TRUMPET

NO. 5

SIXTY CENTS

TRICON PHOTOS
DOWN WITH DR. STRANGELOVE

trumpet

APRIL 1967

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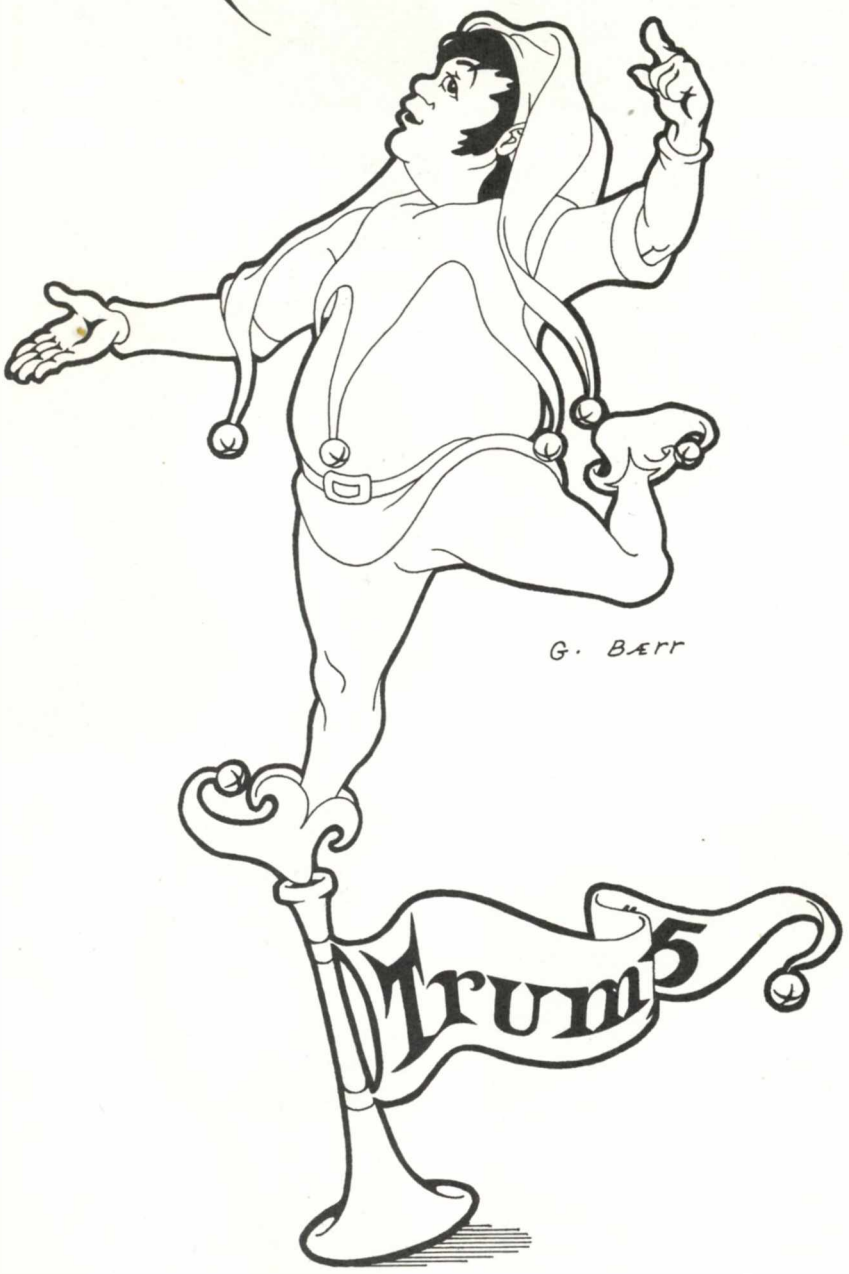
WOULD YOU BELIEVE THIS IS TRUMPET 15, SO SOON?



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EDITORIAL
and other PRETENSIONS

If any of you out there are really and truly interested in why this issue is so late, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll be glad to let you know. It will suffice to say here that I've bought another house. Those of you who have done likewise will know the expenses don't stop with the price of the house itself.

My only regret is the loss of a high camp address like 1709 Debbie Drive. There was a certain lilt to it. 2508 17th Street is blah at best. But the house is a lot bigger, fancier and costlier. I'll probably stay here until either I can afford something grander or the mortgage company forecloses—whichever comes first.

The first thing you probably noticed about this issue is that the second installment of THE BROKEN SWORD is missing. I wish I could make a positive statement but I can't. The last time I heard from George Barr he was full of enthusiasm for the strip and then—silence for the past six months. But don't give up hope just yet.

WITH A PONG IN MY HEART

The latest nonsense to hit the fannish scene, as you may have heard if you are a NyCon 3 member, is the Con Committee's decision to eliminate the "best fanzine" Hugo Award. Instead they plan a separate award for fandom (reserving the Hugo for the pros) called a "Pong" named, obviously, after Bob Tucker's faanish creation Hoy Ping Pong. Tucker, by the way, will be the fan guest-of-honor at the NyCon 3.

When I received the nominating ballot I felt stunned, cheated, and put upon in general. I suppose it's the goal of every fanzine editor, sooner or later, to win a Hugo. It's certainly mine, and I don't want a "Pong." I thought probably that I might be the only one who felt this way but it turns out, happily, that the feeling in fandom (especially among fanzine editors) is running quite heavily against the "Pong." Bill Mallardi of DOUBLE:BILL has stated publicly that, should D:B win, he will refuse to accept the silly thing, and rumor has it that Felice Rolf of NIEKAS has said

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the same thing. Bruce Pelz has hinted that, should L.A. get the '68 convention bid, the Hugo will be restored.

But it isn't necessary to wait until next year when something can be done now. If you agree that the "Pong" is a lot of nonsense, indicate it on your ballot (a copy of which should be included with this issue). Cross out the words FAN ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS near the bottom and write in "Hugo" or something to indicate quite clearly your feelings on the subject.

Perhaps something further should be done to prevent things like this happening in the future. Major changes like this should not be made at the whim of a half dozen fans (and fans can have some pretty strange whims). The membership has every right to an opinion on such a change and to not have it shoved down their throats. I still think it's a good idea for the Awards Committee to be separate and distinct from the Convention Committee. Members of such a committee could be elected for, say, a three-year-term. There would be a stability and continuity that is lacking now as each new group must start from scratch, year after year.

Besides, there's plenty for the Con Committee to do without worrying about the awards. If the duly elected Awards Committee wanted to make any changes in the awards structure, it merely proposes them at the business meeting and the membership votes on them.

It's a simple, workable arrangement and I can't understand why it hasn't been done already.

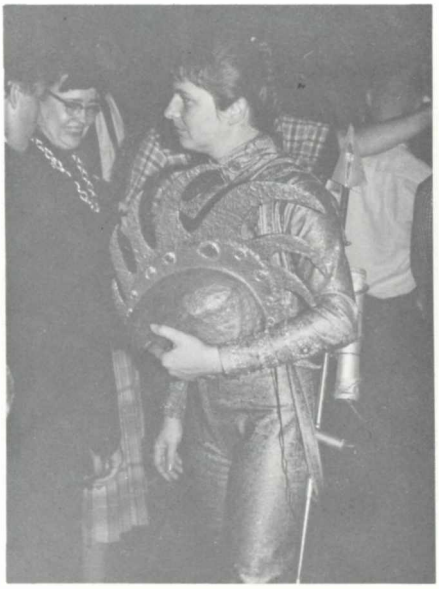
MOVIE STILLS

I will now take this opportunity to do a little huckstering. I'm selling my collection of movie stills. They will be priced at 35¢ each for b&w and 50¢ each for color. There is only one of each and it's quite a good collection though practically everything is post-Destination Moon. There are, by actual count (see the trouble I go to), 1344 black & whites and 93 color. Bought individually that would come to $516.90. Wow! They will not, repeat, will <u>not</u> be sold individually by mail! It's too much trouble. So don't bother writing about them because I probably won't answer. However, I will sell the entire lot by mail for $400.00. If there are no takers at that price I will sell them individually at conventions beginning in Houston at the 1967 Southwesterncon.

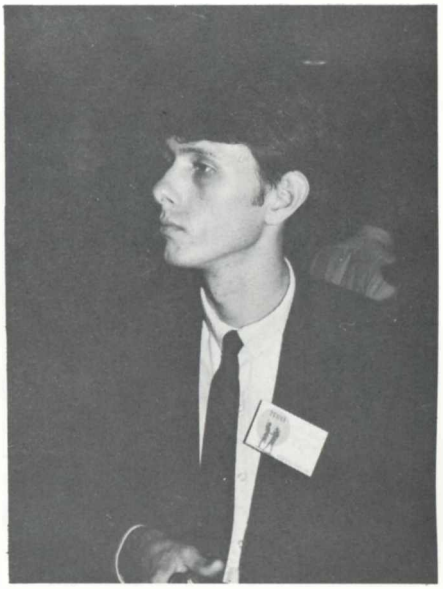
TRICON

No, this isn't a con report. The Tricon was my first worldcon and I enjoyed it thoroughly. If anything was wrong it was that it was too large. There were undoubtedly many fans that I wanted to meet but never happened across them. The only way out is to spend the entire time peering at name badges. I got away with a prize or two at the auction such as a Freas cover painting for $27.00 just after Alex Eisenstein had paid $150.00 for one. Al Jackson got an unpublished Freas painting which will show up on the cover of Trumpet the first time I can manage a color cover.

Anyway, on the following page or two you will find photos of some fans who attended.

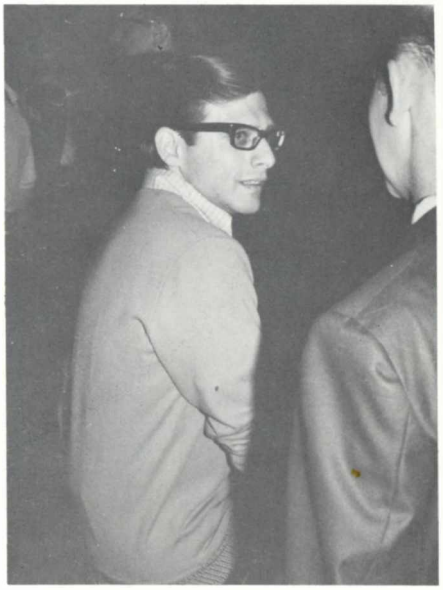


Karen Anderson

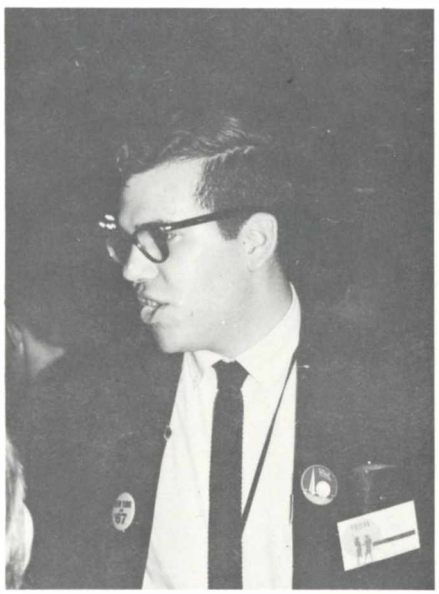


Jeff Jones

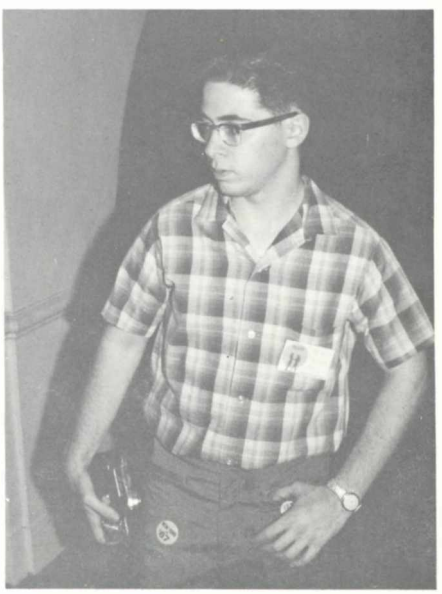
John Trimble



Harlan Ellison

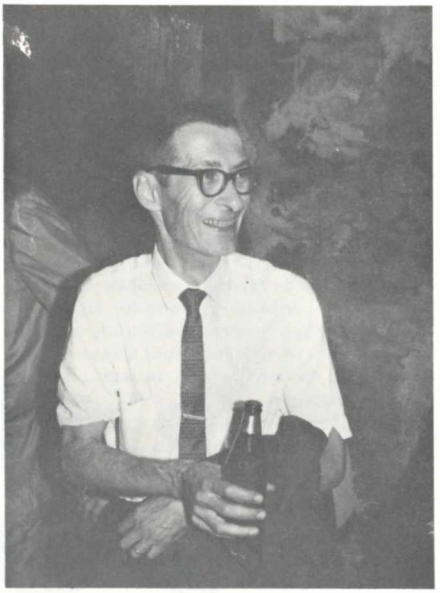


Andy Porter



Ben Solon

John W. Campbell

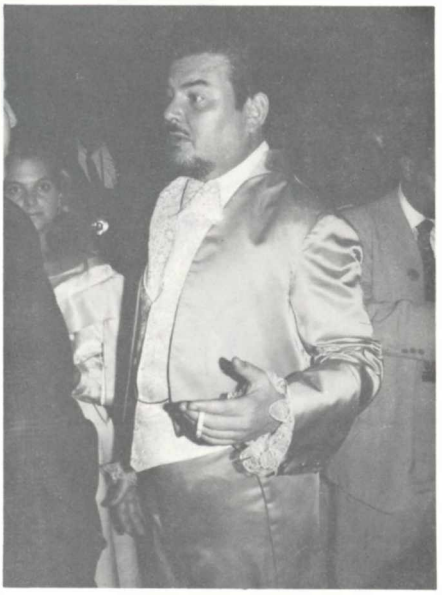


Lynn Hickman

Al Scott, Lon Atkins, and Amie Katz

Buck Coulson

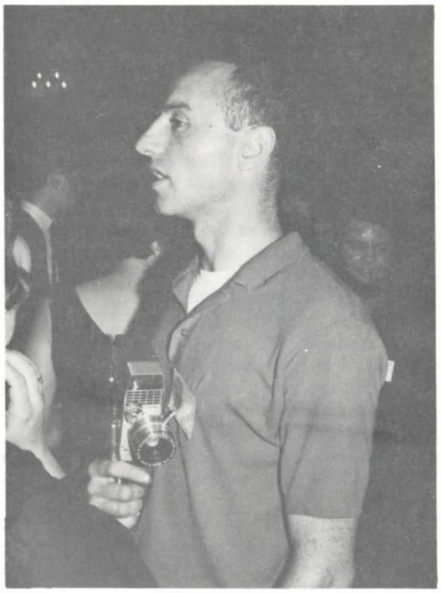
Juanita Coulson



Randall Garrett

Mike Ward

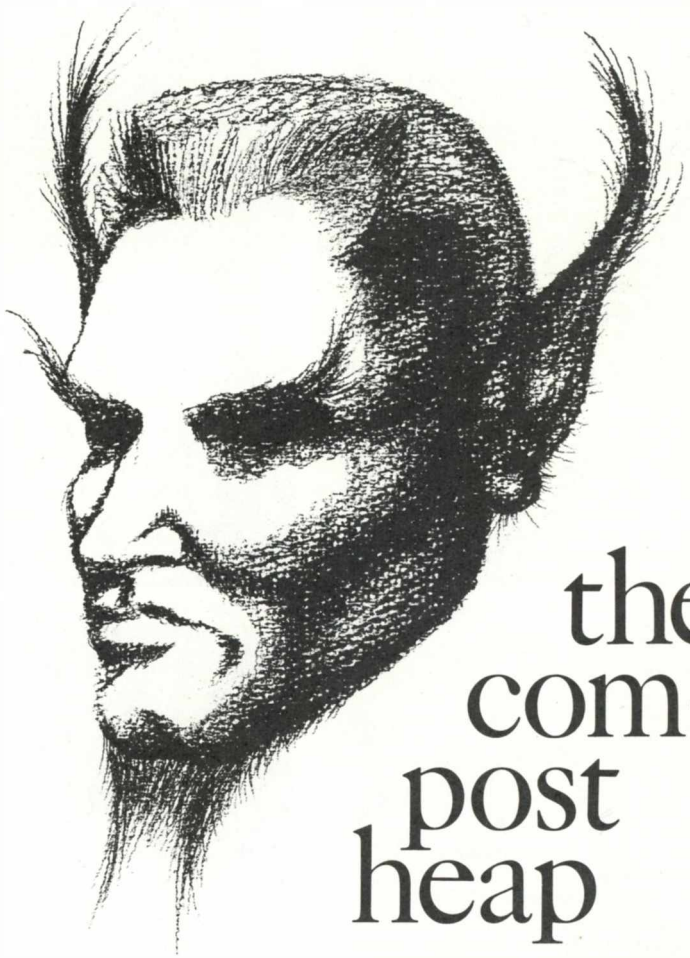
Alex Eisenstein and Phyllis Kleinstein (now Mrs. A.E.)



Bill Mallardi

NEXT ISSUE

I've avoided doing this in the past because things never seem to work out quite as planned, especially this far ahead. Some of the things that likely will appear in t6 or perhaps t7 are: "Lest the Serpent Beguile" a little chiller by Don Hutchison illustrated by Jim Gardner; "The Death of Solly's Warren" a beautiful story by Stuart Oderman beauti...er...illustrated by me; "Medusa Oblongata" a delightful satire by Joseph Jones delightfully illustrated by Hollis Williford; some more short-shorts by W.G. Bliss illustrated by Rob Pudim; a satire by John Boardman entitled, "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble" about what happens when Shakespeare becomes a hot political issue, as yet unillustrated; photographic impressions of Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" by Earl Noe; a Jeff Jones portfolio; a new column by Dan Bates devoted to the fillums (as you may have noticed, my own film column has disappeared from Trumpet but will continue in "Garden Ghouls Gazette" 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Illinois 60635); and the regular features. It does sound a little fiction heavy but things have a way of coming out even in the end. ●



the compost heap

ALEX EISENSTEIN

Send fanzines for review to 3030 W. Fargo Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60645

Editor's note: There will be a few changes in Alex's column, beginning with this issue. We decided that capsule reviews of a zillion fanzines may have been giving a lot of fanzine editors free ads and egoboo (which we don't begrudge them) but they weren't giving a great deal to the readers. Alex will now review only a few fanzines but with greater detail.

ZENITH #13 (Pete Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, England—30¢ each, 5/$1.50; or 2 shillings each, 5/10 shillings—Quarterly; 42 pp.) Z is jam-packed, yet still not jelled—discounting the artwork, which has settled far beyond that stage into calcification.

Reviews and critiques abound, in crystalline horror. A and B Mercer on Simak, Gordon on Anderson, Boston on Dickson, Aldiss on White, Jones on Pohl, etc., etc.; even to a critique of critics and reviewers by Ben Solon, which, I guess, is somewhat counterpoised by Harry Warner's plea for an index to indices.

An old column from CRY reappears, with a few fevered flashes of proseman-ship, through a glass feebly, from F.M. Busby; if Buz really thinks that a baker's half-dozen of tepid-teapot prozine reviews is not "the worst way" for a "first try [there will be other attempts?] at reviving the Plow...," well then, I must comment that the gourd he rattles is the one he's out of. "The Plow" needs a stronger plowshare and, me-thinks, a more urgent motive force, lest the entire instrument bury itself under its own inertia before it turns its first honest piece of sod.

Solon, as a critic's critic, is not entirely laughable; he might have been much better if the editor possessed e-nough interest in the article to actually read it and suggest revisions, correc-tions, and/or additions. Perhaps a new slant, then? 'Tis hard to believe that Pete read and passed the following Solonism: "...Miss Merril's habit of saying (writing, rather) a great deal about the book in question's back-ground..." Certainly more obvious than "mother-in-law's", is it not? What is so difficult, Pete, in composing an editorial assist, perhaps like the following cor-rection of Solon's slipshod, hasty-pudding vernacular: "about the background of the book in question..."?

And, of course, Ben's closing lines, which even he admits are painful: "if SF needs competent criticism—give it criticism. This isn't much of an answer, I quite agree, but we have to start somewhere." Indeed. We *should* start with a fanzine editor who lays his con-tributor open to ridicule by mindlessly publishing a first-draft article in such virginal condition.

Aldiss attacks James White's *The Watch Below* on the grounds that it is 1940's science fiction. "I am referring," he continues, "to theme and treatment, but it is no coincidence that *The Watch Below* begins in 1942." I could say Sandburg's *The Prairie Years* is a Victorian history with as much justification and the same clarity of cause and effect.

In his second paragraph, Aldiss proclaims that "the world process...at once fragments and unifies" formerly disparate elements; in his very next sentence, he asserts that this principle has some valid application to *The Watch Below*. How? Why? "Every living novel must belong to its time, in rapport...", which inevitably leads to the conclusion that *The Watch* "is a Forties book". If ever a sequitor slipped by a reader, it surely evades your humble reviewer right now. Would that I had the crystal vision of Aldiss Almighty (—but please, not permanently!)

Aldiss, who babbles of Kerouac and the "towering genius" of John Cowper Powys (?), evidentally dislikes most SF itself. But it is true; he asks for everything but science fiction: "...it might have become several kinds of no-vel. It might, for instance, have become a drama of character; it might have be-come a dip into the strange pools of the mind; it might have become an essay in degradation, similar to Clebert's 'The Block House'; or it might have become a sex novel.

"It becomes none of these things, though there were moments when I hoped the author was going to take the plunge into one of them."

What Aldiss seeks, obviously, is either a psychological novel or a meta-physical one; or possibly both at once. But he is hardly asking for science fic-tion, even when he declares his infatu-ation with a minor and somewhat loggy chestnut that White tossed into his under-sea broth with shell intact: to quote Brian's quotation—"Was it not possible, despite the halting of all life processes [in cold sleep], that they dreamed? It might take a whole decade, etc..." Al-diss grumps that "the book is not about that, either." Later on, he remarks that "nobody has yet dealt centrally with time-structuring", but he is not referring to the above-mentioned temporal dilation; "time structuring" in some way relates to the memory "Game" that transpires in White's book, but Aldiss disdains to tell us *how;* nor does he tell what his pompous little phrase *means*. Aldiss the Inscrutable tells nothing.

Far from content at belittling the scope and atmosphere of White's book, Mr. Aldiss carries his diatribe beyond the borders of good taste: he rips White for his priggishness, selecting a sup-porting passage with violent disregard for its proper context, relative to both plot and characterization. Despite Al-

diss' insistence, the characters in the book are not the hard old salts he implies: Captain Wallis, Aldiss' prime example, (his *only* example, in fact) is a civilian ship captain, self-sufficient, who by necessity is prodded to romance a half-scarred, high-strung female. All the male occupants of White's reefed ship are officers, either civil or naval; hardly "bold, seafaring men" in Aldiss' stereotype deck-hand image.

Aldiss never neglects the opportunity for the slightest backhand slap at White. In his sixth paragraph, he passingly remarks on a "lapse in grammar" that is so trivial as to be almost invisible in the quotation that follows his picayune comment. Aldiss does not deign to elucidate, but I believe he objects to White's use of "years ago" in connection with the past perfect tense "had come."

Aldiss disclaims any pleasure in his cannibalistic criticism—"dog eating dog does not necessarily enjoy the taste"—but he surely snaps at White often enough that I wonder if he rather fancies the meat more than the sport.

Rating: 4

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY #6—(Leland Sapiro, Box 82, University Station, Saskatoon, Canada—35¢/issue, $1.25/4—Quarterly, digest-size, offset repro; 75pp.) The artwork in RQ has not noticeably improved, though layout, especially headings, has been much refined. The Morris Dollens scratchboard drawing on the cover, while superior to most of this artist's paintings, is rather standard astronautical fare; perhaps if the planet on the horizon were more subtly rendered, or if it displayed a pattern of intriguing features; perhaps if the toy-like rocket were less stodgy, less the erect cigar stub and more free-wheeling in conception...still, the illo is quite competent when graded beside the general pitch of excellence attained by fanzine art.

The gem in this issue is Part III of *Heinlein in Dimension*, Panshin's critical opus on RAH. It is by far the best of the three installments, perceptive and even *profound* to a degree that the other two were not; certainly it is the most *positive* essay on Heinlein that Alex Panshin has written. He really cuts into the meat of his subject, yet draws no unnecessary blood. (Mayhap Heinlein's raw, severed head will roll into view later in the series.)

Panshin on Heinlein is often also Panshin on SF in general, and his two aspects perform with equal and excellent credit. A choice example:

"Heinlein's characters, it seems to me, are clear if not striking, and for his purposes this is probably enough. The one overwhelming reason that I can see for the existence of science fiction is its potential for setting the familiar and the unfamiliar side by side to allow new perspectives. Heinlein has concentrated on developing unfamiliar contexts for his stories; if he were to populate these contexts with wild characters, the result might seem chaotic. On the other hand, the small cast of characters that Heinlein has actually used has not intruded into our view of his contexts. Moreover, this balance of unfamiliar backgrounds and familiar people may well be a considerable factor in Heinlein's noted ability to provide lived-in futures. The futures seem lived-in because we can see living in them people we readily recognize. Since the hardest thing to achieve in science fiction is credibility, Heinlein may very well have been distinctly ahead by keeping his characters restricted."

Herein, Panshin grapples successfully with a major complaint about SF from external critics (even such sympathetic ones as Kingsley Amis): even good science fiction has bland, cardboard characterization. Truly, this is oversimplified—humans portrayed in SF generally lack the queer, the haphazard, the unusual in physical or psychological traits. They're not maimed, diseased, neurotic, or otherwise afflicted or incomplete, as distinguished from the aggregate of freaks that often populate mainstream novels. They're not flat characters, really; they are just terribly *normal*. Being normal, they have two major bents; they are either very average-ordinary-ignorant (i.e., not too bright), or very rational-logical-knowledgeable (i.e., fairly damn sharp). In short, they are full and round but without warts.

Alex inverts this "fault" after discovering its head where its feet should have been; righting it, he demonstrates it as a rational—but not rationalized—virtue.

I don't agree with every opinion Panshin expresses, as when he labels *Glory Road* a "silly adventure story that starts running after the...jewel idol's eye (smuggled gorph beans)...a meaningless goal. 'The Egg of the Phoenix' in *Glory Road* is exactly this..." Panshin misses the mark here because he aims at the wrong target. The Egg is Star's goal, not the reader's; it is unimportant except as it provides an ultimate reason for all the action of the book—in brief, it is merely a plot device, and it cannot be faulted as "meaningless" since, like the novel, it is in nowise allegorical (*symbolic*, maybe, but that doesn't require the allusive structure of a fable). The major importance of the Egg to the reader is indirect in that it provides an ultimate purpose for the otherwise irrelevant events of the story; the events themselves, not the Egg, are the reader's main concern, as they contain the basic situations for all the social/moral questions into which Heinlein probes. The Egg constitutes a real goal within the framework of the plot: it is not a frabismus; it has a definite function. It is a very suitable and proper goal for Star, the Empress of Twenty Universes, because it is a device that affords her direct access to the personality and prowess of any one of her imperial predecessors; possessing it, she can tap the decision-making resources of the best political minds of a thousand years. It is not an object she desires, it is a tool she desparately needs!

The article ranges over five major aspects of story-construction, as Panshin delineates them: context, people, problems, structure, and attitude. Panshin draws many crucial distinctions in all five sections, but one of the finest and best is his discussion of romance and realism under attitude, in which he explains in careful detail how most stories have both romantic and realistic aspects. Panshin propounds that all SF is necessarily romantic in situation, while Heinlein's work is also realistic in attitude. This sort of treatment is the exact reverse of that found in the modern slick stories that comprise so-called "romance" fiction, and Panshin implies this notion in his descriptions of the examples he cites.

A minor cavil: Lee has the rather exasperating habit of placing all footnotes to an article at the end, rather than below on the same page to which they refer. This is adequate form if the footnote is merely a notation of scholarship, but when remarks relevant to the essay are subordinated in a footnote, this commentary may be better utilized by the reader if situated upon the pertinent page. I do detest flipping back and forth to make sense of Lee's cryptic references appended to his book-review column.

Rating: 7

WITZEND #1—(Wallace Wood, Box 882 Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023—$1.00/copy—Irregular; offset repro; 36pp.)—This is the outcome of Dan Adkin's original conception for a pro SF comic called OUTLET, which later became ETCETERA under the aegis of Wallace Wood; it suffered a last minute title change for copyright reasons, losing nothing thereby.

The cover is a composite of cuts

from interior illustrations; upon closer inspection, however, I find three drawings that are nowhere within the magazine, though two of them relate to certain matter in the contents. The odd drawing is probably the most fetching of the lot—it spotlights a crow-footed, droop-snooted nebbish with bent eyestalks and ears that protrude from its shoulders.

Interior material ranges from the Flash Gordon (almost literally: the protagonist is "Larry Gordon" and looks like Buster Crabbe) of "Savage World", by Al Williamson, to "Moon Critters", an out of bounds pen-scratch farce of corny stf sight-gags (it is also labeled "Absurd Science Fiction Stories). Williamson's piece, which is the most beautiful work by him that *I've* ever seen, involves an improbable encounter with a lost race (subcategory: troglodyte human) that is disturbed in its subterranean resting-place by the explosion of "a truly tactical A-bomb". The plot is hokum, but the artwork is just short of electrifying—impeccable, almost flawless, in places spellbinding. Specific panels show touches of Krenkel and Frazetta—which shouldn't be surprising, since Krenkel, Frazetta, and Angelo Torres helped Al with his creation. It suffers from a single weakness (discounting the creaky, serial plot): that of an overcautious imagination. It reveals a definite flair for the ornate in a fantastical, quasi-stfnal vein...but the ornateness is underdone, semi-crystallized, hinted at rather than boldly delineated. Which is, I think, Williamson's life-long flaw. He loves to suggest with titillating flecks what aches to be etched and molded in solid mass and rigid line. Bas-relief and even sculpture are reduced to filigree, and ill-defined filigree, at that. Still, this is the sharpest Williamson yet—his images offer much to conjure with, though they often leave much to be desired.

In a "Statement of NO Policy", Wallace Wood declares that WITZEND is not exclusively SF, fantasy, monster, or satire. Of the four comic strip stories therein, only one could be classed as monster—fiction, but all four are easily SF or Stfnal fantasy. The first, "Savage World", is obvious and has been discussed; the second, "Sinner", is a post-atomic-war story of a primitive anti-mechanistic culture, comparable to the society of Pangborn's *Davy*; the third, Wood's own effort (supposedly), is a mutant-cum-jungle-lord tale featuring the most clean-cut, crew-cut beast man ever to leap from the vines—"Animan" is the title of this strip and presumably the appellation of this, the only "monster" in the mag.

About the latter—I can only call it a disappointment; it is in all ways inferior to the Wood that decorated *Galaxy* in the late '50s. It's not even as good as the pro comic art he's been turning out lately.

The fourth SF comic is Jack Gaughan's "Moon Critters". It's amusing, but the artwork is minimal—sketchy stuff done in haste, as if the artist were afraid he might forget the idea before it was fixed on paper.

On balance, I doubt this zine contains $1.00 worth of material, though the Williamson strip is worthy of widespread exposure. Other small items of interest: a back-cover portrait of a young, tattered Buster Crabbe, drawn by Frank Frazetta with *none* of his inimitable style—a straight portrait harking back to early sequences in the first Flash Gordon serial; an inside-front-cover wash drawing by Wood, which is chock-full of funny-animals, nebbishes, and little people depicted the way only Wally Wood could do 'em (I wish he had done a similar hodge-podge of his nonpareil BEMs); and a beautiful rotting tree-trunk—gnarled, twisted, scaly, and moss-hung—by Angelo Torres, in the finest EC technique.

Rating: 6

HABAKKUK, Chap II, Verse 2 (it says here in the colophon)—(Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, California 94701—Available thru OMPA & FAPA; also for trade, comment, contributions;—Quarterly; 51pp.)

In three complementary articles, the editor and his cohorts/ contributors examine a recent aspect of sf—distinct, developing, and *diverging* literary trends. George Locke dips into the Ballard *brouhaha*, denouncing Ballard as an incompetent writer of modish fan-fiction—style overbaked and plot, where discernable, underdone.

Under the guise of a double Westercon report, Bill Donaho, the priestly editor, describes the high-pitched frothings of Harlan Ellison at two Westercons, '65 and '66. Bill characterizes Ellison and his effect on SF with succinct paraphrase and synopsis, yet in a casual style that contrasts strikingly with Harlan's own whipcord brevity:

> During the con Rotsler drew a number of Harlan Ellison cartoons. Most were very funny, and at least one I thought was very significant. The caption had Harlan shouting, "Listen, you little twerp, I'm going to change fandom!"
>
> He may well do it. As Toastmaster Ted Sturgeon said when he introduced Guest of Honor Harlan: "As we all know, Harlan can sell snow to the Eskimoes" and "Anybody that gets between Harlan and what he wants is going to have a Harlan Ellison-sized hole through him".

For those who have yet to acquire the pleasure of Harlan's acquaintance, I can affirm the sly imprecations, implicit in the above quasi-quotes, of Harlan's physical stature and his concommittant defensive (some would say "offensive") posture. Regarding Harlan's frenetic efforts anent SF, Donaho concludes "he's selling a lot of snow these days." Influencing young writers, affecting staid publishers, Harlan promotes that which he does best: "verbal pyrotechnics, pyrotechnics in both theme and style; pyrotechnics which...conceal the lack of more solid substance."

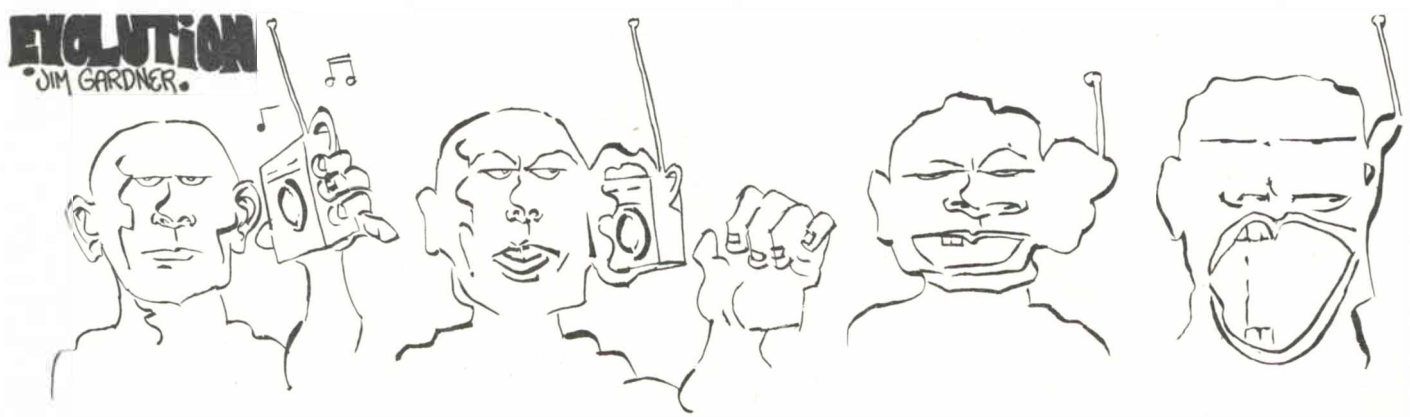
Harlan thinks it is "science fiction time." According to Bill's paraphrase, Harlan elaborated on his thesis thusly:

> "For years now science fiction writers and fans have been saying, 'Listen to us. We have something to say to you.' And now the world is listening and you bums won't get out of the ghetto and talk to the world in its language."

Bill encapsulates his view of the whole matter in his preceding paragraph:

> Harlan...is pounding home the theme that science fiction should get out of its ghetto and rejoin the mainstream of literature. I view this with alarm myself. I like stf for the things which set it off from literature, not for those things it has in common with it (...) If science fiction abandons its uniqueness and rejoins literature, it will be a reduction of the field, not an expansion of it.

Bill assumes that SF, returning to the mainstream, will be engulfed and diluted by the mighty torrent of blah-best-sellerism and the "humanistic" values of the literature Establishment. Both approach existence essentially via visceral passion. Since Harlan is well-known



as one who writes from the groin upward, Bill may be correct in his apprehension of Ellison's desires. Yet, it is possible that Harlan is being unjustly categorized. Perhaps Harlan envisions the domination of literature by science fiction, rather than the absorption of sf by the amorphous, spongy morass of a mainstream that moves nowhere. As Greg Benford comments in his own article, "New Trends in S-F", Harlan does not entirely agree with Judy Merril's recent appraisals, like those that accompany her promulgation of J.G. Ballard.

According to Donaho, Harlan likes to experiment for the sake of experimentation, shock for the sake of shocking: an incident at one of the Westercon panels, on Harlan's new anthology of "untouchable" stories (*Dangerous Visions*), provides the main basis for Bill's accusation. During the forum, Poul Anderson suggested that he could have written a much more daring story than the one he submitted to Harlan—one, say, extolling the virtues of Hitler's mass murder of six million Jews—but he thought it pointless. Whereupon Harlan riposted with the exclamation that, were Poul to write this story and send it to him, he would publish *it* instead of the less controversial one.

Says Donaho: "There's no point in shocking for the sake of shocking. A writer should have a motive for writing something daring." True; yet, when Ted White decried the "experimental crud" in Moorcock's *New Worlds*, railing at the mag's contents for its lack of professional competence, Harlan concurred —to the cheers of the audience. Evidently, Harlan subscribes, at least in theory, to some set standards beyond surrealistic shock-value.

Greg Benford discusses sf trends as established by Bill Donaho, but Greg lays his stress on the merits and implications of a single Ellison short story, the somewhat controversial "Repent Harlequin...", rather than on Harlan's Westercon antics—though he relates those, also. Greg ranges farther afield than Donaho, giving due and almost equal consideration to Ballard/Moorcock/Merril and Knight/Blish.

Both Donaho and Benford accent the ideational content of good sf and de-emphasize the importance of style; Bill and Greg both conclude that Ellison displays a flashy style but never a novel idea, nor even, in Greg's view, adequate development of the most time-worn notions of sf.

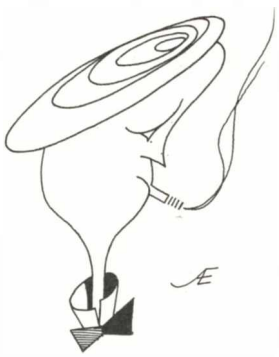
Bill and Greg cover much the same territory, and more than once in their statements they seem to paraphrase each other; but Greg Benford resolves his generalities into specifics more often than Donaho does, especially when discussing "Harlequin". He also exposits an *apologia* for sf's inversion of mainstream values (e.g.: "If human beings are treated on an equal footing with other races, or even the exterior universe itself, then characterization is necessarily less important."), whereas Donaho merely utters *fiat* statements ("If science fiction is going to 'rejoin' literature, there will be no more reason to read stf than any other literary work.")

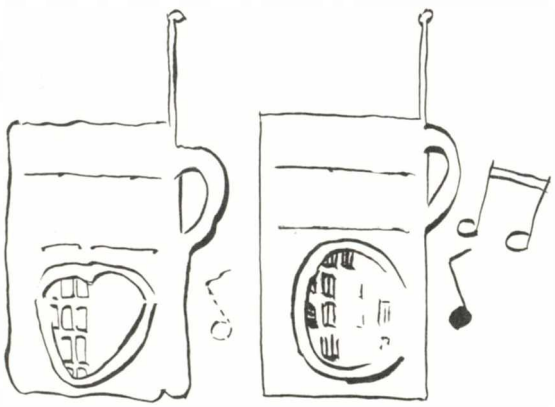
On the lighter side of sf, Art Castillo proffers a short, funny bit called "The Fifth Commandment"; it simultaneously lampoons the Heinlein theory of moral education (Hard Knocks Make The Man) and the pablum protectiveness of last year's child psychology, somehow ridiculing both successfully. The former is personified by "Daddy", who persecutes "Junior" to Make A Man out of him; the latter, by "Mommy", who often gets in Daddy's way:

> "George, George," wailed Mommy. "Have compassion. Have pity. He's my precious, my darling, my love, my heart of hearts, the light of my life, my..."
>
> Mommy began to gag on the Spock and Gesell Good Housekeeping Medal which Daddy had put down her throat.

Castillo has created a lively futuristic fable that has no comparison for calculated hysteria in the fan-fiction of this era; it's the first fan story in years that can be set beside Si Stricklen's classic piece on "the quick-frozen Harry Norf."

Rating: 8 ●





THE 1967 SCUTHWESTERNCON—is being ostensibly billed as a comic convention but there will be plenty to interest non or marginal comic fans. For instance, for the film fan, there will be showings of METROPOLIS, SHADOWS OVER CHINATOWN (Charlie Chan), FACE BEHIND THE MASK (The Shadow), and the complete serial DICK TRACY vs. CRIME INC., and, though it isn't listed on the official flyer, rumor has it that one of the Flash Gordon serials will also be shown complete. The convention will be held June 16-18 at the Ramada Inn, 2121 Allen Parkway, Houston, Texas. Room rates are $7.50 to 11.50 for singles and $9.50 to 13.50 for doubles. Membership is $2.50 and huckster tables are $2.50. Make reservations thru and send membership money to HOUSTON COMIC COLLECTOR'S ASSN., 7536 So. Park Blvd., Houston, Texas 77033.

CPCC: andrew j. offutt

When you and i were young, maggie.

There was this girl with the not-quite-believable look of terror on her face. A painted, wooden expression, the same month after month, the eyes fixed and the mouth frozen agape without being either expressive or real. Her swollen breasts were somewhat encased on a here-and-there basis by vermiform strips of metal, twisted into bizarre shapes which left bare plenty of flesh but covered, of course, the nipples. The metal cuppings were bright red or yellow or orange or icy blue. The tin bra appeared uncomfortable enough, but it must have felt a caress compared to the matching briefs the poor girl wore.

She either had been or had been about to be or was about to be in the clutches of an unearthly monster of ghastly hue(s). It was obviously inimical as all hell, and lustful as an over-protected sixteen-year-old. As it menaced her it was menaced in turn by a steely-eyed, square-jawed fellow wearing enough clothes—shirt, belt, pants, holster, airtanks, boots, fishbowl, and gloves—to supply the chilly girl and two others with attire suitable for church. He usually weilded a blaster of some sort.

Somewhere you could usually find the signature Erle Bergey; seems to me his middle initial was K. There was another artist named Milton Luros whose style was extraordinarily similar, and I always wondered, without ever learning, if they were the same man. "Luros" felt pseudonymic in its similarity to "lurid". Bergey was a master-designer of garishly-coloured iron clothes and wooden expressions. He'd be of tremendous value as a designer in the plastic-clothing creations of today. That's for those of you who read such shameless girly-magazines as MADEMOISELLE and SEVENTEEN.

Emblazoned across the tops of his paintings were the magazine titles: STARTLING STORIES, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY, and WONDER STORY ANNUAL. They were "A Thrilling Publication" of, progressively, Better Publications Inc and Standard Magazines Inc and eventually Best Books Inc. SS and TWS and FSQ and WSA were edited by a nameless editor who turned out to be a pretty darned good writer named Sam Merwin. He later gave way to another Sam, this one y-clept Mines.

They were the most marvelous, most absolutely wonderful things that ever happened to a guy who had read a score of zane grey books and then as many tarzan books and the three ERB venus books and a dozen or so of his mars/barsoom novels (Sears, Roebuck: 49¢!). The most wonderful thing a guy could do with a quarter...the real ones, the quarters that went dinkleding rather than clunkleclunk. The magazines lay there on the newsstands, all red and yellow and purple and blue and black and orange. They beckoned: Buy me. Ignore my godawful names and my lurid covers and my raggedy page-edges; buy me.

Those page-edges. They provided the kindling and the back-log for a controversy that flamed for years in the letter columns, which in those days were rather, uh, sophomoric—and fun. To trim or not to trim, that was the question. Whether tis nobler to allow the cover to overlap the ugly edges, later to bend and break and tear and decrease the market value of your collection.

If you dont know what untrimmed edges are, if you havent practically wept

over slick covers overhanging the (very) rough pulp pages, if you dont remember all those bosomy ads for SEE magazine...well, you probably dont know who manly wade wellman was, or henry kuttner or arthur barnes or wallace west, either. Youre a newcomer, a neofan, a non-collector, and gosh, you really missed something. You just aint lived.

One time i brought home a copy of *duel in the sun* which had been handed me by my high school librarian. My victorian father read a little and found a reference to "hard knobs of childish breasts" or something of the sort. Instantly i was forbidden to check out *any* books from the THS library, evermore. (After that i read a lot in study hall.) It wasnt JUST that that gave me a lot of wrong ideas and set me off on a tortuous search for *me*, amid a twisted view of sex and its mysteries. But it was a contributing factor, among others; a manifestation. Dad was an exemplary product of Roman Christianity.

Naturally then i tore the covers off most copies of SS and TWS and FSQ and WSA and AMAZING and FANTASTIC and PLANET and some others. They were "sexy"; that is there were WOMEN on them (if there was anything sexless, it was bergeys women), and that was BAD. So naturally i kept tham all together in a secret place and pored over them at night. i suppose if such things hadnt been evil i wouldnt have paid much attention, other than to wonder about the extreme discomfort of that iron clothing and howcum the heroes wore spacehelmets and the girls didnt. (And why the threatening aliens were BEMs, even though some of them did NOT have buggy eyes.)

Had dad ever seen those covers i might never have become a science aficionado. Somehow i never HAVE read *duel in the sun*. Made a fair movie.

Certainly the stories were sexless enough. My childhood was AFTER the stories cited and quoted in william knoles' 1960 PLAYBOY article "Girls for the slime god". (The stuff he cited sounds loads of fun and if you want to sell or donate or lend-lease your collection... PLEASE?!) Women were THERE, sometimes, and apparently desired, for unexplained reasons. As i recall they had breasts only in PLANET. In those pre-mekstroms-disease days george o smith characterizations were similar to bergeys painted expressions; the science was paramount. Smith is one man who has improved steadily with everything he has turned out...but have you ever read VENUS EQUILATERAL? Still great stuff. Several of van vogts novels were first printed in the four Thrilling Publications. In them as in smiths there was usually a woman ("girl"), who was loved by the scientist/engineer hero... frequently at first sight and with obvious lack of application of the reasoning power which distinguished smith and vv protagonists.

Sex?SEX?Good grief charlie brown, there were too many readers whose daddies had problems similar to mine and maybe the authors' daddies were pretty much the same way. Thats the same reason you still dont find any male-female-ing in one of todays leading sf magazines.

The lead novels WERE novels; long, maybe 95 7x10 pages, all in one issue, and when they were later reprinted between boards they didnt have to be padded or manufactured by piecing together novelets.

TWO: I KNOW WHAT I LIKE, AND ITS ART!

Interior illustrations in those days were more alex raymond-ey than picasso-ey. A fellow who never signed his work usually did the illustrations for the lead novel; a big picture and a couple of little ones, right at the beginning. They were superb illustrations, second only to the genius virgil finlay. There was similar use of cross-hatch and about 10^9 dots, although there were no bubbles. I believe the artists name was stevens, and i know nothing else about him other than that he was GOOD. I can still see his brilliant work for sprague de camps THE GLORY THAT WAS. When he didnt do the lead art finlay did, and bless him he usually got in a female with strategically-placed faerie bubbles, whether there was a girl in the story or not. (Dad didnt see those; they were hidden behind the inevitable International Correspondence Schools ads. I have always felt the average mentality/education of most sf readers was considerably above average; obviously ICS disagreed.)

I am personally nuts about the work of wallace wood and kelly freas and grey morrow, and i think emsh and summers and schoenherr are OK, and i have never understood why editors so favored paul orban. But i can come close to weeping when i think of how Edd Cartier used to appear so frequently, and how his krishnans WERE krishnans. And Virgil Finlay...there is and was genius. Taking pen and ink from him—and a similar-styled artist named poulton—and asking him to paint a cover is comparable to playing tchaikovskis fifth or the 1812 on a jarmonica.

Then there was the man i hated. I cannot understand why i never wrote letters to editors about him. His work usually drifted off at the bottom in swampy collections of india ink lines, and in those lines one could usually find his slanting signature: Napoli. He illustrated merwin knows how many stories with pictures lifted from old flash gordon art, usually either reduced or blown up or flopped, which reamy knows means reversed. How did he get away with it? Danged if i know. Maybe he was the ghost of alex raymond. If he wasnt the ghost should have haunted him.

Do you remember? Do you remember those godawful covers, those fine old stories and long lead novels, those superb interior illustrations, those kooky letter columns, those swiftly-yellowing untrimmed edges and covers with hangovers? The return of Captain Future? (If you remember the original c.f. i bow twice.) The excellent comic-book-type art of "astarita", whoever that name masked?

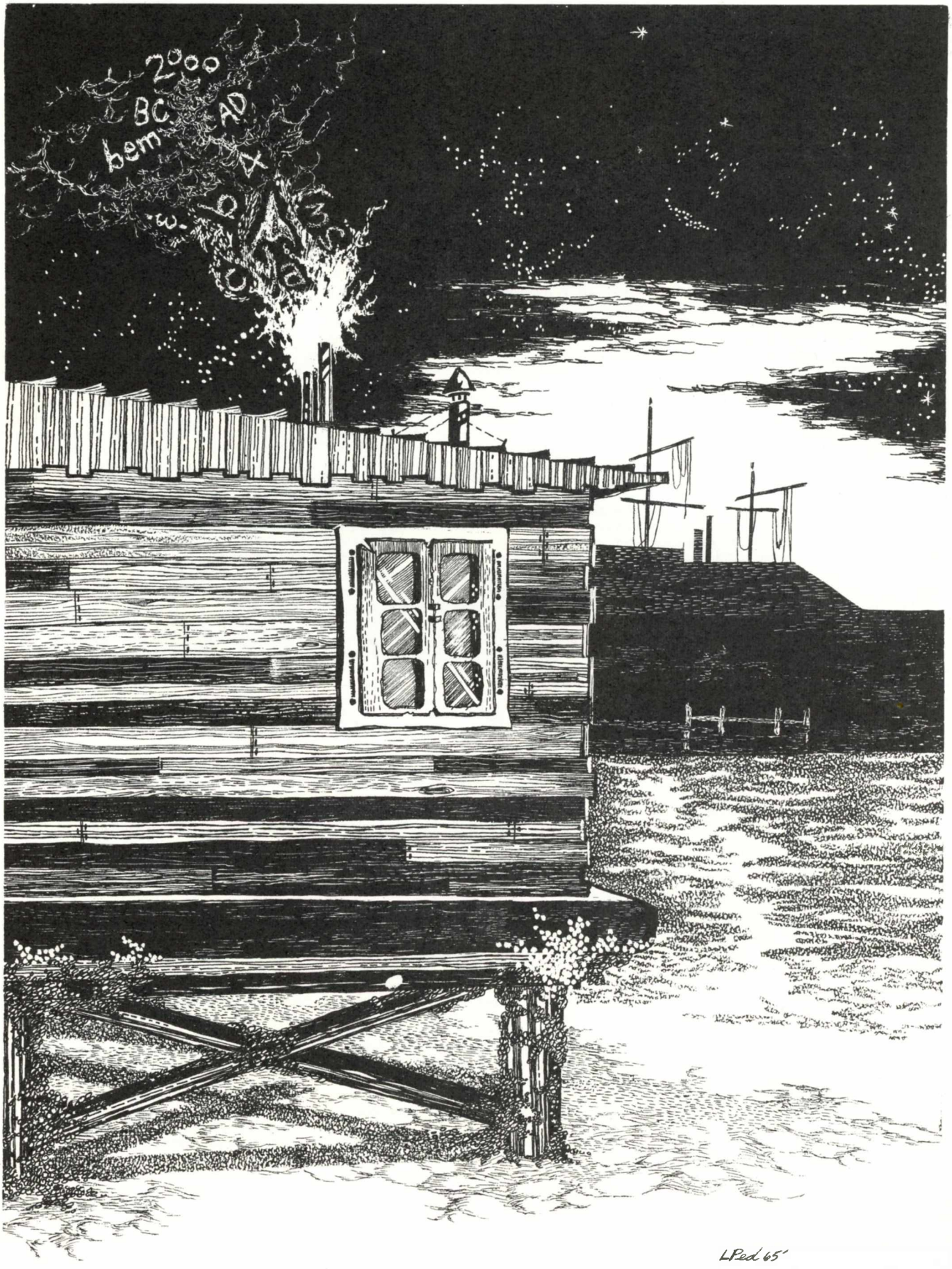
Ah but do you remember Snarly and Sneary and Snaggletooth and a jug of Xeno and the fine and *very* sexy art of Vestal and the advent of a new writer named ray bradbury who in those days wrote stories, rather than sold style to hugh hefner? Remember alfred coppel and regressed worlds and stellar empires and barbarian planets and leigh bracketts Somebody john stark and poul andersons early barbaric thrillers? Titles such as CAPTIVES OF THE CENTAURIANESS and EVIL OUT OF CNZAR and ENCHANTRESS OF VENUS and BEAST-JEWEL OF MARS and THE WARLOCK OF SHARRADOR and THE CONJURER OF VENUS (the last by conan t. troy!)? Pulp edited by PLP? Ads for JUNGLE STORIES and illustrated-comic-booklets-the-kind-men-like-vest-pocket-size and WHY BE LONELY? and here-is-immediate-comfort-for-you-with-rupture-easer? Lord heaven, do you remember PLANET STORIES? Do you remember fondly—even yearn a little for—that dear old magazine in whose pages THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES was born, one chronicle at a time, and whose brief lead "novels" were about 9/10 Conanesque? Those fine old colorful covers, following the same babe+bem+over dressed hero? The strange, dark art-style of Mayan, whose work was as suited to brackett as cartier was to de camp? The completely insane letter column which went on for page after page, maintaining a real fun-thing contact between editor and readers—with nary a scientific discussion?

Gosh, where is rick sneary? Did he grow up and start conforming and dry up and blow away? Where are les and es cole? Paul payne and jerry bixby? Where the devil is alfred coppel, one of whose stories made such an impression on me? I could practically rewrite that sword-and-spaceship tale from memory, with its barebreasted viking princess and its bittersweet ending: THE REBEL OF VALKYR. And no, i dont even have a copy of it...a great loss. Maybe alfred coppel was really that unreconstructed norseman, poul anderson. At least HE is still very much around, thank Something, and still getting better...and always reminding me, pleasantly, of the past and clanging swords and skirling pipes and spaceships full of barbarbarbars and captain dominic flandry and THE STAR PLUNDERER and CAPTIVES OF THE CENTAURIANESS. (Come to think, theres one i'd like to see the supercompetent george barr illustrate!)

I respected the illustrator stevens, and the writers pratt and ceppel and gardner fox and—then—bradbury and the apparent flat-out honesty and integrity of PLANET STORIES and THRILLING PUBLICATIONS.

They were respectable...yet now we say that science fiction has grown up, become *respectable*, even though i have just read a story by an oft-published "writer" which contains the phrase "the other" (meaning the other man involved in the action or conversation) seventeen times in 14 pages. And today i read stories by old Names which were obviously dashed off under the influence, in the dark...and never read or edited, because they were by Names to decorate the cover.

Thats all. I hope you enjoyed wallowing around with me in the halcyon days of pre-respectable science fiction. Its been chatty, and controversial, but never libelous. ●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THE FAN WHO LOST THINGS by EEEvers

All this happened a couple of years ago to one Bruce E. Mattison, science fiction writer, editor and publisher all on thirty dollars a week.

Bem, as he's known to everyone familiar with the term, had sold five or six stories under various pen names, which I wouldn't dare reveal, and was sole editor and publisher of a mimeographed fanzine with perhaps three hundred circulation. He was a major figure in the sub-microcosm of New York science fiction that includes most of the younger Village-type writers and fans of the area, a "rising young pro" and publisher of a highly regarded fanzine. Since the really well known pros and many of the old-time BNFs visit our crowd only occasionally, being past thirty-five and settled or holding college degrees and good jobs or living in Long Beach or Akron or some combination thereof, Bem was at the point where he wasn't expected to bring his own liquor to parties and could talk for two hours on serious sf topics without being laughed or punned down. Practically every New York fanzine, except a few BNF and school sf club zines, dropped his name and comments in every issue.

During the year or so this story covers, Bem probably held six or a dozen dull unskilled jobs, the type aspiring and almost-made writers actually hold, not the ones they tell about in blurb biographies. Bem packed boxes and carried things and delivered coffee to offices forty hours a week and the rest of the time seemed pretty contented with life. He and I shared one of those "East Village" apartments so far over into the Lower East Side slum you can hear the tug boat propellers on the river.

Unlike most fans, Bem was pretty serious about sf and writing and was obviously struggling to either "make it" as a full time, non job holding writer or to build up enough of a reputation to land an editorial-type job with some publishing company or literary agent. He put in a lot of sixteen hour days, eight of them at the typewriter, to the neglect of amateur journalism and the "carefree bohemian way of life." Every once in a while he'd get out a stack of college catalogues (they're mine, if it means anything) and talk about going back to school. Or during his frequent periods between jobs he'd go for an interview wearing coat and tie. I know at least three of the "manuscripts" he kept circulating were actually personal resumes, and it was pretty pathetic some of the places they were addressed.

Bem (actually his few close friends call him Bruce, but I'll use the name known by most of fandom) seemed to know, though, that his only real chance of success lay in the sf field or close to it. I feel I can say this about him because he's already as much as admitted it in the fanzines. He has no leadership ability and very little personal magnetism or salesmanship. He can describe human nature, but can't manipulate it. He is a slow, though thorough, thinker with an excellent but completely unimpressive education consisting of all the superficial information a writer drops into stories, an understanding of several fields of literature and science without the specific facts and training that mark the working specialist, and very few papers to prove any of it. He has hardly any personal connections except an sf editor or two and a couple of small businessmen off in the Midwest where he originally came from. And he's no skilled worker at all—slow learning, slow moving, scatterbrained, and insubordinate. He could get a good job with a once-in-a-lifetime break, but he wouldn't hold it; he could get average-type jobs, but won't stay long enough to advance. And he doesn't quite have the sheer ability to become a great mainstream writer, or any great probability of living through some spectacular experience good for one best seller or two like a Martin Eden. But during the period I'm telling about, he was already a good sf writer and showing signs of becoming a great one, another Heinlein or Sturgeon.

Like many of his crowd, Bem had no love life at all during this period. As has been said of another fan, "his sex life consists mainly of oral and digital intercourse—talking about it and writing about it."

With his reputation in his own little set, this might surprise you, but there were almost no available females in the group. There were plenty of femme fans, but they were either married to fans or living with fans, or totally out of it—meaning the giddy college virgins some of the more uninhibited fanzines call by the right descriptive term and a few utter pigs and others you wouldn't believe if I described them. Bem was far too shy, inhibited, and physically unimpressive to find a girl in the various mundane fashions, and was never quite quick enough with some new femme fan. She was either landed or driven away by some other guy before Bem even noticed her.

But now for the weird part. Bem wrote all his best work by an "automatic writing" process; first draft at his best thirty word a minute typing speed. Nothing very unusual about that—more writers work that way than don't. It's simply removing from the subconscious mind what you put there with a few years of hard work. Not that he couldn't write any other way—Bem could grind it out with sweat and a little blood and six rewrites if he had to, but he'd much rather get his theme, background, and characters in mind, then sit back a few days or weeks and let it flow word by word onto the paper. Bem considered himself the direct heir of the pulp writers—his style, plotting, and general approach were certainly influenced by enough of them, and he was striving for volume also.

Then he started "losing" stories—he'd get the story flowing out of his mind, then find he couldn't put it on paper. It would start coming to him at ninety or a hundred words per minute, far beyond his typing speed, and he didn't have his usual ability to start and stop the word flow at will. He even tried to speak his stories into my tape recorder and failed. Oh the stories were still *there*, theme, plot, characters, even names, but he had to force them onto the paper. At standard rates the stories only earned fifty cents an hour. Besides, his best sweat-and-blood stories were only as good as the worst automatic ones.

For a couple of months the harder he worked the more stories he lost. Finally he consulted the female psychiatrist whose husband hangs around the fringes of New York fandom. She told him it was nothing to worry about, just a trick of an overworked subconscious. Her advice was to stop writing until the condition righted itself, and he did.

After four months of nothing but amateur writing, humorous articles, reviews, and countless letters, to say nothing of dirty limericks and some outright pornography, Bem was still losing stories as fast as ever. True, his fanzine was better known, more highly thought of, than he ever cared for it to be. He was spending more for mimeo paper and ink than for food and books. His resumes kept bouncing back as rapidly as the old manuscripts he was perpetually trying to sell. He was stuck in a dishwashing job among ambitionless grade school dropouts from the slums. With one newly arrived foreigner after another being promoted over his head, he even lost that job.

He cornered the psychiatrist at a party and had quite a scene with her after she suggested he might need real help and gave him the address of the public mental health offices. Instead, he went back to writing, trying to recreate lost stories. His major work was a novel and it was very bad indeed, what I read of it.

Stories of Bem's affliction began circulating through fandom. He countered them with angry "do not quote, do not print" letters which were duly quoted and printed in dozens of fanzines. One imaginative young fan on the West Coast wrote a piece of faan fiction entitled "Mattison's Syndrome or, Who Picked the Brain of the Bem" all about Bem's stories being stolen telepathically by Martians.

Now you probably won't believe the rest of this as you've become used to the smelly crackpot and occult hoaxes which occasionally wander through fandom. I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't been there, and Bem wouldn't even write it himself when I suggested it.

When the novel was half finished, the same title appeared on the newsstands as a paperback original. The theme and plot followed the same lines as Bem's unfinished manuscript; even most of the place and character names were the same. The writing itself was Bem's style, but better than anything he's ever done.

All at once both of us were believers in telepathy if not in literal brain-

picking by ESP. It was no hoax, you don't fake a near breakdown like Bem had.

Working through friends of friends we got a name and address out of the publisher. Behind the house-chosen pen name our tame secretary revealed one Alice Nowell of an RFD route number in a town in Kansas not even listed in my atlas. We even got a xerox copy of the cover letter Miss Nowell had included with the mss to the fee agent who had sold it. She was the twenty year old daughter of a fairly well-known spiritualist medium. Her writing experience was three articles in occult magazines and several hundred letters "from Uncle Harry in the Great Beyond only I think they come from Niece Harriet right in the same room." In all cases she wrote by automatic writing on an electric typewriter. "I'm not only good for a hundred words a minute, I can do six thousand words an hour." I hope she never finds out what the agent wrote on the back of her cover letter.

Bem wrote her naming all the stories he'd lost, including enough detail from each to convince her, if she needed convincing. Since she was already a believer in telepathy by automatic writing, we had hopes of at least a split of her checks. He could perhaps even persuade her to mail back the manuscripts for a secretarial fee.

But his letter came back marked "no forwarding address." She had taken her check for outright sale of the novel and left home. We could have almost expected it, but we couldn't get her new address. We didn't know anyone in the agent's office, and he was one of those high-priced, fairly respected fee agents who wouldn't cheat you blind, only 20/400. We checked all the editorial offices that would let us in and found a flood of Bem's lost short stories, but the agent handled all sales—Alice Nowell was invisible. We began to wonder if even the agent had her address, but I suspected she was right there in New York.

Bem had managed to make himself pretty unwelcome at fan gatherings by this time. He mostly stared at the wall when he wasn't trying to write about the dull little world he worked in, a world he could only describe in cliches because he neither understood nor belonged in it. I kept scouting around, figuring sooner or later Alice would contact the sf crowd—New York will drive anyone, through sheer lonliness, into contact with a common interest group, and I didn't think she would be with the fortune-tellers and spirit-talkers by the way she scurried from home.

She finally came to a sf club meeting —the big monthly one attended by fans from all the splinter groups and occasionally advertised in the papers—a big raw-boned farmgirl type, lots of brown hair and sweat-stains in the armpits of her dress. She didn't attract much interest at the meeting as her knowledge of sf was limited to Wells and Verne and a few modern novels popular in small town libraries. Even her knowledge of fantasy leaned more to Poe and pre-Lovecraft gothic and her occult reading seemed to be virtually everything published before Shaver, Cayce, or even Fort. She was no spectacular beauty even by the rather lenient standards of the group. But she wasn't obviously deformed and had enough of the "more for use than display" quality about her to get her invited to the after-meeting party my own group was holding.

I waited for the inevitable disaster as she drifted without interest from conversation to conversation till she found the corner where her book was being discussed. She was almost smart and cool enough to get by but, eventually in the heat of debate over what had been borrowed from whom, she admitted authorship. Things like that aren't done.

There are ploys and there are hoaxes. Ploys are all right, though there's a limit to whose toes you can step on—usually depending upon your own status. Hoaxes, which are defined as deceptions which can cause more hurt than humor, are out. Impersonating a pro, with a few exceptions when the victim should know better, is a hoax.

How could she mention the Three Laws of Robotics without remembering Asimov's name? Why was her faster than light drive so much like one of Leinster's? Why did her alien planet background revolve around a couple of facets hinted at but not spelled out in novels by Hal Clement and Phil Farmer? In a field where every writer knows and borrows from every other writer, she didn't have a chance. How did she so neatly avoid the cliches she'd never heard of? And finally, where did she get the name Svere Lrae for a character? I hadn't introduced myself to her yet, and I'm afraid I was the one who asked her that.

Her answer was, "For all I know, maybe all this really happened on some planet or other." And she started in with her whole story about automatic writing, mediumship, and the rest. When the fans were through laughing at her, they left her standing in a corner and clotted back into their usual groups to resume their usual talk.

I stayed with her and began reciting all I knew of Bem's "lost" stories, titles, names, the whole bit. She listened. She asked if the novel were mine, since Svere Lrae spelled backwards... I told her no, but I'd take her to the author. She followed me without hesitation, saying something about two minds similar enough to communicate by telepathy. She went up to my place and met Bem and didn't leave that night, but I did.

Now Bem Mattison has a Hugo, a house on the island, a baby daughter, and a wife who shares his bylines. I'm the only one, fan or pro, who knows how they write. He sits musing, hands crossed on his chest, on one side of the room while she types up a blur on the other, and not a word spoken between them. ●

TEXAS RANGER

Lots of people watch movies in theatres and on television. They watch for plot, usually. But how many ever stop to think of all that goes into the making of a good film? Do they ever try to analyze what the cameraman shows? Do they wonder what the director had in mind when a certain scene flashes across the screen?

Movie-making is my hobby rapidly turning into my career. For my own "Elkay" Productions I have produced and directed some thirty-odd story films, twenty-four of which have won some local, national, or international award. Commercially, I have worked with instructional, sales, and minute spots for television.

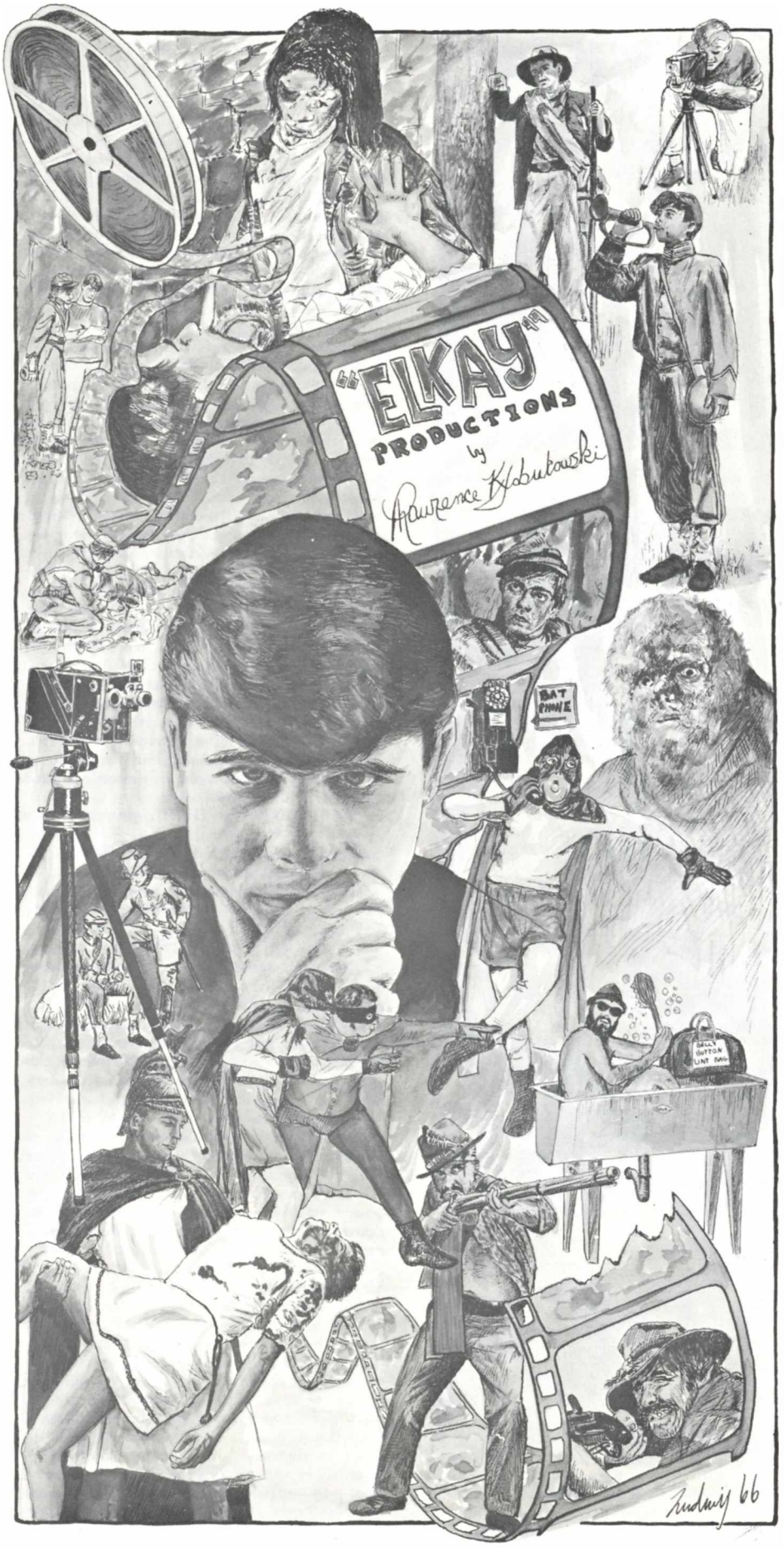
Now, you may think I'm going to start on some technical dissertation on the fine techniques of movie-making. Far from that, as there are enough books in the library on the subject and various magazines carry the same information. By relating my own experiences, perhaps you will gain insight into the world of celluloid.

My own "Elkay" Productions got its start in 1960 when I was sixteen. My first camera was an 8mm Kodak Brownie turret model, a Christmas gift to myself. At first I confined myself to the deadliest of the cinema—home movies! You may be acquainted with the type—Uncle Joe at the family picnic standing on his head after a few too many cool brews, the baby gnawing on the dog's left ear, Mom and Dad waving embarrassingly and going nowhere, and little Stevie throwing up at cousin Nelly's wedding. Well, I ask you, who sits through home movies and really gets a charge out of them.

So, I decided to do something different, make a story film using friends as actors. Having been interested in what Hollywood cranks out, I felt I could do just as well. I was wrong! It takes more than pointing a camera at someone and releasing the shutter. There are scene changes, wide shots, medium shots, close-up shots, and all the places in between. There are things called movie lights and a lens aperture which have to be adjusted before wasting any film.

Our first "success" was "Pots N' Slops" with slapstick ideas borrowed from the Three Stooges. The plot line involved two guys in the restaurant business who constantly botched up every situation. Besides trouble with customers, they never had rent money. Problems were solved by a robust babe appropriately played by a male friend stuffed with volleyballs.

If you have followed any of the Eastman Kodak contests for teenagers, you will find the younger set is obsessed with blood, gore, and violent action. Such was my problem at the beginning. Films following included titles like "Western Surprise" (a science-fiction western), "Rivals of the Treasure" (about blood-thirsty pirates), "The Evil Slayer" (about a blood-thirsty criminal), "Tomahawk Terror" (about blood-thirsty Indians), "Doctor Emile's Mind" (about blood-thirsty mad scientists and a blood-thirsty monster). You know, I sometimes think these blood-thirsty films are



SCENES FROM "JAMIE"

Paul Bentzen

James Corcoran, Paul Bentzen

James Corcoran, Larry Klobukowski, Paul Bentzen

a little bit better than the blood-thirsty Hollywood variety. But I'm prejudiced because I made them.

However, I can site one instance where my "bloody" films got a real reaction. (Too bad Hollywood has to pay people to faint at some of William Castle's premieres.) I was showing films to a group of engineers from India. They had attended a meeting of the Milwaukee Movie Makers, of which I am the youngest member, so I invited them to see some films at my place. "Doctor Emile's Mind" was too much for one of them. In the story, a doctor makes a bet with a crazed fanatic that he can create life. A rotted corpse is operated upon and in the course of the action lots of slimy guts are inserted in the body. A gasp, a heaving sigh, a slump to the floor! We didn't need to count to ten. He was out! When the cold air hit him—his cookies hit the floor. Now, isn't that a compliment? And I didn't have to pay him to do it.

I joined the Milwaukee Movie Makers in 1961. MMM holds its annual competition in February. Contestants are only from our club. My first entry in 1962 was a "bloody" action film entitled "From the Powers of Darkness" which tells the story of three American soldiers captured by the Nazis. It won 1st Place the club's Novice Award. Very encouraging, I might say, and I haven't stopped walking away with the trophies. Permit me to inflate my head!

1962—"From the Powers of Darkness"-1st and Novice Award.
1963—"Tomahawk Terror" - 2nd Place.
1964—"For He Shall Conquer"-2nd Place.
1965—"Black Lady"-1st Place.
"Tarcisius"-2nd Place.
1966—"Crucifixion"-1st Place.
"i can't understand" — 3rd Place.
"Jamie"-4th Place.

At the MMM's 1963 Awards banquet, I was brought to the rude realization that my films were not believable. They had interesting stories and were made well, but lacked believability because my actors played characters not of their own age. We were always trying to be someone older than ourselves —soldiers, doctors, etc.

"Elkay's" first serious attempt at portraying my friends at their own ages was a touching film entitled "For He Shall Conquer". It has been the most successful film to date. Made in 8mm color with an accompanying soundtrack of mood music on tape, the film runs six minutes. It tells the poignant story of a crippled boy who turns to religion in his quest for strength and courage.

The production of the film required more than three weeks of hard work. The motion picture opens with a crippled boy leaning on crutches watching a group of boys playing basketball. Here, and in following scenes, he is ridiculed by other boys. Depressed and in a state of despair, he seeks comfort inside a church where he finds the courage and solace to continue. Later, on his way home, he is confronted by three hoodlums. One, a tough leather-jacketed hood, kicks his crutch from under him, causing him to fall. Angered and tired of his tormenting handicap, the boy musters strength, gets to his feet as if he had been healed by some unknown force. The film closes with the hoods holding the crutches.

Truly, "For He Shall Conquer" was realistic in its presentation. While filming the scene with the hoodlums, a car stopped and a young man jumped out, fists clenched, ready to defend the crippled boy on the ground. Needless to say, when the situation was explained, he drove away with red ears.

There was another interesting experience while filming scenes in church. Jack Roper, who starred as the crippled boy and who is now in Puerto Rico with the Navy, walked down the aisle dragging behind him the crutches. It so happened that several nuns came in for afternoon prayers. One's jaw dropped and we watched a few quick "Hail Marys". A miracle perhaps?

"For He Shall Conquer" was the last film I made while in high school. In college there were exciting titles like "You Just Can't Win", an ironical comedy about the writing of a freshman English theme; "Black Lady", the story of a cardplayer who takes revenge after losing heavily; "Invitation For Dinner", a black humor film with hints of "Arsenic and Old Lace".

There was "Crucifixion", a racial allegory, which told of children crucifying a Negro. They performed the deed because of adult influence. Adults dressed in black personifying evil. The children dressed in white tee-shirts and shorts symbolizing innocence, purity, and youth. Their feet were bare showing they had not filled the shoes of adulthood. A cross was constructed and an American flag used as a prop. The Negro crucified represented the American Negro, although the role was played by a Nigerian student. The film was made during Easter when the Selma riots were the big news.

The wildest "Elkay" film cranked out is a Batman episode entitled "Navel Engagement". The nine minute epic stars the "Batboys" of 3rd Floor Sims at Wisconsin State University, Stevens Point. Skinny, but talented, Paul Bentzen stars as Batman and John "Beast" DeLorme stars as Battub, boy blubber. This name was given him since he weighs well over 200 pounds. Filmed in "living color", this local production might give a layman some insight into the costs of producing a complex television show. It cost $30. That's about $3.00 a minute.

Batman and Battub spend the nine minutes battling the infamous "Navel Gouger", who spreads a wake of terror by doing in innocent persons (usually in washrooms) to obtain their belly button lint. He wants to knit a sweater when he gets enough. The villain is finally apprehended after a chase in the Batmobile—a 1939 Plymouth, as he takes a bath in a stationary tub.

To date, "Elkay" Productions' most ambitious effort is a 16mm black and white film with sound on magnetic stripe. The 17 minute film entitled "Jamie" tells

the Civil War drama of a young Union bugler's act of kindness toward a wounded Confederate.

Starring as Jamie is 15 year-old James Corcoran, a high school freshman. Corky had no previous acting experience, but I knew he could handle the role—and he did. Paul Bentzen co-stars as the wounded Confederate. Paul is a junior at W.S.U.—Stevens Point, majoring in Speech and Drama. He was awarded a trophy by College Theatre for Best Actor in a minor role in 1965.

"Jamie" originally began as a six minute story to be made in 8mm. After two frustrating days, the idea was abandoned. The kid in the lead role couldn't act and the script smelled. It was revived through the efforts of Tony Braffa, an actor from Baltimore who participated in the Stevens Point summer theatre program. Tony helped rewrite the script and a loan of $150.00 got "Jamie" going again.

There is a cast of 300 in the film, especially during the battle sequences. Much of the battle was filmed in West Bend, Wisconsin, where the North-South Skirmish Association was sponsoring for its members a cannon and musket competition. Two of the organization's groups, the 1st Texas Infantry Regiment (Confederate) and the Chicago Light Artillery—Battery 'A', staged a battle in the woods especially for "Jamie". One Confederate was wounded in the arm even though blanks were used.

In charge of the massive number of costumes was David Jurgella, a sophomore at W.S.U. and a member of the 2nd Wisconsin Voluntary Infantry—Company K. Among the organization's functions is the preservation of the military aspects of the American Civil War. Many of the costumes were originals or exact replicas. They were begged, borrowed, but not a cent was spent for rental.

The camera used was a Cine Kodak Special donated by a local camera shop. 1500 feet of film was exposed, but only 630 was used. That's a shooting ratio of about two to one. A lot of the footage was discarded because of poor acting, bad exposure, or because it was just plain useless.

We did have problems in shooting "Jamie". Since part of the outdoor location was near a road, the camera had to be set up to avoid filming automobiles. But, despite all the care, a car or two did end up in a couple of scenes which, of course, had to be reshot.

Corky hurt his hand in football practice during shooting and we had to shoot around the bandage. When this was impossible the bandage was removed for short periods of time.

The weather was another problem. One Sunday, when we planned to shoot scenes of the Union camp, we had a thunder storm. A cloudburst which flooded the streets! We were behind on the schedule, so rain or no rain, we did the scenes.

The most interesting weather problem we encountered was snow. Now, "Jamie" takes place in the summer, so you can imagine how hectic it was fighting to finish before the leaves fell from the trees. It was October already and the leaves were changing or had changed. (Hurray for black and white film!) Well, anyway, there was snow on the ground one morning and this would be the last day of shooting. It was the last day because we spent at least an hour stamping out snow!

Sound for the film is all original. The main theme was composed by Paul Bentzen and played on the banjo by him, with David Jurgella on snare drum and John Primm on tympany. The theme weaves the military with the homespun. Robert Cantrick, Dean of the School of Fine Arts at W.S.U. played the flute improvising on the theme of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home".

(Speaking of music here reminds me of the time Paul Bentzen, John Primm, and I recorded a piece of "music" in a high school shower room. The sounds were to be used for a film about an inmate in a concentration camp, but it was suggested later that the sounds were more like the procession to Calvary. The music was used as the soundtrack for "Crucifixion". Our instruments were a banjo, tapped on to sound like a drum; a gut-bucket (wash-tub bass); coke bottle, coat hanger, church key, and a wet towel. I also did some chanting. Very interesting hunks of sound—repititious, monotonous hammer-like pounding!)

The film will be distributed through the Stevens Point Optimists Club.

So, now you have a background on what I have produced for "Elkay" Productions and you ask yourself "What did he tell me about good movies?" You don't believe my movies are good?

When preparing to make a movie, the first thing you need is an idea. I have gotten ideas for films in the oddest places. When I should have been praying in church I got the idea for "For He Shall Conquer". The Batman t.v. show gave me the idea to pimp the program in my own nutty way. A couple of dreams have influenced films and what better place is there to think than in the john?

After getting the idea it needs to be scripted, that is, putting it down on paper scene for scene as you would like it to appear on the screen. It doesn't always work out that way, but it looks nice, in print anyway.

The next step is budgeting. How much are you willing to spend to make the film come off? Eight millimeter is four times cheaper than 16mm.

Casting is important. You have to be sure you're casting the right person in the right role. I usually type-cast, that is, cast a person in a role he looks. A guy looks like a slob and your script calls for a slob, cast him. Slobs play good slobs anyway and you don't have too many directing problems if the person is playing himself.

Shooting is the easiest part of movie making, though it is time consuming and can be a headache if weather is uncooperative. After the film is processed, the next step is the most important.

Editing can make or break a film. Editing is the process of cutting out bad scenes, but that's not where it stops. I could really get technical here, but I won't; I will say that scene action needs to be matched (screen left to screen right should match the following scene screen left to screen right) and scenes need to be paced. There is nothing more boring than a slow moving film. Show the audience what needs to be shown and cut to something else. As soon as the audience has had a chance to grasp the scene, change it—keep the film going.

Choosing sound isn't a difficult task. It's fun to see what kind of music will fit your particular mood. I used to use a lot of records for sound, but find it even more fun to write original music and have friends play it on guitar or what-have-you.

That's it in six steps—that's what goes into making a movie. The talent in movie making goes deep into each step, and it is a rewarding job to learn to use the deeper techniques.

I learned them, some of them, and there are more for me to learn. I've touched on some in my t.v. commercial business—showing what needs to be shown and stopping there. I've learned to be selective, because it is a challenge to tell something in one minute that perhaps would be easier to tell in ten.

Movies are fun! ●

7-6-66

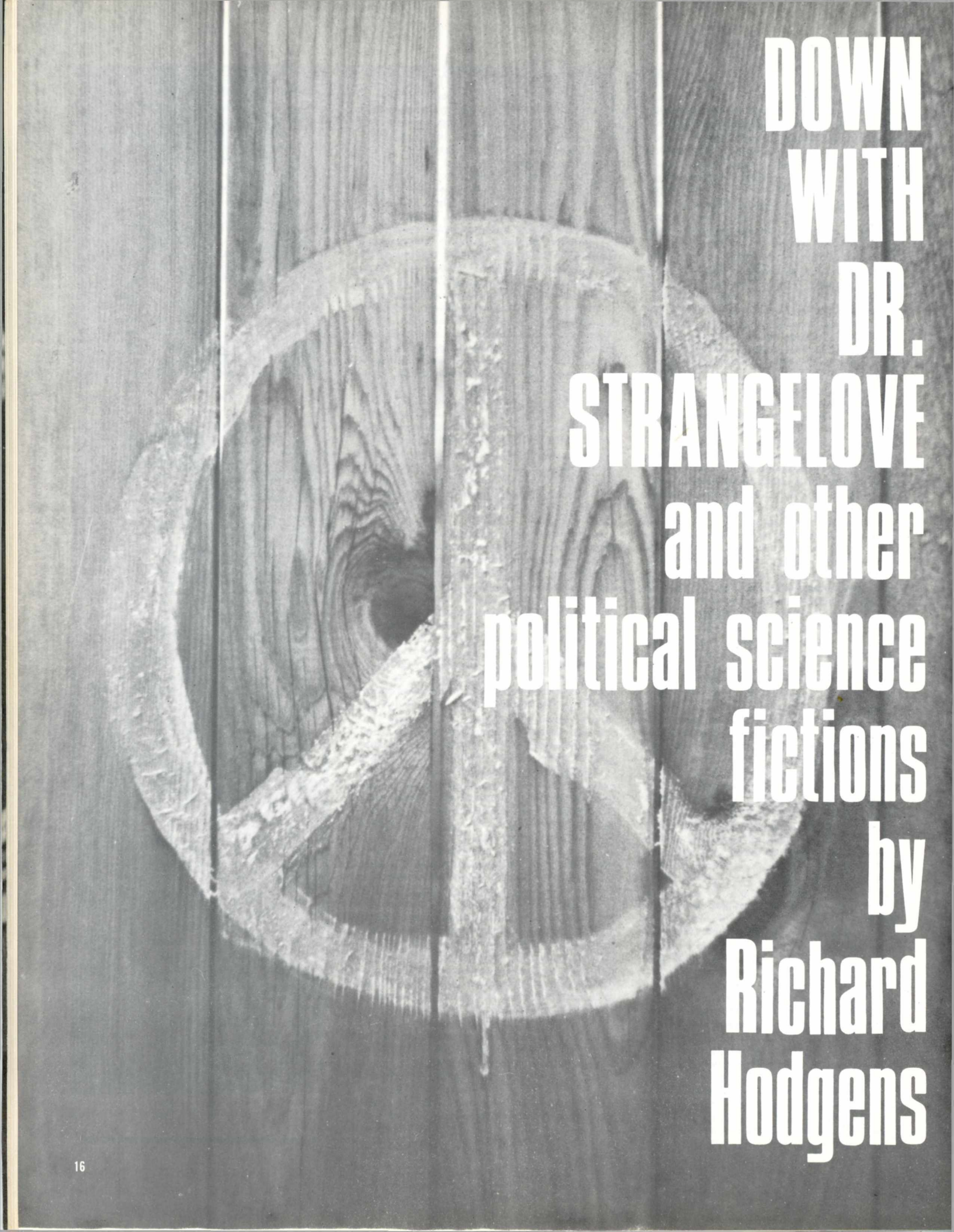
Dear Tom,

Today I attended a funeral in Stevens Point. It was a very sad occasion because the person buried was James Corcoran, the star of "Jamie" and my best friend. He was killed on the 4th of July.

Corky was electrocuted Monday as he attempted to unbolt a trailer which was attached to a tractor he had been driving. The jutting boom of the irrigation trailer struck a 7,200 volt line.

He was born Feb. 1, 1951 in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and would have been a sophomore at Pacelli High School. He was on the "A" Honor Roll. A memorial for the Pacelli debate and speech department has been established in James Corcoran's name.

Yours, (Larry)



DOWN WITH DR. STRANGELOVE and other political science fictions by Richard Hodgens

I had asked Gandhiji how he would meet the atom bomb. Would he meet it with nonviolence?

"Ah, ah!" he said. "How shall I answer that?...I would meet it by prayerful action." He emphasized the word "action", and I asked what form it would take.

"I will not go underground. I will not go into shelters. I will come out into the open and let the pilot see I have not the face of evil against him."

He turned back to his spinning for a moment before continuing.

"The pilot will not see our faces from his great height, I know. But that longing in our hearts that he will not come to harm would reach up to him and his eyes would be opened."

—Margaret Bourke-White, Halfway to Freedom, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1949

They really did not know what they were dealing with, or the nature and degree of the evil thing they were up against. To be so uninstructed...was in itself a kind of derelection of duty.

—A.L. Rowse, Appeasement: a study in political decline, 1933-39, 1961

Science fiction films used to be morally objectionable, in a vague and general way; now they are pointedly political, and twice as bad.[1] With the appearance of political science fiction—*Seven Days in May, Dr. Strangelove, The Best Man*—some critics apparently believe that the American film has discovered a soul, whereas on the contrary it has discovered a tract to the left of the new frontier, and has taken to slander to get there.

In an advertisement for himself and his film, *The Best Man*, Gore Vidal gave reasons as good as any for this:

> The rise of this kind of movie is the result of two things. The first was the Kennedy Administration. For better or worse, the people tended to think of the Kennedys as super-movie stars. ... The second reason is the bomb.[2]

Of course, we have had the bomb with us for some time now, and we have had movies about it, though most were crudely symbolic or merely crude, like *On the Beach*. What is distinctive about the handful of new science fictions is their politics, which probably are a reflection of the enthusiasm with which artists and intellectuals greeted Kennedy and his administration. Politics, one often heard, would be "exciting" at last. At the same time, Kennedy's advent somehow raised hopes for peace, which, to the liberal intellectual, means disarmament.

Vidal's two reasons are related. The slanderous content of these films reflects that same enthusiasm, for Kennedy—movie star that he was—extended a reputable glamor, in the public eye, to the left. If Eisenhower's administration conciliated extremes in American politics, Kennedy's helped place the right in the unfortunate position that the left had occupied when Eisenhower took office. The basic situation is undoubtedly much the same, of course. The left is still "intellectual", the right still popular, and it is only through a great deal of slanderous labelling that the left maintains itself—though we have reached a curious extreme when the assassination of the President by a Communist still excites more vilification of the right than of the left.

American left and right, liberal and conservative, are almost undefinable as positions, of course, since each is a complex network of loosely associated ideas called cliches by the other side.

PHOTO BY GLENN HELM

When Vidal expresses pleasure that audiences seeing *Seven Days in May*

and Dr. *Strangelove* apparently have "an ability to absorb assualts on the national cliches," he might as well have said, "an ability to absorb liberal intellectual cliches," which are surely widespread, if not necessarily national. There is nothing new in the ideas of *Seven Days* or *Strangelove*; the films follow a wearisome, much travelled line. As for absorbtion, audiences can take a lot of bull and hardly notice it, merely to pass the time. With audiences, I suspect, the success of these films is more a matter of aesthetic taste than it is with the critics, whose intellectual tastes oblige them to be encouraged.

When these films, and *Fail Safe*, too, agitate for disarmament, it is only cliche. Earlier films about thermonuclear war declined to tell us who started it. That was cliche, too: we're all responsible. Perhaps it didn't matter to the survivors, doomed or not; but it was a question of interest to the audiences, doomed or not, as they say. Now we have films that answer the question: it was us; deterrence means war; defense is defeat; relatively free societies are even more dangerous than totalitarian ones.

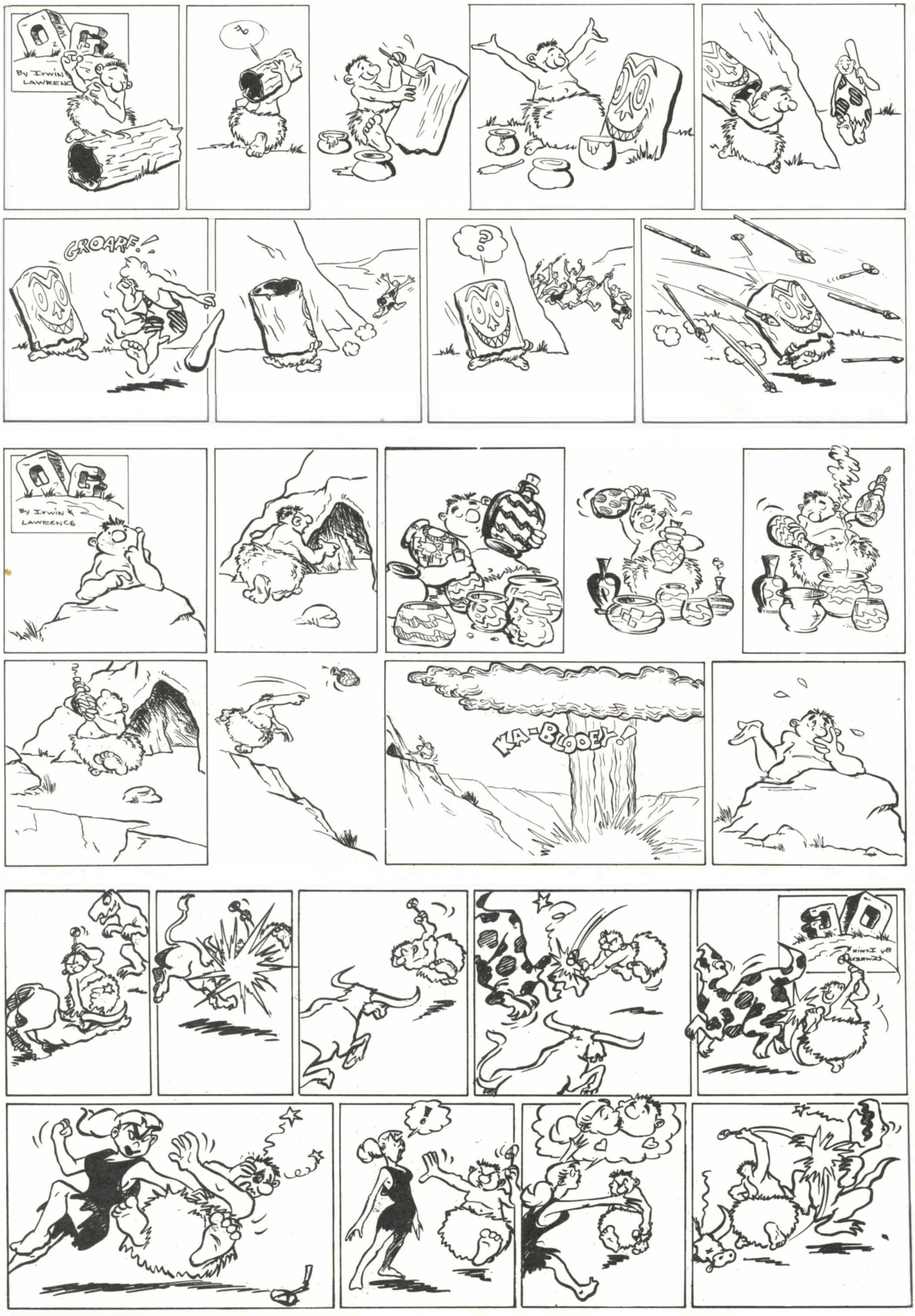
We have heard all this before, somewhere.

> He...thought but cheerlessly of the Advancement of Mankind, and saw in the growing pile of civilization only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end. If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so.
>
> — H.G. Wells, The Time Machine, 1895

We have not seen much of the more ordinary, or less blatant, if still tainted science fiction lately—too little of the genre, too much of the mainstream, though a partial explanation lies in the abundance of fantastic horror, myth and history. Among the acceptable productions have been *The Deadly Invention*, *The Time Machine*, and the more recent *Children of the Damned*—to list them in descending order of quality and, coincidentally, ascending propagandistic content.

I would say that Karel Zeman's *Deadly Invention* is a better film than *Strangelove*, message aside, and that *The Time Machine* is no worse. One critic called *Strangelove* "a reality that becomes fantasy and, by extension, a fantasy that could easily become reality."[3] Logically, quite an extension, but he means that the film's techniques emphasize the unreality of what he takes to be not improbable events, thereby convincing him all the more, I think. *Deadly Invention* is somewhat simpler; it is a fantasy that becomes convincing through consistently intelligent, fantastic technique. If unconventional style were a reasonable criterion of quality, *Deadly Invention* would have to be judged far superior to *Strangelove* for that alone. (Of course you could say that Zeman's "animated engravings" look too much like a collage novel by Max Ernst; but how many movies do? And *Strangelove* looks just like a movie.) The only criticisms I would have of Zeman's film are that there are some excessive misuses of sea-life, a few excessively implausable gags, and inadequate explosions. Quaint as it is, one does not feel that quaintness is all; unlike other adaptations of Jules Verne, one does not feel that its entire appeal lies in the fact that it is so thoroughly dated, a comfortably false future predicted and passed by so long ago, the future as part of the last century. On the other hand, the charge that "Zeman presents contemporary problems in antique guise" need not concern anyone. If Zeman intended contemporary allegory or propaganda, we can congratulate him on the intelligence and skill which inevitably led to his failure. If a band of pirates kidnaps a scientist who developes the ultimate weapon, and if it takes an international police force to deal with the situation, who could object? *Deadly Invention* is not a poster but an entertainment.[4]

I could object to *The Time Machine*, but only because it's silly. The adaptation was most unfortunate in its alteration of H.G. Wells' socialist significance to the theme that obsessed him in later works: the War that ends the world, or at least the civilization of man. In the film, the cannibal Morlocks underground are not a degenerate proletariate, but shelter dwellers, and the White Sphynx is an air-raid alarm, and the drills are dreadful. What saved the novel was that its "meaning" (which no true Socialist


By Irwin & LAWRENCE
GROARF!
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By Irwin & LAWRENCE
KA-BLOOEY!

could accept either as allegory or prophecy) is the Time Traveler's interpretation, and quite convincing as that. It would have been better if the adaptation had used it as it is, or forgotten significance entirely. Wells, in any case, was a brilliant writer, and the film is merely adequate. What finally ruins it is all the talk; for, from the moment the Time Traveler climbs on his machine, hardly a word is needed, but from that moment all we hear is talk, and if he is not talking to himself he converses with the Eloi of 830th-century London. Their English is broken, their accent American. (*Deadly Invention* is also cast as narrative, but the narrative shows a sense of cinematic proportion.)

Children of the Damned is not incompetent, but it is a debacle; like the new "mainstream" science fiction, it is a wickedly liberal allegory preaching need for disarmament, internationalism, and pacifism or death or both on account of the danger of intentional or accidental war. We are the damned, of course—*homo sapiens* and also *homo superior*, if the wretched children of the title are truly representative of the future race. The original screenplay is supposed to be a sequel to John Wyndham's *The Midwich Cuckoos*, as filmed under the title *Village of the Damned*. (The trouble with that one was its implication that since conformity is a bad thing, we must destroy conformists.) Actually, the film uses the idea of virgin birth, but otherwise looks like a parody of Olaf Stapledon's *Odd John*. In a UNESCO project, the exceptional children are gathered from all over the world—from the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., England, China, Nigeria and India—in London. All of them manage to escape, and they hide in a ruined church ("Something out to do something about the state of religion in this country.") The grownups decide that the children are not really people; besides, since they are involuntary (?) telepaths, they are not much good to their respective governments as natural resources. The children try self defense, but they learn a Better Way and realize that they have come in our time to be destroyed, presumably as an object lesson of some sort. Despite the pathetic willingness to serve, they might have failed were it not for a carelessly placed screwdriver, which shorts a signal device and sends an unwitting order to fire. The church is utterly ruined; c.u.: the screwdriver. "Some good ideas, but..." judged *Sight and Sound*, the *Films in Review* of the Left, as one might expect; but it is obviously a case of all bad ideas and...

Those bad ideas are the same ones we find in *Seven Days in May*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *Fail Safe*, but the new, mainstream science fiction claims more serious attention, as art. I do not know that it deserves such attention. Of course, one can judge any poster for its design, but the important thing about most posters is what they say.

"The League of Good Americans is merely another name for Dr. Fu Manchu..."[5]

—Sax Rohmer, President Fu Manchu, 1936

Advise and Consent probably started it all. It will be remembered that Otto Preminger liberalized Alan Drury's conservative novel when he filmed it, though liberal critics took the liberal, blackmailing demogogue he retained as a sort of contradiction in terms. Then there was Gore Vidal's *The Best Man*, a play in which blackmail is initiated by the more conservative candidate. (The film version was delayed so that it might help stop Goldwater.) Both these works are mundane, but both are close to the vague line between parody and prophecy. *The Manchurian Candidate*, which Frank Sinatra allegedly refrained from producing until Kennedy granted permission, added the conventions of the thriller to this sort of confusion.

The Manchurian Candidate is adapted from Richard Condon's McCarthyistic burlesque thriller about McCarthyism, published in 1959. Novel and film might fairly be considered as "extremist." From right and from left, the film at least was suspected of Communistic or Fascistic taint. While such charges seem based on misunderstanding, and while it should not be necessary to remind the right that not all opponents of McCarthy, nor even all slanderers of him, were Communists, nor to remind both right and left that not all Kennedy Democrats were Fascists, a certain amount of misunderstanding is inevitable.

Apparently the film did not enhance American prestige abroad. It is hard to care much, since if it did not the reason seems to have been that it was taken as undiluted anti-Communist propaganda. The science fiction in the film —Communist "brainwashing" that would not work that way, would not break down that way, and probably could not be undone that way—is unconvincing; but the basic political assumption—that the Communist powers are interested in the downfall of the non-Communist powers—is hardly propaganda.

We, of course, are more inclined to view the film as anti-anti-Communist propaganda than as anti-Communist propaganda, but obviously the film can be taken as both, in its curious way. The position should not be difficult to understand even for those who do not know that McCarthy (who is burlesqued not by a future Senator, much less intelligent but much more powerful, but by a contemporary of Joe's whom he somehow failed to notice) found opposition from right and center as well as from extreme left. Of course, it is a mistake to identify anti-Communism as McCarthyism, but it is an identification the film tends to make. Where things get confusing is where the film also implies that McCarthy found support from Communists, for the McCarthyistic Senator is actually the Kremlin's tool. Indeed, that seems to be the main reason the film has to offer for its anti-McCarthyism, or anti-anti-Communism. If the idea—which probably originated with President Truman in 1950, the very year McCarthy "discovered Communism"—is supposed to be that McCarthy disgraced the nation, thereby furthuring the Communists' cause, the reported effect of the film abroad is indeed ironic. At any rate, slander of a reputed slanderer is perhaps defensable. But the further implication, that McCarthyism and, indeed, the entire American right is really the same as Communism, is entirely unacceptable. Even if it is intended as an implication that all totalitarianisms are as bad as each other to the degree that they are totalitarian, it can hardly be clear in a film that makes so few distinctions (and what was totalitarian about McCarthyism? and what has either to do with the American right, especially if by "right" you mean "Republican"?), and also implies contempt for democratic processes.

The last implication comes by default, or is the byproduct of another point the film tries to make; for, if it is both anti-Communist (at least to the extent that Communism poses a violent threat) and anti-anti-Communist (at least to the extent that anti-Communists may be fools and villains posing an equal and perhaps identical threat), it is also anti-Republican, with less fervor but without qualification. (There is an un-McCarthyistic—that is, "liberal"—Republican Senator, but he's a bumbling fool, anyway.) And since we never see any Democrats (unless you assume that Sinatra is one), we are given the choice of assuming that they are wise and good men or, more reasonably, that the democratic Republic is worth preserving only because it is ours, or only to the extent that it is not Theirs.

The Manchurian Candidate can be taken too seriously, and has been, but these are serious matters; it is merely a good thriller, but it raises them. Of course, one can take it as mere convention that the menace on the right should turn out to be the left, or vice-versa—merely the principle of the guilt of the least likely suspect.

"And why," wondered Peter John Dyer in *Sight and Sound*, "does Shaw (the brainwashed assassin) play out the finale in clerical garb? It's all very intriguing."[6] Well, it's complicated; so is *The Girl Hunters*, and so what? It is characteristic of the film's tone that Shaw does so to (a) shock and irritate the audience and then, when he assassinates the villainous Vice-Presidential nominee instead of the foolish Presidential nominee (that is, McCarthy, his step-father, not to mention the real villain, his mother, instead of somebody else), to (b) pacify us, meanwhile (c) amusing us. The disguise is his mother's idea, and it is in keeping with her thorough duplicity. Whatever one thinks of the Roman Church, one would not ordinarily associate it with Communist assassins. Apparently, the woman expects her son to be caught; in Condon's novel, she expects a Communist assassin's use of clerical garb to "keep a lot of people enraged" and (to paraphrase) help sweep her husband into the White House with powers that will make martial law look like mere anarchy. Her several assumptions have little or no foundation, but then, she's mad.

There are unfortunate implications again, of course. One remembers where McCarthy (not to mention Kennedy) gained some of his support. The spectacle of a Communist tool as a priest and a decorated war-hero as a Communist tool underlines the notion of anti-

Communism as fraudulent or even dangerous; the decorated priest as loyal avenger is poetically just, as is the staging of his vengeful assassination of the would-be assassins. One does not assume disguises or misuse symbols with impunity in any thriller. As for implications, however, some Americans do not find the spectacle of a soldier in clerical garb solving a political problem to their taste, though the problem admittedly is an extreme one. Here's where the "fascism" gets a bit strong, but the novel at this point is more logical and yet more "fascistic" in unintentional (?) implication.

In details as in general, *The Manchurian Candidate* poses puzzles that are more irritating than intriguing. For example, when the brainwasher Yen Lo says, "If kill we must for a better New York..." (the adapter's line, as I recall), what does it mean to someone unfamiliar with all those holes in New York, and Con Edison's apologetic signs over them? When Sergeant Marco, the hero, asks the girl on the train, "Are you Arabic?", it is because she looks it in the novel; but Janet Leigh doesn't look very Arabic, so what it means in the film is beyond conjecture. Politically, the film is such a mess of implications (Democrat, if not liberal) that a reasonable statement of them would require a volume of qualifications. Even those who feel that the film's makers have their hearts in the right place might wish they had kept their heads.

If there is anything to this survival-after-death business, I am going to look up the man who invented the bow and arrow and take him apart with my bare hands.

Robert A. Heinlein,
"Solution Unsatisfactory," 1941

Seven Days in May is less a thriller, more a pamphlet. There is no doubting its meaning. There is little else to it. It digresses, it bores, it makes speeches, and all its argument is elementary, more personality than idea.

The novel by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II (New York, Harper & Row, 1962) is one of those mundane science fictions. It clearly takes place in the future, and does not parody present or past, but it conveys virtually no sense of change between the present and 1976—except, of course, that the Chiefs of Staff are plotting to take over the government, and the President can count on help from six or seven people. And then there are the reasons for this extraordinary state of affairs. Most important, the President has signed a vague disarmament treaty involving the dismantling, one for one, of nuclear warheads, with neutral inspection, and lots of luck. The Senate has consented. The militarists are worried, as they might well be. Besides, they resent their low wages, not to mention the lack of fringe benefits. Businessmen are mad, too, and the President's popularity is down to 29% according to Gallup. When the President learns of the plot, he worries about the constitution. This is fortunate, because all the other good guys worry about the President himself.

The author's arguments cut both ways. While they strive to alarm us about militarism, they cannot help but also warn against simple civilian folly. While their President's concern for the Constitution is obviously their own, the state of emergency they must suggest in order to make their villains plausible raises a certain concern for the nation itself. It is all very well to ask, what good is the nation without the Constitution? But then, what good is the Constitution without the nation? Even a Constitutionalist might hope that if the nation itself were threatened, somebody might do something. Bailey and Knebel realize this, and as it turns out the President isn't stupid after all, and the nation is not in real danger, so the threat the villains pose far exceeds the one they seek to avert.

On the more personal level, which Rod Serling's adaptation emphasizes, there are unfortunate implications. It is all very well to oppose authoritarianism, but who and what is the President? *Seven Days in May* implies an absolute endorsement of the President, employing anti-authoritarianism on behalf of higher authority—nothing new for liberal propaganda. Why do liberals so often worry about Generals, so rarely worry about Presidents? Is it the uniform that bothers them? Or is it simply that recent Presidents have been more or less liberal, and liberals have come to believe that only a strong and infallible executive can get them what they want? (What they want in this particular case is disarmament, and nobody else does.) Congress, incidentally, is represented by two Senators, one (R., no doubt, Calif.) plotting with the Generals, the other (D., Ga.) giving up drink to save the President.

Director John Frankenheimer has not managed to do as well with this as he did with *The Manchurian Candidate*. Without all those shocks and diversions, his work loses much of its interest. On the other hand, one could say that here he preserves a reasonable sense of proportion, once past the opening scene. The cast does very well; it is almost immediately apparent whom we ought to like and whom we ought to detest; but beyond that there is little to be noted about the familiar stars except that Frederic March, who can take any character apart quite painfully, refrains from displaying any embarrassing weakness in the President.

The titles are amusing. Behind them, as the camera pans down the seven articles of the Constitution, we see an ominous, clumsy scrawl: "1, 2, 3" and so on. Fortunately for the mood of the film, we cannot read the defaced document. The scrawl turns into a cluster of arrows, which turn out to be those of the Seal. The arrows are echoed by seven missiles thrust between us and the White House. And the missiles dissolve into the iron fence surrounding the mansion. The symbolism here is fitting, but probably inadvertent.

We then find ourselves amidst pickets outside the fence. There are some against the disarmament treaty, and some for it. Frankenheimer's taste for chaos detracts from what might be the first big point; the audience does not have enough time to orient itself before the riot breaks out, and it is hard to tell if those for the treaty are nice people and those opposed are not, and hard to tell who starts it.

Inside the White House, we learn about the President's high blood pressure and unpopularity, and so we immediately sympathize. When he tells us quite clearly that he signed the treaty because otherwise war is inevitable, and when the good Senator points out that public discontent is obviously economic, there is no question what line the film

will follow; but what follows is worse than one would reasonably expect.

It is interesting to note the point at which Colonel "Jiggs" Casey (Kirk Douglas), the hero, finally decides there really is a plot brewing in the Pentagon. The archvillain, General Scott (Burt Lancaster) is at a veteran's rally of some sort, and Jiggs watches it on television. A right-wing commentator gives the General a corny introduction, and the audience takes to shouting, "We want Scott!" There is great opportunity here for sinister looking close-ups (leading us to suppose that a sharp-eyed left-winger is editing the show, as usual). Scott makes a brief statement of loyalty and patriotism (or should I say, "super-patriotism"). Jiggs has had his suspicions, but that does it, apparently. Jiggs is a Marine, but even he knows that anyone who says we should be loyal to our country must be out to ruin it. He phones the President.

When, in the course of duty, Jiggs gets around to misleading Scott's former mistress (poor Ava Gardner), we learn the root of the General's evil. Scott "never really felt anything," she says. Naturally not. By definition, the wicked are unfeeling. That is, they are illiberal. But how, one wonders, did he come to write those incriminating love letters that Jiggs is after? He would do anything to *amuse* himself, she explains. So perhaps he did feel something after all? He used her, she confesses, "as his private plane." It is a remarkable simile, and though it also reflects the liberal line of cliches, it would be ungrateful to object to it. The lady is hurt when Jiggs steals her letters. She thinks he's "cleaning out Scott's privy." She seems happy to see him again when she realizes the theft was not intended to protect Scott but to blackmail him.

In the confrontation of President and usurper, Scott is granted a moment to say that he feels the present emergency justifies his extraordinary behavior; but of course he is a hypocrite anyway. And as for argument, the President's clinching one is that if a military coup succeeded in the U.S., the U.S.S.R. would violate the treaty or even attack. Scott is not too bright, either. He does not point out that he is working on the assumption that they will violate the treaty in any case, or that he hopes to retain, not restore, the deterrent that the President has not yet succeeded in eliminating, or that the Russians could not be that stupid. As for the plot, the President cannot bring himself to use those love letters. Luckily, he obtains a more damaging and pertinent document.

Finally, a name is put to Scott's hubris, and it is "megalomania." Scott is so megalomaniacal in fact that, in the film's big, advertised confrontation—not with the President, but with Jiggs Casey—he suggests that Jiggs is Judas. Jiggs promptly calls *him* Judas. This not only solves the Constitutional question once and for all, but leads to a more elevated one. It was the President himself who called the coup a "crucifixion." And what better Authority could we ask?

This infallible liberal can afford to be magnanimous as well as right. (After all, what does "liberal" mean?) The enemy, he assures us, is not Scott, nor even the "lunatic fringe." The enemy is the nuclear age, that is, the existence of nuclear weapons, a frightening fact which utterly frustrates us all. (What is it that we want to do, I wonder, that the bomb keeps us from doing?) In this universal terror, he goes on, the lunatic fringe looks for a Messiah (he should have said anti-Christ, surely) in men like McCarthy, Walker and Scott. (Others, to be sure, look elsewhere.) A more striking similarity of the three, I would have thought, is the attitude displayed toward them by their liberal opposition. It is clearly assassination of character to compare McCarthy with Scott, and while Walker was defended and even praised from the right, he seems to have been shot at from the left.

Serling and company cannot leave this much as it is. At the end, their messianic President must assure the nation that it has not "lost its greatness," that "the whisperers, the detractors, the violent men...are wrong," that liberty throughout the world is possible without war. We can and must, therefore, disarm. Of course, this is precisely what this sort of President would say. But Serling, Frankenheimer and even March seem to want us to believe that they mean it.

All this nonsense exaggerates the novel's faults beyond all reason or excuse, along the usual liberal line.

The liberal critics received *Seven Days in May* less enthusiastically than they received *Dr. Strangelove*. Not, I would guess, because they liked its assumption less for they are much the same, but because *Seven Days* dramatizes the assumptions in a more literal, rational manner, or attempts to. The manner is not merely less fashionable, but it makes the matter much less persuasive. Even so, the film's mere existence assured at least one critic "that the country has passed through the worst stages of its lunatic panic."[7]

And another critic, Arthur Knight, was quite taken, or taken in, by the film. His review, entitled "Heavy, heavy what hangs over",[8] is as transparent as its subject. Obviously, he feels that the film is good because it is right (though he does say that Frankenheimer is "Probably the most frenetic picture-maker in Hollywood today," and he probably means it as praise). Knight's bias is clear in such amusing phrases as, "the liberal but not notably popular President." In conclusion, he claims that

> ...behind the melodrama, and despite Serling's frequently platitudinous dialogue, motivating both the action and its denouement is a simple, clear understanding of what democracy is all about. And the no less simple and clear statement that the makers of this film are in favor of it.

Actually, of course, it is not democracy that they claim to be in favor of, anyway. What is clear and simple is that they want a liberal President who could disarm us.

Knight also thinks the film says,

> ...with great urgency and some eloquence...that the destruction of our democracy is an act of subversion, no matter how patriotically motivated, and that our country, shorn of its Constitution, becomes a meaningless symbol.

In order to make this point, incidentally, the authors create a situation wherein democracy would speedily accomplish what the villainous plot intends; but I would not be so harsh as to agree that one of their points is that the country without the Constitution would be a symbol, meaningless or not. Whether Knight's trouble is clear thinking or clear language must remain an open question, however, when he can also write that

> Rod Serling's adaptation...leaves no doubt that the authoritarian superpatriots, faced by another authoritarianism have no faith in our constitutional form of government and in their fright and isolation would destroy it without compunction. But in the name of patriotism.

The other authoritarianism, I assume, is not liberalism whenever the President is liberal, but Communism. But which superpatriots, I wonder? Rod Serling's, I hope; I hope that Knight does not really judge the present world by what Serling tells us about 1776.

Certain questions are easily answered (such as, should we overthrow the government?), especially when they are posed in contexts invented by those who have an interest in the right answer (such as, no). But suppose it really were a choice between destruction and revolution? Or suppose the threat to the Constitution came from the White House, not from the Pentagon? (More likely, isn't it?) Suppose again that there were no chance of impeachment, as in the novel and, presumably, in the film? (Likely, isn't it?) That might present the liberal intellectual with an interesting question. Or perhaps not so interesting; then the other side of the liberal phobia would come to light, and we would find the military denounced for criminal loyalty. At any rate, *Seven Days in May* is no more than a cheap diversion.

> —somebody somewhere ought to have stopped something, but who or how or why were all beyond his ken.
>
> —H.G. Wells, The War in the Air, 1907

Dr. Strangelove or: how I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb, the most shameful American film in some years, is the masterpiece of the new genre. The reviews have been extraordinary. Dwight Macdonald, more moderate than most critics, praised it in *Esquire* as "a lafforama that leaves one with a painful grin on the face and a brassy taste in the mouth."[9] All right, if you like that sort of thing; and the same can be said of reviews by Tom Milne in *Sight and Sound* ("tough"[10]), Stanley Kauffmann in *The New Republic* ("blow-torch assualt"[11]), Robert Hatch in *The Nation* ("may be more effective as sadistic humor than as adult education," but "overall it holds a cold blade of scorn against the spectator's throat"[12]), and so forth.

But my favorite review is Robert Brustein's in *The New York Review of Books*. Brustein writes of *Dr. Strangelove* with all the good sense Arthur Knight brought to bear on *Seven Days in May*, and he praises the film as "a plague...a dilirium, a conflagration, a social disaster."[13] Not only that, but

> Conservatives will find it subversive, liberals will find it irresponsible, utopians will find it bleak, humanitarians will find it inhuman—*Dr. Strangelove* is all these things. But it also releases...those feelings of impotence and frustration that are consuming us all...

Well, Brustein and Rod Serling anyway, since they say so.

Dr. Strangelove, a farce about the end of the world, is adapted from *Red Alert* (or *Two Hours to Doom*), by Peter Bryant, a straight science fiction novel about "accidental" nuclear war that anticipated the more popular *Fail Safe* to a litigious degree.[14] The first similarity, in fact, lies in the preface where the author claims serious attention. Bryant wrote that his thriller

> ...is a story which could happen. It may even be happening as you read these words. And then it really will be two hours to doom.
>
> Yours and mine and every other living creature's.

Stanley Kubrick, like Herman Kahn, was impressed. According to *Newsweek*, Kubrick had intended a straight adaptation, but found himself wondering (for example), "How the hell could the President ever tell the Russian Premier to shoot down American planes? Good Lord, it sounds ridiculous."[15] So he had to make a comedy. This might be taken as a naive confession of predestined failure; but since Kubrick seems neither naive nor untalented, we perhaps may be forgiven for taking it as another sort of excuse. Now Kubrick says, "The greatest message of the film is in the laughs. You know, it's true! The most realistic things are the funniest."

Dr. Strangelove is not all that funny, though one can readily tell that much of it is meant to be.[16] But as for truth, there is none. Kubrick's comic treatment of his nightmare subject, however, can serve as quite an excuse. He can make his protest, and who can object that it is a lie and a slander? If it's funny, it's not serious, is it? "Satire" serves as license. For example, Brustein forestalls criticism in this manner:

> To avoid a repetition of Mr. [Sidney] Hook's embarrassing performance on behalf of *Fail Safe*, where he wrote some eighty-odd pages of closely reasoned, technical argumentation to refute the premise of a cheap, best-selling fantasy, let me announce that *Dr. Strangelove* is frankly offered to the audience as a cinematic sick joke, and that it is based less on verifiable facts than on unconscious terrors...

This position is at obvious variance with Kubrick's claim, but from it Brustein can imply that it is the purest philistinism to point out that the film's terrors are contrary to fact.[17] The fact is that this sick joke works well only for those who can agree with its premises—leaving aside those who object to sickness in itself. One might say that sick jokes, like the bomb, are legitimate defense; one might ask, however, who is defending whom from what and why.

For Brustein, "to witness the end of the world as a comic event is, indeed, to stop worrying and to love the Bomb." Apparently the film had considerable therapeutic value for him. I had taken the title as obvious sarcasm, however; and I must point out that Brustein does not seem to love the bomb at all, nor even to have stopped worrying. And as for therapeutic value, I am sure that for most people the film offers just as much as does the average film of violence and horror, with the average sort of sick humor. There remains a question of taste in the sense of mere good manners. Kubrick has none, and if it takes slander to help out Brustein and those for whom he may speak, the price is too high.

But evidently Kubrick does not want his audience to dismiss the whole problem. After all, "it's real." His savage humor has a direction. W. H. von Dreele, in *National Review*, puts it too kindly when he says that Kubrick's theme is that

> Ideology stupidly pits man against man. It is especially stupid when nations possess nuclear weapons. Let us abandon ideology and base our lives on something else.[18]

Such a theme would be no surprise, of course; many liberals will tell you that we must base our lives on love alone, and hate those who do not. But the theme of *Dr. Strangelove* seems to go no farther than, "Let us abandon weapons." At any rate, Kubrick's means are vicious and hysterical. *Dr. Strangelove* actually relies on the dreadful subject of its melodrama for its effect. The humor seems merely a glaze, but it is important, for as in most comic melodramas the comedy is the reason we accept the implausibility of the drama. However, unlike most comic melodrama, humor and plot are not inseparable in *Dr. Strangelove*. Kubrick employs every variety of humor in the film, because only if the drama seems plausible can the propaganda work. It is rather like a desparate *Carry On...* comedy with something to sell.

Penelope Huston of *Sight and Sound* hated to share all the laughter in *I'm All Right, Jack* because it was directed against left as well as right. Some critics might hate to share all the laughter in *Dr. Strangelove* because some of it is directed against the Soviet Union. But this, like everything else in the film, is the straight liberal line. There is no objectivity in *Dr. Strangelove*. There is no other side. There is nothing—or almost nothing—that could offend the American liberal intellectual. If there is a single joke at the expense of our left, I missed it; and for a film that covers all the territory this one does, the omissions are remarkable.

There are, to be sure, assumptions as well as cliches in the film. While they are tenable, they are used as propaganda. The initial assumption is that thermonuclear war by "human accident" is possible. Granting Kubrick that truth, he might have invented an objective and viable dramatization of it. The secondary assumption is that the end of all life could result from such war. Granted again, but again the dramatization lacks any conviction. In both cases, the Truth presumably transcends the petty details of the truth. Besides, it's a comedy. But to stress these possibilities as Kubrick has done, and to utterly ignore alternatives as he has done also, is to propagandize most recklessly. To go further, and make slander of the argument, is unforgivable.

After the title, the film's first joke is the statement that serves as Foreward, sarcasm of dishonest intent, though it is undoubtedly true that (to paraphrase) the USAF has stated that the events depicted are impossible. One may take it as an admission or concession, but Kubrick and Columbia must know better. And then there is the line about resemblances being coincidental, too: another joke, another insult to the intelligence.

Liberal cliche promptly appears with the titles. Behind their "irreverent" or "non-rigid" or childish scrawl (as in lavatories), a bomber is refueled in air to the tune of "Try a Little Tenderness." The symbolism is gauche. To most people, technology is the way things can be done; to the liberal intellectual, it is psychopathological ritual. We are asked, in effect, to take a remarkable

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technological feat for a ridiculously obvious Freudianism, and the trick is arch and cheap.

Having read the reviews, I knew it was funny, and I knew about the other laughs, too. I didn't expect to get past the one about flouridation, which I expected soon after the narration, without gagging. (Actually, of course, I was rather nauseated before the film began.) But I was surprised to see that opposition to flouridation, as the motive for the premeditated provocation of a World War, seemed sufficiently important to the adapters to be treated carefully, at length and in some detail. It is not just another pointed gag, but a gradually, dramatically revealed point, that General Jack D. Ripper considers flouridation a Communist plot against the purity of our bodily fluids.

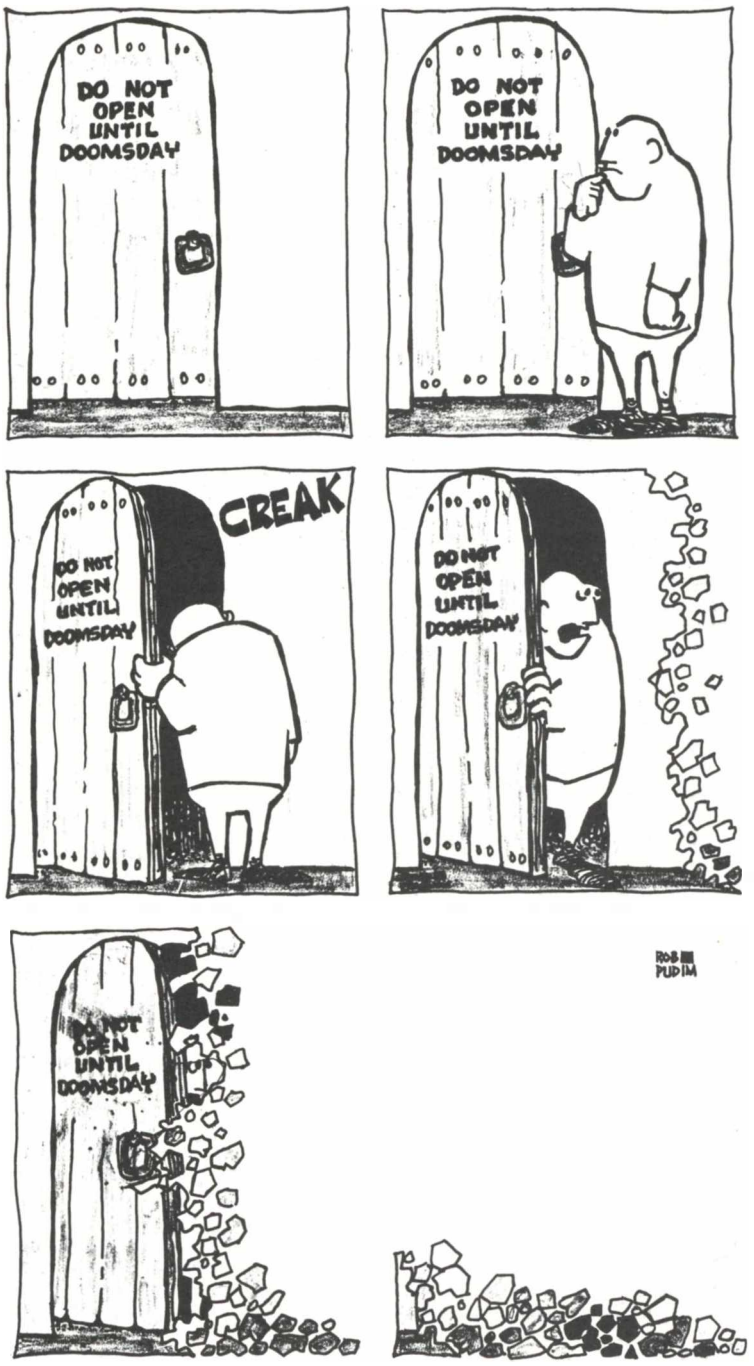
There may be some on the right who would agree with Ripper about flouridation. After all, there must be some explanation for it. But I would have to take these leftists' word for that. Curiously enough, what I keep hearing about flouridation is that opposition to it is insane, fascistic, or both, as here. Naturally flouridation divides American liberals and conservatives: it is a government health service of sorts, and of course liberals want it and conservatives do not; everyone will have to take it (unless, like Ripper, they drink distilled water or alcohol), and of course both sides are enthusiastic in their support or opposition. But I no longer expect liberals to take seriously anyone's objection to being forced to pay for almost unavoidable medication which would indeed reduce his tooth decay if he were a child; nor do I expect liberals to consider it a serious matter if those who do object are labelled mad fascists.

One may note, too, the General's sex problem, whatever it is. The liberal intellectual likes to claim that the reason so many American males believe in defense is that they are obsessed with asserting their virility (as opposed, presumably, to foreign males). The liberal intellectual does not speculate so freely or openly on the reason for his belief in pacifism.

Forgetting all those jokes about bravery, intelligence, property and so forth, we come to the ultimate, supposedly laughable supposed horror in *Dr. Strangelove:* that, when our single bomb has triggered the Russian Doomsday Machine, the Doctor should propose shelters "to preserve a nucleus of human specimens." For all Peter Sellers' writhing as the scientific (read "cruel"), ex-Nazi (read "Nazi") cripple (read "monster"), the humorous, horrible point must be lost on most non-liberals, intellectual or not (if not on non-intellectual liberals). It is a cliche only among liberals that if much of the human race is to die an unnatural death, everybody ought to. It is more like a paradox to others. The way the President expresses the cliche is not as comically ineffectual as it might have been:

> ...won't this, er, nucleus of survivors be so shocked, grief-stricken and anguished that they will envy the dead and not wish to go on living?[19]

The divergence of opinion, principle or assumption became clear in the



recent controversy over shelters, when the liberal intellectual could be heard muttering that there is something immoral about shelters, and that if shelters are to be built anyway, they certainly ought to be public shelters, for private shelter is certainly wicked. Indeed, it is at times difficult to decide whether some writers' horror of thermonuclear war is equalled or surpassed by their horror at the thought that someone might live through it after all,—though we may charitable assume that the reason for the latter is actually the former, that is, a fear that if anyone considers survival he may then consider another war "acceptable." The rest is the liberal dogma of collective morality. Considering even more traditional morality, which tends to imply that the best proof of goodness is untimely death, the idea is not surprising. But the liberal intellectual does seem to look forward to a Judgement more terrible than the Medieval Christian's.

To maintain that defense of self or of country is immoral is to take an especially self-defeating view of morality. But those who do maintain it ought not to allow themselves the intellectual dishonesty of pretending that an ability to defend oneself inevitably leads to one's destruction anyway; they ought to have enough pride to admit that those who are able to deter or survive attack sometimes do.

Dr. Strangelove is founded in this moral and logical swamp. Kubrick, in order to maintain his position and score his points, simply cannot allow characters

like Ripper, Strangelove, Turgidson or Kong to speak without simultaneously ridiculing themselves. Kubrick knows that what they (read "certain military theoreticians") are really saying is sane enough and intelligent enough, so he glazes it over with farcical foolishness and villainy. Thus he must make Strangelove, for example, a horror-film monster almost murdered by the prosthetic devices (read "the Machines") that would in fact keep the man going; otherwise, it would be all too clear that it is the film's position, not the characters', that is stupid, mad and vicious.

The degree of Kubrick's success is evident in the most favorable reviews. *Newsweek*, for example, declared that "Even the discussion about the probable war and the possible end of the world is ridiculous *because* it is so familiar." Can it be that the liberal intellectual, having stated for so many years that another war will mean the end of civilization, never really believed it? Or is it merely that anything stated often is a cliche, and therefore unworthy of serious attention? But no, *Newsweek* doesn't mean that, for the review goes on to misquote General Turgidson out of context and to characterize his statement in a manner that better characterizes the film: "It is crazy. It is fantastic and obscene." It is also, they say, "simply ridiculous." Kubrick, in short, has managed to confuse the issues he raises. For by what standards of sanity, reality or decency is it crazy, fantastic or obscene to prefer twenty million deaths to total annihilation? The real trouble with Turgidson's position—that, Ripper having started it, we had better finish it before the Russians finish us—is that it rests on a couple of false assumptions. The President's immediate "answer"—that we have never started a war—is, of course, ridiculous; but the liberal intellectual, eager to sacrifice all to his principles, may not take it so; and, from what follows, it seems unlikely that Kubrick meant it to be.

Although Brustein found "the flight of the bomber over Arctic wastes...a terrifying journey into the unknown," I gather there is general agreement that it is clumsily handled. The only question is whether the clumsiness is deliberate or not. Tom Milne, for one, claimed that "the flight of the aircraft...looks, exactly as it is meant to look, contrived." But this defense loses some persuasiveness when Milne goes on to claim that the film "ends on an image which makes every other film about The Bomb look like a pretty game..." For that looks even more contrived, because the bombs are borrowed. As for the song on the soundtrack, it seems no more telling than those popular songs Carl Foreman used in *The Victors* to show us that popular songs are not appropriate in all situations. Of course, considered as art, much of *Dr. Strangelove* is well done. I like the sharp editing, the harsh lighting and the low angles, too. Some expository humor works, and as for horror, Strangelove's expression juxtaposed with the explosion of our bomb is as good as Boris Karloff's new vampire. (That expression at that moment, incidentally, is curiously reminiscent of something in *Fail Safe*.) But artistically, *Dr. Strangelove* is an easy victory, if all its flaws and excesses are "wit" and license.

Propagandistically, as I have complained, Kubrick has worked harder; but like most film propagandists, he probably has only impressed those predisposed to be impressed. A fortunate thing, of course. Macdonald and Brustein, for instance, delight in Kubrick's slander. Macdonald wrote that

> ...the heart of the film is the military grotesques, and I wonder if Kubrick...will get away with it. (If he had only included J. Edgar Hoover!)

But of course Kubrick will get away with it; despite the efforts of liberal intellectuals, the Federal government does not yet control the arts. And Brustein considered the film

> ...a satire not only on nuclear war and warriors, but also on scientists, militarists, military intellectuals, diplomats, statesmen—all those in short, whose profession is to think about the unthinkable.

"Satire" is not the right word for the film's treatment of those who have kept us alive so far. And as for the film's final effect, Brustein feels that "Kubrick has managed to explode the right-wing position without making a single left-wing affirmation." Kubrick certainly aimed at everything right of where he stands. But one can hardly demolish a position simply by slandering its proponents as mad fools or villains. Indeed, Kubrick's logical failure here is so complete that his initial premise is a special madness recognized as such even by his other madmen; and one can hardly indulge in such wholesale slander without implying an affirmation of sorts.[20]

Finally, if it is evil to think about the unthinkable, let alone to picture it (even if the artist should find it, for one reason or another, unpicturable), if warning were to be taken as intention, where would that leave Kubrick and his wretched "comedy"?

Little need be said about *Fail Safe* the novel or *Fail Safe* the movie; only: it's worse. Its big idea of "exchanging" cities was used in *Red Alert*, but dropped in favor of Doomsday in the film. Authors Eugene Burdick and John Harvey Wheeler Jr. picked it up enthusiastically. It is their heroically conceived President, obviously John Fitzgerald Kennedy (Henry Fonda in the film), who suggests to the kindly Krushchev that bombing New York is the world's last, best hope for peace... There is a happy ending this time, then. We disarm at last. But it does seem to be carrying peacelove pretty far to destroy Moscow (accidentally) and New York (deliberately) to make peace. I would not want to give anyone an idea for another bestseller that would "chill" a fathead like Norman Cousins "to his cortex", but why wait? Why not destroy New York right now? The gesture would surely prove our good intentions at last.

Sooner or later the child asks if the magic promised by the salesmen on television is true... Of course not, his parents tell him. Those are just commercials... If cynicism and contempt for the values of his society do not begin with this knowledge, the child is remarkable. More often, once he realizes that a great industry is based on falsity, he will take it for granted that everyone and everything—at least on television—is just as false, and when the President of the United States succeeds a commercial misrepresenting soap, he will take it for granted that the President is lying, too, in the interest of selling some political soap.

—Gore Vidal, Rocking the Boat, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., n.d. (1962)

Gore Vidal, who worries about some odd things, might also be worried about this cynical child's attitude toward movies like his own *The Best Man* ("sex/blackmail/payoffs/slander... 'The Best Man' is *Dynamite!*"). The child might not believe what Vidal says, either; might even say that it isn't a filmed play at all, but only a commercial selling some political soap, or political mud.

Vidal's adaptation of his play about a national convention is another, lesser work of vile slander. It is competent work, to be sure. If one sees a lot of films, the dialogue sounds good and the plot is almost convincing, despite its taint of "satire" and its rather numbing simplicity. The cast is interesting, and Franklin Schaffner's direction has its moments, though his work is less assured than Kubrick's, or even Frankenheimer's in *Seven Days*. Moreover, Vidal does not agitate on behalf of disarmament. It could be argued that the slander is incidental, that Vidal is more interested in impartial observation than in stopping Goldwater. But as for his observation, it is unfortunate that Vidal implies that liberals have been relatively unsuccessful because they tend to be too good for politics. One could take some comfort from the further implication that if they're that good, they shouldn't be successful anyway. However, Vidal's reason seems simply that politics is pure power, in which ideals or ideas have no place whatever.

For his "small essay in Presidential temperament,"[21] Vidal pits an insensitive, unscrupulous, common, blackmailing conservative named Senator Joe Cantwell (Cliff Robertson) against a hypersensitive, exquisitely scrupled, rich intellectual liberal (Henry Fonda) who turns out to be too good to understand, let alone deal with, the world of free men, though he did happen to be Secretary of State. The former threatens to divulge information about the latter's nervous breakdown; the latter refrains from deterring the threat by charging homosexuality—at least, he refrains after being convinced that the charge is false.

At any rate, Vidal's liberal hero believes in dealing with issues, not personalities—a belief evidently not held by his creator, who tells us that

> In the screen version...the contenders now seem to resemble Goldwater and Rockefeller, while the convention, which appeared to be

that of the Democrats in 1960, seems likely to resemble that of the Republicans in 1964. Was this deliberate? Not really.[22]

Presumably, he just can't help it.

When *The Best Man* was a play, people took the blackmailing, slandering villain to be Nixon. But there was no point in slandering Nixon in 1964. Goldwater is the obvious choice this time, and Vidal gives us a number of hints. (The false charge that Goldwater once had a nervous breakdown was made after the release of the film, incidentally.) It will be recalled that Vidal had "a chat" with Goldwater in 1961.[23] After chatting with himself about Julius Caesar, Vidal got down to his interview and his warning, which seemed to be that the Republic is endangered by those who believe the Republic is in danger. Vidal couldn't help that, either; and his worry about the death of the Roman Republic is surely more timely than the common worry about the fall of the Empire. Pondering the fate of his chat, Vidal writes that "Two millenia have passed, yet we still know Cassius." If a Caesar does come, Vidal too may be remembered for many years, but for looking in the wrong direction.[24]

In making *The Best Man* a film, Vidal has identified his swinish villain as Goldwater by a couple of his favorite distortions of Goldwater's views on the morality and politics of the race problem and on national defense and taxation. Here, as elsewhere, Vidal combines these views to create false paradox. Vidal's own timely opinion of so-called civil-rights is unclear from the start, when his liberal hero gives newsmen his own nonanswer (to use a Vidalism), implying that property rights are not rights, or implying a distinction between property rights and human rights. Perhaps Vidal's liberal idea is that people with property are not human. It's hard to say. Inconsistently, he also throws in a clownish Southern Governor who obviously belongs at some other convention; but then, so does the villain.

Vidal's wittiest anti-Goldwater stroke (originally an anti-Nixon stroke, to be sure) is his hero's sincere and solemn statement that Cartwell, as President, might be soft on Communism. If China should invade India, he worries, would a man so concerned with popularity be willing to go to the brink? Would he not rather follow the people's isolationistic reluctance to go to war, appease China, and thereby bring us closer to the final confrontation we all fear? Insensitivity and blackmail aside, that takes care of Cantwell very neatly.

In dealing with sex and religion, Vidal seems to miscalculate; but, with sex and religion, he deliberately abandons pragmatic for idealogical propaganda (and retains vestiges of his original, "paradoxical" scheme of contrasting public and private character). One might expect the charge that Cantwell is homosexual to be true, or untrue simply because he is so insensitive. This is not far from the film's implication, when it turns out that the confusion arose because he informed on a homosexual in the Army. (The play is a shade more equivocal about all this.) Meanwhile and more important, Vidal charges that Cantwell is happily married and faithful besides—, while the liberal hero is not happily married despite numerous infidelities. Of course Vidal does manage to imply that Cantwell is simply too interested in power to be tempted by anybody but his "Momma Bear." And Vidal displays even more individuality in his treatment of religion. While he is bound to imply that Cantwell's beliefs are perfunctory at best, his good guys—the hero and the former President—disbelieve in everything, and say so.

Here Vidal almost illuminates a certain dichotomy, and it is unfortunate that he did not manage it more objectively. In *Seven Days in May*, Serling manages to use religion against the villain (Scott *says* he believes...) and on behalf of the heros (...for there's no doubt that Jiggs really *does*). In *Dr. Strangelove*, Ripper says he believes in an afterlife and (mad fascist that he is) he obviously means it. That seems closer to the truth, as far as the right is concerned, than the characterizations by Serling and Vidal. Actually, of course, the right does tend to believe in Christ, while the left believes in Jesus. At least, they say they do.[25] But rather than say anything about it, Vidal chooses to push his own notions.

Perhaps he can't help it; perhaps he is one of those artists whose every word is necessarily personal; and perhaps this is why—while plugging *Time* and ABC—he attempts to take revenge on William Buckley and *National Review* by including a fanatic,—a fellow who even opposes flouridation,—carrying a copy of *American Review*—thus compounding Buckley's magazine with Robert Welch's.

While *The Best Man* is, as a film, inferior to the others I have mentioned—except perhaps *Fail Safe*—, it is difficult to say whether it is more or less offensive as propaganda and as slander. But for all four disagreeable films, there is a final question that Vidal raises more accurately, I imagine, than he intends:

> Finally, should films like *Dr. Strangelove* and *The Best Man* be shown outside the United States? Should we expose our shortcomings to the enemy?

This need only concern the filmmakers responsible; whether "we" should expose *The Best Man* abroad (or, indeed, anywhere) ought to be up to Vidal, who must juggle budget, self-esteem and conscience for himself. (They loved it in Karlovy Vary, especially—according to reports—when Robertson said, "I don't like Goldwater, either." They loved it in Moscow, too, although Schaffner insists that they didn't understand it.) But of course Vidal comes up with an answer, borrowed from Arthur Schlesinger Jr., that astute critic: "The Communists' first response is: We couldn't do that here. Once that thought occurs to them the advantage is ours."

Is it? Granting that first response, the second might be: Of course we have no need to; or: They're wavering, thawing, softening... I doubt that much advantage is to be gained by telling your enemies that you don't like yourself, either. But presumably it is the reaction of friendly or neutral audiences, not that of Communists, that is of some interest. But again, if you insist upon speaking badly of yourself, you can not complain if people listen. "Self criticism," says Vidal, "is a mark of social maturity." Vidal flunked Social Maturity through sheer presumption. One might hope that foreign audiences will not mark the nation according to Vidal, and that—if they know we can do it here—they also know we cannot speak for the rest of us.

> HANS: ...I should like them to dance around my stake in honor, not of my defeat, but of my victory.
> CARDINAL: What victory?
> HANS: My defeat.
> —Jean Cocteau, Bacchus, 1951 (trans. Mary Hoeck)

Among these films, *The Best Man* displays some common sense, if little common decency; the others display neither. As a line or two of *The Best Man* implies, defense is still, as it always has been, an obvious necessity, tragic or evil or not; to deny the necessity by implication and cry Evil!, as the other films do, is irresponsible, and to add slander is immoral.

The response to the bomb movies to their problem is, like Robert Heinlein's hero's, or Wells', or Cocteau's, or Ghandi's, inadequate and unacceptable. The bomb can destroy civilization, but we can not do away with the bomb without doing away with civilization, too. Of course that which keeps us alive might also kill us; of course that which keeps us free might enslave us. This has always been true; the liberal intellectual ought to realize—and one would expect him to affirm continually—that there never was a time when one's life depended entirely upon oneself, let alone on one's "virtue." Death or slavery are not the only possibilities; but hysteria about one seems likely to invite or even hasten the other.

The disarmers might consider Gandhi, who may have been mystically confused, but who knew what his alternative really meant. As he said,

> "The pilot will not see our faces from his great height, I know. But that longing in our hearts that he will not come to harm would reach up to him and his eyes would be opened. Of those thousands who were done to death in Hiroshima, if they had died with that prayerful action—died openly with that prayer in their hearts—then the war would not have ended so disgracefully as it has..."

Who knows how well they died? Who doubts they would have died nevertheless? And Ghandi, "only a few hours later" according to Miss Bourke-White's account, died exceedingly well, shot three times by a man who was close enough to see his victim's face very clearly indeed. Life is renunciation, Gandhi believed; and the East is mysterious.

Now, in the West, even Russell would rather be alive than dead; at least he says so. ●

NOTES

1. Back in 1958, considering horrid fantasy and science fiction, Derek Hill ("The Face of Horror," *Sight and Sound* 28,1) noted without endorsing "...the beguiling rumour that Western governments are encouraging the production of these films in an attempt to blunt people's sensibilities sufficiently for them to face the horrors of atomic warfare..." He somehow failed to mention the rumor explaining why the Communist governments suppress such films. Perhaps no one thought to start that rumor, however. But I wonder what sort of rumor could explain *Seven Days in May*, *Dr. Strangelove* and *Fail Safe*.

2. "Primary Vote for a 'Best Man'", the *New York Sunday Times*, 5 April 1964.

3. Tom Milne, *Sight and Sound* 33,1 (Winter 1963-64).

4. Of course it may be rash to judge this Czech film by "our" version, entitled *The Fabulous World of Jules Verne*, and the villain's top hat may be a Marxist symbol.

5. The League is, of course, a Fascist conspiracy; from behind this front, Fu Manchu, having caused the Great Depression, is buying up America. He also makes use of assassination by post-hypnotic suggestion. Our only hope lies in Abbot Donegal and, of course, Sir Denis Nayland Smith. *President Fu Manchu* is, however, far less clever than Richard Condon's *The Manchurian Candidate*, it is full of the racist nonsense that seems an unintentional vestige in the later novel, and it can be recommended only to addicts.

6. *Sight and Sound* 32,1.

7. Robert Hatch, *The Nation* 198,11 (9 March 1964).

8. *The Saturday Review* XLVII, 5 (1 February 1964).

9. *Esquire* LXI,2, (February 1964).

10. *Sight and Sound*.

11. "Dean Swift in the 20th Century," *The New Republic* 150,5 (1 February 1964).

12. *The Nation* 198,6 (3 February 1964).

13. "Out of This World," *The New York Review* 1,12 (9 February 1964).

14. Peter Bryant's *Red Alert* is not to be confused with *Dr. Strangelove or:* etc., "a novel by Peter George, based on the screenplay by Stanley Kubrick, Peter George and Terry Southern" (New York, Bantam, 1964). The re-adaptation is close to the adaptation, but it has a "Publisher's Note," an "Introduction" and an "Epilogue" as clumsy framing ("...we have presented this quaint comedy as another in our series, *The Dead Worlds of Antiquity*.").

15. "Direct Hit" [sic] and "How Kubrick did it," *Newsweek* LXIII,5 (3 February 1964).

16. Of course "what's funny is incongruity," as Jackson Burgess says (*Film Quarterly* XVII, 3 (Spring 1964); but there's more to it than that.

17. In reply to criticism on this point, Brustein began: "Although it is rather odd to find professors of philosophy functioning as patriotic watchdogs and apologists for our 'defense establishment'..." But, as for why Hook should not have written *The Fail Safe Fallacy*, Brustein explained that "there is a vast difference between the poetic and the political mind..." When Hook pointed out that his book is not half that long, Brustein replied that "it seemed much longer." No doubt it did; obviously, Brustein resents reason, at least when it is closely applied to his faith and its assumptions.

18. "Satirist with Astigmatism," *National Review* XVI, 10 (10 March 1964).

19. I quote the re-adaptation, if not necessarily the script itself.

20. Not that I agree with the editorialists who think the film is the best propaganda the Communists could hope for. After all, it is the Communists who build the Doomsday Machine and keep it secret, and there is little to be said for the Russian Ambassador. They could hope for better, although it is not likely that they will get it.

21. "Note to 'A Note on *The Best Man*'" in *Rocking the Boat*.

22. "Primary Vote for a 'Best Man.'"

23. "Barry Goldwater: a chat," *Life* 9 June 1961, and reprinted with "A Note" in *Rocking the Boat*.

24. Of course, it does become difficult to take Vidal's alarms seriously when he can write, in "Two Immoralists: Orville Prescott and Ayn Rand," that: "Moral values are in flux. The muddy depths are being stirred by new monsters from the deep. Trolls walk the American night. Caesars are converging upon the Forum. But to counter trolls and Caesars, we have such men as Lewis Mumford..." (This piece, from *Esquire*, July 1961, is also preserved in *Rocking the Boat*.)

25. Even Vidal does; in "Two Immoralists," he objects to Miss Rand's morality because "She has declared war not only on Marx but on Christ." Of course, he means "on *Jesus*." This rocks the boat a bit too much for Vidal.

two

by W.G. BLISS--illustrated by ROB PUDIM

the Janitor

On the corner of every tenth block there is a quik drink facility. One leans on any of the padded rests that are fixed in rows along the walls. The attraction of gravity is lessened by an induction device, thus taking the weight off the feet to a comfortable degree. Drinks are served from a coin slot vendor. A man stops and peers briefly through the window walls. It has been a hard day. A cheap drink would be nice. The place is crowded. The spendisk is better saved. He turns away from the window and makes his way to his sleeping place. There was an inspection today. The cubicle is barren and neat. He takes a small screwdriver out of his vest pocket and takes a panel loose and reconnects a wire. The bunk inflates itself out. He twirls the screws back in the panel hand tight. He sits down on the bunk and takes out a gold pocket watch. The cafeteria will be crowded for an hour yet. Time enough for a nap. He is the wealthiest man on the planet. There are no taxes and it costs nothing to live. He has a gold pocket watch that he owns. That is more personal wealth than anyone else has currently. In not too many more years he will be too old to push the broom. There is anyway, a fixed retirement age of sixty for specialized occupations. For common occupations the retirement age is thirty-eight or forty.

"Good morning Otto."

"Good morning Sam." There was a real human director of the museum when he had started work here. That was a long time ago now. Sixteen to fifty-seven is like a half eternity. Before Sam there was Fredricks who retired. That was twenty years ago now. Sam is an android. A synthetic made people. They wear out and are junked instead of retiring.

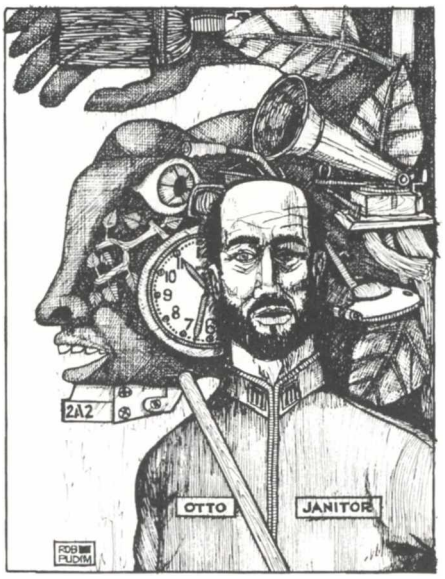
"Do you have your new broom made yet?" They walked along the marble back corridor of the museum.

"I don't have the bristles from the specialty manufacturers yet. Anything new?"

"There is nothing new. This *is* a museum. However, there is a collection of wooden artifacts that was discovered in a very old warehouse on an unused island that you might attempt to catalog."

"Have the robot take the stuff down to the shop."

"That is an order?"



"Just a suggestion. You are the boss."

"That is ancient for director."

"You know it." Sam turned the corner neatly into his office and Otto made his way down the stairs to the shop in the corner of the basement. Androids were too starch minded. Maybe they all should be junked. He picked up the new synthetic wood broom handle from the bench and tossed it in a corner. If there was anything in the world that he had grown tired of, it was the broom. He set the phonograph on the bench and wound up the spring and set the governor. There are only seven phonograph records left out of all the millions that had been made. He put one on the turntable and lowered the reproducer. It was La Golondrina. He had played it only twice already this week. The phonograph was supposed to be finished fixing by the end of the year, no later. Sam is an android and androids like schedule. He had first noticed that when he was only eighteen and had just found out that he would never get a breeding permit, only a recreation permit, as he was an obsolete body type. He was short, five-five, and was very heavily boned, and was exceedingly muscular, which made him appear porterly. He was allergic to whisker inhibitors, and so had a luxurient bushy black full beard. He also had thick lensed glasses which were supplied by specialty manufacture. He had foolishly fallen in love with a female type android. He had met her in the cafeteria. Rather she had met him as he had not been paying attention. There was a tap on his shoulder as he forked his nutro paste into neat squares.

"What?"

"You are a new type?" She was a looker for an android. The scarce 2A2 model. There had been one of those at the maturing center.

"Obsolete."

"But if you are obsolete?" The 2A2 could, he noted, raise an eyebrow independently of the other.

"I have a job at the obsolete place. I am the janitor and fixit man at the museum."

"My name is Selma. I work in food supply, the flavor department."

"My name is Otto. It is just Otto Number since I never found out who my father was."

"It is like the mother of a robot is a lathe." The android face could frown and grimace and even register perplexity competently. As Selma 2A2 smiled the stiffness in the articulation showed. Selma was new then and he was young. Androids like schedule, so they met every Second Tuesday. That had been the Sunday day of the ancients. Sometimes it was just meeting at the deluxe cafeteria where the fine flavored meal cost spendisks. Sometimes it was watching the abstract visual entertainment in the theatre room in the basement of the building. Sometimes it was just love or sitting up on the roof of the building on a warm day and watching the sun go down and conversing idly. The years went along, it was so fast seeming when you think back of them, last year Selma was thirty-eight. She came through the museum with a group with the lecture robot. She stopped where he was sweeping. People often watched him sweep dust and tidy up the museum. The years had not been kind to Selma. There were strands of brown in her straight black hair. The flesh of her arms was no longer firm. Her face had become lined and wrinkled and her left eye had stared straight ahead for the last few months. Yet there was a stolid majesty that had always been about Sel-

ma that even wearing out could not erase. She said without much inflection, "Otto, you are human." She turned away and walked down the aisle to the exit without looking back. The ersatz idyl was ended.

It came clumping down the stairs. It was a shiny new robot. Otto looked at it critically and continued filing the work in the vise. "You will leave now. I replace you." They were getting the model better. The robot voice was uncannily deep and gutteral, much like his.

"There is one thing that you must be shown first. Come over here by the bench."

"Explain."

"I will demonstrate. This is just a couple feet of inch and one eighth steel pipe filled with lead."

"Use?"

"This." He swung it up and down. It put a V into the robot cranium extending down between its optics which were located as they are in human and android heads. The robot's safety circuits locked the body rigid and statuesque. Otto removed a plate on its shoulder blade and connected an auxillary control. He held the lead filled pipe in the robot's hand. The hand closed slowly and crushed the pipe. He disconnected the device and replaced the clavicle plate. With the push broom over one shoulder he marched up the stairs. He met Sam in the corridor. Sam raised an eyebrow. "You are not the new robot."

"I am not the new robot. The new robot is junk. It did not pass a simple test."

"That is four robots in ten years. There are always design problems with robots."

"You know it." Sam went back to his office, turning the corner neatly. Otto took the elevator up to the Egyptian room to sweep it out.

"Good morning Sam."

"Good morning Otto." They walked from the rear entrance of the museum along the back corridor. "You are sixty years old now."

"Today I am."

"There is no one else that appears and acts like a janitor. You may stay on here at the museum at your regular pay of five spendisks a week and you will also receive your retirement pay of five spendisks a week. Central management thought your regular pay would be sufficient, but I held firm that you would need an incentive to stay here."

"Sam I really didn't expect it."

"Incidentally, an ancient model of an automatic floor cleaning machine was found in a sealed cave from the atom bomb era. It is evidently not far removed from the original model. As soon as you restore it to operating condition, you may retire your broom to the ancient tool display."

"Thanks Sam. You are all heart."

"You know it." Sam turned the corner neatly into his office and Otto went down the basement stair whistling a few bars from one of the old ancient phonograph records, Bummel Petrus-Intermezzo.

Deathsong

The night stole away the last glimmerings of day. Her eyes always seemed to be already open upon awakening though she did always carefully close them upon coming to rest at dawn. Through the small window of the small room the metal owl on the roof across the way ornamented its silouette against an orange rising moon. It had risen the same the first night. She had wandered and found the place. There had been feed at the old place, but none in any restaurants tonight, tonight and free. They had found her request disturbing. Now later, she found a small humor at the remarks she found in her memory, "Good heavens madam—you must be joking!", "We do not cater to bizarre tastes madam, and offhand I cannot recommend another place.", "If you will leave quietly, I will tell the manager after you are gone.", "That is a coincidence madam, a fellow was at this table earlier who did relate of odd foods, some with blood as the main ingredient. However, such has never been on the menu here, I can assure you." And there was the fellow who said, "I am sure lady that I did not hear you correctly" several times and finally went and attended another table. It would be just time to be at work in fifteen minutes. Work was long and dull after the time of working at the drama place. Yet there was no other place to feed. A few months ago the android instructor had said, "Life is another thing." What other thing. There did not seem to be anything else. Gizelle had left the day business of the branch blood bank of Zerkzes Biological Corporation in excellent order as usual. The cleaning robot missed a few corners in the antiseptic building as usual. She put an apron on and hand polished them with a big fuzzy mop. The happy thought was with her at nights that this was also the last place the ones who had owned her would ever look for an android vampire educated for a drama. It was too simple and logical. To register for work one only needed the serial number when one is an android. She sang a song she had heard from another drama at the drama place. It was "Criental Prayer" from "Lakme." She put the mop and apron away and went to the office to eat the meal. Not eating food would be something others would note. She always checked the vats of new blood before it was processed into sealed containers. She had detected a taint in several batches before, and had been commended on her competence. There was the temptation to linger and be greedy. She carefully checked the base instinct and set the processer going. The small amulet intercom she wore buzzed. There were callers at the desk on the main floor. The night business was always routine withdrawals, an ocassional emergency requisition. They were here, technicians, not the ones she had known, but technicians with but a single purpose. Others were crowding in, public safety men, officers of the peace. It was well she had fed well of the vats already tonight. They were fools. They should have tracked her and found her in the light of day. They seemed so unconcerned. It was eerie. Perhaps it was another matter entirely—but no—"There is one quick easy way to turn one of these off permanent."

"Sure Joe."

They were in a semi-circle now, there was no window in this wall to sail out of. The one called Joe opened a small case of tools and rigidly held a stiletto-like instrument. The light reflected from it in silvery flashes. Naive those, at night such things would only inconvenience her. Automatically the shrilling shrieking song of parting from the drama came to her throat as it had when she was hanging on the vine on the sheer wall of the crumbling castle before she dropped into the far deep chasm in escape, the last shreds of melody curtain cue. Ah, yes, it had transfixed them as it had her mortal persuers in the play "The Daughter of Dracula." There was an odd fixed expression on the one called Joe. He no longer held the instrument. Swiftly the cold metal of it in her heart was stealing her power. Suddenly she crumpled and looked up at the one called Joe. They were starting to move about. She was going to rest. She closed her eyes carefully. ●

THE BOHEMIAN TORY

Lately I have noticed a very disturbing tendency among younger people when they discuss politics—the whole discussion turns around planting the proper label on who or whatever they are talking about, after which all meaningful exchange of ideas ceases. For example, if they have ever heard of me, the conversation always starts off—"Oh, yes, you're Pournelle, the conservative (or black reactionary, depending on who is speaking); I'm a _____". Now, whatever it is that they fill in the blank, I know that it is going to take me at least five uninterrupted minutes to get anything meaningful said. Most times I don't bother. But whatever it is I say, I know what else is going to happen: they will be surprised, generally, and then go back to the label game: IS POURNELLE REALLY A CONSERVATIVE?

I submit that this has gone too far. In the first place, most of the younger people I talk to don't seem to have the foggiest notion of what either conservatism or liberalism is all about; and in the second, the lable is not half so important as the ideas; and this is even more important in the realm of political life than in my private discussions. Why, I know half a dozen young people who agree with every program that Buckley had in mind in his campaign for mayor of New York, but who thought him horribly dangerous because he was a "conservative". And I know many more who will agree with Reagan's program, point by point, so long as I don't tell them its source; but they hate Mr. Reagan because he's a "conservative". Worse yet, they support men with whom they have little or nothing in common because they have tatooed the label "LIBERAL" across their own foreheads and have decided that Liberals should always win. This doesn't make sense, and furthermore it is the very antithesis of being "an intellectual"—and if there's one thing that most young people I talk to have in common, it's the belief that they are intellectuals.

Nor is this the worst. After being guilty of sloppy thinking in their "liberal-conservative" terminology, they go on to even greater heights by thinking of every question in terms of "left and right": and whereas liberal and conservative *can* have reasonably precise meanings, there is no one on earth who can define left and right. The terms simply have no meaning whatever, and haven't had for quite a long time.

Example: Rightists are conservative, in the popular terminology. But if the term "Right" has any meaning, it means "satisfied with the existing social order"; and the John Birch Society, not to mention Rockwell's American Nazis, are most assuredly *not* satisfied with the existing social order. The changes they would wreak in our system make the program of the "New Left" look pale by comparison. So how in the world can you call them "Rightists"? (For that matter, how can Welch & Co. call themselves conservatives; but that's another problem.) Looking to the other end of the spectrum, we find the anarchists who are somehow supposed to be "lefter" than the Communists. Well, they probably are less satisfied with the existing social order than the Communists; but they have absolutely nothing in common with the Communists, as Carlo Tresca found to his sorrow. Anarchists and Communists hate each other, or should. They have absolutely mutually exclusive goals. Yet the myth that there is a "Left" has tended to obscure this and even to induce anarchists to work with Communists until some particular action (in Tresca's case it was the assassination of his mistress by the NKVD) demonstrates once and for all to the anarchists that the Communists are not and cannot be their friends.

Furthermore, I submit, even the Conservatives (as well as most people who are conservative) are now dis-satisfied with the social order, while the liberals generally like it; and if you discard satisfaction with the existing order (which is the true origin of the Left-Right dichotomy, as it developed in the seating arrangements of the French National Assembly) then you have nothing left to define your terminology. Yet not only students, but columnists who ought to know better, go right on using the terms, to the detriment of meaningful conversation.

Now, contrary to popular opinion, one need not have a better concept in mind when he sets out to destroy a bad one; but as it happens, I think I do have a far better, if somewhat more complex, scheme to model the American political spectrum. Because it is complex, it probably will never be popular; but I will take my chances and try to present the rudiments of it here in the hopes that it might get a fair hearing.

What I have in mind is this. Political philosophies are best defined and classified, I believe, in terms of their assumptions rather than their precise results; and therefore a model of the political spectrum ought to examine assumptions rather than theorems. Furthermore, it ought to be as simple as possible, which is to say it ought to try to reduce the number of variables required to map each political theory onto a unique place to the fewest possible number. Wait a minute before you skip on to another column. I'm going to try to make this as interesting as I can, even if I am going to ask you to think a little about what I say. You've already read the current installment of *The Broken Sword* anyway, and it's the best thing in the issue.

After some considerable thought, I have chosen two variables as the stuffing for my "map" of the political spectrum. They are: "Attitude Toward the State", and "Rationalism". By attitude toward the state, I mean one's view as to whether or not the state is inherently evil, a necessary evil, a positive good, or a god to be worshipped. By rationalism I mean one's view as to whether or not planned social progress is possible or not. You can see that the first variable, "statism", forms a kind of continuum from one end to the other. Rationalism does also, starting at one end with "primitive dogmatism" or absolute rejection of planned social progress, going through shades of opinion such as "rarely possible" to "usually successful", and ending with "Reason Enthroned" or near worship of reasoning as the solution to social problems. You can think of these two variables as being at right angles to one another, with negative attitudes toward the state in the "west"

jerry pournelle

and statism in the "east", and "dogmatism" in the "south" and "reason enthroned" in the "north". This will help to visualize what is to follow.

We can start with the classical anarchists. They go over in the southwest, as they reject the state as inherently evil and reject planning as ridiculous. So far, so good. We can also put the Randites on easily, up in the northwest corner, a little east of the anarchists but way north: they reject the state except as a policeman, and are sure that rational thought will solve everything. The Nineteenth Century Liberals and their direct descendents the "libertarians" are still in the northwest, but southeast of the Randites: they think the state is a bit more necessary, and are not quite so convinced of the rational solution to all problems, but still have a good bit of both rationalism and anti-statism in their makeup. This takes care of the west side of our simple model.

The east side is also easy to fill in. The Welfare Liberals are in the northeast quadrant, but about the middle of it, not extreme either way. They think the state can accomplish positive good (if they control it) and are convinced that their plans are useful. Blending in with them but generally more northeast are the Socialists. Northeast still, with perhaps quite a gap between them and most Socialists, are the Communists who worship reason and the state as its tool.

We come now to the southeast; and there you find the Conservatives. Unconvinced of progress, and particularly planned social progress, they are sure that the state is a positive good as the only instrument which can civilize essentially irrational mankind. But although the state is thought to be a positive good, innovation is discouraged because those who control the state are also irrational men (usually) and should be fettered with the law; and besides which, as there is no such thing as planned social progress, ar at least not much (American Conservatives are flaming rationalists compared to European Conservatives—American history teaches them they can afford to be)—as there is not going to be much planned social progress, there is no reason for the state to be more powerful than it already is.

Note the implication, if my little model is an accurate picture. The Conservatives and the Welfare Liberals have more in common than the Conservatives' nominal political allies, the Libertarians; and very little in common with the John Birch Society, which is so utterly convinced that the social process is rational that it has to posit a conspiracy everywhere a plan has gone wrong. (It also puts Conservatives where popular fiction would have them, somewhere in the same ballpark with the Fascists, who are irrationalist statists; but as Conservatives are NOT statists and not all that anti-rationalist, the relationship is precisely the same as the relationship between the Welfare Liberals and Communists.)

Why, then, are the Conservatives allied with the Libertarians? Because, I would submit, the Welfare Liberals so thoroughly dominate the political scene today that the Conservatives will seek allies anywhere they can find them on the Arab premise that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend"; and also because of the myth of the "Right", which, we are told, must hang together despite minor differences; and finally because many Conservatives are convinced that classical Liberalism, as exemplified by *laissez faire* was the historical destiny of the United States, and is therefore worth supporting because it worked. That too, is another story for another time; suffice it to say that it is only partially true and that most Conservatives are really unaware of the full implications of the Libertarian program, while those who are but go along anyway, do so on the grounds that they are headed in the right direction but want to go much too far that way. I have rather interesting arguments with Bob Heinlein over this very point.

At any event, I submit that adoption of some such model as mine above would eliminate a lot of idiocy in political discussion. It would automatically eliminate the tendency to think that you already know what the other fellow is going to say about any particular problem just because you have managed to glue a label on him; because notice that my model does not deal with actual cases but rather with assumptions. It is a fair guess, true, that a Welfare Liberal is likely to prescribe more state planning and state intervention before he knows what the social problem is, while a Libertarian is likely to prescribe less before he is told the diagnosis; but even then there is a lot to talk about. Furthermore, adoption of my little scheme, or something like it, might get rid of the nutty concept that because we have glued a label on ourselves we are now excused from thinking about social problems—that we know what "our" position is from the general beliefs of those who wear our label. Which is a patch of nonsense.

If there is anything which marks a man as a true "intellectual" it is that he is a man of discrimination. He is able to discriminate one problem from another, to recognize the differences between men and situations as well as the similarities. He is able to know when the general rule should be applied, and when it should not be. But most of our apprentice intellectuals nowadays don't do this. Most of them have intellectualism ready cooked from a can and eat it whole, standing at all times prepared to regurgitate it at the opening of a conversation. And in this sense they are no more intellectual than a Klansman. The Klansman discriminates by using irrelevent criteria to decide every problem; the modern young liberal (sure, I had to get my licks in there somewhere) simply doesn't discriminate at all. Witness John Boardman, who is ready to murder Buz Busby and me for being Conservatives, because he is sure that we are one breed with the Klansman, and can't discriminate between Rockwell and Russell Kirk.

This thing is long enough. I promise that I will rarely indulge myself with this kind of presentation in this column in future. But I do think that if we don't manage to get rid of "discussion by classification", particularly when the classification is assinine, we may really manage to get this country into the position of having two monolithic and diametrically opposed views; and that would indeed be disastrous. ●

HOLLIS WILLIFORD

THE LONG MATINEE

by stuart oderman

All the days of my life: my youth: faded away like the anticipated smell of Saturday matinee popcorn at the Park Theatre.

I had to leave the house an hour before the film started. My mother didn't like the idea and she said to me Oh why don't you leave when the rest of the boys leave? Or are you going alone again?

And I said I was going alone because they all went last night. You didn't let me go last night, Ma. You said the neighborhood was bad and you didn't want me to come home late.

She pretended not to have heard what I said and she was silent and I asked

Where is my lunch? I want to eat now.

You just ate breakfast two hours ago. Don't tell me you're hungry. You have nothing to do. That's all it is. And that's all it ever is. Just sit around and eat.

So she got up anyway and made me a tunafish sandwich and I quickly shoved it into my mouth, swallowing it with big gulps of milk from a glass with horse pictures on the side.

Don't eat so fast, Jerry. You'll choke if you eat that way.

I got to get there on time, Ma. There's a long line of kids there. It goes all the way around the block. You should see it.

* * *

Walking over Bergen Street in the direction of Hawthorne Avenue, his eyes searched out and found the marquee of the movie-house. The yellow and white lights emblazoned the name Park Theatre against the sky overhead. Twelve years old: the eligible age for Adult Admission Prices: thirty cents more: and that was why he had looked away from the glance of the seemingly ageless box-office lady who asked How Many when he slipped the quarter over the gold metal counter.

Whenever the filmfare was too violent or sensual—last week they didn't show June Havoc in Intrigue—the management announced a children's show and of course it was the inevitable technicolored filmanimal story of a horse: The Fabulous Fireball.

There were voices in the lobby: the sounds of the Saturday Eddies or Johnnies. But he was alone again and he was without a Saturday Eddie or Johnnie. He was by himself in the long line of blue Wrangler pants or plaid skirts filing in. He smiled as he gave his child's ticket to the usher. Then he headed towards the candy counter.

He placed his dime in the candy machine, turned the red and white dial twice to the right and received the cellophane package of Bazzini's Toasted Peanuts that slid down into his hands. His choices of candy went from left to right. Last week it was Spearmint Leaves; the week before it was Bonomo's Root Beer Barrels. A Bazzini package was the only logical thing left. It was perfect movie candy.

There was a roll of drums followed by dimming lights and a shout of approval from the audience. The blue curtains that covered the wide screen parted. Saturday matinee began with the Previews of Coming Attractions. The red and white titles flashed across the screen: Coming to this theatre.

He ripped open the cellophane package and poured a few toasted peanuts into his hand. A girl's voice whispered into his ear. He looked up.

Move over, she said. I want to sit next to the wall.

She wore dungarees and a yellow poloshirt whose collar seemed to match the long yellow hair that was uncombed and hung freely on her bony shoulders.

Why?

Because I want to sit there, stupid. Now get up and move over.

Can't you sit here? I was in this seat first.

She took off her eyeglasses and put them in her back pocket.

You wanna fight about it? I'll blacken your eye if you don't move.

I don't even know you, he answered and made a fist. Why should I move for someone I don't even know? And he added Much less a girl?

I'll call the manager if you don't move.

He moved to the right as she sat down in what was once his seat.

There was a period of silence during which both of them focused their eyes on the screen. The feature had started and the long list of credits paraded before them with precision. Finally she nudged him in the ribs.

Aren't you going to give me any candy?

I don't even know you. Why should I give you candy.

Because if you don't give me candy, I'll call the manager and tell him you got fresh with me. She pulled her shirt out from her dungarees and let it rest over her belt.

You're too chicken to try that. I'll tell him you're lying.

Chicken? You calling me chicken? And she made an oval shape with her unlipsticked lips to voice a sound of distress. You're sure you won't give me candy?

Maybe you won't like it.

I'll like it. What is it? Chicken can-

dy? Chocolate Babies?

No, it's toasted peanuts.

Oh, she said. You buy from the machine. Why don't you buy from the counter? They got great bon bons. She stopped and said But I'll take some peanuts.

He gave the bag to her. How old are you? she asked. I'm thirteen. Are you fourteen?

If you went with friends, his mother said, I wouldn't mind. But you go *alone* to every Saturday movie. What kind of pleasure can you get by being alone? You don't have anybody to go with? None of your friends, Jerry? Where are your friends?

* * *

I'm thirteen, he answered.

Yeah? When were you thirteen?

In November. I was thirteen in November.

I was thirteen in March, she answered quickly. I'm older.

He said nothing and watched the screen.

My name is Autumn, she said. What's yours?

Jerry. Jerry Cooper. Are you from around here?

No. I'm from Jacksonville, Florida. I was really born in Georgia. My last name is Hennique. It's French. And I don't like your candy. Here, take it back.

I like it and I don't care if you don't like it. And don't ask for candy.

Do you always come to the movies alone, Jerry?

* * *

What'll you say if someone asks you why you're alone on a Saturday afternoon, Jerry? His mother's voice rang in his ears as he left the house. How can you explain that?

Nobody asks me. Nobody asks me anything at all.

He walked out of the house and in a moment was headed for the Saturday matinee. He didn't turn around to wave to his mother who was watching him run into the Saturday afternoon.

* * *

My mother won't let me go on Friday night because of the dark streets. She said I had to go today.

Doesn't she let you out at all?

Not all the time. He paused and tried to save himself from a cutting remark he had expected. Well, once in a while. But it's a really great while. I have to yell that *everyone* is going. And it works.

My parents let me go on Fridays and Saturdays.

Why?

Because they want me out of the house. They want no part of me. Actually they don't get along together. One of them, I think it's my father, wants out. O-u-t. She always yells at him.

They really fight like that?

I don't really know. But when I come home, he's upstairs in bed and she's watching the late movies on television. Do your parents act like that?

* * *

And you didn't pass the test, Jerry? Why didn't you study for a simple arithmetic test? And why should I sign this paper for you to give back to the teacher? Don't you realize that if you don't get an education you'll have to work as hard as your father? He can't help himself. You know we want the best for you. Your father and I want the best for you. Always the best. Always the best...

* * *

On screen the Fabulous Fireball continued running around the track. The face of the jockey was shiny with sweat. It rolled down his face. Just a few minutes more and the race would be over. Keep going horse. Don't fail him now. The crowds in the stand were on their feet. They cheered the young rider. Keep it up, boy. We're almost there. The crowd roared. The horse kept his gallop.

When suddenly—

* * *

Why are you watching TV this late? Didn't I tell you to go to bed?

But it's a good movie, Ma.

She turned off the set and yelled at him for not obeying.

But there's no school tomorrow, Ma. Don't you know it's Friday? There's no school on Saturday.

School or no school, I want the set off.

But Daddy said I could—

I'm the one who's running this house. Me. Get that straight. This is *my* house. *Not* your father's.

But he said I could watch until it's over.

Well, it's over now.

No, it isn't. You turned it off in the middle.

I'm running this house, Jerry. Get up to bed.

* * *

Thanks for holding my seat, she said. I went to look for my boy-friend.

Who's your boy-friend?

The usher.

How old is he?

You really are dumb. He's not *that* kind of a boy-friend. I just know him, that's all.

The horse completed his last lap around the track. People were yelling jubilation. The movie jockey acknowledged their clamoring by waving his cap. Out from the packed thousands came the inevitable newspapermen who snapped pictures. A wreath of flowers was placed around the horse's neck. The jockey patted the horse who nodded and snorted in the best tradition of method horses.

The stadium was silent now. The jockey saw his leading lady come towards him. He asked her to marry him.

Yes, darling, she said and kissed him while the horse nodded.

Autumn stirred in her seat.

Aren't you going to kiss me, Jerry?

No. Why should I kiss you?

You're a real kid, she said. A real kid.

She left him.

* * *

Why didn't you go to the dance, Jerry?

I didn't feel like it.

But they're the same kids you go to school with.

I didn't want to go.

Didn't want to go? Why in God's name do you think your father and I sent you to dancing school? Was all that a waste of money?

I'll go to the next one. I promise, Ma.

That's what you said last time. What's your excuse this time?

I said I'll go.

She leaned against the kitchen wall. It was just the two of them. Two people in an all white room.

All that money down the drain. My God, Jerry. Why did you make me spend it if you weren't going to dances at school? She looked into his eyes. What are you afraid of? Freddie's going and you and I know he can't dance at all. That boy never had the lessons you had. And you went to dancing school.

I know I can dance, Ma. But I just can't talk. They never told me what to talk about.

All that money wasted. Jerry. All that money.

* * *

The show was over and the houselights came on. Large groups of youngsters yelled their way out of the theatre. The theatre was empty, save for the sound of the vacuum cleaner. He headed directly for the yellow tiled bathroom to hide for twenty minutes until the lights would dim again and the evening show would start.

The sound of the coming attractions beckoned him into the cinema black and whiteness. The main film came on. It was a revival of All the King's Men.

He wasn't any particular fan of Broderick Crawford. In fact he never really heard of the man. But he was impressed with last week's previews. He loved the way Crawford played the Southern politician who gave speeches in front of the people. Where does he get his courage?

Crawford mounted the stand and stood in full view of the crowd: mostly rural people: farmers: in the deep South. He was sweating and he opened his jacket and produced a few sheets of paper which he waved in front of the crowd.

See this speech? See this speech? I'm not going to give it to you because it's all lies. It means nothing and you stupid hicks are going to hear the truth. D'ya hear me now?

He ripped the speech in half and pitched the papers into the hot Southern air.

Now you listen to me now. You listen to me now.

* * *

Jerry cried all the way home.

Didn't you hit him back?

I hit him, Ma. I hit him.

No, you didn't. You just stood there and let him hit you. I can't fight your battles for you.

But he was bigger than me.

You have to learn how to defend yourself. Hit him back even if he beats you to it. Make every punch count. Don't come running home to Mommy because someday I won't be here.

* * *

He stood in front of the crowd and spoke what he himself wanted to speak. The man on the screen spoke and it stayed in his mind although he was far into his speech.

Now you listen to me
Now you listen to me
Now you listen to me... ●

PERSIFLAGE

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Trumpet #4 is easily the best issue yet. There are numerous articles worthy of comment—so comment I will, at great length.

Of chief interest was Jerry Pournelle's attack on the strikers at St. John's University. I am particularly concerned in this matter because I am a member of the union which had called the strike. (United Federation of College Teachers, Local 1460 of the American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO.) Dr. Pournelle seems to have been rather comprehensively misinformed about the strike. He mentions his own unfamiliarity with the situation, and I can certainly accept this as being the case.

Nowhere in his column does Dr. Pournelle mention the reasons given for the firing of over 30 faculty members of St. John's. He doesn't give these reasons because he doesn't know them —nor does anyone else, including the fired instructors. The administration of St. John's has never particularized any of the charges, and none of the dismissed members of the faculty has been informed why he or she was fired.

The dismissal of a faculty member in the middle of an academic term is a serious matter, and happens very rarely. (Usually this happens only when a professor has been discovered grading his coeds on linen sheets instead of paper ones.) It is one of the most extreme actions that a university can take in dealing with a faculty member, and invariably implies gross moral turpitude. That St. John's should have done so with so many people is virtually unprecedented in American academic life.

Prior to these dismissals there had been great dissatisfaction among the faculty with the St. John's administration. A member of the library staff was ordered not to submit an article for publication in a professional journal. Repeatedly the administration interfered in the selection of texts. No faculty organizations aside from professional societies were permitted, not even the highly respected American Association of University Professors. There was no contractual tenure, no faculty council, no faculty voice in academic policy—things which are taken for granted on most American campuses. The climax came about a year before the firings, when it was learned that the university, despite a plea of poverty in the face of salary demands, was actually making a substantial profit. Almost half the faculty walked out of a meeting when President Cahill continued to plea a lack of funds.

When the UFCT began to attract the interest of St. John's instructors, the administration decided to yield to the lesser of two evils, and dropped its objections to the formation of a AAUP chapter on campus. In fact, they packed this chapter with Vincentian fathers who, voting under the discipline of their order, backed the administration stand and opposed the strike. This did not deter the national AAUP from placing St. John's on its blacklist.

The arrogance of President Cahill and his right-hand man, Father Joseph Tinnelly, has shown itself to be insufferable. They have ignored every attempt to negotiate with the fired instructors, or even to grant the existence of a union. (This may be compared with management attitude towards early blue-collar unions in the 1890's.) They have refused Senator Kennedy's offer to let a panel of Catholic laymen arbitrate the matter, and have also refused a similar offer from city officials. This has won them the condemnation, not only of public officials, the union, and the AAUP, but also other Catholic academicians. Faculty and student spokesmen at Fordham, Notre Dame, and other American Catholic universities have condemned the actions and attitude of the St. John's administration.

Moreover, President Cahill's obtuseness has endangered the accreditation of St. John's University. The latest report, after the firing, continued the accreditation but gave a strong warning

to St. John's that its recent actions are not in the best interests of the school. It is quite likely that, if no remedial action has been taken by next year, St. John's may no longer be accredited.

Dr. Pournelle's unsupported statement that faculty members "do not have the right to enlist professional pickets in an attempt to prevent the College from operating and the students from attending classes (and) to indulge in 'union' activities" is equally far from the mark with his other statements on the St. John's situation. No professional pickets were used; all were volunteers from AFT locals. No effort was made to prevent students from attending classes, save to persuade them by leaflets and discussion. Finally, united action as a union has proven effective in improving the salaries and working conditions of everyone from truck drivers to public school teachers. The first union contract between a college and its faculty has already been signed (at a state college in Washington) and we will be having a bargaining election in the City University of New York within the next two or three years. The individual instructor, renegotiating his contract, is virtually helpless before the power represented by the administration of a modern multiversity. Unionization does not weaken him, as Dr. Pournelle suggests, but strengthens him.

I'll give an example which graphically supports this last contention. Three years ago, the UFCT sent a representative to the budget hearings of the Board of Higher Education. (This public body serves as a board of trustees for the City University of New York and its 11 component colleges.) The BHE refused to let our man present his views. So we complained to the New York City Central Labor Council, membership one million. The Council passed this complaint on to the Mayor, the Mayor informed the BHE, and in due course of time we received from the BHE their most respectful apologies and an invitation to state our views on City University budget policy.

Of course, as Dr. Pournelle suggests, the discontented faculty member can always pack up and go elsewhere... if he can find an elsewhere. The yellow dog contract and the blacklist, outlawed for blue collar labor by the Wagner Act, are still very much with the academic world. (I know a mathematics instructor at Iowa State University who was fired during the McCarthy era and was last heard of as a stevedore in Portland. Perhaps better known is the case of Frank Oppenheimer, who was working on a ranch after the AEC got through with him and his brother.) And they overlook the situation of the man who has tenure, or is near a research facility convenient to his own work, or who loves his university and wants to improve it rather than let people like Cahill fire his colleagues at will.

For Cahill's high-handedness has almost destroyed St. John's University. Realizing that their own careers are at the mercy of a petty tyrant, large numbers of St. John's faculty members have left for greener pastures, and their students are following them. Fordham, as the nearest Catholic university of repute, was swamped by transfer applications from both students and faculty. The former chairman of St. John's physics department is now with us at Brooklyn College. The entering freshman class of 1966 was cut by 25% by President Cahill, for lack of instructors to teach them. And instructors of most unsatisfactory quality have been brought in to replace the fired and departed people—high school teachers, graduate students, Vincentian seminarians with no qualifications except their amenability to clerical discipline. By his actions, President Cahill has converted St. John's into an academic slum, and forfeited all chance of attracting new faculty members of any merit. College instructors do, after all, have a fairly good grapevine among themselves on the condition of academic freedom at various campuses. Unless full and unlikely apology and restitution is made by St. John's, and soon, it will soon sink to the status of Bob Jones University.

The illustrated version of "The Broken Sword" is excellent, and I am looking forward to seeing more of it in future issues. "The Broken Sword" is obviously early Anderson, but I had not known that it was his first. His style has changed considerably since then—and not always for the better. Like Heinlein, he seems to grow more didactic as he grows older. The "Star Fox" series is Anderson's "Farnham"—a long, grumpy complaint about the deplorably liberal and pacifistic direction in which the world seems to be moving.

"How many of the older generation would react if they had the sword-blade of the draft constantly hanging over their heads?" To answer Creath Thorne, that was the situation Jerry Pournelle and I were in when we were in college in Iowa during the Korean mess. I took the deferment tests and filled out my 2-S forms like a good boy, but there was never any doubt in my mind that if push came to shove, I'd balk. I am greatly encouraged by the resistance of the Vietnamese conflict, which is much wider and deeper than the objections my student generation had about Korea. And there's less fretting about the "international Communist conspiracy" now that people have heard everyone from Julian Bond to Dwight Eisenhower called a Communist. Hopefully, soon the "international Communist conspiracy" will take its place in oblivion with its elder sisters, the "international Jewish conspiracy", the "international Catholic conspiracy", the "international Masonic conspiracy", and the rest of the bogeymen.

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I found the Pournelle essay intriguing. I think it is affected (as it must be) by his being a member of a faculty. The article is not unlike some discussions we in this little world of the library occasionally have on book-buying and library-opening policies. We sit around and mull and mull and we forget the patron. If our discussions are ernest enough, we sit about talking and *ignore* the person who is trying to find out whether we have any books he might be interested in seeing.

In our branch, furthermore, the "classics" are kept on stack shelves so that the casual browser won't hit upon one by accident and take it out so that it won't be there for the students who must read them for assignments.

And we don't buy *Peyton Place* or astrology or system betting books, because they're (1) of ephemeral—if extremely strong—interest, (2) not good for people, and (3) likely to cause complaints from certain members of the community. Besides, we say cheerily, they're not good writing. (Main Library *does* have many of these books, however. But, for example, *Harlow* was made "reference" and so cannot be borrowed.)

What is the library for? And what is the college for? Is the college there to live up to a hundred-and-fifty-year-old charter? It seems to me that education is the basic concept behind the college—that that's what it's there for. If no education or if limited education, why the foundation in the first place (since your student is supposed to be objectively learning, sifting all data, and remaining uncommitted)?

While Jerry is concerning himself with financial trustee types and administration and such like, what is he caring about the end-product? What is the college for? To uphold its charter? Is this the end-purpose? Is this why that charter was made in the first place? Must teachers limit their presentations to stay clear of questioning any element of the precious charter?

Or is the education of the student the object of the college?

Jerry looks at the college seemingly as the financial creation of benefactors, to be operated at the behest and vote of its stockholders. If a man has poured his millions into it, he should be permitted—nay, encouraged—to sit in on the classes and tell the students what the answers should be on their philosophy tests.

And, taken at its ultimate point, Mr. Million-Dollar-Donor's son should be given his degree Summa Cum Laude, no matter what his efforts, if that's why the donor contributed the cash in the first place. And the football player should be given passing grades if the donor contributed because he wants to give to a school with a winning team.

But the trustees and donors are *not* the focal point; the student is. He's why they're all there.

On to beards. I find them tickly and uncomfortable to kiss—likewise moustaches. As to looking at them, I liked Dick Lupoff's moustache immensely, but—like Offutt—he pointed out the disadvantages. My father currently wears a pointed beard not unlike the traditional Southern gennelman's.

I must say that the letter from Michael Brunas was a joy, but not quite up to the one the Lupoffs got from Andy Zerbe once. He said that *Xero* was the best fanzine he'd ever seen—but added that maybe after he'd seen a few more, he'd think differently.

I gather that *Les Yeux Sans Visage* has been receiving quite a bit of critical attention of late (maybe because it went the rounds of the drive-ins last year?). Don and I are a bit mystified at this;

we did see the film—gee I guess it must have been *two* years ago, come to think of it. I recall the editing and camera work as being outstandingly run-of-the-mill and the story as being ditto. Endless shots of moldering faces failed to move us, after some time, as—as we recall—nothing about it was surprising/unusual/well-acted/anything. It *has* been some time and we *did* see the dubbed version and we were sleepy, too. But, Dan, are you sure you didn't overestimate it just because you *were* sleepy?

(Hah! bet you thought I'd comment on the Barr strip, didn't you?)

JERRY POURNELLE
8396 Fox Hills Ave.
Buena Park, California 90620

Just finished devouring latest TRUMPET; as usual, best fanzine out by a long shot.

Thanks for including the letter from Ned Brooks; and for not commenting on it. Ye gods, what a discouraging experience. People who don't bother to read what you say are still very hurt when you don't say what they think you should. SO—old Pournelle, the Black Reactionary, wants to turn the country over to the millhands and ditchdiggers; and this is REACTIONARY nonsense!!! At least he concedes that we intellectuals do a bit of work, although he apparently doesn't know that I too am all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. I'm not surprised that he can't remember many details of the conventions; he couldn't even remember the conditional with which I prefaced my remarks about millhands...

Mr. Thorne has a different problem; he reads but can't quite concede that I can be talking to HIM. And his much vaunted "ideals" (Lord, how many have died for "ideals"? In Thy Name, or against it?) do not include much sense of responsibility, I am afraid. Although I have a lot of sympathy for him. I went through it myself. That terrible sense of urgency which one can have only when young. But at the same time, if one is truly interested in things as important as war, and justice, it would seem to me that one might concede that there are pre-requisites to action; that at least a basic minimum of understanding might be a legitimate requirement before committing oneself to a course of action. Oh, well. I didn't expect very many to listen.

But I get so tired of people exploiting my students. Here these kids are asked to take part in saving this or defeating that or something...told that if they don't they are hypocrites...that if one thinks without ACTING immediately, one is false to oneself. And they know so little! If they hadn't the smattering of knowledge that has been pumped into them their natural humility might restrain them from total commitment; but the little knowledge which has not yet been "melted into wisdom" (Whitehead's phrase; wish it were mine) makes them sophomores in the true and literal sense of the word: Wise fools.

Good heavens! My apprentice intellectuals want to tackle the problems of the world while they are still in school. Strange; the physics majors don't think themselves competent to revise Einstein while they are still undergraduates. An apprentice cabinet maker doesn't think himself a hypocrite (and of the worst kind at that) if he doesn't produce a genuine work of art during his second year, nor does he feel insulted if the boss insists that he not tackle the most difficult repair job in the shop alone... but the kids are encouraged to think that once they have read a book, or two, or ten, that is enough: now they can take on the problems which have beset men through the ages. Reminds me of Jacques Barzun's remarks on what he understood the Congress was asking him to do after WWII: To equip Suzy Smith of Iowa to go over to Germany and remake the country into democrats; she could be armed with Muzzy's "History of Our Country" for the job.

[The following is of later vintage and refers to the two preceding letters in this issue.]

Dr. Boardman obviously did not read my article on the Idea of a University. This is rather typical of Professor Boardman; he sees what he wishes to see in those things he reads, and reacts to what he expects to find.

Item: Dr. Boardman states that the piece is an "attack on the strikers at St. John's University." In reading the article, I find [St. John's mentioned three times but at no time did I mention the strikers] and I see no reason to explain or apologize for anything I said on the subject.

Nor did I say that the St. John's dismissed faculty employed professional pickets. If Dr. Boardman would like instances in which professional pickets have been used, I know of several. I do not, however, believe it to be in the best interest of the students to picket a University whether one does it oneself or hires it done.

Finally with regard to unionization of faculties, I again assert that I have far too much regard for my right to make up my own mind to pledge allegience to any organization which will speak for me on professional matters. Perhaps my problem is that the salary is not the principle consideration for me; I left a rather good career in industry to take a faculty appointment. But in any event I feel that academic freedom—which I believe I defended in my article—implies that I make up my own mind, not allow a majority of my colleagues to do it for me.

Finally, I stay by my conclusions in the earlier piece: if the administration and Trustees of a college want to pursue policies which in my judgment are not compatible with my professional responsibilities and the best interests of the students, I will remonstrate with them, then resign if I can get no satisfaction; but I for one will not sign a contract in which I state general agreement with their principles, then take their money to systematically destroy everything they stand for.

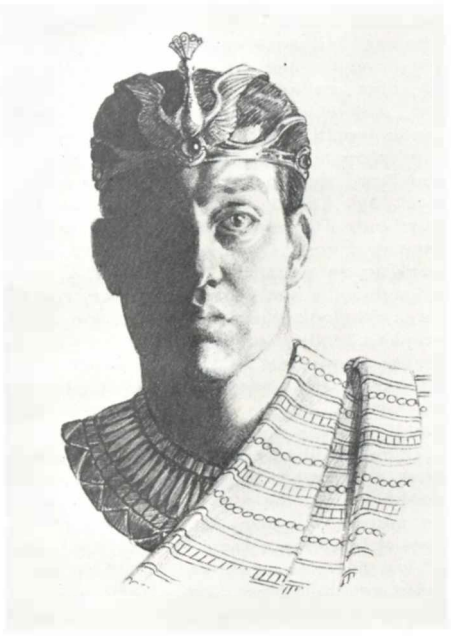
Mrs. Thompson's letter disturbs me; I wonder if what I wrote means the same thing to any two people in the world? If my articles do not show that I have at least some concern for the "end-product" of the colleges, then I must confess inability to communicate at all.

But no letter I have seen even addresses itself to the problem I raised in my articles, which is, what is the purpose of a college? Not in the mythical world in which most of my respondents seem to live, but in the real world where people must either voluntarily pay money to keep the college going, or else pay it at the point of a gun held in the fist of the tax collector's bailiffs. I, at least, still believe that before I can take someone's money, I must have some cogent reason for doing so; and that the reason ought to appeal to the individual who pays.

But please, Mrs. Thompson. I said that I wouldn't tolerate Administration spies in my classrooms, nor would I allow the Administration to interfere in what I considered to be my professional field. Does this satisfy your sarcastic allusion to the stockholder in the classroom? And for your information, the Administration, Faculty, and Trustees of my College last spring voted unanimously to turn down a one million dollar bequest because it had attached to it the condition that we award an honorary Ph.D. to a radio commentator. We, at least, live up to our principles, even when they cost us money.

As to Mrs. Thompson's contention that the student is the most important member of the academic community, because he is what the college exists for: in my school this is correct. It is not true in most large universities. Most of them assign graduate students to teach the undergraduate classes, and concern themselves with research, many of them say they are primarily a community of scholars, with the students only a distraction. And those which do not say this usually act as if it were true; or have you ever tried to teach a graduate seminar with 35 students in it? I know a man who quit Berkeley because that's what that "finest University in the world" did to him.

I don't know why I bother with this; call it a desparate urge to show that there may be another side to questions which are usually presented in stark terms of good guys and bad guys.



DOYLE SHARP
Box 45
Boswell, Indiana 47921

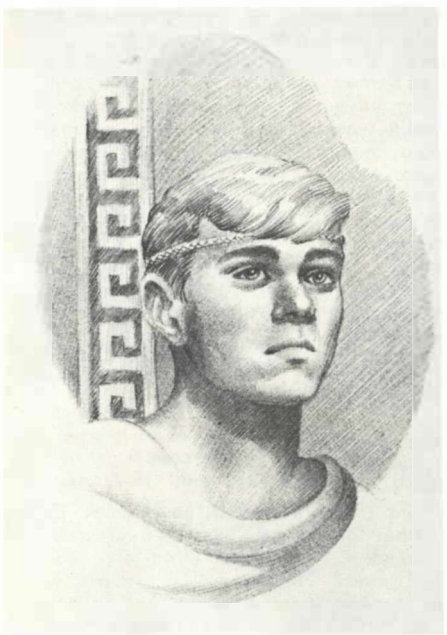
You are a fool. Anyone who would dare repudiate the philosophy of Ayn Rand has to be. Yes, socialism is her anethema. What are you a goddam communist? If you were to read more of her works you would realize that she stands for the highest ideals of man, namely that man and his mind is not evil and that life is not a curse. She is the only true genius of today! Cogito ergo sum! [Do all Randites lose their cool so quickly when criticised?]

DAVID SZUREK
6328 Perkins St.
Detroit, Michigan 48210

Looks like you, in your film reviews, search out the bad points of pictures accepted as "good", and the good points in pictures people generally seem to accept as pretty poor. For instance, you sit around putting "Day of the Triffids" down, and then turn around and tell us the good points in "The Crawling Hand" and "Horror of Party Beach". Sure you put down these pics, but you mentioned a few of their better points, too. [I'm not sure I understand exactly what you're complaining about. The bad points of a "bad" picture and the good points of a "good" picture should be obvious to one and all and hardly need laboring. On the other hand, generally bad films sometimes have a few bright moments that go unnoticed and it's evident from the fan press that very few saw past the shiny surface of "Day of the Triffids" to what a truly shoddy mess it really was. Or are you seriously suggesting that I shouldn't contradict popular opinion?]

Beards are a sign of masculinity, Andy Offutt? I've met a few people who have said just the contrary! I used to have one—shaved it off. But I neither wore it nor shaved it off to prove I'm a man. If I really was a man, would I have to prove it! [That last paragraph is strictly sic!]

Let's hear it for John Trimble!



Too many people are too quick to call the true freedom lovers, we moderate leftists, a bunch of commies! I generally sympathize with the somewhat "leftist" views, but I don't believe at all in Communism, and I find that a good deal of these people don't. Hell, these days a Communist is just a term of insult, anyway. If you don't feel like calling a person a crud, a crumb, a jerk, a ratfink, a flake, call him a Red. It's the nastiest thing you can call them.

I wonder if Michael Brunas is at all serious? Oh well, we all have a right to our opinions!

FRITZ LEIBER
542 Frontera Dr.
Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272

Thanks for the copy of TRUMPET 4. It's a handsome, interesting, fully-packed volume. Yours and Barr's BROKEN SWORD adaptation especially stands out.

I don't like to nit-pick, but re Eisenstein's reviews of the fanzines and AMRA v2, #36 in particular, the other review of Carter's THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA was by Archie Mercer, not me. It came after my review of THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS and Alex missed the change of reviewer, which was however indicated. I haven't read Carter's book, and so naturally don't want to be quoted as criticizing it; a note in your next issue should take care of this.

I was delighted by the McGeehan article about Tarzan and called it to the attention of Hulbert Burroughs. By now he's probably ordered some copies from you. [Yes, he did. Thank you.]

I as you may know have got deep in Tarzan—last autumn writing the Ballantine Book novel U6125, "Tarzan 25," TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD, a very free-wheeling "novelization" of the first Sy Weintraub/Mike Henry movie. Authorized by E.R.B., Inc., of course, and under my own name. This is my second handling of another author's character; about 5 years back I did continuity for a year for the Buck Rogers daily strip and Sunday page. With the Tarzan I had a completely free hand in doing the job and I enjoyed myself hugely. I've just now finished an article about the experience: TARZAN'S LONG SHADOW, which should appear in Ed Ferman's new magazine P.S.

McGeehan should be amused to learn that the car-wash battle was dropped from the movie. I used it in the book, however, and it's a very Tarzanian fight, if I do say so myself. There are other of these incidents in my novel and still more that I just made up myself.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
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Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

No matter what Havelock Ellis said, I always used to think beards were anti-phallic symbols. They used to grow only on very old men, pictures of Biblical patriarchs, and an assortment of other individuals who were not currently active in breeding pursuits. It's difficult to see any relationship between changing beard fashions and changing attitudes toward sex over long spans of time. Didn't they lose favor in the United States just about when the nation was getting over the worst of its outward prudery around the turn of the century? Somewhere I once found the theory that neckties are phallic symbols, too. It seems so much easier and so much more sanitary to wear a necktie that can be dry-cleaned and changed regularly. In any event, Andy Offutt continues to be amusing and thought-provoking. Undoubtedly, a few minutes of research would turn up the reason why writers got into the habit of capitalizing the first person singular nominative pronoun. But I can save those few minutes by making a very quick guess: that in the era when the written word was always longhand, it was quicker to make it I, because the capital letter could be made without lifting pen from paper while the small letter interrupted the penmanship long enough to permit dotting the i.

Anyone who was once a Sunday school student could tell Ned Brooks why some words are put into italics in Bibles: it was inspired by the devil so that little kids would emphasize the wrong words when they got up on the stage on Rally Day and read some familiar section of the scriptures. But the official reason, I believe, is that the King James translators didn't want to commit the impiety of adding their own words to what they were translating from. Therefore they italicized all words that were not literal translations from the original but were needed in English because of the different structure of the language, the smaller quantities of inflections in English, and similar matters.

Monthly indulgence in sexac by married couples must have been quite customary in the era from which your book derives. Either in Tristam Shandy or A Sentimental Journey, I forget which, the character is able to describe not only the date of his birth but the date of his conception, because of his father's habit of getting this time of exercise every time it was necessary to wind up the weights on the 30-day clock. But the big families that were so frequent in the old years don't jibe with this theory. Could it be that the rhythm system of birth control is actually a looking glass derivation from the original rhythm system of making sure there would be lots of kids to help with the farm work? I think the best thing ever written about "self-pollution" is a paperback containing a batch of Charles Jackson's short stories. It's the one about the titanic struggle within a boy who believes some adult's warning that a boy who does it more than a dozen times—or some such figure—goes crazy. Eventually the boy uses up all but the final performance and must decide between one last splurge and madness.

Tom Perry's article is more impressive for the fact that someone has taken all the trouble over a generally discredited magazine feature than from the additional damage it does to Campbell's reputation. One of the real shocks of 1966 so far was the discovery that someone will publish a book containing nothing but Campbell editorials. I wonder if it will retain the famous statement that television will not percolate into all American homes like radio? Or will it

prove that the statement was never made? Everyone remembers seeing it but nobody seems able to cite which issue it appeared.

The Broken Sword more than meets expectations. My only complaint is the inability to see those wonderfully detailed little drawings in really big size, and that's a foolish complaint because I can and probably will copy a few of them photographically and make them big enough to justify their excellence.

John McGeehan's article strikes me as the ideal introduction to Burroughs fandom, and it's useful to the older fan like me who has not gone into the Burroughs circles very far beyond the rim. The news about the Maureen O'Sullivan garment was particularly interesting. Unless I've mixed her up with some other actress, she was always publicized as one of the ultra-nice girls who couldn't even play convincingly a character who did nasty things because it went against her nature, certainly not the kind of actress you'd expect to risk tsetse fly damage to her skin.

I was going to state the belief that your humorous art was a trifle inferior this issue. Then I came to the inside back cover and hastily canceled that statement. Campbell would probably buy 10,000 words based on this page. There is no sign of any regression on your serious art. The front cover is magnificent. It gives an impression of reality and puts you right into the scene in the most uncanny way. The line drawings scattered here and there on the interior pages recall the wonderful old days when you read a new issue of Unknown and every so often encountered similarly inspired little Cartier sketches when you turned a page.

I don't attend church. But if I lived in a town smaller then Hagerstown, I suspect that I would go two or three times a month. It'd save time and would be easier on the nerves than the experiences like the one you describe with the Baptist minister and the long interrogations you're bound to encounter from laymen about your religious beliefs. You've undoubtedly begun to nod at neighbors on the street, something you were not expected to do in a big city, for much the same reason. [I've not met any of my neighbors and they must surely wonder what's going on over here because I do have visitors almost continually. I see them out working industriously in their yards. My own yard is sort of pop-art; filled with the new national plant—Johnson grass. I keep telling myself that it is too late in the year to worry about the yard and will get it all gussied up next spring—that's what I keep telling myself.]

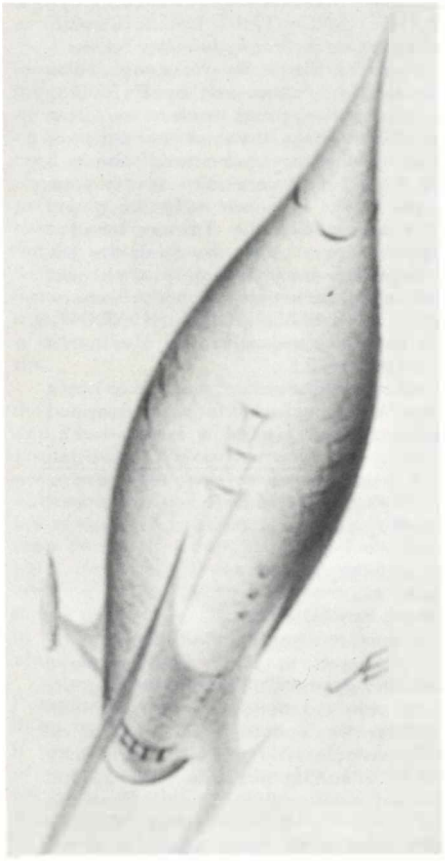
EARL NOE
2907 W. Kiowa
Colorado Springs, Colorado

The Campbell article was probably the most interesting piece, although hindered a bit by an excessively self-conscious prose style (Perry takes an awfully long time to say that it's simply *natural* for Campbell to get more mss from CalTech grads than Harvard Lit majors) and by the trap of a lot of *ad hominem* arguments.

There is a certain validity in Campbell's position, of course, although it's possible that Campbell doesn't grasp it himself. Sex *(per se,* or as a *primum mobile)* and the Common Man *are,* in fact, absent from great fiction and are quite recent post-Freudian innovations, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Sophocles never really treat sex as a subject in itself, but as a rather natural adjunct to themes social, theological, or dramatic. It is only logical that part of modern fiction—the *Carpetbagger* school—seems like, and may prove to be, a rather neurotic blind-alley. Part of Campbell's problem is that he is probably too hasty in seeing as sex-as-a-subject what only appears to be. D. H. Lawrence, for example, treats sex—and somewhat mystically at that—as only part of a continuum of love which includes the spiritual/Platonic. Henry Miller, on the other hand, uses sex as a weapon of outrage, pushing it to the point where his work becomes a sort of New Puritanism.

In fact, there's a philosophical question as to whether what I have here called sex-as-a-subject can constitute Art. The Supreme Court's definition of pornography (the "dominate theme" of the work, taken as a whole, appeals to "the prurient interest") is nothing but a version of Stephen Daedalus' esthetic theory, derived from Aquinas, in *Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses.* The work of the creative artist, Joyce says, cannot be *kinetic* (arousing, overall, the emotions and sympathies of the reader in one direction or to one end), but instead must produce an artistic *stasis.*

As for the Common Man, God may have loved them but readers usually find them dull. The paradox of Leopold Bloom is that he *seems* the commonest of souls, but is most uncommonly complete.



ROBERT COULSON
Rt. 3
Hartford City, Indiana 47348

I sympathise with Andrew Offutt over the lack of response to his offuttese. After all, he never *said* he was going to write in English, so the readers who expected him to do so are probably a lot of old fuddy-duddies. Besides, it always hurts when nobody is impressed by one's non-conformity. Anyway, I hope he sticks to the small "i". Everyone should have some means of expressing his individuality; most of us have more important ways, but every little bit helps. I suppose wearing a beard helps, too, for those who have been sufficiently overwhelmed by women to need this bit of self-assertiveness. And I'm sure that a lot of beard-wearers feel that other men secretly envy them—there wouldn't be any point to wearing one, otherwise, would there? I notice Andy fails to mention the biggest drawback to growing a beard—after two weeks the damned things itch constantly, until one is driven mad (or close to it). I am told by my bearded friends that this problem stops after the beard gets long enough, but I've never persisted long enough. As my ego doesn't need pampering, I have never figured that the enhanced charm of a beard is worth the personal discomfort involved in growing one. A mustache is different; it doesn't itch, and this hay-fever sufferer has never had any problems about nose-drip or anything else. (And it saves shaving a tender area.)

We've had problems with Baptist ministers, too. Never any other denomination, just Baptist. Apparently the only way to handle a Baptist is to tell him you're a Unitarian and to get the hell out of the doorway. (We didn't do this at first, being normally fairly polite. We learned.)

Note to Creath Thorne; cliches aren't necessarily wrong just because they are cliches. He might check his facts before commenting, too; we've had the "sword-blade of the draft" over our heads since 1940. How many years does it take to make a generation, anyway? Incidentally, all the opposition to Viet Nam seems to be coming from civilians. Which makes me wonder if the armed forces really do "build men", or do they have an ultra-efficient method of brain-washing? I'll back him against Sapiro, though; it takes an N3F member to put up with Sapiro's stodgy prose. [I remember reading some time back about a uniformed serviceman who participated in an anti-Viet Nam demonstration. He was court-martialed. If civilian demonstrators had a similar fate in store, I don't imagine there would be very many of them either.]

Lovely work by Barr. I still don't like comic strips, but if one must have them, this is the kind to have.

CARRINGTON B. DIXON, JR.
501 Sylvan Dr.
Garland, Texas 75040

Tom Perry's article on Campbell, or rather on Campbellism as expressed in Campbell's October editorial, was pretty good. However, he seems to want to make several points, and in doing so he lets the article ramble from

one loosely connected topic to another and ends with a series of points not exactly based on the preceeding article and in some ways as unfounded as those of Campbell that he attacks.

"What can (the potential new reader or writer of SF) think after reading an editorial in the world's best SF magazine?" he asks. What makes him think that the editorials of the magazine will be their criterion for judgement? All potential SF writers are people who are already SF readers; so, Perry's implication that we are losing potential writers has meaning only if he means potential readers who might become potential writers. But I am both wandering and nit-picking—back to the subject!

Let us presume that Joe Would-Be-Writer is a potential new SF reader with the possibility of becoming the Heinlein, Sturgeon, etc. of the next decade. Will he decide to try SF, run out to his local newsstand, buy a copy of *Analog*, read the editorial, be sickened, continue through the issue only to find that the stories are but fictionalizations of the editorial points, and thus give up SF because he has found "the world's best SF magazine" wanting? No, for several reasons.

Most potential SF readers some to the prozines by stages. First, usually at a fairly young age, he discovers that he has something of a taste for the unusual of SF type fiction, or perhaps he is just browsing in the public library and picked up some SF work by chance. In either case, his first contact with SF outside the comics or television will probably be books checked out of the public or school library. (I am, of course, not talking about those introduced to SF by a friend, because I don't believe that he is the kind of potential reader-writer that Perry is talking about.) Next, he will discover the SF paperbacks at his local newsstand. Depending on the degree of his interest, he will either spend the rest of his SF reading life at this level, or he will progress on to the next level; that is, he will become a reader of the prozines.

Will Joe Paperback-Reader buy a copy of "the world's best SF magazine" and judge all the other SF magazines by it? No. Unless Joe has had some previous contact with either fandom or the SF magazines themselves, he cannot know that *Analog* is "the world's best SF magazine." He is, therefore, not likely to take a single issue, or a single group of issues of the same magazine, as the standard and judge all by the one without assurance that the one is at least typical of the many. (I am assuming that anyone with enough sense or sensitivity or whatever to be offended by a single dose of Campbellism would have enough sense or whatever to realize that perhaps he had simply made a wrong choice in picking the SF magazine to try.)

In any case, how many people judge a fiction magazine by its editorial? I for one had been reading *Astounding* for several years before I even discovered that it had an editorial page, and I have a feeling that in this respect I am typical of any number of potential SF readers. If a person is ever going to graduate from reading an occasional SF paperback to regular or at least semi-regular reading of the magazines he will probably do so before his twentieth birthday (indeed probably well before it). At that early age he will be more inclined to judge the magazine by the stories than by the editorial which he probably will not read.

I am still very much impressed by "The Broken Sword." So far you have stayed close to Anderson's original story line to good effect. Barr's illustrations are works of art. While he is not always faithful to Anderson's exact descriptions, he is always faithful to the spirit of the character described and to the mood of the story, which literal faithfulness to the exact descriptions would, as he points out in his letter, betray the essence of the expression of character and mood. I particularly liked the parallelisms in the panels on the top of page 14 and his treatment of the elf eyes in all the panels except the one in the lower left hand corner of page 17. I do not feel that with his whole face blacked out Imric's eyes should be seen to glow; the effect is as if his head were open in the back and the light was shining through the empty eye sockets.

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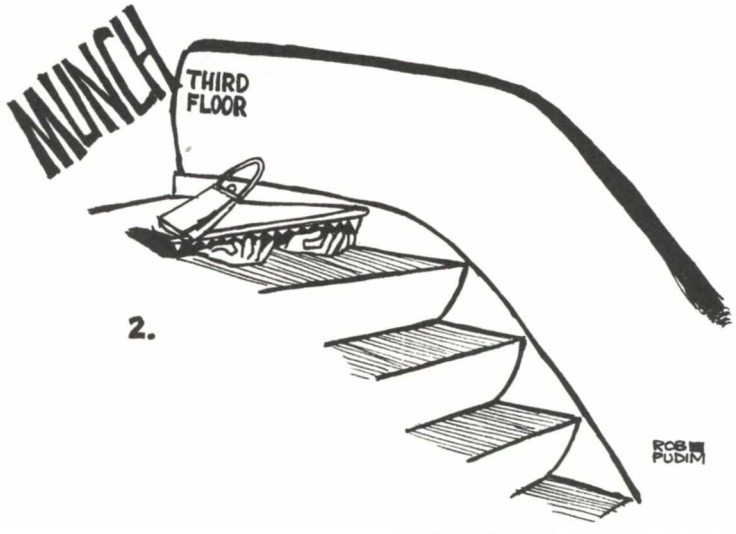

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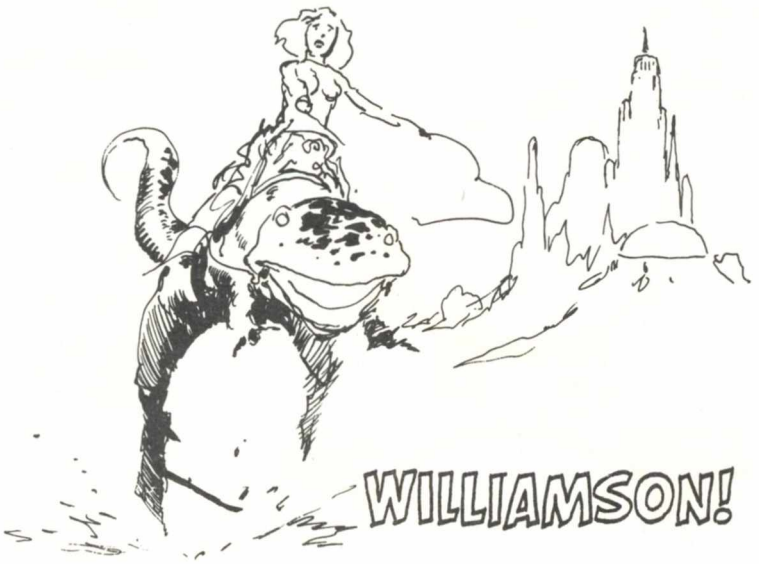

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