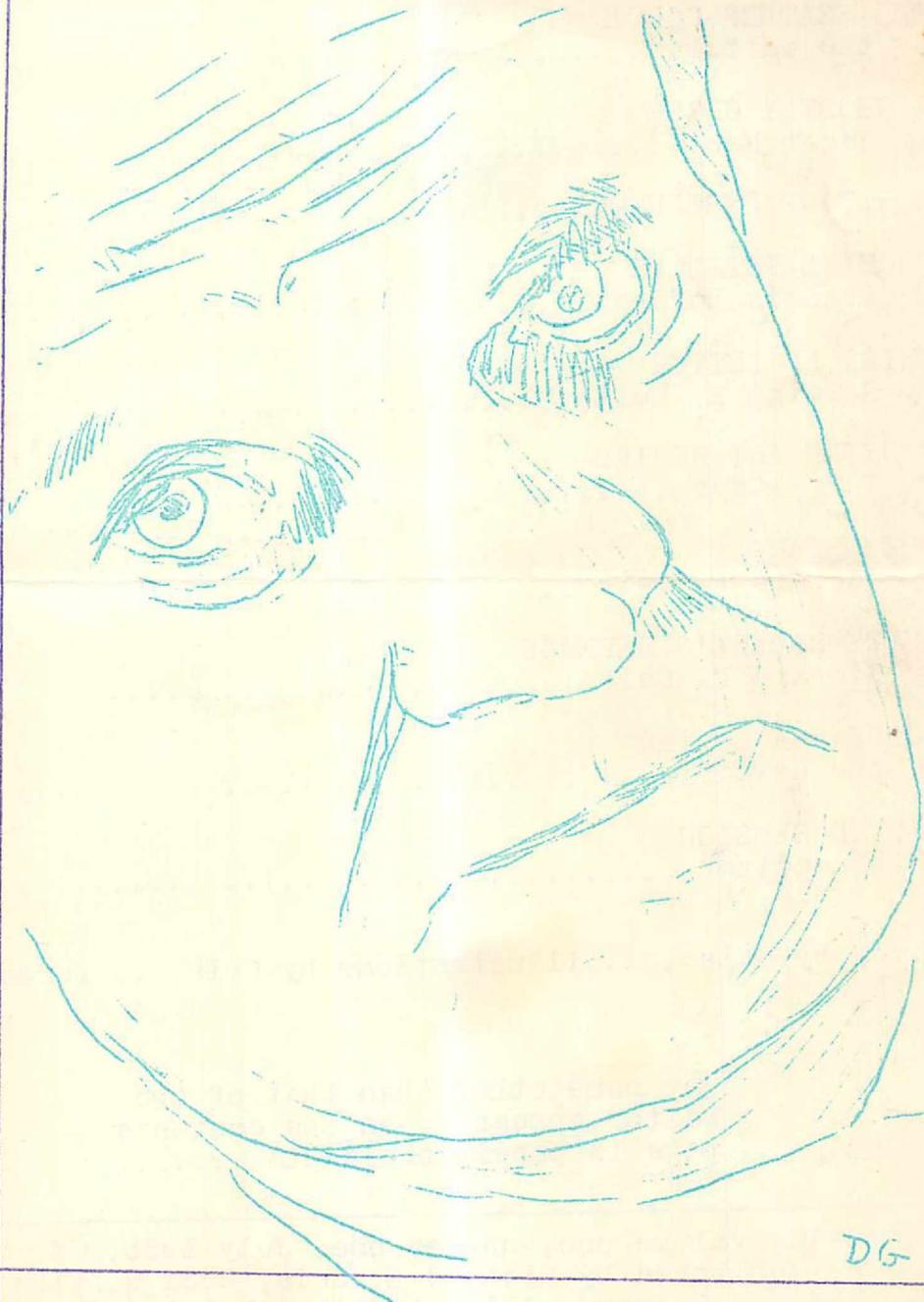
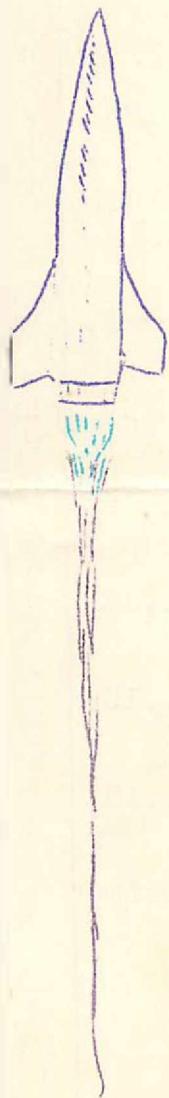


PSYCHOTIC



DG

NUMBER ONE

PSYCHOTIC

THE LEATHER COUCH by the editor.....	3
A GHOSTLY GRIPE By Roger Mar.....	5
A BIT OF HEBEPIRENIA.....	7
PROEINE POTSHOTS By Francis Bordna.....	8
TRIAL BY LETTER By Raleigh E. Multo.....	9
FANZINE ART REVIEW By Terry Carr.....	10
THE DREAM By Richard E. Geis.....	12
RUSTY ROBERT'S REVENGE By Richard E. Geis.....	14
ICFOS---A Review By the editor.....	15
SECOND SESSION BY the editor.....	18
cover by Geis.....illustrations by Geis.....format by Geis	

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Any name other than that of the editor appearing on the contents page is purely accidental.....

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PSYCHOTIC, volume one, number one, July 1953. A monthly fanzine published by Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. All material submitted for publication must include a self addressed stamped envelope. The publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Subscription rate: \$1.00 for twelve issues, 10¢ per single copy. Ads: \$1.00 page, 50¢ 1/2 page, etc.

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the

Leather Couch

WHERE THE EDITOR RAMBLES ON...AND ON...AND ON...AND ON...

ON POLICY

I have found, in about a year and a half on the high road of Fandom, that almost all fanzine editors do not have a specific type of story or article or whatever that they especially like to feature. The reader, if he wants to write for the fanzine, usually has to go by guess, or...after reading several issues...draw his own conclusions. Writing the editor for specifics is quite often a waste of time; he doesn't know what he wants.

All editors want the very best material; that is, material that they personally think is good. Objective standards seemingly do not exist. Thus it seems clear that fanzines are the expression of the personality of the editor; his likes and dislikes, prejudices, desires, all determine the character of the fanzine, and also reveal quite clearly the inner man.

Below is a rundown of the type of material that I want for PSYCHOTIC.

I would like to run one piece of fiction every issue. The length can run to three thousand words. The story content should be that which cannot at present be used by the prozines. There are still taboos, words, situations, and themes which must seek amateur or private publication. Sacred Cows, roasted well over the fire of satire and ridicule, are my favorite dish.

For instance, how would an alien spy whose job promised to keep him on Earth for a long, long time go about satisfying his sexual needs?

For another, how would our religions react to the calmly stated fact, from a friendly and vastly superior race, that their beliefs were sheer superstition and that there was no GOD? How would a single deeply religious man react? How would you react?

What would happen if, in the not too distant future, a minimum I.Q. of 140 were a prerequisite for candidacy to public office, with even higher standards for the more lofty national positions? Imagine the debate in the Congress and Senate prior to passage of a Bill authorizing such a condition.

If you suddenly were granted the power of invisibility, w-h-a-t would you really do during those first few hours of the first day? And the first night?

What would the Heavenly agents do with a 100% Masochist who richly deserved, by all moral Christian standards, to go directly to Hell and suffer the most intense torture? What would the Devil do with him?

I could sit here all day and type story ideas. And I want this type of story in situation form with dialogue. Too often amateur writers put down a plot for a five to tenthousand word story and send it in under the impression that they have written a story. This impression is not shared by editors.

AND ON... AND ON... AND ON... AND ON... AND ON... AND ON... AND ON...

I want to run one serious article every issue. Articles dealing with story trends in science fiction and fantasy both past and present will be warmly received. Someone might even try to extrapolate current trends and prophesy the "Plot" that will next be in vogue.

Articles dealing with controversial subjects, personalities, or magazines...and even fanzines...will be rushed into print. A few pages of super heated anger at one of the pro authors, editors, publishers, or what have you is always welcome. Incidentally, fan authors, editors, etc. are also fair game. You people might send in reviews of prozines every month, and I would be glad to print the best in a special column a-la-Rhodomagnetic Digest. You might even suggest a name for it. There is plenty of room for you in PSYCHOTIC.

I'm looking for someone who will attend the convention in Philadelphia who would like to write a Report for me. Gotta have a Con Report or I is dead. Anything at all will do. Maybe something like: "Went to the Con. Hot. Poor seat, couldn't see. Went home."

I want to run one or more humorous items per issue. I am looking for liberal amounts of satire, ridicule, and irony. Also would like a bit of nonsense.

Poetry...O Fateful Word. In PSYCHOTIC you will find some of the worst verse and goggiest doggeral that ever will see the light of publication. Yeah.... If there are any real good poets among you readers, against whom I can lean up close and plead for some real good high quality stuff, I hereby lean and plead.

Illustration is rather a moot point with me. If I use a lot of pictures, the total wordage goes down; if I don't use any, the zine will look like a report on the sex life of the North Mexican flea. I have six covers lined up, all better than the one on this issue, so that department is taken care of for a while. Interior illustration is largely a matter of drawing illos for specific... (wow...specific) articles, stories, poems, etc. However, I can always use a lot of small filler items.

All this may strike some as being a bit presumptive, a bit on the nervy side, stating that I want thus and so, this and that, as if I were in a position to demand a choice. I can almost hear them muttering: "He'll take what he damn well gets and like it." Or, "Beggars can't be choosers."

To which I reply:

My puddle may not be wide
Nor worth a Goddamn thing
But while I'm squatting here
I'm head man boss: I'm King.

Next month this space will contain editorials in the first person. Third person editorials in a chunky fanzine is unthinkable. They will range from the sublime to the ridiculous; that is, from Pogo to Senator Mc Carthy.

We received this article from Mr. Mar with an attached message saying that he had left the top off his portable one night and the next morning found this ms. He feels it might be of interest to our readers. We agree.

GRIPPE

A GHOSTLY

By
Roger Mar

I am a ghost. Now, don't raise those eyebrows and sneer. It takes a lot of ectoplasm to materialize a finger, and a lot of spiritual force to push a typewriter key with that finger.

I have been commissioned by the Ghostly Union to write this article and see that it is published. I was selected because in solid life I was a writer. That was not too long ago, either. I was writing an article on a famous Hollywood star when our plane plunged into the wooded side of a outrageously tall mountain in Northeastern Oregon. I never recovered from the shock of losing my head.

This article is essentially a gripe against the modern world. You have been treating the ghosts of this planet in a most cavalier fashion. No one believes in us anymore. Less and less often are we able to scare the living daylight out of some careless night stroller. No longer is a cemetery a place of creeping horror. Rather, it is a brightly lit carefully tended garden.

We of the Ghostly Union feel we have a valid complaint. We lay the blame for the current state of affairs to these so-called "Psychic Investigators", and to Science. Science especially is our arch enemy. Science says we do not exist, that there is no tangible proof of our existence. And why is there no proof? Because things are too darned well lit now days. Everywhere we go we find lights. Bright glaring electric lights. Candle light is a thing of the past. Even lantern light was a picnic compared to the terrible illumination of today.

And the houses. The houses of today have been fiendishly designed to be ghost proof. The houses of today do not rattle, they do not creak, they won't even moan in a high wind. A ghostly friend of mine nearly drove himself insane trying to get a creak from a floor. He found out later that it was solid concrete under linoleum.

No longer do men build on lonely crags high up over the stormy sea



People huddle in small tight houses unmindful of the wailing in the cellar because there isn't any cellar. They don't mind a rattling chain in the deserted third floor hall There aren't any third floors. You have no idea how frustrating it is to send a carefully chilled draft of air into a room, only to find that the people are watching television and simply turn up the thermostat. It's disgusting.

Once in a while a ghost will break under the strain of trying to haunt a modern house, and goes insane. You have had some experience with berserk ghosts. You call them Poltergeists.



I would like to give you an example of the unbelief that is plaguing us. Humphrey Potter, one of our most accomplished ghosts of the old school, made a magnificent attempt to instill fear and trembling into the hearts of a young married couple. He waited until they were in bed before starting. He put everything he had into a five minute series of shrieks, howls, moans, groans, rattling chains, and hollow mocking laughter. There were two ghosts stationed in the bedroom to act as observers...of the newly married couple...of their reaction....

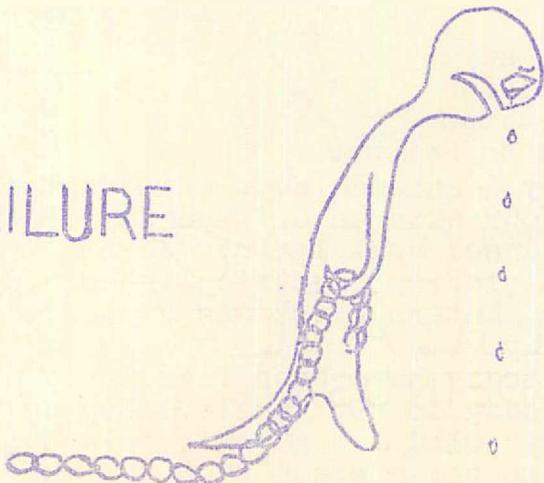
The wife shook the man awake. "Darling," she said, "Get up and turn off the radio in the livingroom. You stupid bastard, you must've left it on."

The man got up, stumbled around the livingroom once and then went back to bed. He was too sleepy to remember what his wife had told him to do, and when he came back, the woman assumed he had done as she had asked. When the two observers told old Potter what had happened, he broke down and cried. The last that was ever seen of him was his slumped dejected figure floating slowly down the road, his favorite rattling chain dragging in the dust.

Contrast this with the beautiful trembling the mere mention of our name used to inspire. I will remember a story Benjy Howe used to tell about. It actually happened to him, or so he says, in 1884. Benjy was a Journeyman ghost then, having kicked the bucket about a century previous. He knew his trade like he knew the official Ghostly Oath.

He was lounging around in a cemetery one lovely dark night when two men started to walk swiftly through the middle. They were taking a short cut home and were plenty nervous about it. Benjy spied them and then flitted up and ahead. He hid behind a large tombstone and waited until they were almost upon him. Then he started a low moan that travelled slowly up the register until it was almost

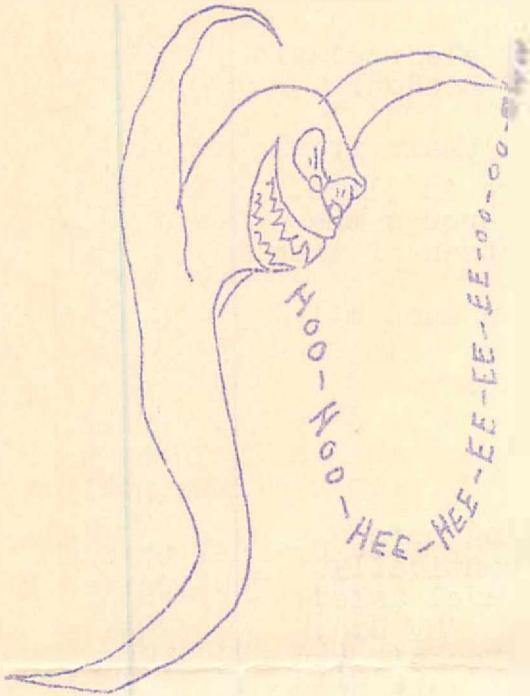
A
FAILURE



a shriek. He once demonstrated it to me. It is a true masterpiece. They, the two men, stopped dead in their tracks. There wasn't a sound. Then Benjy cut loose with a barely audible gurgling death rattle in his throat. He said you could almost hear the blood freezing in their veins.

The men were only five feet away from where he was hiding behind the tombstone. He timed it perfectly. Without a sound he rose up before them, a pale luminescent shape with two staring eyes of stygian darkness. He rose up and seemed to hang over their heads, ready to engulf them. The two were rooted to the spot. They were paralyzed with fear. Benjy then advanced upon them, bursting out with peal after peal of maniacal laughter. Each laugh going higher and higher. He thinks it was then that their hearts stopped. What a performance.

Those were the good old days when being a ghost meant something in the spiritual world. Now....



BENJY

You have now read our ghostly gripe. We make one last appeal to you solid people of the world. Please believe in us. After all, we believe in you.

Turn out the lights, settle back, open your mind. Hear that...? Feel that icy breath on the back of your neck? Are you afraid?

Ah, C'mon.....TRY!

*(The Ghostly Oath was included in the original ms. However, to facilitate continuity we deleted it from the main body of the article and print it in it's entirety below.)

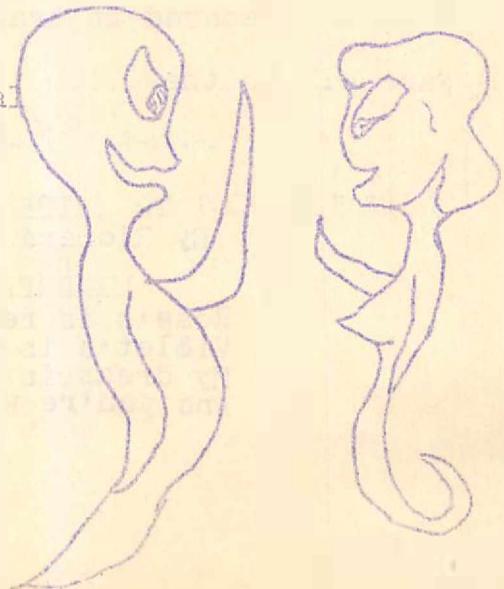
THE OFFICIAL GHOSTLY OATH*

I hereby pledge allegiance to his most Terribleness, The Gruesome Spector General And Unholy One. I will further foment Fear and Trembling, and haunt and howl when asked or ordered.

So help me Satan.

* Revised version effective March 3, 1345.

The End.



HABIT-OF

HEBEPHRENIA

FROM THE PORTLAND "OREGONIAN"

COOS BAY, March 19 (AP)

The story of the death of 14 milk cows by electrocution on the Chris Richert Sr. farm, south of Bandon, reached Coos Bay Wednesday.

Twenty-four animals were in their steel milking stanchions and the udder cups were in place. A short in the machine sent the current through the animals when the rotor was started. Fourteen of them were killed outright.

"The other ten haven't given much milk since then," Richert said.

FROM "THE NEW YORKER" MAGAZINE

From "Letter from Washington"

There is a story circulating here about a squirrel who came upon a rabbit frantically digging a burrow in the ground. The squirrel asked the rabbit what all the frenzy was about. "My God, where have you been?" the rabbit said. "Haven't you heard McCarthy is going to investigate all antelopes next month? If I were you, brother, I'd be looking for the highest tree I could find." "Are you crazy?" the squirrel said. "I'm no antelope, and neither are you." "That's right," said the rabbit, but I'm digging anyway. I don't know how I'd prove I'm not an antelope."

FROM "TIME" MAGAZINE

In St. Peter, Minn., the weekly Herald ran a classified ad: "WANTED: Man to handle dynamite. Must be prepared to travel unexpectedly "

Farewell to thee....

FROM "HOW NOT TO WRITE DOGGERAL"

By Richard E. Geis

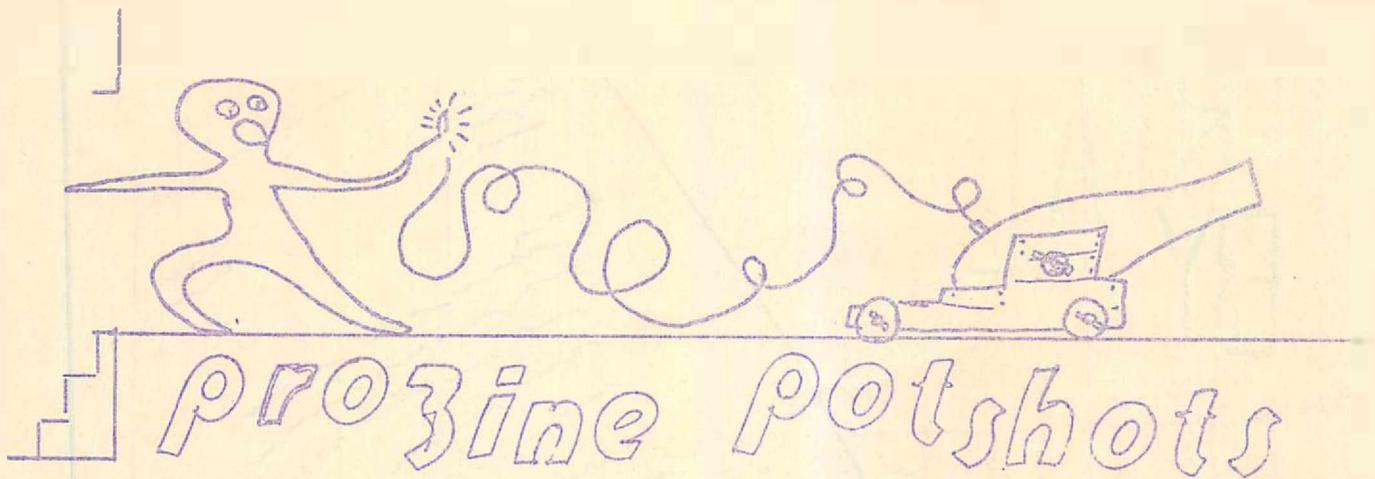
MINDREADER

Rose's is red.

Violet's is blue.

My dress is completely transparent;

And you're wishing my chemise was too.



By FRANCIS BORDNA

SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING

In the May 1953 issue of OTHER WORLDS, one Mr. Raymond Palmer stood on his soap box again. Now, do not get me wrong; I do not mind people getting on their soap boxes. But when they begin to shout inane remarks such as: "Let's stop military production and forget about the Russians", and then go on to say the Russians wouldn't do anything anyway...well, that's just about all I can take.

Had Mr. Palmer's suggestions any logical thinking behind them, I would not be writing upon this subject. They contained nothing, for Mr. Palmer, in voicing his opinions, used some illogical logic. To reach his conclusions he compared us (the United States) as a small and undefended child (assuming in his editorial that the United States disarmed, of course) and Russia as the big, armed boy. Thus he states at the end of his editorial, the United States being unarmed and unprepared, Russia would not attack.

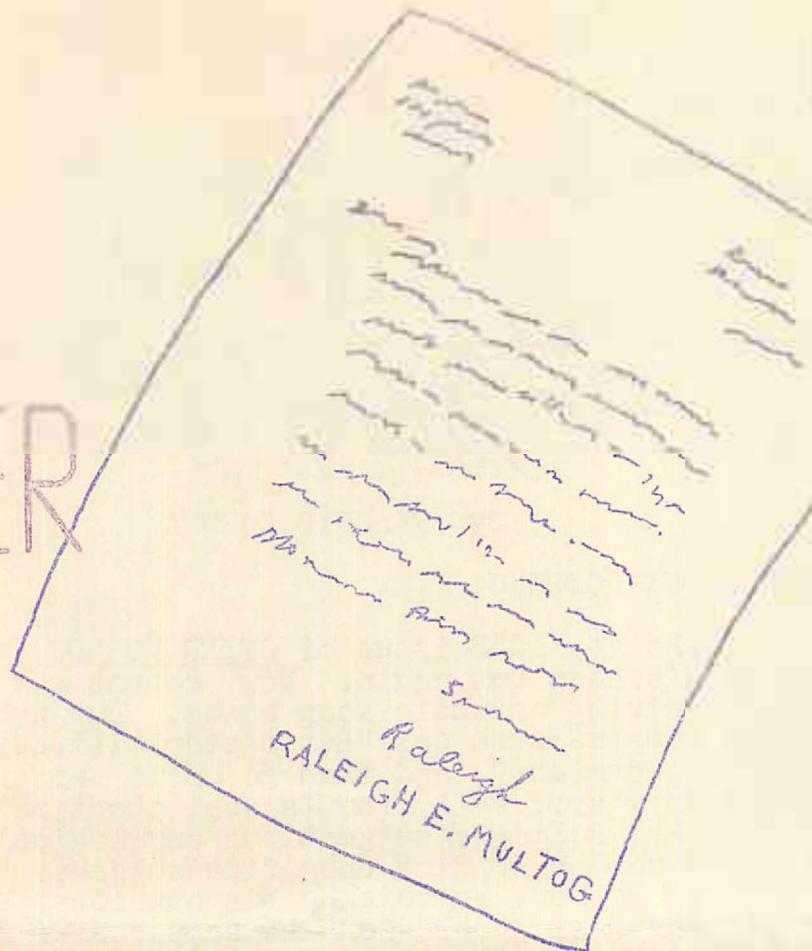
"Remember the kid you couldn't hit because he wouldn't defend himself? You called him yellow then. But just the same, he DIDN'T GET HIT!" are his exact words, and there is even some logic in that....barring the fact, however, that every boy is not exactly as Mr. Palmer thinks. But you cannot withhold that fact! Not everyone will stop molesting a boy who refuses to defend himself.

In one way I envy Mr. Palmer's idealistic view of youths... and I am very happy to know that he has never had the displeasure of seeing an undefended boy get hit. But I have seen it done, and I must sorrowfully admit that in almost every instance when I came upon the scene of a young man not wanting to fight, this idiotic youth got Hell beat out of him. It is not a wonderful sight seeing a boy getting kicked in the face, punched in the stomach...merely due to the fact that he did not want to fight. I'm wondering where Mr. Palmer was reared. Truly, it must have been a haven. And I'm also trying to fathom how in the world Mr. Palmer could not discover that such things happen...or is it that he didn't want to discover these incidents? If it is the latter, I am in more of a dilemma anent R.A.P.

Look back in History and you'll note that almost any culture which failed to protect itself against invaders was crushed. And anyway, one cannot compare two youths with two nations. Such analogies are for lazy minds and are never accurate.

The End

TRIAL BY LETTER



The execution was to take place the next day. He had committed the most horrible of all deeds. "But it couldn't be helped," he yelled as they led him to his cell. He brooded about his deed all day, but still he gloated over the fact that he had done it.

"Why," he said to himself, "I did the thing that everybody said couldn't be done. That wasn't allowed. You'll get in trouble if you do it."

"But I did do it," he chuckled gleefully. "I did it, I DID IT," he yelled to the bare cell walls.

The Day dawned bright and clear. A beautiful day for a n execution. The State was always right, and he had gone against the State. Televue cameras were set up to describe the event as a lesson against anybody else who would dare think of doing such a thing. The prisoner was calm, cool, and collected. He was to be given an old fashioned execution because of the horrible nature of his crime against the State.

The sentence was carried out. The trapdoor was opened. The rope tightened. The prisoner died on the gallows. His crime had been punished by death.

The warden turned to a guard and made the remark: "The fool! Why couldn't he have done like everybody else? Why, oh why, couldn't he have signed his name in ink like everybody else? Why did the dumb jerk have to use a pencil?"

This is the End

FANZINE ART

BY TERRY CARR

REVIEW

This column is, I believe, something new in fanzines: a column devoted entirely to fanzine artwork. Don't look at me, though: it was yed's idea. I liked the idea; hence, here I am.

Well, let's take a look at some of the new issues of fanzines. First, there's Bob Stewart's BOO! The cover is a four-color mimeograph job...turned out rather well. Bob introduces his own brand of li'l peepul this issue, called boobs. Cute li'l critters. In BOO!'s art section there is work by Maurice Lemus, Roger Canales, Ray Thompson, and yhos trooly. Best of the lot is the one by Canales, but the reproduction on it is horrible. Thompson's is worst. This fifth issue of BOO! is the last that will have me as art editor. From here on in I'll be assistant editor, and Canales art editor.

Next on the pile is Norman G. Browne's VANATIONS. Norman's artwork has fallen off this issue. The cover by Jack Harness is a hodge-podge of rather meaningless lines, and the inside front cover by Paul Wyszowski is done rather poorly. Art Huseboe has a meaningless bunch of lines on page 5 that he calls artwork (and in this case, when I say "meaningless bunch of lines", I mean precisely that)...I certainly don't. Even Richard Bergeron, about the best artist in fandom today, fell down on the job and turned in a couple of hack-ed-out drawings. Naaman Peterson, a very promising newcomer, turned in one of his rare bad drawings to top the whole issue off. This issue's artwork comes nowhere near the high standard that had been set in earlier issues.

Orma McCormick's STAR LANES is up next. Cover is a beauty by Ralph Rayburn Phillips...and a terrific stensilling job, too. Bergeron has a flock of small size drawings inside, and quite good, too. Garth Bentley illustrates his own poem and comes up with a cute li'l octopus. Nancy Share, STAR LANES' official staff artist, turns out a few drawings which range from poor to pretty good. Phillips' cover far outshines the interior artwork.

SPACESHIP gets a mention now because of the cover on its fourth anniversary issue. It's a photographic job done by Dean A. Grennell. Called "The Immortal Crew", it has a photo of a chold in the bottom right hand corner and of a skeleton in the upper left hand corner, with a drawn in spaceship in the middle. Were it not for the fact that Grennell fouled up the drawing of the spaceship miserably, this would have been a great cover..

No review of fanzine artwork would be complete, naturally, unless CONFUSION was in there somewhere. The cover of the issue at hand is a three color mimeograph job by Bergeron...looks very good, too. Inside are various drawings by Shelvy himself, one by Sol Levin in three colors, and a comical strip by Bob Shaw. Perhaps I shouldn't review this, as it's not necessarily artwork, but...ah, why not?

A new mag that is carrying on a crusade for more filler drawings in fanzines is MOTE, published bi-monthly by Bob Peatrowsky. MOTE is a half-sized dittoed zine, with a filler on practically every page. Good fillers, too, most of the time in two colors. The cover here is by Dave Hammond, but is not too clear. Inside, though, the artwork shines (no, he doesn't use day-glo ink).

I got the first issue of a fanzine the other day that promises to be tops pretty quick. Called INFINITY, it's pubbed by Charles Harris and Bob Laurence on a hecto, and very excellently, too. Their use of color is particularly good. The drawings, while not Deathless Art, are lively and colorful. Future issues of INFINITY, I am told will be mimeographed, but the drawings will continue to be done on a hectograph.

Since the death of FANCIENT and COSMAG/SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, about the only photo-offset generalzine left is DESTINY. On general principles DESTINY is one of the top fanzines in the world today, but on art, where it should shine, it doesn't. The cover of the current (at this writing May 29) issue is a very poor halftone that looks terrific at first glance. My advice is for you to glance at it once and then don't look at it again; you'll be disappointed if you do. The artwork inside is by Paul Powlesland (poor), Ralph Rayburn Phillips (ultra weird, as he advertises...and good), and the bacover is by Robert E. Baine (rather poor). Perhaps this issue's artwork is in a brief slump, for it hardly seems likely that such an excellently produced fanzine would not have better artwork than this.

The last item up for review at the moment is another new zine, this time called SEVAGRAM (it has just occurred to me that someone should put out a fanzine whose name can be typed with the fingers of one hand, thereby saving the necessity of pushing the shift lock for lazy columnists like myself). Van Splawn puts it out, and has some nice artwork in it. Van does the cover himself, and capably, too. The inside artwork is by Bill Price (who recently sold a drawing to Nebula S-F, the new Scottish prozine) and Van Splawn. Good stuff, and well reproduced.

An item of probable interest is that the one-shot OF MONSTERS AND BEMS, containing twenty drawings by Denness Morton, will be made a part of BOO!'s first annish instead, and will be produced in multi-colored mimeographing. Denness's style seems to be a cross between Edd Cartier, Walt Disney, and Denness Morton. I consider him to be the best thing to hit fandom in a good while.

(I like to be different)

THE DREAM

BY
RICHARD
E.
GEIS

Roger Bailey sat at a table in the Y.M.C.A. restaurant and stared unseeing at the morning menu.

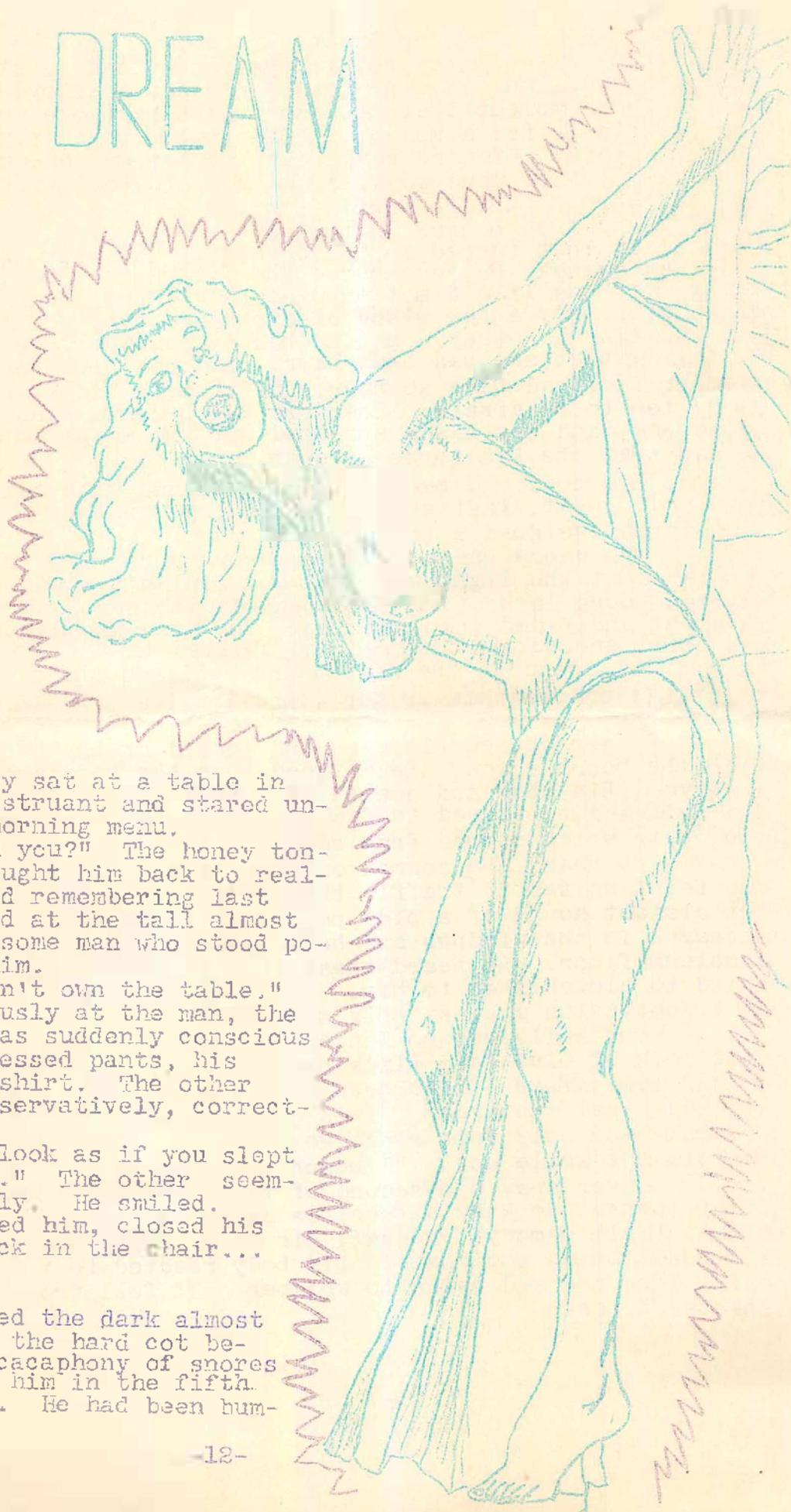
"May I join you?" The honey toned baritone brought him back to reality. He stopped remembering last night and stared at the tall almost incredibly handsome man who stood politely before him.

"Sure, I don't own the table." He looked curiously at the man, the intruder, and was suddenly conscious of his own unpressed pants, his open and dirty shirt. The other was neatly, conservatively, correctly dressed.

"You don't look as if you slept well last night." The other seemed to be friendly. He smiled.

Roger ignored him, closed his eyes, leaned back in the chair... and remembered.

He remembered the dark almost lightless room, the hard cot beneath him, the cacaphony of snores from all around him in the fifth floor dormitory. He had been hum-



ming around the country for two years now and he still couldn't sleep too well on Y.M.C.A. cots. Who could afford a room? He wished for a moment that he hadn't left his home in Eastern Oregon. But only for a moment. "Damn it all, haven't you fed those chickens yet?" "You're seventeen, you're my son, and by God you will do a little more work around here instead of reading that damned trash." No, he wasn't sorry.

And then he was in the dormitory again, remembering the eerie light that formed in the corner of the room, and no one else was awake. He remembered the figure that had formed in the light. It was like a motion picture without sound. It was a woman with only a few wisps of clothing covering her body. But she was like no other woman he had ever seen. She had blue hair. Just like that she had blue hair. And her hips were way too big. All her face had been so beautiful that he had stared and almost forgotten to be afraid. Then she had begun a sinuously suggestive dance, and her hands stripped off the wisps of clothing, and he saw that she had three breasts.

His body had been rigid, paralyzed with fear. There had been cold sweat, fast shallow breathing, and his belly tied into a knot that weighed a ton.

The dance had continued, grown more wild, more obscene. He stared at the light and form and couldn't move. Then, minutes or even hours later, the dance ended with one last convulsive movement and faded into nothing. The room was dark, the other men still snored and coughed and shifted in their sleep. Then he had collapsed to the pillow and relieved the aching arms which had propped him up for...how long?

Roger opened his eyes and looked at the handsome man with the honey voice. He noticed that the handsome man needed a shave. His chin and jowls had a blue cast. Roger's eyes widened, and he stared in fascinated horror at the small lock of blue hair which peeped from beneath the black curls of the other.

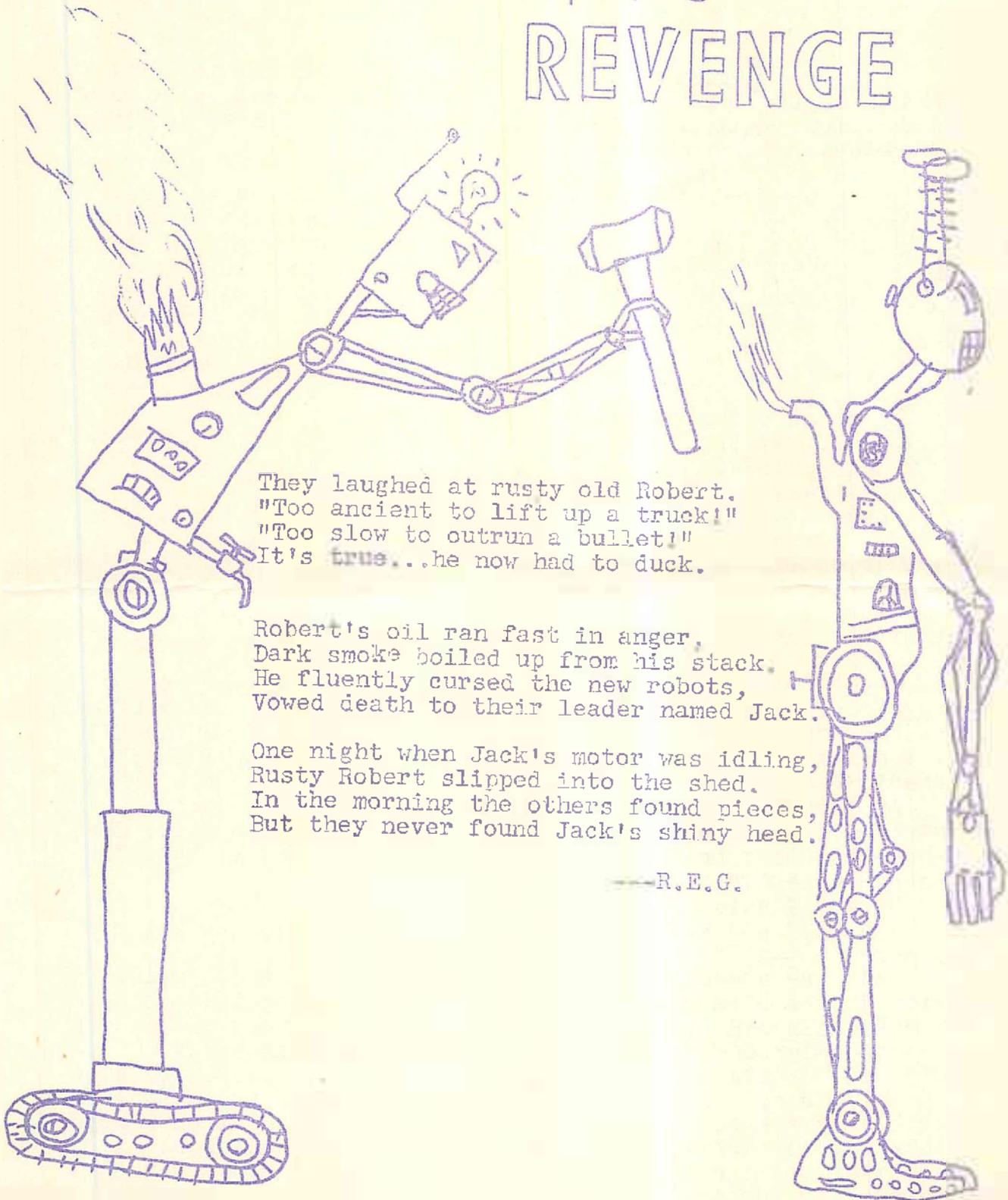
He heard the common ordinary sounds of the restaurant, the faint noises of traffic through the closed windows, the sharp but distant sound of a ping-pong game in the lobby. Sunlight streamed in the windows and brightened the grey walls, the worn linoleum floor. He heard these things, he was aware of them, he tried to clutch them to him. He tried to wrap them around him as a protection against this man before him.

The smile was no longer friendly. A hand tucked the tell-tale lock of blue into place beneath the black. "It has been a long time since I have been home...too long. I should not have allowed myself to dream. It's odd how you humans can see our dreams. But only fair since we can read your minds...." The man did not smile now. "I'm sorry," he said.

Roger knew one second of terrible mortal fear. For a brief instant he knew a terrible agony as his mind was wiped clean of all memory. He sat, his body slowly losing its balance and position on the chair. His body reacted to the pain that still lingered and began to whimper. It fell from the chair and started to cry.

the end

"RUSTY" ROBERT'S REVENGE



They laughed at rusty old Robert.
"Too ancient to lift up a truck!"
"Too slow to outrun a bullet!"
It's true...he now had to duck.

Robert's oil ran fast in anger,
Dark smoke boiled up from his stack.
He fluently cursed the new robots,
Vowed death to their leader named Jack.

One night when Jack's motor was idling,
Rusty Robert slipped into the shed.
In the morning the others found pieces,
But they never found Jack's shiny head.

—R.E.G.

ICFOS — A REVIEW By the Editor

The third dimension in movies hit Portland not too long ago, and one of the polaroid perpetrations was a so-called science fiction thriller, "It Came From Outer Space", and for my money it should have stayed there.

After work one Wednesday night about a month ago I dutifully walked up the street and cautiously approached the Broadway Theatre where ICFOS was playing. This was opening night. I was on hand to take the measure of this lead off picture from Hollywood in 3-D science fiction. I received a staggering blow to the hip as I faced the ticket window. It would cost me \$1.25 to enter. I reeled and faltered in mid-thought. Surely the 3-D novelty was being milked for all it was worth. I noticed that the price for polaroid glasses was sixteen cents. I happened to know they were sold to the theatre for ten cents. Then they even want you to give them back. By the door was a cardboard barrel with sign saying: "PUT USED GLASSES HERE". After the show I kept mine. A momento. Besides, I'd paid enough for them.

The next complete show was due to start in about fifteen minutes. I walked about the lobby and settled in an incredibly hard leather chair. I looked about me. Most of the people present were young or youngish; all were seemingly under forty. Most were of high school or college age. I only saw three or four while I was in the theatre who might be called elderly. They didn't look happy.

I sat there...waiting. The others smiled at each other self-consciously and twiddled with their glasses. The sound effects and music of ICFOS are truly inspiring. Especially if you aren't viewing the picture at the time. Weird music. Stolen, I think, from "The LOST WEEK END".

At last it came time for us to enter and take seats. A grey haired old lady was sitting next to the seat I occupied. She leaned over as the comedy ended and said: "Pardon me, is that 3-D going to be on next?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," she said in a decisive voice, "I don't want to see any more of that."

She rose and departed, and I was left with the distinct impression that she had somehow gotten into the wrong theatre.

The polaroid glasses made for viewing 3-D were not manufactured or designed for those movie patrons who wear specs. Decidedly not. While waiting in the lobby I had experimented with them. I tried shaping the pipe cleaner stems around my ears as with regular glasses, but it didn't work too well. I then wrapped the pipe cleaners tightly about the sides of my own glasses. A bit of further pushing and hauling and the polaroid ovals were centered over my lenses. They darken the picture considerably. To enjoy the cartoon and newsreel I had to take off my glasses entirely. Then, of course, everything is a nearsighted blur.



3-D DESPAIR

and slide through the eye of an alien. This part is probably supposed to scare the liver out of everyone, but me it left cold. Weird music is much in evidence at this point.

The hero spots the open lock and then an avalanche starts. The hero ducks for cover, and so does the audience. This was the

The big moment finally arrived, and I had my first experience with 3-D. We were shown a short musical in three dimensions which featured Russ Morgan, King Cole, and a troupe of muscular men with two girls all of whom jumped on springboards, catapulted through space, and landed in elevated precarious chairs supported by others of the group. The one memorable thing about this added attraction was the easy way Russ Morgan slid the end of his trombone down into the tenth row of the audience.

The introduction of ICFO8 was spectacular to say the very least. From out of the starry heavens blundered the fiery form of a great ball-shaped space ship. This roaring, rushing, flaming thing hurtled itself out of the screen and into our collective laps. Unnerving. There was a pause, and then we were told in block letters that really were blocked, that what we were viewing was "It Came From Outer Space".

Richard Carlson played the lead, that of a free-lance science writer who needs money so that he can marry the pretty school teacher played by Barbara Rush. They are discussing the Problem one night when this meteor-like thing appears as described above. It buries itself in the desert nearby. I forgot to mention that the scene is laid in the Southwest.

The couple rout out a friend who owns a helicopter and are the first to visit the crater. The early light of dawn shows the hero slipping and sliding down into the hole while the friend reassures the pretty school teacher. A port has opened in the ship and we see an eye. We watch the hero slip

most vivid demonstration of 3-D in the entire picture. The whole audience ducked those bounding boulders. They really came right out at you. A man isn't safe anywhere.

Of course the avalanche covers up the ship, and as could be guessed, no one else will believe the hero's wild story about a space ship except the school teacher. This school teacher never did go to school. Dunno how she expected to keep her job the way she traipsed around the countryside looking for monsters with our hero.

The story is credited to Ray Bradbury. What a pity it was sliced and slaughtered as it must have been in the interests of what the movie makers call "good B.D.". The only recognizable Bradburyana was the attitude of the hero toward the aliens. His "you leave us alone and we'll leave you alone" philosophy was probably considered revolutionary after the "kill the damned thing" credo in "The Thing".

Anyway, the alone and laughed at hero spends three-quarters of the picture trying to make people believe in the existence of the ship under the rock. Meanwhile the things emerge and take the form of townspeople and hurry about stealing materials for the repair of their ship. They had a forced landing, it seems.

At the last minute the aliens are protected from the posse led by a sherriff, the hero and his non-teaching school teacher are reunited after she had been held hostage by the aliens, the giant space ship thunders up through the dirt and rock and roars up into the starry night, and the picture ends on the hopeful note that perhaps one day the aliens would come back when the peoples of Earth were ready for contact with the rest of the galaxy.

Richard Carlson did a very good job as the hero. He carried the rest of the cast with his sincerity. He must read science fiction himself. It is to be noted that in the picture he bears a striking resemblance to Ray Bradbury. Even dresses like him.

The monsters in this space epic are from hunger. The Special Effects boys in Hollywood have yet to come up with a good BEM. These were patently fakes. I don't think they terrified anyone.

This movie was just another poor effort with the added gimmick of 3-D to lure the novelty seekers. It was formula, hack, and too domestic. The moguls seem to fear getting out into deep space. They probably feel that the credulity of the audience has to be babied along, not strained in the least with real science fiction, and kept down to earth...literally.. All the S-F movies made thus far have been laid in the present or very, very near future. The audience is never allowed to lose contact with the realness of everyday life.. Alien civilizations, future history, and other planets are apparently felt to be too much for the average movie goer to swallow.. Better to be safe than sorry.

Next month there will be a review of something called "The Beast From Twenty Thousand Fathoms". Leastways, I think that is the title.. Could it be an adaptation from that Bradbury story that appeared in Colliers a year or so ago?

No hum. Movies is worser than ever.

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