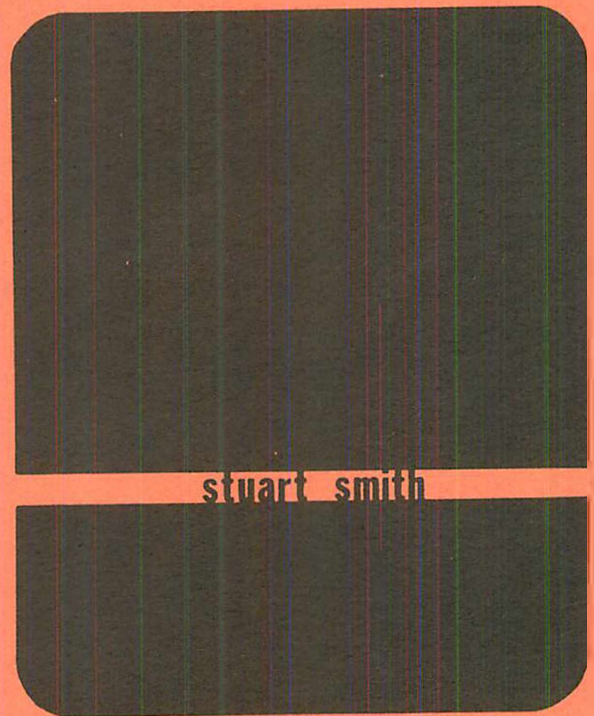


UNTER HELIOS



stuart smith

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This is, from now on, an
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COME IN —

THE EDIT

unterHelios two is here! I know the churchbells will ring across the nation in rejoicing.

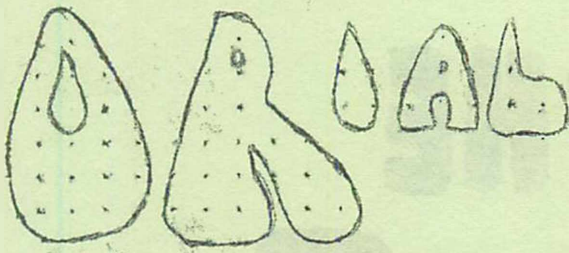
Seriously, because of the delay in this issue, I must apologize to contributors and readers for not getting this out sooner. This issue along with my graduation was delayed for a variety of reasons which would be too boring to elaborate upon. Future issues will be out much more quickly although there will be no set schedule. Issues will come out as there is enough quality material to publish.

The material in this issue is widely varied and should appeal in part to everyone. I hope! All of this issue has been on stencil for at least 6 months just waiting to be printed. Now that it is out, I hope to read your opinions in the letters you send. You might think some of the pieces in this issue might seem dated but they are all worth reading. Linda Rushvager's con report is not really that. It is more a reminiscing comparison of a number of cons. Also Grieman's review of "Clockwork Orange" definitely does not concur with this person's opinion of the film. I seem to be in a very small minority who do not consider Stanley Kubrick the great god of the cinema. Most of his films are drastically flawed when they are viewed in their entirety. "A Clockwork Orange" has its major flaw in the fact that the setting of the film is totally inconceivable. The viewer is asked to assume two contradictory facts either of which could be true but not both. Either the degenerating society has to be set at least 50 years in the future to give the world enough time to fall apart (in this case he should have used settings which would show this future world as it is and not used so many things which are common today), or he should have given a reason for the great societal decay which he shows. A couple of simple examples would include the cars which the droogs run off the road on the road to HOME or the medical bed Alex is placed in after he tries to commit suicide. This bed is already obsolete. There are other things like these which make the film slightly off and when these are totaled it ruins the world of the film for me. Technically, I agree Kubrick is a master but technique alone does not make a great film. With all the money spent on this film these minor discrepancies should not be included.

As soon as I mentioned Grieman's review I got off on a tangent that had nothing to do with what I had to say. Paul's review was written right after the film's premiere in N.Y.C. so it was not influenced by the many other reviews which have been published. It's a shame it wasn't published sooner.

A number of people have commented on the title of this zine and asked what it means. Actually, it means a number of things. The literal translation would be "under the sun". As a sf meaning it would probably mean the same but in an astronomical sense. It also means that I will publish all kinds of material as long as it is interesting and well-written. It definitely must be better written than this editorial as I am very poor at composing on stencil.

Enclosed with this issue are a few by-products of my job. At work we occasionally give outflyers or souvenirs pertaining to the film we are showing. Whenever I have extras I'll be sending them out with unterHelios. This time I have two things. One is a flyer which we used to advertise the uncut "King Kong" which we ran on



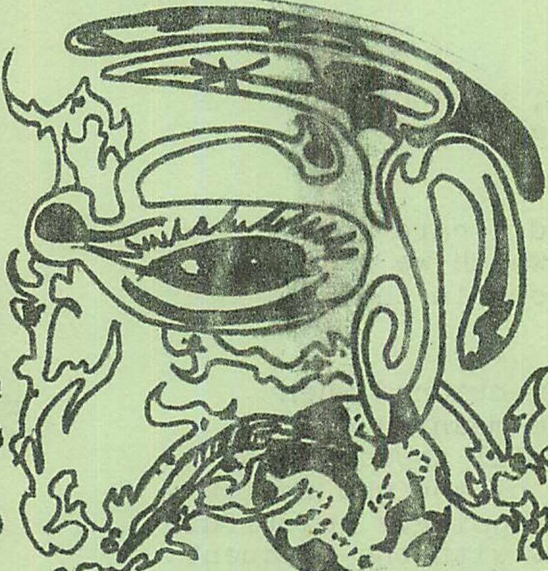
a column of pride, prejudice
and comment by JoeD.

campus last quarter and a card for
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY which we also
ran. I hope to have more in the
future.

This should have been mentioned when
I was talking about the meaning of
unterHelios. The official abbreviation
of the title for those of you who insist
on abbreviating such trippingly beautiful
title is uh! It rhymes with the eloquent
word "Duh!" Also for collectors (though I
don't know why anyone would collect this) uh! 1,2,3,etc., is a genzine.
uh! 0 and all fractions except numbers ending in $\frac{1}{2}$ are apazines. The
numbers ending with $\frac{1}{2}$ are flyers that sometimes go out with the genzine
and which may contain anything.

The following is something which has been bothering me since I first
read "Queen of Air and Darkness" by Poul Anderson last year. Rereading
it I still keep wondering if the story is complete. As I went through
it I kept expecting more background on the world the story is laid in.
Is this going to be a novel, Poul, or is it really complete? The reason
I ask is that I enjoyed the story but this nagging doubt kept me from
voting for it for the Hugo. I had to vote for Niven's "The Fourth
Profession" which kept me chuckling throughout. Thus I move subtly
into what I liked for the Hugo. Luckily for all concerned those reading
this will have already sent in their Hugo ballots. Because of the
above comments on "A CLOCKWORK ORANGE", I put "THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN"
first with "THX 1138" second because they kept their stories within
the worlds they were set. My idea of art makes me put Vincent diFate
first as a pro and Grant Canfield first in the fan division, although
both were very hard choices. In the other fan categories I would put
Terry Carr first as writer, mainly because Harry Warner has already won
just last year, and GRANFALLOON because it has been consistently one
of the best zines around and was so interesting, to me at least, that
I always read it from cover to cover as soon as I got it. Hmmm, Linda,
I think I can blame you for my late graduation because Gf always came
out around exam time. The best magazine was a tough choice between
F & SF and FANTASTIC. I finally decided on FANTASTIC because of its
great improvements since Ted White took over. Since I read mostly the
sf magazines I cannot vote for the short story but my choice for Best
Novel between "To Your Scattered Bodies Go" by Farmer and "The Lathe
of Heaven" by Le Guin and the LeGuin Novel won. It was the only serial
I read last year that had me eagerly waiting to get the next part.
That's quite an accomplishment. If I had more space I would have gone
into detail about my choices so maybe it's good that this page is finished.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS INSIDE



You sit in a crowded theatre in the center of an ocean of human noise and impatiently wait for the picture to begin. The roar of a hundred conversations dies with the house lights and you are plunged into an inky blackness abruptly shattered by a flash of light from the screen.

A slice of stained history unreeals before your eyes as a group of muddy doughboys prepare to rush over the top. The narrator, Paul Frees, begins to speak, his voice gradually rising as if to drown out the swelling background of rapidly beating drums. Another flash and a montage of scenes from World War II hurry across the screen dissolving into a V-2 climbing into the skies of New Mexico as Frees gibbers of a new and mightier conflict that threatens the existence of all mankind in "The War of the Worlds!"

"The War of the Worlds" took root in the fertile imagination of H. G. Wells and was written in early 1897. It made its first appearance as a serial story in Pearson's Magazine, running from April to December, 1897, and was published in book form by William Heinemann the following year. It was actually the first science fiction novel that dealt with the effects an invading alien army would have on the people of earth and was an instant success. With such other masterpieces as The Time Machine, The Invisible Man, First Men in the Moon, and numerous short stories Wells secured a lasting place for himself as the true father of modern science fiction.

Paramount Studios bought the rights to the story in 1927 and at one time C. B. DeMille considered adding it to his list of spectaculars but eventually shelved it very likely due to the technical problems the story presented. Soon after, the world famous October, 1938, Mercury radio broadcast of Howard Koch's updated version of "War of the Worlds" sent East Coast listeners into a panic, prompted the FCC to engineer restrictions prohibiting "dramatized news broadcasts" and skyrocketed a young Orson Welles into the national eye.

It is still a matter for wonder that Paramount didn't capitalize on the fame of the broadcast by releasing a film version of the story. Perhaps the studio felt it would be badly received by a war conscious public or technical difficulties occurred. At any rate, the story continued to gather dust in the files and had to wait for the SF boom of the early Fifties and the advent of George Pal.

George Pal tackled "War of the Worlds" with the experience gained from producing the ambitious "Destination Moon," the popular "When Worlds Collide," and his unjustly ignored "puppetoon" comedies of the Forties.

Pal was intrigued by the problems involved in filming the Martian war machines, the heat and disintegration rays and the destruction and terror the Martians create in their war against the Earth. To handle these problems he gathered together the talents of special effects expert Gordon Jennings, art designers Albert Nozaki and Hal Pereira, director Byron Haskin and scriptwriter Barre Lyndon. Except for Lyndon, all had worked together on the 1951 version of "When Worlds Collide" so there was a perfect meshing of talents in a team that knew what to expect from each other.

"The War of the Worlds" ended up being the most expensive picture Pal had yet produced costing \$2,000,000 as contrasted with \$586,000 for "Destination Moon" and \$936,000 for "When Worlds Collide."

The actual amount of time spent with the cast lasted forty days while more than eight months of painstaking effort went into the Academy Award winning special effects. To get a rough idea of the incredible amount of special effects in "War of the Worlds" remember that the entire film ran some eighty--odd minutes and well over half of the picture is composed of one form of special effects or another.

The first major change in story was shifting the setting from the suburbs of London to Southern California. There were two reasons for this five thousand mile change in locale, one of them being the obvious practicality of shooting in an area easily accessible to Paramount Studios and, the other, the many reports of Flying Saucers sighted in the Western part of the United States at that time. That Los Angeles was chosen as the focal point for the cast and climactic target for the Martians was another logical choice because of the use of actual city streets in many important scenes. Another major change was the updating of the story from 1897 to the 1950's to permit the use of modern weapons in the war with the Martians.

John Baxter, in his excellent film study SF in the Cinema, states that much of the novel's impressive quality was lost in the transition of time and space. I don't think this is necessarily true for Well's novel was concerned with the death and destruction of surroundings familiar to readers in the Victorian England of 1897 and what could



be more alien to modern filmgoers than that long dead society? The updating made the film revelant and I feel sure that Wells would have approved the decision.

I'm not so sure that Wells would have expressed delight over Barre Lyndon's injection of a syrupy religious theme that stains an otherwise good story. The film becomes most unrealistic when the characters mouth sugary platitudes about the hereafter and the height of moronic piety is reached in the final scene where a disembodied choir sings a tepid hymn over the ruins of Los Angeles. But all this nonsense doesn't detract much from the enjoyment of the

film. The fact that "War of the Worlds" is a classic science fiction film rests largely on the collective shoulders of Pal, Jennings and Nozaki for the superlative special effects.

Before any of the special effects were begun over one thousand sketches were done by Al Nozaki under the supervision of Hal Pereira working in collaboration with Byron Haskin. The drawings represented Nozaki's idea of what live action and special effects, combined and separate, would look like. Shooting began in January, 1952 and the detailed sketches were inserted at the proper places in the script to serve as guide to director Haskin, Cameraman George Barnes, and the rest of the crew. The drawings were extremely important in that they helped to prevent confusion and cut down costs on production time.

One of the major problems that faced the Special Effects Department was the building and operation of the Martian war machines. Wells description pictured the fighting machine as a mass of intricate

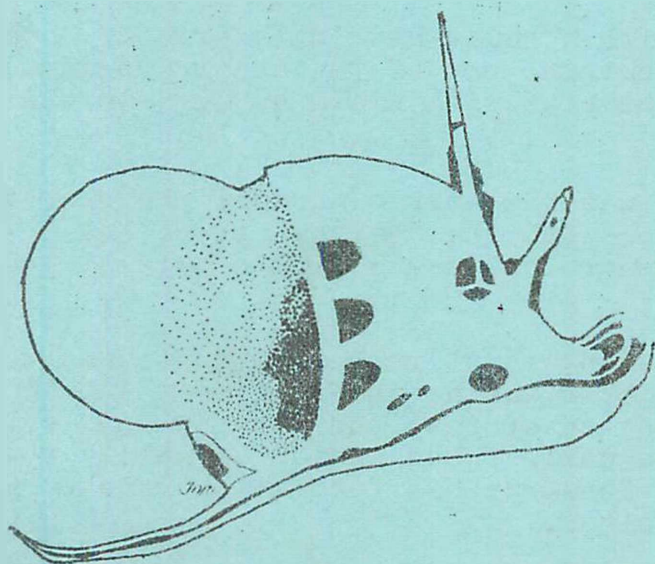
machinery housing the body of the Martian resting on a hundred foot high tripod base that served as locomotion. The mechanical tripod base was discarded and three almost invisible anti-gravity beams were substituted. The war machines were three flat disk-shaped objects each measuring forty-two inches in diameter constructed out of copper to give the sinister reddish hue always identified with Mars. Three distinctive features were added to the machines, a long cobra-like periscope which emitted the vicious heat rays, wing tip disintegrators and a snake-like television scanner that oozed out of the body of the machine. Credit for the design of the war machines goes to Al Nozaki.

Each war machine was operated by fifteen hair fine wires attached to an overhead track. The wires carried the electric controls that made the scanner, heat ray and other parts function properly.

The heat ray itself was composed of melted welding wire thrown outward by a blow torch set up in the rear. The negative of the effect was then superimposed over a shot of the machine to create the illusion that the heat ray was actually firing. This effect looks highly realistic in the film and in existing stills showing the heat ray in operation. The deadly greenish "blips" fired from the wing tip disintegrators were also superimposed over a shot of the machine and look quite good in the film.

It is impossible to convey in words the uncomfortable sensation one gets viewing these war machines, like some obscene trio of land-going Manta Rays, advancing slowly over the mock Arizona desert, their ports shimmering an eerie green and the heat ray flickering redly. It is a wonderful scene.

By far, the greatest amount of special effects were used in the magnificent sequence showing the battle between three war machines and the U.S. Army early in the film. This sequence is brilliantly handled and is a fine example of the intricate pains Pal and Jennings took to give their special effects the utmost in realism.



It begins in a military command post overlooking the Martian encampment with Gen. Mann (Les Tremayne) and Clayton Forester (Gene Barry) watching the war machines advancing cautiously over the dimly lit desert floor. The disintegration of a Minister starts the battle and we are treated to a display of special effects seldom seen or better done.

The Martians are, of course, virtually indestructible under their umbrella-like force fields that block the desperate barrage the Army throws at them. The Martians put the Army to rout in

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short order and begin to devastate the landscape with purposeful determination.

This long battle sequence gave more headaches to the Special Effects Department than any other part of the film.

The easy work was filmed first. For two days on location in Phoenix, Arizona, the cast and the Arizona National Guard went through the motions of fighting an invasion from Mars. The completed film was shipped to Special Effects at Paramount and the department went to work building a mock desert and adding matte shots of trees and the command post to the film. Then miniatures of a gully for soldiers to hide and the approaching Martian machines were photographed. Next the heat-disintegration rays and background explosions were added. Finally, the bright foreground explosions were inserted. There were five complicated exposures made for each scene in the battle sequence. In some cases as many as 28 different exposures were made to get one single color scene.

Toward the end of the battle an Army colonel is disintegrated in close-up. The illusion was attained with exposures of 144 color mattes. An incredible amount of work that is seen for a brief instant on the movie screen!

The force field that appears over the Martian ships in the battle sequence and later when the atomic bomb is dropped was a plastic bubble five feet in diameter. The illusion of a force field was achieved by photographing the war machine alone; then the bubble and explosions were filmed and the negative was superimposed over the picture of the machine to create the effect of a shell bursting harmlessly against the shield.

Perhaps the single most famous sequence in "The War of the Worlds" is Ann Robinson and Gene Barry's meeting vis a vis with a living Martian in a wrecked farmhouse. This long scene is terrifying from the first appearance of the loathsomely intelligent scanning device to the brief glimpse of the curious Martian caught in the glare of Barry's flashlight.

The Martian was a dwarfish biped with a squat head set directly onto the shoulders, a three lensed eye bulging out of the center of what could be called a face and long tentacles with small suckers on the tips serving for arms.

The original design of the Martian was the work of Nozaki who sent the sketch to Pal for approval. Pleased with the design, Pal called in sculptor and make-up man Charles Gemora and asked him to build the creature.

Gemora built it out of papier-mache and sheet rubber, made tentacles that quivered through the use of rubber tubing and painted the thing a nightmarish red. Gemora was hired to operate the monster and, being short in height, fitted the costume well. When inside he moved around on his knees with his arms hunched forward; his fingertips reached as far as the joint in the Martian's elbow.

Pal was wise in showing but a fleeting glimpse of the Martian in the finished product. There was discussion concerning how much of the creature should be shown and it was decided that once in the farmhouse and at the very end of the film was enough. Like Val Lewton, Pal and

Haskin felt a hint of horror was far more chilling than a large dose. Repeated viewings of the farmhouse sequence prove the validity of their decision for the Martian's brief appearance is among the most terrifying moments recorded on film.

Later in the film it is decided (after half the world is destroyed) to use the atom bomb against the Martians advancing on Los Angeles through the San Gabriel mountains. The sequence is noteworthy for the stock shots of the famous and long obsolete Northrop "Flying Wing" dropping the bomb.

Of course the Martians emerge unscathed from the nuclear blast due to combining their protective force fields and the rest of the film is largely concerned with the destruction of Los Angeles and the defeat of the Martians by earthly disease organisms against which their alien metabolisms have no defense.

The "atomic bomb" was devised by studio gunpowder expert Walter Hoffman. Hoffman created the effect by packing a collection of colored explosives into an air tight metal drum. The bomb was set off by an electrical charge and reached a height of seventy-five feet complete with mushroom cloud. The explosion was then super-imposed over a shot of the San Gabriel mountains and looked a little too realistic for comfort.

The last interesting and most well known special effect concerns dubbing mixer Gene Garvin's production of a scream for the Martian that appeared in the farmhouse sequence. Several months of experimentation went into this problem before the highly satisfying results of rubbing dry ice across a contact microphone combined with a woman's high pitched scream recorded backwards was arrived at. Pal simply stated "It was the weirdest sound anyone has yet come up with for one of my pictures."

"The War of the Worlds" is one of the few enjoyables SF films remaining from the glut of productions ground out by Hollywood during the Fifties boom. The film is not as engaging as "The Time Machine" nor as subtly disturbing as "The Power", nevertheless it remains George Pal's finest effort in the genre and a lasting memorial to the technical wizardry of Gordon Jennings.

"The War of the Worlds"

Released: 1953. Producer: George Pal. Director: Byron Haskin.
Screenplay: Barre Lyndon. Photography: George Barnes. Special
Effects: Gordon Jennings, Wallace Kelly, Paul Lerpae, Ivyl Burts.
Art Designers: Hal Pereira, Albert Nozaki. A Paramount Production.
Actors: Gene Barry (Clayton Forester), Ann Robinson (Sylvia Van Buren)
Les Tremayne (General Mann), Robert Cornthwaite (Dr. Pryor).

Infamous dictionary:

trufan - 1) a fan of non-fiction writing; 2) an electric fan that works all summer without breaking.

fanatic - an attic where a fan stores all his fanzines.

DOWN UNDER

A History of the Underground Comix by Richard Small

A few days ago, I wandered down to Tallahassee's only hip bookshop - news-stand, The Bookshelf to see what was in the latest batch of underground comix. In a town as conservative as Tallahassee, you wouldn't expect to find anybody dealing in underground comix, but a few folk opened a bookstore and began selling them.

Distribution is sort of 'controlled' in Tallahassee and as a result we don't get many of the things that people living in other places do. One 'super-conservative' business man, William DuBey, owns the only wholesale magazine distributing company in town and years ago decided to keep Tallahassee 'clean'. Since most of the local people would rather go through a local distributor than an out-of-town one, he has been fairly successful. Thus, we miss the usual large assortment of men's magazines (we get about 15 of which 6 are slicks) as well as such 'pornographic' publications as Creepy, Eerie, Coven 13, Witchcraft and Sorcery and the now dead Magazine of Horror. I'm not saying this censorship has a good or bad effect, merely that because of it we miss a lot of good and bad things. Sometimes, a new publication has been issued but we don't find out about it until after it has folded. And. . .

Every year or so, city officials give William DuBuy an award for his part in the fight to keep Tallahassee free of 'smutty' publications. 0

Since the Bookshelf opened up things have been different. By their ordering from an out-of-town distributor, we now get Creepy, Eerie, Castle of Frankenstein, Witchcraft and Sorcery and a few other otherwise 'unattainable' publications. And we get underground comix. However being that Tallahassee is something of a superconservative town, this setup couldn't last and in June, 1970, the Bookshelf was 'busted' selling 'certain' underground comix, (some of the guilty offenders were Zap #3,4,5 and Yellow Dog #18 & 19). For a while the Bookshelf people had to be careful about what they carried and we now get only the 'clean' comix.

Still, buying underground comix locally, is a lot better than buying them through the mail. First you have the opportunity to look before you buy and the price is lower (50¢ instead of the usual mail order price of 65¢). Now, however, two of the mail order dealers (Bud Plant and Dennis Cunningham) are selling comix through the mail for the cover price with certain restrictions.* It's great to see that two dealers are giving fans a break in ordering comix. You don't get to see exactly what you're buying, but at least the price is cheaper.

When you have no local sources for underground comix, it's a godsend. This is true in Tallahassee, too, because the underground comix the Bookshelf gets are often re-issues and it is limited in what it can get (remember, it was busted once). The Bookshelf orders its comix from the Print Mint and while the Print Mint is one of the bigger

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distributors, it is also one of the slowest. From time to time, I've wandered down to the Bookshelf to inquire about the latest shipment. Usually, I've been told that 'The Print Mint says they shipped the stuff 3 weeks ago, so we should be getting something in any day now.' So I check around every two days or so and when a week has passed and still no comix, I get a little suspicious, and ask again. "Due any day now" is the familiar reply. Two weeks later, the comix arrive. And they aren't even new comix; just the same old Zaps, Skulls and Slow Deaths that the Print Mint set up in their last shipment. Eventually, the apparent inability of the Print Mint gets to you and it's back to mail order purchasing again. That's when you're thankful that there are guys like Cunningham and Plant.

Underground comix have expanded vastly from the first year of their development when there were but half a dozen titles. It was but three years ago, in October 1968, that Robert Crumb launched the first underground comic and now over 125 issues are in print. Most underground titles have been 'one-shots' (only one issue under each title), but you find a few continuing titles here and there (Zap, Bijou Funnies, Skull, Yellow Dog, Mon's Homemade Funnies to name a few).

Most of the early underground cartoonists were excellent artists and the underground comix of this period were generally pretty good. The early artists, (Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, Rick Griffin, S. Clay Wilson, Victor Moscoso, Jay Lynch, Jay Kinney and Skip Williamson) were the ones who were to make many of the innovations in the field and keep underground comix growing and expanding. However, once underground comix began to gain in popularity, other people entered the field and began to publish their own comix. Soon, it reached a point where 'everybody and his brother' decided to put one out. Unfortunately, 'everybody and his brother' are not always as talented as Crumb or Shelton and in some cases, cannot even draw. Not all of the newcomers are that bad and several (Richard Corben, Bobby London and Jim Mitchell to name a few) produce some pretty good material.

The sources of underground comix is as varied as the cartoonists themselves. Most of artwork is original material done expressly for the comics. Some (Trashman Papers, The Collected Works of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers and various one pagers) were originally published in underground newspapers and reprinted in underground comix (sometimes to fill out an issue for variety; sometimes because the feeling was that the reprinted material would sell). Some (mostly old Joel Beck one pagers & God Nose) are reprinted from College Humor Magazines published between 1962-1968. Others were originally drawn for comic fanzines and reprinted from the fanzines. Examples are Moondog (from Gosh Wow #3); Rowlf (from Voice Of Comicon #16-17) and Tales From the Plague (From Weirdom #13).

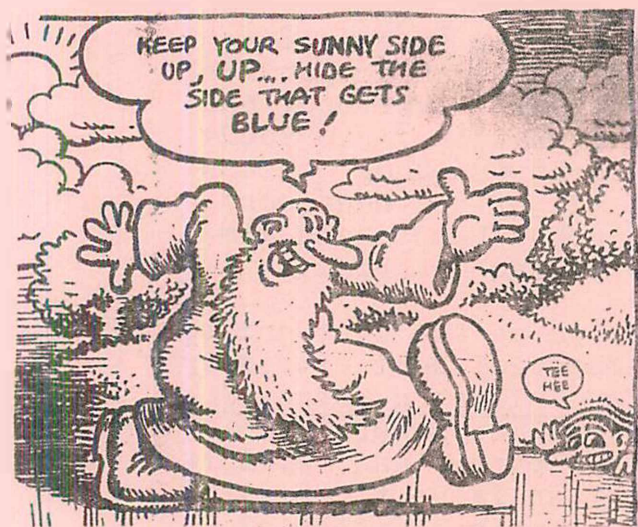
Besides that, a few underground comix get their material from other miscellaneous sources. For instance, the "Decadence de Generated" strip by Harvey Kurtzman was reprinted in Yellow Dog #15 from the Warren humor Magazine Help #2 (1962) and Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories are simply the redrawn adventures of his "Odd Bodkins" Comic strip which ran in the San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner from 1969-1967.



It is interesting to see that some underground comix have been reprinted from fanzines, because many of the early prime movers in underground comix had their beginnings in Fandom. A listing of these cartoonists would include Robert Crumb, Jay Lynch, Skip Williamson, Jay Kinney and Art Spiegelman. Though Spiegelman never did anything important and Kinney didn't do anything important until Young Lust (although he was in Bijou Funnies #1), the rest were extremely important in founding the first underground comix.

Robert Crumb wasn't into fanzines in the beginning and did most of his drawing between 1951-1958 for an amateur comic called Funny Friends. Funny Friends was not an actual comic (or fanzine) as it was hand drawn and existed in only one copy that was 'published' in a brown composition notebook. About once a month, Crumb, his brothers, Charles and Maxon, and his sisters, Carol and Sandy, drew a variety of funny animal strips and these were 'bound'

together to form issues of Funny Friends. Funny Friends ceased publication in 1958 and around 1960, the Crumb Brothers (Charles and Robert) brought out a new publication, Foo.

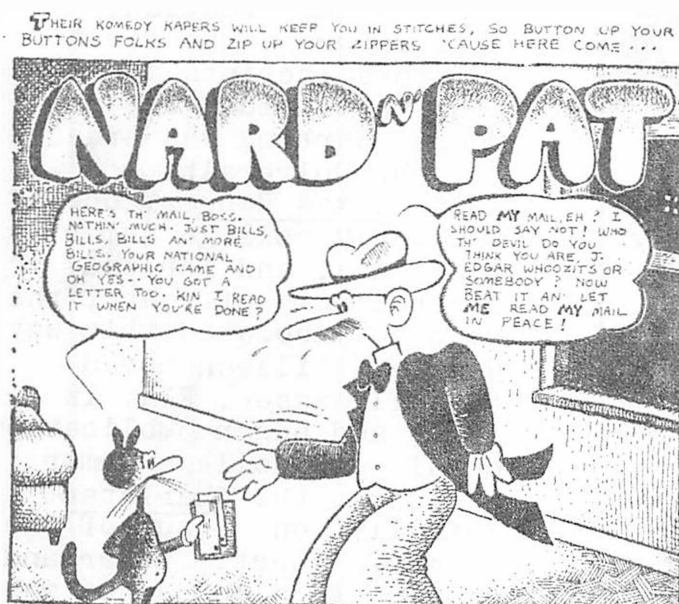


Unlike Funny Friends, Foo was an actual fanzine/comic and was printed photo offset. Foo was somewhat inspired by the long defunct EC comix and contained mostly horror stories and satires. Though the Crumb Brothers charged but 15¢ an issue, they had trouble selling Foo and as a result it folded with the 3rd issue. After Foo died, Crumb did little in the way of work for fanzines and concentrated on other things.

With Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson, though, it was a different story. Skip and Jay entered Fandom at the same time when both answered a plug for a 'new humor magazine' that appeared in a 1959 issue of Cracked, one of the successful Mad imitators. The 'new humor magazine' was actually the fanzine Smudge and both Williamson and Lynch were in time to get material in the first issue. At the time Jay lived in Chicago and Skip in Canton, Missouri (150 miles away) and both began corresponding when they saw each other's work

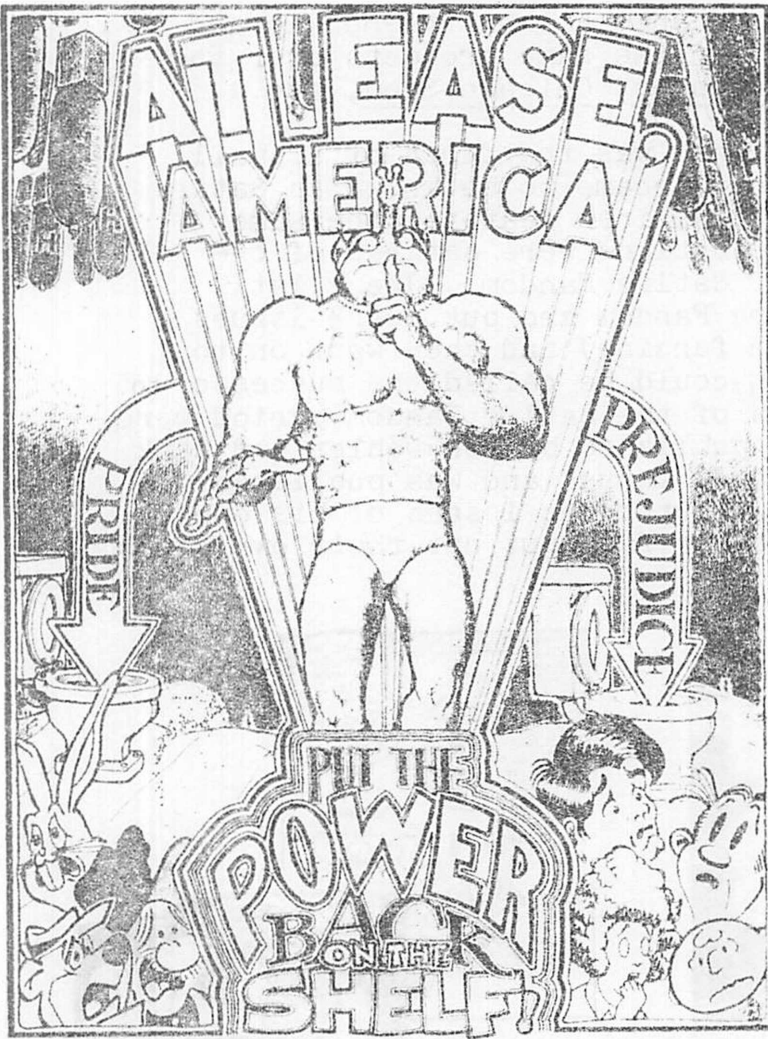
in Smudge. This correspondence grew into a long friendship and Skip and Jay have generally worked on the same projects over the years (the Chicago Mirror, Bijou Funnies, Chicago Seed, etc.).

Smudge was published by Joe Pilati and was the first of a small group of fanzines which collectively became to be known as Satire Fandom. Generally speaking, these fanzines featured the same contributors and most of the contributions were satires of one sort or another, hence the name of Satire Fandom. Joe Pilati was the leading publisher of Satire Fandom and put out 5 issues of Smudge (the first Satire Fandom fanzine) and then went on to publish 8 issues of Enclave (which could be called the successor to Smudge). The other major fanzines of the Satire Fandom period were Wild (which ran 11 issues and was published by Don Dohler and Mark Tarka) and Jack High (which lasted 12 issues and was published by Phil Roberts). Skip Williamson put out three issues of his own fanzine called Satire and a few other fans put out their own zines,



among them Chaos, Tilt and Skoan Illustrated, but none of these lasted for more than a couple of issues. All the satire fandom fanzines were dittoed and usually ran 30-40 pages. A few had offset covers, but the ditto process was dominant. Satire Fandom lasted from 1959 to late 1963 when it sort of died.

At this time, Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch, two of the main artists for most of the Satire Fandom fanzines graduated from high school and began college. At college, they discovered the animal known as the college humor magazine, a slick offset big circulation magazine that was trying to accomplish the same purpose that the Satire Fandom fanzines were: humorous satire. When faced with this sort of competition, the dittoed fanzines of Satire Fandom couldn't compete and since many of the other Satire Fandom contributors/publishers graduated at the same time as Williamson and Lynch, Satire Fandom died overnight. But Satire Fandom hadn't really died...the old contributors just moved on to college humor magazines.



The year is 1961. While Lynch and Williamson were busy writing and drawing strips for Satire Fandom fanzines and while the Crumb Brothers were trying to make a success out of Foo, a new star was rising in the State of Texas. That was the year that Gilbert Shelton began to appear in various college humor magazines and it was in December, 1961 that he and Bill Killeen felt the urge to create the ultimate hero and Wonder Warthog was born. Wonder Warthog was a joint creation; Killeen wrote the first episodes' scripts and Shelton provided the art. Wonder Warthog was created for the University of Texas Texas Ranger, one of the early college humor magazines, and for the first couple of years, the team collaborated this way. However, Killeen moved to Tallahassee, Fla. in 1964, and began publication on his own college humor magazine, the Charlatan.

Actually, one issue of the Charlatan was published in Texas, but Killeen moved shortly after and began publishing the Charlatan in Tallahassee with #1 also, so it was almost as if the Charlatan began publication in Tallahassee. Once Killeen began working on the Charlatan in earnest, he had little time to write Wonder Warthog scripts, so Shelton took over both the writing and drawing ends of the strip which he has retained to the present.

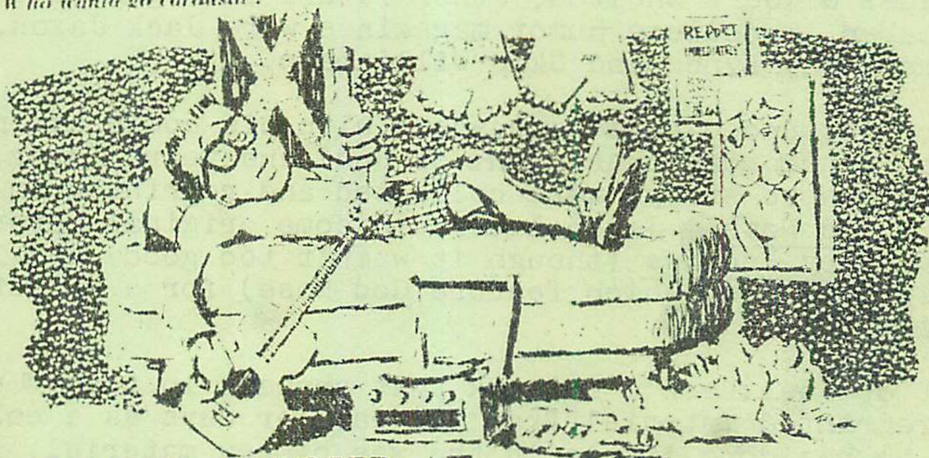
Since the Charlatan operated out of Tallahassee and was voted the top college humor magazine of 1966 and 1967 in the Annual Texas Ranger poll, it might be best to say a few words about it. Most students, upon arriving at college, have to get a job of some sort to help support themselves. Not so with Killeen. Instead of getting a regular-type job he decided to make a living by publishing a college humor magazine. And he was pretty successful. His close association with Foolbert Shelton assured him of a continuous flow of Wonder Warthog strips and small cartoons and other cartoons could be found in other college humor magazines. Before going on further, it might be best to state that it was a common practice for college humor magazines to reprint strips and cartoons that were originally published in other college humor magazines but which had not been seen locally. Thus, it was possible to see Joel Beck 1 pagers in the Charlatan when Beck worked primarily for the University of California.

Pelican. However, Wonder Warthog appeared almost exclusively in the Charlatan (in college humor magazines) and was one of the main drawing features of the magazine.

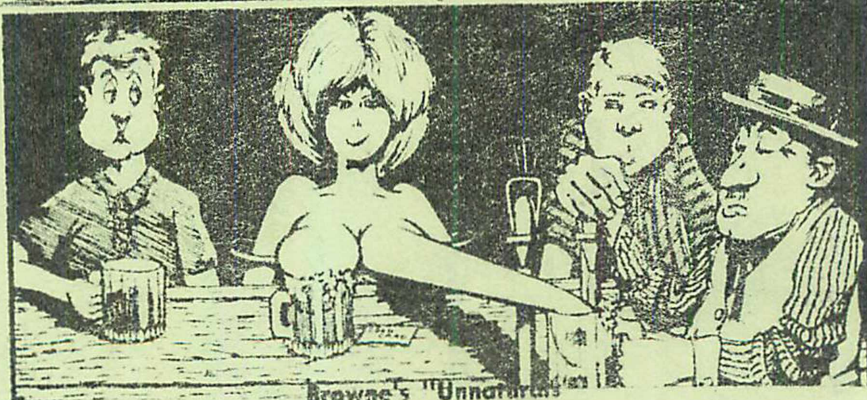
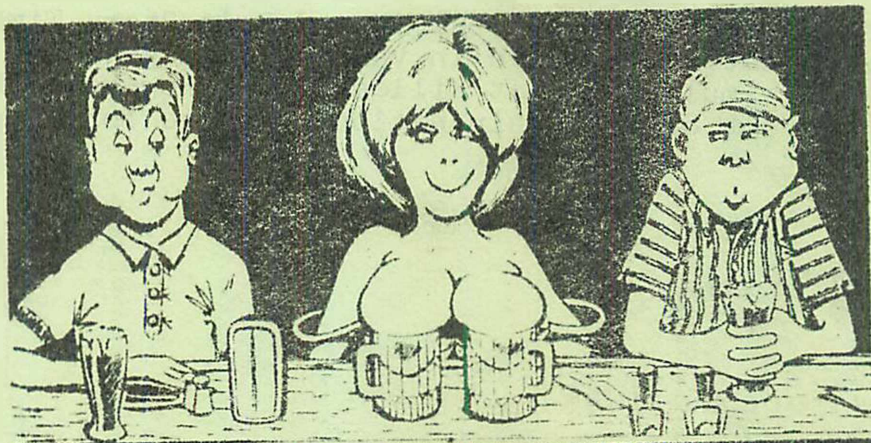
One thing that made the Charlatan very distinctive was the fact that it was published off campus and was

not supported by a university as were most of the other college humor magazines. This gave the Charlatan the advantage of being able to do things that the other college humor mags couldn't get away with (for fear of being banned by irate university officials), and on occasion, the Charlatan ran photos of totally nude girls (when it was a no-no to do so) and did a satire on contraceptives (in 1965). Remembering that Tallahassee is a very conservative town, the satire on contraceptives didn't go over too well with the local authorities and despite all they tried to do to get the Charlatan put out of business, the magazine remained. The Charlatan had some competition in the form of the FSU humor magazine Smoke Signals. Competition between the two was fierce and each time the Charlatan did something new and daring the Smoke Signals staff tried to keep up. Eventually Smoke Signals went too far (they never published a totally nude photo though) to suit the FSU administration and this spelled the end of Smoke Signals. Eventually, to avoid the problems encountered in Tallahassee, Killeen took the Charlatan to Gainesville (University of Florida) and it operated between there and Tallahassee for the rest of its life.

"... But there are thousands
Who want to go carousin'..."



HOW TO SUCCEED AT COLLEGE WITHOUT EVEN PASSING



Browne's "Unnatural"

Besides Gilbert Shelton, other future underground cartoonists who appeared in college humor magazines were Jack Jaxon, Joel Beck and, of course, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson.

kk

Jaxon astounded college readers with his comic strip character God Nose (a humorous caricature of God) and years later, many of Jaxon's old God Nose strips were collected and reprinted in the underground comic God Nose. Jaxon later did some original material in his second book Happy Endings (though it wasn't too good) and is currently drawing strips (none of which feature God Nose) for a variety of underground comix.

Most of Joel Beck's artwork that appears in today's underground comix is reprinted material from his earlier days as a college cartoonist and he has done little in the way of new material. Most of his work in college humor magazines consisted of one page strips all under the title of 'Mr. J.B.'s Story Time'. Beck also did three books (Lenny of Laredo, Marching Marvin and The Profit) during his college cartooning stage and these have been reprinted during the underground era also.

Besides college humor magazines, a few of the underground cartoonists tried to get material published in national magazines, but were usually unsuccessful. However, there was one area of hope in Harvey Kurtzman's Help magazine. Kurtzman was willing to give promising young cartoonists a break, and work by several of them appeared in the last few issues of Help. Shelton had several Wonder Warthog strips published in Help and Crumb had two Sketchbooks printed (Harlem and Yugoslavia). Due to an arrangement with James Warren, the publisher of Help, Killeen was allowed to reprint the Wonder Warthog strips in the Charlatan after they had been printed in Help. Thus it was possible to see the same Hog of Steel cartoons in Help and the Charlatan. A few of Joel Beck's 'Mr. J.B.'s Story Time' were printed as were spot cartoons by Williamson and Lynch. Some of the 'Mr. J.B.'s Story Time' strips published in Help were later reprinted in various college humor magazines under an arrangement similar to what Killeen had. However, when Help folded in 1966, this cut off the main national source for struggling young cartoonists.



Shelton was lucky because there was more of a demand for Wonder Warthog and the Hog of Steel appeared in a few of Peterson's Hot Rod Cartoons and even had a magazine of his own for two issues. Unfortunately, for Shelton and Wonder Warthog, Peterson was about to go out of business just as the two issues of Wonder Warthog were published and the two issues

didn't sell well. Many distributors refused to handle the magazine (because they wouldn't be able to collect on returns from Peterson) and since the magazine couldn't get on the stands, it couldn't sell.

Around 1966-1967, some of the old college cartoonists began turning to the underground newspapers that began springing up in various parts of the country (the Chicago Seed, the LA Free Press and in NYCity, The East Village Other). It was at this time that LSD and other psychedelics came into wide exposure and these experiences and the distrust for the 'establishment' newspapers led to the creation of the 'underground' newspapers. Underground newspapers got their name partially from the fact they were opposed to establishment newspapers and through their shoestring operating budgets, the people connected with them, and that they operated 'underground'. With the advent on underground newspapers, it was only natural that someone would start doing comic strips for them and soon, many of the bigger underground newspapers had a comic strip in most of the issues.

Almost without exception, the underground papers were weekly and while a paper might have 30 strips in it in a years period, this didn't necessarily mean that all 30 strips were done by one cartoonist. Usually, it would work out that 10 or 15 were done by one cartoonist, while another would do 7 and another perhaps 5 and so on down the line. The strips were usually one page in length and were based on the original (now dead) full page Sunday Comix Strips. Usually, each strip had more panels (15-20) than did the old full page Sunday strips because the cartoonists had more of a story to tell and it was always desirable to complete the story in one episode (you couldn't be sure when the sequel to a continued story would be published and this destroyed the effectiveness of continued strips).

As the college humor magazines began to decline and as more cartoonists began to experiment with drugs, they began to work for underground papers or experiment on their own. Gilbert Shelton created The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, a group of dope-smoking freaks, and ran their adventures primarily in the LA Free Press (though they appeared elsewhere as well). Cartoonists Kim Deitch and Spain Rodregues lived in the New York City area and began drawing cartoons for the East Villiage Other on a regular basis. Williamson and Lynch did some work for The Chicago Seed. In time, other cartoonists were added. Roger Brand and Vaughn Bode came from comix fandom while Yosarian, trina and Bill Griffith just wandered in. Poster artists Rich Griffin and Victor Moscoso jumped on the bandwagon and in time underground comix were born.

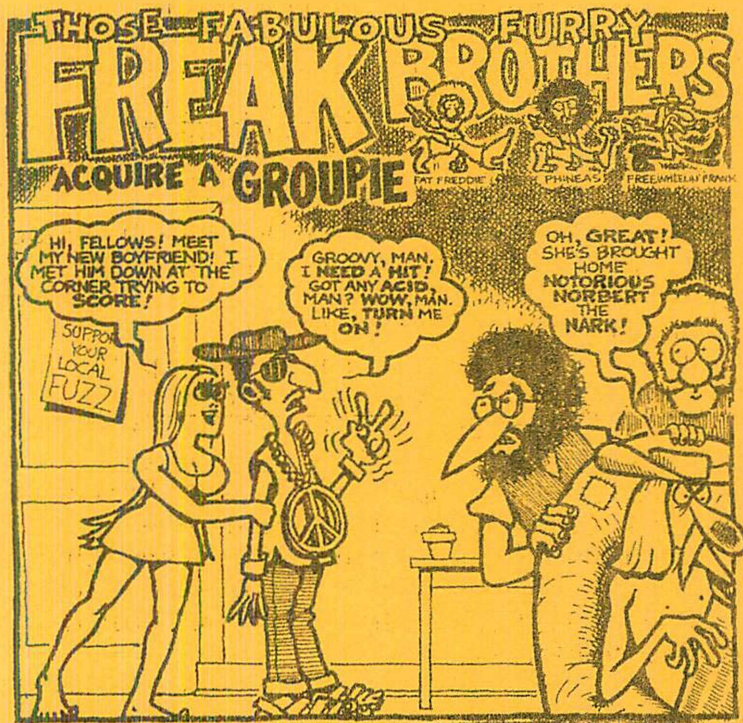
A bit before the first underground comic, in 1967, Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch got together and celebrated Skip's moving to Chicago by putting out their own offset magazine, The Chicago Mirror. The Chicago Mirror was a sort of cross between a college humor magazine and the Realist (an anti-establishment political commentary magazine edited by Paul Krassner). Each issue of the Mirror contained a couple of comic strips, a couple of articles and an editorial. Each Mirror had a print run of a couple of thousand and the magazine was anything but successful. Probably Lynch and Williamson wanted to draw comic strips but at the time no one had thought of doing an all-comix magazine and those who had considered it, probably didn't think it a successful venture.

Then in July, 1968, Robert Crumb published the first issue of Zap Comix and the underground comix 'revolution' had begun. Zap #1 was 28, 7x9½" pages, including covers, in length and featured a variety of strips, all drawn by Robert Crumb. The issue had a color cover printed on slick paper while the insides were printed on newsprint. The price was 35¢. Future underground comix were to retain the 7x9½" size, the slick color cover and the pulp interiors. However, the price on most future underground comix would be 50¢ each and the page count was increased to either 36 or 52 (with a few falling in between). On occasions, these specifications have changed, but for the most part have been generally adhered to.

Shortly after publishing Zap #1, Crumb (who lived in San Francisco) went to Chicago and while there, he, Lynch and Williamson, decided that it would be a good idea to put out another underground comic. Thus, the plans for Bijou Funnies #1 were laid and the comic was completed and published in October 1968. Meanwhile, in Texas, Gilbert Shelton, inspired by Zap #1, was working on his own all-Shelton underground comic, Fed's 'N Heads. Fed's 'N Heads featured a Wonder Warthog tale, a couple of Freak Brothers strips and a few miscellaneous strips, but was only 24 pages in length. Fed's 'N Heads sold for 35¢, but in later editions 4 extra pages were added and the price was raised to 50¢. Both Fed's 'N Heads and Bijou Funnies were published at the same time (actually Fed's 'N Heads was published first) and became the second and third underground comix to be published.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, the mail order poster firm the Print Mint was hard at work on their own underground comic and shortly after Bijou and Fed's, published the first issue of Yellow Dog. Yellow Dog was different from the other comix in that it was tabloid and contained only

8 pages (1 sheet). The Print Mint published Yellow Dog as frequently as it could (as quick as artwork could be procured), and issues appeared every 2-4 weeks. While the artwork was sometimes bad, Yellow Dog did serve to introduce S. Clay Wilson and Rick Griffin to underground comix.



The early underground comix were comparatively clean as regards to sex and totally free of perversion. However, there had been some trouble with Zap #1 and a bit of local harrassment had been encountered. This particularly upset Crumb and he decided to do a 'dirty' underground comic to test the authorities and see how far he could go. And so Snatch Comics, the 5th underground comic was born. Snatch was quite different from the other comix in that it was only 5x7" in size (perhaps inspired

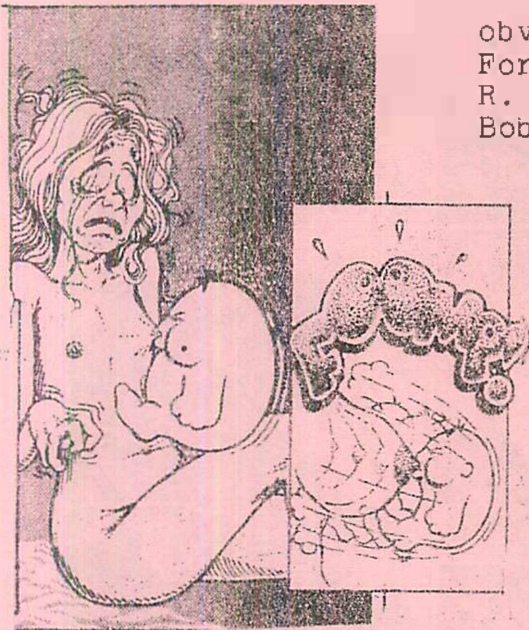
by the 8-pagers or because it was cheaper) and featured 15 full page cartoons out of 36 total pages. As can be imagined, Snatch comix was very visual and there seemed to be no plot to the short strips (and full page cartoons) except to show as many people in positions of intercourse as possible. Climaxing the whole thing was Crumb's "orgy" center-fold which was just that and had a large pile of people making it in a variety of ways. S. Clay Wilson provided some of his 'pirate orgy' scenes and these were gross enough (along with the Crumb material) to get the book banned.



Because the publishers weren't exactly sure how Snatch Comix would be received by the authorities (they didn't relish the thought of being busted and decided to play it safe), the first issue of Snatch was very hard to get. While the cover price was 25¢ (as the issue was half-sized) copies sold for as high as \$1 if you could find someone willing to sell them. I was fortunate in finding an address from which I could supposedly attain a copy of Snatch #1 and sent off a buck to insure getting the issue. Fortunately my buck was good enough to get me a copy of #2 as well, which had just been published on the heels of #1.

Snatch #2 contained the same sort of material as did #1, except now the characters were doing a lot more things. The book was made up largely of full page cartoons. However, the cover price had risen to 50¢. Crumb and Wilson still did most of the work (Crumb's was funny while Wilson's was just plain grotesque), but a few new cartoonists were featured. Rick Griffin, Spain, Victor Moscoso and Rory Hayes did some cartoons and except for Hayes, they only did one page each. In the case of Hayes, it would have been best if he had done only one page also, for he had the humor and drawing ability of a retarded 9 year old. His cartoons were enough to gross you out, not so much because they so perverse, but rather because Hayes couldn't draw at all. Shortly after Snatch #2 came Jiz #1 (same format, same type of material and more Hayes artwork-unfortunately). Jiz added two new artists (Jim Osborne and Jay Lynch) and featured an 8-page Crumb story "Dicknose" that was genuinely funny.

By this time, Crumb and company had encountered no real problems (legal or otherwise) and had concluded that it was safe to publish just about anything they wanted to. One interesting thing about these small-sized comix was the way the artists signed their names. None of them used their real names (if the strip was signed at all). Some used pretty



obvious pseudonyms with just about every drawing. For instance Robert Crumb was R. Cum, R. Crud, R. Crustt and R. Grunge. Also, R. Scrum, El Crummo, Bob Scumb and R. Crumbum. S. Clay Wilson, on the other hand, used such pseudonyms as Crank Collingwood, Howard Anrhearst and Marquis Von Crank.

After the way had been cleared by Snatch Comix the question was "How far to go?". Perhaps Crumb had no real desire to get tied down in sex, but S. Clay Wilson began trying to outdo everybody and Crumb began to retaliate with perversions of his own. With Zap #2, Crumb gave up total control of Zap and the comic was expanded to 52 pages while featuring the work of cartoonists Crumb, Wilson, Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso. There was nothing much that was really perverse (in a quantity viewpoint), but a couple of S. Clay Wilson one-pagers were perverted enough for my taste. For the most part

though, Zap #2 was comparatively clean (at least when compared to #3 and #4 it was). With Zap #3, Wilson reached his height (?) in perversity in "Captain Pissgums and his Pervert Pirates", a story about a band of homosexual pirates who encounter a group of lesbian pirates. Except for the fact that it's the grossest thing that Wilson's ever done, "Captain Pissgum" is about one of his best stories. Usually Wilson's stories are completely pointless; somebody sets out with no purpose, things happen, a lot of people are killed or maimed while in between there are countless perversions and the ending is generally unrelated to whatever happened before. If you can see beyond the perversions, "Captain Pissgums" isn't that bad a story. If you can't see beyond the perversions, then it'll probably be the grossest thing you've ever read.

Crumb's answer to "Captain Pissgums and his Pervert Pirates" was "Joe Blow" a story which very graphically depicted scenes of incest. This story was enough to get Zap #4 banned in California and for awhile the police went around busting anybody caught selling it. However, about a year later, the ban was lifted and once again Zap #4 is being sold freely. However, this did point out to the cartoonists that there was a limit to what they could do. As it stands, though, Zap is THE underground comic and because it has influenced so many other cartoonists, no collection is complete without it. Reading Zap is an important step in understanding the underground comix movement, and by ignoring it one misses much of the picture.

The first underground comix were published by the artists themselves. However, as they began to gain in popularity, several underground comix publishers began to spring up. The Print Mint was the first (with Yellow Dog) and was soon followed by the Rip Off Press (headquartered in San Francisco). They were followed by the San Francisco Comic Book Company which was headed by Gary Arlington who had been carrying on a profitable underground comic mail order business as "Eric Fromm". 1970 saw the formation of two new underground comix companies: The Company and Sons (located in San Francisco) and Kitchen Sink Enterprises (located in Milwaukee Wisconsin). Kitchen Sink Enterprises encountered financial

problems and had to fold, but was later reorganized as Krupp Comic Works. While there are still a few small independent publishers who bring out their own comix, most would-be underground comix publishers find it easier to have their comix published by a major publishing company where there is less of a distribution problem and little paper-work.

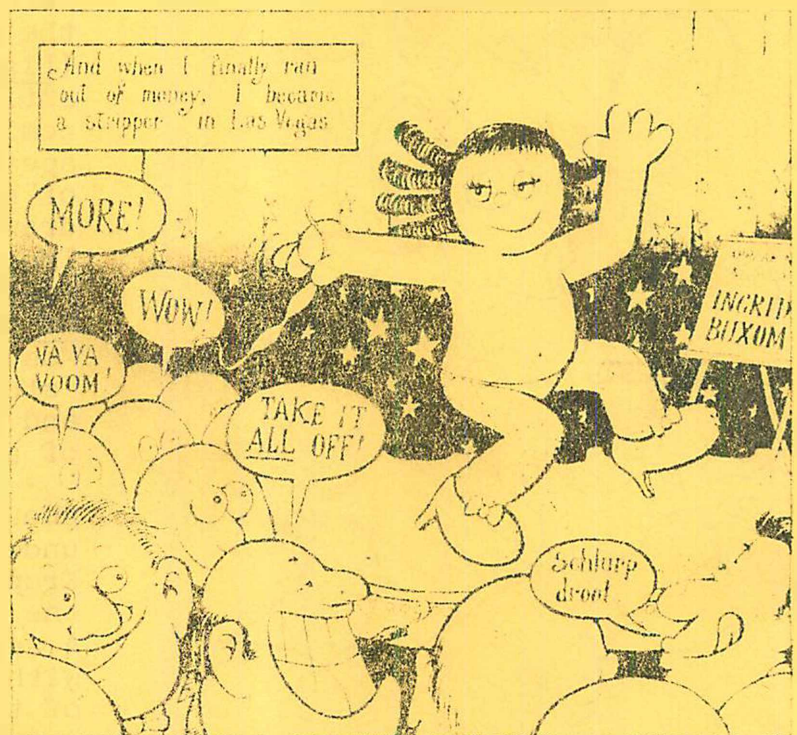
The minimum print run for an underground comix is 10,000 copies and if the issue is a sell-out, it is likely to be reprinted. Certain comics, like most of the Zaps have been reprinted several times and it looks as though The Collected Works of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers will be the big success of 1971. Payment to the artists varies from company to company. Krupp pays \$60 a cover and \$20 per interior page on the first press run of 10,000 copies. On each additional 10,000 copy printing the artist is given part of the profits in a sort of profit sharing plan. Krupp generally pays the highest rates of any underground publishers and has been attracting some of the better talent. Rip Off Press publishes much of the good stuff and still exceeds Krupp for quality of material published. The Print Mint while getting off to a good start, has been publishing second rate books by second rate cartoonists all too frequently lately and hasn't published much of significance.

Unfortunately, underground comix are still at the stage where just about everything published sells. And as long as some people can make a buck on what they publish, I guess they aren't too particular about what they publish.

As underground comix continued to sell, the artists began to experiment around and new ideas were tried. A few Women's Liberation girls inspired by Trina, the major female underground cartoonists, and the success of "chauvenist" underground comix brought out their own "Women's Lib" comic It Ain't Me Babe. The comic was drawn entirely by female cartoonists (most of whom were just not that good) and was apparently successful enough to warrant a sequel All Girl Thrills.

Of particular interest in It Ain't Me Babe was the fact that one of the comic strips featured Little Lulu, Supergirl, Betty and Veronica and Petunia Pig in a revolt against male Chauvenists (in this case the chauvenists were Tubby, Superman, Archie, and Porky Pig).

Another big experiment occurred in 1970 when the NYCity underground newspaper decided to issue it's own tabloid underground comic. The comic was called the Gothic Blimp Works and was issued on a fairly consistent monthly basis for 8 issues. The comic was 32 tabloid sized pages in length (11x17), was edited by

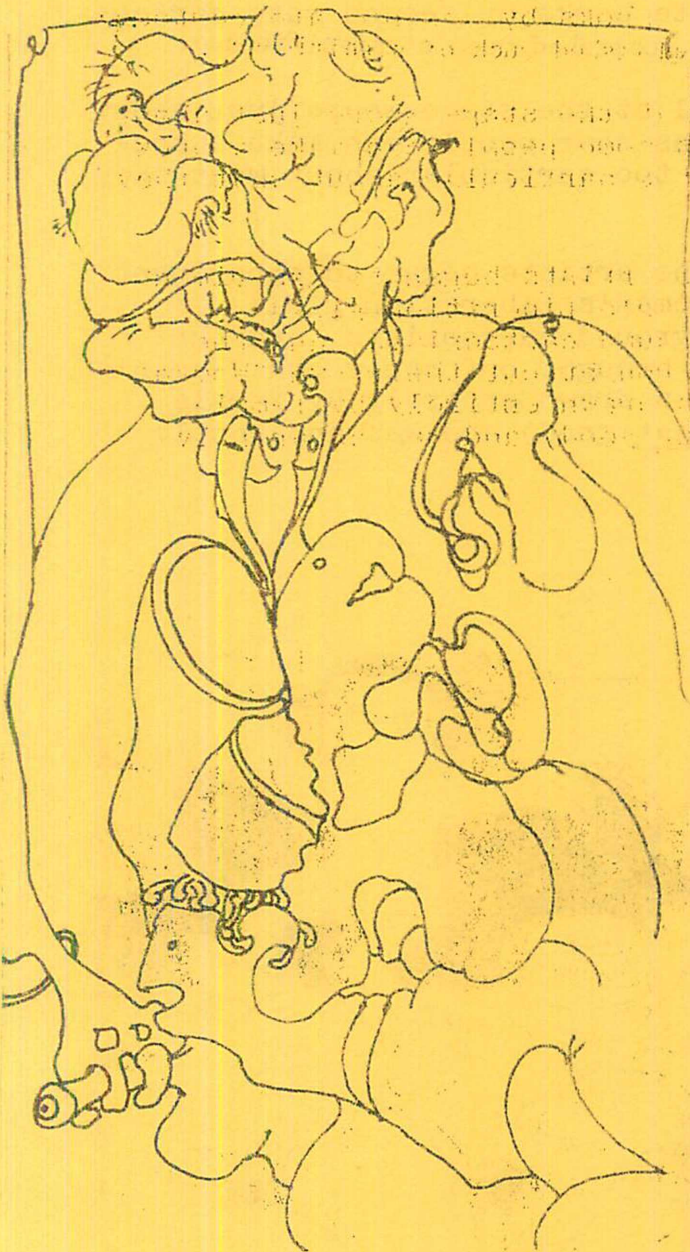


Vaughn Bode and was fairly good. Blimp featured almost all new material and besides work by the regular undergrounds, material could be found by Berni Wrightson, Mike Kaluta and Bode himself. However, after a few months of publication, difficulties developed and in order to keep on a regular schedule, material was reprinted until about half of the magazine's content was reprints. The better contributors stopped sending in material and this combined with the reprints and internal problems was enough to spell the magazine's end at the 8th issue. It really wasn't much after the 5th issue, anyway. Perhaps tabloid comix just can't succeed. Yellow Dog, the first tabloid underground comic, didn't remain that way and was transformed into a regular underground comic with it's 13th issue.

1971 saw many new developments take place in underground comix. The first was the publication of Skull which seemed to be underground comix done in the "EC style". EC was one of the better publishers of horror and science-fiction comix in the 1950's and a couple of the stories were just as good as anything done by EC. Also, up until this time, underground

comix had been printed in black and white with color covers. Interior color in an underground comic was not financially unfeasible (though it involved more of an investment), but no one seemed willing to make the try. However, in early 1971, Rip Off Press took the dare and published Up From The Deep, a 52 page underground comic which featured 16 interior pages in full color, on slick paper. This raised the price to \$1, but the addition of color was well worth it and in one of the stories ("C-Dopey" by Richard Corben) color was used so effectively as to make an above average story into a masterpiece. After the Rip Off Press led the way, the Print Mint published 2 comix (Light and Color) that were printed entirely in color. Both of these comix had no real story lines so to speak and were just visual examples of how good color could look on line drawings. Light was drawn by Greg Irons and consisted of a several full page illustrations, while Color was illustrated by Victor Moscoso and featured a 20 page panel "story" that really wasn't a story and was more of an interpretation of an LSD trip minus dialog.

About the same time that the Color underground comix were published, Krupp released a comic published in the 3-D process, Deep 3-D Comix. A set of 3-D glasses were provided with the comic and the expensiveness of the project was inherent in the



price; 75¢ for 32 pages. Most of the materials in the comic was fairly good and it was the first time since the mid 50's (except for the Batman 3-D comic which was re-released in 1966) that a 3-D comic was once again available.

The next new experiment was Young Lust, an underground comic based on, and satirizing, the heart tugging epics found in the standard romance comix of the last few years. This comic, put together by Bill Griffith and Jay Kinney, was a success from the beginning. A couple of months after the first issue, Young Lust #2 was published and as to whether any imitators will spring up is at this time undeterminable.

Perhaps one of the most startling things to happen in the whole year was caused by Dan O'Neill's venture into underground comix. O'Neill drew the excellent comic strip "Odd Bodkins" for the San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner from early 1969 to late 1970. Because of a disagreement on the Chronicle's right to censor his strip, O'Neill quit/was fired. O'Neill had been fired and rehired two times in the past, so this in itself was nothing new. However, instead of going back to the paper, O'Neill chose to go into underground comix and the San Francisco Comic #2 carried a 2-page strip that was a sort of conclusion to the now-discontinued daily "Odd Bodkins" strip. O'Neill redrew his "Odd Bodkins" strip and the redrawn pages were published in Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories #1-3. Dan O'Neill had a thing about Walt Disney and the cover of Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories looked quite similar to the standard covers of Walt Disney's Comics and Stories of the late 1940's and even featured Zeke Wolf on the cover. It might be interesting to add, that in his newspaper strip, O'Neill used the characters Zeke Wolf and Practical Pig more than once and one of the major characters of the strip in its last year was Bucky Bug, a minor Disney character.

Having gotten away with this (no problems from the Disney people), O'Neill felt that he could get away with anything and the second comic he brought out featured the Mickey Mouse crowd and was called Mickey Mouse Meets the Air Pirates Funnies #1. The main thing in the issue was of course a Mickey Mouse story, but the Mickey Mouse was doing things that he had never done before (and couldn't do in legitimate comix). Also, in Mickey Mouse Meets the Air Pirates Funnies, were the excellent Dirty Duck (done in a George "Krazy Kat" Herriman style) by Bobby London and O'Neill's continuing adventure of Fucky Bug. However, the Bucky Bug



was not the same excellent strip that it was in the newspapers and was easily the worst thing in the issue. Needless to say, the Disney people upon hearing about O'Neill's plans, brought suit. O'Neill seemed pretty sure of himself, but the Disney people won and it's hard to say what the future of Mickey Mouse Meets The Air Pirates Funnies will be. O'Neill had been trying to throw the Disney Characters in public domain (thus allowing anyone to use them in strips) and was unsuccessful. Thus ends most of the major developments in underground comix in 1971. Who knows what 1972 will bring...

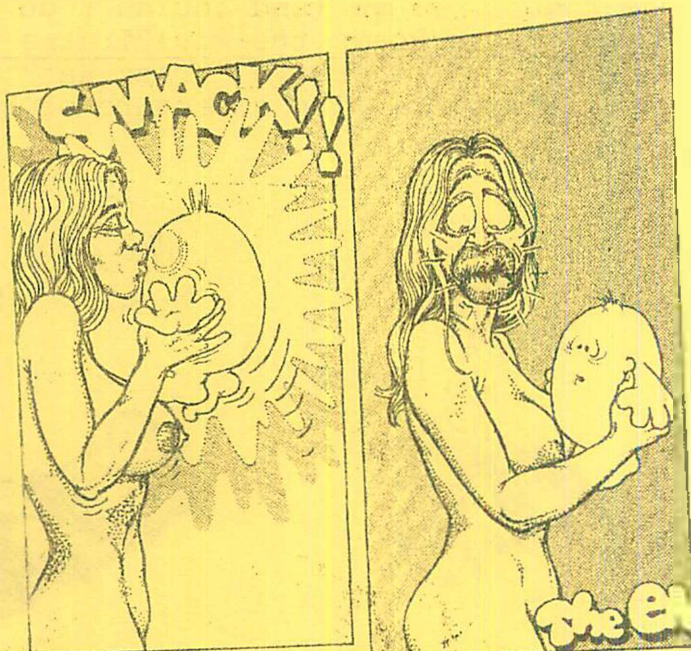
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This article was not intended to be a complete history of underground comix. If it was, it would have taken many more pages than the 12 or so used here. Naturally, I couldn't mention every comic or every artist without the size of the thing getting prohibitive, so I restricted myself to what I thought were the major points of underground comix developments. While I'm pretty sure that most of what I wrote was accurate, all corrections and additions are welcome. Following is a partial list of recommended underground comix:

Collected Freak Brothers #1,2
Skull Comics #--4 (esp. 2&4)
Zap #3,4
Mickey Mouse Meets the Air Pirates #1,2
Color #1
Young Lust #1
Domin' Dan #1
Meriton of The Movement #1
Bijou Funnies # 4,5
Your Hytone Comics #1
Smile #1
Lesson of Charlies #1
Woodrow #1-2
Slow Death #2,3
Teenage Horizons of Shangrila #1

Dan O'Neill's Comics & Stories #1-3
Up From the Deep #1
Captain Guts #2
Bizarre Sex Tales #1
Real Pulch #1
Partager #;
Dirty Duck #1
Tortoise and Hare Comics #1
 (out of print comix not listed)

For those interested in purchasing underground comix, the following information should be useful. Bud Plant will sell comix for 50¢ each if you buy at least 10 (\$5.00 order). Otherwise the price is 65¢ each. Plant's address is 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, California, 95127. Dennis Cunningham, 1572 Willowdale Dr., San Jose, CA 95118, sells his comix for 50¢ each with a minimum postage fee of 25¢ on orders under \$1.50. Plant is the larger dealer while Cunningham is a recent fan-turned-dealer. In my experience both provide fast service. It is best to write to each and ask for their catalogs before ordering.



NOREASCON

THE SLICK

Past World Conventions have met with every conceivable difficulty from lack of rooms to lack of parties to lack of food. But the well-organized Boston group, headed by Tony Lewis and Stu Brownstein, managed to pull off the smoothest Worlcon in years. And considering that there were over 1500 attendees, that's a lot of pulling.

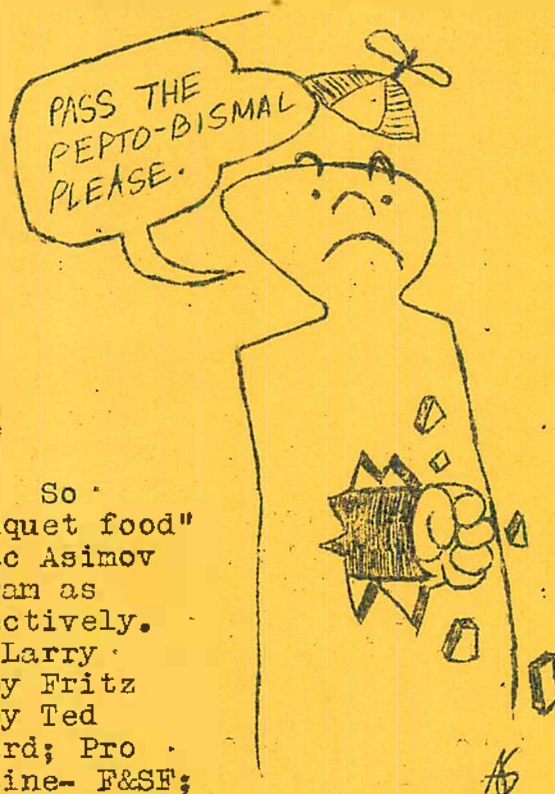
CON

What makes a Worldcon different from other conventions? Sheer size, for one thing. We took over 700 rooms at the Boston Sheraton. Thus, we filled every available room (including the special VIP and manager's suites) except for a few non-fans who had prior reservations. We also utilized every bit of convention space for most of the convention (except for a wedding in one room on Sunday night).

As a result of the number of attendees, there was a large emphasis on programming. Panels and special features began at 9:00 a.m. each day. Movies shown over closed circuit T.V. were seen ~~during~~ the day. All-night movies, parties, and room parties filled the night. Also, a huge hucksters' room (rooms really) and artshow (shows, really) remained open during the day.

There was just too much to do and see. I felt torn between seeing flicks like 2001, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, FORBIDDEN PLANET, THE MONITORS, and Betty Boop cartoons, attending various room parties, skinny dipping in the outdoor pool, and sleeping. Usually, the room parties won.

And then there was the banquet. Strange veal and funny fish were the main courses, served with uncooked potatoes. So again the time-worn axiom "skip the banquet food" was proven. Robert Silverberg and Isaac Asimov ran the smoothly humorous banquet program as toastmaster and awards presenter, respectively. The Hugo results? Novel- RINGWORLD by Larry Niven; Novella- "Ill Met in Lankmar" by Fritz Leiber; Short Story- "Slow Sculpture" by Ted Sturgeon; Dramatic Presentation- no award; Pro Artist- Leo and Diane Dillon; Pro Magazine- F&SF; Fanzine- LOCUS, edited by Charles and Dena Brown; Fan Artist- Alicia Austin; Fan Writer- Richard Geis. Second and third place winners were also listed (check LOCUS for the information- 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457, 12/\$3.00.)



I don't like the idea of listing second and third place winners. First, it is bad for the audience. Do you clap for a third place? Do you boo if you wanted him to win? Secondly, think about the fourth and fifth place winners; they are not even mentioned. They probably feel worse to know they came in fourth or fifth, than not to know, and always hope they were second. If second and third place should be listed, so should fourth and fifth, and this should be done after the banquet, not announced from the stage. Also, all nominees should receive scrolls. It is a nice idea to present scrolls to second and third place winners. As Charlie Brown says in LOCUS: "After all, placing second in Hugo competition is still a considerable achievement." I agree, but I also think that being fourth or fifth is also an achievement. It is quite an achievement to be nominated at all.

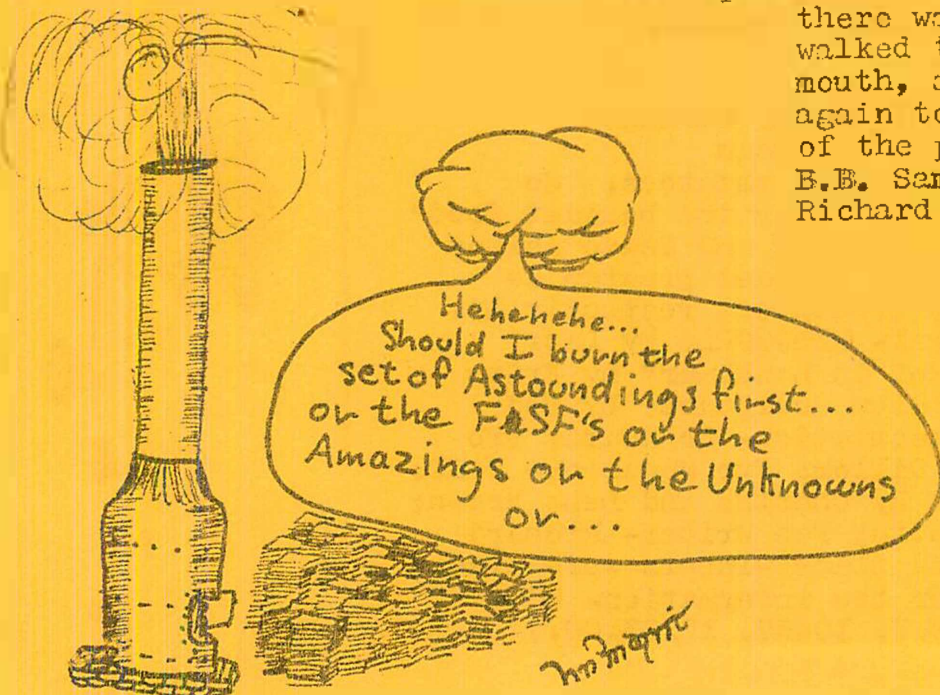
Another special feature of the Worldcon is the masquerade ball. This year's ball had fewer costumes than usual (only 70), but they seemed, to me, to be of high quality. They were, in general, well thought out, well made, well presented, and well received. And for once, the judging went quickly, with George Scithers doing his usual fine job as emcee.

My only objection was the St. Fantony presentation. The Noble Order of St. Fantony is a group started by British fans which inducts deserving fans into its Order each year. This year Washington D.C. fan, Bob Pavlat, was honored. The ceremony used to be held in private. However, for the past few years it has been done during the Worldcon. The ceremony itself is slow moving. Also, no explanation of the group, its purposes, history, or method of choosing its members is presented. As a result, the ceremony seems pretty silly to both nees and fans unfamiliar with it. It should be explained, or held in private.

The artshow was fabulous. Paintings by George Barr, Tim Kirk, Wendy Fletcher, Alicia Austin, Jacques Wyr, and Cathy Hill particularly impressed me, but most of the paintings were excellent. My favorite painting was Ken Fletcher's "The Crucifixion of Arnie Katz". But it was impossible to really enjoy the show-

there was just too much. One walked through with a gaping mouth, and returned again and again to discover new aspects of the paintings. Jeff Jones, B.B. Sams, Vaughn Bode, and Richard Powers showed their work in special art shows.

And the hucksters' rooms were too much. A collector could easily have spent his life savings, and the average fan could have spent all the money he had brought. There were movie posters, Star Trek slides, old-time movie magazines



(from the 1910's, 20's, 30's and 40's), old prozines, paperbacks, underground comix, jewelry, posters, artwork, fanzines, comics, comic zines, even tapes and records from old radio shows.

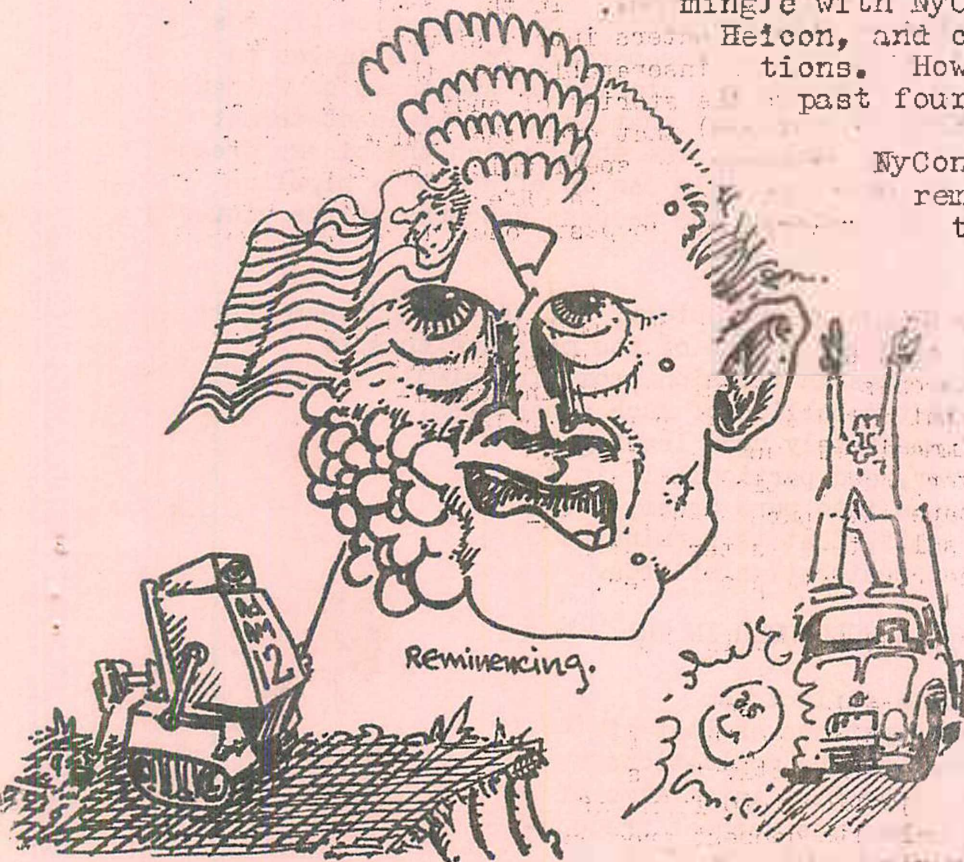
In short the con had something for everyone, and probably too much for most people. It is fun to attend all those events, but I'm glad a Worldcon happens only once a year. I have more fun at a regional con, where there is enough to do, but not so much that one is overwhelmed.

Already the con fades in my memory, to mingle with NyCon, Baycon, St. Louiscon, Heicon, and countless regional conventions. How did it compare with those past four Worldcons?

NyCon was my first convention, so remains an "exciting" convention; events speeded by. Wow- Isaac Asimov! Wow- Cliff Simak! Wow- fans! Baycon was totally different, a dimly lit maze of winding walls, compared with NyCon's bright, cosmopolitan New York flair. Baycon was a weird convention. No food, people isolated on a hilltop in an old hotel. Rock bands, hippies crowding in from nearby Berkley, wine tasting, the smell of marijuana, the narrow halls, the dimly lit exit doors that led to fire escapes that led nowhere. St. Louiscon-- a troubled mess. The hotel overbooked, and fans were turned

away from their hotel rooms, confirmed reservations or not. Confused people, tired of waiting for hours for an elevator. Hungry people, unwilling to pay outrageous prices for food. Disturbed people, wondering what would happen to the money Harlan collected to pay for the torn movie screen. And Heicon, a delightful, different convention. Everyone was more interested in seeing the sights than the programs. People from many countries gathered and enjoyed one another. A banquet in a castle-- was this a con, or an unscheduled stop on the European tour circuit?

And Noreascon-- a smooth con. A bland con. Untroubled, unexcited, overwhelming in size. A soothing sea of familiar faces. It was the sort of untroubled con everyone had dreamed of having. The perfect con. And yet, a con which revealed in its perfection a glaring fault-- flashiness, slickness. Almost as though someone had built a hollow shell covering a real con (like a fake movie set), with fans wandering in and out saying the standard lines, with glued on smiles, and leaving with a satisfied tummy, which soon felt the emptiness of a Chinese dinner. A slick con, a good con, a con enjoyed by all. Yet a con that will not be remembered. One which will fade away, leaving only memories, only traces of feelings of vastness and smoothness.



AMERICAN HORROR

Cycle 1931-36: A prospectus

Cinema is the medium most closely approximating the dream state, an assertion attested to by master film/dreammakers Orson Welles and Luis Bunuel. In the ideal film experience the movie-goer seated in the womb-dark theatre enters into a situation (like a sleep) of total passivity in which his mind becomes inseparable from the images on the screen and the sounds on the track. Many are the stories of audiences so entranced in watching a film (ORPHEUS or RIO BRAVO or whatever) that even the imminent threat of a fire in the house has not succeeded in breaking the spell which the cinema dream-world exerts upon them. This linking of dream and film can in effect be a pipeline between the two in which film reveals and explores the deepest concerns of the viewer's unconscious.

Hollywood is often referred to as the Great Dream Factory, but the term "dream" here means something quite else, i.e. the conscious desire of the mass audience to be what they are not. Here "dream" becomes an illusion promoting, simultaneously, conformity and rebellion (but rebellion of such a harmless, passive nature that it is dispelled immediately upon leaving the theatre). In the fantasy film, however, and particularly in the horror film, there can be genuine escape into pure dream, a confrontation with the obsessions of the self, that is terminated only at the end by the illusion of the restoration of order.

John Baxter in his section on fantasy in HOLLYWOOD IN THE THIRTIES writes:

No single aspect of the cinema reflects so accurately a country's preoccupations as that of fantasy. However obscure may be the motivations of its comedy or drama, the injection into films of any supernatural element reveals its deepest preoccupations and psychoses.... American cinema is no exception to this rule. Even in its brief and derivative progress the United States has formed a set of fantasy elements that exhibit themselves in its ghost, horror and science fiction films.

This passage will be the keynote of THE AMERICAN HORROR CYCLE 1931-36.

In the introduction I will explore, in brief, the social conditions of the early Thirties and attempt to explain the effect of the Depression era upon the movie-going public, in particular the upsurge of interest in weird fantasy. There never was a true horror cycle during the Twenties; most excursions into the fantastic during this decade generally explained away the supernatural elements at the conclusion of the picture. Only during the Thirties did audiences seem willing to accept supernatural manifestations, perhaps from an increased desire to escape from the despairing reality of their lives into the glittering unreality of a fantasy world, however nightmarish in conception it might be.

Also to be covered in some detail will be the Germanic influence upon the American horror cycle of the Thirties, in terms of theme, imagery, and the actual creators themselves. Again I quote from Baxter:

...it is mainly from German sources that the inspiration of American fantasy films is drawn. Few productions have succeeded which were not deeply imbedded in the

films is drawn. Few productions have succeeded which were not deeply imbedded in the ambience of the German Gothic, and the fantasies of mutilation and tyranny which are central to the Teutonic psyche.

During the Twenties a great many German film artists were brought to this country by the Hollywood studios, and also a number of the psychological-fantasy films of that nation were imported and subsequently exerted a great influence on American productions. German artists such as Michael Curtiz (director of DR. X and MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM), Karl Struss (photographer of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE and ISLAND OF LOST SOULS), Edgar Ulmer (scenarist and director of THE BLACK CAT), and in particular Karl Freund (photographer of DRACULA and MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, director of THE MUMMY and MAD LOVE) contributed immeasurably to the Hollywood horror cycle. The nightmare creatures of German cinema are reincarnated in the American fantasy film: the hulking figure of the Golem is transformed into Frankenstein's monster, the undead ghoul Nosferatu becomes Count Dracula, and Dr. Caligari himself appears almost intact as a Paris sideshow charlatan, Dr. Mirakle, in Florey's MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE.

The actual coverage of the films will include both historical background (with full credits for each production) and critical analysis, with an attempt to relate theme and imagery both to Teutonic precedents and to dream-state preoccupations. All horror films made during these years (1931-36) will be examined individually, regardless of merit. (Fortunately, most of the fantasies of this period are worth discussion.)

An effort will be made to differentiate between true horror-fantasy films and mysteries using horror stars and supernatural elements as red herrings (such as THE DEATH KISS with Lugosi or SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM with Atwill); the latter will be excluded from this book or only mentioned in passing (though interesting borderline cases such as Strayer's THE VAMPIRE BAT or Browning's MARK OF THE VAMPIRE will be considered in detail). Many of the horror classics of the early Thirties which were thought to be lost or destroyed have turned up again in the past few years, thus making the task of writing these analyses much easier; but several films (THE OLD DARK HOUSE, MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM), although rediscovered, are as yet unavailable for viewing. It is hoped they will become accessible in the near future.

The films I intend to examine in THE AMERICAN HORROR CYCLE 1931-36 are as follows (listed, with a few exceptions, in order of release):

- DRACULA (Tod Browning, 1931)
- FRANKENSTEIN (James Whale, 1931)
- DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Rouben Mamoulian, 1932)
- MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Robert Florey, 1932)
- FREAKS (Tod Browning, 1932)
- DR. X (Michael Curtiz, 1932)
- THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (Ernest B. Schoedsack & Irving Pichel, 1932)
- THE OLD DARK HOUSE (James Whale, 1932)
- THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (Charles Brabin & Charles Vidor, 1932)
- THE MUMMY (Karl Freund, 1932)
- ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Erle C. Kenton, 1932)
- WHITE ZOMBIE (Victor Halperin, 1932)
- CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Marcel Varnel & William Cameron Menzies, 1932)
- KONGO (William Cowan, 1932)
- THE VAMPIRE BAT (Frank Strayer, 1933)
- MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM (Michael Curtiz, 1933)
- THE INVISIBLE MAN (James Whale, 1933)
- KING KONG (Ernest B. Schoedsack & Merian C. Cooper, 1933)
- SON OF KONG (Ernest B. Schoedsack, 1933)
- MURDERS IN THE ZOO (Edward A. Sutherland, 1933)
- SUPERNATURAL (Victor Halperin, 1933)
- THE BLACK CAT (Edgar G. Ulmer, 1934)

SUPERNATURAL (Victor Halperin, 1933)
 THE BLACK CAT (Edgar G. Uimer, 1934)
 MARK OF THE VAMPIRE (Tod Browning, 1935)
 BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (James Whale, 1935)
 THE RAVEN (Louis Friedlander, 1935)
 MAD LOVE (Karl Freund, 1935)
 THE BLACK ROOM (Roy William Neill, 1935)
 THE CRIME OF DR. CRESPI (John H. Auer, 1935)
 THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON (Stuart Walker, 1935)
 SHE (Irving Pichel & Lansing C. Holden, 1935)
 CONDEMNED TO LIVE (Frank Strayer, 1935)
 THE FLORENTINE DAGGER (Robert Florey, 1935)
 THE INVISIBLE RAY (Lambert Hillier, 1936)
 THE WALKING DEAD (Michael Curtiz, 1936)
 DRACULA'S DAUGHTER (Lambert Hillier, 1936)
 DEVIL DOLL (Tod Browning, 1936)
 REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES (Victor Halperin, 1936)

Several appendices will no doubt be necessary, in order to give attention to certain artists (other than directors) who might not have been adequately covered in the text proper. Surely there must be one devoted to the great make-up artist Jack Pierce, who created the personas of the Frankenstein monster and the Mummy, among others. Another should be dedicated to special effects wizard Willis O'Brien, without whom the thirty-kong would not have come into existence. Perhaps a section will be given over to Lugosi, in terms of the mysterious magnetism of his screen presence. I would like to include a personal favorite, Frances Drake, the "Dietrich of the Horror Film", whose astonishing beauty greatly enhanced both MAD LOVE (where she was the object of Peter Lorre's necrophiliac lust) and the unrecognized classic, THE INVISIBLE RAY.

Some speculation might be interesting: what the horror cycle would have been like if Lon Chaney and Paul Leni had lived (both died in 1930 before the cycle really got under way). And probably an analysis of fantasy film-music would be warranted, with special emphasis on Max Steiner (KING KONG, SHE) and Franz Waxman (BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN).

Editor's Note:

The preceding article was adapted by me, from a prospectus which Mike wrote for a book he is doing. The book, as indicated above will only cover the horror film between 1931 and 1936, but it should be a must for all sf/fantasy film buffs. This book is taking a long time to write because it's very difficult to not to see some of the films necessary for completion.

Meanwhile, Mike has just finished putting together an anthology on the same genre. The articles include in depth analyses of THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, NOSFERATU, DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE (1932 version), Carl Dreyer's VAYNER, THE THING, L'YEUX SANS VISAGE, PSYCHO, REPULSION, THE HOUR OF THE WOLF, NOSEWART, BABY, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, Val Lewton's films and more.

This also should be of great interest and should be published at the beginning of 1973 in the Focus On... series of books.

MEDIATUS

SCIENCE FICTION FILM, by Denis Gifford. Studio/Vista/Dutton, 1971. 160 pp with index, \$2.75. (Mike Scott)

This is a book that I suspect will be bought primarily for the 126 stills that decorate a hurried and confusing narrative which doesn't come close to matching the masterful handling John Baxter gave the same subject in his Science Fiction in the Cinema published last year.

Gifford covers the history of cinematic SF by dividing the book into three sections entitled respectively: Invention, Exploration and Prediction. Under these headings he groups robots, time traveling, invading hordes of aliens, the world of the future, the bomb, exploration on other planets and other such well worn themes. This presenting film history by categories results in confusion for the reader because it fails to give a clear overall picture of the development of SF film by dropping all titles and directors out of their proper chronological order. One minute you're reading about Georges Melies and the French cinema and the next about George Pal and the making of "Destination Moon." Also, Gifford constantly throws scores of titles at the reader without bothering to go into details on production, special effects, etc. One emerges from this book with a hazy list of names and not much else.

There are some tantalizing stills from rare films like "Der Tunnel," the 1919 production of "First Men in the Moon," the Melies classics and one haunting shot from S. Fowler Wright's "Deluge," that make the book worth the price. Also tossed in are interesting stills from early serials and familiar scenes from "The Thing," "Day the Earth Stood Still" and one marvelous shot from "War of the Worlds" showing Charles Gemora in the nightmarish Martian costume designed by Al Nozaki.

Buy a copy of Gifford's book for the stills and read Baxter's book for his detailed study of SF films.

SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA by John Baxter, Paperback Library 66-420 \$1.25, 237 pp., 59 stills. (Joe D. Siclari)

For those of you who do not know about Baxter's book, here is a short review.

For sf film buffs, this is a must simply because it is one of only three or four books that cover sf in films.

The book does have a number of weak points, such as Baxter's fixation of Jack Arnold, director of CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON and THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, as one of America's great auteur directors.

But as a history, the book is extensive, from Melies' *A TRIP TO THE MOON* (1902) to Kubrick's 2001. The book even includes chapters on TV shows and movie serials.

An interesting fact that Baxter mentions is that H.G. Wells applied for a patent on a "Time Machine". The Machine would have been a multi-mixed-media device to duplicate the effects and eras which Wells had described in his book. This was at the turn of the century.

The book covers all the main films and many obscure ones made both in the US and abroad. Another big weak point is the lack of an index. It makes it almost impossible to find any specific references.

SUSPENSE IN THE CINEMA, by Gordon Gow. Paperback Library, 1971. 221 pp with film index. \$1.25. (by Mike Scott)

Paperback Library is releasing a series of film studies under an overall banner called the "International Film Guide Series" and is doing a splendid job of it. *Suspense in the Cinema* is the eighth book in the series and belongs on your shelf alongside Baxter's *SF in the Cinema*, Butler's *The Horror Films*, and Clarens' *An Illustrated History of the Horror Film*.

Gow casts a critical eye on such films as the 1939 version of "Hound of the Baskervilles," the Chaney version of "Phantom of the Opera," "Rashomon," "North by Northwest," the original "Thirty-Nine Steps," "Seconds," and many others. Hitchcock's finest study in suspense, "Rear Window," is notable for its absence but this is acceptable since Paperback Library has already published a detailed study of Hitchcock's films by Robin Wood.

The only gripe I have, and a small one it is, is that Gow has taken on a large animal when he writes about suspense films and a great deal of ground cannot be covered in 221 pages. *Suspense in the Cinema* is highly recommended for its fine writing and excellent stills but a subject like this needs a book the length of *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* to do it justice. Now, the question is who will do it?

SEX AND THE HIGH COMMAND by John Boyd, Bantam, N. 6561, 212 pp. (Joseph Daniels)

A complete lack of real characterization is this book's strong point. That's right, I said *STRONG* point. By using an imbecilic naive Navy Captain (a combination I cannot believe in - one or the other, yes - both, no). Boyd piles absurd situations on ridiculous people with improbable dialogue and makes the total come off in a fairly good satire.

Boyd seems to specialize in sexual satires and he is as good as Ted Mark, even better in the SF part.

Before I forget, here is the plot - a Navy captain comes home after 18 months duty and finds a women's lib revolution in progress. (The revolution is led by Dr. Henrietta (Mother) Carey, who has found a substitute and improvement on men called VITA-LERP sometimes called a V-bomb for where it enters the body. Vita-lerp impregnates and gives sexual pleasure to women better than a man. The women then

begin the final takeover to a unisexual society.

I seem to have left out the captain but that's natural; he is out in the cold most of the time anyway. The captain, Hansen by name, is in the book because the male government's final weapon, the perfect lover, is under his command.

Boyd uses Hansen's family to show the infiltration of the FEMA and Hansen's military superiors to show prejudice, ignorance, larceny, bribery, conspiracy and stupidity.

This book is definitely recommended because it is fun. Sometimes, I wonder if John Boyd is a pseudonym for a woman?



THE MAD GOBLIN by Philip Jose Farmer, Ace Double, 51375, 75¢, 130 pp.
LORD OF THE TREES, 122pp. (Joseph Daniels)

Doc Caliban is Farmer's version of Doc Savage and the Lord of the Trees or Lord Grandrith in his version of Tarzan. They are cousins and both fight the Immortal Nine.

The Mad Goblin is Caliban's hunt for one of the Nine, Iwaldi, with two of his friends, Pancho van Veclar and Barney Banks. The three start at Iwaldi's mountain fortress with a battle that lasts 104 pages. They go into the fortress, come out, capture two "innocent bystanders" go back in, get captured, fight a grizzly, capture a patrol of the enemy, and escape from the fortress which has exits only at the top and bottom of the mountain. To make it interesting Iwaldi has water flooding the bottom levels to liquid flames seeping down from the top. They escape, of course, and meet the Iwaldi at Stonehenge for the final battle. The Immortal Nine are gathered for a funeral.

Lord of the Trees is Grandrith attacking the Nine at their African fortress, but this is not as good as ERB. It's surprising since I usually like Farmer.

I imagine Farmer had fun writing these, tongue-in-cheek quite a bit, but I don't like the original Doc and this one is only a little better. At least Farmer can write and tell a story.

THE BOOK OF IMAGINARY BEINGS by Jorge Louis Borges, Discus/Avon, \$9 19, \$145, 256pp. (Joseph Daniels)

Here we have an incomplete encyclopedia of fantasy creatures. Some you know and, I'll bet, some you don't.

Included are Abtu and Anet, lifesize fish of Egypt; The Banshee, the



the death-toller; the Centaur;
the Golem; griffin; Hydra; Jinn;
Lilith, Phoenix, Sphinx, Unicorn,
the Zaratan and others, 120 entries
in all.

In addition to telling what the being is, Borges usually tells some of the place where it was first found in literature. The problem with the book is it is too dry. Unless interested in this type of information or at least in some of the beings, the book is boring. Citing facts is nice but examples of the fiction would have been better and would have made an interesting anthology. Publishers -- it would be cheaper too, since most fantasy beings are in public domain.

DEADBONE EROTICA by Vaughn Bode
Bantam, Y5869, \$1.95 128pp.
(Joseph Daniels)

This is the first collection of Vaughn Bode works taken from Cavalier magazine. Most of the material originally appeared in 1969 and 1970, but the collection is brought together to give a cohesive whole to the world of Deadbone back a billion years or so. The book has background material and fillers done by Bode. All the material is black and white. For those who like Bode this is a must. For others it is a good collection with quite a bit of wit. It is also cheaper than buying two years worth of Cavalier.

VIRGIL FINLAY--Selected Illustrations with an appreciation by Sam Moskowitz and a Finlay Checklist by Gerry de la See. Published by Donald M. Grant, West Kingsport, N. I., 1971, 153pp, \$11.95.
(Mike Scott)

An important publication by Donald Grant who also gave us the complete adventures of Robert H. Howard's Solomon Kane in RED SHADOWS

back.

The book contains 37 examples of the master's work including reproduction of four color covers done for Famous Fantastic Mysteries during that lamented magazine's heyday. All of the illustrations are representative of Finlay's delicate and painstaking technique using cross-hatching, subtle shading and the justly famous stipple work. "The Shunned House," "Creep Shadow", "The Spot of Life," "dwellers in the Mirage," "A Fog was Blowing," "Kubla Kan," among others, are presnet in this collection of the greatest fantasy artist that ever took a pen to scratchboard.

Science fiction and fantasy historian Sam Moskowitz contributes a fascinating and moving biography of Finlay and Gerry de la Ree's invaluable checklist rounds out a very satisfying book.

VIRGIL FINLAY is a big, beautiful, lovely book and is highly recommended without the slightest reservation.

ANITA by Keith Roberts, Ace, 02295, 75¢ 221 pp. (Joseph Daniels)

This is a collection of shorts about Anita. She is young, sexy, and she is witch. You might have missed this book because it does not look like a fantasy. The cover has an ingenue with a black cat. No indication of fantasy is given except the cover blurb: "A sexy young witch can get into all sorts of trouble these days." The book almost looks like a girl's romance. I got it only because I saw Robert's name. The bookstore had it near the sex novels not the half wall of SF and fantasy.

There is no table of contents but the book contains fifteen stories, (I just counted).

So here's a

T-o-C:

The Witch, 5
Anita, 11
Outpatient,
22; The
Simple for
Love, 36
The Charm, 53
The Familiar
69, Jennifer,
78; The Mid
dle Earth, 90
The War at
Foxhanger,
103; Idiot's
Lantern, 114;
Timothy, 129;
Cousin Ella
Mae, 144;
and Sandpiper
165; Junior
Partner, 180;
and The May-
day, 198.



A request to all publishers: Please put a ToC in collections and anthologies.

The stories about Anita are interesting and entertaining but they shouldn't be read all at once. They begin to pale after three or four. I got half through the book in the first sitting before I realized that each story was less enjoyable (to me) than the one before. Going back to the book a couple of days later I reread some of the stories and they were noticeably more enjoyable.

Not all the stories are happy. In fact, they are real - tragic, funny, inspiring, sad - and not really unusual. Ask any witch.

"The Witch" is Anita's first experience and you might call it "magical!" "Anita" is about the death of a friend. To tell the plot of all the stories would give too much away, so read the book.

LAID IN THE FUTURE by Rod Gray, Tower, T-095-1, 95¢, 157pp.

BLOW MY MIND by Rod Gray, Tower, T-095-3, 95¢, 153 pp. (Joseph Daniels)

These are both about Eve Drum the Lady from the League of Underground Spies and Terrorists. By her fellow spies, Eve is called OH OH SEX.



SF seems to be a big thing in the sex field these days. I wonder why? Could it be that they are both minorities and are uniting against the establishment?

Well anyway, in LAID Eve is sent to the future to stop an invasion and to assassinate the tyrant who rules in the year 3693. When she arrives in that time she finds there is only one sex and she

is thought to be a throwback. She is sent to the Mating Huts where OH OH SEX reintroduces sex techniques which had been forgotten.

Escaping from the Huts, she joins the Tyron's harem to kill him with or during sex. Conveniently, he is also a throwback. He...er... "talks" her out of murdering him and proceeds to prove to her that he is a good guy. He is trying to free the normal humans from the unisexed so Eve feels he's good. She realizes who the villain is and helps the Tyron.

The book is interesting in spots like the sexual liberation of the

Mating Huts, the re-sexing of two of the unisexes and their education in the pleasures of the flesh. Coincidentally, these two were resexed simultaneously and they are a male and female.

BLOW is actually for the occultist and the parapsychology fan. Eve learns how to project her astral being to catch an astral thief. Two scenes in this book are excellent -- the description of out-of-body experiences and, especially, the nightmare in which Eve is kept out of her body by two telepaths who force her into her own mental horrors.

The Pentagon (another coincidence?) is being raided by an astral thief and Eve is sent to kill him. Through various encounters, astral, violent and sexual, Eve tracks her man across the Atlantic to their meeting.

Both these books are passably well-written. The sex is the main attraction to the series and the humor is constantly inserted a la Ted Mark. The books are better written than most of their kind (the Coxeman, TOMCAT, etc.). I usually read one book of each series to see if they are worthwhile. The only ones I read regularly are those by Ted Mark. Reviews of the Relevant books next issue. If you know of any other sex novels with sf and/or fantasy aspects, please let me know.

THE HAND-REARED BOY by Brian Aldiss, Signet, T4575, 75¢, 125p.
(Joseph Daniels)

With this book you don't get many pages for your 75¢. You don't get much else either. The cover quote says "England's answer to PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT"- Publishers' Weekly. This book is my complaint. This is not sf and is of interest only because Aldiss was once mainly a sf author.

A boy's sexual adventures, mostly masturbation, form the subject matter of the book. From kindergarten to college, Horatio Stubbs our hero (HA!) tells all his experiences in detail but unless you are a little gay there is no titillation in the book. Stubbs' forays include adventures with his brother, his sister, his friends (boys and girls), his nurse, the family maid, his schoolmates, his mistress and himself.

The writing is poor but I suppose that might be excused because Aldiss is trying to make this a first person narrative. The book is still disappointing and dull. It's a poor man's PORTNOY and that was none too good.



AND
DROOGS
TOO...



The release of the film *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* heralds director Stanley Kubrick's first cinematic enterprise since his masterpiece *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*. For his latest work, Kubrick has come down from the expanse of interstellar space to create an imaginary society here on Earth, but he retains a futuristic setting.

The story unfolds in what appears to be London, England, but what is easily "Anytown, U.S.A." Malcolm McDowell stars as "Little Alex", the perverse leader of one of the many roving gangs or "droogs" which romp wantonly around town and countryside to satiate their desires for sex and violence. A tired theme but anyone who prejudices this film as just another message film is ignoring the innovative genius of Kubrick. He treats the subject in a way no other director has been able. As in so many of his other films (*PATHS OF GLORY*, *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*, *DR. STRANGELOVE*), Kubrick illustrates his mastery of his medium as he presents an altogether different kind of movie.

With Alex as our guide to his underworld exploits we are thrust into the midst of gang wars, sex orgies, rapings and brutal murders. However the **blatant violence** is mollified into seeming fantasy through Kubrick's inventive use of symphonic music which elevates the brutality to a level of calculated grace. The gang war between two groups of droogs becomes a precise ballet, as each punch or kick is seen as a measured muscular movement. In *2001* a docking maneuver between a Pan Am Space Clipper and a space station became a poetic waltz, as *The Blue Danube* accompanied that was, by necessity, a graceful and delicate procedure. When Alex murders a health club woman with one of her eccentrically sculptured phallic symbols, Rossini's *Thieving Magpie* overture is used as the accompaniment. (Incidentally, Kubrick shot that entire scene single-handedly.)

Acts of sexual promiscuity are given similar treatment by the director. Alex picks up two girls in a posh, surrealist club and does his thing to the rapid pace of Rossini's *William Tell Overture*. The entire scene takes place at freight-train speed.

The music and the bizarre sets which Kubrick continually employs are vehicles to allow the moviegoer to accept what easily becomes distasteful. Alex is quickly identified not as a mere brute of senseless acts, but as a master craftsman of an art which he has perfected.

But even unyielding Alex has a soft spot in his gut....a love for Ludwig von Beethoven. Paradoxically this is appropriate, for as Beethoven overcame his deafness through his music and invoked what strength he could summon (in the *Destiny* symphony), so Alex emerges from his confused world and exhibits individuality through his perfection of

physical acts. His violence becomes a personal art, just as sex is likened to a casual game of cat-and-mouse. In one scene Alex rapes the wife of a writer (Adrienne Corri and Patrick Magee respectively), who is a member of the political opposition, while whistling 'Singin' in the Rain'. Isn't it such a wonderful feeling?

What law there is in this society eventually catches up with Alex and he is convicted for the murder of the health club woman (Miriam Karlin). Alex is taken to the penitentiary and humiliated by prison officials. When he is first taken in, a guard (Michael Bates) orders Alex to yield his personal possessions. In a bit of irony so common to the film, Alex hands over his mundane collection, including "one chocolate bar and one plastic comb", to the severe (and quite British) military tone of the guard. Alex is then stripped of his clothes and his name and given the number 655321.

655321 is a "model" convict and exhibits an earnest desire to reform. He befriends the prison chaplain through the phony guise of religious commitment and, after pulling a few strings, is picked for an experimental series of government endorsed tests. Through behavioralistic attempts at conditioning him to react adversely to anything suggesting sex or violence, 655321 is "cured" and released after serving only two years of a forty year sentence.

But society rejects the ex-con. Alex meets old enemies and two fellow droogs who had been hired as policemen by the city government. The hero, with whom we identify, is beaten and mugged by those on whom he had inflicted injury.

In a final sequence of irony, Alex stumbles upon the writer he and his former droogs had attacked. But our "reformed" droog is tricked and subjected to a horrifying locked-room torture. As Beethoven's Ninth Symphony permeates the room, Alex decides to "do himself in"; for his beloved Ninth is evoking one of the pre-conditioned adverse reactions. The would-be suicide is unsuccessful and he awakens in a hospital bed. In the end, the government steps in and quickly covers up their act of injustice to the unfortunate droog by making certain promises to him. Alex is quickly enticed by the generous offers, and in a classic symbolic sequence is seen in his hospital bed being hand-fed by the government official, while giving in to their every ploy. Why bite the hand that feeds you?

As the movie ends, Alex becomes "well" again as he envisions himself raping a girl in the presence of stately Victorians clad in frock coats and top hats.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is a brilliant achievement by Kubrick. He envisions a futuristic society debased to a level of crude action and instinctual reaction. The people of the community emote at the most basic level of the human animal. It is a societal jungle, where only the raw instincts of homo sapiens play against one another - whether it be the desire for violence and craving for sex of Little Alex, or the greedy, ruthless corruption of the totalitarian government.

This is a bizarre world where man's instincts flush to the surface at a whim - illustrating that they are covered by a thin veil of superficiality. Alex is unchanged after he goes through the penal cycle, because he is tampered with by the same people and the same society which will provide an outlet for his wanton desires before long.

Infamous dictionary:

BNF - 1) boring non-fan; 2) bad neo-fan.

proofreader - person who checks material for errors (non-existent in fandom).

THE PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA (an interview with Frank Gagliano, part 2):

For those who did not get issue one, Frank Gagliano is the playwright-in-residence at Florida State University. Some of his fantasy 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**. Some of his current projects still include a trilogy of horror plays called **IN THE VODOO PARLOR OF MARIE LA VEAU** and musical reedition of **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** entitled **QUASIMODO**. According to Warren Williams, the man doing the music for **QUASIMODO** is Lionel Bart. One of Bart's more famous and recent successes was the musical version of Dickens **OLIVER TWIST**, **OLIVER!** The strangeness of making **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** into a musical combined with the proven commercial skills of Mr. Bart should make **QUASIMODO** a play to watch. According to Warren, **QUASIMODO** should be shown in New York this coming Fall. It will be off-Broadway but this will give the general public a viewing of Gagliano's work. If you see it, let me know how it is.

*Isn't the 1930's play **DRACULA** a very good example of fantasy of that type of situation?*

That's right. That is a type of fantasy that comes into the horror category but I suppose these things overlap very often in science fiction stories and horror stories; This is true of the stage too. I hadn't thought of **DRACULA** as being a fantasy, but of course it is. I am at a disadvantage, because I think all plays are fantasy, I really do. I think most creative works come from the fantasy of one's mind. Most plays have an element of the fantastical in them even straight realistic plays. This is true especially in musical plays. They deal with some area that is strange. In the great plays there are areas of mystery where not everything can be explained. In every great play, there are questions of something beyond the fact which is part of the fantasy. I think of all plays like that. I'm working on a trilogy now; 3 minor plays that take place in a voodoo parlor. I've only finished the first play, it takes place back around the turn of the century in Louisiana using an actual voodoo parlor and voodoo queen that existed.

I'm making up things. I'm really talking about some contemporary problems, about the melieu and the fact of voodoo — what is and what it can do to people. People under the spells are fascinating. Very theatrical.

By the way, that's something else, fantasy is sheerly theatrical. More so than any other form. As a matter of fact, this is so elementary I should have started with this, (the simple things really occur to me like this). Fantastical things happening are very theatrical. When you suddenly have a flash pot go off on stage, lights go off briefly, the flashpot goes off, then the lights go on again and there is a character that you haven't seen before that has appeared as if by magic. You have a theatrical moment going on that can't be beat. That's going to grab you. It's not going to make the play good or bad. There are other things to consider. That is not the real drama but nevertheless, the actuality is part of every drama, the theatrical thing that is happening on the stage. This is the kind of magic and excitement that you can get in the theatre. In **THE PRINCE OF PEASANTMANIA**, the Prince opens the play and the jester comes out and as he gestered, a stream of red light would come and hit him from the side, and then another stream of light would come out and get him from another side, and then in front of the audience a spot would come out and hit him. The colors are being mixed up. I think that was a very moment on the stage. But you can't get it from any other medium. It's just marvelous when it comes up three dimensional with this jester character suddenly in all this light; that's stage magic. This is good; it is part of the whole stage language that you use but, you would tend to use it in a realistic play in a much more conservative way. Lights come up in realistic plays. And lights, too, change the height of the play. Suddenly the light comes

through the window into the living room, as if the sun was coming up at the end of the play. As PEASANTMANIA ends happily, light comes and drenches the hero and heroine. That convinces you. It's not real but suddenly the light is there. It is a subtler thing and people accept it. But if you suddenly get (I've seen it in realistic plays), where a director would decide to heighten the point, making it more emotional. Instead of making it come up gradually, you let a flash of light come up quickly and that will underscore the emotional poem even in a realistic play. This always works on the stage. It is one of the great things about the stage: Creating an effect. In a fantasy, you can take it very far and it's marvelous. You are free to create effects and are expected to do it.

Another interesting thing about light, one of the jobs a writer has, one of the jobs all of the practitioners in the theater have, is to tip off the audience about what you want them to do. It involves manipulation. You have to release them, if you want them to laugh, let them know they can laugh. And it's not as simple as it seems, especially in my kind of plays, that deals with a very dark and yet funny subject. Those which should be dark parts don't work unless they are funny. This is a paradox I can never understand but I know it's true and if they laugh they are more likely to get the deeper significance. But since it's basically dealing with a darker subject, audiences never know whether they should laugh or not. They wonder what is this type of play? You have to let them know. You have to orient them, and tell them that it is a fantasy. In PEASANTMANIA, we had this light spectacular attack and then we have all these strange customs and the language is kind of strange. You know then that I had to tell them they are allowed to laugh; I had the jester undercut it. I say this is all rhetoric and the jester used it as an obscenity of the thing which underscored the part that I thought very funny. In fact the audience did laugh as they said "ah".

"Ah, we can laugh because it is a strange play. It is a fantastical type of play that has some strange overtones but I can laugh in it." And it is the job of all the theatre practitioners, myself included, to do this, to allow this to happen, to tip off the audience.

Is the macabre black comedy that you put in your plays intentional? Is it necessary for relief in the play?

No, it is necessary, but I wouldn't say for relief. I tend to believe this whole question of comedy and drama goes back to peasants and people who make a living dealing with these things. I feel that the whole question of comedy and drama started since Elizabethan times when the macabre /comedy mixture was beginning to come in vogue.

In modern drama, before the 20th century, (although I can think of examples in the 19th century) people tended to think it okay. Shakespear was using the gate keeper in Macbeth as comic relief. I certainly don't do that, but I think 20th century writers tend to occasionally do that. In some cases, I guess, some will say "Oh, this is too heavy. Let me relieve it a little bit".

That's not why I do it, I don't think many writers really do this. I think they see life, and I see life, as a combination. To me it's the coming out of some very painful moments, like the carnival scene of PEASANTMANIA. It is basically a very serious scene and turns out to be a tragic one. I didn't put anything in it for relief from my own experience in life, that it is a mix, very often, of very terrible and very peculiar things that are happening to me or that I am witnessing. Very absurd, funny things, happen at the same time. In fact, I can recall once (I think it was a very depressed time in my life) I was getting phone calls constantly. Every phone call I got happened to do with a disaster of some sort, someone was dying or someone broke his leg, and the cumulative effect of that was hilarious. It was just too much, the

way some people would describe it. Yet I was so totally engrossed with the tragedy of course, that I wouldn't think of it as some sort of comedy. There are people who are related to the problem who are more objective and who might suddenly experience a strange thing happening in the midst of that. Now it may have the effect of relieving the tragedy, and there is some kind of release. It may make the effect of making the tragedy more tragic.

I can think of one very funny incident. It was related to me by a Polish critic from his own life. There was one he told about being part of the fighting during the Second World War. He was a Pole under the Nazi rule and was interred in a concentration camp. In a crazy situation, when everyone was being killed, he helped some woman who was pregnant and they thought he was a doctor and they gave him privileges. He escaped in a Nazi overcoat and went into the woods. They thought he was a Nazi simply because he was wearing the coat. They were going to hang him, but they started passing drinks around, and they got him stoned out of his mind. The upshot of the story is that every once in a while they remembered they had to hang him. This is real they were going to hang this guy! But because they waited so long some partisans came and discovered who he was and rescued him. Amidst all of this he didn't get hanged but had a jovial time setting down.

That is a typical contemporary story. So to me, life is very often like that. In the plays I write I didn't see it as fantasy. Putting in humor where it logically goes in. In my play FATHER UPSBRED WANTS TO MARRY, very funny events happen. All these weird things occur. This happens to be one of the most serious plays I've ever written. It is a very tragic study of a man who is cracking up, due to modern pressures of the things taken away from him. Yet there are very funny things happening to him all the time. The last scene is a very terrible scene, a cruel thing of him being very cruelly used and yet it involves some very funny things. Now it's quite true that it does relieve the situation, but I just feel that there is a reality to it as opposed to the one central thing happening all the time, the bleak tragic situation. I don't believe that the comedy is reality, but it's there.



This creates problems for actors. They might have to basically be very serious and very tragic and be in pain, emotional pain, and they are called upon to suppress the comedy even though it's there. To do that takes a great amount of skill. Many an actor cannot. They are the ones who let the audience know that they can laugh at the line even though it may be a very serious one. It becomes wholly an actor's problem in the presentation, my problem, too, because I am setting this up and making

it very difficult.

In modern theatre it is a very serious problem because many actors haven't been able to master this. Haven't been able to make these switches, from comedy to drama. Suppress something very heavy and then turn it on again. Almost all my contemporaries do this. Most any writer today that I can think of, does this. Harold Pinter and Samuel Becket, certainly. *WAITING FOR GODOT* is a good example.

It's curious to me how certain people object to this, especially the purist. Maybe that is why it is the purist who objects to fantasy per se, who cannot deal with it as easily because there are too many contradictions in fantasy. There is realistic behavior, then bizzare behavior and then there are magical things happening. Too many things contradict each other in pure terms. That is why I think maybe everything today is fantasy. I mean, how can you really look at television? The whole thing is just blotted with contradictions, blotted with images, with incredible things from reality. We come from the battlefield and the next minute we are getting a commercial about an underarm deodorant with a beautiful girl on the screen and then on to some real corruption happening and from that, on to soup and then it's a very pretty picture of someone walking through the mist and from there, to someone getting his head beat in. This actually happens. Incredible! These are image contradictions that are imitating us. But that is our reality and that is why I write that way, not to relieve the tragedy or tension. I mean it is simple reality. Maybe at one time when life was a little different you could be a purist because the reality of the time was pure. But today, not to write fantasy, is unreal. It is all fantasy: it is all bizzare; it is all incredible, stretched to incredibility, I think.

I notice in your play PEASANTHANIA, in act one you have Pina come on and say a line to the effect that the fantasy part is almost over. Then the second act has more reality. Do you feel that this transition was hard to accomplish? Do you feel that you accomplished it well?

I don't really know. I think to some extent it was. It becomes a very difficult problem to drop everything. If you drop all of the techniques and devices you've been using, it becomes so jarring that it really becomes very difficult for an audience to deal with. So the problem, the writer's problem, and the production problem, becomes one of how to keep saying that while we are in a certain reality, we are going to change that reality but we are not going to change it enough to upset it. It becomes a very big problem of writing and stagecraft to suddenly indicate this and I did want the last scene to be very much stranger, something miles apart from that first scene.

I can't say that the production was that successful for a number of reasons. To achieve this requires a tremendous amount of sheer technological work and it requires a great amount of time, which we didn't have. We had to do just what we could. One of the things for example: the reason why I believe it was achieved was that first of all, the scene started off with all of these fantastical customs and face makeup and wigs with the exception of the Prince; he did not have one. At one time he did, but we got rid of that. At first the idea was to keep the people in the wigs, but I objected to that. It did not seem to make sense because we had to go into something else where those wigs and that makeup did not seem applicable any more. Now we also had a practical problem, the kind you often find in the theatre in that the wigs just got in the way. It is very hard for an actress to have a very serious scene and to do that scene with that wig on is difficult because in the first scene it is funny with the wig. In the later scene in which she was revealing herself, when she acted with that wig on, it was im-

possible to tape because you could not do it without annoyance. It was funny. And this was true of a lot of other characters. So we just decided that the thing to do was to start discarding those wigs, take them off. And in the world I created it was possible. If you want to take it off, you take it off. Almost anything goes. The question was to find a spot where these wigs could come off. But we never went far enough, in point of fact in that production. What should have happened was that everything should have started to go, customs, makeup, everything slowly being discarded, until in the last scene the two Princes are practically down to nothing. In fact, there is a vision in the first scene of the second act that describes two naked men having a battle.

In my view, it is our job to project this. This became a problem not of nudity, but of where to make the projection. It was a very serious technical problem, so I described it; a character described it. But the fact is that at the end of the play I really wanted these two brothers to be as much down to skin as possible because the whole play is the process of stripping away of things. We never really got to that, so to answer your question as to whether that shift was achieved is no. One of the reasons was for a simple practical thing. We realized that one of the things to do was to strip down everybody but we did not have the time or means to do that. That involves a tremendous amount of work. It is simple enough to just take off a wig; we did that. (We didn't do it too well because it also required a lot of subtle things - how you do the customs, the change, the makeup. These have to be worked out, and while we did not have the time to do that, it is what should have happened. If that had happened I think you would have seen that shift more so.

Never the less, I could not go all the way, because going all the way, suddenly making the shift, would violate everybody's sensibility. Given an ideal situation, that would be one of the production considerations to think about. I'd have to then investigate the writing, to see if I had, in fact, achieved that shift and had done it subtly and well enough or if I had to do more.

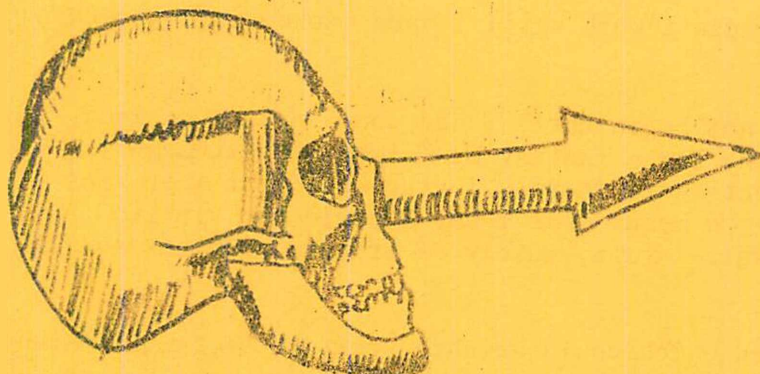
You are working on your new play called QUASIMODO. Could you tell us how this is proceeding and if this is going on fantasy lines or towards more reality?

This of course is a musical that we are doing that is based on the HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, Victor Hugo's 19th century novel. This is not something that I made but is something that people came to me about so that already set a different set of circumstances. One has to go back to the initial novel and the question is, is the novel a fantasy or not? Now this gets very tricky because it is a 19th century novel about 15th century medieval France.

The original author has already removed himself and he himself did a tremendous amount of research. There is a great deal of realistic detail and accuracy in the HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME about Notre Dame, about Paris of that time, the city, the people, the actual names of people, the dates. The events that happened historically are right but he creates a hunchback. Is the hunchback fantasy? This hunchback is deaf, he has one eye, and he is a monstrosity. It could happen; there are monstrosities of life. It happens all the time, but

the author created in him a kind of fantastical character. In many ways, the other characters that he created are fantastical also. Prolo, for example, who is the evil priest in the play is so obsessed that he goes beyond reality. When I look at the project I must say that I think of it in terms of fantasy.

I also think of it in terms of a writing problem. How to render that, how not



to violate Hugo's intent while somehow making it something new; something contemporary and relevant to today's world. Now it is a musical as well. So you have a 19th century novel about medieval France involving a lot of realistic things but with a character that is fantastical in many ways, now being written by a 20th century writer, being put on the stage while trying to make it relevant and meaningful so that it is an interesting story to today's audience and making it a musical. It is

fantasy to me because it is a period I can take and create and kind of make up. It is a musical which already involves certain conventions that are fantastical. People stop to sing; people don't do that. There are people much larger than life.

I look at it right from the beginning as a problem of characters and of telling a story. In a sense, it is a fantasy because it is removed, and a fantasy almost in the sense of a fairytale. There is a fairytale aspect to it, sense of good and evil. At least there was in the original novel. Now I might have blurred that a little bit because my concept of good and evil is not as clear cut as, I think, Hugo's was. That's a change. But there is still a very strong fairytale, in fact the story turns out to be a kind of a beauty and the beast fairytale, Quasimodo and the girl. Although it doesn't end happily these elements are there.

Now I am thinking of these things in terms of fantasy but it is all very real, with very real problems. Very real characters who have very strong wants and needs but who have obstacles to transcend. That's what I am writing about, these obstacles of these characters. They function in a fairytale way so that is how I am dealing with it.

I was talking about obstacles. It is curious, one of the problems I did have was the differences between being commissioned and starting from scratch from your own imaginative source. My tendency in my first draft was to make the language, very contemporary. The way some of the characters talked had a very contemporary sound to it which the producer did not like at all. He wanted more of a sense of the original period, something a little more classical sounding so that it would not be too much of a jolt for people to suddenly to see characters of 15th century France suddenly speaking with 20th century sound. With my second draft, I had to go back and, among other things, deal with that aspect of it. In fact, I had to keep dealing with these specific problems again and again. I could not start until I had the theatrical atmosphere that I wanted. An atmosphere where I could hook into.

A stage is a space. It has to be filled with people and with things happening and before I can start, I have to see that space as a world in which this particular fantasy is going to work.

Almost every space for each play is different. Each play has its own atmosphere, its own color, its own sound, its own ring. If you were to read all my works you would find similarities of atmosphere, similarities of theme. You walk into one of Tennessee Williams' world. This is true, I think, with any strong artist.

A very strong image with a very strong voice is part of the atmosphere, but even with that, each play has its own particular color, atmosphere, whatever, above and

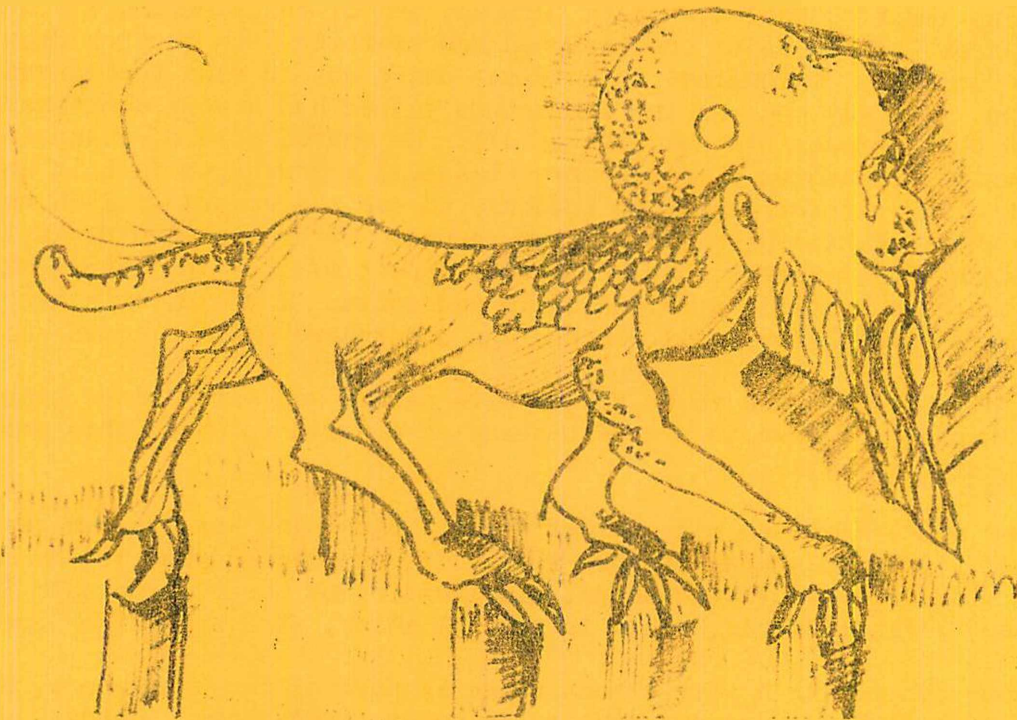
beyond that of the artist. I really can't work until I have hooked into something in the play.

This was true of QUASIMODO. I could not begin until I had come up with an idea to feel that space. I was not looking for a fantasy or fairytale, although I was aware that these fairytale elements were there. I also knew that there was a romantic something involved here. Me being what I am, I could not violate that either. But generally I was aware again, mostly of writing problems and all the problems I've spoke about.

The fact that there is music involved which could heighten certain emotional things, the fact that there is a fairytale basic to this in some way. The fact of the romance. These allow me to go beyond a mere realistic approach. I can make emotional things, for example, more emotional because they are expected. Because of the musical aspect I can add some moments of illusion where a character imagined something. Because it is a musical and because it is removed, it is bigger than life. It has a kind of fantastic atmosphere. The fairytale elements, I can do easier. I don't worry about them. If it is a more contemporary realistic setting, I have to worry more about that. So QUASIMODO enabled me to continue on this line of fantasy.

It seems that you are doing a lot more with music in your recent plays. Do you discover that you like this medium in particular?

Yes, very much. Not only me, I think almost every writer does this now. It is one of the healthy things, I think, that is happening in the theatre. This is especially true in the 60's. A lot of it had to do with discovery of the Brecht, Bertolt Brecht, the German playwright who used songs extensively. It was during the 50's and 60's that his work became well known in the United States, especially the THREE PENNY OPERA. Contemporary writers after that began to experiment, felt free to use music more.



In the 60's what happened was a whole revolution in the theatre. I guess it was a revolution where you were allowed to be more theatrical, using every device that you could to say what you wanted to express. Suddenly everyone was free to use these devices.

I have always liked music and I was actually brought up on opera in my background. I began to use music in my plays. I have used it usually in a very strange and crazy form because it has a great deal to recommend it and when the music works it is marvelous. Now that I use it I am very happy and I find that you can use it especially in fantasy as I have said before. In an atmosphere where anything goes, it is accepted. You are free to use music and songs can heighten action.

This is not new, of course. Shakespeare used songs whenever he wanted to in all his plays. They can add whatever you wanted them to add in drama or anything. We have been going back,, but we are finally allowing works to use it more.

I find that whenever I need to use music, I'll use it and I think audiences accept this. I guess movies have conditioned them to this too. Not in the actual sense of songs perhaps, but in the intrusion of background music and music to heighten things.

To finish - is there anything that you would like to say in reference to the things you have talked about?

I think I was kind of rambling. I touched on a lot of areas. The problems of fantasies, the problems of the stage, writing for the stage, the question of what you want to say,

If that world where anything can happen, where anything magical can happen, is your thing, that is what you go for on the stage. You still won't say that is what is making the choice of subject and style. You still have to deal with the same old stage problems. In a funny way it may really be easier to do fantasy on the stage because a stage really is all about making magic.

They play they make believe, they play, and they have fun at playing. They play at dying and they'll play at being mother and father and play terrible things and happy things. In that playing they are making magic, pretending magic, and the making of magic is the essence of fantasy. Very often a magical element is involved.

I guess what I'm saying is that the theatre when it is at its best has to do with playing and all plays, at their best, make magic for sure.

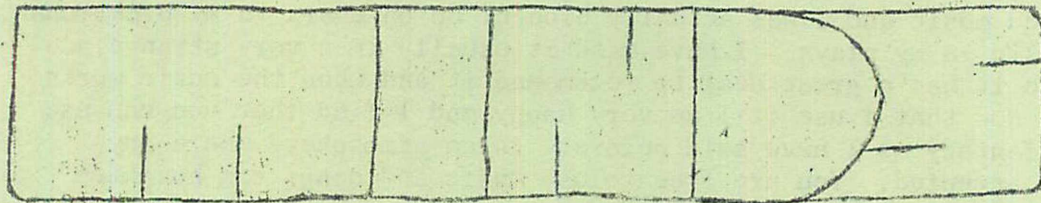
Infamous dictionary:

fan editor - person who can't read, can't write, can't type and begs for contributions, ex. the editor of untermilios

S & S writing - novels filled with sex and sadism.

trokkie - student of animal tracks.

OUT OF YOUR



Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, In. 46240

It's an unusual experience to open a fanzine put out by totally unfamiliar people. But it can be read without any clouding preconceptions. Considering the range of publications I receive unheralded, unterHelios is quite a decent-looking, hopeful-looking first effort. I wish I had some of Harry Warner's delicacy in offering encouragement but I'm going to start doing fanzine reviews for the Indianapolis fanzine EMBELYN and must get in the habit of close scrutiny.

Ah, KidVid has changed over the years and vive le change! The Buffalo Boh tour played here too, but the audience was lucky to be able to see the old Howdy Doody film. The projectionist turned up missing and a spectator volunteered to lend his projector, went home for it, and brought it back to the hall.

Educational considerations aside, SESAME STREET is so many light-years beyond HOWDY DOODY in entertainment value. It even has a bit of adult appeal, something wholly lacking in MISTER ROGERS.//?/ You've never watched MISTER ROGERS? Count yourself lucky. It's an agonizingly sweet blend of variety show psychotherapy and children's soap opera. (In what previous puppet show did the puppets get married and have babies? A pregnant hand puppet is quite a sight!) But our children, like most others, are enthralled by it.

Still, Rich Small's article was a good piece of "popular culture" reportage. //You weren't the only one who thought that. Bob Joseph has already reprinted the article in his radio fanzine STAY TUNED.//

Compliments on the back cover (superior to many illos in the HOBBIT COLORING BOOK), the art cover and to Bruce Ammerman's interiors.

Alma Hill, 461 Park Dr., Boston, Mass., 02215

As you say, putting out a fanzine isn't fun all the way. Lots of chores, lots of puzzles, much demand for time whether one has it or not. I've always doubted the term fun but found none better. Certainly it's done for unsies; the subscriptions don't seem to pay for postage, let alone other costs and the bother of bookkeeping. So why spend time and money that way. Could it be that fanzine editing is an adventure? //The first issue was an adventure, an exhausting one but still it was fun. As for why some editors are willing to take money for their fanzine, I think it's a matter

of ego. At least partly it is. If someone is willing to spend money for something you've done he must think it is and will be worthwhile. That is a nice form of flattery that also helps the pocket when things get tight. One of the reasons uh! is so late is that for a while I didn't have the money to buy more paper. The few subs I got helped quite a bit.//

You've made a good beginning, complete with many of the more prepossessing features -- good legibility, very few typos, good page design and lots of fillos, good cover art -- anyway, it looks good and reads easily. //For those of you who are bored with the compliments already, this might be a bad lettercol. I'm shameless! But I am going to print suggestions and criticisms also.// To be sure, you also make the standard first-issue undertakings about what WILL be done whereas this is merely what you hope to achieve. I dunno why faneditors get so prophetic. Leaves one so little room to maneuver. //Too true.//



Is Brad Linaweaver your pen-name? //NEVER!???// He writes well, and your fanzine makes a great practice-ground. Please tell him that there is no such word as "alright". The word "all" is never compounded with any other. See for yourself. The compound form "already" does not mean the same thing as "all ready" and comes from a different prefix. In the same way, "altogether" does not mean the same as "all together". And there is no such word as "alright". I blame its pseudo-life on the way some schoolbooks teach errors, first showing wrong forms and then drilling on them. The proper spellings are so much more common that ordinarily strong spellers would never use them if they hadn't been drilled in. I'm sore about such teaching methods. //Thanks for the comment. I've made mistakes like that many times. Besides the teaching methods, I think another reason might be general ignorance. The commonness of these mistakes have almost put them into general usage and people actually forget the correct forms.//

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605

Much thanks for unterHelios, a zine much better than it's title. unterHelios sounds like a German-Greek non-religiousization of a C of C blurb for Florida's sunny climes... //I've been found out!// I've lived down there, never saw such rain...

The Stu Smith "art cover" is lovely, hope you will use more of his work. I must admit I never heard of Gagliano, but the titles of his works sound fascinating!

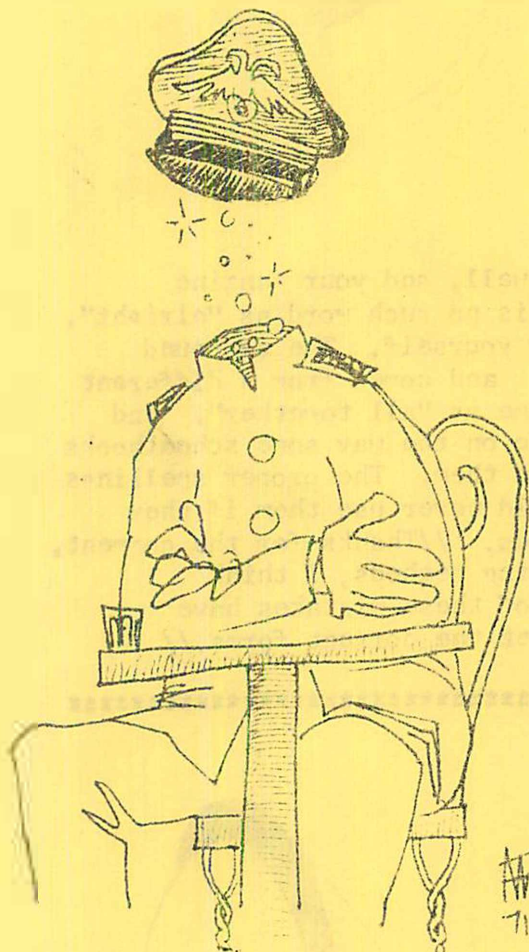
I have received that Chain Letter that Small quotes myself, at least twice - and threw it away at least twice. With no ill consequences that I have noticed. He should have mentioned in the article, however, that any chain letter suggesting that you send money to the people on the list is quite illegal under a federal law passed when these things were all the rage back in the 1920s or 30s.

I have seen all three - and I hear there is to be a fourth - of the "APES" movies, and really, I thought



ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES was quite good, and the best of the lot. Getting rid of Moses was a big step in the right direction. The film did have some redundant silliness in the early sequences about the TV interviews and the drunkenness, but on the whole the plot was tight and logical, more than could be said for the previous efforts. //CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES is the title of the fourth film which was just released. It is enjoyable but nothing special. Roddy McDowall is not my idea of a messiah. There is also a fifth movie in the process of being made. The title escapes me at the moment but I have also heard a rumor that the fifth film will lead back to the first one and will be the last film of the series. There might also be a television series. Does anyone know anything definite about this?//

Buck Coulson. Route 3, Hartford City, In. 47348



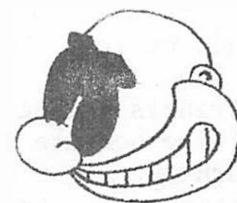
Couple of comments on unterHelios. I don't know as I would look down on comic art, but there are more differences between it and "magazine art" or "book art" than just an emphasis on action. Comic art is simplified. Quite often it's also exaggerated, sometimes to the point of caricature (you don't see any Wally Wood babes walking down the street, for example), but fantasy art is also exaggerated sometimes, so that isn't a major difference. But it is simplified - primarily in order to make it cheaper for the publisher. Straight line drawing; no half-tones or anything of that sort. While this puts restrictions on it, I feel that as an art style it's just as valid as anything else. (Only it is mostly a type of art that I don't like, which is why I seldom discuss it.) //I wasn't knocking comic art because I like some of it. The simple direct style can be compensated for by detailed backgrounds as was done by EC in the 30s and as is currently being done in such strins as CONAN, KING KULL, GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW and EL DIABLO. Another compensation includes shading details like Neal Adams and Gray Morrow.//

I got one of those prayer chain letters. I don't know why they all seem to come from the Netherlands; I suppose it's one of the conventions of chain letter writing. Chain letters are one of the minor mental illogicalities, incidentally.

It is "common knowledge" that they are ~~found~~ as long as they don't ask for money. As usual, "common knowledge" is wrong; they are ~~ill~~ in any way, shape or form. I can't say I've ever been inundated by them; I got one now and then. Probably my "cannish" reputation is not one that would make people think I'd be willing to pass them along - and I'm not, of course. They go to feed our trash burner.

I sort of like the idea of a chain fanzine, though. You print up 20 copies of unterHelios and send them out. Each recipient Xeroxes 20 copies and passes them along to his friends (getting to add his name to the list of "assistant editors" on the contents page. Think of the circulation you would get, for a minimum outlay. (Maybe 20 copies is too much, especially if you have to pay 25¢/page for Xeroxing. Say 4 copies each round. It would still add up - or multiply, if you prefer.) With that much circulation, you'd be bound to be on the Hugo ballot. And I'd end up with 183 copies for my review column.....

Brad Linaweaver, 3643 Lakeview Dr., Apopka, FL 32703



Unfortunately I can't contribute anything to uh! 2. At the moment I'm so busy with other things such as my radio show DIMENSIONS BEYOND that I failed to do any reviews. I did a fantasy story but in a moment of egomania I decided to work on it and hope for a pro sale. As the zine progresses I suspect more contributors will make it easier to keep the zine filled. I am now preparing an article concerning fantasy filmzines and paraphenalia equally obscene.

//DIMENSIONS BEYOND has passed away but...// I made some tapes at the Moreascon + Dcon, along with some interviews, and these would be of interest to fans; of Isaac Asimov calling down the lightning, or Lester del Rey debating the world...and winning, or Robert Bloch trying to outgun Forry Ackerman, or Clifford Simak recounting his love affair with autos., or every fan taking pot shots at Harlan Ellison (appropriate since the bard of "street fiction" does his best work while on the pot, excuse me, while on the toilet). In any case, the cons were fantastic experiences! //The above was a heavily edited version of the first part of Brad's letter. The remaining part of the letter was about John W. Campbell and follows//

Of course the 29th Worldcon had its solemn moments. The death of important contributors to the field was on the mind of all attendees. I had always thought about going to a Worldcon and meeting the one man I admired most in the science fiction field, the man most responsible for shaping modern respectable SF. But alas, John W. Campbell Jr. was gone. To eulogize him is superfluous. His eulogy is in his achievements, his work, his record. And what he did to shape the genre is his monument! The influence JWC... but I'm eulogizing him, aren't I? I'm just saying what we all know, and I'd rather not recount the history (or I'll have an article for unterHelios after all). Let me say that I'm glad John W. Campbell lived to see the Moon-landing and the aftermath. I'm sure that event was very important to him. And his last editorials were as sharp as ever!

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

I considered last evening whether I should stop and write you then or go and see THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES and THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT. DR. PHIBES won, otherwise you would have had this letter a day earlier. I should have stayed and written you since the films were a very big disappointment, ornate sets and a basically good story but pedestrian direction and wooden acting in DR. PHIBES. Vince Price could have been played by a robot with a couple of face masks for all the emotion or speaking the role needed. Of the second film only Pat Priest was worth remembering. But back to unterHelios which I translate as "under the sun"?? //Correct// There must be few fanzines with three covers to them and you are fortunate in having a choice of artists who are all equally talented, and the reproduction is quite excellent. The Howdy Doody article reminded me of the fact that one of the people who heads some technical organization here is named Doody too and he is a close friend of one of my bosses. When a letter is posted to him, the heading always says "Dear Doody" - and I always want to alter it to "Howdy" Doody....But there are real Doody's one has to remember.

Michael Ogden's article reminded me we have also had the two color version of MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE at the National Film Theatre in London which often swans seasons with the Museum of Modern Art in New York. We had CHANDU THE MAGICIAN a few weeks ago and a season of films directed by Michael Curtiz including a number of early Karloff films. //I was very dissatisfied when I saw CHANDU. Mainly, I think, because it was played for laughs. The season of Curtiz films sounds exciting. The only

Curtiz we get are his Warner Bros. films. I imagine the season included mainly films before this period. Which Karloff films did he direct? I hadn't heard of them before.//

Freddie Francis is back in England directing TALES FROM THE CRYPT. His first here for some time because he has been in Germany directing A HAPPENING OF VAMPIRES which didn't turn out too well. TALES is from Amicus Films and scripted by Milton Subotsky who has been living here since 1960 when he was writing more modest films like CITY OF THE DEAD with Christopher Lee. //TALES has just been released in this country and the American title of the Gerran film is THE VAMPIRE HAPPENING. Alan's letter was written in October or much of this would be news. It is still interesting to a film fan so I am printing the entire letter.// You seem to be a fan of Bill Rotsler who I have known for many years now. //I definitely am.// I saw Bill a few months ago in the film THE SECRET SEX LIVES OF ROMEO AND JULIET playing a lover of the nude Juliet. The film is directed by "A.P.Stootsberry" which may have been Bill for as you may know he has directed many other films, too. He has many ways of spending his time.

Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Ca. 91342

Your reproduction is similar to MCTALOPS, that you get good electrostencil, but not very dark copy. No complaint, just the complaint happened to hit me. //you might not be complaining, but I don't like it. I just can't seem to find a way to get real black copy without printthrough, as witnessed by a couple of pages this issue. Can anyone give me the cure for this on a Gestetner machine?//

Everything except the PRINCE OF PEASANTANIA was exceptionally readable, some even memorable. The Houdy Doudy article was better than some news magazine copy I've seen (as in TIME or NEWSWEEK). The reviews and the overall Mediatas concert were effective. Though they mainly have a tone of incompetence, having missed many of the principal points in whatever happened to be the subject of the review (like THX 1138), or concentrating on one point to the exclusion of equally important items, they at least try. Read Bob Gale's review of THX in NE 8.

David Gripp, 1556, Main Road., Research, Victoria, Australia, 3095..

unterHelios is very well laid out for a first issue though the variety of typefaces is bewildering. //If last issues type faces were bewildering, then you won't even be able to read this issue. Last ish only use 2 typewriters and this one has put at least 8 to use because I type when I get time on whatever is within reach.//

The playwright interview is fascinating though I can't help wishing I was more familiar with his work. It all sounds quite fabulous, but then, that's what plays are all about, isn't it?

"Say Kids, What Time Is It?" was amusing and the nostalgic attitude of Rich Small is interesting. It seems to me that TV is now undergoing the same kind of thing that old radio shows did: it has become old enough in your country and in England, at least, to have the wrinklies saying "gee, remember Art Linkletter's 'People Are Funny'?" in a sad wistful kind of voice, the same way people have been talking about old radio for years now, (about the Jack Benny Show or the Goon Show. To end a rambling sort of point, we'll probably tell our grandchildren "I remember 'The Smothers Brothers' when..." or "I remember 'The Avengers' when Steed and 'Mrs. Peel were...". (Gad...it sounds like I think Rich Small is both a wrinkly and an old man.) // Well, though Rich is

only 22, some people might consider him a wrinkly old man. I think you are right about the nostalgia kick on TV being similar to what has been going on for radio. I have developed an interest in radio in the last year and have begun collecting old tapes. Since this is very widespread it is logical to assume that it would spread to TV and it has. People get nostalgic about the things they enjoyed back when and entertainment media has the greatest potential pull because it was done primarily for enjoyment by the general public. I hope to have something on radio in uh! 3 or 4. It might even include some TV memories in it.// Nostalgia is an interesting subject. It's saying "I wish things were like it was then" but of course, then we were saying "remember how it was back then?". And all the way back, I can imagine Grunk the cave-man saying, "Remember when we used to chase dinosaurs all around the swamp?" Nothing is as much fun as it used to be, is it?

The weirdest chain letter I ever got was in Esperanto. "Who do I know who speaks Esperanto?"

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Surrit Ave., Hagerstown, Md., 21740

//Harry's letter was the first letter I received on uh! one. It is the best letter of comment in so many ways that I think the letter was better written than any part of issue one. It is also more interesting than much of it. For these reasons, this is the only letter to be printed complete with only breaks for my comments. I hope none of the other letter writers feel slighted. Harry, I have one question for you? How do you write such good letters so consistently and to so many people so often?//

The first issue of unterHelios was a pleasure to read but your title is a misery to type. I can't be sure from the cover and contents page if you really want it spelled unterHelios everywhere and I've failed completely in my attempt to decipher the pun or arcane reference that the title undoubtedly involves. It flows so trippingly off the tongue that I must have pronounced a similar word or words many times before.

//I do want the title spelled unterHelios but for those who do not want to type out the entire title the official abbreviation is uh! as I mentioned elsewhere. As for what uh! means, it means many things. I went over this in the editorial this ish.//

I don't see why you should want material from established fans when you were able to fill this issue with such generally good stuff from people not normally seen as fanzine contributors. Almost none of the major fan writers is writing much nowadays and some of them aren't even writing well, so you might be wiser to develop a stable of new fanzine writers who will soon flood all fanzines with excellent material. And you probably realize how seriously you've compounded an already critical mess by introducing a number of good artists at a time when all fandom is wrestling with the problem of how to give due recognition to so many already well known fanzine artists at the rate of one Hugo per year.

//Wanting other contributions is actually a need. In my case, fandom in this area



is pretty small. And most of them are not active. Only Rich and I do any fanac on a consistant basis. The rest of the local material you see in issues one and two had to be hounded out of people. I had better chance that. Most of the people want to contribute but never seem to get anything out regularly. As for the artists I had in uh! one, arlette has moved to Charlotte, N.C. and works for the OBSERVER and he wasn't really a fan anyway. Bill Black has his own magazines to keep him busy and I can only hope he will have time to do more work for uh! Stu Smith's material so far is reprinted from Black's Paragon although he has said he will try to contribute in the future. And Padgett has moved with no forwarding address. That eliminates many of my artists from number one. This ish I think I have equally good fan artists with such as Steve Fabian, Grant Canfield, Jim McLeod, Dan Osterman and Gary Phillips. I also have a new local David Buckner who I think can do excellent work.// I didn't think of the front cover as comics art until I saw it described inside as such. It's much more detailed than the normal comic book cover, it has a more realistic background than you normally get for twelve cents, and the action is constructive rather than destruction personified, since the hero obviously is just carrying out the function that nature intended while the girl is being helpful. On the comic books, she would undoubtedly drop the hero and concentrate on zapping the monster. //I have been taken down by a few people for calling the cover comic art. I don't see anything wrong with comic art and this is more in the style of the fifties EC art. WEIRD FANTASY, WEIRD SCIENCE, WEIRD SCIENCE FANTASY and INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION had covers like Black's by such artists as Wally Wood, Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Joe Orlando, Jack Davis and Al Feldstein.//

I doubt that I've ever seen or read any of Frank Capliano's dramatic work. The interview is interesting despite this inability to relate the creator to creations. My first thought was: how can science fiction and fantasy have much chance of succeeding in the legitimate theater, when they so rarely are impressive after Hollywood or rank has lavished millions on a movie production? Then I remembered that the stage director and the play's author and all the other persons involved in the live theater are aiming at an audience which may have somewhat higher tastes and better background than the typical movie or television audience. That knowledge might cause them to avoid some of the concessions to mediocrity which plague movies and fantasy series on television. There has definitely been a considerable volume of fantasy on the stage and atleast a few science fiction dramas. Caneek, for instance, wrote science fiction plays which hardly anyone in English-speaking nations can have seen in the form intended by the writer. Fantasy bobs up in all sorts of dramatic literature. Comparatively recent plays like OUTWARD BOUND and a play by Priestly whose title I can't remember at the moment, a trifle earlier in AETHEPLINCK and PEEP CYNT.

And when I was complimenting the artwork, I should have added some commendation for the production of that separate full-pager without staple marks or lettering. The execution is as good as the idea. I wouldn't be surprised if you started a new fad among fanzines for this system of giving proper display to good full-page art. Although, of course, there is no reason more logical than tradition for the inclusion of any lettering on a fanzine's front cover. Nobody who receives a fanzine through the mail is going to discard it because he doesn't know which fanzine it is from his first glance at the front cover. He will open it up and look at the contents page for identification. Newstand magazines can't count on this kind of inspection by browsers, and that's why the custom of cluttering up front covers with lettering got started, and later imitated by fanzines modeled on prozines.

I never was a Howdy Doody fan. We didn't have a television set during most of its national airing and I was entirely too old to learn to like it during its final years when I could have watched it. But I'm happy to see the interest in old television, which will probably grow quite soon into something analogous to the ballooning old radio fandom. Some of those Howdy Doody productions might still exist on the pre-tape method of recording network shows. This was a system of filming them from a video

tube rather than directly from the live production . The quality was quite bad, but I imagine that hardly anyone realized it on the receiving end during those early years when images were generally fuzzy and screens were small. There really should be a search for these old kinescope films before they get destroyed or deteriorate too badly to be copied. Some of them are approaching the age at which film stock not kept under optimal conditions and not processed for archival purposes will start to get into bad shape. //Does anyone know about this? Some of the shows and specials of the 50s were definitely worth keeping, at least, for historical purposes.//

SEVEN DAYS isn't very original for basic theme. But the method of presentation is novel enough for the story to hold my attention. Maybe some more specific information about the alienness and awfulness of the narrator would have made it stronger, although I realize that a full description would remove the element of mystery that the author obviously intended.

THX 1138 sounds worth seeing. There's always a slight chance that the future depicted in movies on science fictional themes will have arrived by the time the films finally show in Hagerstown, so I can't hope too fervently to get to see it soon. The obligatory use of drugs sounds like an arresting twist. I'll be interested to see how far the farthest out participants in the rebellious react to this idea. Meanwhile maybe Brad had the unhappy experience of reading BOXOFFICE about how the general public had reacted to ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES. It was named movie of the month in BOXOFFICE'S poll of critics, and business during its early weeks of showing in selected markets was about four times average for those theaters. Moreover, patronage so far has been better than that for the original APES film or its first sequel.

Strange: I'm rarely bothered by chain letters, although I can remember vaguely a few of them arriving when I was small, addressed to my parents. I don't get pornographic advertisements in the mail either. Someone up there must be shielding me from things that might be bad for me.

As you might have guessed, even though I neglected to come right out and say it, I think this is a fine first issue.

Gary Mattingly, 7529 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, Kansas 66204

Your cover art came out quite excellently. The cover by Stu Smith was really beautiful, but the paperclip with which it was fastened by the magazine left a permanent mark. // This issue there is no paperclip but I used lighter stock. Next issue I go back to the heavy stock!// I hope you can get more by Smith. The editorial policy sounds fairly interesting and I hope you get some more good material in response to it.

It's sort of weird to see the revival of Howdy Doody. I used to watch it many years ago (late 50's actually). You might say I enjoyed it since one day I ran in with such enthusiasm that I tripped and broke out my two front teeth. They grew back fortunately. Will Howdy Doody?

The following is from the Libertarian Connection:

"This is a chain letter. Within the next 50 days you will receive three eleven hundred pounds of chains."

this page proofread by Brad Linaweaver



Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario
Canada
uh!one is a fair cut above most first issues and looks like a zine
to watch.

Your idea about an extra, non-printed-on "art" cover on special stock is an excellent one, although the expense involved must be considerable. However since you go to the trouble of including a special undefiled cover, may I suggest you don't paperclip it to the fanzine? //You may. I agree with you and others who pointed this out. If I had thought about it I would have seen the problem.// The cover itself was an excellent piece of work, highly reminiscent of the work of Steve Fabian. I'm not familiar with Stu Smith, but from now on I'll be looking for more of his work.

Bill Black's cover is not only extremely well drawn, it's a splendid spoof on the old style pulp covers and I enjoyed it thoroughly on both levels. Again, I'm not familiar with his name and you've made a wise move in starting your fanzine with your own "stable" of contributors. Too many fanzines flounder because the faned merely writes to established fans requesting contributions rather than trying to uncover new talented people in his own circle. Your back cover, I'm afraid didn't impress me as much as the other two. Most of this is due to the uniquely personal imagery of the Tolkien books. I'm sure everyone has his own idea as to what the hobbits look like or how the various characters in the book should appear, so artists who try to represent Tolkien and portray their own particular visions will seldom meet with much approval. Not even Tim Kirk's hobbits seem real to me. (Not that I could show you what I think a hobbit should look like; I'm no artist. But I sure as hell know what they don't look like!) The drawing itself is well rendered but the failure of the figures to match my own conceptions makes it difficult for me to like the work, no matter how aware I may be of its technical competency.

Your interiors are a strange mixture. I cannot understand why you'd go to the trouble of electrostencilling art and then resort to those amateurish hand lettered titles. (Unless it's pure economy of course. In this case, I think you'd be better off with using graphically coherent titles and foregoing an illo or two.) //This ish I kept the hand lettered titles but tried to improve on their quality. To me, many of the mechanical titles in some fanzines seem to have nothing to do with the feature and I think this is one of the virtues of fan publishing -- having the material related together. While I don't think I have succeeded yet, I am trying to work towards that goal.//

Now that I look at the toc, I see that there is not a single artist who's work I'm familiar with! And save for yourself, there isn't a single writer either! Wow! An entire school of fans I've never heard of. //I hope you will be hearing a lot more from some of them. A few have some real talent if they work at the material they put out, art or written.//

And here are all the people whose letters I didn't have space enough to print: Neil Glossup, who said uh! covered too many things to hold his interest; Jeff Schalles, who liked the Howdy Doody article; Grant Canfield; Rudi Franke, who sent me a nice cover which will be on uh! three; Gary Phillins; Jim McLeod; Steve Fabian; Bill Rowers; Linda Bushyager, who gave me much helpful advice; Phyrne Bacon; Per Insulander; Kim Bethke; Gary Kissel; Lesleigh Luttrell; Bob Joseph, who reprinted Rich Small's Howdy Doody article in his radio fanzine STAY TUNED; Piers Anthony; Stu Smith; andy offut, who sent a strange but definitely interesting letter; Ninnette Nicoloff; Mike Scott; Dan Osterman; Alexis Gilliland.

MUTTER MUTTER

BEING COMMENTS OF SORTS
by the assistant editor of sorts

Being the assistant editor, it seems only natural that I should have an 'Assistant Editorial' of some sort. Putting out a 50-60 page fanzine is a lot of work. It takes up a lot of time. That's why I prefer to work with the smaller, more comfortable Yellow Balloon. It wouldn't be quite so bad if one was able to get a good sized fanzine out regularly and on time. However, when delays arise and there is little or no time to do anything, publishing a large fanzine can be a very frustrating experience. Take, for example, Paul Greiman's review of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Paul saw A CLOCKWORK ORANGE at its New York premiere, and wrote the review shortly afterwards. Had this issue come out at that time, it would have carried one of the first reviews of Kubrick's film. As it was, the review winds up being just another review. A pity.

Of course, being a mere assistant editor, maybe I shouldn't have said all of that. Joe is the editor....but, I felt those things just had to be said! On to other things. ## Due to popular request, there will be no more Rill Botsler cartoons in unterHelios. The noble Botsler will pop up in other magazines, however. ## Brad Linaweaver specifically asked that he not be given credit for doing the proofreading (even though he procofread at least half of this issue) for this issue. Brad is an excellent proofreader and caught many, many mistakes that would have otherwise passed unnoticed. However, several of the other pages were proofed by people who had a remarkable talent for avoiding errors. Brad was afraid that if he was given credit for proofreading, some of you readers would notice the mistakes on the pages others proofed and would have assumed these to be mistakes he didn't catch. Brad was of the opinion that people would look at these mistakes and think, "Boy that guy Linaweaver is an inept clod." So, I would like to take this time to announce that all pages without mistakes were proofed by Brad. If you should happen to come accross a page that has mistakes on it...well, that page was proofread by somebody else. ## Brad also informed me that he would like to be given partial credit for running this issue off. Sorry, Brad, But I did most of that. You did help some in this department and that help was appreciated, but you were far more valuable as a proofreader.

Part of the fun of doing a fanzine relates to the 'problems' that come up at the last minute. On July 2, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the fanzine was run off (making a total of $\frac{1}{2}$ of the issue that was done). Almost all of the other pages had been typed. However, these pages needed illustrations spliced in and none of these illustrations had been electrostenciled yet. Most of July 3rd was spent getting stats of some illustrations and pasting them on $8\frac{1}{2} \times 14$ " sheets of paper. Then I called the Roneo people up (they do all of our electrostenciling) only to find that they have sold their office machine and won't have a new one in 'for a couple

of weeks'. Well, that left only the AB Dick people and the Gestetner people. After calling up the Gestetner people I found out that the guy who does almost all of the electrostenciling was out on a 'service call for an indeterminable period of time'. However, I gambled that the Gestetner serviceman would get back before closing (and he did-fortunately. Otherwise, we couldn't have gotten anything E-stenciled until July 5th). The Gestetner people close at 5:00 and after dropping off the two completed pages of illustrations at their office, I found out that we had to have two more pages E-stenciled. This was at 4:00. Joe was supposed to have taken care of this, but he had a meeting he had to attend and so the mess was dumped in my lap. I got the two pages pasted up and in the hands of the E-stenciler at 4:45. Fortunately, the guy was willing to spend a little extra time, otherwise...

Part of the fun came merely from the fact that we hadn't played with Gestetner Electrostenils before. It was like learning how to splice a stencil all over from scratch. As Gestetner electrostencils are plastic, they require a special 'stencil cement' and you can't get away with using corflu like you can on Roneo stencils. Anyway, doing all this splicing was a lot of fun (Boy, that stencil cement could take the longest time to dry!).

It may sound like I've been doing a lot of bitter gripeing about putting out a fanzine (Why would anyone want to publish anything if it's all one big hassle?). Well, that isn't exactly what I've been doing. I LOVE fanzine publishing. However, I just wanted to point some of the various pitfalls of publishing to any would-be publishers, so they would realize what they probably would be getting into. Thus, with this type of evidence they would wisely decide not to publish (who knows, even a few current publishers might become discouraged when they realize the magnitude of all the hassles of publishing that they inadvertently overlooked in the past). Thus, with all the competition eliminated, unterHelios will have no problem in winning a Herbert (ah... no, that isn't it). ...no problem in winning a Philbert(?). A Robert? A David? (Well, whatever that silly award is). Well, anyway, I just wanted to say I'm not gripeing.

Well, I guess that's about it for this issue. In case anyone wonders why this editorial is not near the front of this issue, it's because I didn't get the idea of doing one until the first 40 or so pages had already been typed (and several of those run off). With a little luck, Joe and I will be running off the rest of the pages tonight. With a little more luck, the issue may be finished and mailed by July 10. I hope so. Till next year (oops, I mean't next issue...but then again, that may be next year).

best

RICH

July 4, 1972
(This is a patriotic stencil)

- or CROAK-A-MINUTE THRILLS IN A FLORIDA SWAMP.
 - or EVEN AN ECO FREAK WILL HAVE TROUBLE SWALLOWING THIS:
 - or IS THAT DISTRESS AND SHOCK ON RAY MILLAND'S FACE ACTING?.
 - or HAS ALFRED HITCHCOCK BEEN TOAD?:
 - or AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES DIDN'T LOOK BEFORE THEY LEAPED:
 - or THE MOST INEPT DEATH SCENES EVER SEEN:
 - or IS IT A CRO(A)K OF BULL(FROG) SHIT?:
 - or WILL THE REVIEWERS OF AIP'S FROGS GET WARTS?:
- by BRAD LINAWEAVER & WARREN WILLIAMS

Ray Milland was either:

- a. blackmailed into doing this picture
- b. desperate for money
- c. desperate for a part
- d. on his vacation when some kids asked him if he'd be in their home movie
- e. hypnotised by "director" George "oCowan
- f. under the impression he was starring in a comedy (because he was)
- g. promised the mansion in the film, or
- h. kidnapped and forced to act for his freedom.

xx The flicks Ray Milland has done related to the SF/horror genre, up until FROGS, were excellent in quality, for example: THE POTATOPE BURIAL, X-THE MAN WITH X RAY EYES and PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO. What happened, Mr. Milland? You are one of our favorite actors. How did FROGS happen? "CROAK!"



WHY WE FORCED THIS ON YOU:

because green balloons are seldom yellow in Iranian snowstorms

you are mentioned in this issue

your lifetime subscription to this magazine has just run out

you contributed

because I just saw a quadruple bill of:

GODZILLA VS. THE THING

GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER

KING KONG VS. GODZILLA and

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS

we trade

vote for us for the Herbert Award

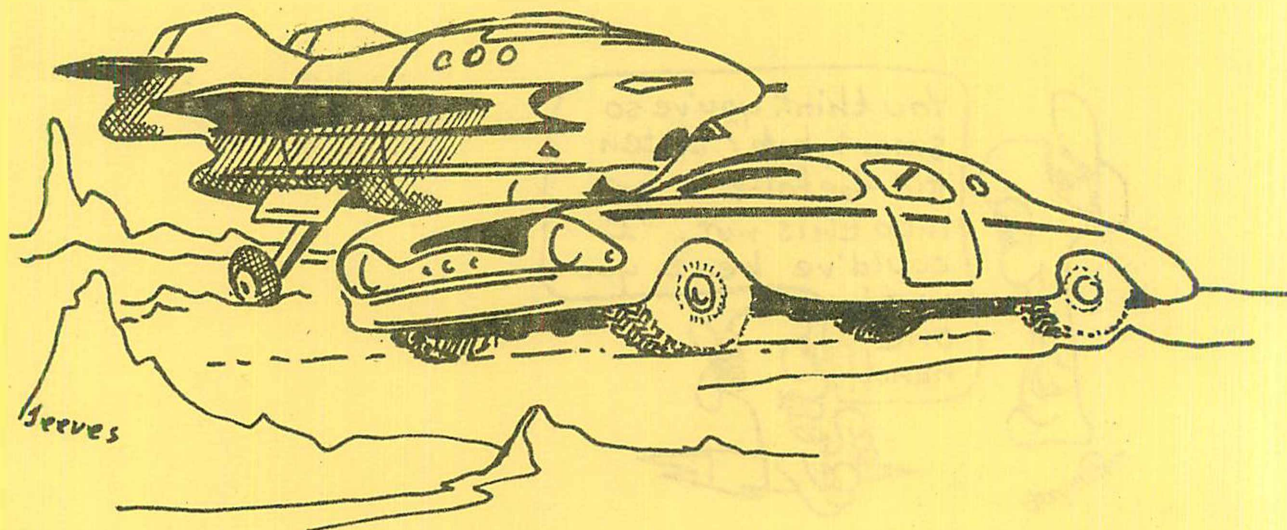
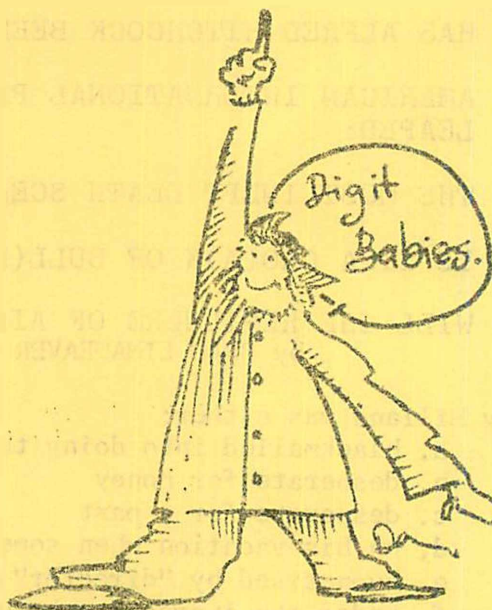
how about trading uh! for your fanzine

please contribute to THE INFAMOUS
DICTIONARY

you are a great fan artist, send
some great fan artwork!

we would welcome your contribution

because you are one of the privileged few who are being allowed to
contribute \$100.00 to the underprivileged fanzine editors fund
(make all checks payable to JoeD. Siclari).



Janus Films presents: **the original uncut version**
unseen for 35 years

KING KONG



KING KONG

Now back in its original uncut version, the granddaddy of all monster movies is Merian C. Cooper's KING KONG. Despite improved technical facilities in the nearly 40 years since its production, its power, skill and its sheer ability to thrill, excite and terrify remain unimpaired. Whether regarded as a horror film, a trick film or a fantasy, KING KONG remains a masterpiece by any and all standards.

CAST

Ann Darrow
Jack Driscoll
Carl Denham
Native Chief

Fay Wray
Bruce Cabot
Robert Armstrong
Noble Johnson

CREDITS

Directed by

Ernest B. Schoedsack
and Merian C. Cooper

Executive producer
Original story

David O. Selznick
Merian C. Cooper
and Edgar Wallace

Chief Technician
Music By

Willis O'Brien
Max Steiner

An RKO General Film

COMMENT

"In plot and basic construction—a slow, methodical build-up which creates a steadily mounting tension which is released (but not realized) into a series of savage shocks—KING KONG follows its inspiration, but in all other ways it surpasses it, and itself remains unsurpassed. The sound track permits the manipulation of both music and effects to create moments of terror undreamed of in the silent film, while

Steiner's score—one of the first really great musical scores of the sound film—remains a classic of its kind. Mathematically constructed, flawlessly edited, still a marvel of realism in its technical effects, *King Kong* is not just an exciting and nostalgic old thriller, but a permanent masterpiece, rightly selected by Bosley Crowther as one of his 50 Great Films in his recent book of that name."

Bill Everson

NOTE:

On some programs highlights from many of the Great Chase Scenes of Motion Picture History will be shown with KING KONG. Included are scenes from THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY, WAY DOWN EAST, ORPHANS OF THE STORM—featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Pearl White—and 'cliff-hanging' scenes from the 'to-be-continued' episodes.

January 17th & 18th

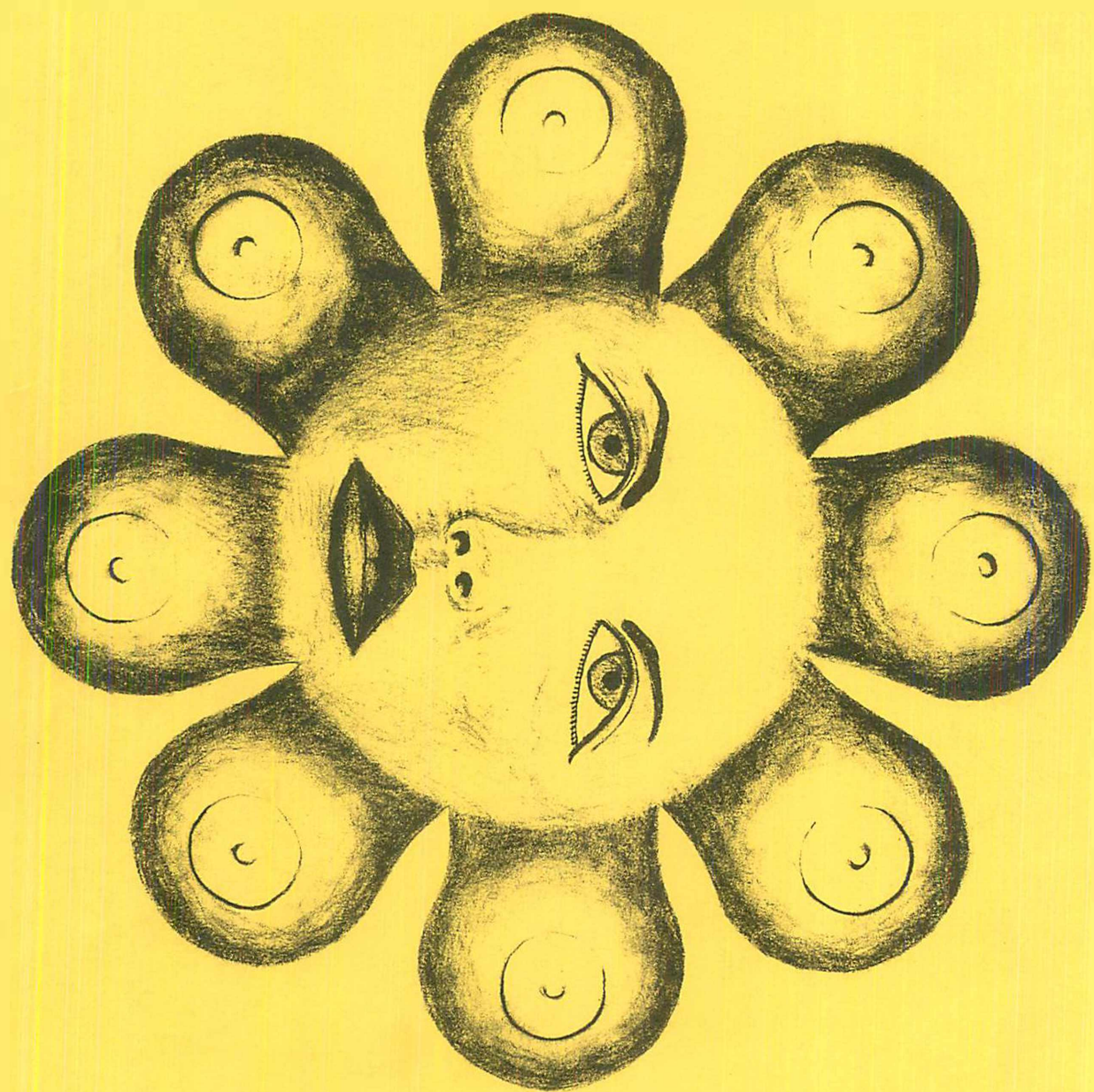
with--- "THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME"

7:00 & 10:00 PM

Moore Auditorium

AMERICAN CINEMA SERIES

Presented by University Film Committee



COMPLIMENTS OF

01409

[illegible]

