

NEW
1964



SPACE MOVIES

SEPT.

50¢



SPACEMEN

**HOLLYWOOD'S
ASTRONAUTS**

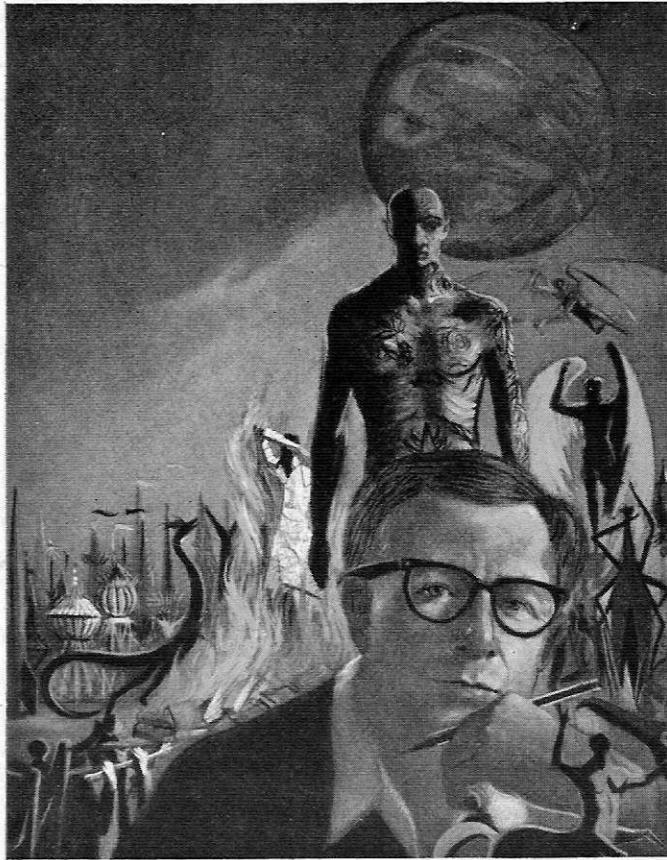


AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTO LOOK
FUTURE FILM
SPECTACULARS

TWINS
FROM
OTHER
WORLDS

KING OF THE
LOST PLANET
ROCKETMEN

RAY BRADBURY BURY



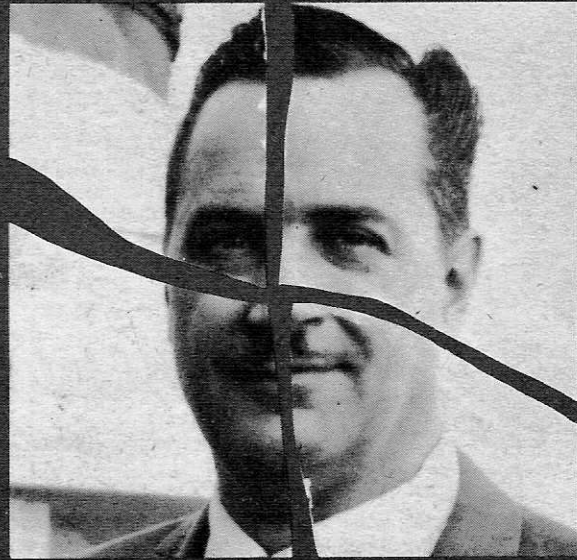
NEXT!

SPACEMEN takes Great Pride in bringing you in Our Very Next Issue a Great Feature by the Far Famed Chronicler of Fantascience, RAY BRADBURY.

Ray reveals his favorite scientifilms, defines science fiction & is his uniquely fascinating self in this articulate article which no reader of sci-fi or fan of the scientificinema or admirer of Bradbury will want to miss. Augmented by 11 exciting stills from **THINGS TO COME**, **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL**, **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE**, new foto of RAY himself, etc.!

PHOTO ABOVE: RAY BRADBURY & Friends as painted for the cover of the May 1963 issue of The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, which issue may still be on the stands if you hurry. In addition to 2 brand new stories by our foremost contributor next issue, it features a profile & bibliography of him by William F. Nolan, the same Nolan who recently lunched with Boris Karloff and lived to tell the engrossing story in the April 1963 issue of our companion magazine, **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**.

THE EDITORS



SPACE

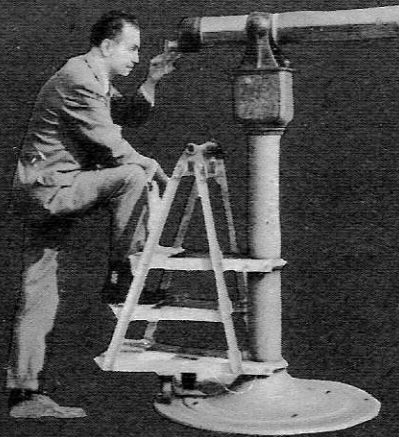
YES, YES, we know—SPACEMEN is late. But astronavigation is not yet an exact science & somewhere out around Rigel while skimming the cream of the articles off some Milky Way particles we made a 90° turn & almost skidded into a total eclipse. They're the darkest kind, you know, and by the time we'd groped our way out of the celestial smog an alarming amount of time had whizzed by.

But we think you'll find the wait well worth it as you peruse this issue's unusual contents . . . which we intend to even top in #8 with fearless coverage of the interplanetary war front of the BATTLE OF THE WORLDS. We'll brave the PLANET OF STORMS to bring you back an eye-witness account. And, as a bonus, there'll be the start of the story (novel length) of Ray Harryhausen's miraculous 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH.

For those of you who can't get your fill of FJA (you pathetic little minority vs. that vast majority who can't stomach him!), I believe I'm scheduled to have a fantastic story published in a new sci-fantasy periodical called Gamma, first issue of which should be on the stands about the same time as the SPACEMEN. You might check this out. In any event, AE van Vogt, Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber, Wm. (Meal with a Monster) Nolan, Chas. (QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE) Beaumont, Ib (ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS) Melchior and other familiar stars of the space-time continuum are to be featured. Astronomical cover painting by Morris Scott Dollens, whose work (FAR HORIZONS, DREAM OF THE STARS) you've appreciated in SPACEMEN.

Plan NOW to be in Washington, DC, over Labor Day Holiday, to enjoy the 21st WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION and meet SM contributors like Donald A. Wollheim, Robert Silverberg; the members of the Ragnarok Club, Guest of Honor Murray ("The Monster from World's End") Leinster; and many many interesting sci-fi notables. Of course, as in Chicago last year, there to fraternize with you fans of SPACEMEN and FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND will be your publisher Jim Warren and your

Editor Forry Ackerman





SO UNUSUAL was his lengthy letter that we in turn are doing something unusual & turning the entire letter column over, for this one issue only, to opinions, evaluations, remarks, reviews, recommendations, etc. from rabid reader CHRISTOPHER BROOKS of Morrisville, Pa.



THE BROOKS REPORT

Issue #1: Excellent cover, wonderful introduction. Best article, the behind-the-scenes info on the filming of RIDERS TO THE STARS. Second best, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, the fotos from which were almost classics. Space Monsterama was a good idea but should have been kept serious. BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE was not at all worthy of a foto review because Toho of Japan at that time did not yet have the capable writers & actors they needed. They are, I am happy to say, beginning to show definite signs of appealing quality in some of their films like MOTHRA. Poor acting & bad writing have blighted some of their past productions. The former can destroy the possibility of a good film before it is even made, especially when the script shows the audience wholesale destruction via monster-on-the-loose theme. Too many screenwriters today concoct unrelated episodes rather than good stories. This was evident in BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE, where the episodes ran from the "discovery of the invader" to "monster-on-the-loose" to

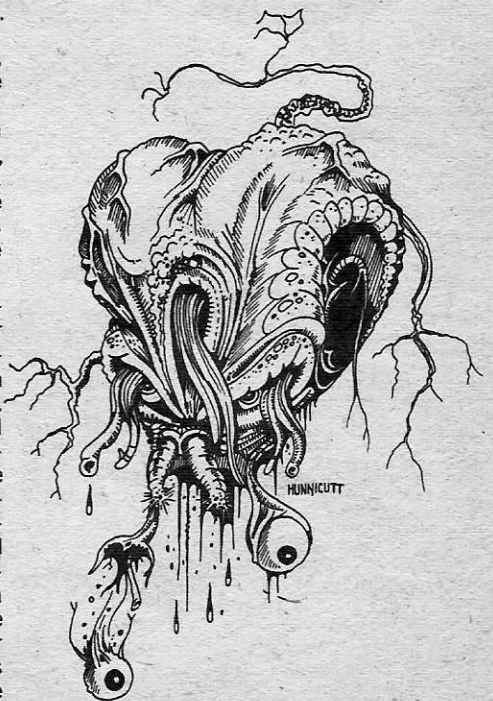
the "wholesale destruction." The best & undoubtedly most outstanding feature of a Toho production is the constant use of a competent visual perfection. 12 TO THE MOON will probably go down in film history as Fred Gebhardt's best film if he continues to go in the direction he is taking at the present. You would expect that, with each succeeding picture, the directors, writers, etc. would get better or attain a level of quality without a change but this picture wasn't too appealing to me. I think you will agree that the best thing about the picture was its basic theme: All the nations of the world, prominent nations, working together & contributing as a whole to the conquest of the moon. In all, your First Issue was something planned & presented in a seemingly new & colorful way.

Issue #2—Wonderful color cover. Best article, behind-the-scenes with Geo. Pal during the filming of WAR OF THE WORLDS. Second best—Wings of Tomorrow. I have never seen the classic film it told of, THINGS TO COME, but judging by the fotos & your review & tidbit reviews I have read, it was a genuine classic. I liked more than anything the fotos from Twilight Zone and the drawings of the Xenomorphs.

VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS & THE PHANTOM PLANET were not so good; the latter was made in 8 days by Gebhardt with a budget of \$150,000. "How to Say Hello to a Martian" was a total bore & waste of space. SM #3—Best article, story & fotos: FRAU IM MOND. It was excellent, the fotos accompanying it genuine classics. I really liked the tiny Martians from Quatermass & the Pit. Second best article, THE LOST PLANET. Silverberg's "Old Spacemen" was great. When will we see more of Geo. Barr's wonderful artwork? #4—Gogos & Warren collaboration great. Best article, "The Ace of Space." The Flash Gordon advertising poster in the latter article was a wonderful item for collectors such as myself. Second best feature, the conclusion of WOMAN IN THE MOON. They Came from Other Spaces was good because of the magazine covers in conjunction with scenes from films. Spacemen of Distinction

was a good idea and Super Space a great one. I really enjoyed your poster & scenes from EARTH vs. THE FLYING SAUCERS and hope to see more fotos, especially of the Harryhausen methods that were used to destroy the famous landmarks. Also some interior scenes of the spaceship would be a good idea. In your Orbituary dept. I thot some of the best fotos were from THE GOLEM, WAR OF THE WORLDS and Jim Nicholson with the model from MASTER OF THE WORLD. Gernsback was right in what he said about "The Man from Ariel"; Wollheim's short was the kind of different story I like. #5—Best article or feature: for once I'm not sure—

(Continued on page 6)



How's this for a Xenomorph of Distinction?

Spacemen

SEPTEMBER 1963

Vol. 2 No. 3

FOREST J ACKERMAN
editor-in-orbit and
writer to the stars

WILLY LEY
honorary
stowaway
flight #7

HARRY CHESTER
meteoric
layout

LEE IRGANG
Cosmic Circulation

BEN TAUBMAN
Astronomical
Advertising

JAMES WARREN
21st Century
publisher

SPACEMEN, Vol. 2, No. 3. Published quarterly by Warren Publishing Co., Editorial Advertising and Subscription Offices at 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia 38, Pa. Second-Class mailing privileges pending at Philadelphia, Penna., with additional entry pending at Meriden, Conn.

Printed in U.S.A. Entire contents copyrighted © 1963 by Warren Publishing Co.

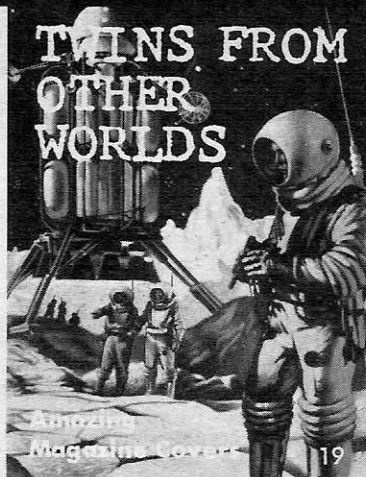
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CREDITS & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Authentic Science Fiction 1954, Chas. Brill, Sam E. Brown, Dick Calkins, Doubleday 1962, J. Forester Eckman, Maj. Oscar Estes Jr., Experimenter Pubco. 1926, Hugo Gernsback, Librairie Hachette, Theo. Holsopple, Murray Kaufman, Toyoji Kuroda, Fritz Lang, Dan Levitt, London Films, Avril Lorraine, Mark McGee, Editore Mondadori, Milt Moritz, Phil Nowlan, Albert Neutzell, Daisy Pafilo, Frank R. Paul, David Pereslete, Stellar Pubco. 1930, Toho, Klaus Unbehauen, UFA, UniJapan, Robt. Villard, Dorothy Westcott.

LOOK to the future

Preview News
of Sci-Fi Films

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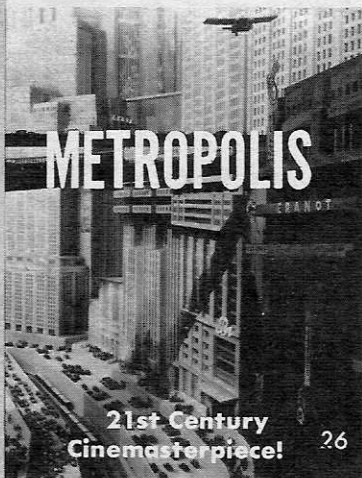


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MOST OF THE COSMOS

New Foto Feature

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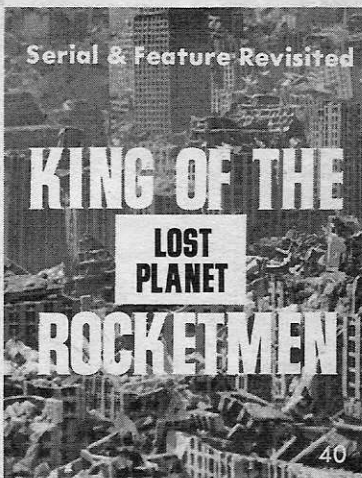


METROPOLIS

21st Century
Cinemascope piece! 26

ORBIT DEPT. UARY

Requested Scenes
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Serial & Feature Revisited

KING OF THE LOST PLANET ROCKETMEN

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The Time Machine 50



Thinking
vs.
Godzilla

RETURN OF KONG!

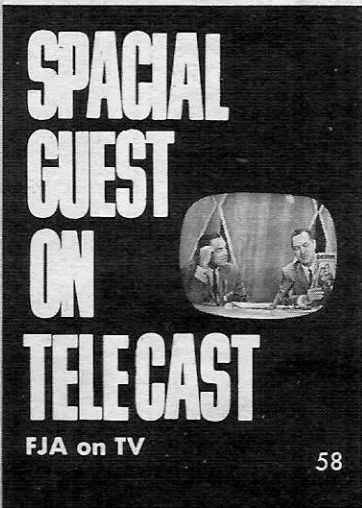
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O. HENRY'S

Fiction:
"Spacial Prize"

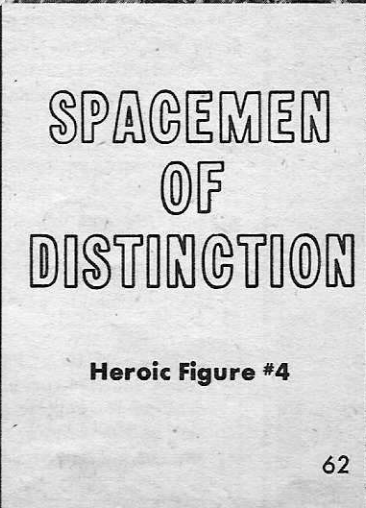
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SPACIAL GUEST ON TELECAST

FJA on TV

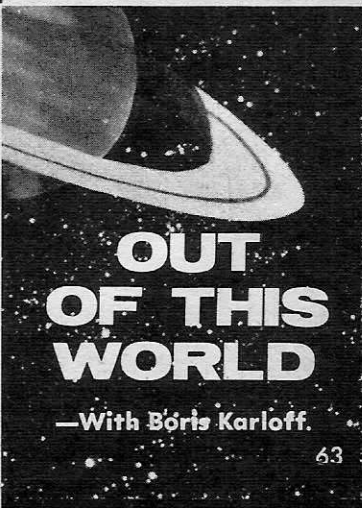
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SPACEMEN OF DISTINCTION

Heroic Figure #4

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

—With Boris Karloff.

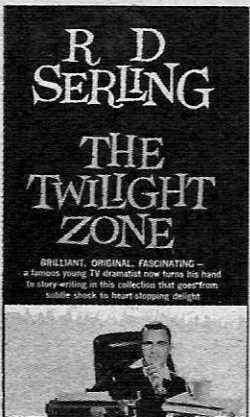
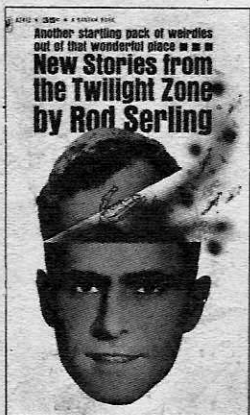
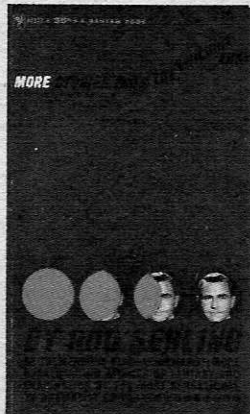
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TWILIGHT ZONE...

It lies somewhere between the day and the darkness, between the sleeping and waking, between reality and illusion. It's a place where the weird people live and strange wisps or happenings spark and erupt only to quickly disappear. Three books by ROD STERLING, all told from within the misty shadows of the Twilight Zone.

FANTASTIC HAPPENINGS—WEIRD PLACES—IMPOSSIBLE THINGS

Meet Casey, the mighty lefthander, who pitched like nothing human, because he wasn't. Walter Bedeker, who wanted to live forever till he tasted eternity. Martin Sloan, who got lost between then and now. Frank Gibbs who was robbed and murdered by a slot machine. A crummy Santa Claus in a rented suit finds that his bag of gifts is inexhaustible. The clever thief who dreamed up the Rip Van Winkle Caper finds gold doesn't matter in A.D. 2062. You'll find all these and many more stories in these three books by Rod Sterling, the bright young TV writer who is famous for his Twilight Zone series.



Get all 3 books for only \$1.00 plus 30c postage & handling.

CAPTAIN COMPANY
Dept. SP-7 Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

continued from page 4

think Buck Rogers and RADAR MEN OF THE MOON were equal. Spacial Coverage was as wonderful as its predecessor. Jeff Morrow from THIS ISLAND EARTH was a good selection for Spacemen of Distinction. FLYING DISC MAN FROM MARS was just the right size. Here are some suggestions for future articles & material: In Spacemen of Distinction I would like to see Robby the Robot, Gort & Klaatu, the stunning Dr. Morbius, Robur the Conqueror, Capt. Nemo (Mason & Lom), Flash Gordon & Buck Rogers, Ming the Merciless, Prof. Bernard Quartermass. True, some of these are not connected with outer space but still deserve to be among those chosen because as mad scientists, doctors, heroes & villains, they are natural choices for that feature. Super Space—first of all, it's a terrific idea. Whether you realize it or not, in this feature you are printing the kind of fotos of labs that should have been seen in the FM Mad Lab articles! Definitely publish the scene, any scene, of the super-scientific laboratories of FORBIDDEN PLANET, the METROPOLIS laboratory, the super-scene of the lab in X THE UNKNOWN, Lew Ayres with DONOVAN'S BRAIN in the nutrient tank. Even this feature doesn't necessarily have to be about space & labs as you proved when you published the foto of Stone & Hersholt about to destroy Karloff in THE MASK OF FU MANCHU. There are several good scenes in the INVISIBLE RAY worth using in this dept. Also a scene from ENEMY FROM SPACE taken inside the dome, any of the spectacularly colorful stills of the apparatus in FROM EARTH TO THE MOON and possibly an aerial shot of the 21st century city of METROPOLIS? All of the covers have been colorful. On future ones I'd like to see the Id monster attacking the spaceship (FORBIDDEN PLANET), one of the subterranean cities of THIS ISLAND EARTH, the METROPOLIS of 30 million people, and famous characters like Robby, Gort, Gog & Magog, the Metaluna Mutant, Maria the Metropolis woman-of-wonder. On the inside I'd like to see Geo. Barr's concept of the Id monster & many of those I just mention. I am interested in learning who made Robby and how. Not only was he seen in a TV segment of The Thin Man but on the Gail Storm Oh, Suzanna Show in which he played a product of a Member of the FBI (Federal Bureau of Inventors). The spaceship of FORBIDDEN PLANET was also featured in the "cannibalistic" episode of Twilight Zone, "To Serve Man"—remember how the alien held the man back & he suddenly was lifted up into the ship by means of the elevator stairway? The FP ship was used in 2 other TZ episodes to my knowledge: "The Invaders" & "Third from the Sun." By the time a new issue of any of your film magazines comes out I have read & re-read the most recent issue at least a dozen times.

● About the only editorial comment we can make to all this is THANKS and we wish more of our readers were as enthusiastic & vocal as you.

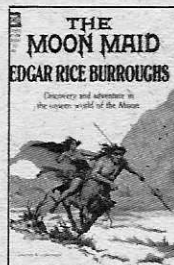
SPECIAL DELIVERY letters (which cannot be answered personally) may be addressed for consideration for publication to Astrid Notte, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

FOUR BY BURROUGHS

The great creator of Tarzan Edgar Rice Burroughs

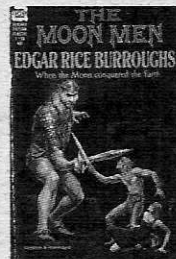
FOUR by BURROUGHS . . . From the pen of the great creator of Tarzan and John Carter of Mars . . . 4 complete books that have been just published for the first time in 30 years. Thrill to the fabulous adventures at the Earth's Core, adventure in a Stone Age land underground, the discovery of the unseen world of the moon and the conquest of the Earth.

THE MOON MAID



The first manned spaceship to reach the moon discovered a world hidden from human eyes . . . A world of flying women, the Va-gas . . . human quadrupeds of the moon's interior, the Kalkars and the MOON Maiden . . . in conical cities and semi-human monsters who fought for power across eerie Lunar plains.

THE MOON MEN



This is the astonishing novel of the world under the Lunarians. It is the story of Julian who dared to plot against the Kalkars and their human underlings, and it is the story of Red Hawk, his descendant, whose new nomads carried Julian's fight to its final desperate conclusion.

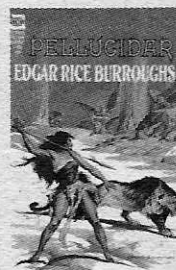
AT THE EARTH'S CORE



When David Innes and his inventor friend pierced the crust of the Earth in their new burrowing device, they broke out into a strange inner world of eternal day—a world back in the Stone Age, where prehistoric monsters still lived, and cave men and women battled against fierce inhuman monsters.

In the hidden world at the Earth's core, David Innes who first discovered it, was struggling to carve a civilization out of its Stone Age perils, but he had to drop his work to embark on a hunt for the kidnapped empress, the cave-woman Dian the Beautiful. His search for Dian against Pellucidar monsterdom is a thrilling story.

PELLUCIDAR



I want to read and have these wonderful books of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Please send me all four brand new editions for \$1.75 plus 30c for postage and handling.

CAPTAIN CO., Dept. SP-7
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

LOOK TO THE FUTURE

**Look! There! Ahead!
Tomorrow . . . the week
beyond . . . the month after.
Is it a Monster Movie?
A Horror Picture! It's a
SPACE Film! Turn the page
& let your eyes race over the
News of astropix to come
and if your pulse
doesn't race too
you'd better resign
from the human race!**

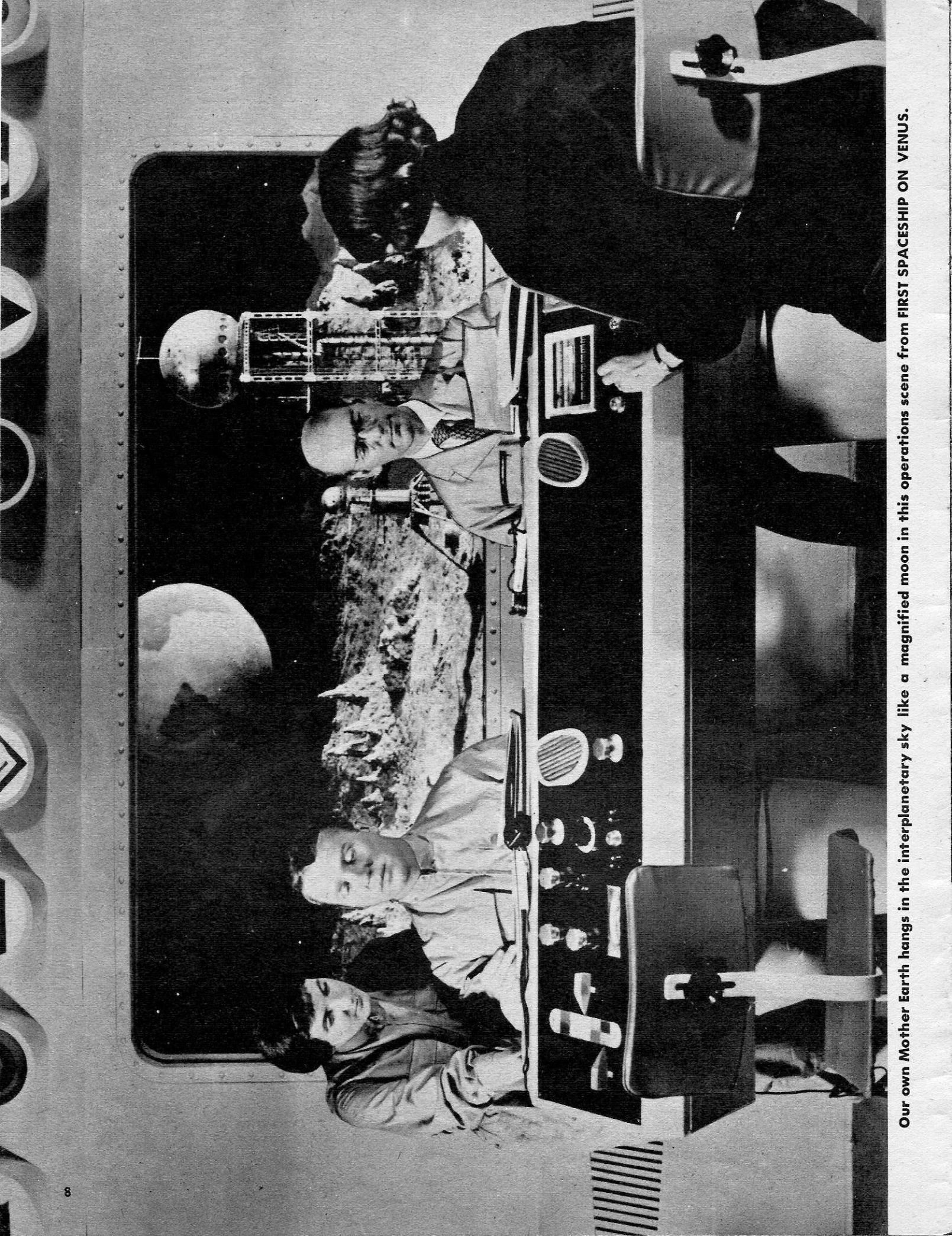
*Imagine a building 242 stories high!
(Do you realize that the Empire State
Bldg., spiring 1250' into the sky over
New York, is only 102 stories high?)
Such a monumental construction would
tower more than twice as tall as any
manmade edifice on Earth today. It
would be worthy to exist in the super-
city of METROPOLIS.*

*It is merely the beginning of the
wonders in the book "Dog in the Sky"
by Norman Corwin.*

*DOG IN THE SKY is to be made
into a motion picture. If all the futur-
istic & fantastic characters & things
described in the novel are retained in
the movie, it will be a novel cinema
experience indeed for in one unusual
film we will see:*

(Continued on next page)





Our own Mother Earth hangs in the interplanetary sky like a magnified moon in this operations scene from **FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS**.

Solar Police.

A robot.

A harpy.

Father Time himself.

And Mother Nature!

A giant.

A Venusian: a creature with a round blue face, a piglike snout & lobster eyes.

A Martian: similar to the Venusian in the contours of his head but smaller of body, with a nose more like a trunk than a snout, and eyebrows almost long enough to be mistaken for antennae.

Quite a menagerie, what? Sounds like kind of a Dr. Lao and His Space Circus. Only this concerns the astro-adventures, or are they astral, of a young boy whose mischievous dog has died & gone to (I'm not making this up but I know with my reputation for punnery no one is going to believe me)—

Curgatory! That's a purgatory for undisciplined dogs—a place without bones to bite, cats to fight, fleas to scratch or trees to bark at.

Film should prove a field day—or far afield day—for model makers & special effects men.

space video

Fireball XL5 is a TV series for the sub-teen space-set, featuring a heroic puppet, Commander Steve Zodiac, and his girlfriend of many parts, Venus. Together they pull strings in the interplanetary business. With the aid of audio-imitators & other imaginary devices of the future, Zodiac & Venus have a variety of adventures, one half-hour episode entitled "Space Immigrants" involving them with the menace of other-world goblins who steal the oxygen supplies from Venus' spaceship. Reviewer of this segment of the series praised its "notably wholesome approach with plot straightforward & easily followed." Youngsters looking for intrigue in the rocket lanes & solar system spills & thrills may do well to investigate the merits of *Fireball XL5*.

THE GREAT SPACE ADVENTURE is on its way via a motion picture company called Famous Players.

Space Age Productions has completed the major portion of the 130 five-minute segments of *Rod Rocket*, animated cartoon telefilm series.

Scheduled for 1963 release are ASTRO BEAST. . . THE SECRET OF OUTER SPACE ISLAND. . . TARGET MOON (9 years after TARGET-EARTH!), from the same producer—Herman Cohen). . . THE PIT (Quatermass Adventure #3. . . MOUSE ON THE MOON. . . WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES (the world of the 21st Century shakes!—with Vincent Price as HG Wells' famous Sleeper). . . SPACERAID 63. . . BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN. . . ROBINSON CRUSO ON MARS (Ib Melchior) . . . THE PLANET OF EXTINGUISHED MEN (Claude Rains). . . THE DAY MARS INVADED EARTH



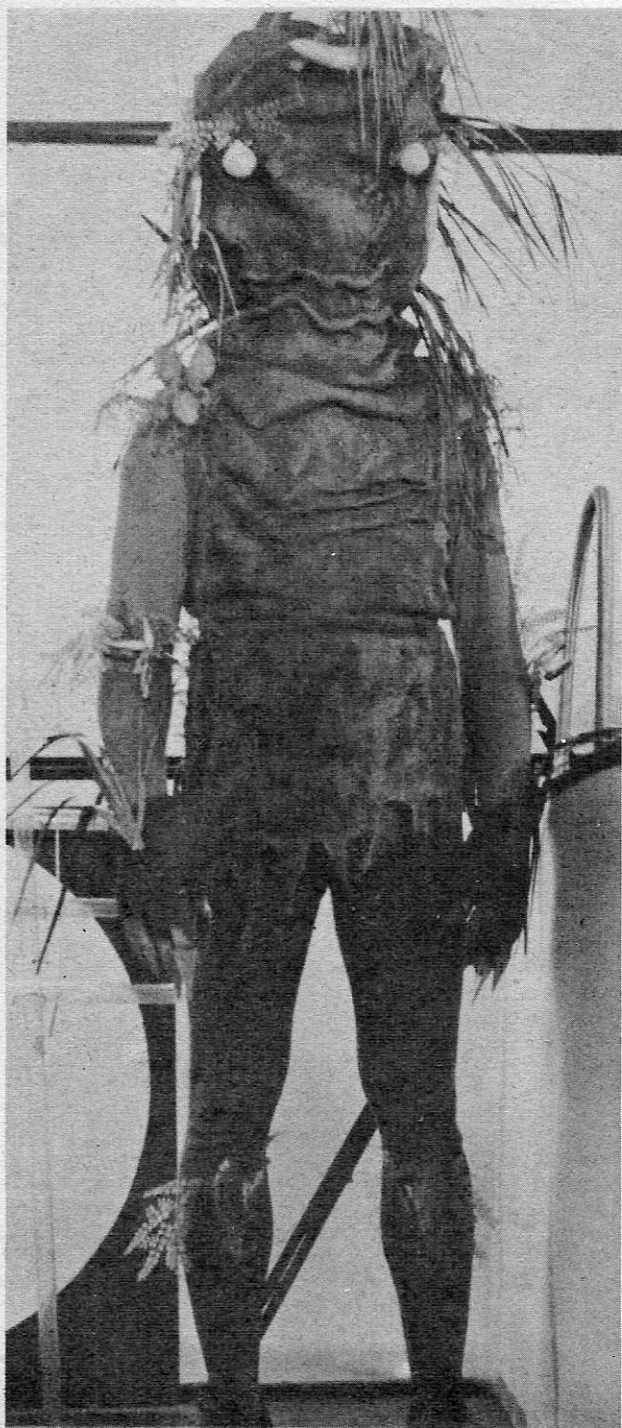
A queasy moment in *QUATERMASS & THE PIT*, sensational British (BBC) televersion of the scientifilm soon to be released in America as *THE PIT*. For a close look at a Martian as envisioned in the RV version, see the inside front cover of *SM* #3.

The frightened 4. They're principal players in "The World in Peril", segment of *Journey into Space* tele-series which tells of how Martians attempt an invasion of Earth. Hero of the happenings, Andrew Faulds, is seen as rockjock Jet Morgan on the opening page of this article.



HOLLYWOOD ALBUM:

INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES





A preview peek at one of the characters in INVADERS FROM THE SPACESHIP, a picture about which you're going to learn much more in the next SPACEMEN.

...THE FUTURE...FIRST MEN IN THE MOON (depicting the anti-gravity *cavorite* spaceship imagined by HG Wells, with his menacing moon men, the Selenites, brought to life by the animation artistry of Ray Harryhausen)...GORATH (the end of the Moon, perhaps the Earth, in 1980)...SATURN OVER THE WORLD...21st CENTURY METROPOLIS (a Fred Gebhardt production)...JUNE IN 200 YEARS...WAR OF THE PLANETS (Harlan Ellison screenplay).

STOP PRESS!

ANNOUNCEMENT OF MAJOR IMPORTANCE.

George Pal speaking:

"Following THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO" (which it is understood will feature Laurence Harvey in 8 different make-ups & may be title-changed to THE SECRET WORLD OF DR. LAO) "I plan to produce another Cinerama story even more exciting & spectacular than THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM." This new curved screen film should have special appeal to spacial fanciers for, reveals Pal: "Scenario is as yet untitled but it's designed to take you from the bottom of the ocean to the top of the universe!"

Nothing could be worse than keeping your impatient audience waiting, friend Pal, so please polish those triple lenses pronto & start filming your sea-to-stars saga of water space to outer space!

The Triffids are coming, tra-la, tra-la! Actually, THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS is no cha-cha-cha matter.

When you see the picture, you will see it open on a barren sweep of the Siberian Steppes, see a huge hole in the ground 30' in diameter, hear a narrator explain that this artificial crater was created by the nose cone of

a missile, fired from a Russian rocket base, slamming into the earth on its return from space. "What made this missile of unusual interest," you will hear him say, "was that during the course of its flight it had penetrated the atmosphere of an unknown planet."

A week later it is observed that a strange plant has taken root near the edge of the crater & has grown to a height of some 15'. By the time it is 2' tall it has been transplanted to the botanical garden near Moscow. The mystery plant named a triffid, baffles all observers but scientists agree on one point: it is not of this earth. "The only explanation arrived at was that the rocket missile during its flight thru the atmosphere of an unknown planet had picked up a seed there & upon its return to earth had deposited the seed near the edge of the crater, where it had taken root."

Later. London. Nite. Big Ben silhouetted against the sky. Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light. The darkness blazes with bursts of meteorites, falling in such cascading showers that the whole sky appears to be a wheeling, spinning maelstrom of light, a sort of celestial fireworks. Frantic announcer's voice: "There has been nothing like this in all recorded history!" As the hemispheric pyrotechnics continue outside, we move inside into the interior of a greenhouse where some of the 3-legged plants-from-space are growing. We observe a strange sight: they shake & shudder/as tho affected by what's going on outside in the sky! The meteorite shower illumines the waltzing triffids with a pallid phosphorescence—and the abnormal plants swell in size before our very eyes!

Outside, a terrible thing happens: the optic nerves of nearly everyone are destroyed by the dazzling incandescences in the sky—billions are struck blind!

The terrible aftermath does not confine itself to Londo. Paris is in a state of panic as its citizens lose their vision...New York goes berserk as its millions go blind...Rome...Washington...Berlin...Mexico City...all the major cities of the world are in a state of collapse and then, to make matters worse—

the triffids attack!

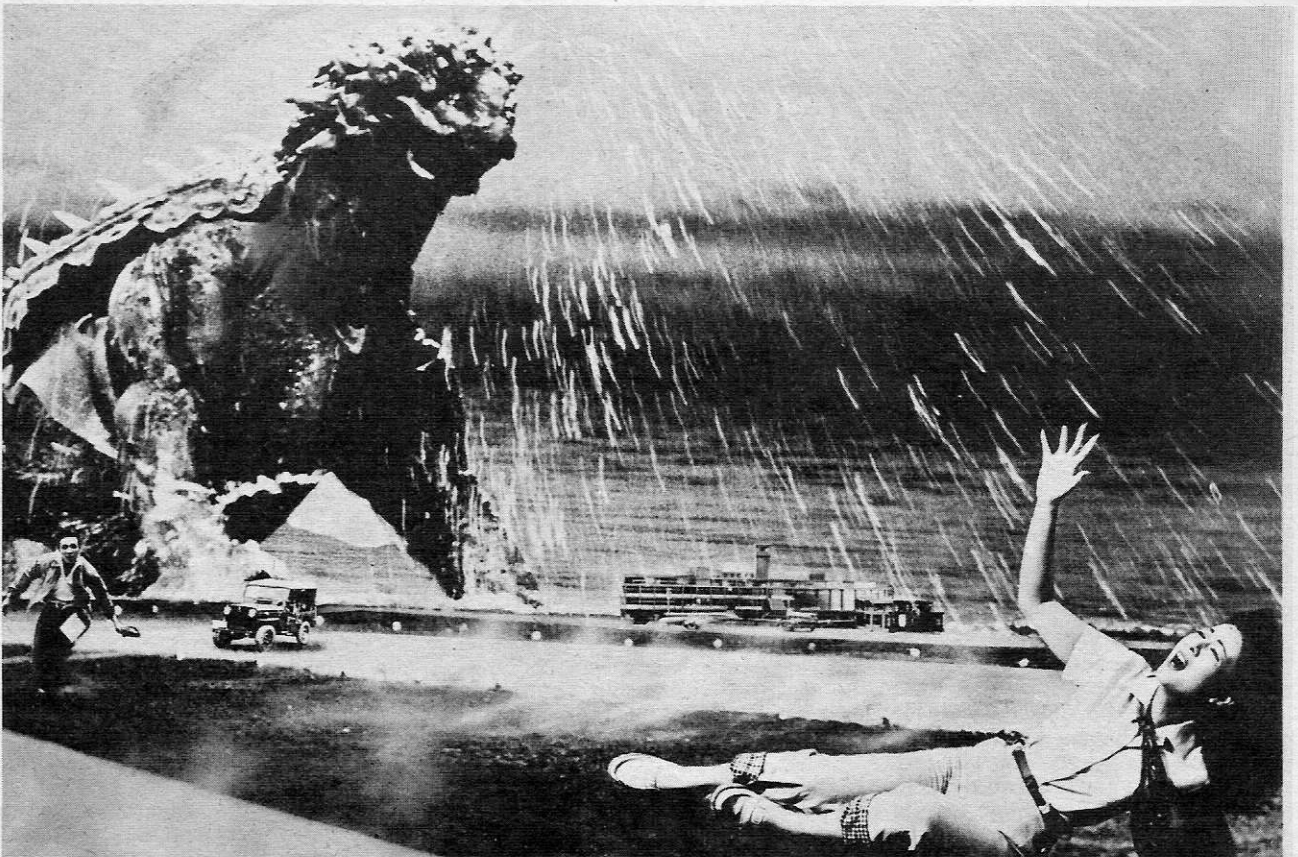
The meteorites somehow act as a catalyst on the interplanetary plants, giving them mobility. And with mobility comes—menace! Example: a blind man stops stock still when he hears the sinister sound of 3 "feet" shuffling nearby. The sound grows closer. The blind man stretches his arms out in front of him to ward off a collision. His hands fasten on a fibrous rubber-like limb—the limb of a triffid. "Who's there? Who's there?" he cries out in panic. For answer, a snake-like vine-whip lashes out, leaving a large red welt across his face. The poisonous sting of the triffid is lethal: the man staggers back, collapses, dies.

Worse yet: the triffids seem to be establishing some sort of rudimentary communication with each other!

Four-fifths of the way thru the film, a plan is devised to stop the marauding monster-plants. An electric fence is set up & when a pack of triffids attempts to reach the main protagonists, a fuse-box switch is thrown, a small flame crackles, electricity races thru the wires and, writhing & smouldering & burning under the charge that is transmitted from one to the other because of their massed concentration, the triffids are eliminated thru electrocution.

Those triffids are eliminated. But there are others, and they are capable of learning thru trial & error and do not repeat their mistakes. Nexttime they

HOLLYWOOD ALBUM: VARAN—THE UNBELIEVABLE





It's the beginning of the end for mankind when 100 billion birds revolt & beak-in an all-out avian attack on men, women & children. Tippi Hedron (2 scenes above) is typical of terrified humanity in Hitchcock's horror-fantasy of the time when THE BIRDS say "Now it's our turn!"

mass for an assault it is a different story. Mankind looks destined for a sorry end.

But just as earthly bacteria killed the invading Martians in *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, so there is a surprise in store at the climax of Philip Yordan's screenplay *THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*. We would reveal more but our favorite cactus plant has been acting peculiarly lately. The way it's been tramping around the garden & trampling down the flowers ever since those unseasonable meteor showers the other nite, I suspect it thinks it's some kind of a cousin of a triffid.

Excuse me, something seems to be scratching on my window pane. I must go & see what it is. . .

Icarus Montgolfier Wright

Hello. My name's Icarus—rhymes with licorice—Montgolfier Wright. Icarus, for short; Ike, if you like. I'm taking over temporarily for Editor Ackerman, who seems to have vanished under mysterious circumstances. (I must say he doesn't keep a very neat garden—all torn-up looking.)

I was born 900 B.C. Grammar school: Paris, 1783. High school, college: Kitty Hawk, 1903. Graduation from Earth to Moon: this day, God willing, August 1, 1970. Death and burial, with luck, on Mars, summer 1999.

You don't understand, perhaps?

You will, when you see my story.

Very soon, now, I hope, on screens thruout the country.

Space fans attending a science fiction convention in Los Angeles first heard of me some years ago when my author, Ray Bradbury, spoke my name aloud, told my dream to the attendees. Soon after my story was published in *FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION* magazine. Later it was included in the hard cover book, "A Medicine for Melancholy."

Now I've been filmed! Fantasy artist

Joe Mugnaini drew hundreds of colored pictures to illustrate my story in animated short subject form. At the end where, after nearly 3000 years of yearning for the stars my rocket at last hoists me into the heavens and I head for space, I overheard Forry Ackerman at the preview lean over &

whisper to his friend Bradbury, "Ray, it really moved me."

It is Ray's hope that everyone who sees the story of me, *ICARUS MONTGOLFIER WRIGHT*, will come away from the theater with a better understanding of what the conquest of space means to mankind.

END

RAY BRADBURY
R is for Rocket

RAY BRADBURY
R is for Rocket

Double Day

By the same artist (Joe Mugnaini) who produced all the drawings for ICARUS MONTGOLFIER WRIGHT, this book jacket shows a symbolic scene which could be straight out of the film.

THE LA



A little man on a small salary with a wife, three lovely children, a sense of humor and his own modest house: That's Tamura, a chauffeur for the American Press Club in Tokyo. He lives a happy life, as do his wife and children—his eldest, a particularly pretty girl, is engaged to a handsome merchant marine officer—and he boasts having not a single enemy.

But the world is divided into two spheres of power—power so delicately balanced that, under the tenseness that grips the international situation, the slightest provocation could touch off a war of such enormity that all mankind would be exterminated. A single button pressed, either through directive or in error, would activate an electronically-calculated nuclear war. Still, such a catastrophe can be averted if men of all nations unite in the prohibition of nuclear weapons and strive for peace.

Under dictums of the two major world powers, nuclear missile bases have been constructed throughout the globe, each with its death-dealing missiles aimed at cities and towns of the opposing

faction. Suddenly, at a remote launching site, a red alarm lamp is lit—a signal that war has commenced. Naturally, no one present doubts the order, for it emanates from the central command. The base commander, fully aware of the dire consequences which will befall mankind, presses a button activating a computer-controlled nuclear attack.

A telephone call from headquarters. No one at central intelligence issued the order to attack. The directive is obviously the result of a mechanical defect in the electronic control system. With mere seconds to spare, the firing mechanism is deactivated . . .

Later, at an Arctic missile base manned by the opposing forces, a snow removal team accidentally causes an avalanche. The vibration activates a nuclear missile stored beneath a launching pad. Should it explode, the central command will consider it an attack and begin mass retaliation. Again, with but instants to spare, the nuclear war-head is disconnected.

The sincere desire of world peoples is for peace,

ST WAR



and summit conferences are planned in a final attempt to soothe international tension and avert war.

Tamura, the chauffeur, spends happy hours at home, but is aggravated by glum reports from T-V and radio commentators. His elder daughter marries her merchant marine officer, but when the time comes for him to return to sea, the lovers part with a sickening premonition that they will never meet again.

An uprising at the 38th Parallel in Korea sparks what may result in the dread all-out war. But a truce is achieved, and the world gasps in relief. Then, somewhere in the Arctic two aircraft of the rival forces collide in mid-air and explode. The coincidence is misunderstood, and submarine commanders order the firing of nuclear missiles from beneath the Arctic Ocean. Eventually, the whole world is involved in the war.

Alerted to approaching doom, millions of Tokyoites attempt to flee from the metropolis. Mass confusion prevails.

In a nursery small children cluster about their

teacher, who, realizing the fate about to descend upon all mankind, elects to remain in the city and die quickly, rather than run to the country and die by agonizing degrees from radioactive fallout. Tamura and his family, also preferring to get theirs quickly and at home, wait in their garden for the end.

And the end comes: In a blinding, colossal, multi-colored explosion, the entire city of Tokyo is leveled, then inundated with molten lava, as the earth melts under the stupendous heat of the nuclear blast.

Similar explosions occur in every city of the world, marking the annihilation of mankind.

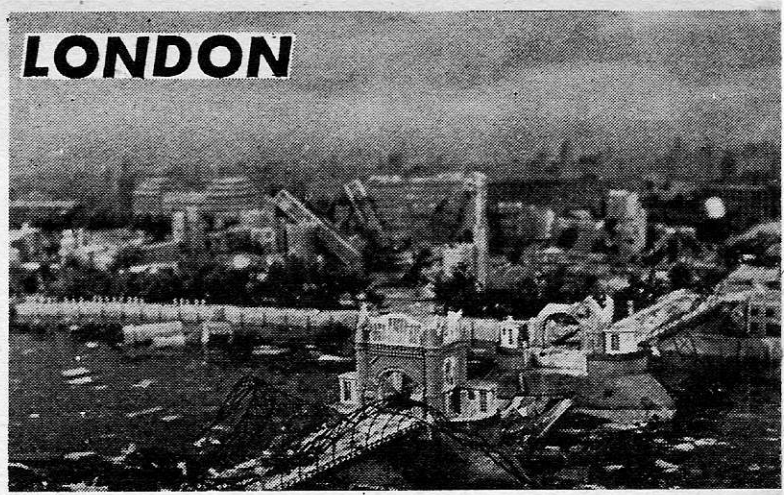
Had the world united to prevent war a little sooner, all this might have been prevented. But through blind stupidity, man has wrought his own destruction.

Using a simple man and his family as an example, the Toho organization has depicted in terrifyingly realistic scenes and a touching drama what could happen to any family in the world if a nuclear war should occur.

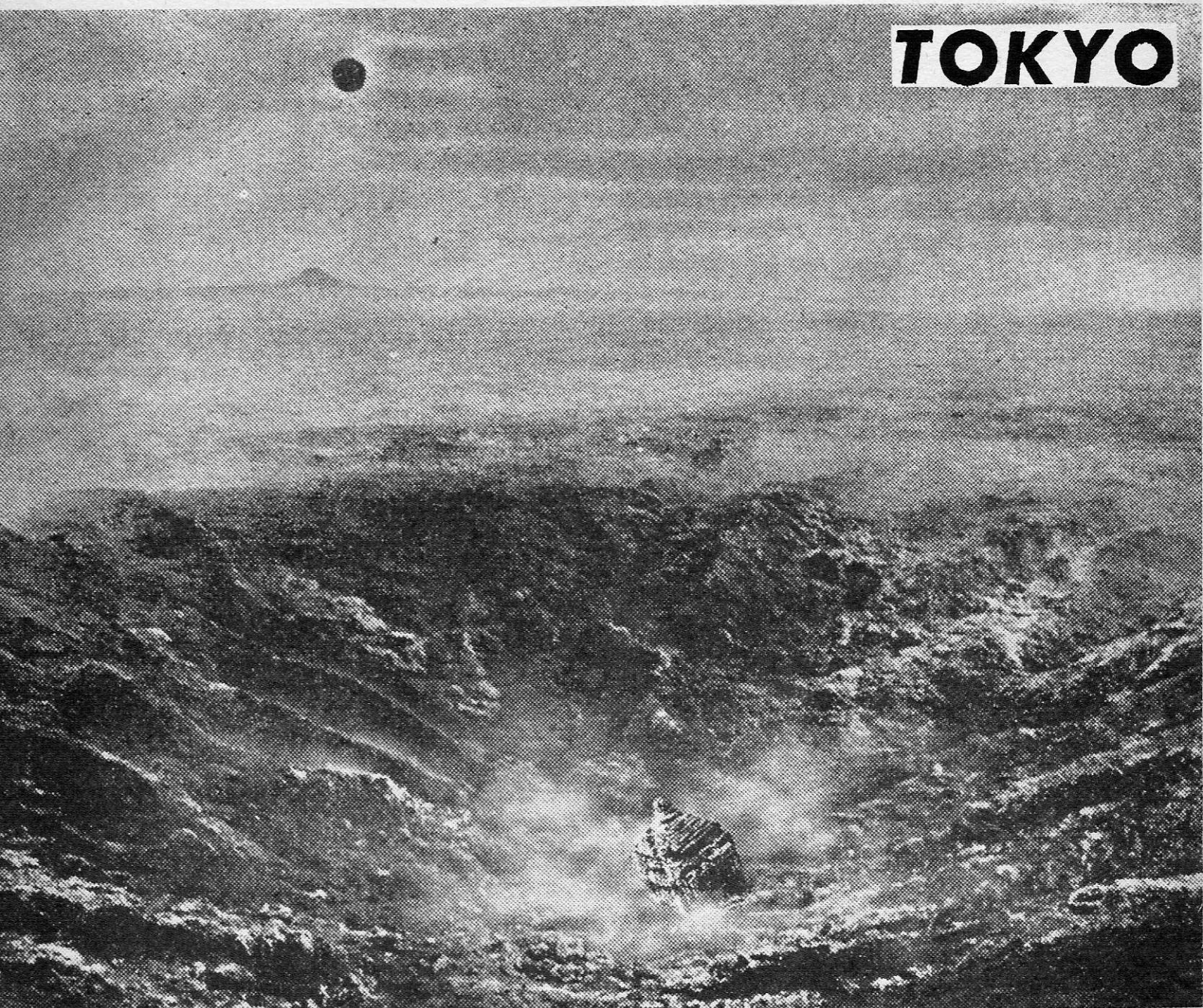
THE LAST WAR



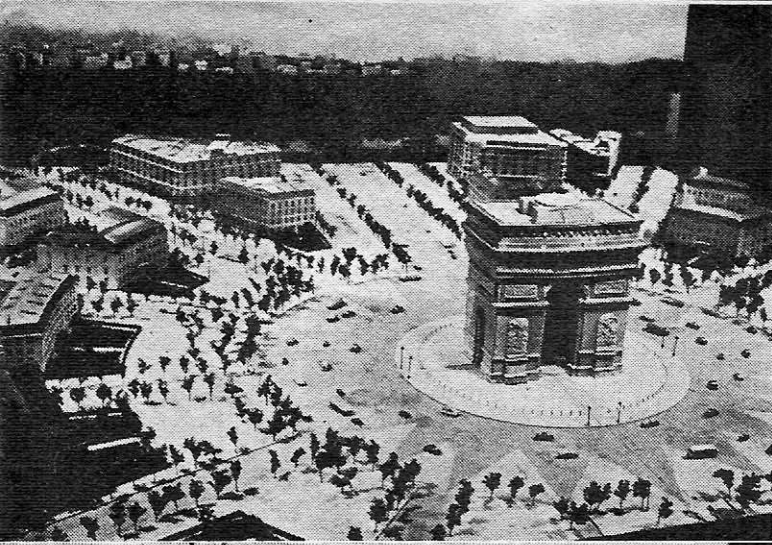
LONDON



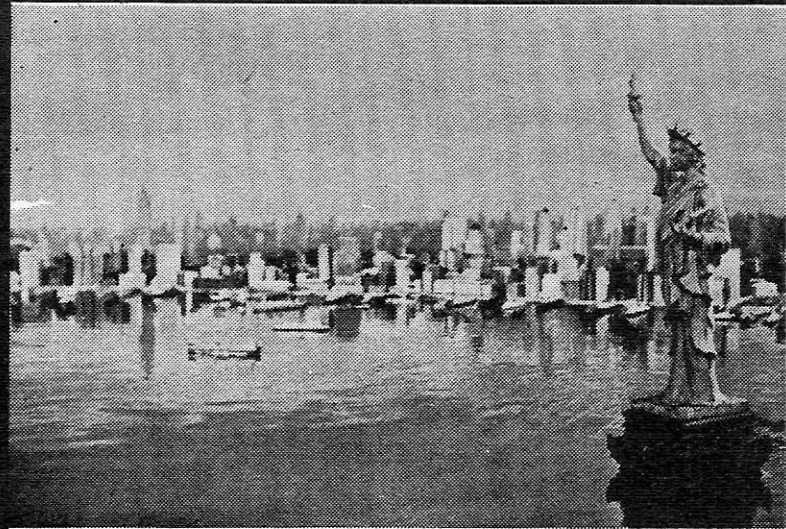
TOKYO



When the mushroom clouds of Atomigeddon descend on the metropolises of the world, not much room is left for man nor beast. Radioactive rubble will be the heritage of the horrorstruck survivors (if any) of THE LAST WAR.



...**END?**



NEW YORK CITY



THE...



TWINS FROM O

strange "doppelgangers" (duplicate beings) from distant lands like Italy, Germany, France . . . for previous examples of these unusual duplications, see "Spacial Coverage" in *SPACEMEN* #5 and "They Came from Other Space" in *SM* #4. and the future holds even more of these amazing discoveries!



Italy. 1955. The year before, in 3D, *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* had emerged from the back lot at Universal Studios. Now, as we see, artist C. Caesar transported "Blacky" thru the interplanetary void on *L'Astronave Fantasma*—"The Phantom Spaceship", the Italian version of Philip Latham's juvenovel "The Missing Men of Saturn".

**I ROMANZI
di
URANIA**

Arnoldo Mondadori Editore Milano
PERIODICO SETTIMANALE

**L'ASTRONAVE
FANTASMA**
di PHILIP LATHAM

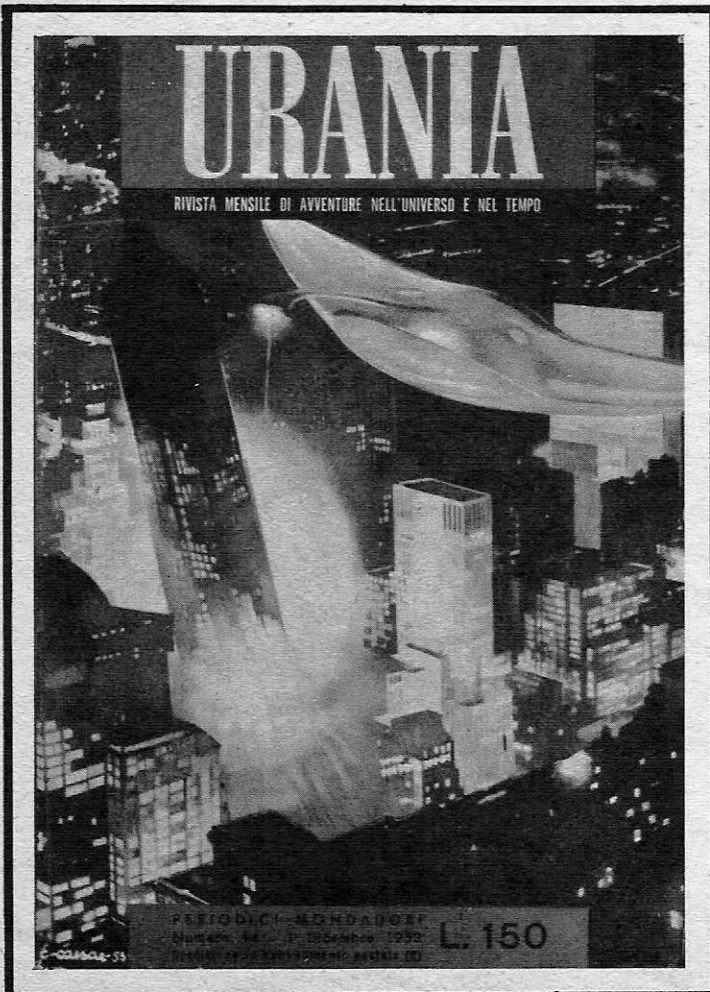
LIRE 130
N. 51 - 2 GIUGNO 1955
Spedizione in abbonam.
postale (2)

THE WORLDS



"The Beast from Space" is loose on this cover of the German sci-fi magazine, *Utopia*. The reel life beast, as you've probably recognized, was Ray Harryhausen's famous Ymir from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH.





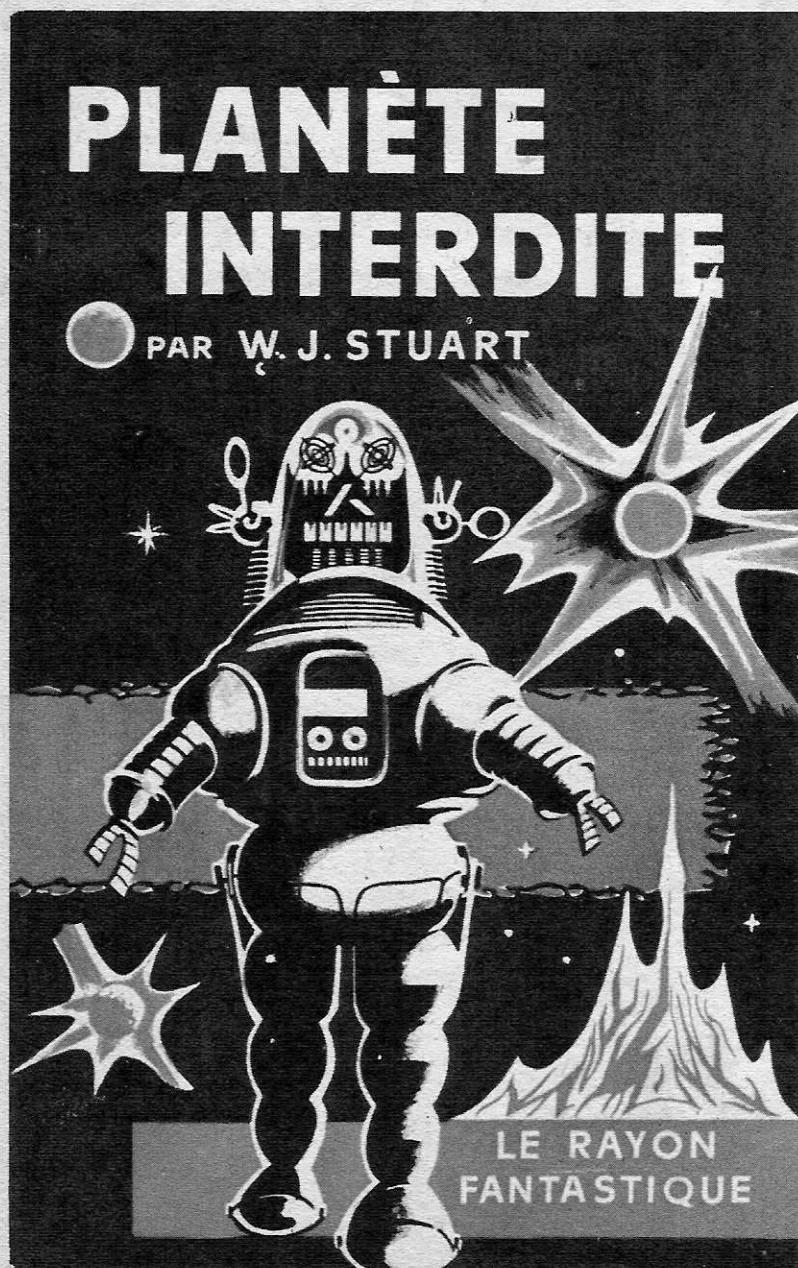
The Dec. '53 issue of the Italian magazine *Urania*, seen at the side, featured a 10 page article about the great sci-film *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* in addition to a condensed translation of HG Wells' world-famous novel of the same name. Comparing the cover painting (by C. Caesar) with a foto from the film itself, it seems that one of the Martian war machines was turned upside & drawn in reverse

DESTINATION MOON

In 1950 Geo. Pal thrilled the world with the first big filmic lunar voyage since Fritz Lang's classic *WOMAN IN THE MOON*, 20 years earlier. In the Italian magazine of 1953 two figures from *DESTINATION MOON* have obviously served as models for the cover illustrating a story by American author Frank M. Robinson.



ROBBY THE ROBOT

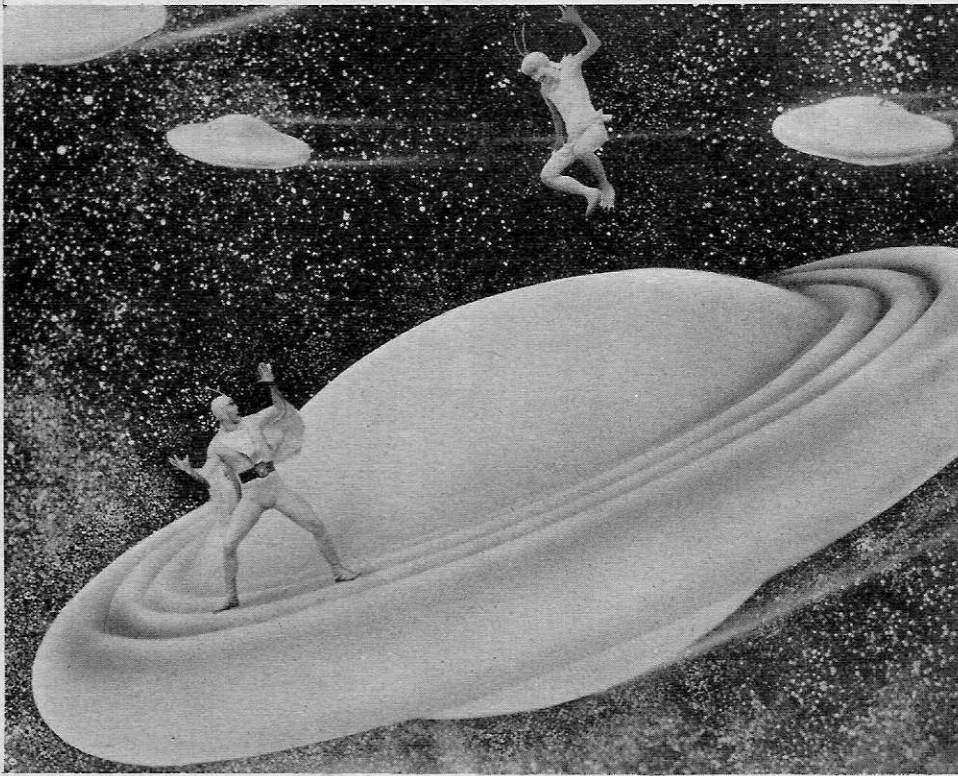


"Planete Interdite" is the title in French of FORBIDDEN PLANET, the film that introduced Robby the Robot. Later Robby made an appearance in THE INVISIBLE BOY, and it looks like his portrait (above) served as the model for the artist's concept of Robby.

END

MOST OF THE COSMOS

we've combed the far corners of the Universe and come up with these unusual pictures which we hope will be universally pleasing.



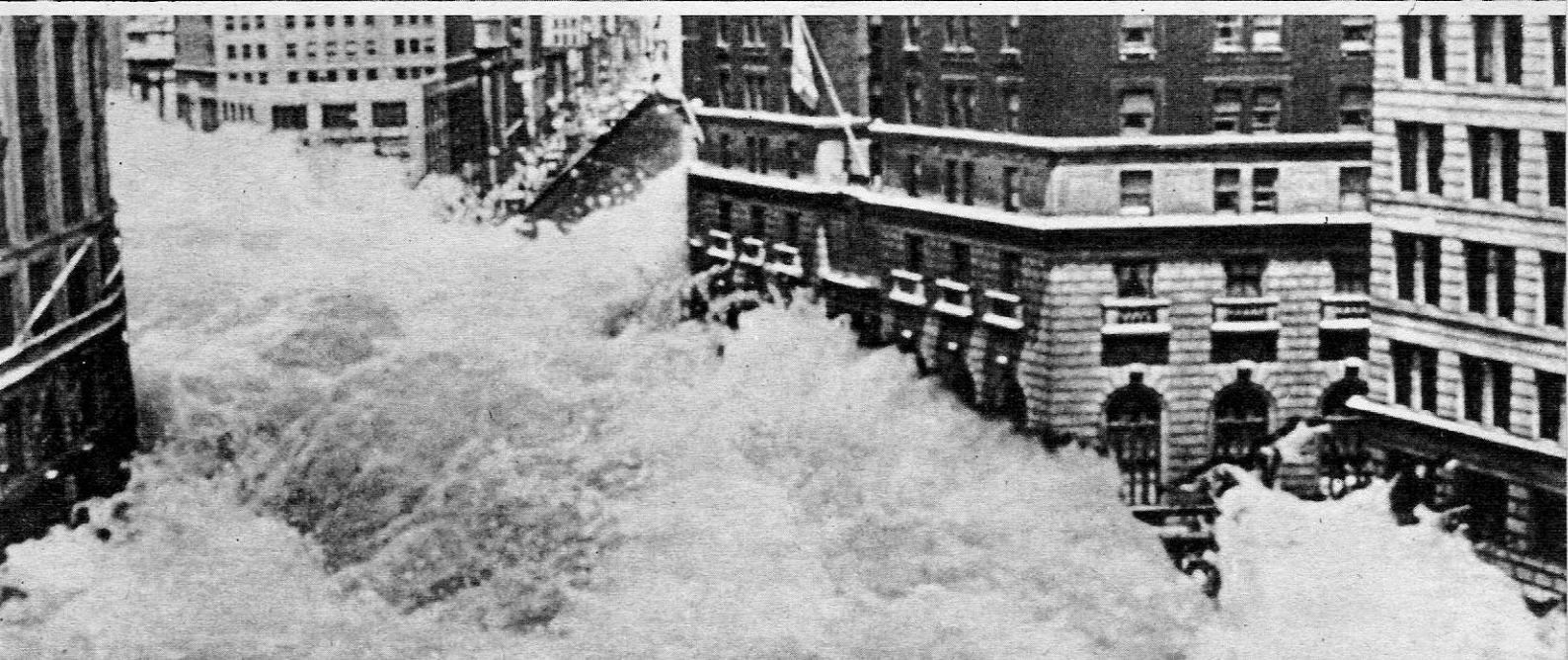
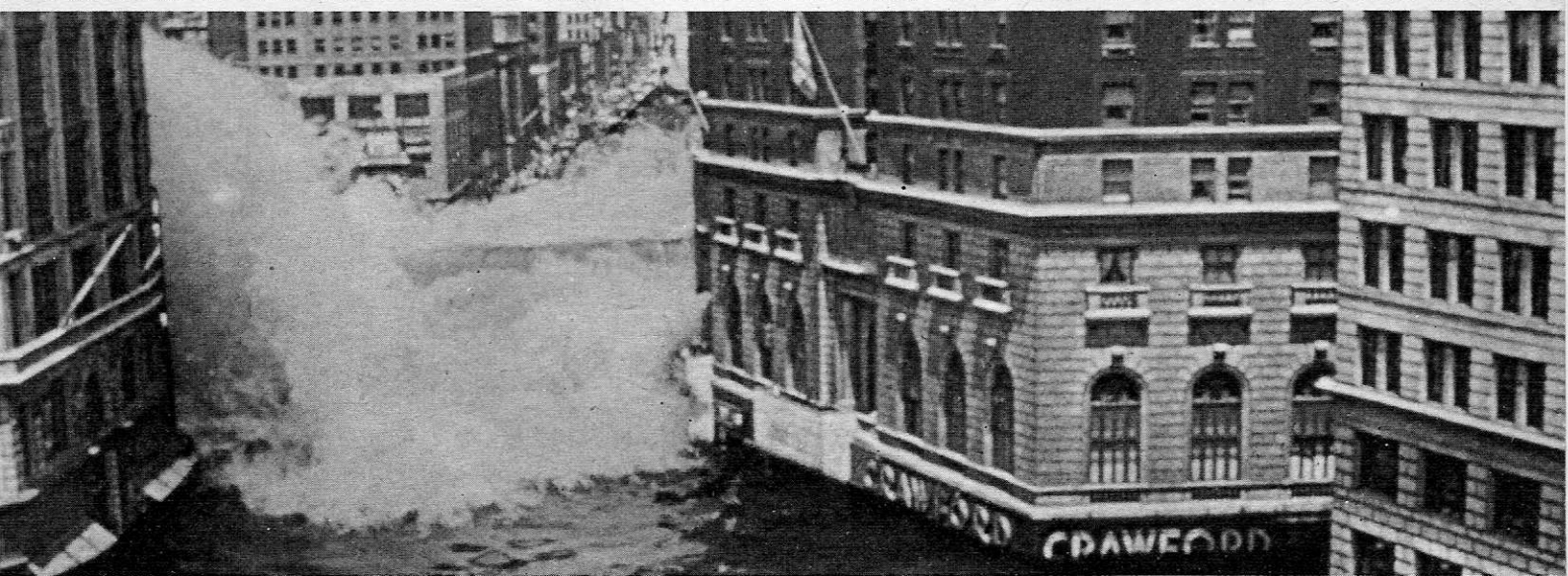
Space melodrama played out against a stellar backdrop as warlike amphibious creature from Capia, a small planet hidden behind the Moon, drops down onto flying saucer to do battle with Super Giant, peace-patrolman from the stellar union. Watch future issues of *SM* for more amazing fotos from **THE SUPER-GIANT**.



In our companion magazine, *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND*, this special shot of a spacial visitor would qualify as a *Hidden Horror*. Scores of you asked for it time & again, so we finally secured this previously unpublished picture of the macrocephalonic mastermind from the Red Planet, the giant-domed globe-inclosed leader of the **INVADERS FROM MARS** (20th-Fox, 1953).



When a couple of 21st Century aviators develop engine trouble & are forced to land on an unknown island, they discover it to be a scientific Utopia ruled by SUPER FEMALES, of which Mexico's Mapy Cortes (center) is a queenly example.



WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, a prelude to the destruction is a modern Deluge as seen in these progressive-action pictures from Geo. Pal's production of the Balmer-Wylie classic. The gravitational attraction of the star Bellus and its attendant planet Zyra cause tidal waves that inundate New York in this graphic special-effects sequence. **END**

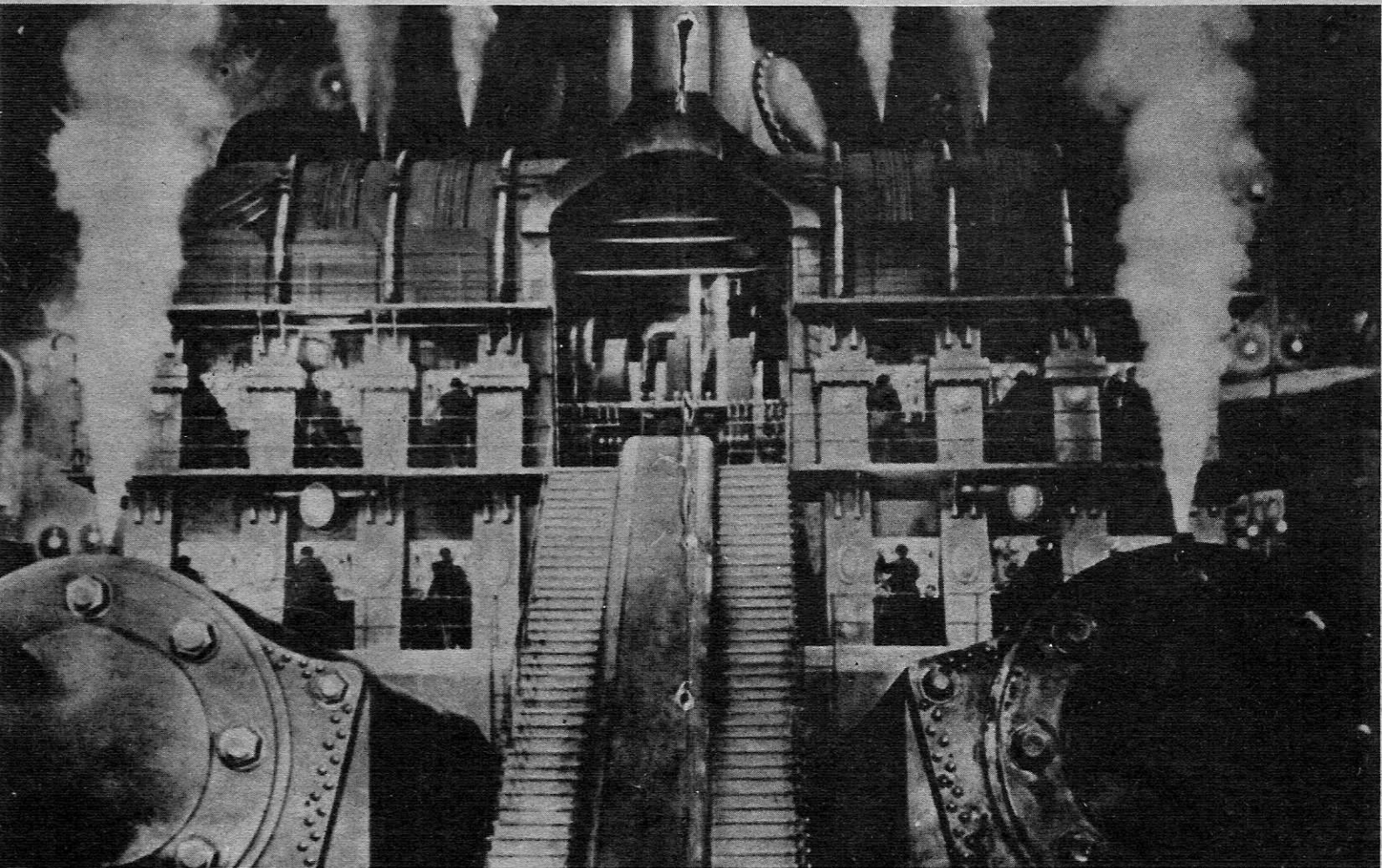
In our January issue, replete with a dozen fotos from it, we brought you an 8 page instalment about METROPOLIS. Here, excerpted from Metropolis Magazine itself, is a resume from the story thus far:

Metropolis, a great city of the future, a city of incredible contrasts, is the life-work & ambition of one man—John Masterman. (Alfred Abel.)

In the heart of this great city of Utopian wonders stands the new Tower of Babel from which John Masterman directs & controls all the powers by which the giant city is operated. The workpeople in this great Metropolis only interest the powerful magnate Masterman so long as they are physically fit to operate his wonderful machines, and in order to save space & valuable land he has built for them a subterranean city beneath the surface of Metropolis. Here the workpeople live with their wives & children, hardly ever seeing the light of day, whilst on the surface,

in palaces built for luxury & sport, the sons of the rich live a life of idleness & reckless pleasure.

Into this garden of happiness one day a strange girl of wonderful beauty (Brigitte Helm) appears leading a number of ragged & underfed children, and showing to them the carefree life of luxury led by the idle rich, exclaims: "Behold, these are your brothers." Eric (Gustav Froelich), the son of the powerful John Masterman, has seen the girl & realizes the meaning behind her words. Fascinated by her great beauty & conscience-stricken with the thought of these suffering poor children, Eric determines to see for himself under what conditions his father's workpeople exist, hoping to again meet the girl in the subterranean city. Here is revealed to him the hardships & great sufferings his father's workpeople have to endure, and after witnessing an accident in one of the machine rooms—



By Forest J Ackerman
Part 2 of The Greatest Show on
Earth! Once in a Century a Science-
Fantasy Film of the Stature of
Fritz Lang's Towering Triumph of
Melodrama 2026 A.D.

THIS IS THE COVER of what well may be the Rarest Magazine in the Science Fantasy World. Copies of Thrill Book magazine (1919) are about as rare as pterodactyls' teeth but, beside your editor, Litterio B. Farsace & Walter Coslet are known to possess copies. In addition to FJA we think of: James V. Taurasi Sr. and, of course, Hugo Gernsback, its editor, when we consider owners of a copy of Amazing Stories Annual; Gerry de la Ree as one among the select few who own Weird Tales #1; a completist like Donald A. Wollheim possessing the Canadian Bizarre; Robert A. Madle having a copy of Miracle, Science & Fantasy Stories; Dr. CLBarret owning a Tales of Magic & Mystery; Heinz Bingenheimer, "I think Forrest Ackerman is the only other collector in the world beside myself who has a complete set of the 3 years of the more than 40-years-old Orchidaengarten of Germany"; Harry Warner Jr. & Georges Gallet, Conquestes of France; William F. Temple, the British wartime Beyond; Walter Willis, the Gaelic sci-fi mag and Oskar Wahrmann, the Israeli; David H. Keller MD who, as a contributor, probably still has a copy of Schuster & Siegel's (creators of Superman) Science Fiction. . . Sam Moskowitz has the abandoned 6th issue of Crawford's Marvel Tales in mat form; Ackerman, the unborn 1st issue of George Pal's Conquest of Space magazine in galley proof form. But the only known copy left in the world of METROPOLIS MAGAZINE has now been purchased for the personal collection of the magazine's editor so that the features, fotos (79) and fiction from this unique collector's item are available exclusively to readers of SPACEMEN.

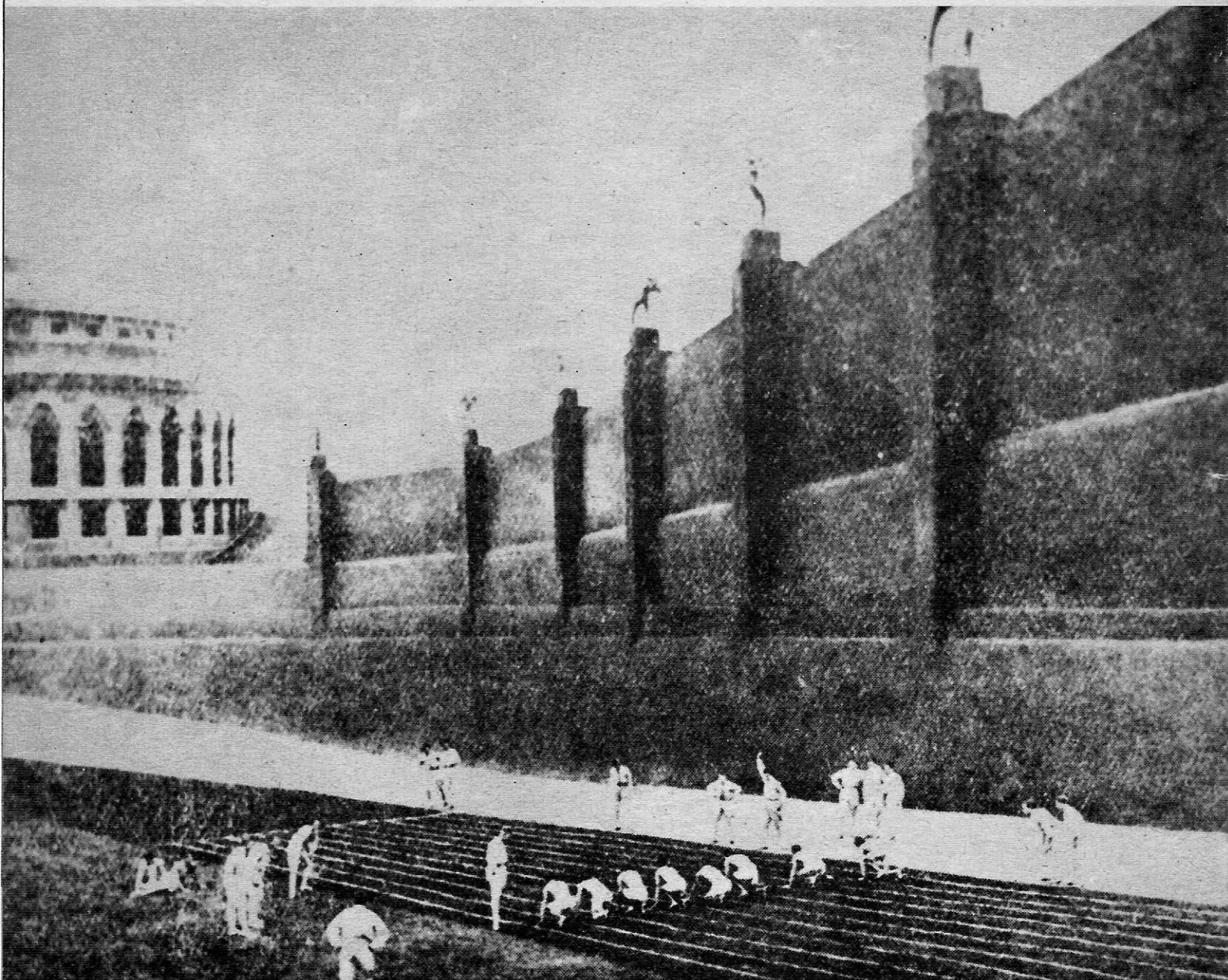
METROPOLIS



Premier Presentation at
MARBLE ARCH PAVILION, W. 10
MONDAY, MARCH 21ST
Special Season



WARREN
FILMS LIMITED
OUR



The mighty arena of athletic competitions. In this huge bowl of Olympian proportion a relay race was run. But the only time the editor ever saw the scene included in the film was in the version that was projected for him by a motion picture collector named Sauerlander in Germany in 1951.

horror & havoc among the have-nots

Eric's soul is sick within him at the aftermath of the carnage wrought by the explosion of the Great Machine.

Up & down the steep steps leading to the ruptured heart of the machine a constant stream of workers climbs, removing the dead & maimed from the wreckage.

Eric stands back, aghast, as stretch-

er after stretcher of the dead & dying are removed from the scene of the accident.

Quickly the Great Machine is repaired.

It starts again.

Ant-like, a fresh supply of wretched workers replace the injured & the killed.

Eric awakes from his daze, bursts into action. He spurts from the site of the once-again operating Machine, humidifying the air with the wet heat of its steam, and dashes away to the upper streets of the city.

Jumping into a car, he directs the driver: "To my father!"

panorama of paradise

As Eric is driven to the edifice that houses his father, we are treated to a breathtaking view of the supercity itself.

The car skims over the surface of a roadway in the sky. Traffic in Metropolis operates on many levels. Crisscrossing the artificial man-made can-



When a subterranean worker grows faint on his grueling 10 hour shift in a steaming hell, young Eric Masterman, aristocrat with a heart for his fellow man, volunteers to take his place at the face of the constantly flickering electri-clock machine.

yons of this awe-inspiring city with its walls of steel & glass, are numerous railways & auto-ways. So vast are the airy distances between the cloudsweeping structures that aeroplanes actually freely fly over elevated roads & thru aerial skyways.

Even what appears to be a passenger-carrying rocket is glimpsed.

Strange names of the future—neither German nor English nor Esperanto—are glimpsed on the sides of buildings: Eranot. . . Sidir. . . Lekne. . . Bedelit. . . Bondea. . . Sacipe. . . S Gondeal. . . Inenerok. . . and Utamoh X Thumo.

in the citadel

We see now John Masterman, the ruler of Metropolis, in his sanctum sanctorum: a great executive suite high in a skyscraper, an office dominated by a huge curving business desk on which are arrayed clocks & communication devices of strange design.

Masterman paces the floor of his office, thinking & dictating. On one wall a continuous band of white figures on a strip of moving black is

checked by an assistant.

Eric breaks breathlessly into his father's office.

Masterman barely acknowledges his son's presence; raises one hand, imperiously, signaling Eric to wait until he is ready to receive him.

Impatiently, Eric runs to his father, blurts out about the explosion & bloodshed that he has just witnessed.

Masterman is impassive. To him the workmen are but human cattle. He shrugs off the incident with, "Such accidents are unavoidable."

Eric is shocked at his father's callous

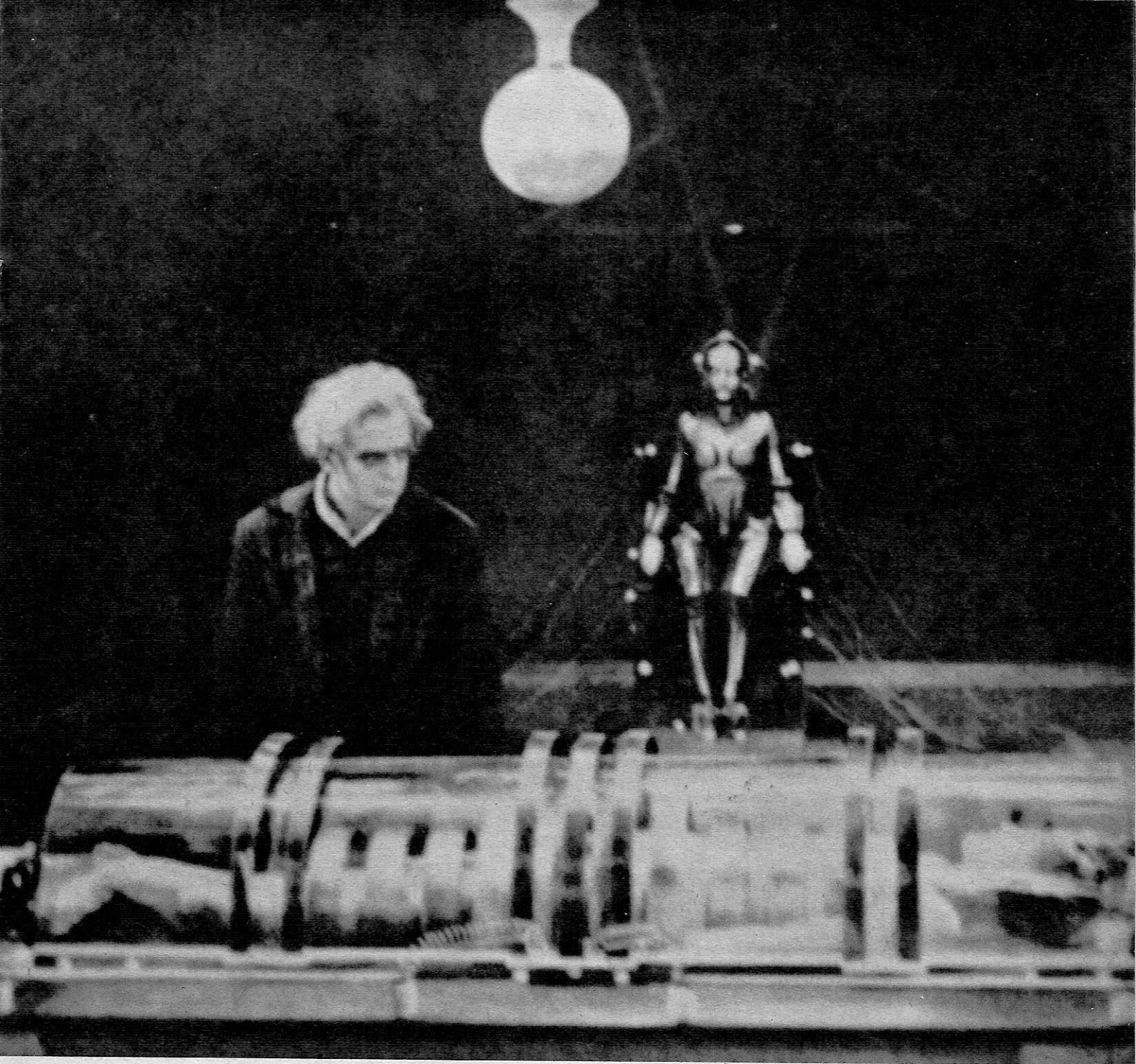


The Master of Metropolis (left) shows a mysterious map of the catacombs to his chief scientist & inventor. "What can it mean?" John Masterman asks Rotwang.

Rotwang, the mastermind of Metropolis, in the most elaborate lab of all time, during the climactic creation scene of the humanoid Maria.

Strange-garbed glassed man of the ruling class of Metropolis.





Rudolf Klein-Rogge (Rotwang) regards the recumbent form of the flesh-&blood Maria as he prepares to transfer a layer of twin skin-tissue to his creation's metallic body (seen seated in the background).

dismissal of the tragedy. He argues with him, pleads. Masterman becomes annoyed, calls an aide, queries him: "Why was my son allowed to go into the machine rooms?"

Eric defends his action. "I wanted to see what my brothers looked like," he explains. The father remains indifferent. Eric gesticulates; with a sweep of his hand points out of the cinema-scope-wide window with its multi-panes of glass and cries: "It was their hands that built this city but where do their hands belong in your scheme?"

Again we are treated to view after breathtaking view of Metropolis. The

zeppelin-eye's tableau of the stratoscrapers published on p. 39 last issue is one of the many angles seen at this point in the picture.

Where indeed do the workers fit in John Masterman's stern rule? His answer is direct & cruel: "In their proper place—the depths."

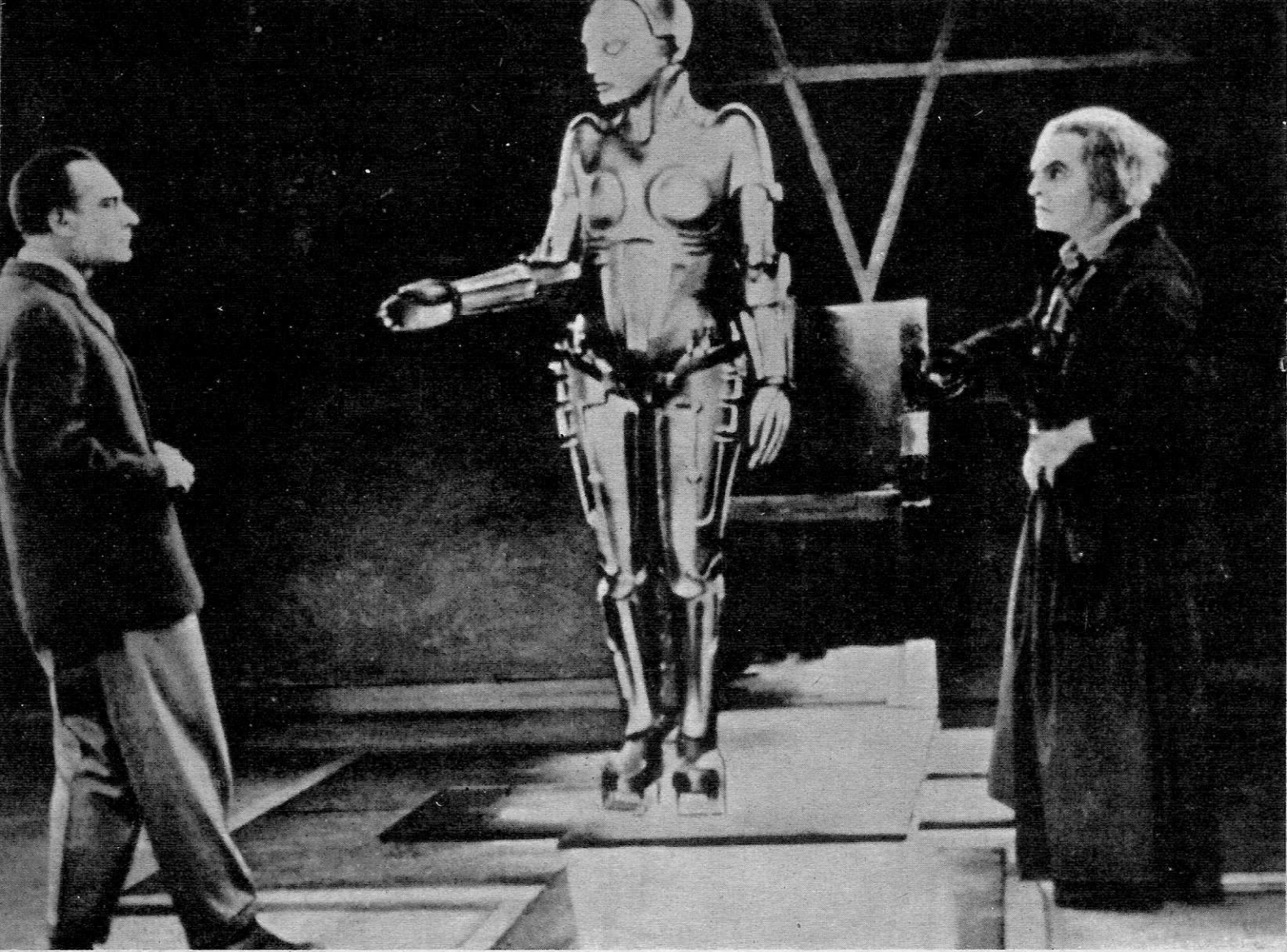
Eric is crushed by his father's inhuman attitude.

mysterious activities below

The foreman from the central dynamo arrives at Masterman's office with

an urgent message. (A burly-chested dark-haired man with a black beard & mustache, his name in the picture was simply Grot; in real life, Heinrich George. I have been given to understand that this actor died during World War 2 in a Russian prisoner-of-war camp.) Grot puts some papers on Masterman's desk, saying: "Some more of the plans, sir." As Masterman picks them up, Grot elaborates: "They were found on 2 men killed today."

Masterman coldly holds the papers up in one hand without looking at them, calls to his secretary (played



Rotwang introduces his amazing automaton to John Masterman, who backs away in awe from the shining wonder.

by Theodor Loos): "Joseph, why was it not you who brought me the plans?"

Joseph looks helplessly, can offer no adequate explanation.

"You are dismissed," announces Masterman. "Go to the G-bank for the balance of your wages."

Joseph is a broken man. To be dismissed by the master of Metropolis is like being broken from an officer to an enlisted man, a white-collar to an overall worker. With his dismissal Joseph realizes his life will now be relegated to the dreg-heaps of subterranea.

Eric is shocked. He recognizes the fate in store for the fired man. He goes out the door after him. Follows him down a flight of stairs. Has almost to fight with him to prevent him from putting a pistol to his head & blowing out his brains.

Young Masterman returns now to

the steaming hell of the lower work levels.

There he observes a number of workers toiling at strange machines. One in particular captures his attention. It is like a huge clock, perhaps 7 in diameter, with electric bulbs on its curcular face numbered from 1 thru 43 with an additional 3 numbers in Roman numerals: I II III. There are 3 "hands" on the "clock" & whenever a bulb lights up one of the pointers must immediately be moved to that position.

As Eric watches, both repelled & fascinated, one of the weary workers half-faints. Eric rushed to his side, assists him. The moment he realizes his machine has been untended a fraction of a minute, the worker becomes frantic. "Hold the machine!" he cries. "Someone must stay with it!"

Eric volunteers to replace the exhausted worker on his shift.

enter—rotwang

The scene now shifts to an anachronistic structure in Metropolis. *In the middle of the city, announces the title, was an old house.*

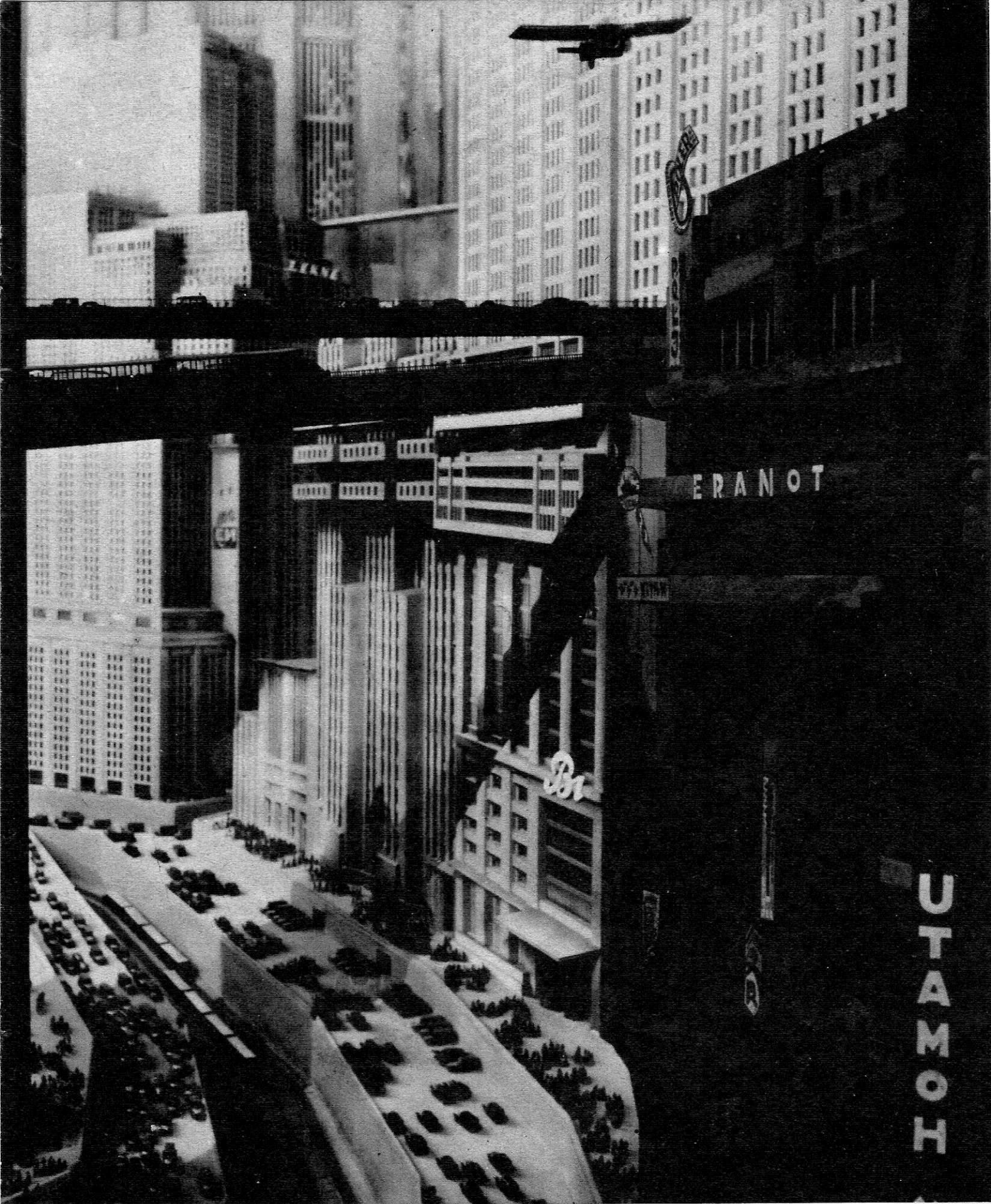
And what an old house! An old dark house. In episode 3, nexttime, we will see Maria escaping from it. But that is getting ahead of our story.

It is the combination living quarters & experimental laboratory of the most mysterious man in Metropolis: Rotwang!—he of the black iron gauntlet.

rotwang speaks

Across the years from 1927 we now bring you, excerpted from the priceless *Metropolis Magazine*, the words of Rudolf Klein-Rogge himself as he explained his part in the picture:

"One day I found a part of the

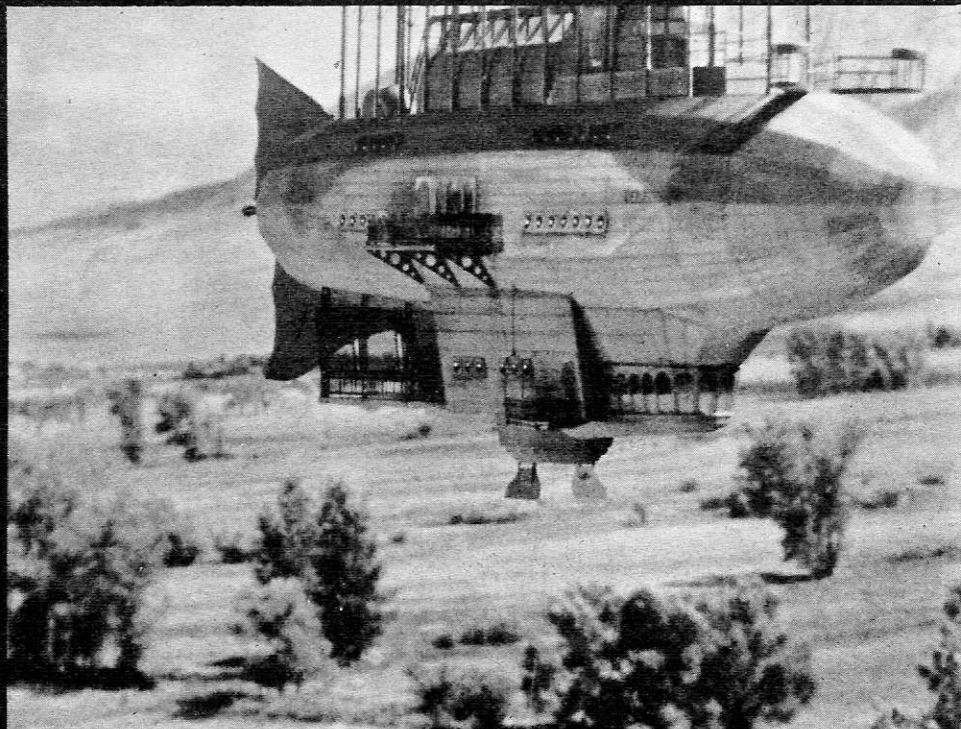


The eternal glory of the greatest city of the 21st Century, its multi-storied cloudsweepers scrapping the stratosphere to house its 30 million inhabitants.

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

Via Panchronicon to yesteryear! Our Seeing Eye Time Machine visits the dead past to bring back to life favorite stills

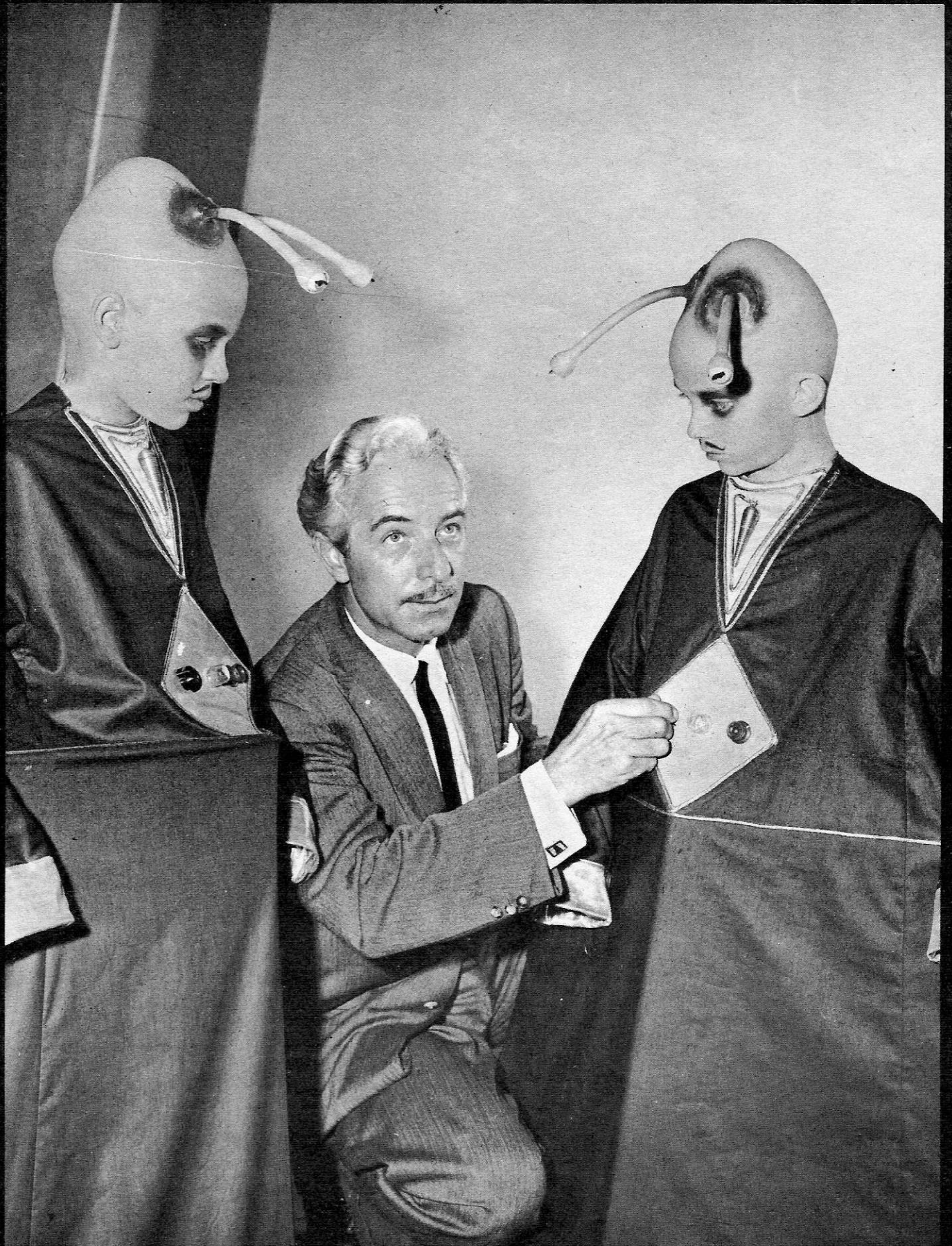
from fading films. To see a certain scene address request to Dept.4SJ, SPACEMEN, 915 S. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Cal.



Robur the Conqueror rides again in the vintage sky-craft dreamed of by Jules Verne and brought to the screen in *MASTER OF THE WORLD*. Reprised for DUANE F. RAREY of Olean, NY.



Attack, Jack, Attack! He's Jack to his friends but this angry winged dragon that's having its scaly neck hacked by a sword is obviously no friend of the man on his back, so—in the harpy's mind it's *James THE GIANT KILLER* who's the big trouble-maker in this scene shown for JEFF SHRYER of Arcadia, Calif.



Boys from Venus get tune-up from wardrobe man Jimmie Taylor in this behind-the-scene from "Mr. Dingle the Strong", segment of Rod Serling's Hugo-winning *Twilight Zone* series. Shown at the request of Texan LYN VENABLE.



Artist's concept of the giant bat-rat spider-crab creature which menaced the first Martian expedition on **THE ANGRY RED PLANET**. For **LANE MARMONT** of Hollywood, Calif. and **CLEO IBSFLICKA** of Baldon Hills, Cal.

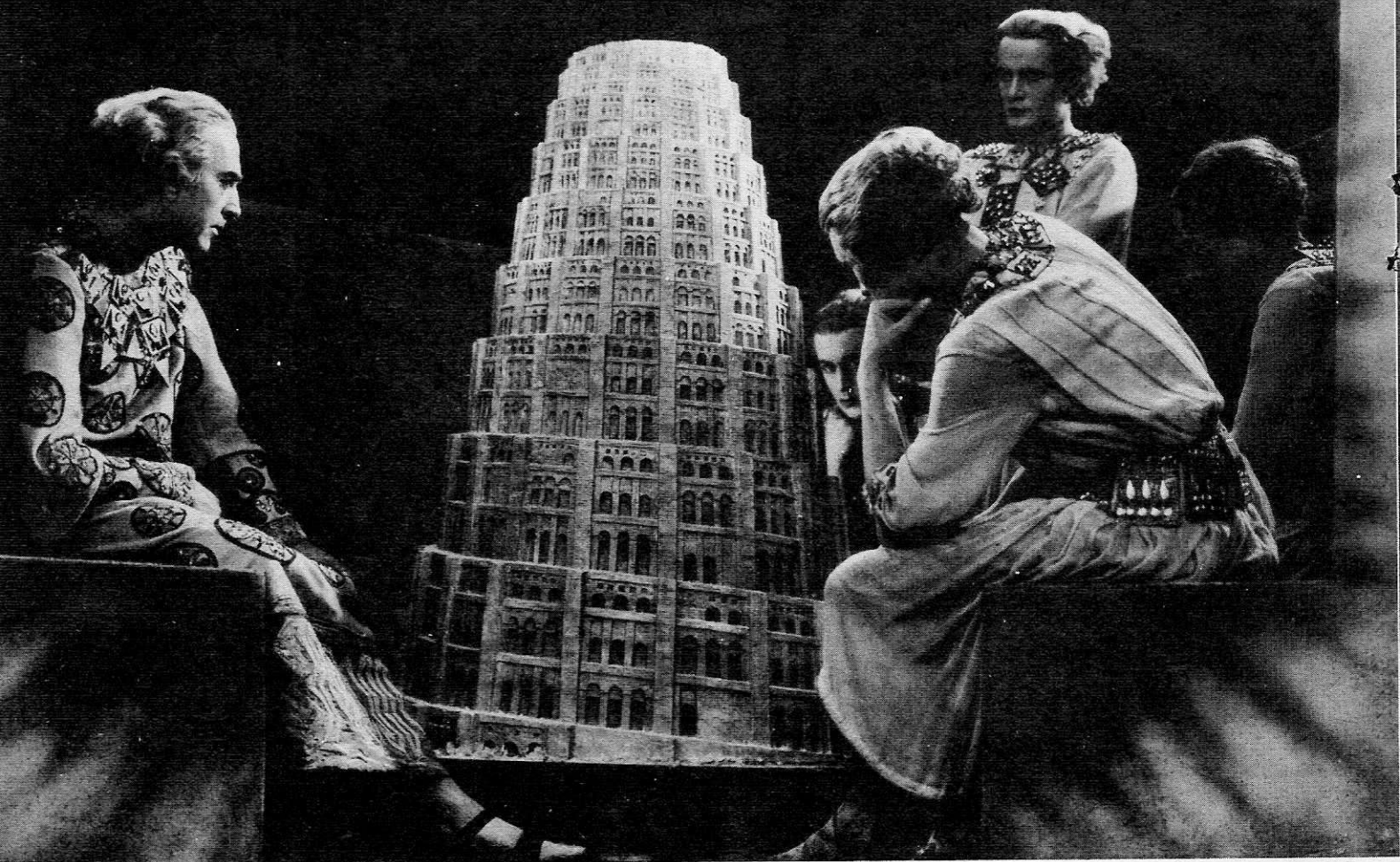
BLACKHAWK, Fearless Champion of Freedom, cliff-hanger hero here portrayed by Superman Kirk Alyn, focuses the directional gauge of his laser-like destructoray-machine for the benefit of **DAVID STIDWORTHY** of Warwick, NY.



For **BECKY MINOR** of Decatur, Ala.; **BETTY LEE HORTON** of Mason City, Iowa; and **JUDY HEMPHILL** of Denver, Colo.; a close look at the face of horror behind the mask of one of the menacing female subjects of the **QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE**.

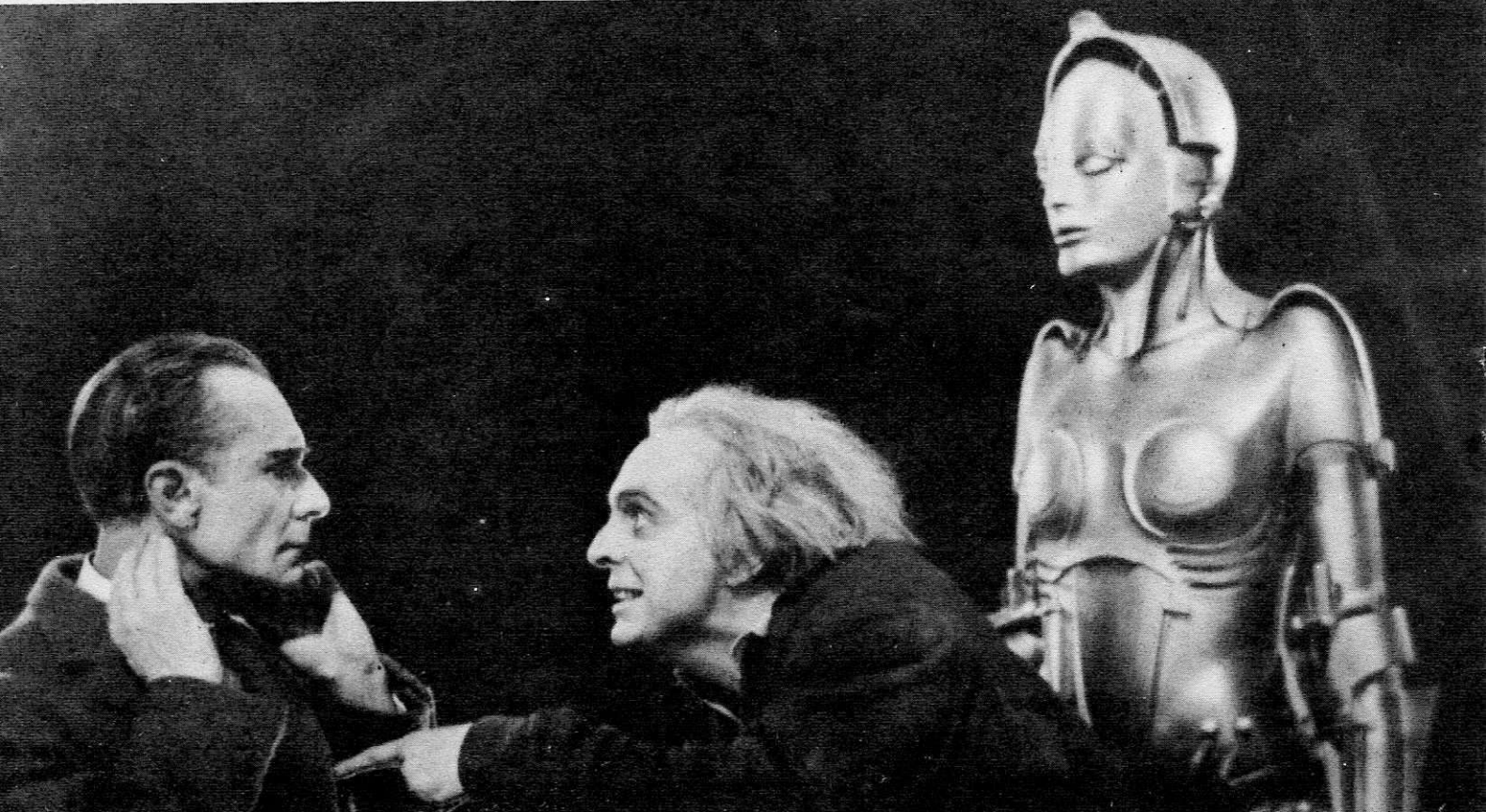


END



Contemplation of the construction of the Tower of Babel in fantasy sequence.

The Unholy 3 of the Next Century! Masterman . . . Rotwang . . . and the Robotrix.





Electrodes clamped to her temples & forehead, the unconscious kidnapped Maria is an unwilling victim of Rotwang's experiment to transfer her face & form to the metal robot.

studio in Neubabelsberg completely transformed in a most peculiar manner. It was strange to me, not being a technician, and one who does not know even how to repair an electric bell. A huge, impressive & uncanny chamber representing the laboratory of the renowned inventor, Rotwang. Full of complicated & puzzling apparatus, machines, induction coils, resistances, switches, cables, fly-wheels, transmission tables, upon which were different formulae, boiling chemicals in bowls, tables of glass, intricate wire connections & a number of most mysterious objects.

"I was overcome with a very strange feeling when I entered the room lighted with numerous mercury lamps.

"Enthroned on a pedestal seat was the gruesome & mystical 'robot,' covering the imprisoned girl Mary whose very heart-throbs are to be transferred to it. When completed, this 'robot' will have the appearance of this innocent girl but its actions would be evil, according to the will of its creator. Already the 'robot' moves but like an 'automaton.' The weird incomprehensible smile, the slow irresistible movements, the basilisk motion of the head, the haunting loveliness of the 'automaton,' born in the minds of the scenarist & director & fashioned by the property

man, holds us all spellbound. The stage workers, the electricians, otherwise never afraid, ready for a joke, never impressed with anything, seemed to feel some uneasiness.

"It would be foolish to say that this wonderful laboratory with its countless known & unknown mechanisms, built up on the possibilities of unlimited technique, is Utopian and impossible, but I am myself, altho strange to all these things, and not knowing why I had to switch this on or turn that wheel, had to appear quite accustomed to it & do everything with conviction.

"We all knew that this metal 'automaton' encased the tender body of a beautiful girl, Brigitte Helm, and that she had to suffer severely under the strain, nevertheless, at the crucial moment, the mysterious 'automaton' turns its head towards us & we feel that the great ideal has been accomplished; but somebody must be satisfied & this somebody, apparently with his mind far away, is watching with intense concentration the slightest movement & every detail. He is Fritz Lang, the director, who not only believes in his work, which is a matter of course, but he believes in the power of the unreal, in the power of that which has never happened anywhere before, so that he

must be convinced of the power of his fancy. Much knowledge, many experiments had to be made by the cameramen, Messrs. Freund & Rittau, much care was taken also by the architect, Hunte, and the builders & painters, until Fritz Lang's imagination was brought into reality & was ready to be captured by the camera. This meant much patient waiting & the concentration of our energies in order to keep up our spirits.

"For a long time it was a great trial of endurance but when the lamps were finally switched on & the cameras flicked, then came our reward."

to be continued

Be sure to get the next issue of *SPACEMEN*: your reward will be—

To see the Tower of Babel in all its glory. . .to read further in the story of *METROPOLIS* and learn of the gory Catacombs. . .

to be told how special fx tricks were accomplished by cameraman Karl Freund. . .

to read the words & see the pictures of the destruction of the Heart Machine. .

to see a walking Skeleton Man over 30 years B.H. (Before Harryhausen)!

And a myriad other wonders in the Sense of Wonder film masterpiece, *METROPOLIS*!

END

KING OF THE

Serialdom's Most Famous Rocket Suit Flies Again when
Civilization's Greatest



**LOST
PLANET**

ROCKETMEN

**the Villain called Vulcan starts to Shake Down & Drown
City—New York!**





Dr. Vulcan's Henchman, Dirken, receives Sinister Instructions from the Criminal Mastermind Himself (concealed behind desk).

Next to Earth itself splitting asunder, what could be more dramatic, terrifying, awe-inspiring, incredible & overwhelming than the destruction of the United States' most monumental city? And not instantaneously by the disintegration, pulverization, volatilization of thermonuclear bombardment; not by the sudden shock of atomic blast & aftermath of conflagration; but by the slower, shaking, grinding, dizzying process of—*earthquake!*

when skyscrapers smash

Soundwise magnify a Canaveral rocket blastoff a thousand times.

Sightwise, consider the San Francisco quake of 1906 as crushing matchsticks by comparison . . . imagine the Chrysler Bldg., the Empire State, clutched in an invisible giant's hand & shaken like toys . . . envision asphalt & concrete streets being shred-

ded like tissue paper in a shark's teeth.

Imagine? Envision? But you did not have to depend on your mental powers of projecting images, they were projected for you, right onto the silver screen, if you saw either the conclusion of the chapterplay *KING OF THE ROCKET MEN* or its re-edited feature version, *LOST PLANET AIRMEN*. Thru the incorporation of considerable of the spectacular stock footage from the End of the World classic, *DELUGE*, the Republic thriller became memorable for its climax.

If you missed either the Republic serial or its later feature-length form, here's a rundown on a run-off of the reels.

Ready?
Countdown!

Jeff King, the versatile Rocketman himself, is played by Tristram Coffin.

Glenda Thomas, girl news reporter, has a new job since she was formerly carried off on her wedding day by a

monster. She's Mae Clarke, who was original fiancee of Henry Frankenstein. Burt Winslow, a Public Relations Director, is played by House Peters, Jr. He's Jeff's buddy.

Dr. Vulcan (he's Jeff's—and everybody's—baddy) is I. Stanford Jolley, scourge of Science Associated and of the world.

Henchman of Vulcan is Tony Dirken (Don Haggerty).

on with the action

One by one, members of Science Associates are meeting with mysterious mishaps, mayhem, disappearance & murder in their performances for the government on a supersecret project.

Behind the kidnappings & killings, the sinister Dr. Vulcan.

Glenda Thomas, with her nose for noose, starts hanging around the Sci



Dirken attempts to carry out Dr. Vulcan's Command but is Intercepted by Rocketman who has Other Ideas about such Gun Play.

Associates to see if she can get the hi-fidelity scoop on why the personnel of the potent research outfit are all getting retired the hard way. One day she becomes too inquisitive to suit Jeff King, head of the project, and he shoos her out of the office. Shortly thereafter Tony Dirken & another Vulcan strongarm turn up & attempt bodily harm on King but in the course of a furious rough-&-tumble fight that ensues, Jeff sends the defeated duo rocketing out of the plant.

Intent on following the 2 who have just provoked his ire, King dons his famous rocket suit—masking bullet-helmet & all—and is transformed into jet-propelled Rocket Man.

**is it a bird?
superman?
it's rocket man!**

The crooks have stolen a radar in-

terceptor rocket. As they make off with it in a truck, Rocket Man arrows thru the air in hot pursuit, angles down at 45° and lands on the back of the speeding vehicle.

RM tackles Dirken.

As Dirken defends himself against his adversary, the release mechanism on the missile is inadvertently activated & it blasts off. It wings for the base of Science Associates!

King activates his rocket suit, takes off in desperate pursuit of the lethal missile. Can he catch it in time, deflect it from its target? If he fails, the headquarters of Science Associates along with its innocent personnel will almost certainly be destroyed.

RM catches up with the airborne missile & deflects it from its destructive course—but in the course of doing so causes it to explode!

Rocket Man is blasted right out of the air!

End of Chapter 1 or, in the feature version, first action-climax.

chapter 2

Just before Rocket Man smacks into the ground & there is no Chapter 3, he revives & pulls out of his plunge toward terra firma.

From a vantage point on a nearby hill, Glenda has witnessed the weird aerial combat of the flying man & the flying missile. Furthermore, she has photographed the incredible incident for her newspaper. This proves her downfall, for when Dirken learns of the existence of a foto of his high-flying foe, he stops at nothing to obtain it from Glenda. Even his Boss gets into the act.

Dr. Vulcan, sighting Glenda (foto in her possession) driving along a dangerous mountain trail, trains the controls of his remote control machine on Glenda's machine and soon has her in his power.

He sends her, powerless to turn her steering wheel & avert disaster, straight



Putting to good use the scientific education she got from her former screen husband Henry Frankenstein, Mae Clarke as Glenda Thomas assists Science Associates' heroic Rocketman.

toward the edge of a steep embankment. Glenda is close to fainting in horror when RM, patrolling the skies nearby, observes her peril & rockets to her rescue!

Or does he?

He *tries* to save her as he dives inside the speeding vehicle & attempts to apply the brakes but, via Vulcan's long-distance vibration machine, the wheels are firmly locked in position & inexorably carry Glenda *and* King toward the edge of the precipice!

air-breath escape

At the last moment, realizing the futility of trying to swerve the car, RM gives up and saves himself & the girl instead: he scoops up Glenda, jets with her to safety as the car crashes on the rocky terrain below.

... Later, fearing that Glenda's foto of him might reveal his true identity,

Jeff tracks Vulcan's henchman to a secret mountain lair where, with a special ultra-enlarger, they are about to make an immense enlargement of the fatal foto.

King is captured & pushed inside. With a gun trained at his head, Jeff watches in an agony of apprehension & suspense as the negative is blown up, fearing that it may very well reveal a clue to his identity & he'll wind up with his head blown off!

But by quick thinking & quicker action, Jeff gets the gun away from the gunsel & destroys the menacing negative.

from serpent ring to telephone swing

King has observed an unusual gem-encrusted serpent ring on one of the

men at the hideout, a ring similar to one worn by Science Associates' Professor Conway. As Rocket Man, King attempts to question Conway about the relationship of the rings but before he has learned much the scientist is slain by Dirken.

Dirken escapes by a daring hand-over-hand reat of crossing a telephone line strung many storeys above the street below.

RM follows the killer over the same hand-over-hand route. But midway, RM is powerless to prevent Dirken as he cuts the telephone wire with a knife!

RM plunges toward the pavement. But, grimly clutching the free end of the line for dear life, he manages to convert himself into a temporary Tarzan-of-civilization & swing to safety on a ledge.

Eventually, as events of this nature continue to happen around & involving King, Jeff is suspected of being none other than the murderous Dr. Vulcan himself!

rocket man to the rescue

King traces Dirken to a private airfield, hoping he will lead him to Vulcan.

Burt Winslow & Glenda follow Jeff because by now Jeff's buddy Burt is convinced that King is the master subversive agent himself. This suspicion was reinforced when Winslow discovered King using a secret radio transmitter which was relaying orders to Vulcan henchmen, and misinterpreted King's intentions.

Burt confronts Jeff with a revolver, holds him at gunpoint while the plane takes off with Glenda—a prisoner of Dirken.

When Burt looks up at the plane, it's

King be nimble . . .

King be quick

King *conk!*

And King reluctantly sends his best friend temporarily to Cloud 9 with a real fine uppercut, then quickly converts himself to Rocket Man and pursues the plane in his jet-propelled suit.

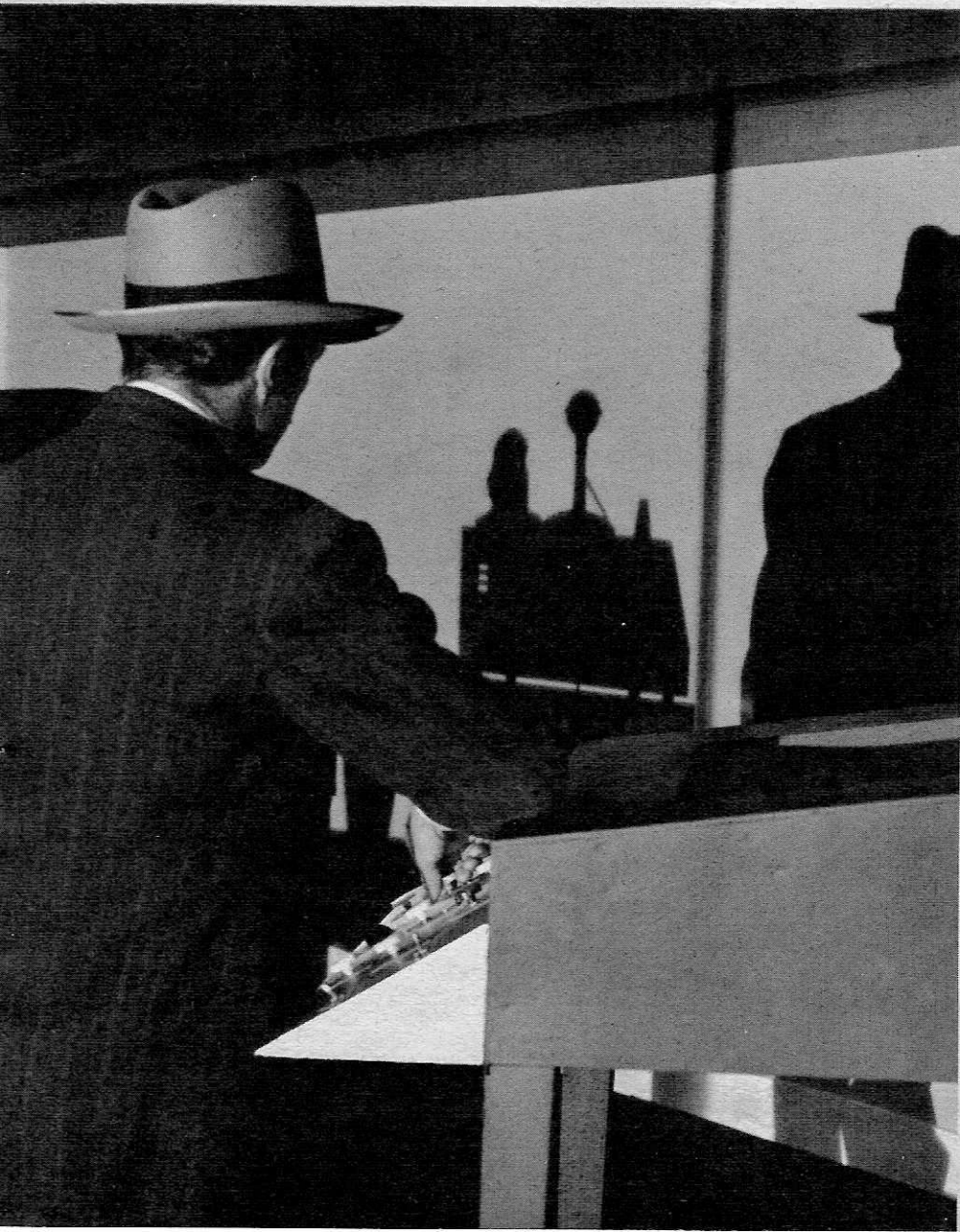
Overtaking the kidnapper, RM enters the plane only to discover that the dastardly Dirken has tied up Glenda, set the plane's controls on a crash course & parachuted to safety.

Scant seconds before the doomed plane crashes & explodes, RM scoops up Glenda and scoots away with her in a skysuit built for 2.

twin rocket men?

"Jeff King & Rocket Man are the same person!" declares Dr. Vulcan in a rage. "Now I know it! Dirken—

Dr. Vulcan manipulates mechanism of mysterious machine. What's going to happen? Only the shadow knows!



Tristram Coffin plays Jeff King inside the famous Rocket Suit.

capture King!"

Dirken obediently captures King in his civilian identity & is on the verge of shooting Dr. Vulcan's nemesis when—

Rocket Man drops out of the sky!

How can it be?

Good question.

Satisfactory answer?: Rocket suit wearer #2 is not Jeff King but a professor Millard (James Craven), one of the scientists supposedly previously murdered by Dr. Vulcan but who escaped the death trap set for him & became a secret assistant of King.

As the pseudo-Rocketman Millard fights the spies, King attempts to make a dash for help in a nearby truck. But a stray bullet strikes King a glancing blow on his head, stunning him, but not to the point of losing consciousness, so that he manages to fling himself free of the diving truck just as it plummets off a pier into the black waters below.

Meanwhile, prof. Millard has driven off the cohorts of Vulcan. Millard & King return to the real Rocket Man's

hide-out. But the cave is no longer secret—Dirken steps into view with 2 prisoners, Glenda & Burt.

enter the decimeter

Dirken is after the Decimeter, a prime invention of Science Associates which King is protecting. The device is in the nature of a complex electronic gun, shooting a ray of incredible potency. When Dirken attempts to take the Decimeter from the professor, Millard sacrifices his life to protect the invention.

Prior to Millard's death the Decimeter has been activated & its laser-like beam acts like a giant white-hot razor blade, cutting a hunk of rock out of the cave wall & melting it instantly into a lava-like river of molten rock.

Glenda, Burt & King flee on foot before the red-hot river. But they are heading toward a dead end until—The heat of the lava loosens a crack in the tunnel wall & all escape the steaming stream lapping at their heels.

escapes so narrow they freeze the marrow

Rocket Man and the police join forces to track down the stealers of the Decimeter. As RM searches thru a warehouse once used as a hideout by the criminals, his shadow is outlined on a frost-covered window and Dirken's funnen pump lead into the flying form. But it is only a projection, a shadow cast by RM who himself is a half dozen feet above the window, safe.

Later, a truck is seen leaving the warehouse which RM has under surveillance. Suspicious, RM flies into the back of the truck to investigate. Hardly is he inside when a time bomb explodes, blowing the vehicle to bits.

And Rocket Man with it?

No, his keen hearing had detected the ominous Tocking of the time bomb & he jumped out of the truck in the tick of time

Three guns—three prisoners. Looks good for the baddies & bad for the goodies.





Jeff King goes into his Jet-Propelled Crouch and Rocketman defies Gravity Again!

The Master Villain is beside himself with fury & frustration. He captures Winslow and lures King into a trap. At gunpoint, Vulcan forces his adversary back, back toward an electronic grid. One touch and King will be griddled.

There is a lightning-like flash . . . the sizzle & amoke of frying flesh . . . and a man dies in agony. But not Rocket Man. At the last moment he shoved one of Vulcan's killers into the grid to be electrocuted.

With Vulcan on the defensive at last, King feels it safe to reveal his secret identity to Burt & Glenda.

But Vulcan has not been convinced that the late professor Millard was Rocket Man, and proceeds with a plan against King.

One evening shortly thereafter, King finds that the taxicab he has innocently stepped into is not so innocuous: the doors won't open—and poisonous gas starts seeping up thru the floorboard!

King is in danger of being gassed to death but Burt & Glenda overtake the taxi & pull Jeff out just in time.

vulcan's punch

Vulcan now makes his move against helpless millions. No longer caring whether his identity is known or not, he reveals himself as Dr. Bryant, one of King's trusted co-workers at Science Associates. Now Vulcan, mad with power, threatens to train the Decimator ray-cannon on New York City and shake down its every skyscraper unless—

A ransom is paid of \$1 BILLION!

Vulcan makes good his threat & the very foundations of Manhattan are shaken to the core as earth, rock, concrete, granite, & steel buckle & bounce in the grip of titanic earth tremors. Radio towers crash . . . tons of glass burst from windows . . . a terrified city screams as its proudest structure, The Empire State Bldg., tallest man-made edifice in the world, weaves like a wand at the mercy of a wind of hurricane intensity.

The immensity of the destruction is never to be forgotten.

Tidal waves scores of feet high lap

at the base of the Statue of Liberty herself, soon threaten to topple & engulf the world famous monument!

It is the earthquake of earthquakes & the Second Deluge rolled into one!

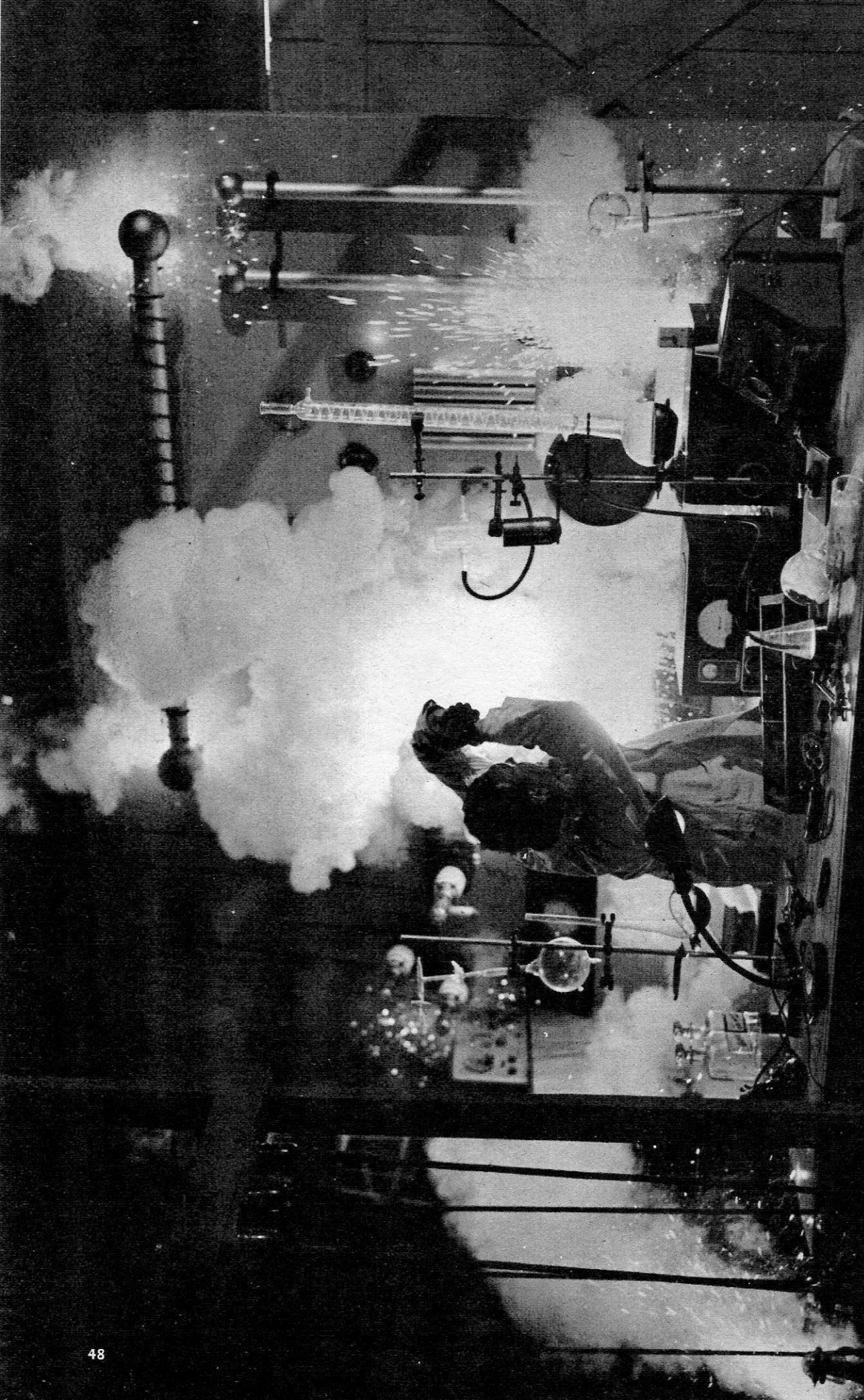
the end

What could happen to New York today could happen to Washington tomorrow. Vulcan could go on to destroy Chicago, Los Angeles, any part of the world he chose. He must be stopped!

Rocket Man makes his final all-out effort. Tracing Vulcan & Dirken to their tropical island stronghold, he crashes into their laboratory. furious fight follows. In the course of the battle to the death, a stray bullet Smashes into the heart of the Decimator, releasing its gigantic ball of energy. The explosion blows the entire island sky high, thus ending the menace of Dr. Vulcan and his evil men & proving Jeff King to indeed be.

KING of the Rocket Men-

END



the end of Dr. Yulcan!

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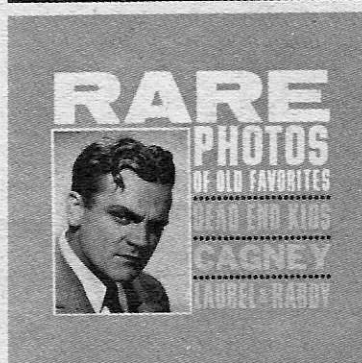
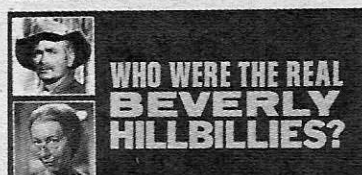
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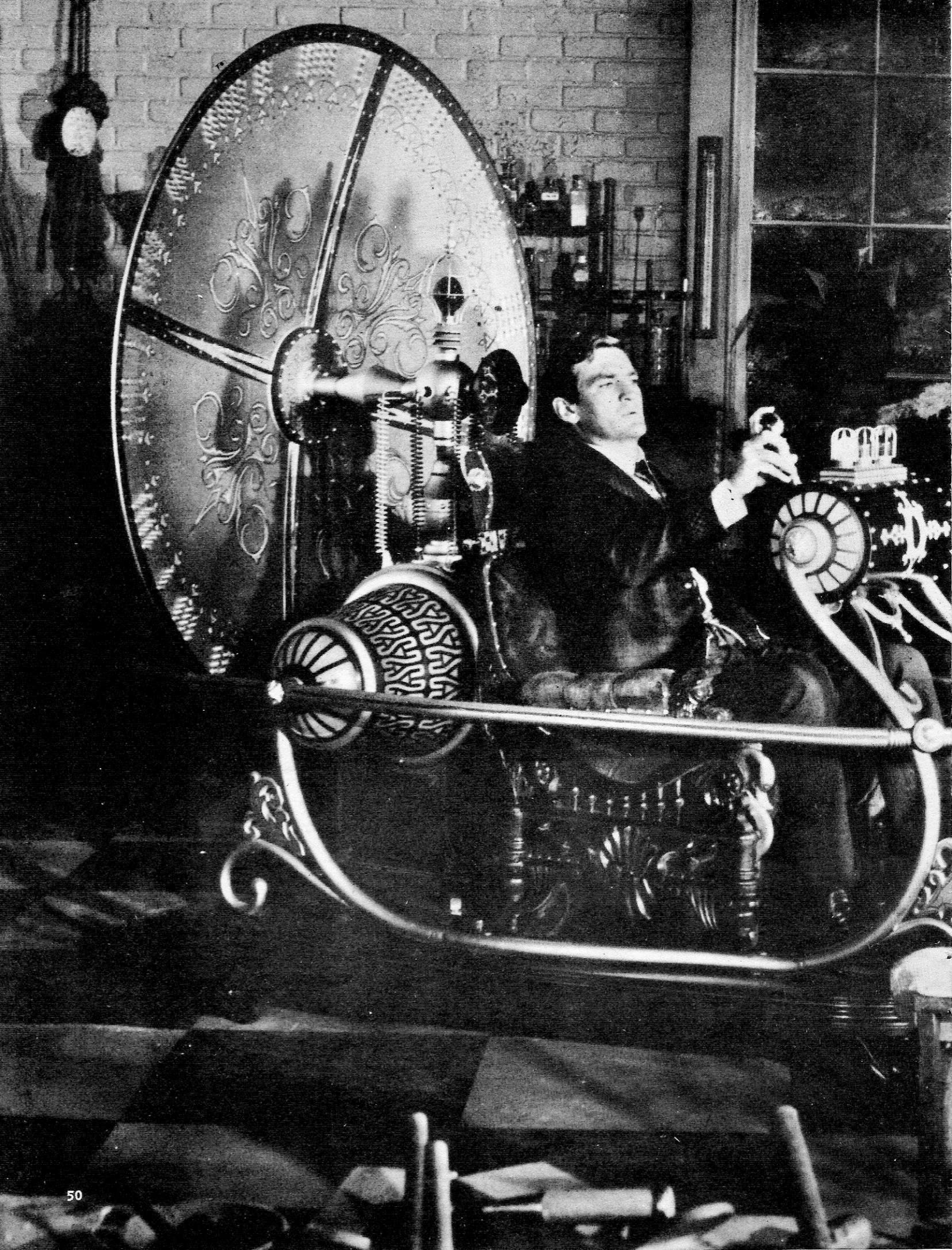
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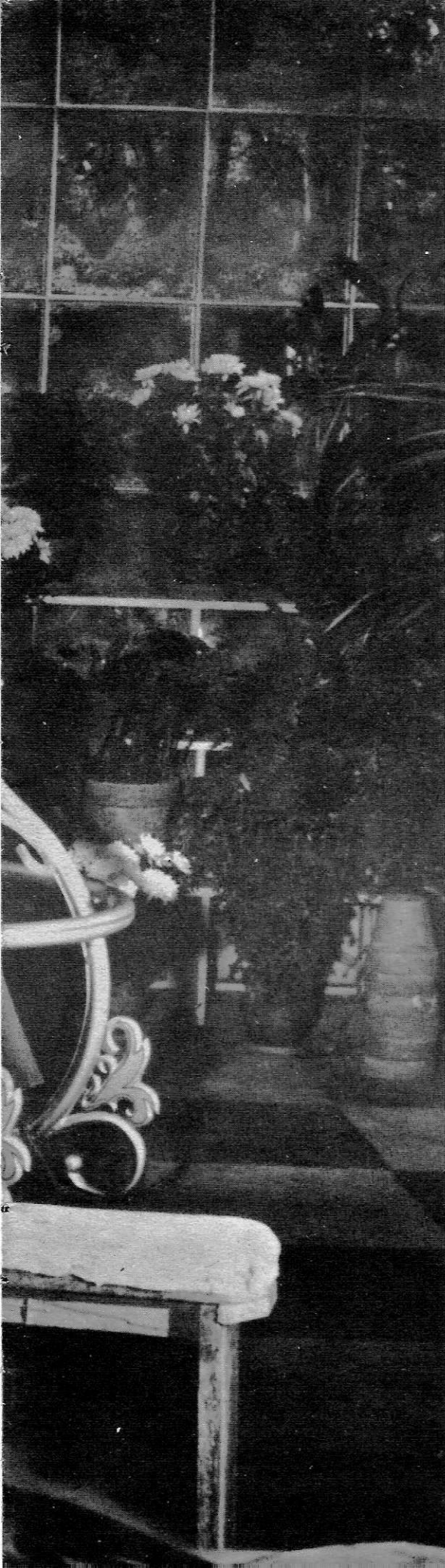
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THE SUPER SPACE

This is the place where you find the Finest Fantastic Fotos of All Time—the Special Pin-Up Pix ready to remove & affix to walls of rooms & dens thruout the Imagi-Nation.

THE TIME MACHINE! In the words of the author himself, HG Wells: "Parts were of nickel, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been filed or sawn out of rock crystal . . . twisted crystalline bars cut from quartz." In the dramatic moment captured here: *The first of all Time Machines began its career. I gave it a last tap, tried all the screws again, put one more drop of oil on the quartz rod, and sat myself in the saddle.* Then off he goes into the aerial reaches of eternity for his date with destiny, winging, zinging, clinging for dear life to the temponautical wonder as it transports him to the unimaginably distant world of 802,701 A.D., as vividly brought to the silver screen by the hand of George Pal!

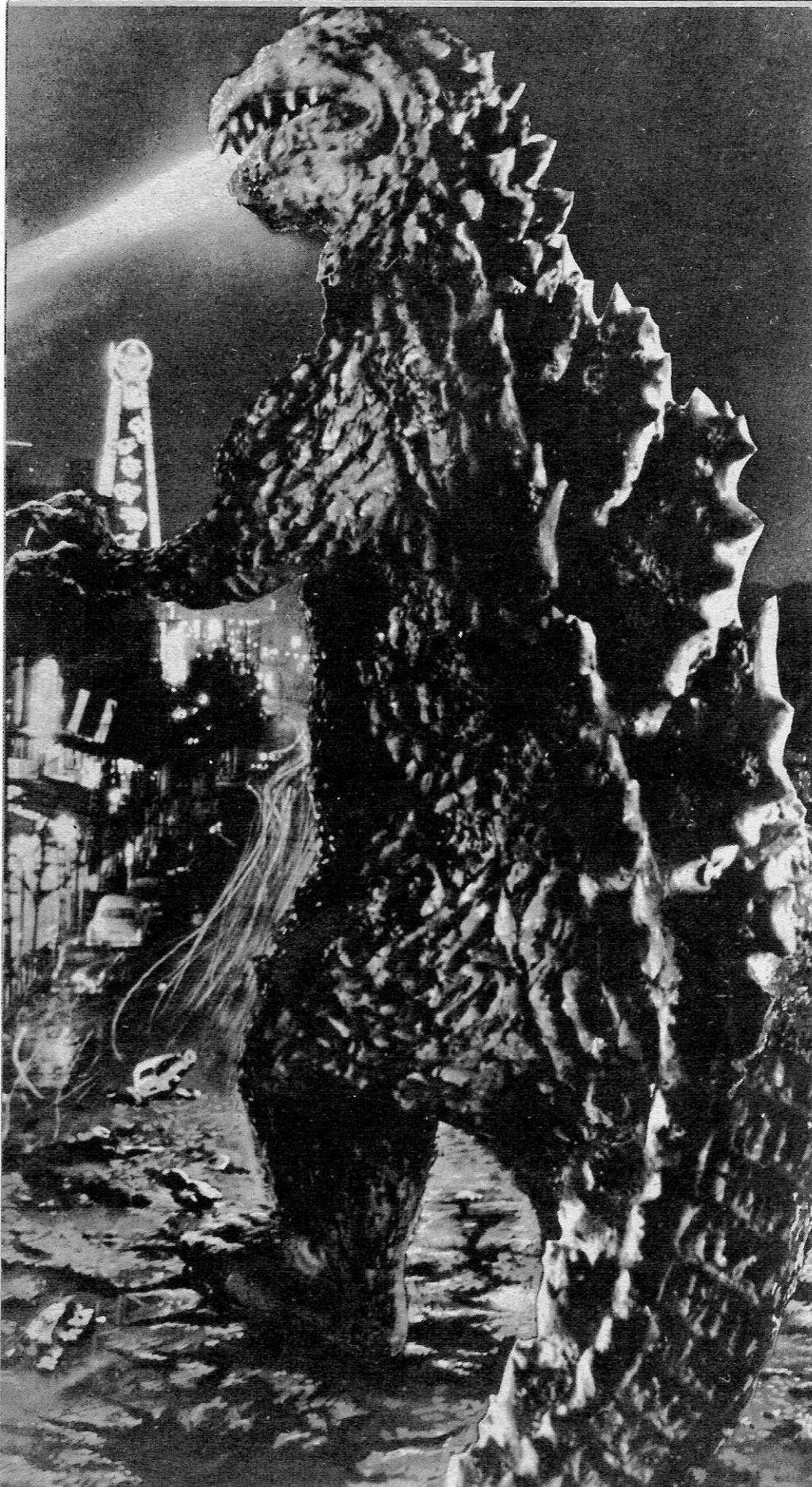
RETURN O



OF KONG!



believed dead for 30 years, the Mightiest Monster of them all—KING KONG— is resurrected by Japanese filmmakers to do battle with . . . Godzilla!



Godzilla, the Fire Monster, breathes radioactive destruction with every exhalation from his fiery maw. While Kong (opposite page) knocks down half of Tokyo, Godzilla sets the remainder of it aflame!

King Kong is back & don't ask how because nobody knows. The same way Dracula, done to death by wooden stake or silver bullet or the dawn's early light, still manages to put in one more ghastr appearance. The same way Frankenstein's monster survives fatal falls & futile boilings. The same way Im-ho-tep & Kharis, crumbling to Egyptian dust at the count of nine, manage to rise at the count of tana.

So, ladies & gentlemen, in this corner, weighing in at 55 million pounds—**KING KONG!**

And in this corner, his more slender contender for the crown of King of the Monsters—**GODZILLA** (only 44 million pounds, give or take a fraction of an ounce, in his stalking feet). Of course, Godzilla, the long-tailed lizard who waddles upright, does have a certain advantage in his nasty breath—it's fiery & radioactive.

kong comes back

King Kong, who as every schoolboy from here to Pellucidar knows, died at the base of the Empire State Bldg. in 1933; but in 1963 he is mysteriously found alive about 62 miles south of Bougainville in the Solomon Islands, specifically, not on Skull Island, but on Faro Island. This is not the son of Kong, mind you, nor even his grandson, but the granddaddy of 'em all, the one & only original & indestructible **KONG**.

One nite during a thunder & lightning storm on Faro Island, a roar mightier than even the thunder is heard. Kong appears & allays the fears of the islanders by eliminating an oceanic enemy which had been troubling them: the natives had been growing restless over a 164' octopus which had been capsizing too many of their canoes, then putting the squeeze play on the damp warriors who get dumped.

As a reward for ridding the islanders of the menace of the super-octopus, Kong is treated to some fine red vintage Faro wine, which makes him groggy. While Kong sleeps, some daring individuals bind the king on a huge raft & by cargo boat tow him towards Japan.

As the raft approaches its destination, the drugging effects of the drink wear off and Kong awakens to find himself a prisoner. As this does not suit his temperament, he struggles mightily to be free & succeeds in bursting his bonds.

Causing miniature tidal waves to precede him, he wades ashore.

Godzilla, who has been on ice up in the Arctic since last we saw him, thaws out of his iceberg apartment when a nuclear submarine gets too nosy. After sighting sub & sinking same, with unerring homing instincts Godzilla heads south from the Bering Straits and, skirting the coasts of Kamchatka and the Chishima Islands, he enters Japan **GODZILLA** moves south!
KING KONG moves north!

King Kong terrorizes Tokyo! Thousands flee for their lives before the oncoming juggernaut, the monster ape who snaps live electrical wires as tho they were harmless strands of thread.





As helicopters hover & attempt to gun down & bomb the great behemoths, Kong & Godzilla roar their mighty defiance at each other.

The Battle to the Death atop Mt. Fuji. Kong kicks a huge boulder into the reptilian face of his prehistoric enemy. In the American version, Kong overcomes Godzilla.



Natives along their path move OUT. They nearly meet, much to the distress of the citizenry thereabouts, in Tokyo. Needless to say, Tokyo comes in for another spectacular beating.

But the final knock-down-drag-'em-out battle of the behemoths is reserved for a spot where they can really throw their weight (a combined 99 million pounds) around: With the wild animal's instinctive sense of danger, each feels that a deadly enemy is nearby & they seek each other out & meet at Lake Chuzenji in Nikko. After a preliminary sparring match they head for the summit of Mt. Fuji itself & it is there that the climax of the picture (running time: 99 mins.) takes place.

In the words of the producers: "Their roars & bellows rend the air & the ground shakes as in an earthquake as we witness the gruesome & frightening scene of the 2 largest monsters in existence gripped in a life & death struggle."

Does King Kong best his saurian adversary or does Godzilla prevail over the mammoth ape?

SPACEMEN lets you in on a secret: 2 endings have been filmed & if you see KING KONG vs. GODZILLA in Japan, Hong Kong or some Oriental sector of the world, Godzilla wins! On the other hand, in the USA & England, for instance, Kong wins!

END

SPACIAL PRIZE

By Katherine MacLean & Michael Porjes

The ship from Mars came down in a natural clearing.

For a time after it landed there was a silence as the wind of its onrush settled & the grass which had been flattened by that blow of air straightened again.

Slowly a section of the ship swung open & down & touched the ground. From its topside slid a long smooth ramp leading from an open gaping door where the ramp had fitted.

In the doorway appeared a ground vehicle of strange design. Its silvered shape suggested a metallic streamlined super-beetle. Heightening this impression were its combination door-windows, large, completely circular & affixed to either side like bugs' eyes. The windows were so constituted that it was difficult to discern the occupants—of which there were 2.

The car hugged the ground. Rather than the conventional 4, it had only 3 wheels: 2 in front, extended to the sides a foot or more from the frame of the vehicle, the 3rd scarcely visible at the rear.

However, only the birds were there to observe & they were indifferent to the shape of automobiles. The car rolled down the ramp & across the grass & disappeared into the forest in the direction of the nearest roadway.

The ramp closed.

* * *

"This is Max Stein, your on-the-spot reporter for that great cigaret, Throtze. This is a great day, folks, and there is a huge crowd out on the highway, trying to win that great prize & be the 10,000th car to pass the borderline on the 2nd day of the opening of the new PanContinental Hiway. They all want that free 8 months without working, to circle the globe & visit the deserts where man & science work together to launch the ships that will explore the depths of space. The lure of far places has drawn them here &

mankind's unconquerable urge to find what lies beyond the known.

"The scientists of the rocket installations will welcome them & let them participate in the great launching. What more could anyone ask than to be known in history as one personally to see the great leap of science thru the void in search of the strange & new? Man, the potential ruler of the universe, takes his next step from infancy!"

As he spoke, the camera eye circled the panorama of cars, jammed together in a long eager line, crawling over the road while an electronic device slowly counted toward 10,000.

"Only 20 more to go," Max Stein explained to his TV audience in a hushed tense voice. "Barely a minute. The cars are traveling very slowly, every one crowding the one ahead, trying to be the one.

"I believe I can almost guess which car it will be; there's a small red car just far enough away & there's a silver-gray beside it, a little ahead. Can't make out what make it is, must be a custom-built job.

"A black car on the left, a Ford, has just nosed up beside those two, 6" forward as its line speeded up a little.

"The people in the cars ahead of them now are excited & disappointed; they look angry & happy, some one way, some the other. As they drive they are turning around to stare back at the lucky ones just behind, realizing how closely they missed the grand prize.

"All the cars passing the line now are pulling over to the side, parking on the grass to be close to the occupants of the winning car."

The sunlight was bright & made easy lighting for the TV color cameras, which focused on the faces of people in the cars that were passing the line just a little too soon. A woman in one was weeping in frustrated disappointment. Her children in the back seat were waving & pounding the glass at the people in the car behind, trying to

get their attention, wildly excited.

"The din is terrific," murmured Max Stein's amplified voice over the PA system. "Every car for miles has begun to blow its horn in anticipation of the announcement.

"I was right—it is going to be one of the 3 cars I saw back in the line.

"They are approaching the counting point.

"Nine thousand nine hundred & ninety seven, nine thousand nine hundred & ninety-eight. I think it is going to be that odd-looking custom-built model. Nine thousand and . . ."

The silvery 2-seater with the round door-windows, immovably jammed in the line of cars before & behind & to each side, fender to fender (except that it was singularly fenderless)—without an inch of room to turn—it moved helplessly forward as the line moved.

And the automatic counter counted & the figures changed on the dial in front of the eyes of Max Stein and the television audience.

". . . ninety-nine. Yes, it is going to be the silver car after all!"

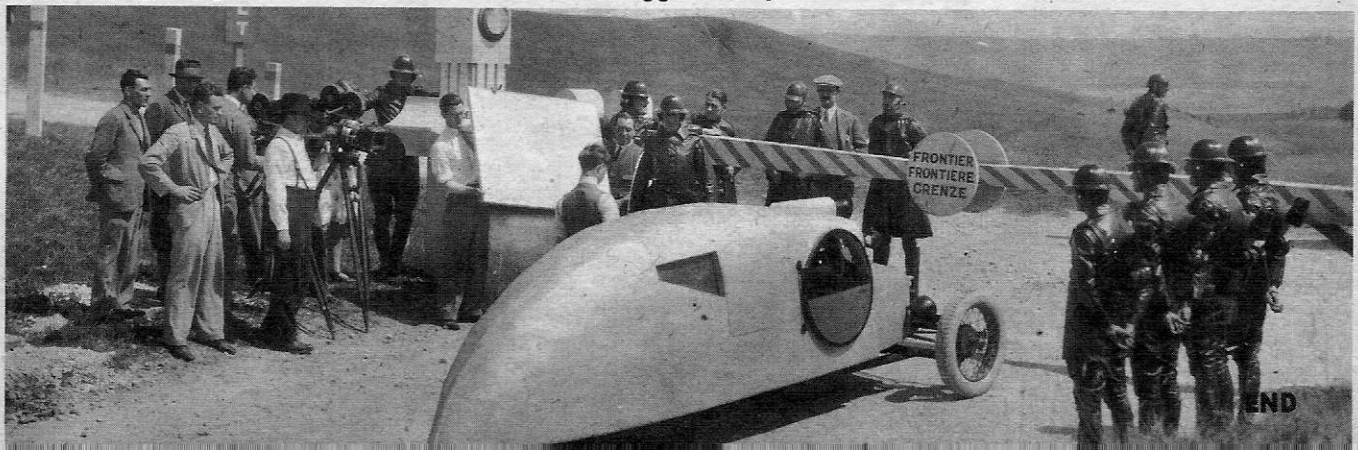
There was a pause, during which only the wailing & howling & hooting of a thousand horns could be heard & the camera eye scanned again up the highway, over the shining tops of automobiles that stretched out of sight.

"Ten thousand! The silver car is the 10,000th to cross the line onto the new PanContinental Hiway! Congratulations!"

The door of the queer car was gripped & flung open & the inhabitants looked out into the dazzling daylight with their blue tentacles curling in alien approximation to the reactions of surprise & anger. The human outside, with the microphone in his left hand, reached forward with his right in a hearty gesture, squinting to see into the dark interior.

"Congratulations," repeated Max Stein to the observation party from the 4th planet. "You have won . . . a free . . . trip . . . to . . . Mars . . ."

The strange bug-like car from another world, suggested by foto from HIGH TREASON, made in 1930.



SPACIAL GUEST ON TELE- CAST



SPACEMEN'S Editor, introduced as "Mr. Science Fiction" on the Jack Barry Show (one hour daily).

**the
day
FJA was
interviewed
on T.V.**

The famous vibes of Lionel Hampton had hardly ceased vibrating when the familiar figure of a mechanical man took over the television screen. It was toward the end of January and several million setsiders were viewing one of Southern California's most popular daily video programs, the hour-long celebrity-packed *Jack Barry Show*.

What was this?—an automaton as a guest? No, as the whirring mechanoid strode stiffly across the TV screen the voice of the program's MC explained:



A Famous Issue—the Second Number of Hugo Gernsback's Amazing Stories, Cover by Frank R. Paul illustrating HG Wells' fascinating short, "The Crystal Egg". May 1926.



The electrifying strato-scraping city dreamed of by Thea von Harbou and brought to screen immortality thru the directing genius of her husband, Fritz Lang. METROPOLIS!



Emcee sees Buck Rogers-like concept on cover of Apr. '30 Science Wonder Stories: Paul illustration for the late Francis Flagg's tale of Esperanto users, "An Adventure in Time".



Program Maestro Jack Barry stares in open-mouthed admiration at marvelous metallic woman of METROPOLIS as painted in 3-dimensional reality by Albert Nuetzell.



"In the 21st century we may get up in the morning & say, 'Let us spray,' as we simply spray on a suit or dress, according to our gender."—opinion televised by FJA.



Frankenstein & Frau upstage their editor, stealing the spotlight away from FJA as they proudly call attention to themselves on the cover of FAMOUS MONSTERS #21.

"What you are looking at is Robby the Robot. This may be the man of the future. We'll find out as we talk to the man known as Mr Science Fiction, who'll tell us all about the future, Mr. Forrest Ackerman, right here."

about the future

Jack Barry: "Do you think that's what the man of the future is going to look like?"

FJA: "Well, that was the way he was prophesied in a film called FORBIDDEN PLANET laid several hundred years in the future on a world far distant from ours."

Barry: "How long have you been interested in science fiction?"

FJA: "Since I was 9 years old. I started in 1926 with this magazine." (See accompanying illustration.) "This is not the first issue, altho I have it;

things there to show—" (pointing to futuristic conglomeration of paraphernalia on tabletop.) "What is that, is that a gun there, a Buck Rogers type gun?"

FJA: "This is something 'out of the Ark', yes. Buck Rogers has been rather the bane of the science fiction fan's existence because in the public mind it seemed that we were tied in for many years with Buck Rogers. They'd say 'Oh, science fiction, that crazy Buck Rogers sort of thing', but oddly enough, Buck Rogers was very prophetic. For example, here's a magazine (see SCIENCE WONDER STORIES) about a quarter of a century ago & it shows an individual walking on air. Now the science fiction magazines of today—which actually are our everyday newspapers with their stories of rockets & satellites & off to Venus and that sort of thing—well, this kind of thing is rapidly coming true."

HGWells' prophetic film called THINGS TO COME, made back in about 1936, and it prophesied a world war which would break out on Christmas eve 1940, which wasn't too far off. The major masterpiece along that line was made in the 20s. It was called METROPOLIS." Showing painting of Maria the robotrix by Albert Neutzell, "I've a robot ('Oh, that came from the picture?' commented Barry)—this is a painting of the mechanical woman—we might have servants of this sort in the future."

shape of things

Barry: "You know, we've been having—they've been having—such a, at least in the Beverly Hills section, such a big argument about 'highrise' buildings. . . Some people want them up, some do not—what do you foresee the future to be in relation to the buildings, the way the business buildings are going to be?"

FJA: "Do we have that foto?(Barry: "Do we have a foto someplace?") I brought one. (Barry: "Yes, we have the foto." Foto—see accompanying shot—is projected on the TV screen.) We may very well be looking at the poor man's Los Angeles of the 21st century. That particular city housed about 30 million people & at the rate our population's going I can imagine by the year 2000 that LA may be solid clear up to Santa Barbara in one direction"—about 100 miles north—"and down to San Diego"—about 100 south—"in the other. As a matter of fact we might very well wind up being the 51st state!"

Barry, wryly: "Wonder what's going to happen with the freeways?!" Continuing: "Your current issue of SPACE-MEN magazine has a story about METROPOLIS and what it's going to be like. . ."

FJA, displaying SM #6: "Yes, this is the mag. I'm doing a 3 part feature—such an important film—so much to show & say about it, it takes 3 issues to cover it."



This space reserved for a plug!

the 2nd issue I thot was a little more photogenic. And it's one out of about 25,000 books & magazines of this nature I have in my home nowadays."

64,000 question

Barry: "How many have you actually read yourself?"

FJA (a twinkle like Scienti-Clause in his eye): "Well, I've been asked that question for about the last 37 years & if you'd like a television 'first': I've always told people I've read every last word in my collection." Getting confidential, leans toward Barry as tho about to whisper in his ear. "I'll reveal to you how I do it: I turn to the last page & read the last word!"

Barry (lauffing): "That's a good way to do it! You, then, certainly, if anyone, should know or at least be able to project what the future is going to be like. You have a number of interesting

Barry: "Didn't I actually see about a year or so ago that some company has a man that flies in the air?"

FJA: "Well, the 'company' is the United States government—the military. . ."

Barry, talking at the same time as *FJA,* commenting on the picture: ". . . a kind of a flying belt on. . ."

FJA: ". . . about 6' off the ground."

Barry: "So Buck Rogers wasn't too far off."

FJA: "No, he was prophetic."

special scientifilms

Barry: "There've been a number of motion pictures about what life in the future is going to be like. How accurately do you think they depict what it's going to be like 70, 100, 200 years from now?"

FJA: "Well, I think the one that hit it nearest on the button was

horrors!—it's MONSTERS!

Barry: "You're intertrsted in horror stories too, aren't you!—a magazine about monsters and Frankenstein?"

FJA: "Frankenstein. Sure. I wonder how the kiddies are reacting?" (The kiddies: a panel of half a dozen hi-IQ pre-teens.) Addressing himself to the "children of wonder," *FJA:* "Have you ever seen any Frankenstein or Dracula pictures?" *Barry* comments, "Sure they've seen them," as all the kids reply at once & thru the jumble of voices can just be distinguished a little girl's voice, "I've seen FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER."

Barry: "Tell me, what do you think it's going to be like when our kids on Paramount Panel grow up, when they're 60 & 70 & 80 years old. Do



Out of the Ark! From the Archives of the Ackermansion, one of the original authentic Buck Rogers zappguns, one of the few still-working models in the world today.

you think the food that we eat will be any different?"

FJA: "Well, it's—if we're going to talk about the future I think first of all we're going to have to decide *which* future. We're very much at the crossroads now, it seems to me—whether we grow up in time or blow up—it will depend whether our future is one where we go back to the caveman, lead a kind of Tarzan existence, or whether we get Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. Of course I'm hopeful, as many of the science fiction authors are, that we will get that bright & shining

wonderful world of the future.

"Foodwise, I have no particular comment."

Barry: "Well, what about our clothing, what will our clothing be like, will it be much different?"

FJA, remembering one of his favorite sci-fi novels, "*Summer in 3000*": "Probably we'll get up in the morning & spray our clothing on & wash it off at nite."

Barry, injecting opportunity for humor: "That's going to be tough on kids that don't like to wash!"

FJA: "I think we'll see some re-

markable changes in transportation, that autos, for instance, will no longer have tires but will float along over the ground, and driving as we understand it nowadays will probably cease to exist. You'll just get into your car, monitor it, tell it where you want to go, then sit back & relax, watch TV—the Jack Barry Show.

Barry: "Sounds great. I hope that that will come very very quickly. I would enjoy that, as we have enjoyed talking with you, Mr. Science Fiction—Forrest J Ackerman. Thank you for being with us."

END

SPACEMEN OF DISTINCTION #4

*Old Spacemen here are seen
Again like when Dad was a teen.
Many a pop will remember still
The firstime this guy gave him a thrill.*



OSWALD CABAL (Raymond Massey)—Space Leader of the 21st Century. His film grandfather John (also played by Massey) was the visionary flier of the Wings Over the World organization (see SM #2) that rescued the ruined world of the 1970s from eternal barbarism & set war-sore humanity back on the path to the stars. Oswald Cabal, space-minded mentor of the superscientific subterranean metropolis of 2036, casts his gaze upward & futureward toward the final conquest of the Universe in HG Wells' cinemasterpiece THINGS TO COME.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

BORIS KARLOFF

The Grand Old Man of Imagi-Movies addresses YOU about an episode in his British tele-weries.

The program's name, OUT OF THIS WORLD; and its hosts tell us of a "Stowaway in Space".

"Teenagers are by no means as bad as they are often painted. In *Cold Equations*, one of the plays I introduce, a teenaged girl stows away in a rocket & puts 8 lives in jeopardy.

"But, like most youngsters of her age, she doesn't mean any harm.

"She has no idea of the danger or the possibly tragic consequences of her adventure.

"The girl is Lee Cross. And the rocket she hides away in is on a mercy flight to take serum to save the lives of 6 men on Woden.

"Innocently, Lee thinks she will be able to see her brother who has been on Woden for 8 years.

"Instead she finds she has put the pilot in a horrifying position. With her extra weight the rocket has not enough fuel to reach its destination. And without the serum the men on Woden will die.

"This is the cold equation posed by Lee's escapade—an equation which the pilot & ground control strive desperately to solve.

"Lee is a typical teenager—of almost any era.

"The older generation has always thought the new generation was going to pieces. But it hasn't happened yet.

"Incidentally, in *Cold Equations* there is a big advance in the creature comforts available in rockets & spaceships: Peter Wyngarde, who plays the pilot, needs none of the spacesuits & other paraphernalia of today's astronauts."

END

Editorial Note: The story "The Cold Equations" by Tom Godwin appeared in the Aug. 1954 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION. It made an indelible impression on me as one of the finest short science fiction stories I ever read. A gem which I earnestly commend to your attention if you can find a copy of the magazine containing it.—FJA.

Next Issue: Karloff tells you about "The Sly Invaders."



Boris Karloff as he appeared in Universal Pictures' scientific film THE INVISIBLE RAY in 1936.

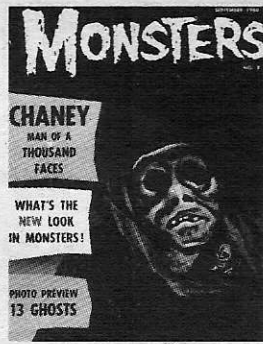
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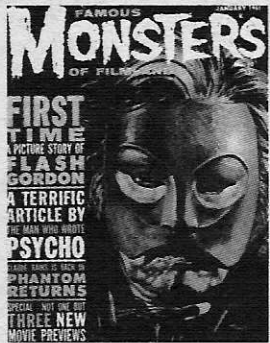
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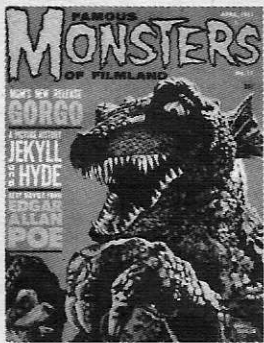
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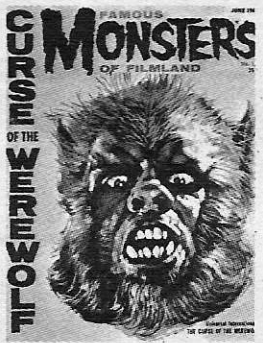
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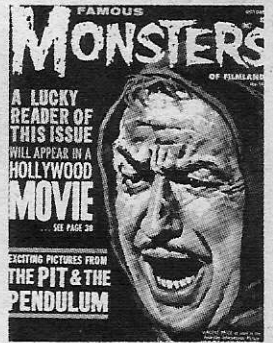
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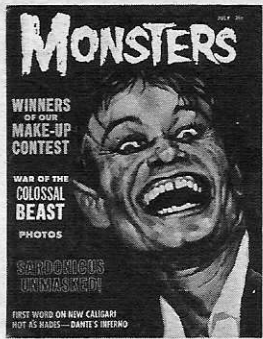
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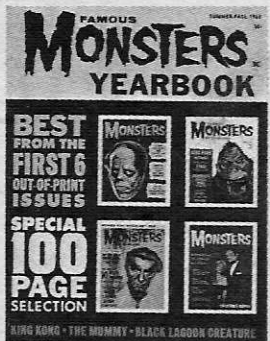
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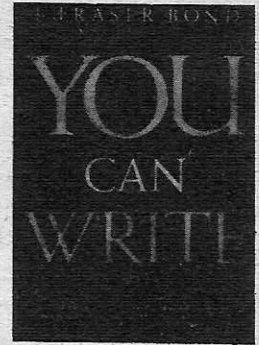
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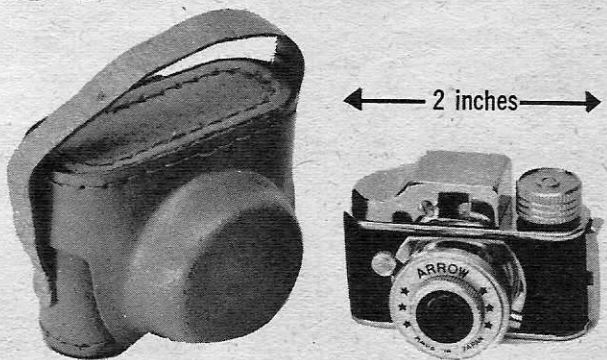
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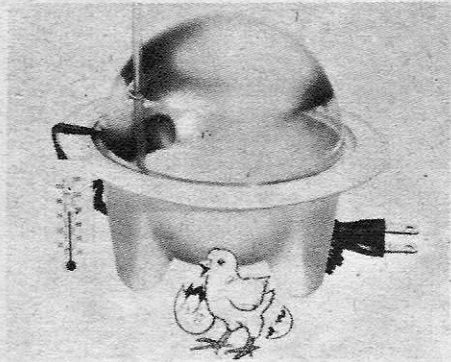
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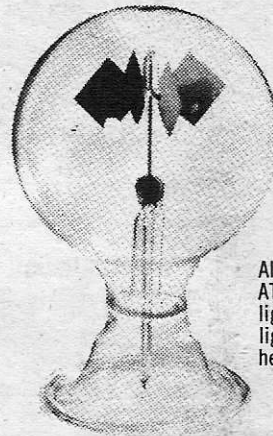
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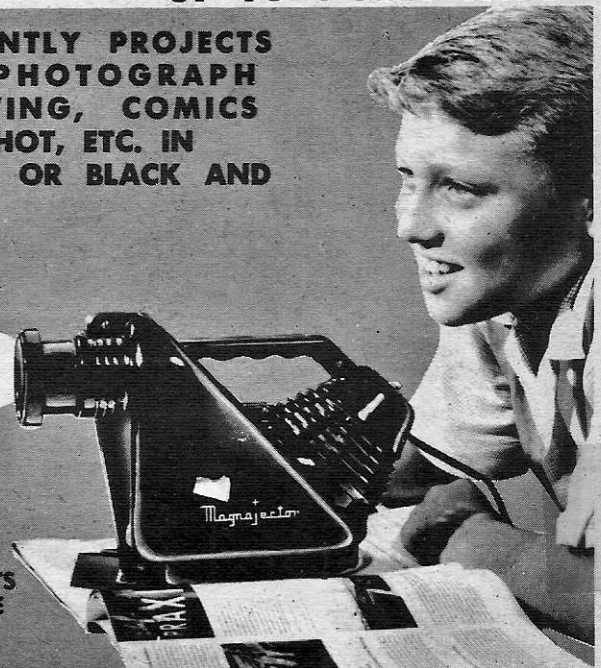
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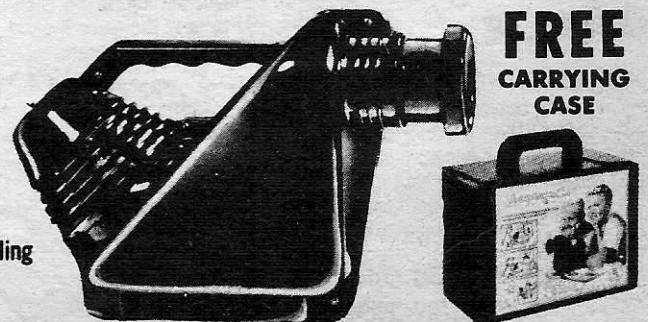
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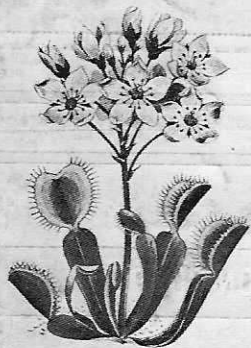
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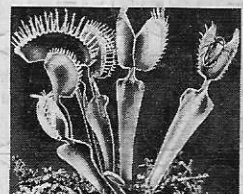
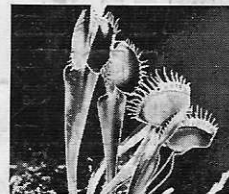
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