







# UNTER HELIOS







# unterHelios

# 1

This is our T of C

The Editorial Me.....	2
THE PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA, an interview with fantasy playwright Frank Gagliano.....	5
Say, Kids, What Time Is It? by Rich Small .....	13
Rill Botsler portfolio, with apologies (S.R.).....	17
SEVEN DAYS, by Brad Linaweaver.....	18
Reel-alities, by Michael Ogden.....	23
Mediatus, reviews.....	25
Religious Chains, a weird one from Rich Small.....	29
Censored, by Brad Linaweaver.....	31
Why Me Forced This On You, ye olde fannish space filler.....	32
EARTH ETC., by Albert Fulp.....	28

## ART CREDITS:

Art cover by Stu Smith  
 Front cover by William Black  
 Back Cover by Doug Marlette  
 Interior art:  
 Bruce Ammerman..7,8,13  
 Brad Linaweaver..27  
 Doug Marlette..3  
 Ken Meaux..4,21  
 Robert Padgett..5,10,18,19,22(2),26  
 Rich Small..17(4),30,32  
 Parris Stripling..23,25  
 Bob Zender..2,11,14,15,16,24,28,31

Editor: Joe D. Siclari (JoeD)  
 1951 N. Meridian Rd.  
 Apt. 54  
 Tallahassee, Fl. 32304

Asst. Ed. Rich Small  
 Movie Ed. Michael Ogden  
 Vocal Ed. Brad Linaweaver

unterHelios may be obtained thru trades, contributions, printed or substantial LOCs, by being a member of N'APA, or by money (50¢ ea., 5/\$2.00) from Joe Siclari

All material is copyrighted to the contributors.

This is a quarterly fanzine published by Always Late Almost ME.

Howdy Doody characters are copyright by their creators.

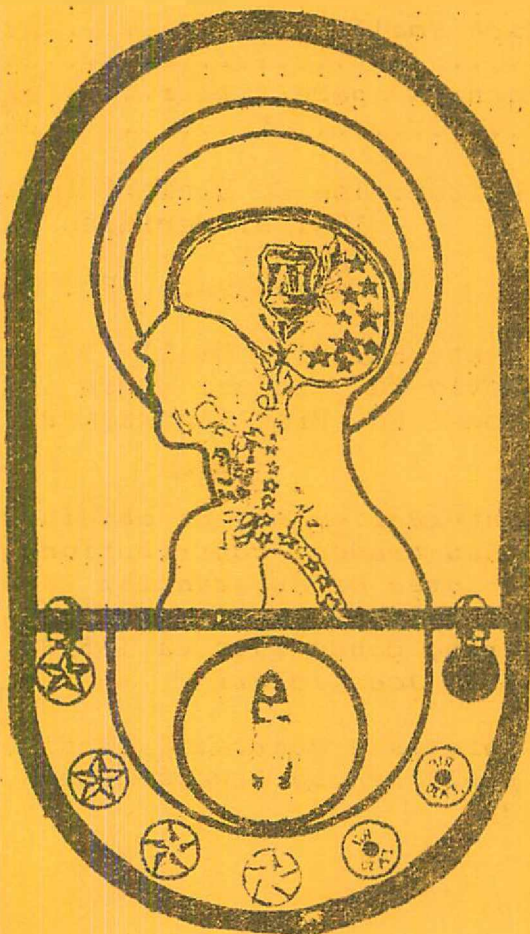
# THE EDITORIAL

# ME

a column of pride, prejudice and  
comment by JoeD

You are now reading the only piece (this issue) where I get to speak my peace. Editorials always fascinate me, so do columns by well known writers. I'm only talking about fanzines now. Editorials and columns usually have one thing in common--the writers' conceit that everyone wants to read about him or her. Well, in my experience, my conceit is as great as most people and I'll probably show it here.

This issue didn't come off quite as expected. I'm typing this editorial last and it's 5:30 am on July 7, 1971. This issue was a myth less than a week ago. Getting the last piece of material at 7:35 pm on Fri., the 2nd, I in a spurt of idiocy said let's get unterHelios out for the Dcon which a number of us are going to. It's been constant foul-ups ever since but we're finally about to finish. I had thought putting out a fanzine would be fun! The last five days have been obscene caricatures of hopeless toil interspersed with hellish hours of ridiculous frustration, perverse typing, Gestetner sadism and mutilation, fear of not getting finished and overall desperation. I guess it was fun, too, in masochistic sort of way.



I'm desperately looking for suggestions about easier ways of doing this. In fact improvement has to be our name. The second issue is already starting to look interesting and it will probably be more pages than this issue. Me .. I.. After seeing both we and I in editorials, now what is supposed to be used? From now on I'll be definitely wrong. I'll use me. Me is asking for criticism, complaints, comments and commendations.

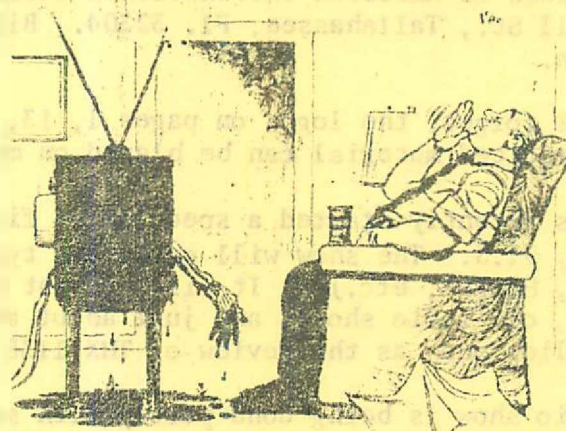
Me is a media nut in addition to being a fan.. Since me is using one type of media and is interested in all types of media especially mass media, me will be using additional media developments in experiments of style, content and presentation. Let me know your ideas. WPITE!

Me is interested in articles, reviews, etc. which concern science, fiction and fantasy, and their use and presentation in all types of media. Whether it be



a simple discussion between fans, a lecture at a university, or a radio re-broadcast of WAR OF THE WORLDS. He is publishing this fanzine to use a medium to represent other media on topics related to sf and fantasy.

Lest I sound much too serious and dull in the material, I'll get rid of the ME and talk plain. I'll gladly run reviews and criticisms of films. NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD to 2001, articles on TV shows from the TWILIGHT ZONE to the Evening News (which is the same thing) to STAR TREK, comments on mags from PLAYBOY to WEIRD TALES, in fact on any medium, fanzines, of course, radio or even live shows. If I like a piece, it doesn't even have to be on a related topic, witness the Howdy Doody article this issue--it was interesting to me.



This whole outlook is just an experiment and I'd like your comments on it. I don't expect and don't even want complete issues of media oriented material. I like faanish material and am certainly looking for some. To me fannishness is harded to keep at a consistently good level because there so few good fannish writers.

Now about some comments on the material this issue. My thanks go to William Black for permission to reprint our art cover by Stu Smith. This is one item I plan to keep, good art on heavy stock. Start a collection. And you good fan artists, how about sending some material. Artwork on the covers is mostly metal plate offset. All three are offset this time. The unterHelios cover this issue was done also by Black and it is an excellent example of sf comic art.

Most sf fans look down on comic art. Why? Some of it is excellant. The only difference is that comic art usually has action or tension in the picture while most sf art is mood or setting illustrations. Can someone with a better background comment or explain this.

Since I go to Florida State Univ., some excellent artwork was brought to my attention by Brad Linaweaver. The pieces on pages 7,11,and 13 by Bruce Ammerman are courtesy of the Young Americans for Freedom newsletter..

Just noticed a few things missing from the T of C: Mediatus is the review column for all reviews: films, books, television, magazines or even comics. Reviews this issue are only on films. The two film reviews are on THX 1138, p. 18, and ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, P. 20. Both reviews are by Brad Linaweaver.

Also missing is the scholarly discussion between Bud Linabeaver and Ricky Gall. This discussion is on page 12.

Two other fanzines are published by members of the staff. Rich Small publishes SPECIALS SERIES a 1.PLASTIC ORACLE. SPECIALS SERIES is a one-shot devoted to the fundamentals of collecting newspaper comic strips, \$1.; PLASTIC ORACLE IS a humorzine, 35¢. Rich's address: 117 S. Meridian St. #3, Tallahassee, Fl 32301.

William Black puts out the excellent PARAGON ILLUSTRATED, which has comic strips and reviews of American International horror films, \$1. Paragon Publications, 701 Shell St., Tallahassee, Fl. 32304. Bill is planning new projects to be coming out soon.

Before I forget, the logos on pages 1, 13, 23, 28, 29 are the work of Rich Small. All uncredited material can be blamed on me.

Brad has recently started a speculative fiction radio show on the F. S. U. station, WFSU-FM, 91.5. The show will cover any type of imaginative fiction (SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, etc.) . It will present news, interviews, debates, parodies, reviews, old radio shows, and just about anything else, even adaptations from unterHelios such as the review of THX 1138 which they will use.

The radio show is being done partly with some non-credit courses in sf & fantasy film.. Brad is constantly looking for more info that can be presented on the radio or in the class so if you have something why not write him. Write to: DIMENSIONS BEYOND, Brad Linaweaver, Box U-0921, Florida State Univ., Tallahassee, Fl 32306

In cooperation with DIMENSIONS BEYOND, I was able to get permission to print an interview with playwright Frank Gagliano. The interview will be broadcast in the fall but I will be printing it in parts. Mr. Gagliano has been playwright-in-residence at Florid State for two years and he is now officially joining the faculty and will head the playwriting program.

Some of his fantastical oriented plays have been: THE PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA, THE HIDE AND SEEK ODYSSEY OF MADELINE GIMPLE, FATHER UXBRIDGE WANTS TO MARRY, NIGHT OF THE DUNCE, and BIG SUR. He is currently working on a number of fantasy oriented items including a trilogy of horror plays called IN THE VODOO PARLOR OF MARIE LA VEAU. Heading his current projects is a play called QUASIMODO, based on the THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. Mr. Gagliano was asked to do the play and he is making QUASIMODO into a musical. As he says "a 20th century playwright making a musical from an 18th century novel based in Medieval France" is quite a feat!




WRITE!!

JoeD



# The Prince of Peasant- mania



an interview with fantasy  
playwright Frank Gagliano  
interview by Warren Williams

Could you tell us something about how you got started writing plays?

This is always a tough one. It happened so long ago. I actually started writing plays when I was in elementary school. I wrote some radio plays back then and when I was in high school. I fortunately went to a high school where I was encouraged to write plays. The whole theater situation was rather active and I became involved in it.

I had no thought at the time of being a writer particularly, but I liked the theater and had some kind of a impulse for it. I acted and directed shows and then began writing, or continued the writing which I had first started in radio plays. I stayed with it through college and I tried other things- stories and books. I really had no knowledge of them and they all turned out to be glazed.

In the meantime I continued to do some acting and some directing and learn a little about the whole craft as much as I could, as well as majoring in acting, and finally narrowed in on writing. As a matter of fact, I went out to the University of Idaho and took



a creative writing course out there. I tried my hand at it, but finally decided that plays were my thing and so I continued that kind of writing. So it goes way back and I always had an impulse for it and, no matter what I do, it all turns out to be plays.

*Well, I'm sure that plays are a different type of media than a novel and in particular, the fantasy type plays you want to do. Could you tell us what the major difference seems to be?*

I would guess that the major difference, not written much in the way of stories, between a play and a prose fiction, is a certain type of compression that is needed on the stage that you don't find in novels or any other kind of fiction. It's a compression that involves dialogue and it involves action though it's being performed at the moment that the actors are being observed by an audience. The play is being told to the audience by the medium of actors and that makes all the difference. That necessitates a certain kind of compression technique that one doesn't need in fiction. It would take a long time to go into, but it is this kind of compression that is needed for the stage, because it's the action that is happening at the moment that makes the play different from the novel.

Now as for fantasy, the same is true. I am saying this is true in all kinds of plays, including fantasy. It's the thing happening at the moment the audience is seeing it, that makes the difference.

In fantasy or the stage, it very often involves much more in the way of stage effects, mechanics, lighting and sound - this sort of thing that you would not find in realistic plays. On the other hand, I am thinking about this as you asked the question. Most of the plays I've ever written are fantasies of some sort, or to put it another way, I think they're nightmares. I've written only one realistic play, if you could conceivably call any play realistic. Even that has elements of strangeness and something bizarre that you might consider going into the fantasy level, otherwise, most of the other plays I've written are nightmares of one sort or another. You might think there is something strange about them. Like a nightmare, is strange, you know? A nightmare might have elements of something recognizable, yet the way the nightmare is put together is often funny and distorted. It's sick, a strange angular vision compressed into a particular way that doesn't seem to add up at times. Very often there seems to be forces at work that one can't quite comprehend or put his finger on.

Many of my plays are like this so when I actually get into writing what you would call out and out fantasies, like the PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA and a children's play I wrote called the HIDE AND SEEK ODYSSEY OF MADELINE GIMPLE which was also performed at F.S.U., it wasn't a difficult thing to do and there wasn't that large of a mode to overcome. I just sort of stepped into another realm, yes, but it was really an extension of the type of play I was doing anyway which was somewhat fantastical.

I hope that answers you. I'm not quite sure what the question was at this point. It occurs to me though, that I really have been doing fantasy all along. Something in the way of fantasy or horror might really be called a nightmare. I guess that's what a fantasy is in a way, kind of a nightmare situation.



*You mentioned that special effects give you certain limitations with respect to writing the fantasy which you do not have, for instance, if you were writing a script for television.*

On the contrary, it is not limited at all but I see what you mean. I have written for television; it's all technical effects. It's a fact that what you don't put in yourself, the station director puts in.

On the stage you are limited more and you use the effects in a fantasy to free you as to time and space. I was very aware of this when I wrote my first children's play, MADELINE GIMPLE, because I instinctively felt that the area of spectacle would be very important for children, that they really want this visual effect. There are odd things that adults do too, but they, being sophisticated, deny it but children expect it. It's what children's plays are all about; you expect to let the imagination go and be as free-flowing as possible and the stage effects do help you to achieve this. I do find that when I was working on the children's play, I would consciously try. My children's play is an odyssey of a girl who goes into her own fantasies to find herself. She enters a series of adventures that may or may not be real, but are real to her. Her adventures take on a very fantastical horror, by the situation she gets into and I was very conscious of using both sound and visual effects to enhance her journey. In fact the effects did help me when I was writing. I wrote the PRINCE at about the same time and HIDE AND SEEK ODYSSEY helped me in writing the PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA, which was an adult play but also a fantasy. Those effects did help to free me and enabled me to create a whole sense of another world.

Again though, I have used sound and visual effects on the stage a lot, especially sound effects. In the PRINCE I used a lot more and there was more call for visual effects as well. In all my contemporary adult plays, I've always used a lot of sound, more than most other writers do, to create a kind of another-world atmosphere and to feel out the atmosphere. It worked very well with the theater and that whole area of sound is just beginning to be appreciated and understood.

The point is that the media is being used more now in the theater to create a fantastic atmosphere. I have used these effects very definitively in these fantasies. The effects tend to free the audience and aid their accepting any imaginative journey you want to take them on, if nothing else. In addition to that, the various techniques in a theater are suggested or hinted at, but in the scripts for the children's play and the PRINCE, I indicated a lot of the effects.



AMBERMAN



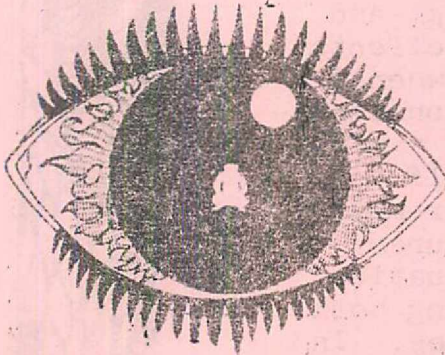
In plays in which I want specific sound effects, I try to build an atmosphere through the dialogue and through what's happening and hope that the theater practitioners, who are craftsmen themselves, would grasp that atmosphere and then contribute their own atmosphere to it. In the PRINCE and HIDE AND SEEK ODYSSEY, I specifically and deliberately had a lot of effects spelled out... For example, the eye in PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA was accompanied by a specific sound effect each time the eye was lowered down. The same sound effect was used each time the eye came down and became the theme of the eye. And there were other things. In one instance, organ background music was used in the cardinal scene.

*When you write your fantasy plays, I'm sure that you must have certain characters and effects in mind. Do you find that they often turn out differently from what you initially expect?*

They always turn out differently. . .

That's one of the differences between the theater and other forms of fiction. Plays always come out differently from what you expect because you're dealing with so many others.

The written play is not the final product. It is not the written word and one reader. That's not the final result. The final result has to do with a lot of craftsmen, actors, stage hands, designers, lighting people and sound people--everyone interpreting your work for an audience, who itself is another element that has to be dealt with. I can't think of a time when anything came out as I originally had it in my head.



On the other hand, what often happens is that you get something better, or as interesting, or something that doesn't violate what you originally had in mind. One of the interesting things about plays is that you have all kinds of choices and possibilities to lengthen what you are trying to say. As I said, I have rarely seen a time when a play came out the same way as what I had in mind. Usually, by the time I'm through with rehearsal, I have forgotten what was initially in my mind anyway, because whatever the production is that is evolving, then becomes the atmosphere. Since I'm involved with it and try to shape it, I'm involved with the final result of the first production. Yet if I think about my intentions and go back to what I saw in my mind, it's rarely the same. On top of that, even if I specifically indicated an effect I want--say a sound effect--I can't be sure that it will come out as I want it.

I worked with a marvelous man who built sound in a musical way and almost always came up with something better than what I had imagined. The result is not what I expected or thought it would sound like at

all. This happens all the time. I suspect it's one of the reasons why most people don't want to work in a theater. Many values won't work in a theater because the interpretation is so open to these varying and different choices. This is one of the things I happen to like and find exiting, but it could be very infuriating when it doesn't work.

*When you go about writing a novel, you usually start with a plot outline and end up working in the first or third person. When you are going to stage media, it seems that the audience acts as a second person for themselves and what the playwright must do is write for them entirely. So, how would you go about creating a fantasy for the stage in this sort of position?*

It would be no different from my normal style. The basic idea is something like the PRINCE, which was a fantasy. The play dealt with an imaginary kingdom in which magical things happened. In the kingdom, there are people practicing magic and all kinds of things, which would not occur in a contemporary situation, keep happening. Before I can create that world, my job is to make it as real a world as any other world, so I don't know what the answer is, I guess. It is a question of lashing into the atmosphere of that world and letting the characters get into it, and making it possible for them to exist in that world.

I wrote a play about a man who has a amnesia and the entire thing takes place on a New York subway platform. The character on the platform has a whole set of strange problems. There are encounters with people that in reality he would not have if he still retained his memory. My job was to intensify the thing and make that world real.

It seems that most people accepted the things that happened as fact. There is a blind man who is the strangest blind man anyone has ever met, but more or less, everyone recognises a blind man. There is also a girl, so these things are recognizable, yet the way I put it together was very strange and nightmarish.





The job of fantasy is absolutely the same, except that my characters again can't appear in PEASANTMANIA. Even the Prince was in his own nightmare, his own world, his own atmosphere and I built that up within the play itself. There is a segment in PEASANTMANIA when I couldn't bring in the Prince because that would violate the atmosphere. My job was then to structure PEASANTMANIA with its own reality and that is how I worked it.

I had royalty and I felt they had to have throne rooms and people fighting for the throne and that kind of thing. After accepting this particular reality, I had to deal with it and it ceased to be a fantasy with me. Magic happened in that world and I think one has to get into the feeling of it.

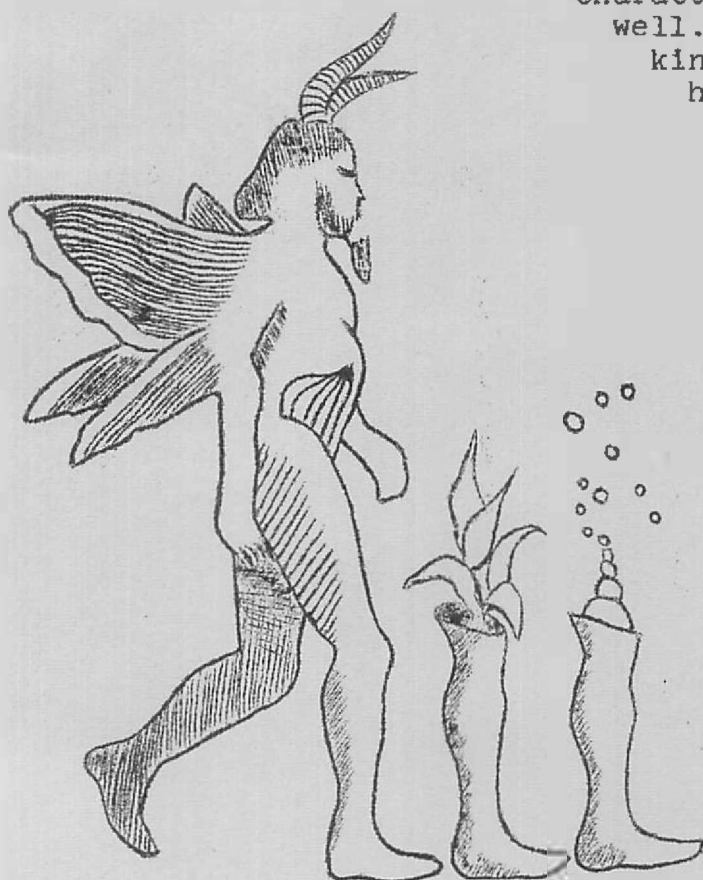
What's important to me as a writer, is to look into an atmosphere of the play I'm doing. The atmosphere of the fantasy world is somehow... What? Juicier or fruitier, or you know, it's something more. It's bigger than life. It does have a larger dimension, a strange dimension. It may make it harder or easier for me, depending on my imagination and ability to look into that world, but that's the job.

I really can't start until I accept myself as a member of that world. The differences become not the reality of the style of the play, but the ability to make that world and function in it. If I can function

in that world, I get to understand the atmosphere and can see it. Then my characters can fit in that world as well. Then, once making it the kind of world where anything can happen and someone can go 'zap' and somebody else is paralyzed. Once I accept that is the way it happened, then it happens and generally other people can accept it as well as I do. If

I absolutely believe that something in that world can happen, then other people will believe that such things could happen too.

One person once asked me, "Why bother with fantasy?" That was an interesting question, why write it. One critic felt that playwrights resort to writing fantasy when they want to say something about contemporary problems



or something that's very obvious. The critic felt that you wrote fantasy only when you had something to hide or were in a totalitarian country. When these writers use a fantasy form, they do it to cover something else up. I really don't know why fairytales appeal to me. I think they appeal to a lot of people, but they don't appeal to everyone, though, and I think it would be interesting to find out why. Why a fantasy as opposed to reality? As for myself, I really don't know the answer. I wanted to do fantasy and I don't think you have to know the answer.

You indicated that there is a need for people to create in this way. To say something in a fantastical way while creating a world that is fantastic and for people to appreciate it. There is little of this, too little. I suspect it is because of basic childhood things, something to do with the imagination as we grow older and are made to conform

We have a desire to free ourselves, to free our imagination, to go into another world, to make up things, to become stronger -- there is a need for this. Children accept this. I don't really know why I chose this form except that once I did, I accepted a world where these things were happening and a lot of us have to accept them.

I was able to work and my task became my task alone. My tasks in all my plays involve creating characters, making things happen, creating actions that move the plot ahead, trying to make and reveal things through the characters' dialogue, trying to keep it moving, etc. These kinds of things work toward climaxes but the usual problem is still compressing all these things.

Another thing, and I don't know if this is generally true, but with fantasy on the stage, I do tend to think of the inclusion of music as well.

It's funny but I've never written science fiction or what I understand science fiction to be. My term is something that I see in terms of the future. I have worked with a fairytale that might be in the future or in the present. It was PEASANTMANIA. I made up an island somewhere but it's not basically a science fiction story.

There are few science fiction plays that I can think of: off hand I can only think of one by Art Schomberg on the radio. He did a lot of radio science fiction in the 30's and 40's. But generally there is little science fiction in the theater. Mostly it is fantasy.

A good fantasy play that I think of is GREEN PASTURES which was a great American classic play that took the Bible, treated it with a black cast and made it look very fantastical, using a lot of Negro hymns.

I automatically think of and come back to music. I put music in and this is a difference between a play and a novel. A novel can't deal with music but for me, I can use it to heighten action. The very fact that people come out and start to sing is accepted by the audience. I even tried to do live bits of music in the PRINCE. To me it is a part of the fantasy element. You don't do that in reality. We want to but we don't. I think most fantasies you find on the stage have music to heighten the atmosphere, to compress into a tight situation. This is one of the big differences of the stage.



## A SCHOLARLY DISCUSSION BETWEEN BUD LINABEAVER AND RICKY GALL

Bud Linabeaver: Ricky Gall, alias Rill Botsler, eh? Isn't he the fan addicted to graphics plagiarism, who incidently never rose above the literary level of funny-books?

Ricky Gall: Perhaps I do "borrow", that is swipe occasionally, but I never copy or trace directly from an original, as you do under an "ahem" obviouz pseudonym.

B.L. Easy, Rick, easy. I know how severe your attacks are. Especially, when you start to imagine things and consequently screw up the fanzine. Concerning the latter--you certainly did a typical proof-reading job by neglecting the typist's omission of the film reviews of THX and the new APES flick on unterHelios' contents page. Not to mention the leaving out of a certain byline! Nothing like incomplete contents to set the mood for a Hokey Dude freak-out!

R.G. Obviously you have not the intelligence to appreciate the sterling layout of our New Wave contents page. Since you are always complaining that those asinine film reviews are the worst thing in this issue, I'd think that you would have preferred them left out. Not only on the contents page, but in the entire issue.

B.L. Alas, the "mind" of Ricky Gall has decided to go on vacation to mystic Tallahickie, with a one-way ticket yet! Would I knock those great film reviews when I love films and reviews? If only Rick could get over being editor of PLASTIC BORE.

R.G. I'm glad you agree with me on those asinine film reviews. Naturally being the envious neo that you are, I expected you would take a poke at my outstanding humorzine, out of jealousy because you lack one of your own. Though you lack all signs of talent, I'm sure you'll one day manage to put out a fanzine on the level with that sterling fanzine FUC-KIT.

B.L. What was the question?

R.G. What was your answer?

B.L. Rick Gall is a true wit. Or at least I'm half right.

R.G. At least I don't carry an umbrella around in my hip pocket.

B.L. Are you trying to get in the last word?

R.G. Not really.

# SAY KIDS, WHAT TIME IS IT?

by Richard Small

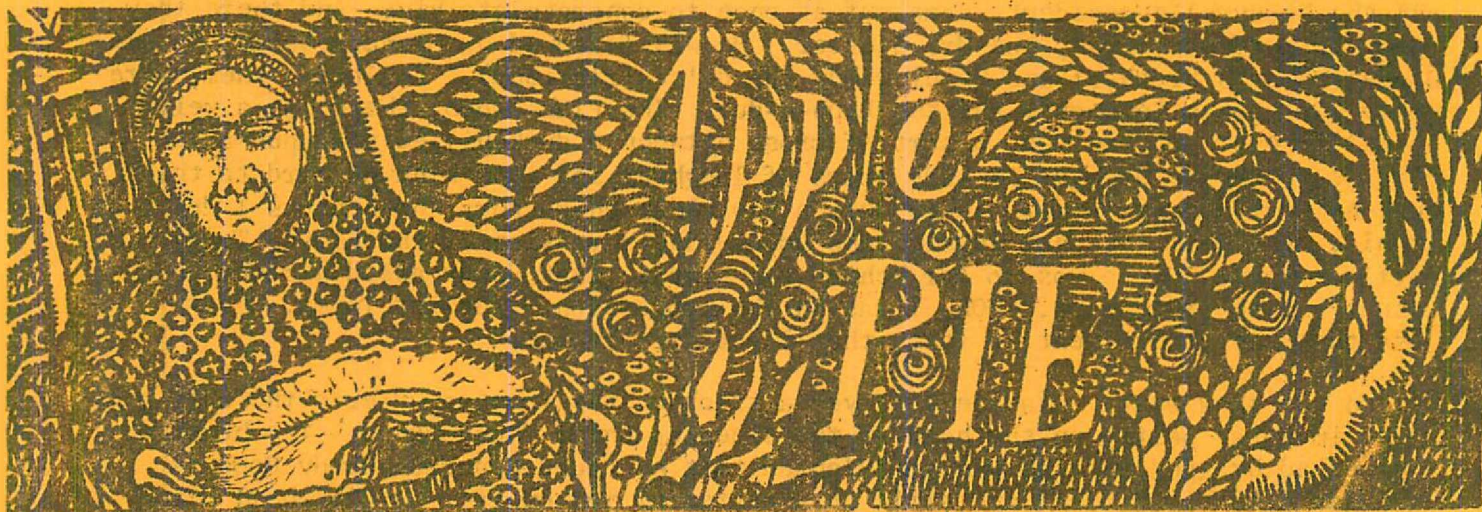
He came out...his familiar face...that familiar smile...

"SAY KIDS, WHAT TIME IS IT?"

There was never any doubt in your heart, or in the hearts of 10,000,000 other kids accross America, as you all screamed out that happy reply...

"IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME!"

Yes, Buffalo Bob Smith, the man who created Howdy Doody and brought millions of kids hours of enjoyment from 1947 to 1960, is back. During those thirteen years, The Howdy Doody show was almost synonamous with America and all the other things that stood for America back then as well as:



Though the Howdy Doody Show died eleven years ago, Buffalo Bob was still around and going strong and is now barnstorming accross the nation with his revived Howdy Doody Show. It was at Florida State University in Tallahassee, Florida that I saw the revived show in May, 1971. Buffalo Bob brought back none of the old gang, now long disbanded, but he did bring along part of his old Howdy Doody Show 'song and dance' act. Unfortunately, we didn't get to see Howdy Doody or any of the other puppets. The man who created them has them and was unwilling to let them accompany Buffalo Bob for fear of loss or damage. So, all that we had of the cast of the original show was Buffalo Bob.

However, along with his song and dance act, Buffalo Bob brought a film of the 10th Anniversery show of Howdy Doody, which was originally broadcast in 1957. This show was done in a "This Is Your Life" format and at the beginning of the show, Ralph Edwards came on in a cameo appearence, saying those classic words, "THIS IS YOUR LIFE, HOWDY DOODY!" Buffalo Bob took over from there and proceeded in the same way that Edwards did in any typical "This Is Your Life" program. In the Edwards style, Buffalo Bob introduced three of the eight kids who were in the first television





HOWDY DOODY

Peanut Gallery (the 'studio' audience). These kids had long since grown up, were 19-23 years of age and college students. After they went off, Clarabell the Clown, Pierre the Chef and Chief Thunderthud, the human members of the Howdy Doody cast, were introduced in a similiar manner. It was a grand occassion. It was Howdy Doody's 10th birthday.

Buffalo Bob and Howdy reminisced...how it all had started. Then, Howdy began to notice that only the human members of the show's cast had appeared. So far, not one puppet, not one member of the Doodyville gang had shown up. Today was his birthday and none of his Doodyville friends were there. Where could they be? Howdy began to wonder. It was then he guessed that Mr. Bluster was playing one of his all too frequent

tricks. While we kids were wondering if this horrible thing could really be true, Buffalo Bob moved in closer to the camera (so Howdy couldn't hear) and clued us in. Mr. Bluster was going to spring a pleasant surprize on Howdy and was going to have all the Doodyville residents come out at once to congratulate him. And there they came. First, of course, was Mr. Bluster. He was followed by Grandpa Doody, Double Doody (Howdy's brother) and Heidi Doody (Howdy's girlfriend). Following them, were Dilly Dally, the Inspector and the Flub-a-dub. The Flub-a-dub; there was a weird animal if ever you saw one, a sort of cross between a duck-billed platypus and a giraffe. But, he brought us kids hours of laughter and it's kind of hard to think that he's no longer there. There were a few minor characters whose names I don't recall. And last, but not least, came Doodyville's version of the Flash, Tommy Turtle. Tommy Turtle was so far behind the others, that Howdy asked him why he wasn't in the procession. "Oh, I was in the procession," replied Tommy. "It's just that the others went so fast, that I got left behind."

So, on the show went. Clarabell played a trick on the trusting Pierre the Chef and made him spray pastry on the head of the sleeping Chief Thunderthud. The boastful Pierre had bragged that he was so talented that he could decorate Howdy Doody's birthday cake blindfolded and still do a masterful job on it. So Clarabell blindfolded the chef, but pointed him in the direction of the sleeping chief, instead. You can imagine what happened when Chief Thunderthud woke up and found that he was being used as a birthday cake. It was only through great perserverence that Buffalo Bob was able to convince the angry chief that he didn't need two more scalps in his wigwam that day. In another spurt of pure ingenuity, Clarabell was able to prove that  $3 \times 3 = 10$ . Of course it was a trick and as kids back in 1957, we could see how he pulled it off, but Buffalo Bob never could seem to figure it out. When we were kids, those many long years ago, it was nice to know that grownups could be fooled too.

It was time for a commercial. And the commercial was a classic one, for as every regular watcher knew, there were two companies that did the bulk of the advertising on the Howdy Doody Show; the Hostess Company and the makers of Wonderbread. Wonderbread; it builds strong bodies twelve way. And who could forget Hostess Twinkies, with the creme filling in the middle. Thrown in for good measure on a station break was a plug for the Ruff and Ready Show (They're tuff and steady, they're always ruff and ready. They may fight like dogs and cats, but when they need each other, that's when they're ruff and ready).

From this point on, the filmed show kind of went downhill. The rest seemed to be little more than a baby "beauty contest", in which proud parents submitted photos

of their young sons and daughters. The judges were to pick the ten (out of 250,000 entries) who had the prettiest smiles. The rest of the show consisted of Buffalo Bob getting the ten kids on stage one-by-one (ala Art Linkletter) and interviewing them, while getting each to show his or her winning smile. After the winners had been shown off, it was about time for Buffalo Bob to come out and windup the show.

This wasn't the greatest Howdy Doody Show I've ever seen, but for the purposes of Buffalo Bob's revival it was the best, because it did contain all the Howdy Doody Show characters. However, there wasn't much of a choice of which of the various shows to present. The Howdy Doody Show was broadcast live and tapes were made of only a very few of the shows. Except for our memories, the rest are lost forever. No, it wasn't the best show, but at least we did get to see all the characters. All that is, except for Princess SummerFall WinterSpring, for the girl who played the Princess was killed in an automobile accident in early 1957.

The film of the 1957 show was over. Now, it was 1971 and time for us to see the man we had been waiting for. He rushed out on the stage, his strong voice booming out that old familiar cry, "SAY KIDS, WHAT TIME IS IT?"

The audience screamed in one huge voice, "IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME!". Everywhere people began standing up. Singly at first, then in groups until everyone was on his feet in a standing ovation that lasted 5 minutes. Then Buffalo Bob went into his act and an act it was, all carefully rehearsed. You could tell. He started off with a few songs, playing the piano that was on the stage and singing (and getting the students in the audience to follow). First came the Howdy Doody theme song and later the Clarabell Song (Who's the funniest clown of all?..... Clarabell...). Then, he told a few stories of behind the scenes occurrences in the show, asked for questions from the audience and told a few jokes. After that, starting with a couple of more songs, he went through the whole cycle again; the songs, the jokes, the anecdotes, all different. He did this about three or four times and then finished off the show with an original act of his own.

Oh, some of the questions were prompted: the people were cued. You could tell. Much of his non-singing act was built around having certain questions asked. Without those questions, he couldn't have comfortably presented part of his act. Still, it was fun sitting in the audience, listening to how the show got started and evolved over time.

Originally, in 1947, Buffalo Bob had a childrens radio show which supposedly took place in a western locale.(the BBB Ranch...The Buffalo Bob Bar Ranch). There were no puppets (or rather voices of what would have been puppets, since this was radio) on the show, whatsoever. Then, one of the engineers suggested that Buffalo Bob make up a character and do the voice of the character. For kicks, Buffalo Bob decided to work something up. He came up with Elmer, a rather dullwitted character, with a Mortimer Snerd voice. At the beginning and end of each show, Elmer (Buffalo Bob) would come out and say "Howdy Doody, everybody. Howdy Doody."

Well, they had a sort of peanut gallery back in those days and kids would come in to be in the show's studio audience. After Buffalo Bob had finished a show, a couple of kids would usually come up and ask why Howdy Doody didn't come on the show. They thought he was a real character and not just an oft-repeated phrase of the inept Elmer. This set Buffalo Bob to thinking and if the kids really wanted a character named Howdy Doody, why not give them one? Later, he approached a NBC-TV executive and in December of 1947, Howdy Doody had his own



MR. BLUSTER



TV show. In the last couple of weeks of the radio show, Elmer was gradually phased out while Howdy Doody was eased in.



CLARABELL

But, wait! Where was Howdy Doody? No puppet (just a voice) had been created, so how could he have his own television show? The show was called the Howdy Doody Show from the first but, since no puppet had been made, Howdy made no physical appearances for the first few shows. For the first two weeks, Howdy Doody was cast as a puppet who was too shy to come out and meet the public. Instead, he stayed hidden in a closed desk drawer. In two weeks time the puppet was ready and with much ballyhoo, Howdy Doody came out of his drawer and made his physical debut on TV.

While on the subject of early Howdy Doody—who was the voice of Howdy Doody? None other than Buffalo Bob Smith. Yet, that would seem to be impossible, for Buffalo Bob was often talking at the same time as Howdy. As it turned out, to make the work of the human actors easier (they were the voices for several of the other puppets) the voices of the puppets were prerecorded and dubbed in at the appropriate times.

And now about Clarabell! The first Clarabell, Bob Keeshan, was not planned as a character in the early shows and got his start by accident. Keeshan was one of the workers on Buffalo Bob's radio show and when Buffalo Bob went on television, Keeshan went along as a cue card holder. Then one night, when Buffalo Bob was awarding prizes to the kids in the Peanut Gallery, he needed someone to bring the prizes from backstage to him. He looked around and since Bob Keeshan was the closest person (to the prizes) he asked him "Bob, will you bring me the prizes?" Keeshan complied and walked out on stage to hand Buffalo Bob the prizes. As it was kind of hot in the studio, Keeshan was just wearing slacks and a tee-shirt. When Buffalo Bob got the prizes, he said "Thanks Bob." To which Keeshan replied, "There is only one Bob and that's Buffalo Bob." The producer happened to see that show and called Buffalo Bob up, telling him that if he were going to have that guy (Keeshan) on the show, he ought to at least dress him up somehow. Since Keeshan had said a couple of words on the show, the producer asked Buffalo Bob not to allow Keeshan to say anything else because they would have to pay him a higher salary. It seems that as a walk-on, the producer could pay him at the same old rate he had been getting. However, once Keeshan started speaking, he would have to be paid actors wages. Thus Clarabell started out as a non-speaking clown simply as an economic measure.

That Clarabell was a clown at all was also due to chance. After Buffalo Bob had decided to use Keeshan in the show, he had to get him a costume and sent him down to the wardrobe room to try things on. As it turned out, the only thing that fit Keeshan was a blue and white clown suit. And so, that was the way that Bob Keeshan became Clarabell the Clown (the name was dreamed up later in a studio idea session).

But the transformation wasn't quite complete. No one on the show knew much of anything about makeup (at least not about the elaborate makeup required for a clown's face), so Keeshan was a clown from the neck down, but remained a normal person from the neck up. Keeshan remained in this semi-clown state for a short while until Emmett Kelly and a couple of other clowns from the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus guest starred on the Howdy Doody Show and saw Keeshan's unmadeup face. So the next time they came back to the show, they brought some makeup and gave Clarabell the grinning face which was to become so familiar.

Though he wasn't permitted to speak, at first, out of economic reasons, Keeshan was soon given a pay raise. He was kept voiceless, because of the air of mystery his voicelessness created. However, Clarabell did speak. On the last Howdy Doody show broadcast in 1960, Clarabell came on at the beginning with a sign that said "I have a surprise". All through the show everybody wondered what the surprise was, but as the final show approached its end, Clarabell still had not sprung his surprise. Time was running out and there were only a few seconds left when Buffalo Bob said, "Clarabell, if you're going to show us your surprise, you'd better do it now." Then with only seconds left, Clarabell got in front of the camera and snook. "Goodbye kids."

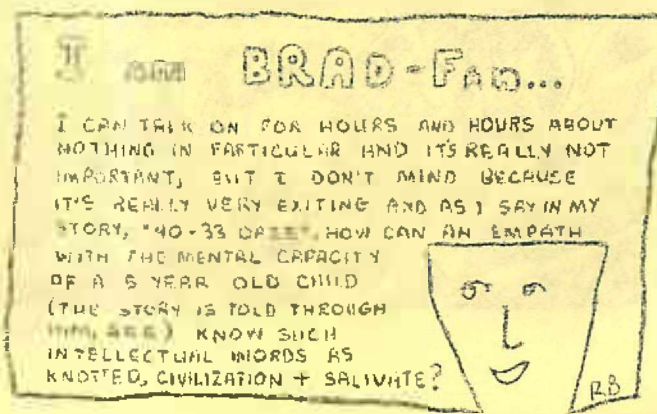
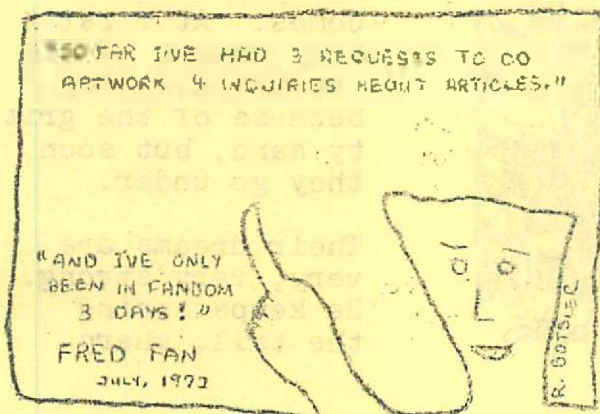
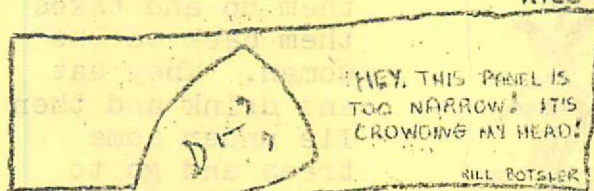
Buffalo Bob's entire revival show was like that. It brought back memories that had been forgotten years ago. It was a trip into the past. Living for a few hours with all that nostalgia as Buffalo Bob joked around and brought up even more memories. He led us in all the Howdy Doody songs and even a few non-Howdy songs as the Mickey Mouse Club song (Who's the leader of the gang that's great for you and me. M..I..C..K..E..Y.....M..O..U..S..E..) and the Pinky Lee song (Who's the funniest man around...Pinky Lee).

Buffalo Bob has changed his act even more and has added a few propot and antiAgnew jokes of his own, which he felt would be popular with college students. All through his act, you could you could feel the vivacity of his performer. His liveliness and enthusiasm carried around to all who listened and were his fans. It was a wonderful show and helped to bring back happy memories of our long forgotten childhoods.

One thing I found interesting though. Buffalo Bob said he had updated his act for the current college students who were his biggest fans. The Howdy Doody Show went off the air eleven years ago. Assuming the average age of college students to be 18-22, many of the current college students were no more than 7-12 when the show went off the air. There were very few students at the show who had watched the TV show in the late 40's and early 50's. Those who had watched the show had graduated. Yes, Buffalo Bob, you almost came too late. In two or three more years, there would be few, indeed, in college who would remember Howdy Doody. But judging from the size of the packed ballroom (where the show was held) there were quite a few who still remembered. I remembered.

Thanks, Buffalo Bob.

#### RILL BOTSLEK ART FOLIO





# SEVEN DAYS

by Brad Linaweaver

## First Day

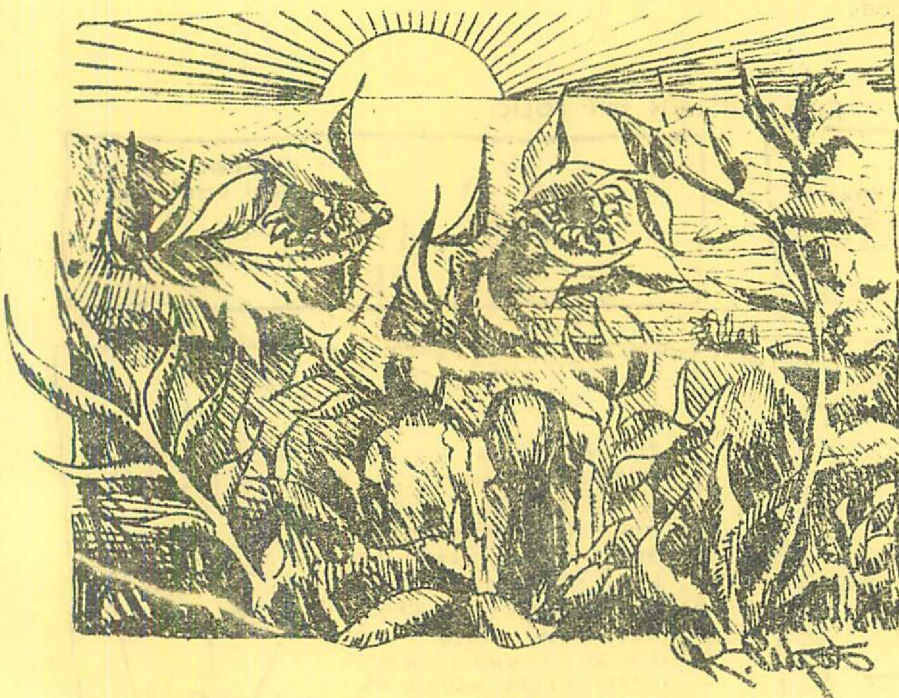
Two people come out of the water onto the beach. They are a man and a woman. I recognize the difference between them because of the other time. But the others weren't exhausted like these are. They are so weary and the woman keeps looking in dull shock at the liquid on her body. It is a wetness different from the sea water. It is a wetness which comes from inside her. The man moves to wipe it off but she collapses on the sand. The man comes down hard, too, and for a while they just lay on their backs gasping and breathing and trying not to choke. The pounding of the surf relaxes their tensions; then the man quietly wipes away the liquid from the woman and applies a powder from a pouch on his belt. She feels sharp pain but knows it is cleansing so she lets him do it.

After that he says food and water must be found before dusk, since he is very unhappy that they lost their supplies in a shipwreck. She speaks sorrow about their two friends who are now dead. This sorrow feels differently from the man's sadness over the loss of food and water.

He comes inland and I go blank because I don't want them to find me and have to go through what happened the other time. I watch him

smile and I feel his happiness when he finds the water-pool and berries and cocoanuts. He gathers some of them up and takes them back to the woman. They eat and drink and then lie under some trees and go to sleep as night comes. At first they have a little trouble sleeping because of the gritty sand, but soon they go under.

Their dreams are very, very strong. He keeps seeing the tall, sharp



waves of a dark, heaving sea. Twisting and turning, he dreams of the boat going under and his friends drowning in deep water. The woman keeps seeing the dead friends all white and floating - they are calling her back to security, to civilization...; they tell her not to be afraid. Both people feel very strong fear. It goes like this until morning.

### Second Day

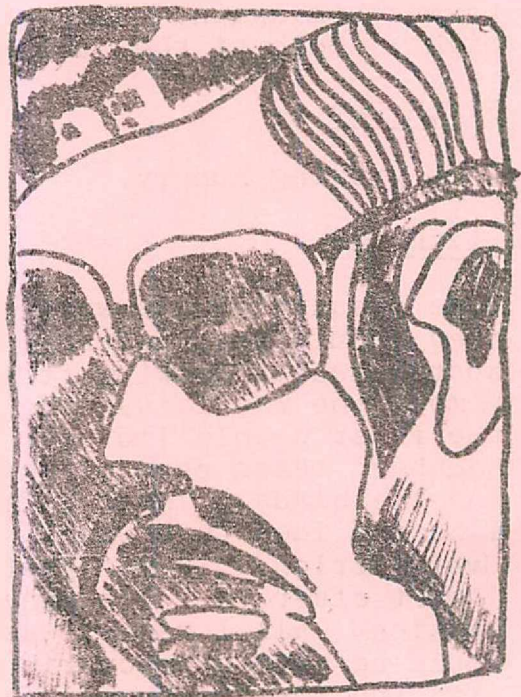
The man feels a new resolve and hopes to get off the island soon. He keeps reassuring his woman that everything will be alright and that she shouldn't be afraid. Her fear is still there but she manages to hide it more. She senses the man has submerged his fear with pride and self-confidence to enable him to do the job of leaving the island. He tells her he will be able to provide for their needs as long as they must stay, though he feels doubt deeper down.

When he comes inland again, I go blank. Like he said he would, the man starts collecting materials for a signal fire. I'm not as worried about him finding me as I am of the woman. The other time it was the woman who first sensed me. This woman is more sensitive than this man, also. I think it must be a pattern.

He collects an armload of tree parts and piles them up on the beach. Then he rubs dry sticks together until he makes a fire. The pile of tree parts becomes very hot and it finally goes ablaze. Not long after he has a big fire which he hopes civilization will see when flying overhead.

The man and woman talk more now. The desperation they feel is less than the other day. He repeatedly tells her that rescue will surely come in the next few days. They eat and drink like before. Then they both have to come inland to let out the food their bodies didn't want. I go blank.

He keeps feeding the fire and it goes that way through the afternoon and into the night. Before they go to sleep again he talks of making fish gear the next day. Asleep, this time their dreams are not as sharp. He sees himself yelling at the friend to turn. The boat goes under the waves like before --- the wind lashes. But then his mind drifts to the time he and the woman first put their bodies together and made big pleasure, though with some pain. She dreams of her homecoming and of all the shining friends telling her how brave she was back on the island. Their thoughts become very mixed up but all the emotions are there.





Third Day

Mostly it goes on like before. They talk about who was at fault for going out to sea when the dark storm was coming up. The friends are blamed, but then the man and woman speak big words of sorrow about the dead.

He decides to fish so he starts cutting a tree part and pulls out string from clothes. She collects clams for food, down at the ocean's edge. The signal fire burns. At one time he thinks he sees a rescue ship on the horizon, but he finds he is wrong. Three fish are caught. The people's mouths salivate more for the fish than the fruit. Night comes and they sleep again. Having become more used to the gritty sand, they are not kept awake by it. Both have very disjointed dreams. The man sees himself as a hero who saved his woman from the sometimes dark, sometimes light, sometimes flat, sometimes bumpy, always vast ocean. The woman dreams of an old movie she saw when she was small. It was about a rocketship on Mars and a huge monster which ate bubble-headed spacemen. She seems upset and troubled. This upsets me too. I remember the other woman and involuntarily go blank.

Fourth Day

I am afraid the woman is becoming aware. She looks in my direction more often now. I keep myself blank as often as possible, except when the strain is too great. I wish they would go. I am afraid it will happen again. She suspects something and tells the man there is another presence nearby, but he is too busy to notice.

They do the same things they have been doing - eating, drinking, fishing, lighting the fire, letting out parts of their bodies onto the ground, swimming, disposing of the food their bodies don't want, and resting. Time passes until the sky grows dark and sleep overtakes them again. They are more worried this night than the other night. Both of them think the rescue is overdue.

Fifth Day

I am growing hungry.

Sixth Day

Hope doesn't always work out the way I want it. I hoped so hard they should have left by now. But still they stay and my need for sustenance is growing stronger. It is bad. Bad, bad, bad! I remember the way it was the other time with the other two. They were the first people I'd ever seen. Up until then my needs for food had been taken care of by the fish and the whales and the turtles and the birds. Their life essences were pretty uncomplicated. But I had no idea that when I'd try people I would be hit with such Over-emotion. It was just too much. Not like other Eat-times. I hurt after it. Too many images, too much thought, too much emotion. All I wanted was their sustenance. How could I know there would be such overpowering emotion hits. That had never happened with the sea creatures.

Why did this man and woman come to this island? Why? WHY?  
 She is feeling heavy terror now. Even he begins to suspect. I have a severe need. Much worse is that I can't seem to take in other foods. Why don't I want sea things anymore? Why do I crave people again? I hurt the first time. I don't want to hurt again.

They are running out of things to burn. He has written S.O.S. very large in the sand. Nothing is coming for them in the sky or in the water. Somehow I am pleased. They must be taken in...NO! Why do I think such a thing? Wasn't the other time enough? It must be all the thinking I've done since then. How it would be easier the second time than the first. How I'd never had such a full experience before. It would be such a challenge to try again. Don't I have the courage to do it? They have eaten and eaten. Why shouldn't I?

But why must it be them? I was happy until people came into my life. What to do...the craving is big, my desire for them is big and it's getting so nothing else will do. The man and woman are growing restless - their emotions are growing stronger. I...I think this time I'm ready for bigger emotions. Perhaps this is part of growing up. I hope I have the courage to try them. But the memory of the other time makes it hard for me to decide.

### Seventh Day

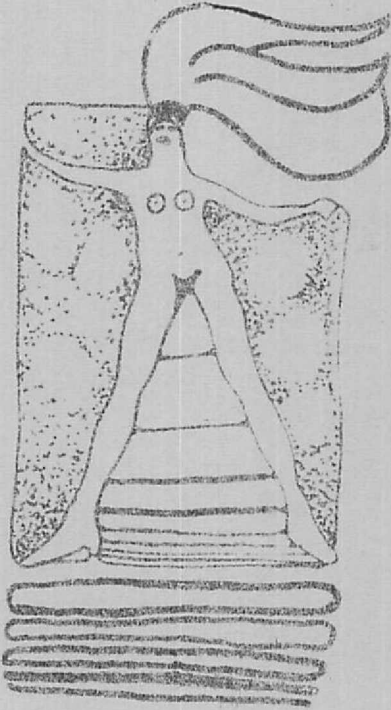
The people have made no change in their routine except to become more aware of me. She is definitely afraid now. He keeps searching for danger but I go blank as easily as before. Anyway it doesn't matter. My mind is made up. They will be taken into me. Their sustenance and emotions will feed me. This time I think I've matured enough to handle their kind.

It is funny I should have tried to avoid them at first when it was they who should have avoided me. It is funnier still that he has made a weapon - sticks knotted together and his knife is at the end. It won't matter. I am going to have them as soon as...Wait! There is a buzzing noise up above. The man and woman hear it and look up. They are happy over what they see. Their civilization is coming. I can feel the presence of a man above and his elation over seeing the signal fire's dimming blaze and the S.O.S. It won't matter.

The man and woman are running out onto the beach. I don't care. I've waited this long and now I'm going out and eat. She's turning toward me, I knew she'd be the one, and now her eyes grow wide and she screams. The man turns too and yells. The





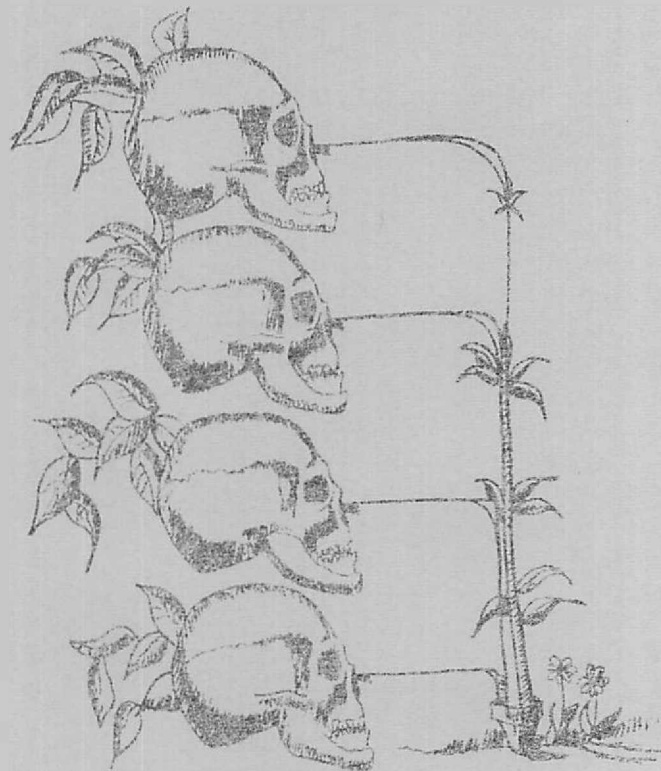


stick/knife is thrown, as if that could stop me. Their emotions are as severe as the others were, but I feel different this time.

I definitely have desire and so I Will their essence into me. The man goes first and is very direct and satisfying. I have no real pain and the pleasure is big! Now it's her turn and like the woman before her, she has more emotion to give me than the man. And I'm getting it all in with no trouble. I feel good and what's more I have such power from the nourishment..

Now I have no doubt. People ARE good. The first ones only seemed bad because they were the first and I was not prepared for their Over-emotion. Well, this time I handled it perfectly. I should never have underestimated myself.

I know I can enlarge the scope of my Will and take in essence from much farther away...The man flying above will make a good dessert.



# REEL-LIKES

23

a column by Michael Ogden

Well, the big news for film freaks (and serial fans in particular) is that, at long last, the Republic serials are available again. A rental company called IVY FILM/16 (120 East 56 St., New York City) has access to all Republic films and is releasing them in 16 mm. Not all the serials have been released as yet, but they will be shortly.

The bad part of the deal is their prices: the serials rent for \$15.00 per chapter or \$150 if the entire serial is rented at one time. (As a matter of fact, all of IVY's prices are excessively high.) On the brighter side, they claim that their prints are of "original negative quality".

For genuine serial addicts, though, no price is too high, (Wanna bet?), and IVY has them all: CAPTAIN MARVEL, ZORRO'S FIGHTING LEGION, SPY SMASHER, DAREDEVILS OF THE RED CIRCLE, etc.

Some other serials have also just become available in recent months. United Films (1425 South Main, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74119) has RETURN OF CHANDU at \$10 a chapter or \$100 if the entire serial is rented for the same day. Budget Films (4590 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029) has announced several additions to their serial library: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY, DON WINSLOW OF THE COAST GUARD, THE MIRACLE RIDER with Tom Mix, and BLAKE OF SCOTLAND YARD.

Also in the past few months, a number of older films that were thought to be lost or destroyed have been discovered. Of particular interest to fantasy and horror fans are the following: THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (the 1932 Boris Karloff film), CHANDU THE MAGICIAN, and the Rouben Mamoulian version of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. All of these are available from Films, Inc. (277 Pharr Road N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305). Furthermore, a color version of the Michael Curtiz MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM has been uncovered and received a screening at the 1970 New York Film Festival. As of now, I don't know who the 16 mm distributor will be (or even if there will be any).

OOHH—

SKIN FLICKS!





Some films I've seen recently:

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK. Truffaut's tribute to Hitchcock, even to the point of using Bernard Herrmann's music and inserting a hotel clerk whose nervous mannerisms are highly reminiscent of Norman Bates in PSYCHO. Truffaut differs from Hitchcock in one important aspect, though: by involving the viewer with each victim, his character and his way of life, so much so that one for a while forgets that Moreau has come to kill them, that she is the black angel of death.

DRACULA. Despite having seen this numerous times, I discovered some strange things I had not noticed before, such as the cross-cutting between various crawly things and Dracula and his wives as they rise from their coffins. Also, as Renfield is entering the main hall of Castle Dracula, a brief shot of armadillos scuttering about. Tod Browning certainly had a delightfully weird sense of humor. Later on in the film, I was moved by Renfield's line about God not punishing those with weak minds. Unfortunately, I found as always that the picture slides swiftly downhill once the action shifts to Dr. Seward's sanatorium. But the opening sequences still exert a powerful magic: I watch them with a sense of awe and wonder, as though I had never seen a horror film before (which is surely how it must have struck its original audience, who for the most part had never seen a film which didn't explain away the supernatural element).

CRY OF THE BANSHEE. I missed the directorial credit, but the film had the look of a Gordon Hessler special, i.e. absolutely nothing to recommend it. I never thought I'd be glad to see Roger Corman, but now....

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD. I was expecting something close to a masterpiece after all the excellent reviews. But, sadly, it is quite a routine job, with Cushing and Lee wasted in straight roles. I never thought I'd be glad to see Freddie Francis, but now....

ISLAND OF TERROR. It starts off with a group of scientists huddled around a tank containing the son of the Blob. One of them says to the others: "Gentleman, if we are successful tonight, we will have discovered a cure for cancer." At that precise moment I was more interested in a cure for boredom, which the film seemed unlikely to provide, so I left.

THX 1138. Brad Linaweaver reviews the film at length elsewhere in this issue, but I wanted to comment on one specific aspect: namely, the emotional impact of the sequence in which THX is in prison--the ghastliness of the all-white surroundings.

# DEPARTMENT STORE

by  
Brad  
Linaweaver

## NIGHTMARE



Warner Brothers' 1971 release of THX 1138 begins well. The audience is shown a few minutes of old Buck Rogers serial footage while a narrator's voice extolls the virtues of Buck, heroic symbol of a fabulous, adventurous, technological 25th Century awaiting man. With that optimistic assertion the screen goes blank . . . Silence.

Then slowly, ominously, the credits appear, moving down on the screen, sinking into the abyss while awesomely monotonous music grows louder in correlation with how far the credits descend. Click! Perfect juxtaposition --from the optimistic bright new world of Rogers to the pessimistic "Brave New World" of THX. Click!

Already the symbolic credits leave no doubt as to what type of world THX 1138 will depict. The viewer is prepared for a depressing, dehumanized existence where there is no such thing as the "adventurous" or the "fabulous." This is where a static technology is used by a dictatorship to oppress humanity instead of Technology being a scientific incentive for increasing man's knowledge and horizons. Click! The film is at the starting line and it's off-media bombards the senses, flashes of scenes, moments out of context to any discernable pattern, fragments, spots, all at first meaningless but gradually making sense as the scenes grow longer and the plot makes itself apparent, depicting the HorrorWorld which social science fiction warns of. (Naturally SF fans know what's going on from the first scene, but the intent of the film is to approach the crux of the story in a slow manner.)

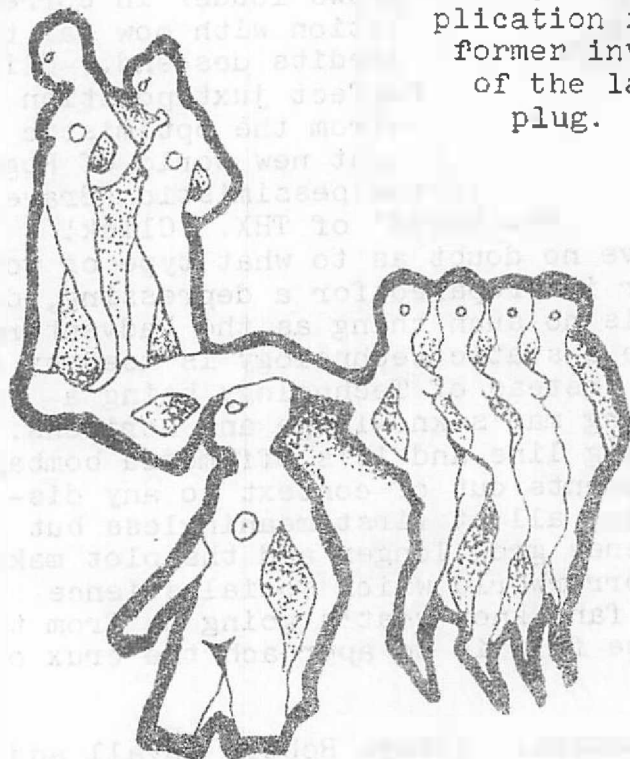
Director George Lucas knows his medium, Actors Robert Duvall and Donald Pleasance know their profession. Critics know this is "another of those science fiction things" and "hasn't it been done



before?" Unfortunately, too many critics try to judge this film solely in terms of what they think the SF genre is or should be, instead of as an individual work of art. THX is science fiction but has potential for expression diverse as the multitudinously broad imaginative field of which it is a most professional member . . . and it's even a good movie.

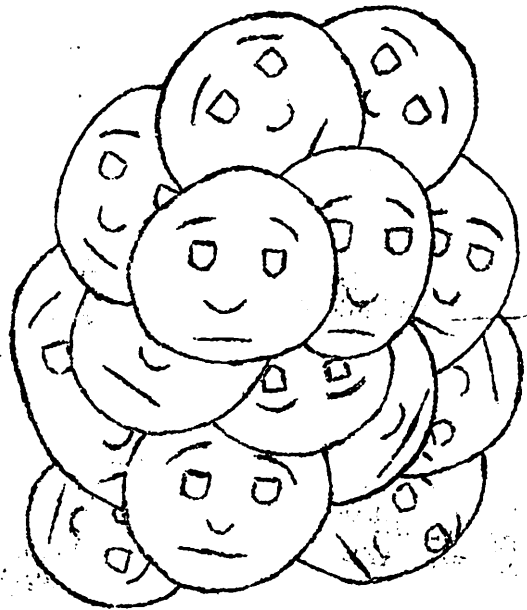
To begin with, when Lucas wrote his "Watch out for Nightmare Future" script he undoubtedly did it with the knowledge of previous Social SFilms. For instance, there was Francois Truffaut's 1966 celluloid epitomy of Ray Bradbury's FAHRENHEIT 451, and Michael Anderson's unfortunate 1956 bungling of Orwell's 1984, while who can forget Patrick McGoochan's classic T.V. series, THE PRISONER? The field had seen its successes and failures.

But Lucas managed to make such a distinctly different film from previous Social SFilms sheerly by his skill as a director. The story is in the style. The nightmare of Socialist State Dictatorship has been depicted many times before in the film medium, but never quite as ultimately as in THX, with the shaved down, look-alike, uniformed, automaton people marching through their endless routine, the law demanding they take drugs to keep their sexual drives repressed. One of the biggest crimes in this society is drug evasion. The drugs keep them flaccid, satisfied and tranquilized. A society which bans love, competition, private property and individuality, that same society demanding men and women look as alike as possible, disencourages certain beloved calisthenics. Oh yes, the next generation comes from ye old test tube, but this society does not practice birth control. Instead, it practices sex control, a most timely point, for the implication is those who would oppose the former invariably lead us into the jaws of the latter. So much for the Z.P.G. plug.



The image of similarity and a horrifying equalness is pounded in over and over by Lucas. If the director/scripter had gone one step further, his characters' minds would have been directly controlled by computer, in which case there would have been no elements for a conflict/story and no person like the "man", THX 1138, who decides to stay off the drugs and become a Man.

Lucas intends to get his audience and he makes full use of the actors and technical facilities at his disposal. Some scenes are shot with just one color so predominant that the color becomes integral to the the understanding of the scene. Like the long sequence of Duvall's and Pleasance's incarnation and their attempts to escape. Everything is white. The background, foreground, above, below, all equally, brightly white. The actors are attired totally in--you guessed it--white. The affect is that of two bald heads and four hands floating helplessly in a sea of white, symbolizing their vague prison. Just where do they hope to escape to other than back into the regulated dictatorship they knew before? The chromium-faced police robots patrol both areas with equal thoroughness.



LINAWEAVER

The predominant image of escalators, bare benches and antiseptic halls, the soundtrack of barely heard recorded messages, bells and far off muzak; all this cuts right through the surface layers of awareness to the subliminal core of fears.

When I left the theatre where I saw it, there was an unpleasant feeling of just having been trapped in the largest, most inescapable department store complex ever devised. What made this reaction all the more appropriate was the fact of the theatre's opening up into a big shopper's mall...with lots of escalators.

However, though the film obviously succeeds in technique, has a servicable plot and a definite gloss, one should beware of the many dull spots which occur while the plot tries to really get going. This comes partly from trying to show how bad the society actually is but the routine, routine, routine is overdone. Never-the-less, one should make allowances for this being Luca's first big film. And there is the promise of better films to come, if he can get backing.

THX has both the advantage and disadvantage of being released during a time when there is a much better SF film available, the suspenseful ANDROMEDA STRAIN. There is a parallel here with 1968, when the film OF THE APES was overshadowed soon after its release by the film 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. The advantage of the lesser films in this instance is an upsurge of public interest in the science fiction field because of the masterpiece available, so SF films in general have a good turnout. The disadvantage is most of the critical interest and praise going for the Big'un, while patronizing comparisons are made with the lesser film. This is speaking qualitatively in these two cases and all four films involved are far above the average in what they have to offer and how they go about it.



THX is worth your time. After all, any flick that has Johnny Weismueller Jr. as a police robot, telling his victims to keep calm, has something going for it.

## "MAMA!" THUS SNAKE BABY MILD

a film review of ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

by Brad Linaweaver

If by some unlucky chance you should find yourself in a theater showing ESCAPE etc., and you have not seen the excellent, original PLANET OF THE APES, or its pretty good sequel, BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, and your first impression of the Pierre Boule "APES" characters will come from ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET.

OF THE APES, I have but one bit of advice for you: look cautiously up and down the aisle, make sure the usher isn't looking, get out of your seat and...ESCAPE!!



And for those of you who've seen the original and know how good it is, whether or not you see this botched up abortion (pun intended) will depend on how perverted your sense of humor and how willing you are to part with hard earned dough for a ticket. Need I say more concerning this sequel-sequel insult?

THE EARTH ET CETERA CONSIDERED

AS AN AMUSEMENT RIDE

by Albert Fulp

It all started when an inimical god installed the latest joyride. It consisted of a sun orbited by a planet with one satellite. It was an oddity, an anomaly. It had its own brass and organ rhythm born from the convolutions and contortions of those who decided to try it. At first, admission price was 30 to 40 years, I understand it's raised now to 80 or 90.

I first became acquainted with this merry-go-round on the sixth day it opened. I'm a professional joyrider and makeshift do-it-yourselfer. I paid the admission price and laid out on the sensuous property. Some time later this girl landed on my lap. She was shapely and good-looking; the kind you'd like to settle down with. Not too large in the intelligence department. We'd been on the ride some time but stayed away from a particular amusement because of its deplorable mental properties. She wanted to try it one day. The barker out front was extremely persuasive. He argued for its use in many ways while I had only one answer: "I was told of its deplorable effects." The snaky barker guaranteed against harmful effects. She finally cinched it by popping a pill into her mouth. After that I don't remember much. I recall rocks and seeds but that's all. Of course, when I woke up, I raised Cain but wasn't able to find that devil!

# RELIGIOUS CHAINS

Or Ridiculous Things That Come in the Mail

Or How to Get a Religious Chain Letter Without Even Trying

Or Oh, Never Mind

by RICHARD SMALL

Ah, the things that come in the mail these days: bills, letters from friends, fanzines, orders for fanzines (for my fanzine, Specials Series), angry notes from people wondering where their copy of Specials Series is, and chain letters. Some nuts out there keep sending me chain letters! I've gotten all kinds, but this one has to be about the weirdest!

## "THINK A PRAYER"

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and all will acknowledge Him and He will light your way".

This prayer has been sent to you for good luck. The Original one came from the Netherlands. It has been around the world 9 times. The luck has been sent to you. You are to receive good luck within 4 days after receiving this letter. It is not a joke. You will receive it in the mail. Send 20 copies of this letter to friends you think need luck. Please do not send money. Do not keep this letter. It must leave within 96 hours after your receipt of it.

A United States officer received \$7,000. Dawn Ellis received \$60,000. But lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines, General Walsh lost his life 6 days after receiving his copy. However, before his death he received \$175,000. Please send 20 copies and afterwards see what happens to you on the 4th day. Add your name to the bottom of the letter and leave off the first name when copying this letter.

Capt. Tom Williamson  
Major E. L. Lewis  
Mr. Hugh J. Shumaker  
Mr. Charles Phillips  
Mr. Al J. Theis  
Mr. Ernest E. Potter  
Mr. David Henn  
Mr. Wally Summers  
Mr. Jim Fields  
Mr. John W. Sheffield  
Mr. Daniel Kays  
Mr. W. S. Grandstaf

Mr. T. H. Oppenheim  
Mr. H. Wilder  
Mr. Robert Dessauer  
Mr. Herbert Glassner  
Mrs. Barbara Dorfman  
Mr. Harry J. Stein  
Mrs. Slvia Schwartz  
Mrs. Phil Scham  
Mr. & Mrs. Sidney S. Simon  
Mr. & Mrs. George Simon  
Mr. & Mrs. John Sheeley  
Mr. Herbert S. Fine



Chain letters.... A few months ago I got my first. Then, I got another and another. Now I seem to be periodically inundated by chain letters. Everybody and his brother seems to be getting them, and when they do, they think, "Ah, we'll send one to old Rich Small." Now, I have quite a collection of chain letters. Every month or so a new one comes in. Most ask for money, but every once in a while I get one that wants something else.

Chain letters, for the uninitiated, are little bits of paper that ask for money and come in envelopes lacking return addresses. You are supposed to send money to the name at the top of the list, make 20 copies of the letter (while adding your name to the list) and send it to friends (or hated enemies...depending on the mood you're in). Then, theoretically, good luck or lots of money (or whatever the chain letter promises to give you if you complete the chain) will come your way. O

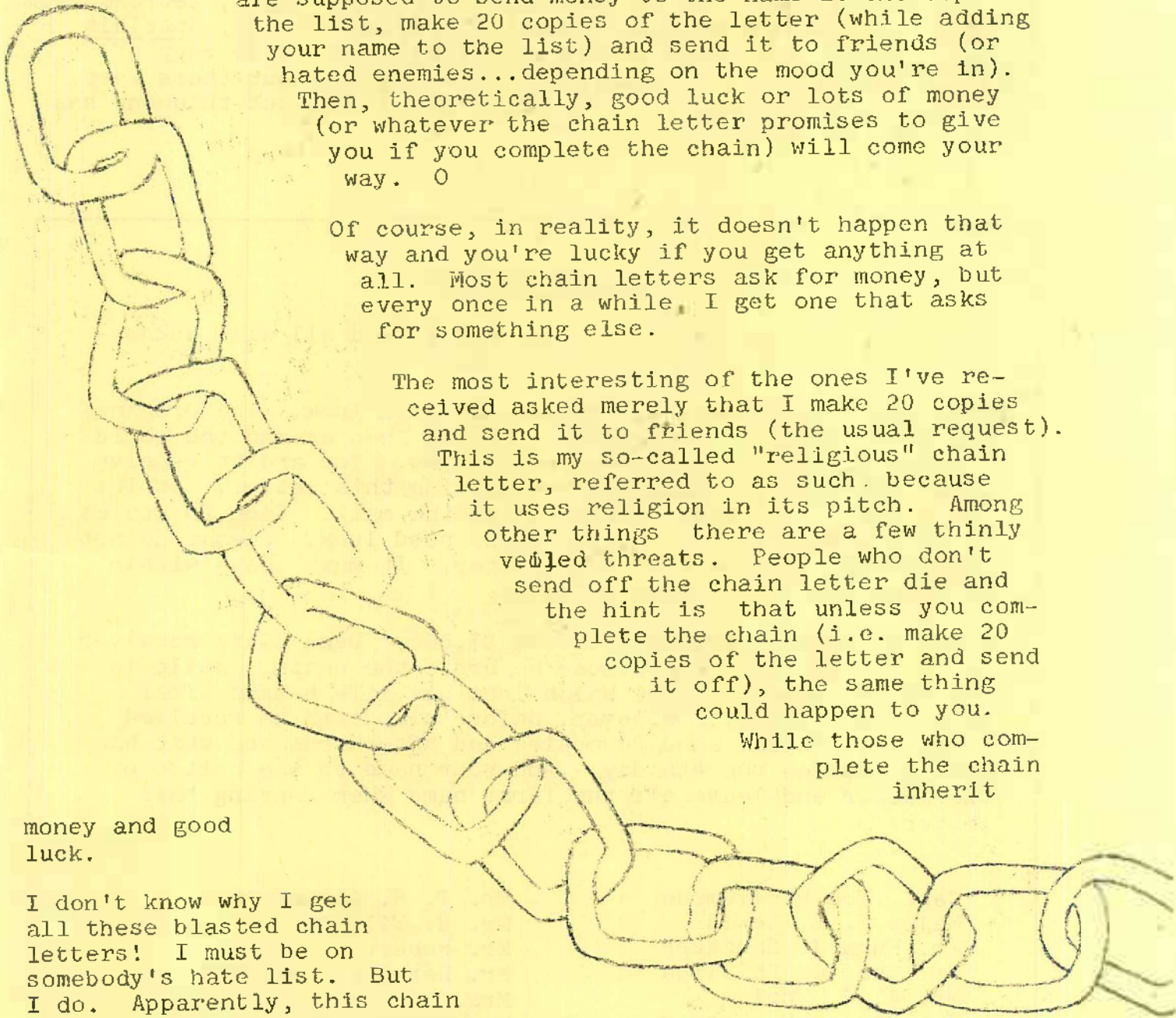
Of course, in reality, it doesn't happen that way and you're lucky if you get anything at all. Most chain letters ask for money, but every once in a while I get one that asks for something else.

The most interesting of the ones I've received asked merely that I make 20 copies and send it to friends (the usual request). This is my so-called "religious" chain letter, referred to as such, because it uses religion in its pitch. Among other things there are a few thinly veiled threats. People who don't send off the chain letter die and the hint is that unless you complete the chain (i.e. make 20 copies of the letter and send it off), the same thing could happen to you.

While those who complete the chain inherit

money and good luck.

I don't know why I get all these blasted chain letters! I must be on somebody's hate list. But I do. Apparently, this chain letter was sent to me by one Herbert S. Fine (whom I've never heard of) and how he got my name is beyond me. I have rarely contributed anything to fanzines and my name just doesn't appear in print that much (except for a few ads in various adzines.) I could hardly call Mr. Herbert S. Fine my friend.



Mr. Fine was too cowardly to list his address, otherwise I would have sent the thing back to him. However, the postmark was Los Angeles, California, February 9, 1971. February 9, 1971? Say, wasn't there an earthquake in Los Angeles at about that time? You don't suppose...yes, that must be it! Apparently, Mr. Herbert S. Fine didn't get his chain letter off in time and so was punished by the LA earthquake. And all this time, we thought that the earthquake was caused because a fault slipped. But now we know differently, don't we? The earthquake was caused by Mr. Fine's failure to send off the chain letter in time. It wasn't the fault's fault; it was his fault.

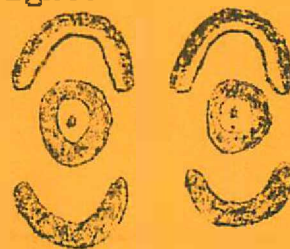
Gee...maybe I should have sent that chain letter off after all. If Mr Fine's failure to send off the chain letter in time could cause the Los Angeles earthquake, what could happen to me? The Tallahassee Earthquake? Enough of that.

Since Science Fiction Fandom is composed of several other smaller fandoms, it's time for a new fandom to join the group. We'll call it Chain Letter Fandom and the object will be to compose faaanish chain letters that will circulate through fandom only. To keep duplication down, however, and to allow more than one chain to circulate at a time, only 5 copies of the chain need be sent to friends (instead of the traditional 20). Mystic incantations from Necronomicon stories will be invoked on all who fail to complete the chain, and fandom will be the stronger for it, because such chains can be used to recruit new fans. Who knows, if faaanish chain letters become popular enough, someone might start a chain letter apa. Instead of a central mailer (or official editor), the apa would have a Chain Mailer. The possibilities are endless.

censored

on the violation of private property rights  
by Brad Linaweaver

A Behavior'list censor named Dave,  
Expurgated all things he thought grave,  
Entertainment with guts,  
Received Liberal cuts,  
From this nut who just wanted to save...

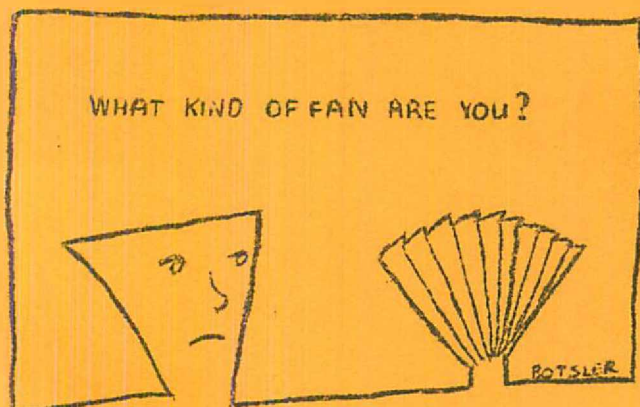




(Ed. note: Since Rich didn't complete this chain, death is on his heels. His death will cost me a contributor. So...all of you who don't LoC, contribute, sub, or trade, BE WARNED!! I am sending this to you for him.)

# WHY ME FORCED THIS ON YOU:

- ☐ you are Rill Botsler's # 1 fan
- ☒ Howdy Doody says Howdy
- ☐ The Ronk is mad at you
- ☐ You don't know why you are getting this and neither do we
- ☐ Vote for us ~~for~~ Hugo (write in ballot)
- ☐ Your contribution, which we haven't received yet, is accepted
- ☐ Dimensions from beyond is Far Out.
- ☐ Ronk says contribute, or...
- ☒ You meet one of the requirements on page one (I HOPE YOU WILL)
- ☐ We ran out of BNFs and we are being nice to neo-fans
- ☒ Because Friday the 13th fell on the Tuesday we printed this
- ☐ We ran out of our friends (both of them) & your name was on a mailing list
- ☐ You are Bill Rotsler
- ☐ We can spell your name
- ☐ You were mentioned, I think
- ☒ Your name is on one of Rich's chain letters
- ☐ In trade for your copy of WEIRD TALES #1
- ☐ We like money, send millions
- ☒ Well, the reason is...uh'.....

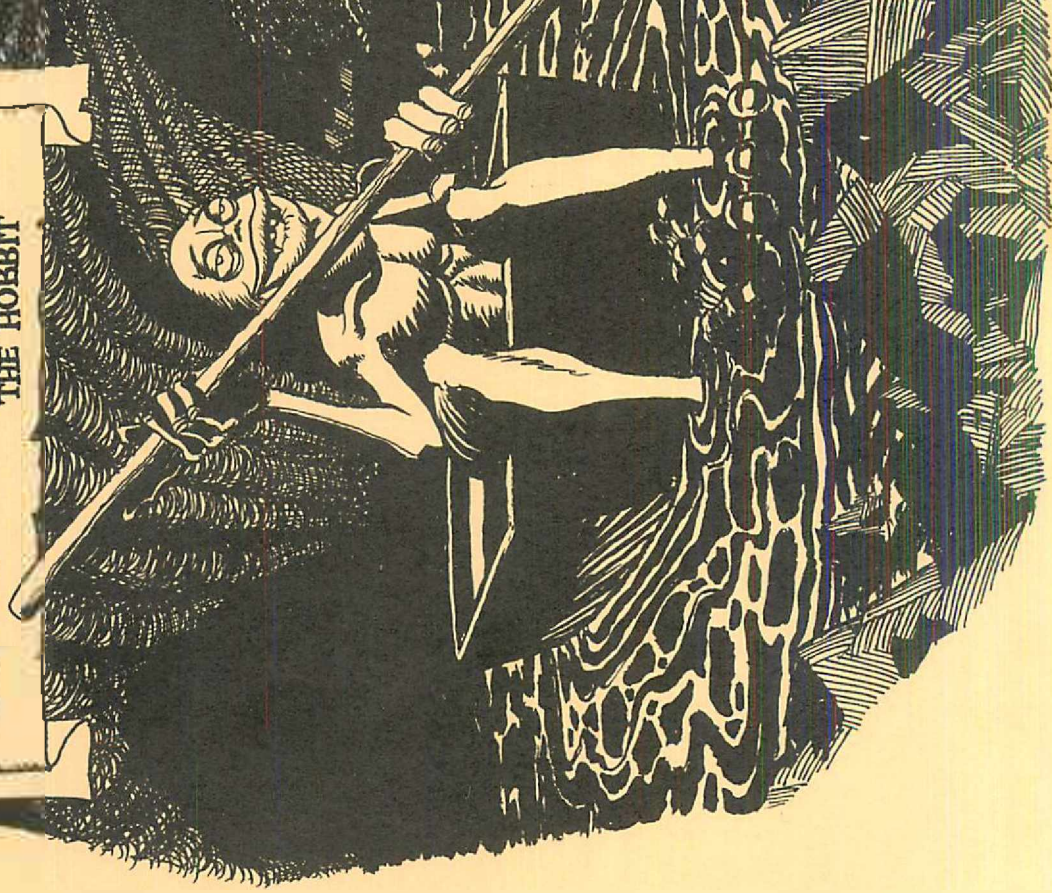




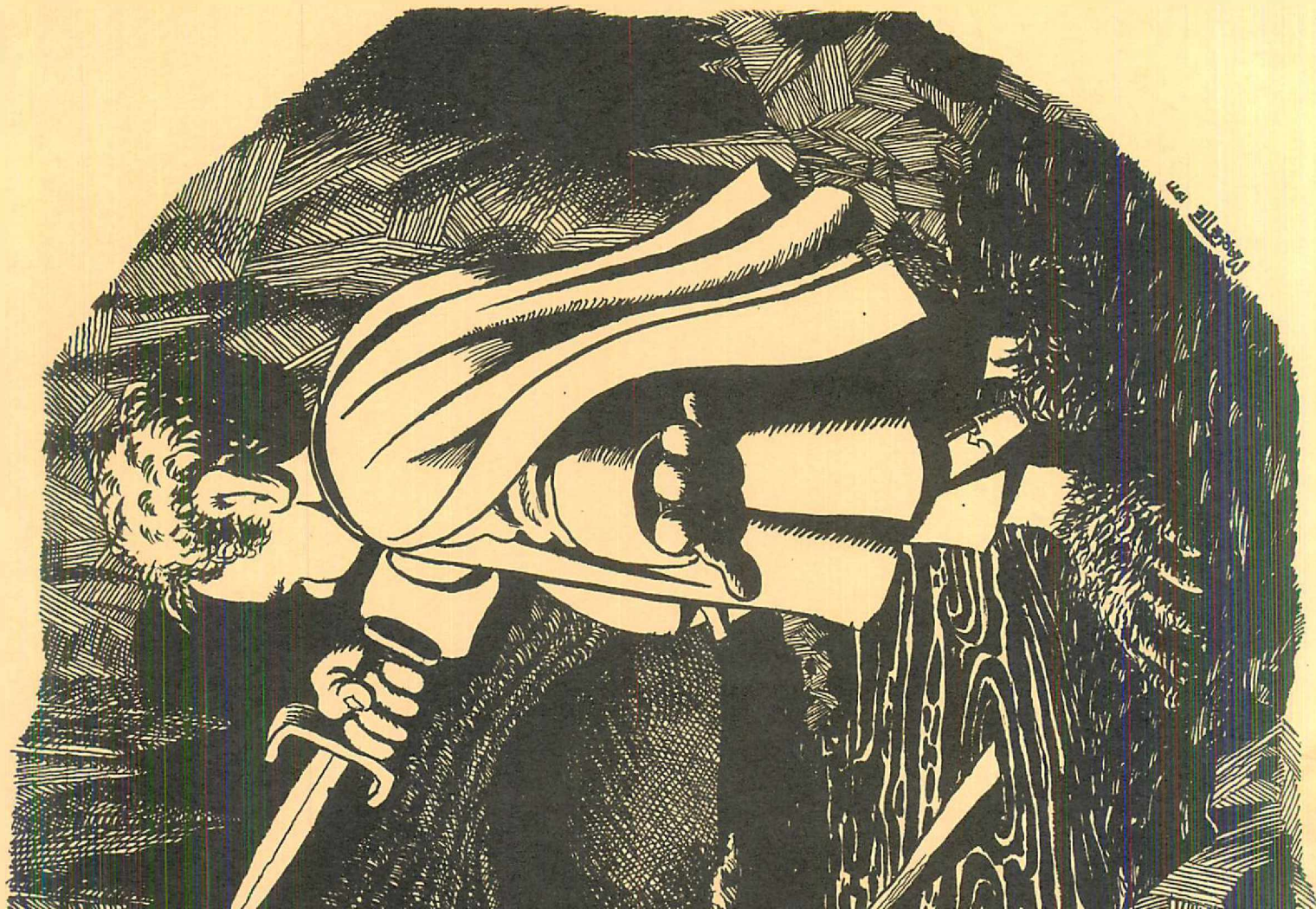


ssss," said Gollum, and  
became quite polite. "Praps  
ye sits here and chats with  
it a bitsy, my preciousss. It  
like riddles, praps it does,  
does it?"

J.R.R. Tolkien,  
THE HOBBIT







17