

# Crifanac 5

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## EDITORIAL

### **TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!**

CRIFANAC has changed hands after a couple of years of delay. Your ex-editor has become the publisher by virtue of buying a print shop (Mosher Printing Service). Now CRIFANAC has gone off-set, but with a change of editorship. Tom Reamy now holds the editorial chair by virtue of his doing most of the work and paying the bills.

Tom, as many will remember, is noted for his art work in many of the fanzines -- most notably that of FANTASTIC WORLDS. He has even been requested by a certain prozine to submit some of his work, but I'll let him tell about that when the spirit moves him, if it ever will -- he doesn't brag much.

Besides his fanzine experience, Tom is ex-president of the Dallas Futurian Society and is holding the post of Executive Member. At the time of this writing he plans to hold one of the club meetings at his "Slan Shack" -- a very nice, secluded building equipped with his paintings and drawings about the walls a nice hi-fi rig (which is going full blast at the moment). He also has a "Space Command" TV set on which he can watch the TV s-f pictures when ever they are shown -- by remote control, no less.

It is doubtful that you have heard the last of Mosher. I will be back from time to time. I am working on plans for the long delayed Fan Service Organization (FSO) which will do things for fandom which no other organization has been able to do -- even when it makes big claims through its constitution. You will hear more about this organization in the pages of CRIFANAC. One thing for certain -- if you join, you will have to do some work and cough up \$2.00 for a year and if you run for office and win, you will have to donate \$5.00 to the organization.

In regard to FSO, you will not hear more about it until a full account is given explaining why the organization will be set up in such a way and why its laws are such and such. I will want it fully understood that when you join, you know what you are getting into and you have no business joining unless you mean to bide by the regulations. Others who may not like the way I've put this may stay out and are welcome to start their own groups. FSO will be going places. There will be no room for those who want in for the name alone or personal agrandizment (except where earned). Of course, those who join early will have the chance to reach the top of the ladder before others who wait. But wait and see the plans.

I'd better turn the zine back to Tom now and let him take over his zine. -- Orville Mosher.

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First, I must apologize to Marilyn for this overly long delay. To the rest of you, I want to say that Marilyn has been just as excited, if not more so, to see her name in print - even though this is just a fanzine and she isn't receiving a cent for the material I requested of her. To put it mildly, she has been sitting on "pins and needles" for this issue to come out. All this goes to show is that being a pro doesn't make her any less a fan.

Forrest Ackerman, Number One Fan as he is sometimes called was to a very great extent responsible for Marilyn's breaking in to the prozines. "4EJ" is (or was the last time I saw Marilyn) her agent.

To give you an idea of how long I have been delaying this issue before turning it over to Tom, Lyn (Marilyn) was bemoaning the way the S-F market had dropped off. She had turned to -- now don't quote me as I'm not positive -- either TV or movie script writing.

Marilyn has also written some material on child care -- she is a mother. Her husband goes in for watching baseball.

The Dallas Futurian Society has benefited from three large boxes of prozines which she donated to the club. If she isn't too peeved with me for this "mind wracking" delay, perhaps I can persuade her to attend one of our meetings and give a talk on writing s-f. But then, now that the s-f market seems to be picking up again -- maybe she is too busy writing the stuff (stf, I was tempted to say, to talk about it.

Maybe I'd better let Marilyn have the floor, this is her fan feature. But before I relinquish this space, I want to call attention to the photo across the way -- that's Marilyn. My attending a printing school has some advantages.

Orville W. Mosher

\* \* \* \* \*

An autobiographical sketch, Orville, is the most difficult thing you could ask me to do. If I self-effacingly replied that I've never done anything worth telling about, I'd be a liar because everybody has at least a little ego and of course I'm very pleased that you requested this. On the other hand, if I smugly listed my meager accomplishments in a few I-commencing sentences and let it go at that I'd seem conceited as hell over nothing much at all. So, let's put it this way, I sold six or seven short stories when sf was at the peak of its boom and easy to sell, that doesn't make me a professional writer, but I'm still trying, and hope some day to be really worthy of that title.

I started writing at the age of five, typing with two fingers, one on each hand, during the next twenty some years my keyboard dexterity improved to the point where I now type with four

MEET

# LYN VENABLE

FAN AND PRO



fingers. I'm one of those who "always" wanted to write, and during my school years I actually bundled a few of my efforts off to such obscure little markets as The Saturday Evening Post. Needless to say -- no sale.

My actual selling of a story involved a chain of coincidences for which I may thank Forry Ackerman directly, and indirectly, Ray Bradbury and Bill Nolan. I was, and still am, a Ray Bradbury fan through and through. If ever I saw a letter in a "Letters" column even mildly critical of Ray Bradbury's work my blood would not only boil but go hissing away in steam. I would immediately write a lengthy epistle in defense of my literary hero. Bill Nolan at that time was compiling his "Ray Bradbury Review", and having seen a few of my letters to editors, he asked me to do an article for the Review. I did, and in this article mentioned that I, too hoped to become a writer. Forry read the Review, spied my article, and wrote to me asking to see some of my work. I sent him four stories, three of which promptly sold after being revised according to his suggestions. I thought I had arrived! I had arrived all right, but I wasn't going to stay very long. Three or four more sales ensued during the next several years, but they were fewer and further between. (This is no reflection on Forry, who is still trying to sell about twenty of my manuscripts, I guess the market just isn't there anymore.) Anyway, that's my writing career in a nutshell, a very small peanut shell so far.

As for my fan activities, I am not what you call an "active" fan, because I prefer to spend what little spare time I have being a fan of science fiction, which to me means writing, reading and talking about science fiction, three things "fans" never seem to do. I'm sticking my neck out but you can quote me. I think if fans would stop and remember what they're fans of, and instead of feuding and organizing and reorganizing etc., would get out and buy sf books and prozines, if, instead of writing to each other would write to the editors of general magazines requesting more s-f, if they would constantly search their minds for the fresh, new material that will make them the pros of tomorrow, they could save s-f from the doldrums, rescue it from its current low standing in the minds of the general reading public, and establish s-f as merely good fiction, read by all intelligent readers, instead of isolated in a fringe category of its own making. Ray Bradbury and a few others have shown us that s-f can be literature, that it can be read and understood and enjoyed by Esquire's customers as well as those of Weird Tales.

It is time for fandom to grow up too, it is time for them to start thinking of s-f as literature, and of themselves as members of the reading public, instead of as a special group with special interests.

Well, that's Lyn Venable, writer and fan. If anybody is interested, I'm also a mother, holder of a full time job writing and editing for a couple of business publications. My principle hobby is entering 25 word statement contests. My spare time amounts to about three minutes once a week during which I file my fingernails, but it's all lots of fun.

Lyn Venable

The highway dash stripes made military interruptions to the soft turbine purr of the speeding black car. The man behind the wheel shifted his position and winced as his left leg tingled with returning blood. His head hurt and his eyes burned and he was smoking too much.

The flat prairie country was monotonous and his eye lids were heavy with persistent drowsiness. He eased the car away from the highway edge when the warning light on the dash blinked red. He tightened a little as he passed an auto-house without letting up on the accelerator.

A tape in the dash clicked and whirred. "Mr. Stockton, you have enter-



## TO HELL ON A ROLLERCOASTER

by tom reamy

ILLUSTRATOR: REAMY



ed a speed zone. Please decrease your speed to..." There was a barely perceptible pause as the safety monitor in the dash selected the correct speed to match the highway impulses. "...eighty-five miles per hour. Thank you."

Stockton clamped his teeth together and ignored the voice. There was no way to disconnect the damn thing. The headlights snapped on as the sun finally made a complete exit behind the mountains rearing out of the flatlands ahead of him. The green coloring in the windshield faded with the light.

The dash clicked and whirred again. "Mr. Stockton, this is your second notification. You are in an eighty-five miles per hour zone. Unless you slow to this speed the Highway Safety Squad will be summoned automatically." There was no "Thank you," this time.

Stockton smiled grimly and brought the car down to the limit. When the night blinking 75 m.p.h. sign flicked by, he slowed the car before the safety monitor could reprimand him.

The town nestled in a blinking, multi-colored cluster at the foot of the mountains. Stockton still preferred to call them towns, although the changing venacular of this nomadic age had, with unusual appropriateness, dubbed them "oases". He thought of Leora and the night he told her he wanted to live in a house; an honest to God stationary house. Becoming a Lamie, a social outcast, losing her driver's license and the "privileges of the road" had alienated her. She was a stockholder and would never give it up to work for a government allowance.

He saw her less and less after that. Realizing now it was all hopeless, he didn't care so much. Once you became a Lamie, either voluntary (which was rare) or as a penalty for violating the "highway code" or simply because you were born a social undesirable, you were always a Lamie. After all, someone had to supervise the synthesizer plants and take care of stores and things that couldn't be run by automation.

He should have accepted it sooner, the way Leora prided herself in being the first child born in a Happy Wanderer autohouse while it was in motion.

He slowed the car in compliance with the speed limit signs. At fifty-five he came to the first sign; "Drive-In Restuarant". He was hungry, but he wanted to get out of the car to eat and stretch tired muscles. He was sure this "oasis" had no old-fashioned cafe where he could sit at a counter or a booth.

He wasn't too sure how it all started. The disintegration of most of the larger cities and industrial automation had been a boosting factor, but it had started long before that, almost with the advent of the automobile.

The street was eight lanes wide. He maneuvered through the traffic from the center thru-lane to an outside local-lane. The stores were widely scattered with ample parking space around each and signs that proclaimed: Park 'N Eat; Select Your Purchases in the privacy of Your Car or Autohouse With Our Personal Telescreen Service; Drive-In Bank, Never Leave the Comfort of Your Car; Autohouse Park: Drive-In Theatre, Special Section for Autohouses; Drive-In Clothiers, Our life-like mannikin models in your exact size will model our complete line for you, You Never Leave Your Car. They never closed.

Drive-In First Baptist Church. There had been quite an uproar from the ministry over that, but it accomplished nothing. Most of the clergymen became voluntary Lamies, but he had heard that mannikins were being used in some places and that there was a move to do away with the churches completely and simply broadcast the sermons over the car radios.

Stockton laughed aloud when he saw the service station sign announcing redly: "Now! The latest in motoring convenience! Try our new Drive-In Restrooms!"

He pulled into a space at a drive-in grocery. A Handi-Chute slid to his window. He filled out the Handi-Order Blank and pressed the button. The chute slid back into the wall and almost immediately returned with his bill. He deposited the coins and again pressed the button. His money was running low after that silly traffic violation which had caused his dividend to be suspended for a month. Being a Stockholder wasn't all the Lamies thought it was. His stock had been left him by his father and he would leave it to his children or nearest relative if he died childless. When no relative existed the stock was put on the open market.

After a moment the chute returned with his order. A recorded voice intoned a cheery, "Thank you, please call again."

Stockton replied with a mirthless "Ha!" and drove away. He left the oasis and started the climb into the mountains. The oncoming headlights were black-rimmed owl eyes in the gloom. After a ways he pulled over to the side of the highway, ignoring the blinking red light on the dash.



TK



The tape clicked and whirred, "Mr. Stockton, if you are in distress, dial the Highway Rescue Squad on your communicator. If you do not do so within ten seconds, it will be because you are unable to do so or are purposely violating a traffic regulation. In either event the Highway Safety Squad will be notified automatically."

Stockton ignored the voice. He made a sandwich from the groceries and opened the cup of Handi-Coffee, Ready to Drink. With the sandwich in one hand and the cup of self-heating coffee in the other, he stepped from the car. The night air was cool and he could hear the night noises all around. He stretched. Ghost-glow faces stared at him from passing cars.

He hadn't finished the sandwich when the Highway Safety Squad car pulled up behind his own. There were two of them. They yelled at him without getting out. The Squadmen were supposed to be beyond physical pleasures but the idea of leaving the comfort of their patrol car displeased them.

"What's the trouble, Stockholder?" one of them asked while the other called his license number in to Files.

"No trouble, Squadman. I only stopped to stretch and eat a bite."

The squadman was apprehensive. "Why didn't you seat at a drive-in?" The other squadman said something to him Stockton did not catch.

He walked toward them. This was foolish. He should never have stopped. What was it worth to get out of the car like this? He had a tingling feeling in his stomach and the coffee cup was burning his hand.

"Files has your number listed for a violation already. Why didn't you eat at a drive-in?"

Stockton made a futile gesture with his hands. "I don't know. I just wanted to get out of the car for a while." He knew that he shouldn't say it but he couldn't stop. "I was so tired of staying in the car I could scream!"

The squadmen looked at each other. One of them attempted to be soothing. "There are places for that. You know it's against the regulations of highway safety to stop in a non-prescribed parking area."

Stockton lowered his head. "I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I won't do it again." He looked up. "What will the penalty be?"

"The Circuit will have to decide that. How would you like to

be a Lamie?" There was a trace of a smirk on his face. "Get back in your car and follow us!"

Stockton was frightened. One squadman said to the other, "I will certainly be glad when automatic drivers are installed in all the highways so these jokers will quit giving us so much trouble."

He got back into his car and put the remainder of the sandwich and the coffee cup into the disposer. Oh, my God, he thought. A Lamie! A damn Lamie! I won't! I won't! The squadcar pulled around him and turned back to the oasis. He started the car but didn't move. The squadcar slowed waiting for him. I haven't got the nerve. I'm scared! He gunned the car and headed into the mountains.

The squadcar whipped around and started after him, its siren blaring. He had hardly gone a mile when he saw the roadblock ahead of him. What's the use? There's no use. I won't be a damn Lamie!

The railing hardly slowed the car when it plunged through. The red-hot neon worms burned his brain. "Drive-In Cemetery, Never Leave the Comfort of Your Car."

Tom Reamy

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITORIAL (continued from page 1)

Since this issue is practically a give-away (although if you want to pay for it, you may) I've tried to make it a pretty good one, mainly for the purpose of snaring subscribers. But don't think that forthcoming issues will retrogress, because they absolutely will not.

At present I am planning a full color cover for Crifanc 6. I don't know as I'll be able to afford one every issue, but I will as often as possible. I plan to use photographs in the movie reviews, when they are available, and there will be photos in the conclusion of Albert Jackson's article on building a two stage rocket (junior size).

The fiction in this issue is not all it could be, but material was scarce and I had no backlog. You can remedy this situation by sending in something of your own. I will pay for material if the author requests it, but it will have to be pretty darn good. I don't like to use so many of my own illustrations either, but the same situation exists. I need material of all kinds. I don't promise to use everything I'm sent because I'm trying to

(continued on page 17)

# BOOMS AND BLUNDERS

(PART ONE)

by albert jackson

I quote from memory, "Many highschool students find fun and educational value from rocket experimenting. Ingeniously conceived rockets roar into the sky built by the spacemen to be", from a leading magazine. What do they know about rocket experimenting? Huh?

Oh, it looked so nice, those drawings we had made, those money figures but rue the day. I will now relate a story which, alongside those magazine articles of success and pictures of smiling teenagers holding five-foot projectiles of wire, pumps and all sorts of intricate mechanisms, looks decidedly black.

I started the idea with a notion of seeing a rocket of my own making streaks into the sky. Lyndon Henry and Pat Bentely (masters of art and engineers of design) were my colleagues in this adventure.

From information I collected we tried to decide upon a power plant. I wanted just powder rockets at first, but Lyndon and Pat would have no part of it. In their minds they conjured up all sorts of pictures of horrible behaviour in flight. So from jetex engines to pulse jet engines, they designed all sorts of craft.

The ultimate came finally from Pat who figured out a nifty design for a pulse jet craft using an engine known as the Sona Jet.

There was a two engine job using two Dyna Jet engines (the highest power we could get) but that would have to be saved for a much later date.

All this time we met after school in a room I usually have English class in so the teacher didn't mind. Though the janitor didn't like us messing up the board with all sorts of crazy drawings. The final model came out of our planning this way.

The Sona Jet was 20 inches in length with a diameter of one and a half inches and weighed seven ounces; fuel consumption of two oz. per minute and one pound status thrust. Starting was easy tho the fuel was common.

This would not be a rocket in anyway also I must add; this is a two stage job. The first stage would be more or less the engine body itself.

The second stage would be a jetex 350 with an augmenter tube. Jetex 350 - 2.5 oz. weight 2.9 oz. thrust, deviation 36 sec. length 3.75 inches, exhaust velocity 1400 FS, EFF. Wingspan 32 - 54 inches. (figure 1.)

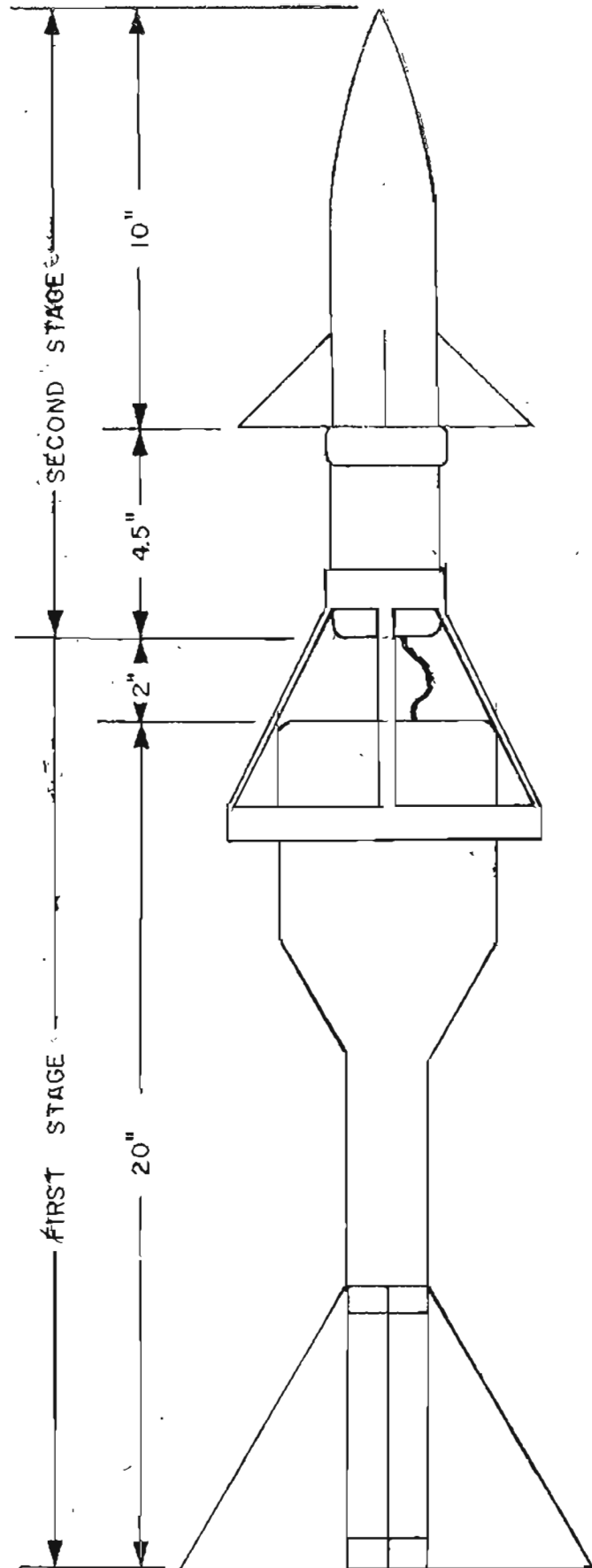
There is of course no enclosure around the Sona Jet because first the thing won't operate without a good supply of air, second it means lessweight.

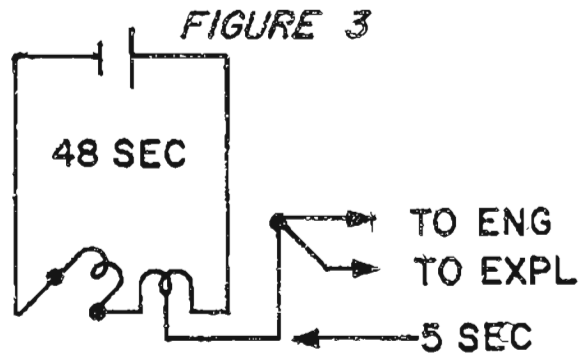
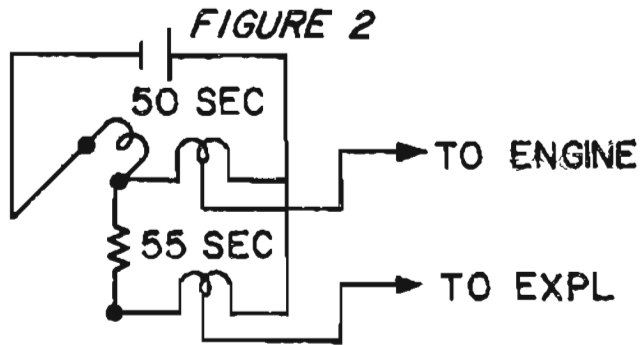
The small second stage was enclosed to hold the augmenter tube (which by the way improved the thrust 2.7 oz.) and the jetex 350 is not very well streamlined. Air ducts had to be made for this also.

On top of the first stage the struts hold a 4.5 inch section which contains: fuel for the pulse jet engine, (it does not really flow by gravity but the way it is mounted helps) a parachute (for retrieving) and a device for lighting the fuse in the jetex engine.

The fuel compartment was easy but the parachute release was harder. Many ideas were kicked around. We had to recover the first stage, otherwise we would have our money spread all over creation on impact. Spring release devices and others didn't fill our needs. What worked best was a plain Chinese firecracker. Connected to the jetex fuse igniter would be the fuse of a firecracker (a small one) which would be located in a position to blow the parachute out.

SCALE 1/4" = 1"  
FIGURE 1.





Now came the timing device. Oh, boy! were we stumped. If this device couldn't be relied on the whole thing would flop. We could have used radio control but there wasn't room. I think, though, we will use it later in a bigger model.

What was finally used was a very small spring wound timer, a pincell, and a short piece of nichrome wire. We'll say we wanted 60 seconds before release (anyway 60 seconds was all we could get) we would put 60 seconds of fuel in the tank, set the timer for 60 seconds, which would give the jetex a chance to warm up and be ready to go at the time of separation.

The timer worked this way: when it reached the contact point it would permit the 1.5 volt pincell to charge the nichrome wire. The wire, having a very high resistance, would become red hot and ignite the fuses.

Now you say, well if the jetex fuse is ignited 10 seconds before the fuel runs out, the firecracker will be ignited and separate the stages before the jetex engine was ready to go or before the fuel has been used in the Sona Jet engine. Well, now we have the timer act like a single pole double throw switch. The explosive fuse will be ignited 5 seconds after the jetex fuse. (figure 2)

Another thing, a regular firecracker fuse doesn't burn evenly. We replaced it with a 5 seconds length of jetex fuse. I don't really like this timing setup because the timer contact for the jetex fuse and the firecracker fuse might not heat up instantly. It would usually be about a half second behind. Also, the length of time that the jetex engine fuse contact is closed may not be long enough for the current to flow and light the fuse.

A later idea, which is much simpler, was to have the time set at 48 seconds and one contact. This would mean 2 seconds would be given for the circuit to heat up and light the fuse, then 10 seconds of jetex would go to the engine with the explosive fuse connected 5 seconds up. (figure 3) In reality the times worked out longer.

Notice that the pulse jet engine has no covering as does the jetex. This is to lessen weight and cool the engine, also the engine is streamlined enough as is. The way the engine is started is this way: 1. You fill a chamber inside with air 2. some fuel is added 3. a very small spark plug explodes the fuel and air. This explosion in turn is augmented giving a powerful thrust.

TO BE CONTINUED

Albert Jackson

# HEADACHE

by ray thompson

On the day before the storm they went on a picnic.

"Stop it, you idiot," laughing, "stop it. Do you want me to repack this... this gourmet's delight and go home to Mother?"

Whispering into her ear, "You can't. I've got the car keys."

"Brute! I do believe I've been sold into white slavery. And for only two dollars. The shame of it all."

"Quit gabbin' and slice the tomatoes. I'm starved."

Putting the knife to his throat. "This does wonders with tomatoes. I wonder how it would do with bothersome husbands?"

"Are you a virgin?"

"You should know."

"I don't mean me. We're married."

Kissing him. "You should have asked before we were married. Now are you still starved or do you want to keep on trying to seduce me?"

He lay back on the ground and threw his arm across his forehead. "Decisions!"

She kicked him. "Eat!"

"Yes ma'am."

"Ouch!"

"What's the matter?"



TR

ILLUSTRATOR: REAMY



"An ant stung me."

"This is pretty high for ants."

"Maybe they're on a honeymoon, too."

"Do you want me to kiss it-and make it well?"

"Does your saliva have any medicinal value?"

He rolled over on his stomach. "Gad! What have I married?"

She kicked him again.

He sat up. "If you don't quit that I'll be black and blue and won't look good in a bathing suit."

She stuck a sandwich in his face. "Eat!"

They lay in the shade of a pine tree dozing. "Darling."

"Shut up. I'm asleep."

He rolled over with his back to her.

"Quit pouting. I'll wake up in a little while."

He got up. "I'm going for a walk. A person can't get any co-operation around here."

"Suit yourself." He strode away and she went to sleep.

On the day of the storm they stayed in the cabin. The storm didn't particularly bother them.

The day after the storm she had a headache.

"Take an aspirin."

"There aren't anymore."

"You put a new box in your purse when we left."

"I've already taken all of them. They didn't help."

"You shouldn't have done that. It might be dangerous."

"It couldn't be much worse than this headache."

"Do you have them often?"

"That's just it. I can't remember ever having a headache."

"Do you think a glass of warm milk and a nap would help?"

"I don't know. I'll try it."

He kissed her.

The second day after the storm she woke up crying.

He put his arm around her. "Is it worse, baby?"

"I don't think I can stand it much longer. It feels like my hair is on fire and my brain is boiling.

He got out of bed. "Get dressed. I'm taking you to a doctor."

When he had started the car and turned on the heater against the morning chill, he went back into the cabin. She was sitting on the edge of the bed only half dressed, her head cradled in her hands. He helped her finish dressing and put her in the car.

Five miles down the mountain road a wooden bridge was washed out. They sat looking at the rushing water.

"What are we going to do? I think I'll go crazy if it doesn't stop hurting." Her voice was barely audible. She grabbed his arm. "Can't we get across?"

"No. It's impossible."

"Walk. You could walk and get a doctor."

"Baby, it's forty miles."

She was crying again. "Help me. Please, help me. Please!"

"Oh, my God. What can I do?" He took her in his arms. "What can I do?" After a moment, he turned the car around and went back to the cabin.

On the third day after the storm she was delirious. She lay on the bed moaning occasionally and tossing a lot. He washed her face with a cold cloth and then went out on the porch and looked at the mountains. He may have even prayed a little.

He lit a cigarette and then threw it away after a puff or two. He ran back inside when he heard her scream.

She was standing in the center of the room watching him. He stopped and stared at her. "What's the matter, Baby?"

"It doesn't hurt anymore. Will you come with me darling? It's better this way. There are no worries and I feel better than I've ever felt in my life."

"What are you talking about?"

"It only hurts for a little while, then you feel better than ever."

Screaming. "What are you talking about?"

She slowly raised her hands to her forehead. "Join me, darling. Don't be afraid." She pulled open her forehead. "Don't be afraid. It won't hurt long."

He couldn't take his eyes from her head. She didn't have a skull and there was no brain, only a seething mass of ants that spilled over her smiling face.

"There's nothing to fear, darling. There's nothing to fear." He stood there watching the ants swarm toward him.

Ray Thompson

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITORIAL (continued from page 9)

develop Crifanac into a pretty high-class fanzine.

There will be more pages and a generally better organized issue, as this one was done in pretty much of a rush. Eagerness on my part is to blame, I'm afraid. I will be calmed down (I hope) for Crifanac 6. I will also use a different typewrite on the next issue, an electric one with Executive type. It looks like printed type. This cruddy ol' thing I'm using now is about shot. I have to trim the plates so they will fit the carriage, the carriage sticks and several other pangs of old age. I'd like to have it printed, but I'm afraid I can't afford it. Orville does all of my reproduction and he doesn't have a linotype. I'm afraid lithography will have to do.

I have prepared a science fiction movie checklist which will sell for 25¢ and be given free to subscribers. It will contain all the s-f and fantasy movies released since the current boom began, around 1948, and few older ones which are being revived. There have been several good checklists reaching back farther, but the most current one (as far as I know) was in 1950. The checklist will be supplemented in each issue of Crifanac via the movie reviews. It excludes all cartoon features, Francis movies, movies which contain

(continued on page 21)

# ◎ LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## CONTEST!

What do you think would be a good name for this letter column? Send me your suggestions and the winner will get a year's subscription free. The deadline will be when the next issue goes to press, about two months. In case of a tie, all will receive a free sub.

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE  
7 Elm Road  
Wembley, Middx.,  
England

Although I had a few new s-f yarns in both American and British mags during 1955 (it's been some time since the last issue) and various reprints here and there, the year for me was largely a digression into juvenile (or semi-juvenile) s-f.

I created a spaceman character, "Martin Magnus," and the first two novels about him, MARTIN MAGNUS, PLANET ROVER and its sequel, MARTIN MAGNUS ON VENUS, were published here by Frederick Muller Ltd. during the year; and the third, MARTIN MAGNUS ON MARS, went to press at the end of the year. These three books totalled something over 150,000 words, so I hope to take a rest from the gentleman this year.

I've also had a few short juvenile yarns (for short juveniles) published in the BOYS' OWN PAPER here, and I believe my PRENTICE-HALL BOOK OF SPACE TRAVEL was reprinted on your side.

I still have a few juvenile commitments to fulfill but I'm rarin' to get back to stuff for "grown-ups" and have already begun a full-length novel provisionally titled GOLD IN THE MOON.

Doubt if any of this is of any interest to American fan, but there it is for what it's worth.

\* \* \* \* \*

DAVID COHEN  
The Blue Centaur Book Company  
Box 4940  
G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

Many thanks for your letter asking for information re our activities. As you will see, surface mails are slow.

We do not, as yet, publish any titles in s-f, much as we would like to do so. Later on we have high hopes of it.

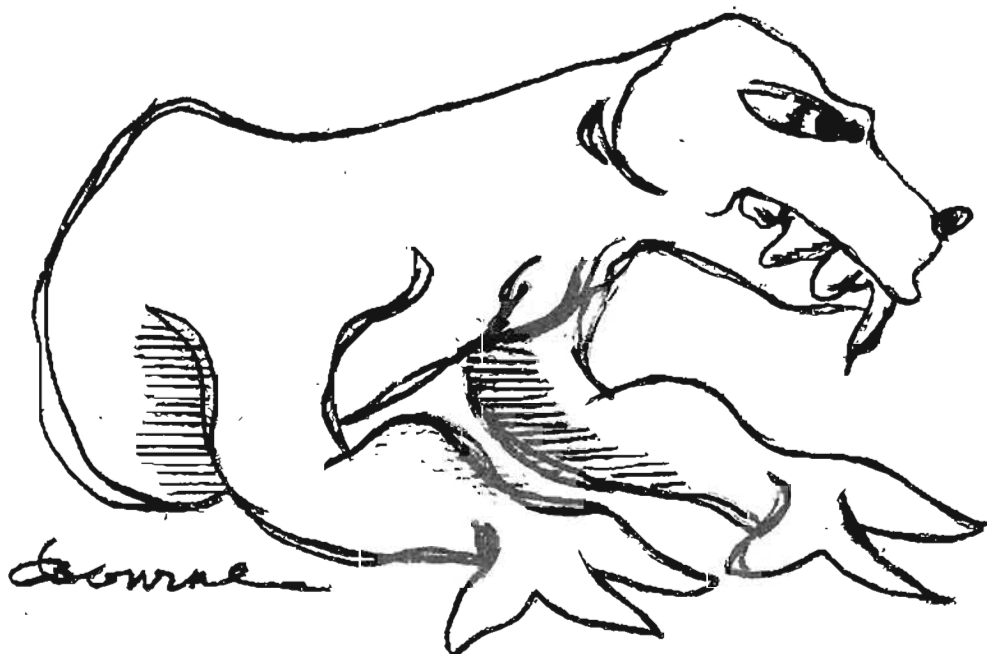
For the past 3 years we have specialized in s-f and are now the largest house selling s-f. We work almost entirely through the mails, and have built up a decent little business from nothing.

All the titles published in England and here in Australia are sold by us, as are also all the hard cover titles. Before we went into bookselling, we were interested in fandom, but have left the field for various reasons. In fact, it could be said of us, that we are "dirty pros." Just in case we have given you a false impression, we sell all and any types of books; but our specialty is s-f.

Our stocks of new back issues are maintained at the highest level, and in that way we supply the needs of a majority of people interested in s-f.

Nothing succeeds like success, and there is nothing like someone else's success to go to a person's head and cause him to hate the successful one. We have had and still have, our would-be detractors. Fandom in Australia is only alive (to some degree) in

Melbourne, Victoria. You are most likely familiar with the zine ETHERLINE which they put out on a fortnightly schedule.



Here in Sydney, we run the only Thursday Night meeting. We have developed it into a social gathering, where people (as distinct from fans) can come along and meet others of a similar turn of mind. Chess, bridge and other games are played, we sell

books and mags, people talk to each other, and there is no unpleasantness. Before it is all over, supper is available at a nominal charge. Last Thursday, June 7th, was the 115th regular meeting without any break; so you can see that we are well established on Thursday nights. We also run a library of s-f mags and books on a strictly commercial basis.

In Perth, Western Australia, there is a group, but it seems to have folded. In Adelaide, South Australia a group was well established, but no news has come from them for the best part of a year, so we don't know what's with them. In Brisbane, Queensland, a small group meets at the home of one of the readers of s-f who has control of a library of s-f. They meet once a month. In Tasmania there is no group. Don Tuck of Checklist fame is the only active reader of s-f in that state.

There were at one time, three active groups in Sydney, but due to internal dissention, and to vindictive and malicious slanders, the three groups finally folded. It is understood that the Futurian Library is still being operated, from the private home of one of the members. It might be better to say former members, as it is generally thought that the Futurians have just folded flat.

We don't know anything official about any of these former groups, as we do not encourage fandom, as from our own bitter experiences, we could not care less about s-f fandom in Sydney.



Slander; stabbing in the back; and downright fascist activities caused us to give them away. We are not the only bitter people here in Australia, over this s-f fandom (formerly) carryings on.

The Melbourne Group is running the 1956 SF Convention, which will be the 5th annual one held in Australia, on a nation wide basis. It will be held at the conclusion of the Olympic Games. The actual dates are Saturday and Sunday, December 8 and 9. Some activity will take place on the Friday evening before, we are informed.

We trust that you will eventually gain some information as to the state of s-f affairs here in Australia; but such will have to come from someone who is sufficiently interested in the subject to do it justice.

I still collect in the field of s-f, and wish to enclose a dollar bill, and ask that you send me copies of your publication to that value.

Regarding the Customs Dept attitude to the importation of s-f books and mags from the USA; all fiction, and that means s-f, is banned. The Dept does not say so, but it uses the Import Licensing to control what comes in, and s-f does not get any permits. We have managed, after some hard fighting, to get permits to import second hand USA s-f from England, but only on a strictly controlled basis. All items have to be subject to their inspection. A few fans have managed to get some mags and books sent to them, but the Customs Dept sooner or later tells them to stop, or get all parcels confiscated. The Dept knows all about swap-deals and trading. It is now believed that certain of the disgruntled former fans have given this information to the Customs Dept.

Thanking you for the interest you have shown in our activities, and wish you all the very best of good fortune in the future, we would ask you to work for the breaking down of barriers between human beings.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITORIAL (continued from page 17)

no concrete fantasy or s-f element (such as House of Wax) and several other categories. Each movie is rated, the stars and company are listed and a sentence summary is given plus the year released. It contains photographs and is well worth the price.

The Dallas Futurian Society is going to make a movie. Tentative plans are for the filming of Matheson's LOVER, WHEN YOUR NEAR ME. If it turns out well, we'll bring it to the convention. Anyway, it will be fun.

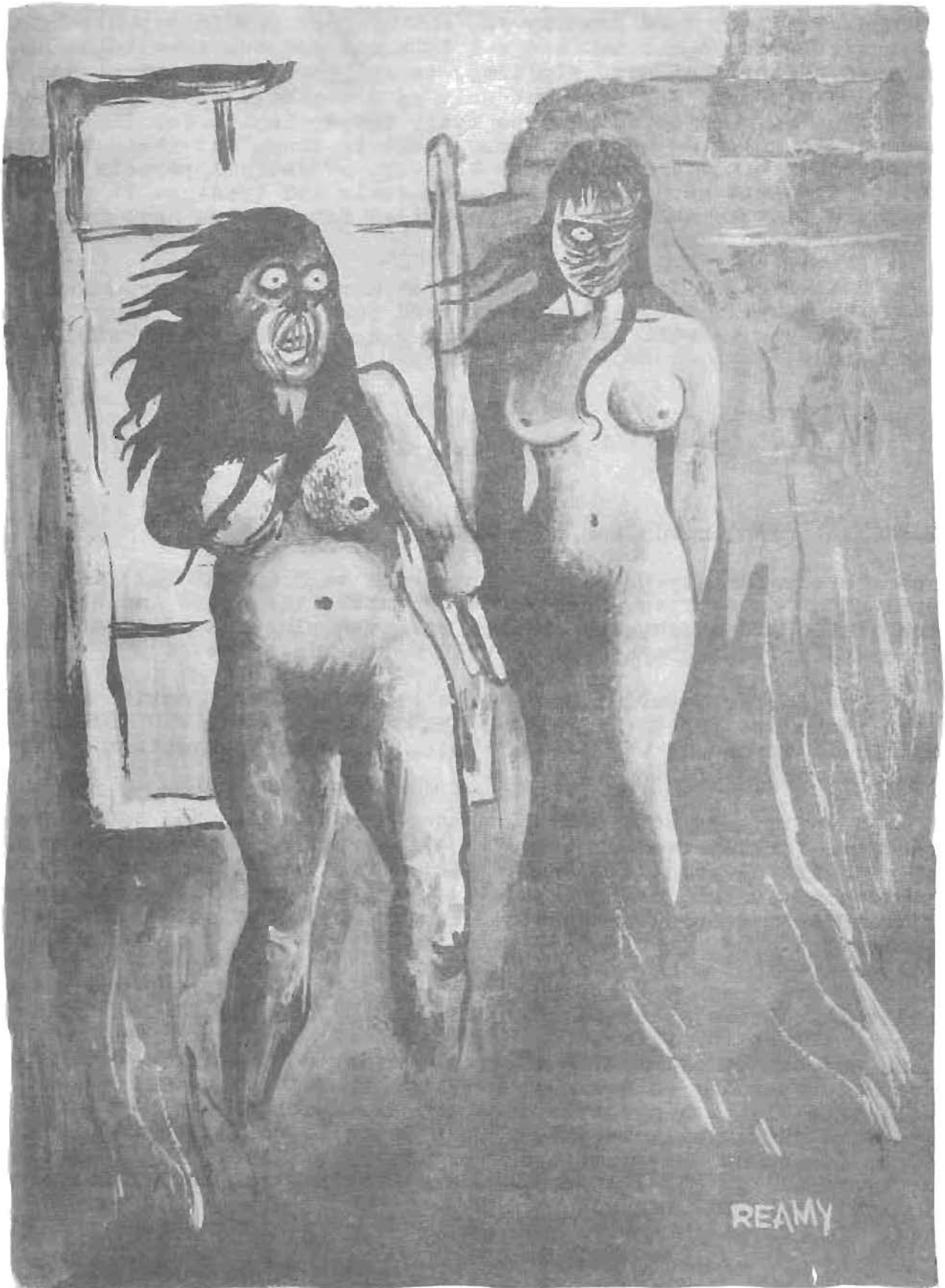
I definitely want your comments on this issue and your suggestions for improvements. The most interesting letters (favorable or no) will be printed. See the letter section this issue for a picture of fandom in Australia. Is there anyone out there who would like to do a general interest column or anything? If so, I'm very interested.

I have a story that won first place in the TIPA (Texas Inter-collegiate Press Association) Convention, Junior College Division, which will be in Crifanac 6. There will be a review of s-f records, more and better artwork, a progress report on the movie with photographs (depending on how much progress is made). And Crifanac 7 will probably have a complete report on making an amateur s-f movie, or maybe it will be in the next issue if we finish in time or if we finish at all. I have a story by J.T. Oliver that is coming up soon. All in all I intend to make Crifanac the best fanzine yet. I might even make money!

Tom Reamy

See page 32





# LONESOME WIND

by leif ayen

ILLUSTRATOR:  
REAMY

The United States...

Striker gazed down the long, brilliant street--nothing, no traffic, no life no movement--just the stillness and the bright. He shivered, his cheeks becoming hollow as he sucked in his breath. He wanted to shout and scream his fear and loneliness.

This was the city--nothing--everything gone, everything vanished. Where? How? Why? He did not know. He was very ill. When he had finished, he stood up staring at the tall, empty granite buildings. Empty. Everyone was gone.

"This is a dream!" he shouted. The dark buildings threw back his echo in mockery: "Dream?" He searched the skies. Only the infinite pattern of frozen stars spattered across the blackness. They held no answer.

A theatre marquee proclaimed in large, bold letters--LAST NITE! EVE TORRENCE, IN PERSON, DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD! The pictures outside showed a tall, dark-haired girl, much too beautiful. The neon signs leered at him and winked knowingly. The street was deserted. The people, the birds, all life was gone, vanished, as though it had never been.

The street was silent. The city was silent. No sound. Only the flashing and blinking of a hundred signs--WON'T YOU HAVE A CAMEL? SEE GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS, SEE, SEE, SEE, TWENTY GORGEOUS GIRLS! YOU'LL WONDER WHERE THE YELLOW WENT! YOU'LL WONDER WHERE EVERYTHING WENT! The lights screamed in silence.

How long had it been like this? Striker shivered. He remembered the city just last night. Alive thousands of people. Noise. Talking. Life. Just last night? No. A million years ago!

Striker wheeled and entered a bar. It was empty. A few glasses were lined along the counter, just as if they had set them down, and walked away for a moment, and never came back. He went behind the counter and switched on the television set. In a moment it began humming and the screen glowed, but it was blank. Just a blank screen and the humming. He raised his fist and smashed it. Then he picked up a bottle...

He was very drunk. He staggered down the street smashing store windows and cursing insanely to himself. "To hell with everything! To

hell..." He sat down on a curb and began crying, drunken, maudlin sobs of half-fear, half-loneliness. He was ill again.

An icy wind arose. Savagely twisting through the deserted city it came, dry and sullen. Striker pulled up his coat collar. His stomach was empty. He was sober.

Then he saw her! She came running down the street towards him. The girl on the theatre marquee. He stood up. In a moment she was in his arms, half-sobbing with joy. He grasped her tightly to him. Her lips burned into his.

Afterwards he smiled at her. "I don't even know your name!" She smiled at him. "I'm Eve, she said, then stopped when she grasped the significance. "Eve." He tasted the name. For a short moment he had forgotten; then his face shadowed. "But the people," he said, "what happened to them?"

Eve's smile faded. Her eyes were old. "Dead," she said quietly, "the whole city--country--world is dead. A new more horrible weapon. Everyone and everything gone. Destroyed. Except you."

"And you!" he added. She hesitated. "And me," she said finally. She turned away quickly, but too late. Striker had seen the agony on her face.

"No!" he whispered. "Oh, God, no!" She began to fade, slowly, horror and pain etched on her face. All that remained was a faint gray mist; then it was gone. She was gone. Like the rest. He choked back a sob. Nothing--just phantoms--he was all alone--terribly so--in the City of Night.

But  
that  
was  
not  
the  
end

Europe...

The chill evening wind blew the dead leaves down the ruined streets. Small gusts caught up the dust and flung it high into the air. Fitful breezes played hide-and-seek among the shattered and darkly twisted buildings. The only sound was the unceasing howl of the wind.

Nothing roamed the torn, rubble-filled streets. A piece of yellowed paper flapped dismally, imprisoned between the bars of a sewer grating. From its tattered face one word stood out, half faded--WAR!

For a while the last lone ray of the sun lingered hopefully on the rim of the desolate city; then with a wordless sigh it fin-

ally sank behind the gray horizon.

Here and there solitary, crumbling structures raised broken limbs heavenward in remorseful supplication. The moon rose, sick. Beyond, the twin globes of Venus and Mars glimmered faintly and far away.

In some of the buildings, charred yellow bones reflected a grim reminder of the past. An air of brooding, ultimate finality reigned over the place with an abject state of physical loneliness. The ruin and desolation were now complete.

A dark figure emerged from the shadows. It was a man. His hair was of wrought iron, his face deeply lined, the skin stretched tautly over the skull, and his grey eyes smouldering with some dark knowledge. Striker paused and cocked his head. There was a sound. "Is there anyone there?"

Striker smiled mirthlessly, his thin lips rolling back over his sharp, white teeth--the shade of De La Mare!

His eyes strained trying to pierce the blackness. Nothing. He hesitated, then started forward. Too late he realized his mistake. Something smashed at his head. He reeled, then fell into a pit of Night.

From beyond the rim of the world, the red sun poked a tentative finger, and slowly, laboriously, began its long ascent into the sky. A piece of faded cloth flapped in forlorn resistance against the strength of an untiring wind, which grew stronger and finally succeeded in loosening it from its shelter of rusted iron and shattered stone. The cloth soared and was borne high into the slate-sky. It ducked and swooped, then flattened itself against the broken shards of a window.

The shards became a sullen ruby. The mirror-surface threw back the light in dazzling quantities against cyclopean rock and yellow sky.

He was fighting his way through crimson cobwebs that were strung stickily across the skeletons of two demolished buildings, and there was a silver buzzing in his ears. His head hurt. "He's coming to!" said a voice beyond the cobwebs. Striker shook his head. Above him stood a dark figure.

The figure moved into the light. Striker suppressed a shudder. It had been human once, he thought, but now...It didn't have any face, merely a red-and-purple mass of scar tissue, a jagged hole for a mouth, and a single useful eye, glazed over with some whitish tissue. It was entirely naked, covered with a heavy growth of filth-matted hair. The blemished eye stared unwinkingly at him. "What happened? Where am I? The monstrosity turned.

Just beyond Striker saw what he had never hoped to see even in his worst nightmares. The thing of the blemished eye was clean and wholesome compared to some of the creatures he saw now. One of them stepped up in front of him. She had eyes and her face was not too badly scarred, but she had no arms--from one shoulder lay exposed the bone of the arm, terminating in a mangled radius and ulna. The other was just a stump. She was naked and entirely hairless and on her left breast grew a cancer.

She smiled a tortured, crooked smile. "Not too pretty, eh? No, none of us could win any beauty contest. Why are you here? Look around you! Yes, we're all women, so to speak. Except for Charlie. He was my brother!" She laughed. A chilling insane laugh. She curtsied mockingly before him, and smiled that tortured smile, pointing to the others, suggestively. "All women," she repeated. "Now do you know why you're here?"

Striker shook his head, partly in pity, partly in horror. He could not hide the loathing in his eyes. The One Who Had Been A Woman laughed shortly. She swayed towards him, a frozen smile on her bloodless lips. Striker rose and turned. Blemished Eye stood in the way. With a roar Striker leaped and struck her out of his path and began running. Behind him rose the mad-woman's laugh. "Run, man, ha! Run, run, fool! But you'll be back someday!" The laughter faded but her last words burned into his brain. "You'll be back and I'll be waiting! You hear? I'll be waiting!"

Night came once more. The stars winked, one by one, into the firmament. Striker stared far across the plain to where stood the remnants of the city, then turned and strode on his way. The city faded from sight. There were only the stars and the night and the sighing of the lonesome wind.

Leif Ayen

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Editorial amendment

I said in my editorial that the fiction in this issue was not all it could be, which is true of most any magazine. Let me contradict myself. I am proud to publish "Lonesome Wind": I believe it is one of the better pieces of fan fiction to find print. Of course there will be some who loathe it, but that's only natural.

Does anyone have Leif Ayen's address? I've had this story for a couple of years and have lost the address. I believe it is a pen name of somebody-or-other's, but I don't know who. Can anyone help me?

Take me to your leader. Maybe he'll subscribe, too!

# S-F MOVIE REVIEWS

*by tom reamy and dick koogle*

These are my own personal ratings and may be at odds with yours, but here's hoping. The star method is simple: one star for poor, two for fair, three for good and four for excellent with  $\frac{1}{2}$  and - showing variances. I have reviewed each movie four ways: the stars after the title indicate an overall rating, not necessarily an average of the others. A. is the story, B. is the science fiction content, and C. is the special effects. The stars in Koogle's reviews are mine. Tom

PHAROAH'S CURSE \*\* (UA) Mark Dana, Ziva Shapir. A.\* B.none C.\*\*\* About the only thing to recommend this mummy mess is the makeup, which is excellent. The spirit of a high priest guarding a pharaoh's tomb enters the body of one of the archeologists. He begins aging rapidly & can only be kept alive by blood, which he doesn't hesitate to take, much to the woe of the horses and several more archeologists. The aging process continues until the body begins to crumble. One of his arms is pulled off by the hero, a Royal Lancer or something. It's the usual ravaging monster type thing, a little better than some, worse than others. Mildly recommended. TR

VOODOO ISLAND \*\* $\frac{1}{2}$  (UA) Boris Karloff, Beverly Tyler, Rhodes Reason. A.\*\* B.\* C.\*\*\* There are some very strange goings on which are never fully explained. Only one survivor of a group of surveyors who went to an island for the purpose of building a hotel. The survivor is in a trance and half-way comes out of it at the sight of certain objects. It's all very intriguing, but the objects don't have any connection to anything else. Also, a miniature tree on the scale model of the hotel starts dripping blood.

A second group is sent to discover what happened to the surveyors and is all fairly routine except for some very interesting and well-done carnivorous plants. There is an honest but futile attempt at characterization. Karloff doesn't do anything. As a matter of fact no one does anything except the plants. Mildly recommended. TR

FIRE MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE \*- (UA) Antony Dexter, Susan Shaw. A.\* B.\*\* C.\* Absolutely the epitome of crud. It makes "Robot Monster" a minor masterpiece. Dexter is still playing Valentino with nothing to play with. A spaceship is sent to one of the moons of Jupiter, I don't

remember which. It's the first space ship, but everyone acts as if space travel was old hat. The same checkered test rocket that has graced many a s-f movie is still going strong. The flight and landing scenes from "King Dinosaur" are used and the meteor swarm from "Rocketship X-M" is also present. Sample dialogue: "How is the atmosphere?" (Looks at dial) "Same as Earth." "Good, let's get going!" (exit into Southern California landscape).

They find the remnants of an Atlantis migration, all female (beautiful) with one old man (hostile) and one monster (silly). It is a skinny man (about 6' - 0") in black tights and a rubber mask. Sample comments upon seeing him: "My God, it's huge." "Look at the size of the thing." "Horrible." ad nauseum. There is about one hundred words of dialogue in the whole mess. Most of the time the girls are just walking from one place to the other or are drugging the men from the spaceship for absolutely no obvious reason, because they just leave them there, walk around a while, and come back and revive them. You never find out what happened to all the men or where the monster came from or anything. The city of beautiful maidens is surrounded by a ten foot wall which has kept the monster out for eons but which offers absolutely no deterrent to the gallant spacemen. All of the girls are approximately the same age. Gha! I could take three pages to tell all the bad points and two words for the good point. It's short. Climb the highest mountain to miss it. TR

THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE \*\*\*- (Col.) Bill Hudson, Charlotte Austin, Victor Jory. A.\*\*\* B.\* C. The death rate in a girl's correction farm is extremely high much to the perplexion of a young psychiatrist (Miss Austin) just placed there. When she tries to investigate, the head of the prison (Jory) and his staff block her in every way they can. It turns out that they are immortals living off the life force of the inmates. When they go to long without a "transfer" their bodies begin to calcify, thus the title. Miss Austin inlists the aid of a young man from the governor's office (Hudson) to solve the riddle.

There is a good deal of suspense generated and some fine acting by one of the inmates who falls victim to the immortals. I can not remember her name right now. There isn't a great deal of s-f in this one but it makes for enjoyable viewing. Recommended.

ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU \*\*- (Col) Gregg Palmer, Allyson Hayes. A.\* B.none C.none A sunken ship off the coast of Africa contains a fortune in diamonds, but is guarded by a squad of underwater zombies. They are the usual shuffling, blank-eyed, arms outstretched type. They can be laid to rest only if the diamonds are destroyed. So, the diamonds are dropped into about three feet of water and the zombies disintegrate. Nothing much happens. Not recommended. TR



NOT OF THIS EARTH \*\* $\frac{1}{2}$  (UA) Paul Birch, Beverly Garland, Morgan Jones. A.\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$  B.\*\*\* C.\* Three typical types are represented in this offering. 1. The alien menace (humanoid) 2. The screaming heroine with more guts than sense and 3. The bumbling hero who saves the day in spite of all he can do. Despite the trite characters, I think you'll find this one fairly interesting. The alien is an advance scout for the conquest of Earth via matter transmitter. His home planet has been ravaged by atomic war for countless years causing the red blood cells to degenerate. All of the animals from which they take blood (at least, I suppose they were animals; they could have been human; the point is never clarified) have either been killed or captured by the enemy and Earth is a candidate for a new supply.

The alien is telepathic with pigmentless eyes which can (and often does) burn out the burn of anyone he comes to stare at. There is a clever ending which I won't reveal in case you haven't seen it. Not recommended too highly, but it is not a complete waste of time. TR

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS \*\* (UA) Richard Garland, Russell Johnson, Pamela Duncan. A.\*\* B.\* C.\* $\frac{1}{2}$  The same old stuff about monsters created by the atomic bomb tests. This time they are giant crabs instead of octopi, but with a difference. When the crabs (there are two, one male and the other female, in a delicate condition) eat anything or anybody they assimilate the memories and egos of the menu. This plus the fact that they are telepathic makes it pretty rough on the human members of the cast.

I read somewhere that the producer, Roger Corman, allotted \$50,000 (twice the budget of the complete "Beast With A Million Eyes" to the construction of the giant crabs alone. If he did, he was sorely gyped and whoever built them must have pocketed two thirds of it.

There is a scene in the Flash Gordon movie "Rocketship" in which Flash is entangled with a crab-like critter that appears for about thirty seconds. It was twice as effective as Corman's crabs (this is very hard to word without allusions to other things) which have a complete movie built around them. See it if you must. TR

TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI \*\* $\frac{1}{2}$  (MGM) Gordon Scott, Robert Beatty, Beta St. John. A.\*\* B.none C.\*\*\* At last after years of rumors a Tarzan movie has been made in color. But, I'm afraid color isn't the answer to Tarzan's troubles. A fair solution would be for the writers to read one of Burrough's books. There are some very interesting goings-on at the end, though, when Tarzan and the safari members are taken to a native village on a pinnacle of rock accesible only by a long rope bridge. It's better than the Lex Barker series but nowhere near as good as the earlier Wessmuller ones. It just doesn't seem like Tarzan without Jane and Boy. TR

DESK SET \*\*\*\* (20th) Spenceer Tracy, Katharyn Hepburn, Gig Young, Joan

Blondell. An hysterical comedy about an electronic brain. It can in no way be construed as science fiction, although, ten years ago it would have been in the purest sense. Highly recommended as the funniest movie in years. TR

#### TV-RADIO

The world will never be the same when on 17 June '57 CBS'S STUDIO ONE SUMMER THEATRE presented James Daly in "The Staring Match" by Jerry McNealy in which we are told that the black-white or white - black comparison of Heaven and Hell are no more except in reverse. In a fairly entertaining fantasy (produced by Norman Felton) the tv unfolds the story of a drought country praying for rain, and in a different way their prayers are answered.

Into the local church (really a schoolhouse) walks Mr. White -- telling everyone he is an angel of the Lord. He is called Mr. White because he is dressed completely in white. Then enters Mr. Black telling the local citizenry that he is the real angel and Mr. White is from the "other place". He is dressed completely on black. All believe that Mr. White is the real angel, because, naturally, angels wear white and devils wear black as everyone knows. Then, into the picture comes a Mr. Hobbs (William Smithers) who has doubts that either one is an angel or a devil but maybe just a couple of con-men. He is, as well may be expected, told off by the population. After ten or twelve minutes of this comes the decision by everyone to have a contest to see who is who.

It turns out that Mr. Black (James Gregory) is the angel and Mr. White (James Daly) is the noooder. And the contest did not have any thing to do with it. It seems that Mr. Hobb's little girl fell into a circle that the force rays? were going around and Mr. Black kept her from being hurt and not Mr. White. So a well (water-type) was pointed out by Mr. Black. The dialogue was good is muddled at times with "Can't we ever now?" lines. The acting was not unpleasant.

Another fantasy, the same night, I missed, on ROBERT MONTGOMERY presents called "The Weather Lover" by Milton Gelman. It had to do with an invisible weather lover (sic) on the theory that the weather is responsible for love. (I saw it and it was pretty pointless, filled with blunders by the technical staff and Mr. Montgomery, in his narration, kept stumbling and stuttering. TR)

Well, we at least get fantasy on the teevy, now what about simple s-f stories like the FOUNDATION series with Mike Todd producing. He could change the title to AROUND THE UNIVERSE IN E-IGHTY EGOS. The CBS RADIO WORKSHOP presented on June 16 a Henry Kuttner fantasy. I did not get the title but it had something to do with the little folk, brownies, pixies, or what ever you call them, having rental problems. A fairly amusing story. NBC's Barry Wood is planning 5 hour long programs on space travel this fall. They will be science fact insted of fiction.

Before we get down to the new movies let us discuss some re-releases, like LOST HORIZONS (1932)---an excellent movie that carries the pure Utopian theme to almost its full extent. Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Thomas Mitchell--all give superior performances. . The picture was cut about 15 minutes but it still holds its greatness---from one of the best people-in-mass scenes I have ever seen to the wild ride on the airplane to the hidden world of Shagri-La, to the scepticism of all but Ronald Colman, to the meeting of the several hundred year old high Lama, to Colman's brother's (John Howard) attempt to leave to the death of the High Lama and on and on. A truly great picture.

Old movies on the TV of interest to fandom are THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (1945) a very good fantasy from the novel of Oscar Wilde starring Hurd Hatfield and George Sanders. It is the story of a picture that grows older while the man it is of stays the same. Very good acting and the rest of the people behind the scenes do very good work also.

Now to the new movies. The one that everybody is talking about is Richard Matheson's THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN\*\*\*\* (UI) A.\*\* B.\* C.\*\*\*\*. Directed ably by Jack Arnold and starring a very ably young actor by the name of Grant Williams who has the movie completely to himself. I have listed this as the fourth best movie I have ever seen.

Before I go on I would like to say that I think Matheson writes exactly the opposite of Bradbury. Bradbury uses practically every adjective he can find, Matheson uses practically none, and so on. As all of you know Matheson, like Bradbury, uses no real science in his stories, instead he uses his stories to create horror and to point out the insignificance of man. May I say that Bradbury does the better job. As my father said after seeing the show with me, "Anyone could see that the shrinking man would be kept at a laboratory for observation and not at the house to be eaten by the cat." I agreed with him and explained the Matheson-Bradbury theory of mine. He agreed. Do you?

I did not find a single review anywhere which did not like it. LIFE said that it was an outstanding s-f film. The technical effects rated second only to FORBIDDEN PLANET. It may be said that the only reason THE TEN COMMANDMENTS got the technical effects Academy Award and not FORBIDDEN PLANET is that the Academy know TTC would not get anything else. In other words: politics.

The ending is one of the best in a science fiction movie. 1984 and FIVE also had excellent and offbeat endings.

Not much can be said in favor of EFE DEADLY MANTIS. Poor technical effects, poor plot, poor acting, and miserable direction. The ad in the local paper said "They came to destroy" May I mention that there was only one and it did not do very much destroying. It still was nice CORN oh.

NEWS Sir Carrol Reed (THE THIRD MAN, TRAPEZE) will do Bradbury's

# THRU THE NARROW EYE OF BROWN

## A COLUMN OF WIT AND IMPORT by randy brown

Note: the opinions expressed herewith are not necessarily those of the editor or any other reasoning being. -ed.

With an RC in one hand and a bag of potatoe chips in the other, I begin my column of deathless prose for this deathless fanzine. Some of you may wonder what I write with, but that is beside the point.

Some of you may recognize the title of this column. It's from the title of a column I once wrote for TACITUM.

Speaking of TACITUM, Benny Sodek, editor, is reviving that sterling publication this summer. His address is 1415 Marsalis and I strongly suggest that you people aquire a copy of TAC as it is a fine magazine.

INANE JOKES DEPT. #1 It seems as if a man was fishing and he caught a trout. He put it in his creel. He cast out again and caught a bass. He looked at the bass and thought it so cute he decided to keep it. Every day as he came home from work the bass met him at the front door flipping its fins.

One day, however, the bass didn't meet him at the door. It seems the fishcatcher had found the bass without a liscence and had taken it to the pound. The man went to the pound and being nearsighted, mistook a mole for his bass.

As the manager of the pound called his attention to this he replied, 'Gosh, I can't tell my bass from a mole in the pound.' (echoed)

I recently went down to a local cinema and saw two stf thrillers. Wow! "The Deadly Mantis" and "The Incredible Shrinking Man."

About the former: The show consists mostly of screaming eskimos & close-up shots of a paper mache monster ...er...preying mantis. This is complete with loud utterances of "Arrgghh" from the thing at strategic moments. The hero, heroine, and comic relief run all over the U.S. and Canada and most of the North American continent looking for it. When they find it, they flee in horror.

One of the stranger things about this movie is that the mantis leaves no bodies. Anyway, they finally get it trapped in a tunnel(Lord

knows how) and kill it with chemical batch CG74316QS. So now we know how to kill a preying mantis.

"The Incredible Shrinking Man", however, was one of the best SF movies for a loooong while. This one is heartily recommended. As for the novel by Richard Matheson, I think the movie was much better. The book gets quite boring in spots.

THE OKLAACON. Considering that the world con is in England this year, the Oklacon V ought to be an excellent affair. Tom Reamy (your noble editor) (sch! -ed.) Jim Hitt and myself are planning to attend. Some of the other local fans may make it also. You can send your buck registration fee to:

Oklacon V  
Box 64  
Enid, Oklahoma

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My Grandfather was a printer, but I reverted to type. - ~~Rog/Phillips~~  
Walt Willis.

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As the sun sets inanely in the west we silently slip away from our ol' buddy, Randy Brown. See you next issue.

Randy Brown

You are receiving this issue of CRIFANAC for one of the following reasons.

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- I like the way you comb you tentacles.

THE ROCK CRIED OUT with Bradbury co-writing the screenplay. If you haven't read it, it is in FARENHEIT 451--one of his Mexican horror yarns---should make a top picture with filming on location in So. America. (unless the story comes true by the time they get around to it. -ed) On tv Bradbury is supposed to do a series of his stories called REPORT FROM SPACE to be directed by Bernard Girard and produced by John Fulton. DK

Watch for (or maybe "watch out for": THE BEGINNING OF THE END --- giant grasshoppers, THE UNEARTHLY -- sequel to THE BLACK SLEEP, THE VAMPIRE--not too hopeful, I HAVE LIVED BEFORE -- probably Bridey Murphy stuff, but I don't know, THE DAY THE WORLD EXPLODED-- giant earthquake wrack the earth, FIVE STEPS TO DANGER -- don't have the faintest idea what it is about, but it stars Sterling Hayden & Ruth Roman and has a picture of a rocket ship on the posters, and another one about giant grubworms, but I can't recall the title. It will be in Dallas next week, though. TR

#### LAST MINUTE NOTES BY THE EDITOR---

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Since I have done considerable work on CRIFANAC 6 by now, I am a little ashamed to send this issue out. While it is still better or at least as good as most of the fanzines out, it in no way approaches CRIFANAC 6 which is going to be the greatest thing yet.

Of course there is the full-color cover painting, a story by Herlan Ellison, an article with loads of pictures on "Metropolis", Some terrific woodcuts by Mendez (If I can get a story written to go with them), and loads of other stuff.

I am running a contest: the person who can get the most subscribers to CRIFANAC will receive their choice of any artwork or anything else for that matter, from this issue or the next one including the color painting. The deadline for the contest will be October 1, 1957. The second largest amount of subscribers will receive second choice and third. third choice. Fourth and fifth place winners will receive a year's subscription. But, please, don't wait until the deadline and send all your subscriptions in at once. Send them in as you get them, I will keep an accurate tabulation and besides, I need the money.

The cover on this issue is part of a series of photo-painting collages about the Intergalactic Survey Squad. If you would like one for your fanzine, I will be happy to do one for you. Randy Brown will probably use one on the next issue of HARK. Which, by the way is a very good fannish fanzine which you can get for a dime at 1510 Nokomis, Dallas, Texas. Try one and see how you like it. -Tom Reamy