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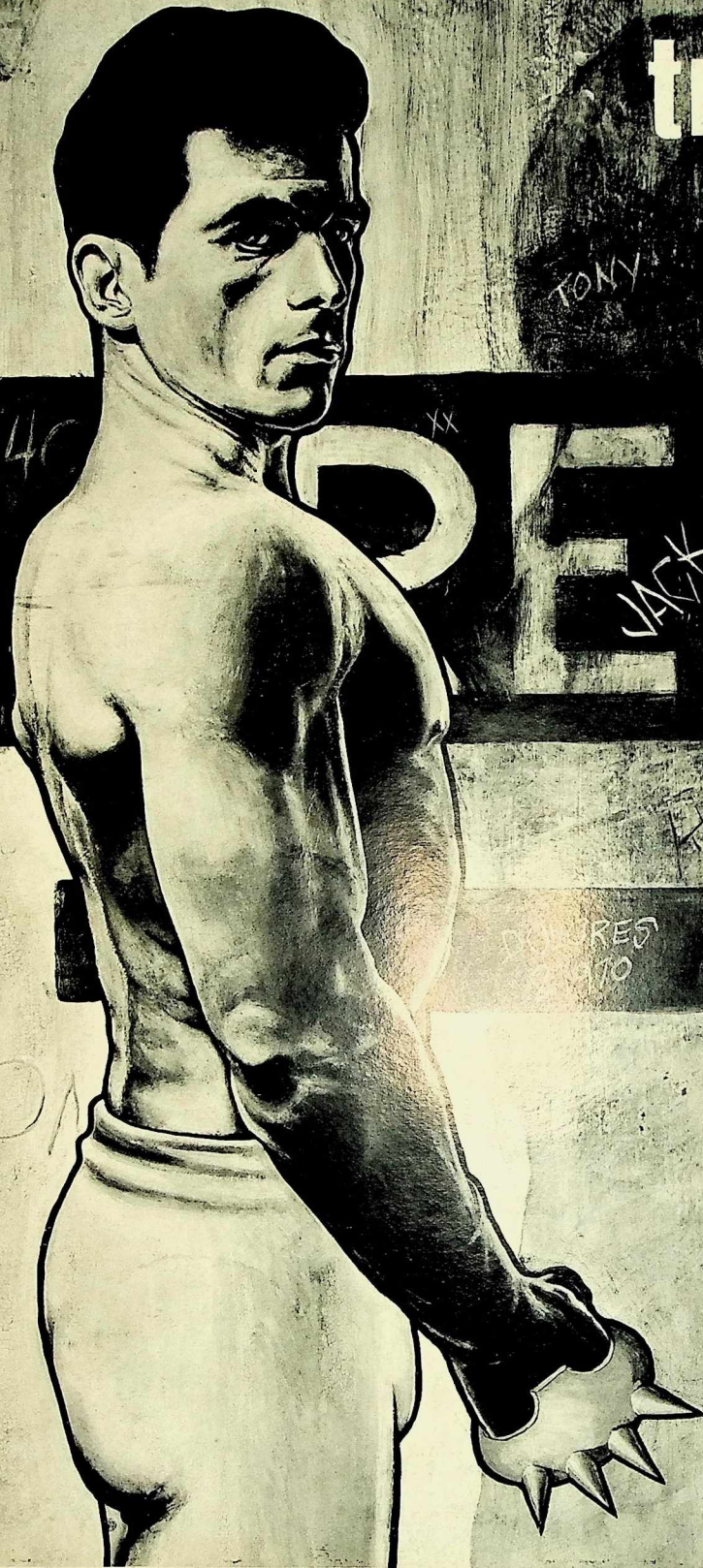
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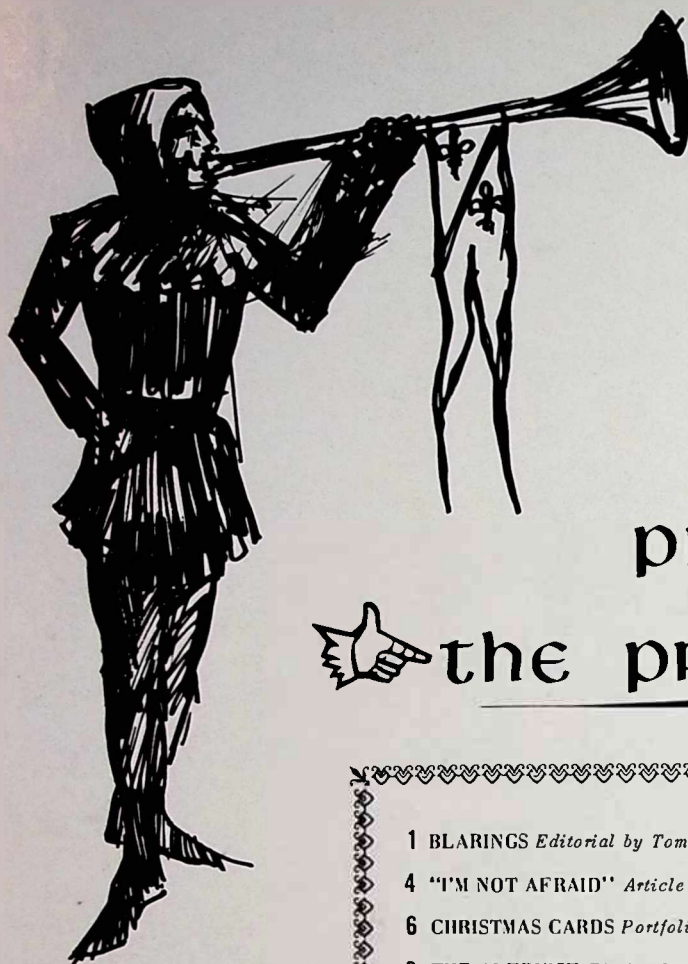
MURDER!

BUTCH

RIE







trumpet,  
the  
pretentious  
fanzine,  
presents:

👉 the programme 👈

NUMBER ONE  
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# BLARINGS

TOM REAMY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY HINES

## Ancient History & Sleeping Dogs

"Well, here I go again," said Tom, repeatedly. Old Dallas Fandom is lying quietly in its grave, unmourned by one and all. I've completely lost contact with most of the old members.

Orville Mosher is a prescient chairman for the Republican Party here in Dallas, and is happily hip deep in charts, graphs, surveys and other results of over-organization. Or, at least he was prior to the election. The Republican Party seems to offer our Orv just about everything that fandom didn't. He is able to organize everything in triplicate, and do his red tape May-pole dance with his constituents not only following, but encouraging him. I fear though that he is being used because he does all the Party printing free.

George Jennings gaffiated entirely after a few excellent issues of NOMAD and became a disc-jockey, though I don't believe he is still with the local station. Randy Brown, Mike May, Benny Sodek and Bill Sievers have vanished utterly, though, for all I know, they may be very active in fandom at this moment.

Richard Koogle alternates between Timberlawn Sanitarium and the Young Democrats. Jim Hitt has married and couldn't care less about fandom. Lyndon Henry is probably organizing student trips to Cuba and Al Jackson has joined NSF.

As for myself, I haven't seen a fanzine or corresponded in over five years. I don't know what the hell's going on. When I gaffiated, it was total. I left letters unanswered and promises unfulfilled. Now would be a good time to apologize to one and all—especially Marion Zimmer Bradley, Noreen Falasca and Dan Adkins.

Some of the material in this issue was originally intended for CRIFANAC 7 (does anybody remember CRIFANAC?); and that's another story. Several things contributed to the demise of the zine: The Dallas Futurian Society dissolved—or, rather, we elected Mosher president and all resigned. The Southwesterncon VI (dubbed the Publicitycon by Kent Moomaw) was an utter fiasco thanks primarily to the peculiar behavior of Dale Hart; such as the banquet incident.

quiet incident.

The food had arrived and all were present and ready to begin except Dale. Someone reported that he was still in the bar. An envoy was detailed to inform him of the banquet proceedings. They returned with a message that he would arrive when he was ready. People milled around for a while and finally seated themselves. The waiters stood by while the chicken (or whatever it was) got colder. A second messenger was sent to Mr. Hart. He returned a little shaken and slightly pale around the lips and reported that Dale wasn't ready yet. We all fidgeted for ten or fifteen minutes more and decided to start without him. When he did return, about five minutes after everyone had started eating, he delivered a tirade in stage whispers because we hadn't waited. That put the finishing touches on an already lethal affair.

The second major catastrophe was the canceling of the panel discussion between Moomaw, the Benfords, MZB, Ackerman and Dale (I think) on "How Fandom Has Changed Through the Years" for some insipid Air Force films. I can't imagine what possessed Dale though I can hardly excuse myself and Randy Brown, the other chairmen, from fault through inaction.

I didn't gaffiate out of bitterness as I was accused—though it may have seemed that way—I was simply tired of the whole mess (strains of *La Traviata* here.) I couldn't afford CRIFANAC for one thing. I was too lazy to do all the work required for another.



Now I've decided to start it all over again. I made many mistakes in CRIFANAC and will undoubtedly repeat some of them in TRUMPET (a name fraught with Freudian implications). When I reread the two issues, I cringe. I hope my outlook has changed in the intervening years.

There are several regrets resulting from the discontinuation of CRIFANAC. Kent Moomaw wrote a brilliant fanzine review column for it in which he criticized INNUENDO 6, SATA 9, VOID 12, ZODIAC 5, TWIG 7, QUAGMIRE, SHANGRILA, METROFAN 7, OOPSLA 24, and MYPHEN 20. Bring back memories to anyone? The column ran eleven double spaced pages, alas and arrrack.

There were numerous interesting letters received on CRIFANAC 6 and scheduled for publication were those by Clod Hall, Bob Coulson, Rick Sneary, F.M. Busby, Harry Warner, Jr., Archie Mercer, Mike Gates, Dennis A. Milham, Kenneth Bonnell, Dan Adkins, J. Arthur Hayes, Noreen Falasca, Howard Devore, Kent Moomaw and Hannes Bok. I want to quote from the last two and have given considerable and serious thought as to whether I should or not under the circumstances. Here goes, though it may be in resounding bad-taste.

KENT MOOMAW: "I'm sending under separate cover a long monster of a fanzine review column that I hope you'll be able to use in CRIFANAC 7. Home with a cold today, I began to read Clarke's 'The City and the Stars' at about eight this morning, decided to do the column at about ten, and worked steadily on the blasted thing with time out for food and bodily processes until about four this afternoon. If you reject it I'll probably commit suicide. Would you want your conscience plagued with the knowledge that Y\*O\*U, Thomas Reamy, were responsible for the death of fandom's most promising writer (according to the VOID poll)? Think twice before you pick up that blue pencil, man."

I still get a peculiar feeling when I read that.

HANNES BOK: "Glad you didn't ask me to do illos for CRIFANAC. Illustration bores me (I've got ideas of my own, if I want to draw, and don't see any point in drawing others' ideas therefore; also, I think fans have a heck of a lot of gall to expect free work from the pros—I'm sure Frank Sinatra's fans don't ask him for free concerts, or that Random House fans don't expect free books—and after having done loads of fan mag covers and donated free originals to various causes without even so much as a 'thank you' or an acknowledgement of receipt, I'm pretty soured. It takes just as much time to produce for a fan mag as for a pro mag; science fiction art is one of the lowest paying fields; and I can just see a fan volunteering to scrub my floors or wash my windows for the same length of time as it would take me to produce a picture for him!—yet they all expect me to drop everything to perform slave labor. A fan is supposed to support his idols, not leech off them! I'll believe in fans and fandom on the day when I hear that a bunch of them took up a collection to buy Edd Cartier a magnificent new easel, or Kelly Freas a huge box of paints, or Finlay a pile of scratchboard—THAT would be the proper way to express delight in a man's work, by insuring the production of more of it, rather than driving the guy out of the field by chiseling slave labor from him. But seems to me that fans are too ego-mad to think of it. They'd rather kill their golden geese. Hence I got out of the field—I don't care to know that kind of person.)

"Sorry for the tirade, but it's only too sickeningly true. If fans tried to back up their idols, instead of growling, 'I love your work, therefore give me that big oil painting for nothing', it might be that their idols would WISH to contribute (in a return of gratitude.)"

# S.P.E.C.

While old Dallas fandom may be as ripe as last week's TV dinner, New Dallas fandom is a going concern. It is comprised of a convivial group of people unknown to outside fandom. We don't elect officers, read minutes, have auctions, collect dues or resort to any of the other moshinations detrimental to enjoying ourselves. Meetings (though 'party' is far more apt) are held every other Friday night at the home of one of the members. We have intellectual discussions on how to properly make a frozen daquiri without previous experience and why the limbo is impractical for office workers—with demonstrations.

The new group is called *The Society for the Preservation of Enchanted Chipmunks*, a name which emerged, I believe, after a series of chug-a-lug contests. SPEC, a term I have just coined in order to save reams of paper, has had no contact with fandom in general and probably never would have had I not decided once again to "publish!"

The group contains an unproportionately large number of artists. They are: Hollis Williford, Jan Ischy, Jean Royall, Dawn Henry, Bill Morris, Bill Sebastian, Betty Sebastian, Don Churchill and Jerry Mays. I hope to use work by each in future issues. Several also write as Dawn Henry and Al Jackson (the only leftover, other than myself, from the Dallas Futurian Society) in this issue.

The story THE COSMIC DANCERS is illustrated, appropo of nothing, with photos taken at various SPEC gatherings. The people are identified at the end.

## The Things My Postman Brings Me!

It would seem that I have managed to get myself on just about every mailing list in the United States and Canada. Not that I mind all this "junk mail", I don't. I welcome it as a source of endless amusement and occasional gratification. It usually runs to three varieties:

1. The dull, uninteresting stuff which I use to make my wastebasket look lived in.

2. The occasional nuggets of genuine value and interest. These usually pertain to book and record sales, but the latest was a circular from a Warehouse Sales establishment in California (most of my junk mail seems to come from California). The circular offered for sale a man's wristwatch, a lady's wristwatch, a transistor radio, a massager and a set of stainless steel tableware—at a blanket price of \$10.00. Being somewhat inclined to skepticism, I ordered the stainless (which was sorely needed). It had no electrical circuits or delicate moving parts to go awry. After all, what can happen to a lump of stainless steel?

It arrived in an incredibly small package, about 2" X 2" X 10", but it was all there; all 52



pieces including a large cake spatula, a large berry spoon, a large gravy ladle and a large cold meat fork. I'm quite positive another dimension was employed to get all of it in. I have trouble fitting it all in the cabinet drawer. And strangely enough, it seems to be high quality merchandise though I doubt if I would have picked that particular pattern had I several from which to choose.

3. This is my favorite category; the wild, bizarre things which I would never consider buying but which I thoroughly enjoy reading about, though the enjoyment is somewhat diluted by pity for the poor unfortunates who do buy such things. It's really unbelievable the things people have to sell and I often wonder just exactly how they latched onto my name and address.

Probably the most bizarre item I've received lately (and a surprisingly large number of them do fall into the auto-eroticism category) is a circular entitled, quote: "Artificial Vagina, Actually designed to simulate the Natural Female Organ, Check these Sensational Features." Unquote. Is this a competitive market?

I won't elaborate on the "features" but they boil down to temperature control (110 to 120 degrees F is recommended) and variable pressure and

resistance. After the lengthy and quite graphic "features" comes these soul-stirring words: "We have endeavored to describe these properties in the most carefully chosen words. It is recognized that some people may feel we are overstepping the bounds of common decency, yet we know of no other way of disseminating adequate information on our product, etc."

And the price? Only \$34.95 (Residents of California include 4% sales tax). Down at the bottom of the page is the real kicker. In minute letters on the order blank appears: "I am over 21 years of age, and intend to use this instrument to collect semen from bulls."

## Editorial Policy & Other Pretentions

TRUMPET's editorial policy will be characterized generally by a lack of one. I'll accept anything I like regardless of subject matter or approach. Don't be misled by this fiction-heavy first issue; I'll undoubtedly always use fiction—be it sercon or faanish—but probably never again this much.

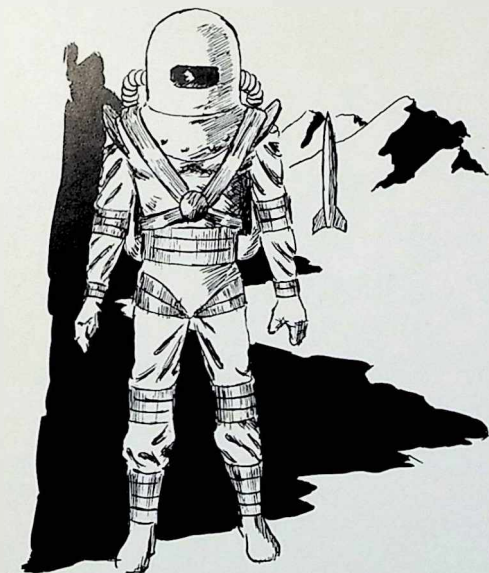
Next issue will begin a letter section of unlimited length and a fanzine review column if some kind soul will volunteer to do one. I would also like to continue the "Who's Who in Fandom" feature from CRIFANAC. Don't be bashful; if you think you are a "who", let me know. Dan Adkins was scheduled for CRIFANAC 7 but I have misplaced the copy he sent as well as several illos (I generally break into hysterical weeping every time I decide to tear the place apart and look for them). Anyone who would like to write a chatty, preferably controversial, column will be worshipfully welcomed.

An art-portfolio in each issue seems called for. As you can see by this one, the art need not be faanish or even science-fictional. It would be a shameful waste to devote an offset zine to pages of text which can be reproduced just as well on a mimeo or ditto. There can be beautiful results with artwork also, though mimeo and ditto do have limitations. Offset has none as far as black and white are concerned, and the only limitation in color is financial. In a fit of masochistic curiosity I once checked and found that full-color reproduction would run about fifty dollars a page.

I might try it some day when I have more money than I know what to do with, and in my dotage.

This first issue is being sent to practically everybody whose name and address I can locate including the complete NSF membership. To get future issues you'll need to do something. The accepted things are listed in order of preference: 1. A contribution of material. 2. A letter of comment. 3. If you are an ampubber, your fanzine in trade. 4. 50¢ for the next issue. 5. A sub: five issues for \$2.00.

Choose the last one at your own risk. Present plans call for three or four issues a year but you know how that goes.



marion  
zimmer  
bradley:  
“I’m not  
afraid!”

**E**ureka!  
No, I haven't solved the riddle of the ages. But the other evening, while paging through my *IN SEARCH OF WONDER*, it suddenly dawned on me—the answer to the question that plagues all sf readers and all sf and fantasy lovers, from time to time.

The question—why does one person like sf and another person hate it? What is the serious psychological difference between fan and non-fan? What is it that makes the sf reader defend his favorite literature variously as escapes, enjoyment, extrapolative, delight, the fun of seeing the future, while the non-reader shudders at “that morbid futuristic horror stuff.”

And suddenly I had the answer.

The sf and fantasy reader *does not fear the unknown!*

It has been staring me in the face all my life.

My mother, an otherwise, well educated and fairly broadminded woman, interdicted *Weird Tales* and Boris Karloff movies for fear they would “scare” me, and tsk-tsked over my liking for Rider Haggard and Sax Rohmer as “morbid”. And I have never forgotten an incident of my sixteenth Christmas. I had received the classic *Dracula* as a gift, being too old to be denied my own choice of books. I sat under the tree that evening, nibbling on a candy cane and devouring the pages, oblivious. She entered the room, stared, shook her head, and remarked on the incongruity of the scene—the beautifully lighted tree, her golden haired daughter like an angel in a new pink dressing gown, and the innocuous candy cane—“and that horrible book!”

Even then I felt it as a great uncrossable gap between us, for I felt no horror in the pages of the book. I explored the world of *Dracula*, the coffins, the Undead, the sinister Count, the gallent men and

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM REAMY



pitiful Lucy and courageous Mina, with wonder and surprise and a little sadness, but without a single chill of fear or morbid sensation.

Most people seem to believe that those who read Poe, Lovecraft and the like—and they usually toss in science fiction as well—do so out of a morbid desire to experience a cold chill of horror. No story has ever given me a moment of fear. Surprise, yes. Wonder; astonishment; frequently (as in Poe's *Pit and the Pendulum*) a very real compassion for the victim because of his terror. But never have I felt any personal horror. Why should I? It's only a story. To me it is the height of perverse neuroticism—to be frightened by a book or movie. People who can be scared by print on paper—fictional print, that is—are really out of touch with reality.

What I do feel is the lure of the unknown; the gasp of wild surmise; the astonishment and delight of a new idea.

All this runs far afield from science fiction. But the other day having read (at my request, since I have regard for her literary judgment) one of my near-future science fiction stories, my mother confessed simply that the story had scared her—because it seemed in these days of satellites and moon rockets, too horrifyingly real to contemplate.

I was surprised and rather puzzled until I suddenly remembered, for the mass audience, even the soberly documentary *The Day the Earth Stood Still* was billed, on the movie houses as a horror movie.

And then it dawned on me:

To the average person, the unknown, in itself, is horror.

Be it vampires, spirits from the beyond, moon rockets, telepathy, the life after death, or the unexplored mountains of the Andes, all these things are lumped together as horror—simply and solely because they are *unknown*.

Their reaction to these things is not curiosity. It is not wonder, surprise, or a desire to explore the matter further. Their reaction is *fear*—ranging from simple distaste to stark terror.

This is why science fiction can reach a mass audience only when it treats the unknown as THE HORRIBLE, when it takes that fear into account; plays on it; capitalizes on it.

And to the fan, to the sf and fantasy lover who delights in the unexpected, the unforeseen; that equation of the unknown with the horrible is in itself a horror. Which also explains why mass-audience sf does not sell to fans and vice-versa.

The curious thing is, that we who love the unknown are not immune to horror. But my horror is reserved for the known. I feel horror when I read of juvenile gang-wars in New York, or marijuana addiction among the "beat generation". I feel horror when I see a girl of fourteen solemnly married to a boy of seventeen and her parents sigh with relief at the knowledge that "now she can't get herself into trouble." I feel stark inconceivable horror when I read that the concentration of strontium 90 in the atmosphere will reach a dangerous level in the foreseeable future. I feel absolute maniac terror when I see a boy of fifteen at the wheel of a hot-rod, driving 93 miles an hour in a school zone.

Vampires and spaceships, even if real, could never hold for me the terror which I have for these things. I reserve my shudder of horror for a world which calls *Dracula* morbid and turns aside to peruse Lana Turner's love letters to a hoodlum murdered by her little daughter.



christmas  
CARDS  
hannes  
BOK



*may your stars shine  
merry and bright!*





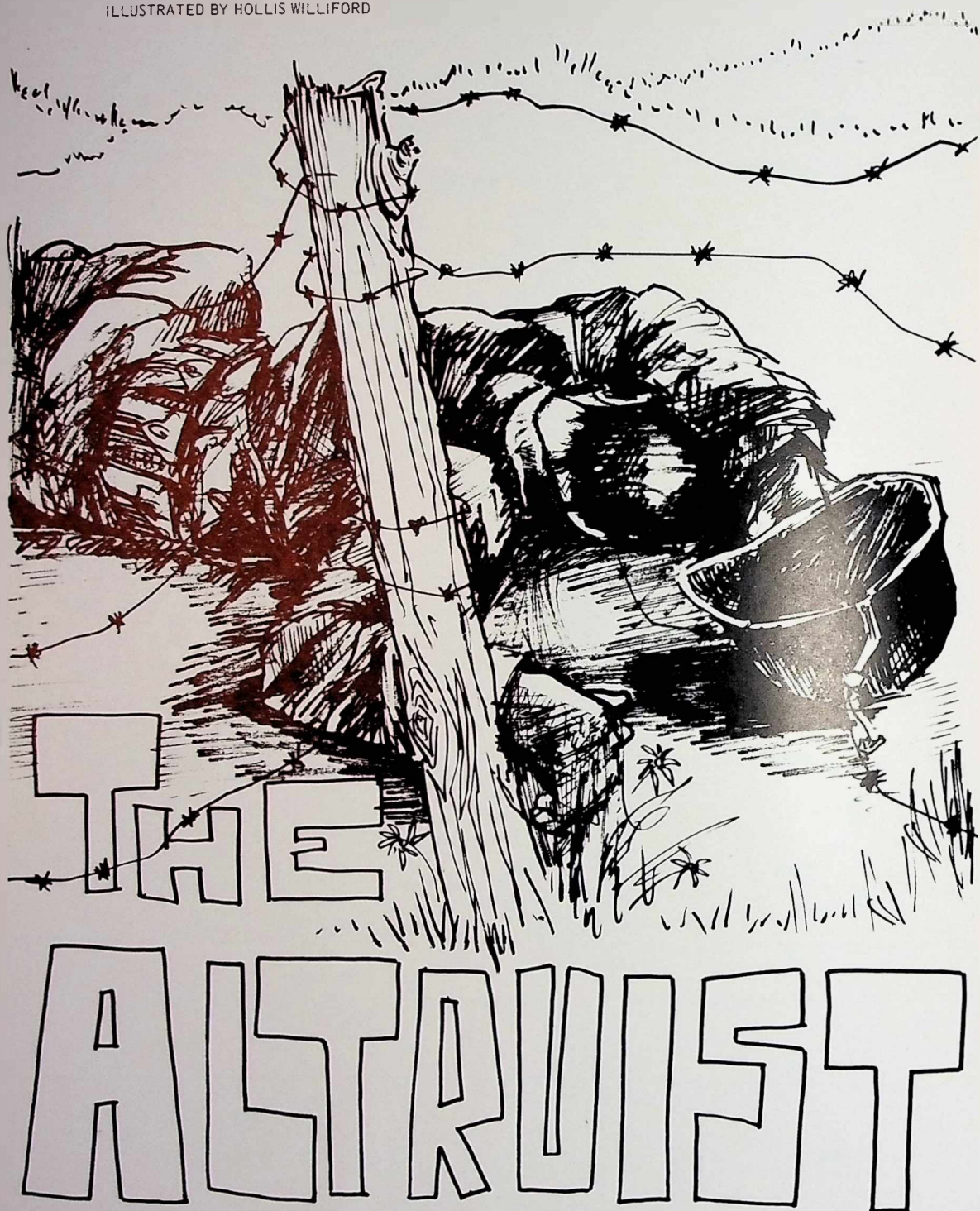
THAT YOUR  
SPECIAL  
STAR  
BE EVER  
BRIGHT





by Charles Portis

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLIS WILLIFORD





Pvt. Rhylick threw a shovelful of Korean mud over the top of the trench and looked out through the drizzly rain across the broad valley. He identified the dome shape of Chok-San through the mist and thought about nothing in particular. He rolled a wet, floppy, Bugler cigarette, looked at it, threw it away and lighted a Chesterfield.

"Hey, Lightweight, how about getting out of the damn way there."

He jerked around and saw the two men standing there holding a .50 caliber machine gun stretcher-fashion. He mumbled something apologetic and they edged by him without answering and moved on down the trenchline. He started back to work and knocked his rifle off the parapet into the mud muzzle first.

About halfway down the reverse slope of the hill Corporal Hesse sat on his haunches over a Coleman stove trying to heat a can of sausage patties, type II, with gravy. He was having trouble with the stove because he was using red gasoline instead of white and had burned his fingers several times. The water squished in his boots when he shifted his weight. He knew the bottom pattie in the can was burning but that was the price you had to pay for a warm top one. A copper-green beetle materialized out of nowhere and plopped into the half-melted grease. He flipped it out with a stick. A figure sloshed up and squatted down in front of the stove. His poncho billowed out and blew out the shaky flame.

"You fixing to eat now, Hesse?"

"Moskins, you Mongolian—. No, I'm not fixing to eat. I'm making gingerbread for my mother. She's overseas."

"Well, the Lieutenant wants to see you when you get through eating."

"Okay. See if you can get that stove working again."

Hesse slung his carbine over his shoulder upside down to keep rain out of the muzzle and started down the hill.

It had rained off and on for two days and had settled down to a steady drizzle. There was seven or eight inches of water in the trenches and only a few exceptionally good managers had dry clothing left. The sleeping bags inside the living bunkers smelled of mildew and occasionally a squirrel-sized rat would dash inside one of the sandbag huts seeking discarded rations. There was a good deal of hip shooting at the rats but the casualties were proportionally slight.

Hesse pushed the poncho curtain aside and ducked into the first platoon C.P. The Lieutenant was sitting on a grenade box under a smoky gasoline lantern. His armored vest, or flak jacket, was unzipped and the T-shirt underneath was dirty. He started to speak just as a 120 millimeter mortar shell exploded at the bottom of the hill. Shrapnel whined off into silence and the two men paused for the next one. When it didn't come Hesse took off his helmet and sat down on a water can.

"The Captain wants us to make a little run out to Gibraltar tonight, Hesse. It's about your time, you know. He thinks that's where those knee mortars are coming from. He said—" The next one came then, a little closer than the first, and the lantern swayed gently.

"Damn! I'll never get used to it. Why do they wait like that anyway?"

"To keep us shook up. On this patrol now—"

"Just recon or what?"

"Well, you can use your own judgement about

getting into a fire fight—if you have a choice. What you better do is go around the outpost and move up the left side of Gibraltar, the west side. When you get just below the crest of the hill spread out in a skirmish line and set in. Stay put there for about three hours and keep your eyes open. Those damn gooks are not supernatural; they'll have to move sooner or later. Old Cochise himself would have to move after three hours. If you don't spot anything, move across the top of the hill—slowly—and then double back. The moon will be down about twelve-thirty if that skyline walking scares you. I can get some one-o-fives out there if you need them."

"It'll be rough going in the paddies; they're like lakes down there."

"Nobody can get any wetter anyway. And look, don't spread out so far apart that you're likely to lose contact. We don't want another deal like last week when Rhylick bugged out or got lost or whatever the hell happened. We sure don't. Just play it cool. I heard again this morning that they're going to sign the truce any day now."

"We've been hearing that for three months now."

"I still like to hear it."

"Say, uh, Lieutenant, my squad is kind of short. How about letting me have one of Carnahan's men. He's got twelve men. Rhylick, maybe?"

"Rhylick?—Oh, I see, you feel sorry for him. You feel sorry for that adolescent deadbeat?"

"Okay, okay, I feel sorry for him. For Christ's sake Lieutenant, they're driving that kid out of his mind in that second squad. Silent treatment, dirty work, all that business; you know the game. Carnahan left him behind on his last patrol. Had him lug machine gun ammunition up the hill while they were out fighting the war. Somehow he doesn't come up to the elite standards of the second squad. What's he done to rate all that?"

"Wait a minute now. Wait just a damn minute. I'm the one who's keeping him back here. I don't want anybody killed because some damn clown gets shook up out there. I'm sorry if it's going to affect his personality but that's the way it is."

"Look, sir, that was his first patrol. Carnahan, that idiot Carnahan, put him on the tail end of the patrol, the hairiest place there is. They were moving through the paddies and Rhylick says he got tangled up in some comm wire—you know how thick that wire is down there. By the time he got loose they were gone. He couldn't call out or anything, so he did the smart thing and came on back. Just one of those things. Could have happened to anybody."

"Oh, it was a good story all right. That's the only reason I didn't hang him. Now how about the little incident night before last when Carnahan caught him leaving the trench during a barrage? How about that?"

"He said he was going to get his field jacket. He should have told somebody, sure, but that's no reason to crucify the guy."

"Crucifying yet. Oh, my God. You know something, Hesse, you're a pretty good squad leader but you've got a bleeding, bleeding heart. You stay in the Marine Corps long enough and you'll just bleed to death, old buddy boy. I don't know whether the kid bugged out or not, but I've got to assume he did. In my position I've got to assume he did, and I don't intend to risk anybody's neck to prove he didn't. He stays in Carnahan's squad and he stays behind the line. Any question about the patrol?"

"I didn't want to have to bring this up, Lieu-

tenant, but let me put it this way: You made me a corporal before I had nearly enough time in grade; you gave me the first squad over two other guys who had twice as much time as I did; when anything comes up to do with the platoon you always talk to me about it before anyone else. I never brownnosed you or anything, you know that. You got a tough job, a lot of worries and all that, I know. But I also know I'm right about Rhylick. He's okay. You have trusted my judgement before, how about trusting it this time? I know I'm right."

"You can get worked up over the dammedest things, Hesse."

"I just don't like to see a guy get screwed. Look, let me take him on this patrol tonight. My neck will be out as far as anybody's. We don't have so many good men that we can't use another one in this platoon. Treat a man like a dog and that's just what you got, a dog. I'm not going to coddle him or anything; don't worry about that. Why don't you give it a try, Lieutenant, on a trial basis?"

"Take him, Hesse, take him before you have a nervous breakdown. It doesn't make that much difference."

"I knew you would come over all the time, Lieutenant. Now don't worry about it; I'll keep him beside me with the radio and nothing's going to happen."

Hesse started back up the hill toward the trench grabbing bushes along the way to keep from falling down. He felt the tank coming before he heard it and he turned around and saw it lumber up against the skyline on the high ground behind the first platoon area. A Confederate flag was flying from the antenna and the turret began to turn slowly looking for a target. The turret stopped and the coaxial machine gun started its metallic chatter in order to zero in the big gun. When the machine gun got a target the 90 millimeter gun roared and Hesse thought his ears would burst. He wondered if there was as much noise inside a tank as in front of it and finally decided there couldn't be. The tank craned its heavy neck around again and, seeming to be bored with what it saw, backed down the hill out of sight.

Now that they've given the Chinese something to shoot at, Hesse thought, they leave and we catch hell.

Rhylick was building a dam in his half-completed ditch and he turned around and grinned foolishly when Hesse came up. Hesse stared for a minute at the object of his pleading and he suddenly hated Rhylick and wondered why he had gone to all the trouble.

"How's it going, Rhylick?"

"Pretty good, I guess."

"We're having a little shake-up in the platoon, Rhylick, and you're in my squad now. As radioman. We've got a patrol lined up for tonight and you're going with us."

"I don't know anything about a radio."

"There's not much to it. You can push a button can't you? When you get through here go and get all your stuff and come over to my bunker. There's an empty rack under Hoskins you can have."

Rhylick studied his fingernails. "I thought Sorrels was your radioman?"

"Sorrels is a short-timer. Going to be rotated in a couple of weeks. When you get that short you don't have to make patrols."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight."

Hesse was sitting outside his bunker finish-

ing up the sausage patties when Carnahan brought the news.

"You know what the latest word is, Hesse?"

"What do you want, Carnahan?"

"I just thought I'd drop by and tell you the damn war's over. That's the word. Just got it from the Lieutenant. He got it from Company. The damn war's over."

"Funny, funny, funny. Go get captured or something, will you, Carnahan?"

"Who's being funny? It's the straight dope, I tell you. Flares go up tonight, white flares all along the line. At nine-forty-five. No more shooting after nine-forty-five. The outpost is coming in in the morning."

"You're going to wake up some morning with three hundred bullets in the back of your head, Carnahan."

"Okay, find out for yourself. Ask the Lieutenant. Ask anybody."

"When are we moving out then?"

"I don't know that. All I know is the damn war's over."

Hesse mashed down the top of the can with a quick final movement and pitched it into the trash pit. He wiped his spoon off on a wet copy of *Stars and Stripes* and stuck it in his pocket. A rat scurried out of the pit and stopped a few feet in front of him to nibble on a soggy cracker. Hesse was irritated by the undramatic way he had learned of the truce and he felt the manipulator's frustration. Now, Rhylick, old Red Badge of Courage Rhylick, would never have the chance to prove himself. What was worse, Hesse thought, everyone, Rhylick included, would probably forget the whole thing after a few weeks. No one to really appreciate the situation. To hell with everybody.

Hesse was on his feet instantly when he heard the thin squeal he had come to recognize as incoming fire. Hoskins stirred in his sleeping bag and asked what was going on as Hesse lighted a candle inside the bunker and sat down.

"That, Hoskins, is incoming. I-N-c-o-m-i-n-g." What a corny word. Like bazooka.

Rhylick broke the dam he had built and watched the muddy water rush through the ditch. When the first round came in he dropped his shovel and left his rifle and ran for the nearest machine gun bunker. He sat down inside and fished a B-3 can out of his pocket. He threw away the coffee and matches and other junk and spread some of the raspberry jelly on a cracker. His mind was occupied with whether he was going to come out even on the crackers and jelly. Last time he had had a cracker left over and no jelly.

In the bunker below Hoskins sat up and lighted a cigarette. "Whoever's on day watch is sure catching hell up in that trenchline."

"Rhylick!" Hesse shouted. "That fool Rhylick is up there digging a ditch. Right out in the open. He won't leave the trench now--not after the other night. Dammit!"

Hesse zipped up his armored vest and started on his mission. He had just rounded the bend in the trench and seen the abandoned shovel and rifle when his 120 came in. There was an instantaneous moment of awareness when he could have settled the old question of whether you ever heard it coming or not.

All they retrieved was the trunk of his body which had been protected by the vest and they wrapped that up in a poncho and detailed Rhylick to carry it back to the company supply bunker to wait for the Graves Registration truck.





# the COSMIC DANCERS by james twiggs

66 Turn right at the next corner," Laura said. "It's the last house."

Miles turned and drove to the end of the block. All the spaces in front of Dr. Limprist's house were taken. He made a U turn and parked across the street.

It was a long, low house with an over-sized picture window. The lawn was large and well-kept, and there was a row of shrubbery growing close to the house, apparently running all the way around it. There were two tall trees in the front yard.

"Nice place," Miles said.

"Oh, you'll love it," Laura said. "Anyway, most people do." She looked significantly at him.

Through the picture window Miles could see couples dancing to what must have been an old Bavarian folk tune or something, the way they were whirling

about. He snickered and Laura pinched his arm.

"Sorry," he said. "It just slipped out."

"Miles, you promised."

"I haven't forgotten."

They reached the front porch. She stopped him and made him turn facing her. "I wish you hadn't worn those jeans and that plaid shirt."

"You said it was informal."

"Not *that* informal," she said, turning her body slightly to indicate her high-fashion "casual" clothes. Then, standing on her tiptoes, she kissed him lightly. He half expected her to say something like, please be good and don't drink too much, but she didn't.

"Well," she said, "we're here."

He nodded and pressed the doorbell.

Dr. Limprist came to the door with a glass of

wine in his hand. He was a tall man, but his height seemed deliberate, a kind of trick designed to conceal flabbiness. He was wearing dark blue trousers and a maroon corduroy jacket with a felt collar. There was an art publication sticking out of his jacket pocket. He was accompanied by a huge reddish dog.

"Well, Laura," he said. "So good to see you again. It's been too long." He looked suspiciously at Miles.

Laura introduced Miles to the professor, and the two men shook hands.

"And this," Laura said, indicating the dog, "is Michael."

The dog extended his paw. Miles tried ignoring it, but the beast growled and bared his teeth. Miles grasped the paw and shook it.

Michael, apparently satisfied, began to sniff at the crotch of Miles' trousers.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Laura asked.

Miles didn't answer. He was expected, he knew, to let fly a few ooh's and aah's and pats on the head, but by God...

Dr. Limprist leaned over and whispered something to Laura, looking down at the front of her blouse as he did so. Laura laughed at whatever it was, and he smiled and took her by the forearm. The three of them and Michael joined the party.

The dancing had stopped. The party had formed itself into groups of from two to ten people, some sitting, some standing, all talking.

"Hey, everybody," Dr. Limprist called. "Hey there, people."

The little groups quieted slowly and turned their eyes toward the host.

Dr. Limprist stroked Laura's forearm and said, "You all know Laura." His voice was silky, like that of a handsome comic in a burlesque show, and Miles waited for him to wink and leer and add, *everybody knows Laura*. Instead, the professor waved his wine glass at Miles. "And this is Miles..."

"Henry," Laura prompted.

"Miles Henry."

The little groups nodded greetings and turned back in upon themselves, talking.

"You kids make yourselves at home. The punch-bowl's in the usual place, Laura. If you need anything, just—so to speak—holler." He let his hand linger a moment longer on Laura's arm; then he crossed the room and took his place on the divan, at the center of the largest group of people.

"Well," said Laura. "Shall we mingle?"

"Not if we can help it," Miles said.

"Come on, I'll get us some punch."

Miles patted his pocket. "I brought my own."

"But you *promised*."

He reassured her about the promise and pointed out that the terms didn't exclude the bringing of a bottle, only getting drunk and abusive.

"These people are social drinkers, not drunks," Laura said. "I wish we hadn't come."

Miles suggested leaving immediately, but Laura said that that would be gauche. After all, these people were her friends.

"And if you start anything," she said, "we're through. If you can't get along with my friends, you can't get along with me."

"Pure rhetoric."

"Try me and see."

"I like it with just you and me," he said. He was disgusted at the hint of pleading in his voice.

Before Laura could answer him, she was paged from across the room. They turned to see a tall

girl with blond hair making her way toward them, with a grace of stride that was constantly being undermined by her gangling arms. She wore strikingly plain, well-tailored clothes in contrast to the stretch pants and loose colorful blouses of most of the other women. Her face was covered with pimples. Laura introduced her as Beverly Wells, a music student and "My very best friend."

Beverly said she was glad to know Miles, she'd heard Laura mention him so often, and why didn't he and Laura come and sit with her friends, they were having a lovely time. Miles told Laura to go ahead, that he wanted to get some of that punch and would join them later, that he would sort of "mingle" on his own for a while and for her not to worry about him, he'd be all right.

Laura looked suspicious. He reassured her with a smile. She said well, then, okay, and she and Beverly moved across the room and joined some people sitting cross-legged on pillows on the floor.

Miles watched them for a moment. Then he threaded his way past the theater crowd, the literature crowd, the art people, and the folk song and fairly tall set. He found himself in the dining room. From there he had only to push his way through the politics crowd to reach the kitchen.

He found a glass, opened his bottle and mixed a bourbon and water. He drained the glass in two gulps and mixed another. Then he made his way back into the living room where he found an empty corner and sat down on the floor. He leaned back and sipped his drink. By God, he'd sit right here until Laura was ready to go. He closed his eyes, tilted his head back against the wall and relaxed as best he could.

A loud rustling sound and a squealed greeting snapped him out of it. He opened his eyes. A plump girl in a black taffeta dress was kneeling down in front of him.

"Hey," she said, "what're you doin' over here b'yourself?"

Her accent was one of studied overcasualness.

"You look s'lonesome," she said, "over here all b'yourself. This's your first time here, huh?"

Miles said yes, it was.

"Well, the way to be pop'lar 'round here's to just join in."

"Thanks for the warning," Miles said. He reclosed his eyes with the mad solipsistic hope of just blinking her out of existence. It didn't work.

"M'name's Sammy Jeanne Burgess, but m'friends all call me Simone for short."

"Glad to know you Sammy Jeanne," Miles said.

"I a'ready know your name; I heard Dr. Limprist introduce you. But *what're* you?"

Miles didn't answer.

"Oh, come on and *tell* me," Sammy Jeanne said. "I'm in art, m'self."

"Well," Miles said, "I'm sort of in art too."

"Really?"

"Yes, I draw pornographic comic books!"

"Oh, this's just *too* good—even if it is kinda commercial. Have you?...Have you..?"

"...Got any of my work with me now?"

She nodded vigorously.

"No, I haven't, but I'll tell you what." He motioned for her to lean closer. "I'll tell you what we can do—we can sneak into a bedroom and leave the light on and watch ourselves in the mirror." He leered and patted her knee.

"Well," Sammy Jeanne squealed, "I *never*..!"

She struggled to her feet and flounced away, her taffeta rustling furiously. Watching her Miles



wondered what he'd have done if she'd taken him up on his proposition. He leaned back and drank.

Michael came sauntering up. He looked Miles over and began to sniff in the area of his fly. Miles tried to push the dog away, but the animal growled. Miles got up and walked into the dining room. Laura was there, getting some punch and talking to a young English professor named Wilson.

They were discussing the spiritual problem in contemporary literature. Miles said hi and went on past them into the kitchen, where he freshened his drink with some ice. He stood there for a while, drinking slowly, trying to relax.

Dr. Limprist came in with his arm over the shoulders of a rabbit-faced girl, telling her something about "the cosmic dance of existence." He nodded to Miles. Miles returned the nod, but when the professor opened his mouth to say something to him, Miles turned and walked back into the dining room.

A good-sized group had gathered around Laura and Wilson. The discussion had grown more complex, dealing simultaneously with the modern predicament, the prose style of Henry James, the artistic failure of somebody or other, dialectical materialism, sexual imagery in Emily Dickinson, existentialism, America--its promise and failure, the examined life, the growth of physical science, the ordeal of Mark Twain, Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Mantle as symbols of mass decadence in contemporary society, coitus interruptus, the hidden assumptions of logical positivism, the creative impulse, psychotherapy, the mind of the South, Jesus Christ, love and lust, and the beat generation.

A lady economics professor, a stout woman who, because of a tightly drawn expression about her mouth and nose, seemed always to be trying very hard to break wind, turned suddenly and grabbed Miles' sleeve and asked him what he thought about the point she had just made--a point, she said, "which should settle that communist business once and for all."

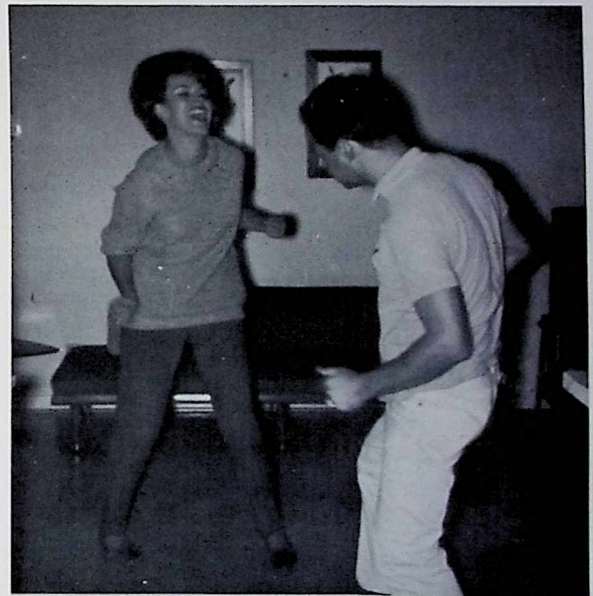
Gulping down a wild urge to scream, Miles jerked himself free.



In the living room he found a vacant easy chair and sat down. It would be, he knew, a long evening; he might as well make himself comfortable, if that was possible.

No one bothered him for a while. He drank slowly and watched the little groups form, break up, and re-form in different combinations. The ritual dance had lulled him almost to sleep when Michael leaped onto his lap, and he was forced to get up.

Back in the kitchen he mixed a fresh drink. A sad-looking German exchange student came in. Beverly Wells was with him and he was plying her with



his guilt feelings. He explained himself elaborately, with hesitant speech and groping gestures, and ended by burying his head in Beverly's shoulder, his arms around her, his body twitching spasmodically.

Beverly ran her fingers through his hair and patted him on the back. Looking gravely at Miles, she said, "Isn't it awful?--his daddy was a Nazi."

"Your body, Beverly," Miles said, "your body can salve his tormented conscience, can still the voices of all those dead Jews. Your body can do this thing, Beverly, even though your face is covered with pimples."

He left before Beverly's indignation could verbalize itself past the word "crude."

He felt very tense. The liquor was not relaxing him at all. He went into the living room where a bald headed guy wearing sun glasses and a sweat

shirt was strumming a guitar and leading a folk-singing session.

There was an empty chair across the room, and Miles started to sit down. But he spotted Michael coming toward him, and he ducked through the nearest door, into a bedroom. He opened another door and found himself in the bathroom. It was quiet in there. He finished his bourbon and water and set the glass on the sink. Then he opened his bottle and took two swallows from that. There was a knock on the door, and a girl's voice asking would he please for God's sake hurry? Miles put his bottle away and opened the medicine cabinet. He found a box of Ex-Lax and slipped it into his pocket. Then he opened the door.

Sammy Jeanne Burgess was standing there, lifting first one foot and then the other several inches off the floor. She gave him a dirty look and said, "I thought you'd never get outta there." She went in and slammed the door.

He was feeding the Ex-Lax to Michael when Laura came to bawl him out for being crude and insulting Beverly.

"Beverly is a very sensitive person," Laura said. "I told her I'd make you apologize."

Miles laughed. Laura told him he was drunk and not to bother about the apology to Beverly, she'd handle it. Then she asked him what he was giving Michael. Miles told her it was candy he just happened to have in his pocket, and she said, well, it was about time he did something nice for somebody for a change. She added that she was very upset about Beverly, and that he'd better watch his step.

"Can't we please leave now?" Miles asked.

Laura said no they couldn't leave now, and for him to behave. He'd like these people, she said, if he'd just let himself.

He asked her if she wouldn't stay with him for a while, and talk. She took him by the hand and led him over near the divan, where some people were discussing art.



"You stand right there," she said, "I'll be back as soon as I see if Beverly is feeling better. Wait here--and show some interest in what's being said."

Miles started to object, but Laura silenced him with a frown. He sighed and turned to the discussion.

Dr. Limprist's smooth voice was dominating the conversation. He was sitting on the divan, the rabbit-faced girl at his side.

"Well," he was saying, "we--and by we I mean what I call 'the felt community of creative spirits'--we may not, as you, Wilson, I believe, said, a moment ago--we may not be producing much great art--great when measured by the highest standards--but I assert that we are producing more good art than ever before, and, furthermore, that--"

"Now just a minute, Limprist," Wilson said, "do you mean to suggest that qualitative differences can be made up in purely quantitative fashion? I can't buy that, I'm afraid."

"That's not at all what I meant," Dr. Limprist said with tolerant exasperation. "May I explain--?"

"Can we vote on that?" Miles asked.

Dr. Limprist ignored his remark and went on; "My memory of aesthetics is based upon a metaphysics reflecting what I call 'the dynamics of the cosmic dance of existence.'"

"Why do you call it that?" Miles asked.

Dr. Limprist parried the question with a smile. He put his arm on the back of the divan and let his hand lie on the neck of the rabbit-faced girl. "Let us get down to fundamentals," he said.

"How far is that from here?" Miles asked.

"Down to fundamentals and first principles," Dr. Limprist said. "I'll be the first to admit that the great work--and remember that we're all agreed there's little of it being done--the great work of our time has been *unconventional*. But, as I said, there is more good art today than ever before, and--get this now; it's very important--in the process of becoming good, this good art has developed *conventional* forms. When these forms have outgrown the talent of the artist who brought them into being, those forms will be ripe for exploitation by truly great artists."

"The rape of the comic strip," Miles said.

"And then," Dr. Limprist continued ecstatically, "we shall see a flowering forth of culture--I define culture as 'convention transformed by genius'--and such a culture will provide the kind of soil which alone is conducive to *wholesome* development of genius." He paused to sip his wine and stroke the neck of the rabbit-faced girl, who seemed to be in a kind of trance. Then, with a prophetic smile, he said, "It is no exaggeration to say that we here tonight are helping to prepare the way for a great new era in the arts."

The little group beamed rapturously. Rabbit-face actually shuddered--and with such feeling that Miles looked to be sure that Dr. Limprist's hand was still only stroking her neck. It was, and Miles grudgingly marveled.

But Wilson would not permit Dr. Limprist an unqualified victory. "There is, of course," he said, "the possibility that art will not survive the scientific and technological revolution now at its zenith."

The group was shaken with these words, and fidgeted uneasily, like chickens settling down to sleep on a stormy night.

Dr. Limprist came back strong with something about "the cosmic dance of existence," and everyone



seemed to feel a little better.

Good God, Miles thought. He wondered where Laura was. He turned to go look for her--and there she was; he almost stepped on her.

"What took you so long?" he asked.

"I've been right here behind you all the time," she said, "listening to your childish comments."

"I did my best."

"Why can't you say something that isn't pure nonsense?"

"At least my nonsense had the virtue of being deliberate!" He was needing another drink. But more than anything he wanted to pick her up and carry her off somewhere.

The people around them had stopped talking.

"I don't think Dr. Limprist's guests are interested in our private quarrels," Laura said, "so there's really no need for you to shout."

Miles asked why, if they weren't interested, were they all standing around listening. Laura told him to quit waving his arms and talking like an idiot. Then she started crying. Dr. Limprist came over and put his arm around her and told her it was all right, Miles was just a little tight.

Miles stretched his arms toward Laura, but she moved closer to Dr. Limprist and sobbed into the professor's chest. Miles cursed and turned sharply around. One of his outstretched hands caught the lady economics professor full in the face. Her glasses fell to the floor. Miles pretended not to notice and, with a quick sidestep, tried to crush the glasses under his foot. The woman was too agile in picking them up, and he missed. He felt a little better when he saw that he had managed to bring some blood to her nose when he struck her.

Just then Sammy Jeanne Burgess came bouncing up to report that Dr. Limprist's dog was having a fit in the bedroom. "He's a messin' all over the rug," she said. They ran to see about Michael. Miles followed the others and looked over their shoulders into the bedroom.

Michael was indeed having a fit. He would run about in circles, leap high in the air, roll over, yelp--then stop abruptly and squat, an agonized expression on his face. Miles stayed long enough to see the dog squat twice--the second time on the bed--then he hurried to the kitchen, where he sat by himself for a long time, listening to the voices of the others as they scurried around tending to Michael and cleaning up the mess.

He was having a drink when Laura came in. She was very angry.

"I've had about enough," she said.

He looked hopelessly at her. If he could only get her out of here...he tried to touch her. She drew back quickly, and his hand hung suspended in front of him for a moment, then fell to his side.

"Laura..."

"I don't want to talk about it. I want you to leave."

"Without you?"

"I'll get home all right. You can call me tomorrow if you want to. I doubt if I'll talk to you, but you can try. Right now I want you to leave."

"Please come with me."

"Dr. Limprist will drive me home later. He understands things like this."

"I'll just bet he does. Yes sir, I'll..."

"Just leave, will you? You can slip out the back door."

Again he tried to touch her, but she turned and walked away.

Miles drank from his bottle until there was only a swallow or two remaining. He put the cork in the bottle and the bottle in his pocket. He paced up and down the kitchen, wondering what to do. He decided to try to get Laura alone again, to beg her to come with him.

He looked in the dining room. There were only four or five people there, and Laura was not one of them. He looked in the living room, where the party had settled itself after the excitement. The talk wasn't as loud as it had been before, but it was just as steady. Laura was sitting on the divan between Dr. Limprist and Wilson. They were chatting pleasantly, as if nothing had happened. Dr. Limprist had his arm on the back of the divan. His hand was moving restlessly just above Laura's neck, like a small carnivorous animal waiting for its prey to come within striking distance.

Miles stared at Laura, trying to get her to notice him. When finally she did, she frowned at him, then turned back to Dr. Limprist and smiled brightly. Dr. Limprist let his hand fall on the nape of her neck.

Miles felt a wild laugh rising in him and made no effort to hold it down. The guests turned toward him. "You lecherous old bastard!" he sneered. They were startled. Several of them stood up. Laura was very pale and upset.

Miles held his left arm above his head. He let his head flop over on his shoulder, his tongue fall out of his mouth. He extended his right arm, then bent it at the elbow so that his hand was toward the floor. In this position he did a slow soft-shoe shuffle across the room to the front door.

Everyone was very quiet, looking very puzzled--as if seeking some hidden meaning in his behavior.

"There," Miles said harshly, "there's your God damned cosmic dance of existence."

He was opening the door to leave when he heard someone say something about his being a drunken fool.

"Drunk!" he shouted. "Yes drunk. But more than that. I'm sick! A sick fool!" He got his voice under control, and his mind sat back to listen, at ease for the first time tonight. "I'm sick of imported ashtrays and deported personalities, of pillows on the floor and African masks, of the double entendre and the subtle seduction. I'm sick of empty chatter and listless lust. Sick of sensitivity that breeds not intelligence but pimples on the face. Sick of homosexual dogs and rapturous nonsense and well-mannered vulgarity and..."

"Oh hell--I don't know what..."

"I'm sick to death, dying of dishonesty."

Laura was crying and asking him to please just leave. When Dr. Limprist stood up and started to say something to him, Miles ducked out the door and fled across the lawn.

When he reached the sidewalk he stopped, drained his bottle and hurled it toward the house. There was a great crash, and he knew he'd hit Dr. Limprist's beautiful picture window.

# GILBERT SHELTON'S

## EXISTENTIAL



## Pop Art



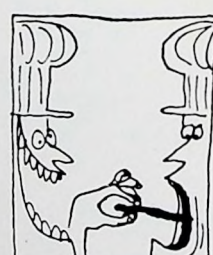
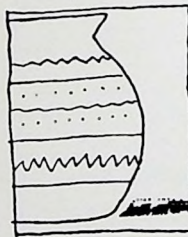
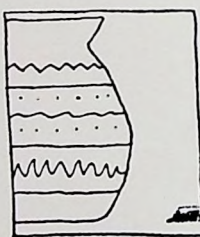
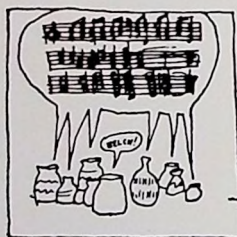
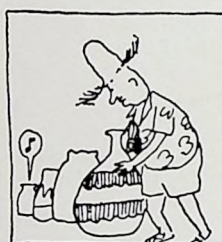
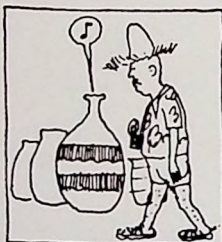
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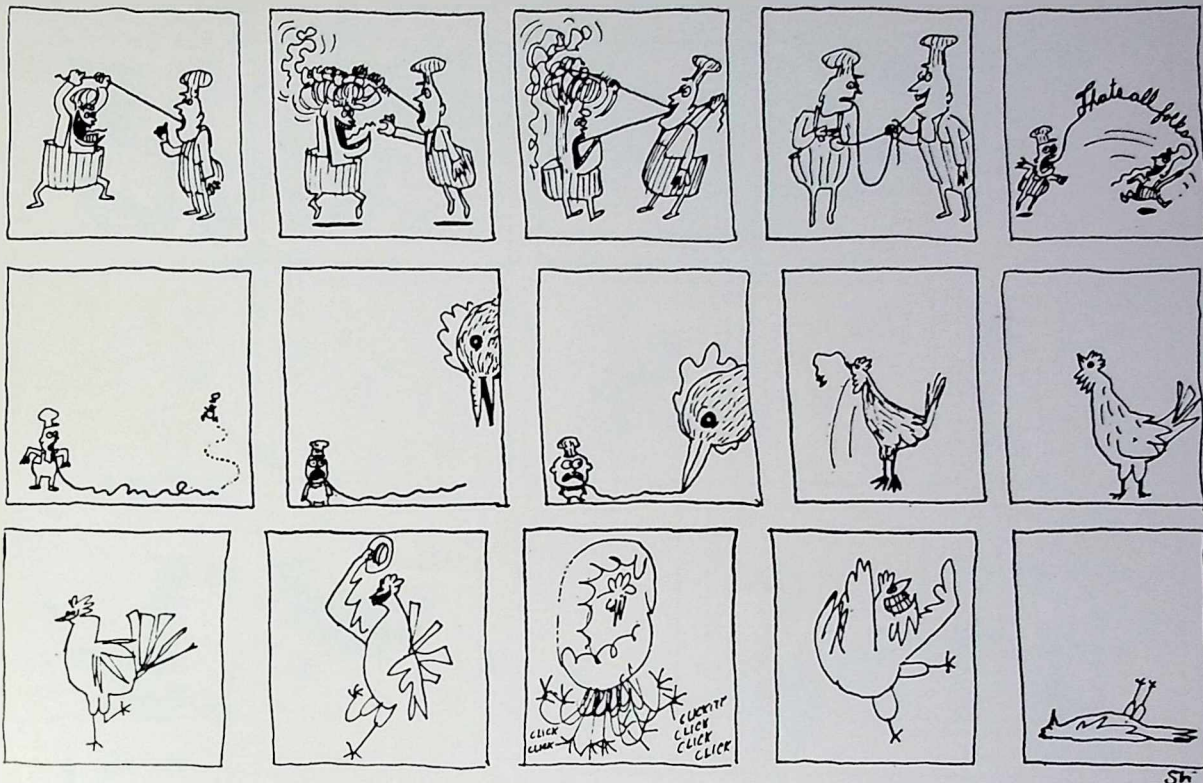
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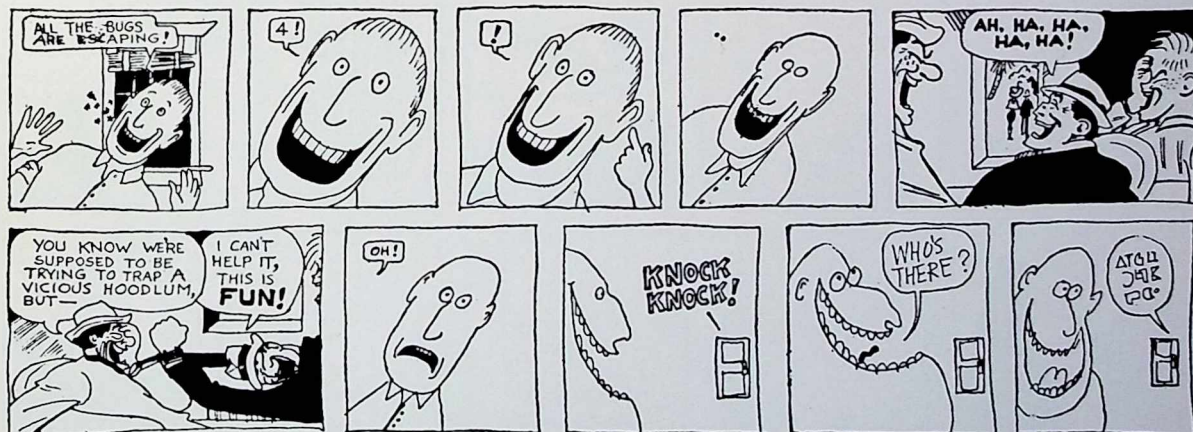




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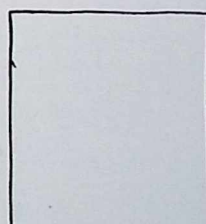
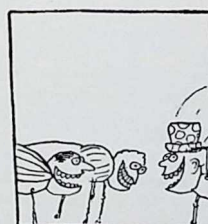
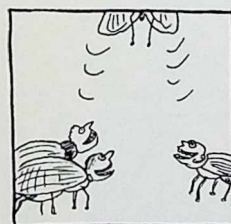
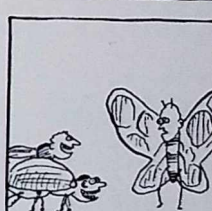
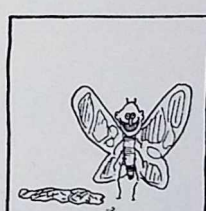
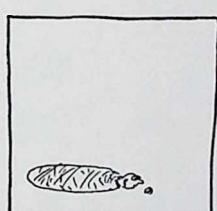
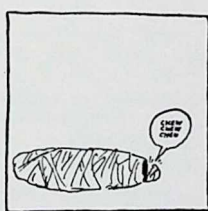
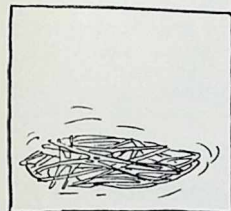
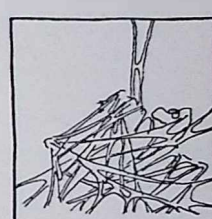
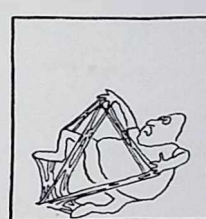
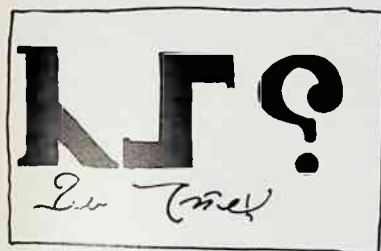
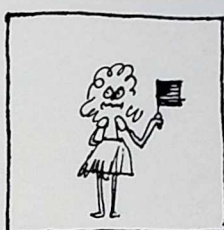
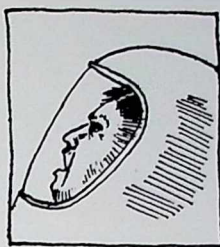
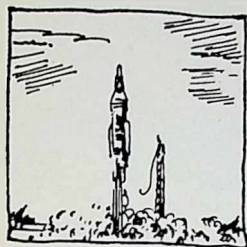
# THE ADVENTURES OF theadventures

by  
*Robert Adventure*

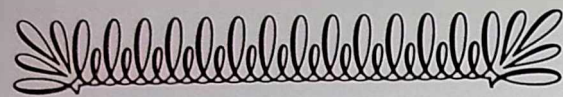




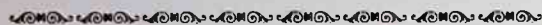




Sh.



# the DEMOLISHED FAN

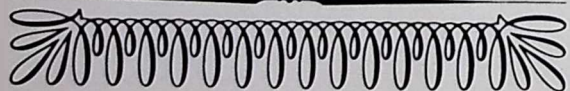


by



RICHARD  
KOOGLÉ

Short pieces of fan  
fiction that may be  
a bit dated being  
Written in 1959.



*Reprinted from the one and only (January 1961) issue of ZYMURGY, published by Koogle and Earl Noe. I have omitted one segment from the text and shortened the preceding blurb. Other than that, it's exactly as written so as not to destroy the delicate Kooglian flavor.*

The trap had closed just a moment before. Coulson had handed him a copy of *Yandro* and said, "What do you think of it?" Should he tell him he liked it, and risk alliance with the *Yandro* crowd, and exclusion from the groups that surrounded *Cry...*, *Void*, *Ape*, and *S-La*? Or should he tell him that it was cruddy?

Coulson stood there stroking his beard impatiently. He had to do something, ANYthing. But what?

Slowly, very slowly, the fan fingered the magazine. Then: "Nice Paper." He turned around and strode away.

Norman Wansborough had been up late hacking out poetry the night before, but he rose early as was his custom. Sitting before his typer, he tapped out a few lines.

He looked at them. Somebody said that poetry had to have good meter. Must've been a Frenchman or someone like that where the English system of measurements isn't used. It hadn't made much sense then. But maybe it was so, maybe every line had to follow a definite beat, fit into a certain pattern. Only, if that was true...what work it must be to write poetry!

He stopped dead, feeling a trickle of ice-cold bheer run down his back. GREAT OOGO! What *crud* he wrote!

Fandom seemed to fall away, leaving him standing alone on a plane, surrounded by reams and reams of cruddy poetry. His.

He quit fandom.

The neofan rose early, even if breakfast wouldn't be ready for a while yet. The neighborhood was still asleep, so he decided to write a fan article.

As he stared at the virgin-white sheet of paper, he thot of that copy of *Hyphen* he'd read a week before. He liked that type of material, but so far he hadn't been able to master it. He had heard that if he really wanted to be a BNF, later on, he'd have to learn to write fannishly.

He started typing automatically, letting his mind wander. It was fun to see how you could sneak fannish things into your writing. You had to sort



of sneak up on your piece, change it just a tenny little bit, and then--.

He had written half of *The Enchanted Duplicate* when his mother called him down to breakfast.

Boyd Raeburn settled down to looking over the latest FAPA mailing, wearily. Things hadn't seemed right today, not right at all. Claude Hall had written a good article on atomic physics for *Analog*. The latest *Shangri-La* had an excellent takeoff on the Derogation by Rich Brown. He received two neo-fanzines from the United States, and all of them had been as neat and well reproduced as his own fanzine. Their humor was sparkling, witty.

Symptoms, but...symptoms of what?

He looked at the FAPA mailing. GMCarr agreed with three people in her mailing comments. Twenty-four members had suddenly taken up progressive jazz as a hobby. Ellik had stopped reading science fiction.

The trend was beginning to change. Another symptom. Of what?

Fans were getting smarter (?).

The Detention began early in the afternoon when Bob Tucker and Dean Grennell met in the lobby. They were the only fans in the hotel at the time.

Tucker smiled, raised an eyebrow. He did not say anything aloud, but to Grennell his meaning was clear: (Hi, Dean; long time no see. Got any JD?)

Grennell's eyes flicked to the stairs briefly: (Up in my room.) He moved toward them, nodding a little: (come on up; I'm kind of thirsty myself.)

They settled back with cans of beer in their hands, smiling happily.

The fans sat around the living room, smoking and drinking beer. They were panting a bit heavily after their bout of five-dimensional ghoddminton. Willis sat forward, and put an intent expression on his face:

(All fans are geniuses now. We have to find something to channel all that potential.)

Shaw nodded. (I know. Sanderson has taken to wearing black, mourning Wansborough's resignation from fandom. Crazy!)

Madeleine smiled, and looked around the circle of sensitive fannish faces. (Well, any suggestions?)

Suddenly George Charters grinned. (I've got it! We could form a monstrous publishing company, and with all fans holding stock! Then all fans could have their names in hardcovers, like me.)

Shaw frowned. (Yes, but what could we print, besides our names?)

Charters grinned even more broadly. (Nothing, egoboo.)

All sat in silence for a while. The idea was put aside without a word.

At last Derry leaned forward, his whiskers twitching. "Recruit," he said, breaking the silence. (We could send missionaries into the mundane world and recruit new fans. That's a BIG challenge!)

There was a silence, then all the room smiled.

The missionary group was composed of Willis, Carr and Bloch. They left fandom one afternoon and made their way into the world of nonfans, not really knowing what lay before them.

When they had been outside fandom for a day

Terry shrugged his shoulders. (It's getting late. Dinner?)

The other two looked at him. "What?" said Bloch aloud.

Carr stared at him. "Dinner?" he said.

"What about it?" asked Willis.

"Let's have some. I'm hungry."

"Oh," they said. "Why didn't you say so?"

Then it hit them all at once. They had left the star-begotten influence of fandom! They had lost their new-found intelligence. They were...normal again.

"Hell," said Carr. They knew what he meant by that, at least.

A month later they found a copy of *The Vinegar Worm* skipping down the street in the wind. Willis made a dash for it and snatched it up. He looked at it in wonder. (It's Wansborough's copy.)

Bloch nodded. (He must have thrown it away when he quit fandom.)

They all smiled, and as the realization set in, the smiles grew wider. They were back under the influence of fandom. They had their slant powers back.

"Hello, BoSh," said Willis when he got back. (Where is Madeleine?)

Shaw frowned. "She's in the other room." (There's something wrong with her.)

Willis frowned back, one eyebrow raised slightly. (What is it?)

Shaw started out of the room (You'll see.) He led Willis into his wife, then left.

WAW smiled. (Hi!)

"Well," Madeleine smiled, "aren't you going to say hell?"

He knew what had happened immediately. He had been through this experience before. She had lost her slant powers.

He sat down next to her. "What happened?" he asked. "Why?"

"I couldn't adjust," she said. "You just sat around plotting probability factors in mail shipments and playing five-dimensional ghoddminton. It isn't right. I wanted to go back."

He was silent for a moment, then said slowly, "What did you do?"

Her eyes dropped. "I read *Harper's* all the time you were away."

"This...this means we won't be fanning together any longer," he said at last.

"No," she said. "I can't understand your puns now. They have meanings that go into higher semantics that you keep making up as you invent the puns. It's not the same."

He knew what she needed. Quickly he grabbed the ghoddminton racket and blasted the piece full in her face.

It wasn't enough, however, and as the weeks passed they drew farther and farther apart. She was a normal pre-change fan, and she could not keep up with the rest of them. Something had to be done.

One day when she was out buying ink, Willis said to Berry, "Well?" (What can we do about Madeleine? She's not happy.)

James shrugged. (There's only one thing.)

Willis nodded. (Yes, the *Reservation*.)

The next day Madeleine joined the N3F.

For a number of years now, there has been a steady decline in the number of science fiction films being made. Horror and fantasy are still with us in force but not honest to goodness science fiction—good or bad. Suddenly of late, there has been considerable interest by the very best of Hollywood's filmmakers in adapting some of the really good sf for the screen.

Stanley Kubrick (DR. STRANGELOVE, SPARTACAS, LOLITA) is supposedly going to make Boule's "Planet of the Apes". Pakula-Mulligan (TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER) are dealing with Bradbury about "The Martian Chronicles" with, supposedly, a twelve million dollar budget—probably several million more than they would need. The extra could only be for stupendous sets and special effects. Samuel Bronston, if he ever gets out of hock, is planning a lavish production of "Brave New World". He lost money on 55 DAYS AT PEKING and barely squeaked by on FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE and CIRCUS WORLD. EL CID was the last successful picture he's had so don't expect too much.

Most exciting of all is the word that Truffaut (BREATHLESS, SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER, LOVE AT TWENTY), though not of Hollywood, is still going to film "Fahrenheit 451". This is really too remarkable to believe and I won't until I see it.

Now these developments set one to thinking. There have been several hundred sf films since 1950 but only a handful have much, if anything, in common with modern sf writing. But those few, for one reason or another, show that somebody cared enough to try.

Now, I have always heard complaints about the lousy, stinking quality of sf movies. Few people ever know who is really responsible for the mess except that we all know the basic economic motives of the major studios. Instead of crying and gnashing my teeth at the failures, I'm going to give just praise to those few who, at one time or another, have shown some inkling as to what sf is all about.

If there ever was a deMille of sf films, then George Pal would surely be he. Pal started notably and well with DESTINATION MOON which was directed by Irving Pichel. Seen today, it does seem sadly dated but it was, and still is, the best straight space travel film ever made. I suppose most of this can be attributed to Heinlein for keeping a strong hand on the technical accuracy. Pal's interest must have been of quite a sophisticated nature because from editing to advertising to distribution an intelligent level was maintained.

According to Richard Hodgins in an article in "Film Quarterly", WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE was bought by Paramount in the Thirties as a property for deMille but was abandoned as too fantastic. It would

be interesting to learn why Paramount gave the property to Pal for his first picture with them. (DESTINATION MOON was made by the now defunct Eagle-Lion Studios). WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE was directed for Pal by Rudolph Mate but I suppose the greatest harm was done by the screenwriter Sydney Boehm, who was apparently stuck with the job of writing around a bunch of middlin' good special effects. Despite its faults the film was still good and made money at the box office. Then came Pal's only really excellent film.

Here we find an interesting case of all the right ingredients being at the right place at the right time. Byron Haskins (a good director who had never had anything worthwhile to direct such as TARZAN'S PERIL) joined Paramount about this time and somehow he and Pal got together for WAR OF THE WORLDS. But the picture's biggest boon was Barre Lyndon's excellent updated script (except for the unfortunate inclusion of the boy-girl story). It was a tour-de-force of restraint, keeping to an exciting but intelligent plot-line. This is highly interesting when you consider that Lyndon has done only three one-man screenplays since and all of them hack-work (SIGN OF THE PAGAN, OMAR KHAYYAM and THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME). He collaborated on another but more about it later.

WAR OF THE WORLDS was superb from several standpoints. The special effects were layed on with loving care and the ultimate in craftsmanship. It contains the best alien ever filmed combining suspense, good

taste and common sense. There was only one brief shot and then, at the end, a lingering shot of the dying Martian's hand. One of the delightful surprises was the group of scientists near the end—a more motley crew I have never seen—not a "Gee Whiz" from any of them. And they looked authentic.

Now, here is a mystery. According to the figures, WAR OF THE WORLDS did very well at the box office, but like KING KONG, nothing like it was attempted for two years. It seemed as if all the Hollywood studios were stumped as to how to make big budget sf. Why did it take two years for Paramount to give Pal another sf film? In the interim Haskins went to Warner Bros. to direct HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE but came back to Paramount to direct Pal's next two pictures including THE NAKED JUNGLE which Pal made between sf films.

Regrettably, when they did give Pal another sf film, times had changed. Some brass-brained idiot convinced Pal that he had to give Paramount what the public wanted. Consequently, he came up with CONQUEST OF SPACE which no one wanted, least of all the public. It flopped dismally. The asinine script was written by the same Barre Lyndon but in collaboration with Philip Yordan, the man who ruin-

# SOMEBODY OUT THERE LIKES US! by Al Jackson



ed THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, and George Worthington Yates, an old Republic serial writer. Maskins' direction saved what little could be saved with good production values and excellent special effects—including probably the best planetary landing ever filmed.

Paramount was unhappy, Pal was unhappy, Maskins was unhappy and they all parted company. After a lengthy interlude—three years—in which Pal did nothing, he went to MGM where he made the highly successful, highly acclaimed but really quite insipid TOM THUMB. Pal is now directing his own films and as yet hasn't approached his first three in quality.

THE TIME MACHINE, amazingly enough, is included in Parker Tyler's "Classics of the Foreign Film"—it was made in England—though he never mentions Pal's name. David Duncan, that enigmatic soul who has written some of Hollywood's biggest clunkers, did the quite good screenplay though perhaps the original had some influence. As a matter of fact, all of H.G. Wells' novels have come off well on the screen (THINGS TO COME, WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE TIME MACHINE and FIRST MEN IN THE MOON). Let's hope that good old exploitation-minded A-I can keep it up with "When the Sleeper Wakes".

THE TIME MACHINE is probably the only Pal movie, sf or otherwise, without good special effects, but whether due to the script or whatever, the lack does not hurt and it is not cheapened by an overly commercial approach.

However, just to prove that Pal isn't perfect, note ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT (from a play by Sir Gerald Hargreaves?). It is probably the most expensive production of accumulated bad acting I have ever seen.

Pal has performed the stupendous feat of being responsible for at least three remarkable sf films and who knows what the future holds.

Mr. Pal's consistency is almost matched by only one other man: director Val Guest. Mr. Guest, unlike Pal, concentrates on the people in his films rather than the situations or special effects, though these are there too. THE CREEPING UNKNOWN, taken from the British TV production "The Quatermass Experiment", was obviously helped by Richard Landau's intelligent script but Guest's direction was outstanding, making full use of a flexible camera and creating an excellent mood. Who can forget the scenes in the orbiting spaceship? Though there is some obvious commercialism, THE CREEPING UNKNOWN is unusually fast paced and well played. It is also one of the first films of the budding Hammer organization. It's too bad Hammer had to abandon sf as soon as they discovered Technicolor.

ENEMY FROM SPACE, another Hammer Film, is the best "here comes the crawling slop" type ever made. Unlike THE BLOB, which was played for left-handed satire, Guest's film is played straight with all the clichés but with an even more startling pace than THE CREEPING UNKNOWN and a few surprises too. For instance, do you remember the scene—you've seen it dozens of times—in which the harassed hero rushes to the Authorities with a tale of alien conspiracy, and meets condescending disbelief? In ENEMY Brian Donlevy (who is remarkably good as well as in THE CREEPING UNKNOWN to which this is a sequel) gives the police inspector a wild but true story which the inspector does not believe. But Donlevy isn't overcome. He blandly tells the inspector a lie which he *will* believe. So Guest brings off a sf movie first: the hero is believed by the Authorities!

I don't quite know what to say about THE ADOMINABLE SNOWMAN, a truly unusual film. Guest holds the suspense exceptionally well with only one fleeting glimpse of a Yeti and wrests an excellent performance from Peter Cushing. Though what can one do with Forrest Tucker? But the film turns out to be more of a psychological drama than anything so I won't go into it any further.

I don't know how British directors go about getting the films they want to direct but Guest took some sort of initiative with THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE (and unfortunately all of his films seem to get stuck with Kiddie Show titles). He is listed with some of the screenwriting and all of the production and direction—his first as a producer. Of all the gloom and doom films made this one is undoubtedly the liveliest. He gets a superb performance from everyone and, I must say again, it has pace. Aside from a little wearisome preaching about atomic testing, it is a manual of technique. One is really convinced that the world is doomed. All of the disasters are subtle and low-key, such as the Thames slowly drying up. It is a masterpiece of restraint.

Pal and Guest are the only really consistent makers of good sf films. Pal because he is interested in sf and Guest because he cares about making good films regardless of the subject matter, though he makes too many sf films to have no interest at all. There are others who will make one or two good sf films and then no more. Whether they have an interest in sf and not the opportunity or whether, like Guest, they merely do their best no matter what they're stuck with is a moot point.

I suppose Arch Obeler is a genuine person, but he has flitted and fluttered around the edges of sf for so long that I am not sure. He was doing fantasy and sf dramas on radio long before TV so has probably been connected with the field longer than any other director mentioned here. I have never seen FIVE but it is reputed to be an unusually excellent film. I have seen THE TWONKY and must admit that it is an admirable failure. Of all sf movies, I think Obeler's ROBOT MONSTER is the most incredibly strange one I've ever seen. Let me hurriedly explain: the prologue and epilogue are played straight, laying the foundation for the bulk of the picture which is a dream sequence. Now, the main portion is so gawdawfully bad that one wonders if it were not intended that way. It is the dream of a ten year old boy and, as such, it is exactly the kind of dream a ten year old boy might have. Does anyone out there in Fanland know the origin or intent of ROBOT MONSTER?

Only one sf picture, as far as I can discover, has been directed by a renowned mainline director who undoubtedly didn't have to if he didn't want to. THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL by Academy Award winner Robert Wise (RUN SILENT RUN DEEP, I WANT TO LIVE, WEST SIDE STORY, TWO FOR THE SEESAW) has been acclaimed by fan and non-fan alike. Wise also was very kind to Shirley Jackson in his fabulous film version of her novel "The Haunting of Hill House".

There's a question that has always intrigued me: just how did producer Nayfack, director Wilcox and screenwriter Hume come to make FORBIDDEN PLANET when none of them had shown any previous interest in sf? The film is below par as far as modern sf writing goes but as a film it is quite remarkable. The special effects are the best ever seen on the screen and practically everything is cartooned by Disney Studios. They are so awesome that the film's defects go almost unnoticed. And it was

a success at the box office so, why wasn't there a follow-up?

Finally there comes a group of directors who have turned out one outstanding film either in a long career of bad ones or as their only entry into the field. Much appreciation to Don Siegel, Daniel Mainwaring and Jack Finney for the very suspenseful and effective *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*; to Curt Siodmak for a now dated but still good *MAGNETIC MONSTER*; to Michael Anderson for the remarkable job he was able to do on a small budget with 1984; to Jack Arnold and, probably mostly, to Richard Matheson for *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN*; unbelievably to Ray Milland for a taut little picture called *PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO*; to, mostly, Ray Bradbury for a courageous try with *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* and to old friend Byron Haskins for his return to the field with the remarkable *ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS*. I guess thanks for borderline cases

like *THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL* and *ON THE BEACH* which were sf in fact if not in spirit. And special thanks to Ray Harryhausen for just being.

Now don't get me wrong. I do not, repeat do not, consider any of the aforementioned pictures to be on a level with the best of mainline films. The trouble has been that those who care about sf are incapable and those who are capable do not care. I can imagine that a long time ago most of us gave up on ever seeing a perfect sf film. By the mid Fifties no one really believed that it could get worse—but it did. Have you ever seen *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE* or *FIRE MAIDENS OF OUTER SPACE*?

The people I've mentioned have done creditable jobs, even outstanding, but maybe not their very best, probably because they didn't care *enough* or understand enough, but they tried. So let's have a little applause for those who cared.

# THE SCIENCE FANTASY FILM *revisited*

## THEM

BY TOM REAMY

**THEM.** A Warner Brothers Picture. Produced by David Weisbart. Directed by Gordon Douglas. Screenplay by Ted Sherdeman, story by George Worthington Yates. Director of Photography: Sid Hickox. Film Editor: Thomas Reilly. Music by Bronislaw Kaper. 94 minutes. Released June 1954.

Sgt. Ben Peterson . . . . .	James Whitmore
Dr. Harold Medford . . . . .	Edmund Gwenn
Dr. Patricia Medford . . . . .	Joan Weldon
Robert Graham . . . . .	James Arness
General O'Brien . . . . .	Onslow Stevens
Major Kibbee . . . . .	Sean McClory
Ed Blackburn . . . . .	Chris Drake
Little Girl . . . . .	Sandy Descher
Mrs. Lodge . . . . .	Mary Ann Hokanson
Captain of Troopers . . . . .	Don Shelton
Alan Crotty . . . . .	Fess Parker
Jensen . . . . .	Olin Howlin
Officer Ryan . . . . .	John Berardino
Ambulance Driver . . . . .	William Schallert



Sandy Descher, Chris Drake, James Whitmore

passed through with hardly a ripple. It's just an imitation of *THEM*, they said. It was, but not "just." It was superior in every way but the novelty value was gone. If *TARANTULA* had been first, you can bet they would have been saying, *THEM*? It's just an imitation of *TARANTULA*.

Seeing *THEM* now proves it to be a taut, well-made little film but the extra glimmer of greatness is no longer visible—but, then, it was only a mirage anyway. It begins with the famous scene of the little girl walking dazedly through the desert clutching her broken doll. The police later find the trailer house and car from which she wandered. But the trailer is smashed, there is money scattered about, sugar is spilled all over and there is no sign of her parents. At each climactic moment the sound track emits a shrill chattering screech. Effective but a little obvious.

Later, a general store, sitting all alone in the middle of the desert, is found deserted and wrecked; sugar again scattered about and no money taken. This time they find a body—the proprietor is wedged under a trap door, his shot gun bent double, and a great gash in his chest. Also there

**T**HEM is undoubtedly the most overrated sf-horror film ever made. It is continually praised and cited as an example of superior monster-movie making. It was even satirized in *Mad*—what more can you ask? It is usually referred to by self-styled wags as "the gi-ant film". And that's all it is—a film about giant ants. While this is hardly the epitome of creative imagination, it does have the distinction of being unique. It is the only film ever made about giant ants. It was also the first film about giant insects of any kind—except for a brief bit in *KILLERS FROM SPACE* released five months earlier—since 1950 at any rate.

And that is the long and the short of it. *THEM* is a good film but hardly outstanding. It was a novelty that caught on with the public. Naturally, there were several imitations. Some were as good as *THEM*, some were a lot worse and one, *THE BLACK SCORPION*, was far superior. But *THE BLACK SCORPION*





Exploring the nest



The battle in the drainage system

is a reek of formic acid. An autopsy proves his body to contain enough to kill twenty men. The sheriff gets an idea and waves a small bottle of formic acid under the nose of the little girl. She comes out of her catatonic trance, begins screaming and covers in a corner shrieking, "Them! Them! Them!" I'm not a student of psychology, hysterical child-type or otherwise, but "Them" seems a rather peculiar choice of words.

A casting of a footprint found at the trailer has been sent to Washington and produces, from the Department of Agriculture, that cliché of clichés: the befuddled old scientist and his beautiful daughter. Also along, from the FDI, is James Arness. It has been discovered that the footprint is of an ant—a common everyday desert ant but thousands of times larger.

They begin poking about the desert and the audience gets its first glimpse of the gi-ants (forgive me). I can envision scene after awesome scene were the ants done in stop-motion by Harryhausen but, alas, they are full-scale mock-ups which are limited in movement to frenzied head wagging.

They are always peeping over a little hill or around something and nothing is ever shown but the head. Only the dead ones are shown full-figure and they're hairy. It's hard to say exactly what changes would occur in an ant grown this large but hair seems on the less likely side. Besides, it makes them look more like bees than ants.

The nest is discovered and pumped full of poison gas. Several of them go down to check on the results. Again, we don't know how giant ants would dig their tunnels but they aren't like real ants. There isn't nearly enough dirt piled outside the hole. The tunnel goes straight down for twenty or thirty feet and levels off. Regular size ants don't do it that way. They go down very deeply—proportionately, of course—before leveling off. And they seldom "level" off. The tunnels go up and down and almost always on an incline. All these variations from normal appearance and behavior detract considerably from plausibility.

In the queen's chamber they discover several hatched eggs with no dead ants to occupy them. Two queens and two drones had left the nest before the gas was administered. One of the creatures turns up on a ship at sea. But that isn't surprising; practically every creature on the screen, of sufficient size, gets to sink a ship. That disposes of one but where is the other?

Then, it starts all over again. The mysterious disappearances, the wrecked freight cars of sugar (how do those monstrous ants carry around those tiny grains of sugar?) until the other queen is traced to the Los Angeles drainage system—always a reliable harbinger of monsters. The new nest is finally located and the ants disposed of with flame throwers.

Members of the SPCA will please skip this paragraph. Did you ever burn an ant? If you have, you'll have noticed how they sorta curl up or, if the burn is only painful, scurry like mad. Again, we can't be sure of the behavior of giant ants but I hardly think they would just stand there chittering and wagging their heads as they went up in flames. But these do. They don't scurry about—they never do at any time during the film; when supposedly on the move, their heads merely pop out from behind something—they don't curl up, they don't even fall down. They just stand there, burning.

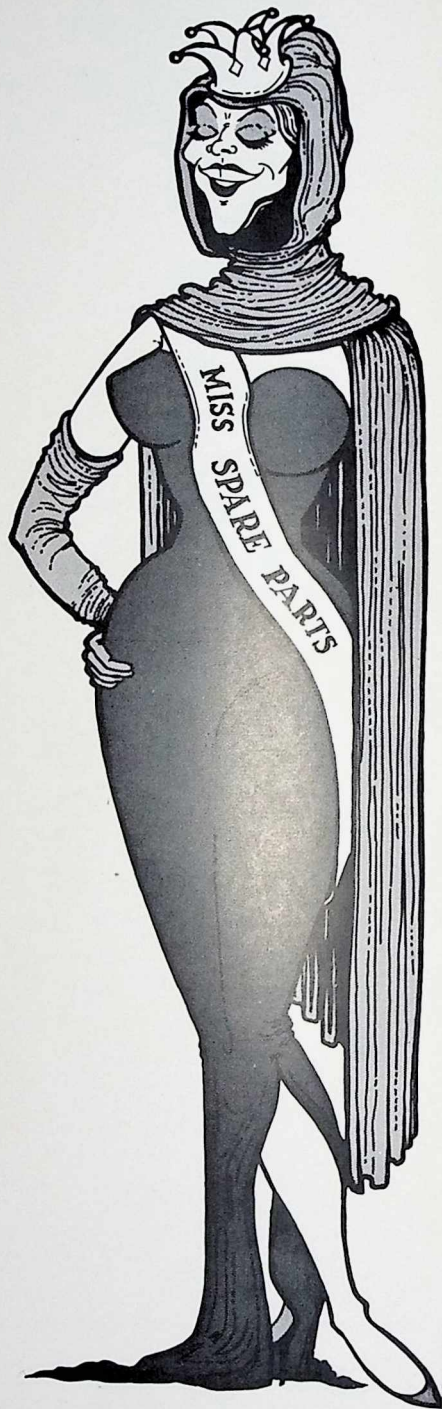
The movement of the ants, or the lack of it, is my main displeasure with the film. They seem unable to catch anything not in a wheelchair and must depend entirely upon surprise for meat. Apparently this isn't true but there is no evidence to the contrary. If I may labor a point, contrast them with the scorpions in *THE BLACK SCORPION*. Instead of being amazed at how they ever catch anything, one wonders how anything could possibly escape.

Arness, who really hasn't much else to do, finds the beautiful daughter to his liking and vice-versa. James Whitmore, as the sheriff, is killed by the ants—a rather unnecessary and unjust fate. We get the usual "ban the bomb" message at the end but all in all, it is a good film. But not as good as it's remembered.

*continued on page 31*

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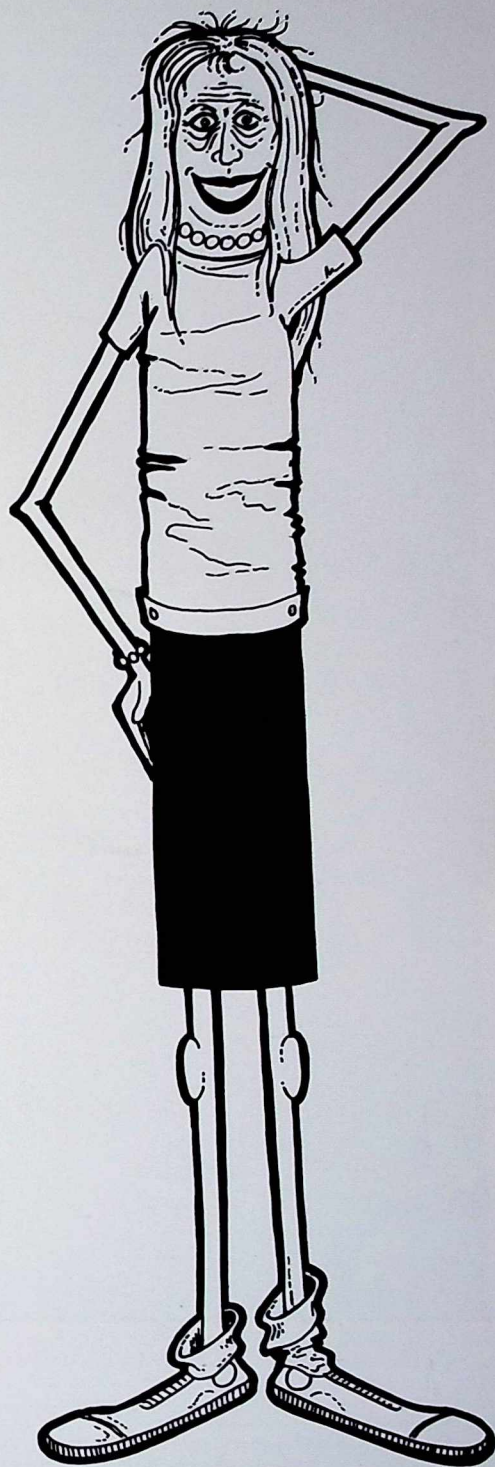
I'm sending this issue of *TRUMPET* to all present and former poster customers because I thought you might enjoy it more than a letter. At any rate, I'm discontinuing the sale of posters because it's more trouble than it's worth. However, I do have a large supply which I'm clearing out at discount prices. They are: 3 one-sheets for \$1.00 and 5 stills for \$1.00 (many in color). Most are horror, sf and fantasy but not all. You get no choice of titles but I will send all Jerry Lewis if you request it.





# Le sacre DU PRINTEMPS

tom reamy



# THE SISTERS



BY LEONORA CARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLIS WILLIFORD

66 **D**rusille," the letter read.  
"Drusille, soon I will be near you. My love is already with you. The beating of its wings goes faster than my body. Whenever I find myself away from you, I'm only a poor

stuffed bird, because you withhold my insides, my heart and my thoughts.

"Drusille, I embrace the midday wind because it goes towards you...Drusille, my life! Your voice is more moving than thunder, your eyes more overwhelming than lightning, Drusille, marvelous Drusille."



sille, I love you, I love you, I love you, Drusille, sitting in the rain, your long ferocious face close to this letter."

The thunder growled around her and the wind beat her face with its damp hair.

The storm was so terrible that it tore up the flowers with their stalks and bore them in troubled rivulets towards an unknown fate. Flowers were not the only victims: the streams swept away mangled butterflies, fruits, bees and small birds.

Drusille, sitting in her garden amidst all this havoc, laughed. She laughed in a harsh and savage voice, the letter crushed against her breast. Squatting at her feet, two frogs hissed this monotonous thought: Drusille, my Belzamine, Drusille, my Belzamine.

The sun, with a savage thrust, tore through the clouds and spread a yellow raging heat over the garden trembling with wetness. Drusille arose from the water like a ghost and went into the house.

Engadine, the housekeeper, was sitting on the floor, her hands full of vegetables being prepared for dinner. She looked at her mistress with crafty little eyes.

"Prepare the royal apartment," said Drusille. "The king will be here this evening. Hurry. Sprinkle the sheets with perfume."

"I knew it already," answered Engadine. "Your letter passed through my hands."

Drusille gave her a kick in the stomach.

"Get up, you slut!" The servant rose, her face contracted with pain.

"Jasmine or patchouli?"

"Patchouli for the pillows, jasmine for the sheets and musk for the purple coverlets. Put the lilac robe on the bed, with the scarlet pajamas. Make haste before I slap you."

In the kitchen, cakes and enormous tarts were being put to bake or coming from the oven. Pomegranates and melons stuffed with larks garnished the boards; whole beeves turned slowly on the spits; peacocks, pheasants, turkeys awaited their turn. Fabulous fruits in gigantic hampers encumbered the corridors. Drusille walked slowly through this forest of food, tasting a lark here, a cake there.

In the cellar, old wooden casks relinquished their contents of blood, or honey, or wine. Most of the servants were stretched out on the floor, dead drunk.

Drusille took the opportunity of hiding a bonbon of honey under her skirt. She went up towards the attic. The upper parts of the house were steeped in silence, the winding stairs peopled with bats, rats and mice. Drusille finally arrived in front of a door which she opened with a large key attached to a chain around her neck.

"Juniper," she said, "are you there?"

"As usual," answered a voice from the gloom, "I haven't moved."

"I've brought you something to eat. Are you better today?"

"My health is always excellent, sister."

"You are sick," replied Drusille in an irritated voice. "Poor little thing."

"It's Thursday, isn't it?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, it is Thursday."

"Then, I have a right to move about. Do you have one?"

Drusille hesitated a moment, then spoke with an effort: "Yes, I brought you a candle. I'm very nice to you."

Silence.

Drusille lit a candle which brightened the tiny

attic which was very dirty and without a window. Perched on a stick, near the ceiling, an extraordinary and beautiful creature looked at the light with its blinded eyes. Its body, white and bare, was adorned with feathers which grew from the shoulders and around the breasts. Her white arms were neither wings nor arms. The white mass of her hair fell around the face, its flesh pale as marble. "What did you bring me to eat?" she asked, hopping from side to side on her perch.

When she saw the creature's excitement, Drusille slammed the door shut. But Juniper, with her avid eyes, saw nothing but the honey-drop.

"This must last ten days at least," said Drusille.

Juniper munched a while in silence.

"Drink!" she called for at last, and Drusille held out a glass of water. Juniper shook her head.

"Not that, not today. I want some red!"

Drusille laughed.

"None of that. The last time you drank it, you bit me. It excites you too much. Water is very good when you're thirsty."

"Red," insisted Juniper in a monotonous voice. "If not, I shall scream."

With a quick gesture, Drusille brought out a knife from between her breasts. She held it against the throat of her sister, who leapt from her perch with raucous cries. They were the cries of a peacock.

In a little while, her voice choked with tears, Juniper spoke. "I don't mean you any harm, I want only a small glass, no more. I'm so thirsty, thirsty. Dear Drusille, I want only one little taste...and afterwards to look at the beautiful moon for five minutes. No one will see me...no one. I promise you, I swear. I'll just lie on the roof and look at the moon. I won't leave, I'll come back to sleep, once I've seen the moon."

Drusille laughed a silent laugh. "And then? Perhaps you'd like me to catch the moon for you to light your attic? Listen, Juniper, you are sick, very sick...I only wish you well, and if you go out on the roof, you'll catch cold, you may die..."

"If I don't see the moon tonight I'll be dead tomorrow!"

Drusille screamed with rage: "Will you shut up? Isn't what I do for you enough?"

Suddenly, the two sisters heard the approach of a car. The servants below began shouting orders and railing at each other.

"I must leave now," Drusille declared, trembling. "Go to bed!"

Juniper hopped up on her perch.

"Who is it?"

"Mind your own business," replied Drusille.

"Rats, bats and spiders...they are my business."

"I gave you some socks to knit. Knit."

Juniper lifted her strange arms as if she wanted to fly. "My hands aren't made to knit."

"Then knit with your feet." And Drusille left in such haste that she forgot to lock the door behind her.

Ex-king Jumart stepped from his old Rolls-Royce. His long iron-gray beard rustled on his green satin clothes embroidered with butterflies and the royal initials. His superb head was crowned with an enormous wig of gold with rose shadows. One would have thought it a cascade of honey. Various flowers grew here and there in the king's ringlets and waved in the breeze. The king held out his hands toward Drusille.

"Drusille, my Belzamine!"

Drusille trembled with emotion.

"Jumart, Jumart!" She fell in his arms, sobbing and laughing.

"Ah, but you are beautiful, Drusille! How I've dreamed of your perfume, your kisses."

They walked in the garden, arm in arm.

"I am ruined," Jumart said with a sigh. "My treasure chests are empty!"

Drusille indulged in a triumphant smile. "Then you'll stay with me now! Solitude is something I know only too well."

The heavy, troubled atmosphere of the garden was rent by a long raucous cry. Drusille turned pale. She murmured, "Oh no, it isn't possible...not that."

"What's the matter my Belzamine?"

Drusille threw her head back with the laugh of a hyena. "It's the sky. These yellow clouds weigh so heavily I'm afraid they'll fall on our heads. Besides, this stormy weather has given me a migraine."

Jumart noticed that the face of Drusille was like that of a ghost. He became frightened and took her hand to reassure himself that she was alive. "Your face is green," he said in a low voice. "There are heavy shadows under your eyes."

"They're the shadows of the leaves," answered Drusille, the sweat standing out on her forehead. "I'm exhausted with the emotion of seeing you—it's been three months..." Suddenly she grasped his hand violently. "Jumart, do you love me? Swear that you are in love with me...Swear it, quick!"

"You know it very well," said Jumart with surprise. "What possesses you, my Drusille?"

"Do you love me more than all other women? More than all other living beings?"

"Yes, Drusille. And you?"

"Ah!" Drusille avowed in a trembling voice, "so much that you will never know how much. My love is deeper and more sorrowful than fire."

The attention of the king was distracted by something which stirred in the leaves at the end of the garden. His expression became ecstatic, his eyes glittered.

"What do you see?" cried Drusille. "Why do you look down there with such terrible eyes?"

Jumart returned to her brusquely and said something in a dreamy voice. He seemed to be waking up. "The garden is so beautiful, Drusille. I was walking in a dream."

Drusille was suffocating. She gave a painful smile. "Or in a nightmare. Sometimes one confuses them. Let us go in, dearest Jumart, the sun has set and dinner will soon be on the table. We'll eat on the terrace so you will enjoy the moonrise. This evening it will be more pale and beautiful than ever. When I look at moonlight, I imagine it to be your beard."

Jumart sighed. "The twilight is enchanted, bewitched. Let's stay out a while. The garden is drenched with magic. Heaven knows what marvelous chimera will come out of those purple shadows."

Drusille's hands went to her throat and her voice had a metallic ring: "Let us go in, I beg you. Night is falling and I'm shivering with cold."

"Your face is a green leaf that grows only when the new moon appears. Your eyes are stones found in caverns at the center of the earth. Your eyes are sinister."

The voice of Drusille was acrid: "You're moon-struck. You are losing your mind. You see things that don't exist. Give me your hand and I'll take you to the house."

Ravished with his profound reflections, the king rubbed his hands and did a few dance steps. Drusille looked at the trees and thought that their fruits, hanging between the leaves, were like little cadavers on the gallows. She looked up at the sky and saw drowned bodies floating in the clouds. Her eyes filled with horror.

"My head is a bier to my thoughts, my body is a coffin."

She walked behind the king, with slow steps, hands clasped in back of her.

A bell rang for dinner.

Engadine came from the kitchen. She carried a suckling pig stuffed with nightingales. She stopped with a cry. In front of her, a white and triumphant apparition blocked the way.

"Engadine!"

"In heaven's name, Miss Juniper!"

"Engadine, how red you are!"

The housekeeper drew back. The apparition bounded towards her.

"I've been in the kitchen. It's hot in the kitchen."

"Me, I am all white, all white, Engadine. Do you know why? Do you understand this phantom whiteness?"

Engadine shook her head mutely.

"Then listen, it's because I never see the light...Now, I need something, dear little Engadine."

"What? What?" the woman whispered; and she trembled so that the pig fell on the floor and the plate was broken in a thousand pieces.

"You're so red...so red..."

At these words Engadine let out a long and terrible cry, like that of a siren. At the same time Juniper gave a leap. Both of them rolled on the ground. Juniper was on top, her mouth glued to Engadine's throat.

She sucked and sucked—for several long minutes—and her body became enormous, luminous and splendid. Her feathers shown like snow in the sun, her tail sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow. She stiffened her head and crowed like a cock. Afterwards, she hid the cadaver in the drawer of a large chest.

"And now, the moon!" she sang, leaping and flying towards the terrace. "And now the moon!"

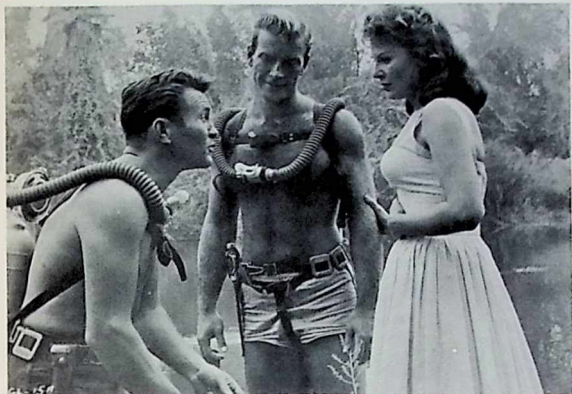
Drusille, nude up to the breasts, slid her arms around the neck of Jumart. The heat of the wine warmed his skin like a flame; he was shining with sweat. His hair was waving like little black vipers and the juice of the pomegranate dripped from his half-opened mouth.

Meats, wines, cakes, all half-eaten, were scattered around them in extravagant abundance. Immense jars of jellies and jams, overturned on the ground, made a sticky lake around their feet. The carcass of a peacock decorated the head of Jumart, ex-king. His beautiful beard was full of sauces, heads of fishes and crushed fruits. His gown was torn, and spotted with all sorts of food.





# ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES



Frogman friend, Ken Clark and Jan Shepard



Ken Clark leads the posse. The torches are standard equipment. One would think, from watching horror movies, the flashlight had never been invented.

**ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES.** An American-International Picture. Produced by Gene Corman. Directed by Bernard L. Kowalski. Screenplay by Leo Gordon. Director of Photography: John M. Nickolaus, Jr. Film Editor: Carlo Lodato. Art Direction: Daniel Haller. Music by Alexander Laszlo. 62 minutes. Released July 1959.

Steve Benton . . . . .	Ken Clark
Liz Walker . . . . .	Yvette Vickers
Nan Greyson . . . . .	Jan Shepard
Cal Moulton . . . . .	Michael Emmet
Doc Greyson . . . . .	Tyler McVey
Dave Walker . . . . .	Bruno Ve Sota
Sheriff Kovic . . . . .	Gene Roth
Slim Reed . . . . .	Dan White
Lem Sawyer . . . . .	George Cisar

**A**TTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES manages to rise a step or two above pure drivel by showing a little honest effort. There is a commendable attempt at turning the characters into people rather than just victims. You may have seen it all before but at least, it's there.

Ken Clark is fairly typical as heroes go: he's stalwart, brave, pig-headed and shirtless most of the time. Jan Shepard is practically invisible as the hero's inevitable girl friend. Miss Shepard's father, the doctor, is wise and fatherly. It's the minor characters that produce a faint glow of life.

Bruno Ve Sota is a fat, greasy storekeeper married to a young sex-pot, Yvette Vickers. She married him only to escape an intolerable home life. Now she is playing around with Michael Emmet. Bruno whines around while Yvette walks all over him. Behind all this domestic tranquility are rumors of things in the swamp. It's supposed to be the Everglades but it's only Southern California. Are there really palm trees in the Everglades?

Things progress predictably. Yvette and Emmet are caught rolling in the swamp grass by Bruno who chases them around with a shot gun. He finally forces them into the water—merely to scare them—and they are gobbled up by you-know-what. Bruno is arrested for their murder by the sheriff who is a bigger monster than anything in the swamp. Bruno



The leeches, at home

commits suicide. This convinces practically everyone but the sheriff that Bruno's tale of monsters is true.

Clark is a game warden and is sworn to protect wildlife down to the last mosquito larvae. Consequently, the doctor's suggestion to dynamite the area is repulsed. His job isn't to protect human life. Miss Shepard is not without cause when she begins giving him the silent treatment.

Meanwhile, two other poachers are looking for the bodies of Emmet and Yvette for the reward offered by the sheriff. The two bodies quickly become four. We see the giant leeches for the first time and it's much too soon. They look like men in black plastic pup tents. Occasionally, the outline of an arm or leg can be seen. And they leave the water! Naturally, they're atomic mutations so perhaps they can live for a while out of water. At any rate, one of them carries a body exactly as a man would—in his arms through the leech suit. He also can hardly walk in all the drapery.

You see, the leeches live in these underwater caves that are really air-pockets. Are caves and swamps geologically compatible? The leeches have not killed their victims. They are keeping them a-

live in the cave for a steady supply of fresh blood. The picture manages one scene of genuine horror as the leeches ooze warmly over the victims sucking their blood.

Clark has finally come to his senses and is allowing the use of dynamite. The resulting explosion brings to the surface all the bodies except Yvette although it is physically impossible the way the cave set is designed. But none of the leeches are killed. Clark and a frogman friend, with the aid of aqualungs, search the swamp for the leeches—they, of course, not knowing what they are looking for.

The expected encounter occurs and the two

barely escape. A larger charge is prepared which dislodges Yvette's body and kills a couple of leeches—as far as we have seen there are only two. Everything seems to have come out all right until we see ominous bubbles in the water just before "The End" flashes on the screen.

It should be obvious that there are more than two of the creatures but no one seems to think of it. However, the danger is not too great. The leeches are a little more grisly but really are no more dangerous than alligators. All the people who were killed were in the water. So, keep out of the water and they'll make interesting exhibits in the aquarium.

## HAND OF DEATH



Roy Gordon and John Agar with a little indecision by the latter



John Alonzo, John Agar and the Fatal Touch

**HAND OF DEATH.** An Associated Producers Inc. Production. Released by 20th Century-Fox. Produced by Eugene Ling. Directed by Gene Nelson. Screenplay by Eugene Ling. Director of Photography: Floyd Crosby. Film Editors: Jodie Copelan and Carl Pierson. Make-up: Bob Mark. Music by Sonny Burke. 60 minutes. Released May 1962.

Alex Marsh . . . . .	John Agar
Carol Wilson . . . . .	Paula Raymond
Tom Holland . . . . .	Steve Dunne
Dr. Ramsey . . . . .	Roy Gordon
Carlos . . . . .	John Alonzo

**S**top me if you've heard this one. A scientist is working on an experiment. Something goes wrong and he turns into a mons...

Fine, but I shall continue for the benefit of those who have never seen a horror movie.

John Agar (who else?) has perfected a nerve gas which paralyzes without unconsciousness or other ill effects. Now he is trying to combine it with scopolamine so that an army can paralyze a populace, move in, and when the paralysis wears off, occupy without effort as everyone will be in a hypnotic state. Neat?

Now the accident: Agar, working with mask and gloves, concocts his latest brew. He takes off mask and gloves and right away overturns the bottle. He then grabs a towel and begins mopping it up with his bare hands. Don't groan, he's been working continually without sleep and isn't thinking too clearly. There suddenly is terrific pain in his hands. We can tell by the way he holds them in the

air grimacing and whimpering. He passes out.

When he comes to the next day his skin has gotten darker and his body is wracked with pain, as they say in the commercials.

Everyone he touches turns black, shrivels up and expires. It seems Mr. Agar has developed a semi-immunity to the gas so the process is going very slowly in his own body.

Of course, he acts irrationally and refuses to go to a hospital for treatment. As a matter of fact, **HAND OF DEATH** as well as most films of this type depend primarily upon blunders and irrationality to move the plot along. With a little common sense many of them could be cleaned up in the first ten minutes.

Oh well, back at the lab, Agar has finally, with very effective makeup, turned black but instead of shriveling, has bloated!

The police follow the trail of blackened corpses and gun him down. Now, all the deaths were accidental. He didn't deliberately touch anyone. Even when the police have him cornered his girl friend tries to get him to give himself up so they can try to cure him. Naturally, he refuses and the police have no choice but to kill him. Otherwise, he would have broken the Horror Movie Code: If it's ugly or different, don't ask questions, kill it!

And what's the message imparted by the film? Every film or story has one even if it's nothing more than, "Crime doesn't pay." It is, "Science is evil. Research is dangerous and can only lead to disaster. Stasis forever!" But, you may argue, Mr. Agar's researches were not toward an exactly honor-



able goal. Ah, I reply, but earlier in the film, Agar's girl friend tries to convince him not to continue. She uses as an example another scientist who is paralyzed from the waist down because he ex-

perimented with live viruses in an attempt to find a polio cure.

Should anyone ask me if HAND OF DEATH is scary, I can truthfully answer, "Yes!"

# THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF



Oliver Reed before and after

**THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF.** British. A Hammer Films Production. Released in the U.S. by Universal International. Executive Producer: Michael Carreras. Produced by Anthony Hinds. Directed by Terence Fisher. Screenplay by John Elder, based on the novel "The Werewolf of Paris" by Guy Endore. Director of Photography: Arthur Grant. Art Director: Don Mingaye. Film Editor: Alfred Cox. Makeup: Roy Ashton. Music by Benjamin Frankel. Eastman Color. 91 minutes. Released June 1961.

Leon . . . . .	Oliver Reed
Alfredo . . . . .	Clifford Evans
Servant Girl . . . . .	Yvonne Romain
Cristina . . . . .	Catherine Feller
The Marques Siniestro . . . . .	Anthony Dawson
The Marquesa . . . . .	Josephine Llewellyn
The Beggar . . . . .	Richard Wordsworth
Teresa . . . . .	Mira Talfrey
The Priest . . . . .	John Gabriel
Pepe Valiente . . . . .	Warren Mitchell
Rosa Valiente . . . . .	Anne Blake
Dominique . . . . .	George Woodbridge
Old Soak . . . . .	Michael Ripper

**H**ammer Films has made numerous superlative remakes of Hollywood horror films of the thirties and this is one of the better ones. The surface details are different from Universal's **THE WOLFMAN** but the basic structure is the same. It is, actually, the same basic structure as every werewolf film ever made. The excellence of the production, however, easily offsets its predictability.

The setting is eighteenth century Spain. All the characters have Spanish names and look very Spanish, but each speaks with a pronounced British accent. I suppose this is more distracting to an American audience than a British one just as an American film set in France in which all the characters speak with American accents would be more noticeable to a British audience.

There is actually no reason for the Spanish setting, other than novelty, when you consider the film's source was Guy Endore's **WEREWOLF OF PARIS**. It could as easily have been any European country.

Technically, the film could hardly have been better. Artistically, only the script could stand improvement as it occasionally digs a little deep for horror effects. There is entirely too much blood—from a medical standpoint, that is.

A living organism is incapable of it, especially when the werewolf, as a child, is shot in the leg. Only an overturned bucket could have left a trail like that.

The actors are all very good, especially Oliver Reed as Leon, the werewolf. He is an inordinately handsome, in a simian sort of way, and talented young man who should be playing in major films. I suppose it is Reed's ability to look so arrogantly evil that lands him in so many horror films.

The picture presents a new theory of the origins of lycanthropy. This is a standard Hammer practice—changing the rules of the game. It seems the world is teeming with malignant animal spirits which fight for possession of human bodies. These





*A hapless beggar (Richard Wordsworth) is tormented and ridiculed by the Marques Sinistro and his guests. Eventually he is thrown in the dungeon where he is forgotten for twenty years. The only persons he sees are the jailer and his small mute daughter.*

spirits usually enter the body at birth, but a child with a healthy soul can repulse them easily. A child with a weak soul, usually inherited or an accident of birth, cannot. Baby Leon has a heritage that a malignant spirit must dream about.

His mother is a mute servant girl raped by a beggar animalized by years in a dungeon. In addition, the child is born on Christmas Eve which, in another Hammer invented legend, is a sacrilegious time for a child not conceived in love. The cards are definitely stacked.

At about ten years of age the child tastes blood for the first time. This causes the dormant spirit to come alive. The child, however, confines his killings to animals.

The village priest perscribes love as the only cure and it appears that all is well until, as a young man, Leon leaves home to work. He is persuaded to accompany a friend in a night of drinking and wenching. It's too much for Leon's defenses and the spirit takes over again. This time he kills three people before the night is over.

It again appears that all will be well when, on the next night, the presence of the girl he loves prevents his changing. The full moon no longer has very much to do with it. They are about to elope when Leon is imprisoned for the murders.

Despite the pleadings of the priest and Leon's foster father, he is kept over night. He again changes and is killed by his foster father to prevent further deaths.

Here my personal pet peeve rears its diminutive head. Why did he have to die?

He was not morally responsible for any of the crimes he committed. And a cure was offered on a silver platter. Unless there was some vague symbolism in his death, which I doubt, then it must have been merely to provide an exciting finale. If so, Hammer has sidestepped its own issue.

I can accept such an ending, though not easily, in something along the lines of *I WAS A TEEN-AGE WEREWOLF* because it is nothing but a quickie for a fast buck. Hammer, on the other hand, has probed rather deeply into the subject (Leon's history is examined as far back as his mother's childhood) and then has cheapened it with convenience. I can't believe the censors would have cared all that much.



*The Count Sinistro (Anthony Dawson) is killed by the mute servant girl (Yvonne Romain)—apparently with a candle snuffer—because he had her thrown into the cell with the beggar for the amusement of his friends. She runs away and is taken in by the kindly Alfredo in whose home she bears the beggar's child on her deathbed.*



*The child Leon (the actor is unidentified) is comforted by Alfredo (Clifford Evans) as the malignant animal spirits take over his body.*



*Leon (Oliver Reed) changes into a beast after being thrown into prison for the murders he committed the night before. His fellow prisoner (Michael Ripper) is not long for this world.*





# THE TRAVELING SALESMAN AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

by  
arthur  
norman

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLIS WILLIFORD

Oliver Smith cursed the filling station attendant for directing him to this shortcut. He damned the road, the scenery, his job, and himself. And he rammed his foot down harder on the accelerator, causing the pollinated dust to soak in faster through the windows and vent of his company Ford.

He had left Houston and the flat coastal plains far to the south. Hills dominated this country. The irregular dirt road was unwelcome after several

hundred miles on the straight-as-an-arrow Old Spanish Trail. And he wondered if the shortcut would get him to Dallas any faster.

Oliver had no mind for the pine trees, or farming land, or any of the other East Texas beauties of nature. He wanted to get where he was going, to Big D. The dry dust swirled inside his car, and Oliver pulled out a handkerchief and sneezed.

He wondered if he was really meant to be a traveling salesman of electric fans in thirty odd

varieties. When you get over forty the going's rougher. With the girls especially—that is, unless you want to pay for it all the time. Oliver remembered Crockett Street, and Post Office Street, and Addie's. That sure wasn't free. And Oliver put on the weight sodamn quick. But he'd get to Dallas late that night and the hell with it! Dallas is a good place to have fun in.

Well, that would be that. He'd get back into the swing...Jesus, what a blonde! The sun was going down and Oliver glanced along the side of the road where a young girl was heading up a rutted path to a farmhouse.

Oliver stopped the car. He got out and raised the hood as if for an investigation.

"Hey you," he called to the girl. "Miss!" he added upon consideration. "Is there anyone at your house can help me with this thing?"

The girl was tall and fair. She was like every dancing girl Oliver liked to read about in under-the-counter literature. And to think that this one was real! Oh hell, what a time she'd be!

He yelled, "You got a phone I can use to call a garage?"

The girl had taken a step forward. Her face lacked any form of interest, or curiosity, or enthusiasm. It was like a careful cold mask that only blondes can cultivate well. But she said, "Paw." And the girl turned again to walk to the farmhouse.

Oliver followed. His gregarious salesman's gab came to the fore to conceal his former emotional nausea and capitalize on the sensuous pleasure of walking by his dancing girl. It was almost like twenty years ago for Oliver.

"Well say," he pattered, "this is real swell of you to treat me like this. I'm not much of an engine mechanic, carpentry's more my line. Why, I once built my own fishing cabin by the beach near Corpus, when I used to live there. You say your father can help me?"

The girl didn't reply, and they walked further. Oliver began to notice that the girl was humming. The tune became recognizable as they neared the house.

"I know that song! That's Barbara Allan. I got a record of it by Jo Stafford. That's awful pretty. You sing awfully good."

The girl didn't answer. The pleasantness of her young animal body demanded further effort, a tantalizing thing for Oliver.

"What's your name, honey? Not Barbara Allan?" He gave something like a single deep guffaw at his own subtlety.

"Clar'may, mister."

There wasn't time for anything more. They were at the house. Oliver sniffed superiorly at the shredded yellow-brown paint and the sagging boards and followed the girl inside.

A little gray woman stood in the kitchen, stirring at a black, grimy pot. The girl stopped and pointed at Oliver.

"Man's caw broke down, Maw," she stated.

"Yes ma'am," Oliver spoke up, "you see my car stopped, and I wondered if I could use your phone to call a garage to come get me. Your daughter said that your husband..."

"We ain't got no telephone, mister, and Paw cain't help you none. You'll have to walk to town."

"No phone!" said Oliver with deeply affected shock. "Why good Lord, it must be five miles to the nearest town, and I haven't eaten since eleven o'clock this morning after I already left Houston. I sure hate to impose, ma'am, but if you could let

me stay for supper and maybe even put me up for the night, I'd sure appreciate it."

"You gotta talk to Paw, mister," the woman said, and returned to her cauldron. The dancing girl stood there, her arms hanging uselessly at her sides. The mother remembered her suddenly and turned about.

"You go out and fetch come redishes, Clar'may," she screamed. The change in the woman's voice from her mousey deference towards Oliver to shrewishness before the girl was unexpected. Oliver suddenly felt away from familiar ground. His old queasiness in the car was coming back. But he'd been with farmers' daughters before, so there couldn't be anything to worry about here. This gal was no different from any of the others, just prettier, and maybe dumber.

He took a seat on one of the dilapidated chairs. Oliver's personal ethics, undefined and hazy in his subconscious, suggested now that a man bent on seduction be gentlemanly in front of the girl's family.

"You've got a swell young lady for a daughter, ma'am," he said.

The woman stirred indignantly at her pot.

"Clar'may's a idiot!"

"Oh no," he lied, "she's a bright, intelligent girl. I could tell from the direct way she answered me. And she can sure carry a nice tune."

"She's a idiot, mister. She always been a idiot, and that's what the good Lord meant her to be." The little woman turned to face Oliver. "Ain't no one in his right mind would mix with her none." She turned back to stir.

Oliver ran his hand over the dull kitchen table and drummed with his fingers. Claramay returned with the radishes, and Oliver heard her revel for her slowness. The mother put her to scraping vegetables.

Then the father shuffled in through the kitchen door. He was a squat, thick man, dark and smelling of earth. Oliver got up.

"Stranger fer supper, Paw," the old woman said shrilly. "Man's caw broke down."

The man tramped out of the room without acknowledging Oliver's ready smile or his proffered hand. A minute later he reappeared, smoking an old, dirty pipe. He heaved himself onto a chair and banged his fist on the table.

"Set the table, Clar'may. What the Goddam hell you think you're waitin' on?"

They sat down at the table and ate. Oliver ate the unfamiliar food with the natural accomplishment of the city-dweller. The man ate hungrily and noisily. The old woman ate timidly in the presence of her lord and husband. Claramay handled the knife and fork clumsily, like a child, making use of her fingers for food that was large enough.

The man reached his unwashed hand across the table to snatch a biscuit. Without glancing up he sensed Oliver's cosmopolitan contempt and sneered, "A man out on a faww ain't got time for warshing and cleanin' up, mister. He ain't got time for a lotta nice things that city folks do."

"Don't drop that food on the table that-a-way, Clar'may!" the old woman interrupted in her soricine screech.

"You heard your Maw," shouted the man, grabbing the girl by the shoulder and shaking her--then added sarcastically for Oliver's benefit, "Act like you been learnt some manners at home!"

The man turned to Oliver, his rage of a moment ago replaced by a hospitably sly smile. "This ain't



fancy food, mister. Prob'ly you never eat cush before. Most city folks I know never did. But us fawrm folks ain't got time to warsh up all the time and fix fawrm dishes every day." He belched.

"Oh, it's really swell," protested Oliver, probing his fork through the greasy corn meal preparation, "and nourishing too." He swallowed a mouthful of the concoction and tried to think of a way to monopolize the conversation until he could finish the meal and leave. He could feel his inner self, the part of him that he called his salesman's instinct, being grated upon by the old woman's shrillness and alarmed by the deceptiveness in the filthy old man's smile. But at the same time he felt his instinct being lulled, as if by the humming he associated with the stupid, pretty girl.

Oliver gathered up his resolution and began a monolog. "No sir," he said, but Claramay had gulped her way through dinner and now shoved her chair back to leave. The father caught her by the wrist and jerked her back to the table.

"Goddam you, you stay here and hear what the stranger has to say." The meal was finished with the noise of the father's eating.

When the man arose from the table to light his pipe, the little woman grabbed Claramay and dragged her to the sink. Oliver got up and was reaching for his wallet. This was no longer the old story about making the farmer's daughter. The situation was completely out of hand. This place was terrible. There was something wrong with that damned old lady, the girl, and her son-of-a-bitch father. So the thing to do was get up and leave.

Then the father walked over to Oliver and clapped his arm around his shoulder, puffing solemnly at his pipe.

He laughed and said, "I got some things out in the bawrn you can use to fix up your cawr, mister. You can go get 'em."

"That's okay," said Oliver with hasty glibness. "But I guess I can walk to town tonight. It won't be so bad, probably. I was a track star in high school, but you wouldn't believe it now." He gave him professional laugh.

The man ignored him and leered. "Clar'may'll show you the way, mister. Clar'may, you go out to the bawrn and fetch the stranger the tools."

"Well thanks, thanks a lot," said Oliver, planning to leave the house, break into a quick trot, and get back to people he could understand. "Thanks a lot for everything."

He followed Claramay out of the house and watched her sensuous gait. They were a few yards down the path when Oliver stopped and pulled a bill from his wallet, stuck it in Claramay's hand, and spoke hurriedly in anticipation of a quick exit.

"Now Claramay, honey," he said and permitted himself to put a hand on her shoulder. "This is for you, honey. Now you keep it and make yourself look pretty with it."

"You cain't leave, mister. Your cawr's broke. The tools are in the bawrn."

"That's all right, honey. I think I can make it run anyway." He wanted to add a more convincing explanation. "I can make it run enough to get me to town, and I'll get it fixed good there." He let his hand drop to her waist.

"But the tools are in the bawrn, mister!"

Oh hell, he told himself, hell! If I stay a while, I can have it. I know I can have it now that we're away from that bastard she has for a father. And hell, a man don't get it free very often. Even if something's wrong with her, you can't get every-

thing in a girl. I never made a girl yet there wasn't something the matter with.

"Come on, Claramay. Let's go get those tools."

Is this a farmer's daughter kind of situation or isn't it, Oliver asked himself pleasantly, watching the girl's feral walk. Jesus, whatever it is, I'm sure getting lucky!

The girl led the way to the barn and opened the door. Oliver followed her inside and carefully locked the door behind them.

Hell, said Oliver to himself. After the hell she gets from her folks, why she'll be glad to get what I've got for her.

To her he said, "Let's climb this ladder upstairs, honey." He put his arm around her beneath her breasts.

In the hayloft the girl began to hum again. Oliver was pleased, with the old ballad tune and with himself.

"That's awful pretty, Claramay. You know, I bet you could be in pictures if you wanted to. You sure are pretty enough, and you've got the figure, and you're sure nice enough. Hollywood would be the place for you, Claramay!" It was even more stereotyped than any line he'd ever used. But it was working. The girl was soft and pliable in his arms.

She might be a puppet from the way she acted. Hell, he thought, I've never had a girl this easy. She was so much ovine passiveness in his hands.

His lovemaking was from a format along with his words. He kissed her, and gently pulled her to the floor of the loft. His hands moved over and about her body.

He was hot and had to remove his shirt. The girl continued her humming.

"God, honey, I love you. I'd do anything for you, you know that, don't you? Why, I'd even take you to Hollywood myself if you'd like that!"

She'll do it, he thought to himself. After the kind of treatment she gets from her old man, why she's grateful for someone who'll be nice to her for a while.

The girl answered. "Don't wanna go to Hollywood, mister. But Ah always did wanta see the Colosseum again."

"Coliseum," said Oliver, "why I didn't think you'd been to Houston before!" His hands wandered possessively.

"I been to the Colosseum in Rome."

"Rome? Is there a town called Rome in Texas?" The conversation was interrupted. "Now honey, you like me don't you, so you're going to like what we're gonna do."

She kissed his hand. "When my master bought me," she said, "he took me to his house. We went in the atrium to the women's pawrt of the house. And he put me down on a couch and laid down on me. And Ah yelled and scratched him, and he pulled out a knife and cut me." She recited word by word: "For disobedience to your lord." And Ah ain't never disobeyed again."

The situation was out of hand. The girl was completely crazy. If he wanted to go on, he'd have to get her to quit talking that way.

"Come on, honey, sing me that song you've been humming. That's an awful pretty song."

"Dum lo quor, hora fugi!"

It is doubtful if Oliver Smith knew that Barbara Allan was a ballad tune even at the time of the Caesars, but a terror of the unknown seized him, and grabbing up his shirt, he ran.



