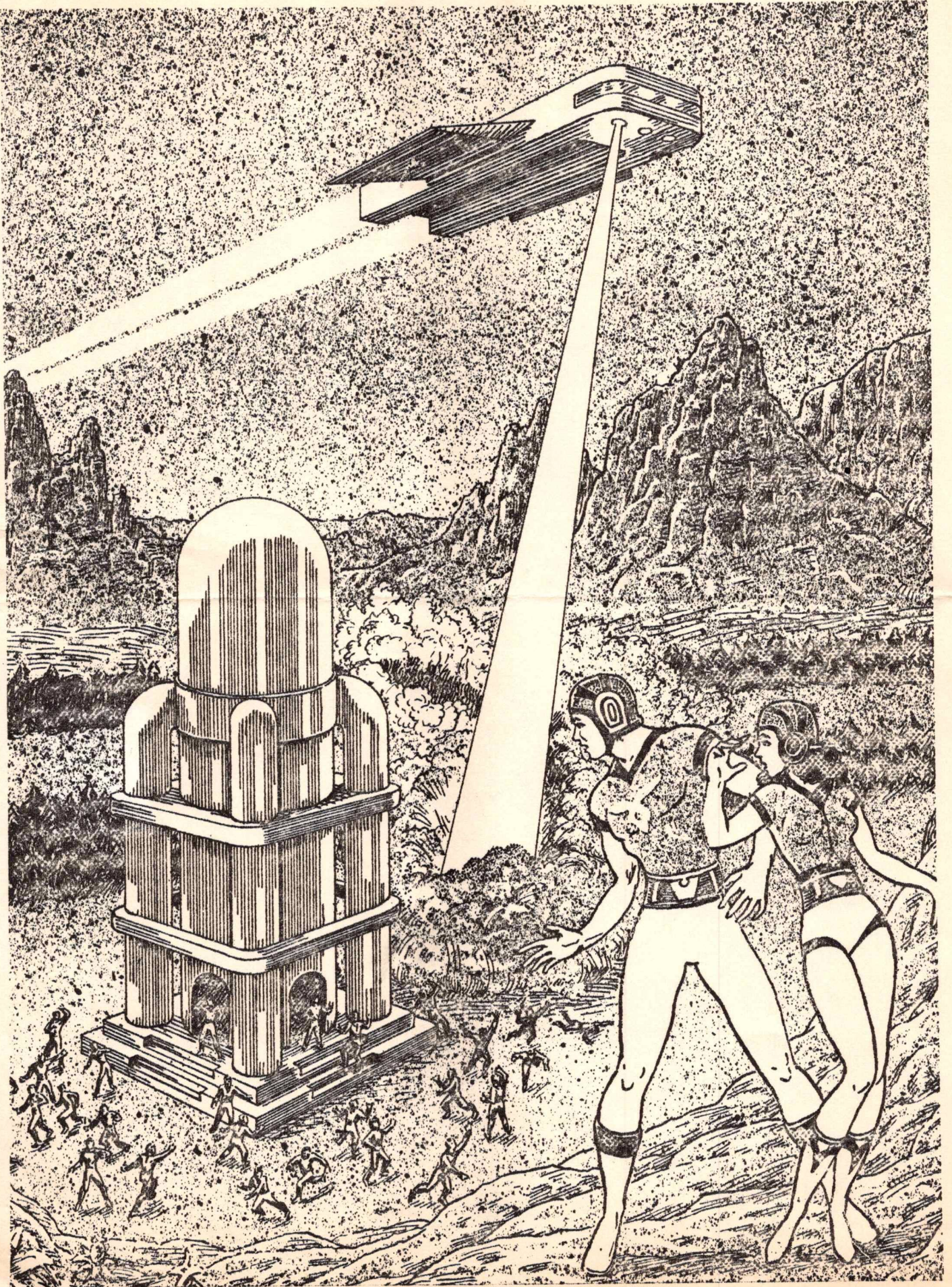


19 May



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

Number 3--March 1965

a monthly journal for the sci-fi fan

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editor.....TOM DUPREE

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Contents

Dissonance.....	2
Books in Retrospect.....	3
On the Screen.....	4
The Amateur Press.....	7
Alphabet Soup.....	8
Guest Section	
The HORROR OF DRACULA Controversy-John Duvoli/Rich Wannan.....	10
The Phantastic Phantom-Gene Klein.....	12
Vintage Review: THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-Randall Harris.....	13
FICTION: "Try And Try Again"-Chet Gottfried.....	14

Cover by JERRY BURGE.

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Credits and Acknowledgements: CHET GOTTFRIED, whose typer keeps a-pumpin' for us, to whom this issue is gratefully dedicated; Mike Appel, Randall Harris, Charles P.Johnson, Gene Klein, Rich Stoyanowski, Rich Wannan, and Woolner Pictures.

D I S S O N A N C E

This issue is being published blam-blam; it is exactly one week since I stenciled the second ish. That was a thirty-page monster; this will be a midget. Hereafter, SCI-FI SHOWCASE will run on the average, 20-plus pages. When I get the urge/money, I will put out a bigger one. Publishing this issue back-to-back with the second creates problems. The whole purpose of this is to make a feeble attempt to get on schedule. I hope to eventually publish a month's issue in the month before, but we will have to work gradually on that. The first problem that this presents is that there has been no time for LoCs to come in, so the lettercol this time is made up of late letters and general comments on #1. The second problem is that I have no idea what the next issue will look like. It will have a Duvoli column and all the regular features, but I cannot say with any certainty what to expect.

I mentioned briefly last issue that I was formulating a "Special Be Kind To Burroughs Issue," and I have the idea still. Send in con- tribs fast, because this month I go soliciting. I hope to make it a fun ish. I don't plan to knock ERB; in fact, the ish will be for him. It's not to be taken, however, as my sentiments. I believe, as I said two issues ago, in equal time.

The cover this time is by Jerry Burge; it was given to us out of Bill Pettit's collection. Bill is planning a portfolio soon, and the firstword will appear in SCI-FI SHOWCASE. Duvoli and Wannan's articles were written entirely independent of each other, but the similarity in treatment and subject matter made it almost imperative to print them side by side.

About fifty of you will find inserted in this issue an advertise- ment from DANIEL F. COLE/818 7th Avenue/Calgary, Alberta, CANADA. These were sent to the people I thot might be the most interested in film material. If you did not get a copy, write to me or to Danny, and we will tell you what was on it. I have bought material myself from Danny, and he sells for the lowest prices of any collector I know. This is a service to Danny in gratitude for a monumentous favor which he bestowed to me earlier, and any other Monumentous Favors may feap a similar reward.

Absolutely nothing else to say, so I guess it is time to hit -30-, and merely say, "Read and enjoy."

*Tom Dupree*

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FANZINE LISTING

is short this time because of the minute time lapse between issues, but in the week between stencils, one fanzine did come in: MATHOM-David N. Hall/202 Taylor/Crystal City, Missouri 63109. LTC/20¢. Note: I am beginning to use "LTC" as an abbreviation for Letter of Comment, Trade, or Contribution.

\*\*\*\*\*

EQUAL TIME DEPT.

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It's Dupree's Fault  
-----

with apology to Dick Eney, who started the whole thing.

*\* new Dupree's Fault*

B O O K S I N R E T R O S P E C T

MAZA, OF THE MOON, by Otis Adéibert Kline. Ace Books, N.Y. 144pp. 1964 (?). 40¢.

The cover proclaimed it to be by the author of THE SWORDSMAN OF MARS. Sentimental ol' me did not notice the Dreaded Name on the cover, so I bought it. Upon opening it to the first page, I knew I had been wrong. Kline is apparently an imitator of Burroughs, or Burroughs is an imitator of Kline. Anyway, MAZA starts off a little better than most standard ERB. A rocket is shot to the moon. A rocket is shot back from the moon. Handsome Hero investigates, and finds a civilization on the moon, and the fun begins.

If you like ERB, you'll like it. If you're like me, stay away.

-----  
A PAIR FROM SPACE, containing "Giants in the Earth," by James Blish, and "We, The Maurauders," by Robert Silverberg. Belmont, N.Y. 159pp. 1965. 50¢.

I love paperback covers. Really I do. You find the weirdest things--for instance, this one proclaims in BIG RED CAPITALS that the book is A BELMONT SCIENCE FICTION FIRST. Actually, there is nothing to warrant that statement, but that's as far as it goes.

The stories are interesting and enthralling, and the plots are new and exciting. The Blish\*side concerns a public relations man caught up in a major "job"--one concerning life on another planet. The other deals with an attempt to create a race of supermen. Each is handled with the author's own individual touch; Silverberg with scientific creditability, and Blish with the flawless documentation of human nature that is his trademark. Get it.

-----  
 \*-please pardon; the Silverberg side.

-----  
ROGUE MOON, by Algis Budrys. Gold Medal Books, Greenwich, Conn. 176pp. 1960 (copr.date). 45¢.

An absolutely delightful story here--full of twists and turns that keep you awake, and just enough of the "could-be" type of philosophy to keep you going, like the proverbial mule running after the carrot dangled in front of him by the driver, always just out of reach. Grant Budrys one thing--that there is a structure on the moon which is homicidal and malicious, and he will take it from there, in a good, adventurous tale of investigation and whys. Highly enjoyable, and well worth your time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 A reminder: please note your status on the mailing list on the outside cover of this issue. An "X" in the blank denotes that your term on The List will expire with this issue and that you will not receive the next one unless we hear from you by way of subscription/trade/contribution. The first is the best, because we like c\*a\*s\*h.

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**WANTED: ARTWORK.** Can you match Jerry Burge's cover this issue? OK, can you try? We desperately need covers suitable for offset or electronic stencil, all you artists out there, so consider this a formal invitation. Let's get 'oppin', and you won't have to look at my covers again. And fillos! How we need them (even knead them)! Start the pens flying!

## SCI-FI SHOWCASE/filmed material

O N T H E S C R E E N  
by Associate Editor  
JOHN R. DU WOLI

CASTLE OF BLOOD

Starring BARBARA STEELE, GEORGE RIVIERE, and MARGRETTE ROBESHAM.  
Screenplay by JEAN GRIMAUD and GORDON WILSON JR. Based on the story  
"Danse Macabre" by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Music composed and directed by  
RITZ ORTOLANI. Produced by FRANK BELTY, Directed by ANTHONY DAWSON.  
Running time: 85 minutes and WALTER SARCH.

((( ((( ( ))) ))) ((( ((( ( ))) ))) (Feature Film--must see))) ((( ((( ( ))) ))) ((( ((( ( ))) )))

It is the night of the dead; inside Blackwood Castle, where numerous crimes have been committed, the tortured souls of the criminals and their victims shall return and live their final moments of life.

Alan Foster, a reporter for the London Times, wagers with Lord Blackwood that he can spend a night in the castle. Upon his arrival, Foster meets an alluring but strange Elizabeth, a bitter though beautiful Julia, a deranged, love-crazed gardener and the sinister Dr. Carmus, who has rented the castle to conduct strange experiments.

Soon Foster comes to realize that these people are undead and in order to return from the grave they must annually drink the blood of their guest. In the catacombs beneath the castle Foster watches Dr. Carmus release the fleshless, blood-lusting horrors. Foster must escape, or join the ranks of the undead for all eternity.

There is a thrilling, super-shock surprise in store for you, but you will not learn of it here.

#

HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD

Starring REG FARK, CHRISTOPHER LEE, and LEONORA RUFFO. Story and screenplay by ALLESSANDRO CONTINENZA, MARIO BAVA, DUCCIO TESSARI, and FRANCO PROSPERI. Music--ARMANDO TROVAIOLI. Executive producer--ACHILLE PIAZZI. Directed by MARIO BAVA. Filmed in Technicolor and Totalscope Super/100.

When the evil Lichas murders the king of Ecalia and kidnaps Princess Deianira, Hercules and his friend Theseus attempt to rescue her. Deianira is under the spell of Lichas, and in order to free her the pair must find a rare precious plant found only in Hades.

While searching for the plant, Hercules and Theseus encounter assorted obstacles, including a powerful giant. Obstacles overcome, Hercules and Theseus reach Hades only to discover that there are more incredible dangers. The two must make full use of their skill, strength and courage before they are able to secure the plant.

In Hades, Theseus meets a young woman named Proserpina, who returns to Ecalia with them. However, Proserpina is the wife of Pluto and it seems Pluto wants her back. Proserpina eventually does return to Hades, but not before she has helped Hercules defeat Lichas and win the hand of the lovely Deianira.

#

THE HUMAN DUPLICATORS

Starring GEORGE NADER, BARBARA NICHOLS, GEORGE MACREADY, DOLORES FAITH, HUGH BEAUMONT, RICHARD ARLEN and RIXHARD KIEL. Executive producer: LAWRENCE WOOLNER. Written by ARTHUR C. PIERCE. Produced and directed by HUGO GRIMALDI. Filmed in color. Running time: 82 minutes.

Kolos, a being from a galaxy far from Earth, is sent to our planet to pave the way for an invasion. It is the alien's duty to create androids in the likenesses of government and military leaders, destroy the humans, and replace them with the androids.

Kolos enters the home of scientist Professor Dornheimer and overpowers the Professor and his entire staff. With this initial success, the incredible mission takes its first step forward. Kolos replaces all with perfect duplicates except for the professor's blind niece, Lisa.

Soon military men and scientific leaders begin to vanish under mysterious circumstances. National Intelligence Agency head Austin Welles assigns top agents Glenn Martin and Gale Wilson to the case. Believing that there is a conspiracy against the government being headed by Professor Dornheimer, Martin gains access to the professor's isolated home thru a nearby mine shaft which leads to the basements below the mansion.

While in the basement, Martin finds the frozen bodies of the missing persons. While investigating further, Martin stumbles upon a laboratory where, to his shock and amazement, he finds a brilliant and beautiful female chemist being duplicated. Then Martin is surprised by Kolos and he himself is duplicated. The human Martin is kept a prisoner while the duplicate returns to the NIA office where, after telling a false story, he attempts to rob the electronics supply vault.

Gale has become suspicious, however. She alerts Welles and they follow and capture the android.

Meanwhile, back at the mansion, the real Martin is set free by Lisa. They in turn rescue the real Professor Dornheimer, who helps Glenn and Lisa destroy the androids by use of a laser beam which causes a breakdown in the robots' mechanical functions.

#

#### MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE

Starring WILLIAM LESLIE, DOLORES FAITH, PAMELA CURRAN, RICHARD GARLAND, HAROLD LLOYD JR, GLENN LANGAN and ROBERT PALMER. Screenplay by ARTHUR C. PIERCE. Produced by ARTHUR C. PIERCE and HUGO GRIMALDI. Directed by HUGO GRIMALDI.

While exploring the ice caves of the moon, Major Towers and Captain Webber encounter a strange fungus. Webber is contaminated and the two return to the ship. Webber is confined in an isolated chamber and within a short period of time he is completely engulfed by the fungus.

During a meteor shower the chamber wall is punctured and the mouldy, ever-growing fungus forces its way in from the cabin and begins to engulf the craft.

To add to the crew's problems, Colonel Cromwell, the commander of the craft who has been suffering from exhaustion, becomes unbalanced but refuses to turn control of the ship over to Major Towers. Cromwell is later overpowered and Towers assumes control.

A message informing the base commander General Knowland is radioed to Earth. Meanwhile, both the inside and outside of the ship are being engulfed by the deadly fungus, while a terrified and helpless crew looks on.

In a last ditch attempt to save the ship and crew, Towers orders the crew into their suits and helmets. He then shuts off the heat in the capsule. The intense cold destroys the fungus.

Later, an artificial cloud encircles the space ship, shutting out all heat and light and destroying the fungus, which brings an end to the cancerous horror.

((The above four films were all released by WOOLNER PICTURES, and they are all worth your while to see.-Ed.))

CRACK IN THE WORLD

Starring DANA ANDREWS, JANETTE SCOTT and KIERON MOORE. Special photographic effects: ALEX WELDON. Screenplay by JOHN MANCHIE WHITE and JULIAN HALEWY. Produced by PHILIP YORDAN. Directed by ANDREW MARTIN. Color by Technicolor. Released by PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

In this new science fiction thriller a group of scientists drill down deep into the core of the earth in an attempt to learn more about the history of our world. Problems develop when, after delving more than ten miles, the group comes upon a pocket of boiling magma. It soon becomes apparent that the magma will soon shoot up from beneath the Earth's surface, causing our planet to "crack up" and eventually shoot itself into outer space.

In a final attempt to save this island Earth, the scientists decide to use a nuclear bomb to create a sort of backlash and save the world from certain death.

The concluding scenes are played out with a maximum of cliff-hanging excitement deep inside the crater of a live volcano!

Dana Andrews and Kieron Moore ((Andrews hails from Collins, Mississippi--Ed.)) are the scientists, and Janette Scott is on hand to provide some special visual effects of her own.

Moore and Miss Scott are no strangers to either science fiction or each other. They played the husband and wife team who learn the secret of destroying the menacing triffids in the critically acclaimed Allied Artists shocker DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS (1963). Mr. Andrews outwitted the forces of darkness in the eerie top-notch Columbia film CURSE OF THE DEMON (1958).

Producer Philip Yordan, in a coincidence, wrote the screenplay and was executive producer of DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS.

-----  
SHORT TAKES

Watch for DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, out in late March. The latter is a reissue of the 1959 Hammer production.....Meanwhile, MGM is going ahead with plans to release Hammer's SHE in June.....Attention Collectors! As part of the National Screen Service Corporation Showmanship Sales Drive, the NSS will feature as a special service "movie books," paperbacks of film properties.....Leonard S. Gurenberg and L.E. Gulohammer, heads of Sigma III Corp. have announced that they will saturate the horror package HORRIBLE DR. HICCOCK and WFUL DR. ORLOF ((Ed.--I hope it drowns in the process.....)).....Watch for DEVIL OF DARKNESS, which one critic describes as a horror fantasy with a "realistic contemporary setting".....American-International Pictures executive David D. Horne is off to Puerto Rico and Mexico City on business. It will be interesting to see what develops.....Writer-producer Philip Ridgeway has announced that he will revive the Dr. Fu Manchu character. Christopher Lee will play Fu Manchu.....Taking a look at the TV scene for a moment, Barbara Eden will star in a comedy-fantasy series entitled I DREAM OF JEANNIE. It's all about a genie named Jeannie.....UA Television is syndicating MEN INTO SPACE, SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE, and THE OUTER LIMITS ((Groan...-Ed.)). UA-TV executive Pierre Weis has reported twenty-eight sales thus far.....UA will release Joseph Stefano's THE HAUNTED this fall.....Irwin (VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA) Allen is producing a new TV series called LOST IN SPACE. Former title: THE SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON.

THE AMATEUR PRESS

COSMOS. Edited and published by Gene Klein, 33-51 84 St, Jackson Heights, NY 11372. Irregular. Free for a LoC, trade, or contribution. Issue reviewed: no.6.

COSMOS is a fanzine that has come a long way. The first copy I ever saw was #3, which was carbon reproduced and solely editor-written, with only a few outside illos. But since then, COSMOS has blossomed into a thing of beauty. The sixth issue is the annual, and it is the biggest and best of the COSMOSs. Editor Klein opens with an editorial thanking the contributors (who now number much, much more than the third issue). Dan Haber gives a taped segment of a GREEN HORNET episode, and a portion of John Brunas' article is printed, discussing the film THE ANGRY RED PLANET. Charles Johnson concludes an excellent review of THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, and Randall Harris relates the strange-but-true story of the phantom Joe Baldwin, and announces that he is making a trip to check the story out. Chet Gottfried has a story entitled "Judgement," and the lettercol is bigger than ever, with a big fanzine listing and lots of comments. There is another contributor who keeps popping up in COSMOS. I can't stand him. He is the only detriment to an otherwise outstanding fanzine. But I suggest you get a copy of COSMOS; there are six guest articles, and five of them are worth reading. That's a good ratio for anybody.

-----  
THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER. Edited by Ron Wilson, N.1307 Normandie Street, Spokane, Washington 99205. I did not see any notification of frequency, so I assume it is irregular. 20¢/Trade/Contrib/LoC. Issue reviewed: no.3.

The cover proclaims that this is "a fanzine of aggravated egotism," and that's enough right there to make any self-respecting fan do a double take. But egotism or not, TV1,000,000FC is easy and fun to read. Ron starts it off with an amusing account of his trip to New York, and assisting editor Bill Warren gives us a psychological s-f test. A prologue to a future work by David Bromling is next, and it's followed by a history of the horror field by Richard King. Jim Knotts finds himself in a startling situation in the short story "A Trip Around the Corner," and editor Wilson winds the articles up with "The Lawrence Enigma." The lettercol is long and stimulating. Interior illustrations are in different colors, and by such excellent fan artists as Bill Rotsler, Terry Jeeves, and others. This makes xlnr reading.

-----  
CARBO, a dittoed letter from RICHIE BENYO.

This serves no real purpose, except it is probably the last letter I will receive from Rich Benyo. I was saddened to learn from the second APA45 mailing that he was going semi-gafia, and his fanac would be restricted to a few fanzines a year. When I entered organized fandom, Richie was one of the most energetic people whose name I found in the activities of the N3F, in articles in fanzines, and in eventually starting the "student's apa," APA45. If this sounds like an obituary, it is because Richie's gafiating seems like a funeral to me--the funeral of an ACTIfan. I sincerely hope that Richie can find time from his mundac to put out those few fanzines a year---they will be well received here.



STAN WOOLSTON            If you catch a smile on my lips when I read your  
12832 Westlake St        review of GLORY ROAD, it was your "forget it" com-  
Garden Grove            ment. Being emotionally entangled in the web of  
California 92640        his entire writing, a reader is inclined to seek  
out his works even if they suspect it will be inferior. I read it and  
enjoyed it enough to be disappointed in what I considered weaknesses,  
but I'd personally not ask anyone to forget it because I doubt they  
would. Still, it is healthy that an author be asked to do his best,  
and if he falls far short of what he can, that his works not be ad-  
vanced as top fare. I am glad that you seem inclined to do this in  
your reviews. I've noticed that in reviews and comments on this  
story emotional bias is strong, so that Seth Johnson praises it be-  
cause it fits his idea of a dream situation.

Thanks for the "Credits and Acknowledgements"; now even more than  
before I am hopeful that S-FS will become the reflection of your i-  
maginative fannish life. Even the artwork is not bad: it is much bet-  
ter than quite a lot of work done by fans who have been around for  
years of pubbing experience. ((And my main complaint was not that  
the art was bad, but that there was such a lack of it that I was forced  
to use what Al Andrews had originally drawn for a fillo for the cover,  
and also that I did not do an A-1 job of stenciling.))

((---Stan said much more, but a lot of it was about my apazine for  
APA45, so I'll not quote it here. Later, he added this, which I could  
not resist.....))

Tom, I am curious how much ERB you've read. I'm not asking for  
any special reason except curiosity: have you read Tarzan books? The  
short stories? Mars stories? Pellucidar? THE MAD KING? ((Stan--and o-  
thers--, I will give you my bibliography upon which I support my  
thesis that ERB is almost subliterate, and certainly not sf. I have  
read and have in my collection the entire Martian series. I have read  
the first three Tarzan books, after which I decided that I had given  
the series enough trial and proceeded to Abstain. I have read AT THE  
EARTH'S CORE, and both the books PEOPLE and LAND THAT TIME FORGOT,  
the latter being, if I may advance this rather contradictory state-  
ment, my favorite ERB book so far. That's it. I foresee reading no  
more in the future. Since I quit ERB, I have grown to dislike: O.A.  
KLINE, BARTON WERPER, and STEPHEN BARR (ahahaha, Steve--joke boy,  
joke!!!) with vehemence (except for the latter, whom I dislike with  
reservations). I even wrote to Creath Thorne for membership in the  
Burroughs Bibliophobes--I thot it was for real. I read NORB'S NOTES,  
tho, because I like to watch the ERBibliomaniacs in action, and I  
also have been known to watch a Tarzan picture or two. See Al Andrews'  
ISCARIOT(1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35216) for why I  
do not believe ERB should even be said in the same breath with science  
fiction. See the June number of this publication, also, for a com-  
plete turnabout in policy. Goshwow!))

//////////

CHARLES P. JOHNSON        The book reviews were all good. I liked the re-  
6642 Western Avenue     view of the Tarzan book especially because I'm  
Omaha, Nebr. 68132       not much of a Burroughs fan, either. ((Now there  
are two.....)) However, I think you should not speak of such subjects  
as Tarzan and ERB as you did. Likely, some of your readers were Tar-  
zan, Burroughs, etc. fans and were offended. ((Sheesh, I hope not,  
because if they were offended by that thing in #1, just think how  
many are fuming about what I said a few lines ago!))

cont'd

CHARLES P. JOHNSON (cont'd):

Although I'm not especially excited about analyses of sci-fi authors, I was still interested by the Henry Kuttner article. Everybody mentions that little something "extra" that UNKNOWN fantasy had over WEIRD TALES, etc., fantasy. Well, I think it had the same traits that were distinctive of Campbellian science fiction; that is, Campbellian fantasy--UNKNOWN fantasy--had logic. In fact, this first became evident to me when I read a Kuttner story, I believe it was "Trouble With Water." UNKNOWN fantasy stories revolved around fantastic elements, but everything else, aside from the central element, was not fantastic or composed of impossibilities. ((Exactly my point about the OUTER LIMITS brand of "science fiction." Science fiction, real science fiction, must work the way you described it, Chuck. We must stick to facts and possibilities, except for the "Bear," or the central fantastic idea. The idea is to find how this fantastic innovation would affect the lives of ordinary people and mundane situations.--Chuck Johnson's ORPHEUS remains one of the best horror film zines in existence, to me. He says that he is working on the second ish, and if it is anything like #1, it should be something to see. Write Chuck for info.))

+++++

C.W.(Ned) BROOKS Thanks for the S-FS. It's very good. Not just  
911 Briarfield Road very good for a 1st issue but very good. The  
Newport News xine is generally well set up, except for the  
Virginia 23605 typed headings. You write well and Pettit's  
mimeography is fine except for a couple of pages that are a little  
fuzzy. ((And they were fuzzy because of the stencil, not Pettit.))

You're quite right, in general, about OUTER LIMITS. I did like that one show they had about a time machine, with David McCallum, but it was more fantasy than sf. I don't think much of VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA though. I cannot imagine why a fine actor like Richard Basehart would get involved with such mediocrity.

I'll have to see the two fanzines you mention in S-FS. GIALLAR seems to be from the same crew that do GGG. ((GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE, and Ned it partially right, altho Randall Harris is at the helm of the Ghood Ship GIALLAR.))

Hamlin's article on Kuttner makes me wish someone would publish a COMPLETE WORKS OF..... All those psuedonyms! I hate psuedonyms.

Wannen says THE TIME TRAVELERS is bad; I've also heard it's good. Guess I'll have to wait and see for myself. I saw MARY POPPINS, it's a well done fantasy, for the most part. The animated part was a bit too much Disney for me but at its best it has a great flavor of Algernon Blackwood's fantasies such as A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND.

I'm afraid I can't say much for your two fiction pieces in S-FS. Both were pretty well written but neither said anything. Gottfried's was a very tired old plot for the shock-short, and Ladonko's quite pointless.

\*\*\*\*\*  
D O N ' T W R I T E ! ! ! ! !

--for back issue #1. They are all, absolutely, completely, vanished/soldout. But write on other matters, OK?

-----  
NEXT ISSUE: TOMB OF LIGEIA!!! The newest Price-Poe pic. A Duvoli ~~slapdash~~ review. Also the end of Chet Gottfried's adventure serial. SCI-FI SHOWCASE--sold at food markets everywhere, under the spuds.

# THE HORROR OF DRACULA

PRO

CON

## THE CASE FOR HORROR OF DRACULA John R. Duvoli

As long as slimy creatures slither across our neighborhood theatre screen and audiences cringe in terror at horrors visible or impending, students of the macabre cinema will ask themselves and each other one seemingly unanswerable question: "Which was the better Dracula film..the 1931 or 1958 version?"

The answer to the above question can only be based upon individual taste and preference. I rest assured that there are several conflicting opinions, each with strong and weak points.

The following article expresses but one of the possible approaches. I am not writing the article with the purpose of molding or swaying your opinion. But I do want you to seriously think about the unanswerable question and attempt to answer it in the best way you know how.

This, then, is the \$64 question; the question that for 6 years has driven shock film addicts "batty." Was it Bela Lugosi who gave the most effective portrayal, or was it Christopher Lee? In my opinion Bela Lugosi was nothing less than great; Christopher Lee was nothing less than GREATER.

Although Mr. Lee's performance is not overwhelmingly superior, it was he who gave Dracula a tragically human quality. Although Bela Lugosi had a distinct advantage in that he played the role for 3

(cont'd on next page, 1st col)

## ON LOOKING BACK: HORROR OF DRACULA rich wannen

Seven Arts Associates for many years has been concerned with releasing old flix to TV; they've acquired two British horror films, originally shown in 1957-58, to reissue: CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and HORROR OF DRACULA.

HORROR OF DRACULA is by far the worse of the two. Firstly, the cinema treatment by Jimmy Sangster has very little to do with the Bram Stoker book. Jonathan Harker, perpetual hero of the book (and the Lugosi filmversion) is killed before the first half-hour is over. Mina vanishes entirely; Lucy Westenra becomes Lucy Holmwood and Arthur Holmwood, a minor character in the Stoker book, becomes third man for the British production. Needless to say, the plot undergoes all sorts of torture to accomodate these new & varied characters.

The picture loses a lot of its impact due to the indiscriminant use of color. I've always contended that a horror picture is no place for color. This type of picture must establish a dark, somber mood, and you just can't have somber, bright colors. All the color does is to heighten the color of the blood on Dracula's lips, and this is just goeey, not really horrifying or mystifying.

The plot is also very straightforward; nothing intricate & no plot twists to keep the viewer on the edge of his seat. Suspense is rarely generated &

(cont'd on next page, 2nd col)

DU VOLI:

years on the stage, it was Lee who truly understood "Dracula" and before the final fadeout, the sensitive and responsive viewer understood him too.

HORROR OF DRACULA was in my estimation the better film. But to add conviction to my arguments, I would like to share with you quotes from leading Hollywood trade magazines concerning HORROR OF DRACULA:

"Tops them all. One of the best horror films ever made. Will send cold chills up and down the spines of even the most hardened horror picture fans."

--HARRISONS REPORTS

"Thrills, chills, and shudders in this top notch horror drama."

--BOX OFFICE

"One of the scariest ever."

--THE INDEPENDENT

"Horror on a grand scale. It is presented here as it has rarely been pictured before."

--THE EXHIBITOR

"One of the best of its type...Chillingly realistic... The climax is top notch film horror!"

--MOTION PICTURE DAILY

"A lavishly mounted, impressive production. Excitement and intrigue permeate the film."

--HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

But still the question goes unanswered; macabre cinema fans hold conflicting points of view. But I assure you that the question will be answered! And it is HORROR OF DRACULA that will emerge the victor! For DRACULA has already become dated, but HORROR OF DRACULA will continue to horrify long after DRACULA is a fogged memory.

--John R. Duvoli

WANNEN:

one is sure that the search for the hidden vampire's coffin will be successful. Naked (well, almost) women abound in the picture; no one can develop any feeling for any characters, nor sympathy for poor victims. We're too busy noting the physical attributes.

Worst of all, though, are the "corpses." Not one corpse in the picture, when played by a live person, was restrained from breathing. Vampires had stakes thru their chests, and yet the chest visibly moved up and down with each breath. With this kind of "realism," what kind of satisfaction can the viewer get?

The final five minutes is the only place where either plotter, actors, or director seem to have taken any pains to insure enjoyment. An entirely different feeling swept over the audience as van Helsing began a mad search thru the castle after the lanky vampire, which resulted in a mad fight for life. Too bad the excitement generated here could not have been expanded to cover the rest of the picture.

English horror favorites Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee star. Lee loses something to Lugosi in the lack of an authentic Hungarian accent (a British Transylvanian just doesn't seem right), but Cushing fares nicely as van Helsing. Michael Gough as Holmwood is OK. The rest of the cast is adequate; but the lines, the actions, the color--all seems artificial and stagey, which all goes to drag down the film a few notches.

--Rich Wannan

The PHANTASTIC  
PHANTOM  
\*Gene Klein\*

Some of you have heard of him; others not. He was created by a man by the name of Lee Falk, who crowned his creation "THE PHANTOM."

His origin is unique. Many centuries ago, a man who was apparently the only survivor of a pirate raid, was washed up on a shore. Taking an oath, he promises to devote his life and the lives of his sone, to fighting evil. This in itself is quite common among super-heroes. Parents, or friend is killed--buddy takes an oath--goes thru intensive training--puts on a fancy costume--and we behold a new inductee to the clan of never ending Super Beings! Yet, there's one aspect of The Phantom that cannot be copied. For the Phantom of the present date is really the 16th generation. Another aspect that strikes me as being quite ingenious is that unlike all the rest of 'em (super-heroes), the Phantom has had one costume since his creation in 1936. For he was created two years before Super(ugh)man was; and being created before the Man of Steel, he was not influenced by all the weird powers a "super-hero" could have. After Superman was created, many "unbeatables" followed: Green Lantern, Cap Marvel, to name just a few.

The most fantastic part about the Phantom is that his domain is in the jungle. Imagine, if you can, a costumed man, riding a white horse (fugitive from THE LONE RANGER?) called Hero, accompanied by Devil, the wolf-hound. Even another aspect exists that makes him extra special. He has no "super villians" to deal with, only regular Bad Guys.

As with Captain Marvel, Captain America and Superman, the Phantom had a movie done about him. He was played by Tom (CAPTAIN MARVEL) Tyler, who also appeared in a Mummy pic. It was released in 1943, and was a fifteen-chapter serial, like most of the super hero pix. I have recieved word that an independent movie company is considering filming a new Phantom pic.

One last fantastic aspect possessed by the Phantom is that he is an unknown commander of a jungle patrol, and issues orders by means of notes. No one in the patrol has seen their commander.

Gold Key Comics, a newly-formed group which has only been in existence for three or four years, publishes the PHANTOM comic bi-monthly. Bill Lignante, a fine artist, closely follows the style set by Lee Falk almost thirty years ago. Possessing quite a number of the Gold Key PHANTOMS, I can truthfully say that it is one of the best buys 12¢ can offer.

Having been in movies, comics, the Sunday papers, and other media, the Phantom has truly had a Phantastic career--one that's only beginning!

\*\*\*\*\*  
BE KIND TO BURROUGHS MONTH has tentatively been scheduled as June 1965. The June number will feature Kimosavee, Cheetah, Kowabunga, Lolita, and all kinds wild, crazy jungle-things like that. There will be festivities, the banks will close, and we will all gather at 9:30 on June 1 to have an Oyster-Eatin', Clam-Diggin', and Barsoomian Oathin' get-together.

Seriously, I am looking for (a) a good ERB-type cover, suitable for offset or electronic stencil; (b) some research articles on various aspects of the work of Mister Burroughs, and (c) a copule good Tarzanian stories (if there is such a thing!) Can you help?

DANIEL F. COLE 818-7th Ave. N.E. Calgary Alberta Canada

# HORROR & SCIENCE - FICTION MOVIE ACCESSORIES

Catolog No. I

We have run into a large stock of posters and pressbooks for movies in the science fiction and horror genre. We have prepared a catalog for other fans interested enough to want to buy these. We are assured that we sell ours for less than anyone else supplying these to the public.

We find that a lot of fans like to collect posters only from good movies or movies that they have seen. You cannot judge the movie from the posters and vica-versa. Many of the not so great movies have excellent posters and some of the better have lousy posters. We make recommendations on them, but most of you already know what you want. Our prices are as follows(excluding rare items):

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All orders are postpaid so we ask that no orders less than \$2.00 be sent or a 10¢ postage charge will be added. All orders will be paid in advance. WE ask you to pay close attention to the listings as some titles are missing some articles.

This catalog contains most of our stock, but we shall be recieving more stock later on. Please watch for our next catalog.

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57. THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US: 1 sheets
58. IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA: 1 sheets, 3 sheets, scenes pressbooks 18 pp 70¢; (also combination sheet including "Curse of the Faceless Man" 25¢)
59. CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN: 1 sheets, 3 sheets, scenes, pressbooks 12pp 50¢

THE PHANTOM  
OF THE OPERA

(Randall Harris

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

A Hammer Film Production

A Universal-International Release

Released 1962

Eastman Color

Starring HERBERT LOM, HEATHER SEARS, THORLEY WALTERS, & MICHAEL GOUGH

Produced by ANTHONY HINDS

Screenplay by JOHN ELDER

Directed by TERENCE FISHER

Only a handful of fingers is needed to count the really classic horror films that have been made. On almost everyone's list is THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, with Lon Chaney. Without a doubt it contains the most famous and frightening single scene in history, a scene that has been repeated in various ways in a remake of the film and in the motion picture biography of the great Chaney.

The modern-day standard of excellence is set by Hammer Films of England. Theirs alone is a distinction of having refined the terror film into a tasteful and entertaining product, and one of dignity. Only the men behind Hammer would have realized the folly of trying--and failing--to duplicate that famous makeup job, and they wisely avoided it, altering the story to concentrate on the personality rather than the hideousness of the mysterious phantom. In fact, they came up with a better story line than was seen in the original.

Replacing the melodramatics with a suspenseful plot of unseen menace doubt, they wove a web of suspense that finally ended with the death of the phantom--this time a tragic death, unlike the mob vengeance of the 1925 version. They taught us that behind even the most horribly disfigured face there is warmth and feeling, even sometimes the heart of an artist. Such was the case of Hammer's phantom. He was feared because he had a leaning toward violent revenge, not because he was a maniac.

With the addition of complete color photography, laborously designed sets, and excellent musical scoring, the film was a deserving remake worthy of bearing the name of the original. But did it become a hit? Did it receive the support it deserved? No. Someone ruined the potential greatness of the film as measured in the terms most important to the producers and to the exhibitors---grosses.

Someone designed the advertising and sold the design to the men of Universal-International; probably one of their employees who was paid just for that type of work. It would seem that he had never seen the film. Were we advised of a recreation of the greatest horror film in history? Were we told to expect new thrills and new action? Did they advise us of a great new type of phantom? No to all questions. Instead, they gave us posters that implied that the film was a hacked-up horror meller, no better or worse than most, and for the kids. In reality, the film was adult, too adult for many children to see. The tense atmosphere of the last reel, the attempted seduction of the new leading lady by the evil owner of the play, and the climactic death of the phantom all were either too risqué or too lofty for children to understand. So, the kids were bored thru most of it, the managers' nerves got worn out, and the box office grosses were far below what should have been cont'd

expected.

This was just another case of bungling that has ruined the status and overall quality of horror films today. By far the most intelligent and tasteful version of this classic film was the most unsuccessful.

\*\*\*\*\*

FICTION

BEGINNING

Sci-Fi Showcase's

FIRST SERIAL:

RE JRY AND TRY  
AGAIN

- GRET GOTTFRIED

Ron Blake crouched low, deep within the bowels of the ship. He would have cursed aloud, but he didn't know how acute the pilot's hearing was. On these one-man ships, sound travels very well.

Ordinarily, Blake would have had free movement within the cargo section of the craft, including occasional raids to the supply room for water and food. This was possible because the pilot seldom ventured into the cargo section.

But now Blake could hear the pilot's footsteps and his vocal shout to him. Doubtlessly the pilot was armed and thought he could take his stowaway alive. He was probably more cautious since Blake had not answered his call. The simple stowaway would come out cont'd

and admit the pilot was great and give up. But not Blake; he had too much at stake. The pilot was probably brave or foolhardy. There were much easier ways of getting rid of stowaways. One was to seal off the cargo area and create a vacuum by releasing air pressure, but in hyperspace it would be too difficult. He would just have to shut off that cargo area and wait for the person to die of carbon dioxide poisoning.

Blake just couldn't understand how he was discovered. He recalled the carefully planned preparation which took close to a week; how he prepared a small area for himself and the way he took from the ship his own mass exactly in cargo to compensate for his additional mass. He was aware of the fact that these one-man jobs had just enough fuel and sometimes a bit more to make the trip through hyperspace. If he didn't take off for his own mass, the ship probably wouldn't have enough fuel to make the original flight. Ron Blake was still puzzled over how he was discovered. Anyway, I'll soon find out, he thought with a grim smile.

He crouched down, ready to leap at a moment's notice as he saw the top of the pilot's long shadow caused by the dim lighting. As the shadow approached, Blake saw the shadow of the main object of his fear, a laser. Wait, Blake thought, noticing the absence of the characteristic short nozzle of the laser weapon, it isn't a laser. Is he faking? While being puzzled, Blake wasn't willing to experiment to prove whether or not the pilot was trying to fool him.

The person came into view; a tall, lanky figure possessing an average type face--with several days' growth of a beard. Blake held his breath for fear of being discovered. The pilot was walking by slowly, his eyes searching back and forth among the cargo. Blake was sorry he had held his breath, for the pilot was walking too slow. For Blake's purposes the pilot would have to have his back to him, because if Ron dared release his breath, it would come out in a loud gasp. If Blake tried to rush the pilot now, he would be seen or heard and would lose the advantage. Blake wasn't nervous about being discovered; the entire cargo was packed quite densely. Ron's "living quarters" was not unlike a miniature cave. The opening was a small black hole, which he would spring from and tackle the pilot. If the weapon was as dangerous as a laser would have been, Blake would have to work fast. The pilot would almost be sure to fire the gun, and unless the beam was blocked (perhaps by my body, he thought pessimistically), it could easily hole the ship. If that happened, neither would have any more worries.

Finally the pilot walked past Blake, and he saw his chance. On his spring out toward his quarry, Blake's foot caught on the foot of the entrance to his "cave," resulting in his falling short of the pilot. However, he was close enough to grab one of the pilot's legs, dragging him down. The weapon went off and Ron released his breath, sucking in air with large gulps. The pilot tried to turn, to bear the gun on Blake, but with his assailant on top of him, it could not be done. Seeing what the pilot was attempting, Blake grabbed the wrist of his gun arm. At the same time with his other hand, he dealt a vicious chop across his combatant's throat.

The pilot dropped the gun and lay on the floor twisting in agony. Blake moved clear of the body, after picking up the gun. He examined the weapon and found that it definitely was not a laser. cont'd

It was conventional enough with the long barrel and push button trigger. The distinction with it was the cluster of instruments surrounding the barrel, leaving only a short length of barrel exposed. As he remembered, the weapon had been used. If it had been a laser-type weapon, there would have been the high whistling sound of air escaping from a pierced hull. By all rights he should be lying on the floor gasping for air.

Thinking of gasping for air, Blake looked down at the pilot. He was making sort of a wheezing sound, being unable to talk and finding it hard to breathe. His tongue was sticking out and by the convulsions he was having, Blake was glad the pilot hadn't had anything to eat in the last couple of hours.

Ron Blake still needed the pilot, being unable to navigate the ship by himself. Afraid he might damage some of the gun's instruments, he held the weapon by its long barrel instead of by the handle. One carefully aimed swipe put the pilot unconscious.

After dragging the pilot into the control room, he ripped off the other's shirt and tied him to the captain's seat. Blake made sure he did a good job on the hands and feet. Seeing his captive would be out a long time, Ron Blake left to get his first good meal in days.

The pilot groaned once, blinking his eyes, to get used to the light. Opening his eyes wide to make a fast adjustment from darkness to light, he saw Blake. Immediately he had to close his eyes again, but it had only taken that split second to surmise his situation. Being used to the light, the pilot's eyes narrowed and he tested his bonds.

"Come now," started Blake. "Even if you do get loose, I still have this," while showing the man the weapon he held in his hand.

Although the captive stopped struggling, he still didn't talk. Then Blake noticed how taut the atmosphere of the cabin was.

"Don't worry," consoled Ron, "I'm going to leave both you and your ship intact, after you do me a slight favor. Relative to your present situation," he added.

The pilot visibly relaxed and Blake asked, "What's your name?"

"Joe Forbes," came the reply.

"Delighted to know you," said Ron, quite sardonically.

"What's your small favor, Blake?"

"Oh, so you know me!" Blake said, being somewhat surprised.

"Sure, who doesn't? They broadcasted your story long enough. You killed three people and wounded one, all with a laser."

Blake defended himself: "It didn't happen that way!"

"Naturally, you're innocent, I suppose," Forbes said savagely.

"No." Blake grinned. "I killed two of them with a knife."

"Spare me the details," Forbes snapped.

"Certainly."

"Your favor?" Forbes repeated.

"A planet. A trip to a planet, on which you shall leave me with some supplies, after which you are free to do what you like, which I suppose is to call the guard."

"You can most assuredly bet on that, and they shall 'retrieve' you, but first of all: Where is your planet?"

"We're in the right sector; one of the reasons you were selected, and the co-ordinates are: 59-76-62."

cont'd

"Not being a human calculator, I think both of us will appreciate my bonds being removed."

"No tricks," warned Blake as he withdrew a knife.

Forbes made no comment on Blake's last remark. Instead he rubbed his chafed wrists. Getting a thick volume, he looked up Blake's planet. "Of course you realize that you're costing me plenty," said Forbes as he changed the ship's course. With each course change (several were needed) the ship went out of hyperspace to speed along until a specific direction was taken. After this, they went back into hyperspace for the distance. It was believed possible to arrive at your destination the first try, but that so far is only luck. Neither man nor computer is that accurate to that type of navigation.

Ending a long pause, Blake asked: "What kind of gun is this and how does it work?"

"Why," explained Forbes, in surprise, "it's a paralyzer, standard issue. Got it when I came back from the last voyage--'bout a month ago."

"Standard issue, huh? Never saw one of them before."

"Almost every ship has one."

"Yeah," said Blake thoughtfully, "I can see why it's useful; doesn't hole the hull. But how does it work?"

"Like I said; it's a paralyzer. I'm not exactly sure on the science, but it's some kind of a telepathic force-field," he said, smiling at Blake's puzzled look.

"You see, all minds are telepathic, and any multi-cellular life form has some kind of a mind. Of course people tend to call it 'instinct,' but there has to be some kind of 'brain' to give orders, even if the creature isn't aware of it. When you want to move your fingers, you can't tell or send some kind of conscious message to that particular muscle. You would have to call that instinct on your own behalf, putting you on the level with any other bug. Understand?"

Blake nodded.

"This telepathic superficial 'thinking' precedes the actual mental order which is transmitted by electronic impulses. That gun," he said while pointing to the weapon in Blake's hand, "projects a field in which it is impossible for a telepathic mind to penetrate, by throwing a telepathic field. Actually, you'll have to call it an anti-telepathic field, since it is impossible for a telepathic impulse to originate in the field. The creature aimed at, once deprived of the telepathic forethought, is unable to move and collapses. The brain goes somewhat hysterical when it is unable to think; thus you lose consciousness and remain in the form of a faint.

"The duration of a faint depends at what distance you're hit and for how long it is on you, since the ray is continuous. Aside from that I don't know how the actual beam is made. And I have my doubts as to whether or not I should take it apart. If you want you can try."

After digesting what had been said and with his human vanity to prevent the asking of further questions on what he could not comprehend, Ron Blake asked, "What's its range?"

"It's supposed to be seven or eight yards, but I never really tested it."

cont'd

"Does it leave any after effects?"

"Nothing but a slight headache."

Both men stopped talking the moment the ship came out of hyper-space. Joe Forbes set the vessel on course with occasional bursts from her rockets.

"Isn't it kind of hard to hit the target in the head?" thought Blake aloud.

"Not at all," said Forbes. "The beam or ray gradually increases in diameter. It has a one in three ratio for its degree of increasing diameter, one of the reasons for its short range."

"And with a max diameter of 2.6 yards, it would be hard to miss," said Blake thoughtfully.

"Right!" agreed Forbes.

The ship was only a few million miles until planet fall, and was closing in regularly. Soon it would go into orbit about the fifth planet of the type F star which was so near.

Watching the pilot adjust the controls for a good orbital approach, Blake asked, "How did you find out I was aboard?"

Forbes gave forth a short laugh and said, "By my fuel guage."

"That's impossible!" started Blake.

"No, that's exactly how it did it."

"But I thought over all the angles. I took out my exact mass in cargo, stole only a small amount of food and drink and left no traces of my whereabouts."

"Talk about human vanity..." said Forbes, "and incidentally, you answered yourself."

"How?"

"All types of freighters have excellent fuel guagas. It's the most costly part of the voyage--the use of fuel. If we lose some fuel, we want to be the first to know. I carry just enough fuel to last the journey and a little extra, and I don't like using that emergency supply."

"Naturally, if I only had cargo on board, my fuel would be all used up, except for what little I have for emergencies. If there was a stowaway on board, I would first know by the unaccountable fuel loss. This ship has automatic sealers to account for any punctures, so that leaves the stowaway as the only possible answer."

"But I took off my exact weight," said Blake once more.

"The way I found out you were aboard was by my having extra fuel," said Forbes. "As you said yourself, you ate very little so I wouldn't notice the loss in food. By not eating much, you lost weight--something which my cargo would never do unless I had animals aboard, which I don't. Simple?"

"Yes. Very simple," said Blake slowly.

They stopped talking so Blake watched the pilot put the vessel in orbit around the planet.

"Of all the planets you have to pick from, why did you select this one?" asked Joe.

"Something out of my past," answered Ron. "Years ago, I was in the original group who was to colonize this planet; however the going got too rough. They sent the majority of us back, leaving only one large settlement. I was one of those who turned back. They cont'd

still have that one settlement with a rocket port, in case I ever want to get off this planet. There are many small villages we abandoned with a lot of food caches. Living there won't be too bad. Funny, it was almost all tropical and most of the animals were small and harmless. There was only one type that really gave us trouble, a huge, bear-like animal...real killer...they gave us endless trouble. They were weird, too. They couldn't stand our breath. It was some kind of waste product we exhaled, extremely poisonous to them. No, it isn't a myth," said Blake, looking at Forbes' facial expression. "A group of scientists came over and proved it. For a while it made the planet famous."

May I inject a little note, Mister Blake?" said Forbes sarcastically, becoming bored with the criminal's memoirs.

Blake bowed his head and said, "Certainly."

"Do you want the ship to land, or will you use a life boat?"

"The life boat, I suppose. I don't want to give you too much trouble."

"Thanks," said Forbes dryly.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

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this  
is  
the  
hardest  
part  
of  
editing  
a  
fanzine.....  
filling  
them  
with  
blank spaces.

#  
SCI-FI SHOWCASE #4 will be out in about three weeks to a month, and by #5 or so we will be on a steady monthly schedule. Remember, get those contribs for the special BE KIND TO BURROUGHS ISSUE by May 1, 1965. The Fantastic ERB Issue is the June number, #6.

MOTTO FOR THE MONTH:

Confucius say:

Man who stand in middle of road get hit by trucks going both ways.



THIS IS THE ELECTRIFYING

S-F

SHOWCASE

# 3 - MARCH '65

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

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