

B E F E L G U E S E



U. OF MASS.

SPRING

BETELGEUSE

SERIALS

WILD ROSES ARE HELPFUL (Chapter III) David E. Bara 3

SHORT STORIES

THE MANOLETE LAW Mark R. Leeper 28

OOGLA Mark R. Leeper 29

MS. NEVER FOUND Mark R. Leeper 33

SOME NOTES ON THE LEGEND OF JACK Prof. A.E.F. Dorsca 34

FEATURES

REVIEWS Mark R. Leeper 20

A SEMI-CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF SCIENCE FICTION

AND HORROR FILMS Mark R. Leeper 22

SOME HINTS ON SELLING SCIENCE FICTION WRITING Dimitri Gat 27

Science: BETELGEUSE Patrick J. Carey 38

EDITORIAL

Evelyn Chimelis 2

Front Cover by Matt Zimet

Back Cover by Lance Glasser

Interior Artwork by Lance Glasser, Mark R. Leeper & Matt Zimet

Evelyn Chimelis, EDITOR

Betelgeuse, Vol. V, No. 2, Whole No. 9, Spring 1972. Published semi-annually by the University of Massachusetts Science Fiction Society at 50¢ per copy. Annual subscription \$1.00. All correspondence should be addressed to: UMass Science Fiction Society, RSO #352, University of Mass., Amherst, Mass. 01002. Printed by University Duplicating Service, Whitmore Building, UMass.

EDITORIAL

If the Table of Contents seems shorter this issue than it usually is, it is not your imagination. There seems to be a decline of interest in writing these days. We have printed, in this issue, five pieces of fiction which represent only two authors (that's right, two). In addition two other people have submitted articles.

As a result of this somewhat less than enthusiastic response, we do not have any really fantastic stories. Mr. Bara's story runs first by virtue of its length (I suppose that alone should indicate some enthusiasm). The short stories are good, but not of a type that lends itself to greatness. Mr. Gat's article is certainly useful (and reliable--he has published a novel using those rules), and the other features are interesting, each in its own way. But nothing is great.

The next issue of this magazine does not come out until the fall. This means that everyone has at least six months, including summer vacation, to come up with some material for us to print. I have heard complaints in the past about how few writers we publish. The reason for this is simple--few contribute. Everyone who contributed to this issue was published.

If you want the magazine to continue to be published--and I assume that you do--then WRITE!

--Evelyn Chimelis

Chapter III

by David E. Bara

My plane fluttered in at the airport at around three in the afternoon, from Bucharest via Paris. Since the airport of London is located in Middlesex, near Ealing, some twelve miles west of the center of the city, I still had a small distance to travel before I was home. Remembering that I hadn't had the foresight to leave my car at the air terminal, I decided to take a cab back to my flat. My expense account could stand a bit of extravagancy; after all, Count D's top agent ought to be able to go in style.

Having flagged down a cab, and given the driver my address, I settled back in the seat to relax my weary body. I hadn't had a good night's sleep since leaving London on the assignment I'd just returned from. I was looking forward to a quiet two weeks of rest and relaxation.

I was smiling to myself in pleasant anticipation of my well-earned vacation, when the cabby broke in on my quiet reverie by opening his loud mouth.

"You a native, sir?" he asked, simply trying to start a conversation.

Although I wasn't really in the mood for talking, I did not want to appear overtly rude either.

"As a matter of fact, I am," I replied. "I was born here, but I've spent most of my life in the States. My parents moved there when I was only five. I was educated there, returning to England after I finished college to take a job here."

"Oh, back from vacation?" queried the driver.

"No, Business." I answered.

He pondered that for a few seconds.

"Mind if I ask where you were, sir?"

"Not at all," I said. "I was in Romania."

"What's there?" asked the cabby, obviously puzzled at what a businessman would be doing in that part of the world.

"One of my customers happened to live there," I answered, warming to the conversation as I saw how the cabby's curiosity was being aroused.

"You're a salesman, then," he concluded, in a vaguely triumphant tone, thinking he had solved the mystery of my trip.

"No, I'm not."

He was somewhat taken aback by my reply, but he persisted, his intrusiveness as yet unsatisfied.

"What line of work are you in, then?" he resumed.

I smiled into the rearview mirror as I answered.

"I'm a vampire conservationist."

"How's that again, sir?"

"Vam-pire con-ser-va-tion-ist," I repeated, enunciating each syllable clearly.

The cabby half-turned his head in my direction, shook it, apparently in mild disgust, then returned his gaze to the road.

"Listen, mister," he said, "I may be a not-too-bright cab driver, but I'm not so gullible that I'll believe that one. There's no such thing as vampires. They're only imaginary spooks you see on the late show."

"Now, come on, quit putting me on, and tell me what you really do."

Oh, well, I suppose I'm used to that type of reaction, but being an argumentative type (as usual), I decided to try and change his mind.

"Now look," I began. "The vampire is a supernatural creature--actually, to be more precise, partly spiritual and partly physical--which has existed in the mythology of many races of man for over three thousand years. You can find vampire myths as far back as pre-Roman times. Since the nineteenth century, the myth has been especially prevalent in the central European countries, centering around Transylvania, which is now part of Romania. The peasants in the area firmly believe in the vampire, guarding themselves against the creature today, just as they have done for centuries, with wild garlic flowers and crucifixes."

"You may say, as most of your more 'civilized' contemporaries do, that it's just a lot of superstitious nonsense, in the same class as ghosts, witches, werewolves, and all the other hobgoblins that populate the legends of the human race, but stop and think about this for a minute, if you will: all legends have some basis in fact. And, while you're mulling that over, in case you aren't aware of it, Castle Dracula really does exist. It rests atop a mountain in the Carpathians. There is only one treacherous way to ascend to the castle. The other three sides are perched on sheer cliffs, dropping away some three hundred feet to the valley below. The peasants living in the vicinity refuse to go anywhere near the place."

The cabby, who had sat through my lecture without interruption, seemed to be digesting all that I had said. He seemed to be lost in thought for several minutes.

"Was there a Count Dracula?" he asked me, interested in spite of himself.

"In the middle of the fifteenth century a man known as Vlad Tepes was the voivode, or military governor, of Wallachia. It seems, from the historical evidence we have, that he was a particularly cruel and evil man, who ruled with an iron hand. He was a contemporary of Ivan the Terrible of Russia."

"Tepes translates as 'the impaler,' and impalement was the method of torture the Voivode enjoyed the most in dealing with his enemies. He purportedly once created a virtual forest of impaled Turks."

"It was rumored that Vlad Tepes had bargained with the devil to preserve his kingdom from the ravages of the Ottoman Turks. Thus, after his death, he returned as a vampire. The name Dracula was probably derived from Tepes' father Vlad Drakul, meaning 'the devil.' Bram Stoker researched this legend, using it as the basis for his novel, Dracula."

"What is particularly fascinating is that Stoker's description of Castle Dracula is remarkably similar to the reality."

The cabby remained silent for several moments. My discourse had apparently made him wonder a little, at least.

As we came into London, the driver broke his self-imposed silence.

"I still can't believe that vampires are anything other than fictitious beings. They don't really exist, do they, mister?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"What you believe, or don't believe, is your own affair," I said. "It won't change the reality."

The cab came to a halt in front of my flat. (If anyone is interested, it's on Bow St., some quarter-mile northeast of Leicester Square.) I got out, paying the cabby his exorbitant rate plus a generous tip. It had been an enjoyable ride.

Walking away from the cab, I happened to hear the cabby muttering to himself.

"A vampire conservationist, yet. You meet all kinds on this job. What did he take me for, anyway, a bloody fool?"

I walked up the stairs to my flat, reflecting over the fact that people could believe in a God, and dismiss vampires. There was no more proof for the existence of either one. I concluded that it really didn't matter in the long run. It's better that some things are taken on faith.

I searched my pockets for my keys. Locating them, I unlocked the door, stepped in, and switched on a light. The cloudiness of the day tended to darken the room.

Throwing my bag on the bed in the back room, I walked into the main room to pick up the telephone. My answering service had two messages for me. Count D wanted me to call him as soon as I got in. The second message was more pleasant. Christina Carlsson had called.

I dialed Count D's office. The secretary put me through to him immediately.

"This is Michael Ashley, sir," I said. "What's on your mind?" (Nothing good, I bet.)

"Oh, hello, Michael," answered the Count. "The syndrome assignment took you considerably longer than I expected. I thought you would be back days ago. Did you have some unusual trouble, or is it that you're not as good as you used to be?"

He never failed to irritate, no matter how good a mood I was in.

"You know damn well I'm the best agent you have, sir," I said, failing to completely conceal the anger I felt.

"Have I ever denied it, Michael?"

"No, sir."

"I'd like to see you first thing in the morning, Michael."

"What do you mean! Don't I get my standard two week leave?"

"I'm afraid not," responded the Count. "We have some things that require immediate discussion, and, besides, Mr. Ashley, you're needed."

He rang off before I had a chance to protest further. Next to Count D, Vlad Tepes would be a saint.

I put tomorrow out of my mind, however, and turned to pleasanter pastimes. I decided to call Christina.

She was a fellow slave, laboring for W.O.C.C.V., and probably our best female operative. I'd worked with her before, and we found each other mutually interesting. I'd always had a weakness for tall, beautiful, well-proportioned, blonde Scandinavians.

I rang up her flat.

"Hello," said a sultry female voice I knew was Christina's.

"Hi, Christy, it's Mike," I said.

"I'm glad you called!"

She sounded genuinely glad to hear from me.

"When did you get back in town?"

"About ten minutes ago," I answered. "What's up?"

"We'll see about that later," she laughed. "I'm leaving on assignment in a few days, and from what Count D said, I may be gone for quite a while. It seems a Norwegian vampire has stirred up quite a bit of trouble. Since he has a weakness for tall

blondes, I naturally got elected to investigate. I thought we might see each other before I have to go."

"My pleasure, Christy. I'll pick you up at around eight."

"Fine, I'll see you then," said Christina.

Life does have its little pleasures I decided, replacing the phone.

Christy and I had quite an evening together. We really hit all of the hot spots, before returning to my flat for a night-cap, as well as a few hours of more intimate getting together.

We dozed off in each others arms at about three in the morning. The alarm went off at seven.

I shut it off before it disturbed Christy. I dragged myself out of bed, to face a drizzly, dreary May morning that London has become famous for. After shaving and showering, I bent over Christy's beautiful nude body, kissing her gently on the lips.

Her eyes came slowly open.

"Do you have to leave, Mike?" she said sleepily, putting her arms around me.

"Sorry, but I do," I said regretfully, disengaging myself.

"I promise we'll see each other again as soon as we can."

"All right," she answered.

She pulled my lips to hers, kissing me deeply.

"Goodbye, Mike."

"'Bye, love," I said, closing the bedroom door behind me as I left the room.

The traffic wasn't bad, but I still managed to arrive at the W.O.C.C.V. headquarters building a few minutes late for my eight o'clock grilling with Count D. His secretary, Miss Lee, was expecting me, and told me to go right in.

Count D looked up from a manuscript he was apparently reading, motioning me to take a chair. He resumed his reading.

Five minutes later, he put the paper aside, smiling at me with a smile which said, if you'd been here on time, I wouldn't have kept you waiting. It really didn't bother me, it was just Count D's subtle form of revenge.

"Good morning, Michael," said the Count. "How are you on this fine morning?"

(I wondered if it was really possible that he hadn't noticed the weather.)

"Tired," I replied tiredly.

"Yes, well, I've always said you were too much of a night person, though I'm terribly sorry about this unusual procedure. We do have some pressing business, however, You can rest assured that I'll make up the two weeks you have coming as soon as it becomes possible."

With that, Count D dismissed any protest I was prepared to make on the subject of the leave I had earned. Not that anything I would have said would have changed the situation at all.

Count D sat back in his chair, apparently preparing to begin discussion of the reason for my premature summons. I waited patiently, knowing from experience that the good Count would begin as soon as he was ready.

"You will remember, Michael, that I requested that you begin submitting written reports of your assignments to my office, for publication, about two months ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I just recently received a summary of the public reaction to the first two 'stories.'"

"And...?"

"The first 'story' was almost universally applauded as entertaining, witty, original in concept--in other words, a job well done."

I knew Count D hadn't called me in to pat me on the back. He wasn't the type to indulge. (He preferred kicking my ass in.)

"Thank you, sir, but I know you wouldn't have postponed my leave just to tell me that," I said.

"Amazingly astute of you, Michael," replied Count D. "It's the second report that bothers me. The reaction to that 'story' was somewhat mixed. Although the vast majority of readers surveyed found the second 'story' on the same level, or better than the first, there were a few derogatory words from people who were among your staunchest supporters after the first 'story.' I find this somewhat disturbing."

Actually, it didn't bother me in the least. In the first place, I only wrote the reports because Count D ordered me to, and, in the second place, what writer can expect to please everybody, no matter how good he is. Some people simply don't know superior writing, even when it hits them right between their eyes.

"What were the criticisms, sir?" I asked.

"I won't go into detail, Michael, but mainly that there was a lack in regard to plot, there were too many inadequate puns, and dialog seemed to take the place of action. Two people, in particular, thought the whole thing was lousy."

"Oh yes, and it seems that many people didn't like the way you resolved the vampire's problem."

"May I say, sir, that I can't change the facts to suit the audience's taste?"

"I realize that, Michael," replied the Count. "I don't expect you to change the truth to please the public, but I do hope you'll bear these criticisms in mind, while writing your next report."

"You do know, sir, that even Shakespeare is not without his critics."

"An interesting point, Michael, but let us turn to more important matters."

"Of course, sir."

"The reason I had to postpone your leave is that our organization is falling radically behind in handling the cases coming to our attention, due primarily to a recent deluge of demands for our services. I have all of our agents working overtime, and I can not make any exceptions, until things level off."

"All right, sir, I understand," I replied, although I felt like telling him that slavery was supposed to have died out in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

"I'm glad you have that kind of attitude, Michael," answered Count D. "It sets a good example for the other agents to see that our top man doesn't want any preferential treatment."

"Have I ever, sir?" I asked.

Count D smiled.

"At least, Michael, I'm letting you handle the most challenging cases so your brain won't atrophy."

"O.K., what have you got for me this time?" I asked.

"I must say," began Count D, "that in all my years as head of this organization, I haven't come across a case of a vampire with the problem that this one has. It's rather humorous, if you look at it from the right side of the grave."

"I wait with bated breath, sir," I said, facetiously.

"I'm sure you do, Michael," replied the Count, refusing to rise to my barb. He never did.

"Your client-to-be has a phobia which is not uncommon for, let us say, more normal people, but is downright strange, if not unbelievable, in a vampire. He's afraid of the dark."

"You're kidding, sir," I half-laughed. "I mean, I can understand a vampire being afraid of the sunlight. He has good reason to be. (You'll remember that vampires tend to sunburn a bit more severely than most folk.) But a vampire who's afraid of the dark has to have something wrong with him."

"Amazingly perceptive of you, Michael," answered Count D. "He does have something wrong with him. He's terrified of the night. As you may recall, it's part of your job to help vampires with unusual neuroses."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Here's your assignment brief," said the Count, picking up a manila folder with his other hand, already turning his mind to other things. "Try to resolve this one a little more quickly than the last time."

"Right, sir," I said. "Ah, so long, Vlad."

"What was that, Michael?" asked Count D, not even glancing up from the folder.

"Nothing, sir," I replied, swearing to myself. Count D was not one to notice, let alone appreciate, my subtle wit.

With my overday bag occupying the seat to my right, I glanced out the window of the plane as we flew over the English Channel. I could see a few small boats, bobbing about in the grayness of the water below me. I sighed, realizing that under ordinary circumstances I might have been out sailing, instead of en route to Poland.

I looked over my briefing on the case a final time. The vampire, Stephen Dzurus, was last reported seen near Vijnita, a small town on the southeastern border of Poland. The usual out-of-the-way type place where all but publicity-seeking vampires dwell.

At that moment, I had no idea of how to help a vampire who was afraid of the dark. Personally, I didn't think he'd last through the first night, though he must have managed, or I wouldn't be on my way to find him.

I still had plenty of time to worry about it. My more immediate concern, however, was the P.S. on a note from Count D, which was clipped to my assignment brief. The note was typical of the Count, being simply a reminder to avoid the unsatisfactory items which had supposedly inadvertantly crept into my last case history. The P.S. was not typical. He requested that I forgo having my hair cut, until he told me to. I had no idea of what was going through his devious little skull. I was pretty sure that, whatever it was, it definitely didn't bode well for me.

I tend to wear my hair a little on the wrong side of short. It covers my ears, curls up in the back, and tends to be shaggy. Since I've started at the top of my head, I might as well use the opportunity to describe myself the rest of the way down, physically at least. (Unless you'd rather use your imagination concerning my appearance.)

I stand on my feet, around six feet above the ground, tipping the scales at about one hundred sixty-five pounds. I'm of medium build (meaning I don't have wide shoulders). I have brown

hair and eyes, and would be considered quite athletic. Impressed? Well, if you're not, you needn't let it trouble you. Though I don't consider myself overly handsome (just passably so), I've never had a great deal of trouble attracting pretty women. (For various reasons, I refuse to indulge in a more detailed description of my anatomy.)

The plane was traversing the west coast of Belgium, and I decided that, rather than troubling myself further with thoughts of my present assignment, I could spend my time doing something far more profitable. I went to sleep almost immediately.

My dreams were filled with the memories of the night I spent with Christina Carlsson. This delightful preoccupation was disturbed by a hushed voice, accompanied by a mild shaking.

"Sir, we're about to land in Berlin," whispered a cute, brunette stewardess, as I half-opened my eyes, much refreshed after my nap.

"Thank you, miss," I replied, yawning, I gathered together my belongings, in preparation for changing planes for the flight to Warsaw. This was accomplished within the hour.

I spent the night in a rather uncomfortable bed in the Polish capital. Early the next morning, I boarded a train for Lwów.

The trip, of some one hundred fifty miles, occupied a couple of hours, the train arriving in Lwów just before noon. I decided to spend a few hours touring the city, before leaving on the next leg of my journey.

Lwów is a good-sized city of something over three hundred thousand inhabitants, located in the Ukranian S.S.R. It was originally known as Lemberg, and is famous for its numerous churches, monasteries, and museums.

I rented a car to drive to Kolomyja, a smaller city to the southeast of Lwów. The driving was slow, but pleasurable. The primitive Polish countryside was a welcome change from the metropolitan sights I was accustomed to.

The trip, of nearly seventy miles, occupied the better part of three hours. I arrived in Kolomyja just a bit before 7 P.M., and took a room, in the only hotel, for the night, still having about twenty-five miles to cover before arriving at my destination. The mattress was extremely lumpy.

I rose early the next day to inquire as to the best way to get to Vijnita. I was informed that the town was located on the banks of the Czerernosz River, which formed the Polish border with the Soviet Union. There was a fairly good road that accompanied the river south.

After leaving Kolomyja, the land quickly gave itself entirely back to nature. The road was hemmed in by a dense forest on the right, and the clean, unpolluted river on the left. It was quite a beautiful setting. I stopped the car several times to admire my surroundings. The cool, clean air was quite invigorating. Civilization seemed very distant to this part of the world.

Vijnita was a small town of a couple thousand. The inn, one of two, where I took a room, reminded me of several I had seen in horror movies, right down to the chubby, red-faced innkeeper.

The village was in the river valley, the bottom of the natural impression in the earth, giving way to a forest to the west, dotted with small huts occupied by the local peasantry. The land rose up steadily, in that direction, to the Carpathian foothills. The majestic blue hills, heavily wooded, gave way to the snow-covered peaks of the mountains, forming a natural border with Hungary.

I spent a pleasant afternoon enjoying the air and the view, intending to enjoy a leisurely day before beginning my investigations on the morrow.

I slept better that night than I had in years. The inn was remarkably free from the fumes of garlic. There were several garlands of the stuff festooning the windows of the inn, a sort of compromise with the ingrained superstitions of the area.

The next morning, after breakfasting, I made the usual inquiries regarding my prospective client, being especially careful not to tread on any toes by mentioning the word vampire. I got about as much information as I normally do, next to none, so I set out on my own to see if I could gain any inkling of Dzurus' whereabouts.

The first two days of investigation proved fruitless, but, on the third day, I came across a tiny village, really a group of huts, where, after some subtle questioning, I determined the vampire had once visited. It seemed I was finally on the right track, although the village had not suffered any of the ravages a vampire is known for. The village girls weren't especially unattractive either.

I began a careful search of the surrounding countryside, hoping to locate the vampire's hiding place. It was another three days before I did.

Dzurus was hidden in the ruins of an old castle, overlooking the town of Vijnita, some seven miles distant, yet invisible from prying eyes until you were quite close to it. Dzurus was, quite naturally, the last remaining member of the local noble family. (in the grand tradition of Count Dracula, and all other famous vampires).

The coffin lay in a crypt (of course), two flights of remarkably blood-stain free steps, down from the remains of the main floor of the castle. Only two things were unusual in the room. First of all, the small windows were not hung with heavy draperies to keep light from filtering in, although the coffin was placed such that it would remain untouched by any sunlight. Secondly, there was a small generator in the room, apparently in operating order, since a faint hum disturbed the otherwise silent crypt. A cord led from the generator to the coffin.

My curiosity aroused, I walked over to open the coffin. I was somewhat surprised, though I suppose I shouldn't have been, that the cord terminated in a small nightlight, providing a soft glow in the semi-darkness of the room.

Dzurus was not within the coffin. The sun had set only a few moments earlier, so I assumed the vampire had left the crypt only minutes ago.

I sat down on the cold stone floor to await his return. It would be completely dark within the hour, and I assumed that a vampire with a phobia for the night would be back before it was pitch black out, there being no moon that night.

The soft murmuring of the generator must have caused me to doze off briefly, for I was suddenly aware of the sound of rapid footsteps echoing on the stone steps leading down to the crypt. The room would have been completely destitute of light except for the slight luminescence provided by the nightlight in the coffin, and the faint glow of the stars, noticeable through the small windows set in the stone walls.

The pace of the footsteps had increased to nearly a run, as a shadowed silhouette abruptly burst into my range of vision.

"Hello, my name is..." I began, rising to my feet, and

approaching the dim figure I assumed to be the vampire I sought. But he barely paused, apparently not hearing the words I had uttered, as he heaved me aside with one hand to gain access to something behind me.

I was hurled half-way across the floor of the crypt, coming to a sudden stop as my body struck something solid, and immovable. I picked myself up, stars swimming in a haze before my eyes, to glance around at the object that had brought me to an unexpected halt. It was the generator.

My vision began to clear, and I checked my body for broken bones, contusions, and/or severe lacerations. Fortunately, I had suffered no more serious an injury than a bruised shoulder. I turned my gaze to a search of the premises, hoping to locate the author of the physical assault on my precious person.

The vampire had thrown himself prone across the coffin, huddling towards one end. He was panting heavily, seemingly just recovering from a state of extreme distress. I moved cautiously towards him, clutching at the crucifix in my pocket to avoid a repetition of my recent ignominious attempt at introducing myself.

As I drew closer, I saw what it was that the vampire was holding tightly pressed against his breast. It was the nightlight.

I also became aware of a sound which could be heard above the hum of the generator. The vampire was sobbing softly.

He whimpered pathetically, and then, aware of my presence for the first time, rose swiftly, if not gracefully, to his feet.

There were tears in the vampire's eyes, with tracks of moisture running down both cheeks. He ran his sleeve across his face.

"Isn't it pathetic to see a grown man behave like this?" he managed to choke out.

"It depends on the reason, I suppose," I responded, in the most convincing tone I could manage. "I remember crying when my pet kitten got hit by a milk truck."

"That's another matter, entirely," replied the vampire, fighting to control the quaver in his voice.

"Do you know why I'm in such a state?" he asked.

"Probably because you led a life of evil debauchery," I offered.

The look on his face was enough to scare a blind man. (I'd have to do something about the tendency I have to wisecrack at inopportune moments.)

"No, well, is it because an intended victim was wearing a steel neck brace?" I said, unable to resist the temptation.

"Have you got any Pollack jokes you haven't tried out yet, mister?" asked the vampire, recovering himself after my two broadsides.

"No, but if you'll allow me a few seconds I can come up with one you haven't heard," I replied.

After that, we stood regarding each other for about two minutes. The vampire then realized that I was an uninvited guest.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked.

"My name is Michael Ashley," I returned. "Are you Stephen Dzurus?"

"If I am, do I win some sort of prize?" he said.

"No, but you gain the satisfaction of knowing your own name, as well as my services, free of charge."

"And what good will that do me?"

"It depends."

"On what?"

"Are you a vampire, or do you just have a thing for ruined castles with coffins in the crypt?"

"I, sir, am the sole surviving member of the family which has ruled over this region for nearly eight hundred years."

"O.K., but that doesn't answer my question. Do you prefer fine old wines, or fresh young blood?"

He scowled.

"All right, so I'm a vampire," he said.

"So, nothing, it isn't all that usual a condition, you know," I replied. "You talk as if every other person you bump into is a vampire. I happen to know your group is on the endangered species list."

"And who's to blame for that?" he thundered. "If it weren't for the indiscriminate hunting and staking initiated by that butchering Dutchman, we wouldn't be a dying breed."

"I thought that was a prerequisite for becoming a vampire?" I responded. "And speak a little more respectfully about Dr. Abraham Van Helsing, or I'm liable to do something I'll be sorry for later."

"I will like hell!" screamed the vampire, obviously upset. (I could tell he was mad, because his eyes were no longer blood-shot.)

"Don't say you didn't ask for this," I said calmly, as I pulled out my crucifix, pushing it directly at his face.

He hissed furiously, turned his head away, and backed away several steps.

"Who are you trying to kid, buddy?" I asked. "Do you think I'm one of those weak-kneed almost-heroes that populate horror films, quavering at the very thought of tangling with one of the devil's minions?"

"It was worth a try, wasn't it?" replied the vampire.

I waited patiently.

"Would you please return that trinket to your pocket?" asked the vampire, in an obvious effort to be polite. "It can prove lethal in the wrong hands."

"Kind of makes your flesh crawl, doesn't it, Dzurus?"

"O.K., O.K., you win!" responded the vampire. "I humbly apologize for my comments regarding the good doctor."

I knew he wasn't sincere, since it is the rare vampire who has anything other than at least mild loathing where Van Helsing is concerned. Having won my principle, however, I slid the crucifix back into my pocket. The tenseness apparent in the vampire's figure visibly relaxed.

"Can we get down to business now?" I asked him.

"Would you mind answering one question first?"

"No."

"Are you really in your right mind, and if you are, why do you want to help a vampire? The common attitude is that the only good vampire is a, uh, dead vampire."

"That's two questions, Dzurus," I said. "But I'm a liberal person, so I'll answer both of them."

"I'm not insane, at least no more so than most. The reason I want to help you is that I'm an agent for the World Organization for the Conservation and Control of Vampires, and in the ecological spirit of the day, we feel that we should preserve one of the earth's endangered natural resources."

"Are you associated with the A.S.P.C.A.?" asked the vampire.

"No, we're on our own. They let us deal with any and all transmutable bats and wolves without protest."

"Nice of them."

"Yes, now do you have any more questions, or can we get down to business?"

"No more questions, Mr., uh, what did you say your name was?"

"Ashley."

"Yes, Scarlet, my dear," cracked the vampire.

"Watch it, Dzurus, or I might nurn both you and the coffin, and when a breeze springs up, you'll be gone with the wind."

"Sorry."

"Forget it," I replied. "Now, would you mind giving me any pertinent details concerning your problem. You are afraid of the dark, aren't you?"

"You noticed that, huh," he replied, moving closer to the comfort of the nightlight as I brought up the subject of his phobia. He sighed rather miserably.

"For the life, pardon me, death of me, I can't understand why, after I died, I came back as a vampire. The powers that be should have realized I'm not the sort of person who is cut out for the nightlife. Sorry, the night counterfeit-of-life."

"I mean, ever since I was a kid, I've been afraid of the dark. I suppose it could have something to do with my parents locking me in the dungeon to keep me out of their hair."

"I've never been able to sleep very well, because every time I close my eyes, the blackness frightens me." (He did look a little bug-eyed.)

"I don't even get any fun out of being a vampire," Dzurus concluded. "I rarely have the time to victimize any well-endowed peasant girls before it gets dark enough to bother me."

"Don't worry, I'm pretty sure I've figured out a way to cure your rather unique phobia," I said.

"Really! Satan be praised!"

"I'll have to go back into Vijnita, though, to pick up a few things I need. Can you be here at around dusk tomorrow?"

"Does a vampire have much choice?"

"I suppose not. I'll see you then."

"Fine," said Dzurus, as I mounted the stone staircase to leave the crypt.

The path I had followed up to Dzurus' was difficult to follow in the darkness. I had foolishly neglected to bring along my torch (that's British for flashlight), so I had to make do as best I could.

I didn't do very well. I must have wandered off the narrow path without realizing it, because I became aware of branches reaching out to pluck at my clothes. Soon I had completely lost my sense of direction.

I blundered about aimlessly for about an hour, hoping to locate the path. After that amount of time, I knew it was fruitless, however. I might as well sit down and relax. The first light of dawn couldn't be more than six hours away. Great. I had to try sleeping on the cold ground. I'd probably end up with a backache and a cold.

A half-hour of attempting to get comfortable on the ground convinced me I'd be better off heading in the general direction of the town. It was infinitely better than spending the remainder of the night where I was. At least if I was moving around my blood wouldn't freeze up solid.

Some two hours of walking brought me no closer to my goal, at least as far as I knew. Progress through the woods was slow, however, since I had to pick my way carefully between the trees



and underbrush, so it was quite feasible that I hadn't progressed as far as I thought.

It must have been just after midnight, when a faint sound, just at the range of my hearing, brought me to my feet, my every sense immediately tingling.

I had stopped for a brief rest, before pushing on to the east, or the direction I believed to be east. The sound was repeated, somewhat closer this time. It was apparently originating some distance to my left.

I stood quite still. It was possible that whatever it was had not yet become aware of my presence. Perhaps if I didn't move, it would pass me by.

The waiting became unendurable after about ten minutes, however. Every muscle in my body urged me to shift my position. I decided I had waited long enough. I hadn't heard any repetition of the sound within the last five minutes. Perhaps it had been my imagination.

I resumed my journey, moving as stealthily as I was able. I had not gone ten steps, when a rustling of a tree's branches assailed my over-wrought ears.

My heart pounded frantically, my legs demanding that my brain order them into a run. Somehow I managed to control the impulse. It could have been the wind.

What was wrong with me, anyway? I was acting as if there was something in these woods that I should be afraid of. I had nothing to fear from vampires or werewolves; the crucifix in my right pocket, and the wolfbane in my left would discourage any untoward advances they might intend to make upon my person. The area had too fresh a smell to warrant the presence of ghouls. Witches usually remain home nights, stirring their cauldrons. I therefore concluded that the worst presence I had to worry about was some wild animal, and it is unusual for lone wolves, or most carnivores, for that matter, to attack a man.

Feeling somewhat relieved, I continued to push my way amongst the trees, now being less careful to avoid making noise. The rustling of the branches, behind and to my left, sounded closer with each passing moment. Despite my efforts, my heart recommenced its rapid pounding. The whole situation was ridiculous. How many times had I laughed at a horror film character in a similar situation?

As the fearful rustling grew ever closer, I saw, some twenty yards distant, a clearing in the forest. If there was some man, beast, or other being stalking me, it would be best to face it in an open space, to prevent its jumping at me suddenly from behind a bush or tree.

I broke into a run, and for the first time, the sound behind me became audible as mammalian footsteps. Whether they were being made by a two-, four-, or more-legged creature, I had no idea, but from the increased tempo of the sound it was obvious that whatever was following me had also broken into a run.

I tumbled into the clearing as fast as I was able, turning in the direction from which the creature behind me was approaching. The loudness of its pursuit indicated two things. It was of good size, and it was almost ready to break into the clearing.

The sight which met my eyes was definitely unexpected. The creature that had come so close to panicking me was probably one of the most frightful man has had to deal with in his relatively long existence. It was a woman, one of the girls employed at the inn where I was staying.

I was relieved, but said irritably, "Have you been following me through this forest for the past few hours?"

The young woman, a pretty, dark-haired, full-figured peasant wench, responded, in a voice that indicated that she was somewhat out of breath.

"I have, Mr. Ashley. I didn't know what it was I was trailing, but I hoped it might be you."

"What are you doing out in the woods at this time of night? Aren't you afraid of coming across something far more frightening than myself?"

She looked quite upset at my remark, glancing about her at the shadowed trees of the dense forest.

"Yes, I was, but the innkeeper was worried about your safety, when you failed to return to the inn this evening, and since I know my way around this forest quite well, he sent me out to look for you. I was afraid to return without you."

"I find it mildly amusing that a grown man has to be rescued by a young woman. It wounds my pride."

"There's no need to feel that way, Mr. Ashley. You are not the first foreigner to lose his way in this area. Others have not been as fortunate as yourself."

She shuddered.

"May we return to the inn now?" she asked hopefully, obviously not relishing remaining in the dark, threatening atmosphere of the primitive forest a moment longer than necessary.

"Of course we can, if you'll be kind enough to lead the way," I smiled, extending my hand, which she grasped hard and gratefully.

With the help of my willing guide, we managed to reach Vijnita within the hour. I had been tending to drift southward of the village, and would probably have passed it without realizing it had not my rescuer come across me when she did.

In gratitude for her bravery on my behalf, I invited her up to my room, after grabbing a bite to eat.

We shared a fine bottle of the local wine the girl, Stella, had procured from the cellars of the inn. We talked at length, she being filled with endless questions of the great world outside her village.

The wine lent an intimacy to our conversation, and we drew closer to each other. I put my arms around the girl, and she in turn held me to her, cuddling against my neck.

I lifted her head with my hand, drawing her lips to mine. They parted quickly, and I responded in kind. The uninhibited nature of the girl soon got the better of me, and I slipped a hand down the front of her dress, caressing a firm, round breast.

She squirmed delightfully, and was soon tugging at my pants. It was only a matter of moments before we were both completely unclothed, locked in a passionate embrace.

It became obvious she was no virgin long before I pushed my hardened member into the moistness of her vagina. Stella aroused me to great heights of ardent love-making, and we enjoyed each other's bodies thoroughly, seemingly for a long period of time.

When it was over, we hugged each other gratefully, smiling with sex-glazed eyes. We fell asleep, arms about one another.

I woke refreshed, the sun shining in my eyes through the dusty glass of the window. Stella was still beside me, and I pulled her closer, having no reason to get up right away.

She sighed contentedly, cuddling her gorgeous body closer to mine. It was about an hour later that her eyes flickered dreamily

open. She smiled fetchingly, when she saw me staring at her. Pulling my head down to her, she kissed me gently, her tongue dancing slowly over mine.

"Good morning," I whispered.

"Good morning, Michael," she repoded. "A pleasant night, was it not?"

"Yes," I answered. "Thank you for a wonderful evening."

"The pleasure was mine," was her sincere response.

"Do we have time for an encore performance?" I asked.

Her smile was all the answer I needed.

It was nearly two o'clock before I had washed, shaved, and brunched. I kissed Stella goodbye, promising to see her before I had to leave.

I wandered about the village, having time to kill before I had to set out for Dzurus' castle. The slow, easy pace of life in this pleasant little place was refreshing. No one was in any hurry, and many of the people stopped to converse with me, knowing I was a foreigner.

The small village store provided the equipment I needed to solve the case. (Don't you respect confidence?) To be safe, I purchased two of the battery-operated lanterns.

I returned to the inn to have dinner. Stella was elsewhere on some errand.

After finishing my meal, a delicious native dish called golumki--a concoction consisting of meat and rice, rolled in cabbage leaves--I set out from the inn towards the castle.

It was around five, and the two-hour walk to the ruins should bring me there right around dusk. The path I had strayed from the previous night was quite easy to follow in the late afternoon sunshine, sifting through the heavy canopy of the forest.

I reached the castle just as the sun was dipping below the snow-covered peaks of the Carpathians, the reddish light seemingly causing the snow to burn. Dzurus should just be beginning to stir.

By the time I reached the crypt, the vampire was standing beside his coffin.

"Come on," I said, "We're going down to the village."

"What for?" asked Dzurus.

"I'll explain on the way down."

As we trekked towards Vijnita, I explained my plan to Baron Dzurus, vampire. The first stage involved picking out a victim for him.

"Is that necessary?" he asked me.

"Of course it is!" I said, raising my voice, as I turned to regard him.

I broke down in convulsive laughter. Dzurus looked at me sheepishly, while I fought to gain control of myself. (It's undignified for an agent of my caliber to lose his restraint while on the job.)

"Don't tell me you've never bitten anyone!" was my incredulous first remark.

"Well, with the little time I have between dusk and complete darkness, I never really had the time."

"What about nights with a full moon?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I'll run into a werewolf in the woods," he volunteered.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you that a werewolf can't harm a vampire?"

"It isn't that. Their odor offends me."

"Oh," I replied. (A vampire's sense of smell is considerably more sensitive than that of ordinary mortals.)

"Well, whatever the reason you haven't yet indulged, we'll have to remedy it tonight, if I'm to help you shake your phobia."

"If you say so."

"I do."

We were walking slowly towards the village, each of us carrying one of the lanterns, both being lit to ward off the darkness that terrified the vampire. The outskirts of the town were about five miles distant.

Coming out of the woods into a cleared area, we saw the first houses. I motioned Dzurus to stop.

"You wait here; I'll be back in ten minutes," I told him.

The vampire shook his head in agreement.

I walked away rapidly, leaving the lanterns with Dzurus. I surveyed the nearby houses, and choosing one at random, strolled up to knock on the door.

A ruddy-faced man opened the door, in response to my banging.

"Yes. What is it you want, young man?" he requested of me.

"I met your daughter in the village today, sir, and..." I began.

"I don't have a daughter." (Whoops.)

"I'm terribly sorry, I must have the wrong house," I apologized, leaving the man standing there, somewhat bewildered, as I beat a hasty retreat.

In a short time, some four houses distant from my original bad choice, I tried the same routine again.

"Are you the visitor from Britain?" asked the middle-aged woman who had answered the door and listened to a repetition of the story I had given the man without a daughter.

"Do come in," she said. "My daughter isn't home, but if you'd like to wait, I could keep you company until..."

I escaped as graciously as possible.

The third try was more successful.

"Please sit down," the woman said. "I'll tell Anna you're here."

She bustled off, excited that an outsider would visit her daughter.

About a minute later, a confused, but attractive, young girl came walking towards me.

"Oh, I'm sorry, you're not the same girl I spoke to earlier today, are you?" I smiled.

"No, I'm not," responded Anna.

"Well, pardon the intrusion then, and good night," I said, taking my leave.

"Good night," replied the puzzled girl.

I was back with Dzurus before five more minutes had elapsed.

"What now?" he asked.

"We wait," I said.

He nodded.

We remained there, at the edge of the woods, for about two hours. I then rose, motioning the vampire to follow me.

"They must be asleep by now," I observed.

"Who?"

"Your victim and her parents."

"Oh."

We were soon standing near the house where Anna lived.

"Is there no other way?" pleaded the vampire.

I shook my head solemnly.
Dzurus mutely accepted the necessity of my plan.

"What do I have to do?" he asked.

"See that window up there?" I said, pointing.

"Yes," replied the vampire.

"That's your victim's bedroom."

"How do you know?"

"Take my word for it."

Dzurus shrugged his shoulders.

"The easiest way to go about this is for you to transform yourself into a bat, and fly up to that window," I began. "Then... What's the matter?"

"I've never attempted transformation into a bat, or anything else, for that matter," said the vampire, hopelessly.

"It figures!" I responded. "Why the hell not?"

"Bats disgust me. They're loathsome, vicious, slaverling little monsters."

"I never expected to hear that coming from the mouth of a vampire," I mumbled. "Next you'll be telling me you don't like the taste of blood."

"It is rather salty," he admitted.

"Oh, shut up!" I exploded.

I stood there fuming for five minutes. Then, regaining control of my temper, I turned back to Dzurus.

The vampire was staring at his feet, his hands folded.

"Sorry," I said. "It's not my job to criticize. Now, I don't know that much about these things, but maybe if you tried concentrating on it, you could change into a bat. Sort of picture it in your mind, and continue concentrating."

Dzurus had closed his eyes, and his furrowed forehead attested to the fact that he was trying to change. I heard him grunt.

Abruptly, his outlines blurred, his figure became a black blotch, contracted, and the vampire had become a large bat.

It flapped towards the house uncertainly, bumped into the wall a couple of times, before banging against the bedroom window. It must have been unlatched, because it flew inward with a slight crash.

A few seconds later, Dzurus' head popped out of the window.

"She's asleep. What now?" called down the vampire.

"Keep your voice down, stupid!" I hissed up at him. Boy, what I have to go through sometimes to earn a living.

"Bite her in the jugular vein!" I whispered.

"Where's that?"

"In her neck, idiot!"

His head disappeared. I strained my ears, hoping to hear any signs of a scuffle. It remained absolutely quiet. I wished he would hurry up; it was cold out.

Five minutes had elapsed. Dzurus appeared in the window, the girl unconscious in his arms.

"How do I get her down?" he whispered.

"Drop her," I said facetiously.

He did.

Fortunately, I was able to catch her, breaking her fall, though I collapsed to the ground in a pile of girl and night-clothes doing it. I was lucky she wasn't very heavy. I was happy not to have broken anything, the girl included.

By the time I had extricated myself, Dzurus was standing beside me. I could see, from the blood on his mouth and the two



small marks on the girl's throat, that the vampire hadn't botched the job. Apparently, instinct won out over incompetency.

Dzurus lifted Anna effortlessly into his arms, gazing down at her face.

"She's beautiful," he observed.

"Yes, she is," I agreed.

We stood in silence for a few seconds.

"Do you think you can manage on your own from here?" I asked.

"You mean you're not going to hire a hearse to take us back to my castle?" he asked innocently.

I smiled, and the vampire laughed softly.

"Well, I'll be leaving in the morning," I announced, preparing to depart.

"Thank you, Mr. Ashley," said Dzurus, sincerely.

"All in the line of duty," I assured him. "You can tell your bride I was the best man. She'll remember me. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," said the vampire, walking towards the trees. I hoped the couple would be happy together. I was quite positive that Stephen Dzurus would no longer suffer from a fear of the night.

The girl had better not be the dominant type, however. With Dzurus it would be easy.

Looking back in the direction of the departing pair, I saw them fall down in a heap. One figure got up, bending over to pick up the other one, still lying on the ground.

I shook my head. Some vampire, that Dzurus.

I slept well for the remainder of the night. I was up at ten the next day; I dressed, packed, and then went downstairs to eat breakfast.

After finishing, I paid my bill, sought out Stella to say goodbye, and left the inn.

I drove away somewhat regretfully. I had successfully concluded my assignment, but I wished I had been able to spend more time with Stella. She had been little more than a pleasant diversion, and given the opportunity, I would have liked to have gotten to know her better.

Such is life.

I drove slowly northward, along the road paralleling the Czerernosz River. With any luck, I should be back in London in two days.

If I didn't get at least two weeks leave, Count D could find someone to replace me, because I'd quit.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

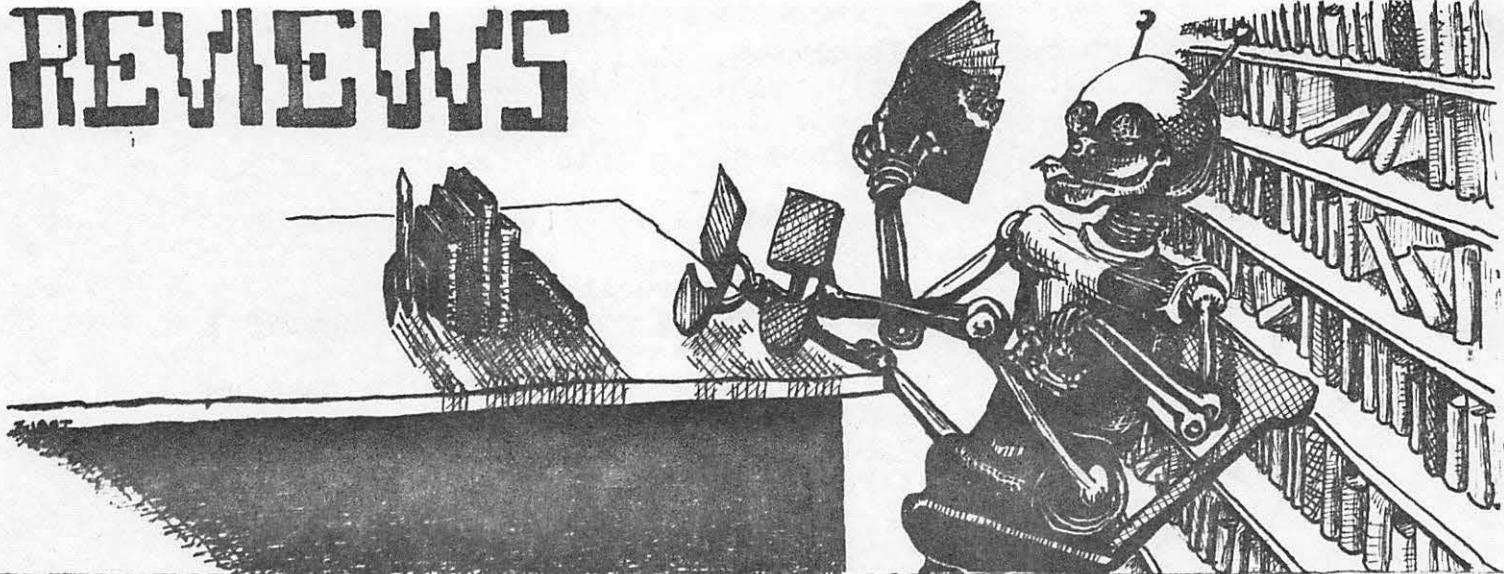
SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

OFFICERS

President--Lance Glasser
Vice-President--Marti McCray
Secretary--Janice Trout
Treasurer--Michael Livingston
Head Librarian--Wendy Joseph

Daily Librarians--Lance Glasser
Evelyn Chimelis
Matt Zimet
Marti McCray
Harriet Feldman
Wendy Joseph

REVIEWS



GREEN SLIME

Japanese horror films have become the butt of a lot of humor these days, and it is probably well justified. Of the vast number of "science fiction" films to come from Japan, there are fewer than half a dozen that are grade B and no grade A films at all. Godzilla has become the patron saint of Toho Pictures and his ugly face graces films more often than Marlon Brando's. What is often forgotten is that, as far as we can tell from the mangled and maimed American version of the original, Godzilla was a fine and powerful film recapturing the terror of the last few days of World War II, with no one knowing if their city would become the next Hiroshima. But for the most part, if you see a monster destroying a city, you expect to see Japanese being trod underfoot. Monsters and the Japanese just seem to go together.

It is therefore not surprising that when a Japanese company wants to make a science fiction film that will not be simply another Japanese monster flick, it tries to make a film totally devoid of Japanese faces. Such a film is Green Slime (MGM-Toei, 1969). In fact, had the producers of this film "translated" the names in the credits to American names (as was done with the Italian film Caltiki--Mario Bava became John Foam, etc.), it would have been impossible to recognize Green Slime as Japanese.

The story follows its unlikely pair of stars, Robert Horton and Luciana Paluzzi, as they battle a horde of tentacled monsters that have invaded their space station. The cyclopean monsters with electrically-charged tentacles, for whose embryonic form the film was named, are more cute than frightening and appear to wink at the audience as if they were just playing the film for laughs. The miniatures are abominably poor, but the other special effects are better and often reminiscent of effects we have seen in such films as The H-Man and Yog. I think, however, if you compare this film with the run of American science fiction movies, it doesn't come out too bad. There is an American film I saw recently with an almost identical plot--Mutiny in Space. By far Green Slime outshines this American counterpart, having better special effects, better camera work, and an all-around better story. However, the most notable thing about Green Slime is its rock music theme, which asks:

"Is it just something in your head?
Will you believe it when you're dead?
GREEN SLIME!

--Mark R. Leeper

by Mark R. Leeper

There are a small number of interesting and quite good science fiction and horror films that somehow never became well known, films that even people who know the genre have not heard of. When I first started listing these films, I put Five Million Years to Earth (1967) at the top of the list, but more recently there are signs that this film is getting better known, so I am removing it from the list. With that deletion, here are the films which I wish to consider.

Carnival of Souls (1960) was on television only once (as far as I know) and only once have I ever heard it mentioned by someone other than myself. The idea of this film may or may not have been derived from a segment of Twilight Zone, but the film has an eerie atmosphere all its own. Particularly good is the nightmarish waltz of the dead. All in all it is one of the most haunting films I have ever seen.

The Creation of the Humanoids (1962) has only been on television twice, as I remember. The acting is abominable, the direction worse, and the camera work makes the film static and dull, and the fact that each scene is at least ten minutes long would lead one to believe that it is actually a filmed stage play rather than a story written for film. So who misses this loser? I do! The fact is that the film is saved by having the best and most literary scripts I have seen in a science fiction film. I would say this film is comparable to Capek's R.U.R. for science fiction content, and I would much like to see it done as a play by a competent company of actors.

Unearthly Stranger (1964) deals with scientists trying to find a means to project their minds to other planets--space exploration through astral projection, if you wish. The leader of the project is found dead, his brain destroyed as if a bomb had gone off in his head, just after he found the final equation. The story centers on the leader's newly married replacement. There are strange indications that the replacement's wife might not be human. Could she be the corporeal ~~shell~~ of an astral projection from "out there"? It starts well, gets better, and builds to a great climax.

The Mind Benders (1962) stars Dirk Bogarde as a psychologist studying sensory deprivation. Deprive the brain of sensory input for a few hours and it turns to putty. Could this be what happened to a co-worker of Bogarde's who apparently was working for "the other side" before his suicide? a government investigator tries to use this technique to brainwash Bogarde into hating his wife. But the experiment is a failure and Bogarde comes out of the "tank" loving his wife just as much as ever. Or does he? It is a tightly wound little story that deserves to be seen twice.

Out on the fringes of science fiction we have James Mason as an involuntary Jekyll and Hyde in Bigger Than Life (1956). The story deals with the personality changes in a quiet little man when he takes an experimental drug for his heart condition. Walter Matthau plays Mason's best friend in one of the former's earliest films. The end is a bit contrived to make a happy ending but who cares?

And one more horror story that is not really a forgotten film but seems to be almost unknown in horror circles. Catch if you can The Bad Seed (1956) with Patty McCormack as a six-year-old multiple-murderess. See you on the late show.

A SEMI-CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF SCIENCE FICTION AND HORROR FILMS

The finest source for vital statistics on science fiction and horror films is the appendix of Carlos Clarens' An Illustrated History of the Horror Film, listing complete credits for over three hundred horror films. The problem is that one does not get a feel for the evolution of the genre using an alphabetical list. A complete chronological list is obviously impossible since nobody kept exact records as to when each film was released. I have here compiled from Clarens, John Baxter's Science Fiction in the Cinema, and Ivan Butler's Horror in the Cinema a listing alphabetically by year. Even with only three sources there were discrepancies as to what year certain films were made and in these cases I have tried to use my judgment. If you are a fan at all, you should find the list interesting.

1902

Voyage Dans La Lune

1910

Frankenstein (Edison)

1912

Conquest of the Pole
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Cruze)

1913

Student of Prague (Wegner)
The Vampire

1914

Avenging Conscience

1915

The Golem
Life Without Soul
Madness of Dr. Tube
Portrait of Dorian Gray

1916

Black Orchids
Homunculus
The Victim

1917

The Devil's Assistant

1920

Cabinet of Calligari
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Barrymore)
The Golem
Haxan
Januskopf
Phantom Carriage

1921

Blade in Satan's Bag
Der Mude Tod

1922

Blind Bargain
Dr. Mabuse
Nosferatu

1923

Greed
Hunchback of Notre Dame
Puritan Passions

1924

Aelita
Dante's Inferno
Nibelungen
Waxworks

1925

Lost World
Orlacs Haende
Phantom of the Opera
Sorrows of Satan
Unholy Three

1926

The Bat
The Bells
Faust
Magician
Metropolis
Student of Prague (Veidt)

1927

The Cat and the Canary
London After Midnight
The Unknown

1928

Alraune
Fall of the House of Usher
Frau in Mond
Man Who Laughs
The Terror

1929

Buck Rogers
Mysterious Island
Seven Footprints to Satan

1930

Alraune
The Cat Creeps
Just Imagine
Liliom

1931

Dracula
Frankenstein
M
Mad Genius
Svengali

1932

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (March)
Dr. X
Freaks
Mask of Fu Manchu
Most Dangerous Game
The Mummy
Murders in the Rue Morgue
Old Dark House
Testament of Dr. Mabuse
Vampyr
White Zombie

1933

Deluge
F.P.I. Does Not Reply
The Ghoul
Invisible Man
Island of Lost Souls
King Kong
Liliom
Mystery of the Wax Museum
Son of Kong
Sphinx
Vampire Bat

1934

Black Cat
Death Takes a Holiday
Hands of Orlac

1935

The Black Room
Bride of Frankenstein
Dante's Inferno
Mad Love
Mark of the Vampire
Phantom Empire (Gene Autry)
The Raven
Transatlantic Tunnel
Werewolf of London

1936

Devil Doll
Dracula's Daughter
Flash Gordon
Golem
Invisible Ray
The Man Who Changed His Mind
Revolt of the Zombies
Things to Come
Walking Dead

1937

Lost Horizon

1939

The Cat and the Canary (Bob Hope)
Hound of the Baskervilles
Hunchback of Notre Dame
Man They Could Not Hang
Miracles for Sale
On Borrowed Time
Return of Dr. X (Humphrey Bogart)
Son of Frankenstein
Tower of London

1940

Before I Hang
Dark Eyes of London
Dr. Cyclops
Face Behind the Mask
Invisible Man Returns
Invisible Woman
The Man with Nine Lives
Mummy's Hand
One Million B.C.
Thief of Bagdad

1941

All That Money Can Buy
Black Cat
The Devil Commands
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Tracy)
Man-Made Monster
Wolf Man

1942

Cat People
Dr. Renault's Secret
Ghost of Frankenstein
Mummy's Tomb
Undying Monster

1943

Calling Dr. Death
Captive Wild Woman
Day of Wrath
Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman
I Walked with a Zombie
Leopard Man

1943 (cont.)

Phantom of the Opera
Seventh Victim
Son of Dracula

1944

Curse of the Cat People
Cry of the Werewolf
Dead Man's Eyes
House of Frankenstein
The Lodger
Mummy's Ghost
Mummy's Curse
Return of the Vampire
Spiral Staircase
The Uninvited
Weird Woman

1945

The Body Snatcher
Dead of Night
Frozen Ghost
Game of Death
House of Dracula
Isle of the Dead
Lost Weekend
Picture of Dorian Gray

1946

Beauty and the Beast
Bedlam
Valley of the Zombies

1947

Beast with Five Fingers
Phantom Creeps

1948

Abbott and Costello Meet
Frankenstein

1949

Mighty Joe Young
Voodoo Man

1950

Destination Moon
Fall of the House of Usher
Flying Saucer
Orphee
Rocket Ship XM

1951

Day the Earth Stood Still
Flight to Mars
Man from Planet X
The Medium
Son of Dr. Jekyll
The Thing from Another World
When Worlds Collide

1952

Alraune
Black Castle
Four-Sided Triangle (Hammer)
Invasion U.S.A.
Red Planet Mars
The Sniper

1953

Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde
Beast from 20,000 Fathoms
Donovan's Brain
Emperor's Baker
5,000 Fingers of Dr. T
House of Wax
Invaders from Mars
It Came from Outer Space
Magnetic Monster
The Maze
The Naked Jungle
Phantom from Space
Spaceways
Twonky
War of the Worlds
Zombies of the Stratosphere

1954

Creature from the Black Lagoon
Killers from Space
Phantom of the Rue Morgue
Riders to the Stars
Robot Monster
Them

1955

Beast with a Million Eyes
Creeping Unknown
Conquest of Space
Day the World Ended
Diabolique
Five
Godzilla
It Came from Beneath the Sea
Tarantula
This Island Earth
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

1956

Animal World
Beast of Hollow Mountain
Creature Walks Among Us
The Cyclops
Earth Versus the Flying Saucers
Forbidden Planet
Invasion of the Body Snatchers
It Conquered the World
1984
Rodan
Run for the Sun

1956 (cont.)

Satellite in the Sky
Undead
X, the Unknown

1957

The Abominable Snowman
Amazing Colossal Man
Black Scorpion
Blood of Dracula
Curse of Frankenstein
Daughter of Dr. Jekyll
Deadly Mantis
Enemy from Space
Giant Claw
Hunchback of Notre Dame
I Bury the Living
I Was a Teenage Frankenstein
I Was a Teenage Werewolf
Incredible Shrinking Man
Kronos
Land Unknown
Monolith Monsters
Monster That Challenged the World
Mysterians
Twenty Million Miles to Earth
Twenty-Seventh Day

1958

Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman
The Blob
Blood of the Vampire
The Colossus of New York
Curse of the Demon
First Man into Space
The Fly
Horror of Dracula
House on the Haunted Hill
How to Make a Monster
I Married a Monster from Outer Space
Macabre
My World Dies Screaming
Return of Dracula
Revenge of Frankenstein
Seventh Voyage of Sinbad
Space Children
Terror from the Year 5000
War of the Satellites

1959

Bucket of Blood
Caltiki, the Immortal Monster
Frankenstein's Daughter
Giant Behemoth
Horrors of the Black Museum
Hound of the Baskervilles
Man Who Could Cheat Death

1959 (cont.)

The Mummy
On the Beach
Peeping Tom
Return of the Fly
Stranglers of Bombay
The Tingler
Wasp Woman

1960

Black Sunday
Blood and Roses
Brides of Dracula
Et Mourir de Plaisir
Gorgo
Hands of Orlac
House of Usher
Konga
Lost World
Psycho
Thirteen Ghosts
Three Worlds of Gulliver
Time Machine
Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll
Village of the Damned
Yeux sans Visage

1961

Curse of the Werewolf
The Damned
Incident at Owl Creek Bridge
Innocents
Journey to the Seventh Planet
The Mask
Mysterious Island
Pit and the Pendulum
Reptilicus
Testament of Dr. Cordelier

1962

Burn Witch Burn
Kiss of the Vampire
Mothra
Panic in the Year Zero
Phantom of the Opera
Planet Bura
Premature Burial
Raptus
Tales of Terror
Tower of London
Underwater City
Whatever Happened to Baby Jane

1963

The Birds
Black Sabbath
Black Zoo
Blood Feast

1963 (cont.)

Children of the Damned
 Creation of the Humanoids
 Day Mars Invaded Earth
 Day of the Triffids
 Haunted Palace
 The Haunting
 Ikarria XBI
 Jason and the Argonauts
 La Jetee
 The Raven
 La Spettro
 The Terror
 Unearthly Stranger
 X, the Man with the X-ray Eyes

1964

Blood and Black Lace
 Curse of the Mummy's Tomb
 Dr. Strangelove
 Dr. Terror's House of Horrors
 Earth Dies Screaming
 Evil of Frankenstein
 Fanatic
 First Men in the Moon
 The Gorgon
 Hysteria
 Kwaidon
 Mask of Red Death
 Tomb of Ligeia
 Witchcraft

1965

Alphaville
 Black Cat
 City Under the Sea
 The Collector
 Curse of the Fly
 Devils of Darkness
 Die Monster Die
 Dracula, Prince of Darkness
 Face of Fu Manchu
 Planet of the Vampires

1965 (cont.)

Rasputin
 Repulsion
 Revenge of the Blood Beast
 The Skull
 Tenth Victim

1966

Bloodsuckers
 Deadly Bees
 Eye of the Devil
 Fahrenheit 451
 Fantastic Voyage
 Frankenstein Created Woman
 Island of Terror
 Mummy's Shroud
 One Million Years B.C.
 Plague of Zombies
 Projected Man
 Reptile
 Seconds
 Shuttered Room
 Witches

1967

Barbarella
 Dance of the Vampires
 The Devil Rides Out
 Diabolik
 Doctor Faustus
 Five Million Years to Earth
 The Power
 Torture Garden

1968

Curse of the Crimson Altar
 Dracula Has Risen from the Grave
 Eye of the Cat
 Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed
 Rosemary's Baby
 2001
 Wild in the Streets
 Witchfinder General

--Mark R. Leeper

(And speaking of movies, the Society's upcoming movie is This Island Earth, produced by Universal in 1955. Directed by Joseph Newman, this film stars Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, Rex Reason, and Lance Fuller. It will be shown in all its glory on May 8 (Monday), in Mahar Auditorium at 8:00 pm and 9:45 pm. --EC)

by Dimitri Gat

The best way to ease into print is to write something worth publishing. Once that's out of the way, the beginning science fiction writer has to 'merchandise' what he writes. For the aggressive, rich, and fearless, this means badgering powerful and famous editors personally by thrusting the completed work repeatedly under their noses, buying them lunches, and generally wearing them down. The rest of the group of hopeful writers must follow more standard methods of getting published.

Consider short stories first. Despite the common belief, short stories in the science fiction genre are more difficult to publish than novels. The reason is the same as that for the more standard works of fiction: there are more novel publishers than short story outlets. It's that simple. Think about it. Any sci-fi fan worth his grok can rattle off the names of the new work anthologies, the leading magazines, and a few of the near-pulps--and that's all there are. So...the competition is tough. The names sell first. Afterward, an editor will fill up the rest of the mag with lesser lights, and maybe will take a chance on an unknown--if he's got a good story.

To help an editor make a favorable decision, consider the following:

1) Match your story to the type of magazine or anthology that prints it. There are differences between Galaxy and F&SF. Think about them--maybe even tailor a story for a particular one. It's worked more than once.

2) To avoid the slush pile, try a query letter. Write to an editor, tell him you have a good story and what its subject is--briefly. Ask if you can send it to his attention. That way, he'll be on the lookout for it.

3) Prepare a neat copy of the story, typed with clean keys on 8½ x 11 white bond paper. Be sure to include your name, address, and the approximate number of words. Double space, one-inch margins, and neat erasures, please.

4) Find out a name at a particular magazine or anthology to which the story might be sent. This may keep you out of the slush pile. Names can be found in The Literary Marketplace. Ask at the reference desk in the main library. Or check out the masthead of the magazine or other publication in question.

5) Start with the best magazines and work downward, even though the ones that pay two or three cents a word (shades of Horatio Alger!) will be more likely to be purchasers of beginning writers. One may get lucky before the bottom of the list.

6) Always send a self-addressed manila envelope and postage along with the manuscript to assure its return.

7) Persist, if the story is a good one. Try them all, and don't get discouraged. Remember: Once Frank Herbert was an unknown, too.

Selling a novel is a little easier because there are so very many publishers who now handle science fiction. Even Viking and Scribners have broken through the moss and ivy long enough to venture a few sci-fi's. Terrible ones to date, by the way. The rules are pretty much those for the short story. Publishers are famous for capriciousness and questionable judgment. A rejection

by one or a half-dozen publishers doesn't mean a manuscript is bad, necessarily, but that it wasn't right for them. There is a difference. Have hope, but enclose a large mailing envelope with return postage just the same. As with the short story, only moreso...persist. Remember: Catch-22 was rejected by twenty-six publishers.

THE MANOLETE LAW

by Mark R. Leeper

"Ladies and gentlemen. The management of the new Plaza del Torres wishes to welcome you to tonight's entertainment. As you look around you, you can probably guess that we have a capacity crowd tonight to see the rebirth of an art form.

"But before we continue there is a small ceremony we ask you to partake in at this re-opening of the Plaza del Torres. In the ring you see Julio de Gamba. You are no doubt all familiar with Senor de Gamba's work. As the framer of the Manolete Law, it is chiefly through his efforts and by his grace that we may all be here to see the events of the evening.

"Would you all please stand and each of you light a match or a lighter as Senor de Gamba unveils the plaque over the main arch?"

The lights are turned off, all but a spotlight on the veiled plaque and one on de Gamba, and a million glowing eyes in the audience flicker and sizzle. The squat National Hero walks to the main arch proudly and pulls on the cord that leads to the veiled plaque. Cloth falls away to reveal the words:

A TRUE ART FORM
MUST NEVER BE
ALLOWED TO
DIE.

--Julio de Gamba, 1992

De Gamba was a national hero. It was he alone who stood against the International Humane Law. It was he who realized that this supposedly harmless International Law, meant only to unify the laws against cruelty to animals, would in fact outlaw the holding of bullfights in any country that ratified this law. His key argument against the would-be ratifiers was that the government had no right to outlaw an established art form. After over a year of debate came the Manolete Law, authored and sponsored by de Gamba himself, which set up a criterion for defining "art form" and stated that no such art form may be prohibited by law. Art itself has a right to live.

The ring of the arena is now cleared. The spectacle is about to begin. After thousands of years an art form is being reborn. From each entrance in the ring comes a line of men. Around the inside of the ring they file, armor creaking, till they completely line it. At a given signal they turn to the audience. As one they raise their right hands in salute. As one voice: "We who are about to die salute you."

by Mark R. Leeper

"I think we can get James Lomb to do the screenplay for **"Romeo Antic."**

"What's wrong with Bill Casey? He wrote the book; he's a best-selling author."

"Did you read the book? My kid brings home better writing from the fifth grade. All Casey knows how to do is write about sex."

"We'll get Lomb then. What about you, Joe? How are you coming on that science fiction film you were planning?"

"I got a story for the movie. You can approve it when you have a chance. It was written by Mark Six."

"Who the hell is Mark Six? I never heard of him."

"Actually it's the Mark VI computer we use to do the payroll. Couple of days a week it isn't being used so I wrote a program for it to analyze every science fiction film that has been made since '54 and then to write a story based on little bits from each movie."

"What sort of thing did you get? Can you give us a rundown of the story?"

"Sure. It's called..."

OOGLA THE INCREDIBLE

The story starts on a Pacific island. Dr. David Hart is a geologist who is drilling deep into the ground to get samples of the rock below the volcanic island. Suddenly there is an earthquake and the entire island shakes. The superstitious natives say that Oogla, their dragon god, is angry, and it takes Dr. Leo Strong, friend of Hart, to get them back to work. When the drill bit is brought up, it brings with it a strange substance like fingernail. Hart leaves Strong in control of the natives and takes the strange substance to the University of Honolulu where it can be analyzed. While there he meets a lovable old scientist who is very interested in the substance and wants Hart to take him to where it was found. Dr. Grig, the lovable old scientist, flies back to the island with Hart the next day. When they fly over the island they find that it is deserted. Around the drilling area there has been a great deal of dirt moved. When they land and search the island, they can find only one man left. It is Strong, who was found hiding in a cave, delirious. He says one word, "Oogla," and collapses. He is carried back onto the plane by Hart and Grig.

On the way back to Honolulu, Grig asks Hart what could have happened on the island. Hart says that he has no idea, but there was something strange about all the earth that was moved at the drilling sight. There were not the machines on the island to move that much dirt. Besides, the earth was not dug by machine; it was pushed up and aside from below. While they are talking, they hear a strange humming noise. Suddenly the plane starts shaking violently and Strong becomes conscious only long enough to scream, "Oogla!" and collapses again. After a struggle to gain control of the plane, it settles down and the humming goes away.

When they land in Honolulu, they take Strong to a hospital. He is examined but the doctors say he is suffering from a virus that they have never seen and that they do not know how to treat.

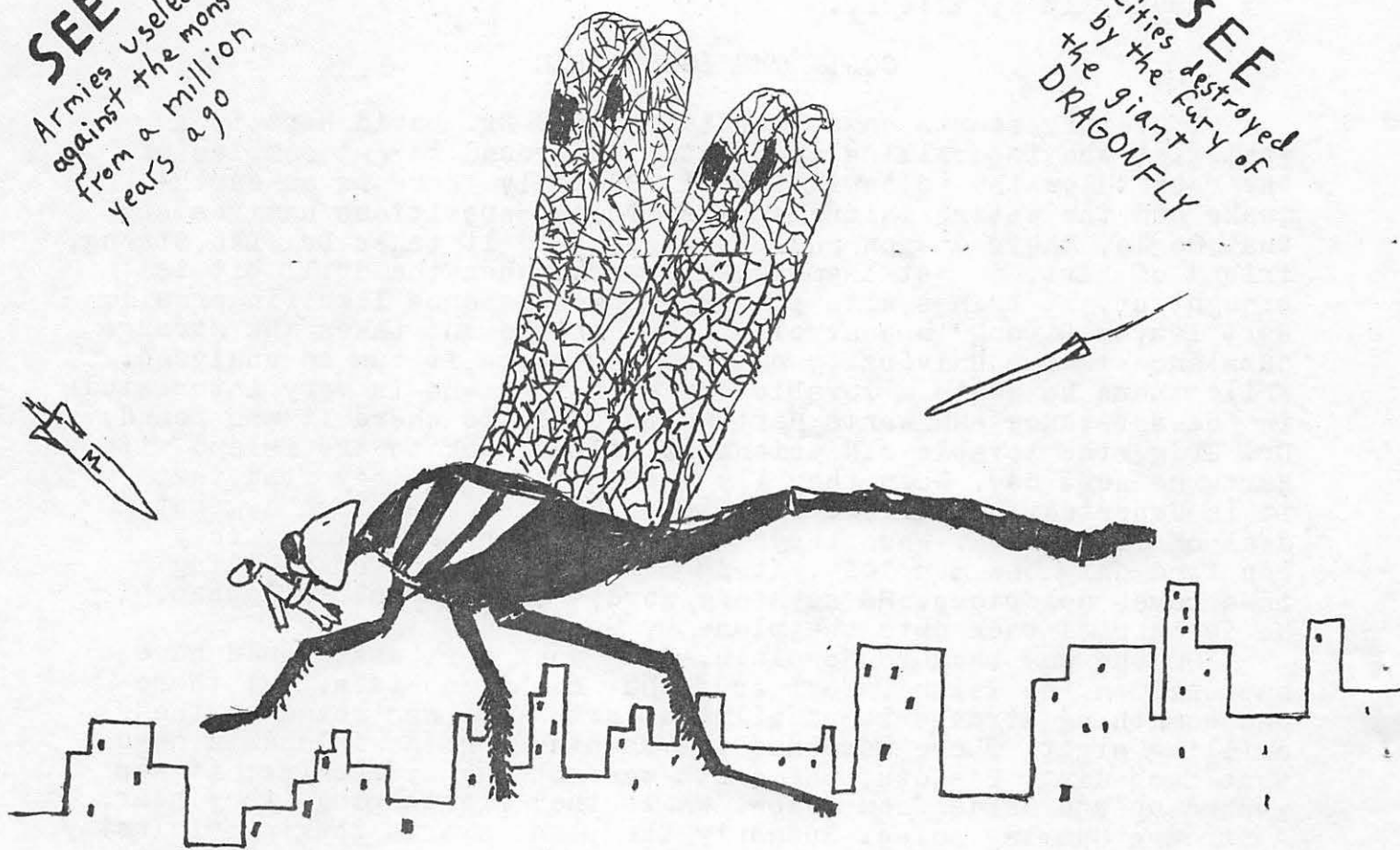
Two days later, Strong's voluptuous younger sister Kathy comes to visit him at the hospital. She is not allowed to see her brother because he is in quarantine. In a comic interplay, she takes Dr.

OOGLA

THE INCREDIBLE

SEE
Armies useless
against the monster
from a million
years ago

SEE
Cities destroyed
by the fury of
the giant
DRAGONFLY



Hart for one of her brother's doctors. Dr. Hart plays along until she realizes her error and she is angry with him. Dr. Hart sees that Kathy Strong is beautiful and asks her out to dinner to make up for his tricking her. After dinner, he takes her out on the beach and they look at the moon. He holds her hand, then kisses her, etc., etc., and etc. While they are together they hear on the car radio that several Japanese fishing boats have disappeared.

Dr. Grig, who has been studying the sample that had been brought up in the drill bit, talks to Hart the next day. The substance seems to have come from an animal. It was, however, much harder than would have been expected if it came from any known animal. It is impossible to estimate the size of the animal that the sample might have come from, but it could have been incredibly large. Suddenly things started to make sense; back on the island there must have been some kind of animal encased in volcanic lava, perhaps some sort of huge, prehistoric animal that had been preserved in the lava since the islands were formed. Hart calls the University of Honolulu and requests an expert on prehistoric animals to identify the animal on the island. He is told that one of the best people in the field is Dr. Katherine Strong. Hart asks Kathy to come with him to the island and she is very happy to.

When they get to the island and the drilling sight they find that the animal is not there. There is an imprint in the rock where some huge animal had been encased, but the rock had been cracked apart so that it was impossible to tell what kind of animal it was. The animal had either been carried away by persons unknown, or somehow it was still alive and had gotten away on its own power. The imprint of the animal was 124 feet long. They are mystified by what they have found and cannot believe that an animal that big had disappeared.

The radio on the plane reports that there is a sailor in Tokyo who had been shipwrecked, he claimed, by a monster. By a monster. Hart decides to fly directly to Tokyo and talk to the sailor.

When Hart and Kathy get to Tokyo, the sailor refuses to talk about the monster he has seen because no one believed him when he described it earlier. He thinks that Hart is making fun of him. Kathy, however, wins him over with a smile. The sailor says that his ship was attacked by a huge dragonfly. Kathy is very disturbed by the thought that the insect could be a huge man-eating dragonfly.

Kathy explains to Hart all about dragonflies. Dragonflies have been around for about 400 million years. Some dragonfly fossils can be found that have wingspans of over three feet, and it is conceivable that much bigger dragonflies lived whose fossils have not been found. If there is a monstrous dragonfly, it must be fought in the air since most dragonflies fly all day without landing. Oogla has shown that it is carnivorous and carnivorous dragonflies have large appetites for smaller insects and, in Oogla's case, people. Some small dragonflies can fly at speeds of sixty miles per hour. It is hard to say how fast Oogla should be able to fly if he does exist. Oogla seems to be moving north but he will not go much north of Japan because he will seek a warmer climate.

Kathy gets a call from the University. A fishing boat in the North Pacific reports seeing an immense animal in the skies. It was seen flying east-by-southeast about a thousand miles north of Hawaii. It was heading straight toward California. The Air Force wants Hart and Kathy to fly to Washington State to see if they can help destroy the monster. Before they leave they find out that

the sailor who was attacked by Oogla has died from an unknown virus. Evidently Oogla carries organisms in his blood that are dangerous to modern man. It must not be shot down or it will cause a dangerous epidemic. Oogla must be destroyed in one piece.

When Hart and Kathy get to Washington, they find out that the Air Force has sent out planes to shoot Oogla down with missiles. Kathy tells General Horne, the commander of operations against Oogla, that the animal is more dangerous if he is wounded and the viruses from his blood get into the air. Horne calls back the planes but he is too late. Luckily, Oogla is too agile for them and they cannot hit him badly enough to make him bleed. In the fight that ensues several of the planes are destroyed.

One thing has been puzzling Kathy. At the high speeds that Oogla flies, it should not have taken nearly so long for Oogla to cross the Pacific.

Oogla is now over California and Civil Defense is trying to warn people to get into fallout shelters and basements. It is hoped that if Oogla cannot find food in California, he will move on to Nevada and then will be their problem. Unfortunately, Oogla gets to San Francisco too soon. He lights on the Golden Gate Bridge. Motorists abandon their cars because of the destruction of parts of the bridge., but many are caught and eaten by Oogla.

Oogla then leaves the bridge and flies to the center of San Francisco. There is a panic and thousands of people in the streets run to get away from Oogla. Buildings and cars are destroyed. Oogla rampages through the city. Luckily the police have been warned not to injure Oogla, but one man gets a high-powered rifle from a store and tries to shoot Oogla in his immense jeweled eye. When he hits the side of Oogla's head, he is picked up by Oogla and is eaten, but a few drops of Oogla's blood fall to the ground. The beast, gluttoned, flies on.

The blood from the prehistoric dragonfly must be destroyed. A team of volunteers use flame throwers to burn and sterilize the blood. The volunteers die but they have destroyed the blood.

Hart and Kathy are met by Dr. Grig in Washington State. The Air Force has asked him to come to Washington at Hart's request. The three of them talk over the possibility of burning Oogla alive. The entire beast would have to be sterilized before a single drop of his blood was shed. Outside of dropping the beast into a live volcano, there seems little chance of that. Grig suggests that it might be possible to cook the beast in mid-air so that his blood would be sterilized before the beast hits the ground. If a large field of microwaves could be projected onto the beast, he could be cooked almost instantly. Microwaves cause a sort of friction between the molecules of whatever comes in their path. This use was discovered when the Army was experimenting with microwaves. A bird flew into the path of the microwave field and died instantly. When he was picked up, the bird was found to be completely cooked. Grig suggests that the same thing be tried with Oogla.

A small plane has been set up with a microwave generator. Hart offers to fly the plane, since he has the experience with Oogla. Oogla seems to be flying in the direction of Kansas, so Hart takes a jet to get there before Oogla. Hart gets to Kansas and takes the plane up with Grig to handle the microwave equipment. Finally Oogla comes over the horizon. He sees a small plane and chases it. But something is wrong with the microwave equipment. Grig works furiously at it while Hart tries to keep the plane ahead of Oogla. The mammoth dragonfly almost catches the plane twice. Finally the equipment is ready, just as Oogla gets

a hold of the plane. The plane is shaking violently as Grig turns on the equipment. Suddenly all is peaceful. Hart looks below the plane to see a browned, sterilized Oogla fall dead to the ground. Grig returns happily to the airport. When Hart and Grig get back, there are Kathy and Strong waiting for them. But Kathy and her brother seem strangely serious. Kathy says that it didn't seem to matter before so she didn't mention it, but Oogla was a female. Dr. Strong brings news that huge dragonfly eggs have been found all over the Pacific. Oogla must have dropped them in flight when she crossed the Pacific. Since they have few natural enemies in the water, each one will grow into a giant dragonfly. Every egg must be found and destroyed and that will take the cooperation of all the nations of Earth.

Grig says that maybe this is a test given to man by God. If all nations cannot cooperate, maybe man deserves to die. IF WE CANNOT ALL WORK TOGETHER, THE NEXT RULER OF THE WORLD MAY BE OOGLA.

MS. NEVER FOUND

by Mark R. Leeper

To whom it may concern:

I remember that Dr. Richard Selzic is a professor of Chemistry at Harvard University. I have worked with him for two and one half years. I know that he is not capable of murder. What I am not sure of is how I remember him now when I did not three days ago. Nor am I sure of why there is no record of him anywhere and I am the only one to remember him.

The living nightmare started for Dr. Selzic three days ago when he arrived to teach his organic chemistry class and found me teaching it. To me the angry man seemed mad. I could remember in detail teaching this class from the beginning of the semester and the students remembered me as their professor, yet I know now that was the first time I stood before any class. That was the day of madness for Richard Selzic. Overnight every record of his existence had disappeared. Everything from his thesis disappearing from the library to even his best friends and his students forgetting that he ever existed. The five papers that we co-authored bore my name alone.

That night he came to my office and asked to talk to me. I guess I thought he was mad, but there was something about him. Then suddenly I remembered him. It's a strange feeling to suddenly realize that someone you thought was a complete stranger was in fact your best friend for years. Selzic told me that there is some force, some power on Earth that we know nothing about. It was this force that had engineered the Great War for their own secret purposes. Selzic found out about them and they "erased" him. Erased every record that he was ever alive. What kind of force can tamper with men's memories like that, destroy all records of a man's existence? Yet some of us are resistant to their efforts. It wasn't easy but I remembered Selzic.

Selzic told me that the force had framed him for a murder he didn't commit. He also told me more about the force than I dare to say here. He thinks it can be stopped, or at least hindered. But we must have time to fight it. We are taking a train to Chicago tonight. You must understand that Selzic is not the murderer the police think he is. Selzic was everything he claimed he was!

--Dr. John Dillinger
Harvard University
June 12, 1925

SOME NOTES ON THE LEGEND OF JACK

by Prof. A.E.F. Dorsca,
University of Iberia

(The following document appeared in the Portuguese Journal of Sociology. I am grateful to Dr. Lewis Puesta of the Department of Spanish for his aid in translating the document so it could be printed here, and I am honored that Prof. Dorsca has given permission for the printing of this article. I believe its contents will be of interest to all our readers.

--Mark. R. Leeper)

We have each of us been told, from an early age, the marvelous legend of "Jack and the Beanstalk," yet most of us have not allowed ourselves to accept the legend as anything but a fanciful or perhaps allegorical tale. We now all accept as historical fact the fall of Troy, even though are only accounts of the event are in such fanciful or allegorical tales, as have been handed down from the ancient Mediterranean culture. It remains for modern man to discover the veracity of the legend of Jack, just as it remained for him to discover the veracity of the legend of Troy.

If we trace the legend to its roots to find that nugget of truth that all legends have, we must visit the site of the fabled, wondrous events. After a great deal of work from the text of the legend itself, I have discovered the site to be the province of Czyzn Polodni, in Central Europe. Czyzn Polodni geographically fits the legend perfectly. The climate is cool and brisk. Many farmers keep cows that are not unlike the one that Jack traded for the wondrous beans. The legend of Jack is almost completely paralleled by that of a local folk-hero Jakos who slew an almost completely similar giant.

At this point a note should be made about the people of Czyzn Polodni and their native superstitions. The folk-lore of this colorful province is quite full of legends of giants. This is hardly surprising since the tallest of denizens of this province are rarely over four feet six inches tall and your author, being a brawny, though lean, six foot three was considered somewhat of a giant himself among these quaint, albeit small, people. Even to this day, on cold and gusty nights, the fearful peasantry bar their doors against further attacks by further giants.

Czyzn Polodni has, I might point out, a marketplace very closely resembling that described in the legend. Standing in this marketplace there is a tingle in the air and one says to oneself, "Can this be the marketplace that Jack himself looked on with his own eyes?" Even as I stood there some ragged peasant came up to me and spoke to me in his native tongue. With a gasp, I looked to my interpreter to interpret for me what the ragged peasant had said to me in his native tongue. "He says in his native tongue he will trade his beans for your caw," the interpreter told me. For a moment my head reeled. This peasant had in my mind confirmed my suspicion that I had indeed discovered the site of the legend of Jack. Further, I myself was invited to partake of a trade which might lead to an adventure for myself similar to that in which Jack himself partook. At first the three beans which the ragged peasant held seemed more than adequate recompense for my cow. My interpreter, however, warned me that the offering of beans for some valuable item was a standard ploy in this province to swindle the honest victim who might think that the beans have some marvelous properties while in reality the beans were simply

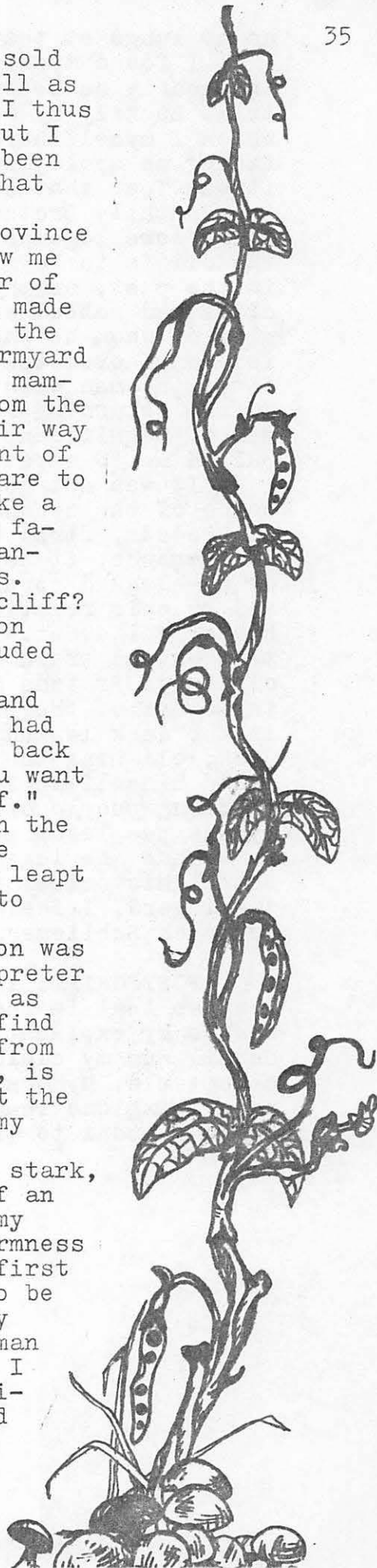
worthless legumes. Besides, he warned me, if I sold the cow I would be without transportation as well as having to carry the cow's heavy saddle myself. I thus declined the ragged peasant's generous offer, but I have often since wondered what fate would have been mine had I been free to engage in commerce at that very moment.

Continuing with my tour of the charming province of Czyzn Polodni, I asked my interpreter to show me the cliffs that constituted the northeast border of the otherwise flat province. It is there that I made the discovery that led to my finally unraveling the key to the mystery of the legend. There in a farmyard at the base of the cliffs was the stump of some mammoth vine as big around as a tall man's leg. From the stump tiny bean plants spiraled and twisted their way up the side of the cliff. Could this be a remnant of the famous beanstalk of song and legend? If we are to so interpret the stump that I found, we must take a look at the legend and see what it tells of the famous beanstalk. The legend tells us that the beanstalk led to a land of giants shrouded in clouds. Could the legend be referring to the top of the cliff? I asked my interpreter and he informed me that on foggy days the top of the cliff was indeed shrouded a veil of thick clouds.

Could Jack have climbed such a cliff wall and come to the province at the top of the cliff. I had to find out, but how? Luckily, my mind wandered back to the immortal words of Thor Heyerdahl, "If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself." With these words of inspiration to imbue me with the courage that Prof. Heyerdahl himself had when he crossed oceans in a boat folded out of paper, I leapt to the cliff face and began the perilous climb to who-knew-what adventure.

I must unfortunately note that my ascension was made alone and in solitude as my cowardly interpreter was reluctant to join me in the climb, probably as much for a superstitious fear of what we might find at the top of the cliff as for fear of falling from the stark cliff face. The loss, as you will see, is more his than mine as he missed being present at the historic events which took place at the end of my climb.

It was a tiring and difficult climb up the stark, rocky cliff face and required the better part of an hour before the top of the cliff was firmly in my grasp. I emphasize "firmly" since it was the firmness of my grasp that saved my life, for as my hand first went over the top of the cliff, what appeared to be a monstrous sandaled foot trod mercilessly on my hand. With a possession of mind uncommon for a man even of my stature, I decided that at all costs I must avoid dying before I could return to civilization with the knowledge I had about the legend of Jack. With extreme control of mind I decided that my best course of action would be to signal my presence by as blood-curdling a scream



as my lungs at that moment could muster.

I found myself being pulled up upon the cliff by a man taller and nearly as brawny as myself, though I fear, not as lean and trim. Luckily my man spoke a dialect which was one of over fifteen which I myself have mastered and in which I am fluent. The man facing me apologized for treading on my hand and explained that it was fear that caused his actions. In this province, which was incidentally Brotzda, the northeastern neighbor of Czyzn Polodni, there were legends about the cliffs which caused the region around the cliffs to be fraught with superstitious fears. At one point in the past, as the legends go, a dwarf came scrambling over the cliff and robbed a nearby farmer of his harp, his money, and a wife of whom he was fond. The heartsick farmer followed the roguish dwarf over the edge of the cliff, never to be seen again. At first the man with whom I was speaking thought that I was that dwarf, returning for more booty, but when I turned out to be a man of magnificent stature, my assailant realized his error and pulled me to safety.

It was not until I was on the train home that the significance of the second legend, the legend I was told on the cliffs of Brotzda, first became apparent to me. In the study of myths and legends, it is often valuable to relate one myth to another, or one legend to another, or one myth to a legend, or vice versa, and by this relation come to some conclusion about an actual historical event. It occurred to me as I sat in my private compartment on the train that the Jack legend and the legend of the cliffs of Brotzda might be related in the following way. Suppose the dwarf of the Brotzda legend is in reality Jack and the giant in the Jack legend is in reality the farmer in the Brotzda legend. Jack, climbing the beanstalk, which itself climbed the cliff face, found himself in Brotzda and, being of the smaller cast of the charming people of charming Czyzn Polodni, found himself dwarfed by the people of Brotzda and concluded he was in a land of giants.

Thus the legend of Jack can be seen to be an account of an actual historical event, and having discovered the truth behind the legend, I feel I can justly take my place in history next to Heinrich Schliemann and Thor Heyerdahl.

POSTSCRIPT: It has since been pointed out by one of my colleagues that in the legend of Jack, the beanstalk grew in one night. My explanation, of course, would not account for this detail and my claim that this beanstalk was magic would not be acceptable. My best reply at present is that one cannot believe everything one reads in a fairy tale, but I am returning to Czyzn Polodni to try to clear up this detail.



BETELGEUSE

by Patrick J. Carey

(Since this magazine is, for the present at least, named Betelgeuse, the following article may be of interest to our many loyal readers.

--The Editor)

Betelgeuse is at times the brightest star in the constellation of Orion. For that reason, and because of the star's commanding position high up on the left shoulder of the giant, the German astronomer Johann Bayer the designation Alpha Orionis in 1603. Also known as Mirzam ("Roarer" or "Announcer") because it is the first bright star in the constellation to rise, Betelgeuse is supposed to denote military or civic honors in astrology. The name Betelgeuse itself comes from the Arabic, ibt-al-jauza (the giant's shoulder), according to R.A. Proctor (1883). Other writers give different translations. The late Harvard astronomer J.S. Pickering (1966) said that Betelgeuse meant "the armpit of the white-belted sheep," while W.T. Alcott (1911) believed that it came from an Arabic phrase meaning "the armpit of the central one." The English astronomer Patrick Moore (1960) believes that the name has been translated, retranslated, and mistranslated so many times since antiquity that by now Betelgeuse means nothing in particular. Similarly, there is no agreement among astronomers as to the spelling of the star's name. "Betelgeux" and "Betelgeuze" are common alternate renditions, particularly in older literature.

Perhaps more annoying than the lack of a universally accepted spelling for the star's name is the total confusion as to the correct pronunciation of Betelgeuse. Various authors have written that it should be pronounced as: "Beetle-juice," "Beetle-jooze," "Bet-el-geeze," "Bet-el-gurge," and "Bay-tell-jurze."

Astronomers do agree, however, that Betelgeuse is an interesting, unusual celestial object. Even when viewed with the naked eye, it is noticeably red in color. The star can be thought of as representing a great bleeding wound on the shoulder of the Giant made by the horns of Taurus the Bull, Orion's adversary in the sky. In the stellar spectral classification developed by astronomers, Betelgeuse is designated a Class M2 star. This means that it has a relatively cool (about 3000° C.) optical surface that shows the lines of neutral metals, even molecular titanium oxide, when observed through the spectroscope.

Betelgeuse is by no means a typical Class M star, however. Most M-type stars are small bodies, considerably smaller than our sun. They have masses less than one-tenth that of the sun and luminosities between one-hundredth and one-millionth that of the sun. They are also the commonest type of star in our galaxy. Betelgeuse, on the other hand, is a rara avis among stars. It is a red super-giant with a mass thought to be about fifteen times as great as the sun's and an intrinsic brightness that exceeds our sun's by almost three thousand times. In size Betelgeuse occasionally reaches the truly astronomical diameter of 460 million miles. This is five hundred thirty times the diameter of the sun. If the sun were replaced at this moment by Betelgeuse as the center of the solar system, we'd all be swimming in red-hot gas. The earth in its orbit would actually be inside Betelgeuse. So would Mars, in its even larger orbit. Of course, neither planet would

last very long so deep within the star. Their orbits would immediately decay because of friction with the substance of the star. Long before either of the planets completed this spiral down towards the denser, hotter center of Betelgeuse, however, they would have both been completely vaporized. Even a cool 3000°C . is almost twice the temperature needed to melt the Earth's rocks. The vaporization of the Earth and Mars would probably not happen instantaneously, however. It is possible that they could continue many thousands (millions?) of miles in their orbits while actually within the star before they were completely destroyed. This would be possible because each planet is in reality a very massive body (6.6×10^{21} tons in the case of the Earth) with considerable latent heat of vaporization and orbital momentum. In addition, the density of this gas that makes up Betelgeuse is very low. It is less dense, in fact, than the air we breathe, over a million times less dense. The average density of the star Betelgeuse is about equivalent to that produced by a fair laboratory vacuum pump. Nevertheless, the star's density is still more than a quadrillion (10^{16}) times as great as the "atmospheric" density of interplanetary space, so astronomically speaking, the star is definitely a substantial entity. It is tenuous only by our own standards. As a matter of fact, the density of the star varies with time. Betelgeuse is a pulsating variable. It changes in both brightness and size. The change in brightness was first noticed by Sir John Herschel in 1836, but the change in size was not conclusively demonstrated until 1920 when the diameter of the star was first measured with an interferometer at Mount Wilson Observatory. Betelgeuse was the first star other than our sun for which we knew a diameter.

The period of pulsation for Betelgeuse is about six years. A secondary lesser period of variation of from 150-300 days is superimposed on the larger one, so the light curve (graph of brightness vs. time) for the star is rather complicated.

At its brightest Betelgeuse has a magnitude of 0.15. It is then the brightest star in Orion and the seventh brightest star in the sky. At its dimmest Betelgeuse has a magnitude of 1.1, less than half its maximum brilliance, and inferior to the magnitude of sixteen other stars. Astronomers were surprised when they discovered that the times of greatest luminosity correspond to the times when the star is smallest in diameter. Betelgeuse must get considerably hotter at its visible surface (i.e., it must radiate more energy per unit surface area) when it shrinks to smallest size in order to offset its diminished amount of surface area at that time.

Radiating energy at a rate 2900 times as great as does the sun and yet with a mass only fifteen times as great as that of the sun, it is obvious that Betelgeuse can not be expected to last as long as the sun. In fact, if current theories on stellar evolution are correct, Betelgeuse is already well past middle age and has entered a period of instability prior to exploding. Astrophysicists believe that stars with large masses like Betelgeuse go through a stage of tremendously increased luminosity immediately after the red giant stage. Called supernovae, such stars have luminosities on the order of 10^{11} times the luminosity of the sun. If Betelgeuse suddenly went supernovae it could be as bright as our entire galaxy for a few months. What would it look like from Earth?

Located at a distance of two hundred seventy light-years, Betelgeuse is currently a rather run-of-the-mill first magnitude

star. But if its luminosity were suddenly increased 10^8 times it would jump to magnitude -19. It would still be thousands of times less brilliant than the sun appears to us, but more than ten million times as bright as does Sirius. Brighter than four hundred full moons, Betelgeuse would turn night into day for three months or so before it began to fade. During that time the Earth would be bombarded with about a hundred times the amount of ultraviolet radiation it currently receives from the sun. The most important effect of this increase would be a dramatic rise in the level of ionization in the upper atmosphere. The auroral displays would be fantastic. Little of the extra u.v. would reach the surface of the Earth, however, for according to Carl Sagan and I.S. Shklovskii (1966), the ozone layer in the stratosphere would be equal to the task of absorbing all the increased ultraviolet radiation.

Soon after Betelgeuse had faded out of sight (it never again would shine with its former brilliance), a great spherical nebula would become visible in that part of the sky occupied by the neutron star remnant of Betelgeuse. This roiling cloud of ionized gas would be visible at night as a faintly glowing patch of light centered on the left shoulder of Orion. Because of its dimness it would look very innocuous; a time exposure photograph through a telescope would be necessary to show that it was another, larger Crab Nebula in the process of formation. Over the millenia it would grow until finally it filled half the sky. (Again, though, its fluorescence would be so dim as to be almost invisible.) Then, 100,000 years after the explosion, it would reach the Earth. Even the slower particles making up such a cloud would travel at thousands of kilometers per second, while others would move at close to the speed of light. It would be these latter particles that would reach the Earth's atmosphere as primary cosmic rays, in hundreds of times their previous abundance.

Such an increase in cosmic ray intensity would cause the background radiation at the surface of the Earth to rise drastically. Because of increased radiation rates this rise could be fatal to species of long-lived organisms. Unless mankind retained a high level of technology at that far-future time, he might not fare too well in the event that Betelgeuse went supernovae tomorrow.

Of course, it is probably very unlikely that Betelgeuse will explode in the near future, though the possibility exists. Scientists just don't know the exact point on its evolutionary path to destruction that Betelgeuse has at the present time reached. The star's core may right now be slowly increasing its temperature. When its temperature reaches hundreds of millions of degrees, electron-positron interactions will take place at such a rate that the star will be radiating more energy as neutrinos than as photons. What if Betelgeuse is about to reach that stage? If that is the case then the fireworks are about to begin. I wonder if it would really be a waste of time to keep a closer eye on the periodic variations in the brightness of Betelgeuse.

References Cited

- Moore, Patrick, A Guide to the Stars, W.W. Norton and Company, Inc., N.Y., 1960.
 Olcott, W.T., Star Lore of All Ages, G.P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y., 1911.
 Pickering, J.S., 1001 Questions Answered About Astronomy, Dodd, Mead and Company, N.Y., 1966
 Proctor, R.A., Easy Star Lessons, G.P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y., 1883.
 SShklovskii, I.S., and Carl Sagan, Intelligent Life in the Universe, Dell Publishing Co., Inc., N.Y., 1966.

