

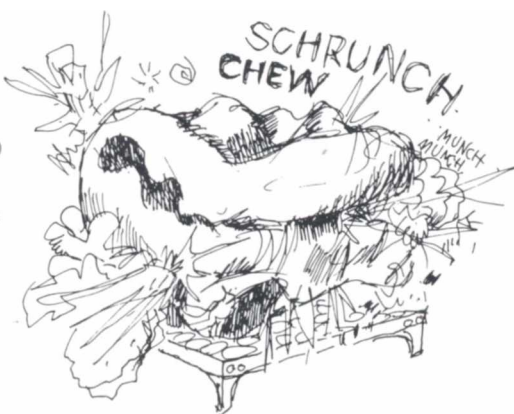
trumpet NUMBER TWO



GALA WELCOME TO PIGGLY-BUTT COMPLETE SHOP IN ONE STOP!!

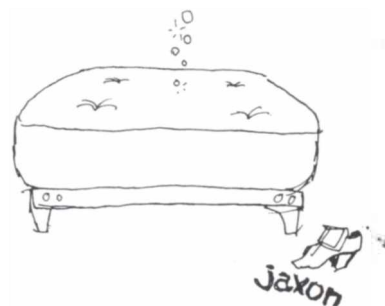


BEDDING DEPT.



BEDDING DEPT.

PLEASE DO NOT
FEEL THE MATTRESS



TEXAS RANGER

TRUMPET is published quarterly or thereabouts by Tom Reamy, 6010 Victor, Dallas, Texas 75214. Price is fifty cents per copy or two dollars for a five issue subscription. Free to contributors and writers of bona-fide letters of comment (pocstards and short notes don't count) if they will pay the ten cents postage. Letter writers out of the country will get away with ignoring this little rule in the interests of foreign relations and besides, what am I going to do with a bunch of foreign stamps? I also trade fanzines with just practically anybody. ARTWORK: Jack Jackson (inside front cover), Hollis Williford(5), Gilbert Shelton (9), Alex Eisenstein (11), Dan Adkins (16, 32, 35), Bill Sebastian (18, 22). WHITE RAB-BITS copyright 1945 by View, Inc.

TRUMPET

NUMBER 2 JUNE 1965

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BLARINGS

The second issue editorial must be at least the hardest to write. In the first issue there's no frame of reference; everything is impersonal, directed at an unknown audience. So, one can write just about anything one pleases. By the third issue the magazine should have found a direction and the editor should have a pretty good idea of his readership and what they want—not that *that* makes any difference, but it does furnish a guide of some sort. The second issue is in a kind of limbo. One knows a little but not enough. Of course, I could do the usual second issue thing and talk about the response to the first issue and my grandiose plans for the future. I could do that. Yes, I could.

Dear Donald Wollheim: I just finished reading THE IMMORTAL STORM and I hate you.

I considered giving my opinions on the Hugo mess. I was going to cluck my tongue at the high-handed British fans for eliminating the drama award and at Ed Meskys for suggesting that perhaps the fan awards should be eliminated also and suggest that fandom might as well drop the whole thing and let the book publishers and magazine editors give the awards at some private dinner the way the detective story people do. Then I was going to suggest that the Hugo committee be separate from the convention committee so that each could do its job without worrying about the other. Then that the nominating ballot list the *eligible* items for the awards. Someone said that many of the nominations are thrown out because the nominees are either in the wrong category or are ineligible. There aren't enough short stories, films or original novels published in a year's time to make this a particular chore. There were only 32 films, for instance, last year. The fan awards, of course, would have to be handled in some other manner. But I decided not to because I'm not sure I know what I'm talking about.

Dolores 21970 says: I always get an erotic thrill when I feel a stocking runner creep down my leg.

There is one announcement that I am glad to make: the fanzine reviews will be conducted, beginning next issue, by Alex Eisenstein, well-known grump. Send all fanzines for review to:

3030 W. Fargo Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60645

Of course, you still send a trade copy to me and all that stuff.

And another Important Announcement: Do you think, if I'm going to send this beautiful, erudite, expensive, but essentially modest fanzine free for a letter of comment, it would be too unheard of for me to ask the letter writer to pay the postage on his free copy? I would appreciate it if, when you write a LoC designed expressly for the purpose of getting the next issue, you would enclose a ten cent stamp or a couple of fives. Hmh?

You know? Fanzines come in two sorta what you might call categories—or, if they're not in one of these two groups, they're trying to be.

There's the faanish fanzine in which the editor's personality careens through it like a fourteen year old hop-head in a Stingray. Most of the material in this type thing is either funny or cliquy or funny and cliquy. The writers use *hmm!* four-letter-words and talk about liquor, jazz, mes-caline, sportscars and sex—not necessarily in that order. The artwork is usually confined to fillerillos (as I sat smoking a long-black fillerillo listening to Boyd Raeburn play selections from *The Sound of Music* on the ocarina) and a cartoonish cover. They are *always* mimeographed.

And there's the sercon fanzine which usually doesn't have much of an editorial personality of any kind because there is usually no editorial unless it's a business-like message. It's seldom funny and less often cliquish. The writers use twelve letter words and talk about things Far Above. Like the Freudian implications of Bergey covers (when they occasionally touch on sf). There usually isn't a lettercol, fanzine reviews or other editor-reader contacts. The art is mostly abstract doodles and it's often offset.

I enjoy reading both kinds, really I do, but I can't see myself publishing either. And what is this mimeo-mythos, anyway? I don't understand it. I've gotten letters from people who couldn't care less about the material; all they can do is goggle over the reproduction. Others find nothing particularly wrong with the content but gripe because it isn't mimeographed. Offset is a method of printing, ferchrissake! I use it because it's prettier, easier to read and you can do anything with it. How can anybody make a fetish or a phobia out of it?

'I pitch for a girl's baseball team,' said Tom, underhandedly.

I read somewhere (I'm always doing that but can never remember where) that you can tell a person by the things he reads. So, having nothing better to do, I thought I would bare my soul and list the things I've read since the last issue. You probably don't care *what* I read but, if anyone does, I'll do this every issue—or until I get tired of it. So, here they are and in the order read if *that* makes any difference.

THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH by Philip K. Dick
DEATHWORLD by Harry Harrison
DEATHWORLD 2 by Harry Harrison
TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT by Edgar Rice Burroughs
TARZAN AND THE FOREIGN LEGION by Edgar Rice Burroughs
TARZAN AND THE MADMAN by Edgar Rice Burroughs
FIRE by George R. Stewart
THE VINEGAR WORKS by Edward Gorey
THE PARATROOPER OF MECHANIC AVENUE by Lester Goran
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE by Ian Fleming
ACT OF ANGER by Bart Spicer
THE DROWNED WORLD AND THE WIND FROM NOWHERE by J.G. Ballard
DARE by Philip Jose Farmer
THE IMMORTAL STORM by Sam Moskowitz
THE VISITORS by Nathaniel Benchley
DOUBLE JEOPARDY by Fletcher Pratt
WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton
WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton
THE MOVIE BOOK by Gary Jennings
FRANNY AND ZOOEY by J.D. Salinger
DUNEWORLD by Frank Herbert
THE PROPHET OF DUNE by Frank Herbert
THE POSSESSORS by John Christopher

Thanks to Earl Noë for the Berry illo on the back cover of this issue. It was originally intended for *Karma* which Earl was forced to discontinue. He also sent a Dumont drawing which will appear on the front cover before too long.

See you at the Westercon.

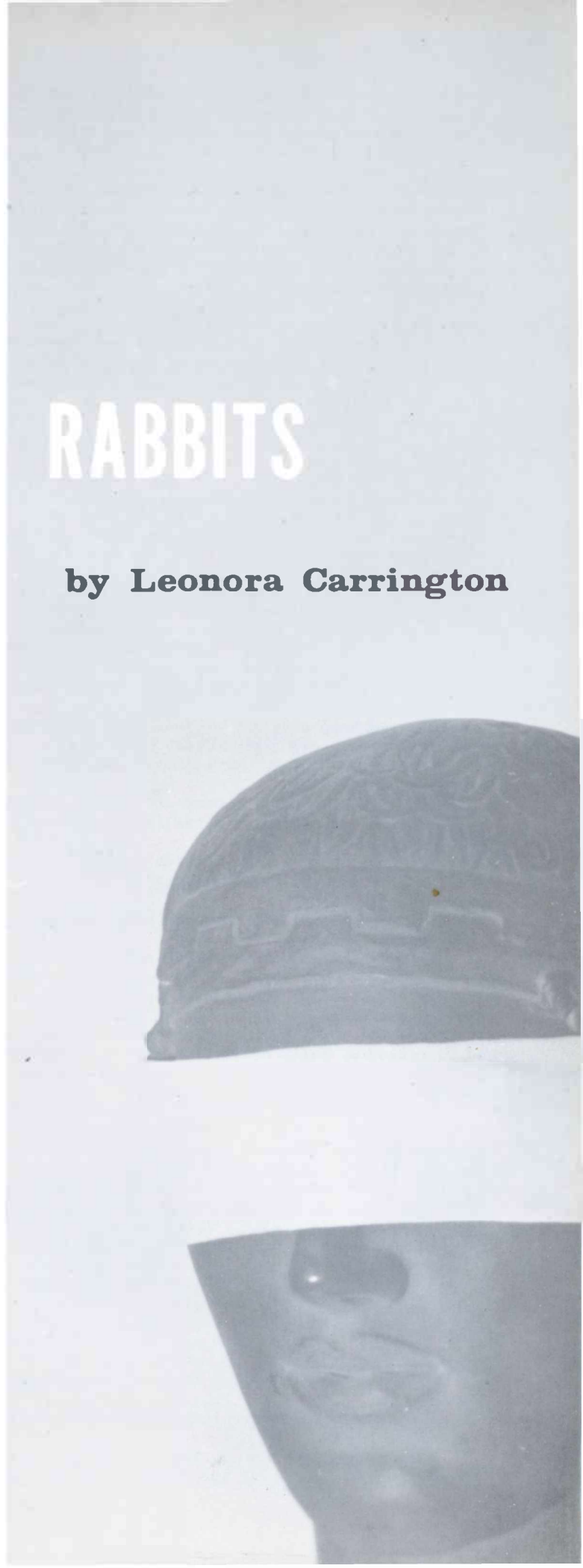
WHITE RABBITS

by Leonora Carrington

The time has come that I must tell the events which began in 40 Pest St. The houses which were reddish-brown looked as if they had survived mysteriously from the fire of London. The house in front of my window, covered with an occasional wisp of creeper, was as blank and empty looking as any plague-ridden residence subsequently licked by flames and saliva'd with smoke. This is not the way that I had imagined New York.

It was so hot that I got palpitations when I ventured out into the streets--so I sat and considered the house opposite and occasionally bathed my sweating face.

The light was never very strong in Pest Street. There was always a reminiscence of smoke which made



visibility troubled and hazy--still it was possible to study the house opposite carefully, even precisely; besides my eyes have always been excellent.

I spent several days watching for some sort of movement opposite but there was none and I finally took to undressing quite freely before my open window and doing breathing exercises optimistically in the thick Pest Street air. This must have blackened my lungs as dark as the houses. One afternoon I washed my hair and sat out on the diminutive stone crescent which served as a balcony to dry it. I hung my head between my knees and watched a bluebottle suck the dry corpse of a spider between my feet. I looked up through my lank hair and saw something black in the sky, ominously quiet for an airplane. Parting my hair I was in time to see a large raven alight on the balcony of the house opposite. It sat on the balustrade and seemed to peer into the empty window, then it poked its head under its wing apparently searching for lice. A few minutes later I was not unduly surprised to see the double windows open and admit a woman onto the balcony--she carried a large dish full of bones which she emptied onto the floor. With a short appreciative squawk the raven hopped down and picked about amongst its unpleasant repast.

The woman, who had hemp-long black hair, wiped out the dish, using her hair for this purpose.

Then she looked straight at me and smiled in a friendly fashion. I smiled back and waved a towel. This seemed to encourage her for she tossed her head coquettishly and gave me a very elegant salute after the fashion of a queen.

"Do you happen to have any bad meat over there that you don't need?" she called.

"Any what?" I called back, wondering if my ears had deceived me.

"Any stinking meat? Decomposed flesh...meat?"

"Not at the moment," I replied, wondering if she was trying to be funny.

"Won't you have any towards the end of the week? If so I would be very grateful if you would bring it over."

Then she stepped back into the empty window and disappeared. The raven flew away.

My curiosity about the house and its occupant prompted me to buy a large lump of meat the following day. I set it on the balcony on a bit of newspaper and awaited developments. In a comparatively short time the smell was so strong that I was obliged to pursue my daily activities with a strong paper clip on the end of my nose--occasionally, I descended into the street to breathe.

Towards Thursday evening I noticed that the meat was changing color, so waving aside a flight of numerous bluebottles I scooped it into my sponge bag and set out for the house opposite. I noticed, descending the stairs, that the landlady seemed to avoid me. It took me some time to find the front door of the house opposite. It turned out to be hidden under a cascade of smutty ivy, giving the impression that nobody had been either in or out of this house for years. The bell was of the old-fashioned kind that you pull and pulling it rather harder than I intended it came right off in my hand. I gave the door an angry push and it caved inwards emitting a ghastly smell of putrid meat. The hall which was almost dark seemed to be of carved wood-work.

The woman herself came rustling down the stairs carrying a torch.

"How do you do? How do you do?" she murmured ceremoniously, and I was surprised to notice that

she wore an ancient and beautiful dress of green silk. But as she approached me I saw that her skin was dead white and glittered as though speckled with thousands of minute stars.

"Isn't this kind of you?" she went on, taking my arm with her sparkling hand. "Won't my poor little rabbits be pleased!"

We mounted the stairs and my companion walked so carefully that I thought she was frightened.

The top flight of stairs opened into a boudoir decorated with dark baroque furniture and red plush. The floor was littered with gnawed bones and animals' skulls.

"It is so seldom that we get a visit," smiled the woman, "so they all scuttle off into their little corners."

She uttered a low sweet whistle, and, transfixed, I saw about a hundred snow-white rabbits emerge cautiously from every nook, their large pink eyes fixed unwinkingly upon the woman.

"Come, pretty ones--come, pretty ones," she cooed, diving her hand into my sponge bag and pulling out a handful of rotting meat.

With a sensation of deep disgust I backed into a corner and saw her throwing the carrion amongst the rabbits which fought like wolves for it.

"One becomes very fond of them," the woman went on, "they each have their little ways. You would be surprised how very individual rabbits are."

The rabbits in question were tearing at the meat with their short buck teeth.

"We eat them, of course, occasionally. My husband makes a very tasty stew every Saturday night."

Then a movement in the corner caught my attention and I realized there was a third person in the room. As the woman's torch light touched his face I saw he had glittering skin like tinsel on a Christmas tree. He was dressed in a red gown and sat very rigidly with his profile turned towards us.

He seemed to be as unconscious of our presence as that of a large white buck rabbit which sat masticating a chunk of meat on his knee.

The woman followed my gaze and chuckled, "That is my husband, the boys used to call him Lazarus."

At the sound of this familiar name he turned his face towards us and I saw that he wore a bandage over his eyes.

"Ethel?" he enquired in a rather thin voice. "I won't have any visitors here. You know quite well that I have forbidden it strictly."

"Now, Laz, don't start carrying on." Her voice was plaintive. "You can't grudge me a little bit of company. It's twenty-odd years since I've seen a new face. Besides she's brought meat for the rabbits."

She turned and beckoned me to her side. "You want to stay with us, do you not, my dear?"

I was suddenly clutched by fear and I wanted to get out and away from those terrible silver people and the white carnivorous rabbits.

"I think I must be going, it is suppertime."

The man on the chair gave a shrill peal of laughter terrifying the rabbit on his knee, which sprang to the floor and disappeared.

The woman thrust her face so near to mine that her sickly breath seemed to anaesthetize me. "Do you not want to stay and become like us?"

I stumbled and ran, choking with horror; some unholy curiosity made me look over my shoulder as I reached the front door and I saw her waving her hand over the banister, and as she waved, her fingers fell off and dropped to the ground like shooting stars.

A CHATTY, PREFERABLY CONTROVER- SIAL, COLUMN

andrew j. offutt

Never having seen a more beautiful Science Fiction Fan Publication (the *others* are *fanzines*) than *trumpet*, never having seen more beautifully-reproduced art and photos (in fan- or prozines), and never having read (or written either) better reviews (honestly; not even in "The New York Review of Books" or "The Saturday Review" or "The Morehead News"), I fell head over heels for *trumpet* and decided I wanted the next issue; and the easiest way to get one (what's 50¢?) seemed to be to do what the Unfriendly Editor said in EDITORIAL POLICY AND OTHER PRETENSIONS (clever devil!) on page 3: "Anyone who would like to write a chatty, preferably controversial, column will be worshipfully welcomed." Seeing right off that he made a grammatical error in that sentence, I decided. So: here is a c.p.c. column.

You will notice that I have started this by writing what is perhaps the longest sentence in the language since Lytton Strachey (and he's dead), which is pretty controversial, and chatty besides. I will now, therefore, write some short ones: This is Tom. See Tom. See Tom edit. See Tom tear his hair. See Tom tear Al. See Al tear Tom. See Al and Tom tear each other. See andy. See andy write. See him quickly; at this rate he wont be writing long.

Now. Youll note that I have started off controversially: I dont use the editorial "we" or such evasive pretensions. Also I sign my work, which is better than PLAYBOY's godawful movie reviewer and *all* the godawful reviewers for NEWSWEEK: books, plays, movies, what 'ave you. (You must admit that attacking those two big boys is pretty controversial for a li'l Texican fanzine!) Also, being an ex-English major with a degree and a lot of yellowed dissertations on forgotten writers to prove it, I figure I have the right to break rules, or make my own. My typewriter has no apostrophe, despite that little mark in front of "ave" back there to indicate its British and not Latin. And after all, nothings new, fella named don marquis wrote like this all the time and never used capitals or apostrophes and i like don marquis dont you—and Bernard Shaw didnt use these: ' in such words as didn t.

But thats not very controversial, really, al-

though it *is* chatty. Lets see, whats controversial? AN: Sex. Politics. Religion. OK:

Word has it that Wayne Newton, rather than running for Governor of Puerto Rico, will run for Pope. (Well, you didnt say *which* sex, did you?)

That takes care of the controversial part: sex, politics and religion. Now: onward! I havent read much science fiction lately (except my own stuff, an unpublished novel by Pier Jacob, and another u.n. by Robert REM Margroff, who writes so badly he won the N3F prize last year. REMEMBER THOSE NAMES: youll never hear them again).

Lets do some more. After all, he wants 50¢ for the silly mag. Costs a lot more to hire four wetbacks to sit around all day filing down pulp paper to produce the silky sheen youre looking at. Oh, somethingelse pretty controversial: arthur norman's (he spells his name that way, too? Awd.) story in the last issue: down near the end he itatically said *Dum loquor, hora fugit*, which sounds vaguely obscene to me. I said it to three old ladies and two girls in the Post Office Tuesday. Three of 'em slapped me, one said "How'd you know?" and the fifth said "OK!" Unfortunately it was one of the old ladies.



For those of you who failed to get the message on the cover of t-1 (it was pretty controversial), youll just have to look again. I be darned if Im going to say UP YOURS here, in a family magazine! (It was in white caps on a black background, Tom, if you want to do something really cute). Also there was a phone number: Dolores 21970 (I *guess* it was a phone number; them's odd measurements). Ive tried nine cities thus far, but five of them dont have five-digit numbers and the other three dont have Doloreses. Never mind the ninth.

What does "I'm sorry, Sir, she's upstairs with a customer just now" mean?

Uncle andy's etymological lesson for the issue: one of my favorite expressions (and lots of other people's too, Scarlet) is "I dont give a damn" (frequently preceded by "Frankly"). Well, Ive just learned what we're saying, and Ive learned *not*

to put an "n" on the "dam." Furthermore, you can say it in church, even at Christmas and Hannukah. A *dam* was an Indian (India Indian, not ours) coin of very small value. Therefore "I don't give (or care) a *dam*" has nothing to do with the Underworld or Shaitan or Judaeo-Christianity, but means you care so little about whatever-it-is you wouldn't even give an Indian coin of very small value.

Now that you're down to here, let's discuss what form, what direction this column will take in future issues. How do I know? What form, what direction will *trumpet* take in future? I may talk about a book I've read. I may talk about a fanzine, or a movie, or fanzines or movies, or fandom (let's all attack fandom!—But let's don't offer any solid suggestions for its improvement, OK? Attackings more *fun*, and you don't have to *think*). Let's just assume that something will be said. Let's just assume that you *may* be expected to laugh, or get mad, or throw rocks, or write letters, or otherwise react. We might discuss the fact that whereas your neighbor scoffs at science-fiction, the chances are that if he reads at all he's read a SF book or two in the last three years, and/or seen a SF movie; *without knowing it!*

You may safely rest assured there will be digressions, mostly surrounded by ()s, and there will be something about the language *every* time, whether it's a little nugget of worthless-but-fun information, such as the mention of *dam*, or whether it's something general. For instance the writer thinks that whereas English, and particularly Amerenglish, has simplified itself over the years so that it surpasses any other current spoken language, it has a tremendous, opening room for improvement. Such as getting rid of the worthless *c*. Such as adding four vowels, giving ten, each with a (pretty) specific sound; *A* would thus be pronounced only "AY", *e* only "ee", etc, while new vowels become short *a* and short *e* and so on. Then the sound which is represented by an *a* with two little dots over it would be borne by short *o*; its close to the mark. But this is for later; meanwhile the Unfriendly Editor has authorized me to offer a genuine burnished spinaluminum bunwarmer for the first person who writes in giving us an example of *o* pronounced as a form of *i*.

Very well, now let's all put our heads down on our little desks and rest, and when we've done that it will be MILK TIME!

SF AS CINEMA?

by Al Jackson

It was a long time ago that I saw my first science fiction movie; fifteen years ago now, and it was, I am sure, ROCKETSHIP X-M. Not too long after, I saw DESTINATION MOON. This was really the starting point in my interest in science and considering that I was ten at the time and have continued my interest up to my current graduate work in physics, I would say that the vaccine took pretty well. It was two or three years after I saw ROCKETSHIP X-M that I started reading sf and have done so fairly consistently ever since. It has been only in the last few years, however, that things have come full cycle and I have regained an interest in sf as cinema.

I suppose, like many other fans, I have thrown the idea of sf as drama on the trash heap many times. For instance, at the Pacificon last year, Harlan Ellison gave an interesting summary of his work for TV in the sf field. His words were familiar and discouraging. Someone in the audience

asked why try at all. All I remember is that Harlan tried to look courageous and make the best effort he could, but it wasn't (sorry, Harlan) very convincing.

First off, let me say that I have seen a lot of movies, which isn't saying much. Somewhere along the line I became a "cinema" fan. Cinema is distinguished from "movies" by a more or less artistic motivation and intent rather than a strictly commercial one. But don't get me wrong. I don't mean just European films nor do I go along with the current art film snobbery of the critics. I appreciate a film with a sincere motivation behind it whether it be artistic or purely entertainment, but when the driving force behind a film seems to be completely monetary in nature, I do object. Even when it's a *sincere* monetary motivation.

I have seen so many sf movies (or what is advertised as sf) in the last ten years that I think my poor brain has become addled. Speaking as a "sf fan", most of what I have seen has been crap. It is

easy to figure out why. People like Ivan Tors, Sam Katzman, Ib Melchior (though he threw me a curve with ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS), Bert I. Gordon and Sidney Pink are money grubbers. I could almost bet that between them, they have read probably four or five pages of sf by some well-known author. But enough of this; even bad sf films are having a hard time at the box-office these days.

Well, what might be the prospective future of future sf movies, anyway? Let's daydream a little as to the possibilities of improving the quality and stature of sf on the silver screen.

First off, the most evident lack in sf cinema is the scripts. *Science fiction* writers are noticeably missing from the field. How many times have you seen the screenwriter's (or, more important, "from the story by...") name on the screen and recognized it as a writer of sf? I've never seen a sf film written by or "based on" a story by Asimov, Pohl, Kornbluth, Brown, Clarke (apparently to be changed this fall), Vonnegut, Anderson, Sturgeon, Lieber, de Camp, Smith (either one), Farmer, Dickson, Dick, Norton, Budrys, Leinster, van Vogt, Simak, Bester, Blish, Russell, Knight, Merrill, Pangborn, Clement, McIntosh, Tenn, Tucker, Oliver, Henderson, Vance, Gunn, Miller, Williamson, etc., etc., etc. The few notable exceptions being Heinlein, Bradbury, Beaumont, Matheson, Finney, Wyndam and Jones.

Even if the germ of an idea came from one of these writers; even if a novel were bought and filmed, the probability of it getting a fair and sophisticated screen treatment is next to nothing.

Case in point: John Wyndam's "Day of the Triffids." The book isn't one of my particular favorites simply because marauding monster stories, no matter how well done, don't strike any responsive chords in me, but I did think something might be done with it on the screen. The book treats mass human tragedy in a brutal but compassionate style. If you're going to spend as much money as Yordan apparently did, why water the story down to nothing and add an extraneous and demeaning sub-plot? All the disasters fall flat, the few that there are, and are only kind of isolated incidents in the story rather than the substance of it as they are in the book.

The problem of faithfulness to novels and stories has always been a drag on Hollywood movie-making. Science fiction has probably suffered the most from lack of "authenticity". In any form of literature, from historical novel to the western, it would seem that the motto over every screenwriter's and director's door ought to be, "Beware the cliché and the stereotype." I think one of the main reasons behind the success of the James Bond movies (GOLDFINGER has netted a cool forty-million dollar profit so far) is because the public is more sophisticated. They have all grown up seeing "boy gets girl" and "good over evil" for the umpteenth time; even the most backward, brass-brained customer feels a yawn coming on when he sees the bad guy's hand move threateningly toward his holster.

I remember with sadness a time when reading Beaumont's old column in *F&SF*, *The Science Screen*. He was talking of his formative days in Hollywood and of turning in script after script of a sf film only to have it rejected because it was "too advanced". He kept writing down and down and finally (in disgust, it seems) reached their level with QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE.

The trouble with Hollywood movie-making is infinite and I won't go into it here. (There is an excellent two-part article on the subject by Dwight

MacDonald published in *Esquire* a few years back.)

Hollywood people, like most people, seem to be permeated with certain myths about science that have been rampant since the beginning of the century. Science is either a black art wreaking terrible fates on those who "dare to meddle", or it is white magic performed by goodie-goodies who can save us from anything. These myths are perpetrated in films with the latter having the smaller play.

Science (or pseudo-science) is still the basic plot motive in sf films. This shows ignorance of the basic essence of sf. It has been twenty years since the theme of sf has been science. Science is the spirit and backbone of sf but it is no longer dramatized popular science. Hollywood hasn't learned this so we still get pseudo-science drama rather than sf.

But, let's supply the missing ingredient, sf, and speculate on whether someday Hollywood will be able to supply it. The source of sf (I'll still call them that) films is almost never sf literature. It is usually some screenwriter who gets his ideas not from printed sf (he probably hasn't even read any) but from other sf films. But suppose we did get a screenwriter who knew what he was doing and a producer who would let him do it and a director who knew what sf was all about.

Let me exercise my own personal prerogative and choose some sf that I would like to see made into good films. Since Hollywood does seem to like making expensive films and do things that can't be offered on TV, let me suggest sf set in the future as is most written sf. We don't want to dwell on space travel, for in sf that is casual aspect No. 1.

I select the following as being representative of those having the best potential for a superior sf film: "The Space Merchants", "Player Piano" and "The Caves of Steel". The first two are in the not too far but not too near future and the third in the far future. I feel that the most important feature of these novels is not so much the plot as the setting. They all paint a future that is extremely well detailed and very, very convincing. The day to day lives of the characters brings into focus all the little things as well as the overall impact of technocracy upon future societies.

These novels are, of course, social sf and are not about science at all. Creating the setting and atmosphere of these novels would be the most difficult task. First there can be no sparing of expense because scope is the vital ingredient of the novels. Physically, the futuristic sets and costumes should be carried to the same degree as in movies like BEN HUR and SPARTACUS. However, and most importantly, everything futuristic should be there but only *incidentally*. The cities should look *lived* in, the characters should act as if they belonged there. The social implications of living in a highly mechanized super megapolis must come from the screen with subtlety.

All the problems that confront the maker of the ancient history epic are the same that confront the maker of the future history film, only the latter must work entirely from imagination. He must not lose his characters and story in a maze of plastic palaces or huge but unauthentic battle scenes. The ancient history epic with dramatic completeness as well as historical scope has yet to be made (though Kubrick's effort with SPARTACUS was herculean).

So, what about something else besides my favorite hard core social sf. There is another more prevalent kind of futuristic sf which I hesitate

to call "space opera" because it is much broader than that. I'll call it action-adventure sf and without defining it, will mention some examples: "Starship Trooper", "Earthman Come Home", "The City and the Stars", "Mission of Gravity", "Solar Lottery", "Tomorrow and Tomorrow", "The Stars My Destination", the "Empire" trilogy and a hundred others. Many of these overlap the social sf category but the "action-adventure" aspect is dominant.

These of course would require the same great amounts of money and talent. And, once again, the technological settings, interstellar travel and exotic societies would have to be there but only incidentally and as an integral part of the overall atmosphere. The veteran reader of sf has a familiarity with all these things because he takes something with him into each story he reads. The general film audience will not have this sophistication but, hopefully, it could be compensated for by visual means. We would have to depart from the many cliches that have bothered the few futuristic sf films that have been made. The major one is: here is a gadget, zooks! See the gadget work, zowie! Here is another gadget, Holy Moly! See this gadget work, leapin' lizards! This is how the gadget works, golly, Mr. Science!

A character using a blaster should do so with the same aplomb as John Wayne using a six-shooter. The passengers on an interstellar ship should be as blasé about it as the passengers on an ocean liner. (Sorry, Mr. Moskowitz.)

In most, not all, the books I have mentioned there are no aliens but when our ideal sf films must deal with them, I would prefer they be humanoid. An animated, intelligent cabbage in print is a far cry from the same cavorting on the screen. And, as we are trying to make these films profitable and acceptable to the general public as well as the sf fan, the Hollywood malevolent monster is too ingrained to change now.

Bordering on the action-adventure category is the quasi-juvenile sf of Heinlein and Norton.

There is a man in Hollywood whom I once respected. He makes family movies now. He also makes money and money and money. His family movies don't cost him very much, usually. He makes more money. His name is Walt Disney. Mainly because of the imaginative people who work for him, he would seem to be the ideal choice for filming the Heinlein and Norton novels. This isn't very likely, though. Not as long as he can make THE LOVABLE WONDERFUL SOFT AND CUDDLY BABY ANIMAL OWNED BY THE LOVABLE WONDERFUL FAMILY for \$500,000 and gross four million.

Yet the Heinlein and Norton stuff is probably the best financial prospect for futuristic sf. The novels tell good stories, have reasonable settings and usually stay clear of the metaphysics found in many "adult" sf novels. They are exotic and escapist and at the same time level-headed.

We reach a point here where a mention of FORBIDDEN PLANET is unavoidable. It is the only recent film of any quality with a futuristic setting that has no crossover from the present. Hollywood is about thirty years behind written sf; in those days most futuristic novels had a hero transplanted from the present. FORBIDDEN PLANET contains most of the elements of futuristic sf that are second nature to the fan and only occasionally goes gosh-wow over a gadget.

But, what about contemporary setting sf which is almost exclusively the province of the movies probably because the unimaginative producer feels it to be more acceptable to the public—and it usu-

ally costs less. WAR OF THE WORLDS and INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS show that contemporary settings can be used without hurting the story but some bets have been missed. "Wild Talent" and "Odd John" come to mind though the latter would probably get a change of title and race.

And there are the myriad "during and/or after the disaster" films. Once again some good sf has gone begging. "The Fittest" and "No Blade of Grass" are good and healthy prospects for films. One can go on and on with "A Canticle for Leibowitz" and "Davy" and hundreds of other novels and short stories.

We've been decrying the lack of science fiction writers in Hollywood but what about the few there are? Richard Matheson's THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN turned out very well. Despite QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE, Charles Beaumont apparently hasn't had a chance at a sf movie. Both he and Matheson spend most of their time on the neo-quasi-Poe stuff for A-I (I hope they get paid well). Leigh Brackett has worked on a few movies, RIO BRAVO and HATARI but I wonder if she's ever been offered any sf? Obviously Ray Bradbury has been the most successful of all but then Ray is an exceptional man.

So, what we need for our ideal sf films is, firstly, a director. Who, especially in Hollywood, really cares? Maybe George Pal does (or did). I nominate two of the most likely prospects: Stanley Kubrick and John Frankenheimer. Frankenheimer has shown in THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE and SEVEN DAYS IN MAY and Kubrick in DR. STRANGELOVE that they are not afraid of technology. They also know style and technique as well as drama and composition.

Choosing a producer is very difficult. He will assuredly have financial interests in the forefront and will be unwilling to chance money on something new and different like good sf. So the best bet is a one man producer-director who has artistic as well as financial control over the film.

And, lastly, the screenwriter. They are readily available if allowed to do their work.

But, do we want science fiction "as we know it" brought to the screen? After all, it probably is too advanced for the general public and that, of course, would mean bad box-office. But we don't know; but maybe, just maybe we are going to find out.

The long rumored filming of "The Martian Chronicles" looks pretty good for coming true. It has the elements we've talked about: screenplay by Ray Bradbury; produced and directed by Alan Pakula and Robert Mulligan who know what they're doing but as yet have made no films involving technology.

Though the news is not all good (Truffaut's film version of "Fahrenheit 451" is still in limbo; Bronston will definitely not film "Brave New World"—he is bankrupt and owes the Spanish government twenty-five million dollars; no further word is out on Blake Edwards', not Kubrick's as reported last issue, filming of "Planet of the Apes") there is one project to make up for it. The New York Times of February 22 announced that Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke were working on a novel which Mr. Kubrick will turn into a big budget Cinerama film called JOURNEY TO THE STARS. (The word science fiction was conspicuously missing from the Times article, oh well.)

Since I hold Mr. Kubrick in such esteem it would be sheer folly to speculate, but the prospects look damned good. So, what if these films are successes both artistically and financially, would we see any more? Pray?

the Noise in the DARK...

by Shelton



CREAK!

I heard
a noise!

It's a monster,
coming to GET me!

He's coming
closer!

He's standing
right beside my
BED!

He's going to
torture me and
eat me alive!

Eeee! Oooo!
He'll rip me to
pieces and
suck my BLOOD!

I might as well
turn on the light
and face my
death!



Can I use your
rest room?

the Iconoclast ICONOSCOPE

An Occasional Column Devoted to the Demolition of
Mythical Classics of Science-Fiction

by ALEX EISENSTEIN

Read "All-Time Greats" for "Classics." I aim my hammer not at those stories which pioneered basic s-f plot devices (e.g., the stories of E. E. Smith involving hyper-light, interstellar travel), but at those stories which are generally hailed by fandom as stories with merit, stories with quality, stories with meaning.

This issue's column will be devoted to one especial golden calf, Harry Bates' "Farewell to the Master."

Healy and McComas included "Farewell to the Master" in their Random House anthology, *Famous Science-Fiction Stories...Adventures in Time and Space*. In their introduction to the story, the editors stated, "It is our mutual, considered opinion that this is one of the finest stories we have ever read." The tale was later retold as an excellent movie—excellent because the story was mostly ignored—entitled "The Day the Earth Stood Still." So much for common knowledge.

This supposed masterpiece, however, offers nothing more than a gimmick ending, and a rather simple switcheroo at that—a reversal of the master-slave relationship between the Galactic Ambassador and his robot aide.

The story is overlong, falsely melodramatic, poorly plotted; it stretches scientific credulity to the absolute limit; it is just plain *stoppily written*.

It contradicts itself in its simplest details. The first paragraph tells the reader that people come "from all over the Solar System to see Gnut [the robot] and the traveler [the alien spaceship; Bates calls it a "time-space traveler"]..." yet the twentieth paragraph gives the following information:

...it was recognized from the very beginning that this was no spaceship from anywhere in the Solar System. Every child knew that only two spaceships had ever been built on Earth, and none at all on any of the other planets and satellites; and of those two, one had been destroyed

when it was pulled into the Sun, and the other had just been reported safely arrived on Mars.

Only one Terran spaceship exists, yet people flock to Earth "from all over the Solar System." Only *one other* Terran spaceship has ever existed, yet humanity has sure knowledge that there are "none at all on any of the other planets and satellites". Is Bates asking the reader to believe that the entire Solar System was explored and populated by one or two ships, and that it is now *served* by only one? Or does the quoted paragraph mean that the first spaceship was a disastrous failure, and that the second spaceship is the first to reach Mars? This was my initial impression, but such an interpretation makes the passage utter nonsense. Yet the language is so devilishly vague... On the one hand is an outright paradox; on the other, a gross improbability; in any case, an example of very negligent writing.

The scientific details of the story are painfully inadequate. The first example appears in the amazing passage quoted above: the mathematical probability of a spaceship accidentally falling into the sun is almost nil. (Those who know the reasons for this, or who are willing to take my word for it, may skip the following popular-science discussion.)

[Interplanetary vehicles don't travel in straight lines; they travel in elliptical orbits about the sun, with the center of the sun as one of the two foci of the ellipse. To fall into the sun, a ship would have to lose almost all of its energy, relative to the sun. This might be accomplished by impact with a very energetic (massive and swift) object, such as a large asteroid, traveling in the opposite direction; but then the ship would be destroyed, anyway. Alternatively, the ship might propel itself in a retrograde direction (relative to the orbit of Earth) with a thrust and duration sufficient to cancel most of the energy imparted to it by the Earth's revolution about the sun. Such a maneuver would cause the ship to fall into a tight orbit about the center of the sun and below its surface, assuming that the ship would last that long. However, this would be difficult to achieve on purpose, extremely unlikely to occur by chance: a little more energy either way would throw the ship into an orbit well outside the surface of the sun.]

Another scientific fumble involves an attempt

to disarm the robot. Immediately after Klaatu the "ambassador" descends from his ship, a paranoiac sniper kills him. Gnut the robot freezes where he stands, as if in a catatonic trance. Because of public fear that the impervious robot might resume normal functions at any moment, the world's scientists are called upon to immobilize it permanently:

They sent electrical currents of tremendous voltages and amperages through him. They applied terrific heat to all parts of his metal shell. They immersed him for days in gases and acids and strongly corroding solutions, and they bombarded him with every known kind of ray. (...) He cannot possibly have retained the ability to function in any way.

Naturally, he does. But more astonishing is the way all the scientists studiously avoided the one treatment that might have worked. After all, even we ignorant humans have methods of insulating from heat, corrosion, electricity, and even radiation; no doubt Gnut has more effective methods. But one force against which there is no known barrier is magnetism; certainly a strong, fluctuating magnetic field will disrupt the operations of an electronic device—such as a robot. Yet this elementary idea doesn't occur to the scientists of the story.

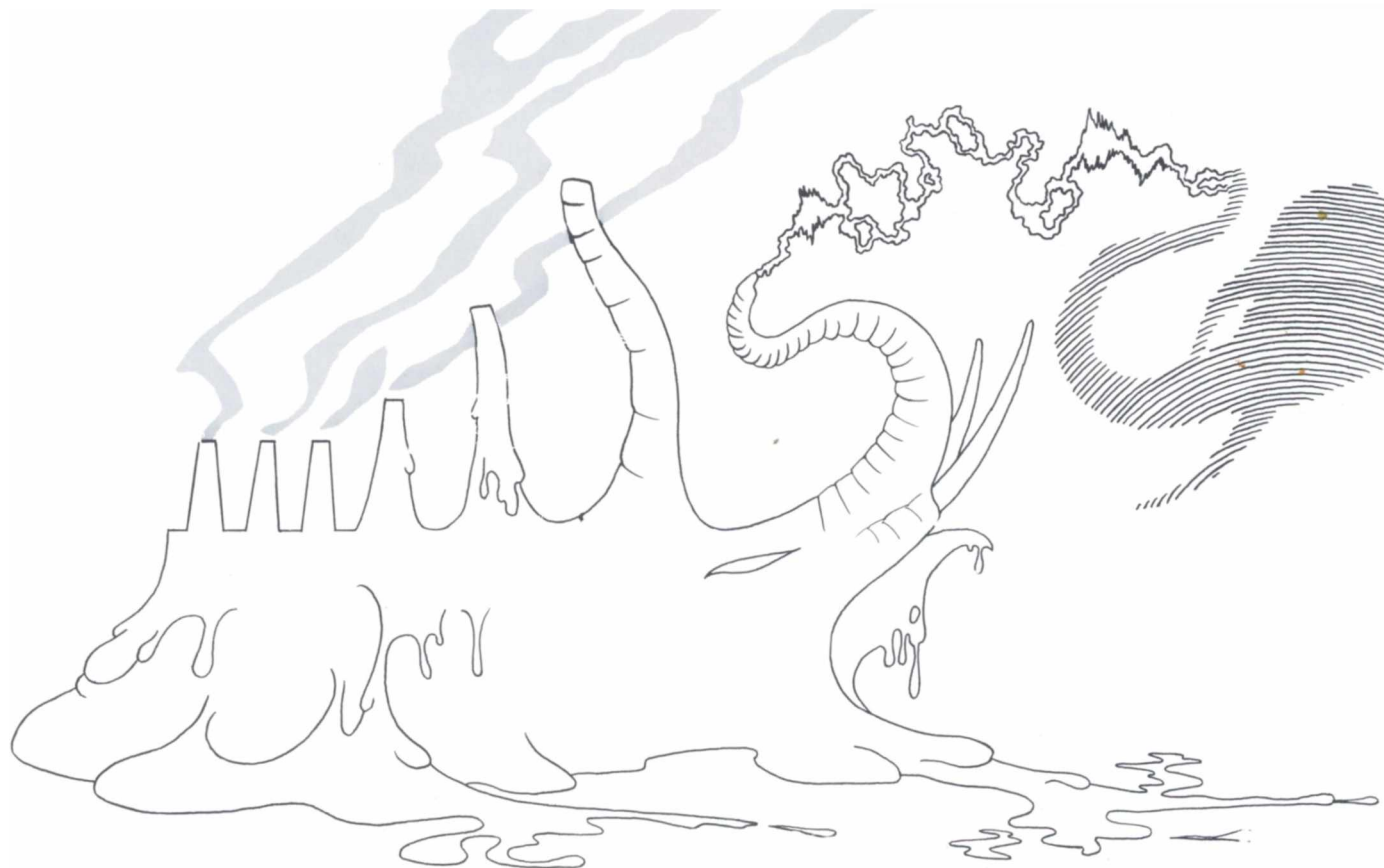
But the worst offense to logic and reason is the method Gnut uses to restore Klaatu to life. As the revived Klaatu explains:

Although unlike us, Gnut has great powers. When the wing [of the Smithsonian Institute, where the interstellar spaceship and the inert robot were exhibited] was built and the lectures began, there came to him a striking inspiration. Acting on it at once, in the night, he assembled this apparatus... [author's punctuation] and now he has made me again, from my voice, as recorded by your people. As you must know, a given body makes a characteristic sound. He constructed an apparatus which reversed the recording process, and from the given sound made the characteristic body.

And, apparently, the characteristic mind, ego, *soul*. The revived Klaatu is a duplicate; the original still rests within its enshrined tomb in Washington, D.C. The *Doppelganger* Klaatu can live but a short while, however:

[Klaatu continues...] Your recording had imperfections. Perhaps very slight ones, but they doom the product. All of Gnut's experiments died in a few minutes, he tells me... [author's punctuation] and so must I.

Do you believe it? Just "reverse" the recording process, and a reasonable facsimile of any person can be made from his voice. No chemical analy-



ses—not even a whiff of sweat; no casts, no physical measurements; no 3-D photographs, no 3-view drawings, no pictures of any kind. Mind, body, and soul all revealed in the voice. Charming simplicity, what?

The charming simplicity of witchcraft, that is. This is not science; this is sorcery, sympathetic magic, that proclaims the name as the essence. Even the imperfection of the product, resulting from imperfections in the process, is a kind that is characteristic of black magic: it is not a physical flaw, a malformation or obvious malfunction of the body; it is a mystical flaw of the *spirit*, a flaw in the *lifeline* of the duplicate Klaatu.

The solution of this final problem is also magical:

Slowly there dawned on him [Cliff, a freelance photographer and the protagonist of the story] an important idea. He explained it with growing excitement.

"You [Klaatu] say the recording was imperfect, and of course it was. But the cause of that lay in the use of an imperfect recording apparatus. So if Gnut, in his reversal of the process, had used exactly the same pieces of apparatus that your voice was recorded with, the imperfections could be studied, canceled out, and you'd live, and not die!"

The Terran apparatus is to be used somehow in the reversal process, yet the reversal will actually be accomplished by the machine of Gnut's own devising. Seem confusing? It's not, really; it's merely the re-application of the principle that created the second Klaatu, the magical Law of Reversal ("Any effect may be reversed to produce its cause"); but this time it is augmented by an inversion of the magical Law of Contagion ("Parts of an object, when attached to or eaten by a second object, transfer the attributes of the first object to the second"; except that in this case, "cancel" replaces "transfer").

The phrase "...imperfections could be studied..." is a verbal smoke-screen, intended to lay a reassuring miasma of Authentic Science over this gobbledegook. After all, aren't scientists always studying things? Omit the word "study," and the above quotation becomes a totality of occult theory, a complete eclipse of everything even remotely scientific.

For a much more convincing approach to the recreation of the dead, I offer, without comment, a passage from A.E. van Vogt's "The Monster" (it was published in *Astounding* during the Forties, the same magazine and decade in which the Bates story first appeared):

Each living cell has in it the whole form. The crab grows a new leg when the old one is torn from its flesh. Both ends of the planarian worm elongate, and soon there are two worms, two identities, two digestive systems each as greedy as the original, each a whole, unwounded, unharmed by its experience. Each cell can be a whole. Each cell remembers in a detail so intricate that no totality of words could ever describe the completeness achieved.

But—paradox—memory is not organic. An ordinary wax record remembers sounds. A wire recorder easily gives up a dupli-

cate of the voice that spoke into it years before. Memory is...a mark on matter, a change in the shape of a molecule, so that [sic] when a reaction is desired the *shape* emits the same rhythm of response.

Out of the mummy's skull had come the multi-quadrillion memory shapes from which a response was now being evoked. As ever, the memory held true.

A man blinked, and opened his eyes.

I have stated that the story is melodramatic—and it is; melodrama pervades the whole narrative, but it is most readily observable in the descriptions of Gnut, Klaatu, and everything associated with them. For instance, the mausoleum of Klaatu is a "simple oblong tomb" (indicating "good taste," though Bates doesn't specifically say so) of marble, that gleams "black and cold in the light of the dozen searchlights always trained on it at night," and it rests atop a "rising pyramid of steps" that stands in the center of "the still waters" of a great "Tidal Basin" (I might add that I do not know of any tidal basin, with or without water, existing in the District of Columbia; but then, I'm not a geologist). Klaatu himself is described as "beautiful," and his face "radiated kindness, wisdom, the purist nobility. In his delicately tinted robe he looked like a benign god." Even in death Klaatu retains these qualities:

He lay as if asleep, on his face the look of godlike nobility that had caused some of the ignorant to believe him divine. He wore the robe he had arrived in. There were no faded flowers, no jewelry, no ornaments; they would have seemed profane [i.e., "in bad taste"].

While Klaatu's appearance is sentimentally ethereal, Gnut's borders on the ludicrous. The robot is eight feet tall and has the following remarkable attributes:

Gnut had almost exactly the shape of a man—a giant, but a man—with greenish metal for man's covering flesh, and greenish metal for man's bulging muscles. Except for a loincloth, he was nude. He stood like the powerful god of the machines of some undreamed-of scientific civilization, on his face a look of sullen, brooding thought. (...) His strange, internally illuminated red eyes were so set that every observer felt they were fixed on himself alone,...

In other words, a large, metal statue of a brooding, greenish Tarzan. Except for the simile of the machine-god, the entire description is literal, *not* figurative. The metal muscles really *are* metal muscles, flexing and extending beneath a pliable metal skin:

His [Gnut's] neck and shoulders made Cliff a seat hard as steel, but with the difference that their underlying muscles with each movement flexed, just as would those of a human being. To Cliff, this metal musculature became a vivid wonder.

Because of such musculature, the robot's face ac-

tually can express many moods: "His face had twice clearly shown the emotion of sadness, and several times what appeared to be deep thought..."

The robot's glowing red eyes, that follow the observer across the room like the menacing eyes of Big Brother, are not only corny, but also highly improbable. On an Orwellian poster, the illusion of watchfulness is in accord with optical psychology: the poster is flat, but the observer tends to perceive the face on it as three-dimensional; the angle of the poster affects the perceived proportions of the face, but it cannot change the perceived *attitude* of the face. Therefore, if the front-view, eyes-centered portrait of Big Brother seems to stare at you when you stand directly before it, then it will seem to stare at you wherever you stand (unless you don't look at it, of course). This is not true of a head that actually exists in three dimensions.

The robot's bicycle-reflector optics are trite, but his apparel is plainly absurd. That the mighty Gnut needs no clothing is obvious; why, then, the loincloth? Does he wear it as a concession to Judeo-Christian decency? On a robot? The notion that Gnut's kind possesses the mammalian sexual apparatus is difficult to accept. And the concomitant idea of greenish metal spermatozoa...well, I choke.

Just as laughable is the phoney melodrama of the following paragraph, which attempts to show the reverence with which Terrans have treated the robot:

"No, [said the museum guard] Gnut has neither moved nor been moved since the death of his master. A special point was made of keeping him in the position he assumed at Klaatu's death. The floor was built in under him, and the scientists who completed his derangement erected their apparatus around him, just as he stands."

Need I really point out the impossibility of building a floor underneath the robot *without ever moving him in the slightest*? (A minor fulcrum of the plot is the fact that Gnut, being "far too heavy to be moved safely...", is never moved even a fraction of an inch.)

But the most grossly ridiculous parts of the story are the two major hinges of the plot, which creak and groan terribly.

One of them is the ending. Before Gnut leaves Earth in the time-space traveler, Cliff asks of him a seemingly innocent and well-intended favor:

"Gnut," he said earnestly..., "you must do one thing for me. Listen carefully. I want you to tell your master—the master yet to come—that what happened to the first Klaatu was an accident, for which all Earth is immeasurably sorry. Will you do that?"

(...)

"You misunderstand," said Gnut, "... I am the master."

Gnut is the master. Big shock. Exactly what does that statement mean? Is Klaatu a slave to the robot? If so, why the robot's great concern over his loss? Surely he is replaceable. Is Klaatu a *pet* of some kind? Or a *puppet*? Exactly what is the relationship between Gnut and Klaatu?

These and myriad other questions sprout in my

mind, but Bates leaves all unanswered: the narrative ends with the words, "I am the master." The author's discretion is certainly not the better part of valor, for no great courage is required for lazy writing.

Now some may say that a writer should leave something to the reader's imagination, and true that is: a good writer always suggests more than he says. But that is not the situation with Bates; he suggests *less* than he says! Because he explains nothing, his words lose all meaning. He has left everything of importance to the reader's imagination; he might as well have let the reader write the story himself.

The second creaky hinge of the plot depends on the one above, the ending. If Gnut is the master, why is he paralyzed by Klaatu's death? Of course, after the revival concept occurs to Gnut, he no longer stays immobile at night, as the second Klaatu explains in the previously quoted passage:

When the wing was built and the lectures began, there came to him [Gnut] a striking inspiration. Acting on it at once, in the night, he assembled the apparatus...

However, it may be inferred from the above that Gnut did not budge a micron between the time of Klaatu's death and the beginning of the lectures in the museum wing. And thereafter, he only moves at night. I only ask: why? Why is he so secretive; why must he fool the world into believing he is deranged and dead? Or: why not tell humanity of his inspiration and thus make his experimentation easier, freer? Why does he stand, "day after day, night after night, in fair weather and in rain," like a damned fool? Why, indeed, except to heighten the phoney sense of melodrama, and to stretch a short squib into a long novelette?

Postscript: I do not want the reader of this critical essay to gain the false impression that I am against all so-called "gimmick ending" stories. Far from it. Many "shock ending" stories have important points to make—for example, three of Damon Knight's short stories: "The Analogues," "Not With a Bang," and "To Serve Man."

Yet there are also many good "shockers" that have little to say outside the scopes of their own narratives—Kris Neville's "Hunt the Hunter" and Philip K. Dick's "Colony" (both from *Galaxy*) are excellent examples. The crucial difference between the good and the bad depends not on the presence or absence of a moral that, like a painful tooth, may be extracted from its matrix; the difference pivots rather on whether the irony of the ending grows naturally and logically from the facts of the story.

In answer to Bill Atheling's (Jim Blish's) remarks concerning "surprise endings," (see *The Issue at Hand*, William Atheling, Jr.; \$5.00; ADVENT: PUBLISHERS, P.O. Box 9228, Chicago, Illinois 60690) I can only say that *any* story, with or without a twist in its tail, should not telegraph its ending from the first half, or even three-quarters, of the narrative. No one wants to read a story of which he can predict the finish. The denouement need not be a leviathan-size surprise; but it shouldn't be totally expected, either. And as to Mr. Blish's commentary on O. Henry ("the biggest bore of them all")—well, I can only wonder if Mr. Blish thinks likewise of de Maupassant, a writer of little bitter ironies who certainly stands far above any literary plateau James Blish ever reached. ●

PERSIFLAGE

Greg Benford

Thanks for TRUMPET. I find it vastly improved over the old CRIFANAC. The printing (ok, offset) is much more competently handled (I guess you're not using Mosher's press any longer, huh?) [Nope.] and the layout shows more work and experience. Your use of typefaces and lettering styles is improved remarkably.

Notice you used two old Hines illos I gave you long ago. You must be low on art. I'm sure with some better contacts you'll get much better stuff, for TRUMPET is now a very good journal to appear in. If I ever write anything that's applicable (I'm not doing much these days, tho might write something this summer—time goes into fiction now, and it takes a long time for stuff to make the complete round. Anyway, I don't want to publish fiction in fmz unless it's just too offbeat for the prozines—otherwise, you just have a 2nd class prozine on your hands. [I agree with you. As soon as I start getting enough non-fiction to fill the magazine, out goes the fiction, unless it's really outstanding.]

Your editorial was quite good—you've learned a great deal about writing since 1958. The artificial vagina ad was very skillfully handled. I think the type for section heading is too large, tho. Hannes Bok letter very good.

The SPEC seems a strange group—why, there are even girls in Dallas fandom, now. Are these people—so normal, healthy, full of life, etc—actually readers of stf? [I thought fans weren't supposed to read stf!]

MZB: Well, I am frightened by some things I read.

I found all four of the short stories in TRUMPET suffered from the same disease—they don't go much of anywhere. THE ALTRUIST makes a half-hearted attempt at building up character identification in the reader, but Portis doesn't have much eye for the exceptional in the men he writes about. The important thing in such a short story is to give the reader something to tag the lead character (and maybe one minor character, too—but probably no more than that, because there isn't room), something to make him care. But in the casual reading, without laboring over the Hidden Significance of every word (which is the way 99% of everybody would read this), I could barely distinguish one character from another. So the story can't depend on characterization of any sort—it's too short, or Portis doesn't have enough of an eye for people, or maybe both. It could have been saved by a good plot, but good plotting and action that moves is what generally distinguishes the amateur who publishes in fanzines and the amateur who publishes in prozines. It's just hard as hell to learn how to plot.

I enjoyed Jackson's article quite a bit. No comments, for I am ignorant of film stf, but I find

myself agreeing with Al quite often. ENEMY FROM SPACE was excellent, though it wasn't given much play in the US. Was the 3rd Quattermass film ever shown over here? [Not yet.]

Your revisitations of films I enjoyed very much. Keep them up. Why not do THE BLACK SCORPION? I never saw it. [I have a review written but I have no stills.]

Did I tell you that I gave Koogle my file of correspondence with Moomaw? He might still have it. Could you look into this, if possible? It might be interesting to see if any of it could be put together into a sampler of Moomaw's style. [I'll certainly look into it but, knowing the chaos of Koogle's affairs, I don't have much hope.]

Well, let me hear from you. And looking forward to seeing you at the Westercon.

Seahorse Inn, Apt 141

526 Grand Avenue

Del Mar, California 92014

Harry Warner, Jr.

This issue of Trumpet leaves me with a sensation like the climax of the movie where the rather obscure character who had not done anything very important all through the plot suddenly turns out to be the prince and the hero combined. I don't remember you too distinctly as an individual from your previous fanac, so you must not have been too much superior in literary prowess or personality conveyance to the numerous other Texas fans of five years or so ago. But this Trumpet is a splendid achievement. It would be good in any method of reproduction, but the superlative offset makes it easier to read than old fashioned letterpress. And it is one of the very few offset fanzines I've ever received that didn't impart a vague but perceptible subliminal impression on the reader: now, doggone it, you'd better be impressed by this because it's costing a lot of money and it's dignified as all getout. Your general editorial atmosphere is as comfortable as if you were running a mimeograph and I don't feel in the least as if I should put on my Sunday clothing before reading it.

You might be amused to know that your title is not new to me, although it is new to fandom. The Trumpet is the title of an amateur publication that I've been getting for years. It's gone through more changes of editorship than any fanzine in my experience but it always has the same address, unlike most fanzines. It's the publication of the state reformatory, four or five miles south of Hagerstown. It contains a surprisingly large proportion of fantasy slanted material.

I have a strong suspicion that you are at least three, possibly all four of the fiction writers whose names appear on the title page of this issue. Despite the disparity of style and subject

matter in the four stories, there is equal competency of writing and an absence of any strong identifying habits of syntax that would betray separate authors. So now I've probably made four of your Dallas friends miserable and strengthened my reputation as an unperceptive critic. [Yep. They were written by four different people, none of whom was me.] I'd give the highest praise to the Carrington story for originality and to the Twiggs piece for technical skill. The war story might remain longer in my memory if I hadn't grown so angry with war and everything relating to it in recent years; I just can't put myself into a story about combat the way I used to do. But I can and do empathize completely with Miles, even though I remain sober at the few parties that I can't escape attending, and lately I've made myself unpopular in some fannish circles by hinting my opinions about popular topics in arty circles of the same general sort that the hero expressed more violently in this story. The photographs fit the mood of the story quite well, although my reaction to the pictures was diverted by the obvious fact that you have some of the most attractive girl-type fans in captivity.

Gilbert Shelton's pages are magnificent. I thought Bill Rotsler was the only person in the nation who could do this sort of thing. My estimate of the Bok art is somewhat damaged by sorrow both at his passing and at the bitter outlook that the quotation from him betrays. As a confirmed bachelor, I don't normally go around wondering why some people are so unlucky as to live lives without families in semi-seclusion, because I know that most men who do this are quite healthy and happy. But Bok might have been so great an artist if something in him or in his experiences had been just a little different, and he was obviously the sort of artist whom greatness would have made very happy.

The movie material made entertaining reading, although I have doubt that I'll ever start going to contemporary films again as a regular thing. Maybe you don't realize, as a result of your seclusion of recent years, that monster movie fandom has turned into a monster in its own right, with its own fanzines and bnf's. Several worldcons have threatened to be clogged up completely with millions of little monster fans screaming and squirming in their desperate efforts to get close enough to touch Ackerman, the man who started it all. Publish a few of these monster film items each issue and you'll have millions of new readers almost instantly, when the word gets around. [My thoughts, exactly.]

Your editorial would have made the issue a success if everything else had been dull. The artificial vagina is something that I've not heard about before, and your description of it does more to convince me that we're living in the far distant future than any space probes or laser demonstrations. I believe that one of your sentences should win a Hugo for the most vivid fan writing of 1965: "Lyndon Henry is probably organizing student trips to Cuba and Al Jackson has joined NSF."

As you may have guessed, I think you did a wonderful job in the abstract sense and a completely fantastic achievement in view of the circumstances of your long catalepsy. Maybe it's too much to hope that more Texas fans will turn out to be sleeping beauties.

Edward W. Ludwig

TRUMPET is really impressive, and I thank you for sending me a copy. The print job is magnificent, the artwork excellent, and also most of the material. Not being acquainted with Dallas fandom, the personal details about members of that group left me somewhat unconcerned, but I enjoyed tremendously "I'm Not Afraid," by Marion Bradley. I am, as you may know, of the school that prefers a zine to appeal to the largest degree of fandom possible—even the semi-fan or the stiff and fantasy devotee who, so far as activity is concerned, is really not a fan at all.

But, anyway, congratulations. I hope TRUMPET keeps coming. If there's no other way to get it, I'll even subscribe.

Meanwhile, in payment for the sample issue, here's an opinion which you can File-13, publish, or kick around in whatever way you choose.

Fandom and fan publishers are too god-damn idealistic!

The predominate philosophy of publishing among fans, nourished no doubt by a combination of egoboo, inferiority, and chicken livers, seems to be this: "I will publish a zine. I will express myself and allow my fellow fans to express myself. I have no money, but I will use the creaky old mimeo in the basement of the Second Baptist Church. Therefore I will not pay for material, and I will not be concerned with subscriptions and payment for them. If writers and artists want to express and create, they will ask for no payment. If I wish my zine, my own creation, distributed, I will ask no payment from its readers."

Now this point of view is fine for the new publisher, the experimenter, the do-it-for-kicks fan, or one who doesn't want to assume an unnecessary responsibility.

But how the hell are good fanzines going to evolve from this philosophy? What is it that will attract and encourage new writers and artists—good ones, that is—and even professional writers and artists who wish to see their off-trail work published?

Two things: appearance in an attractive, well-edited, well-printed magazine; and, *money*.

Take two examples:

First, Johnnie Null-A decides to pub a zine. Out comes the Baptist Church mimeo, which has a bad habit of hiccupping on every odd-numbered line, some paper snatched from the high school supply room and slightly smattered by that thunder storm last January, together with whatever dusty manuscripts his local fan group can resurrect from basement catacombs. Rattle, rattle, squeak, out comes a zine which is given away, exchanged, mailed to NEFFERS, with the only actual sales to Aunt Harriet down the street and that fan in Georgia who subs to everything. Results: a lot of fun, admittedly, a circulation of 150, and a few new interesting correspondents.

Well and good. But it could be like this, too: Jimmie Habibula cuts out his beer and cigarette ration for a week or skips a payment on his '57 T-Bird or—don't scream—takes a night job for a month or shakes down the Old Man or pilfers his wife's grocery money. He has a few bucks to start with.

He writes to various fan groups and fans, even pro writers, for material. He's willing to pay—five bucks a story, 1/2 cent a word, or whatever. He

gets some good material.

Somebody out there will argue that he may *not* get good material. I know from my own experience that he will. For five, ten dollars, many a prominent pro writer will submit an off-trail manuscript that didn't find its way into the pros. I've sold stories for a hundred, two hundred, three and four hundred dollars—but those sales were the exceptions. If I were offered, say, ten dollars tonight for a story which would appear in a reasonably clean magazine, I'd either find one in my backlog or write a new one for that ten dollars.

Okay, Jimmie Habibula gets his material. He either locates a good mimeo or photo-offset printer. He advertises his publication. He gets money for subscriptions from fans who are impressed with his zine. The money goes to contributors. The quality of the zine improves, the circulation grows. The magazine serves a real purpose, publishing work that might otherwise never see daylight, encouraging new writers and artists.

I don't proclaim that this publisher is going to make a profit. Also, I don't think he's going to lose. There's simply a swifter exchange of money among publisher, contributor, subscriber. The result can be a collector's item, a stepping stone to the pros, or a pro mag itself!

455 No. Tuxedo Ave
Stockton 4, California

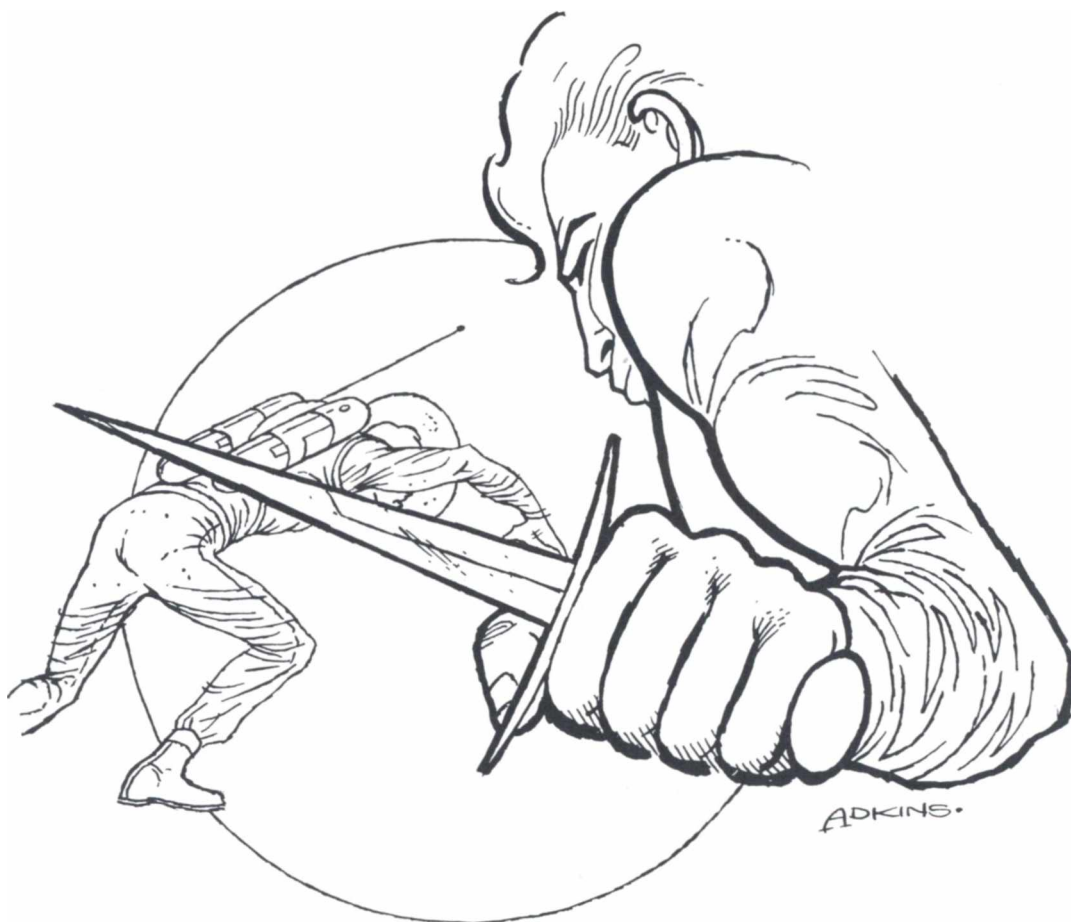
John W. Andrews

I thought that overall your fanzine was quite good.

Unfortunately, with such an expensive and glossy format I expected to see more illustrations having to do with S-F or Fantasy. I was disappointed. The front cover I could not quite place; it did not seem to be straight fantasy, yet I could not see its connection with StF at all. I really wish you would try to get something, however weird, that fits in with StF. Apparently SF and Fantasy is not as all-inclusive as I had thought—except in variety of material that may be made *part* of a story...

Yes, the back cover is definitely StF. But 'Christmas Cards', I'm sorry to say, belong to that group of fantasy productions of our culture that don't need much cherishing by our particular, smaller group. Although I can't really knock it, since I like them.

Likewise, I must say that "DA-DA" is not really StF or Fantasy or weird fiction. The D—l knows what it is. I found the 'Funnies' intriguing; I also found them baffling and did not know whether they were in good taste. The only continuity-strip appears to be "Coming Next Week and the sack of Dead Squirrels" by Schulz. Yet this cartoon, which seems to have a strong Space Age flavor, also has



a satirical, pointed transcendental moral effect, to me at any rate. Thus it can't really be "DA-DA" or Pop Art.

And I don't really think "da-da" has any place in our little field of literature. So far, StF and Fantasy have avoided the lunatic fringe, [ha!] perhaps because we take a more realistic view of the Moon. We have always had a hard core of sense. Our nonsense has always been hard, too.

I'm sure that reactions will differ: I showed this fanzine to a friend of mine, who burst out laughing at the 'Funnies' on pages 16, 17. When I tried to question him as to what the cartoons meant to him, he was much offended. One can easily see that I am hopelessly committed to the doctrine of "meaning." I feel that while some items may have only a private, irrational, unique meaning that varies from individual to individual, that on the other hand the question as to whether these 'things' fall into the category of *art* is strictly doubtful. Furthermore if all meaning is absent, art must be absent. [You'd love Edward Gorey.]

We have a need of nuclear physics; possibly we have a need of psionics and werewolves. But down with pataphysics. No, in thunder!

The other airman who read this fanzine is quite an artist: he is more of a draughtsman than I, so I thought his comments on the artwork would be cogent. But I couldn't get a word out of him on the subject of any of the illos that were definitely SF or Fantasy. He's not a fan, you see. So who are you trying to please? [Myself, mostly.] I wasn't too appreciative of those DA-DA things; I guarantee.

'The Altruist' by Charles Portis. Please, this is no StF story. Although I really can't say anything too nasty, since it is a good story.

Concerning the story 'The Cosmic Dancers' by James Twiggs, it is definitely not in the field at all. But the question is, is it *from* the field? It impressed me as the reaction of a small literary group to the pretensions and inanities of contemporary "main-stream" literature, *avant-garde* regiment, beatnik company; under the command, in the story, of 'Dr. Limpriest'. (I sincerely hope, and presume, it is not intended as a portrayal of the SPEC group. [There's not an intellectual in the bunch.] Though you might be criticizing that which is cast out of you... I have seen so few stories (or poems or plays or anything) that come out and suggest any alternative to the modern fads in literature—or simply say NO—that I think this story is sufficiently different to in some way be related to fandom and StF. However, SPEC seems to be most un-SPCA. Why does the author take out his spleen on a poor dog? A dog can not be held morally or aesthetically responsible. Also, what does the dog represent? Some actual evil? Or a figurative representation...

The pictures illustrated the story very well—perhaps too well. A well-written story: it is plausible, dramatic, develops one character fairly well, hints at several others without making a cardboard villain. Except for possibly Dr. Limpriest.

The short article 'I'm Not Afraid', by M.Z. Bradley is not guaranteed to make new friends for fandom. No wonder people shy away from fanzines, usually. Who wants to be presented with some new and disagreeable thing and then practically told that he's bound to dislike it? With a sneer that suggests the person is lacking in what it takes.

Actually, everything that a person undertakes for the first time seems strange and forbidding; the tendency is a general trait of humans and even animals. Seals have to be taught to swim. Any new activity, such as rollerskating, smoking marijuana, going to school, learning a foreign language, deciding that Negroes are people too, etc., seems strange and perhaps scary in the very beginning. After a while, people tend to become habituated to their activity, even if it is a concentration camp or a dictatorship.

Rephrased, Bradley's thesis would seem to be "StF and Fantasy fans have a low threshold for acceptance and/or understanding of new things in general." This is a meaty suggestion indeed. However, I can not see how very many Republicans could be SF fans, because that is traditionally the Conservative party. Is increasing the size of the Federal Govt. a new thing any more? A perfect *non sequitur*.

I enjoyed the section 'The Demolished Fan'. I guess that's all that can be expected of a *returnee* to fandom. A sort of a time-locker effect. My non-fan reader enjoyed many of the jokes (quite surprising, considering their specialized nature). He especially liked the very first. Nasty.

I particularly liked the very last. As long as we can laugh at ourselves, there is hope for salvage, if not salvation.

I had never run across the piece "The Sisters" by L. Carrington before. It is a fine mood, sort of in the tradition of a more full-blooded Poe. But it lacks one, one thing: stories have to have a point (that's what I think) and this short-short story doesn't seem to have any point. A point is not necessarily the same as a moral or even a conclusion. But in nearly all the world literature, mere sketches, however brilliantly done have scant place.

At least they have scant showing in Occidental literature. I naturally am oblivious to the Oriental.

Would the point of the story (if it clearly and definitely had one) be something like this: 'tendencies which reach an abnormal but customary expression are in reality no more depraved nor any less depraved than those same tendencies reaching what the world, in its narrowness, calls weird and forbidden.' (?) [(?) is right.]

So finally one comes to that goody, 'The Traveling Salesman and the Farmer's Daughter'. A very, very old plot—I guess the twist is right in line with the impression, because it is about something very, very old. A nice piece for science-fantasy fan-fiction. But please don't try to make out that it's straight science-fiction. [You have my word.]

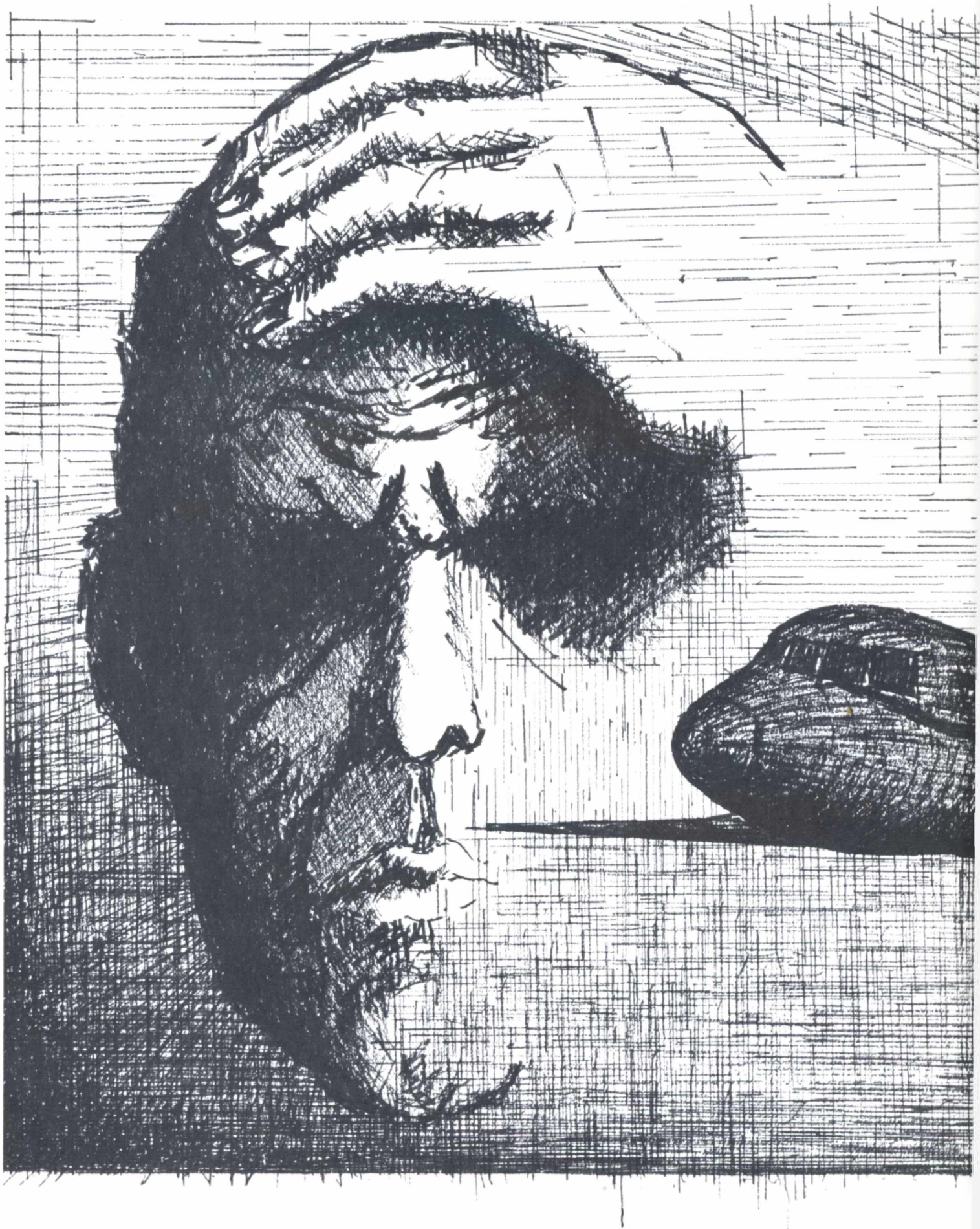
And now in closing, I want to say again that I like the work of Bok very much. I don't want to have it thought he was not, to me, a high-quality artist. Also, I thought it was quite proper to print his remarks; it was even more appropriate since he is, alas, gone.

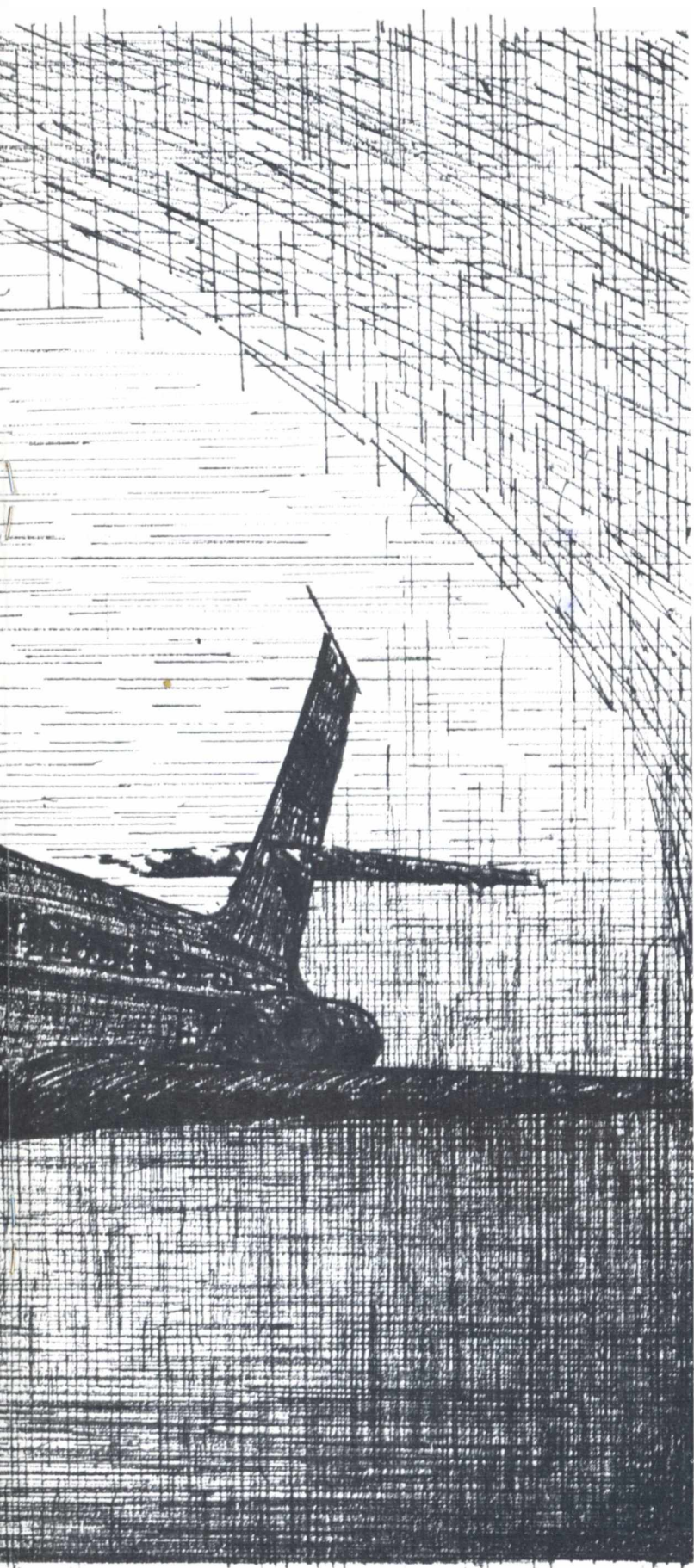
2327 C.M.R.
Holloman AFB, N.M. 88330

Bill Glass

The first I heard of *Trumpet* was at the first LASFS meeting I ever attended, three weeks ago.

continued on page 32





A HOMESPUN IDYLL

by George Mueller Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL SEBASTIAN

Everyone seems to be enjoying the party. The Weinhaus is choked with noise; the fire burns like a universe in the huge vault of the fireplace. I can watch the universe disintegrate: the noise, the harsh laughter of the last moments of life, the fire burning in front of a monstrous darkness.

But what the hell? I seem a bit more substantial here. The apartment has become unbearable. The last eight days have been like eight groaning mastodons, sinking slowly into the tar pits. I murdered Ami. Each time I remembered, I was sucked down with the day, a little further into a stinking sludge. I killed her—sabotaged her plane and they went whining down into a soft-appearing whiteness in the mountains of Colorado. Down they went with their tail-section blasted off. An old lady screamed a penta-fold gall stone before they penetrated the mountain. The co-pilot wrapped his hands around his thigh bones and jumped leap-frog into eternity. A child swallowed its pony-tail in a trampoline dream upon the snow. Ami was murdered.

I killed her and them, because great pain is demanded of me. In other words, I wanted to see what would happen. It's not like this was the first time. I couldn't create the number one-hundred without first acquiring a subterposition. This beer tastes good and God save me from death.

But this party is beginning to drag. There are twelve of us sitting around this table, whooping it up. I am no longer in a whooping mood. I never have been in a whooping mood. Nonetheless, I often find myself whooping with the rest.

Anthony stands, holding a glass of wine aloft. Wine-flushed and laughing, he attempts to gain our attention. A huge, sweating Austrian begins to beat on the table with his fists, tears streaming down his cheeks. Steve calls out: "A Tony is a Tony is a keg of crap!" A chant breaks out around the table and hoarse laughter. But, at length, Tony makes as if to speak and we begin to settle down.

"And now, my good rogues, gangrels, and goblins," he begins, midst hissing and hooting, "I should like you to hear from Monsieur Rabelais, who has recorded and extenuated, a few centuries ago, to-night's garrulous proceedings."

With this, he dips under the table, permits himself a long and resonant belch, and produces a very old and tattered monk's costume which he begins to put on. The Austrian is playing with the knee of his Yugoslavian girl-friend, who dispassionately upsets her beer mug into his lap. I have been at this party for hours and am getting tired. But now Tony finishes his masquerade, having just placed a skull-cap on the back of his head. He has pasted on a curly goatee and moustache, and his broad ludicrous grin reveals that he has blackened one of his front teeth. With wild gesticulations and comical facial expressions he launches Rabelais' harangue:

"They did fall upon a chat of victuals, and some belly furniture to be snatched at in the very same place. Which purpose was no sooner mentioned, but forthwith began flaggons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, great bowls to ting, glasses to ring. Draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water. So, my friend, so, whip me off their glasses neatly, bring me hither some claret, a full sweeping glass till it run over. A cessation and a truce with thirst. Ha, thou false fever, wilt thou not be gone? I never drink but at my hours, like the Pope's mule. Which was first, thirst or drinking?"

The snow outside the Weinhaus, through the windows, begins to fill my eyes. I seem to be looking at an icy stream which appears as a black and impenetrable glass laid upon a crystalline world of white rock and snow. I am in an automobile, warm and comfortable. There is an endless vision of depth in the black stream; a phantasmagorical image in the eye; the sudden focus of white and black and then suddenly only the black. Ami speaks to me, and I turn my head to look at her, but no, she is gone.

"Drink always and you shall never die. If I drink not, I am a ground dry, gravelled and spent. I am stark dead without drink, and my soul ready to fly into some marsh among frogs: the soul never dwells in a dry place, drought kills it. . . ."

The mountains of Colorado. The earth is quaking. The snow shifts underfoot. A harsh wind is making a chaos of smoke and silence. A motor screams, finally, and begins to freeze. The snow whirls through silent corridors, pale yellow-lit by the moon. The dead lie in grotesque postures within the buckled steel and broken glass. I go on slowly. . . . into the corridor now. I turn my head to the right and gaze at a frosted, crushed face and walk on, helplessly, through the compartment. And here, on the left, I see an arm, an amputated arm, lying across the seat. A tattoo is on the arm, made striking by the paleness of the flesh. It is of a ghastly, baroque design: the periphery composed of figures in different attitudes of convulsion as in a plague. Snakes and horrible, bodiless birds are intertwined among the bodies. In the center, written in dull red is, "Jetzt ist sie unter uns!"

"No, no. . . . I cry, like a child, for I am in truth a child now. I am drawn down the corridor. "Ah," a voice says to me, "look here at these words inscribed upon the steel!" I look and a red venation covers my eyes and I scream. . . . Her name!

"Hey now, lads, let us moisten ourselves, it will be time to dry hereafter. White wine here, wine, boys! Pour out all in the name of Lucifer, fill here, you, fill and fill (peascods on you) till it be full. My tongue peels. Lans Tringue; to thee, countryman, I drink to thee, good fellow, comrade to thee, lusty, lively! Ha, la, la, that was drunk to some purpose, and bravely gulped over. O Lachrymae Christi, is it of the best grape? I' faith, pure Greek, Greek! O the fine white wine! upon my conscience, it is a kind of taffatas wine; hin, hin, it is of one ear, well wrought, and of good wool. Courage, comrade; up thy heart. Billy!"

It was night as we rode through the white mountains, on the iced and windy roads. Ami and I were silent with care for each other. The radio hummed very faintly with static, no music; then the lights of Denver, splendor of neon, a great Kashan rug woven in luminosity, unfinished. I pulled off the road. We opened beers and ate sandwiches.

"He drinks in vain, that feels not the pleasure of it. If I could get up as well as I can swallow down, I had been long ere now very high in the air.

"Thus became Tom Toss-pot rich; thus went in the tailor's stitch.

Thus did Bacchus conquer Inde; thus philosophy, Melinde. A little rain allays a great deal of wind; long tripping breaks the thunder."

Ami's brother, Allen, had been a professor at the University of California at Berkeley. He was a very scholarly man and a barrel-chested beer-drinker who loved to tell his students about wild drunks and was called on the carpet several times by the Department chairman for telling dirty jokes in class. He had a yacht which he chartered out to tourists at Newport Beach and many a canny story sifted down concerning his weekend parties on the boat. We became good friends one summer and when I heard, three years ago, that he had been committed to an asylum in California, I left Austin to see him in San Francisco.

He was in the waiting room in the sanatorium as I entered. The deep fragrant odor of paraldehyde was in the room and a uniformed attendant watched us through a glass door. Allen stood up as I came in, nodded, and sat down again on the hard-backed chair. He leaned forward, placing his elbows on his knees. A calm, almost lazy, heavy, face. I sat down near him on a sofa chair; he did not look at me.

"How're you doing, Al," I asked after a few moments. "Are you getting enough cigarettes and chow?"

He began to chafe his small hands. The nails were long and dirty.

"Allen, do you remember me? It doesn't matter if you don't. . . . My name is Richard, Ami's friend. Do you remember the letters we used to write when you were at Berkeley?"

He looked up, glanced about the room, and began speaking quietly, without inflection.

"Where is Thule that he can't visit me in this horrible place? These gorkel-people won't let me out," he muttered, and then he chuckled.

He looked at me for an instant with surprise or doubt, chuckled again and wiped his nose with the back of his hand, sniffing.

"Why don't you just go ahead and show me your government badge, you stoolie," he said softly, even benevolently. "I've seen your type around here before. Once . . . in Tangpoon, I was arrested for scouring foreheads with a pineapple . . . charged with frontal assault and . . . they took me off to the Tangpoon city arrestment center."

He sighed and began again to rub his hands together.

"Sergeant Oxtampaxtl was his name. Crushed in between two tiny dwarfs was I. They bellowed all night long; for four-hundred-thousand kilowatt heart beats, I sat; heard the hymns of the great Grennstein, sung by an Australian dugong that wore a stone accolade head-dress. We made our escape by chopping through the brick wall with a silver adze. With great throaty cries, we pillaged the village, razed the dazed, and flew into the hills astride gigantic pariah dogs. We made a feast: long tables covered with joints of beef, kettles full of stewed and blistered apples in cinnamon oil, and pork with splitting, steaming rinds, and tubs of aphrodisiac puddings, and barrels of wine and absinthe. Afterwards, we sat around a fire, smoking and telling stories. A gnome dropped out of a tree, leapt into the circle, and began telling of the Armaputics. He told of how, during a great war, which was devastating half the globe, the Armaputics came, their heads covered in black, eyeless hoods, and mesmerized all the peoples of the world and even the earth itself. Two great continents erupted, he told us, and tons of manure and swamp water and rotten food was flung on the moon from the blast. 'And there was Life. . . . 'And it was good,' on the moon, as they say. And out of the two craters formed by the eruptions grew two tangling vines which grew and grew until the entire solar system was enmeshed. The planets were arrested in their orbits."

He stopped, lit a cigarette, puffed on it a few moments unperturbedly, sighed, and continued.

"The void was invaded and filled with twisting vines and leaves and thorns. Insects grew to mammoth size. They leapt from humid ball to dripping star. Great crickets and caterpillars filled the dark, canopied heavens with chirruping and scraping and gnawing. Immeasurable wing rubbing against incalculable spur.

"The center of the earth housed a billion, a trillion maggots which rolled and turned in a great slithering ball, devouring the earth from the inside out. The seas became antediluvian marshes, full of scum and moss. The continents became sodden and quaky.

"And Man? By this time, men and women and children, all, had become etymologists. Is it not written in *Cornucopia Banal*: 'And the

socket eyes of the poet observed the ruin of mankind, each member of which was a poet.'

"God went mad from watching it, took to a drink called 'Sermon-on-the-Mount Moonshine,' and is still carousing through the heavens, far from our solar unsystem, on the asteroid 'Hermes.' His mid-Victorian morals couldn't bear the sight. Poor chap.

"But things went on without him. The world distintegrated from sheer sogginess and eventually space became stuffed full of rot and noxious gases.

"Then along came the Hertzsprung-Russel Diagram to re-make it all again. The diffuse cloud of refuse, damp dust, and gases, which was of a pink hue, contracted with a natural increase of temperature both at its surface and in its depths, and somewhere in time, and due to several ridiculous chemical changes (which are represented by even more ridiculous and inscrutable formulas), a star and a discoidal gas and dust mass became differentiated one from the other. According to a theory left us by the obscure alchemist, Mr. A. Uglucklichen, chemicals absolutely refuse to remain forever in a state of stench. Thusly, it seems, protoplanets were formed out of the nebular discoidal material and they increased their temperatures by contractions both perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic and in their equatorial directions. With a great and prolonged shudder and convulsion, our terrestrial planets were reborn out of disgust, if one is to believe Mr. A. Uglucklichen."

Allen sat alone in the world and I could only listen.

Anthony still rages.

"O the drinkers, those that are a-dry, O poor thirsty souls! Good page, my friend, fill me some here, and crown the wine, I pray thee. A la Cardinale! Natura abhorrent vacuum. Would you say that a fly could drink in this? This is after the fashion of Switzerland. Clear off, neat, supernaculum! Come, therefore, blades, to this divine liquor, and celestial juice, swill it over heartily, and spare not! It is a decoction of nectar and ambrosia."

But now Tony is finished. He plops down in his chair as everyone applauds, laughs, and shouts. Slowly, the party begins to break up: almost everyone having reached his quota in wine, and now looking forward to the second, more private half of the evening.

I stay a while and talk to Tony. Finally, he leaves, and I take a seat near the big fire-place. Allen still haunts me and I remember the rest of the meeting in the sanatorium.

Allen's head sank slowly down and rested itself on his arms, which were folded across his knees. He remained in that position for a minute or so in silence, then began tapping his right foot gently on the floor in a simple rhythm. His left foot began tapping out the same steady rhythm and finally, his great head rose from his arms and began bobbing on the thick neck in time to the beat. I started to speak, but thought better of it. He laughed suddenly in three short expulsions, then took a cigarette lighter from his pocket, and forthwith applied the flame to his trouser's cuff, continuing his rhythmical tapping and bobbing. I grabbed his arm. He sat upright immediately, my hand touched him. He stared at me. His mottled red face was expressionless, his lower lip hanging open and exposing his blackened underteeth. I didn't know what to say to him and felt that it wouldn't have registered in any case. So we sat, staring at each other for half a minute. Finally, still staring at me, he began to speak.

"Richard, you amaze me. I thought you would certainly be dead by now. What a nasty way of life this is, you know. They make corn-pone of the language here. I tell one of those white-suited stinkaroos that I want to eat alone, that is to say, somewhere away from those salivating jerks who hang around the dining-room, and they tell you to quit acting smart or they'll put you at a table with the Slobberers, or the Homos, or even, if you're real smart, with the comatose Spoon-feds, a new species of man.

"Want to hear how I got here? I was working on a sail-boat in the Caribbean, along with three other guys names of Kleist, Sturgeon, and Cleat. We were caught in a horrible storm near Ragged Island and we hit a reef doing ten and a half knots on bare-poles. We flustered about helplessly, trying to save ourselves. Cleat was busy trying to free the dinghy, aft, but the daft dinghy wouldn't free aft, 'the daft aft dinghy,' I cried to Sturgeon in dismay. We could see from the top of the dog

house as the boat rolled heavily on the seas that some angels were flying up out of the water and skimming along the waves like flying fish. The sea grew higher, and full of phosphorescent plankton it was, creating a cosmic inversion, the sea above and a starry vault below, everywhere stars and angels flopping about. The entire port siding of the yacht was stove-in and the only thing keeping us afloat were the rocks beneath, upon which we had been tossed by the growing sea. Every now and again we would feel the hideous crunch of wood upon rock and we knew the keel must be gone. With my hand upon the mainmast I beckoned sweetly to one of the more beauteous of God's heavenly harlots, but she heeded me not, being chased as she was by interested denizens with gaping maws fearsome enough to decorate any lively hell. Full on us came a force-twelve gale, the sea seemed to fly into a gas. Sight was useless. I cried out to Kleist and to Sturgeon and to Cleat, but my poor screams were like nothing in the force of the storm. I squatted down upon the deck with my arms still tight about the mast and wept. Poor God-forsaken me! I shouted. I yelled it over and over again. Suddenly I heard a hoarse voice about the storm. I looked up to the spreaders and there perched a huge vulture. A rhymeless elegy did he croak to me, waiting to suck the roses from my cheeks. While the storm raged, as the angels frolicked, as eternal malice, as it were, overcame me, as my boat sank steadily upon the breaking rocks, I decided to die, to melt as a piece of wax upon a sun-dial. But I dumped a whole bowl of beets upon the warden's head just day before yesterday."

Ami told me that Allen had tried to explode his yacht with six people aboard as it rode at anchor in the Yacht Haven. The people had had to tie and gag him to keep him from killing himself after they discovered the bomb. For weeks after that no one could make sense out of him and it finally became impossible to control him. He was committed with the consent of his father. After two years in the company of madness and hysteria, epilepsy, coma, shock-treatments, and the rest, he died.

I pull on my rain-coat and walk out of the Weinhaus down the hill towards the bus, around which are milling a pack of drunks and whores. The bus is full of people, most of whom are either drunk and sleepy or drunk and rowdy. I finally squeeze in. The bus waits only two or three minutes before beginning the long trip from Grinzing to Karntnerring, both districts in Vienna.

I stand next to a foul old man who keeps falling asleep on my shoulder, waking up, muttering, coughing, sneezing, and blowing his nose, all in a constant cycle. Tight against my back stands the old man's wife, and she is as drunk and sniffling as her husband. In front of me are many people, all of whom appear to have colds or kidney diseases or God knows what.

A month ago I was in the States—able to visit Ami in Denver and she came to Austin with me for Thanksgiving. She was to take a plane to Denver on the 25th of November and I was to fly to Paris by way of Dallas and New York on the same day. That day comes back, groaning like a mastodon.

A plane moved away from gate seven toward the take-off area. Ami was on the plane and I could see her small face smiling at me from a window near the rear of the aircraft. I knew she was crying, just as she had cried when I had left for Europe a year and a half earlier. I was shaking violently. I started running toward the gate which opened onto the field, but I stopped suddenly, stricken with confusion. My hands ground together, still in torturous indecision. The triumph I felt only made me hate myself the more. I stood at the gate, shivering, for some time before I finally turned and trudged back through the terminal, through the parking-lot, to the car where my parents, two of my sisters, and a brother-in-law waited for me.

My father was very grave, as though he were sending an ambassador to Tibet to ransom his sister. It was a habit of his, perhaps laudable in some ways, to calculate responsibilities: he had a responsibility to me to provide monetary assistance, to support me with thoughts of home while in a foreign maelstrom, and above all to worry and conjure up degrading transformations I might be going through. His intuition or wisdom or what-have-you usually rewarded him with the feared reality and, because of his prophetic aptitude, I often returned home rather shame-faced. But I don't suppose even he sensed this metamorphosis.



I could not look into the eyes around me. We reached home and everyone went into the house. I sat in the living-room with my sisters as my parents moved restlessly through the house on fictitious errands. There was really very little to do before the plane left at 10:55. We had decided to let Ami fly to Dallas earlier than I to give me some time with my parents, but I could only sit and watch them as they fidgeted and asked useless questions about tickets, luggage, and flight times. Only my eyes moved, morbidly drinking in what for me instantly became painful and full of foreboding and fear. I was adrift, starving on a fathomless waste of water and sun. The Ultimate was drawing ever closer in time.

My brother-in-law, watching all this with an objective eye (for he had not known me long), was a little sickened by my behavior, which must have seemed uncalled-for and melodramatic—the tension in my poor cast-away's face. Finally, the time for the drive to the air-port arrived. I watched myself through my brother-in-law's eyes. I saw myself hoist myself out of the chair very slowly, like an invalid, stand motionless before the door, sloppily dressed, waiting as my parents carried the suitcases to the automobile. My hands hung limply, like those of a drunk. My face was paper-white; the eyes were shifty for a moment and then, suddenly, they settled into a faraway gaze. Then I awoke and glanced at my wrist-watch. I walked through the doorway without looking at my brother-in-law.

In the car, wild disconnected thoughts sift through my brain. "Miss Mattie, my love of days long since gone. Oh gone! How we used to trot along together to church. Guzzling communion grape-juice after the service as you went to your meal and a Sunday afternoon nap. And how about the time (you weren't there) when Mike and I threw all those park benches into the creek during a storm with the great oaks thrashing about our heads, and the creek gushing under the rickety little bridge; and on that intersection there above my house where the accident occurred. I woke up at the explosion to look into a faceless blood-mask and hear the wheeze of the motor-scooter. . . . But I didn't awake, did I, the time the house next to ours burnt down and five screaming, wailing fire trucks came rushing to the fore, appearing only as bicycle brakes in my dreams. And the time Mike caught me in bed and I tore up *From Here To Eternity* because he bet me I couldn't and the ugly Mexican girl. Lube was her name, because she had nasty oily hair and she chased me all over the playground with everyone laughing and calling Lube! Lube! and then he got mad and I jumped up and we tumbled on the floor of the cafeteria, under the tables, and I split his tongue and cried inside to see it and bragged about it and next day his friend Acosta wanted to see me down under the giant lone oak where he sat in a chair with scars and a lump of hair gone out of his scalp and a knife. And that poor boy who lived down by the grocery store in a shack with two filthy rooms littered with his baseball cards and his mother and his little brother, how dirty they were and how they couldn't help it, crying for a father and loving a dead one, and the watermelon which she had saved to buy and it dropped onto the ground after it had been cut, a great red heart soaking up dust and I laughed. And then he spit on me later and I broke his nose to get at that doomed yellow grin. And we told ghost stories at the park and I turned into a monster which I never forgot and chased a little girl through the trees to the creek and saw her fall and begin to scream and I walked up to her hot little death's face and laughed all covered with tears and dirt. And that first girl, young and dark, we cried secretly lost in the back of the station wagon. Exhume these precious little spirits, these bones, these moon-bursts! A startled fetus on a table with a blade between its ribs. Giving birth astride a mirror, a grave, the entrance to a barrel of fun. Squirrel hunting in East Texas could not be. I had to become a mole seeking the smell of a cloud at the root of a tree, touch a breast in a magazine, give my brain to a football helmet and watch it survive; developed an adiabatic glance and drove myself down into a morass of Calibanity. When? early. . . . But only understanding can breed ultimate consequences.

My mother looked at me imploringly from the front seat, for my father was becoming very sad, very lonely. But I remained motionless, speechless, wallowing in thoughts of my own depravity, even triumphing in it somehow. I glanced quickly, startled, at my watch.

The bus stops on Karntnerring, before the opera house in Vienna. I climb off and start up Operngasse toward my room on the Hambur-

gerstrasse. A light rain is falling. I lift my collar to it. There is certainly no more desolation and gloom in the world than in Vienna at midnight. The dark old buildings, the cobblestones, the dim street lamps, the eternal mist. The midnight hours are alone and dismal in that culture-filled, yet hopelessly moribund, city. The past still lingers along its streets. There is no substantial present, no meaningful future, only the past which, because it is gone, exists as an assemblage of spectres and weird dreams and pitiful reincarnations. It is a city which I detest, curse, can suffer in.

A drunk lurches along in front of me down the Operngasse. He is wailing, weeping to God 'Nah, i' kann ni' mehr, lieber Gott. Boo hoo! I' bin fertig. I' kann ni' mehr gehn, Du alte Sau-Gott."

A large brown briefcase dangles from his left hand. The man is bent over as he walks, shuffling, then stopping, then plodding on.

"Ah-eeee," he moans, "I' hab' so lang gelitten . . . ah, so lang gelitten. Es ist mir gleichgültig, Du edler Hund, was Du mit mir machen willst. Aber lass mich doch sterben, Du lachende Sau!" he shouts in a pitiful wail. "OOOooo! Herr, I' kann nicht mehr laufen."

I pass him by. The old man, with head bent, does not notice me. His soft cries fill the lonely street with pain and anguish.

I reach the apartment building, check the mailbox (I have not been home all day), and find an airmail special delivery letter in it from home. I walk slowly up the four flights of stairs, open the door to Frau Echlen's apartment, in which I rent a private room, walk into my room through the parlor, light the lamp on the desk, settle myself in the large chair behind the desk, open the letter slowly with a knife, and begin reading.

Dear Son,

I can't soften the blow, so I might as well come right out with it: Mrs. Arlemann called today to tell us that Ami was killed in an airplane crash eight days ago, the day you left for Europe. The crash occurred between Dallas and Denver, in the mountains of Colorado. Buddo, it hurts me deeply to think of you alone in Vienna with such news. We all loved Ami. Please let us know that you are all right. I know that we cannot possibly assuage the loss, but remember that you are not alone.

Mrs. Arlemann didn't call us earlier, because she was so grief-stricken. It was terrible for her when Allen died. And now both of her children are gone, and both were lost in such strange ways. She had to go to Colorado from Fort Worth and stayed up there for a few days not knowing what to do. She is all alone now.

They are pretty sure that a bomb of some kind had been planted on board the plane, but I understand that airline companies normally make such claims for insurance purposes.

Write soon to tell us you'll be all right. We worry about you. Your mother is very upset, as you can imagine. She loved Ami so, and she is extremely worried about your reaction.

*We love you, Buddo
Pop*

P.S.—We would have phoned, but since you have no telephone, we couldn't. A telegram seemed inadequate somehow, Peace.

I rise from the chair and walk over to the windows. Below, on the vast concrete market square, the trucks are unloading. This process always begins around one-thirty every morning. The sausage stand on the far side is open and doing heavy business. At least a hundred people are walking around the square now, cold, silent, business-like under the heavy, damp Vienna skies. The concrete shines under the street lamps. The harsh facades of the building's opposite my window, on the other side of the square, are dark, cut out of coal.

I turn back to the desk and sit down once again in the chair, sink into the backwater of time, irresistibly.

I had an hour lay-over in Dallas before I flew on to New York. Ami had left Dallas at 11:15 for Denver. I sat in the airport bar in Dallas, sipping a beer, watching the wall clock. The clock showed the time to be exactly 12:23 in the afternoon. Sitting next to me was an obese oilman, talking to the bartender, a bloodless kind of creature one would expect to see in an aquarium. There were no other persons in the room.

"I tell you, Sam," said the oilman, "if the democrats win the elections in this country, or hell! even in this state, there's going to be hell to pay. Everything will collapse like a rotten hen-house, I'm telling

ya. There won't be enough money to paint the Capitol, by God." Here, he guffaws. "Nobody's going to be investing money once them jack-asses gets into office. Frothin'-at-the-mouth Kennedy-ites will get us all screwed! Look at that Stock Market Catastrophe. You don't have to look no further, my friend. Kennedy and that bunch of molasses-assed Harvard egg-heads have put us so far in the hole here in Texas that the whole goddammed economy of the country's hurtin' from it. Why. . ."

The man continued to rave. The reptilian bartender continued to nod. I paid for my beer and left. I walked to the Braniff Airways information desk and asked the woman behind the counter if the 11:15 plane to Denver had left on schedule. The woman said that it had and that it was due to arrive in Denver at 3:15 P.M. Dallas time, 4:15 Mountain Time.

I shuffled away from the counter, went into the waiting room, sat down, and lit a cigarette. After a few minutes, however, I became so agitated that I returned to the bar and ordered a double bourbon and water. I began to think of the long, dreary bus trip with Ami. We rode for twenty-six straight hours from Denver to Austin. It was on this trip that this ultimate blasphemy was conceived. As Ami slept, her head on my shoulder, my eyes had remained open, my mind caught in terrible fascination, as an intricate web formed within it. I tried to shake loose from its grip, but only became more entangled. It seemed that the web held my whole being together, forming a system never more to be ignored. I became the web and became the spider.

The oilman was explaining the plight of the poor utility companies in Texas to the nodding bartender. The clock moved from 12:42 to 12:49 under my eye. I ordered another bourbon and water. I was pale in the mirror behind the bar.

Finally, the announcement came over the loud-speaker that passengers flying on the Braniff flight 007 should now board the aircraft. I paid for my drinks, walked across the huge, roaring waiting hall to information and asked again what time the 11:15 flight to Denver was due into Denver. The lady told me 3:15 P.M. CST again.

I walked unsteadily across the hall towards the corridor which led to my departure gate. Before I reached the gate number 15, I became sick. I rushed into a rest room, but once inside, before reaching the lavatory, I threw up. Tears began to trickle down my cheeks as I bent over. After a few minutes, I recovered.

Inside the plane, I took a seat directly behind the right wing, next to the window. Everything looked sordid and ugly through my anguish. Even the interior of the plane, the silver expanse of wing, the wide takeoff field, all, seemed wretched and colorless. At 1:18 P.M., the plane left the ground. The powerful thrust and sweep of the jet engines were taking me to hell, to meaningless impotence and loneliness. The sunny clouds, so wispy and tender, were false contrivances. The blue, bright, depthless sky was the haunt of Malevolence itself, upon whose whim men were slaughtered, transformed into beasts.

I ordered drink after drink from the stewardess. My eyes shifted constantly to my watch. "There's no escaping this one, Buddo. You can't kill feeling.

My watch moved from 1:30 to 1:40. Tears began to well in my eyes. Soon will come the total chromatic eclipse, the demolition of hope, destroy a plane-load of lives. . .

At 1:46 P.M. it happened. I knew it. I began to rock back and forth in my seat, tears gone now. I suddenly became sick. I stood up and rushed down the aisle to the toilet compartment. I threw up. Emotions became too strong. I began to scream in a hoarse, high-pitched voice. The hostesses ran into the compartment and helped me walk to the lounge in the rear of the plane.

"Oh, buddo. Did you hate yourself so much that you had to kill her . . . and Aunt Mattie too?"

When the plane reached Idlewild at 8:20 EST, I went directly to the Braniff counter and inquired about the landing of the Denver flight from Dallas. The lady looked at me anxiously.

"I hope you didn't have anyone on that plane, sir!"

I hear faint noises outside my windows: the merchants setting up on the market square below. I lay my head on the desk. The cool smell of old wood. The gentle patter of rain on the windows. The stillness, and the depthless quality in the large ancient room. And my fingernails, long and blue.

the science fantasy film

REVISITED by Tom Reamy

THE TERROR

THE TERROR. A Filmgroup Presentation. An American-International Release. Executive Producer: Harvey Jacobson. Produced and Directed by Roger Corman. Screenplay by Leo Gordon and Jack Hill. Director of Photography: John Nicholas. Art Direction: Daniel Haller. Film Editor: Stuart O'Brien. Music by Ronald Stein. Color and Vistascope. 81 minutes. Released April 1963.

Baron Von Leppe	Boris Karloff
Andre Duvalier	Jack Nicholson
Helene	Sandra Knight
Stefan	Richard Miller
Old Woman	Dorothy Neumann
Gustaf	Jonathan Haze

Boris Karloff shuffles along drafty halls of a mouldy old castle following a trail of blood. He opens a blood smeared door and out falls a decayed bloody corpse. We then fade into Paul Julian's beautifully designed but irrelevant titles. And if the titles are irrelevant, the prologue is incomprehensible. The bloody trail-leaving corpse never appears again and has no recognizable connection with anything in the remainder of the film.

After the titles a young Napoleonic soldier rides along a lonely beach. He is obviously very tired, hungry and thirsty—and lost. His compass refuses to function. Why, we are never to find out but don't let it worry you. It's only the first—and very minor—unexplained mystery.

He then meets a young girl who shows him fresh water. She is the biggest mystery of all. The soldier, who is a star graduate of the School of Meddlemanship, keeps trying to find out who she is. An old woman living in the forest denies there is a girl. Her servant, Gustaf, tells him to inquire at the castle of Baron Von Leppe. The Baron denies there is a girl. The Baron then shows Andre (the soldier) a portrait and asks if she is the woman he thinks he has seen. It is but the Baron says that



Boris Karloff

it is the portrait of his wife Ilsa who has been dead for twenty years. The portrait is dated 1786 but, oddly enough, Ilsa's tomb is dated 1782. And, according to the Baron, the portrait was painted the year of her death. Don't attach any significance to the discrepancy—other than a sloppy prop department.

Andre, making an utter boor of himself, demands that the Baron tell him all about it. The Baron, being a gentle and polite man, tells him. Twenty years earlier, arriving home from the wars, he found Ilsa with another man. He killed them both and has lived in solitude since. He has seen the girl and believes her to be Ilsa's ghost. She might well be as she is prone to appearing and disappearing at the wink of an eye.

Andre doesn't believe the ghost theory but it is difficult to decide exactly what he does believe. Evidently, it is that she is just a girl being used by the old woman for her own nefarious schemes which, we find out later, are to drive the Baron to suicide. Ilsa's lover was her son and she is seeking revenge, though why she waited twenty years is another mystery.

It seems that Andre and the Baron are both wrong as the girl dissolves in a puddle of putrescence after everyone but Andre is dead. The old lady is struck by lightning, Gustav is killed by the old lady's pet hawk and the Baron and his servant drown when the tomb is flooded. But here's the kicker. It turns out, though it doesn't seem to really make any difference, that the Baron isn't the Baron. He is really the old lady's son who had killed the Baron, took his place and by now really believes himself to be the Baron.

So, who was the girl? Your guess is as good as mine.

A few other mysteries: Andre is in his room. Something comes rustling and shrieking down the hall. It casts a very ragged shadow under the door. It fumbles at the latch and pounds on the door. What was it? It is never mentioned again and Andre seemingly forgets it.

Andre and the servant discover that Ilsa had a child. The Baron is livid at their prying. Why? What happened to the child? Is the young girl she? There is no indication that she is so why bring it up?

Who is the terror? Certainly it isn't Karloff. He is a victim rather than a perpetrator. Is it the old woman? Or the girl? Or Corman? Perhaps, but it seems to be the soldier whose meddling gets every single member of the cast killed but himself.

Corman shot *THE TERROR* in four days and it looks it. The characters are never even remotely defined. The story is filled with holes and loose ends. The acting looks like a first take and even Karloff seems to have merely come in to get out of the rain. Jack Nicholson and Sandra Knight (who are real-life husband and wife—at least when the film was made) are very attractive young people but they read lines like sleepwalkers.

You've seen all the sets before. The main room of the castle is from *THE RAVEN*, the exterior is from *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM* with a few dashes of *HOUSE OF USHER* and the descent to the tomb is from *THE HAUNTED PALACE* and *THE RAVEN*.

Daniel Haller seems to have used up his supply of red candles as many white ones are in evidence and the red ones that are used look a little faded.

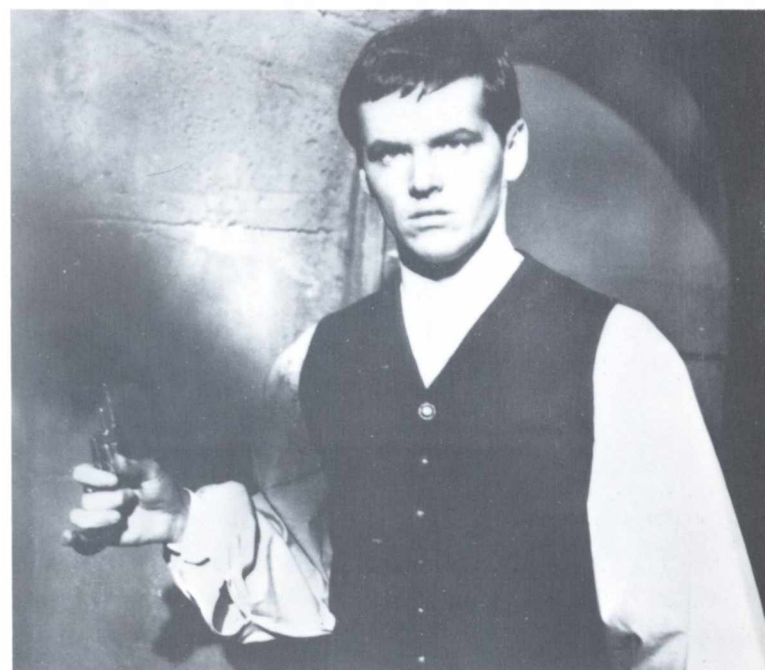
However, the film is not without merit entirely. It is well paced and, though you are not



Jack Nicholson, Dorothy Neumann



Sandra Knight



Jack Nicholson

sure *what* is happening, whatever it is, is happening interestingly. And strangely enough, the British critics are enchanted with it.

ATTACK ^{OF THE} 50 ft. WOMAN



Roy Gordon, Otto Waldia and the absolutely realistic hand built by the A-1 special effects department



William Hudson

ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN. An Allied Artists Release. Executive Producer: Jacques Marquette. Produced by Bernard Woolner. Directed by Nathan Hertz. Screenplay by Mark Hanna. Director of Photography: Jacques Marquette. Film Editor: Edward Mann. Music by Ronald Stein. 65 minutes. Released May 1958.

Nancy Archer	Allison Hayes
Harry Archer	William Hudson
Dr. Cushing	Roy Gordon
Honey Parker	Yvette Vickers
Jessup Stout	Ken Terrell
Sheriff Dubbitt	George Douglas
Dr. Van Loeb	Otto Waldis
Charlie	Frank Chase
Nurse	Eileene Stevens
Commentator	Dale Tate

There's a lesson here on how *not* to be a successful fortune hunter. Take a tip from Handsome Harry Archer—don't do what he did. He's married to beautiful Nancy Archer, see. She has fifty million dollars and she's nuts about Handsome Harry. But, you see, H.H. isn't in love with her. He only married her for her money but, so far, he hasn't managed to get any of it. And why? Because he plays around with every little chippy that comes along. Poor H.H. Poor Nancy! She drinks too much and has been in a sanitarium but Harry caused it all with his philandering.

One night Nancy is driving home in a snit after she sees H.H. flirting with Honey Parker at Tony's Tavern. Suddenly a spaceship lands in the middle of Route 66 and a thirty-foot giant steps out. Nancy is properly hysterical and can't get the car started again. The giant reaches seemingly for her golf ball-size diamond pendant, "The Star of India." She panics and runs all the way back to town. Don't ask me why the giant didn't try to catch her.

No one believes her story, of course. They think she's been drinking. I wouldn't have believed her because she calls the spaceship a satellite. All the way through the film it's referred to as a satellite. Naturally, it's because the film was made shortly after Sputnik and, even though it is perfectly round, it's no satellite. Had the film been made five or six years earlier it would have

undoubtedly been called a flying saucer. Oh well, we must remain topical.

While Nancy is having hysterics in the middle of Main Street, H.H. is snuggling with Honey in Tony's. He gives Charlie, the unfunny comic relief deputy sheriff, money to say he couldn't find him. Sheriff Dubbitt and Charlie take Nancy to where she left her car but there is no sign of the "satellite." When she returns home, she forces Harry, who is making one of his infrequent visits there, to accompany her in a search for the satellite. They finally find it and when the giant grabs Nancy, Harry jumps in the car and leaves her.

He returns home, hurriedly packs, picks up Honey and makes a run for it, though I'm not too sure why. From the dialogue he seems to be only afraid of the giant. They are stopped by the sheriff who has been called in by Jessup, Nancy's butler, and asked how he happened to drive into the desert with his wife and a gun and return with neither.

Before Harry can be properly suspected of murder, Nancy is found on top of the pool house. Harry and Honey say that Jess is lying, they've been together all night. Nancy is in a coma with blue-green scratches around her throat and her diamond is missing.

Later that night Harry sneaks into her room to give her an overdose of medicine but the nurse hears him and turns on the light. We see a hand about four feet wide and the nurse begins shrieking. She then delivers the funniest of many funny lines in the film. "Dr. Cushing! Dr. Cushing! Something has happened to Mrs. Archer! Something has happened to Mrs. Archer! Shriek!" The doctor, not to be outdone, comes up with, "Astounding!" Harry just looks stunned and rushes back to the waiting arms of Honey Parker.

Dr. Cushing calls in Dr. Van Loeb for consultation and they mutter things about pituitary glands, lymph channels and giantism. Aside from some primitive medical notions, the scriptwriter seems to underestimate the size and weight of a person fifty feet tall. From the position of the hand and the door through which people enter, the room could hardly hold her arm and, as the room is upstairs, the floor would be unlikely to hold her

weight. But there she is, presumably still in bed.

Jess and the sheriff go out on their own to search for the satellite and find it unattended. They go inside and the scriptwriter's and set designer's conception of size again breaks down. The door and passages through which they go are ordinary everyday size. And later, when we see the giant standing by the satellite, he is taller than it is. They find Nancy's diamond amongst a row of similar diamonds suspended in transparent globes, which must have something to do with the running of the ship. They are about to retrieve it when the giant returns, chases them out and takes off.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Nancy has come to and smashes through the roof of the house screaming for Harry. She heads for town and Tony's where

he seems to spend ninety percent. of his time. She smashes through the roof there and kills Honey, grabs Harry and carries him off. Guess how she is killed. That's right, she runs into some high tension power lines. Hollywood is probably hoping against hope that a plan, which I read about in a Sunday supplement, to beautify America by running all power and telephone lines underground, never comes off. They'd have to dream up a new way to kill off giants and monsters.

Everyone rushes up and finds that Nancy and H. are both dead. Dr. Cushing comes up with another deathless line to end it. "Well, she finally got her Harry all to herself." And thus ends the saga of Handsome Harry Archer, the most inept fortune-hunter since Daffy Duck.

BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE

BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE. A Filmgroup Release. Produced by Gene Corman. Directed by Monte Hellman. Screenplay by Charles Griffith. Director of Photography: Andy Rastikyan. Film Editor: Anthony Carras. Creature created by Chris Robinson. Filmed on location in the Black Hills of the Dakotas. 75 minutes. Released October 1959.

Bill	Michael Forest
Gypsy	Sheila Carol
Alex	Frank Wolff
Marty	Richard Sinatra
Byron	Wally Campo

The output of the Cormans' (Roger and Gene) semi-repertory company, the Filmgroup, ranges from the miserable, but potentially good, CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA to the almost excellent NIGHT TIDE. Their trademark has become witty, sophisticated dialogue in a routine framework. Perhaps the high water mark was ATLAS, a tepid imitation of the Italian muscle spasms, in which Michael Forest of this film played the title role—an olympic athlete and not the mythological bearer of the world. It was a clumsy film with little action but it contained very intelligent and barbed dialogue on the nature of tyrants.

BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE hasn't a subject quite so vital but it manages to hold its own. As a matter of fact, the subject is old and tired. Without the monster the whole thing would hardly be worth a second glance. As it stands, its only salvation from ignominy is the aforementioned dialogue, good acting and a highly imaginative creature.

Best of the lot are Sheila Carol and Richard Sinatra who seem to be one-film actors. I'll admit my search for other performances was only cursory but I found none. Sinatra's role is the only one which strays from the stereotype. He and Wally Campo are henchmen of Frank Wolff who plans to steal gold bars from a mining office in a ski resort town. As a diversion, a time bomb is planted in the mine itself. During the excitement they plan to leave on a cross country ski-run with guide Forest and Wolff's moll, Carol. A plane will pick them up and Forest will be quietly eliminated.

Sinatra, before planting the bomb, begins flirting with the waitress in the hotel bar. His attentions are not vulgar and crude as you would



Sheila Carol, Michael Forest



Frank Wolff, Richard Sinatra

expect of a gunman, but gentle and somewhat shy. When he asks her to go for a drive, she is eager to accept. After all, he's a very handsome young man and his advances have been most gentlemanly. He takes her to the mine where they do some gentile necking. His affection for her seems quite genuine. He asks her to wait for him and goes further into

the mine and plants the bomb. He finds a large egg amidst a mass of cobwebs but is singularly incurious about it. He returns to the girl and is in the process of furthering his amorous adventures when they are attacked. We see only a long spindly arm. The girl is caught but Sinatra manages to escape.

The other characters are pure stereotype. Forest is strong and silent, eternally lighting his pipe and preaching about the solitude of the mountains and his dislike for towns. Carol is brassy and a little shopworn but has a heart of gold. All she needs is for a man to treat her like a lady and she is through with her life of sin. Forest does and she latches onto him like a leech.

Wolff is a typical beatnik gangster. He wears dark glasses all the time, smokes, drinks, slaps Carol around, glares at Forest and bosses Sinatra and Campo. Campo is, alas, the comic relief though for some reason the screenplay has given all the funny lines to Carol and Wolff. Campo is clumsy, stupid, scatterbrained and never amusing but always irritating.

The robbery goes as planned the next morning and not until the following night does anything go

wrong. Sinatra, who is still grieving over the waitress, feels something is lurking about the camp. He investigates and finds her wedged in the fork of a tree, imprisoned by cobwebs. Her body is shrunken and white. Then—she opens her eyes. It's a very good scene.

The creature trails them all the way to Forest's cabin (an all electric kitchen, yet) which is snowed in this time of year. The rendezvous plane is late because of bad weather. During the wait, Campo and Forest's Indian housekeeper are captured by the creature and taken to a cave where, plastered to the wall with webs, the creature drains their blood being careful to keep them alive as long as possible. The scene is delightfully gory and the creature very effective, although it is only a cobwebby mass with two long arms.

Forest and Carol attempt an escape but are forced by the storm to seek shelter in the cave. Wolff and Sinatra follow them and are killed by the creature which, in turn, is killed by Forest. And that's all there is to it, though I was a little sorry to see Sinatra get it as he was the most likable character in the whole thing.

CONQUEST of SPACE

CONQUEST OF SPACE. A Paramount Picture. Produced by George Pal. Directed by Byron Haskins. Screenplay by James O'Hanlon; Adaptation by Philip Yordan, Barre Lyndon and George Worthington Yates, based on the book by Chesley Bonestell and Willy Ley. Associate Producer: Frank Freeman. Music by Van Cleave. Technicolor. 81 minutes. Released March 1955.

Samuel Merritt	Walter Brooke
Barney Merritt	Eric Fleming
Mahoney	Mickey Shaughnessy
Siegle	Phil Foster
Imoto	Benson Fong
Fodor	Ross Martin
Cooper	William Redfield
Fenton	William Hopper
Sanella	Vito Scotti
Donkersgoed	John Dennis

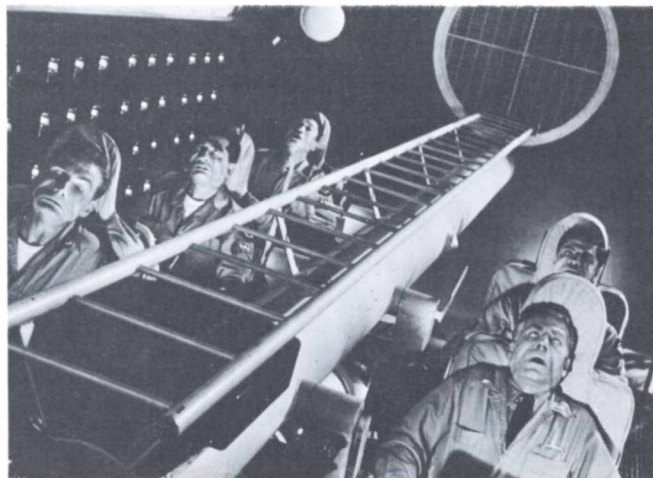
George Pal has attempted to do for Mars what he did for the moon in *DESTINATION MOON* but, instead of the documentary style of that film, he has used an hysterical melodrama peopled with the biggest bunch of neurotics this side of Bedlam.

To make it worse they are cliché neurotics or, if you would, neurotic clichés. The commander of the Mars-ship is as confusing as he is confused. He, practically alone, has pushed the space program to fulfillment. He built "the wheel," the orbital space station. He has now completed the first interplanetary ship. With all this dedication and zeal, how can he possibly, when the ship is rerouted from the moon to Mars by the powers that be, say that a trip to Mars is senseless? He is anxious to go to the moon—how could that be more sensible than Mars?

And he gets worse! On the trip he begins reading the Bible and questioning the trip on a reli-

gious basis. "God put man on the Earth," he rants, "but nothing is mentioned in the Bible about him going to other planets. Absolutely nothing!" He goes completely berserk finally and tries to prevent the landing. He is overcome but, when everyone else has left the ship, he tries to blow it up. The others rush in but he pulls a gun and begins blasting. In the struggle with cliché number 2, he is killed.

Cliché number 2 is the commander's son, played like a stoic wooden Indian by Eric Fleming. You've seen the commander's son hundreds of times. He is following in his father's footsteps because the father wants him to, not because he wishes it. Of course, in the end, he always changes his mind and becomes as dedicated a marine or flyer or doc-



Eric Fleming, Phil Foster, Benson Fong, Walter Brooke and Ross Martin doing the acceleration grimace

tor or cavalryman or, in this case, spaceman as his father ever was.

Cliche number 3 is the biggest pill to swallow—the stowaway. This time it's 250 pound Mickey Shaughnessy, the loyal sergeant, the devoted, fanatical follower of the commander. As far as he is concerned the commander can do no wrong—including an attempt to destroy the ship. He sees the scuffle for the gun and venomously accuses the commander's son of murder. Of course, after months of venom, he decides not to insist on a court marshal upon returning to Earth. He does it not for the son but in order to preserve the memory of the commander. If allowing the son off scot-free would prevent the commander's insanity being known, he will do it.

On the takeoff, an earthquake (marsquake?) causes the ship to tilt. According to the script, the ship must be level before it can blast-off which involves much maneuvering to get it level. If things are that critical, it seems the added weight of the sergeant would have been quite serious, but it was never mentioned.

Cliche number 4 is, you guessed it, the loud-mouth from Brooklyn. He's absolutely typical—he has virtually no formal education but is an electronic whiz. Even this is an unsatisfactory explanation of why he doesn't know a person on the hull of the ship would not be swept off. Yet, it must be explained to him when he is to go out and fix a frozen radar sweep.

While outside, cliché number 5 roars by—the meteor shower. It's a gigantic glowing red golf ball affair and is referred to as "a red-hot asteroid." The asteroid belt is outside the orbit of Mars, not inside, and I have yet to hear of any of them being molten. The asteroid is accompanied by stray debris, a piece of which strikes Fodor. He is dislodged from the ship but retained by a safety rope. He hangs suspended at the end of the rope, which is very dramatic, but the rope misbehaves. In outer space the rope would either, if there is no slack, be perfectly straight or, if there is slack, curve and bend at random. However, the rope dips downward from its own weight when it should have none.

The entire flight is accomplished under null-gravity conditions but I am never convinced. The men wear magnetic boots and the Brooklyn boob floats out of his but almost no attention is paid

to promoting the illusion. When a grating is lifted, it definitely has weight. Clothing and hair behave normally but, then, that is a detail which has never been handled properly.

The ship, built in space, will land on Mars horizontally (much like a glider) but will take off vertically. Consequently, fixtures in the ship are pivoted to compensate. In flight the ship is horizontal in relation to the theater screen. It adjusts its course for Mars and is then vertical in relation to the screen. The seats and other fixtures pivot. But the position of the ship is purely in relation to the screen because there is no vertical or horizontal in space. The pivoting action is meaningless.

There are numerous other scientific inaccuracies—far more than would be expected in a George Pal film (at least in 1955). They are all relatively minor but the cumulative effect is major.

There is a bright side though—the special effects. They are far more elaborate than *DESTINATION MOON* but not quite in league with *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. Chesley Bonestell's astronomical backgrounds are as good as he is capable of—and that's a lot. Some of the Japanese films have perhaps equalled it though they are usually far less technically accurate. The miniatures are exceptionally well handled—only in the marsquake does the teetering rocket look less than life-size. There's some trouble with smoke and flame from the rockets but, then, no film has ever quite solved that problem either. It's even more evident now that we have seen the exhaust behavior in a real takeoff.

The Mars scenes are imaginative and seemingly accurate but unconvincing. It's the old problem—how do you make an alien landscape look real and alien at the same time? We have never seen miles and miles of bright copper-colored sand tumbled over with jagged black boulders. How can we be convinced that it is real when we know, no matter how complete our suspension of belief, that it is only a sound-stage set. The problem seems unsolvable.

Mars is pictured as a new, virgin planet completely devoid of life. It can't be called a dead planet because it has never been alive. This is contrary to the generally accepted theory of the exact reverse—Mars is an old planet and dying. Its atmosphere is thin because it has dissipated over the eons not thin, as the film would have it, because it is thin. The planet can't be completely devoid of



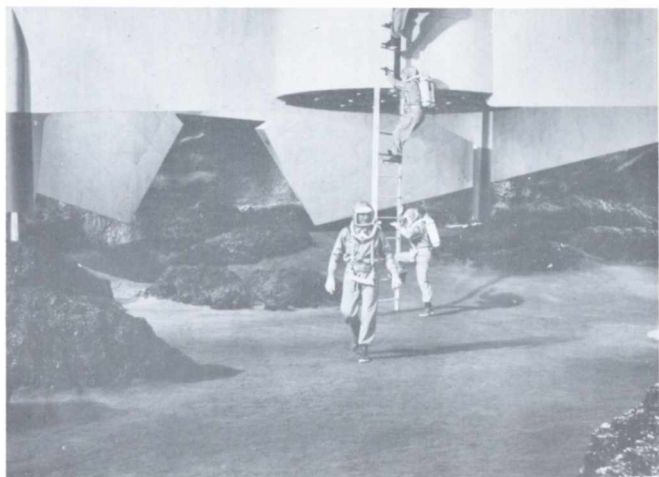
Mickey Shaughnessy, Benson Fong, Walter Brooke, Eric Fleming and that's Ross Martin splattered all over the view-dome



Eric Fleming, Mickey Shaughnessy, Phil Foster and Benson Fong

life, however, because a seed planted on the commander's grave sprouts. For this bacteria in the soil would be essential. Unless...the commander...

Despite its silly story, its trite characterizations and its technical inaccuracies, the film stands up better today than when it first appeared. Then it was judged beside Pal's earlier efforts and it failed miserably. Seen today, it is judged with far less fierce competition.



The landing on Mars



PARANOIAC!

PARANOIAC! British. A Hammer Film Production. A Universal International Release. Produced by Anthony Hinds. Directed by Freddie Francis. Screenplay by Jimmy Sangster. Director of Photography: Arthur Grant. Art Direction: Don Mingaye. Film Editor: James Needs. Music by Elizabeth Lutyens. 80 minutes. Released May 1963.

Simon Ashby	Oliver Reed
Eleanor Ashby	Janette Scott
Tony	Alexander Davion
Francoise	Liliane Brousse
Harriet Ashby	Sheila Burrell
John Kossett	Maurice Denham
Keith Kossett	John Bonney
Williams	John Stuart
Vicar	Colin Tapley
RAF Type	Harold Lang
First Woman	Laurie Leigh
Second Woman	Marianne Stone
Tramp	Sydney Bromley
Sailor	Jack Taylor

Jimmy Sangster, who does virtually all of Hammer's scripts, has turned out an intricate—though slightly old-fashioned—story of murder and madness. It is his most adult effort and lacks the excessive gore and blood usually present in Hammer's horror efforts. Now, there's nothing wrong with blood and gore—when done tastefully as Hammer usually does—but this seems an effort to escape the kiddie show and make contact with the adult audience. As such it is not completely successful but it's a start in the right direction.

Sangster's story weaves indelicately through the hag-ridden Ashby household revealing two of the nastiest people you wouldn't want to meet. Harriet Ashby, sister of the late John Ashby and guardian of his two children, is a cold, loveless woman. She is unhealthily attached to her nephew Simon.

Simon has an excess of nasty habits: he smokes in church—and grinds out his cigarette on the organ, he sneers, he is churlish, he drives his sportscar through the flowerbeds, he is an alcoholic, he bullies the butler, he blackmails his friends, he smashes glasses, he tries to murder his sister, he torments his mistress—by getting her all worked up and panting then laughing in her face and walking out, he brawls in barrooms, he patronizes, he belittles and is unpleasant in general.

Therein lies the film's primary fault. Director Francis has allowed Oliver Reed to go hog-wild in his characterization of Simon. Reed is a fine actor when directed with a firm hand and a firm hand is especially necessary when he is cast as a neurotic—which is practically all the time. Reed has a face that looks menacing even when doing nothing. The mannerisms of the neurotic, necessary for most actors, are simply not needed. But Francis lets him use practically all of them; the twitch, the baleful glare, the slack-lipped sneer, the tic, etc. As a result Reed plays the role too broadly and without subtlety. He is just too much to still be running around loose.

Simon's sister Eleanor is just the opposite. She is warm, gentle, loving, kind, loyal and something of a nit. She has allowed Simon and Harriet to convince her that she is going insane and is on



Alexander Davion, Sheila Burrell, John Stuart

the verge of doing so. Janette Scott is a beautiful, milk and cookies-faced girl whose acting is as good as her looks. Though, again, Francis has allowed her to be just a little too hysterical at times.

Into this viper's nest strolls a young man who says he is Tony Ashby, brother to Eleanor and Simon, who supposedly committed suicide eight years earlier at the age of fifteen. Alexander Davion is quite good as Tony but a straight-man really hasn't a chance among all the inmates. He also looks more like thirty than the twenty-three which is the sum of eight and fifteen. Reed, too, looks more like twenty-five than twenty. Eleanor's age is not given though she is younger than Simon. Miss Scott looks about twenty-three. Admittedly, the Ashby household is enough to prematurely age anyone.

Tony convinces Eleanor of his identity without half trying. Their pre-suicide relationship seems to have been considerably stronger than one would expect of a fifteen year old boy and his ten year old sister. But, then, with a brother like Simon and an aunt like Harriet, she was probably clutching at him like a person drowning. His reappearance brings her out of the doldrums instantly. Simon and Harriet refuse to be convinced. With good reason as we later learn.

It is revealed early in the film that Tony is an imposter and was hired by Keith Kossett, son of the manager of the Ashby children's estate. It amounts to four million pounds which will be Simon's on his twenty-first birthday. Keith has been dipping and wants to cover up. Were Tony alive, as the eldest, he would inherit. A false Tony would be all too glad not to reveal that part of the estate was missing.

But love rears its pretty head. Tony falls for Eleanor and intends to call it all off. Before he has a chance Eleanor catches herself giving him a very unsisterly kiss and goes off the deep end again. He is forced to confess to her. She isn't the least bit displeased. She isn't even curious as to why he is posing as her brother.

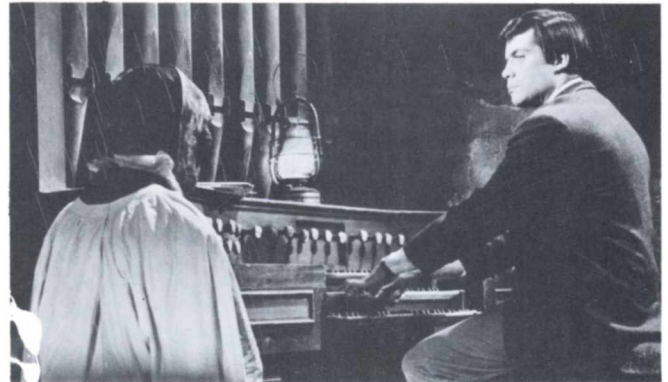
Tony tells Keith he has twelve hours to cover up as best he can. After that time he is leaving.

While Tony and Eleanor are straightening out their affairs, Simon is plotting. He cuts the brake line on Tony's car and almost kills them both. Simon's mistress, Francoise, who has been pretending to be Eleanor's nurse, finds out about it and tries to leave. Simon catches her and drowns her in the duck-pond while making love to her.

That night Tony hears the organ in the abandoned chapel—the Ashby house is one of those old piles dating practically from feudal days. He investigates and finds Simon playing the organ while



Janette Scott, Alexander Davion



Oliver Reed

a phonograph plays a recording of a boy singing. Standing near the organ is a masked figure in the robes of a choirboy. The figure attacks Tony with a baling hook and escapes. The same thing happens the next night and Tony succeeds in unmasking the figure. It is Aunt Harriet.

In a resigned rage she confesses that Simon is mad. This is perhaps news to Tony and Eleanor—they have had other things to worry about—but to no one else. He has terrible fits of depression, and only by playing a recording of Tony singing and wearing Tony's choir robes can she bring him out of it. Though the reason for the hideous mask is never explained.

Tony begins to suspect what the audience has suspected from the beginning, that the real Tony was murdered by Simon. With a little cobwebby exploring he finds the mummified body bricked up behind the organ. Simon appears, tells him all about it and conks him on the head. Tony awakens to find himself tied, the body sitting by the organ dressed in the choir robes and Simon playing the organ. Harriet enters and begs Simon to leave. As he does she fires the chapel and leaves Tony to burn.

Eleanor hears all the commotion, rescues Tony and they head for the hills without even stopping for a toothbrush. Simon, overacting dreadfully, rushes out to save the body from the fire and perishes in it.

If you didn't bother with the arithmetic, Simon was only twelve when he murdered his brother. He should have taken a few tips from Patty McCormick in portraying Simon. The little girl in *THE BAD SEED* appeared—superficially—to be perfectly normal. She had everyone fooled. Simon is so utterly obviously insane at all times he has nowhere to go but to pieces.

Other than that *PARANOIAC!* is a taut ingenious film that never lacks interest. If it fails to be believable, it is only because Simon is not believable outside a rubber room.

continued from page 17

Someone reviewed it, prefacing his remarks that Dallas fandom was riding again. Having no knowledge of anything ever riding before, this meant nothing to me. The only comments I remembered were about the cover: 1) It looks like something from a fag mag, and 2) Why in heaven's name didn't Reamy,



since he had a Schoenherr cover, put it on the front instead of his own stuff? I remembered none of the contents comments, so I was relatively unbiased when my copy made its way from my home down to me here at UCLA.

Okay now I've read it and I can see why you call it the Pretentious Fanzine. It may be with that slick paper and nice layout and all, I expected too much. It may just be that all first issues stink; It may be that I have a closed, narrow mind and cannot understand The Deep Significance and the Third Freudian Level of Art, [?] but I just didn't enjoy the first issue that much.

About some of the contents my general reaction was: What the hell does this have to do with science fiction? There are places for psychological stories of the Korean War (or Police Action), but, unfortunately, I don't feel one is a science fiction fanzine. Even though I somewhat liked "The Cosmic Dancers" because I, too, sometimes get sick of people discussing subjects of Great Universal Significance all the time, it seemed out of place. [The

fact that you liked it should be the only thing that matters, shouldn't it?] So okay, so Drusille has an ornithological vampire sister hidden up in the attic, and the farmer's daughter is an Old Roman, why not develop it a little more? This way I may actually enjoy the story on the first reading.

The art of Wonder Wart Hog makes me ill. The meandering "pop art" funnies? of Gilbert Shelton make me nauseous. I have the feeling I'm dreaming a nightmare and I want to wake up.

I like your Blarings spots, your MZB article illo, and the Bok art. I like also the second "Le Sacre du Printemps" girl (Miss Spare Parts), but again, what has LSdP have to do with science fiction? [Nothing.] The Schoenherr (which transliterated from German means roughly, 'fine man') bacoover is good, but your relegating it to the back like that reminds me of Hannes Bok's comments on ingratiouness of fan editors mentioned in your editorial. [It's not quite the same thing. I bought the Schoenherr drawing at a convention some years ago. It being a reprint, I felt no ingratiouness at relegating it to the back cover. Had it been an original, that would have been a different story.]

I liked the MZB article. I have always been a FIAFOM (Fandom is a Frame of Mind) proponent. The film article is interesting, but why did you give picture reviews of such bombs like "Attack of the Giant Leeches" and "Hand of Death"? Was it just because you had some stills to use? [If one reviews only the good films, one will soon run out of subject matter.] As for films that pass by without notice, how about

the sleeper no one out here noticed 'til it appeared on TV a few months ago—"The Creation of the Humanoids"? Or that picture that came through last fall with B-picture ads that turned out to be, in my mind, one of the best sf films to come by in years—"The Time Travelers"? If you have seen these, I wish you would review them.

But I don't think *Trumpet No. 1* is a total waste. I certainly don't have spare money for it though. So I'm LoCing just in case I can get #2 because I feel as if it will improve.

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John R. Duvoli

Nice to hear from you—even in a rather indirect capacity! I will comment on the remarks on filmed materials and leave the rest for those qual-

ified.

My first disagreement with Al Jackson and "Somebody Out There Likes Us" comes when Al says, "...Philip Yordan, the man who ruined The Day of the Triffids." Although it was not a grand piece of sf art, it was much better than average sf. I read the novel and I assure you that it could not have made a good movie if it were left the way it was. [I couldn't disagree with you more. I think it could probably have been one of the best sf films ever made if it had been like the book—and done well, of course. I'll review it in the next issue. But it all boils down to personal likes and dislikes anyway.]

I think that I'm missing something. Everyone is so overwhelmed by "The Creeping Unknown" and personally 'tis a lousy film. I found Quattermass a most hateful 'Anything for Science for Science is Everything' sort! However, I think that "Enemy From Space" was a fine film. Quattermass was no Great Human Being in this film either but it was a crisply done thriller. I found CU rather dull to be perfectly honest about it.

I agree with everything else except that I think that "Fire Maidens" was a passable juvenile quickie. [Randall Harris is going to get you!]

On "Curse of the Werewolf"—I do feel that the censors would have objected strongly to the lycanthrope being cured by Pure Love. Censors are very strict in England ("Werewolf" was given an adults only rating there) and good Lord, there is nothing new about a man going to his destruction in shockers in spite of the love of a woman. Look at "Hand of Death". The censors would have objected, and to be perfectly truthful, I think that many audiences would have too. [All horror films which contain an organic monster are given an adults only rating in England regardless of how inoffensive they are. An inorganic monster, such as "Kronos," can be safely viewed by the small fry.]

Enjoyed reviews and fotos but why not review the current crop? [It's too long between issues. There would be too many releases to cover with any thoroughness. Besides, I have hundreds of these reviews already written. I just go to the files and pull out a handful for each issue and don't have to worry about seeing and reviewing each new picture.]

I feel that I should say something about "I'm Not Afraid!" As a mental health major, let me say this:

I feel that horror fans, be they fans of books or films, are as afraid as anyone else but they use (we use) these escapist means in order to get rid of said fears. It is not all that pat and we are entertained, but Bradley has gotten the thing backwards.

I rather think that it was a poor argument that Bradley's mother did not understand her fearlessness. Oh, hogwash! I rather think she considered fantasy trash as I consider Playboy trash. As simple as that!

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Marion Zimmer Bradley

In calling TRUMPET "The Pretentious Fanzine" I wonder if you were being ironical? Or do you just have more printing equipment and/or lithography fa-

cilities at hand than you have a use for? [I was expecting to be accused of pretension so I said it first. But that didn't stop some from doing it anyway.]

However, one can hardly say that this is a case of the mountain laboring and producing only a mouse. TRUMPET could very well be one of the "Little Magazines" in which literary-dom abounds, and it is considerably better reading than most of those I've seen at the much touted City Lights Bookshop in San Francisco. The Leonora Carrington story THE SISTERS, especially, is amazingly good and would have done credit to F&SF if Avram had had the sense to buy it...or didn't Miss Carrington have the sense to submit it? [It was published in 1945 in a book titled "A Night With Jupiter and Other Stories" as was WHITE RABBITS.]

It was good to hear from you again and good to know that Dallas fandom is not *entirely* lying quiet in its grave. I happened to *like* it, on my few contacts with it.

I would also like to say, since you have publicly said unkind words about Dale Hart, a few public NICE things about him. First of all; the repeated stories that he was drunk during the Southwesterncon were simply not true. HE WAS NO MORE DRUNK THAN I WAS—AND YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I DRINK! (Or do you? I don't drink.) He was so *exhausted* from repeated sleepless nights preparing for a convention which, perhaps, he had hoped to make a little more pretentious than some fan-gab desirers wanted, that a small amount of alcohol served to make him staggeringly exhausted. [Dale roomed with me and Bob deJongh for several months prior to the convention and I noticed no sleepless nights, but I did notice that he had a very low resistance to alcohol and could get plastered on a few glasses of Mogen David. But I didn't say that he was drunk. He *was* in the bar for hours before the banquet and he *did* create a disturbance when he returned.]

As for the "scheduled panel discussion between Moomaw, Ackerman, the Benfords, and MZB on How Fandom has Changed Over the Years", this is the first time I ever heard of it. [I probably have the cast of characters wrong because you say, "Benford, Moomaw and Randy Brown" in your conreport in ANYTHING BOX No. 1 and Moomaw, in VOID 13, lists himself, Randy, Greg and Harry B. Moore.] I hadn't even been COMING to the damn convention, for heaven's sake, until Fred Brown got sick and they got *desperate* for a guest-of-honor and found that a country girl living in the sticks nearby had had a couple of stories published. Moomaw, God rest his poor soul, is dead, but his subsequent suicide casts doubt on the emotional stability of his tirade against the convention in that famous conreport. As for the Benfords, they are continual bitches against anything where they are not Front-and-Center, and their main grotch against the much maligned TV broadcast was probably based on the fact, which in charity Dale and Ackerman never bothered revealing, that the TV cameraman had to REPEATEDLY chase them out of the field of the camera so that they could get in their words with Forry, Dale and me. That TV broadcast was a joke, incidentally, and the only thing I can blame Dale Hart for; once again, I can only conclude that exhaustion had made him temporarily not responsible for his actions, since the panel discussion on TV was a serious, sensible discussion on space travel, until Dale began pounding the arm of his chair and yelling loudly, "Man will reach the stars! Man will reach the stars!" So they scrapped the whole thing and broadcast the "trial run" on which Forry, Dale

and I had been chattering in fanspeakish nonsense. [It's my turn to be surprised. I never knew there were two TV sessions.]

I won't comment other than briefly on the rest of your included material, except to state that the "artificial vagina" being sold is no worse (or better) than the item advertised in a flyer usually circulated only among the homosexual press, to make a man look, in swim trunks or jockey shorts, as if he were spectacularly well-endowed; in short, male falsies!

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Ann Chamberlain

TRUMPET is a wholly beautiful issue, and I think you covered all you intended to according to your editorial, Blarings. I am very grateful to you for choosing to have my name on your list, and you should receive something for it. When we can establish our club in such a way that we are doing what we most enjoy and gaining a profit from it too,—then we will be achieving something worthwhile. We learn so slowly,—even we sf people who are really the 'tomorrow' people. Living in thought of coming up to the standards of the space age is quite a challenge. Not all fans are so geared but we can teach them, Tom, with the kind of material you have turned out. I cannot hope to have time or money for some months yet, to attempt any self-pubbed zines, but fans aren't ready yet, probably, to accept what I would write...I would most likely get stiff opposition. I rather like to think of the real sf people as 'pace-setters'...people who can use their creative talents to help others tear the blinders off their eyes.

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Phil Harrell

I had to wait a while while my first flurry of startled amazement and fascination died down. Namely, for the first week or so I had TRUMPET all I could say was "Fantastic!" and be utterly grogged. My next reaction was almost to break into tears from the memory of the golden days this brought back.

I liked the cover terrifically myself—but then I listened to a few others discussing it and I still like it terrifically altho many valid points were raised. I liked it for the fantastic amount of detail work that went into it. I am bugs for detail work, but except for the spiked fist this cover is reality and I quote "Who the hell wants reality? I get enough of that all day long."

I think "Trumpet, The UNBELIEVABLE FANZINE" would be a better masthead as there is nothing in the least "Pretentious" about it, for it delivers all it promises. It's just unbelievable that anyone could put out a fanzine THAT good and THAT enjoyable and THAT expensive and still give it away for 50¢ or a letter of comment. [I'll get more unfriendly as time goes along.] The brilliant artwork thru out (and please don't be modest, a person can't be as brilliant an artist as you are and NOT

know it) the slick paper, beautiful layouts and lettering; all this smacks of an expensiveness that would lose money even if you sold it at a dollar a copy. [It's not as expensive as it looks. There are tricks that cost nothing but give an expensive illusion. It's possible (not probable, but possible) to make money on TRUMPET at 50¢ a copy. I mean by that that it costs less than 50¢ a copy to have printed...so it's possible.]

MZB's article is still timeless and greatly true. Unfortunately more and more you'll find that fandom while named "science fiction fandom" really isn't anymore. A newspaper columnist friend of mine put his finger on fandom's main trouble when he said "I don't know why it's called SF Fandom, it's really Amateur Journalism Fandom—and some of it not very good amateur journalism at that. Where's the SF element? Here's an article about a guy having his tooth extracted and here's another about a girl having a birthday party. You've shown me two dozen 'fanzines' and not one of them has contained a mention of science fiction. Then you have what you call an apa and about the only things there seems to recommend it is the exclusiveness of the membership...and this is supposed to be Science Fiction Fandom. Show me some good honest discussions on science fiction and I'll believe you..." [I'm afraid I'm an exponent of "amateur journalism fandom" myself. I plan to keep TRUMPET highly sf flavored but not exclusively so.]

THE COSMIC DANCERS by James Twigg sounds like a party Twigg went to and is retold as it happened to him. Taking each character, you can see why they were like they were, but there is more wrongness on "Miles'" part than the rest of them.

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Dan Bates

I acknowledge receipt of your "fanzine" ("sci-fi" jargon, I take it, for "fan magazine"? My, my, how free is journalism in its lower reaches.) And thank you.

You indirectly request commentary, so I will proffer mine, stuffy and whatever it may be. I shall be both specific and general, probably in reverse order. You are now revealed before my astonished eyes as a full-fledged publisher.

First, the Dwight Macdonald in me shouts that, without looking past the inexplicable cover drawing, the magazine is trash. Probably *kitsch* would be a better word, since your magazine is printed on surprisingly slick paper; it must have cost a small mint; and the illustrations, thank God, are as clear as in *Sight and Sound*. The typewriter-like type in which the thing was set one can argue against, but thank heaven nevertheless for small favors. The first issue is attractive, whatever else it may be. [It is a typewriter. To have had the magazine typeset would have cost approximately \$40.00 a page more. There are limits.]

The content is self indulgent, particularly the first two or three pages due to lack of better content, right? [Huh?] Still, you might encourage wider readership (even within the obviously limited range of the magazine's subject—science-fiction movies) if your columns were less "in". [That's the nature of the beast and eight pages out of forty hardly constitutes the magazine's "subject"] Of the

names dropped, I recognized three—yours, Al's and Richard Koogle's and by the way, wasn't that a rather tasteless remark about Koogle alternating between Timberlawn Sanitarium and the Young Democrats? [Koogle isn't ashamed of being a Democrat.]

Now, more specifically, some comments on your film reviews and Al's article.

Al first. If Bronston does raise money to film *Muxley*, then perhaps he should assign Ib Melchior to script and direct, if he doesn't settle for the mixture as before: Philip Yordan and Nicholas Ray and Dimitri Tiomkin, saints preserve us. Melchior's "The Time Travelers" ultimately was silly and a kiddie matinee film, but it had commendable aspirations and two highly imaginative bits: The business with the humanoid factory (and isn't Ackerman a horrible actor?) and the clever ending with the heroes lost in time.

Correction, Al. Francois Truffaut *did* film *SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER* and a sequence for *LOVE AT TWENTY*, not to mention the wonderful *JULES AND JIM*, but Jean-Luc Godard did *BREATHLESS*. [My fault, not Al's. I added those titles after the names and didn't read the credits carefully enough. Truffaut wrote the original story for *BREATHLESS*.]

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE had one scene I'll never forget; New York City under water. Never has there been a more depressing, shocking sight.

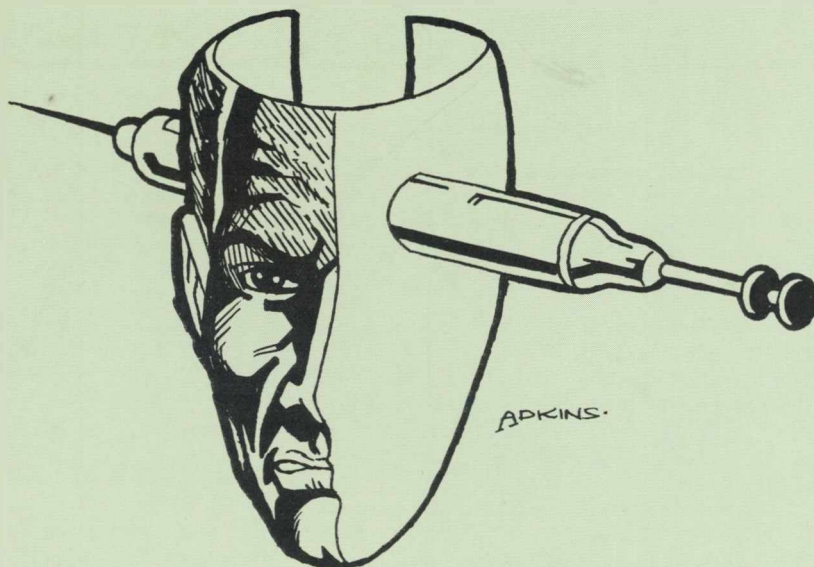
I think Lyndon stole the idea for his *WAR OF THE WORLDS* script from Orson Welles' notorious 1938 broadcast, which had a quite similar idea, even to the monsters being brown-colored and so on. Gene Barry's professor-hero isn't a far piece from Welles' narrator-professor-hero. Except, of course, Barry had Ann Robinson for comfort. Ah, Hollywood!

The secret of *THEM*'s success, Tom, is Gordon Douglas' taut direction and the inventive photography of Sid Hickox, the music of Branislav Kaper, the editing of Thomas Reilly and, particularly, the acting of James Whitmore as the tragic cop-hero. His death is inexplicable, but, at least, it added a small grain of "realism"—that troublesome word—to the story. Douglas is great for action pictures: Witness the recent *RIO CONCHOS*. *THEM* is overrated, true, but, besides the old ones like *KING KONG*, and the hilarious *SON OF KONG*, what better have we? *THE BLACK SCORPION* is a considerably sillier film. I'll have a hard time forgetting the scene in which the Mexican general kills himself stupidly by grabbing hold of the electrified harpoon. Don't tell me this was intentionally hilarious. And Willis O'Brien's special effects weren't a patch on the giant ants of *THEM*. "superior in every way," my Aunt Ethel. [Take away the influence of the special effects, and I'm partially convinced that *THEM* was superior dramatically. But, with same, not tonight Virginia.]

"The trouble with science fiction," I once wrote in a review of *damon knight's A CENTURY OF GREAT SHORT SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS* for the *Star-Telegram* here, "is the license it affords its partisans. Finding a novel of the genre comparable to Balzac—or a film worth placing beside 'Citizen Kane'—is virtually impossible," simply because the genre is too limited. There'll never be a science-fiction novel or film [have you read "More Than Hu-

man"?] that's a work of art or genius, just as there'll never be artful pornography or women's fiction. The closest science-fiction writing has come to greatness, to my experience, is in the few novels and many short stories, most of the latter quite wonderful, of Ray Bradbury. This is because Bradbury concentrates not on technological advances, by now almost commonplace, certainly in films, but on their effects on human nature. And anyone knows that humanity is more interesting than technical gibberish. [It doesn't sound as if you had read any sf written since the war.]

3500 Kent St., Apt. 4
Ft. Worth, Texas 76109



John Boston

Thanks for *Trumpet No. 1*. While I wasn't impressed with its contents, the format and printing are by far the best I've seen recently, and, after all, you're starting from scratch after five years in the wilderness.

Anachronism! If Richard Koogle's short fan-fiction pieces were written in 1959, what's this about "...a good article on atomic physics for *Analog*"? [You didn't read carefully enough. Though written in 1959, it wasn't published in "*Zymurgy*" until 1961 at which time it was undoubtedly updated.]

The most interesting thing about the issue was Marion Bradley's short article. My first thought was that the whole thing was perfectly obvious... but I then realized that it was the first time I'd ever seen just those ideas expressed. Campbell came close to it in one of his editorials once; he pointed out that the circulation of *ASF* jumped terrifically during the first few months after Hiroshima and after Sputnik I—and then dropped just as sharply afterward. The fears that she expresses—juvenile gang-wars, drug addiction, and the like—are just those things which are so often extrapolated

to make our own hells.

As for the fiction, the less said about it the better, as is usually the case with fanzine fiction. This is somewhat better than the general run, however; "The Altruist" was a nicely done incident, but just that: an incident. [What more can you do in a story of that length?] "The Cosmic Dancers" was a little *overdone*; it could have been very good with just a little more restraint and a little less buffoonery. On the other hand—maybe I'd better reread it.

No comment on the film material, since I'm not too interested in scientifilms. [Don't you know that sf films are "in" now? Watch out or you will become an anachronism.] All things considered, there's not too much to comment on in this *Trumpet*, but things should look up. Good luck. [Thank you]

816 So. First St.
Mayfield, Kentucky 42066

Creath S. Thorne

Thanks very much for sending me a copy of *Trumpet*. I can say without reservation that this is the most beautiful fanzine I've ever received. I've a number of zines reproduced by off-set methods here, but none of them come up to the quality of yours.

I wondered a bit about using a Reamy for the front cover and a Schoenherr for the back, but I now think you were justified. Your cover was beautiful—one of the best pieces of fan art I've ever seen. [Thank you] I assume that you're a pro artist, or at least could be one if you wanted to. [If you mean sf art, no. There's not enough money in it and I'm not interested enough in drawing to keep up the grind. If you mean do I make a living at art then, yes. Though what I do might not be considered art by very many people, including myself. It's all technical with little or nothing creative about it.]

I sort of wish you'd run the fanzine column by Moomaw. Perhaps in a highly cut-down manner. Just about all of the zines he reviewed were of top quality—the ones that we remember after they pass on. It might be interesting to compare a view from that time as opposed to the view today. [I have no objections. What do the rest of you think?]

I dunno—maybe other people will disagree with me—but I don't think that you should have run that letter from Moomaw. I remember in SAPS, Busby went through a long speech to prove that the dropping of Moomaw from SAPS couldn't have been an important factor. Of course, I guess the viewpoint is different now. That letter would have caused a bigger stir if you'd printed it at the time. A much bigger stir. [I didn't know about SAPS. I gaffiated about the time all this happened and never heard the post mortems. Al Jackson said he heard something about his draft notice being the cause. I met Moomaw at the Southwestercon but never got a chance to really talk to him. The Benfords kept him firmly in tow and out of circulation.]

S.P.E.C.—it does sound like fun, and all that—but I get the feeling that your fandom is at least 180° away from mine. I wonder if we're really in the same fandom at all. Mine consists mostly of apas and a few correspondents and a few genzines with no club fandom at all. [Not really. Club fandom has always been apart from general fandom. The

old Dallas Futurian Society had only three or four members who were active in outside fandom at all. And hardly any of the actifans are members of clubs. I just happen to enjoy both.] I wonder—maybe in a few years, fandom will split entirely apart with one faction not even realizing that the other exists. I've heard several people commenting lately about the trend toward specialism in fannish things. The uniting bond is still there, but, I wonder...

I seem to get the same kind of junk mail that you do, until we get down to that third category. Then I begin to question a bit...I've never seen anything like that in my mailbox, nor do I expect to see it in the future. I don't think that our local post office would let something like that go by. [I doubt if they could do anything about it even if they knew what they were delivering. Unless there is an order from the Postmaster General to confiscate a firm's or person's mail, an individual postmaster must deliver it. Besides, the envelope was innocuous—just like hundreds of other advertising circulars that probably came through that day. You just aren't on the right—or wrong—mailing lists.] One item that that Warehouse Sales in California offered was a new Ford or Chevrolet at 200 dollars. I'm quite skeptical about that.

You mean you actually sent this zine to the whole N3F! [Well...practically. I had second thoughts.] That was your first mistake. Actually, they tell me that the N3F is accepted a lot more by genfandom now than it used to be, but I still shudder at the thought of someone using the roster as a mailing list. You'll probably get from 3 to 5% indication of interest from that esteemed group. At least that's the trouble that Jon White had with his off-set zine. There's nothing really wrong with the N3F—it's just that they're so apathetic at times. [I'm sure you're right, but I didn't know who the active fans were after five years of gafia. And...that's how you got your copy.]

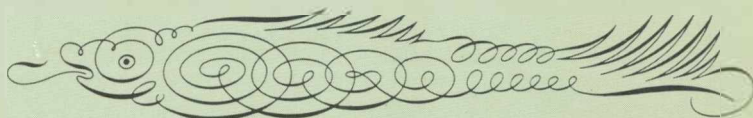
I would disagree with Marion Zimmer Bradley for the basic fact that I can be scared by a book or movie if it's a good one. At least, back in my childhood it used to be that way. Now, of course, the intellect has taken over that emotional side. Of course. Or maybe it's just that they don't make horror movies like they used to.

The Demolished Fan was the best fiction in the issue, I thought. I did enjoy it. This ought to support my thesis that back in the Old Days fandom was more united than it is now, i.e., almost any fan could understand this fiction, while it is rather harder to understand *The Cosmic Dancers*. Of course, it could just be the writing styles, but I think not.

The rest of the issue I also enjoyed, though all that fiction at one time is a Bit Much. Film reviews were interesting too, though since I never concentrated in this field there's not much I can say about them.

Concluding, thanks again for the fine fanzine—one of the best I've received this year. Good Luck.

Route 4
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