

REVIEW-SECTION.

We are fully aware that FANTASIA is begining to become lost in the mists of forgetfullness, but we think that this description of the 'evolution' sequence is still worth printing, so many of us have not had the pleasure of seeing it. Therefore we present :-

FILM REVIEW.

"FANTASIA".

by Jack Banks,

The sequence opened with pinkish masses of cloud moveing across a background of glowing volcanoes, and the music was quiet, but cast in crimson was another view, withoutbursts of flame from the craters pulsating in rythm with the heavier beat of the music that followed. It is interesting to note that this piece was originally meant to represent primitive dances, and indeed this is a dance, the dance of creation. Sound and colour is wedded with an artistry that makes this sequence a thrilling spectacle which to my mind reaches its climax in the grim, and at times, pathetic struggle of the early reptiles against a changing environment. under the merciless glare of the sun, through the dust-strown land stumble the one-time "Lords of Creation", frantically searching for sustenance. Their utter helplessness is well portrayed by the 'shot' of one, frustrated in its efforts to find water, raising its long neck up, up, untill the head is framed against the burning orb of the sun, the conquerer. And the dead creatures' bones, littering the wasteland, provide the opportunity for some views of the landscape that give a marvellous impression of three dimentions, which contrast with the "painted" aspect of some scenes. The colours here are less extreme than in other parts of the film, but even so, the variety displayed is noticeable, ranging from the cool green of the marine scenes, to the hot brown desert, with the choking dust raised by the heavy tread of the dinosaurs as they trek on blindly. As to the music, the synchronising of particular sounds to the action is remarkable. For instance, a harsh sound heard several times towards the end is represented as hugh masses of rock rising from out of the cracking earth. One definite feeling, from seeing this film, is that here is an ideal medium for filming certain aspects of science-fiction:

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CLEANINGS and stuff.

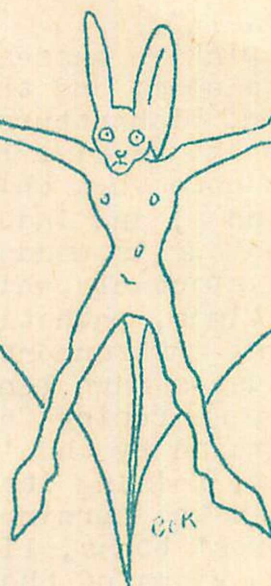
VOM has come thro' on time (Aug iss), and contains of note an article by Alojz called 'Some notes on the Black Arts'. It's good. Artwork is at the usual fair standard. OH FORRY, (said he, typing with one hand and holding an eclair in the other), It's nice to be able to miss out the uncomfortable parts of others letters, even nicer to be low enough to do it. However, we now gather that you actually think that that is art. "So long as we know . . .

Quotation. "Human thought is a shadow of a thousand and one shapes cast by the little surface of existence on which they move. And this shadow is, mysteriously, able to create other shadows that are cast by Nothing into Nowhere. This process is called Logic. It is the tongue of an animal wagging idiotically out of a cave filled with horrible bones. Yet it whispers of matters not in the chemistry of those bones."

CYCLOPS

FAPA

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BOOK REVIEW.

By Bert Lewis.

It seems as though Warwick Deeping has tended recently towards fantasy for his inspiration, hot on the heels of his 'time-travel' of "Man who Went Back", he now gives us a fantasy of the re-incarnation type. "I Live Again" (Cassell 8/6). He follows a path of his own no Egyptian Princesses or Medieval Poisoners make their appearances. Instead, we have an eighteenth-century footman, who is hanged for murder, only to live again as a commercial-magnate unhappily married, as a student who marries a Jewess and, their son, who is killed in a London blitz; quite a most readable fantasy.

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MAGAZINE REVIEW.

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION.

Sept. '42.

THE BARRIER by Anthony Loucher. A detective writer comes to swell the diminishing ranks, and does quite well; it's a pity the plot is of the dictator type.

NERVES by Lester del Rey. Writing and handling of plot is up to Rey's usual standard, but the plot is not sound. Story of pseudo psychological type.

WITH FLAMING SWORDS by Cleve Cartmill. Not so hot.

THE TUNCK by Lewis Padgett. Hack-stuff about alien forms of life, this time disguised as a radio-game. (Ware Tom Hughes) Plot is handles well, and the story is most amusing.

PRIDE by M. Jameson. More hack, thinking Robot (this one has pride) saved by Jamesons style and writing.

STARVATION by Fred Brown. Very short, both good and interesting; the old story of the dying out of prehistoric monsters.

DEATH UNDER THE SEA by W. Ley (Article.) Usual high standard. Cover by Will Timmins (nor have I), fair. Illus: Kollker, Kramer, Ley, Urban and Schneeman. Issue, Average.

FUTURE FICTION.

Feb. '42.

BEYOND THE STARS by Cummings. Super-super style; of a dead race on distant planet. Well written but nothing startling.

ALIEN VIBRATION by Hannes Bok. Again, mediocre.

"MY OBJECT ALL SUBLIME" by Lyle Monroe. Most amusing story of a villain who became a hero, and of invisibility, all told in best Raymond Runyon manner. Good.

PIE OF DOOM by David Keller. Poor for Keller; about monsters in a cave who use a system for killing their victims. Fair, Crazy.

SACRIFICE by John H. Mason. Earth conquered type of plot. Fair. Cover and all illus, except one by Lock. All fair. Damon Knight did the 'My Object ..' illus. Poor. Issue fair.

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READ RECENTLY.

"BOOK OF MIRACLES" by Ben Hecht. (Nicholson and Watson, 1940 8/-). Ben Hecht has a most astute and incisive mind, which he uses in this book to remove the self satisfied smirks from the faces of Psychologists, Philosophers, Politicians and Preachers alike. The book consists of five short stories, in which he speaks of God as an entity and describes his surroundings, thoughts etc. Fans will enjoy the adventures of the Film-Star who was whisked up to Heaven speak with God (honest to God he did) in mistake for Christ; and of the Prof. who was re-incarnated as an Ant, and saves the world from an invasion of stone-eating termites. The value of the book is not in the story, but in the philosophy it provokes thought and discussion.

ТУСИО

