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

Number 4--April 1965

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Contents

Dissonance.....2
Books in Retrospect.....4
On the Screen.....6
The Amateur Press.....9
Alphabet Soup.....10

Guest Section

Vintage Review #3: THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS/James Duvoli.....12
Review: BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN/Rich Wannan.....13
FICTION: "Try and Try Again" (conclusion)/Chet Gottfried.....14

Fanzine Listing: 3. Advertisements: 3. Paperback Addresses: 11.

Cover by JERRY BURGE.

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The copyright has been withdrawn; it just was not worth the \$48 a year that it demanded of us. Please notify the Editor of intentions of reprint; we request a copy of the magazine containing the reprinted material to be sent to Showcase Publications.

Credits and Acknowledgements: RICH WANNEN, for helping out with many a stumper of film information, to whom this issue is gratefully dedicated; Mike Appel, Ned Brooks, Danny Cole, Robert Coulson, James Duvoli, Chet Gottfried, Charles N.Reinsel, and David Tribble.

Showcase Publication #7

Correction from last issue: RON WILSON, publisher of THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER, lives at N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane Wash 99205. We erred in stating Ron's address as N. 1307 Normandie St. 'Scuse, prease.

D I S S O N A N C E
(editorial)

It is not pleasant to write a heated editorial, and I should imagine that it is equally unpleasant to read one. But there are certain times and certain occurrences that demand that such an editorial be written. I feel that such an occurrence has happened, and such a time has come.

Recently in the Jackson paper I saw an advertisement for one of the filthiest motion pictures ever to come out of Hollywood (or wherever it was made.) I honestly believe that this picture slithered out, for I know of no censor who would have let it pass, had he been aware of its nature. It was doubly terrible because the producers of this picture had the audacity to bill it as a "horror" picture, and all fans are aware of the fact that one lousy picture can ruin the reputation of an entire genre. The film was entitled 2000 MANIACS, and the advertisement depicted a man standing over a girl and waving her arm around over her head--this appendage being cut off from the rest of her body. Superimposed on the ads were the words: "CAN YOU TAKE IT? BLOODY BEYOND BELIEF!" I was repulsed at this new low in filmdom, but the name of the picture rang a strange bell in my mind. I looked in my fanzine file on a hunch, and sure enough, in the Halloween issue of GIALLAR, 2000 MANIACS was on the Blacklist. I looked back one more issue to GIALLAR #3, and found that this film, along with several others called BLOOD FEAST, SCUM OF THE EARTH and COLOR ME BLOOD RED, had been, in editor Randall Harris' words, "produced by two quick-buck artists in Chicago who are out for money only. Their films feature useless blood and gore in large doses held together by a flimsy plot." This advertisement was the first time I personally had come in contact with these two quick-buck men, and I wanted to know who they were. I wrote my associate editor, who got on the job. In less than a week a letter came back from Rich Wannan:

"It seems that MANIACS and BLOOD FEAST have been causing all sorts of commotion, especially FEAST. I have read several articles in VARIETY during my searches on various censorship squabbles; seems you're not the only one objecting to these pictures.

"The producers of 2000 MANIACS is a three-way partnership of Stanford Kohlberg, producer David Friedman, and director Herschell Lewis. Release is thru Chicago-based Box Office Spectaculars. Chicago film censors refused to permit it being shown. An attorney for Chicago made a summary which may be paraphrased thusly (2000 MANIACS):

"...deals with the vengeance of a Southern city whose inhabitants had been massacred by Northern troops 100 years earlier.. Two cars are detoured into the town where the occupants are told the city is about to celebrate a Centennial, and that they have been chosen to experience 'real Southern hospitality.' A girl in the group is a chronic husband-cheater & goes off into the fields with a Southern lad. He volunteers to show her his pen-knife & in the process cuts off her thumb--all on camera & in Technicolor. Then he takes her, as tho to give help, to the Mayor's office where a group of townspeople watch the Mayor hack off her arm & roast it over a spit; on camera. Her husband is drawn & quartered, a second man is placed in a barrel with spikes penetrating it--and the barrel is rolled down a bouncy hill. His wife is bound & a boulder is dropped from above, squashing her. Needless to say, no cutaways or fadeouts are used. One way or another, we see just what happens--& I wonder about their methods of special effecting. Most nauseating of all is the picture's main theme music, tastlessly titled "The South Shall Rise Again." This, I think, cont'd

DISSONANCE

is the worst concept in the film."

Readers all--I entreat you. Boycott 2000 MANIACS, BLOOD FEAST, and all films like it. Help restore some semblance of decency to the field of horror films. I am trying to get the address of Box Office Spectaculars, and when I do it will be published in these pages so that anyone who wishes can write and tell these three moneygrabbers what horror fans felt about their latest atrocity.

The Editor

FANZINE LISTINGS

(Note: Send me your fanzine and I'll list it here. If I'm in the mood, I might even review it in the review col--you never can tell. "LTC" stands for Letter, Trade, or Contribution.)

8MM COLLECTOR-Samuel K. Rubin, 734 Philadelphia St, Indiana, Penna 15701.
50¢ per copy/\$2 per year (4 issues)

WEREWOLF CHRONICLE-Gary Kahn, 24917 Dover, Detroit, Michigan 48239.
Contribs/10¢ per issue.

WRITERS' EXCHANGE-Alma Hill, 463 Park Drive, Boston 15, Massachusetts.
This is the official bureau zine of the Writer's Exchange of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. You do not have to be a member of NZF to join the Exchange. Merely write Alma for membership. It is a department to help budding writers with market news and appraisal by fellow writers. I met TAFF candidate Jock Root thru a "story" I sent to the Exchange.

YANDRO-Bob Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana 46992. 30¢/4-\$1/12-\$2.50.
The best fanzine around. In the current ish (#145), SCI-FI SHOWCASE #1 is given a rave review.(well, a Coulson rave.....)
/Some will probably come in tomorrow, so look around the bottoms of pages this time for listings of just-arrived zines.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Special Huckster Ad: F O R S A L E:

Reading Copies Only: GALAXY Science Fiction Magazine--Aug.'52; Dec.'53; June '54; Nov.'55; Feb., Mar., Apr., Oct.'56; May, June, Nov.'57; Apr., Dec.'58; Feb., Dec.'59, and June '60. 15¢ EACH.

#NEW WORLDS (American), June '60-ANALOG (digest), Jan.'62. 25¢ EACH.

#Very good condition: AMAZING STORIES, Nov.'63 (with ERB's "Savage Pellucidar,"--first time in print), Aug.'64; WORLDS OF TOMORROW, Aug. '63. 45¢ EACH.

#Paperbacks--mint condition: THE BEST FROM FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND, Paperback Library, 1964-prntg 3. 50¢. very good condition: THE DARK SIDE OF THE EARTH/Alfred Bester, Signet, 1964--45¢. Fair condition: STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE/Rod Serling, Bantam, 1960. 45¢.

tom dupree/809 adkins boulevard/jackson miss 39211--25¢ postage with all orders please.

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If YOU would like to join general fandom's largest organization, write Tom Dupree for details. Many benefits for the fee, which is \$2/year.

SUBSCRIBE! SCI-FI SHOWCASE brings you news and informative articles on science fiction and fandom monthly. \$2.50 a year.

BOOKS IN RETROSPECT

THE NIGHT WALKER, by Robert Bloch/novelized by Sidney Stuart. Award Books, N.Y. 139pp. 1964. 50¢.

This is simply the Bloch screenplay for the William Castle shocker currently making the theatre rounds--in novel form. If you are one of those who doesn't like to be told the ending before you see the film, skip it. If you want to know the plot, read it. It's fast moving; I liked it. Concerns a girl who has trouble separating dreams from reality.

A CENTURY OF GREAT SHORT SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS, edited by Damon Knight. Dell Books, N.Y. 447pp. 1964. 75¢.

This one belongs right alongside Knight's other Dell anthology, A CENTURY OF SCIENCE FICTION. Six excellent short novels are included: "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Robert Louis Stevenson; HGWells' "The Invisible Man;" Karel Capek's delightful "The Absolute at Large," which became my favorite instantly, mainly because I was familiar with the other five; "Gulf," by Robert Heinlein; TJSherred's "E For Effort;" and finally the modern classic "Hunter, Come Home," by Richard McKenna.

There is little "reviewing" to be done here. The stories are excellent. The finest compliment I can give to this book is to say that it is acceptable to give to a non-science-fiction-reading friend.

THE BAT, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Dell Books, N.Y. 224pp. 1965. 45¢.

Not a science fiction book, this, in fact, not even a horror story. But THE BAT is one of the cleverest mysteries I have ever read, and if Boucher can alternate, so can I. Suffice it to say that it is "just right" for the horror fan, and will be an excellent diet for the fantasy buff, and fans of the horror cinema (unless, of course, you are the KING KONG VS. THE GIANT MAN-EATING HAMSTER type), being that it was made into a motion picture back in 1959 by Allied Artists, with Vincent Price in the lead. The story itself concerns a master criminal, The Bat, who has baffled all police for a long while. He decides to pick on a little old lady.....

MUTINY IN SPACE, by Avram Davidson. Pyramid, N.Y. 159pp. 1964.

This is a drawn-out version of the "Valentine's Planet" novel published last summer in WORLDS OF TOMORROW. You'll remember that WOT editor Frederik Pohl welcomed this one as a return by Davidson to the science fiction adventure yarns that were so missing in today's sci-fi. While I might be inclined to agree that the element of adventure has become a minor point as science "catches up," I don't think that MUTINY IN SPACE would be classified as a gem in the field. "Valentine's Planet" was quite palatable in its shortened form in WOT, but the book version suffers from the same malady that most drawn-out stories suffer from (witness Irwin Lewis' THE DAY THEY INVADED NEW YORK--from ANALOG, and Phil Dick's MARTIAN TIME SLIP--from WORLDS OF TOMORROW): they are just drawn out too darned much. Most of the "adventure" is gone the second time through, and I have no other basis to go on. I can't "unread" a book. Not worth the four bits.

 I went on my monthly buying spree the other day, and picked up five Alfred Hitchcock anthologies. Get them--they are terrific. They are billed as "suspense stories" and "horror tales," but there is a lot of fantasy included in most of them. They're Dell, and 50¢ each.

cont'd

BOOKS IN RETROSPECT

TALES OF THE INCREDIBLE, Ballantine, N.Y. 190pp. 1965. 50¢.

And this belongs right beside TALES FROM THE CRYPT, reviewed in this column two issues ago. INCREDIBLE is merely science fiction whereas CRYPT was horror. I liked this one a little better because it was enjoyable in spots and not merely repulsive. If you must see what EC Comics did before they went MAD, get this one rather than the other. But if you are discriminating, save your money on both of them.

REVOLT IN 2100, by Robert A. Heinlein. Signet, N.Y. 192pp. 1965(?). 50¢.

An excellent book here, and one which I am sure will please all the Neffer types in our audience, because it is Mister Heinlein's theories on politico-science in the future. A long novelette leads the way, "If This Goes On---", followed by two shorter ones, "Coven-try" and "Misfit." For encyclopaedists, this is the third book in the Future History series. Introduction is by Henry Kuttner.

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, by HPLovecraft. Belmont, N.Y. 141pp. 1965. 50¢.

A good novel. Rather slow moving at first, but it gradually picks up to a fever pitch. Chas. Ward experiments with black magic and witchcraft, and follows a Joseph Curwen, an elder follower of the rites. Many astounding events follow, and Lovecraft tells the tale with that unmistakable scent of authenticity which he uses so well. A good buy.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1965, Edited by Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr. Ace Books, N.Y. 288pp. 1965. 50¢.

From the back cover: "Ace Books presents her the first of an important new series of anthologies." If Ace is going to anthologize science fiction stories every year, this may well be the anthology revolution of the 1960's. It is well known that Ace is ultra-fast in publishing, so this means that we will have the quickest anthology ever in paperback. By all means buy this one; it will be a collector's item--and I mean that sincerely. Included are such stories as "Four Brands of Impossible," from the September F&SF, "Oh, To Be A Blobel!", Philip K. Dick's story from GALAXY--many others. The finest 1964 anthology yet, and chances are the finest ever, because Merrill's books lose a little when one doesn't see them for a year after the stories were published; congrats go to Wollheim and Carr.

GHOST HUNTER, by Hans Holzer. Ace, N.Y. 160pp. 1963 (copr.). 50¢.

Buck Coulson would call this a book for the "saucer crowd," but nevertheless, I thought it was very good. Holzer makes no brash statements as does Edwards--he merely tells you what has happened and leaves no strange voice in the air hissing: "Is it fiction? Is it fiction?" Holzer tells you what he SAW. The blurb tells us that it was "one of the most talked-about books of the decade." Humph. But it was good anyway. Buy it and join the saucer crowd.

UNSOLICITED PLUGS VILLE: I believe it's time for a round of applause for RICHARD WITTER and his F&SF Book Co/P.O.Box 415/Staten Island, NY 10302. Send for his catalog--it's the best around. You can literally buy anything there--from Big Little Books to the latest Arkham House release. If you're looking for just-out-of-print paperbax, he has them too. A must for any collector.

ON THE SCREEN
by Associate Editor
JOHN R. DUWOLI

TOMB OF LIGEIA

An Alta Vista Production
An American-International Picture

Cast:

Verden Fell.....	VINCENT PRICE
Lady Rowena Trevanion.....	ELIZABETH SHEPHERD
Christopher Gough.....	JOHN WESTBROOK
Kenrick.....	OLIVER JOHNSTON
Lord Trevanion.....	DEREK FRANCIS
Dr. Vivian.....	RICHARD VERNON
Parson.....	RONALD ADAM
Peperel.....	FRANK THORNTON

Produced and directed by ROGER CORMAN. Screenplay by ROBERT TOWNE, based on a story "Ligeia," by EDGAR ALLAN POE. Director of photography: ARTHUR GRANT. Editor: ALFRED COX. Assistant director: DAVID TRINCHAM. Musical scoring: KEN JONES. Filmed in Pathecolor. Running time: 80 minutes.

TOMB OF LIGEIA begins with effective titles and a fine musical scoring. But alas, the rest of the film does not live up to the artistic opening sequences. Except for the nightmarish finale, director Corman concentrates on atmosphere rather than visible horror. He is only occasionally successful.

Verden Fell (VINCENT PRICE) is hypnotized by his wife Ligeia while she is on her deathbed. Ligeia plans to return from the grave with her husband's help. At the funeral, Verden explains to the pastor that Ligeia believed that the mind is a prisoner of the body, though it need not be. Ligeia felt that the mind could keep itself alive after the body was dead, thusly obtaining immortality. Ligeia is lowered into the earth.

Some time later, the lovely Rowena is thrown from her horse while participating in a fox hunt. Fell takes her to his home where he bandages her wounds. Within a short time, Verden and Rowena are married.

Soon after the marriage, strange things begin to happen. Rowena is strangely attracted to Fell's black cat. The cat has a strange effect on Rowena and nearly drives her to hurl herself to her death from a church tower.

Later, Rowena begins to feel that there is an alien intelligence attempting to infiltrate her body. Terrified, she consults Christopher Gough, a family friend. While conducting his investigation, Gough unearths the body of Ligeia, but instead of Ligeia, he finds a wax model.

The film now moves rapidly to one of the most bizarre finales yours truly has ever seen on the screen. It may remind some of the incredible "Morella" sequence, one of the three horror tales in Corman's 1962 TALES OF TERROR (AIP). Or it may remind fantasy audiences of the THRILLER episode "Le Strega." In any event, it is a most impressive and wild finale.

I regret to report that the first hour of the film is not very impressive at all. Robert Towne's screenplay and Corman's direction are slow. I trust that this was done in an attempt to build incident upon incident so that maximum suspense could be obtained, but cont'd

TOMB OF LIGEIA(cont'd)

a feeling of suspense is seldom conveyed.

Vincent Price is fine, but the supporting actors add little quality to the film. Not that they are good or bad...just indifferent.

A most unusual suggestion: when you see TOMB OF LIGEIA, see the last twenty minutes first, then stay and see the whole show. This perhaps sounds like a screwball idea, but for this screwball film it just might work. Won't you let me know if it does? I'm sure you will if it doesn't.

GIANT OF METROPOLIS

A Seven Arts Release

Eastman Color

GIANT OF METROPOLIS traces the adventures of the mighty Obro. Who is Obro, you ask? Obro, dear heart, is one of the countless and brainless heroes on the Italian mass-produced sex-and-sandæl epics. Obro, in typical super-hero fashion, grins, grunts and grimaces into, through and out of any situation that any six-year-old would have avoided in the first place.

Please understand--Obro is not the giant of the title...no such luck! The giant is a mammoth wild man with flyaway hair and neatly brushed teeth. Needless to add, Obro defeats him in hand-to-hand, foot-in-mouth combat.

What is GIANT OF METROPOLIS all about? You'll be sorry you asked! Well, like I said, it's about Obro (spelled backwards, it's Orbo). Obro falls in love with the daughter of the evil King. King Yotar is a rather unsympathetic sort who spends his time driving his wife to suicide, conducting experiments in immortality, and scowling hideously. Our hero, after giving the matter little thought, decides to destroy Yotar, thus bringing peace and tranquility to Metropolis.

GIANT OF METROPOLIS is little more than 90-odd minutes of continuous cliches. Among them, endless discussion and silly fight sequences abound. Well staged, granted, but just a bit too much.

Of course Metropolis sinks beneath the sea in a charitable, inevitable and pretty confused finale. A well staged closing scene would have done much to save the film, but the fire and flood finale is not too effectively executed. King Yotar is executed, though (by a mad mob). But don't feel bad--he eventually got religion and righted his wrongs before expiring.

Conspicuously lacking are dancing girls, bathing and bedroom sequences. These, of course, are scenes which do little to further the plot, but at least we get to see some good visual effects that way. There is a thinly clad Princess Mesede (pronounced Mesede). But alas, we see little of her (well, we see much of her when we see her, but we don't see much of her...you understand).

There is an elaborate production design and the color photography is interesting, but it cannot make up for the poor dubbing and cliché-ridden plot.

There is, however, one memorable scene. Obro takes his beloved Mesede in his arms, presses her perfumed, thinly clad body close to his, looks deep into her blue eyes, places his mouth next to her parted, moist, alluring lips, and pants:

"I love you. You're made like I am."

cont'd

GIANT OF METROPOLIS (cont'd)

Of course, one must take into consideration that there were no glasses in those days, so perhaps Obro thought that she was a "dog" or that he was beautiful. In any event, while he should look again, take my advice and don't you look even once. Stay home and read a good book.

SHORT TAKES

Plan to be at home Tuesday evenings this fall. The CBS network will offer Irwin Allen's LOST IN SPACE and Joseph Stefano's THE HAUNTED..... AIP Poe translator and prolific producer Roger Corman has announced that he will produce fewer shockers and more war dramas.....The fourth Broccoli-Saltzman UA James Bond thriller THUNDERBALL will be borderline sf. Watch for it in December.....Meanwhile, Columbia is looking for a Bond capable of challenging UA's Connery for their CASINO ROY-ALE.....A recent THE SAINT TV episode, "Sibad," was actually voodoo fantasy. Series producers Robert S. Baker and Monty Berman are veterans of such films as BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE, THE CRAWLING EYE and MANIA.....Del Tenney's FRANKENSTEIN VS. THE SPACE MONSTER will probably be released as FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MAN. Actually, I'm not particularly wild over either title.....TAFF candidate Jock Root's father, Wells Root, writes episodes for TV's THE ROGUES. --John R. Duvoli

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Recently, in the New Orleans, Louisiana Times-Picayune, there appeared a column by Frank Gagnard in which he discusses Stanley Kubrick's forthcoming sci-fi epic JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS. From that article, here are the words of producer Stanley (DR. STRANGELOVE) Kubrick:

"JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS is an epic story of adventure and exploration, encompassing the Earth, the planets of our solar system, and a journey light-years away to another part of the galaxy. It is a scientifically based yet dramatic attempt to explore the infinite possibilities that space travel now opens to mankind.

"The screen story ((says Gagnard)) will open in the year 2001, when permanent bases have been established on the moon, manned expeditions have visited Mars, and automatic probes have been sent to all the major planets of this solar system. Kubrick continued, 'Enough has been discovered to make it certain that only the Earth, of all the sun's children, has brought forth intelligence; there are simple life forms on Mars, but that is all. Mankind is alone in the solar system.

"Then, unexpectedly and from uncomfortably close at hand, comes the electrifying discovery of extraterrestrial intelligence."

JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS, based on a novel by Arthur C. Clarke, will begin its mammoth production schedule on August 16, with locations in Britain, Switzerland, Africa, Germany, and the U.S., with interior scenes scheduled for the M-G-M studio in London.

JUST OUT! The fourth big issue of FAMOUS FIENDS FROM FILMDOM! This giant, 64-page fanzine can be yours for 50¢ from Editor MIKE APPEL, 1103 Kinsella Avenue, Belleville Illinois 62221. Back copies are also available. The fourth issue contains articles from Bob Allen, Dennis Allen, Kathleen Hogan, Gene Klein, Bill Lorenzo, Charles Stanfield, and Dave Szurek. Don't miss it!

THE AMATEUR PRESS

9

GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE, edited by Gary Collins, 11 Catherine Street, Port Jervis, NY 12771. 20¢/6-90¢/10-\$1.50. Irregular. Issue reviewed: no. 19.

The GGG is a nicely done, serious horror fanzine which is reproduced better than any other mimeo'd zine of which I know. Every letter is clear and sharp, and whoever does the printing for GGG deserves a hand. This issue features not only the habitual offset cover, but also a few offset pages to supplement included articles. Gary Collins finishes his tremendous review of Bela Lugosi's WHITE ZOMBIE here--the review is a two-parter and was supplemented by a tape recording of several parts of the dialog. Four stills from WHITE ZOMBIE are on display. Also included are an early Randall Harris story; a short review of DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL by Ron Borst; a Larry Byrd fiction offering; a tribute to Lon Chaney Jr by Larry Winters and another by Alan Dodd; Robert Villard's review of THE TIME TRAVELERS, with an offset page of scenes from the flick. A wholly enjoyable issue, with a nice lettercol, including a letter from--chuckle--Ned Brooks.

NIEKAS, edited by Ed Meskys, L71, LRL, Box 808, Livermore Cal 94551 (letters only--send fanzines c/o Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley Cal 94701). LTC/35¢. Distributed thru N'APA, but available to general fandom. Quarterly. Issue reviewed: no. 10.

This is one of my all-time favorite fanzines. It comes out every N'APA mailing with the most refreshing bit of prose anybody could ask for. Meskys' mimeography bows to few, and the sheer page number would make NIEKAS something to reckon with. This issue Ed apologizes in all sincerity for the dearth of pages--and the issue is composed of 52 whopping pages, with two pages of offset!

At any rate, the ish contains the N'APA activity requirements of Meskys and Felice Rolfe; the continuation of Al Halevy's Tolkein index; a Roger Zelazny poem; several articles and features by such people as John Baxter, Carl Frederick, Dana Warren, Philip K. Dick, Jack Newkom, and a lettercol which is divided into subjects rather than commenters; for instance, all the comments on one particular article are placed in one spot of the lettercol. Artwork abounds, and one wonders where Meskys finds the time for all this. But we are not about to press the subject and kill the goose that lays the golden yegg (and that's no yolk!).

CINEMAGICDOM, edited by Ken Dixon 674 Buttonwood Drive, Springfield, Penna 19064. Issue reviewed: no. 5.

I just latched on to CMD before it folded, carrying with it Ken's other publications. However, this ditto'd combozine of the last issues of CINEMAGICDOM, ERB, HEROES OF THE COMICS and SCI-FI-FANTASY, is excellent for the swashbucklers among our readers. Ken uses the color which ditto allows to the hilt, with excellent drawings in full color. I am only sorry that I did not see any of the back issue, but Ken says that they are available @25¢. Ken's publishing career is not over; merely dormant. He notes in CMD that he will continue to publish one-shots on such heroes as Captain America, the Shadow, The Green Hornet, and other movie greats.

Rich Wannan/541 Sheffield Ave/Webster Groves 19, Missouri tells me that he is the USAgent for a fanzine entitled MOVIE MATINEE. I haven't seen an ish yet, but will let you know when I do. From Rich's description, sounds good. 30¢ a copy.

ALPHABET SOUP
(letters)

WHIT MANNERLY I enjoyed the first issue of SCI-FI SHOWCASE very
P.O.Box 1580 much, although I think some of your reamrks ex-
Brooklyn, NY 11202 pressing doubt as to how successful it would be
were not very wise. If you don't have confidence in yourself, how
can you expect your readers to have faith in you?

On the books, I agreed pretty much with you on the ones I had
also read, but I do not share your seemingly disdainful point of view
toward ERB. I am not an ERB fan, but I do think there are certain ad-
mirable things about his books which deserve respect.

I especially enjoyed Clay Hamlin's article on Henry Kuttner; it
was well written and very informative.

I agree with your policy of nondiscussion of political points
of view, since I think a fanzine is for discussing happenings in fan-
dom--not happenings in the world's political circles.

Gene's article on the Shadow wasn't too bad except I don't think
the Shadow belongs in fantasy or science fiction. To me, it is more
like a fairy story written or programmed for a bunch of 12-year-old
kids.

I liked the two fiction stories and hope you have others in the
future as good as the first two.

+++++

ELAINE WOJIECHOWSKI Just read your fanzine cover to cover and
4755 N.Keystone Avenue find I like it very much. The whole idea is
Chicago, Illinois 60630 great. I enjoyed the stories by Askold &
Chet Gottfried, and also the articles by the others. ((Elaine is
the only person I know who gets writers' cramp trying to write her
own name. Whew! Did I spell it right?))

+++++

ART HAYES SCI-FI SHOWCASE recieved a few days agg. Thanks. Am en-
P.O.Box 189 closing 25¢ in U.S.postage stamps in payment. ((By the
Mantachewan, way, all you readers, stamps are fine for payment--I
Ontario can use them. But if they stick together in transit, I
CANADA reserve the right to send them back and demand an unstick-
y quarter.)) I don't expect this letter to be worthy to publish ((Har!))
and contrary to your listing (page 7), THRU THE HAZE is now dormant.
I might publish it again, but that day is sometime in the indefinite
future. It has been abandoned for now.

The mechanics of this first issue are good. As for your policy,
I think it should be amended to read, "We aim to TRY to please." You
won't succeed in pleasing all but you can try to please as many as
possible.

Not a criticism of your issue, but I didn't read the book reviews
primarily because I've got hundreds I have not gotten around to reading
yet, so why burden myself with seeing a review that makes me want to
add another to the long list of those I haven't read? ((Read the col-
umn and maybe I can discourage you from reading some books.)) Lately,
at this new location (please note new address), I have started reading
the zines, but not the books.

Would suggest that you do not list apazines, unless they are suf-
ficiently of general interest to warrant wider reading (and if they
are distributed outside the apa in sufficient numbers).

I can't think of any reason why I'd want my zine reviewed that
would make it desirable that I send TWO copies to you. Why TWO? ((Be-
cause the second copy is not going to be blurred out in the same place
because of bad repro. The last thing I want to say in a review that

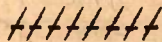
ALPHABET SOUP

Art Hayes:/I promised a fared is that I couldn't read the zine.))

Clayton Hamlin's article on Henry Kuttner is too much of the goshwow attitude type. I think justice could be done to Henry without all the adjectives.

"Something Different," by Gottfried, could have had that particular something to make it of special interest and, oddly enough, what it needs is a little padding--a little to it to round out the story and provide more nackground, more depth. It's a shallow story as it is, yet the basis could be worked into a medium value story. "The Call" is better (Askold Ladonko) but it left me unsatisfied. But, I can't say what the reason is.

On the whole, a pretty fair zine. Thanks for having sent it to me.



TOM DUPREE: I would like to apologize for the drawing out of the comments on issue one, but I am sure you can understand that the reason for it was that we had no time between issues to get letters. To show you how fast I have been working this month of March, this is the fourth issue, and I have it almost completely stenciled. As of this instant, I have not even seen a copy of issue 2, much less the readers. Bill Pettit says they are on the way, and will probably be here in a day or two, but here we are in #4, with absolutely no comments on #2 and #3. The lettercol will be extra long nexttime to accomodate all the busy letterhax, and by the time next issue rolls around, you will be back to normal. So please do not let this crazy-quilt lettercol stop you from writing. Who knows--maybe we'll just drop the features next time and simply have one big lettercol.....

I have biceps on my fingerbones, I've been typing so hard.

INFORMATION

I have always needed a list such as the one I am now going to give, but I never saw one. So, for your information, here are the addresses of the major paperback book publishers in America. When you see a company listed in the book reviews, and you don't see the book on the newsstands, simply write at these addresses:

- ACE BOOKS, Inc./1120 Avenue of the Americas/New York 36, N.Y.
- AVON BOOKS. The Hearst Corp./572 Madison Ave/New York 22, N.Y.
- BALLANTINE BOOKS, Inc./101 Fifth Ave/New York 3, N.Y.
- BANTAM BOOKS, Inc./271 Madison Ave/New York 16, N.Y.
- BELMONT BOOKS. Belmont Productions, Inc./66 Leonard St/NYC 10013.
- BERKLEY MEDALLION. Berkley Publishing Corp./15 E.26th St/New York 10, NY
- DELL BOOKS. Dell Publishing Co Inc/750 Third Ave/NYC 10017.
- MONARCH BOOKS Inc./Capital Bldg/Derby, Connecticut 06418.
- PAPERBACK LIBRARY Inc/260 Park Avenue So./New York 10, NY.
- PERMA BOOKS and POCKET BOOKS. Pocket Books Inc/630 5th Ave/New Yk 20, NY
- PYRAM ID BOOKS/444 Madison Ave/New York 22, N.Y.
- SIGNET BOOKS. The New American Library of World Literature Inc./501 Madison Avenue/New York, N.Y. 10022.

#There are others, but I do not have their addresses available. Should anyone like to supplement this list or include a similar one for hardback publishers, such would be recieved with gratefulness.

VINTAGE REVIEW #3

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS

by James Duvoli

((Note: This is the brother of our associate editor. We are proud to present the first in what we hope is a long series of articles in scope, discussing the merits--and drawbacks--of fantasy films by Mr. Duvoli. The third in our Vintage Review series.....))

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS

A Security Limited Production

An Allied Artists Picture.

With HOWARD KEEL, NICOLE MAUREY, MERWYN JOHNS, JANETTE SCOTT, and KIERON MOORE. Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN, from the novel by JOHN WYNDHAM. Executive Producer: PHILIP YORDAN. Produced by GEORGE PITCHER. Directed by STEVE SEKELY. Photographed in CinemaScope and Eastman Color. Running time: 91 minutes.

Of the countless science fiction films I have seen, I consider THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS one of the finest. The story is of a blinded world populace terrorized by greenhouse plants that have become giant carnivorous monsters.

Bill Mason (KEEL), one of the few survivors of a catastrophic meteorological phenomena, walks out into a desolate and desperate world, filled with savage men and horrifying plants that destroy their victims with terrifying efficiency. Mason's search for a sign of sanity in the now horrified and horrifying world brings him to a train station where a derailment has caused rampant terror. There he finds a girl still capable of sight being manipulated through the crowd by a man not so fortunate. Having been attracted by her pleas for help, he frees her from the man's grasp. Continuing their search for sighted people, they come to a large farm that has been transformed into a home for the blind. The villa is invaded by escaped prisoners who force the helpless blind women to participate in an orgy of the flesh. Later, when triffids (the plant-monsters) overrun the estate, Mason, the girl, and the sighted leader of the blind group (MAUREY) make good an escape.

The three take temporary refuge in a home owned by a blind couple, but after a few days, that too is surrounded by the triffid. Luckily, Mason had taken the time afforded to build an electric fence around the farm house. Discovering the voltage is not strong enough, he uses a gas hose as a blow torch, cinderling the nearby triffids.

Meanwhile on a small island, a husband-and-wife scientist team (MOORE and SCOTT) discover that seawater will turn even the mightiest of triffids into a blubbering pulp. Back on the mainland, Mason discovers that the triffids are attracted by sound. He uses a loudspeaker truck to draw away the grisly monsters, allowing the rest to escape. Mason later joins them as they escape via rescue submarine.

Howard Keel was fine as the seaman and the supporting cast was more than adequate. The CinemaScope and color photography added much to the terrifying atmosphere.

 These past few issues of S-FS have been published right behind one another so we can get on a respectable schedule. The deadline for the fifth issue is APRIL 15, and there will be no deviations. If we get this published before then, well and good. But on April 15, we start putting together the fifth issue, no matter what.

((Contributor Rich Wannan takes an interesting look at one aspect of the film here: can it be used as propaganda? Answering his own question, let's look at))

BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN

(rich
wannan)

BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN-AIP-1963-A Filmgroup Presentation

Despite the fact that the credits to this picture bear names which appear either American or English, these are names only. Star Edd Perry is really named Ivan Pereverzev, director Thomas Colchart is really Alexander Kozyrev, and the producing company is Mosfilm of Moscow, USSR.

Nonetheless, this film bears only a slight trace of Russian propaganda. The Filmgroup did a decent job of rubbing out any form of Russian brainwashing with the possible exception of the overriding theme of peaceful coexistence (a false ideology rectly adopted by another powerful nation in recent years.....)((Did I say in the first ish I was steering away from politics?-Ed.)) So, unless you have a violent objection to any Commie films, do try to see this import. As fantasci, it is excellently done, and it also provides some interesting glimpses of Russky filmmaking techniques. The spacial concepts would make Chesley Bonestell jealous, and the general special fx are superb. Models have none of that polished metal or reflective plastic look at all. You would really swear that you were out in space.

Needless to say, the film does have technical difficulties. The color has an obnoxious red tint; somewhat like that in the Japanese GATE OF HELL, tho not quite as violent. And the "Americans" in the film go over to the "Russian" side just a little too easily & with a little too much regret.

Ignoring these facts, which really are trivial, we find an interesting little space story. For US consumption, America was translated as North Hemis, & Russia as South Hemis, two new continents divided by the equator. South Hemis plans to launch an exploratory rocket to Mars from its space station. When a North Hemis ship drops by the station for repairs, the two pilots learn of the South Hemis plan, formerly a Big Secret. The North Hemisians then, on the pretext of making repairs, reboard their spaceship (the Typhoon) & take off, hopefully for Mars. Unfortunately, they injure one man. South Hemisians have no recourse but to try to catch up. Their men, played by "Edd" and "Andy Stewart" (Alex. Shvorin) take off in their ship (which has a name in Russian letters ingeniously blotted out) only to find the Northerners in trouble--no fuel. They decide to rescue the two pilots, saving them just as their ship is pulled into the sun. The Northerners repent with much gusto, only to find the Southerners are forced to land on an asteroid.

Thus we see the beginnings of an at-the-very-least-passable space story. There is a monster sequence involvedl it was originally filmed as a dream of one of the Northerners, but is changed for the American version. Also the dubbing leaves one or two questions in the mind. But this is minor; the visual effects should knock any fan for a loop, and again, let me emphasize that there is hardly any Commie-type propaganda left by American dubbers. See this one.

Fiction

TRY AND

TRY AGAIN

-CHET GOTTFRIED

part 2--conclusion

Synopsis: Ron Blake, criminal and murderer, has stowed away on the cargo ship of Joe Forbes. Forbes cleverly deduces that a stowaway is aboard because even though Blake took off his exact weight from the cargo, he did not eat much, and therefore lost weight. After a short struggle, Forbes is overpowered and Blake forces him to take the ship to a planet populated only by one settlement. On the way, Blake learns of Forbes' new weapon, a paralyzer, which works by generating an anti-telepathic field so that no animal can think. Blake is very interested in this device, but his conversation is cut short as they near the planet. We pick up on the action as Forbes and Blake prepare the life boat for the latter's departure from the ship.

The two men stocked the winger space craft and prepared it for launching, during which they began speaking.....

"Am I going to get my paralyzer back, Blake?" asked Forbes.

"One way or another," Blake replied with a laugh.

"I'm still waiting for an answer; it cost me more than you are."

"Why, it's only a gun, oh...but safe to use on a ship."

"Congratulations," said Forbes, "do you think 'I' can get a question answered now?"

"Certainly," Blake replied. "No, what I told you about those psuedo-bears is true, but if I have to face one, it will be with a gun rather than air. No, I'll have to keep your weapon."

They went back to a final sleeping period, the pilot being tied up once more.

After sleeping, Forbes was untied and they ate.

"You can leave any time you want to, Blake."

"Eager to get rid of me?" smiled Blake.

"I suppose so."

"Guess you're going to call the guard as soon as I leave..."

"No reason why I shouldn't. There's a reward that will make up at least double for my losses, not forgetting I'm also insured."

"I thought so," answered Blake. "I hope you don't mind too much, but I need the head start," he said while pulling the trigger of the paralyzer. As Forbes slumped to the floor, he added: "If you were telling the truth you'll wake up later with only a headache."

Out of the bulky body of the mother ship shot the small, sleek craft, with wings from nose to tail and two stabilizing fins. There were small rockets for steering at the end of the fins and wings. The ship itself had a small cabin and large cargo area, with two different propulsion systems--rocket and ramjet. The craft was generally used to transport cargo to planets which didn't have the normal rocket field.

The ship circled closer and closer to the planet. It was beginning to come into an atmosphere and the craft was bouncing violently.

cont'd

Broken instruments caused Blake to make a "hand landing," without the use of the ship's computer. After searching the ground beneath him for half an hour, he came to an area of fairly smooth ground. Blake helped to slow the craft by dragging its tail before landing, having its nose pointed up 45 degrees. With her tail almost touching the ground, Blake let her nose down, turning on the remaining retarding rockets, with all her other engines off. Even so the craft surged forward producing a hard touch down.

With his nose bleeding, Ron Blake got out of his air-tight vessel. In the distance he could see one of the abandoned villages, its prefabricated buildings one or two stories high. Surrounding it and the clearing was jungle, one item the planet had more than enough of.

Blake went back into his ship to check for damages. There were still some irreplaceable instruments broken, but the ship was still good for short trips around the planet. Going into the small cargo area, he found that one of his four containers of water had sprung a leak. He lost all the water from that container. Concerning him more was his loss in food supplies, which the water spoiled. Blake didn't lose too much, but to him any was plenty. He wasn't worried about starvation; the settlement had more than enough food, but it was concentrated. Made to keep a person alive rather than to give him a full meal. The supplies Blake got were part of the cargo, which was to be sent to some of the pleasure spots of various planets.

Going back into the control room of the craft, he thought that his most serious loss was that of the paralyzer. Most of its delicate instruments were broken by the shock of landing.

He ate a meal in silence, half missing the company of Forbes. He got some sleep, planning to go into the town early in the morning.

When Blake awoke, it was still dark. He gazed for a while into the deep purple sky and the myriads of stars, beginning to disappear under the light of the rising sun, and then he went down into the ship and began preparing a knapsack.

As soon as the sun began to rise, equal to twilight, Blake started his trek to the village. He walked fast, for he was worried. Before the colonies were forced to leave they almost forced the bear-like creatures, the Tanodonts, into extinction. Once the people left, Tanodonts were now probably as plentiful as when he first came.

The planet which Ron Blake walked on was larger than Earth but its gravity was less, due to the fact that density was also less than that of Earth. Distances were very deceiving on the planet, for there weren't many particles in the air and it had a larger horizon. Inasmuch Blake walked close to two hours without the buildings showing an appreciable increase in size. He wished now that he had brought the life boat closer to the village.

It was also the planet's clarity which allowed him to see a Tanodont approach him. The pseudo-bear was using a lumbering gait which was a characteristic of this type of animal. The average creature was about twice as large as one full-grown grizzly. Blake knew because he had once seen a grizzly in a Martian zoo.

Deciding the village was closer, he began to trot slowly towards it. Anything faster would tire him out too soon and Blake was too frightened to move any slower.

The village became much larger and both Blake and the beast realized it. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the Tanodont sit on its haunches. Gasping for breath, Blake slowed down to a walk and kept a "weather eye" on the animal.

cont'd

TRY AND TRY AGAIN

There was a loud penetrating noise and both the psuedo-bear and the man looked up. Sitting on a tail of flames, a large ship slowly settled in the village. Blake immediately identified it as a two-man patrol vessel. Willing to take his chances with the Tanodont rather than the guard, he went at a fast clip to the life boat.

The Tanodont, discouraged at losing its prey and frightened by the ship, started to sink into the lush tropical jungle. It saw the man running toward the metallic thing across the plain. Seeing how close the person would have to come, the animal charged Blake.

Blake didn't particularly like to test old timers' tales, even though he knew it was based on a sound scientific fact; that the Tanodonts were rumored to hate the waste gases released by human breath. Still, the Tanodony was cutting off his escape route and it was his only chance. He giggled insanely over the thought of having to breathe on the creature, then he sobered up--realizing that if he got silly now, it would be the end of him.

It was only a matter of minutes before the guard men could get into one of their small flyers. These flyers went slow enough for tight maneuvers, and fast enough to catch him in a few seconds.

The beast stood up on his hind legs and snarled at him. Blake groaned; he knew that he would never be able to reach him at that height. The Tanodont lunged forward, its long arms ready to grasp Blake. With great agility he managed to get by the arma. While the creature was on all fours again, Blake breathed hard in its open mouth, timing it just right--getting him on an inhale. It was just too much for Ron; he burst out laughing, but then again, laughing is a form of exhaling, so he got the job done.

Producing the desired effect, Blake jumped backwards, expecting the animal to drop dead. No such thing occurred. The creature snorted once and, being very much alive, took a swipe at Blake. His vision quickly clouded over, and the bear struck a glancing blow at his head. He last saw a flash of light and heard a dull thud.

When Blake first regained consciousness, he purposely kept his eyes closed. Hearing nothing, he opened them, blinking to grow accustomed to the light. Immediately he knew he was in deep space, for in the extreme quiet he heard his heart beat, and found that it had slowed down enough for him to deduce that he was in deep space, where all ships operated at about $\frac{1}{2}$ gravity. When he could see again, he recognized the spic and span guard ship control room. Hearing footsteps, he turned his head toward the doorway, in time to see a guard officer in his bright violet uniform.

Blake tried to get up, but he was prevented by three sets of straps binding him to the co-pilot's seat. He could get out of the straps easily enough, but an electronic handcuff kept his hands together.

"Well, my fine feathered friend," the officer said, "suppose I take you back to a nice cozy cage."

"And who has the honor of taking me back?" Blake asked, looking at the young man.

"Why, guardsman Bert Clyne."

"Well, Clyne, if I give my word not to try to escape, will you get this off?" Blake said while holding up his handcuffs.

"Why certainly!" Clyne walked over to Blake and slapped him across the mouth. Laughing, he went to the other end of the control room and began sending out a series of signals, then he began to cont'd

set a course for the ship to follow.

"You're a damn fool, Blake," said Clyne. "After three weeks on your tail, do you think I'll let you loose now? No sir! Besides, how good is the word of a person who for all general purposes shall be dead in several weeks?"

Blake sighed, knowing that Clyne was right, but kept quiet, seeing the guardsman was in a particularly loquacious mood.

"If it wasn't for the signal I picked up from your ship, I'd still be looking for you, Blake."

"What?"

"That's right," said the officer, laughing once more. "All of these ships--these life boats, like the one you used--have automatic radios which broadcast an SOS the moment they leave the mother ship. They were installed in case a novice got stuck. I traced your beam to that village after I got a signal from the pilot you kidnapped."

"And that's how I got caught?"

"After I landed you running into that thing..."

"A Tanodont."

"Yeah. Trying to find out what you were doing, I flew overhead in a small plane. Real quiet--neither of the two of you heard me.

"You ran right up to him and he smacks you, then I let him have it with a laser. Fried him to a crisp. What were you trying to do?"

Patiently, Ron explained that the animal could be killed with human breath, although he doubted it now.

"I suppose it's true," Clyne said slowly, "especially if those scientists you mentioned back it up." Clyne looked around at Blake and turned back again to the controls, to start the higher math involved in getting a course charted back to Rigel where most cases were usually tried. "You have to remember, though--the larger the animal, the slower the heart beats. Because the heart beats slower, the speed at which the blood circulates decreases. That's why you hear stories about how a beast has its heart pulverized and it charges a hundred yards. It takes sometime for the animal to die since it still has some of its blood moving. I suppose that Tanodont, or whatever you call it, would die, but it would take several minutes--or perhaps your dose wasn't strong enough. But that's the way it goes. Right, Blake?"

Ron Blake was too busy to answer. He was preoccupied with untying the straps, now that he had shorted the electronic handcuffs.

THE END

NEXT MONTH

John Duvoli reviews the new motion picture DEVIL DOLL, MY BLOOD RUNS COLD and his usual Short Takes Column; the beginning of a New Lettercol; regular features and a few surprises. Be with us.

AND AFTER THAT

#6 is the issue commemorating Be Kind to Burroughs month. Articles and fiction are on hand/promised from Charles N. Reinsel, Steven Barr, Chet Gottfried and others; David Tribble and Jerry Burge provide the art; and I'll be here, laffing and laffing and la

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