

# Sci-Fi SHOWCASE

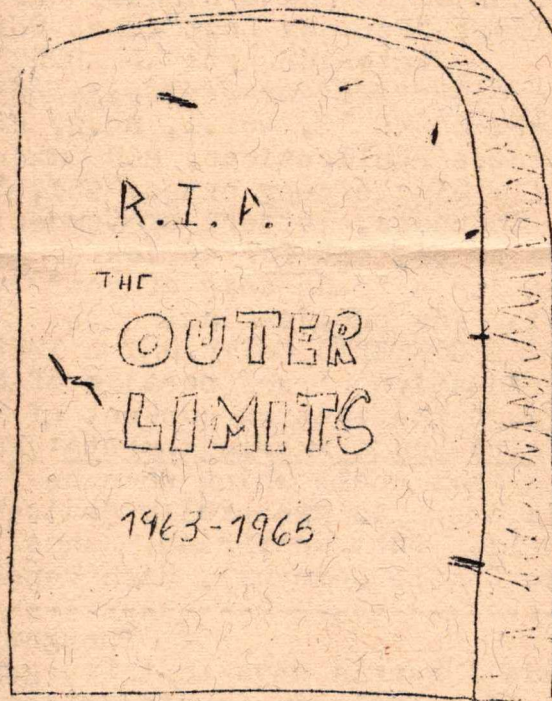
number 2  
February 1965  
25¢

\*a monthly journal for the sci-fi fan\*



featuring

CHET GOTTFRIED  
JOHN DUVOLI  
RICH WANNEN  
RANDALL HARRIS  
AND OTHERS



The  
OUTER  
LIMITS  
story  
begins on  
page 7

TO

S C I - F I S H O W C A S E

Number 2--February 1965

25¢

a monthly journal for the sci-fi fan  
distributed by SHOWCASE PUBLICATIONS

editor.....TOM DUPREE

publisher.....BILLY H.PETTIT

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Contents

Dissonance.....	3
Advertisements.....	4
Fanzine Listings.....	4
Books in Retrospect.....	5
On the Screen (OUTER LIMITS).....	7
Short Takes (JOHN DU VOLI).....	14
The Amateur Press.....	15
Alphabet Soup (lettercol).....	16

GUEST SECTION

Review: GODZILLA VS. THE THING/Rich Wannan.....	21
Vintage Review: THE FLY/John R. Duvoli.....	22
NO LACK OF MATERIAL/Randall Harris.....	24
FICTION: "Paradox Lost"/Chet Gottfried.....	25
Interior Art: AL ANDREWS/Cover: Dupree	

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Credits and acknowledgements: FORREST J ACKERMAN, for indirectly starting this whole Thing when he "introduced" me to fandom, to whom this issue is gratefully dedicated; Al Andrews, Ray Bradbury, John Duvoli, Chet Gottfried, Randall Harris, Gene Klein, Chi Nishida (The Castle Company), Rich Wannan and Woolner Pictures.

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Thought For the Month

Randall Harris says that Sturgeon's "There Shall Be No Darkness" should be filmed, in his article in this issue. But he should know that Sturgeon puts out stories faster than producers could possibly film them. After all, Time and Ted Wait for No Man.

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Sometime this summer, I plan to pull a fiendish turnabout on everybody in fandom. Mos, of you know my feelings about one ERB. Well, only because I believe in fair play, I am going to put out a special, 30-page issue of SCI-FI SHOWCASE and declare that particular month "Be Kind To Burroughs Month"--and put out a special Be Kind To ERB ish. Send in contribs if you like right now, you BBs, because I will start soliciting them soon. I promise that I won't tamper with your contrib or make wisecracks while it's being run; this is on the level. We'll have all sorts of Barsoomian fun, gang! (Clean & wholesome)

D I S S O N A N C E

As in every fanzine, we have found that we have in SCI-FI SHOWCASE a few undesirable policies. The first of these is the policy that we follow in regard to paid subscribers and paid subscriptions. We have found that to many fans the idea of a long-term, annual subscription is too severe; they do not want to be "tied down" to a fanzine for that length of time. So we will have a shorter term for subscriptions starting with this issue. A subscriber need only remit \$1.25 now, for a six-issue subscription.

And the "From The Showcase" column has been dropped, and what was not repetition has been incorporated into this column. The general consensus was that it was useless as a single item. Its only purpose, actually, was to introduce you to me and to my magazine; I had only planned on making it a one-issue item from the start.

Clay Hamlin will not be fiction editor for SCI-FI SHOWCASE, as had been previously planned and announced last issue--the reason being simply that Clay wanted total jurisdiction over the section (although he promised stellar talent), and I had writers of my own to develop and solicit. You'll see their stories in coming issues. A new editor will join the staff for sure with the next issue, though, for he is already at work. He is JOHN DUWOLI, who will take the position of Associate Editor. It will be his job to write film reviews each issue and also staying on top of the news in that branch of fandom. Several of you have been helping us by sending in film news. I would like to ask that you send all film news, from now on, to John at: 57 Cottage Street, Middletown, New York 10940. Sending news to me will only delay things, so please, PLEASE send news to John.

Starting this issue your status on the mailing list will be listed on the outside sheet. Please notice this each issue, and if the blank contains an "X," please renew your subscription or contribute or trade before the next issue, or you will find yourself on the outside looking in.

Several LoCs have come in at this early date. As I said last time, the LoC to SCI-FI SHOWCASE is purely a labor of love. For this reason they are all the more appreciated. If we print your LoC in the letter column, we will consider that particular issue a free issue and advance you one up on the mailing list. But please do not count on it. Sometimes even the best LoCs have to be left out because of space.

Next issue? More Gottfried. He has been contributing fiction at a white-hot pace, and has submitted a long adventure tale, one which is totally different from his short biter last time and his riotous time travel yarn this issue. Also John Duvoli and Rich Wannen, quite independently and ignorant of each other (that didn't sound too well), contributed articles on the film HORROR OF DRACULA. Your fiendish editor noticed that one panned the film while the other defended it, so they will be run side by side next cont'd



issue, in what should be a most unusual couple of pages. Randall Harris sent in a review of the Hammer version of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA--not a review, exactly, but rather, an analysis, with that special Harris touch. Plus, of course, whatever of merit should come from you!

So many LoCs have arrived with so many interesting comments that we had to hold some over for next issue's letter column. However, several readers sent in short gems which will be used as fillers throughout the zine. Thanks, everyone!

The Editor

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Send me your lists in science fiction and horror film pressbooks. Tom Dupree, SCI-FI SHOWCASE.

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Wanted: Comics of all kinds. Send lists. John Dupree, 809 Adkins Boulevard, Jackson, Mississippi 39211. (Please note that this is Brother John, and not ye ed that is the comic fanatic of the Duprees. So help me, the first guy who asks if I want the latest issue of THE FANTASTIC FOUR...Ed.)

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For sale: Sci-fi and horror film material. Send wants. Daniel F. Cole, 818-7th Avenue, Calgary, Alberta, CANADA.

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FANZINE LISTING

(Note: All zines sent in good faith will be listed here, and they may be picked for review later if I'm in the mood.-Ed.)

CHATS IN THE DARK is Tom Schlueck's OMPazine. See fmz review col for address.  
COSMOS-Gene Klein, 33-51 84 St, Jackson Hts, NY 11372. Free.

GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE-Gary Collins, 11 Catherine St, Port Jervis, NY 12771. 20¢/6-90¢/10/\$1.50

GUANO-Art Hayes, P.O. Box 135, Mantachewan, Ont. CANADA (N'APA)

NIEKAS-Ed Meskys, L71, LRL, Box 808, Livermore, Calif. (N'APA)

NORB'S NOTES-Chas. N. Reinsel, 120 8th Ave, Clarion, Pa. Free.

SCREEN MONSTERS-Rich Stoyanowski, 9306 Geysler Ave, Northridge, California 91325. 50¢.

SPINA-Creath Thorne, Route 4, Savannah, Mo. 64485. (N'APA)

STARLING-Hank Luttrell, Rt. 13, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122. 25¢/trade/contrib/Loc

TRUMPET-Tom Reamy, 6010 Victor, No. 5, Dallas, Texas 75214.

F\* \*B\*U\*L\*O\*U\*S offset zine. 50¢/trade/Loc/contrib

THE UNEARTHLY is the clubzine of the Sci-Fi Club. See fmz reviews for details.

THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER-Ron Wilson, N. 1307 Normandie St., Spokane, Wash. 99205. 20¢/contrib.trade/Loc

YNDRO-Bob and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana 46992. The best amateur magazine around.

30¢/4-\$1/12-\$2.50.

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BOB COULSON, in a late letter: "...there is no point in trying to stop poor taste in horror movies; poor taste makes money."



BOOKS IN RETROSPECT

As the year 1964 goes out (and in fact it will be long out by the time you read these words, what with publishing, mailing, etc.), we seem to notice several review columns pointing out the literary triumphs of the year. But I take an altogether different attitude. I try to forget the year. It is past; the books are there. You may read them at your discretion, and I recommend most of them. But we should forge onward.

Although it is still 1964 for me, I have seen my first book copyrighted 1965. Since this is the first book of that year to cross my desk, perhaps we should start by taking a look at it.

#

PSYCHEDELIC-40, by Louis Charbonneau. Bantam Books, N.Y. 184 pp. 1965. 50¢.

The title and publisher reminds us of one of our favorite paperbacks of 1964: SIMULACRON-3, out of the fertile mind of Daniel F. Galouye. However, the book is altogether different, but in this case the difference is pleasing to the mind. If you scrutinize this issue carefully, you will find the name of Louis Charbonneau elsewhere. He is the one who wrote the original story upon which the "Cry Of Silence" OUTER LIMITS program was based. This, as you will, was a show which merited our utmost contempt, for it depicted tumbleweeds taken over by an alien force. It is not easy to erase a blotch such as this from our minds.

However, when judging PSYCHEDELIC-40 on its own merits, it shapes up as a rather enjoyable tale, the kind which Bantam has been dealing out, unnoticed, for quite a while now. The main reason, by the way, for the obscurity of Bantam's science fiction is that it puts out so little. Ace and Ballantine come out with several a month, but the consistent quality of Bantam is there.

The story concerns a political/psychic duel between two political forces, the Syndicate, who derive ultra-psychic power through the use of a drug, Psychedelic-40, or PSI-40 for short. They are pitted against the Antis, who plot to do the ruling Syndicate in. The cover blurbs that it is "frighteningly prophetic," but that's just blurb. It is about as prophetic as SIMULACRON was. They could have blurb'd the pap spread on the cover of their release I AM LEG-  
END with about as much effect. This is the only detriment--a misleading cover--and Louis Charbonneau could not help that. I recommend this one.

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INTO THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE and THE COILS OF TIME, by A. Bertram Chandler. Ace Books, N.Y. 128/128 pp. 1964. 45¢.

You might have noticed Ace's 5-cent price hike for their Double Novels, and this might cause some animosity, but the fact remains that the biggest bargain in science fiction for the past few years has been Ace's 40¢ Doubles, and at 45¢ they are still sci-fi's biggest bargain. When you consider what rival companies try to shell out for 50¢, it gives you an idea of just how big a bargain it really is.

These two by a repeatedly enjoyable author, Bertram Chandler, give the present-day reader a taste of the action and excitement of what must have been pulp reading at its best. The first of these stories deals with a crazy-mixed-up universe and the things into it disappearing, yet is treated with all the seriousness cont'd

of a technical report on the subject. The flip novel, THE COILS OF TIME, is a standard time-travel novel, this one dealing with a person who travels in time for a definite purpose; to find a long-lost lover.

My personal favorite would have to be INTO THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE, but they both merit your attention.

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TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Ballantine Books, N.Y. 191 pp. 1964. 50¢.

It would be very easy to argue that this collection of artist-drawn tales is not science fiction, but we would like to remind you that sci-fi and horror are terribly hard to separate. We don't mean to assert that this is sci-fi, but since several of the stories do have scientific overtones, we feel that it deserves a review here.

Actually, this is a portfolio of the old "Vault of Horror" and "Crypt of Terror" comics that E.C. Publications used to put out. Now they have a new kick: MAD magazine. This is the type of horror which my friend John Duvoli has termed "physical horror"---"sights to turn the stomach," he said. These stories are introduced with the young children in mind, and the horror which is introduced has no place in the minds of the younger generation. No doubt you have heard that sort of thing about all the horror movies today--some fanatic who says that they corrupt the young minds. This reviewer cannot see how something like THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN, Hammer's new release, can corrupt a child's mind, since it is almost a comedy.

But those men who warn that "horror" movies can turn little ones' minds are partially right...witness TALES FROM THE CRYPT. One of the stories depicts a funeral held by children for one of their playmates who stole a doll...they went around town asking what a "kidnapping" was, and of course the definition fit right in with their plans. Another story tells how a homicidal maniac dresses up in a Santa Claus suit and how a woman's young child lets him in, thinking he is the real St. Nick. And what does the host, "The Vault-Keeper," have to say about the tale? "I suppose you've been wondering what I've got in the sack? Heh! It's only what's left of Carol's mommy after that maniac was through with her!"

The cover of this book displays a death's-head in the corner and says that it is "CRYPT #1," suggesting there are more to come. Let's pray there aren't.

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EXILE FROM XANADU, by Lan Wright; and THE GOLDEN PEOPLE, by Fred Saberhagen. Ace Books, N.Y. 137/118 pp. 1964. 45¢.

Perhaps we have reviewed this book a little late, but our column was full last issue, and in fact had been since the time SCI-FI SHOWCASE was conceived in the mind of ye ed. This Double novel is a good-and-bad combo, but I would recommend your spending 45¢ on the whole thing, because you'd be getting your money's worth.

The Wright tale of "the man the monsters made," as the cover blurbs, is second-rate sci-fi, and we will just not discuss it further. But THE GOLDEN PEOPLE, on the flip side, is an enlightening study of the People who were created by a professor. They have tremendous psychic powers, and are in fact perfect. The story is told centering around the life of Adam, who joins in the group, and has great natural psi potential. Worth buying.

O N T H E S C R E E N

(Note: The following report was originally intended to be a recap of the second season of THE OUTER LIMITS until press time. It has turned out to be an obituary. It is being written from notes taken directly from the TV and taped recordings of several of the episodes. The dates given for the programs are Mondays, because that is the day on which I saw the program. Most of you saw it on Saturday, because that is when the network had it scheduled. But because of a crazy TV system here in Jackson (two stations, three networks), it was sandwiched in late on Mondays. The producer of each program is omitted in the lists, for the simple reason that all of the programs were produced by BEN BRADY. Special effects were largely the work of Project Unlimited Inc, a group headed by Jim Danforth, Paul LeBaron and Ralph Rodine; and photographic tricks were created by the Van Der Veer Photo Co. in each show. -Ed.)

## THE SECOND SEASON.....

THE  
OUTER  
LIMITS

428 Sep 64. "Soldier." Michael Ansara, Lloyd Nolan, Tim O'Connor, Allen Jaffee. Written by Harlan Ellison. Directed by Gerd Oswald.

In this episode, two soldiers in some future time become teleported to the Here and Now. One (ANSARA) comes before the other, and scares people out of their wits with his strange garb, is picked up by the police, and put into a padded cell where a linguist (NOLAN), while trying to communicate with him, befriends him and convinces the hard nosed policeman (O'CONNOR) to let him take the soldier home. After various occurrences the other soldier from the future (JAFFEE) materializes, Ansara fights him, and they are both destroyed.

Gerd Oswald is one of the old LIMITS directors whose style is apparent (others are Byron Haskin, Alan Crosland Jr, Laslo Benedek, & John Brahm), but the new LIMITS seeps thru. The style is getting better. There is not as much emphasis on the BEM as there is on the sf aspect.

45 Oct 64. "Cold Hands, Warm Heart." William Shatner, Geraldine Brooks, Henry Scott. Written by Dan Ullman. Directed by Charles Haas.

Here we go again. This is a perfect example of the BEM rut which I was talking about last issue; only this time it's even more disappointing because the story starts out like a good sf story should. An astronaut (SHATNER) back from Venus can't seem to get warm. He shivers at steaming coffee, and when his wife (BROOKS) is in shorts and finds it difficult to stand the heat, he turns up the thermostat. That's science fiction.

But then THE OUTER LIMITS really gets going with a strange dream that the astronaut has while under one of his shivering spells. He sees a weird form of vegetation which reaches out toward him, etc. It turns out that he crash-landed on the Veiled Planet, and lost contact with Earth for eight minutes, during which time the alien gained control of his body and began turning him into another alien as near as I could tell (his hands were swelling and rifts of skin were forming between his fingers). In the end Justice Triumphs, and all cont'd

are happy when the astronaut begins to sweat, indicating he can feel heat once more.

You who saw that episode--am I right? Did the science fiction aspect of that program get lost just when it was beginning to mature, so some wild animator could have a field day? I think that "Cold Hands" demonstrates exactly what I have been talking about. At least it did not begin that way, as most of them did last year (Which is another thing--this year they don't have the silly "interest catcher" at the beginning of the show like they used to; they just get started into the show. Much as I hate to admit it, very good). Is the show improving, or is it just my imagination?

12 Oct 64. "Behold Eck." Peter Lind Hayes, ~~Mary Hayes~~, Parley Baer. Written by John Mantley. Directed by Byron Haskin.

In this offering an optical scientist puts on a special pair of glasses and discovers a Terrible Two-Dimensional Creature which, it is found later, slipped thru a time warp into our three-dimensional world. Of course, as all LIMITS fans should know by now, Two-Dimensional Creatures cannot see with normal eyes, so the creature, Eck, must get the scientist (HAYES) to manufacture special lenses with which to see his way back into his own world. Despite the persecution of his atomic scientist brother (BAER), the scientist gets the job done, Right Triumphs, and Eck goes back to his own world.

For the second time this season, THE OUTER LIMITS has used a totally un-scientifictional creature to make a program. This episode reeks of the first season, and just goes to prove what I said about the series last time. "Behold Eck." Ecch!

19 Oct 64. "Expanding Human." Skip Homeir, Keith Andes. Written by Frances Cockrell. Directed by Gerd Oswald.

This time, OL leaves off the Incredible Monster until the station break at the half-hour mark. When he finally does show, he doesn't look at all like the Man-Eating Venusian plant of two weeks ago. The plot is an expansion, as it turns out, of the old Jekyll-Hyde story, only now Hyde is endowed with superhuman strength and mental capacity, due to a "CE Drug" (Consciousness Expanding). Among the merry things that happen: A bearded Jap who is thot to be dead suddenly blinks and rises up as they are preparing to sink in the knife at the morgue. "Wait a minute!" he exclaims (a normal human reaction). "What's going on here?" and later the same fellow describes what the CE drug can induce, to the theme of THE OUTER LIMITS. A request later: "Can I call my girl?" (a normal human reaction). A young scientist (HOMEIR), who looks like a good guy but is really a bad guy--no, that's not ol' Skip after all. That's his Hyde-self. That's the bad guy. Well anyway, the scientist takes the drug and changes into a being which talks in a deep bass voice and looks like a combination of Frankenstein's monster, the Werewolf of London, and Lassie. Other jollies to be seen in the hour: men being bodily thrown out of windows; the ancient ritual Death of the Good Guy; the old Kidnapped Hero tact (hero is ANDES), and many more. This one retains the loose guise of science fiction tho, and I MIGHT be inclined to pass this one up as sci-fi.

26 Oct 64. "Demon With a Glass Hand." Robert Culp, Abraham Sofaer. Written by Harlan Ellison. Directed by Byron Haskin.

Harlan Ellison has pounded out a screenplay here that almost makes me eat my words of last issue--and would, if shows like cont'd



this were the rule and not the exception. A man finds himself on a street, and has no awareness of where he is. He (CULP) thinks, "I guess I'll ask my hand." The viewer immediately closes in on the TV set, thinking that maybe he has heard wrong. But no, for before our astonished eyes, he removes a glove-like covering from his hand, and we see that it is not really a hand after all, but a hand-shaped computer made of glass, complete with blinking lights. A voice instructs him to pull tiny medallions off the men who are chasing him down this street. He overpowers one and obeys--and Van Der Veer Photo Co. takes over. In a flash of electrophotomicrographic incandescent fluorescent light, the man disappears! We learn later that the pulling of the medallion forced him to go into the future, where an alien race has captured Earth. The Earthlings, however, have escaped and they want Trent (the glass-handed man), because he alone holds the key to their whereabouts. When Trent finds this he is dismayed to learn that Ole Hand doesn't know. It is without its four "fingers," which are in actuality lobes for the computer. For an hour Trent gets these lobes and attaches them to the hand, during which time he meets a girl. At the end, we find that the people of Earth are stored on a wire tape inside Trent--he's a robot, you see--and everyone, including the girl, lives UNhappily ever after.

Good show.

4 Nov 64. "Cry of Silence." Eddie Albert, June Havoc, Arthur Hunnicutt. Written by Robert C. Dennis/story-Louis Charbonneau. Directed by Charles Haas.

My Ghu, it's the tumbling tumbleweeds! Run, they're after us!

Such were the cries emanating from the telly on THE OUTER LIMITS last November, as one of the season's biggest atrocities for that particular program was aired. The LIMITS graph of credibility would look like the ups and downs of the NYStock Exchange by now--one week the show is enlightening and invigorating.....and one week.....

Andy Thorne (ALBERT) and his wife (HAVOC) are driving up a road in the desert when they see a pickup truck careening out of the road up ahead; they follow it and their car is stopped by a rock in the middle of the road. They get out to rest and are confronted by animated tumbleweeds (no kidding!-tumbleweeds!) which attack the Thornes. Only fire keeps them away, and soon their supply of fire is almost gone, when a farmer (HUNNICUTT) comes and brings them to his shack. Inside, they talk with the man, whose name they find is Lamont, and hear that "a blindin' light" struck the desert a few days ago, and his wife left. Mrs. Thorne smells a rat; she believes that the person in the pickup was Lamont's wife, and when she sees Lamont's journal, she is sure. It was not written by any farmer. The Thornes decide that there is a being here which is pure mind--it has taken over the tumbleweeds for mobility. Later, when Thorne and his wife try to escape, thinking the weeds have left, they discover to their horror that the being has taken over thousands of frogs, who force the Thornes back into Lamont's shack. Soon Andy decides that The Thing is not malevolent; it merely cannot communicate. So he hypnotises himself to let the being take over his mind. Mrs. Thorne listens in stunned silence as he (or it, if you will) tells the story of its lack of communication with humans. It finally leaves, but not until it has changed into rocks and killed Lamont and brought him back to life as a zombie. Andy and his wife finally leave the shack, shaken. I finally leave the TV set, relieved.

cont'd

9 Nov 64. "The Invisible Enemy." Adam West, Rudy Solari, Joe Maross. Written by Jerry Sohl. Directed by Byron Haskin.

Well, at least I thought it was going to be science fiction--it started out that way. A space ship lands on Mars and the two occupants are reporting back to Earth. One goes out to investigate and is immediately grabbed by The Thing, because he starts letting out hi-fi screeches that would make Mario Lanza take notice. Contrary to orders, his partner leaves the ship, and that's the last Earthlings ever hear of them. Another ship goes up three years later, and the four-man team is down to two when one of them observes that the sands of the Red Planet are much like an ocean of Earth, and he suddenly deduces that The Thing is really the Martian equivalent of a shark. Sure enough, before the hour is up, we are treated to a few enticing shots of a monstrous creature with the telltale dorsal fin. The Goodguy Captain gets in a spot, and it is thru Astronaut Ingenuity alone that he escapes.

The direction was the work of Byron (ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS) Haskin, but Crusoe's Mars and LIMITS' Mars are two different planets. A shark in the sand?

16 Nov 64. "Wolf 359." Patrick O'Neal, Sara Shane. Written by Seleg Lester. Directed by Laslo Benedek.

A scientist has done a remarkable thing--in his home laboratory he has created an artificial planet from a chunk of rock from "Wolf 359," in a far-away galaxy. Not only has he built an exact replica of Wolf 359, but it is complete with evolutionary processes! His ambition is to watch evolution on a speeded-up scale; the time-ratio is  $11\frac{1}{2}$  Wolf-days every Earth second. Unfortunately, what was going to be a good scientific show turned out to be just another OUTER LIMITS follies, as the scientist also notices that he has also created animalife, a mysterious creature who is "radiating evil." He later explains to his wife that it is "the spirit of the place." Anyway, it is so evil that it even hates light, and persists in its mission; to stop the scientist from watching evolution. In the end, The Thing is attacking the scientist when his wife destroys the miniature planet, thus destroying The Thing. A fairy tale ending ensues.

Nothing more will be said.

Nothing more needs to be said.

23 Nov 64. "I, Robot." Howard da Silva, Robert Sorrells, Ford Rainey. Written by Robert C. Dennis/story-Eando Binder. Directed by Leon Benson.

Yes, this is the famous trend-setting robot story written by Eando Binder so long ago. The hero is a mechanical man, Adam Link. He is falsely accused of the murder of his creator. In the story he is hunted like a Frankenstein, but on TV he has to stand trial. In the story Adam presents a pathetic picture of the happenings by telling it himself, but in the LIMITS version Link goes thru all this folderol before he is finally given a "guilty" verdict--a landlady screams thrice at him, an obtrusive gardener comes in to find Dr. Link dead and the robot standing over him--whew! Just a few of the similarities: The name Adam Link is common to story and teleplay. Dr. Link is killed by the same means in both. The robot is condemned by humanity in both, and they both end favoring the mechanical man--the story with a pathetic fling of Adam's pen as he winds up the tale: "I hear you now--shouting outside--beware that you do not drive me to be the monster you call me!" And the TV play ends with Adam jumping /cont'd/

in front of a truck and saving a small child who had previously been scared by him at the beginning of the show.

I do not remember a trial in the original story; I do not remember a Dr. Link's niece. I do not remember the truck scene at the end; in fact, the only thing I do remember from the original story is Adam Link. I have no complaints about a silly BEM this time. The mistake made by THE OUTER LIMITS is the same made by many teleplaywrights in many branches--even to the mundane world. The teleplay was not consistent with the story, and I personally believe a stronger adherence is needed.

30 Nov and 7 Dec 64. "The Inheritors." Robert Duvall, Donald Harron, James Frawley. Written by Seleg Lester and Sam Neuman. Directed by James Goldstone.

An Army lieutenant is injured in the war with a bullet in his brain. Medical authorities maintain that he will die, but amazingly, he pulls out of it, and in fact proves to be better than normal, because his IQ is steadily rising. An investigator (DUVALL) finds that three other men have the same story...bullet in skull, should have died but didn't, IQ of up to 200. In addition, they have strange and powerful mental faculties. They cannot be stopped in whatever they are doing, because their hypnotic powers are so great that one stare--and you must obey anything they say. The lieutenant, Mins, quickly proves his mental abilities by making a killing on the stock market and depositing money in the bank for the other three geniuses, Hadley, Conover and Renaldo. The investigator soon finds that Renaldo is a wizard at physics, and is building an anti-gravity device. Conover is a metallurgist, and has created a metal strong enough to withstand any degree of heat or cold. Hadley, the biologist, is simulating an alien atmosphere! The investigator puts two and two together and decides the three are building a space ship. He is further shocked to discover that the mineral the bullets(which entered the skulls) were made from is a meteor! Quickly the first installment of this two-part serial draws to a close when Mins confronts a young boy and the boy mysteriously says "I'll go with you, Lieutenant," when Mins has not audibly said a word.

In the second part (Dec 7), Mins has abducted--with their complete consent--several children. All have one thing in common, and that is that they are not whole. One is blind, one is deaf and dumb, one must wear braces for her feet, etc. The investigator corners the three others in a warehouse where the starship is almost complete. Then Mins comes with the children and tells the story of an alien race with a life span of 900 years. They suddenly were struck with a blight--they could not produce children. They sent out meteors with their RNA factor in the hopes that children would be brought to their planet. They did not want to hurt anyone, so they only took "The Hopeless," as Mins put it. And on the planet the Hopeless would be made whole. To prove it, the inspector is escorted into the ship, in one of the most touching scenes ever shown; the little blind girl, now able to see (for the alien atmosphere, simulated by Hadley, has amazing healing properties), shows the investigator her hands and says, "See how my hands look? Lieutenant?" The inspector shakes his head, for it is not he the girl wants. But she continues, a heavenly joy blazing in her eyes, "Look at my hands! LOOK!" The story ends happily with the men and children off to another world. cont'd

No comment. When a good science fiction program comes to OL, I'll be the first to admit it. And if you missed "The Inheritors," you missed a doggone good show.

14 Dec 64. "Keeper of the Purple Twilight." Robert Webber, Warren Stevens. Written by Milton Krims. Directed by Charles Haas.

Maybe I am getting a little dense, but I didn't see what at all the title "Keeper of the Purple Twilight" had to do with the story at hand; maybe some of you can fill me in. With special photographic effects at a minimum, and poor "monsterish" costumes, this is not one to be proud of.

A scientist (STEVENS) is working on an invention for destruction, an invention from which he is only two equations away. He enlists the aid of an ETB (for my purposes, ExtraTerrestrial Being in human form) (WEBBER, at least in his human guise), who offers to provide the equations in return for his mysterious "emotions," something which is very new to the ETB. For an hour the alien, Ikar, wanders around with the scientist's emotions, getting more and more confused as the show progresses. The scientist's girl friend compares Ikar's society to a bed of ants ("Everyone has his purpose....that purpose is accomplishment."). The alien has a dim view of women ("In an orderly society the sole function of the female is reproduction."). Some soldiers are sent from Ikar's planet to bring him back. He runs from them, thus destroying his purpose (to provide information on Earthlings before he destroys them as they near his planet). He escapes long enough to give Stevens' emotions back, and to kill two of the three soldiers pursuing him. The other is killed by Stevens after Ikar is blasted out of existence.

Classify this one as standard LIMITS fare...I hope by now you know what that means.

28 Dec 64. "The Duplicate Man." Ron Randell, Mike Lane. Written by Robert C. Dennis/story-Clifford D. Simak. Directed by Gerd Oswald.

This one was very good. It seems that the subject matter of OL is on the upgrade, and it is a shame that it started so late in the season. By now the OUTER LIMITS had already been canceled.

Based on a Simak story, the subject matter promised well for the episode. A scientist (y'know, this is how they all start). Henderson James (RANDELL), whose experiments with a smuggled Megasoid (played uncredibly by LANE, whose bumbling around in a monster suit was the only slight detriment to the story), a creature whose telepathic powers and sole motive in life--killing--leave him in a jam when it breaks loose. Long ago the last of the Megasoids had been transported to their native land, but this one was the last of the dangerous animals on Earth. It is on Earth illegally, smuggled there by James for experiments. James is shocked to learn that the animal is in its reproductive stage, and if it is not found in a few hours, hundreds of them will be ravaging the earth. He creates a duplicate of himself to kill the beast, but the duplicate only wounds him. Through various occurrences, the duplicate finds out that he is a duplicate, and goes to James' house, where also the wounded Megasoid has gone. James is unaware of the presence of the beast, and a powerful sequence occurs when the two Henderson Jameses, along with James' wife, (CONSTANCE TOWERS) have a conversation. The monster is later killed, but not until the duplicate has died in the effort.

The last three OLs have been good; two of them totally believable.

cont'd

4 Jan 65. "Counterweight." Michael Constantine, Jacqueline Scott. Written by Milton Krims. Directed by Paul Stanley.

The episode here is the second based on a Jerry Sohl story; the other was the original Sohl teleplay "The Invisible Enemy." This one is a little more credible, dealing with a group of people on a simulated flight to another planet. The "flight" is actually being taken underground, but the objective is to see whether or not humans can stand the isolation. The group is accompanied, secretly, by a blob of light which is an alien life-form, close as I could figure. The force takes control of a plant in a better-than-average a\*n\*i\*m\*a-t\*e\*d sequence; not a fellow dressed in a monster suit. The story ends with the Panic Button being pressed by the passengers after the alien force, actually a member of the dominant race of the planet which is a target for probes, shows himself.

LIMITS is improving in subject matter and presentation. But the trend has been too slow and too long in coming. Nothing can salvage it now.

11 Jan 65. "The Brain of Colonel Barnham." Anthony Eisley, Grant Williams. Written by Robert C. Dennis. Directed by Charles Haas.

A man's brain is removed from his body, and it is hoped that it can be coupled with a computer to provide a safe trip to another planet, "without the computer's hesitation at the unknown," and with its speed. So all right. It is discovered that the brain has hyper-hypnotism among its new powers. So fine. It shoots out little rays at people and causes them to do its will. This is too much. A sick plot, only partly saved by the smirks of star Tony Eisley, who gave the only convincing performance.

18 Jan 65. "The Premonition." Dewey Martin, Mary Murphy, Kay Kuter. Written by Sam Roeca and Ib Melchior. Directed by Gerd Oswald.

On a high-speed test flight into the atmosphere, an astronaut (MARTIN) propels himself and his wife (MURPHY) into a state of suspended-time limbo. Everything else in the world is moving, but at a terrifyingly slow pace. The couple see that their daughter is going to be killed by a truck when time finally does "catch up," and they meet up with an ectoplasmic "Limbo Being" (KUTER) who tells them that they must get back into the temporal swing of things or else nasty ole he is going to step in their place. The astronaut finally figures out an ingenious method for solving his problem. He ties a braking device to the truck and saves his daughter. The pair rush back into their places and are saved when time finally does catch up. The program ends with an interesting thought; the astronaut and his wife are left with a feeling that their daughter was in danger (of course they cannot remember anything that happened). The OL boys are saying, "Maybe a 'premonition' is the result of slipping into a limbo state such as we have described."

An interesting program, with only one implausible monster. Mercifully, he was saved an integral part in the program, & left to a minimum.

25 Jan 65. "The Probe." Mark Richman, Peggy Ann Garner, Ron Hayes. Written by Seleg Lester. Directed by Felix Feist.

An airplane crew flies into the eye of a hurricane, only to be thrust into what they discover later is a giant probe from another intelligent race. They are being studied like protozoa! And speaking of protozoa, there's a monstrous one over there. The one that just engulfed a member of the crew. Hero Richman, who had the cont'd

answer for everything in the TWILIGHT ZONE bowing-out episode, too, says: "It's like the plankton in seawater! We must be facing a race of giants!" And he's right. After several trials, the three manage to communicate with the super race, and they are deposited back on the ocean. The probe blows itself up. Garner: "I hope we can be as human." Shee!

Subtract one monstrous man-eating amoeba, and you have a good show here. And even the Big Boy did not detract from the show's final effect.....

To say "goodbye."

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SHORT TAKES

news from the world of films

by john r duvoli

20th Century-Fox will release THE FANTASTIC VOYAGE. Starring are Stephen Boyd, Edmond O'Brien, Arthur Kennedy and Donald Pleasance..... RKO General stations will feature the newly syndicated TWILIGHT ZONE..... A recent Hitchcock episode, "Something With Claws," was the pilot for a new horror series..... Joseph (OUTER LIMITS) Stefano has completed a pilot for his proposed THE HAUNTED..... Richard Cunha, who directed FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER, SHE DEMONS, MISSILE FROM THE MOON and GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN in 1958-59 is now associated with the TV series BRANDED..... Del Tenney's FRANKENSTEIN VS. THE SPACE MONSTER has been completed..... Ray Bradbury has informed us that his play "World of Ray Bradbury" will travel to off-Broadway, NY, Toronto, and London. Mr. Bradbury's Pandemonium Theatre Co. is located in Hollywood.. ...Ray R. Schieder, star of CURSE OF THE LIVING CORPSE, appeared at the Lincoln Center in NYC recently in a comedy entitled "Tartuffe"..... Terence (HORROR OF DRACULA, HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES) Fisher directed the recent Robert Lippert sf thriller EARTH DIES SCREAMING..... Richard Landau, who in 1956 scripted the popular CREEPING UNKNOWN, has written several episodes of the TV series VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA..... Peter Cushing, Ursula Andress and Christopher Lee have leads in SHE from Hammer, out this summer..... William Castle's THE NIGHT WALKER is in the process of release, and his second film in the five-film contract with Universal, I SAW WHAT YOU DID, is almost completed. It is due for release this summer..... Woolner Brothers will make a mighty \$1½ billion epic this summer, 5 BILLION BC. Edgar G. Ulmer directs. Also due for filming this summer is THE FROZEN CONTINENT, to be shot in the Arctic. Meanwhile, Woolner will release a "shock" picture sometime in March. Title: BLOOD AND BLACK LACE..... during the next few weeks watch for an Italian sf shocker OMICRON. It concerns an invasion from outer space..... A doomsday virus is stolen from a warfare laboratory in the forthcoming UA sf release THE SATAN BUG; George Maharis (scream, girls) has the lead role..... Vincent Price heads an all-star cast in the forthcoming AIP picture CITY IN THE SEA. Much more on this film in the near future, in SCI-FI SHOWCASE.

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Rich Mann: "You seem to have missed the point in GLORY ROAD--it isn't really supposed to be a Story with a Big and Great Plot. Not at all. It was an excellent piece of writing--of the nature of writing it was intended to be." ((Swell. What was it supposed to be if it was not supposed to have a plot, Rich?-Ed.))

THE AMATEUR PRESS

Publishers: To have your fanzine reviewed herein, just send two copies marked "Fanzine Editor" or somesuch. This will insure a review. Other review-zines will be picked from the Editor's collection--those zines which he feels deserve the review/publicity. Onward.....

SOL, no.40--English language series no.3. Edited by Thomas Schlueck, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, GERMANY. Free for trade, letters, and contributions.

Chalk one up for Jock Root--he led ye ed to this treasure from across the waves. German fan Tom Schlueck here continues with the old SOL which was published in German and starts afresh, in English. Most of the contributions are from Gerfen, but Jock himself starts "SOL's first serial" with a Pacificon report which tends to make me wish I had been there. Included in this issue are 7 beautiful photo pages of the German Castlecon at Marquartstein. In fact, the gathering at the Castle was so good that editor Schlueck inserts at the end: "LONDON IN 1965--VIENNA IN 1966--END OF THE WORLD CON SIXTY-NINE...IN MARQUARTSTEIN." Also contributing are Harry Harrison with a report on his summer, and Archie Mercer, with a long report on the Castlecon. Invigorating reading.

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CLASSICS OF THE HORROR SCREEN, no.2. Edited by Bob Allen, 20 Gardiner Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan, CANADA, and Alan Farey, 104 Coldwell Road, Regina, Saskatchewan, CANADA. 35¢. Subs: \$1.10 a year, to Allen.

Two Canadian ~~friends~~ friends offer a horror zine with a nice offset cover of Henry Hull as THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON, a flick which is reviewed elsewhere in the issue. Also included are various articles on films and stars of the horror screen, like an article on Peter Lorre which is flawlessly documented (at least to my own doddering filmemory) with films and facts. Also included is an editorial on vampires and a Jekyll-Hyde article. Editors Allen and Farey have a fine talent between them, and lots of enthusiasm.

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FAMOUS FIENDS FROM FILMDOM, no.3. Edited by Mike Appel, 1103 Kinsella Avenue, Belleville, Illinois 62221, Quarterly. 50¢.

This is the clubzine for the SCI-FI CLUB, a small group of science fiction and horror film enthusiasts (info on joining may be had from President Appel at the same address). The spirited zine (spirit duplication, silly!) is chock-full of news, pre and reviews of films, and info on the world of monsters. One of the biggest assets to 4F is its artist, Bob Mueller, whose work in the colorful ditto process stands out pleasantly. Articles are well-written; absolutely no boredom. 4F is written solely for entertainment, and that is a high premium in the reading.

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Just before press time, we recieved Tom Reamy's offset fanzine, TRUMPET (address in listings). Too late to include a full-sized review here, may we simply say that this zine, marking Tom's "return" to active fandom, is one of the best today in its first issue. Bacover is by Shoenherr (the pro!), and there is, among other things, an existential comic strip by Gilbert Shelton. 50¢/trade/Loc/contrib from Reamy. GET IT.

ROBERT COULSON A convention in New Orleans might be all right as far as the race problem (no worse than any other big Southern city, at any rate). But, who lives in New Orleans? You have to have somebody to make up the convention committee--and if your bid is opposed, you'd better have someone that the voters know. The only fan I know in N.O. is Emile Greenleaf (if he's still there), and he can't make up a committee all by himself. Atlanta would be the best choice for a con, because there is a group of fans there who are fairly well known to the rest of fandom. ((Stop that blushing, Pettit.)) Unless you can drag some of the 1951 Con committee out of the woodwork, I doubt if you could make a successful bid for New Orleans.

Considering the splash made by the prowriting team of Randall Garrett and Larry M. Harris, it's a bit hard to believe in a fan named Randall Harris (Maybe he should change his name to Mark Phillips...). ((Read a copy of GILLAR and tell me he don't exist.))

Although VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA has improved somewhat since the season began, it didn't start out all that much better than OUTER LIMITS. Or much more probable. We turn it on for our 7-year-old son; it's right at his level. I see snatches of it, but I gave up watching regularly after the second show (the first one could have been just a horrible mistake, so I gave it a second trial).

The review of THEM! is an interesting example of what's happened to stf movies in the last few years. When THEM! first appeared it was considered a slight cut above other current films, but nothing to get excited about. Now, compared to what Hollywood has been shoveling out in the years since THEM! appeared, it seems like a stf classic. I saw it when it first appeared, and a year or so ago on TV. I doubt if it would make my list of 10 favorite stf films, but I agree with Harris that it shines like a star in comparison to the current output.

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MIKE DECKINGER My feelings toward THE OUTER LIMITS are similar to yours, and I rejoice in its sudden cancellation from Apartment 10-K the air. I don't think that VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF 25 Manor Drive Newark THE SEA is any better, however, and often it's much worse. The sets are lavish and the stock shots cunningly concealed, but the stories exist on an inhumanly low juvenile element so that the scope of viewer interest can be expanded to encompass the widest age limits. The acting is uniformly bad, the incompetence and stupidity of the crew is frightening, and the dialog seems wrung out of the worst comic books. The stories represent the same gullible imagination that THE OUTER LIMITS presented so well. My wife called me to one such story on VOYAGE a few nites ago, in which the captain, in his usual fumbling manner, rescued a robot astronaut returned from an outer space voyage. The long journey had somehow affected the robot's internal workings and turned him into a vicious killer. About halfway through the show it's established that the robot gets his energy from light, and can only be immobilized thru complete darkness. The brainy captain orders his equally brainy crew out to capture the monster, armed with powerful flashlights which they proceed to shine on the metallated astronaut whenever they encounter him. Naturally this further revitalizes the menace and he proceeds to take quite a few lives with him until the ending. Only the scriptwriter escapes, and he was the guiltiest of the lot. /cont'd/



Mike Deckinger "Something Different" was a waste of two pages. Fan fiction is invariably a waste of space and Gottfried's contribution was true to form.

Clay Hamlin's appreciation of Henry Kuttner was properly over-enthusiastic at crucial points, but after the glowing buildup you gave him, it's depressing to see him state, in print, that Kuttner's first story was "Don't Look Now." Hasn't he heard of "The Graveyard Rats"? At least Clay says nothing about Kuttner being Jack Vance.

I find that I agree with all your opinions of the books reviewed ((that is, believe it or not, one of the most gratifying statements a reviewer can receive--thanks)), and found FAIL SAFE to be quite as effective as the review claims it to be. But because of the deadly seriousness and urgency of the film, the grim subject was treated too rigidly and DR. STRANGELOVE gained a greater advantage by using ridicule and satire to promote Kubrick's version of an over-mechanized civilization absurdly destroying itself.

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RANDALL HARRIS A winner!!! S-FS #1 has just been finished 3418 Terrace Drive #1421 by this weary soul even before he managed to Alexandria, Va. 22302 remove his coat! The ish contained the necessary amount of diversification that I long for in GIALLAR and it was thoroughly interesting from start to finish.

"Dissonance" was a fine intro to a new zine and a new faned with new ideas. The editor's pages were fine. The more a faned says himself, the more his readers get to know about him.

Book reviews were fine. And many thanks for plugging the hell out of my rag. Your unjustified praise was most heartwarming and encouraging. ((It wasn't unjustified.))

The fiction was interesting, and the assorted letters represented a good cross section of fan interest in a zine before it is even published for the first time.

All in all, you have a fine zine, Tom. Interesting all the way through, and full of topics for consideration and food for thought. My heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success with S-FS. By the way, your repro was excellent, and I just wish I could do as well. ((I agree--and am free to be vain because

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It's Pettit's Fault  
- - - - -

. Incidentally, Publisher Bill Pettit says he will be glad to do repro work for other faneds for cost of material. I suggest if you are having repro problems that you contact him, because, as you can see, he does a fabulous job.))

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RICH STOYANOWSKI I recieved the first issue of SCI-FI SHOWCASE, and 9306 Geyser Avenue found that it was completely, without a doubt, an Northridge excellent zine. Here are a list of comments on S-FS: California 91325 Cover: Good, but lettering could be improved. ((About that lettering.....)) The picture was small, but told a lot! Editorial: A necessity. Done very well, concise, and down to the point. From the Showcase: Another interesting article. Books in Retrospect: an excellent review of these books; told me very much.

Fanzine Listings: Another excellent column of zines available cont'd

Rich Stoyanowski to us fans. Keep this column up, at least for my sake!?! (Surely--as long as the zines come in.)

On the Screen: A nicely done column. THE OUTER LIMITS three part writeup will be somewhat of a bad idea now that the LIMITS is off. But maybe it will turn up some good ideas. ((I don't even know whether I will run the third article or not. Wait till next issue and see; goshwow!))

Letters: A must for any and every zine. Shows off the quality of a good zine.

Reviews: Fine.

Shades of the Shadow: Good, good, good!

The Call: GREAT!!!

In conclusion, #1 was an extremely well written, edited, and print wise, a beautiful reproduction job. ((This is as good a place as any to mention Rich's zine, SCREEN MONSTERS. He says that the next ish (#3), cue out in March, will have 7\*5\* pages and an offset cover. It costs 50¢.)) #2 will be something to look forward to.

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RICH WANNEN S-FS #1 came yesterday, and I must say it is a very impressive first issue. I'd not expected it to be nearly as big (# of pages) as it was; and the material is xln't. Your policy is a good one, and you stick to it! You do not bring up politics, but I do worry about the implications of FAIL SAFE and the like--which is why I haven't seen that film myself yet. I don't know if everyone will agree with your analysis of VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA ((so far nobody has.))--the movie was terrible ((I disagree. When I saw the movie VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA in Norfolk, Virginia, I was eleven years old. This was exactly the right spot to hit with those "spectacle" films that had been going around. I distinctly remember VOYAGE as my favorite of the kind, and have purposely avoided seeing it since then lest it lose its magic for me.)), & the one TV show I've seen wasn't too good (fraternity meetings preclude my watching it regularly). But the OUTER LIMITS analysis is well done. I loved the example you chose. But the "Zanti Misfits," which you cited as another bad episode ((by name only, Rich. You have to admit that "Zanti" sounds pretty odd. If I had been thinking, I would have included Eck.)), wasn't too awful. Those ant-things with human-like faces were fairly eerie--usually such things wind up looking like something out of Disney's ALICE IN WONDERLAND or somesuch. It succeeded for the same reason that THEM! made it in Randall Harris' judgement (which review I liked immensely). "Misfits" and "The Hundred Days of the Dragon" were the two really good shows last year--the latter was about the Red Chinese who use a formula which allows the molecular structure of such body parts as the face to be changed, to invade the country. That was a real edge-of-your-seat suspense production. Another thing that bothered me continually on OL was the stupid grammar. At least five episodes employed a new verb "to destruct." Apparently Stefano believes that, since "creation" is formed from the verb "to create," then destruction just must have to come from the verb "to destruct." That just burned me up no end!!! Classic OUTER LIMITS dialog: "I may be wrong, but I have a theory about all this....." and "I am a scientist. But I am also a woman. And I can't forget that fact." Gee, the nostalgia those winning lines inspire....

cont'd

Rich Wannan/My only regret about the loss of OL is that it does remove all serious SF anthology series from the air. I suppose Serling could come back with TZ--incidentally, I believe TZ was dropped more because of Serling's desire to get away from being typecast as solely an SF writer than because of ratings. In fact, viewer response is what partially persuaded him to return two years ago when TZ first disappeared. But I also believe his Xerox UN fiasco will darken his reputation, not to mention his appeal to many. ((Not to me; I thot CAROL FOR ANOTHER CHRISTMAS was good.))

The real trouble with OUTER LIMITS was its scripting. Most stories contain some really brilliant bits of imagination. ((??????)) But cheap dialog, poor plot construction (especially adhering to that "Bear" formula--the "bear" facts are that that bit just won't make it in the long pull), and incredibly stupid special effects (I have deduced that three monster costumes were made, and that all the other monsters were just variations on these costumes). Compare that thing in the box with the xlt Zanti ant-invaders, which moved by clever stop-motion photography. The effort put into most episodes was very little (a pat formula did all the real work) and the actors didn't always play for keeps. So the good suffered because an inexperienced, inferior producer like Joseph Stefano had preconcieved ideas and refused to allow deviations (witness Harlan Ellison's Pacificon report). ((I thought it was fannish not to listen to Harlan Ellison.))

MIKE APPEL  
1103 Kinsella Avenue  
Belleville  
Illinois 62221

One thing I feel I must comment on before I re-  
late my opinions is the color of the paper it is  
printed on--green and orange, UGH! What are you  
making...a salad or a fanzine? I realize that  
ISCARIOT and a number of other zines use similar paper, but I detest  
the stuff. ((So did Pettit. We would rather switch than fight, so  
we used a different color this time.)) Your zine lacked artwork.  
((Why...I thot you wouldn't notice!)) For the first issue, you could  
have chosen a better drawing than the itty-bitty thing on the cover.  
And the letters (title letters, I mean) were not very creative. I'd  
like to see different ones in the future. Here's where my complaints  
end--the entire 26 pages inside were thoughtful, constructive, and  
interesting. The editorial and "From the Showcase" seemed about the  
same in nature. Glad to see that you are stating a definite policy  
right off. The books on review were adequate little pieces which would  
certainly determine whether a fan would want to spend the money for  
the book. Richard Matheson is one of my favorite authors and I'll be  
sure to pick up SHOCK II thanks to your fine review. The fanzine list-  
ing was helpful since I am always on the lookout for new zines to pur-  
chase for my collection. I disagree with your theory about the OUTER  
LIMITS. ((Proved to be the most controversial thing in the issue.))  
I never did consider the program science fiction but rather horror in  
nature. And I cannot recall ever seeing the program advertised as  
"science fiction." ((TV GUIDE, March 21, 1964. This is Leslie Stevens,  
the show's executive producer, speaking:

"TWILIGHT ZONE always has been in the realm of pure fantasy. It  
could encompass, oh, the power of love or hate over a person, or laps-  
es of memory, or the borderlines of reality.

"OUTER LIMITS deals with time-warps, too, but on a more cut-and-  
dried, possible basis. There used to be two great pulp magazines that  
I read when I was a boy, ASTOUNDING SCIENCEFICTION and FANTASTIC AD-  
VENTURES. In ASTOUNDING, writers who were often really scien-cont'd

Mike Appel/tists departed into imagination from a scientific premise. In FANTASTIC, the writers just thought up a man-eating plant, on Venus, or wherever, and took off on an adventure.

"We're more of the ASTOUNDING school.") Back to Mike: I thot the beginning season were rather good examples of horror films. Again I thank you for the fanzine review. It provides a good chance to pick up zines which are really good quality. I enjoyed ALPHABET SOUP but I do think you could have chosen a better name--one leaning toward science fiction ((Lunar Letters? Martian Mailbox? Plutonian Postman? Saturnian Stamps?)) The review of FAIL SAFE was so good that it made me feel sorry I missed the film. "Another Look At THEM!" was all you claimed it to be--a carefully researched essay denoting the fine points of the film. "The Compleat Author" never really made much sense to tell you the truth. I got confused upon reading it since I am not that familiar with Kuttner's works. Gene's "Shades of the Shadow" was well written.....a fine essay on a great old hero. About THE TIME TRAVELERS---well, I think that it was one of the best science fiction films ever made. The characterization, plot, special effects, and the guest spot by FJL were all handled magnificently. The only resemblance it bears to WORLD WITHOUT END is the mutant bit. The climax of the film was one of the best I've seen....unusual and unexpected. I advise Mr. Wannen to take a close look at some of the trash going around today disguised as science fiction and then examine TT more closely. I'm sure he will see that it outclasses the average sci-fi film. "Something Different" was an amusing little piece which really deserves its title. I think it was the best fiction in the issue. "The Call" was not as interesting as the previous story and seemed to lack something. You were right, Tom, ish #1 is a collector's item if only for the well researched articles, the breathtaking fiction, and the excellent movie reviews. I commend you on a job well done.

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JOHN R. DUWOLI My general impression is that it is a darn good is-  
57 Cottage Street sue and that you are going to have difficulty im-  
Middletown, proving upon it. The only thing I did not enjoy was  
New York 10940 the placing of the artwork in the middle of the  
page--jumping across the artwork a dozen and a half times and then  
re-focusing your eyes is no picnic. "The Call" had only one fault and  
this was a minor one. I would have created more of a mood of impending  
supernatural doom in the story. About Askold Ladonko. I consider him  
better than the average fan writer (way better) tho not quite pro.  
((John had much more to say, but he'll have his chance in future is-  
sues as a regular staffer. Ahahaha.))

+++++

A short one from

GENE KLEIN You needn't publish this if you don't want to, Tom,  
33-51 84 St but I say Dr. Ladonko is a pen name for you. Am I  
Jackson Hts right? ((I'm flattered, but no. Everything I said  
NY 11372 about the Doc in the intro last issue was true.  
I think he is one of the most promising talents I have seen. He is  
on the N'LP waiting list, by the way, so I'll "see" him there.))

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Voters in Popularity Survey: Randall Harris, Gene Klein, Hohn Du-  
voli, Ned Brooks, Stan Woolston. We need more voters for accurate  
results. The five questions: (1) Favorite sf author, past or present;  
(2) Favorite contemporary author; (3) Favorite sf story; (4) Favorite  
sf novel; (5) Favorite sf magazine. Please vote!

Review: GODZILLA VS. THE THING

by Rich Wannan

GODZILLA VS. THE THING

An American-International Release

Filmed by Toho Productions--1964

Produced by Pomoyuki Tanaka

Directed by Inoshiro Honda

Perhaps the Japanese are just finally getting around to claiming revenge for the Hiroshima H-bomb incident, or perhaps they're just out to show us that Japan can produce pictures as lacking in quality as Americans. Whatever the reasons, however, Toho has either succeeded admirably or failed miserably with this latest entry.

This sequel to the somewhat-enjoyed Godzilla is nothing more than a cheap travesty of the first order. The plot is uninspired and relies heavily on action rather than story. It lacks purpose, imagination, and ingenuity; furthermore the "special" fx of Eiji Tsubaraya are so poor that one is given to wonder whether there might not be two Eijis, and this was treated by the second. Whereas in past productions Tsubaraya has resorted to ingenious models, here the Godzilla outfit is obviously just a suit worn by an actor (who, incidentally, cannot act)--the mouth has the floppy jowls of a bulldog rather than the ferocious tight-lipped leer of a monster; and this elicits about as much reaction as a friendly bulldog would. Godzilla has indeed become senile.

Furthermore, this picture cannot decide whether it wants to be played as a children's adventure picture, a travesty-comedy, or a serious shocker. At one point, Godzilla is bitten on the tail by a gigantic beetle larva, and his jiggings and joggings as he tries to dislodge it are so hilarious that, even amidst all this misery (of the film), I was forced to laugh. The scene elicited howls, needless to say, from the audience. And yet, a turn of the plot has two gangsters battling one another; one falls to the floor with the other on top of him, and the victor continues pummeling away at the victim's face till both hand and face are just dripping blood. This obviously is not a fit scene for the kids.

The miserable plot concerns the attack on Japanese shores by Godzilla (for the uninitiated, a giant fire-breathing dragon) and his battles with "The Thing" which in reality is a giant moth named Mothra (from the picture of the same name.....) Mothra first appears as an egg, when the two aforementioned gangsters plan to keep it for themselves as they find it floating in hurricane-ravaged waters off Japan. To its rescue come two girls about six inches high (Yumi & Emi Itoh) who live on an Enchanted Island as guardians of the egg (or vice versa). No, actually the egg is the daughter of Mothra, who dies shortly after the picture opens, and provides transportation for the girls. Godzilla, also washed up by the hurricane, comes floundering out of a sand dune one day and starts the usual ravaging of towns. Heroes (Akira Takarada & Yuriko Hoshi), having done all they could to help return the eggs to the girls, are rewarded. Yumi & Emi set to chanting and cause the egg to hatch--voila, TWO Mothra larva, who go to meet Godzilla.

This plot is very reminiscent in the beginning of MOTHRA itself. And it does not improve toward the end. Reasonable acting on the part of the heroes does nothing to allay miserable special effecting & plotting (on the part of Shinichi Sekizawa). Godzilla never had it worse.

Vintage Review: THE FLY  
by John R. Duvoli

((Editor's Note: John Duvoli, friend and correspondent to your editor, lives in Middletown, New York, and so is well informed on the New York movie scene. Each letter he gives us some capsule reviews of new movies appearing around NYC. We are pleased, though, to present a long, requested article by John to kick off our "Vintage Review" series. You are hereby drafted for action in this series. Pick out your favorite old sci-fi movie and review it for us. Chances are you'll see it appearing here some issue..... \*Ed.))

T H E F L Y

Cast

Andre Delambre.....	AL HEDISON
Helene.....	PATRICIA OWENS
Francois Delambre.....	VINCENT PRICE
Inspector Charas.....	HERBERT MARSHALL
Emma.....	KATHLEEN FREEMAN
Nurse Andersone.....	BETTY LOU GERSON
Philippe.....	CHARLES HERBERT
Dr. Ejoute.....	EUGENE BORDEN
Gaston.....	TORBEN MEYER

A Twentieth Century-Fox Release  
Filmed in CINEMASCOPE\*~~TERROR~~-COLOR by DeLuxe

Screenplay.....	JAMES CLAVELL
Based on the short story "The Fly" by.....	GEORGE LANGELAAN
Produced and directed by.....	KURT NEUMANN

#

Andre Delambre has developed a machine which, when perfected, will be able to transmit solid objects from one point to another. The machine breaks down all solid objects into atoms which are later reassembled.

Andre's early experiments are failures. First, an ash tray's printed label is reversed during transmission. Later a household cat goes into one transmission cube and never comes out the other.

Andre eventually meets with success and now contemplates the ultimate experiment. He will disintegrate and reintegrate himself. The first time the experiment is a complete success, but the second time Andre fails to notice that he is not alone in the disintegration chamber. With him is a small fly. When the atoms are reassembled in the reintegration chamber, Andre emerges with the head and arm of a fly. The fly, of course, emerges with a small white head and arm, a mocking reminder of what was once human.

Andre, after covering his head with a dark cloth and concealing his left, fly-hand from view, sends for his wife Helene and explains what has happened. Andre tells her that she must find the white-headed fly and return it to him so that he may properly reintegrate his atoms and those of the fly.

Into the days that follow is thrust a frantic search by Helene, her son Philippe, and their maid Emma, which turns out to no avail. Andre, now tormented and in a constant struggle with the murderous fly-mind, decided to destroy himself. In this way alone can cont'd

he end his torment and save his wife from the fly-mind which with each passing day grows stronger.

Helene, in a desperate attempt to save her husband, pleads with Andre to transmit himself again. Andre consents and steps into the disintegrator unit. Not only is the experiment a failure, but during the transmission the cloth slips away and Helene comes face to face with the horrible fly-man.

Andre, his sanity and free will now rapidly ebbing, brings Helene to a nearby factory warehouse hydraulic press and orders her to crush his head and arm. It is Andre's hope that the press will erase all traces of the experiment and the fate that befell him.

Gaston, the night watchman, awakens to the steady hum of the great press and summons the police. Helene is promptly arrested for the murder of her husband. But after hearing her story, Dr. Ejoute and police inspector Charas order Helene's confinement in a mental institution for the criminally insane.

At the last possible moment Philippe finds the fly trapped in a spider's web in the garden. Rushing from the house and into the garden, Charas and Francois find the fly, where Francois mercifully brings a rock down upon the spider, the web and the fly.

There is but one flaw which, in my estimation, hinders an otherwise first-rate film. I do not understand how Andre, with the head of the fly still was in control of his own mind while the fly was able to talk, an ability usually not attributed to flies. It would appear that Andre's mind was in two places at the same time as was the mind of the fly.

The only satisfactory explanation that comes to my mind (and perhaps this is the explanation) is that when the atoms were reintegrated, Andre's mind was contaminated by fly atoms as was the fly's brain. This, I rust, would explain why Andre was in a constant struggle with the fly within him.

The above explanation was set forth in the form of a "trial balloon" and it remains to be seen whether anyone will care to shoot it down.

Perhaps the most memorable scene in the film is the finale when Francois destroys the fly. There is something downright eerie about watching a fly with the head of a man plead: "Please, help me!"

After the financial and critical success of THE FLY, 20th Century-Fox released a sequel entitled RETURN OF THE FLY (1959). The film depicts the adventures of Philippe (Brett Halsey this time) who, after nearly twenty years, decides to continue in his father's footsteps.

Producer-director Kurt Neumann died in a Los Angeles hospital just days before THE FLY opened in New York. Mr. Neumann, who directed ROCKETSHIP XM, KRONOS and SHE DEVIL, never lived to see his last science fiction film become a widely acclaimed tribute to his movie making genius.

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Chet Gottfried: "I think the fmz came out pretty well. I think you're making a mistake with your subscription policy. 12 months is taking a risk with an unknown fmz. You should try a six month subscription. A lower price would encourage more people and if you do have to stop publishing SCI-FI SHOWCASE you won't have to worry too much on re-funds." ((This letter came after we changed sub policy. Good thinkin', huh Chet?))

/randall harris/

In my constant battle against poor quality horror and science fiction films I run across many puzzling questions, the largest and most confusing being WHY? WHY can't producers bring quality to the screen instead of trash? That question has many facets, each being as confusing as the next, and all seem to be without a solution.

From this big WHY stem a number of smaller whys. Why can't they invest a little more into sets, makeup, actors, etc? Why can't they hire better screenwriters or get better material? Why do they continue to try to bilk the public when they can give the true fans moments that will live forever as classics and the general public a better impression of horror films? There are other, similar questions of this nature, but the enigma lies in the answers, because there is no real reason.

Too few good stories have been made into motion pictures for the horror fan. Looking back on 1964, only one living author's work was translated into a screenplay, and it lost a great deal in the transition. Richard Matheson's modern-day classic I Am Legend came out as a poorly dubbed, grossly overacted melodrama when it was once a classic tale of the will to live in Man. Why a producer will hire a frustrated hack writer to dream a variation of the old mad scientist-monster menace routine and palm it off as a new story and the greatest horror film ever--when he can get a good screenwriter to adapt an established story into a film for almost the same price--is baffling.

There is no lack of good sci-fi and horror yarns for the motion picture industry to turn to. Within the past few years a number of writers have established themselves as professionals of the highest quality, and their works have been readily accepted by the legions of horror and science fiction fans. The younger fans of today are like pack rats in that they collect every new book, magazine and monster kit available, and they will join any and every monster lovers association in existence. Even these over-enthusiastic members of fandom find a particular story that impresses them and leaves a lasting impression, and one that would make a fine motion picture. There are too many good books and stories going unnoticed by the producers today, and the classics, the great tales that impress fandom as a whole are overlooked as well.

My own personal dream is that someday a science fiction film will come out that is so great in magnitude that it will walk off with the highest honor people other than fans can give it--the Oscar. Such a film, my dream continues, would be a grand spectacle lasting at least two hours and filmed in color and Cinerama and shown on a roadshow basis. Too many of this type of film aimed at the general public in the past few years have been less than good though they have fared well at the box office. It would have to be a grand story, encompassing humanity as a whole with a noble message behind it or telling an inspiring saga of mankind. It would have to be on such a grand scale that it would be of interest to the general public as well as to the fans who would go to see it. Could there be such a story?

There is no need to look to future stories for that idea. The one that immediately comes to mind is the one that almost made it--Ray Bradbury's classic The Martian Chronicles--a story that follows generations of Earthmen who colonize Mars from the first landing to a planetwide population, of a group as Bradbury called

/cont'd on back/

/cover/



FICTION:

25

PARADOX LOST

by Chet Gottfried

Henry White looked over his newly completed time machine. Another first, he thought proudly. As he thought of the past years he realized it was a combination of luck and misfortune that brought him his invention.

Many years ago, when Henry first learned of his potential as an inventor, he started on a career that led to nationwide recognition. Henry remembered quite well when he started getting offers from various companies. It wasn't the first time, but Henry was particular. He wanted as much of a free rein as he could get. Finally it happened; a major company agreed to give him his ideal working conditions.

It was a Wednesday when a company man showed him the laboratory filled by Henry's own special requirements. Still, even with all the fancy equipment he got, he would have never been able to build his time machine if the big thing hadn't happened. He had asked for a female assistant which he received. She was clever, intelligent, and easy to get along with, but failed in the look department; something which was most important in Henry's opinion. The company promptly got exactly what he wanted.

A brief romance flared, and after several months they got married. Soon afterward he found that she was not intelligent, she was hard to get along with and definitely wasn't clever. She also spent money quicker than Henry ever witnessed before. That didn't particularly bother Henry; with his new job he was making money about twice as fast as she could spend it.

To avoid divorce, he started spending more and more time in his lab. Henry's inventions began to become fancier and much more elaborate. Within ten years he bought his contract from the organization that had given him his first major opportunity. Henry was sad to part with the company, mainly because he had to give all of his old laboratory back.

He took a vacation with his wife, while he had a group of contractors build a house large enough to hold a lab for himself. Actually, he had only a word on the basement, which was to be his new lab. Henry's wife had final say on everything. When they came back, it was completed and Henry and his wife went their separate ways in it.

The house was large enough to cause Henry to become lonely. He brought home a small puppy, whom he called Betsy. She was a mutt, but they were happy together. The dog had a two-fold purpose, for company and for his experiments. However, she might be said to have some kind of intelligence, since she knew what was expected of her and after several years she seemed not to mind at all.

Henry looked once more at his time machine. It filled almost one-half of the basement-lab. By the main controls there was a special cabinet, large enough for one human. It was the sending chamber of his machine. Henry White wasn't a fool or a hero and so he called his dog.

Betsy soon entered the room and wagged her tail wildly. cont'd

She had the suspicion that something was up, but was hoping it wasn't so. Henry picked her up and said a soothing line or two, while placing her in the cabinet. He smiled at her and sat down by the main controls at a position where he could watch Betsy.

Henry had long since found out that it was impossible to send a person into the future. Too many paradoxes would occur and the only way to cancel them would be for the time traveler to forget everything he had seen. He had succeeded in sending objects only back in time. There were also limitations on that. If you sent a person or object only several thousand years or less into the past, you could change history. If one did that and succeeded in changing history, you might easily cancel out your own birth, a form of suicide. But if one went back in time several million years, the period of time was long enough for history to go back to normal (or so he thought).

Henry also worked out some of the more difficult problems of time travel. There was the problem of getting the dog back. He operated and put a small transmitter in Betsy. It would guide the energy of the time machine and allow him to get her back.

He flicked the switch and Betsy disappeared. He came forth with a whoop of joy. Quite happy, he went upstairs for a drink. Henry was in a good mood and wasn't worried about his dog. He had sent her back in time to the end of the Mesozoic Era. In this time period the dinosaurs had become extinct and mammals were small enough that Betsy could easily take care of herself.

Within several minutes after Henry had left, Betsy reappeared. She shouted "Henry White!", but it was a big house and she was a small dog. Betsy began walking around the machine, sniffing here and there. Finally she gave a short bark and said "Ah ha!" The dog began pulling out wires with her paws and made several changes. With that done, she gazed over her work triumphantly and realized what she must do. Betsy was somewhat sad that her master was incompetent, but she knew emotion shouldn't stir her from what was right.

The dog walked over to the desk on which Henry did most of his work and left a message:

Dear Henry,

You are quite a goon. Your "time machine" worked in reverse. Instead of sending me several million years into the past you sent me several million years into the future. Have no fret though; they're much more advanced. After several operations they made me just like them. However, I'm too sentimental. I requested to keep my original shape. Of course I can't stay here and the reason I am here is to tell you what happened. Very decent of them to send me back here. Oh well, off to greater horizons!

Love, *Betsy*

With that the dog vanished, no longer needing the time machine. Her superior intellect was all that was needed.

A half hour later Henry came back into his basement-lab. As he went over to the main control area, which was right next to his desk, he noticed the message. Henry quickly read it and muttered a curse at Betsy. He hated snobs and if his dog was one, well.....cont'd

Desire to get into the advanced society was deep within his heart. Henry put the controls on automatic, set to go off in four minutes, and stepped into the booth and closed the door. He smiled bitterly when he thought of how Betsy's face would be when she saw him.

When Henry regained consciousness, he was still thinking of Betsy's face. He looked around for a while and tried to move. He soon found that he couldn't. Looking down, he discovered that he was buried to his waist in dirt. Henry reasoned he arrived in a period of time where the land was higher than at the period of time in which he lived. Since he didn't try to compensate for land conditions, he was now buried, or at least partially. He yelled "Hello!" for a little while and then gave up when nobody answered. Having nothing better to do, he studied his surroundings. The lush jungle, he realized, was similar to the end of the Mesozoic Era, but his dog went into the future--unless someone was playing a trick on him.

There was also the possibility, he thought, that this was some kind of exhibit for the inhabitants of this era. When a two foot high dinosaur trotted by, Henry knew that this was the Age of Reptiles.

PUFF, and there appearing right before Henry was Betsy. They looked at each other for a moment and then the dog surveyed the situation with a couple of sniffs.

"I haven't time to explain now," Betsy said, "but you had better start digging yourself out of there. A Tyrannosaur is coming and he is starved, and will continue to be so if you get out fast."

"I shall do no such thing until you explain what's going on," retorted Henry and crossed his arms about his chest, waiting.

"Oh, for chrissake," said the dog disgustedly.

"And furthermore, where did you pick up that profane language?"

"Look," the dog said, speaking fast, "you made a mistake in your machine and sent me into the future breaking one of your theories. I came back to tell you about it and to do you a favor I repaired it."

"That's one real-ly big favor from a dog!"

"What do you mean?"

"My one chance to climb to the top of the ladder and you kick it out from under me!"

"So I'm sorry," replied Betsy.

"I bet."

"Look, I don't have to take this from you--I only came back to help you."

"Thanks. Anything else you'd like to do for me?"

"Is that your attitude?" the dog asked.

"Yes."

"Then get the hell out of your own mess." With that and another PUFF, she disappeared.

Henry began yelling and screaming at her, enough so he didn't notice the monster dinosaur approach until it was too late. The meal allowed the tyrannosaur to live another couple of days which allowed it to kill.....

Henry looked once more at his time machine. It filled almost one half of his basement-lab. By the main controls there was a cabinet, the sending chamber of the machine, large enough for one man. Henry wasn't a fool or a hero, so he called Betsy. cont'd

Betsy soon entered the room, wagging her tail wildly. Henry picked her up and placed her in the cabinet. He went to seat himself at the main controls, at a position where he could watch her.

Henry knew it was impossible to send a person into the future so he prepared to send his dog several million years into the past. He didn't care to send her any closer to the present, since it might cause a change in history.

He also worked out a difficult problem in time travel; bringing the subject back. He was to manage this by having a transmitter in the dog. It would guide the energy to the dog so he could bring her back.

As Betsy watched Henry she became nervous and when there was a flash of light, she jumped and then lost consciousness.

When he saw the dog disappear, Henry whooped for joy. Deciding to celebrate, he took the elevator to one of the higher stories in his house to get a drink.

When Betsy regained consciousness, she found that she was more than three quarters buried in the ground of a lush tropical jungle. Frantically she tried to dig out of the ground; even more frantically when she saw the tyrannosaur approach. For all her work she was too slow.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex, which would have died of starvation, otherwise ate quickly and greedily. It allowed the monster to go on living for another day which allowed it to kill another.....

Henry looked once more at his time machine. It filled almost one half of his basement-lab. By the main controls was the sending chamber of the machine, large enough for one man. Henry was neither fool or hero, so he called Betsy.

Betsy soon entered the room, wagging her tail wildly. Henry placed her in the sending chamber. He seated himself at the controls so he could watch her.

He proved it was impossible to send a person forward in time so he was going to send her several million years into the past. He didn't dare send her any closer to the present since it might change history. Henry would bring her back by means of a transmitter which would guide the energy of the time machine.

He flicked the switch and nothing happened. After his long years of working for nothing, Henry released a string of curses. He gave the machine a vicious kick and there was a flash of light and Betsy disappeared.

Henry gave a whoop for joy and went upstairs to celebrate and to have a drink. He wasn't worried about Betsy being killed since the period of time which he sent her to had no dinosaurs left, and she was about the size of the largest mammal.

After he was gone for a short period of time Betsy reappeared. She walked around the machine and sniffed it a few times, but knew better than to touch it. Betsy left a note on Henry's desk and left with a PUFF.

By the time Henry returned to take Betsy back from the Mesozoic, he was completely sober after waiting for the drink's effects to wear off. He found the message and read it.

cont'd

Dear Henry,

You are quite a clod; your machine sent me into the future rather than the past. There are a group of beings, very intelligent, you know, advanced several million years. I had a whole series of operations so I'm just like them, except in appearance, since I wanted to remain like myself. Do you know what you did? Well..... (She just retold the previous adventures of the two)... Anyway, we decided to put time locks on the past and on the future, so you'll just have to stay in the present.

Henry, I'm really surprised at you. Do you realize it was only the period of several million years that protected their society from being changed? Why, the very thought of us living those different lives each time the dinosaur ate us, br-r-r-r. Well, I think you realize those gates were put there for your own good and hope you won't be disappointed.

Love, Betsy

The nerve of that mutt, thought Henry. After all I did for her. Imagine that; she goes into the future only with my help and now, now I can't go? "Well, we shall see about that!" he said aloud.

Making sure all the power was off and that the time machine didn't work, Henry took an ax and began to destroy it. Afterwards, he had some men come over and take out the rubbish left from the machine.

"Okay!" shouted Henry. "You stopped me now! But not for long!"

Henry White began work on his suspended animation machine.

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Be watching for the next issue of SCI-FI SHOWCASE, due out a couple of weeks after this one. Until we get on schedule, release dates will be a little erratic. It will feature a long adventure tale by Chet Gottfried, "Try and Try Again;" a review by Randall Harris of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, John Duvoli's first regular movie column with a special preview of the new thriller CRACK IN THE WORLD and news on four of Woolner Bros' recent releases; a Duvoli-Wannen battle of words on an old horror classic, and much, much more. SCI-FI SHOWCASE #3. Be eligible by subscribing now, trading or contributing material. The plans right now call for a tremendous electronic stencil cover by JERRY BURGE, one of fandom's best artists! Don't miss it!

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ATTENTION FANTA-FILM FANS!!! Don't let the new reference work by Jack Jones, FANTASY FILMS AND THEIR FIENDS, slip thru your fingers. A tremendous 131-page volume, FFF contains info on nearly every fantastic film ever made! A bargain at \$2 from JACK JONES, FFF, POB 14365, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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And for you Anglo fen (and interested Amerfen) out there, there is a new slick-paper horror magazine recently published in England. I have seen a copy, and it promises to be serious in all aspects. A must for the scholar, it is INSIGHT, available for 1/- from INSIGHT, 12 Harbut Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11, ENGLAND. The first issue features TOMB OF LIGEIA, Richard Matheson, Vincent Price, and other features of interest to all horror fans!!!

no lack of material/Randall Harris  
(continued from page 24)

them; the first members of a new race--because the children that were born on Mars were not really Earthmen. It was first planned that the film be in Cinerama with Laurence Harvey as one of the leading players. At this time the film has been scrapped and then the decision was made to film it on a lower scale at less expense. So it may be just another science fiction film.

The Grand Scale Horror film is possible, too. At least there are horror stories good enough to make outstanding films without rehashing the old Frankenstein-Dracula-Wolfman-Mummy names. What is one of the first types of monsters that comes into mind when one thinks of horror films? The werewolf. Without going into the same old worn-out plot, producers could film a strange and haunting tale about such a creature. "There Shall Be No Darkness," a short story by James Blish, has always been one of my choices for the screen. A tale of a brilliant pianist who is a werewolf and of a girl with a small degree of psychic power, it haunts the reader from the seemingly calm beginning through the tense moments when the wolf is hunted down, to the end of the creature and the revelation his death brings to the people he attacked. Such a film need not be a grand production, but a tasteful adaptation, one that captures the eerie mood of the story and brings it to chilling life on the screen, would make a highly successful and entertaining film.

There are other stories. Some of Sturgeon's tales could be adapted into fine films, and the classic tales of H.P.Lovecraft have almost been untouched by the producers. There are many others. If a producer listened to a horror fan--any horror fan--for only five minutes, he would get a list of stories for films that would take a lifetime to produce, and all of them would make great films.

No, there is no reason to keep reworking the same old stuff for films, and there is no lack of material.

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