling, chilly kind of a night in Melbourne. The streets deserted and silent save for the occasional rumbling nightcart, the odd stumbling student crying "Ho, ho, hic! Ho Chi Minh!" on his erratic way homeward from some rally or orgy...

A muffled explosion from the direction of over there. "Viva la revolucion!" cries the student. A sound of scurrying feet. And again silence.

\* \* \*

"They what, mein Fuehrer?!"

"They blew up my pretty statue in the Post Office Plaza, damn them!" shouted swarthy, deep-jowled, keen-eyed Roland Pinns, Oberfuehrer of All Melfan & Then Some, "And damn you, too, Behrer, for letting them! Where were you, anyway, you low, spavined, witless son of a lamebrained nit?"

Low, spavined, witless Paul Behrer, Security Commandant of Melfans-Reich thought fast.

"Actually, mein Fuehrer, I was watching 'Pallid Creature From The Aurigan Swamp' on telly..."

Pinns's face softened, reflecting a similar process behind it.

"Crikey, I missed that. Was it a good fillum?"

"Been done before," mumbled a voice, "and it was cut to shreds anyway."

The two men spun round.

"That sounded like a voice saying words," opined Pinns.

"It sounded," said Behrer, "like the voice of Hartley Thing, bearded bardo of The Balsam."

"And a better name for a twit I've never heard," said another voice, from the stairway.

"Mein Gott," exclaimed Thing, "it's that balding, brachycephalic, bespectacled tyrant of the classroom and terror of the review columns, K.U.F. Wildebeest, DSc & Bar. Pull up this floor and take a seat, dear boy."

"I am not interested in floor shows," said Dr. W.

Roland Pinns glared at Thing and Wildebeest. He always glared at people who used words which he did not understand, or who refused or forgot to salute him on entering. All in all, by and large, on the whole and taken all round, he was not a very effective Fuehrer. But he was a lovable one, and no-one else seemed to want the job. Absently picking his teeth with a gold-painted rocket ship that someone had left lying around, he pondered his present predicament. "Tell yer what," he said at last, "Let's have a committee meeting."

Paul Behrer groaned.

Dr. Wildebeest sat down to scribble out a dozen or three motions. Hartley Thing resigned.

\* \* \*

All the people employed by Melfans-Reich to attend committee meetings attended the committee meeting.

"I want to propose a motion..." said Roland Pinns.

"You can't," said a voice, "You're the chairman."

"Himmel!" cried Pinns. "I'm the only one around the place who ever

proposes motions, and the only one who wants to be chairman, so if I step down from the chair or whatever you call it, no-one will take my place and I'll have no-one to propose a motion to! I dunno, you blokes make me sick, fair dinkum. Sometimes I wonder if you really want a two-thousand-and-one-year-Reich or not!"

"Aw hell, Furry..." began a voice.

"Fuehrer!" snapped Pinns.

"...you go ahead and make your motion. Don't listen to him. Anyone would think we had a Constitution or something."

"All right then," said Pinns. "I propose a motion that this Committee send a delegation to Sinnium of one person or however many is needed and blow up their headquarters. All those in fav..."

"Hold it, chief," said Dr. Wildebeest. "You need a seconder, you know."

"A what?" asked Pinns.

"A seconder - you know? - someone to... Oh, skip it. Carry on."

Pinns looked questioningly at Paul Behrer. "Do you know what he was raving on about?"

Behrer shrugged.

"Okay," said Pinns, "It's agreed then. I nominate Slam Johnshutt for the job. All in favour carried declare the meeting closed. Any more business?"

"Well..." said Dr. W. - but the wily Fuehrer had produced a copy of Harlan Ali Singh's latest book, and everyone had left the room.

\* \* \*

"You must not fail," said Paul Behrer to the lean, hardened, cruel-lipped special operator.

"I will not fail," lisped Slam Johnshutt.

"I trust not. The Fuehrer's eye is upon us; the glory of Melfans-Reich is at stake; the very future of our beloved fatherland hangs in the balance! Besides... the Old Man is likely to cut our publicity-fanzine-and-beer allocation if we goof this job."

"Oh no!" cried Johnshutt, "Not that! I've still got six or seven hundred copies of RFSA lying around at home that I can't afford to post, and I'm banking on this year's allocation to get them out."

Paul Behrer surveyed the panic-stricken operator coldly.

"Tell me," he said, "Why don't you go quarterly if you have so much trouble getting the issues out?"

"Quarterly?" exclaimed Johnshutt. "I went annual seven years ago!"

"Well, why not put the price up?"

"I did! It's been ten dollars a copy for the last four years!"

"Reduce the size...?"

Johnshutt burst into tears.

"I did that, too," he sobbed. "I cut it down to two pages last year..."

"And they still keep pestering you for subscriptions? How many subscribers do you have now?"

Johnshutt collapsed with his head in his hands on the table.

"Three hundred..." he wailed, "and fifteen... thousand."

"Buck up, old feller," soothed Behrer, slapping his comrade on the back with his left hand and gesturing with his right - and in the process knocking to the floor several dozen gold-painted plastic rocketships which had littered the table.

Johnshutt leapt to his feet.

"Mind my bloody Hugos!" he screamed.

\* \* \*



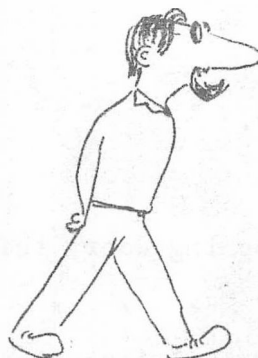
"...A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE  
WAY FROM PAGE 7 TO PAGE 8..."

Concealed in a truckload of secondhand plastic pumpkins, Slam Johnshutt arrived at the Victoria/New South Wales border, two miles south of Liverpool. Shabby soldiers in the tattered sackcloth uniform of Imperial Sinnium poked aimlessly at the pumpkins with their rusty Japanese-made broadswords, bursting several, and causing Johnshutt some alarm. (There are few things more alarming than exploding broadswords.) A yawning Centurion (it takes so little to border-guard) motioned the truck onward, and Johnshutt breathed a sigh of relief, pumpkin-seeds, etc.

An hour later as the crow flies, the truck came to a halt in the Via Pittosporum, Sinnium's main thoroughfare, and the intrepid special agent emerged from his hiding-place, to the no small astonishment of the toga-clad citizenry standing on the pavement in its sandals or driving its low-swung chariots down the pot-holed street.

"I'm a stranger here!" Johnshutt shouted with a broad grin, and on considering his immense walrus-fur coat, spurred jackboots, red turban, Lufthansa overnight bag and portable samovar, the citizenry found itself agreeing with him.

Leaping to the pavement, Johnshutt addressed several citizens (thinking to post them later to Melfan as souvenirs, if he had time). "Would you kindly direct me to Crux Bloody Rex?" he said. A dirty little man led him to a hire-chariot rank, and advised him to be wary in Crux Rex if he valued his life. "Ha!" cried Johnshutt, "I'm big and mean and I've



oooo TYPICAL  
NEGATIVE  
ATTITUDE...



licked my weight in postage stamps! What, me worry? Ha! I say." A hire-chariot skidded to a halt, its kerbside wheel neatly deposited on Johnshutt's feet. A hairy giant, clad in a bearskin and brass nosering, and breathing garlic fumes, leaned from the vehicle. "Cab, sir?" he growled. "I worry," muttered Johnshutt, and after a suitable repositioning of the wheel, limped into the chariot.

\* \* \*

Innumerable chariots, palanquins and rickshas packed the streets around Crux Rex, wheel-to-wheel and fourteen abreast. Debauched citizens packed the pavements and gutters, shoulder-to-shoulder and fourteen deep. After haggling with the driver (rather, Johnshutt haggled; the driver merely bared his razor-sharp yellow dentures, which concluded the transaction), the operator paid over twenty brass deeners and his samovar, and scrambled across the intervening vehicles to the footpath.

The air was thick with the reeking fumes of raw rice custard and senna-pod wine. Johnshutt struggled through the crowds, pausing only once or twice every forty yards to visit some of the multifarious grogoramas, strippodromes and ludotoria lining the way.

Eventually he reached and entered a narrow alley, and stood, with two prostitutes, a runaway slave and a drunk, in a darkened doorway. Opposite him the secret headquarters of Magnum Imperium Abciscum Sinnium, Malum Antiquorum: the dreaded MIASMA, the secret masters of Sinnium. How to breach this seemingly impenetrable fortress, he wondered. Still, if their security arrangements were as lax as their Latin...

"Gotta light, luv?" said one of the hags beside him. Obliginglly, Johnshutt pulled out the two dry sticks he always carried. "Just rub them together," he murmured absently, regarding the entrance opposite with narrowed eyes. Suddenly, the idea suggested by the prostitute's question penetrated his nimble mind. "Gotta light!" he exclaimed, and ignoring the two sticks bewilderedly proffered, he leapt into action.

\* \* \*

Knock! Knock!

"Hoozat?" rumbled a voice from behind the door.

"Meter reader," answered Johnshutt, disguised as a meter reader.

"Gas meter?"

"No," replied Johnshutt, foolishly, "electricity."

The door flew open and a fist emerged, travelling rapidly.

The special operator collapsed on the pavement.

"Wise guy, eh?" the voice rumbled, "Ain't been no electricity in these parts for donkey's ages."

\* \* \*

Knock! Knock!

"Hoozat?"

"Garbage man."

"We don't want any."

"But..."

"Buzz off!"

"But..."

Again the swift-opening door, the swift-flying fist, the sprawling operator.

\* \* \*

From the secret arsenal concealed in his red turban Johnshutt now removed an inflatable rubber replica of himself and a quantity of plastic

explosive. Winded, the operator carefully, very carefully, dressed the dummy in a meter-reader-cum-garbage-man's cloak and helmet, and positioned it in front of the door.

Knock! Knock!

"Hoozat?"

"Yah, ya stupid unmentionable (adj.) (noun) - if ya had any guts ya'd come out an' see for yerself!"

Pow!

KAA-BOOOOOMMMMM!!!!!! The building disintegrated.

"Mission accomplished..." sighed Slam Johnshutt - tattered, torn, bloodied, toothless, faithful idiot Johnshutt - as he collapsed into a gutter four blocks away.

\* \* \*

A bright, sunny, warm kind of a day in Melfan. In the vast Hugo Square the flags of all the Federated Anarchist Nations flutter fitfully. Crowds of happy tax-free citizens throng the square. The United Boot Companies & Salvation Army Band play "See the croggling hooah comes", "Bawd Ilium after a Bobolink" and other well-loved festive tunes. On the dais are representatives of friendly nations, dignitaries of the Undogmatic Church of Ghu, members of the press, and two officials from the Toffee Apple Stick Inserters' & Doughnut Hole Borers' Union.

Also, in his wheel chair, the hero of the hour, Slam Johnshutt. All are awaiting the appearance of His Fuehrership, Roland Pinns, who is to present Johnshutt with the Most Noble & Sacred Order of St. Fantony Crimson Beanie & Bar. The crowd grows somewhat restive. Paul Behrer and his deputy Odd Lemons exchange anxious glances. Then, to the horror of all, into the square comes a group of - Sinnium folk!

Look at them! Romulus Clunk, Gory Mausolean, Shena Nightingown and the immortal Fabian Tarry himself! - the abhorred leaders of the dreaded MIASMA! In hushed silence they march to the dais, under a huge white flag.

After a hurried consultation, Paul Behrer walks to the microphone and announces: "Gentlefen! I am delighted to inform you that this day Melfan and Sinnium are to form an alliance! Wait, wait!" He holds up his hands to still the jeers and catcalls. "Hold it! It appears that all the trouble we have had with Sinnium has not been due to MIASMA at all! No, it has all been the work of a dastardly group of rebels - the Futilian Society, the Canberra Rock Group and Don Tarantula! It appears that these rebels had managed even to take over the MIASMA headquarters - and these are the evial villains that our brilliant comrade Johnshutt has destroyed!!!"

Cheers rent the air. Singing broke out. Some sang the Ode to Gernsback, and some the national anthem "Melbourne in '84", and some the Sinnium national anthem "For a Breath I Almost Never Tarry".

Still no sign of the Fuehrer.

And then another strange procession entered the square. Five 1932-model Packards, black and shining in the sunlight, and filled with grim tight-lipped gunmen. The crowd gasped.

From the leading car stepped two figures - a man and a woman. Idly cradled in their arms, two ugly submachine guns. And as they advanced nonchalantly to the dais, from the fourth car was dragged the bound and gagged figure of - Roland Pinns! A coup d'etat! The crowd whimpered.

The two figures mounted the steps of the dais. "It's Bonny and Clyde?" whispered Lemons. "No," groaned Behrer, "much worse. It's... it's... DYNA JOHNSHUTT AND JET DIXON!!!"

It was the end of an era.

EDITORIAL



SANTOS

Well, you fans will all know what a tough time we've had at STUPE this year trying to keep the quality down and the price up. (stet, the idiots won't know the difference). Prices have gone up - 'plane fares, luncheons, etc., and the only thing that hasn't gone up has been the cost of producing the magazine. We haven't raised our price (yet), by sheer hard work on the part of yours truly, but next year the price will have to be raised by another fifteen cents. But your favourite magazine will only cost you six-bits even then. For the extra money you will get another 8 pages of advertising.

At the same time we will endeavour to keep our costs down by making further economies in production. Some of you will know that in our efforts to improve the story quality we have cut our rates to those paid in the forties, when the good stories were good and the bad ones were almost as good. Well, this worked to some extent, but further action is now neccessary. Just last week I spoke to one of our best paid authors (in hospital) and discussed our rates. He said that he was sure that a further cut would do the field a lot of good, and that just as soon as this damn-fool malnutrition is cured he'd be back and working for us.

This is the spirit we want to foster. Everyone knows that the best author is the hungry author. We want our authors to work for the sheer love of science fiction, and to do away with crass material desire. To help them, we will no longer pay for material. Authors will receive three copies of the magazine at a reasonable discount (33 1/3 %).

Only in this way can science fiction become great again.

And STUPEFYING, as ever, will lead the way.

-- John Foyster

# Fantasy Films of the Thirties

by John Baxter

No single aspect of its cinema reflects so accurately a country's preoccupations as that of fantasy. However obscure may be the motivations of its comedy and drama, the injection into films of any supernatural element reveals its deepest preoccupations and psychoses. From country to country there is a distinct variation in fantastic themes, approaches and degrees of commitment, crystalised in the form of a set of fantasy elements carried forward with little alteration from the earliest literature of the nation through its drama and dance to final use in an art which combines all these forms, the cinema.

American cinema is no exception to this rule. Even in its brief and derivative artistic progress the United States has formed a set of fantasy elements that exhibit themselves in its ghost, horror and science fiction films. In general, however, the history of American fantasy cinema has been one of influence and absorption; the lumbering gait of Wegener's Der Golem (1913) is duplicated by Boris Karloff in James Whale's Frankenstein (1931), Ricou Browning in Jack Arnold's The Creature Walks Among Us (195 ) and even the charming Robby the Robot in Fred Wilcox's Forbidden Planet (195 ), just as the waxworks motif in Leni's Das Wachsfigurenkabinett (1924) appears in the Michael Curtiz' Mystery of the Wax Museum (1933) and frequently thereafter in such films as The Florentine Dagger (1935) and House of Wax (195 ). Although elements from many countries were adopted by many American film-makers, notably the concept of wish-fulfilling dreams from the French, it is mainly from German sources that the inspiration for American fantasy films is drawn. Few productions have succeeded which were not deeply embedded in the ambience of German Gothic, and the fantasies of mutilation and tyranny which are central to Teutonic psyche.

The best fantasy film-makers were Europeans who combined a knowledge of the Germanic temperament with a mastery of American technique. Many were imported by Carl Laemmle of Universal Studios, a man who in his twenties had done well out of the eccentric by backing Eric Von Stroheim in his most successful productions. It was Laemmle who imported German director Paul Leni to make, among other films, the prestigious and profitable The Cat And The Canary (1927), and who provided the opportunity for three of the best horror film directors, James Whale, Karl Freund and Tom Browning, to create their masterpieces. Universal was not primarily a horror film studio, and in fact only a tiny percentage of its output was devoted to this form; that its more disreputable productions should be remembered today long after the work of polished directors like John Stahl has faded is one of Hollywood's wry jokes.

There is no director of horror films in the history of the cinema who so completely explored and mastered the medium as Englishman James Whale, Universal's "Ace" and the creator of three key films in the genre, Frankenstein, The Invisible Man and The Old Dark House. Imported along with the star Colin Clive to direct the R.C. Sherriff war drama Journey's End, which he produced, designed and bought part of in Britain, but which primitive sound systems in the UK made it impossible to film there, he turned out during his Hollywood career a handful of elegant British-influenced melodramas and four great horror films. The former have

been largely forgotten, though it is unfortunate that Colin Clive's convincing portrait of an officer physically and mentally ravaged by war in Journey's End (1930) should have passed from sight, and that the Paramount-like softness and elegance of Show Boat (1933) with its great performances by Paul Robeson and Helen Morgan is now almost unknown. There is, in fact, ample evidence to suggest that, despite their quality, Whale's horror films are not especially typical of him. Almost without exception the tone is that of the half-disguised spoof, and a thread of black humor runs through all of them, mocking material and audience alike.

Frankenstein (1931) is still the most famous of all horror films, and deservedly so. Boris Karloff as the lumbering monster produces, with the aid of Jack Pierce's make-up gestures obtained via Chaney and Wegener, a moving example of tragic mime, his awkward movements and inarticulate grunts inducing in the audience an almost instant sympathy. There is genuine feeling in sequences such as the monster's visit to the blind anchorite who hides him when he is pursued, unaware of his guest's monstrous shape, and a sort of maniac elation, assisted by some startling special effects, in the vivifying of the newly-constructed creature. Despite this, however, one cannot help finding the operetta-style Tyrolean village setting somewhat disconcerting and the presence in the cast of characters like Lionel Belmore's crotchety burgomaster an invitation to levity.

In The Old Dark House (1932) adapted from J.B. Priestley's "Benighted", the humor, though buried, is still apparent. An exercise in the tradition of The Cat And The Canary, and incorporating such Leni effects as a corridor lined with billowing curtains, it builds carefully to a series of cynically engineered anti-climaxes. The group stranded in the ancient mansion, including a plus-foured north country Charles Laughton in his first American film, is initially introduced to a rogue's gallery of spinster types--lecherous, brutish butler (Karloff), pyromaniac dwarf (Brember Wills), Ernest Thesiger and Eva Moore as an insane brother and sister. Karloff's lust for Gloria Stewart, Laughton's mistress, the sinister glinting of the knife which carves the roast, and a variety of veiled hints at "somebody upstairs" prepare us for a night of rape and murder, but each threat as it is revealed to be burlap and poster paint. The arsonist, heralded by the terrifying appearance of a withered hand on the bannister, is gnomish and shy, his secluded companion in the upper stories an aged relative of 102 with little potential for mayhem. Despite storm, attempted rape and a remarkable final chase, the film is basically a confidence trick worked with cynical humor by a brilliant technician.

Even more effective an exercise in technique, The Invisible Man (1933) sustains the comedi noire mood of earlier Whale fantasies. Claude Rains, giving what amounts to a radio performance--he becomes visible only when dead, a dramatically satisfying if scientifically ridiculous climax--raves and rages in a convincing description of megalomania, providing an unusual contrast to the aplomb of the average horror film hero. His games with the police, the elaborate editing which provides wry contrasts between many of the scenes, even the denouement in which Tains' plans are upset by the early snow and he is trapped by his own footprints suggest the work of what is basically a comic talent.

These three films represent Whale's pioneering efforts in the field. Each is the exploration of what is, by American standards at least, a new idea, examining with a fresh and inventive eye the possibilities of an unfamiliar form. With The Bride Of Frankenstein (1935), Whale began to repeat himself, and it is perhaps because he was by now master of the horror film that this production is best of them all.

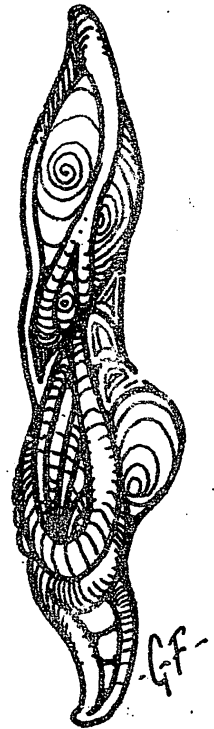


There is the same wit, inculcated mainly by the playing of Whale's old friend Ernest Thesiger as Dr. Praetorius, a sinister hermit brooding over his collection of human miniatures, including a bride and groom reduced on their wedding night and never since allowed to touch one another, and an even more heightened atmosphere of Ruritanian decay and superstition. The prologue, with Elsa Lancaster playing Mary Shelly, author of *Frankenstein*, does not entirely prepare us for her appearance as the bride which *Frankenstein* and Praetorius create for the monster, but the momentary invitation to laugh is stifled by her magnificent performance as the awakening creature, quick, twitchy bird-like movements of the head and low-angle shooting by John Mescall to show the scars on her throat emphasising her alienness, the white streak in her bush of hair providing a sort of visual exclamation mark to our surprise. Whale the satirist here perhaps succumbed to Whale the fantasist, and the result is a striking moment of the cinema.

Just as competent as Whale but less inclined to guy his material, TOD BROWNING directed for Universal and later for Metro a number of the decade's most intriguing horror films. An ex-vaudeville comic, actor, scriptwriter and assistant to D.W. Griffith, he had a natural affinity for the melodramatic and grotesque which made him the logical choice to direct the great character actor and make-up artist Lon Chaney. In the twenties, he handled such Chaney vehicles as The Unholy Three (1925), The Road To Mandalay (1926) and London After Midnight (1927). Browning had hoped to use Chaney in Dracula, but the great actor died in August 1930, just after completing work on his first sound film, a remake by Jack Conway of his 1925 success The Unholy Three, and Browning had to use the Hungarian Bela Lugosi, who played the role on Broadway.

Dracula (1931), like so many other horror films of the period, is remembered primarily for a handful of scenes which exceed in quality and atmosphere the remainder. The early sequences as David Manners arrives in the superstition-ridden Transylvanian village having a cumulative intensity far more successfully handled than in Murnou's Nosferatu, while the interiors of Dracula's castle, with its dust-clogged cobwebs and the howls of wolves drifting from the forest ("Children of the night--how sweetly they sing"), are effectively Gothic. Browning's London, as photographed by Karl Freund, is a fog-swathed city of ghosts, the damp and chill emphasised by the cellar in which Dracula hides, a musty vault among whose Gothic arches his three mistresses creep like creatures found under a stone. Unfortunately, the stage origins of this version of Bram Stoker's novel show through, especially in Lugosi's inept acting, and it is only the visual material which contains any suggestion of the original's intensity.

After making The Iron Man (1931), a boxing drama with Lew Ayres based on a novel by W.R. Burnett, Browning left Universal and joined Metro. MGM appears frequently in the thirties as a producer of horror films, and as well as Browning, Karl Freund became a regular staff member later in the decade. It is a paradox that one of the cheapest of Hollywood studios, Universal, and the most prosperous, should have been almost equally responsible for the great horror films of the period.



Browning had been hired by Metro to make a more ambitious version of the many successful circus films then being produced. Characteristically, he took as his subject not a conventional drama of life under the big top but a cynical story called "Spurs" by fantasy writer Ted Robbins. Freaks (1932) though criticised today for its excess of melodrama is still one of the greatest grotesques. Harry Earles, the dwarf who played the "baby" in Conway's The Unholy Three, is the circus midget whose money makes him the prey of Olga Baclanova, the beautiful performer who, aside from her lumbering strong-man boyfriend is the only normal person in the film, the remainder being deformed. One senses that Freaks is in many ways a glimpse of another world, one where physical shape is unimportant. In the culminating sequence as the freaks writhe and scramble through the mud to hunt down the two who have killed their fellow, their clogged bodies seem briefly formless, as if losing even their vague relationship to human shape. The emasculation of the strong-man (deleted from some versions of this film) and the crushing of Baclanova into the hideous "chicken woman" seen squatting in a bran pit in the final shot mean that the only two "normal" people in the film become at the end freaks too, and "reality" is restored.

Mark Of The Vampire (1935), a remake of the Chaney success London After Midnight (1927), was not especially successful, but The Devil Doll (1936) is still one of the thirties most effective examples of atmospheric fantasy. The characteristic Browning elements--greed as a motive, transvestism--reappear in the story of an escaped convict who is given the secret of reducing human beings to miniatures and uses it to revenge himself on the men who put him on Devil's Island. The idea of miniaturisation is used with more drama in this film than in others of its kind, and the attacks which Barrymore engineers, hiding outside disguised as an old woman while controlling telepathically his mannikins, are directed with eerie skill; a tiny man waking to find himself hung from a Christmas tree with a floppy bow around his chest, a woman who wriggles from the arms of a sleeping child and creeps along the edge of a bed to sink her drugged stiletto into the throat of her victim.

Browning, like Whale, was a painstaking worker with a detailed knowledge of cinema technique. This skill, allied with a genuine feeling for the grotesque, gave him the ability to create convincing horror films, though not as convincing as those of a yet greater technician and one of the best directors of fantasy films in the thirties, the German cameraman Karl Freund. As a cameraman, Freund is famous; his work on The Last Laugh, Metropolis and Variety in Germany was followed by some often most beautiful lighting ever achieved in Hollywood, notably on The Good Earth, Camille, Browning's Dracula and Floray's Murders In The Rue Morgue, films in which he showed his mastery of the technique of lighting for fantasy. His directorial career is a brief one, spanning eight films, but the first (for Universal) and the last (for Metro) of these are both fantasies as beautiful and strange as any ever produced.

Boris Karloff's awakening in The Mummy (1932) is among the most terrifying in any film, but it is only part of the masterly two-part characterisation, as Imhotep, the Egyptian priest condemned to living death because of his attempt to resurrect a dead princess, and the impeccably sinister Ardath Bay, the persona Imhotep assumes after his accidental revival. Opening with the discovery by an expedition of Karloff's tomb, it moves with dark intensity through some of the most Gothic of all horror scenes; the mummy's revivification, its crusted eyes creeping open as Bramwell Fletcher reads the scroll on which the spell is inscribed, the slow extending of a bandaged hand with fragments of rubbish trembling on

the fingertips to suggest the rotting nature of the body, an exit shown by unravelled bandages dragging across the floor of the tomb as Fletcher's insane laughter echoes around its walls; Karloff recalling his sacrilege, ancient Egypt floating up out of the pool before him as he murmurs, "I knelt by the bed of death"; an ending with Zita Johann being saved by a huge statue crashing down on the temple which causes Karloff to crumble horribly to a dusty skeleton. Editing (Milton Carruth) very much in the Germanic style, magnificent lighting credited to Charles Sturmar but pure Freund and a superb performance from Karloff make this a fantasy almost without equal.

Like The Mummy, Freund's last fantasy, Mad Love (1934) deals extensively in the familiar currency of German Gothic. The characteristic horror of physical injury, and especially of dismemberment, occupies a central part in this adaption of The Hands Of Orlac, a Maurice Renard novel already filmed once in Germany by Robert Weine in 1924. As in such fantasy classics as Das Wachsfigurenkabinett and The Beast With Five Fingers (1947) it is the severage of a hand which is given prominence, and the fact that Stephen Orlac, whose hands are minced in a train accident, is a concert pianist adds to the particular horror of the film. Playing Gogol, the sinister surgeon who, in order to ingratiate himself with Orlac's beautiful wife, grafts onto the pianist's stumps the hands of a guillotined knife murderer, Peter Lorre in his first American film oozes the vicious sadism which made his work in Lang's M so effective. Photographed by Chester Lyons, assisted by Gregg Toland who spent eight days on the film, Mad Love is nevertheless visually as typical of Freund as his shadowy Universal fantasy. Pop-eyed, baby-faced and bald, Lorre is one of the few actors able to suggest with any conviction the necrophilic sadism of Gogol. In the Grand Guignol which he visits every night to see Frances Drake broken on a wheel in a fantasy of Medieval torture, the lighting floods one half of his obscenely smooth head but leaves the rest in total dark, suggesting the balance of sanity and madness inside the egg-like skull. Most macabre of all, however, is the sequence in which Orlac visits a hotel room to meet, he is led to believe, the man whose hands he now has. Hidden in the dark, the occupant, on being ordered to prove his identity thrusts under the lamp two articulated steel gauntlets laced with leather straps. "But your head", Orlac says incredulously. "They cut it off....." The other leans forward to show a metal collar enclosing his throat and lower face. "Yes", the voice says quietly, "but Gogol sewed it on again." The logical resolution of Mad Love, with Gogol unmasked as the "revived" murderer, cannot dispel the horror of this moment nor lighten the unease which it evokes in its audience.

Some of Freund's most effective camerawork was in Murders In The Rue Morgue (1932), yet another Universal adaptation of a European fantasy classic, directed by the Frenchman Robert Florey. Originally chosen to direct Frankenstein with Bela Lugosi as the monster, Florey was distressed when James Whale's reputation and the indifferent quality of screen tests with Lugosi encouraged Laemmle to take this project out of their hands. The suggestion that Florey and Lugosi were given Peo's story as a consolation prize has encouraged most critics to look on Murders In The Rue Morgue as unworthy of interest, though the quality of Lugosi's performance as Doctor Mirakle in this film, contrasted with the cheap melodrama of his mime when he did eventually play the Frankenstein monster (Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man, 1942) suggests that the cinema gained from the reallocation of talent.

Florey's recreation of Paris in 1849 is perfunctory in the

extreme, owing more to medieval Germany than post-Napoleonic France. The carnival with which the film opens and the sideshow of Doctor Mirakle are pure Caligari, even to Lugosi's high hat and ulster, and the somnabulistic character of his servant (Noble Johnson). Inside the tent, a group listens spellbound as Mirakle exhibits a huge gorilla and expounds, with the aid of grotesque charts, his mad theory of evolution, though their interest turns quickly to horror as he hints at his experiments in injecting gorilla blood into humans. Close-ups of their frightened, angry faces combined here as in other scenes with quick cutting suggests the violence underlying their fascination, leading us naturally to Mirakle's insane kidnapping of a prostitute and the fatal operation which he performs on her. A French flippancy shows up in Florey's employment of "ligh. relief"--a frothy picnic, some heavy-handed humor where the witnesses to a murder speculate on whether the killer Mirakle's ape, spoke German, Danish or Italian--but the Teutonic nature of the playing, sets and quasi-medical detail cannot be denied.

The greatest Florey film is undoubtedly The Beast With Five Fingers (1947), but many of his conventional programme pictures show elements and influences of German Gothic. Dangerous To Know (1938), one of his Paramount low-life melodramas with Akim Tamiroff, has an eccentric ending reminiscent of Peter Lorre's organ-playing climax in Mad Love, mobster Tamiroff ecstatically pumping out Tchaikovsky oblivious of his mistress (Anna May Wong) disembowelling herself behind him. Another thriller, The Florentine Dagger (Warners, 1935) combines a cynical Ben Hecht story with atmospheric images in the style of the more sophisticated German horror films. Donald Woods, as the last of the Borgias, returns to the ancestral castle to poison himself in an eccentric homage to family history. Dissuaded from this course by a Broadway entrepreneur (Henry O'Neill), he writes a play about Lucrezia Borgia to feature O'Neill's daughter (Margaret Lindsay), falls for the star and is then implicated in O'Neill's murder, a stabbing carried out with a Borgia dagger. There are some suspenseful knife assaults by black-gloved figures and a remarkable denouement in a mask-maker's shop where, (shades of Mystery Of The Wax Museum), the murderer is revealed to be one of the cast who has hidden a fire-scarred face for years behind a realistic wax mask, but the film is at best a footnote to a confused thirties' career.



Another Universal importation, the Austrian Edgar Ulmer, created one of the most interesting yet least typical horror films of the thirties, The Black Cat (1934), despite a credit claiming it was "suggested by Edgar Allen (sic) Poe's masterpiece", is a modern fantasy with none of the Poe grotesquerie, even the cat which provides an excuse for the title having no observable relationship to the plot. Characteristically, the film is another excursion into the Ulmer mystique, its people moved by motivations rooted in abstract attitudes of mind, concepts of duty and revenge

so complex as to deny analysis. The setting is a futuristic castle built by engineer Boris Karloff on the ruins of the Maginot fort he commanded (and surrendered to the enemy) during the war, and in the cellars of which he holds meetings of an antichristian sect. Returning to Karloff's eyrie after fifteen years as a prisoner of war, Dr. Vites Verdigast (Bela Lugosi) finds that his daughter (Lucille Lund) has become Karloff's mistress, while his wife's body has been preserved as a trophy in the vaults of the fortress, filling only one of the many glass cases Karloff has there.

Although Peter Ruric's script incorporates into the story a selection of Gothic elements--Karloff's necrophilia, the finale in which Lugosi plays Karloff alive--the ambience is far from Germanic, suggesting rather a dream-like state owing little to national characteristics. Ulmer uses reflections and veils to diffuse the image; during an operation, a glass bowl seems to glow supernaturally; a tree snapped off in a motor accident falls through the rain as if weightless; Karloff and his blond mistress sleep in a bed swathed in veils, cherished creatures of some obscure reality. One finds it difficult to reconcile with this world of dreams the concrete caverns in which the climax takes place, their former-marked walls suggesting a universe closer to Le Corbusier than Le Fanu, leaning crosses in Karloff's aseptic chapel hinting at some dark variation on Christianity in which his mysticism takes root. Ulmer's career is tangled, but on the basis of this film alone he would deserve to be considered among the masters.

However rich in invention the work of Universal may have become, it was characterised always by the sparsity of its physical materials. While its films are often exciting and individual, their quality stems invariably from superior lighting and resourceful use of simple cheap sets. This combination accounted for most of Universal's great fantasies, and for the superior productions in this field which it engineered in the forties and fifties, specifically the work of Jack Arnold, whose manipulation of atmosphere and illusion in such films as The Incredible Shrinking Man and Creature From The Black Lagoon makes him Whale's natural successor. Today as in all periods, however, the cheap, atmospheric product of Universal suffers commercially by comparison with the glossy output of studios like Metro, and it is predictable that, in the thirties, Universal found itself defeated at the box office by fantasies and grotesques which made up in superior sets and stars for their deficiencies in imagination.

Two of Metro's horror films deserve consideration as examples of fantasy at its most entertaining. Charles Brabin's The Mask Of Fu Manchu (1932), with a script contributed to by John Willard, author of the original The Cat And The Canary, gives us Boris Karloff in a role far removed in exotic detail if not style from his Universal triumphs. In determined pursuit of the lost tomb of Genghis Khan where he hopes to find the great mask which will give him power over all Asia, Fu tortures and kills with reckless disregard for all but his ambition. His methods include binding a victim under a huge bell, tormenting him both with vibrations and with the promise of food artfully withheld a few inches from the parched lips, as well as treating others with serum extracted from the venom of the reptiles he keeps in his laboratory. After a kidnapping in the British Museum with his henchmen dressed as mummies, Fu's pursuit of the mask ends in the desert where a gang of sweating labourers uncovers in the night a set of beaten metal doors on which, in a style reminiscent of Tutankamen's tomb, images of threatening warriors bar the way. Inside, seated crookedly on a throne, the skeleton of Genghis Kan, magnificent in armour, looks terrifying down; the helmet is dragged off, the vital half-mask plucked away to reveal a white skull from the eyesocket of which a spider scuttles like the great murderer's fleeing ghost.



More specific in its violence, William Cowan's Kongo (1932) gains from superior camerawork (Harold Rosson) and a distinguished cast dominated by Walter Huston recreating the part Flint played in the 1928 version (West of Zanzibar, Ted Browning) by Lon Chaney. As the paralysed ruler of a black empire in the Congo, Huston seethes visibly with a desire to revenge himself on the man who broke his back and then, standing over him, sneered. On a piece of paper he has written the words "He sneered", under which he marks off the months until he can begin his revenge on the man's daughter, (Virginia Bruce). At the appointed time, Huston's henchman takes the girl from the convent in which she is secluded, and conveys her not to her father but to a brothel in Zanzibar, where she becomes a prostitute and alcoholic. It is only when Flint discovers the girl is not his enemy's daughter but his own that he repents and sacrifices himself to the natives in order to let her and her lover escape.

The detail of Huston's authority over the natives is effectively depicted, especially the scene in which his servant lurches out of the swamp enveloped in a hideous mask with balefully flashing eyes, an apparition before which the tribe flees; around the feet of the shambling creature huge spiders, lizards and crocodiles thrash out of the slime as if they too were terrified. Few Hollywood films are so relentless in their sadism; Huston's torture of his mistress, Lupe Velez, is to twist her tongue with a loop of wire, while her lover, addicted to an exotic drug, is immersed to his neck in the swamp "to let the leeches suck it out of him". Cedric Gibbon's sets, with their complementary textures of bamboo and human bones, add yet more atmosphere. The cruelty is not, however, without a sick humor. Dragging himself out of his wheelchair, the crippled unshaven Huston thrusts his scarred face into that of Velez and demands, "Have you ever of all the men you have known seen such an Adonis?", while, in an earlier scene, about to suffer a spinal operation without an anaesthetic, he asks, "Will this hurt?" "Yes", the doctor says. "Then give me a cigar."

Occasionally, Hollywood was diverted from the catalogue of Germanic horrors to approach, almost always tangentially and largely by accident, fields of fantasy based on the work of one particular artist. The exquisite fragment Salome (1922), with decor based on the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley, was such a film, but an even less well known work is Harry Lachman's Dante's Inferno (1935), a Fox production containing some of the most startling special effects work of the period, inspired by Gustav Dore's illustrations for Dante's poem. William Fox had made a previous version of this subject in 1924, but even with the extensive recreations of demonic torture, adaptation by Edmund Goulding and some explicit sadism and nudity heightened by the use of tinted film stock, it had little to recommend it. The 1935 version, both for its special effects and the nature of the framing story, is one of the most unusual and effectively presented films of the thirties.

Spencer Tracy is a stoker who leaves his boat and gets a carnival job, target in a game where people throw balls at his head and win prizes for hitting him. The owner (Henry B. Walthall) of an almost defunct exhibit called "Dante's Inferno" befriends the belligerent Tracy, placing him in charge of his tatty show with its dusty paintings and sculptures all designed to convince people of the worthlessness of power and the temporal world. Tracy makes it into a hit, touting and exaggerating in a way dramatised by a dissolve from the portrait of Alexander the Great to Tracy in the same pose, wearing the same helmet, heckling a crowd about the "genuine" nature of the relics he displays. Further shots show him with devils looming over him, and a black owl stares moodily down as he expounds to the other carnies the virtues of

consolidating all their shows into one, an enormous Dante's Inferno that will "put hell on a paying basis". He receives their assent, but not before he has married carny girl Claire Trevor in an odd ceremony reminiscent of Freaks, with the organ-grinder's monkey as her maid of honor.

The Inferno, when built, is a towering edifice entered through the belly of a crouching swivel-eyed devil. Visitors descend in a spiral, staring either at the tableaux of horror presented on one side or the seething pit they can see far below them at the bottom of the central well. The project, however, seems cursed. On the opening night, an exhibitor who has been put out of business by the ruthless Tracy throws himself into the pit, and a few months later, on the night of a charity gala, the whole construction collapses because of faulty workmanship. Undeterred, Tracy opens a gambling ship, but this too is destroyed by fire, though he redeems himself by beaching it and saving the passengers. In hospital, he is visited by Walthall, who describes to him the vision he had of Dante and the catalogue of horrors recorded in his poem. In a coma, Tracy has a dream of hell which recreates with astonishing accuracy a series of Dore's engravings; naked bodies jut from boiling pits of fire, battalions of writhing souls toil up mountains of black rock, a nude girl is forced down into a fiery cell by a pivoting lid of stone which she struggles vainly to hold back. Designed by Willy Pogany, who also did Freund's The Mummy, photographed by Rudolph Mate, making his first American film, with early uses of the zoom and overhead tracking shots in a shipboard sequence featuring a young dancer named Rita Cansio (later Harworth), this is a film which deserves greater attention as one of the more lavish examples of fantastic cinema.

Equally competent, but far better known, are the two "monster" films made by Ernest B. Schoedsack, King Kong and Son Of Kong (1933). These fantasies on the survival of prehistoric creatures in a modern urban civilization are direct results, as was Dante's Inferno, of the imagination of one man, though in this case he did not merely inspire but contributed substantially to the production. Willis O'Brein, who created the special effects for both these films, as well as for The Lost World (1927), their predecessor, and Mighty Joe Young (1949), the modern sequel which finally earned him recognition for his work, is one of the great geniuses of fantasy cinema, and the man directly responsible for the "monster" genre. Without his meticulously constructed and animated scale models, Schoedsack's films could not have succeeded, and it is debatable whether the field would ever have reached its present liveliness had he not found a disciple in Ray Harryhausen, his present-day equivalent.

Greater sophistication in both technique and audience reaction has not dimmed the maniac energy of King Kong. It remains one of the most effective examples of pure entertainment ever produced by the cinema, a piece of brute action which steam rollers one's intellectual objections. Like the half-naked Fay Wray cuddled in the giant ape's hand, the audience is dragged bodily through the fights, disasters and final battle on top of the Woolworth building, without an opportunity to think or object. Technically, this is one of the finest examples of stop-action model animation ever produced. Kong's battles with the pterodactyl and giant snake are superbly organised, but O'Brien handles just as effectively the complexities of his attack on the native village, where Kong's fists crush huts and towers like egg-crates while fending off the spears flung at him. Max Steiner's relentless musical score, an eighty-piece extravaganza that is almost one sustained crescendo, aptly complements the images, especially those of Kong's island and the mist-shrouded cavern where much of the action occurs.

Unfortunately, Son Of Kong, despite the work of Steiner, O'Brien and Schoedsack, is unable to sustain the impact of its predecessor. The "little" Kong--barely twenty feet high--which Robert Armstrong discovers on a remote Malay island, is unremarkable after the gigantic ancestor, and the decision of Schoedsack to play it for laughs, giving the new creature rolling eyes and a comical expression, dissipates the effect. O'Brien is on form with some competent natural disasters, but the finale, with "little" Kong standing underwater while holding above the waves his human master, is too hilarious to be taken seriously. One might imagine that Schoedsack needed the sustaining influence of Martin Cooper, the producer who conceived and co-directed King Kong, to make good films, but in The Most Dangerous Game (The Hounds Of Zaroff) (1932) and Doctor Cyclops (1940) he created two of the best excursions into the fantasy world yet engineered by an American. Son Of Kong, we must assume, is just one wrong step taken by a director who took very few during his career.

Despite the originality of Dante's Inferno and King Kong, fantasy cinema in America dealt primarily in the currency of other eras and areas. Even though the special effects of these films represented the beginning of a genuinely American fantasy cinema, reshuffling of Germanic and Gallic elements, as it does today, a simple method of producing commercial product. Periodically, the remakes and sequels transcend their material to remind us of the great glories of early thirties horror films. One such film was Son Of Frankenstein (1939), in which director Rowland V. Lee created an elegant variation on the old plot. Here is the monster again, (Karloff), revived by the son of Doctor Frankenstein (Basil Rathbone) and the distorted Igor (Bela Lugosi) whose head cants crazily to one side on an ill-mended broken neck. Set in and around Frankenstein's wrecked laboratory, with ruined dome like a crushed skull and seeping underground passages, the action is fairly predictable, but enlivened by intelligent direction and lighting. The castle is no luxury chateau but a crumbling ruin with Caligari-like corridors whose walls lean into writhing perspectives. There is a sustained air of the grotesque, encouraged by effectively directed sequences such as that in which the monster lumbers into the bedroom of a child while outside a maid sits unaware, and a kind of sick humor in the presence of Lionel Atwill, a police chief with an artificial arm, the original having been torn off by the monster when he was a child. To smoke, he wedges the cigarette between black-gloved fingers and drags mechanically on it in a manner reminiscent of Peter Sellers' Dr. Strangelove twenty five years later.

Another remake, but more elegantly contrived than usual, was The Cat And The Canary (1939), Elliott Nugent's rework for Paramount of Paul Leni's 1927 Universal masterpiece and first of a series of more or less inept adaptations. The Bob Hope-Paulette Goddard casting does not, suprisingly enough, detract from the atmosphere, it has, in fact, some of the pansche of the old fantasy radio dramas like The Shadow, I Love A Mystery, and Inner Sanctum. Bob Hope plays a radio comic, and his quips have just the right nervous quality. Nugent, a comedy director who Scared (Whistling In The Dark) (1933), with Ernest Truex and Una Merkel, is a notable comedy thriller, builds well to his atmosphere. The milieu is familiar--rotting mansion in the middle of a swamp, sinister house-keeper (Gale Sondergaard), a group of frightened relatives who expire at regular intervals through the night, victims of a malevolent force. The drama, as in so many of these films, comes from the fact that the heroine must survive until morning to earn her inheritance; the twist is that the "monster" is one of the relatives anxious to collect for himself. It is all familiar, but the old terror is still there.

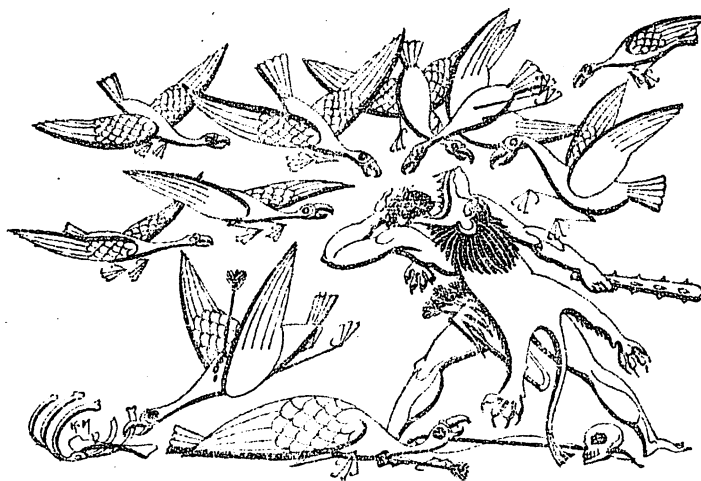
Nugent's introduction of the house is effective, mist-wreathed gables, a glimpse caught of Sondergaard through a grimy window. The black cat (Typus) which accompanies and sometimes seem to be her is a sinister symbol, used later by Nugent to introduce the "red-herring" menace, an escaped maniac who thinks he is a cat and creeps around on all fours. The point is hammered home by a brief shot among the most horrific in the cinema; the shadow of a crouching man thrown hugely on the wall, to dissolve into the shape of a cat, then vanish. The "real" monster which inhabits the crashed passages under the house is a hideous creation, a gangling stalker in long robes whose stiff hulking walk is made all the more terrifying by its speed; pursuing Goddard along the cramped corridors in the final sequence, he moves at a maniac pace that is made by lighting and editing not funny but subtly horrible. Familiar though the cards may be, Nugent has dealt them with notable skill.

In examining any area of fantasy film, it will always be the dealer's skill rather than the face value of the cards which is our yardstick. The thirties in Hollywood saw elements of fantasy film from many countries, mainly Germany, adopted by Hollywood film-makers and adapted to their needs. The golems and vampires were, because they were unknown, approached with a fresh and inventive eye by the directors in charge of horror films. Later, the freshness wore off, that which had been new became cliché, while elements of the newly formed American style of fantasy, with its reliance on special effects and the literal depiction of the fantastic, began slowly to be incorporated in the body of work being produced. Today, we have a stew of styles and subjects, lumbering monsters and spaceships alternating in most films, the imagination of Whale and Freund largely dead and forgotten. It is hard to remember that, once, the horror film was the most coherent manifestation in American art of a tradition which had been old before the continent was discovered, and which brought the cinema to some of its rare peaks of pure creativity.

-- John Baxter

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The above article is a chapter from John Baxters forthcoming book, "Hollywood in the Thirties". This book is to be published at the end of this year by 'Peter Cowie Publications' in England.



# Vale! Harl Vincent

by Ron Graham

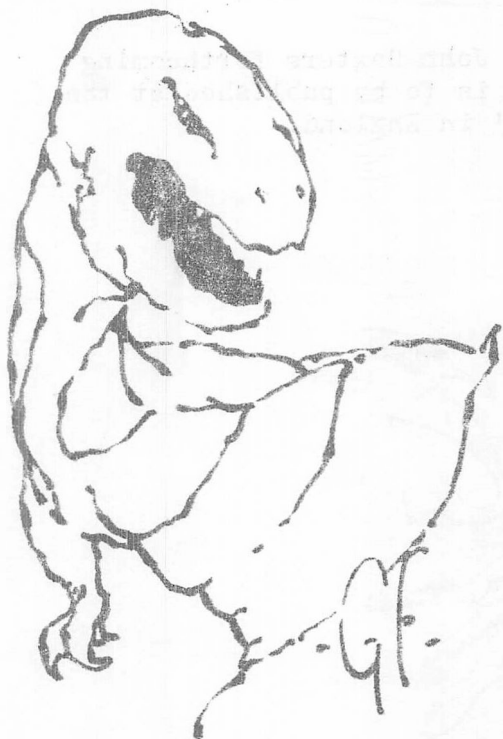
Time, in its relentless march has gathered to its bosom still another of the old time "greats" of Science Fiction.. At the age of 74, Harold Vincent Schoepflin, better known to the sf fraternity as 'Harl Vincent', dies in Los Angeles on May 5th last, after an illness compounded by a bout of pneumonia.

From the age of five, Harl had displayed a strong mechanical bent and delighted in locomotives, steam rollers, steam cars, and mechanical devices of all kinds. This love of mechanisms he retained through his life. After completing Grammar School he attended a Technical High School. He commenced a Mechanical Engineering Course at R.P.I., but after a few months abandoned this in favour of an early marriage.

He now worked as a draughtsman, with a steam turbine company and completed his education in engineering by means of some years of night school and concentrated study, finally graduating as an Engineer.

For the remainder of his working life he specialised as an Engineer in the Steam Power Generation Field. His work included design of steam turbine apparatus, supervision of turbine installation, setting to work and testing, trouble shooting and sales engineering. Finally he became the manager of a Sales Division of a large Turbine Company.

Harl Vincent commenced his career as an author with "The Golden Girl of Munan" A.S. June 1928, and in fourteen years produced some 75 stories ending with "Voice from the Void" in A.S. June 1942. These included some fine stories - 'Barton's Island', 'The Prowler of the Wastelands' and its sequel 'Return of the Prowler', 'Venus Liberated' and 'Faster than Light', 'Power' and 'Power Plant' and many more.



In his retirement his friend and agent, Forrie Ackerman, interested him in writing again and this resulted with the publication of his paperback novel 'Doomsday Planet', the reception of which - it ran for a second printing - delighted the old man.

As a result too of this reception, a number of his novels were being considered for hc. and pa. publication and these will probably still be issued. A.E. Van Vogt recently collaborated with him over a screen treatment of 'The Devil Flower' (F.A. May '39) to be called 'Devila' and the mounting interest in his works



gave the old author immense delight. His last story 'Invader' in 'If' Sept. 1967 and at his death he left several unpublished stories. Harl Vincent is survived by a wife and daughter.

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#### Abbreviations :-

A.S. = Amazing;	A.S.F. = Astounding;	A.Q. = Amazing Quarterly;
A.S.H. = Astonishing;	C.O.M. = Comet;	C.F. = Captain Future;
F.A. = Fantastic Adventures;	A.W. = Air Wonder;	M.S.S. = Marvel
Stories;	S.F.Q. = Science Fiction Quarterly;	S.S.S. = Super
Science Stories;	S.W. = Science Wonder.	

+ + + +

-- Ron Graham.

## go away

Yes, I know 'Corydon' and I don't want to read it with you,  
I don't want to go to that South Yarra joint of yours,  
Where the waitress is butch and the decor is scenes of torture,  
So pardon my heterosexuality.

Yes, I know about Gide and Proust but I'll go mad with Kafka,  
I couldn't care less for the gay time you choose for yourselves,  
Your drag party doesn't appeal to me, just at the moment;  
I'll stay with my heterosexuality.

So please go away and be gay where you're all girls together,  
The gossip of who does with whom doesn't go to my head;  
That's a heterosexual girl that I'm with, in the corner,  
So please, like I said just before, just be sweet, and drop dead.

-- R D Symons

# Dowsing: The Good Oil?

by Norma V. Williams

I have followed the ruminations of John W. Campbell on the subject of dowsing with a lot of interest.

You see, it has worked for me -- a rabid non-believer in psi phenomena -- twice.

Yes, I can give chapter and verse, and witnesses; more power to the elbow, it seems, of the convinced propagandists.

Not altogether.

CASE 1. At Colo Vale, north of Mittagong, in NSW: on a six-acre block belonging to a friend, Kay, a successful dowser and boring contractor pinpointed a spot for a well. Both Kay and I found the rods turned for us at the same spot.

Case 2. At Hill End, on the camping ground at the northern end of town, an amateur of the rods found his spot; I used them, and agreed.

Let's analyse this.

CASE 1. A number of the six to thirty acre farms in the district, fairly hilly, had domestic wells as well as earth dams. From our knowledge of geology (not great), Kay and I had deduced there could be a spot on her property favourable for a well; from strata exposed in a nearby rail cutting, and the position of neighbouring wells, we picked spot X. So did the diviner. We had enough sense to know that the usual patter of the diviner regarding underground streams were absolute baloney (except in the case of limestone country), but we could see porous sandstone layers, over and under-laid by less pervious layers of rock, could carry water sufficient to be worth well-sinking.

CASE 2. I had read up to some extent on the district's geology; there could be some underground aquiferous layer beneath the camping ground, though it would not be reliable in drought. The rods did not react strongly in this case.

In both cases, the factor of imitation entered; here were people experienced, professionally or amateur, in finding water by this means. Despite conscious reasons, one tends to imitate.

In neither case, so far as I am aware, was any subsequent proof obtained that the areas were worthy of well-sinking; Kay didn't have enough capital to prove it out, and I don't think the Progress Association in Hill End has any either.

JWC adduces cases of natural water, piped water, piped oil and gas etc., being successfully divined.

From this he deduces that some occult influence is at work; that by some unknown means, the diviner finds what he sets out to find, per the medium of willow-twigs, galvanised iron wires set in copper tubing, or whateverhaveyou.

Not necessarily so. In the first place, is there any correlation between the material of divining rods and the materials divined? Doesn't seem so.

Quite a while ago, I recall, in a discussion of the "intuition" of women, I argued that there ain't no such animal -- that, in fact, this so called intuition is logical reasoning taking place, at accelerated speed, in the sub-conscious, and that if anyone, male or female, took the time and trouble, they could reach the same conclusion by conscious reasoning. My argument, to my mind at any rate, had been reinforced by my own subsequent experience as a car driver. On at least three occasions of major nature, and probably on many other minor ones, I have done the right thing in a potential accident situation, while in a state of blackout so far as any conscious reasoning is concerned. For instance, because I was holding a conversation instead of concentrating on my driving, I came back on to the Highway south of Wollongong off the Bypass unexpectedly; conscious thought-- brake to take the right hand turn. Until it was all over, I didn't even remember the sounding horns of the northbound cars on the Highway, to my right (give way to the right is the NSW rule). But subconsciously I must have decided I couldn't brake enough; that the risk of overturning from a too-fast turn was better than impact with a car from the right (both legally and materially). I accelerated, made my turn successfully -- and thought about it later. The more experienced driver sitting beside me said it was the right decision, arrived at and executed within two seconds --- but I emphasise that in this, and in other similar situations, I acted unconsciously, without overt reasoning -- and thousands of other car drivers do the same every day. It is not often that I have skidded - but every time, I've accelerated out of it by instinct, or accelerated reasoning - take your pick; the first time was less than a week after I got my licence, so maybe I was lucky.

I contend that some form of subconscious reasoning takes place in divining, whether of natural water or piped commodities. One does not have to have a formal knowledge of geology to form an instinctive 'feel' for country; I remember, long ago in my teens, getting to be able to predict the form of the road in rolling or mountain country. It is a subject I'd love to hear a civil engineer expound: how does geology and physiography affect road-building? I belong to a geology club, and have put it up for a lecture subject, but so far we haven't found a suitable lecturer.

I reckon that JWC's beloved engineers, skilled in the job of laying gas lines, confronted with the problem of finding where they were, in the absence of blueprints, could find the logic place. Maybe he hasn't a clear enough mind to reason it out (in less than a year) consciously ---but he will do it, in a few seconds, if he is fortified by the moral booster of



divining rods and a faith in them either promoted by a tendency to believe in the occult, or by the past example of others in the trade.

Any trade or profession, or if it can't be dignified by those names, any calling - develops unconscious skills in its followers. The bookkeeper learns by experience the types of errors to which he is prone (my bugbear is the internal reversal of the centre two of a four-digit number); the car driver learns how to get out of awkward situations; the cook who hasn't a thermostat oven knows when to remove the roast or the cake; the proof-reader knows the errors which are most likely either in typewritten-copy or Linotype-set print. The skilled typist (which I am not) can pick errors in seconds from the full page without detailed reading.

So what? My contention is that, whether he is divining water - natural or piped - gas, oil - natural or piped - or any other substance -- the diviner relies not on some occult, psi-ruled faculty, as yet unregulated and unknown, but on past experience, logical knowledge and a projected hunch based on these -- which, if he had the psychological knowledge of his own trains of thought and the moral fortitude to carry them through, he could arrive at, a great deal more slowly and by more mundane methods. The only difference is a swollen head or two. It sounds much more grand to be endowed with para-psychological powers than with plain old common sense, doesn't it?

-- Norma V. Williams.

GHU is GHOD is GOOD is GHU is GHOD is GOOD is GHU is GHOD is GOOD is GHU

There is a logical reason why you received this copy of  
RATAPLAN :-

- .... I searched out your address so that I could send you a copy
- ✓... We trade?
- .... Would you like to trade your fanzine with RATAPLAN
- .... You had subscribed to ETHERLINE II. Would you like to have the money refunded or would you like to get copies of this fanzine.
- .... You contributed (little did you know).
- .... I am trying to make you feel inferior
- ✓... Perhaps RATAPLAN will interest you enough to respond with a letter of comment and perhaps an article
- .... You appreciate a J7W1 when you see one
- ✓... You are a nice person: Your kindness and generosity is exceeded only by your personal beauty and charm
- .... You don't fit into any of the above categories
- ....



# Cheap Chippy Chopper



APASTRON No. 1

Gary Woodman, 31 Bethell Avenue, Parkdale, 3194, Victoria  
Doug Kewely, 9 Keiller Avenue, Parkdale, 3194, Victoria

This fanzine is rather a mixture. There are no illustrations and the stencils have been cut on a variety of type-writers. The reproduction varies from fair to good and the fanzine is comprised of material from John Bangsund, Alan France and Paul Stevens. There are snippets from a couple of letters, an editorial and one of those "you are getting this issue because" things; and that is it.

"A Way of Life" by John Bangsund is a very good article and is much like any Bangsund editorial except that it is a whole lot longer and sticks to the point of sf fandom. John tells us how he came to read SF and produce ASFR, but in a most delightful manner (unlike most "How I Came to Read SF" articles).

The Alan France contribution is rather inferior.

Paul Stevens has written a long and scholarly article entitled "The Silver Scream" (Eeerrghh!!) which is supposed to be a history of horror films. Paul gets carried away and, on the first page mentions seventeen (17) dates, twenty one (21) names and thirty (30) film titles; he managed to turn me off completely. I can comment on the latter part of the article where Paul attacks censorship. His arguments are pretty reasonable but rather emotional:

"Censorship is still the bugbear of dedicated monster and sf fans in Australia. You luck people in England and America don't know what it is like to have your favourite films denied you by a bunch of ignorant officials, who don't know the first thing about the films they censor."

Censorship might be the bugbear of the horror fans, but how many sf fans get upset by it today. Has Paul any right to call officials, whom he knows nothing about personally, "ignorant" and does he know for certain that they know nothing about the films they censor.

The editorial is interesting, it says such things as:

"One of the reasons we have published this magazine is that we have plenty to say, and no damn existing magazine editor would print it."

Yet I notice that only three pages of this fanzine have actually been written by the editors, what do they have to say? I also noticed that they stated in their letter page:

".....and it is not really ethical to fill up one's 'zine with one's own comments and articles and stories and ad nauseum.....".

Why so? If you are going to produce a fanzine because you have something to say, then why don't you?

This first issue is below the standard of the first issues of OPUS and AUSTRAL FANTALES, mainly because it is no more than two articles dressed up...pity about that.

#### THE MENTOR No. 8

Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst, 2076, N.S.W.

Ron tells me that this issue, and the one before it are nothing more than flag raisers. If this is true, then I guess that there is some excuse for the poor quality, but all the same, we could have been told about it.

This issue of THE MENTOR is nothing much really. Perhaps the right word to use in the description of it might be, mundane. Ron tells about the S.S.F.F. going to see "2001" and about the Foundation elections, but this only takes up half a page (THE MENTOR goes for six pages) and the rest is not very interesting.

There is the transcript of a round robin tape recorded at a Foundation meeting about which I make absolutely no comment. This is a whole lot better than No. 7, but it is still poor.

#### SHOCK NEWS! AFT is coming

Bernie Bernhouse, 62 Military Road, Avondale Heights, Victoria

This thing is only a three page flier produced, mainly, because Bernie wants to tell everyone that there are only 17 active fans in Australia. He lists them and tells what they have done or what they are doing.

I seem to remember saying in ETH II 2 that I thought 'Strine fandom was in a rut....I said things about the serconnies there are here and how the fans in the US must think that they are the only kind of fans we have here....Boy! Did I get jumped on!! What I said then could possibly still be true, but I don't see that much can be done about it. You just can't force fandom down peoples throats and you can't force yourself onto other fans. They are individuals and you have to treat them as such.

I did it six months ago, and now Bernie does it. Is there something in the rules which demands that a neo protest about the way fandom is in Australia when they start publishing?

It seems that Bernie is trying to shock people into doing something, but I doubt if he will, after all, it probably only went out to the 17 fans on the list and they already know what is happening.

#### PARADOX No. 8

Bruce Robbins, 436 S. Stone Ave., La Grange, Illinois, 60525, USA

Except for about three pages, this issue is taken up completely with a reprint of the Richard Brinsley Peak stage version of "Frankenstein" as performed in 1823. Quite interesting, but little to comment on.

Somehow I get the idea that PARADOX is a horror and fantasy fanzine, is this right?

#### CEPHEID No. 4

Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool Street, Hobart, 7000, Tas.

This fanzine is carbon copied and consists of only five pages, not much to review but well enough produced. J.R. Milne has a two page story in this issue entitled "Dragons Keep Following Me Around", which is not very good. The style of this writing is just so unmistakable that almost anybody could guess who the writer really is. The rest of the issue is taken up with comments by the editor and a couple of short letters. I understand that the next issue will probably be expanded and roneod.

PSYCHOTIC No. 25

Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster, Venice, California, 90291, USA.

A fabulous fanzine which really deserves to win the HUGO, and probably will (no matter what John Bangsund says he will do to me).

The main feature of this issue is the letter column which is very long, very impressive (name and content wise) and very interesting. It runs for twenty-four pages of the complete fifty pages of PSYCHOTIC. Pat Terry manages to get into it and kicks up a great deal of fuss over nothing of much importance; something about Dick Geis and his review of the book "RESTOREE" in an earlier issue. I seem to remember reading the review and thinking that it was quite fair. Dick said that he hadn't finished reading the book because he couldn't take any more and this is OK with me because I think that if a book is bad enough to put a person off after having read about eighty pages, the rest of the book can't be any better and if it is, what does it matter since everybody else will be put off by the bad beginning, since they must all read it. Pat writes to say that you can't do it, that you must read the whole book to review it, and in so saying comes to the defence of Anne McCaffrey as only Pat can.

In one place Pat states that "at least 12 of us (fellow Australians) have nominated it for a Hugo". As you will have read earlier, a couple of Sydney fans were down visiting on a weekend, and we worked out that perhaps seven fans in Sydney had nominated for the Hugo ballot. Perhaps they all nominated that book, but even so, to my knowledge (and I gathered eight BAYCON memberships in Melbourne) nobody down here even considered "Restoree", the majority of nominations going to "An Age" and "Camp Concentration". So where does this leave Pat?

Bob Bloch makes some rather poor comments about the film "2001". When he starts out by telling us that we must all think about westerns, I begin to think that he is on the wrong track....still, he is Ghod.

SF OPINIONS No. 7

Dean R. Koontz, 4181 - E King Drive, Harrisburg, Penna, USA

The best things in this issue are the illustrations by Vaughn Bode, he draws very well in addition to having an excellent sense of humor. Dean (who has just had a story published by Ace) writes a story to illustrate a set of Bode illustrations, and comes out rather poorly.

In his editorial, Dean talks about "pseudo" fans; the type of fan who does not keep up with the SF field. He seems to think that only the people who read the promags and the current sf books can be fans. Personally, I am tempted to think nasty things about the mentalities of fans who can read most or all of the current output.

I suppose that your attitude must depend on the attitude you have towards fandom and sf. If you finds fans and fandom the more interesting, then you will think of all the people who write and talk like Dean, as being a bit narrow minded (as I do).

Another annoying thing in this issue is the set of terribly done pictures of naked and semi-naked females drawn by the editor to illustrate an article which he has written all about Sex in SF (howcome everybody is starting to think about, and write about, this strange subject). The article isn't too good either.

The first correspondent in the letter column begins by saying that he liked SFO because it was about SF and then he proceeds to talk about the LA-Bay Area world-con bidding and bidding in general.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES No. 455

SFT Box 216, Syracuse, New York, 13209, USA.

Who told Anne McCaffrey that Pat Terry is the number one Australian fan, I would be pretty certain that it was nobody in Melbourne. Pat might be the number one fan in Sydney, but he can't claim the national title, I don't think that anyone can.

This issue of SFT is rather a shock: Right on the cover the headline is "AUSTRALIAN HONORED". It tells, more or less, how Pat Terry was brought down to the Melbourne SF Conference (called a Minicon in the report....there were something like 100 members in Melbourne and the U.K. National con had a record attendance of 140....yet all we have is a Minicon), whilst managing to tell us all about Pat himself.

Pat is credited with being instrumental in starting the SSFF. He might have done a lot of work on it, but from where I stand, people like Miss Holt, John Bangsund and John Danza had just as much to do with it; yet they get no mention. Pat is also the mastermind behind a circle of pen pals around Australia. Just who has he in this circle. Perhaps he has masterminded a circle of people who write to him, but as for organising fans into writing to each other.....

I would also like to point out here that Pat was not honored at the conference. True, we did pay to bring him down (he is a nice person and we wanted to see him there), but the person who was honored was Mervyn Binns, and even he was actually honored by the MSFC, why was there no mention made of this.

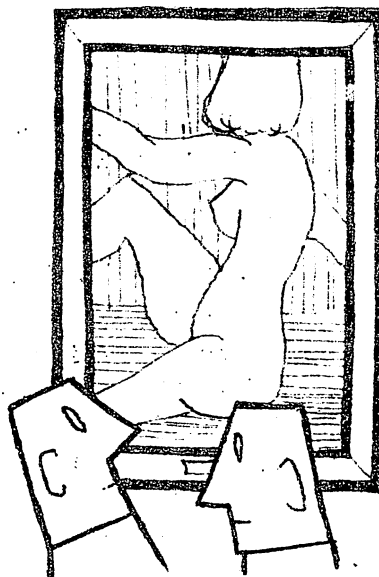
The conference is also mentioned in a small report from Andy Porter and he also reports on the SF clubs being formed at Monash and McQuarie Universities.

HUGIN AND MUNIN No. 5

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa S.  
Ontario, Canada.

~~THE FIRST THING THAT STRIKES ME  
ABOUT THIS ISSUE IS THE EXTENSIVE USE OF  
THESE THINGS!~~

This fanzine was interesting and all that, but nothing to get worked up about, I just read it and that was that. Mainly concerned with the discussion of SF and reviews....so I don't read much SF and don't read reviews (unless they are in ASFR)...so. One thing that did amaze me was the note from Isaac Asimov in the letter column.



I SAY - ISN'T THAT THE GIRL  
WE MET AT GEORGE'S TEA?

Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri, 63122, USA

This is the publication of the Ozark SF Association and, apart from a little bit to do with the OSFA, is comprised of news about sf and fandom. I like this better than Science Fiction Times for the reason that this is written in a friendly style which makes it enjoyable to read.

A letter from Ted White in this issue tells us all about "2001" from a typical Science Fiction fans point of view, complete with "Hyper-Space", "Alien Planets" and "Whole Galaxies". Perhaps Ted is right, I tend to agree with him partly, though I think that even he is taking it on a mundane level (reducing it to a standard which is far below its actual level), or perhaps this is just the way I read the letter.

ASFR No. 16

John Bangsund, 3/12 Redan Street, St.Kilda, 3182

Well, ASFR was nominated for the HUGO for the second year in a row, but I feel that John has thrown away any chance of winning with this poor issue 16. There are a measly twenty-two pages and, though John claims he is getting more words to the page than ever before, it certainly doesn't seem like it.

For a very large proportion of this issue, Sam Moskowitz and James Blish engage in a bout of mutual belting and kicking. Perhaps Blish is the gentleman (as John would have us believe) but Sam is by far the most interesting to read since what he writes is entertaining and is short to boot. James Blish fights back in the form of "Sam said this but what really happened was.....", or "Sam is stupid because he said.....", not really interesting and rather hard to read. In any case, nobody is going to believe that Sam is really that bad.

There are two books reviewed, neither of them dealing with SF. Symonds might have found himself forced to believe in ufo's after he read the book which he reviewed, but he has neither convinced me that ufo's might exist or that I might find it worth my time to read this book. The Bangsund review is of some book about John Russell Fearn, and once again, I don't feel that I will miss anything by not reading it.

The MENTOR No. 9

Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst, NSW 2076

There is really no comparison between this issue and the earlier one (No. 8, also reviewed in this column). It is mimmoed and is thusly readable.

The contributions are all short and in general, not very interesting. Pat Terry tells all about robots etc., Peter Darling writes about Computers and The SF Book Club, while Ron tells about the Sydney SF Foundation.

Most interesting were the two contributions from Peter Darling. I am sure that the article about computers would be very interesting to a person who knew nothing about them (though I shouldn't think that many fans are ignorant in this direction as so many of their fellow fans seem to make a living out of the things). I enjoyed the note about the SF Book Club if only because it proved to me that I most certainly would not want to join one.

to be continued next issue

# A REPORT ON THE CONDITION OF THE OUTER REACHES OF THE INTERIOR REGION

It has long been a fannish axiom that

THE ABOVE IS A FALSE START  
WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN AT THE NEXT CONVENTION

I don't mind people discussing stf at Conventions but I don't like to feel that

Why should I be forced to discuss stf at Conventions in the days of old after the ball is over how in the hell am I In the ancient and hallowed

WHAT IN THE HELL AM I CARRYING ON ABOUT: WHAT WE NEED IS A NEW APPROACH

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO DISCUSS SF AT CONVENTIONS. THE SOONER THE THING SWINGS BACK TO FANDOM? THE HAPPIER I WILL BE....WHY IS SF REGARDED AS THE MOVING FACTOR IN FANDOM....WHY SHOULD I BE FORCED TO DISCUSS MODERN SF WHEN I THINK THAT E.E.E. SMITH WROTE THE BEST STORIES EVER.

THIS IS NEW WAVE

OLD WAVE.....

It has long been thought that fandom is only an adjunct to sf.. Why is this so? It is true that fandom started out as a group of stf enthusiasts in the thirties.....

IF I AM ELECTED I WILL:::

See that the MSFc is moved to more congenial rooms in the Southern Cross Hotel.

See that all club memberships are abolished

See that all new and old books will be added to the club library.

See that no attendance money is charged on Wednesday nights.

See that free food and drink is provided to all members.

See that a complete FAPA run is added to the library as well as a complete CULT run.

See that all comics are abolished from the club and that a ducking stool be provided for all comic fans.

See that a lithiographic press is added to the club.

See that all production of fanzines be provided for all fanzine editors.

See that a complete set of 'LE ZOMBIE' be added to the library as well as a complete set of 'SHANGRI L'AFFAIRS'

See that the moto of the club be "YOU CAN NEVER AIM TOO HIGH"



# Department 85

Paul Novitski  
50 Jensen Street  
Hughes  
A.C.T. 2605.

I have formed the Australian Tolkien Society with the view in mind (?) of constructing some sort of framework in which people interested in the Prof's work can wreak havoc upon the southern hemisphere in this mode of quasintellectuality.... I mean, no I'm not trying to get a Tolkien fan club going; those of us who get our kicks out of buying 'Frodo Lives' buttons (yes Mervyn???) and sticking big autographed picture-posters of JRR T on their walls can join in if they like, but let me say that there will be no hobbit-paper-doll-cut-outs or I-like-Gandalf-club-coupons in the society's journal. There will be just articles and the occasional illustration which I find scientifically possible to print. However, after this thorough trouncing of all frodofans, let me say that I am suprisingly indiscreet and will take (almost) any material sent in, I mean, you can't print a cover and 34 blank pages can you? Not only that, but I can get all manner of buttons and posters from the Tolkien Society of America if you'll only send money first. Problems with postage are so great that I'm already looking for some sucker to come along upon whom I can unload the burden of ATS/TSA postal communications. I personally am not quite irrational enough to be able to handle it, or so I tell myself.

I've decided to ignore the existance of Carandaith one which after all was nothing more than a one-page badly-printed sketch of what the proposed aims of the society were. So, the forthcoming magazine will be called 'Carandaith One' in its place. Now I'm having an 'ATS Newsletter' printed up which will take the place of the previous one. The magazine will be mostly written by Alpajpuri, but (to satisfy the hordes of faniacs out there) at least will have an article by Mique O'Brien. As soon as a certain Ian MacKay, whom I shall not name, finishes his promised article on Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, we can go to print, which isn't saying much.....

So all you out there in fanland who have read or heard of Tolkien's trilogy or who have in any way linguistic tendencies, please write to me about subscribing. With luck Cdth One will be exuded by August or my name isn't....isn't....um....er....ah....huh?

Anyway I'm sorry I have nothing constructive to add like a few bibliographies or a dropt name or two (uh, lessee: Amizov, Broadbury, Fineline, etc??) but I have long since lost touch with the real depths of SF, and unfortunately am not fool enough (don't kid yourself) to re-enter that time-eater. Ah, well; give me a few years and I might die or something nice....I wonder, do they have SF libraries in heaven?? No doubt....however I guess that's not the place I should really be worried about.

+ + + +

Well, not being all that interested in the works of Prof Tolkien, I can't really say that I get worked up over the thought of a genuine Tolkien Society in Australia. Anyhow, perhaps somebody will be interested and if they are I am sure that Paul would be very

glad to hear from them.

Gary WWoodman  
31 Bethell Avenue  
Parkdale  
Victoria 3194

I can be reached by mail only at the following address: The President, Monash University Science Fiction Association (MUSFAN), Monash University Union, Monash University, Clayton. Mail addressed to my previous address will not reach me.

It is easy to see why ETH II has not yet won a Hugo. You have obviously never heard of creating a reputation (of unspecified type) with early issues of a fanzine. Or are you so interested in a good dozen pages of Doug and I crapping on? // L.E. You don't seem to have a very high opinion of your own writing ability// If so, you are a minority of one. Besides being unethical to fill up one's own 'zine with one's own crappings, it becomes somewhat boring for all to read (particularly in a first issue). // L.E. How do you justify that statment, aside from being boring which is not nessecary?// Read my reply to Bob Smith's letter.

I don't know what you mean when you compare your editorial content with mine. As I look back through all the back issues of ETH II, I see editorials full of news, comments, reviews, accounts, etc., etc., ad nauseum, but I can't see where you have attempted to sway your readers with your editorial mailed fist. This is what I think your editorial is for, so maybe I'm judging you unjustly.

I now have a recurrent nightmare of picking up some ultraserious 'zine like RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, or maybe some ultralighthearted 'zine like THE TWILIGHT ZINE, or maybe even ETH II, and finding it contains an article by some ultrarespectable Establishment Don't-rock-the-boat fan called "Rules For Fandom - Ethics To Live And Work By". I have yet to read past the title.

Beliving in unwritten rules is a strange thing and a double-edged sword. I have spent just over a month, on and off, trying to think of unwritten rules for the general fan to live by. Naturally I couldn't think of any — because there are none. Of course, there are the laws of copyright, but they have been laid down in the statute books. There are also the written laws for libel, slander, etc., but these are all. The science fiction fan is a law unto himself.

Of course, faneds are different (no nasty comments, now). The great Laws of Fandom are so: No faned will publish that which will decrease his circulation by an amount he deems significant. There are also lesser laws: No faned will price his fanzine so high such that the aforesaid price may significantly affect sales. No faned will pay money for contributions. No faned will persist in delivering sucessive issues of his 'zine to a reader with outstanding debts for the last n issues, n being chosen by the faned to be one of a set of natural numbers.

Really, I had a good laugh over your concept of rules (of conduct of a fan, I suppose).

It ought to be plain to you that I am a stirrer. Even so, I will not say something just to start a fight. When I say something, I believe in it. I may not next week, next month or next decade, but when I say something I am willing to defend what I say against all and sundry. Sometimes I am wrong, and I will then apologise. Maybe I have to apologise often, but at least I say what I think, not waiting on

Bangsund's or Steven's or Harding's comments. Nor does this temperament necessarily exclude a little tact.

It occurs to me that you are using these rules of yours to rationalise your general journalistic impotency. I hope I am wrong.

I have never claimed to know about the field, nor have I claimed to know enough to produce something of a reasonable standard. If ever I have, I apologise.

Nor am I going to study what is being done in the field. I can think of countless better things to do with my time and money than poring over manifold issues of US 'zines or English 'zines, searching for the newest developments. Personally, overseas 'zines interest me (as a faned) not at all. They could all fold overnight, and I would not care. If I receive what I consider a satisfactory return ( and I don't necessarily mean monetary return) from my 'zine, I am happy to produce the next one in the same vein.

Nor do I, have I or will I claim to know what the fen want. If I did know, APASTRON would have an avowed circulation of 50000.

+ + + +

This letter comes in reply to a letter of comment I s t Gary for APASTRON. In it I said that both Gary and Bernie Bernhouse didn't seem to reaslise "that there are some rules to this game we call fandom" (exact words). I must admit here that perhaps this term was not right, what I should have said w ould have been a lot longer and involved. My concept of rules is a personal thing which each fan should work out for himself, a manner in which to approach other fen being one of the most important. Gary, to me, seems to approach fandom as a prime target for good stiring. I hope he enjoys himself though I think that he will end up being ignored, then again perhaps not....Gary might turn out to be a good fugghead or a sort of Harlan Ellison.

+ We also heard from a lot of people, but due to the fact that what I call a filing system is not really that efficient, I couldn't remember them all.

For certain, letters came from: Ed Smith, Noel Cronk, Gary Mason, Don Tuck, Lealnd Sapiro, Daniel Carr, John McCallum, Julia Stone, Mike O'Brien, Ron Clarke, Bernie Bernhouse, John Foyster, Pat Terry, Peter Gill and Ken Fletcher.

+ + + + +

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Bob Smith :-  
310840. Sgt. RF Smith,  
Mt. Stuart Sgt's Mess,  
Lavarack Barracks,  
Milpo, Townsville,  
Queensland, 4813



# The Green Berets — Review

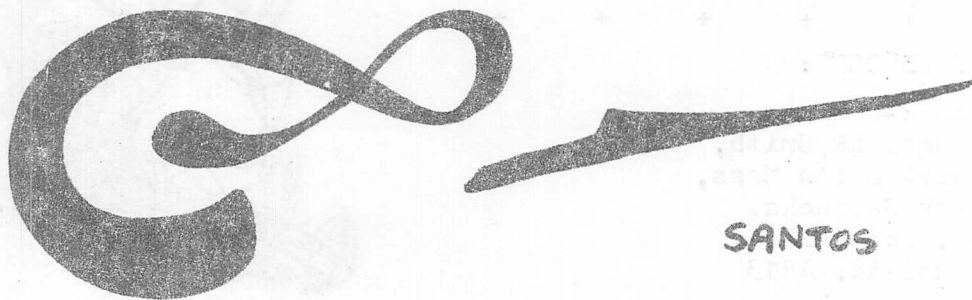
by Paul Stevens

Gosh, I saw this real great filum the other day called "THE GREEN BERETS" and it was all about how the war in Vietnam is being fought and it was so realiatie an everything. I missed the filums start but this John Wayne character was in it an he was in charge of the war. Like I reckon that the way in which he cleaned up the Japs in "Iwoa Jima" and other real great war movies that I seen on TV made him the only bloke with real experiance in killing these little Asian blokes so they gave him the job and boy oh boy, was he ever great.

Well, where I came in he was inspecting this honor guard of gooks who were standing there to honor him but they was good gooks 'cause he smiled at one of them and even talked to him and showed what a great leader he was an how equal he was even with gooks. Then he met this gook officer an gee I was suprised that the gooks was able to be officers because this Gook was Tony Franciosa's house boy on TV just a few months ago but I reckon they wanted to show that in America even gooks can become officers. Anyway this gook got his hand shook and he was ever so impressed by John Wayne 'cause John Wayne looked so noble when he promised to kill all these Viet-Cong's that was killing people an everything.

Soon after this they all went out into the jungle and arrived at this place where the Americans and these good gooks had this crummy camp an it was miles from anywhere. You see all the Viet Cong were hiding out there 'cause being treacherous they wouldn't fight fair an kept getting over this border or somethin where the Americans couldn't get at them. Well, not much happened except for the VC, as they are called, dropping shells into the camp an killing one American officer an gee it was sad cause this bloke was gonna go home next day an now he was dead.

Well not much happens after that until the dirty VC gooks kill all these innocent gook villagers and they rape this five year old girl and this proves to David Jansen, who is hiding in Vietnam as a newspaper reporter, thatthe VC are dirty, treacherous fighters. After this the VC attack the camp an they get killed like flies but still they come on an gee it wasa good filum an realistic too. Like you see this little kid an his dog an the little dog runs out into the fighting after it an I reckons to myself, "this kids gonna get killed" but he doesn't so what I reckon is that Hollywood couldn't have such a brutal scene as the kid getting blown up by a shell so they get the dog blown up instead and the kid has to bury it an all the time the battle is goin on an the dirty VC are being shot an burnt alive an ripped up by barbed wire and blown up an all that



SANTOS

sorta thing an gee it was realistic.

Well next thing John Wayne, who wasn't in the camp, flies up in this helicopter an I reckon that the dirty VC musta known this an they figured that if John Wayne started fighting them they'd lose anso they shot down the helicopter but they didn't kill him cause he was unkillable, I mean he musta been otherwise hows he gonna survive this crash in this flaming helicopter without even a scratch.

The dirty VC take the camp an they think they won an they put up this flag of theirs an this was a mistake cause the Americans see this so they get mad an call up this C-47 and it has these machine guns in it an it flies over the VC an shoots em all up and then they reckon that they don't want no rotten old camp anyhow so they leave and the Americans walk back in again an start counting bodies. An there's this great scene where John Wayne sees the gook flag an he gets real upset cause they shoulda been flying the American flag so he goes over an cuts down the gook flag an gosh it was great cause he looked so noble an everything and everybody in the theatre stood up an cheered, except for this SF fan who was sick in the head. I mean he musta been sick in the head cause he was laughing so much he fell outa his seat.

I thought that this mighta been the end of the filum but there was more and boy, was it realistic. You see, there is this dirty VC general an the Vietnam government wanted to shoot him real legal like so the Americans are gonna capture him and bring him back to be shot. John Wayne in his role as fearless leader is then invited to lead a mission deep into enemy held territory to capture this Enemy general who is all evil an everthing. Jeez but it got exciting then cause it reminded me so much of all those other war filum s where the heros hadta capture the enemy general an it was real true to life an all.

I mean, if all them other war filums did it, it must really be true to life.

Anyway they was gonna trap this enemy VC-type-gook general real easily cause he had the hots for this gook broad who he had knowed when they were kids an he dont know that she is on the good side which rather puzzled me, I mean they reckon that this general had killed her father cause he wouldn't support the VC and I reckon that surely heda remembered killing the father of the girl he had the hots for but then I reckon that he musta forgot so I didn't worry about it because the picture makers didn't so why should I?

The operation started off an they got this VC general real easy like cause this good broad got him to meet her out in the jungle like. I reckon she told him she wanted to 'do it' an the general got all inflamed an all an invited her to his pad away out in the middle of the Vietnam jungle an jeezz but it was a real strange place to find a two story Georgian type mansion way out in the middle of nowhere but ifin the picture makers reckon it's all right, then I'll go along with them.

Anyways they got the gook general by sneaking into the mansion an suprising him in the middle of "IT", an boy, was he suprising! Then the trouble starts an all the good gooks get killed except for Tony Franciosca's houseboy an this gook broad an they go along with John Wayne cause he's the only one who's able to fight proper an stuff like that. But some of the good guys on Waynes squad get killed an jeezz it was real sad like cause Jim Hutton who'd sorta adopted this gook orphan kid gets dragged into a VC trap an gets all impaled on these sharpened stakes an he dies, which is understandable sorta.

Anyway there is this big end scene where this little orphan kid finds out that his buddy is dead an he cries an soppy stuff like that cause first his parents get killed an then his dog an now his Yank buddy an I reckon he feels sorta insecure like. But Big John Wayne comes up to him and says not to worry cause he'll look after him and the filum ends with the two of them standing on the beach in Vietnam with the sun sinking into the East an I gotta admit that sorta worried me but I reckon that the Yank filum makers must know what they are doing so don't let a little thing like that worry you.

-- Paul Stevens.

GHU is GHOD is GOOD is GHU is GHOD is GOOD is GHU is GHOD is GOOD is GHU

GEORGE continued from page 6

find something reasonable after what I have said.

Even though I have said that your fanzine is the worst in existance and damm ed every last word as that of a bumbling nit, please remember that I have no desire to be cut off your mailing list. I love fanzines and all that they stand for. A fanzine is a little piece of a person, a little bit of individuality wrapped up in paper. I enjoy getting to meet a small chunk of a person which has been committed to paper for all to see and read.

Fanzines must bear the mark of their creator (just as did the Frankenstein monster) and I hope that this one does too....a good image I hope, something which will make you say..."Gee, he would be a nice person to meet".

Of course, I am not really that nice. For a start I am introverted and I find that my ego has armor plating of about the thickness of a sheet of tin foil. I like communicating via the medium of fanzines and letters because it means that I don't have to expose myself to a direct, personal communication. I would not be suprised to find that there are a lot of fans like this and that this is one of the main reasons for a lot of fanac.

Once I used to think how nice it would be to go over to America to see and meet all the really important fans, but now I wonder if I would really enjoy it. I am sure that they would disappoint me and that I would dissapoint them. Any communications by care of the G.P.O. musht be rather slow and fail to show a lack of quick-wittedness in a person; so it must be with a lot of things. However, the main reason I would not want to go over there is because I live in fear of hearing some of the US fans I know speak, for I know that they all have the most terrible acents.

CRUDDY COVER COMMENT (remember the cover):

Until a short while ago, I used to think that the true Ghod was Isaac Asimov and I used to think that the Foundation Trilogy was the best thing ever written. I was thrilled to see that he was having two stories out in the magazines in two months running, the first one in Analog and the second in F&SF.

For the first time I bought a copy of Analog right off the stand, and was the Asimov story ever bad. It went for three pages and right from the third paragraph you could tell what the punch-line ending was going to be. Then came the issue of F&SF . Here I was being a bit cautious and I borrowed a copy since I had no intention of being caught again. Well, this time I couldn't guess the ending because it was just



stupid and unguessable.

At about the same time as this I read two books by Brian Aldiss, "An Age" and "Report on Probability A".... Fabulous stuff.

APA-A

Some time ago Sydney fan Ron Clarke sent out a sheet called EOS on which he talked about the lack of communication between Australian fans. This gulf does exist and to fill it Ron suggested some sort of loose organisation which would exist to send personalised fanzines to everyone involved. I could not follow Ron's reasoning and I think that others didn't either, Mike O'Brien in Tasmania thought that Ron had thought of something like "The Cult" while it seems that a lot of others couldn't imagine what Ron was on about (he tells us that he got four comments on the idea).

I thought that Ron had wanted to start an apa without really using the term so I talked with Bernie and, together with Paul Stevens worked up a constitution for an apa I proposed for Australian fans. I sent copies of this constitution to Bernie as well as Ron Clarke and Mike O'Brien and somehow one of those copies got to John Foyster. Before this the Australian APA had been a dream, but John seemed to think that it could work and was very enthusiastic about the whole thing, so now we are in business.

The apa, to be called APA-A will exist to help cement fannish contact between members through the swapping of fanzines. It will work on a standard apa basis with six regular mailings per year and all other usual attachments. For those of you who are not sure what I am talking about, an apa is an association of fans (in the case of APA-A, 25) who produce small fanzines of their own to be distributed to all other members, in the case of APA-A this distribution will take place every second month. Being active in an apa enables you to write about anything which interests you and being ensured of an audience. In an apa discussion can take place which is just impossible in the publishing of a normal fanzine because in open fandom you are not sure who will be reading what you write and you try to cater to an audience of a hundred or so rather than the twenty-five fans that you do know well in the apa.

To see that this apa gets off the ground I am willing to be in charge of it for six months (three mailings) until somebody else feels that they would like to be it. If the idea interests you I would be most pleased if you would contact me about it, I will write to as many of you Australian fans as possible, personally, to get your opinions. We will try to have the first mailing arranged by the second week of October, so if you would like to be in on this from the start, write to me as soon as possible if I haven't written to you.

#### NEW NEWS ABOUT THE AUSTRALIAN TOLKIEN SOCIETY:

In the Department 85 Paul Novitski talks about the formation of a national Tolkien Society. Since then Paul has been working on the first issue of the ATS Journal but now he has to leave Australia for the US of A. This event takes place on the 17th of August (next Saturday) and so the business of the Society has been handed over to Mike O'Brien in Tasmania to continue. Anybody who is interested in Tolkien would be advised to write to Mike whose address is 158 Liverpool Street, Hobart, Tasmania, Australia, 7000.

#### ALL OUR YESTERDAYS:

The long awaited book by Harry Warner Jnr. about fandom in the forties is due to be published by Advent on Jan 1, 1969 and about time.

RATAPLAN kaput.

It is of the past time as I think I read the book by John...

The book was written by John... and it was a very good one...

The book was written by John... and it was a very good one...

The book was written by John... and it was a very good one...



The book was written by John... and it was a very good one...

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