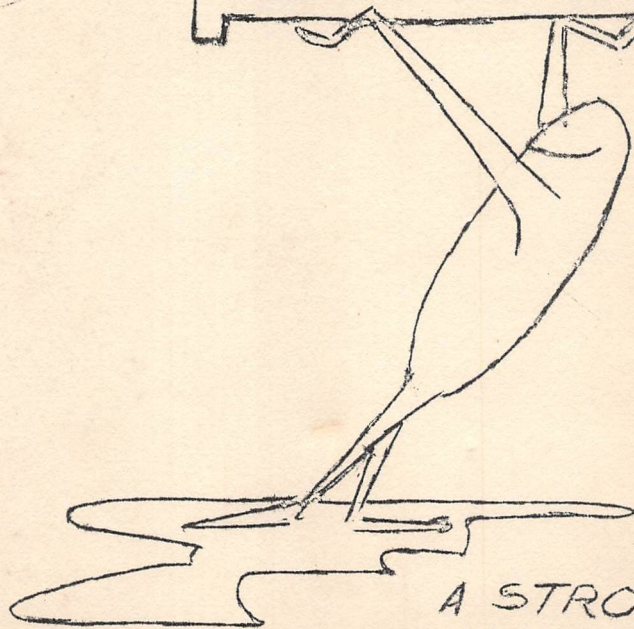


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GOUDY



A STRONG
ITALIC TYPE

CONTENTS.

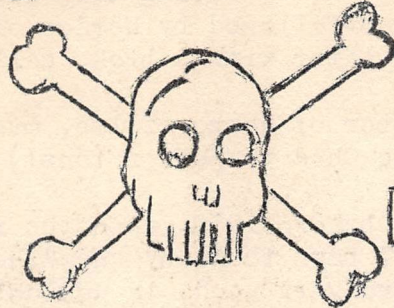
Page 2..... Contents.
Page 3..... Tomb Talk. (Editorial)
Page 5..... "A Hick On The Styx. By Bruce Burn.
Page 8..... Reviews. By Pat Kearney.
Page 9..... "Day of the Haggis." By Angus MacNitt.

credits

All artwork by me. (Encouragement on the cover by Atom) Cover idea by Bruce Burn. All typing 'cept for "Tomb Talk" (which was done by Bruce Burn) and "Day of the Haggis" (Which was done by Angus MacNitt) was done by me. Duplicating by Courage Press. Letters of comment welcome. Also All contributions. All fanpubbers who trade, please do so.

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London,
S.W.1.

TOMB



TALK

cryptic echoes from PAT KEARNEY

When I first suggested that I would like to start a fanzine, a great cry of disapproval scattered the tumbled piles of smog that had nestled against the sagging walls of the SFCoL HQ in Kilburn. I staggered from the meeting that night, ears ringing with the words of warning that had been poured upon my unsuspecting brain.

And, for a while, I left things alone. Then, I borrowed some fanzines from Ella Parker, and I became obsessed with the thought of publishing one of my own. But cautious fans of a celtic breed told me that I had not been around long enough to start a zine, that I am too young to enter fandom's harrowed halls. Someone even suggested I hadn't read enough fanzines to know what they're supposed to be about.

So here I am.

Despite the number of people who have advised me not to start a zine, I have decided to go against the tide of caution and with the help of two kind souls (Ethel Lindsay and Bruce Burn), 'ere we are.

Now read on. And I hope you like it.

WE TAKE A BACK SEAT AT THE MOVIES.

It constantly amazes me that such rags as 'What's On' and 'Films and Filming' both normally first rate film mags, should refer to every horror film as being SF. There have been so very few good SF films that I think it is about time someone straightened things out.

Now the grand-daddy of all SF films is of course Fritz Lang's 'Metropolis' which came out in 1927. There were several shorties too, back in those very early days of the cinema, the most famous probably being 'A Journey to the Moon', which was made sometime around 1897. Producer and Director both was Georges Melies, a professional magician and owner of the Small Robert Houdin Theatre in Paris.

In 1931 came a semi (that is, half-baked) SF picture called 'Frankenstein', starring Colin Clive and Boris Karloff. This film was banned in several counties at first, and was reputedly responsible for a large number of faintings among feminine audiences. After seeing this piece of horror, I can't see what worried them. This was followed by hordes of sequels, as was 'Dracula', which came out a year later with a bloke called Bela Lugosi.

In the thirties came a vast number of Horror films, most of them starring Boris Karloff (the only true Ghed to Horror fans!) and Bela Lugosi.

Only two films of note came out before 1950, when the real good stuff started production, and these were "7 Days to Noon" and "The 4-Sided Triangle". Both films were English, and both were very good, though only fringe stuff. The first dealt with a man who was sickened by the world in general, and more particularly he was horrified by the possibility of Atomic Warfare, so he got hold of an A-bomb and threatened that unless production of these weapons was stopped he would detonate the bomb. Scenes of evacuation were very well done. (Oh yes: he didn't blow London up). The second dealt with two geniuses who, with the help of a local country doctor, invented a handy gadget for duplicating matter. Trouble starts when they both fall in love with the same girl. What happens is pretty obvious.

In 1950 came a new wave of SF films, starting with a shortie called Rocketship XM, and continuing with "Destination Moon" which was produced by former Puppet Master George Pal, (Who later produced the wonderful "War of the Worlds") from a script by Bob Heinlein.

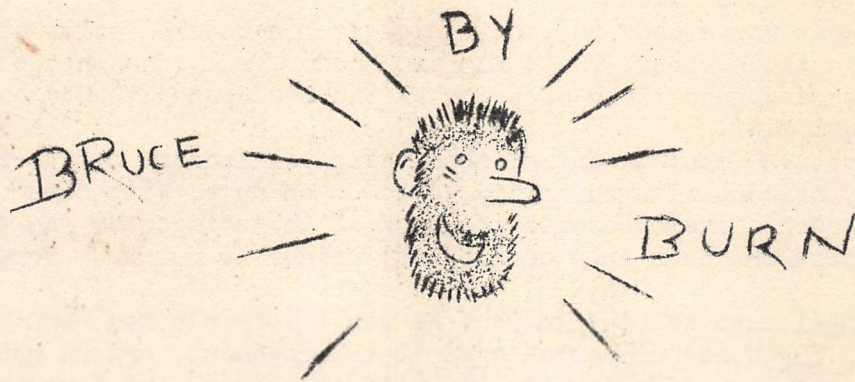
Shortly after came "When Worlds Collide", "The Day the Earth Stood Still", and "Forbidden Planet", all being very good films. This however, could not last, and soon such films as "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms" started to make an appearance. Most of them being very poorly done. There are however exceptions. There were films like "Them!" and "Tarantula!", from America, and from England we got "The Quatermass Experiment" and "X the Unknown" -- the latter being about a lot of Radioactive Mud which oozed out of a crevasse in a big sand pit.

Then Walter Wagner directed a classic in SF films: taken from Jack Finney's off beat novel "The Body Snatchers", it resulted in a masterpiece. Another master piece, from the special effects angle was "The Incredible Shrinking Man", from Matheson's great novel. "War of the Worlds" was in there too, with a remake by George Pal. Wonderful special effects again.

HERE BE THE GOUDY TRUTH, which is that this fanzine is to be a ghostly quarterly effort which, for the time at least, is free, gratis and for nothing. If you want a copy of the next issue let me ~~xxxx/xxxx~~ know and I'll see what I can do. All material, including art work, articles and stories are gratefully accepted. Depending on you lot, the next issue will have a letter column, so let's hear from yer!

P.S. I'm a Conan fan. Any others in the audience?

A HICK ON THE STYX.



The theology student was furious. He'd agreed to go on the trip with his fellow student, and then only at the last minute, when it was too late for them to join the main party. And, of course, he and the irrepressible idiot he roomed with had missed the bus over the new bridge across the harbour. So they'd rushed through the city in a mad panic to catch a ferry to the other side of the harbour, where they could catch a bus, and still reach their destination in time.

In the miserable drizzle that drenched the city, they'd bought tickets at the gates, found that they had thirty minutes to wait, and then wandered onto the wharf to kill time watching the patterns of waves in the sea. But, almost immediately, the ghost image of a boat had berthed alongside the drizzle-drenched wharf, and the student and his companion had clambered aboard, breathing husky young hearfrost as they went.

No sooner had they boarded the apparently deserted ferry-boat, than our two earnestly bespeckled young men had separated. The student had made himself reasonably comfortable in a cold and bare pavilion on the forward deck, and his room mate had left in a dazed search for a crew member, a passenger, or anybody on the desolate boat.

Now, a scant few minutes since the intrepid students had boarded her, the boat was moving. There was a thrum and a judder beneath the decking, and somewhere bells clanged. And as the boat moved over the bickering waters, the air grew colder. The student shivered, then reached up a white hand and cleared the lenses of his frameless glasses. Very soon, they began to frost over again from the warm air that floated from his grim little mouth and his politely officious nose, and thence into the icy air of the pavilion.

The student stamped his foot on the decking, and with each stamp he named a hell to which he damned his friend. "Where's he got to now?" he thought. Stamp, stamp. "The blanketyblank fool...."

He stood up and wrapped his arms round his shoulders. "Yimminy, it's getting colder!" And he walked to and fro on the boards that glimmered like ice. And he got colder.

"I'll go and look for him myself." He thought, and stamped his way on to the deck outside. Nobody was in sight. In all directions was only the cold greyness, and he found it impossible to see beyond the side of the boat.

The student, feeling colder all the time, stamped and stumbled his way along the deck. He peered into corners, booths, the aft pavilion, and into any nook or cranny he could find. But nowhere could he find his friend, nor in his search did he meet any other soul. And strangest of all, though he could run along corridors or climb over winches, he could not find an entrance to go inside the boat. It was like running along the outside of a gigantic model carved out of steel.

And the boat was steady now, as though it had reached calm waters away from the storm in the harbour. The thrum and judder from beneath the decking had changed to a serene throb of power as the boat made its way through the grey silent mist.

In desperation, the student climbed the steel ladders to the bridge.

There, surely, someone with authority would be on duty. With ease born of panic, the student scrambled onto the deck of the bridge. He ran to the wheelhouse, snatched the door open and looked inside. He relaxed, forgetting the cold.

In the wheelhouse was an old man. He was a very old man, and as he straightened himself, his bones protested against the movement, and he had to stand slightly bent, cunning as Pagan with his wild grey beard and long hair. He was incongruously dressed in a neat grey lounge suit, perfectly tailored, but two or three sizes too large for him. His shirt, tie, and shoes, matched the suit and looked foreign to him. A matching hat hung from the nearby handle of the helm.

The oldster stood his ground and smiled at the student.

"Hello, old son." he said. "Your not due yet, y'know?"

But the student wasn't listening. He'd just noticed what the oldster held in one wrinkled hand.

The oldster gabbled on. "You younguns. Always in a hurry you are...."

"Where'd you get those?" The student barked.

"Wh? The glasses?" The oldster chuckled. "They belonged to a fella came here before you. Such a nice chap. He knew why he was here....no fuss, no bother. He just went straight ahead through the door... only a few minutes ago it was. He said he'd seen you on deck, but o'course it won't be time for you to go for a while, so we can have a nice little chat. Heh, long time since I had a talk to...."

"Stop your gabbling, old man!" The student was at once angered and frightened. "And tell me, where'd you get those glasses? They belonged to a friend of mine, and I want to find him."

The oldster held the glasses up. "These?" he said, and chuckled gaily. "Oh these never got through. Anything artificial like these comes back, gloves and girdles, teeth and toupees, it's all the same. They always come right back to me." He winked slyly. "Why, some people even make me a present of their stuff. See this suit? Bit big for me, but I don't mind.... Got it from one of my best passengers. Rich banker he was, back on Earth. Heh was quite happy to pass on, not like some people I've had in here...."

The student was completely perplexed. Who was this old man? What sort of boat was this? Who were the passengers who passed on? Just what the Devil was happening? His mind was full of un-answerable questions, bewildered. Then he remembered his training at the University and the analytical mind he'd been taught to use started working. His natural dogmatism came to help him in this frozen moment when his rationalism was strained, and he

/sneered

slightly at the oldster, who still happily rambled on about the passengers who passed on. The student interrupted him by frowning somberly, and clearing his throat suddenly. "Now look, let's start again." He paused, then said on one breath; "I came aboard here with a friend who has disappeared. Now tell me first, who are you?"

"Me? Oh, well, I've so many names, though once upon a time they did call me Charon. O'course, that'd be before your time, but..."

The student was quick to anger. Charon? The son-god of Erebus who carried the souls across the Styx? Ridiculous! Obviously the fellow was a crank!

"And second," he said, "What sort of ferry is this, anyway? We should have reached the other shore minutes ago. And where are the passengers?"

"Eh? This is no ferry young man. This is my boat--though it's a little modernized, but they wanted it up to date--and oh I don't know.And as for the passengers..." he looked embarrassed, "... there were only the two of you. There should have been more, but...but I don't know where the rest of them got to. Pluto said there'd be plenty." The oldster stopped and in the silence, cocked his head to one side. "Oh dear, listen. That's him calling now. Time for you to go, I think..."

"But what the Devil's happening around here?"

"Happening? Oh, but it's routine. Y'see Pluto's got to build up his army of souls--the Millenium is getting quite close, yes quite close....So he decided to modernize my ship and give me an executive post--yes me an executive! Well!

"And we have a...a little arrangement you know, for afterwards." That sly look came and went with a confident wink. "So I get as many souls as I can for him. This is just a routine trip, sometimes I get a big load. Got one a while back... off a ship, as I recall... Yes, the Marianna - or...no, 'Twas the Marie Celeste --that was it. Hummm. And of course we have to change your...er...body chemistry, I think. That's why you think your so cold, but you'll be more comfortable now in the heat down there. Yes hmmm..." He started suddenly and looked at the cold mist outside. "He's getting angry, and we're at another port. You'll have to gonow, young man. Just through that door where your friend went. Go on hurry along now! Got to be ready for those pa..."

Anger raised the blood pressure in the student's head. Ridiculous!

"Lot of nonsense!" he said, "But if my friend's in there, I'll go and get him!"

He wrenched open the door to the interior of the boat. As he walked through to the world inside, something clattered to the floor behind him.

The oldster bent creakingly down to pick them up.

"Oho." he sighed with ancient breath. "I should have remembered. These spectacles, they always come back... Huh, and the teeth too, people are so unhealthy nowadays."

The End.



By Pat Kearney.

Films

H Man. A Japanese movie. Released thru Columbia. Cert 'X'

The best advice I can give about this is 'Don't see it.' The plot concerns a radioactive goo that invades Tokyo from a deserted cargo boat. It has the delightful capability of dissolving humans, and does just that on several occasions.

All this corn is mixed up with a clip-joint and gang warfare à la Japanese. Directing and dialogue are shocking, although in some places the photography is spectacular.

@

THE CRIMINAL. With Stanley Baker, Sam Wanamaker, and Noel Willman. Cert 'X'

This will sound hellishly gosh wow, but this movie is faaabulous. I don't think that I've enjoyed a crime film so much since "The Roaring Twenties", and "White Heat". (I will not count "Psycho" or "Macabre" as crime, as they were more fantasy.)

Stanley Baker plays a ruthless criminal who pulls a money grab at the races, and buries the loot in a field. He gets caught, however, and put back in prison, where pressure is put on him, by another gang who have members 'inside', to tell where the money is. At first he manages to prevail over his enemies, but.....

Everyone takes their parts superbly. Photography, directing, and dialogue are brilliant. Tremendous fights, and furious action. First rate.

@

Books

The Incomplete Enchanter. By DeCamp & Pratt. By Pyramid, at 3/6d. (35¢.)

Gosh wow! What a book! Best bit of fantasy I've read. (No I've not read "Lord of the Rings." My gran'ma collared my copy as soon as I got it!) Without looking, I think I'm correct in saying that this story appeared in a somewhat different form in Street & Smith's "Unknown" in the '40s.

The story concerns a young psychologist who discovers a method of transporting himself to different dimensions. He does this, and he lands in the kingdom of the Nordic Gods, and gets involved in all sorts of hair raising and hilarious adventures. A second trip sends him to the period of Spencer's "Faery Queen". Using modern science like spells, he fights dragons, warlocks, and knights of old. Great stuff, and well worth 3/6d.

DAY OF THE HAGGIS.



I was twelve years old when I was taken on my first Haggis hunt. Until that time the hunt had been shrouded in mystery and the secret whisperings of the ghillies on my fathers estate deep in the heart of the highlands. But today I was to become a man, wear breeks, and arrow my own haggis.

My fathers estate was not overlarge, some ten thousand acres, cultivated mainly with haggis grass without which the wild, and as yet untamed haggis could not exist. It was, however, the only tract of land left in the highlands where the true wild haggis lurked among the tall blue-black grass, ever watchful, ever ready to defend itself from hungry highlanders, and it's traditional enemy, the dreaded sporrán.

The great chase of '98 had almost killed off the true haggis, which provided Scotland with it's basic food and clothing - the hair of the haggis making up the material for the only genuine kilt. Had it not been for my father's foresight in prohibiting the use of his estate for the great chases, there would have only remained the stuffed "Haggis Naturis" which can be seen today in the Natural MacHistory Museum of Scotland.

However, this is history and I am digressing. I was awake early on the morning of the hunt; it was a perfect day, a real Highland day with leaden skies and the promise of snow. I well remember listening to the plaintive cry of the bagpipes as they lazily circled the tall fir trees near our castle and smelling the heather cooking on the farm stoves for the mens' breakfast. I dressed hurriedly, putting on for the first time, the traditional garments of the haggis hunter and surveyed myself in the mirror. The armour plated kilt, tartan breastplate and stout thigh boots combined to make me much taller than my three foot one inch and I imagined myself already in the chase closing in full cry on a gigantic haggis turned at bay for the last fight. I could hear the death scream as my arrow plunged into the round black body.

As I stood dreaming my ghillie Angus O'keilly came to my chamber and kneeling before me handed over the ceremonial haggis dirk with which I would be blooded after the kill. "Yoor Macfather macawaits ye the noo in the macstudy young Macmaster the noo" Angus intoned in the Gaelic. "Aye" I replied in his own tongue knowing well the pleasure it gave him to hear the lost macpatois of the northern ghillies.

My father seemed pre-occupied when I arrived at his study but putting the parlourmaid down turned to survey his eldest son in his hunting clothes. I must have been satisfactory for smiling through his sporran skin which he wore as a beard on ceremonial occasions, he clapped me on the shoulder saying in his jocular way "a mons a mon for a' that". My father had many sayings like this which he would quote for time to time and his most eager listener was his valet Burns. "Awa wi ye Dafydd " continued my father mixing my name as usual with that of my young brother whom he always called Llewellyn, "awa to yon chase" and picking up the parlourmaid again signified that the interview was at an end.

Angus was waiting for me in the courtyard with my charger. The kelpies anxious to be away, strained at their leashes barking excitedly. "Gregorlach Willie Bech" I shouted the time honoured hunting cry as I leapt into the saddle - the hunt was on !

Mile after mile we surged, across glens and burns until, suddenly, came the cry "mactally ho!" from a dozen Scottish throats as the kelpies swerved into a clump of long haggis grass and there, there deep in the grass, feather defiantly upright, stood a round black ball, my first haggis, looking for all the world like a Christmas pudding at bay.

With unsteady hands I feathered by bow and climbed off my horse, advancing slowly until I could be sure of the kill. I drew back the string of my bow taking careful aim and, as I did so, a shaft of sunlight pierced the grass throwing up the haggis in sharp relief. It's mysterious blue eyes were fixed upon me steady and unwavering, full of savage courage and I knew, desperately, that I could not, would not make the kill. I dropped my bow and walked wearily away.

Looking back over those eighty years I can still feel the surge of gratitude from the haggis as it followed me like a dog from the grass. And although I never became a man in the eyes of my father and his ghillies and I had to flee over the border to England, my haggis is still with me, ever faithful, a comfort to me in my old age and I am truly proud to be the owner of the last haggis in the world.

I have never tasted real haggis but I can sit and enjoy the synthetic haggis produced in Scotland for the last eighty years and think back over my life to that day, so long ago, the day of the haggis.

The End.

This first off "Goudy"
May be doudy,
But it was my mission
To create a first edission
For use as crud
It's writ in ink not blud.
It contains no horror,
To my sorrow
So the next
Will be ext
Ra crude and bluddery
And shoodery
So watch it raise your hair,
And scair
You
Blou
So thair.