

Spacemen

THE WORLD'S ONLY SPACE-MOVIE MAGAZINE



THE MAN WHO MADE
METROPOLIS
SPACE MOVIE OF THE CENTURY



THEY FOUGHT HORROR
BEYOND THE STARS



WHO WERE THE MISSILE
MONSTERS OF SPACE?





GORATH—the Great New Japanese Space Spectacle! Preview Coverage of this World Wide Menace from Beyond the Solar System is featured in Time for Space Pix, the Movie News Department. Other Exciting Features include The Metropolis Story & The Siidmak Story.

THE EDITORS SPACE

READER DON GLUT (pictured above with BERT I. GORDON & FORREST J. ACKERMAN) recently had the Time of his Life in the Space of 24 Hours. He visited the Editor of **SPACEMEN**.

This could happen to YOU.

The perils of Spaceport 45J are almost always open to visiting rocketeers who write & make reservations when contemplating a trip to the southern sector of Callinia.

We can't always promise you'll meet celebrities of the calibre of Bert I. Gordon, who at the present time (for instance) is busy at a Big Big studio preparing to launch his first space pic, a Martian comedy. Maybe that was just Glet's glitch (that's German for luck) that he got to meet Bert, and sci-fi serial scout Gray Daniels, and amateur sciencifilmmaker Roy Craig; nevertheless, the possibility always exists for a real out-of-this-world reception at the Ackerechet Pad.

SPACEMEN fan Don Glet did not arrive empty-handed, incidentally; in fact, he came loaded with reels of fantastic filmfare of his own making. A screen was set up in the livingroom of the Ackermansen and your editor was treated to hours long examples of a future Gspace-maker's early trick-work, such as special-effectsful **TOR, KING OF BEASTS** (Don's Chicago-based answer to King Kong's New York adventures, with a monstrous prehistoric ape involved with a spaceship) and other thrilling cinematic excursions into dramatic adventures in time & space.



GLUT GORDON ACKERMAN



LETTER RIPI! Astronauts, cosmonauts or just plain coonauts, your comments, criticisms, compliments or complaints are welcome here, so let us hear from you by meteor mail, return mail or on the wings of Jupiter.

SMOKED OUT OF THE TIME VAULT

Imagine my amazement, in leafing thro your 5th issue, to see 3 of the World of Tomorrow series, a set of 50 miniature foto-cards of futuristic subject matter issued when I was a young girl. The examples you showed (which I gather were all you had) were very good, and for the benefit of international relationships (and sci-fi fans) I am parting with 3



pictures from my tiny hoard which you may wish to share with your readership. By the way, I wonder how many of you were as thrilled as I to catch the reference to "sci-fi" in the recent world's end melodrama, *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE*? If I am not mistaken, it was our own editor Ackerman who created the term "sci-fi"? I believe its use in a motion picture is, within our own little microcosm, a historic "first." Not quite comparable, to be sure, with the invention of the wheel & the discovery of fire, but nevertheless worthy of a dollop of "agadoo."

O. WESTCOTT
HYDE PARK, LONDON

● Thank for the dollop; you are a dail. I am flattered to have my suspicion confirmed. I saw *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE* (alot, in my opinion) twice, but as it was in English rather than Americaneese, I couldn't be sure of the dialog. Yes, I did create the abbreviation "sci-fi," about 1955. I should think.—FJA.

(Continued on page 6)

No. 1 (low left)—inspiring edifice of the future. No. 2 (second prophetic card)—tidal power generator. No. 3 (ablong above)—HG Wells' young lunar venturers are strapped in for take-off in the classic film of the remainder of this century & the first quarter of the 21st. **THINGS TO COME.**

Spacemen

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

HERBERT MAEUSSLER
honorary
stowaway
flight no. 6

HARRY CHESTER
wayout layout

ROBERT PRICE
Contributing Editor

LEE IRGANG
Circulation

BEN TAUBMAN
Advertising

JAMES WARREN
21st Century
publisher

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(Continued from page 4)

MONSTROUSLY MAD

Who are you trying to fool? "The Monster Maker" isn't by Leonard Spaulding, it's by Ray Bradbury, I'm sure. Either read it before in an anthology or in one of the pulp magazines when I was a kid like Captain Future or Startling Stories. Did you swipe the story from Bradbury or what? How come you didn't use his real name? Please clear this matter up.

JAY M. CHAPMAN
CLEVELAND, OHIO

● You have a sharp beak, Chapman old chap, to match your eagle eye. You have uncovered our Guilty Secret and we actually thank you for it. We (the editorial "we") would scarcely steal a story from our friend of the past quarter of a century—Ray Bradbury was paid regular American cash for the reprint at his work, like John W. Campbell, Robert Bloch, Oswald A. Wallheim and other of our well-known professional contributors—but it was Ray's feeling that inasmuch as the story was not representative of his modern work but was in fact a product of his youth—it was first published in 1944 in Planet Stories—he would prefer the cloak of a pen name, and so chose to honor his father's memory. Explanation satisfactory?—FIA

STUPORMEN

Why did you waste space on those stupid serials RADAR MEN FROM THE MOON & FLYING TSK (excuse me, I meant DISC—or did I?) MAN FROM MARS? Serials—bah! They aren't even real motion pictures! Please don't devote any more time to them in future issues.

G. McKRAM
DAYTON, OHIO

GRIPE NUT FLAKES

You'll probably get some complaints on running articles about cereals but personally I eat them up & crave for more. How about coverage on THE PHANTOM EMPIRE (great), THE LOST CITY (acting & plot stunk but stills should be exciting) and THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES (about which I know next to nothing).

JOHN DARRROW
CHICAGO, ILL.

● We'll continue to cover—and sneeze—these cliffhanger chapterplays in SM & SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED. More Flash Gordon & Buck Rogers—plus Brick Bradford and other heroic types!—on the way.

SPACE BUSTER

Who is Sam Sherman? It's the first time I've seen his byline in SM. His feature on Buster Crabbe as BUCK ROGERS was a worthy companion to FJA's coverage of FLASH GORDON in No. 4, very interesting & informative, full of the old zip & zap. Incidentally, anybody know where I could get one of those original Buck Rogers guns?

DEXTER WARREN
NORTHRIDGE, CALIF.

● Sam Sherman is our talented & knowledgeable Editorial Director of SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED. We hope to be able to get him to take time off from his STI duties to do some more special features for us. (See Part 2 of BUCK ROGERS this issue) Where you would be able to get one of those Buck Rogers zagguns at this late date we wouldn't know. We understand they are regarded as antiques, commanding a price of about a quarter hundred simoleans among collectors. However, you can get a brand new copy of the one & only book about Buck Rogers for \$3 ppb. from one of our readers, Bobby Benson. If interested in the book, which is called "Armageddon 2419 AD," send us money to this magazine but to Bob at 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

"PREHISTORIC" SPACEMAN



● WALTER J. DAUGHERTY, Spaceman before

Gagarin & Glenn and All the Lads—in the ancient year of 1941! Thousanddollar prize-winning astronaut's costume conceived & worn by Walt Daugherty at the 3d World Science Fiction Convention in Denver, Colo., that year. The we see Death peer over Daugherty's shoulder, he is still alive today & going strong—as Special Events Photographer for SM & FM.

THE MASTERMIND OF MARS

"Since no still of the bediless mental ruler of Mars seems to exist from the film INVADERS OF MARS," says MARK McGEE of Arcadia, Calif., "I have drawn my impression of the Great Brain together with a couple of his mutant servants."

We thank you, Mark, and publish your picture herewith.



Mental Master of Mars and Mutant Menials, a la Marcadia McGee.

YELLS "COPPER"

I'd pay a pretty penny—50 of them, if necessary—to see a feature article on my favorite spaceman, Michael Rennie. You've guessed it—THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL is my favorite picture! I have every still from it. I have been able to collect and a large poster from it decorating my den. When can I expect to see the life story of my dream man?

L. H. POLLON
N. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

● We take it you are a girl, L. H. At least we assume you are not a robot or you would be requesting the life story of "Gert! So you'd pay a pretty penny for a resume of the great spaceman story that introduced Michael Rennie? Well, Miss Pollen, your request appeals to our carts of humor, so we'll be humoring you real soon!

... WANT TO WRITE US?

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

TIME FOR SPACE

*Karloff Hosts
New Sci-Fi Series!
German-Polish Interplanetary
Pic to be Seen in States!
GORATH is Coming from
Outer Japan! NEWS!!!*





Boris Karloff, Crown King of Horror, assumes new role of age of 74 as host of **OUT OF THIS WORLD**, new British TV series of 13 adventures in space & time.

the wrath of GORATH

Is it a runaway star? A mad planet? Whatever it is, this monstrous red-bot orb from outer space, with 6000 times the gravitational pull of Earth, is observed racing toward our Solar System.

But you can breathe easy (for a minute)—this isn't going to happen till 1980. However, you can see it *now*—or at least in the near future. For GORATH, the name given this new (un)heavenly body, has been photographed by the cinemagicians of Japan in an 89 minute screenplay that proceeds at a breathless pace & is packed with spacial effects. Such as:

The fiery collision of spaceship & flame-world.

The disintegration of Saturn's rings themselves!

The incredible construction in record time of 1089 rocket installations each with 6,800,000 megatons of upward thrust!

An Antarctic earthquake of unprecedented proportions.

son of GORATH

As if the cosmic menace were not enough to cope with, the melodrama introduces a second fantastic force: a nameless behemoth from prehistoric times, spawned full-grown & towering like a titan from the polar ice when the snow is thawed by the awe-inspiring departure of the thermal-generating rockets. The monster is destroyed but not before it has done grave damage.

Consternation & terror reign around the world as the Zero Hour approaches, the moment of the thousand-thrust missile effort which will attempt to move the very Earth in its orbit, out of the path of the great engine of destruction.

Gorath looms ever larger in the sky!

Despair!—the Moon is hit, destroyed!

Storms of hurricane proportions lash the world . . . torrential rains flood cities & towns . . . tidal waves drown whole seaside populations!

Don't wait till 1980—see the picture & learn the outcome: total destruction of our planet or salvation by science & co-operation?

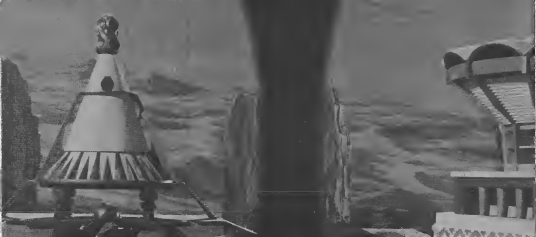
karloff times 13

Lucky British viewers (let us hope



Tidal waves, caused by the titanic gravity of mighty marauder GORATH, destroy another center of civilization (above) while, below, a polar monster of titanic proportions, frozen inanimate since prehistoric times, is revived by the melting snows and prawls farth to ponic all in its poth in GORATH.





The New METROPOLIS. No relation to the old. The old (see feature story within) foretold the future; the new Italian spectacle is a melodrama of the legendary Atlantis, super scientific sunken island of antiquity.

American setsiders will soon be let in on this good thing) are enjoying a baker's dozen of space-time plays hosted by King Karloff himself. Opening offering was by John Wyndham (admired for his *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*, anticipated for his *DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*) and consisted of a far out drama located on way-station Jupiter IV/II and involving a female Martian.

Little Lost Robot by Isaac Asimov, a name well-known to listeners to "Music for Robots" and readers of such works as "I, Robot", was a fascinating followup early in the series together with the chillingly logical, heartbreakingly inevitable interplanetary tragedy from the pages of Astounding-Analog Science Fiction, Tom Godwin's *The Cold Equations*.

Other episodes presented by Karloff include *The Ape of London*, *Immortality for Some* by James McIntosh, Robert Moore Williams' *Medicine Show* and Raymond F. (THIS ISLAND EARTH) Jones' *Divided We Fall*.

spaceship venus does reply

Belying its name (SPACESHIP VENUS DOES NOT REPLY), this great German-Polish collaboration frequently referred to in past issues has been purchased for editing & dubbing and eventual release in the USA! All advance reports indicate this production, which will be retitled, is of the

stature of *DESTINATION MOON*.

On the other hand, of the stature of an incredible shrunken pinhead is *THE 3 STOOGES IN ORBIT*, which of course doesn't pretend to be anything other than moronic humor & wacky slapstick. The Martians, incidentally, look like poor men's (or poor Martians') Frankenstein monsters a la Karloff. . .

the space roundup

Sky-hi & sci-fi films to watch for are:
THE CREATION OF THE HUMAN-
OIDS (a real RUR-like effort in color) . . .

THE DELICATE BALANCE OF TER-
ROR . . . THE LAST WAR . . .

THE BIG BRAIN . . . THE PIT . . .
THE BIRDS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS . . .
BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN . . . THE

PLANET OF EXTINGUISHED MEN
. . . MAGIC VOYAGE OF SINBAD . . .

THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES . . .
JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN . . .

THE NIGHT CRAWLERS . . . MAS-
CISTE AT THE CENTER OF THE
EARTH.

TARGET MOON (from Herman Cohen,
producer of *TARGET—EARTH!*)

WHEN THE SLEEPER WALKS.
MICROSCOPIA.

THE HUMAN VAPOR (but you can
skip this one—terribly dull).

And—SPACERAID 63!

END



By popular request: another scene from SPACESHIP VENUS DOES NOT REPLY, the great European space movie in color and Cinemascope.

RADAR



MEN

FROM THE
MOON

***Lunar Villains vs. the Sky
Marshal of the Universe in
Republic's Exciting Serial.
(Part 2, Conclusion.)***



Cody & Joan, the winners & undisputed champions after surviving a dozen near disasters in 12 action-packed chapters.

Commando Cody, together with his assistants Joan & Ted, captives on the Moon of the power mad ruler Retik, attempt return to Earth to warn the world of its impending invasion.

Retik dispatches his trusted henchmen, Graber & Daly, after the trio to thwart their landing on Earth. Cody & his companions are saved, however, when policemen, guarding the landing field, are able to ward off the lunar strongarms.

final thrilling chapters

In "Human Targets", "The Enemy Plan-

et", "Battle in the Stratosphere", "Mass Execution", "Planned Pursuit" & "Take-off to Eternity", Mad Moon Monarch Retik uses every scientific gimmick & every foul trick to eliminate the great Commando and his cohorts.

Before the serial is over Cody and his assistants are—exposed to an erupting volcano's fiery lava . . . chased thru the stratosphere in a hairbreadth escape . . . rocketed to the Moon a second time.

In the end, Cody is successful in blasting Retik's rocketship to pieces, with his henchmen in it, thus ending the menace of the Moon men and saving Earth from the forces of evil plotting its destruction from 240,000 miles up.



Black-garbed Graber, while repairing advanced Moon weapon, explains plan of operation to henchman. Plan bades us good far Cammonda Cody.



The attack of the Moon men's military mono-tank, spouting smoke & flame.

The Cammando captures one of the Lunorions' lethal weapons, prepares to use it against his enemies!



The sinister scientific Mastermind of the Moon interrogates captive Cody.



BUCK ROGERS

Exclusive **SPACEMEN** Article
by SAM SHERMAN

Let's push time ahead to the 25th Century and join space-hero **BUSTER CRABBE** in the World of the Future. Behold the favorite of millions in the first serial space panorama to give us a look at Planet Earth 500 years from now!



In 1939, Universal Pictures released the long awaited film version of the ever popular BUCK ROGERS. The big comic strip and radio favorite came to the screen and none other than Larry "Buster" Crabbe brought him to life. The very star of 1936's FLASH GORDON and 1938's FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS was the only logical choice to portray Buck. A top production staff and first rate cast backed up this popular movie idol. The original credits were as follows:

THE CAST

Buck Rogers.....LARRY "BUSTER"
CRABBE
Wilma Deering.....CONSTANCE MOORE
Buddy Wade.....JACKIE MORAN
Captain Rankin.....JACK MULHALL
Killer Kane.....ANTHONY WARDE
Dr. Huer.....C. MONTAGUE SHAW
Aldar.....GUY USHER
Marshall Kragg.....WILLIAM GOULD
Prince Tallen.....PHILIP AHN
Captain Lasca.....HENRY BRANDON
Patten.....WHEELER OAKMAN
Lt. Lacy.....KENNE DUNCAN
Scott.....CARLETON YOUNG
Roberts.....REED HOWES

Story & Screenplay by

NORMAN S. HALL & RAY TRAMPE

Cameraman

JERRY ASH

Directors

FORD BEEBE & SAUL GOODKIND

Art Direction

JACK OTTERSON & RALPH DELACY

Associate Producer

BARNEY SARECKY

The futuristic filmplay unreel'd in twelve memorable chapters:

- (1) TOMORROW'S WORLD
- (2) TRAGEDY ON SATURN
- (3) THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD
- (4) THE SKY PATROL
- (5) THE PHANTOM PLANE
- (6) THE UNKNOWN COMMAND
- (7) PRIMITIVE URGE
- (8) REVOLT OF THE ZUGGS
- (9) BODIES WITHOUT MINDS
- (10) BROKEN BARRIERS
- (11) A PRINCE IN BONDAGE and
- (12) WAR OF THE PLANETS

Yes, twelve weeks of nervous apprehension greeted movie audiences everywhere as the perils of BUCK ROGERS were brought to the silver screen. A later feature length adaptation, PLANET OUTLAWS, kaleidoscoped the serial down to over an

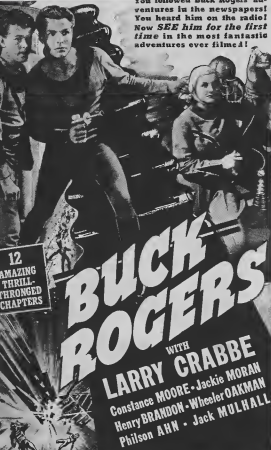


Constance Moore and Wheeler Oakman (above), are seen in Universal's latest 1939 spaceship, Lou Prentis, Harry Kingston and Kem Dibbs (below), prepare for takeoff in their 1950 ABC-TV style rocket. Although a good attempt, the BUCK ROGERS TV show was hampered by crude production in Television's early days.



COMING NEXT WEEK

You followed Buck Rogers' adventures in the newspapers! You heard him on the radio! Now SEE him for the first time in the most fantastic adventures ever filmed!



12
AMAZING
THRILL-
THROGLED
CHAPTERS

**BUCK
ROGERS**
WITH
LARRY CRABBE
Constance MOORE - Jackie MORAN
Henry BRANDON - Wheeler OAKMAN
Philson AHN - Jack MULHALL

Screens play by Norman HALL and Ezy TRAMPE. • Original cartoon strip by Dick Calkins and Phil Henne. Based on the Buck Rogers newspaper features owned and copyrighted by Jake F. Dille Co. Directed by FORD BEEBE and SAUL GOODKIND. • Associate Producers: BARNEY SARECKY

Here is a genuine paper MAGNET, Shawn above, is a sample of the original advertising that lured millions into theatres showing Buster Crabbe's classic BUCK ROGERS serial.

hour of thrill-a-minute adventures. It all started when . . .

A huge experimental dirigible is given over to Buck Rogers and his assistant Buddy Wade for a special flight. As they man the controls, Buck senses trouble. Can he make a critical adjustment and save the ship? NO! He and Buddy are trapped in a crash-destined airship from which there is no escape! A tremendous impact is felt as the mammoth craft collides with the mountainous Arctic terrain. The ship's only two occupants are hurled unconscious to the floor of their cabin. A mysterious vapor—"NIRVANO" gas spreads throughout Buck and Buddy's enclosure. This weird chemical places the pair in a state of suspended animation.

Days, weeks, months, years, decades and centuries all pass these frozen flyers by.

500 years elapse and a group of Earth's "Hidden City" scientists awaken a most amazed twosome. Buck and Buddy are told how the entire Planet Earth has been enslaved at the command of the tyrannical KILLER KANE. The only free people left, remain in hiding in a fantastic "Hidden City" below the ground. Dr. Huer, a super-scientist, is a leading force in opposing Kane's evil plans. Huer is assisted in his experiments by lovely Wilma Deering. Degradation belts, invisible ray machines, spacecraft, atom chambers and ray guns all have been perfected by this 25th century wonder.

Once Buck and Buddy become established in their amazing new surroundings, they decide to take up the fight against Kane's overpowering forces. Preparing for his first rocket flight, Buck is assisted by Wilma and Buddy, who plan to join him in a jaunt to Saturn. If the trio can convince the Saturnians to help them, Kane might possibly be conquered.

blast off for Saturn

With the fantastic roar of atomic engines, the mountain doors of the Hidden City open, and a spaceship speeds on its voyage to Saturn. Upon arriving on the strange planet, our friends find themselves in a battle with Kane's men, led by the cruel Captain Lasca. Falsely convincing the Great Saturnian Council of Buck's treachery, Lasca succeeds in driving the trio back to Earth.

Prince Tallen, ruler of Saturn, arrives in Killer Kane's kingdom to sign an alliance pact. Buck and Buddy quickly jet on the

scene to warn Tallen of Kane's true colors. Utilizing de-gravity belts and disintegrating guns, Buck, Buddy and Tallen blast their way out of the enemy stronghold. Taking the Killer's personal rocket plane, they try to enter Hidden City, but are pursued first by Wilma's ship and later by Kane's men. Discovering the occupants of the alien craft to be friends, Wilma drives off the enemy ships and escorts the trio to the subterranean civilization. Tallen now signs a war pact, but this time it's *against* Killer Kane and his futuristic gangsters.

the human robot

Unable to make radio contact with Saturn, Tallen informs his new allies that they must journey back to his planet to complete the treaty. Learning their plans, Lasca awaits the group on Saturn and captures all of them. Possessing electric "Filament Ray Helmets", the sinister Captain can change any human into a mindless robot. This he does to Tallen, causing the Prince to denounce Buck, Wilma and Buddy. Only quick Buck Rogers-style action saves them and later frees Tallen's mind.

revolt of the zombies

Being beaten at every turn, Lasca prepares a fiendish new plan. On Saturn there exists a group of sub-human Zombies known as "ZUGG" men. Setting up one of his "helmet-robot" benchmen as a leader, the cunning Captain unleashes the "horror of the ZUGGS" on Buck's unsuspecting party. On and on they advance, these mindless monsters whose only thought is destruction. "Kill the Earthmen!" is their new creed and delivering savage death their horrible gift.

Buck, quickly realizing the situation at hand, surprises Lasca and his men as they are rallying the Zugg Zombies. Removing the helmet from their robot leader, Buck finds a new ally. Now freed of his mental prison, the ex-robot convinces the Zuggs to forget the rebellion. With the Saturnian situation settled, Buck and party return to Earth. As they prepare to land, Kane captures them, turns Buck into a "ray helmet robot" and enslaves him in the dynamo room. Buddy Wade succeeds in freeing Buck and Wilma and returns with the pair to the Hidden City.

Planning a huge raid on the Kane kingdom, Huer radios Saturn without luck. So,



Patten, Losco, Scott and Roberts look out for the horrible "ZUGG" Zombies as their robot slave obeys his orders.

Buck and Buddy, in a state of suspended animation, are discovered by "Hidden City" soldiers Ronkin and Lucy.





Buck Rogers proves claim to the title "Defender of the Universe" as he shows Killer Kane's men who's boss. Although stuntmen are utilized in most films, Buster Crabbe has always done more than his share of rough and tumble screen action. This got to the point where the producers had stunt doubles called in, just to protect their financial investment. If the star accidentally became injured in any way, the studio would certainly be in boiling hot water.

back in the spaceship goes Buck, who arrives on Saturn just in time to rescue Tallen from Lasca. The infamous Captain and his men are made prisoners as zero hour approaches.

Now it's time for the final roundup!

Tallen alerts his rocket captains to battle stations—and off they go! The atmosphere above Kane's palace grows thick with rocket fuel exhaust—the Saturnian Space Squadron has arrived! Flying to the attack, Kane's men are blasted from the skies in one of the movie's most fabulous air battles. The Earth is once again free, as *BUCK ROGERS conquers outer space!*

Reviewed in *THE EXHIBITOR* on February 22, 1939, the film industry took note of a new movie landmark—

BUCK ROGERS—12 episodes: first three 21 min. each; others two reels. If the last nine chapters are as thrilling as the first three, then those Saturday kid shows are going to be jammed. The newspaper cartoon-strip hero (*BUSTER CRABBE*)

and his friend (JACKIE MORAN) return to Earth after 500 years in a suspended dirigible. They find the Earth ruled by villainous Killer Kane. Crabbe, Moran, Constance Moore fly to Saturn in a space ship to gain that planet's aid in a campaign to defeat Kane. The villain's cohorts also arrive on desolate Saturn, convince the rulers that Crabbe and company are dangerous revolutionaries. The "good guys" make their escape from Saturn, then visit Kane's home as spies. They are caught, shot as the third chapter draws to a close. The kids will love this. Rating: EXCELLENT

Universal Pictures created a celluloid legend as BUCK ROGERS flew onto the world's movie screens. Buster Crabbe had once again scored a fantastic triumph!

tele-thrills

Eleven years passed and the BUCK ROGERS serial had claimed far more than its share of exhibitor and distributor coin (plain hard cash). Looking at this smashing success, ABC-TV launched a BUCK ROGERS television series on Saturday, April 23, 1950. Airing weekly at 7:00 to 7:30, Kem Dibbs played Buck, Lou Prentiss was Wilma and Harry Sothorn essayed the role of Dr. Huer. In the premiere episode, the Earth was menaced by two "Tigermen" from the planet Mercury. Their plan: to gain control of the Universe by first draining all the water off the Earth. Needless to say, they fail miserably in this mad scheme. Unfortunately, this new show was also not too successful. Unable to match elaborate movie production in TV's crude, early studios, Buck sadly bit the video dust.

hope for tomorrow

Well space fans everywhere, the time is ripe for BUCK ROGERS to fly once again. Buster Crabbe, as always, is in fabulous physical shape and that means better condition now than his contemporary leading men 20 years ago! When it comes to acting skill, screen personality and action ability, there is only one Buck Rogers—BUSTER CRABBE. Unless Buster can command the Rogers Rocket once again, it's almost certain that Buck has bung up his stellar spurs for good. Let's hope we can look to the space screens of tomorrow and find there the futuristic hero without equal—BUCK ROGERS, "Thunderbolt in the 25th Century".

END

"ZUGG" ZOMBIES



These weird primitives from Saturn may prove a dangerous menace to the Earth unless Buck Rogers can stop them. In large numbers these futuristic fiends can be quite a handful.

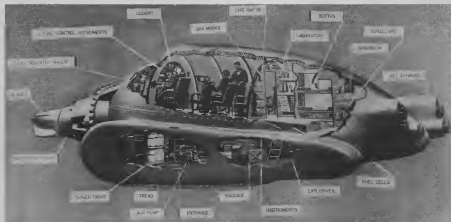
Constance Moore clings to Buster, who's sure defense in any situation. In this scene, Carleton (Scott) Young has just lost a Saturnian slug-fest to the one and only "King of the Spaceways."



ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

The Visascope Revisited! Vital looks at past pictures requested by spacehounds who are long on memories but short on stills. Ad-

dress your requests for see-again shots to Dept. 4SJ, SPACEMEN, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.



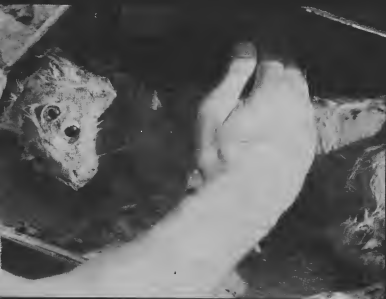
Cutaway model (above) & the actual model of the Cyclotron, the amazing invention which transported the members of the Morley Expedition into inner space, to the UNKNOWN WORLD at the center of the Earth. For ED RICE & DAVE INNESMOUTH.





The eggship in which **THE BEAST WITH 1,000,000 EYES** arrived on Earth shown for the benefit of **CARMINE ROGERS & BEVERLY ANN ROBERTSON**. Incidentally, FJA pulled some strings to be a special effects assistant on this picture—well, not exactly strings, they were invisible wires controlling the spaceship model.

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT



This little 4-eyed feline horror, o **TERROR FROM THE YEAR 5000**, requested by **HENRI RASELS** of NYC, **JOHN B. HUNT** of Wichita, Kans., and **MURRAY KAUFMAN** of LA.



A couple of **Phantoms of the Space OPERA**—**RICHARD HAUSER** of Chicago and **RED HART** of Fontana, Cal.—request another look of **Capt. Chopmon**, the incredible shrunken specimen, the bantam of **THE PHANTOM PLANET**.



▲
 For FRED RIRAT of Oyster Bay, NY; SHARON MAZIN of Sepulvedo, Calif.; and KLIO NARDAT of Ibsenville, Calif.; the dread monstrosity of THE ANGRY RED PLANET.

▶ International astronauts cooperate for interplanetary project in this scene from ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE shown for SAM THORPE of Hunt, NY; LIL TYUS of LA; and JACK BRISTOL of Washington, DC.



THRU SPACE & TIME WITH DONOVAN'S

Spacemen
EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

BRAIN

By Forry Ackerman



CURT SIODMAK (at his writer's desk with pipe & pencil) meets **THE CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN**. Don't you agree there's a strong resemblance between the author & actor?


the astronautic adventure of 3 men against menacing meteors . . . the artificial island of steel & glass . . . the woman who couldn't be seen . . . the world's war with the robot-like saucer-beings from space . . . these & an astonishing array of other sci-fi films have all originated in the (master) mind of one amazing screen writer—**CURT SIODMAK!**

"Flying saucers are approaching Washington! They're streaking toward the Capitol at 2 o'clock!"

"This is Television Paris. In the background you see invaders from some other world circling the Eiffel Tower with military intent!"

Remember such scenes from **EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS?**

You probably do *not* remember things I wrote in 1939 (myself remembering back to 1932 at the time) when I reported on the international scientific success **F.P.1 DOES NOT ANSWER** in terms like: "A vision of tomorrow's air developments . . . unfettered imagination captured on the wing . . . a tale of thrilling years in the near future. **MID-OCEANICA!**—man-made city in the sea, 1500' long, 450' wide, weighing 400,000 tons, focal point for the airliners of the future, the great planes from the 4 corners of the world. But there are always Powers to whom it is profitable to hinder Progress. Just as the International Finance Syndicate attempted to frustrate the flight



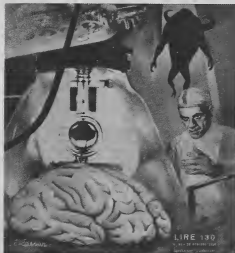
Vincent Price's first (dis) appearance in a scientific film: **THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS**, screenplay by Siodmak.

I ROMANZI
di
URANIA

FILIBRO ANTONIO BELLO
con il R. A. 21 e il R. A. 22

IL CERVELLO
MOSTRO

di CURT SIODMAK



The Master Brain! Donovan's! As visualized on the cover of an Italian magazine featuring the world-famous science-horror story. Does the doctor look vaguely familiar? But of course—Boris Korloff!

Stake thru heart, the skeleton of Count Dracula is dramatically displayed by Boris Korloff and his hunchbacked assistant J. Corrol Noish in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, a Siodmak story.



by rocket to the Moon (in the film THE WOMAN IN THE MOON) for fear of moon-mountain gold gilding the earth, so to certain secret commercial interests it is essential the Floating Platform should not succeed." Conrad Veidt (THE MAN WHO LAUGHS) was the star of this exciting air-sea prophetic classic. With his usual conviction & power, Veidt (who was also the star of the original CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI) played aerial ace Ellissen, first aviator (in the film) to attempt a non-stop flight around the world—in a Meteor Plane! The monumental Floating Platform was constructed in 2 years 7 months and 11 days, only to be sabotaged & nearly submerged. The historic DO-X itself, greatest man-made bird in the world at the time the motion picture was produced, flew to the rescue of the sinking seadrome.

And Curt Siodmak wrote F.P.I. both the hook & the movie. The hook was translated into over a dozen languages, the motion picture simultaneously filmed in 4: English, French, German & Spanish! Most astounding fact of all: Siodmak once told me, "I wrote the hook when I was almost a kid in no more than 11 days!"

the shock heard 'round the world

The most famous brain in the world was born just 20 years ago—in the pages of the long defunct, long lamented *Black Mask* magazine. It was DONOVAN'S BRAIN, brainchild of Curt Siodmak, destined to live on & on in first one language & then another, in hardcover reprint & pocketbook, on radio (as a 2-part broadcast a week apart) and in four film versions!—2 in the past, 2 to come.

"Donovan's Brain" was first filmed in 1944 under the title of THE LADY AND THE MONSTER. The sinister hullet-headed Erich von Stroheim starred. Von Stroheim, also seen in Poe's CRIME OF DR. CRESPI, was the villainous Prussian with the Yul Brynner hutch hilled for years as "the man you love to hate". It is a little known fact that his version of "Donovan's Brain" was later re-released under the new title of THE TIGER MAN.

It was not until 1953 that DONOVAN'S BRAIN at length reached the screen under its original title. It was during the filming of the 1953 version that I first met its producer, Tom Gries, when I visited him on the set (they were about to wreck the lah-



Erich van Stroheim experiments in the lethal laboratory which nurtures the telepathic psychopathic Danovan's Brain. From *THE LADY AND THE MONSTER*, Republic 1944.

oratory) and brought him a copy of the book jacket, which they were contemplating reproducing on the screen at the opening of the film. Tom has directed various segments of TV's *Science Fiction Theater* and wrote the screenplay ("in 3 days!" he shudders to remember) of Bert I. Gordon's interplanetary spectacle (it made a spectacle of itself!) *KING DINOSAUR*.

1963 will see 2 new versions of Mr. Donovan's long-lived cranium, a German & a British, the latter to be called simply *THE BRAIN*, Peter Van Eyck will star.

Curt Siodmak has successfully kept Donovan's brain alive for 2 decades; he also, via original ideas & screenplays, was responsible for further Dracula & Frankenstein reincarnations, namely *SON OF DRACULA* & *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

He scripted the notable *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE*, produced by the late Val Lewton of *CAT PEOPLE* fame.

And, if he didn't return an entire human being to life, at least he kept a hand of horror alive & menacing in *THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS*, one of Lorre's chillers.

One doesn't realize, till one stops & totes them up, just how many imaginative & monsterish movies the creepy Curt has been responsible for. It won't hurt to list some more:

INVISIBLE AGENT (Universal 1942) with Jon Hall, Peter Lorre & Sir Cedric Hardwicke. The year before, from the same studio, *THE INVISIBLE WOMAN* with John "Jekyll & Hyde" Barrymore as the mad professor.

Many years ago (do you read me, *SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED* fans?) he did a picture which I seem to remember out of my youth-hood as a kind of female Tarzan adventure called *HER JUNGLE LOVE*. Starring Dorothy Lamour? I think so. He definitely did one Edgar Rice Burroughs' thriller, *TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN*, with Lex Barker flexing his muscles in 1949 for RKO.

He wrote *BRIDE OF THE GORILLA* & *CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN*.

In our first issue we told the dramatic behind-the-scenes story of the filming of his *RIDERS TO THE STARS*.

MAGNETIC MONSTER, about the im-



Above & Below, 2 tense scenes from F.P.1. When sabotage strikes the seadrome of the future and all its personnel are gassed into unconsciousness, FLOATING PLATFORM No. 1 DOES NOT REPLY to wireless messages from the world.



plosive size-doubling metal of menace, was one of his most exciting & successful sci-films.

turn back the clock

In 1835 the world first saw what I consider Siodmak's masterpiece: the awe-inspiring Radium Drill at work beneath the ocean's floor, carving out a cavern 3000 miles long to connect New York with London! This immense engineering feat has yet to be accomplished as thrillingly prophesied in TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL. I recall there was some talk at the time about Siodmak's screenplay in a way being a semi-sequel to HIGH TREASON, the futuristic film of 5 years earlier. HIGH TREASON, a sci-film of 1930, looked ahead a decade to the world on the verge of war in 1940. (In HIGH TREASON war was dramatically averted; in reality it tragically was not.) TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL looked ahead another 10 years to the great undersea adventure of 1950 that would join the Old World with the New via tube bored beneath the bottom of the sea.

Curt Siodmak was born Kurt, in Germany in 1902. His brother, 2 years older, is the world-famous Robert, director of the mysterious SPIRAL STAIRCASE and the dramatic & senseful DARK MIRROR.

Siodmak (it's pronounced See-oh-duh-mahk, rhyming with the grown-up roc) has had over 20 books published, many in many languages. "Donovan's Brain", for instance, I as a literary agent representing him have recently sold to Germany & Holland for pocketbook publications there. Some of his short stories include "Revenge in the Ether" & "The Eggs from Lake Tanganyika" (I read the latter in AMAZING STORIES when I was about 10 years old). He has written stories wherein the Germany & England of the future are no longer fit for habitation and cannot be visited without an oxygen mask because of the ever-present clouds of poisonous vapor that envelope the countries; and of the last 14 people in the world who still continue to bicker & battle until at last only the Last Man on Earth is left. Again, he spun a yarn of an Invisible Man who stopped war. Told a fanciful tale of a New York of the future, so completely mechanized that when one tiny wheel got out of synchronization, it resulted in the destruction of the entire metropolis!



In the space of 24 hours, Boris Karloff gives Bela Lugosi a bad time in BLACK FRIDAY (Universal 1940). Here he's about to needle his old baddy, or, buddy.

Weightless & breathless, Richard Carlson goes berserk in this hair-raising scene from RIDERS TO THE STARS (United Artists, 1954).





Young boy with what was a toy plane of the future when this film was made, 1935. **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**, Siodmak's best.

Will a 900,000,000 volt jolt kill the impulsive unipolar **MAGNETIC MONSTER**, Polonium? Richard Carlson risks all in the climax of Siodmak's scientific thriller.



And what does the future hold for Curt Siodmak? The maestro himself is currently in Switzerland, so I phoned his son Jeff and asked him that question.

"His next picture release," Jeff told me, "will be **THE DEVIL'S MESSENGER**. This stars Lon Chaney and is a science-fantasy-horror film in 3 episodes, rather like **FLESH & FANTASY** in respect to relating a trio of stories within one framework. Also, dad has high hopes for screen interest in, or possibly a TV series based on, his recent novel *Skyport*."

Just before Curt left for abroad he told me he was working on a humorous sci-fi package aimed at the video world.

As a person, one observation about my friend Siodmak: I have often thought, if he ever was a mind to venture into the acting end of Hollywood, he might well make a success of & be typecast as a mad scientist. This, however, would require real acting on his part, as I have never known him (over a period of nearly 25 years) to be mad—whenever I have seen him he has been quite jovial.

One final fact of fantastic impact: he appeared as an extra in the legendary **METROPOLIS!**

SIODMAK'S SCREEN WORKS

THE APE
BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS
BLACK FRIDAY
BRIDE OF THE GORILLA
CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN
CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON
DEVIL'S MESSENGER
DONOVAN'S BRAIN
EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS
F.P.1
HER JUNGLE LOVE
HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN
INVISIBLE AGENT
INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS
INVISIBLE WOMAN
LADY AND THE MONSTER
MAGNETIC MONSTER
NON-STOP NEW YORK
RIDERS TO THE STARS
SON OF DRACULA
STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY
TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN
TIGER MAN (retitled
LADY & MONSTER)
TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL

END

SPACEMEN OF DISTINCTION #3

*Old Spacemen never quit.
Watch this Page—This is It!
They Live Again Just like when Dad was a kid
And the Forbidden Planet Spawned the ID!*



McALLEN—the Master of Water Space! The late Richard Dix as the designer of the Radium Drill, future engineer at the Next Wander of the World. Survivor of suboceanic earthquake and 140' volcanic eruption. Heroic figure at TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL.



METROPOLIS

By Forrest J Ackerman

**Science &
Fantasy, Horror &
Beauty; Mystery, Magic,
Menace, Madness, Mag-
nificence, Significance—
Once in a Lifetime all the
Elements were Combined
to Create the Imaginative
Classic, the Masterpiece
Supreme: METROPOLIS!**



The World Below. The drab underground dwellings of the downtraded "males" of Metropolis. City street dominated by the alarm bell which figures prominently in climax of picture.



While high above the idle rich (Eric Masterman in white) play away the day in artificial grottoes & floral gardens such as this,

the 6th sense

When I speak of the world's greatest marvel film, when I say the magic name—METROPOLIS—it is as tho I combine the skyscraping dominance of the Empire State building, the beauty of the Taj Mahal, the fame of the Eiffel Tower and the eternal mystery of the Sphinx into one Word of Power.

METROPOLIS: the film that goes beyond the 5 senses into the mawkowitidan realm of the 6th, into the Sense of Wonder.

METROPOLIS: the 8th Wonder of the World.

METROPOLIS: Shangri-La on celluloid.

let the clock turn back—with Ack

The year 1927 will seem as ancient to most of my readers, I fear, as Atlantis or the Age of the Dinosaurs. But it is ever green in my mind as I return along memory's pathway to that enchanted time.

I was only 11 years old when I first fell in love. I know we rarely speak of love in *SPACEMEN*, but it's alright; I fell in love with a motion picture & with a robot.

The picture was, of course, METROPOLIS; my love affair (of the mind) was with its fair heroine, Brigitte Helm, who played a dual role, that of a flesh & blood girl and the other of a steel & electricity robotrix. Brigitte Helm was the German Fay Wray, the fantastic film heroine of her day who portrayed the mysterious & murderous MISTRESS OF ATLANTIS, was the soulless artificially born siren known as MANDRAGORE ALRAUNE, was involved with super-criminals of the future in SPIES and with the transmutation of the elements in GOLD. Twenty-five years after I first saw METROPOLIS, I was amazed to find myself a guest in the home of the star; in Brigitte Helm's mansion in Munich, Bavaria, I shook the hand of the "automaton" Maria and she re-acted for me the slow sly mechanical wink that those who saw the film never forgot.

It will take at least 2 issues to do justice to this masterpiece so settle back & prepare to enjoy the full treatment.

the potent pair

Fritz Lang, the world-famous director who conceived & achieved the classic; got his inspiration for the super-city (which is virtually what METROPOLIS means) from his first visit from Europe to New York City in the mid-20s. His wife, Thea von Harbou, wrote the script, and, according to a writer of the

time, "hers were wonderful powers of creative imagination. THE INDIAN TOMB was a novel of hers from which she constructed a scenario at once fantastic & impressive. Everyone will remember the famous picture DESTINY, again her work. The whole world was impressed by her film interpretation of Norbert Jacques' famous novel DR. MABUSE. Then came SIRGFRIED and KRIMHILD'S REVENGE. Finally the idea to create something gigantic & overwhelming in its possibilities; something that would give a glimpse of the mysterious future. The outcome was METROPOLIS—first the novel, then the script and then the film—destined to astonish the whole world with its revelations of manifest wonders."

During the course of this article we will present to you exclusive actual excerpts from the screenplay together with passages from the novel itself.

Fritz Lang, interviewed at the time, said: "The wonder-world of the film is boundless and it is a glorious task to explore this boundless wonderland. The creation of METROPOLIS was for me and all who worked with me a goal to be reached."

Several years later Mr. & Mrs. Lang were to reach out for our nearest neighbor in the sky and cinematically & dramatically record the story of THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

spellcasting cast

I have seen a version of the film in which the Master of Metropolis is called John Masterman and another in which he is called Joh (pronounced Yo) Frederesen. I have seen his son called Eric or Freder. I have seen the heroine (who was only 16 at the time, she told me when I met her in Germany in 1951) called Maria & Mary. I have heard the Master had a wife, called Hel, but I have never seen her mentioned on film, only in a still. One name has remained unchanged in all versions: Rotwang, the inventor! It is not, as you might imagine, pronounced to rhyme with Rot Fang but (being a German word meaning Red Cheek!) rhymes with Vote Kong, the "w" being sounded like a "v."

For the purposes of this article I shall use the forms John Masterman and Eric & Maria.

METROPOLIS mag

Surely one of the rarest, most exciting items a collector could conceivably have is a copy of the till-now-unknown single-issue publication called "METROPOLIS" MAGAZINE printed in England in 1927



Eric Masterman collapses under the strain when he attempts to tend one of the demanding clock-like machines with its ever-flickering bulbs crying for attention.



Worker completely overcame by his task falls on his machinery bank. When his contrals fail, mighty machine nearby blows up, claiming many lives. But maybe they were better off dead?



The Mighty Monocle! It's Fritz Lang himself in profile, manning the motion picture camera that filmed METROPOLIS.

in connection with the premiere there of the picture. The large 35 page souvenir book, printed on lasting slick paper, features no less than 79 photographs from the production, including many behind-the-scenes shots and one magnificent scene never seen in the American version and only once seen by me in Germany itself. Valued at a minimum of \$500, the volume has been made exclusively available to *SPACEMEN* for the enhancement of this article, and comes to us from her London cinema archives thru the courtesy of photographer Dorothy Westcott.

In one part "METROPOLIS" MAGAZINE tells us (we have slightly shortened the text & modernized the presentation) that: "The idea of describing a city of about 100 years hence, with all its modern achievements, was of course a very tempting & interesting one for everyone likes to have a glimpse into the future and nearly everybody has some idea of the technical developments of some kind, according to his imagination. In METROPOLIS the sensation that will grip everyone is the making of the artificial human being—the robot—which as the soulless creation of imperfect man, lacks the divine feeling of love and is therefore condemned to wrong.

"The whole of METROPOLIS may be compared with a modern Tower of Babel where the different elements are fighting under different conditions for their existence. Much has been written in a fantastic way by prominent writers the world over upon this same theme. Not all these writers have succeeded in dealing adequately with the Eternal Question in the midst of the imaginative foreshadowings of the ultra-scientific & mechanical world of the future. The perfect blend is in METROPOLIS.

"The word 'METROPOLIS' is in itself symbolical of greatness and it only remains to say that the production reaches such a dazzling standard that it will remain unsurpassed in the next few years. Therefore we will not trouble our readers with the usual range of superlatives but remain satisfied by asking them to go, see & be convinced."

If I could, I would send all of you off, at my expense, to a free showing of METROPOLIS directly after the conclusion of this article. As a young man of 22, I made a round trip of 6000 miles on a train to see METROPOLIS (well, of course, not solely for that purpose: I also attended an Esperanto Convention, saw the World Fair of 1939 in New York, and participated, clad in a futuristic costume out of THINGS TO COME and Buck Rogers of 2419 A.D., in the First World Science Fiction Convention, where

METROPOLIS was the feature film attraction). Again, during World War 2, while as an Army staff-sergeant I was busy keeping the world safe for the eventual birth of *SPACEMEN* (and making sure you wouldn't have to read your copy in German or Japanese!), I made strenuous efforts & was successful in seeing *METROPOLIS* again—and (crowning delight) meeting Fritz Lang that same nite.

the story

The title first appears on the screen in a montage of moving mechanical parts & glimpses of the Great City. Sections of what may be a press are seen in motion . . . streamlined patterns move across the screen . . . what appears to be an armature appears . . . machinery . . . wheels & cogs . . . a clock . . . an armature . . . the clock . . . then a section of the city, the first sight of the never-to-be-forgotten Metropolis whose population, as estimated by sci-fi master A. E. "Slan" Vogt, "must have been in the neighborhood of 30 million."

A whistle blows steam from a tower. It is the end of one work shift. In a wide well-lit underground chamber with circular top, something like a segment from the TransAtlantic tunnel, weary workmen with shoulders drooping, heads bowed, fists clenched, move with the mechanical rhythm of prisoners on a chain gang toward the elevators which will take them into the depths to their subterranean dwellings. In the opposite direction the new shift of workers passes, pace robotic, faces & expressions impassive.

High above the morbid underground world of the slaving "mole" men we see the Pleasure Gardens of Eric Masterman, son of the financial ruler of Metropolis. Young Eric, independently wealthy, clad in the "balloon pants" typical of the early work of the No. 1 science fiction artist of all time, Frank R. Paul, is engaged in a gay game of tag with bizarrely dressed girls. His merry chase is interrupted when Maria appears at the gates of his Garden; Maria (Brigitte Helm), daughter of one of the subterranean workers whose sweat keeps the surface city sweetly operating.

With Maria is a group of workers' children. On a once-a-year holiday she is showing the underprivileged boys & girls how their "brothers" live.

into the depths

Eric (Gustav Froelich) falls for Maria like an elevator with its cables cut and for the first time in his life descends to her world to observe at close hand what life is like, hoping to catch a glimpse of



Zeppelin-eye's view of one of the strotoscopers in the city of 30 million.



This is the machine that blew up and, in Eric's imagination, turned into the body-devouring god Moloch.



The weary workers descend after their 10 hour shift in their subterranean city.



New shift arriving to replace draping workers who have been drained of all energy in the past 10 hours tending the machines.



Is she real or robot, this Maria?
(Brigitte Helm) Answer: Flesh-
covered automaton.



Jim Warren & FJA in the offices of *SPACEMEN?* You're nearly right. John Masterman & son Eric in the chief executive's suite, year 2026. Remember, this set was built in 1926!

her again. He is horrified at the working conditions. In great machine shops that steam like the interior of a volcano, Eric sees men condemned to work ceaselessly 10 hours at a stretch, tending mammoth mechanisms, toiling like automatons to satisfy the machines' needs & keep the city above functioning properly.

One weary worker at his control panel cannot keep up with his machine's demands. In horror he watches the liquid rise in the thermal indicator column. As the thermometer rises to the danger level the worker frantically attempts to reach a valve & turn it off but too late—the machine it regulates is pressured with steam beyond its capacity.

The Great Machine explodes!
Explosion magnificent!

The bodies of men are actually seen hurtling thru the air!

Then—to Eric's horrorstruck senses—an amazing metamorphosis takes place. Huge eyes are superimposed on either side of the machine. The great gaping hole left

by the explosion becomes a monster's maw. Oily satanic overseers of the Devil himself lash the hapless workers up the throne-like stairs & into the cavernous mouth of the machine-god whose brazen belly belches smoke & steam & flames.

Transfixed, Eric cries out: "MO-LOCH!" It is the name of an ancient idol to whom human beings were sacrificed as burnt offerings. The comparison is apt.

to be continued

In the remainder of the *ME-TROPOLIS* story you will be there at—

The unveiling of the Robot . . .
The building of the Tower of Babel . . .

The horror in the Catacombs . . .
The kidnapping of Maria . . .
The amazing Transformation . . .
The destruction of the Heart Machine . . .

Death come to life in the Fever Dream . . .

The madness of Yoshiwara . . .
Burn! Witch! Burn!

The Quasimodo-like fight to the finish in an eerie aerie atop a cathedral; Rotwang vs. Eric.

These Wonders & Many Others described & pictured.

Secrets of the Cameraman! (Karl Freund)

Ray Bradbury's opinion of *ME-TROPOLIS!*

"The Creation of the Artificial Human Being" by Rudolf Klein-Rogge (who played Rotwang).

"Death to the Machines!"—section from the story compared with same scenes from the screenplay! See how a writer translates her own work from words in a book to images in a theater!

How long it took to make *ME-TROPOLIS* . . . how many extras it employed . . . special effects tricks revealed . . . all about the Imagi-Moyte Masterpiece of a Million Thrills brought to you in word-pictures & foto-pictures by the man whose ambition is to see it a million times!

To be continued

A million miles from Luna Base, Click Hathaway—ace photographer for Cosmic Films -- and Irish Marnagan, Interplanetary Patrolman, are forced down on a monster-infested asteroid where Gunther, the future's most wanted space-pirate, waits to take them captive. To test a daring theory, specimen Marnagan walks straight toward a host of horrible creatures---immense crimson beasts with numerous legs and gnashing mandibles, brown-black ones, some tubular and fat, others like thin white poisonous whips slashing along in the air; horrors from Frankenstein's Ark!---while Click poises his camera. Will it be the last shot ever taken of the Irishman alive? READ ON!!!

By Leonard Spaulding

THE MONSTER MAKER

O. HENRY'S
TIME tales
 with a twist
 in their tail

THAT was the sweetest shot Hathaway ever took. Marnagan and the monsters!

Only now it was only Marnagan. No more monsters.

Marnagan smiled a smile broader than his shoulders. "Hey, Click, look at me! I'm in one piece. Why, hell the crazy things turned tail and ran away!" "Ran, nothing!" cried Hathaway, rushing out, his face flushed and animated. "They just plain vanished. They were only imaginative figments!" "And to think we let them hale us in that way, Click Hathaway, you coward!"

"Smile when you say that, Irish." "Sure, and ain't I always smiling? Ah, Click boy, are them tears in your sweet gray eyes?"

"Aw---!" swore the photographer, embarrassed. "Why don't they put window-wipers in those helmets?"

"I'll take it up with the Biord, lad." "Forget it. I was so blasted glad to see your homely carcass in one hunk, I couldn't help---Look, now, about Gunther. Those animals are part of his act-up. Fighters who land here inadvertently, are chased back into their ships, forced to take off. Tourists and the like. Nothing suspicious about animals. And if the tourists don't leave, the animals kill them."

"Shaw, now. Those animals can't kill." "Think not, Mr. Marnagan? As long as we believed in them they could have frightened us to death, forced us, maybe, to commit suicide. If that isn't being dangerous---"

The Irishman whistled. "But, we've got to move, Irish. We've got 20 minutes of oxygen. In that time we've got to trace those monsters to their source, Gumb's Base, fight our way in, and get fresh oxy-cannisters."

Click attached his camera to his mid-belt. "Gumbler probably thinks we're dead by now. Everyone else's been fooled by his playmate; they never had a chance to disbelieve them."

"If it hadn't been for you taking them pictures, Click---"

"Coupled with your infernal stubborn attitude about the accident---" Click stopped and felt his insides turning to water. He shook his head and felt a film slip down over his eyes. He spread his legs out to steady himself, and swayed. "I---don't think my oxygen is as full as yours. This excitement had me double-breathing and I feel sick."

Marnagan's homely face grimaced in sympathy. "Hold tight, Click. The guy that invented those fish-bowls didn't provide for a sick stomach."

"Hold tight, nuts, let's move. We've got to find where those animals came from! And the only way to do that is to get the animals to come back!"

"Come back? How?"

"They're waiting, just outside the aura of our thoughts, and if we believe in them again, they'll return."

"Marnagan didn't like it. "Won't---won't they kill us---if they come---if we believe in 'em?"

Hathaway shook a head that was tons heavy and weary. "Not if we believe in them to a certain point. Psychologically they can both be seen and felt. We only want to see them coming at us again."

"Do we, now?"

"With 20 minutes left, maybe less---" "All right, Click, let's bring 'em back. How do we do it?"

Hathaway fought against the mist in his eyes. "Just think---I will see the monsters again. I will see them again and I will not feel them. Think it over and over."

Marnagan's hulk stirred uneasily. "And

---what if I forget to remember all that? What if I get excited. . . ?"

"Hathaway didn't answer. But his eyes told the story by just looking at Irish. Marnagan cursed. "All right, lad. Let's have it at 'em!"

The monsters returned.

A SOUNDLESS deluge of them, pouring over the rubbled horizon, swarming in malevolent anticipation about the two men.

"This way, Irish. They come from this way! There's a focal point, a sending station for these telepathic brutes. Come on!"

Hathaway slugged into the pressing tide of color, mouths, contorted faces, silver fat bodies misting as he plowed thru them.

Marnagan was making good progress ahead of Hathaway. But he stopped and raised his gun and made quick moves with it. "Click! This one here! It's real!" He fell back and something struck him down. His immense frame slammed against rock, noiselessly.

Hathaway darted forward, flung his body over Marnagan's, covered the helmet glass with his hands, shouting:

"Marnagan! Get a grip! It's not real---don't let it force into your mind! It's not real, I tell you!"

"Click---" Marnagan's face was a bitter, tortured movement behind glass. "Click---" He was fighting hard. "I---saw now. Sure---" He smiled. "It---it's only a shanty fake!"

"Keep saying it, Irish. Keep it up." Marnagan's thick lips opened. "It's only a fake," he said. And then irritated, "Get off me, Hathaway! Let me up to my feet!"

Hathaway got up, shakily. The air in his helmet stinked stale, and little hubbles danced in his eyes. "Irish, you for-

got the monsters. Let me handle them. I know how. They might fool you again, you might forget."

Marnagan showed his teeth. "Gah! Let a flea have all the fun? And besides, Click, I like to look at them. They're pretty."

The outpour of animals came from a low lying mound a mile farther on. Evidently the telepathic source lay there. They approached it warily.

"We'll be taking our chances on guard," hissed Irish. "I'll go ahead, draw their attention, maybe get captured. Then, you show up with your gun. . ."

"I haven't got one."

"I'll see what it, then. You stick here until I see things ahead. They probably got scanners out. Let them see me---"

And before Hathaway could object, Marnagan walked off. He walked about 500 yards, bent down, pulled his fingers to something, heaved up, and there was a door opening in the rock.

His voice came back across the distance, into Click's earphones. "A door, an airlock. Click. A tunnel leading down inside!"

Then, Marnagan dropped into the tunnel, disappearing. Click heard the thud of his feet hitting the metal flooring.

Click stucked in his breath, hard and fast.

"All right, put 'em up!" a new harsh voice cried over a different radio. One of Gumbler's guards.

Three shots stizzed out, and Marnagan belowed.

The strange harsh voice said, "That's better. Don't try and pick that gun up now, Oh, so it's you. I thought Gumbler had finished you off. How'd you get past the animals?"

Click started running. He switched off his sending radio, kept his receiving on. Marnagan, weaponless. One guard. Click

gaped. Things were getting dark. Had to have air. Air. Air. He ran and kept running and listening to Marnagan's lying voice:

"I led them pink elephants of Gunther's in neat alphabetical bundles and stacked them up to dry, ya losses!" Marnagan said. "But they killed my partner before he had a chance!"

The guard laughed.

THE air-lock was still wide open when Click reached it, his head swarming darkly, his lungs crammed with pain-fire and hell-rocket. He let himself down in, quiet as a rat. He didn't have a weapon. He didn't have a weapon!

A tunnel curved, ending in light, and two men silhouetted in that yellow glare. Marnagan, backed against a wall, his helmet cracked, air hissing slowly out of it, his face turning blue. And the guard, a proton gun extended stiffly before him, also in a vac-out. The guard had his profile toward Hathaway, his lips twisting:

"I think I'll let you stand right there and die," he said quietly. "That's what Gunther wanted, anyway. A nice sordid death."

Hathaway took three strides, his hands out in front of him.

"Don't move!" he snapped. "I've got a weapon stronger than yours. One twitch and I'll blast you and the whole wall out from behind you! Freeze!"

The guard whirled. He widened his sharp eyes, and reluctantly, dropped his gun to the floor.

"Get his gas, Irish."

Marnagan made as if to move, crumpled clumsily forward.

Hathaway ran in, snatched up the gun, smirked at the guard. "Thanks for posing," he said. "That shot will go down in film history for candid acting."

"What?"

"Uh-sh! Keep your place. I've got a real gun now. Where's the door leading into the Base?"

The guard moved his head sullenly over his left shoulder.

Click was afraid he would show his weak dizziness. He needed air. "Okay. Drag Marnagan with you, open the door and we'll have air. Double time! Double!"

Five minutes later, Marnagan and Hathaway, fresh tanks of oxygen on their backs, Marnagan in a sly bulger and helmet, trussed the guard, hid him in a big fire receptacle. "Where he belongs," observed Irish tersely.

They found themselves in a complete inner world, an asteroid nothing more than a honeycombed fortress sliding thru the void unchallenged. Perfect front for a raider who had little equipment and was short-handed of men. Gunther simply waited for specific cargo ships to ratchet by, pulled them off knocked them down and swarmed over them for cargo.

The animals served simply to insure against suspicion and the swarms of tourists that filled the void they dwelt in. Small fry weren't wanted. They were scared off.

The telepathic sending station for the animals was a great bank of intricate, glittering machine, thru which strips of colored film with images slid into slots and machine mouths that translated them into thought-emissions. A neat piece of genius.

"So here we are, still not much better off than we were," growled Irish. "We haven't a ship or a space raider and more guards'll turn up any moment. You think we could refocus this doohickey, project the monsters inside the asteroid to fool the pirates themselves?"

"What good would that do?" Hathaway gnawed his lip. "They wouldn't fool

THE MONSTER MAKER

the engineers who created them, not."

Marnagan exhaled disgustedly. "Ah, if only the U.S. Cavalry would come riding over the hill—"

"IRISH!" Hathaway snapped that, his face lighting up. "Irish. The U.S. Cavalry it is!" His eyes darted over the machines. "Here. Help me. We'll stage everything on the most colossal raid of the century."

Marnagan winced. "You breathing oxygen or whiskey?"

"There's only one stipulation I make, Irish. I want a complete picture of Marnagan capturing Raider's Base. I want a picture of Gunther's face when you do it. Snap it, now, we've got rush work to do. How good an actor are you?"

"That's a silly question."

"You only have to do three things. Walk with your gun out in front of you, firing. That's number one. Number two is to clutch at your heart and fall down dead. Number three is to clutch at your side, fall down and twitch on the ground. Is that clear?"

"Clear as the Coal Sack Nebula. . ."

An hour later Hathaway trudged down a passageway that led out into a sort of city street inside the asteroid. There were about six streets, lined with cube houses in yellow metal, ending near Hathaway in a wide, green-lawned Plaza.

Hathaway, weaponless, idly carrying his camera in one hand, walked across the Plaza as if he owned it. He was heading for a building that was pretentious enough to be Gunther's quarters.

He got halfway there when he felt a gun in his back.

He didn't resist. They took him straight ahead to his destination and pushed him into a room where Gunther sat.

Hathaway looked at him. "So you're Gunther?" he said, calmly. The pirate was incredibly old, his bulging forehead stood out over sunken, questioningly dark eyes, and his scrawny body was lost in folds of metal-link cloth. He glanced up from a paper-plate, surprised. Before he could speak, Hathaway said:

"Everything's over with, Mr. Gunther. The Patrol is in the city now and we're capturing your Base. Don't try to fight. We've a thousand men against your eighty-five."

Gunther sat there, blinking at Hathaway, not moving. His thin hands twitched in his lap. "You are bluffing," he said, finally, with a firm directness. "A ship hasn't landed here for an hour. Your ship was the last. Two people were on it. The last I saw of them they were being pursued to the death by the Benets. One of you escaped, it seemed."

"Both. The other guy went after the

Patrol."

"Impossible!"

"I can't respect your opinion, Mr. Gunther."

A shouting rose from the Plaza. About 50 of Gunther's men, lounging on carved benches during their time-off, stirred to their feet and started yelling. Gunther turned slowly to the huge window in one side of his office. He stared, hard.

The Patrol was coming!

Across the Plaza, marching quietly and decisively, came the Patrol. Five hundred Patrolmen in one long, incredible line, carrying paralysis guns with them in their tight hands.

Gunther babbled like a child, his voice a shrill dagger in the air. "Get out there, you men! Throw them back! We're outnumbered!"

Guess flared. But the Patrol came on. Gunther's men didn't run, Hathaway had to credit them on that. They took it, standing.

Hathaway chuckled inside, deep. What a sweet, sweet shot this was. His camera whirred, clicked and whirred again. Nobody stopped him from filming it. Everything was too wild, hot and angry. Gunther was throwing a fit, still seated at his desk, unable to move because of his fragile, bony legs and their atrophied state.

Some of the Patrol were killed. Hathaway chuckled again as he saw three of the Patrolmen clutch at their hearts, crumple, lie on the ground and twitch. Wow, what photography!

Gunther raged, and swept a small pistol from his linked corselet. He fired wildly until Hathaway hit him over the head with a paper weight. Then Hathaway took a picture of Gunther slumped at his desk, the chaos taking place immediately outside his window.

The pirates broke and fled, those that were left. A mere handful. And out of the chaos came Marnagan's voice, "Here!"

ONE of the Patrolmen stopped firing, and ran toward Click and the Building. He got inside. "Did you see them run, Click boy? What an idea. How did we do?"

"Fine, Irish. Fine!"

"So here's Gunther, the spalpeen! Gunther, the little dried up pirate, eh?" Marnagan whacked Hathaway on the back. "I'll have to hand it to you, this is the best plan o' battle ever laid out. And proud I was to fight with such splendid men as these—" He gestured toward the Plaza.

Click laughed with him. "You should be proud. Five hundred Patrolmen with hair like red banners flying, with thick Irish brogues and broad shoulders and freckles and blue eyes and a body as tall as your stories!"

Marnagan roared. "I always said, I said—if ever there could be an army of Marnagans, we could lick the whole universe! Did you photograph it, Click?"

"I did," Hathaway tapped his camera happily.

"Ah, then, won't that be a scoop for you, boy? Money from the Patrol so they can use the film as instruction in Classes and money from Cosmic Films for the newsreel headlines! And what a scene, and what acting! Five hundred duplicates of Steve Marnagan, broadcast telepathically into the minds of the pirates, walking across a Plaza, capturing the whole she-bang! How did you like my death-scenes?"

"You're a ham. And anyway—five hundred duplicates, nothing!" said Click. He ripped the film-gool from the camera, spread it in the air to develop, inserted it in the micro-viewer. "Have a look—"

Marnagan looked. "Ah, now. Ah, now," he said over and over. "There's the Plaza, and there's Gunther's men fighting and then they're turning and running. And what are they running from? One man! Me. Irish Marnagan! Walking all by myself across the lawn, paralyzing them. One against a hundred, and the cowards running from me!"

"Sure, Click, this is better than I thought. I forgot that the film wouldn't register telepathic emanations, then other Marnagans. It makes it look like I'm a mighty brave man, does it not? It does. Ah, look—look at me, Hathaway, I'm enjoying every minute of it, I am."

HATHAWAY swatted him on his back-side. "Look here, you ego-centric son of Erin, there's more work to be done. More pirates to be captured. The Patrol is still marching around and someone might be suspicious if they looked too close and saw all that red hair."

"All right, Click, we'll clean up the rest of them now. We're a combination, we two, we are. I take it all back about your pictures. Check, if you hadn't thought of taking pictures of me and inserting it into those telepath machines we'd be dead ducks now. Well—here I go. . ."

Hathaway stopped him. "Hold it. Until I load my camera again."

Irish grimaced. "Hurry it up. Here come three guards. They're unarmed. I think I'll handle them with me fists for a change. The gentle art of uppercuts. Are you ready, Hathaway?"

"Ready."

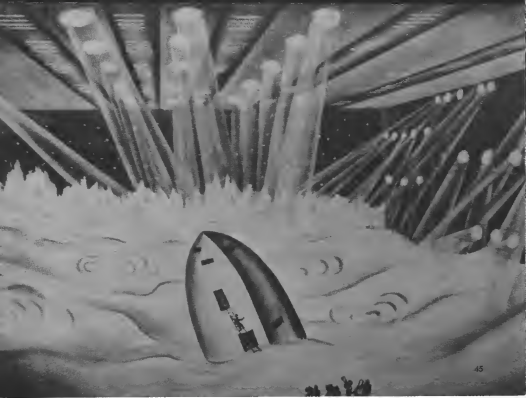
Marnagan lifted his big ham-fists. The camera whirred. Hathaway chuckled, to himself.

What a sweet fade-out this was! ●

THE SUPER SPACE

For that Futuristic Look in your Space Den, this is the place to look every issue of **SPACEMEN** to find an exciting new 2-page spread you will want to cut out & pin up on your wall.

Fabulous Foto this time, one we didn't have at the time we featured the fictionalization of **FRAU IM MOND**, is an artist's behind-the-scenes impression of the historic landing on the Moon (at the old UFA Studios of Germany in 1929) of Fritz Lang's rocketship. From above & the sides a cascade of klieg-lights illuminate the memorable lunar scene. Eerie lights look almost like hovering flying saucers or ray-beam war-machines of Martians from **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. But this all took place in the classic silent spaceflight film **THE WOMAN IN THE MOON**.



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46
Battle behind the tail fin
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Loading
explosives
into the
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Helen lie
unconscious
in a workshop,
at the mercy
of the
blazing
missile!

Laser-like thermal disintegrator weapon, capable of wrecking havoc on an Earth plane.

Mota, sinister scientist of the Red Planet, has landed on Earth and enlisted the assistance of a traitor named Dr. Bryant Kent Fowler (Walter Reed), young private plane patrol operator, has discovered the presence on Earth of the Martian dictator and learned of his plot to conquer our world.

With the assistance of his secretary, Helen (Lois Collier), Kent makes every attempt to destroy Mota (Gregory Gay). Mota's greatest ally is his fantastic atom-powered space vehicle, a weird-looking ship resembling nothing ever seen on Earth, capable of flying sideways & backwards without turning around, ascending & descending like a helicopter, even hovering at a standstill in space. Mota's ship defies all laws of gravity & can be operated by remote control.

the return of mota

Some years after Mota had met his doom (engulfed in molten lava in an atomically triggered volcanic eruption) he returned to life in a condensed version of the serial, the feature being known as MISSILE MONSTERS. This played widely thruout the United States in 1958, coupled with Republic's SATAN'S SATELLITES, fashioned full-length from portions of the former serial ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE.

Watch future issues for the story of the strange half-human creatures from another planet and the monstrous mechanical zombies that assist them in their nefarious plans!

Mota the Martian menace, clad in his black-&-metallic eagle-like garb.



Journey to the *seventh planet*

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With headlines daily proclaiming man's imminent conquest of space and with a landing on the Moon predicted within the year, it is only natural that science fiction on the screen should explore "tomorrow's" landings on the neighbor planets of our Solar System.

The excitement and chills brought to you by American International's science fiction thriller, "Journey to the 7th Planet," portray the exploration by Earth's spacemen of mysterious Uranus, seventh planet from our Sun.

The time of the story is soon after the initial conquest of the Solar System by spacemen from Earth. The Moon, Venus, Mars, Neptune, Mercury and Saturn have been explored by Astronauts but no life has yet been found. Now, a five-man international expedition sets out to investigate the planet Uranus, the seventh planet from the Sun, in their quest for life on other worlds.

memories of earth

The crew, Don (JOHN AGAR), Eric (CARL OTTOSEN), Barry (OVE SPROGOE), Svend (LOUIS MIEHE RENARD) and Karl (PETER MONCH), land their rocket ship successfully on Uranus and set out to explore a strangely beautiful but eerie land. Despite the two hundred degree below zero temperatures, they surprisingly find a village which is an exact replica of such a place that one of the men knew in his childhood. They also meet strangely familiar women, Greta (GRETA THYSEN), Ingrid (ANN SMYRNER), Ursula (MIMI HEINRICH), Ellen (ANNIE BIRGIT GARDE), Lise (ULLA MORITZ) and Colleen (BENTE JUEL). These women look just like ones they have known on Earth and romances blossom as they might back home.

A further exploration of the seventh planet reveals a strange monster. They also learn that Uranus is controlled by a mysterious "Being" which resembles the structure of the human brain, but is thousands of times more powerful. This "Being," they discover, is able to give reality to all the thoughts, fears and desires of the men. Consequently, the beautiful women they have known from their past lives have appeared in realistic, life-like form. When one of the men recalls his fear of rats, a huge rat-like creature appears. They soon realize that the village they have seen is but a re-creation from the memory of one of the men.





The Earthmen find themselves completely taken in by these illusions created by the seventh planet's "Being" and soon the real purpose of their exploration becomes meaningless. When the group's leaders, Don and Eric, understand this, they realize that the brain-like monster ruling Uranus must be destroyed or they will never return to Earth. Though they too have been lulled by these figments of their imagination, they

rally the whole crew to try to kill the "Being."

They hunt down the brain creature in its hiding-place in one of the caves below the surface of the planet and desperately seek means to insure its destruction. There they make a most frightening discovery—as they come face to face with this strange enemy with powers that defy their weapons and very minds! . . . END



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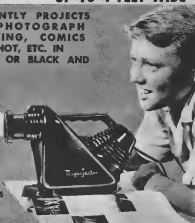
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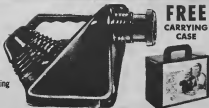
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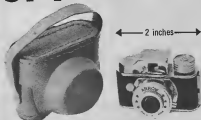
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