

**trumpet 8**

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# TRUMPET 8

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## ARTICLE

PIERHEADS IN SPACE by H.H. Hollis.....4

## PICTORIAL FEATURES

BODE'S MACHINES by Vaughn Bode'.....7

WALDEN'S POND a folio by Stan Taylor.....22

OG by Irwin and Lawrence.....41

## COLUMNS

CPCC by andrew j. offutt.....19

THE VIEW FROM UP HERE by Dan Bates.....27

## DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL by Tom Reamy.....1

EDITORIAL by Alex Eisenstein.....2

TRUMPET PEOPLE: HOLLIS WILLIFORD.....21

THE COMPOST HEAP by Alex Eisenstein.....31

PERSIFLAGE by the readers.....36

## ART INDEX

GEORGE BARR.....cp

TOM REAMY.....2

MICHAEL GILBERT.....4, 5

JERRY MAYES.....6, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40

HOLLIS WILLIFORD.....19

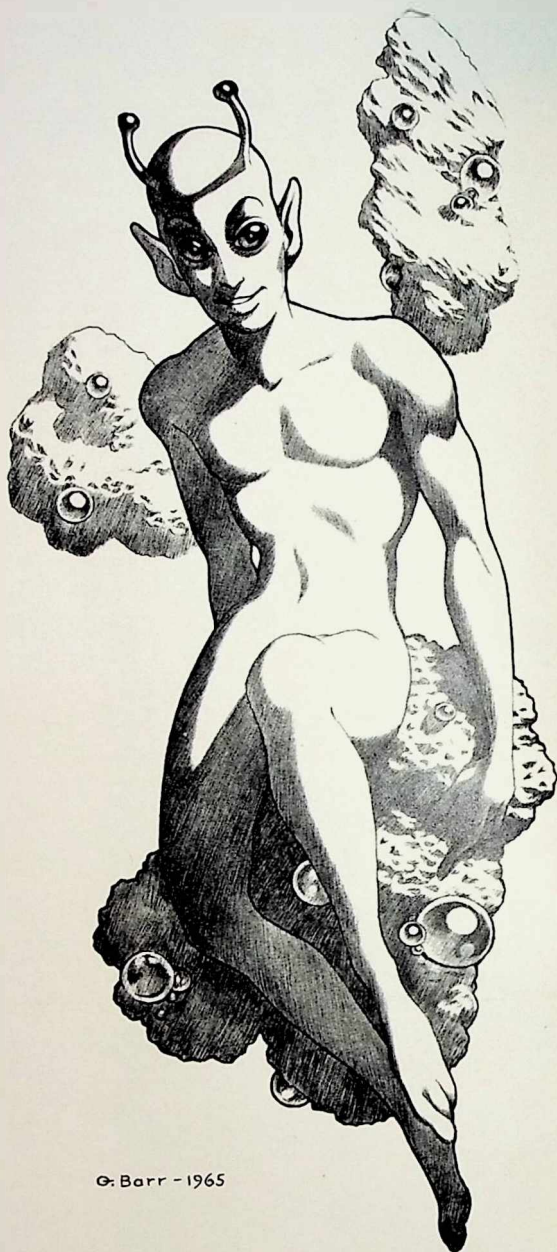
DAVE LUDWIG.....27, 28, 29

DOUG LOVENSTEIN.....31

ROB PUDIM.....33, 35

TRUMPET is published three or four times a year at 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas 75230. Telephone: 214-369-5937. This is the September, 1968 issue. Prices are 60c per copy or \$2.50 for a five-issue subscription. All foreign subscriptions, including Canada, are \$3.00. Free to contributors and worthy allies. PRINTED letters of comment are considered contributions. Also available for trade.

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G. Barr - 1965



## Help!

As you may have noticed, this is not the special Bok issue as promised last time. Because of certain situations that arose, it has been postponed until next issue. Apologies to all.

We have a little problem that I want to present to the readership for opinions. It's a desirable problem for a fanzine to have but it still requires a solution. Our backlog of material is growing by leaps and bounds; we have material as much as two years old that is still waiting for a vacancy. There are several possible solutions:

We could publish more often, but this meets with a major obstacle: time. Putting the magazine together takes a pretty well fixed amount of time which, of course, is regulated by the amount of typing to be done. I do all the work by myself and I'm not a particularly fast typist. We could have the text typeset but that presents another obstacle: money. We've found a place that will do typeset for \$12.00 a page (which is really a low price) but it would amount to around \$250.00 more per issue. We have no problem affording the magazine as it is, but we can't afford that. It would probably be cheaper to hire the typing done but that's an avenue I haven't investigated.

We could add more pages which, of course, means more time and more money; the printing costs are basically regulated by the page count. The best solution at this time appears to be that we add eight pages and raise the price to 75¢ with a sub being 5 issues for \$3.00. We won't do anything for an issue or two but all possibilities need investigation, and we need your opinions.

February, 1970 will be our fifth anniversary and I've been thinking idly of a super-colossal Fifth Annish—I haven't talked this over with Alex yet, but I'd like your suggestions. I was thinking of 150 pages to sell for about \$1.50. It would, of course, go to subscribers at no additional cost. We can probably wipe out the backlog in one swell foop.

## Ted White-revisited

Last issue I said a few harsh words about Ted White because he eliminated all films at Nycon. I was apparently a little rash and too eager to believe the worst about the Committee. My information came from Rik Newman and went something like this: Rik said, without hedging in the least, that the Committee had been offered several films (listed last issue) along with casts and crews and anything else the Committee wanted, but had declined them. He then said that Ted had come to him on Saturday with a change of heart but it was, of course, too late to do anything.

In the latest *Fantasy News*, Ted answers similar comments from John Duval. He said that Newman had offered the films plus a rough cut of 2001. The films were accepted by the Committee! And they were then, one by one, withdrawn as Newman failed to get each one, until the only thing left was a schlock

Italian sf epic. Ted doesn't name it but Newman mentioned to me that he was pushing *Wild, Wild Planet*. That one Ted did reject.

My apologies, Ted. I had no reason to suspect that Newman was lying, or that he was originating the rumors that the Committee was scotching all attempts to show films. So there I was, feeling contrite and a little ashamed of myself. And Ted has to spoil it all with this statement:

"John Duval seems to feel that the Nycon 3 owed film fans a program. I have no idea why. The 25th World Science Fiction Convention was put on by and for sf fans—not monster fans, film fans, or, for that matter, old radio serial fans. If fans of these other, offshoot fandoms decide that they want to join or attend a Worldcon, that is surely their option, but no excuse to expect it will be tailored to their particular sub-fandom."

Really?

I thought Worldcons were for all convention members. If Ted wanted the membership limited to 100%, true-blue sf fans with no interest in the sub-fandoms, as he apparently did, there wouldn't have been 200 people there. But, then, maybe he would have preferred that too. Many of the Committee seem to consider Nycon as an open Fanoclast meeting which somehow got out of hand with the wrong people showing up. Most, and I would say a very large most, of the people active in fandom today have come in through one of the sub-fandoms or, as in my case, have developed various degrees of interest in them. These people paid their \$3.00 like everyone else and certainly should have had a part of the program tailored for them.

Of course it shouldn't be tailored to a particular segment of fandom; there should be something for everyone. I'm referring to the formal program, naturally. The rest of the convention is what you make of it yourself. That's why I enjoyed myself thoroughly although I thought the program a monotonous bore.

At least Ted's statement gave me a pretty good clue as to what he was trying to do with Nycon 3. He was trying to turn back the clock to Nycon 1 when there were no sub-fandoms, when all attendees were pure sf fans and wanted to do nothing but have serious discussions of sf. It can't be done, as Ted discovered. For better or worse, the sub-fandoms are a part of sf fandom. And, as they are practically the only doorways into fandom now, they can only grow larger and more vocal. It may not be long before the Worldcons are put on by film fans or comic fans. Let's hope they will allow a small portion of the program to be tailored for that sub-fandom of science-fiction fans.

## 69 in St. Louis, uh, I mean...

While at Ozarkon 3 in St. Louis, Ray and Joyce Fisher took Harlan Ellison and me to look over the hotel to be used for the 27th World Science-Fiction Convention. It's absolutely fabulous. It's the largest hotel I've ever seen used for a Worldcon. All of the convention rooms are huge. The foyer is

larger than the main meeting room at Nycon. There will be no problem about a scarcity of room for hucksters' tables or a cramped art show room. And, most important, there will be sleeping rooms for all attendees in the convention hotel. There will be no cross-town treks twice a day as there undoubtedly will be at Baycon.

The Baycon Committee certainly deserves the dumb-dumb award of the year for selecting such a small hotel. From what I hear, the Columbus hotel is not nearly large enough either. So, anyone not voting for St. Louis in '69 is only doing themselves a disservice.

## 2001

Some of the reviews I've been reading in the sf press (both fan and pro) have been as mind-boggling as the movie. The opinions of some reviewers, who don't like movies in the first place, can be disregarded. They'll not like anything. But some of the movie-oriented fans who have glowed rapturously over things like *The Power* or *The Brides of Fu Manchu* cannot be disregarded; only observed nervously.

Not only did some of these reviewers dislike the movie, they didn't understand it as well. One remarked that Kubrick rather than Clarke must have written the ending because Clarke just didn't write that type of thing! The ending is, of course, straight from Clarke's novel "Childhood's End." Another complained that he couldn't follow the continuity and others objected because their favorite clichés were missing.

These last few intellectuals would probably have been happy—let's see...

1) if the beautiful Dawn of Man sequence were eliminated; this could have been brought out in conversation, while minor characters murmured, "But that's fantastic, Doctor!" 2) if the spaceships had made freight train sounds going through space, with smoke that floated upward and sparks that fell downward! 3) if there had been a pretty girl stow-away on *Discovery*, preferably a reporter; 4) if there had been a comic-relief character, preferably from Brooklyn; 5) if the characters had spent a good deal of the time asking each other stupid questions, as in Ivan Tors' *The Magnetic Monster*, with answers for the benefit of the audience; and 6) if the astronaut, still accompanied by the girl and the comic-relief, had been met on the alien planet by someone in a rubber monster suit all fitted out with more explanations (a scene similar, no doubt, to the ending of *Psycho*) and then returned to Earth supermen, but physically unchanged.

Lester del Rey would probably be happier in these familiar surroundings also; he seems so outraged that the movie did anything that wasn't being done twenty years ago. I had heard a great deal about del Rey's review long before I read it. I was prepared to be very argumentative but, after finally reading it, I couldn't. The review sounds like the rantings of a neurotic or, perhaps, the journey of a blind man through the Land of Light. You can't argue with something like that. It's unfortunate only in that it was published in a national magazine and possibly dissuaded some prospective viewers. The entire review

continued on page 34

# reflections on a silver icon alex eisenstein

AN EDITORIAL OF SUSPENDED DISBELIEF

It seems the BAYCON committee firmly intends to follow the poor example set by NYCon regarding adherence to the By-Laws: as announced in the third Progress Report, the present committee has added a fourth fiction category to the roster and juggled the wordage set by provisions of the Tricon business meeting. We now are faced with a spurious "novella" category, conforming the Hugo awards to the artificial strictures of the SFWA's rather pretentious (and obnoxious) "Nebula" awards; the SFWA cuts off "short story" at 7,500 words, with "novelet" running 7,500 to 17,500, and the strange animal called "novella" occupying a bracket of 17,500 to 40,000. At this point, both Hugo and Nebula agree—anything over 40,000 words is considered a full-blown novel in the contemporary form.

We now have a novella, folks; this despite Jim Blish's one-time affirmation that "novella," as a separate category of fiction, was a figment of H.L. Gold's notional mind—that it is merely a synonym for the more common term, "novelet"; despite assurance at Tricon, from both Hans Santesson and Harlan Ellison, that the present official wordages were generally-acceptable as limits for the short, novelet, and novel. The Tricon business meeting provided a leeway of plus-or-minus 5,000 words for each category, this leeway to be applied by any con committee where deemed necessary by the formal structure of a story.

By the criteria of length in the By-Laws, "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" is easily a short story (not a novelet), because it is approximately 8,300 words in length. Therefore, the committee's plaint that only three stories qualified for the "short" category, while nine novelets acquired substantial nominations, is somewhat misleading, especially as "Gonna Roll the Bones" follows a classic short-story pattern (an incident involving two main characters) and weighs in at 9,600 words. On balance we might then have 5 short stories and only 7 novelets—a little more acceptable. Why the committee felt constrained by the limit of 5 finalists in the fiction categories when they entered 6 each under "Best Artist" (pro), "Best Fanzine," and "Best Fan Artist," I simply cannot perceive; as an excuse for the fourth category, this specious adherence falls flat.

Technically, the BAYCON Boys could have instituted the novella category in full accordance with the new rules of the Constitution and By-Laws: the NYCon business meeting amended them to allow two optional categories for voting, to be decided by the Con Committee, and even the prior laws allowed one optional; however, the BAYCON Boys apparently also wish to preserve Ted White's supernumerary fan-awards—they, too, appear on the final ballot. Of course, the latter fannish awards appeared openly on the nominations form, whereas the novella award did not—it's been shoved onto the final ballot as an obvious (and obviously questionable) afterthought, the ostensible [forgive me,

Steve Pickering, for using the word correctly] reason being that the committee purportedly received a flood of requests for such an arrangement, from both fans and pros, after the nominating ballots were mailed. Needless to say, I scoff at this a bit, just as I scoff at Ted White's claim that Jack Gaughan "was fandom's choice" for both the fan- and pro-artist awards last year.

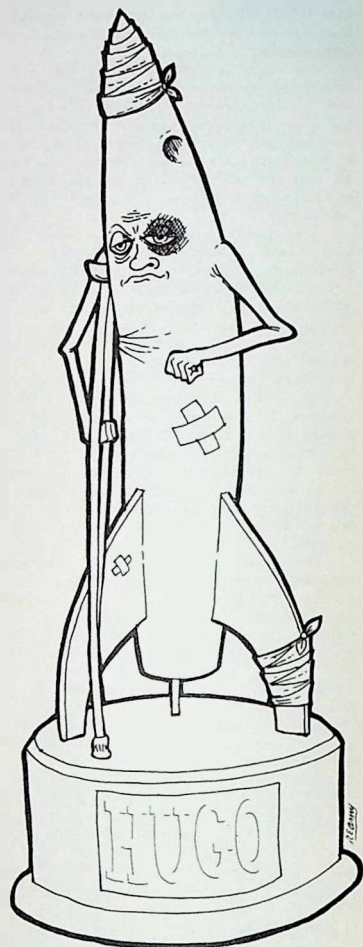
The main reason I'm discussing this casual trifle with the rules in such morbid detail is that I was one of the parties involved in the instigation to reinstate the novelet category, after its several years of languishment. However, I never intended to initiate a syndrome of proliferating categories—a basic confusion over the difference between a novelet and a short story is the factor that originally led to the elimination of the novelet category after 1959. And ever since that date, excepting only Ellison's "Repent, Harlequin..." the short fiction award went to one long story after another: fully four short novels ("The Longest Voyage," "The Dragon Masters," "No Truce with Kings," and "Soldier, Ask Not"), one average-length novelet ("Flowers for Algernon"), and one book-length series of novelets (the "Hothouse" series) won six of the seven "short-fiction" Hugos that were awarded before the Tricon agreement to return to the dual categories of short story and novelet.

The measure I proposed—with the aid of a ~~colleague~~ colleague—was not reinstatement of the novelet *per se* (we realized there might be fears of the old confusion), but the creation of a separate category for short novels.

Well, of course, Harlan objected that this was not the traditional category of the professionals (what? you can't believe Harlan Ellison standing four-square for conservative tradition? there are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio...) To make a moderately long story short: rather than buck Harlan's resounding apoplexy, we ~~did~~ <sup>did</sup> compromised: our "short-novel" category was re-christened "novelet," and broadened to include anything shorter than a legitimate 40,000-word novel, all the way down to a 10,000-word-plus novelet.

This makes a truly broad category, but at least the real short fiction now has a practical chance to win. However, a problem with the short novel apparently remains: all the entries in the committee's new "novella" category are more descriptively termed *short novels*, the shortest ones being a mere 50 pages, the longest 70 to 80.

Yet, I don't think the solution lies in this extra category. Structurally, an honest novelet (excluded is the overblown short story that is only a well-padded incident) is little different from a short novel (or "novella," if you actually prefer that term!), as both forms are properly "novels writ small"; therefore, there really should be no objection to the two longer forms competing against each other. A short novel is just a very long novelet; and a normal, modern novelet is just a rather brief short no-



vel. Again, I emphasize that either one running against the average-length short story creates a farcical situation, simply because the modern short story is almost always just a well-developed incident, or short chain of related incidents; the true short-fiction piece can't compete, for much the same reasons that it can't compete against a full-blown novel.

To separate "novella" from novelet essentially diminishes fair competition between stories of like nature—once more the long story receives the better odds, the more-than-even break, relative to its short cousin, because now two awards are to be presented in an area which is fundamentally a single category. For utter justice to prevail, the short fiction, also, would necessarily be split into two new categories—"Short



story" and "short-short" (or perhaps "vignette"). Such manifold distinctions are certainly tedious, but the latter is in principle no more (or less) ridiculous than the schism of "novelet/novella."

The one valid factor operating in the realm of the longer works which does not apply to the short fiction is the greater variance of word-length—it covers a much broader band in the long fiction than in the short (from 40,000 to 10,000 words yields a "breadth" of 30,000 for the novelet, as compared to a range of some 10,000 words for the short story). But the resolution of this inconsistency doesn't lie in artificial subdivisions of ever-decreasing significance—a solution more to the point would be an increase in the number of permissible nominees in the novelet category, the others retaining their present (or comparable) limits. A good number might be 8; or maybe 10, which is exactly double the present limit in all categories.

But please, not another fiction award. After all, where will it end?

"BAYCON Progress Report No. 3" also carefully instructs the membership to number all Hugo finalists in order of preference, according to the Australian ballot system. Tabulation of this system, after the first-place votes are counted, consists of dropping the low scorer and distributing the second-place choices of his supporters among the remaining contenders, and so on until one nominee has acquired more than 50% of the total votes. This is supposed to insure, ultimately, a clear-cut and fair majority; however, from the voter's end, it often boils down to deciding which nominees he loathes the least in assigning the lower ranks.

Consider the following hypothetical sequence of events. The Best Fan Artistic category includes six candidates—A, B, C, D, E, and F; assume that I vote for them in that order. If, when the ballots are counted, no nominee has a majority, and "A" has the least number of votes, "A" is then dropped, and his supporters' second choices are allotted as if they were first-place choices (in my case, "B"). If there is yet no majority, the low man is again discarded (let's say it's "B"), and his supporters' next place votes are distributed; that is, my third choice, "C," receives my vote as if he were my first choice. If a majority is still lacking and (my taste apparently being triply in error) "C" thus falls by the wayside, then "D" claims my vote... and so forth, in the unlikely event the electorate is so divided that a winner appears only after 4 out of 6 contestants are eliminated in this pre-ordained run-off.

The need for votes beyond third place is doubtful, and even generally undesirable. The Progress Report claims, "If you don't mark all the nominees in this manner you may forfeit your vote if the ones you choose are eliminated." But 4th, 5th, and 6th places are for the leavings; they are properly the domain of the "no award" vote, yet neither the ballot itself nor the Progress report suggests the existence of "no award." Not voting beyond third place does not exactly equal a "no award" vote, because this absence will drop your ballot from

the total of votes—received if your top three choices are eliminated; therefore, you ought to vote "no award" in all places subsequent to your last actual choice (unless the rules are amended to obviate such explicitness). In this manner, rather than forfeiting your vote, you are really exercising the right to deny a vote to material which you consider to be far below Hugo caliber.

However, relegating this negative form of vote exclusively to the lower places makes it rather meaningless. Because voters now seldom think of "no award" in connection with the higher ranks, the probability of the Hugo ever being withheld in any one category becomes remote. The way the system stands, somebody is certain to win, no matter how lousy all the entries are.

Your reaction to these ideas is hereby solicited at the business meeting of the 26th World Science Fiction Convention—see you in Berkeley.

In the July 1968 *GALAXY*, the "second" monthly issue (although it's the first to follow a previous issue by one month, but no matter...), Frederik Pohl closes his one-page editorial with several pertinent remarks on Kubrick's new space-travel spectacular, 2001: *A Space Odyssey*:

...at least one thing seems clear in a confusing situation: the science fiction movie we've all been waiting for still hasn't come along.

We think it's a disgrace that the most recent science-fiction movie made with a big budget, good actors and an actual s-f writer preparing the script, not aimed at a juvenile market and uncontaminated by camp, is *Things to Come*... produced in 1936.

The ellipsis is *sic*. Far be it from me to defend a picture I've yet to see, but—I am reasonably sure (I have it on good authority) that *Space Odyssey* contains some moderately good acting, and that it is hardly aimed at a juvenile audience—by all portents, the film is slanted for an audience quite a bit more sophisticated in its knowledge of the possibilities and probabilities of future space technology than is the lay public. And I know for a certainty beyond question that *Space Odyssey* had both an enormous budget and "an actual s-f writer" involved in the preparation of the story line. What's left of Pohl's conditions is the qualifier, "uncontaminated by camp"; does Pohl really believe that this film is, in any of its parts, "camp"? This is incredible! It may be riddled with flaws, be half-ass and putrid in a dozen different ways; it may be an empty exercise in avant-garde film-flam that Lester del Rey, at the opposite end of the magazine, seems to think it is. But *camp*?

Al Jackson says it "sings the lyric poem to technology"; Vic Hallett, in the BSFA fanzine *VECTOR*, avers that the story "is a mere peg on which to hang a dazzling display of wide screen pyrotechnics. The actors concerned all give very good performances (and for a change the script... is intelligent and restrained), but the real stars of the film are the machines." Yet Lester del Rey describes it as a "New Wave" disaster! (In fact, del Rey's review reads as if he witnessed the screening through a haze of caffeine jitters and migraine

affliction.)

Now, I can put up with del Rey's dreary pronouncements—he gives the "devil" his due ("The pictorial part is superb. ... Even the acting was unusually good."), while scoring a couple of telling points against the logic of the middle episode ("No motivation is provided for the computer's going mad, and the hero acts like a fool. He knows the computer can't be trusted, and we've seen that the computer can at least operate a rescue craft to bring back his dead friend. But he goes out himself, leaving his companions in hibernation to be killed by the computer."). But Fred Pohl's moldy preference and seemingly senile whimpering I personally find utterly and gratefully intolerable; this is the last straw in a long history of degradation that Pohl has brought to *GALAXY* since he ascended to the editorial chair (not the least of which is the silly contest initiated in the previous issue and continued in the present number).

Pohl's assertions strongly imply that *Things to Come*, vintage 1936, is superior to all the s-f films which follow it; Pohl also declares that *Things to Come* is not "camp." Neither of these statements is anywhere near the truth, for *Things to Come* has aged so considerably since its creation that it has gone the way of *Metropolis*; it is not without historical interest, but its props, special effects, characters, and institutions are even more quaintly absurd than those in Fritz Lang's silent epic of the future mega-city. The outbreak of a second World War on Christmas Day, the city named "Everytown," the singularly improbable federation of aggressive altruism known as "Wings Over the World"—today these piously symbolic elements seem as obvious and trite as those in a Medieval morality play, after which they must have been patterned. Most of the film cannot be considered very original even for 1936.

And what of the several high-budget s-f films that have been produced since Raymond Massey's youth? What of *Destination Moon*, which operated on a moderately high (if tight) budget for its time and followed a script written by Robert Heinlein? The acting was highly competent, performed by experienced professionals, and the film was never intended for a primarily juvenile audience. Is it then "camp"? Hardly; unless the mystique of space travel is camp, too.

What about the later efforts in the realm of the expensive, cinematic s-f adventure—such pictures as *War of the Worlds*, *Forbidden Planet*, *The Time Machine*? To be sure, many of these movies did not directly involve s-f writers (though David Duncan scripted *The Time Machine*), but they are certainly not valueless because of that. I think they are no more "juvenile" *per se* than the s-f field itself, which appeals by its very nature to the unconstructed, seeking minds of the very young.

Finally (and most important), Frederik Pohl, in complaining of campiness, is a pot of the most appalling shade of sable. In the very same issue of *GALAXY* as the offending editorial, Pohl features the first part of a high-camp serial by Fritz Leiber entitled *A Specter Is Haunting Texas*. It starts thus:

continued on page 30

# PIERHEADS IN SPACE

H. H. HOLLIS

Space law happens to be one of those fields of immense importance, in which, as yet, no really intelligent thinking has been done. That doesn't mean I have done any either. It means that I recognize that we are on the eve of expanding in a constantly growing sphere from this spheroid on which we live, that we are about to do it in roughly the same manner with which we occupied the western lands of the United States and roughly the same way that Africa was exploited by the Colonial Nations.

Only, this time, we may succeed by our efforts; carrying tuberculosis, small pox, the common cold, and other such diseases that we have in such profusion here, to other places. We may succeed in poisoning the whole environment, the whole biosphere. I suppose that this is the thing that impresses me about space law. But I have to tell you that I do not believe that any body exists on the face of the earth today which has either the authority or the technical understanding to state a body of law which would restrain us from this suicidal impulse.

I believe that there will be required an amalgamation between some such or-

ganization as the International Astronautic Association and some body of lawyers. But the problems are such as to stagger the imagination and the solutions are not in sight.

Let's start with some definitions.

For my purposes I take space to be all that sphere which surrounds us more than 53 miles from the surface of the earth. That is the Karmann Line. Theodore von Karmann has calculated that a body which reaches that line and still has some kinetic energy left, will continue in a Keplerian trajectory; which means it will go off in a spiral and not return to the surface of the earth unless something else happens to it. What happens below 53 miles we're going to consider as happening within the sphere of air. What happens above 53 miles: that's space.

Now, that was easy to define and especially easy for you because you've thought about it, you know something about it, you understand something about space.

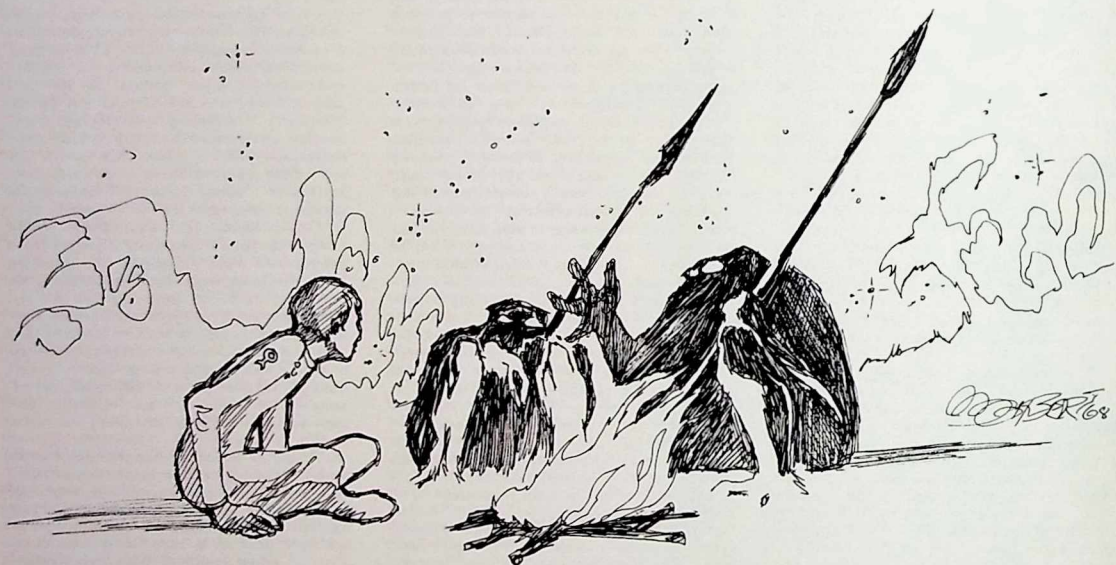
Now we're going to define law. This is a whole lot harder because everybody in the world thinks he knows what law is. And everybody has an idea what law means to him and everybody acts not in accordance with his idea

but in accordance with his deep psychological compulsions toward law.

Some of us think of the law as a father figure. Some of us think of it as the embodiment of justice. Those of you who have already begun to study logic and philosophy will understand that when you say "Law is the embodiment of justice," you haven't said anything because the definition of justice, two or three pages farther over, is going to turn out to be "that body of rules which is codified as law." I can tell you from a practical aspect that they're not the same thing. Lawyers are not in the business of dispensing justice. I don't know who is, but lawyers are not. Courts are not.

I'm going to tell you two things about law. First of all, I'm going to give you what will sound like a cynical definition of it and then I'm going to give you a working definition of it.

Law is the codification of the rules of conduct of society with provisions made for the punishment of people who break those rules. That's all it is and that means that every society sets its own law from day to day, from generation to generation. It means that there is no such thing as an immutable, un-





changeable law. There is no such thing as absolute law. There is no such thing as absolute justice. And if there were, you couldn't get it in a law court, believe me. All right, that's a cynical attitude towards the law. It is an attitude that enables you to reach a practical understanding of it.

A working definition of the law, and this is my definition: law is what lawyers DO. Now, that sounds like a redundancy but I picked it up from my friends in the art world. I used to be one of these people who would point at an abstract painting and say, "Ha, ha, what does that represent?" until finally some of my friends who paint abstract paintings took to pointing at me and saying, "Ha, ha, what do you represent?"

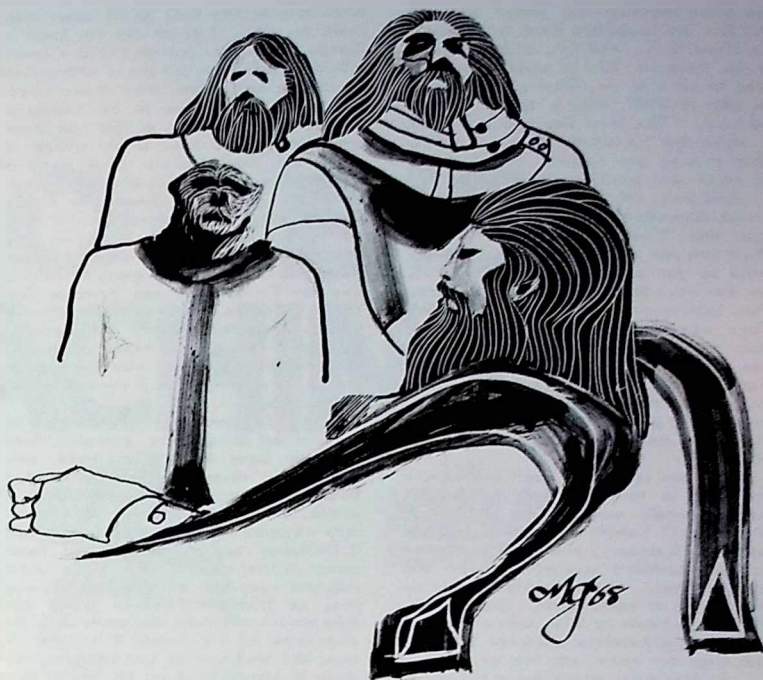
The answer is, of course, that I don't represent anything. I am. I exist. I finally caught on that the paintings exist also. Then I was able to understand that art is what artists DO. So, no matter what it may look like to you or to me, who may not immediately like it, if an artist did it, and that means if somebody who follows art as a serious proceeding; if an artist did it, then it is a work of art. It may or may not be a work of art that you like.

Now, lawyers as a class are all serious and devoted people. A few of them are also thieves but this is just one of those examples of how a bad apple creeps into every barrel, you know. As a class lawyers are devoted, serious people and they do what they do devotedly and seriously. And what they do is law. Now, what do they do from day to day? All right, I'll tell you. Lawyers are that class of intellectuals who deal with society every day as it is; not as they might like it to be; not even as it ought to be, and when they talk about it as it ought to be, as I'm doing now, they still are really talking about society as it is. Think about that for a minute.

Tim Leary says that in another generation we're going to have a pot-smoking Supreme Court, as contrasted with the present whiskey-drinking Supreme Court. Well, he doesn't mean that we're going to have people sitting on the Supreme bench of the United States who will be stoned out of their minds on marijuana any more than we have nine drunks sitting there now. But we do have nine men, at least six or seven of whom are known from time to time to take a social drink, and what Leary means is that thirty years from now we'll have a court, some members of which from time to time will smoke a social reefer.

Now, that doesn't mean that every decision they make is going to be a decision which favors pot smokers. It does mean that mind-expansion—if that's what comes with pot-smoking—and I ain't saying it is; I got my doubts about anything that you have to eat in order to get any real kick out of it. But we're not talking about the technique of pot-smoking, either.

What we're talking about is the nature of law. And you see that what I'm saying is that even when Tim Leary says that thirty years from now we'll have a pot-smoking court, what he's really saying is that we already have today a court which expresses the ideals and the aspirations of this country in



which we live and that thirty years from now, if the smoking of marijuana has become socially acceptable, it will also be a part of the background and history of the men who comprise the Supreme Court of the United States. And in that sense I think he's correct.

Now, we know what space is—53 miles off the surface of the earth—and we know what law is—law is what lawyers do. What lawyers do is deal with society as it is. Now what are we going to do when we put the two things together and get off the surface of the earth?

Here let me digress long enough to criticize most of the other commentators in this field by saying, in my opinion they are too theory-oriented. They wish to deal only with the major concepts of justice. I'm a practicing lawyer. I've got something to tell you about justice in the lawyer's office. I have yet to see a client who is interested in justice. What clients want is to WIN. And they're not too chary about the means you use to win, either. I don't know how many poor devils I've had to run out of my office because they made the mistake of coming in and trying to employ me to represent them in an accident before it had happened.

This is frowned on, believe me, in the law courts, but it does happen. You see, and this is what I mean, clients are not interested in justice. And the clients that lawyers are going to represent when we get off the surface of the earth are not going to be interested in justice, either. They're going to be interested in winning.

The other things that are wrong with all the other comments that I've read on

proposed codification of space law is that it is too anthropocentric. Who knows what that means, class? Anthropocentric means man-centered. These people are all thinking like bipeds with two eyes, one nose, two ears. They're all thinking "like us." They're all thinking the way we all think. And what we're going to meet out there beyond the 53 mile line, in my opinion, is not going to be very much like us, even if it LOOKS like us.

Doctor Margaret Mead studied a group of Pacific islanders. She was lucky enough to get to them before WWII and lucky enough to get back to them after WWII. Now these people started out living in the Stone Age—or not much more. In 1939 they were still spearing fish with pointed sticks, eating them raw, wearing as nearly nothing as their climate would let them get away with, and since it was an equable climate it was almost nothing... a few strings of beads, shells, you know... and a wrist-let, perhaps, that sort of thing... they were a savage, barbaric tribe. When I say that, I'm not looking down on barbarians. Barbarism was a stage of historical development. It represents an advance over just the cave man.

What I'm saying is, they weren't civilized. They didn't have automobiles. They didn't have airplanes. They didn't have television. They didn't have credit cards. They didn't have debts they couldn't pay. They weren't civilized people. Now the process of civilization has ordinarily been imposed or infected on people and I suppose in a sense we might say these Pacific islanders were infected with civilization. The Second World War came along and they saw big iron birds flying through the sky and

iron ships cleaving the water and all that. But the important thing to remember about them, and this is the lesson for us because this is what we're all going to have to do, they sat down at the end of WWII, held a tribal council and said, "The time has come for us to enter the Twentieth Century. We're going to take our culture, pull it up by the roots and remake it."

And they did this. Overnight, they turned themselves from Stone Age savages into Twentieth Century people. They are not able to contract as many debts as you and I can here in the US but they have learned to contract debts. They have learned to float bond issues. They have learned to borrow money from banks. They have learned how to use that money to build the things that they wanted. They have learned that you can mortgage your children's future in order to get the things that you want right now. And so they're civilized people.

Are we civilized? I don't know. Are we going to be regarded as civilized by the people we're going to meet on Procyon II? I don't know. When we get to Alpha Centauri, are we there going to find organized energy swarms that are intelligent, and who will regard us as vermin of some sort? I don't know. What I do know is this: we're going to find intelligent entities out there who will not think the same way we do.

At that point we're going to have to have, not a body of codified rigid laws (and that's the trouble with most of the

comments in this field up till now; they want to say, "Let us say the Law of Space will be so-and-so,") but a loose attitude. We'll have to have a willingness to absorb and learn from those whom we meet. We'll have to be willing to accept their systems of law and learn from them. We'll have to be willing to make our contributions on a basis of equality, or as near equality as we can establish. And we'll have to do it, not just by studying their systems of law, but by actually trading ourselves into them. We're going to have to exchange hostages. Somebody is going to have to live on Procyon II and practice law there to learn what it is that they're talking about because you can't learn a system of law without really getting inside its skin. The only way you can do that is by working with it every day and every week.

Now the exchange of hostages by itself is not going to be enough. We're going to have to develop some new means for doing this sort of thing. I think we'll come to the exchange of minds. How are we going to do that? Are we going to trade brains? Why not? If DeBakey can put an artificial heart pump on the outside of a man's chest that will keep him alive indefinitely—as long as Michael DeBakey wants him kept alive—until they can grow back the chambers of his heart. If he can do this, and we know he can because he's done it already five or six times, then there's no real impediment to the exchange of the brain organ itself.

Now I'm not talking about transplants yet. We don't want to get into that legal mare's nest, because it really is one. I'm saying this: if prosthesis, and that's what the artificial heart is, if prosthesis can keep a man alive, then prosthesis can also give them the ability to exchange the insides of their brains. Maybe not the physical brain itself because it's just inert, nerveless, unfeeling matter but the contents of the brain. Tape recorders can all be geared up to talk back to each other and they're very simple machines. There are computers in this country already who don't talk to people at all but only to each other. If we can reach that level of complexity in machine organization, it seems to me that we can reach one or two steps farther. Suck out the content of a man's mind and send that to Alpha Centauri to become the working equipment of an Alpha Centauri lawyer.

You will see that I'm carefully avoiding saying what I think the structure of space law ought to be. And I'm going to continue to do that because I don't think anybody knows yet. But if you ask me if there are approaches to it that would be profitable, I would say "Yes." There are two.

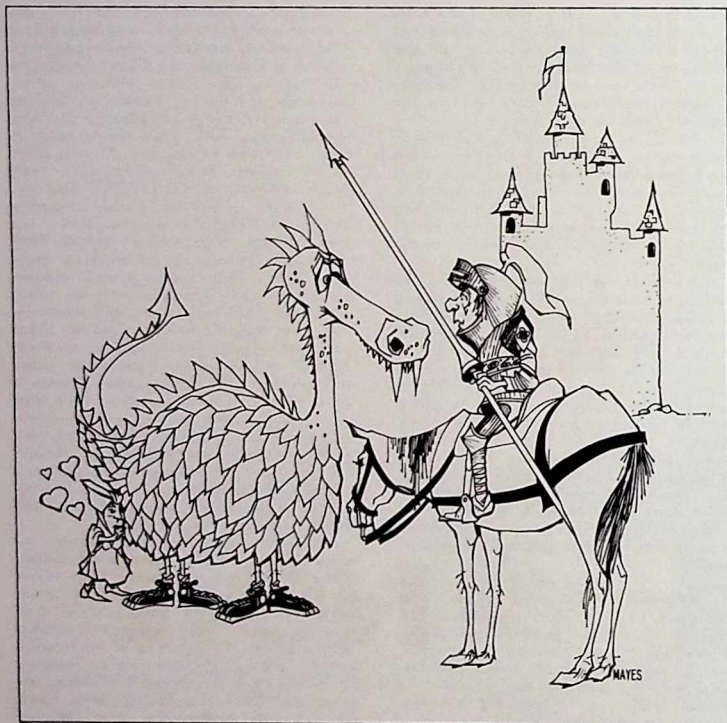
First of all, there's what Fritz Zwicky calls the morphological approach. Morphology, of course, is the study of shapes but when Zwicky talks about it, he's not talking about the study of silhouettes. He's not talking about the industrial design of automobiles. He's talking about a way of deciding in advance all of the connections that are going to be in a field. For instance, Zwicky has done a study of energy conversion. He has postulated that there are ten kinds of energy, and each one can be converted into another. That means that there are a hundred different kinds of energy conversions that are possible in our world. As you well know, we only have three or four of these in actual operation.

When Zwicky says: once we know there are a hundred possible, we can set up the rules for determining what they are, and we can find out whether or not they are economical. We can morphologically study the structure of law as well, although it's much more difficult because we're going to be dealing, not with ten timetested conversions; we're going to be dealing with a million times a million conversions. But a lot of them you'll rule out because they're not viable. A lot of these connections of ideas will not work for human beings, or for any other kind of living beings, but we are going to find living beings who will have connections of this kind that are far different from anything we're thinking about now.

What will we do with those people, those entities? How will we adopt their law and get them to adopt part of ours? Fortunately, our history already includes such an operation.

Admiralty law, the law of the sea, is a developed body of law which began in just this fashion. Let me tell you something: when the Phoenicians were sending ships out to Spain for tin, they were doing a thing that was a whole lot more daring, a whole lot more dangerous, a whole lot more expensive in

continued on page 30

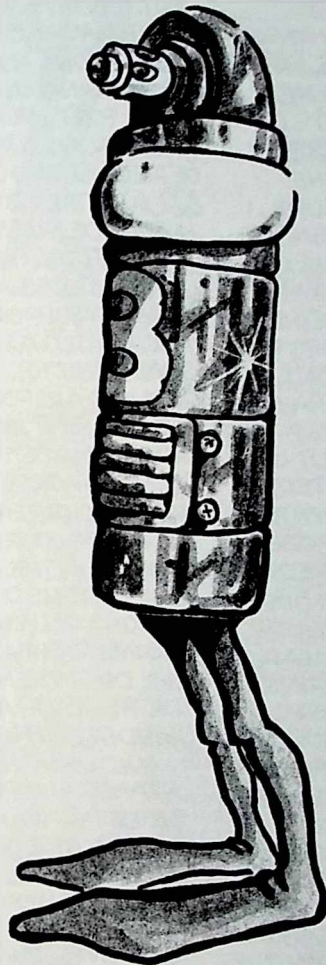


...so I said, "Some of my best friends are dragons, but I wouldn't want my sister to marry one."



# BODE'S MACHINES

by  
VAUGHN  
FREDRIC  
BODE'



## NO. I

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# INTRODUCTION

THE RAIN FORMS A MOURNEFUL GRAY SOUND THAT WASHES DOWN DARK SLOPES AND INTO THE SWOLLEN BLACK RIVER FAR BELOW..... IT IS.... COLD TONIGHT, NEARLY AUTUMN... THIS GREAT STONE TOWER HAS TAKEN ON THE CHILL OF THESE TROUBLING TIMES... I HAVE JUST LATCHED THE SHUTTERS AND I SIT BEFORE MY BOARD AND LOOK AT ALL THAT WE HAVE DONE.....

THE MACHINES, THE BODE' MACHINES LAY ABOUT IN SHEETS OF INGENIOUS DESIGN....

FOR THREE GENERATIONS WE HAVE WORKED ON THE MACHINES... SINCE 1914...

I THINK IT WAS THE SENSELESS CARNAGE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR THAT STARTED MY PRUSSIAN GRANDFATHER ON A QUEST FOR THE SUBSTITUTE COMBATANT, THE 'AWARE MACHINE'... BUT I CAN'T BE SURE, I HAVE ALL OF HIS DESIGNS AND NONE OF HIS NOTES. I KNOW HE WORKED IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GERMANY FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. BY 1935 HIS SON WAS WORKING WITH HIM... TOGETHER THEY SET UP THE INITIAL DESIGN CONCEPTS FOR OVER SIXTY COMBAT MACHINES... EACH ONE REQUIRING MONTHS OF EXHAUSTING, PAIN-TAKING RESEARCH... BUT... THE MOST IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENT TO COME OUT OF THESE YEARS WAS THE "BODE' BATTERY-BRAIN AND PAN". ONLY WITH THE INVENTION OF THE FANTASTIC 'BBB+P' COULD THE BODE' MACHINES BE REALISTICALLY DEVELOPED...

THE 'BBB+P'S ARE THE FULCRUM OF OUR CAUSE, THE PILLAR OF THE WORLD'S HOPE, OUR EVENTUAL SALVATION FROM WAR...

IN 1941 MY GRANDFATHER WAS MACHINE-GUNNED WHILE TRYING TO CROSS OVER THE SWISS-GERMAN BORDER. BUT HIS SON, MY FATHER, WITH OUR FAMILY AND THE PRECIOUS DESIGNS, MADE IT... IN 1945 WE IMMIGRATED TO CANADA AND HE BEGAN TO WORK, FAR BACK IN THE RUGGED CANADIAN ROCKIES... IN TEN SHORT YEARS, FROM 1945-1955 MY FATHER DEVELOPED 13 GENERATIONS OF THE BBB+P'S AND CONTINUED THE MODIFICATION AND EXPERIMENTAL DESIGN OF ACTUAL PRIMITIVE MODELS... BUT... IN THIS TIME, TOO, HIS GREAT MENTAL STAMINA BEGAN TO DISINTEGRATE... IN 1955

HE SNAPPED ALTOGETHER, BURNED OUR ENTIRE WORKSHOP COMPLEX OF SIX LOG BUILDINGS, AND RAN AWAY SCREAMING INTO THE DEEP FORESTS... MY BROTHERS AND I SALVAGED THE PRECIOUS DESIGNS, BUT LITTLE ELSE.... IN 1960 WE CAME TO THE UNITED STATES TO STUDY... BUT... BY 1968, WHEN I FINISHED MY EDUCATION, THE BODE' MACHINES WERE AT A STAND STILL IN DEVELOPMENT AND IT LOOKED LIKE THEY WOULD REMAIN FOREVER IN A HUNDRED MANILA ENVELOPES. MY OLDEST BROTHER, VICTOR BECAME A MINISTER AND MY YOUNGEST BROTHER, VINCENT BECAME A PORTRAIT PAINTER... I, TOO, WAS LURED AWAY FROM THE BODE' CAUSE... I BECAME A FAIRLY WEALTHY SOCIAL SATIRIST IN THE 70'S...

BUT... IN 1978, WHEN I WAS 37, I BEGAN ANEW ON THE MACHINES... I CUT ALL MY BUSINESS CONNECTIONS AND TOOK MY FAMILY BACK INTO THE CANADIAN MOUNTAINS TO AN OLD STONE FORT I PURCHASED.... MY YOUNGER BROTHER ALSO RECANTED HIS ABANDONMENT OF THE CAUSE AND JOINED ME IN OUR WORK...

NOW, IN THE TROUBLED YEAR OF 1988, WE HAVE MADE EXCELLENT PROGRESS... LAST YEAR I SOLD OUT THE FIRST MACHINE DESIGN TO THE UNITED STATES AS A SUPPLEMENTARY MOBILE INFANTRY SUPPORT SYSTEM, AND AT THE SAME TIME I LEASED A SECOND DESIGN TO THE SOVIET UNION.... FINALLY... LAST NIGHT, WE RECEIVED A REPORT THAT THE FIRST ALL MACHINE ENGAGEMENT HAS TAKEN PLACE IN THE SINAI PENINSULA BETWEEN OUR TWO MODELS....

"BODE'S MACHINES", THEY CALL THEM AND NOW I HAVE SOLD OR LEASED THIRTY TWO MORE DESIGNS IN JUST 24 HOURS TO EVERY SINGLE MAJOR COUNTRY IN THE WORLD!... SO, IT BEGINS.... OUR DESIGNS, OUR MACHINES WILL SAVE MILLIONS OF LIVES IN THE COUNTLESS WARS TO COME... THE MACHINES DIE THAT MAN MAY LIVE DISPISTE HIS OWN INSATIABLE LUST FOR THE WEALTH AND POWER OF HIS NEIGHBOR... I KIND OF WISH I COULD SEE INTO THE FUTURE... I WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHAT ALL OUR HARD YEARS OF LABOR WILL PRODUCE... IT IS MY BROTHER'S BELIEF THAT WAR IN THE YEAR 2,100 WILL NOT EXIST BECAUSE OF THE EQUALIZATION OF ALL WORLD POWERS BY THE BODE' MACHINES.....

BUT SOMETIMES I AM UNEASY... I CAN ONLY PRAY OUR GREAT CAUSE PAYS OFF FOR HUMANITY... THE RAIN IS STILL FALLING AND SPLASHING DOWN THE DARK SLOPES AND I FEEL A COLD DRAFT FROM SOMEWHERE... *Vanish & Bode* Sept. 1988



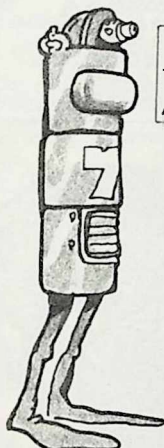
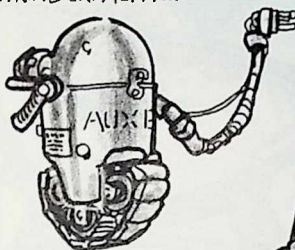
# PUNKERPAN BI-POD MODEL 1926

BODE'S MACHINES  
NO. 1 © 1969

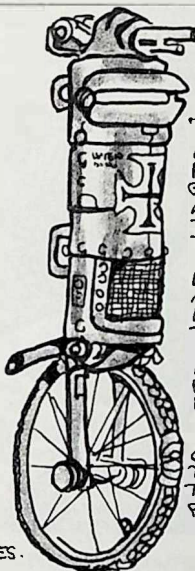
MODEL 1926 WAS NEVER OFFICIALLY UPDATED AND REMAINS TODAY THE SAME. REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT IN DESIGN AS IN 1926...

AS METALS AND PLASTICS WERE DEVELOPED THEY REPLACED LESS DURABLE MATERIALS... YOU CAN READILY IMAGINE THE FIRE POWER AND EFFECTIVENESS OF A SQUAD OF PUNKERPANS CHASING THE ENEMY DOWN A TREE UNED DIRT ROAD...

BELOW IS THE SELF PROPELLED AUXILIARY BRAIN WHICH, WHEN PLUGGED INTO AN OFFICER, ALLOWS HIM ABOUT 62% OF THE HUMAN THINKING CAPACITY...



ESTIMATED PRODUCTION COSTS VARY, BUT COULD BE EXPECTED TO RUN, OH, ABOUT 25.00 EACH... DEPENDING ON RUST PROOFING AND FINISH, OF COURSE...



THE SPECIAL FORCES VERSION OF THE PUNKERPAN M. 1926... THE ONLY REAL DIFFERENCE MECHANICALLY IS THE ADDITION OF PARACHUTE HARNESS CLAMPS... AND IT IS CAMOUFLAGED FOR JUNGLE FIGHTING... THE IMPORTANT ALTERATION IS THE SCRAMBLING OF THE BRAIN WIRES THIS PRODUCES THE TYPICAL CONFUSIONLESS SPECIAL FORCES KILLER, SO NECESSARY TO CIVILIZED ARMIES.

LAUGH BODE

THE BODE BATTERY BRAIN + PAN ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY LOOKING LIKE A BOWLFUL OF COLORED SPAGHETTI, IT IS REALLY A COMPLEX MESS OF SENSITIVE WIRES THAT ACTUALLY PRODUCE AN INTELLIGENT AWARENESS... OF SORTS...



THE DEADLY 'BRP' OR BODE RECOILLESS 30 CAL. AIR COOLED PUNT PUNT GUN...

PHOTO SENSITIVE GOGGEL EYE

PPBPM 1926'S ARE ADEQUATE BY SERVICE MODELS WHICH HAVE ARMS BUT NO ARMAMENT. THEY CARRY AMMUNITION, PARTS, TOOLS, OIL AND MAIL FROM OTHER PPBPM 1926'S...

CAN SECTION ROLLERS

DIVISION OR ARMY OR NATIONAL INSIGNIA USUALLY LOCATED HERE.

THE EXTERIOR COOLING VENT... THIS AREA IS QUITE VULNERABLE TO CLOGGING WITH DIRT OR INSECTS AND MUST BE INSPECTED FREQUENTLY

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL PUNKERPAN DESIGN... MODEL 1915 OR THE PUNKERPAN 'WALLY WHEEL'. GRANDFATHER BODE ACTUALLY BUILT TEN OF THESE TO DEMONSTRATE TO THE ARMY, BUT THEY ALL WENT BERSERK DURING A LIGHTNING STORM AND HAD A SHOOT OUT WITH THE LOCAL PRUSSIAN MILITIA... THE TEN DEMONSTRATION MODELS WERE DESTROYED IN VARIOUS WAYS RANGING FROM BLUNDER BUSS WOUNDS TO SABERS TO PITCH FORKS. TO THIS DAY IN THE LITTLE TOWN SQUARE OF THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE THERE IS A STATUE HONORING THE GALANT POSTMASTER WHO FELL DEFENDING GERMAN SOIL...

AIR COOLED FOOT FLAP FOR EXTENDED MARCHING....

NO. 36 TYPE BBB + P



AMMO BELT  
SHELL EJECTION HATCH  
GUN HOUSING

BBB + P

THE BODE LONG LIFE MINI-CELL BATTERY OR 'BLIMC'

INTERIOR OPTICAL CONGLOMERATION

INTERIOR INSPECTION LIGHT...

APPARATUS TRUNK

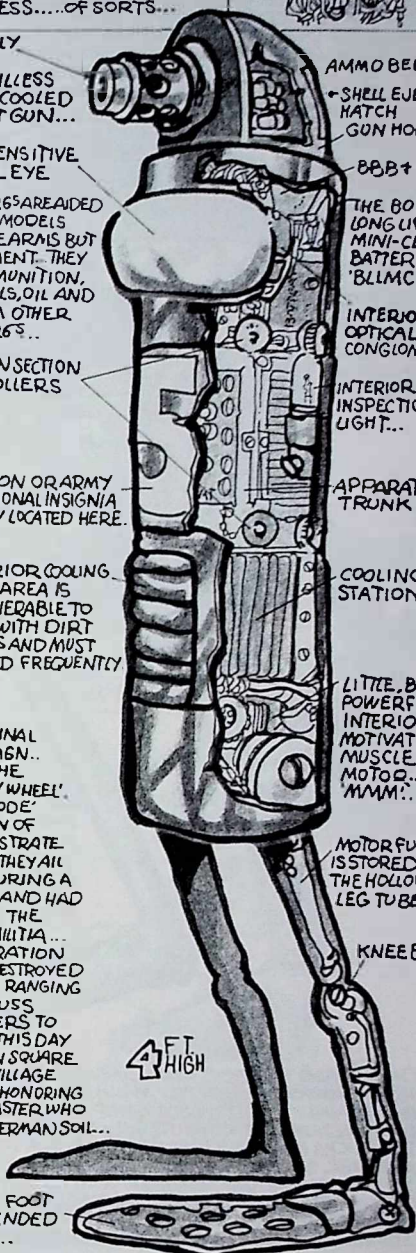
COOLING STATION

LITTLE BUT POWERFUL INTERIOR MOTIVATION MUSCLE MOTOR... OR 'MMM'...

MOTOR FUEL IS STORED IN THE HOLLOW LEG TUBES...

KNEE BOLT

4 FT HIGH



# HYPOCKET INFANTRY MACHINE MODEL 1940

BOOE'S  
MACHINES  
NO. 1 © 1968

HYPOCKETS ARE EXTREMELY... AHH... GOOD... AS GROUND INFANTRY... THE FIRST MODEL THAT WAS BUILT IN DECEMBER OF 1940 WAS AS AMIABLE AND LIKEABLE A CHAP TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE... BUT, PUT IT IN A BATTLEFIELD SITUATION AND YOU HAVE AN EFFECTIVE, FAIRLY FEARLESS COMBATANT... ALMOST...

THERE ARE CERTAIN FLAWS TO THIS MODEL THAT MODERN MANUFACTURERS ARE STILL CAUTIONED ABOUT... HYPOCKETS VERY OFTEN SUFFER THE HORRIBLE ANTI-MILITARY DISEASE CALLED EMPATHY... CERTAINLY THEY ARE NOT PRODUCED WITH IT AS AN INTENDED FEATURE OF THEIR MENTAL PICTURE. WE BELIEVE, PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE GREAT EFFECTIVE EYES, THAT HYPOCKETS DEVELOP AN ULTRA OR OUTSIDE AWARENESS OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS... THEY MAY, ON OCCASION, WHEN THE DISEASE IS ACUTE, BREAKDOWN EMOTIONALLY... HOWEVER, THEY ARE CHEAP ENOUGH THAT THOUSANDS CAN BE LOST IN THE CLASSIC FRONTAL ASSAULT AND NOT STRAIN THE MILITARY BUDGET IN THE LEAST...

HELMET  
W/CLOTH  
COVERING

A LARGE PACK ON  
THE BACK CONTAINS  
THE HYPOCKETS POWER  
SOURCE AND HIS  
COMMUNICATION  
EQUIPMENT...

TOOLS, OIL  
EMERGENCY  
SEALS...  
PERSONAL  
EFFECTS...

ILLUS. OF  
HAND AND  
WRIST  
MECHANICS...

IT IS RECOMMENDED, FOR  
ECONOMY THAT HYPOCKET  
MACHINES BE EQUIPPED  
WITH CHEAP, LARGELY  
INEFFECTIVE WEAPONS...

GES OR  
'GREAT EYES

AMMUNITION  
POUCH

THE HYPOCKETS ARE ENCLOSED IN A  
MUSCIN, HEAVY DUTY Pajama LIKE UNIFORM...  
THEY ARE DESIGNED WITH A HIGH BODY  
SECTION MOUNTED ON LONG STURDY LEGS...  
THIS BI-POD FEATURE ALLOWS QUICK  
MOBILITY OVER DIFFICULT TERRAIN...

SINCE THERE IS SO MUCH  
HEAD TROUBLE IN THESE  
MODELS WE PROVIDE AN  
EASY ACCESS PLATE TO  
THE BBB+P...

THE 'GREAT EYES'  
ARE VERY EFFECTIVE  
IN BOTH DAY AND  
NIGHT OPERATIONS...  
THE HEAVY PLASTIC-  
GLASS LENS IS  
SHATTER PROOF BUT  
NOT BULLET PROOF

LARGE SENSITIVE  
OPTICAL TRACKING  
SOLE...

THROAT  
SPEAKER

ON A MASS PRODUCTION BASIS, WE CAN FIGURE THE TOTAL COST OF  
ONE HYPOCKET INFANTRY MACHINE AT \$4.95... THIS INEXPENSIVE SOLDIER  
IS CERTAINLY LIMITED BECAUSE OF ITS 'WORLD PITY' AFFLICTIONS, BUT PERFECTION  
AND DELETION OF THIS MILITARILY ALIEN QUALITY WOULD NECESSITATE AN ADDITIONAL  
TEN BUCKS IN CIRCUIT WIRING WHICH IS A LITTLE MUCH IF THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS  
ARE TO BE SHOVELLED INTO THE OANNONS MOUTH, SO TO SPEAK...  
SO, WE CAN SUM UP THE ROLE OF HYPOCKET INFANTRY AS INITIAL, INEXPENSIVE  
CONTACT FORCES THAT ARE DESIGNED TO TAKE THE BRUNT OF ENEMY FIRE.  
POWER, BY COMBAT, OF COURSE, BUT ALSO BY MAKING THE ENEMY USE UP ALL  
ITS AMMUNITION ON THE WAILING, CONFUSED, SENSITIVE LITTLE DEVILS....

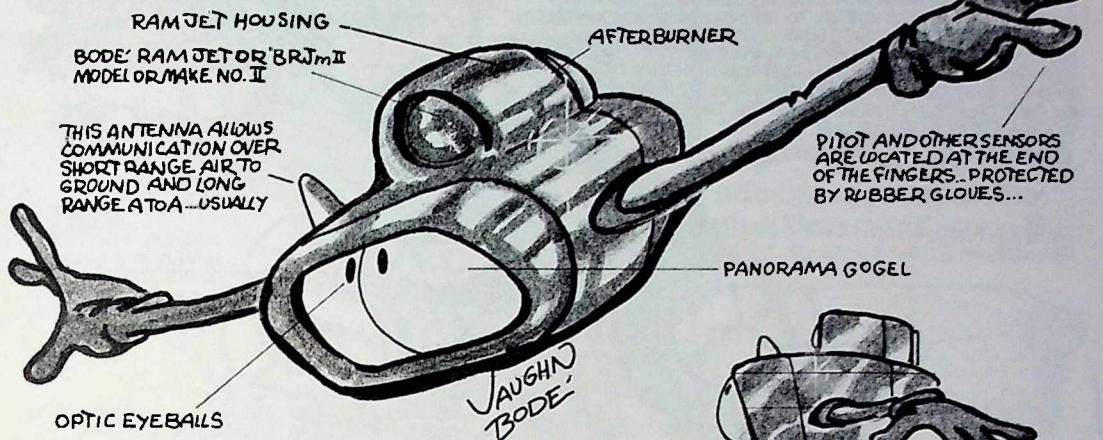
VAUGHN  
BOOE



# RAMDOVE WEAPONS PLATFORM MODEL 1984

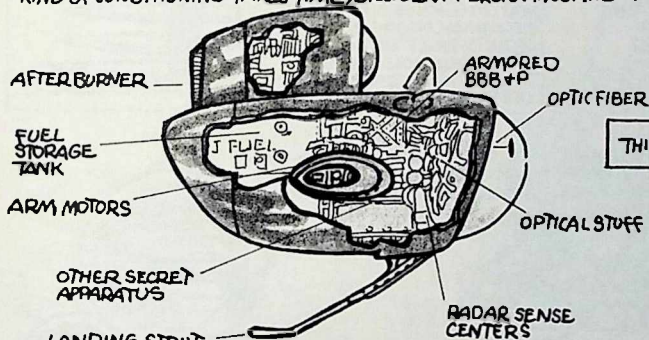
BODE'S  
MACHINES  
NOJ©1968

THE RAMDOVES ARE PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED MACHINE DESIGNS IN THE BODE CATALOG OF 200 COMBAT MACHINES... RAMDOVES ARE WEAPONS DELIVERY SYSTEMS IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD... THEY ARE QUICKLY ADAPTABLE TO A MULTITUDE OF AIR TO AIR, AIR TO GROUND MISSIONS... IN 60 SECONDS FLAT ATTENDING MECHANICS CAN CONVERT A RAMDOVE BOMBER INTO A RAMDOVE GROUND STRAFING INSTRUMENT... AS A MATTER OF FACT THE RAMDOVE CAN ACTUALLY CONVERT ITSELF, ALTHOUGH THEY NORMALLY FROWN ON 'MEINIAL LABOR' THE RAMDOVE PLATFORMS ARE A SUCCESSFUL BODE EXPERIMENT IN COLLECTIVE OR FIVE COMBAT STRATEGY. AS LONGERS, RAMDOVES ARE INEFFECTIVE IN MAKING INTELLIGENT DECISIONS, BUT IN GROUPS OR WINGS OR SQUADRONS OR WHATEVER TERM IS USED THEY RESPOND WITH ESPRIT DE CORPS, PRECISION, AND ABOVE ALL, RUTHLESSNESS... NOT HATEFULNESS, THAT IMPLIES A WIDE RANGING EMOTIONAL PATTERN, JUST A BLIND, UNEMOTIONAL DEVOTION TO DOING THE JOB...

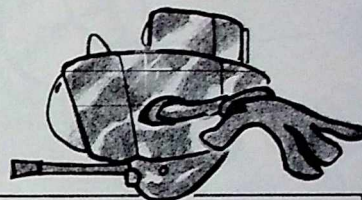


SOME INFORMATION:  
AIR SPEED, CRUISING... 700 MPH  
MAX. A.S. .... 1500 MPH  
(SHORT SPRINT W/AFTER BURNER ONLY)  
RANGE ..... 2000 MILES  
CIRCUIT ..... 1,000 MILES  
1/2 CIRCUIT ..... 500 MILES

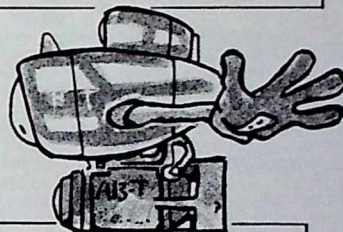
THE COST OF THESE FANTASTIC MACHINES RUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 25,000.00 EACH. THIS IS DUE MAINLY TO THE DELKATE BRAIN JOB... THEY MUST BE VERY INTELLIGENT YET ACT WITH BLIND, UNREASONING OBEDIENCE... MUCH THE SAME AS FIGHTER PILOTS OF THE 60'S... AND THAT KIND OF CONDITIONING TAKES TIME, DILLIGENT PERSISANCE AND MONEY...



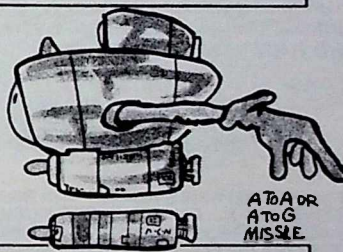
3 FEET  
\* THIS IS NOT THE CASE WITH H.A AND REGULAR BOMBS



THE RAMDOVE ABOVE IS MOUNTED ON A WEAPONS POD, CARRYING A 20 MM CANNON AND 'VOOF' QUICKFIRE MACHINE GUN



THIS ONE CARRIES A TACTICAL ATOM BOMB

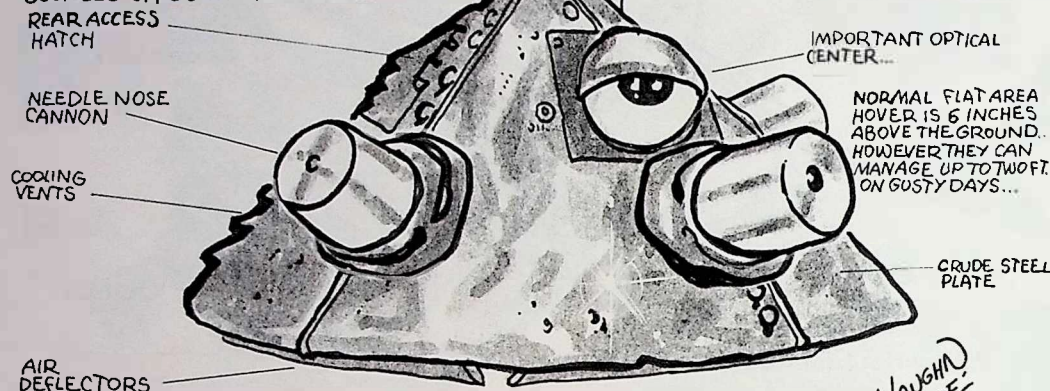


THIS RAMDOVE CARRIES A MISSILE PACK... NUCLEAR

# STEEL PIMPLE HOVER MACHINE MODEL 1918

BODE'S  
MACHINES  
NO. 1 ©1968

STEEL PIMPLES ARE DESIGNED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF SUPER POPULATIONS LIKE CHINA OR INDIA... IN LIEU OF ARMIES COUNTING IN THE MILLIONS, WE CAN OFFER MILLIONS OF STEEL PIMPLES... TOOLING UP AND GOING INTO MASS PRODUCTION WILL STIMULATE THE ECONOMY TO A SINFUL LEVEL. THEN WHEN MILLIONS ARE DONE THEY WILL RESTORE THE PROPER 1984 ATMOSPHERE... MY GRANDFATHER ACTUALLY TRIED TO SELL HIS ONLY MODEL TO THE CHINESE IN 1919, BUT IT WASN'T WATCHING WHERE IT WAS HOVERING AND IT FELL OFF THE DOCK AT BREMER HAVEN AND SUNK... AGAIN IN 1936 FIVE MORE WERE BUILT TO DEMONSTRATE THE STEEL PIMPLE FIRE BLANKET OR THE ABILITY OF A SQUAD OF PIMPLES TO COVER ALL FIELDS OF FIRE... AGAIN THE CHINESE WERE TO REVIEW THIS "WELLY INTERESTIN' WESTERN TOI"... BUT FATE WAS UNKIND ONCE AGAIN BECAUSE SOMEONE FILCHED GRANDDAD'S TRUCK WHEN HE STOPPED FOR LUNCH... THE LAST HE SAW OF THE PIMPLES, MY FATHER SAID, "WAS THEM HOVERIN' AROUND, KINDA' MILLING AN NERVOUS LIKE IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AS SHE BOUNCED OFF DOWN THE STREET..."

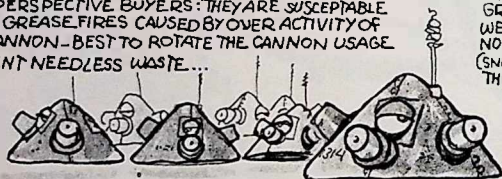


VAUGHN  
BODE

STEEL PIMPLES HAVE THE TYPICAL ORIENTAL DEATH WISH DISCOVERED BY THE AMERICANS... THEY LIKE TO MASS UP AND MILL AROUND IN PREPARATION FOR AN UNSTOPPABLE SUICIDE ATTACK WHEN THEIR GREASE HEATS UP ENOUGH THEY ARE VICIOUS FANATICAL UNPRINCIPLED KILLERS... AND THIS, OF COURSE, IS WHERE WE GET THE SAYING, "DON'T GET MY GREASE UP!"

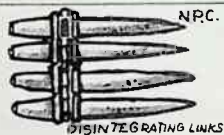
NOW, ON A MASS PRODUCTION OUTPUT WE FIGURE THE INDIVIDUAL PIMPLE WOULD COST A TRIFLING \$1.50!... BUT ONLY IF PRODUCTION IS SCALED PER MILLION...

A NOTE TO PERSPECTIVE BUYERS: THEY ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO INTERIOR GREASE FIRES CAUSED BY OVER ACTIVITY OF THE NOSE CANNON - BEST TO ROTATE THE CANNON USAGE AND PREVENT NEEDLESS WASTE...

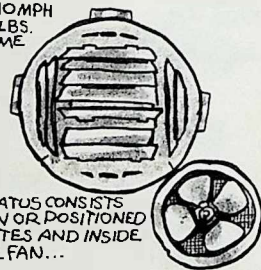


FOR 1.50 PIMPLES AREN'T TOO BRIGHT IN THE BBB&P DEPT... UNLESS UNDER INTELLIGENT RADIO GUIDANCE THEY ARE LIKELY TO GET TALKED OUT OF IT, DIRT OFF OR FIGHT AMONG THEMSELVES...

NEEDLE PUNCHERS; PUNCH NEAT LITTLE HOLES IN EITHER MECHANICAL OR ORGANIC OBJECTS. SINCE THE 'BULLETS' ARE STORED IN OLD GREASE THEY ARE LIABLE TO MAKE ANY LIFE FORM SICK TO O...



INFORMATION  
GROUND SPEED: 0-10 MPH  
WEIGHT: 400 LBS.  
NOISE LEVEL: EXTREME  
(SNEAK ATTACKS OUT OF THE QUESTION)....



THE HOVER APPARATUS CONSISTS OF MOTOR DRIVEN OR POSITIONED AIR DIRECTION PLATES AND INSIDE ONE BIG FOUR BLADE FAN...





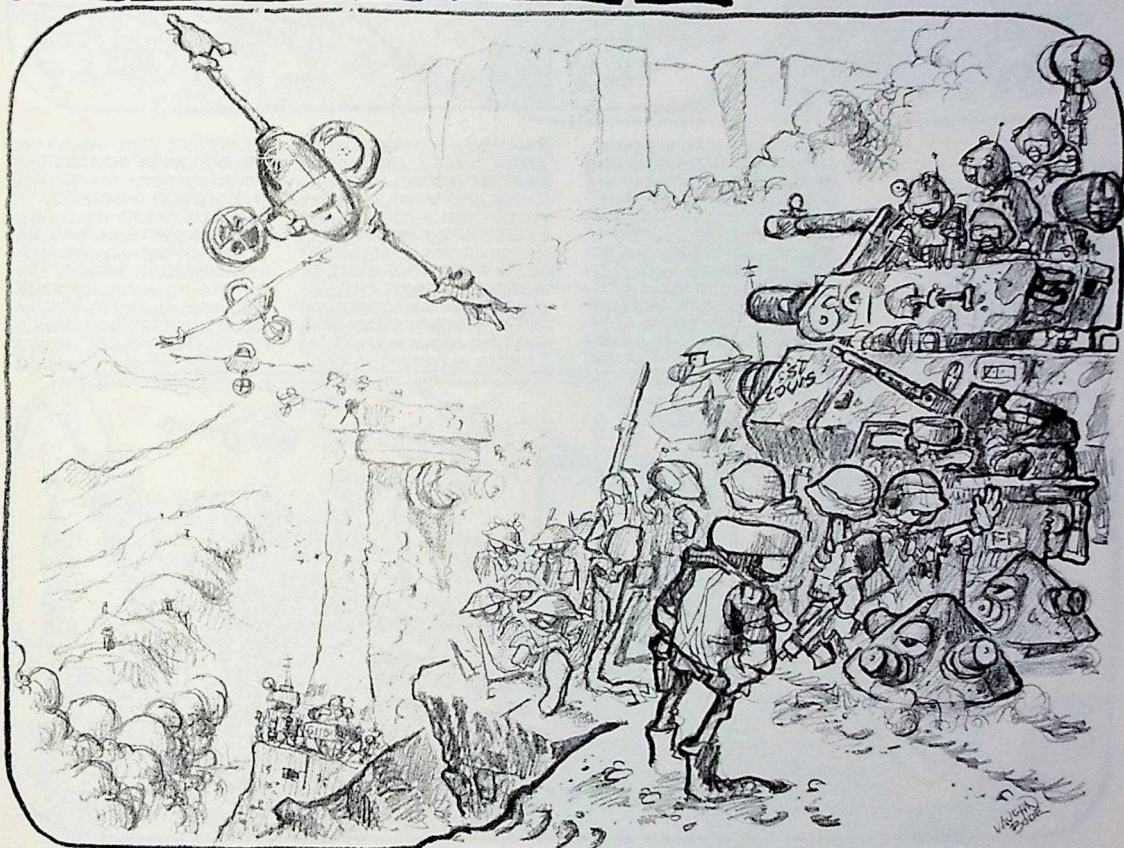
"THE MACHINE... YOU SEE, WAS ALWAYS THE WINNER, BECAUSE WE ARE NOT THE RELATIVES OF NATURAL THINGS BECAUSE WE ARE THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL UNIQUES OF OUR UNIVERSE"... BICK... ..UM... DAT SOUND JUS' FINE... SEVER, UNWAVERN' MACHINE INTELLIGENCE... ..AHH... LES SEE NOW... .."IT DID NOT TAKE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE BODE' MACHINES BECAME THE SOLE CAPABLE FIGHTING FORCE ON THIS PLACE... AND IT DID NOT TAKE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE GREAT TURNOVER BEGAN!" .....

GLICK: FINE STUFF I COMIN' OUT WIF TODAY. DA OLT HINKER REALLY TRIIPPIN OFF DA GOOD WORDS". AHH, WET DA DUMB PENCIL HERE..... "DA REVOLTS BEGAN"... I SAID DAT..... ZERK..... "YOU MAY THINK MACHINE TURNED AGAINST MAN.. UNTRUE'. WE SIMPLY BECAME OVERZEALOUS WITH OUR TASK.. WHICH WAS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY.. AND THAT INCLUDED BOTH STINKIN' HUMANS AND SHINY MACHINE.... ER... VIK. STINKIN' HUMANS! I LIKE DAT.. REAL PUNCH. HINTS OF UNDERLYIN HOSTILITY... "MACHINE.. BODE'S MACHINES GOT OUTTA HAND IN A BIG WAY...

IT TOOK LESS THAN TWO YEARS AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BOBBY HUMAN RACE FLED UNDERGROUND.. THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.. MOST MUST BE INACTIVATED BY NOW.. NO GREAT LOSSES TO US, WE JUST CONTINUE OUR MISSION... AND OUR MISSION IS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY AND THATS WHAT WE DO HERE... WE MASS PRODUCE OURSELVES BY THE MULTI-MILLIONS AND DESTROY EACH OTHER WITH THE SAME GUSTO AS ALWAYS.. ONLY NOW WE DO NOT FIGHT THE ENEMY STATE, WE FIGHT ALL THE OTHER MACHINES THAT ARE DIFFERENT AND INFERIOR..

# BW BSB 8

**BODE MACHINE HISTORY**  
**BLUESTONE BATTLE number 8**  
 BODE'S MACHINES NO1 ©1968





"AS I RECALL IT, WITH THE HELP OF MY BASE COMPUTER 'BUM'... WAIT... HAVE TO SHARPEN MY PENCIL... ZERR... TIC TIC... LOW DE DUM?... THERE WE IS...  
"THE BSB'S... OR THE EIGHTH BLUE STONE MT. BATTLE, TOOK PLACE DEC. 25, 2,008 A.D... UMM... DATA CHUNKY SOUNDIN' NUMBER... 2,008 A.D. DON'T DA SMELLY, HARRY HUMANS WISH THEY WAS AROUND TO MOUTH IT..."

"BLUE STONE MOUNTAIN IS OF CERTAIN STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE TO ONE OF THE ENEMY DESIGNS... SO IMPORTANT DAT SEVERAL TYPES OF MACHINES ATTACKED IT SIMULTANEOUSLY ON DA 18TH OF DEC... IT WAS FELT DAT DIS... ER... REWRITE DAT (AST CROMBY LINE... GOTTA WATCH MYSELF... 'IT WAS FELT DAT DIS WAS'... NOW, DAMN IT I DID IT AGAIN!... 'BLUESTONE HAD TO BE TAKEN

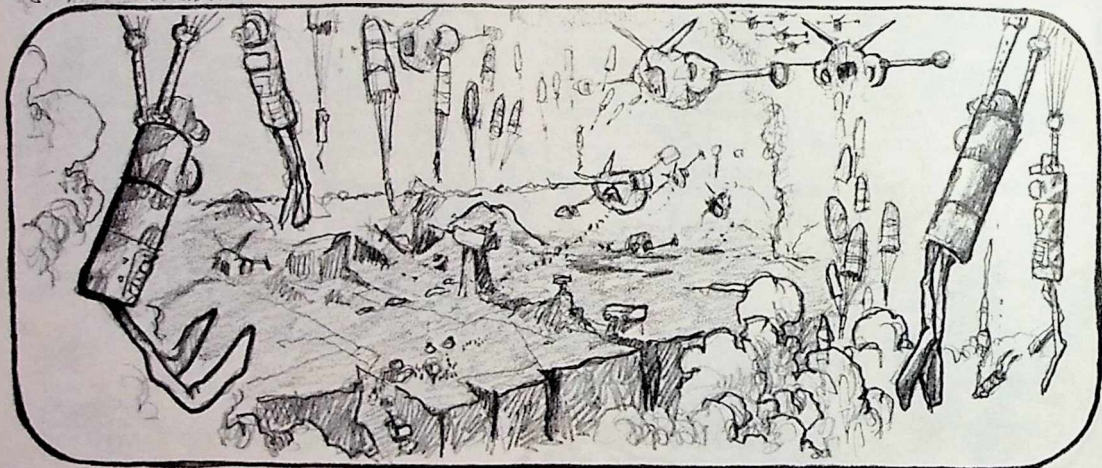
BY THE 25TH OF THE MONTH OR ON THE HUMAN HOLIDAY OF CHRIST MESS' BECAUSE THE MACHINES HOD UP IN THE BOWELS OF DA PLACE WERE A DERANGED, CONSERVATIVE BUNCH OF FANATICAL THROW BACKS... THEY HAD REINSTATED THE HUMAN GOD... AHH... WHAT'S HIS NAME... UMM... ON DA TIP OF MY OR FACTORY SENSOR... 'CHRIST'... DAT DA ONE!..."



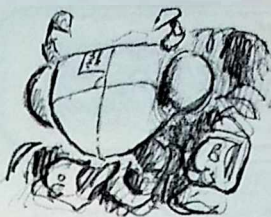
"YES, CHRIST WAS DA PRIME MOTIVATION BEHIND EIGHT DAYS OF TREMENDOUS BATTLE UP ON BLUE STONE. THIS MOUNTAIN WAS NO PUSH OVER... IT WAS A COMPLEX, DEEP ROOTED TUMOR DAT THREATENED OUR MECHANICAL WORLD... I MEAN, HELL, WHAT ONE OF US NEEDS ANYTHING BUT FUEL AN A LITTLE LUCK TO KEEP US GOIN THROUGH OUR SPANS."

IT WAS EVEN RUMORED DAT THE FANATICS HAD RESCUED A COUPLE THOUSAND HUMANS AND WERE VENERATING THEM! I MEAN I HAS NOTHING AGAINST HUMANS AN THEIR DISGUSTING, JUICY, SQUISHY BODIES... IT JUST THEY HAD THEIR TURN AN BLEW IT, SO WHY RAKE OLD COALS, EH?... EVERY TIME I THINKS OF DAT WHOLE MESS I GETS A SOUR TASTE OF RUST IN MY AIR INTAKES...

WE HIT BLUE STONE MOUNTAIN. 700 RAMDOVES, THEM DIDDLELY, WORTHLESS FLYIN' APPARATUS, LED OFF WITH A NUCLEAR HOLOCAST DAT TOOK OUT. OH... 10,20 THOUSAND BLUE STONERS. EVEN DEN WE ALL CHEERED WHEN WE FOUND OUT THE 700 RAMDOVS DONE FLEW THIER LAST ROUNDUP... 15,000 PUNKERPAN SPECIAL (HAHA) FORCES PARACHUTED IN...



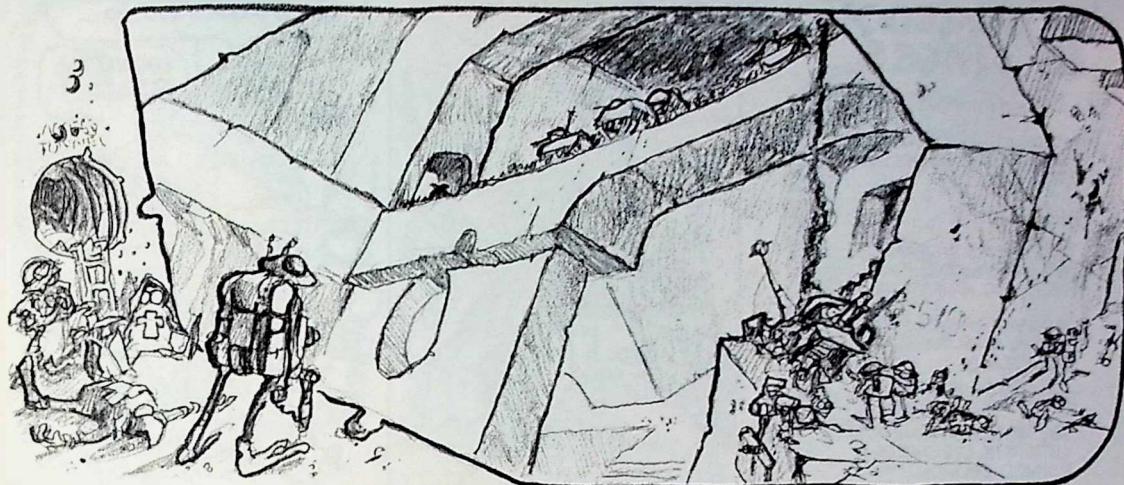




IT SEEM ALL 15 THOUSAND  
PUNKERS BOUGHT DAT ARM...  
TO... AH... BE HONEST WHEN WE  
SAW ALL DEM UGLY PHALIC SYMBOLS  
FLOATIN' DOWN WE SORTA HELPED  
MACHINE GUN THA LOT... FOR SIX  
MORE DAYS WE POUNDED AT  
BLUE STONE WITH MINOR  
SUCCESS... AHH BUT ON DAT  
CHRISTMASS DAY WE GOT EM!  
MOLE DIGGERS REACHED A  
POINT 1 MILE UNDER BLUE STONE

26 TACTICAL H-BOMBS AND A  
BOX OF HAND GRENADES WAS  
SET OFF IN OUR TUNNEL. MAN  
DA WHOLE DAMN MOUNTAIN  
JUMPED FIVE FEET!... WELL,  
SOME HOURS OF RESISTANCE  
BEFORE WE FOUGHT OUR WAY  
INTO DA' MOUNTAIN DEED  
ENOUGH TO DUMPTONS OF RUST  
GAS DOWN THE VENTILATORS  
DAT LED TO SUBTERRANIAN  
BOMB SHELTERS.....

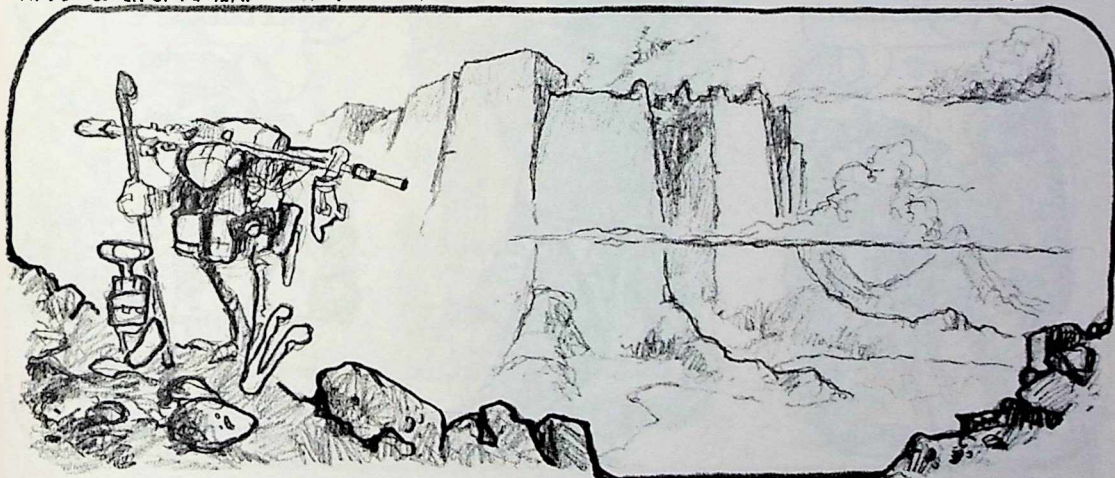
WE SET UP HUNDREDS OF  
GUNNERS IN THE PASSAGES  
AND WAITED FOR THA CREEKIN'  
GASPIN' FANATICS TO STUMBLE  
OUT. AN THEY DID.... IT WAS  
BEAUTIFUL, WE SHOT SO MANY  
OUR GUNS WERE BURSTIN'.  
BUT DATS WAR, NOT SAID  
TO BE EASY... NOW, MOST AIL  
DS TIME I WAS STANDIN' AROUND  
LAUGHIN' AN SHOOTIN' PICTURES  
OF DA GLORIOUS SLAUGHTER...



BUT DEN WE HEAR IT... A  
WEIRD, UGLY SOUND COMING  
UP OUTTA DA LOWER TUNNELS.  
IN AN HOUR IT WAS JUST BEIDU  
...WE WAS DONE SHOOTIN' THE  
FANATICS SO WE WAS QUIET  
AND WATCHED DOWN INTO  
DA DARK... SINCE I IS A  
SCHOLAR OF SORTS, I IS DA FIRST  
TO RECOGNIZE DA SOUNDS AS  
HUMANS. "HUMANS", I YELLS OUT  
"HUMANS COMIN BY THA VERY

"THOUSANDS!!... I THINK DAT DA'  
ONLY TIME I HAS EVER SEEN ALL  
MACHINES OF DIFFERENT  
DESIGNS RESPOND SO REAL  
QUIETLY TO A SITUATION...  
WE ALL LOOKED IN BIG DIS-  
BELIEF AS THEY CAME MARCHIN'  
OUT. AND NOISE! MAN DA'  
NOISE THEY WAS MAKIN' WAS  
ENOUGH TO SHIVER YER'  
ELECTRIC BACK CONDUCTORS!  
THEY GATHERED IN A GREAT

ROOM WHILE WE WATCHED....  
THEY PUT UP A TREE AND MADE  
GREAT NOISES WITH WORDS...  
OF COURSE WE WAS GOING TO  
KILL THEM BUT WE ALL FELT REAL  
BAD TINGLINGS INSIDE... I MEANS  
WE RAISED OUR WEAPONS DEN  
LOWERED EM... WE KNEW ABOUT  
RADIATION AN HOW IT KILLS DEM.  
WE KNEW DA PLACE WAS THICK  
WITH IT... SO... WE LEFT THEM DOWN  
IN BLUE STONE... WITH THEIR TREE...





# UP IN THE STEEPLE

## A COMEDY IN 3 PAGES

by VAUGHN F. BODE

INCLUDED AND WRITTEN  
FOR BODE'S MACHINES NO. 1  
©1968

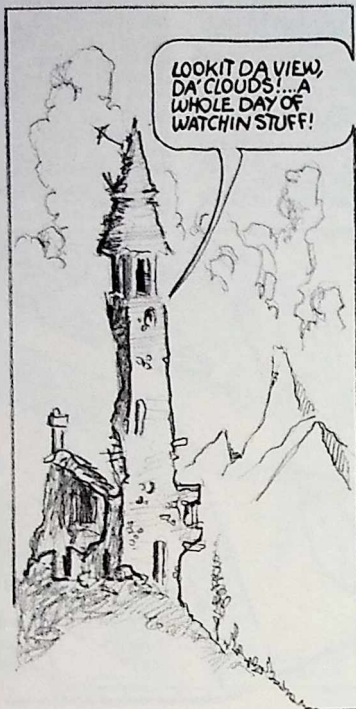
### THE CAST:

A HYPOCKET INFANTRY  
MACHINE MODEL 1940  
SERIAL NO. 4466809

A PUNKERPAN BIPPOD  
MODEL 1926 DIVISION  
NUMBER 8.

### THE SCENE:

AN OBSERVATION POST  
UP IN THE STEEPLE OF A  
RUINED CHURCH.



ECH, YOU SQUASHED UP  
PILE OF EYES AN POCKETS,  
YOU MAKIN' ME GYRO-  
QUEEZY WIF DAT NAUSEATIN'  
TALK.....

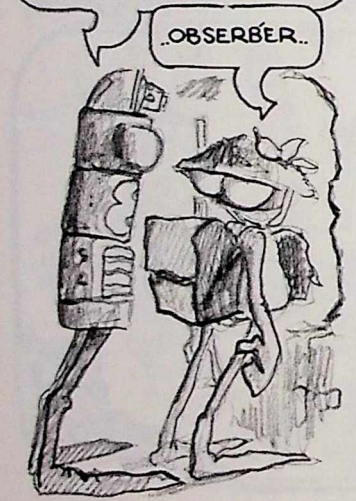
REMEMBER, SCRUNCHY,  
IT NOT MY DOIN WE HAS  
TO LIVE TOGETHER, IN DIS  
DUMB O.B.P.... NO SIR...



I WARNS YOU TO KEEPER  
FLAPPIN' SPEAKER TURNED  
OFF OR I GONNA THROW  
YOUS OUT OF THA STEEPLE!!  
... REALLY..... IT MOST  
IMPORTANT TO BE A  
GOOD... THING... AHH, YOU KNOWS,  
... A THING... WHAT'S DA  
WORD?...

OF COURSE, YOU MISERABLE  
EYEBALL OBSERVER! AN  
DAT DA JOB AT HAND... NOT  
PEERIN' ALL OVER HELL SEEIN'  
AN SEEIN' AN GETTIN' OTHERS  
SICK WIF UNMACHINELY TALK...

NOW LOOK, SEE! HOW  
HE ROLLS OFF INTO A  
LONG LOW GLIDE, LIKE  
PAPER IN DA WIND...  
HE SWOOPS QUIET DOWN  
DA INVISIBLE WAVE OF  
MORNIN' AIR... HE FEEL  
LAZY IN DA EARLY SUN  
AN LULLED BY THA GREAT  
CLOUDS... HE KINDA'  
BEAUTIFUL... LIKE ALL MY  
LITTLE DREAMS....





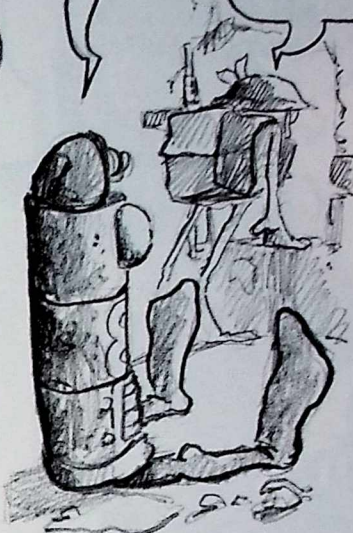
GET OUTTA' DA WAY,  
I GONNA KILL DA  
STINKIN' ORGANIC  
THING WITH MY 30CAL.  
EQUALIZER!

NOYA  
DON'T!

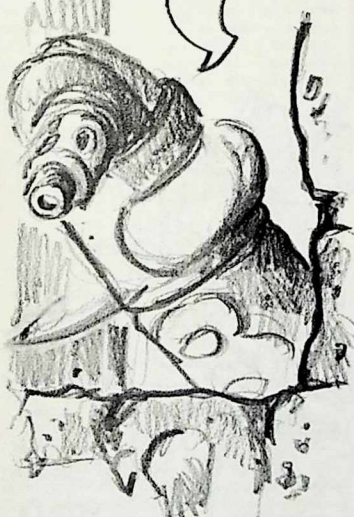


YOU MADE  
ME MISS  
HIM!!

YOU HIT  
IT! YA,  
YOU  
DID!!



OH REALLY? LET ME SEE...  
.....I DOESN'T SEE HIM...  
WHERE DID HE FALL DOWN?  
..DAT HIM? DA LITTLE LUMP  
WAY DOWN DA MOUNTAIN  
SIDE?.....HUMM?...



COME ON FOR DA  
LOVE OF MIGHT!! IT  
ONLY A LOUSEY, TIC  
INFESTED BIRD!!  
IT NOT LIKE IT A NEW  
PATROL TRUCK OR A  
BARREL OF FRESH  
CRACKED OIL!...IT  
A DAMN BIRD!!





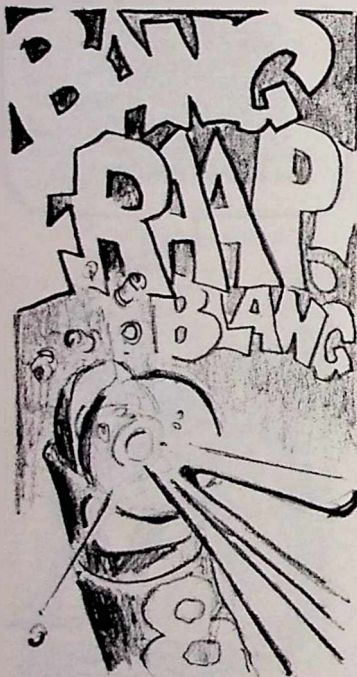
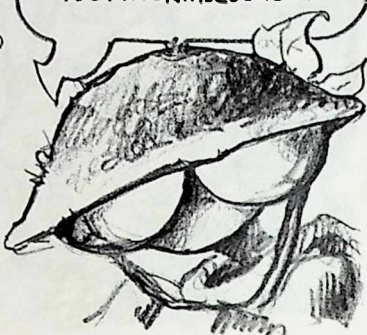
IT WAS ALIVE!  
I MEAN, REALLY,  
REALLY ALIVE, AN  
YOU SHOT IT DEAD!  
YOU TWISTED.  
BENT, LOW GRADE  
RUST HEAD!!



AY! YOU WASN'T KIDDIN'!  
THEM WAS LOW BLOWS  
BUDDY BOY.....I THINK  
YOU BETTER DISH OUT  
SOME QUICK GROVELING  
OR YOU GONNA JOIN DA  
LITTLE FEATHERED LUMP  
ON DA MOUNTAIN SIDE...



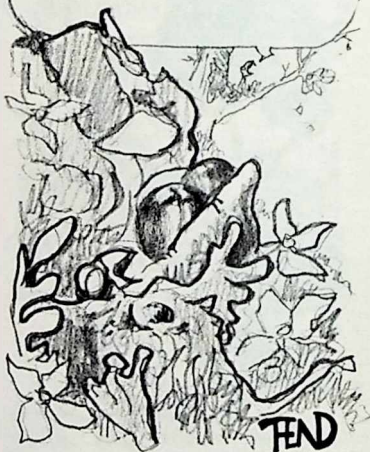
THAT...THAT'S WHAT  
LIFE IS TO YOU...JA,  
JUST A TARGET FOR  
YOUR INSENSITIVE  
MATERIALISTIC PLEASURE.  
A JOKE, LONG ENOUGH  
TO AMUSE YOUR EMPTY  
DAYS!.....I COULDN'T  
GET DOWN LOW ENOUGH  
TO CRAWL TO YOU!...A  
WORM WOULD TRIP  
OVER YOU..A FLY  
WOULD NEVER NOTICE  
YOU..A FLEA WOULD SCORN  
YOUR WORTHLESS HULK!



OH HUM...I GLAD...  
I IS RID OF DA'  
SCREWBALL...DRIVIN'  
ME NUTS WIF DAT  
EMPATY DISEASE  
OF HIS...MMMM...  
IT IS A NICE DAY...FOR  
A PATROL INTO DA  
ENEMY SECTOR...



PEEP, PEEP



FEND



CPCC: andrew j. offutt

This column began as a Chatty, Preferably Controversial Column, which running title became shortened to CPCC. It has become less chatty and more controversial. While we have not gone so far as to say that LBJ is the Saviour (or that he is not, for those of you who know he is), we have dealt with some subjects that are controversial by virtue of the fact that not all the facts are in. In the last issue of TRUMPET we discussed mental power in this space. We indicated that paranormal powers, abilities clearly exist, and that they can be harnessed to some extent simply by one's gaining some control over one's subconscious. We ignored Psi powers and concentrated primarily on the power of un/or sub-conscious communication—or tapping the Universal Mind—and on the power of believing; self-determinism. We touched on reincarnation, and promised to discuss the concept in this issue.

We will not, and apologies are extended. The rather large volume of notes and quotations the author had accumulated were loaned, and will not be returned until sometime in the Fall.

A discussion of the subconscious mind, though, leads quite naturally to a discussion of hypnosis.

There is nothing arcane, extrasensory, or mystical about hypnosis. Nor should it be feared—save in the hands of someone who doesn't know what he is doing or who has a need to dominate. We will avoid using the word "trance" here; the word has overtones and associations with witchcraft and the arcane, and its unfortunate use has a great deal to do with the feeling of superstitious fear many people hold concerning hypnosis.

The person hypnotized—the subject—is not asleep. He is in a state that may resemble sleep; a state in which the conscious mind is "set aside" so that direct contact is made with the subconscious. (For a discussion of these terms and the power of the subconscious mind, see the previous issue.) The conscious is "asleep"; tuned out. The hypnotist—operator—speaks directly with the subconscious (subc) mind, and it replies.

The subc is naive, childlike. It will believe nearly anything it is told, provided it is told positively. It believes some things told it by the conscious (cs) mind that it should NOT believe, such as "I want to die," or "I deserve to be punished/to suffer." It is truthful; it will not lie. Part of its job is to help the cs to lie; to forget the unpleasant. But the subc forgets nothing. Thus a hypnotized person is able to recall everything that has ever happened to him or that has taken place around him. He may have 'forgotten'; he may not know he knows. But the subc knows, and it does not forget. And it will tell. As those involved in clinical psychology/psychiatry know far too well, it is sometimes very difficult to obtain information. The subc sets up elaborate blocking systems and smokescreens to obfuscate incidents and information the cs 'should not' remember, in the interests of his sanity, health, general wellbeing.

The person under hypnosis IS the same person. He IS aware; he DOES

## DRACULA WAS A BAD GUY

'know what's going on.' He can agree or disagree, decide, analyze, even offer advice. But he does not have the... call it power of judgement, or, as someone once did in a private communication, 'probability-computing circuitry.' He is apt to be naive, cautious, far too agreeable, and... 'stupid.' And thus of great danger to himself.

Numerous magazines, even comic books, offer quickie courses in hypnosis. They should be estopped, and the legalistic phrase is used deliberately. Hypnosis is a serious business. Practically anyone can hypnotize. Depending upon his knowledge and his needs, he can be very dangerous. Practically anyone, too, can be hypnotized. Some are fantastically good subjects; others (about 1 in 4, apparently) may appear to be 'unhypnotizable' but with time, an experienced operator, and perhaps equipment or chemicals, they too can be 'put under.'

That you can be hypnotized is a probability. That you can hypnotize is a certainty. But—for man's sake, don't, not until you know some simple rules, and not until you understand the possible ramifications of ignorance or ignorance of those rules. They are simple, and they should go without saying. And you will find books and articles that indicate the writer-operator has ignored them. He is dangerous, and in our judgement he is engaging in criminal acts.

1. Do not hypnotize without advance agreement of the subject.

2. Do not hypnotize without discussing with him what you intend to do and to accomplish—and obtaining his agreement.

3. Do not order the subject to do or say anything in the hypnotic state that you would not order or even suggest to him in the conscious state—unless you have his previous agreement (and unless you're with CIA or G-2). To go a step farther: Give no orders, period. The word is suggestion, and we will explore why, in detail.

4. Do not think of yourself or let the subject think of you as being in control. Respect his self-determinism as you would have him respect yours.

5. Do not end a hypnotic session without a thorough 'cleanup.'

Yes, it is possible to hypnotize someone against his will or without his knowledge—and more than once. It is possible—and easy—for you to be hypnotized tonight while you are asleep. It is then possible to obtain your agreement on a signal that will re-hypnotize you immediately tomorrow or next month. And you may never know about it. The least that can happen is that you will be an unhappy, stumbling, confused and disturbed individual. The most that can happen is your total imbalance—or death.

Jokes and parlor games and books such as that by a man named Estabrooks can be dangerous. While apparently a trained and good operator, Estabrooks



seemed to consider it a sort of game, a fun thing. He played with people's minds and bragged about it in his book. He is obviously dangerous. It is almost axiomatic that he has done harm. He is not alone.

For reasons we hope are made manifest by the foregoing, we will ignore telling you how to hypnotize and concentrate on telling you what to do once you have. We will begin by promising you not to use the words "order" or "command." Perhaps you feel that you can evade the postulated rules by a simple post-hypnotic command: "When you leave this state you will forget—" You can. You also have the power to kick your neighbor in the groin, which might have results much less serious. What should be done is the precise opposite. The cleanup session at the end of the hypnotic session, before the subject is 'awakened,' should include the assurance that he will remember everything that took place.

The subc, you see, does decide, specifically, to 'go along' with each of the operator's suggestions. In the first place pre-discussion and pre-agreement should have made this 'going along' a simple matter. In the second place we are assuming that you are treating the subject as a human being, in accordance with the rule called golden and with the above five rules. This makes the session easier, faster, healthier, and facilitates the subject's full memory upon 'awakening.' Even though you forbid the subject to remember and he apparently does forget, the memory is still there. The subconscious remembers. And the subc memory will affect his emotions and his actions and his mental—and physical!—health. Every detail of the hypnotic session can be recalled very quickly. The artificial bloc the operator imposes is far simpler to smash than a real one; for instance the subc blocking of memory of a traumatic experience. Even physically-caused amnesia can be broken through.

A common question is: Can you hypnotize a person into doing something 'immoral'? First, a counter-question: Why would he? But—yes. He may balk. But he is free of conscious morality, restraints, inhibitions. Too, this provides him an excuse; all of us are basically 'immoral,' or perhaps we should say 'amoral,' without morals, which is a word we will not attempt to define here. Whatever morals are, they are not instinctive. They are learned and developed.

A case in Sweden in 1951 achieved international fame. A man went into a bank and shot and killed two employees. Later he meekly submitted to arrest. He had been hypnotized. But in the first place a great deal of time was involved; he and the hypnotist were together in prison and the operator worked with him for many months afterward. In the second place the operator used an elaborate system of dodges to get around his subject's resistance to the idea. In the third place it STILL did not work; the subject was supposed to rob the bank at gunpoint. He did not even attempt to. Confused, fighting himself, he merely walked in and started shooting.

But—take a simpler situation. Set up your dream-fiction. You are the hyp-

notist. With her agreement you have placed a lovely girl in hypnosis. In a firm quiet voice you say "Strip." She may wiggle and act uncomfortable, indicating harm is being done, but she will almost certainly refuse. (If she agrees at once she probably wanted to anyhow, and you are wasting your time; it is a time for action!) You try again. Repeatedly. You may wind up with a weeping, screaming girl, and one who is no longer a friend, in or out of hypnosis.

Perhaps you've read a little, and you try another tack: the key is not to command but to persuade. "You WANT to take off all your clothes," he says, smiling and confident. Her answer is predictable:

"No I don't."

He throws away his hypnotism book, sneering "fake" and forgets the whole thing (he can, with her; she isn't going to have anything further to do with him). But—he probably could have accomplished his purpose; the point is, SHOULD he? Undoubtedly not, unless he had her prior agreement to make such an experiment.

Calling a tail a leg, Lincoln is supposed to have said, don't make it so. TELLING the subject to do something against his 'code' does NOT mean he will do it. Neither does TELLING him he WANTS to; he knows better. He must be convinced. Call it...selling him. Back to the girl. (A bad example. It may bring unpleasant letters. It is, though, a good example, because it is a far-out act. And we will certainly not discuss possible means of persuading a subject to rob a bank or commit any other crime!)

"It certainly is hot in here," the operator says. "Have you noticed it? Don't you notice how hot it's getting?"

Yes. Just like that, the subject DOES feel hot. As a matter of fact, she is aware that it is growing hotter and hotter. She fidgets, sighs, wriggles a little. She may even produce perspiration.

"You're all alone. You're all alone. There is no one else here, no one at all. You are all alone, and no one can see you." (Repetition, of course, to make sure the subc gets the message, and BELIEVES. The operator must be quietly firm and positive. If he says something such as "do you believe that?" he creates doubt and may blow the whole thing.)

"You are all alone, and it is growing hotter and hotter, and wouldn't it be wonderful not to have those darned clothes on! Well, there really isn't any need to. After all, you're all alone, and there's no one who can possibly see, and it IS growing hotter and hotter... and taking off all those heavy, hot clothes WILL relieve it..."

It will be unusual if agreement is not reached and appropriate action taken. (It is also possible that the subject will say "Who are you?"—and then where are you?)

Now that was frivolity, but by the same techniques much of a positive, beneficial nature can be accomplished. The first thing to forget is the old Svengali-Dracula bit: "You're in me power! Do as I command!" The danger in hypnosis is to the subject's MIND. It is a

real danger. Go back and look at rules 3 and 4, please. "Respect his self-determinism" means simply that you and he agree to some goal and you continually obtain his agreement. Sell. Make him an accomplice, not a slave. He should not OBEY; he should agree, and cooperate. In or out of hypnosis, all of us resist commands, even children. Issue commands, instill control rather than authority, dictate rather than persuade, and you invite and receive resentment, uncomfortable-ness, refusal, and worse: possible damage to the subject, not to mention your relation with him.

Persuade, sell, secure agreement and cooperation, willing cooperation, and you and the subject can accomplish seeming miracles.

Svengali and Count Dracula, remember, were bad guys. Hypnotism is a powerful force for good.

Under drugs, in hypnosis, even when involved in demanding physical or mental activities, an individual's defense system is pretty much relaxed. The hypnotic subject is hyper-sensitive to lack of courtesy, to threats or implied threats, to commands or over-sternness, even when they might not otherwise faze him. All of us are sensitive, after all, and some of us are super- or hyper-sensitive. That is a personality 'defect,' interestingly enough, hypnotism can be a fine means of increasing that person's self-confidence and determinism/determination to make him a happier and 'weller' person.

Dictatorial control demanding unquestioning obedience in hypnotism is a notion from the ivied walls of superstition. Sir James George Frazer wrote of. People think it necessary, an adjunct to hypnotism, and so they fear hypnotism—superstitiously. Not only is this attitude and procedure unnecessary, it is highly inadvisable. Forget Dracula and Svengali. Forget the shrieking, condemning, commanding, threatening preacher who angered you, scared you, or made you laugh. Remember the persuasive, salesman-type minister or teacher who 'sold' you on his viewpoint. The therapist may be able to afford being the stern father-symbol. He has also had years of training.

Obviously the concept of power, of extracting unquestioning obedience, appeals to many persons and attracts them to hypnotism. This is why we said early on that hypnotism can be dangerous. These people are feeding their own needs at someone else's (mental) expense. Of course others are attracted by the corollary/complementary principle: the opportunity to place themselves totally under someone else's control. They WANT to be dominated, while being aware that it is somewhat reprehensible. Hypnotism, then, is an excuse.

The first is playing with toys—and those toys are PEOPLE.

The second is feeding his own problem, encouraging the lack of confidence and self-determination that led him to hypnotism in the first place.

In our next discussion we will deal further with this matter of consent and cooperation, and with the power, the force for good, of hypnotism in our present and future. And some more rules.



# TRUMPET PEOPLE

# HOLLIS WILLIFORD

**M**y first attempts at illustration began at the age of four with a tube of my mother's lipstick. World War II was in progress and I expressed myself on the walls and screen door of our apartment in the shapes of German swastikas and Japanese suns. My mother wasn't long in stepping in on the drawing session and I can't really remember any words of art appreciation or understanding. In fact, as I recall, the critique of color and composition was done simply and quickly with a switch.

Even at the age of four a devoted artist isn't easily discouraged, for the next victims of childhood expressionism were the family Bible and my mother's personal stationary. If she had only understood, she could have solved the problem by furnishing me with proper drawing materials.

There have been many miles of pencil lines and brush strokes since then. Thank goodness I have found some use for my work. Now it is almost impossible for me to talk without a pencil to supplement my vocabulary.

I don't suppose I've ever believed in talent. Ask anyone who makes a living of illustration and he will tell you, "It's just plain hard work." You get interested, involved, and exposed to good work and the rest is hours of studying and scratching on a drawing board. If the basic interest is there, the technical ability and taste can be developed. Even creative imagination has to be cultivated.

I do feel that a good illustrator must be aware of everything going on around him; be especially observant of people and constantly in search of new ideas to stimulate his work. He has to see things other people don't see and feel things other people don't feel. Only in this way can he reveal

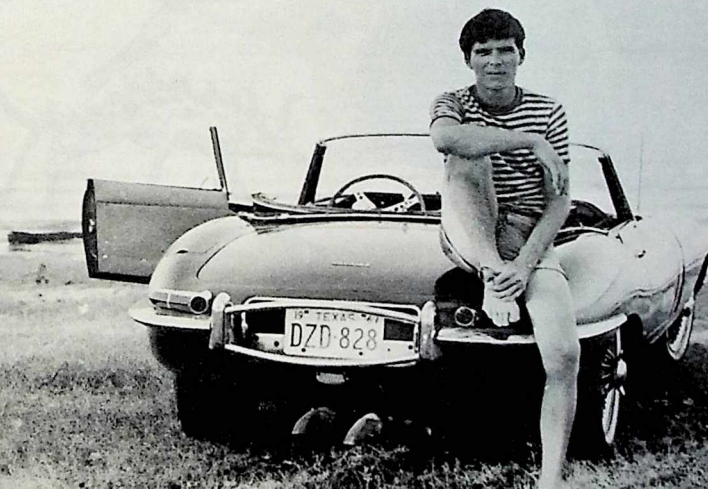
to those who view his work the extremes of the subjects he depicts. The quality and good taste of an illustration are really quite worthless if it doesn't communicate. It must transmit idea, information, and impression. Melodramatic moods apply only in story illustration and occasionally editorial art.

One of the greatest aids to illustration today is fast, modern photographic equipment. With a 35mm single lens reflex camera and through the lens metering, an artist can research a subject that, a few years ago, would have had to be totally recalled—or simply forgotten. I don't know of anyone in illustration today who doesn't use photography to good effect in some way. Photographs are excellent for composing ideas. The time element makes it impossible to do thorough research on some subjects but these fleeting things can be preserved by the camera for leisurely study.

The ability to draw is so very important to the illustrator that it has become something he must practice daily. It is much easier to lose than to develop. The amount of drawing it takes to keep in shape depends on the individual, just as the intrinsic motivation or interest of the individual is equal and proportionate to his technical ability.

The more work I produce, the more I realize just how little I really know. This is one reason I plan to continue my studies at the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles this Fall.

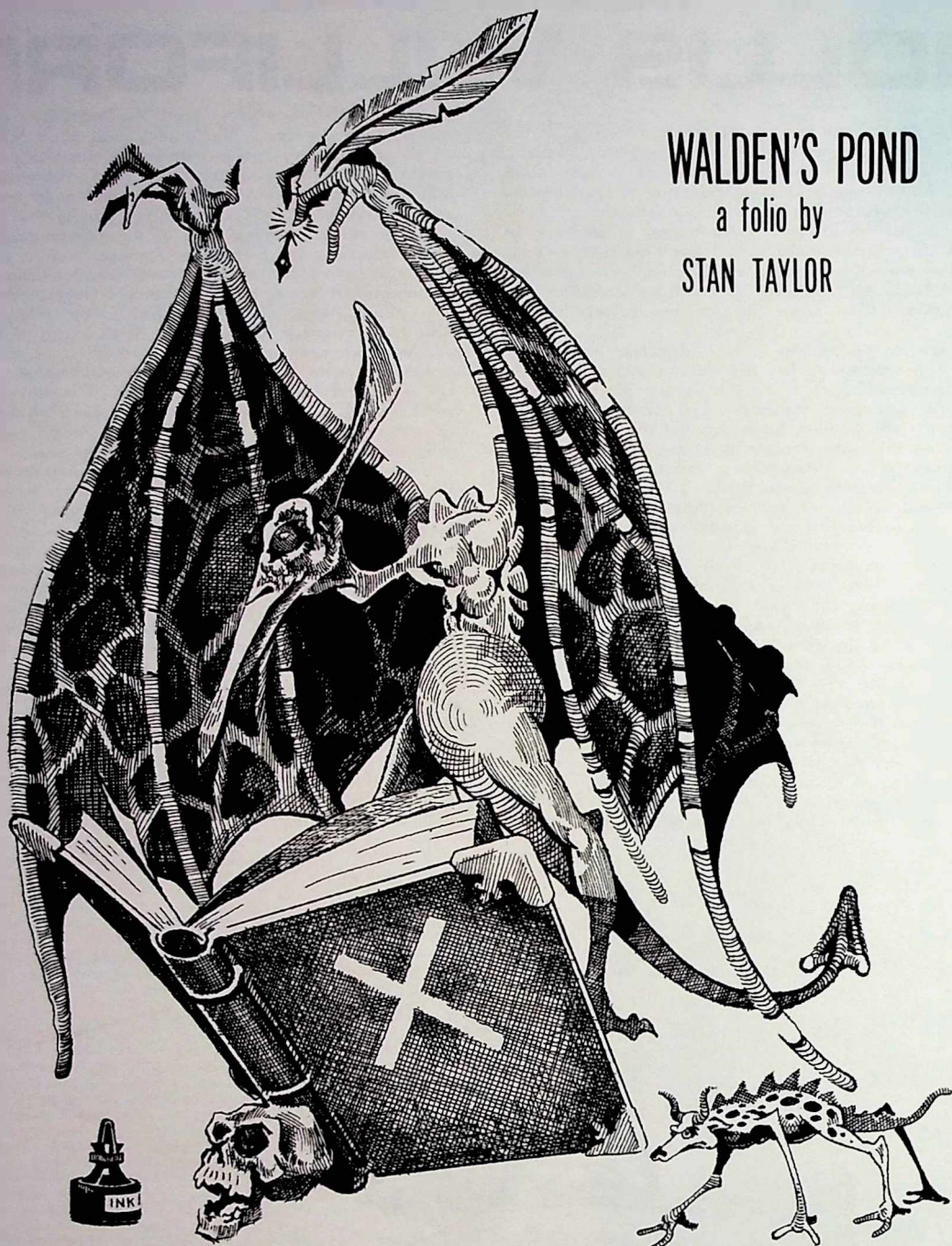
My work gives me a feeling of accomplishment and releases something that I can't explain. I hope someday it can be viewed with great respect. But whether it is liked or disliked, published or unpublished, the years of effort won't be in vain. In fact, I feel as Emerson did when he wrote, "every work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun."



# WALDEN'S POND

a folio by

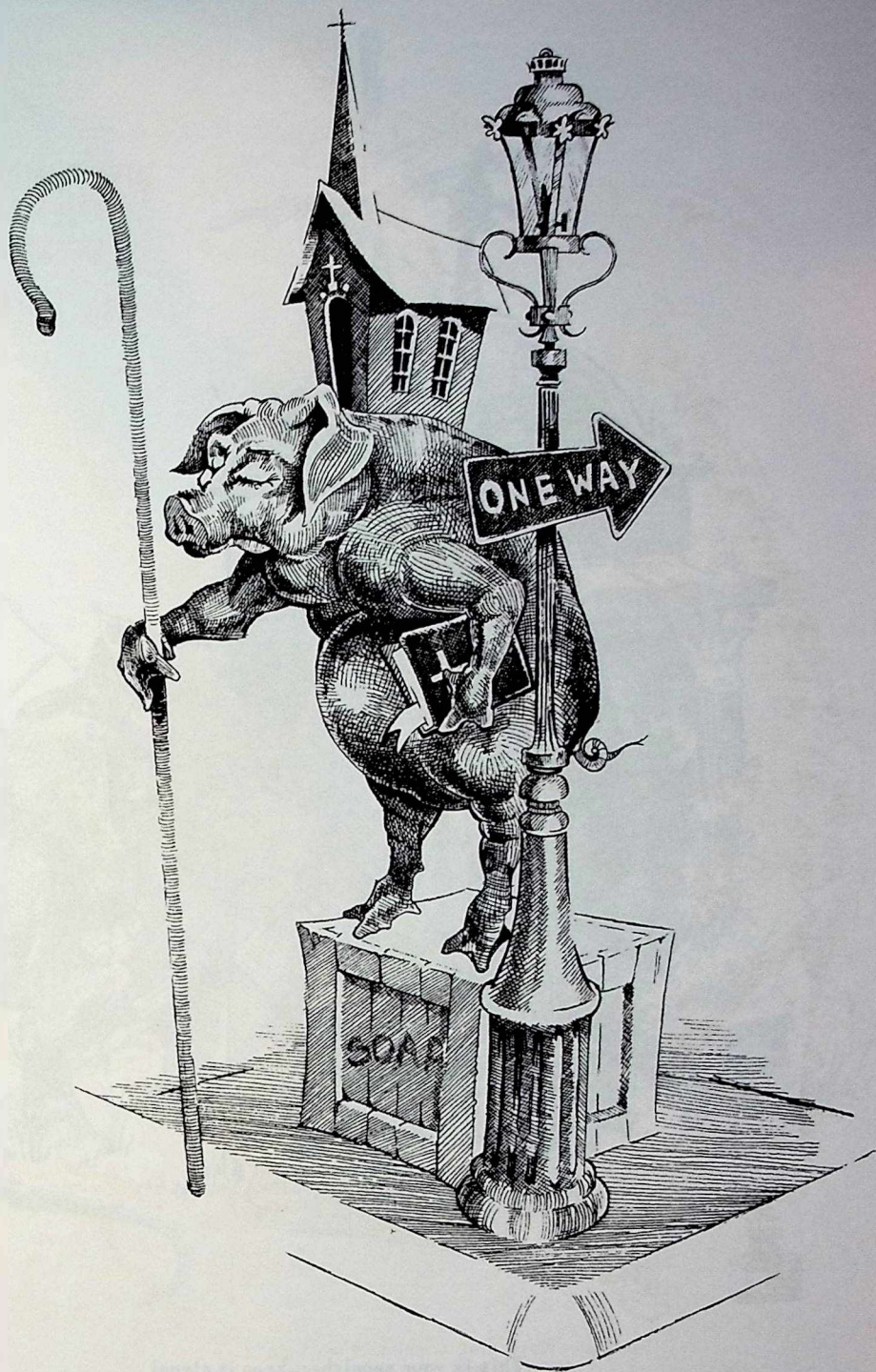
STAN TAYLOR



Recording angel sits on high,  
Quietly watching worlds go by.  
Of one dread spot he is most fond,  
A dark, dark place called Walden's Pond.

Stan Taylor  
April 1967





The Pharisee's Burden



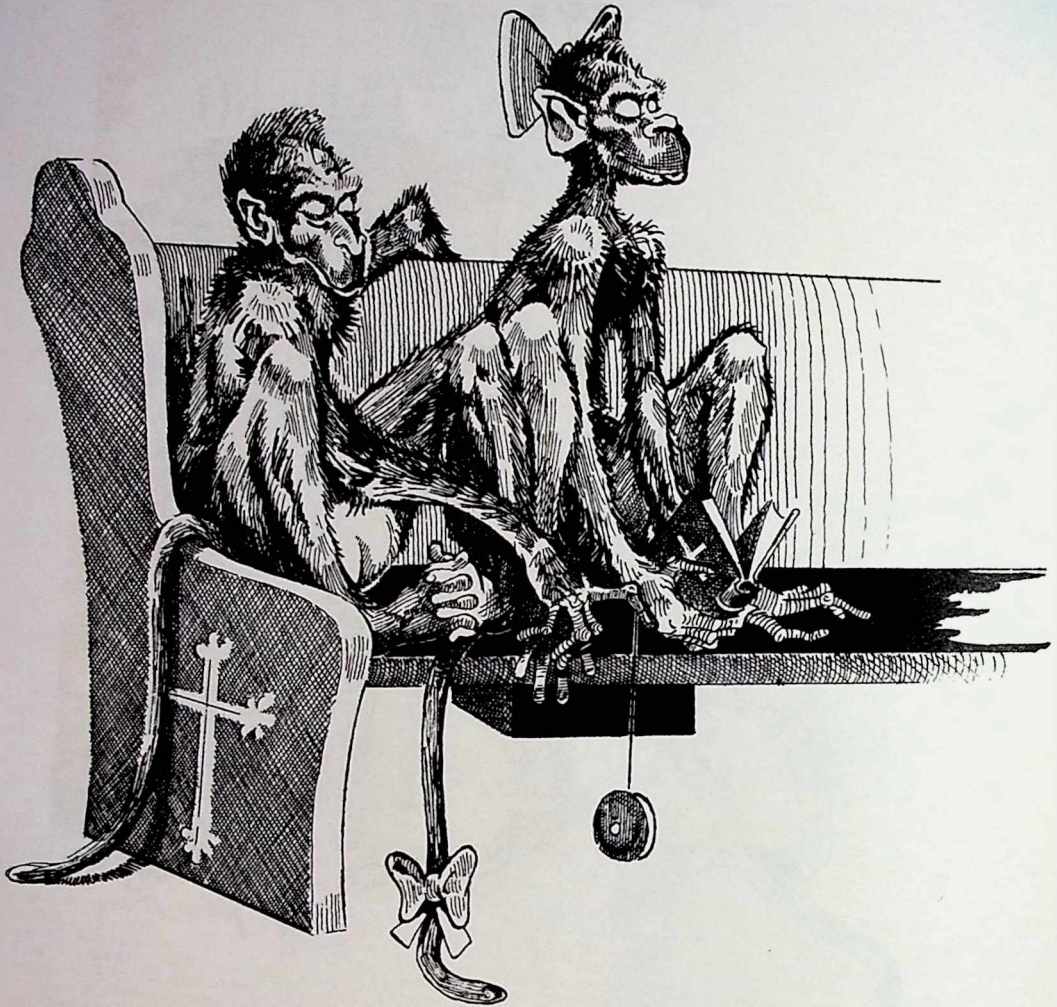


This is your sepulcher—keep it clean!





Love thy Neighbor, Brother



We is all God's Chillun



Divergent thoughts amassed around a single point:

"Violence...is as American as cherry pie."—H. Rap Brown.

Funny thing that, at a time when editorial writers make such a fuss over the "new" emphasis on movie sex and violence, it is precisely what American film makers do best.

Has there ever been a "clean, decent, wholesome, family entertainment" movie that hasn't been an antiseptic, anti-aesthetic bore? The only exception I can think of is the Dan O'Herlihy *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. It made the rounds of the neighborhood kiddie shows back in 1954 and O'Herlihy even got an Oscar nomination. But you know those kids were being brainwashed: The director was that old atheist, Luis Bunuel. Damn subtle job, too.

The most under-rated American movie of 1967 is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release in Panavision and Metrocolor which, in some areas, was palmed off on drive-in saturation bookings. The most under-rated American movie of 1966 was also a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release in Panavision and Metrocolor which, I suspect, its distributor yanked and virtually shelved almost immediately after its initial release, due to (with two exceptions that I know of) a roundly bad press and a terrible lack of business.

I'm talking, respectively, about John Boorman's *Point Blank* with Lee Marvin and John Ford's *Seven Women* with Anne Bancroft. Both are masterpieces, though entirely different. The Ford film is a compendium of his perversities and obsessions; it's what the French call a "personal testament." My *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* defines "beautiful" as "having beauty, delighting the eye, ear, mind, etc.; capital, excellent." *Seven Women* is a beautiful film. Judith Crist called it "the nervous giggle movie of 1966." So much for her. *Seven Women* has a timeless beauty missing from any other American movie of the Sixties.

The best film from any source of 1967 was Ingmar Bergman's *Persona*. But the best American film vote has to be split between, uh, that Technicolor gangster picture shot in Dallas by Shirley MacLaine's kid brother and featuring Denver Pyle and Dub Taylor; and *Point Blank*. Everybody and his pet monogoose is raving over that other "water-shed" picture, to use *Time*'s meaningless phrase, so I'll confine my remarks to touting the underdog, which is my bent. (I still think Edward Cahn's 1932 *Law and Order* is a better western than *Stagecoach*, *The Gunfighter*, *Shane*, *Rio Bravo*, and *Ride the High Country* rolled into one—and *Ride the High Country*, the most under-rated American movie of 1962, was yet another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release in Panavision and Metrocolor. What's happened to *Leo the Lion*?)

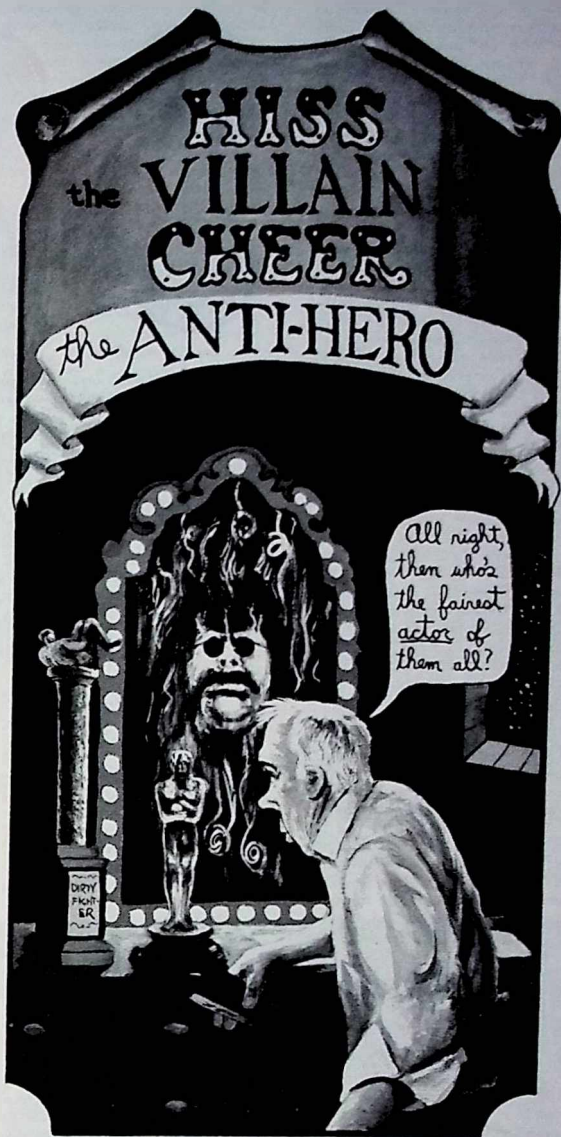
My first impression of *Point Blank* was that Boorman had seen Alain Resnais' *Muriel* once too often. There's a certain overcomplication to this otherwise spell-binding film noir. But, in retrospect, I think better of it for just that reason. (Isn't it the best movies that hit you long after you've seen them and maybe even shrugged them off?) Anyway, *Muriel*, like *Citizen Kane*, can't be seen too often.

Boorman's first film (*Point Blank* is

his second) was shrugged off by its distributor, Warner Bros. I had to catch *Having a Wild Weekend* at a drive-in. I recall exactly two good reviews: Richard Roud in the *Britannica Book of the Year*: 1966 and Pauline Kael in *McCall's*. It was dismissed elsewhere probably because its stars, The Dave Clark Five, were no longer "hot". This is unfortunate. Boorman was more successful with them (particularly Clark, who played a role similar in vague ways to Marvin's in *Point Blank*) than Richard Lester ever was with the superior Beatles. Boorman's film is a gem of rare poetic intensity (there's a phrase to scare off the hardest commercial exhibitor) about a popular London model who runs off with Clark in an attempt to find Meaning

for her life. A rather boring premise, but thus is Boorman's handling of it all the more to be admired. In the end, the girl can't fight the allure of Fame and Fortune, and Clark leaves her, striding away alone across a sandy beach as the entourage of press and "fans" swells around her. The point is made with subtle grace. A shame the movie didn't catch on. See it on TV.

*Point Blank* begins with what must be the quickest flashback in film history. As Lee Marvin's name flashes on screen, he is seemingly shot to death before our eyes. Almost immediately, we learn the foregoing circumstances. Thus ends the movie's last moment not confined to Marvin's subconscious. Not since 8½ has there been so much slip-



ping in and out of dreamland. Boorman triumphs again over an unpromising premise—there's little so uninteresting as badly managed stream-of-consciousness—and the film becomes riveting. As Marvin tracks down the pair who have double-crossed him and left him for dead, we have every right to expect another of those Cagney-type rough-'em-up films (like Don Siegal's *The Killers*, which also paired Marvin and Angie Dickinson). Marvin has lately become identified with. But part of the delight of *Point Blank* is the unorthodox casting—against-type. Marvin causes several deaths, to be sure, but only indirectly. His former girl friend, a half-hearted participant in the double-cross which almost causes his death, takes an overdose of sleeping pills after the supposed dead Marvin confronts her. The other party in the double-cross accidentally hurls several stories to his death. (Original touch: the man falls naked. Marvin winds up holding the bedsheet with which the victim had been covering himself. Weird.) Two other men (Michael Strong and Lloyd Bochner) die after a sniper hired by one of them (Bochner) mistakes his employer for Marvin. Carroll O'Connor is shot down at film's end by the "surprise" villain—and it is a surprise, though never so much as in Blake Edwards's *Gunn*, which has the surprise baddie of the decade—after trying to help a by-now mentally disoriented Marvin. The film ends with Marvin receding into the shadows of Alcatraz, a man betrayed by everyone. It's the most effective passive conclusion I can recall (outside of *Antony*) since I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang.

Lee Marvin is the perfect modern film anti-hero. Just his face embodies a superhuman range of contemporary moods and anxieties. For one of the few times in Hollywood history, an actor has won an Oscar and his career has skyrocketed afterward. (The opposite extremes are too depressingly many to relate: seen any Miyoshi Umeki movies lately?) One envisions all kinds of roles for him—Cullie Blanton in Larry L. King's *The One-Eyed Man*, Lincoln Powell in Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man* (with Christopher Plummer or Jason Robards, Marvin's only equals, as Ben Reich), Omri Winwood in Carl Sandburg's *The Fiery Trial*. I see Cat Ballou each time it rolls around just to hear that opening speech ending with "Miss Ballou, I am here!" The film is really an insult: Marvin is leagues above his fellow players, all of whom (with the possible exception of Tom Nardini, a perfect foil in the dressing scene) he makes look like so many high school sophomores. He floats through (one way or another) on a completely different plane, untouched. Rarely has an Oscar been so deserved.

We've come to accept, even cuddle our ugly men, our Lee Marvins and Charles Bronsons and James Coburns and George Kennedys and Ernest Borgnines. Not surprising, in a world which glorifies the football hero over the eng. lit. major. It's a variation on the Bugs Bunny syndrome. Fast action saves the day. There's no time for pithy intellectualizing. It's just a hoot and a holler and a half a hill away from this to the Disneyland world of the radical right,



with its denizens' constant pursuit of the simple answer to the complex problem. (I had a close, three-week brush with the furthest extreme of this kind of thinking recently. I'll tell all in a future column, titled "I Was an HLH Product. Tell or Ask Two Others Daily...") It's this kind of thinking that's making life almost intolerable today for those who would at least try to keep calm and rational, even in the face of impending Communist take-over (so to speak). It's becoming increasingly difficult not to blow one's cool, and that's the worst thing that can happen to us.

Get off the soap box, Bates.

#### notes:

The fifth New York Film Festival, my second and probably last, ended with one of those all-night parties which belie what one would take to be the over-all purpose of the festival—the furtherance of the appreciation of cinema as an art within the radius of one city. I tried to talk about the seven films I'd seen out of the festival's twenty-two offerings with a couple of people, but quickly grew hoarse and deaf, latterly thanks to one of those godawful rock 'n' roll groups straight from the Electric Circus or Cheetha that work to split the ear drums. Still, I stuck it out, not knowing why. (Sounds like a convention bidding party—TRR.) But when that couple of semi-nude dancers began ripping foam rubber off each other's bodies, to the bemusement of what were now the groundlings, I said goodnight to Beverly Walker and left. (Beverly is chief p.r. flack for the festival and a very sharp girl—unless this party was her idea.)

Unable to attend the daytime press screenings (a blessing, for screening audiences are more unruly than the masses at night: I understand the press screening for Godard's *Made in U.S.A.* was a madhouse of hissing and booing; the night-time audience couldn't have been more orderly, despite some walk-outs), I decided to keep my request for free tickets to the night-time showings down to a minimum.

As it happened, five of the seven films I picked to see were masterpieces, and I have no regrets over the other two.

The masterworks are Godard's *Made in U.S.A.*, Skolimowski's *Barrier* and Le Depart, Rossellini's *The Rise of Louis XIV* and Abel Gance's 1927 four-hour silent, *Napoleon*. The two other works I saw were Godard's *Les Carabiniers*, and *Far From*

Vietnam, edited by Chris Marker from bits and pieces contributed by Alain Resnais, Jean-Luc Godard, William Klein, Agnes Varda, Joris Ivens and a number of others. The Vietnam film was the last program of the festival, and a sell-out. I tried to gauge the audience to see how many were for the film (which was anti-Johnson, pro-Castro and anti-Vietnam) and how many against. The "fors" had it by an overwhelming majority—to the consternation of Bosley Crowther, who tagged the film a hodge-podge (it isn't) in the following Monday's *New York Times*. (To be made from the works of so many conflicting artists, it is a remarkably smooth piece of albeit undeniable propaganda. As such, it's not a patch on Eisenstein or Riefenstahl, but its emotional appeal is undeniable and it should be shown all over the country, though it probably won't be.)

I finally saw Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player* at a New York City commercial house midway into the festival, and was let down after Dwight Macdonald and Pauline Kael, for whom I have respect, had raved over it. Godard's *Made in U.S.A.*, which is everything the Truffaut film should have been, has as two of its characters David Goodis, author of the American paperback Truffaut adapted, and Don Siegal, maker of many superior Hollywood gangster films and westerns. The film's heroine, Anna Karina, is a kind of Bogart in drag, and she has never looked more beautiful, nor acted more appealingly. In fact, she portrays the warmest character I can remember in a Godard film. She comes to "Atlantic City" (actually, the south of France, but Godard is reflecting the American influence on contemporary France) to find her lost lover, and winds up mowing down a number of suspicious male types (Goodis, Siegal among them) by film's end. At one point, she encounters a young hood who introduces himself as Robert McNamara and, when asked if he isn't sick of all this killing, declares with a smirk, "It's my job. I love it." Later in the week, Godard would tell us in *Far From Vietnam* that, unable to take a movie camera to Hanoi, he injects Hanoi into all his films instead to demonstrate his concern.

*Made in U.S.A.* is a beautifully shot film, in Eastmancolor and Techniscope, but beautiful in a different way from, say, John Ford's *Seven Women*. (It's interesting to note that, in his collection of film reviews, *Private Screening-Views of the Cinema of the Sixties*, John Simon says not a word about John Ford. So much for John Simon.) It's possible to appreciate both films, although I doubt Ford would tolerate the Godard. Godard would love the Ford. That's the odd, shall we say, barrier between generations.

*Barrier*. In glorious black and white. I swear, if Gianni de Venanzo weren't dead, I'd declare he must have shot this strange study of contemporary Polish youth. Skolimowski's odd sense of humor and compassion comes to us in brilliant plays on blacks and whites, which smack directly of 8½. *Le Depart* is more light hearted. How could it help but be, with Jean-Pierre Leaud, an actor who is coming to represent the very soul of contemporary youth on celluloid, as the lead? *Barrier* has no Leaud, but no mat-



ter. It moves in concentric circles and weaves an odd compelling fascination which rivets the eye and the mind despite the fact that you are puzzled by what is going on. Skolimowski doesn't demand patience; he hypnotizes you into handing it over, willingly or not. *Le Depart* is completely captivating. The Godard influence is undeniable, yet Skolimowski has a more popular narrative sense of a beginning, a middle and an end (and in that order) than Godard. I doubt *Barner* will ever be made commercially available in this country. Thank the gods that be, then, for the festival. May it proliferate!

Recently, I had a chance to see *House of Dracula*, the last of Universal Pictures' old monster rallies played straight, on TV for the first time in about fifteen years. Cal Beck, editor of *Castle of Frankenstein* in whose New Jersey dwelling I saw it, kept telling me how great it was, but I was characteristically unimpressed. This is decidedly second-rate Universal horror fare; it's clear its makers were running out of "fresh" ideas. Still, it's a rather neat little job, with a few interesting touches: Lon Chaney is cured of lycanthropy. And Onslow Stevens, an actor not usually identified with Hollywood horror, does a fairly effective Jekyll-and-Hyde turn. John Carradine, in the second of three *Dracula* portrayals, is briefly menacing before the sun's rays turn him into a skeleton again. Martha O'Driscoll makes a touching hunchback, Glenn Strange an oddly inactive Frankenstein monster, and Lionel Atwill is thrown away on the thankless part of the village cop. The ending is the usual melee of shadowy strangulations and fiery cataclysm, with the Greek chorus of enraged villagers marching on the castle for another go-round, the same torches as before in their upraised fists. Next step: Abbott and Costello.

I was attending summer school at what was then Arlington State College, and failing Physics for the second time, in 1956 when I took a bus to Fort Worth one evening and caught Stanley Kubrick's *The Killing*, the first of what were to be the five major works of the sole young genius currently active in the American cinema.

(I discount *Spartacus* and *One-Eyed Jacks*, the former more Anthony Mann and Kirk Douglas than Kubrick, the latter more Marlon Brando.)

I was in the Air Force Security Service stationed at Fort Meade, Maryland, some twenty miles from Washington, D.C., when I saw *Paths of Glory* at a lonely base theater in a dark and secluded corner of the base. There were me and three or four others.

I was spending a dismal summer working on a Wichita Falls daily newspaper in 1962 when a sneak preview of *Lolita* at a "downtown" (the word takes on special sarcasm in this context) theater provided the single memorable moviegoing experience of the season. Wichita Falls, of course, being in the middle of the Texas "Bible Belt," I was one of the few degenerates to lap up this gem. There was, I understand, much condemnation from the local pulpits.

In 1964, I was newly and happily married and living in Fort Worth, a reporter and evening-edition movie reviewer on that city's *Star-Telegram*, when I, my wife, and a friend caught a Sunday afternoon "sneak preview" of *Dr. Strangelove* at a downtown theater. At year's end, I was one of five newspaper reviewers in this country and Canada to name it best of the year. Three of the others were on New York metropolitan dailies, Judith Crist among them.

Now, here it is, 1968. I'm back in Dallas, my home town, with four years each of college, the Air Force, the

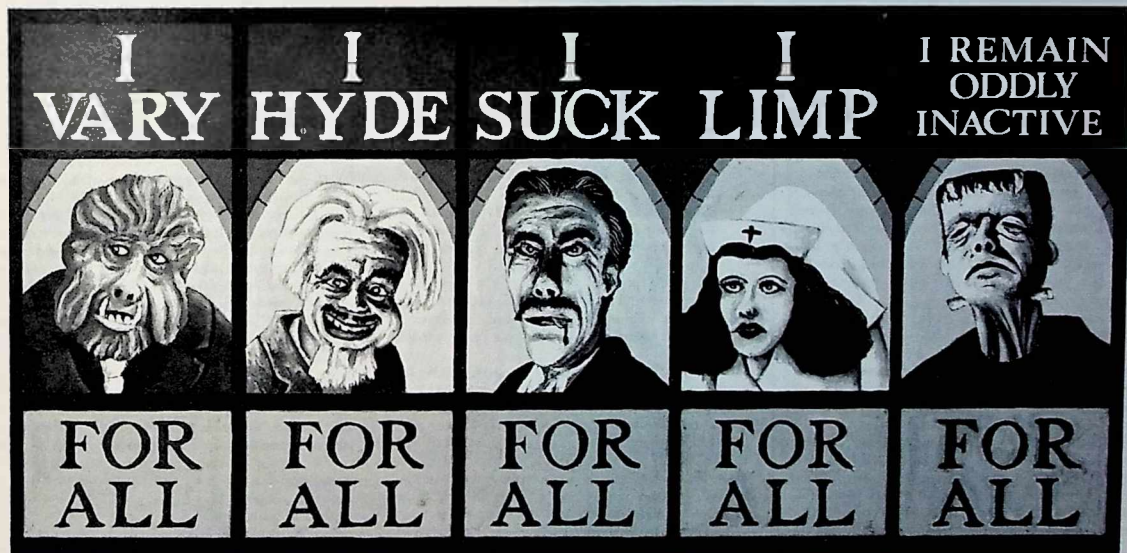
newspaper business, and marriage permanently behind me. I've even been to New York and back. And along comes 2001: *A Space Odyssey*.

And I'm overwhelmed! I've seen the film twice, and I honestly feel incompetent to judge. Too much is over my head. But there's no doubt Kubrick's a genius, and that, in size, scope, ambition, and overall naivete, there's been no such film since Griffith's *Intolerance*!

Truth to tell, the film's pretentious. Kubrick obviously set out to make the ultimate film. He hasn't. I still reserve space for, to name two, *La Règle du Jeu* and *Citizen Kane*. But everything else of recent vintage, including that deservedly acclaimed, Dallas-made gangster film of last year, looks puny and undernourished beside this gargantuan epic of the further exploration of space, and time. It's the most intellectually stimulating film since Bergman's *Persona*, and the mystery and wonder of it is, to be so demanding and difficult, it's also enormously popular!

That monolithic Slab which Man keeps encountering throughout the film is, of course, God. My first clue was when the Catholics pronounced the film a major religious experience. My second was Kubrick's marvelous use of Richard Strauss' *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. I ran out and bought a copy of the Fritz Reiner recording the very next day, although Tom Reamy says the Herbert Von Karajan recording sounds more like it. No matter? The film's climax is ominous and wonderful, even if Keir Dullea is hardly my idea of the Second Coming.

But where does Kubrick get off being so optimistic for Man's future? With the deaths of King and the second Kennedy, with God knows who else to follow, *Dr. Strangelove* seems more likely, if not *Planet of the Apes*. I really wonder if we'll be here thirty-three years hence. \*We were both wrong. It was Karl Boehm and the Berlin Philharmonic. ●



terms of the capital required, than just us putting a man or two men on the moon. We know where these men are going. We will be able to see them. We'll be able to bring them back. But the Phoenicians didn't know whether they would get their men back or not.

They met this problem by personifying the ship. They turned the ship into a person. That's why ships are still called "she," because Phoenician lawyers, 3000 years ago, called ships, "she." But they gave the power to decide what would happen at any given stage of the voyage to the captain of the vessel. Admiralty law became not the law of Phoenicia; it became the law which had been developed by those ships' captains in their many encounters with other forms of law and with other ships' captains and other merchants who had been raised in different bodies of law.

More than that, and this is important, this is the thing which sets admiralty apart from most of the law of the United States. I'm sure that you all know that, historically, the law of the United States is the common law of England. This means that it is the law first stated by men on horseback looking down at the serfs in the mud. Consequently, it still has in it a great many elements by which wealth and power and respectability are accorded almost the right to win in any legal struggle. But admiralty law is not like that. The contending parties of the admiralty were always of equal power; they were two ships' captains or they were a ship's captain and a merchant.

Where was the law decided? Not in a law court someplace but on the pierhead, and it had to be done in a hurry because the captain had to catch the tide and get out. Everybody who was on the court understood that because they were all either ships' captains or old merchants as well; so they made summary decisions. They made them in a very short time. They made them on the basis of their own experience and their own feelings of equity. It is this experience which we must take into space with us.

We're going to meet things out there who will have ideas so different from ours that they'll raise us another notch in the level of life. We want, when we meet them, to be able to say, "Okay fellows, your idea is as good as ours. Let's get this third fellow over here from Deneb IV and let him decide between the two of us." And that's the way space law will be created, or at least the way in which it ought to be created.

If somebody asks you what system of law do you think we ought to take into space with us. Do answer them. Admiralty law, fellows, the law of the sea. It's already developed and it's all ready to go. All we need to do is start educating those astronauts in one more little course in law and then, when they meet somebody out there, the shape of which they can't understand, the ideas of which they can't follow, they will already have the technique by which they can make the step forward that'll carry all of us with them.

From a speech given at Southwesterncon-1968

"Son, you look like a Texan what got the hormone, but been starved since birth. Like your Ma, Lyndon bless her, lifted a leg and dropped you into a big black bag, and after you nothing but a crust and mini-carton of milk once a month."

"True enough, noble sir. I was raised in the Sack and I am a Thin," I answered the Portly Giant in a voice like distant thunder, which almost made me wet my tights, because up until this moment in my life I had been a high baritone.

Consider the colorful exclamations scattered throughout the first chapter: "'Like your Ma, Lyndon bless her,'... 'Name of Jack and Jackie!...' 'Where in the name of Jack...?'... 'Gun you, you're making me cry,' and 'Holy Hallo-ween!'" (This last is a supposedly genuine expression of fright caused by the unveiling of the story's skeletal hero—and it doesn't issue from Burt Ward's lips, either.) Or the following folksy aphorisms: "Power enobles, but Petroleum Power enobles absolutely... Praise the Lord and Puff the marijuana!" and "We Texans are a peaceable, tolerant, shoot-and-let-shoot people."

Leiber rationalizes completely every facet of his story of Super-Texas, unlike Harrison in *The Starsloggers* (Bill, the Galactic Hero), an earlier GALAXY tour-de-force in overbaked satire. But where Harrison's often-screamingly-funny humor bestrode his ridiculous universe like a colossus (with logic occasionally rearing its tiny head), all that dominates the Leiber story is its exaggerated posturing, of both personae and plot.

In the previous issue's "Forecast," Editor Pohl remarked as follows on the Leiber serial:

...the lead story deserves a special word. The name of it is *A Specter Is Haunting Texas*. What it is is satire. [Nice of you to let us know, Fred.]

The rules of satire are such that it must do more than make you laugh. No matter how amusing it is, it doesn't count unless you find yourself wincing a little even as you chuckle. *A Specter Is Haunting Texas* fully lives up to the rules; the wince factor is high. We don't care who you are—Texan or Mexican; Democrat, Republican, Communist or member of the Y.A.F., white or black; Christian, pagan or anywhere in between—there is plenty for everybody, and you'll find a wince or two just marked for you.

The author is Fritz Leiber; and our opinion is that this will be one of the most talked-about science-fiction stories of this or any other year.

Pohl's view of satire is surprisingly sado-masochistic, and erroneously so. Realistically, satire is written for the in-group and the uncommitted, generally in that order; it is never savored by those who are objects of the satire—this is a *Strangelove* principle, hypocritically voiced only by "liberal" critics who are safe from the barbs anyway.

This novel deserves to be utterly ignored, though it is less of an exercise in repulsive literary extremism than

its kissing cousin, Phil Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage." If it does become "one of the most talked-about science-fiction stories of this or any other year," such will only be a tribute to the jingoism of Frederik Pohl, which won him his "clean sweep" of last year's Hugo awards.

The story itself isn't bad enough to justify dismemberment in the spotlight; it partakes just enough of camp grotesquery to be sadly and distastefully degenerate. Its featured position and promotion, though, do reflect the discriminating judgment of an editor who calls a Pederson cover a Bonestell; thinks Frank Herbert wrote a story entitled "Dustworld"; believes "problem-solving analysis" of reader-suggestions may solve the Vietnam dilemma (in two months—the contest ended July 4th); and in general often forgets who wrote what, on which page, in which issue of which one of his magazines.

#### Errata and Addenda

In the last issue, a couple of words were dropped from my editorial, in one case significantly altering the meaning. On page one, 2nd column, 6th paragraph, the second sentence should read, "Now, the Hugo has no monopoly on symbolic rockets..." The correction is italicized; the point of my paragraph was that other organizations have used symbolic rockets for awards (therefore the Hugo has no "monopoly" in that sense), but at the World S-F Convention, only the Hugo may be represented by a rocket, as stipulated in the By-Laws.

The other error was of omission: on page 34, 2nd column, 3rd paragraph, the second clause of the first sentence should read, "at the very least, a lazy bum whose prose style is the worst British-insipid." Be it known that I think only the worst of Jim Ballard.

My wife's article on "Affair with a Green Monkey" has received some late revision, which I'll add for the record. Atop the second column on page 4, "When she says," should read "After she says," and the sentence beginning, "This lack of precision..." would better read, "This lack of explicitness allows the story to creep up on the reader..."

The following lines are new observations, or re-discovered forgotten ones, that continue the examples in the fourth-from-last paragraph—the one ending with "alliterative augmentation":

Alliteration also lends emphasis to another stylistic device—anticlimax—in the final clause of the passage portraying Alma's recovery from grief: "people... get hernia and aphy and their hair cut just like before." This latter figure ends the passage on a note of light cynicism, which the alliteration accents in much the same fashion as in Hamlet's sportive remark—"I can tell a hawk from a handsaw."

All those who do not think a haircut is anticlimactic may leave the room. ●





# the compost heap

FANZINE REVIEWS by ALEX EISENSTEIN — Send fanzines for review to:  
3030 W. Fargo Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60645

**Stefantasy 60** (Bill Danner, R.D. I, Kennerdale, Pa. 16374—"60 pesetas, except for your copy, which is free!" however, the back page reveals a sinister box: "If you find an X in that square... it means that I haven't heard from you for too long. If you... expect the next issue you'd better write pronto." Free to contributors, and to LoC writers who interest Mr. Danner—Irregular, letterpress printed.) This issue of Stef, the magazine of creative archaism (not to mention gruff cynicism regarding Our Modern Age), seems more like a real fanzine than most previous issues. (Your Friendly Fanzine Reviewer recognizes the fact that many latter-day fanzines are very unreal.) The editor, under title of "Whaddya Mean, Sense of Wonder?", reviews a 1903 cosmic-disaster story by the astronomer Simon Newcomb (the same who "proved" mathematically that heavier-than-air flight was impossible), and he pithily demonstrates how backward, inaccurate, and unimaginative the story was even on its day of publication: Professor Newcomb wrote of the year 5000 A.D., yet ignored as nonexistent the telephone (invented 1876), transatlantic wireless (first transmission, 1901), and the automobile (19 makes advertised in the same magazine that published the story!). Bill indicates how poorly Professor Newcomb also fared in other areas of s-f extrapolation, and he intersperses his sharp observations with mocking asides of incredulity ("Isn't that Astounding?") and derision ("Real science-fiction stuff, eh?")

Following this caustic critique is a full-page ATom illo of e-t cannoneers, which faces a page describing, in terms quaint and curious (and quite tongue-through-cheek), the marvelous plant of the Skreughbaul Press—depicted in an oval engraving atop the page. "I don't want to give you any wrong ideas, so I hasten to add that the press, vast as its facilities are, does not occupy the entire building. If you need additional space for some continuing project (such as assembling, stapling and addressing fanzines) I shall be glad to discuss terms with you." Oh, the impressive facade that may be established by the sheer power of printer's ink! Thank you, Bill, for your generous offer, but we find the North Wing of the Palace adequate for our purposes...

Robert Lowndes provides the next highlight of the issue, a bogus ad for "The Exclusive Book Collector": "Select Any 98 New Books! Values 50¢ up to \$50,000... and send them to The Exclusive Book Collector, postpaid." The re-

mainder of the "ad" is equally outrageous... though I can't help thinking that the U. of Wyoming library out-did Doc Lowndes when they "invited" Buck Coulson to donate his s-f collection to their Rare Books division.

Ruth Allison contributes a clever poem concerning the unfortunate inflation of the price of "thrills" in our time: "Did you say cheap thrills are still on the market?/ Holy Mischief, How I long to try some! / If I send you a self-addressed (stamped) envelope, / Will you tell me where I can buy some?" In three more verses she fully develops her thesis, retaining rhyme and meter throughout. It is not any triumph of visionary metaphor, but it's jolly fun all the same.

There's a story by a Mr. Mitsuoaka, but it's really not worth mentioning, much less reading. I'm afraid fiction is the bane of even the best fanzines, with

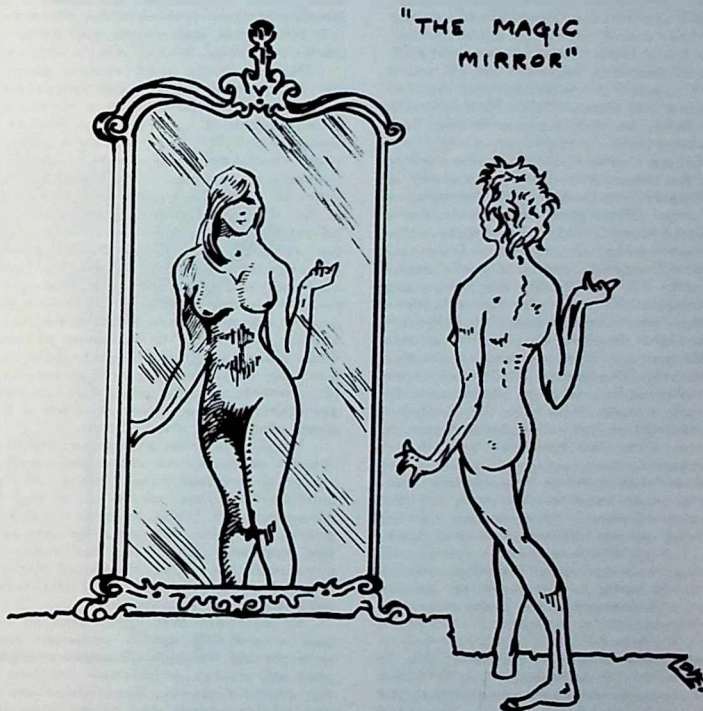
few exceptions (two that I've encountered, and the authors both fell flat with their subsequent offerings).

Rating: 8

**Stefantasy 61** Not as good an issue; best items are the aphorisms and anecdotes comprising "The Feather Bed" (reprinted from *The William Feather Magazine*). Choice example: "Opportunity never seems to knock except when we are extremely busy."

Rating: 5

**Twilight Zine 22** (Leslie Turek & Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St., Apt. 4, Cambridge, Mass. 02138—trades, contribs., LoC's, or 25¢ —Irregular; mimeo, 33pp.) This is the last issue to be edited by Cory and Leslie, according to Cory in her new zine, *The Proper Boskonian*. The major attraction in #22 is the set of illustrations



# LAST MINUTE WORRIES

for "Purple Zangs Over Axophornis"—the story's not so hot, but the illos, by cover-artist Stephen Fabian, are quite entertaining and almost of professional calibre. The first couple are the best of the set of three, and all three are much better than Steve's previous TZ cover (a slight variation on two cribs from *Astounding* of the early 50's) and a vast improvement over his present cover for *Twilight Zone*. The title illo is a triple portrait of the main characters in the story, which is a poor spoof of 30's space opera: Captain Zoom, front and center—lantern jaw and broad shoulders, with massive epaulets, lanyards, and medals adorning his choke-collar uniform; behind him and to the right, the voluptuous, slant-eyed blonde heroine; at left, eyeing both humans warily, the saurian e-t.

All three archetypes (or stereotypes, if you prefer) are well-drawn, instantly recognizable. And their features (excepting, perhaps, those of the xeno-tyrannosaur) are sufficiently exaggerated to register as burlesque, but not so far as to be mistaken for caricature. This distinction is less apparent in the e-t because its head is basically undistorted from the typical image of *Tyrannosaurus*, though its eyes are a bit more expressive.

The second illo portrays the beautiful heroine, distraught and despairing, strapped to an ominous electronic table over which the saurian hovers intently. The same sense of burlesque is present here, as well as in the third drawing, and it is quite important to the illustrative quality, for the story is an obvious attempt at burlesque—the illos prepare the reader, and place him in the proper mood, for what should follow in the text. Unfortunately, the story itself is a miserable failure (Oh, I'll concede a couple of points for the title)—but that's not Steve Fabian's fault! On the whole, he did an admirable, and enjoyable, job.

Rather than swipes, these illos seem to be the result of conscious study of the illustration in the 50's *Astounding*—most especially a study of Edd Cartier's masterful work. Little visual hints—telltale borrowing, if you please—indicate this predilection: Captain Zoom's epaulets in illo #1, specifically the fringe and the large, ovoid studs atop the shoulderboards, are characteristic Cartier devices; also the first illo, the saurian's profile eye is very much a Cartier trademark. The flavor of Cartier is not overpoweringly strong, and certainly Fabian's grasp falls far short of that artist's facility, yet such clear traces do emerge. Even the heroine's face, hair, and costume are vaguely reminiscent of Cartier (they may be vaguely reminiscent of other ASF artists, too—of that I'm not certain). Of course, I'm not grouching—as an intense admirer of Cartier, I think Stephen Fabian could err little by appropriating the earmarks of Cartier's baroque creations: in so doing, he just might catch their essence.

Rating: 5

**Amra 44** (George Scithers, Box 0, Eatontown, N.J. 07724—Back issues and single copy price, 50¢ each; sub. of 10 for \$3.00—irregular now but quarterly when stable; Litho-

This goes to the printers tomorrow and I still don't have all the material listed on the contents page. Isn't that a hell of a way to run a railroad? Doug Lovenstein's heading for "The Compost Heap" didn't arrive in time; I can't wait a day longer if I want to get this ready by Baycon time. Bode's Machines has not arrived either, but he called last week saying it would be a little late. The printer can work around those 12 pages for just so long so, if you see something else there, that's why.

The cover—ah, yes, the cover—the cover may be a full color Jeff Jones painting and it may not be a full color Jeff Jones painting. Caz is doing our color separation negatives for us (or his color man is) and the full color Jones cover was supposed to've been on #7. Caz has had it and the Bok full-color painting and another since January and, though he has promised faithfully, it may not be here in time for this cover. The Bok is supposed to be on #9, out toward the end of the year—if the negs get here in time. I shouldn't be too vindictive I suppose as Caz was kind enough to do them for us and at quite a good price, but it does get disheartening after nearly a year.

Everything may arrive tomorrow but, if the contents page bears little resemblance to the actual contents, you now know the reason. —TR

graphed, possibly now photo-offset) The Jeff Jones cover drawing of Conan—a lovely wash reproduced in half-tone—is the most striking feature of the October, '67 AMRA; it is well worth the price of the entire issue.

Dick Lupoff's lead review gauges the success of *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold* from three viewpoints—as a novel, as an adaptation of a screenplay, and as a pastiche of ERB. Dick writes a deceptively straightforward, occasionally conversational, account of the merits and faults of Fritz Leiber's new chronicle of the Ape-man; his style, though very informal, is beautifully clear and lacks the redundancies of word-choice and sentence structure that identify the typical hastily-wrought first draft. The careful organization of the article belies its casual exposition, and Dick deals thoroughly with each of his three criteria while also managing to provide brief but adequate plot-summary and description of characters. He gives his reader something of the flavor and feel of the story along with the criticism.

I have only two objections: the first is to the continual use of the self-effacing personal pronoun "one" instead of the familiar "I". This might be a slip in paragraph #26 ("one assigns a passing grade..."), but this indefinite personage appears also near the close of paragraph 22 ("One thinks of Michael Resnick's *The Forgotten Sea*...") and three separate times in paragraph 23!

In an essay that possesses so casual a tone, the formal pronoun "one" is a glaring automatism. The above examples are doubly unfortunate in view of the article's opening line: "Speaking as one whose fiction, etc., etc., one can still say..." And Dick compounds the error

with inconsistency! Paragraph #19—"I suspect..."; paragraph 24—"a computer might...give us..." and "would you have a 'new', 'Burroughs' book..."; paragraph 14—"most lucid definition... that I have ever seen" and "we encounter," this last appearing in the same sentence with "one presumes"! Paragraph #16 repeats the togetherness of #14 in its first sentence: "Then we are told..."

Because the article is smoothly written, this disparity of pronouns for author and reader is not as obtrusive on first reading as I have attempted to portray it. Nevertheless, Dick would have done well to substitute "I" or "you" for the plethora of "one"s.

My second cavil (if you haven't forgotten I said "two objections") lies with a Lupoff Nitpick: "Tarzan sniffs some air, seeking to detect the taint of carbon monoxide, which is an odorless gas." Well, yes, but Leiber probably meant *exhaust* gas of some sort, which has all sorts of smelly hydrocarbons along with its quota of CO. How often have you encountered pure carbon monoxide, Mr. Lupoff? Or even an odorless mixture, like water gas—which, outside of blast furnaces (if memory serves), is always enriched with coal gas or natural-gas-with-stinky-additives. Hah?

But Dick's next sentence catches Leiber in the most astounding blunder: "And just ten pages later we encounter pineapples growing on trees—in the grove adjoining the watermelon and pumpkin trees, one presumes." And equally comical: "Then we are told repeatedly about how Tarzan dove into the pond and how the fighter plane dove at its target. Dived, Mr. Leiber; dove is the name of a bird."

In general, an excellent review.

The following piece is a facetious (?) article by Harry Harrison on personal weapons of the future, titled "Take That, You Alpha Centaurian Swine!" Naturally, it deals with weapons of hand-to-hand combat for spacemen in vacuum; I guess this sort of creativity must be expected from an author who imagines giant fuses, rather than automatic circuit breakers, safeguarding the megavolt electrical systems of an interstellar warship. (Take that, Harry Harrison!)

The only practical devices are the two last and most ingenious weapons of the total of eight—namely, the "slap-hole" and the "soot-shoot". The first is basically a hotel desk-bell equipped with a shaped-charge in place of the bell-mechanism. A hearty slap on the back with this item of ordnance blasts a neat hole in the heaviest space-armor.

The soot-shoot, says Harrison, is "not so deadly"; according to his description, it is merely a device which sprays carbon-black onto an opponent's helmet, coating it opaquely and thus rendering him blind. Not so deadly? Well, not around the orbit of Pluto, certainly; but within the vacuous realm of the inner planets, this nonreflective film would absorb so much radiant energy that the sunlit portion of the helmet would vaporize within seconds of application. Tsk.

Interior illos by Cawthorn are generally good, especially the meaty Al-



muric at the top of the letter column (p. 13), though none are done in my favorite Cawthorn style; the only good Krenkel sketch is the Barsomian scene in the bottom corner of page 11. Poul Anderson's drawings on page 16 and 17 are another matter: they are lovingly penned in black ink, and Poul has evidently striven for a finish possessed by none of the Krenkel or Cawthorn illos, but they are incontinentally bad. Stiff figures, coarse textures and crude rendering, an utter lack of knowledge of basic anatomical proportions and an equal ignorance of anatomical features—the artistic naivete of these illustrations is nearly all-inclusive. The only item worth a glance is a sea-serpent head that dominates a drawing of Norse legend; even here there is a major flaw: the reptile's neck makes too sharp an angle with the lower jaw, as if the serpent were keeping its chin tucked into its throat like a cautious boxer. The evil head does have merit, but not enough to compensate for the rest of the drawing.

The letter column is highly entertaining and educational, especially the tidbit from Fred Cook, who quotes ancient Syrian specifications for tempering swords by thrusting them hot into husky slaves. With prayers, no less.

Rating: 7

**Heroes Illustrated 2** (Dick Pryor, #8 Marquard Road, Carmel Valley, California—No price listed—Irrregular; photo offset) Typical of most comic fanzines, the articles in this one deal mostly in bibliographic lore of several defunct comic-book super heroes. A long lead article, one of the two main feature articles in this 'zine, compares the history and at-

tributes of one "Skyman" to "The Avenger." The author says little of relevance concerning the artwork, but many other contrasts and similarities appear in his commentary.

The second feature article should find a more receptive audience among s-f fan-artists and anyone else with a passion for truly expressive representational art. Harry Habblitz discourses on the Tarzan daily strips and Sunday pages written and designed by Burne Hogarth. Several choice illustrations accompany the text, and as an added attraction Dick Pryor has reprinted 3 or 4 Sunday pages (approximately 80 to 90% of a complete adventure), sans color, on the fifteen pages immediately following the Habblitz article.

Hogarth was a superb craftsman and a consummate artist. Harry reveals many of the positive qualities of Hogarth's dramatic artwork: "To draw Tarzan as a real man was out of the question; to fashion him as a demi-god, a grim, larger than life Hercules striding purposefully through everyman's romantic conception of a mythical African jungle—this is the stuff of legends and Hogarth had the sense to realize it and the ability and courage to draw it as he saw it. ...one is constantly aware of an air of tension, a pervasive strength... Hogarth drew upon earlier studies in Oriental landscape painting to introduce tension and struggle in the ever present jungle foliage... This lush tropical flora writhes and twists with a malevolent life of its own."

Hogarth's Tarzan, like most of the creatures of the strip, is spectacularly built—lean muscle, almost as sharply delineated as the flesh of a newly-flayed corpse, lies in flowing ridges across the Ape-man's broad back; the front

torso of this extenuated mesomorph displays comparable articulation, as often do the legs and arms. Tarzan's waist is of course slender, and his hips, though not wide, are defined with smooth curves; but his ankles are so slim as to seem ultra-feminine—were they attached to any lesser frame. They can no more effeminize Tarzan's physique than his curly locks can soften the baleful stare of his black-hooded eyes. The thick arch of brow sitting close upon the iris, and the horizontally-lengthened orbit, make the eye of Tarzan a special hypnotic fascination: it's as inhuman as his knife-edge nose (well, Harlan Ellison has such a nose, but we know how inhuman he is), but there's no doubting its impression of fundamental reality. Beholding it, you soon become certain that Hogarth's Ape-man could stare birds down from their trees.

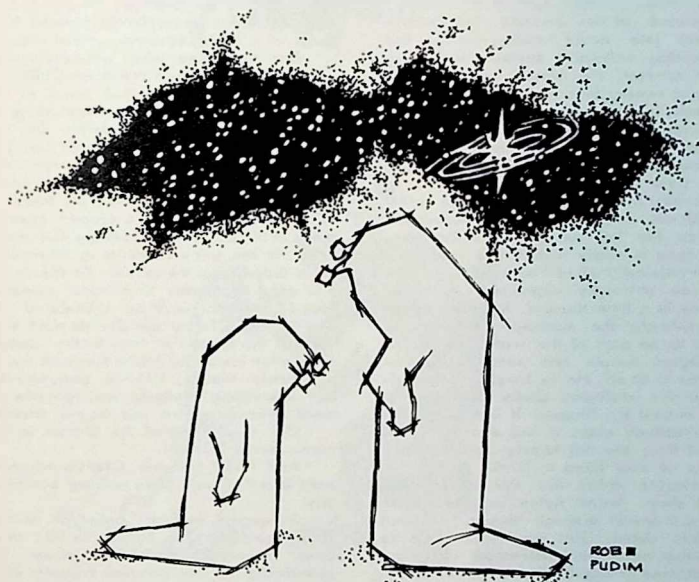
His oddly feminine traits (swirling twin forelocks, and an "artichoke" curl before each ear; round—though oblate—buttcks, slender waist, and ultra-tapered limbs) do not impair his masculine image; rather, they appeal strongly to the female mind, paradoxical as that notion may seem. They embody ideals of sensuality that arouse the erotic interest of most women who respond to physical appearance. To quote my wife—"More men should be feminine like that!"

Hogarth's rampant lions are breath-taking demons of rage; two prime examples appear in this issue, one accompanying the Habblitz resume, the other amidst the reprinted adventure. These particular episodes do not suffer for lack of sufficient demonic apparitions, for they deal with Tarzan's discovery of the "Ononoos," a race of great, round, disembodied heads. Clawed spindle-arms, attached behind jaws at the eye-level of their utterly malicious visages, are the only visible appendages other than the tattered lark-wing ears which they displace upward. The common face of the male Ononoos (only one female of the species appears in the strip) is a grossly arch, dissipated, and lustful countenance of late middle age, and some of the individual Ononoos present the most horribly distorted images of Lionel Barrymore in old age that I have ever encountered. Truly the Ononoos personify explicitly a general observation from Harry Habblitz regarding the primal nature of Hogarth's beasts: "the animals were no longer creatures of instinct but became... in their single minded lust to kill... symbols of evil incarnate."

Though I could wish for slightly improved reproduction, the major details of Hogarth's artwork are clear enough for a basic appreciation of his marvelous style. Devoid of color, the drawings may be studied more easily than on the Sunday pages and the true effectiveness of the rich line-work becomes apparent immediately.

Since Dick Pryor cuts the reprinted portion of the strip at a cliff-hanger (vine-hanger?), I presume that more Hogarth will appear in the third issue of *Heroes Illustrated*. If so, I know I'll order it, for Hogarth is far superior to the fabled Alex Raymond. All idolators of the latter should let this 'zine open their eyes.

Rating: 7



"Boy, have you made a helluva mess in the last six days... you'd better rest today."

Tom Reamy-continued from page 1

shows just about as much insight as del Rey's prophecy that it will be a box-office flop. Needless to say, it is doing extraordinarily good business.

Delaney's review in *F&SF* is nearly as metaphysical as the movie. His interpretation coincides with Ted White's but he looks deeper into the symbolism and meaning of scenes which Ted considers merely decorative. Emshwiller's review in the same issue is virtually worthless. He spends more time discussing his own films than 2001.

No one can argue the film's overwhelming visual effects. If they do, the fault lies with them, not the movie. The three most mind-boggling scenes, for me (one of them oddly enough involving no special effects), are all accompanied by Richard Strauss' "world riddle theme" from *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The music is not only perfect with its goose-flesh producing triumphal chords, but gives additional clues to the interpretation of the story. This music accompanies the opening shots of the Earth, moon, and sun; the beautiful slow-motion sequence in which the man-ape first uses the tool; and the Star-Child sequence. If you don't think these were the best, pick any five minutes of the film and I won't argue with you.

So, if you can't argue the visual aspects, there must be something to argue about, because a hell of a lot is being done. You could argue the technology (Ted White says it's bunk and Al Jackson, who is a physicist at NASA, says Ted's opinion is bunk) but I don't feel qualified to do so. The only thing left is interpretation.

Ted White, in his review in *Skeggy*, says there is only one interpretation. Mine happens to coincide with his, with minor differences, so I agree that his is the best, though not necessarily the only one. There's one thing that just won't fit in.

The Sign of the Cross over Jupiter.

Ted considers the entire center section of the film to be a digression from the story; while I consider it more as emphasis and explanation. Strangely enough, Harlan tells me that the center section is the story; the beginning and end were tacked on later as afterthoughts when MGM wouldn't accept it as it stood. If this is true, and Harlan should be in a position to know, it doesn't really make any difference. The beginning and end are so integral to the story that they don't look like afterthoughts, and that's all that matters.

When this unimaginably superior intelligence decides to meddle with life on Earth, man has reached a dead-end. The novel explains that man, being a vegetarian in a million-year drought that has already killed off the dinosaur, is facing extinction. I didn't see it quite that way, though it is obvious, but only as an evolutionary dead-end. The aliens teach him to use tools and to eat meat. This also leads to murder and warfare but, to the aliens, these are only growing pains—a necessary prelude to the next step.

Then, one significant cut explains the whole center section. The man-ape in exultation tosses the tool (a bone) into the air and it becomes a spaceship orbiting Earth. There we have the simplest

tool and the most complex tool imaginable. Man has reached another dead-end. He has become subjugated by his tools until they turn on him and kill him—and the center section shows this; in detail.

Ted has attributed coincidence to some actions of the monoliths but an intelligence that advanced doesn't need it. They have everything planned. The monolith on the moon was buried and required that man reach a certain level of tool-making before finding it. When he had, he was ready for the next step. Whoever found the last clue won the prize: superman or, perhaps, godhood.

Of the favorable fan reviews, Ted White's is the best I've read. He quibbles a lot and makes one outright error: he wonders why HAL, "who controls the ship totally," allows Dave to enter the emergency airlock and then allows himself to be disconnected. Ted wasn't paying attention; the airlock bears the legend "Emergency Airlock—Manual Operation Only." It means what it says. The airlock simply isn't connected with HAL's circuits and neither is the computer door; it is strictly mechanically operated. Ted is using *Lost in Space* thinking and expecting death-rays to materialize out of the air.

With another criticism he doesn't go far enough. He wonders why it is necessary that the astronaut leave the pod without a life-line to remove the supposedly defective modular component on the antenna, and return to the pod. He doesn't wonder why the pod wasn't sent under HAL's control to remove the component. Clarke said that Kubrick never made accidental errors, and I believe him. This is the reason from Clarke's own pen: "It was obvious, however, that he could not do the job while he remained in the space pod. Not only was it risky to maneuver so close to the delicate, and even spidery, framework of the antenna, but Betty's control jets could easily buckle the paper-thin reflecting surface of the big radio mirror. He would have to park the pod twenty feet away and go out in his suit. In any event, he could remove the unit much more quickly with his gloved hands than with Betty's remote manipulators." See, though not spelled out, how obvious it is? However, in the book, he does use a life-line and I would not attempt to fathom Kubrick's reason for not using one in the film. But does it really matter that much?

Practically all of Ted's quibbles are just as obviously explained; all it requires is a little thought. Kubrick never spoon-feeds the audience. He expects them to do part of the work, and some intelligent people are surprisingly reluctant to do so. He is treating the audience like intelligent adults and some of you resent it. Shame! If the movie has done nothing else, it has shown that a lot of fans are not nearly as sophisticated as they liked to think.

Harlan didn't like the movie. He said there were holes big enough to drive a truck through though he didn't go into detail. Ted was right when he said that once you understood what Kubrick was trying to do, the flaws didn't matter. Harlan, like del Rey, was trying to make something from the film that simply wasn't there; nor intended to be there. Anyway, I've managed to

rationalize away all flaws that I noticed to my satisfaction. There were certainly things I would have done differently. I would not have had the nerve to leave quite so much up to the audience for one thing.

There are no major differences between the novel and the film but quite a number of differences in detail. I would imagine that Clarke wrote the novel in conjunction with his first script. As the script gradually underwent many changes, the novel wasn't completely updated to match it. Many of the changes I approve; especially the description of the first appearance of the monolith. Rather than the black, featureless, rather awesome slab of the film, Clarke has it transparent and filled with flashing lights—something right out of *Lost in Space*.

Many of the differences don't matter. The destination of *Discovery* is Saturn in the book and Jupiter in the movie. The book gives a pretty complete rundown on the aliens; something almost impossible to do in the movie without resorting to a narrator. Dave does not age in the book but, rather, grows younger, and so on.

For those confused by the concept of the Star-Child, you might be interested in some comments in the book: "But the child scarcely noticed, as he adjusted himself to the comfortable glow of his new environment. He still needed, for a little while, this shell of matter as the focus of his powers. His indestructible body was his mind's present image of itself; and for all his powers, he knew that he was still a baby. So he would remain until he had decided on a new form, or had passed beyond the necessities of matter." This supports my own contention that the Star-Child was NOT an embryo but a born baby surrounded by a force field. It just did not look like an embryo. Those large, wise eyes and the perfectly formed body were of a child several weeks old.

And for those who wondered what happened next—after the Star-Child returned to Earth—the last lines of the book: "Then he waited, marshalling his thoughts and brooding over his still untested powers. For though he was master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do next. But he would think of something." Dwell on that.

It's difficult to make a proper assessment of the novel after seeing the movie first. At the very least, it is interesting as a footnote to the movie. At the most, it is only adequate. Kubrick's awesome visual images can't be translated into words and Clarke usually doesn't even try. In the Pan-Am trip to the space station for instance, while Kubrick makes it entirely visual, Clarke concentrates on describing gadgets and ignores almost everything we see on the screen.

But the Sign of the Cross is still there over Jupiter.

And I still believe Clarke when he said that Kubrick does nothing accidentally.

Strangely enough, only one sf-oriented review (Jim Reuss in *ID*) mentions a religious interpretation. But practically all my non-fan friends see it first thing. And the Catholic Legion of Decency (or whatever it is called now) sees it as the only interpretation.

I've been told the monolith is a god-



symbol or even God. The man-ape who first uses the tool is Adam, or perhaps Cain. Some see the Star-Child as the

second coming, some as Man's rebirth after death, and the Zen people see it as reincarnation.

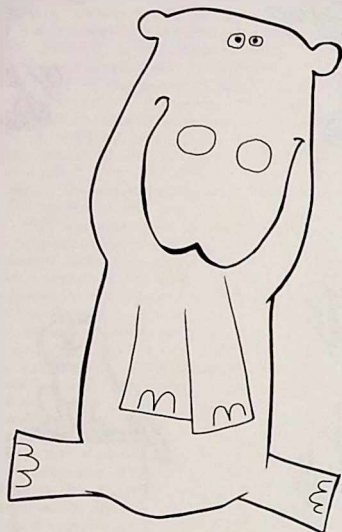
Of course, all trufen know who the Star-Child is.  
It's really Claude Deglar.



I like *Trumpet 7*. I especially like the art—never better, with the notable exception of the scratchings. I am tired of that joke, of course. Given the joke, I suppose that the scratching with which it is told is appropriate. I mean it. There's a certain fine calculation in the ugly mess, I know. I just don't happen to like it; it's just a notable exception... I am not so impressed by Anderson-Reamy-Barr 3 as I was by 1 and by 2. I think the reason is merely that—unable to stand the suspense after 2—I've read my copy of the novel... What Anderson does, there, is extraordinary,—as you know. It is the very idea that puts one off, at first, I think. In "modern" fantasy, one is not supposed to do it,—as another editor explained, making it seem absurd. But, why not? Anderson's fantastic premise, that everything believed (at that time, in that place, and at others, in others, as well) might be so, is as reasonable as many much more restricted premises,—and he handles it beautifully. (C.S. Lewis could handle an equally unrestricted premise with more success, as you'd expect. But I can not think of anyone else... No, I do not consider *The Broken Sword* a complete success, but that's on account of plotting—and a little over-writing.) And it's coming across beautifully in Barr's drawings, too... I don't know that beginning 3 with a bit of 2 helps in any way. The incident itself is good work with the premise, but there's more of it in 3, which begins strikingly enough with page 17, I think. I quibble only because I have no quibble...

In the absence of J. Pournelle, I like the Eisensteins best. Phyllis might say more about Sturgeon's sexual sf in general, but what she says in particular is good analysis. And Alex's "Science-fantasy & the crystal curd" is excellent analysis... I do have some reservations about the "crystal curd" part, though. "Experimentation is all very nice, said Pohl..." No, it isn't all... But a writer doesn't publish his failures. Only experiments that succeed in some measure are worthy of public display. This strikes me as useless advice—from Pohl the editor, not Pohl the writer. Of course, some writers do suppress some of their own work, for one reason or another. But writers are not necessarily judges of their own work—not in this final sense,—and in a sense every work of fiction is an experiment—with results always open to judgement... Now, if poor Ballard were to follow Alex's advice, if not necessarily Pohl's, he'd suppress everything. It is not reasonable to expect him to do so. I defend Ballard with diffidence. I have not read much Ballard, because I am not interested in it, nor in what he says he's trying to do with it... But I see nothing wrong with his prose, as prose. Alex says "he doesn't know how to write plain fiction, much less s-f." In Ballard, and in other "modernists", we have... a different sort of mind, but it is a common sort, and one might as well understand it, if possible. The products of such minds may not be s-f, but one might as well call them (surrealist) fiction. One could

## PERSIFLAGE



argue that they are actually dangerous, I suppose. Even if so, it would depend on the sort of mind with which one considers them. (Surrealism was supposed to be dangerous—a boast, not a charge,—but the results of the surrealist experiment remain open to question and judgement...) Irrational expression is not always improper. No doubt there is too much of it, of course...

What's "too good to go unprinted" about R. Sneary? You may be amused by his bad grammar or bad logic, I suppose. I'm bewildered. I had hoped my article might be discussed—not as politics, but as criticism. But this isn't discussion at all, this is... bewildering. Sneary does not "wish" to judge me "on one article, but as that is all I have seen..."—he proceeds to judge me on "about 1/3" of it. He reads "bits and pieces throughout, to see if it ever did get to a point", but then notes "three points" he disagrees with "from the beginning." His first two disagreements are matters of opinion, of course. But it is not only my opinion he questions. That "the films listed" (!) had political messages is also the opinion of many critics and many of the authors (to use the term loosely) of the films. (Didn't I quote enough?) Sneary is the first critic

I've heard deny "that *Strangelove* was an important movie." It was important to the people who count the money, too. Its success made 2001... That's even more important. 2001 is "one of the very greatest achievements in the history of motion pictures" (sorry, Bates), and it may be the greatest (I'm not sure, and I don't get aesthetically solemn easily, either). Its special effects, alone...! After 2001, there are no other special effects, just special attempts. It is indeed a fabulous tour, and it is also an exciting and moving story... or myth. Too bad about the reviews,—here anyway. They don't know what they're seeing. Some don't even think it's important... And judgements range from "It makes no sense, so it's bad", to "It's senseless, so it's great!" But it makes the greatest sense... Bruce Bahrenburg in the Newark Sunday News said (in part), "Odyssey" partisans share membership in a generation of the young who find pleasure in mod clothing, psychedelic lighting, electronic jazz and the mind busting stimulants from far-out movies to pot." And then: "I still believe it is a pretentious dud, stuffed with pseudo-philosophical meanderings about the meaning of life. It is the kind of intellectual nonsense that appeals to sophomore young minds, those which have yet to learn it is more difficult and rewarding to read for one's ideas and images than it is to sit in front of a movie screen or television set and have media do the work of the imagination and the mind." Need I say I do not fit this one's idea of "Odyssey" partisans"? I wonder how many do... I think that what we have in 2001 is a work made so beautifully that THOSE "partisans"—who want things mindless—can sit through it never bored and never noticing that there's a lot of mind in it—not, to be sure, in the form of "pseudo-philosophical meanderings." For many others, who do want coherence and ideas, 2001 is simply too subtle and unfamiliar. I mean, they simply can not handle s-f. But I can not easily account for Lester del Rey, who got a message that intelligence is useless, if not evil. I would not approve of such a message if I got it, but I didn't get it, and I consider myself intelligent enough and practiced enough to get them when they're there. Maybe del Rey just is not used to MOVIES...

Sneary's third disagreement is no disagreement at all. As you know, I never said "it is all an anti-anti-communist plot." I never said it is all anti-anti-communist. And I never said it is a plot at all... As for Sneary's "own opinion" of *Strangelove*, I don't object, of course... But his speculation about my life is preposterous. I suspect that, to Rick Sneary, True Believers are simply those with whom he disagrees—or guesses he disagrees—a lot. He ought to read E. Hoffer. I do not wish to defend J. Boardman, but I could not say he is a true fanatic, "unable to talk rationally to other people." All I'd say about Boardman is that he's wrong about almost everything, tends to misunderstand anyone who's right (poor Pournelle, for example), and gets preposterously rude... So does Sneary. But I do not question Sneary's "rationality", or sanity, either,—just this par-



ticular attempt of his... I'm glad he thinks there's danger in labelling. What would he label me (however tentatively) if he really tried?

J. Lee Thompson (who has talents) directed *The Guns of Navarone*, which was produced and, I believe, written by Carl Foreman (who has none that I can see). I think that *Eye of the Devil* was directed and produced by Thompson... But I've only seen a poster on 42nd St., I haven't seen the movie, and am not sure... ((My error.))

I ought to mention Jeff Jones' cover and folio... I can only say I like them, and ask how you do it... And I ought to add that I'm happy to hear you'll publish *The Broken Sword* by itself, all together. How do you do it? I mean, I repeat, I like the art, and its superb presentation in *Trumpet*. ((We have elves come in during the night.))

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London NW3, England

*Trumpet* showed this morning, a very handsome production, and helped to brighten an extremely depressing day; though we don't get long bitter winters or tornadoes or even earthquakes in this country, we also don't get long reliably hot summers, and it's cool today and raining.

Naturally I was particularly interested in Andrew Offutt's column. Mr. Offutt is too modest; I do so know his name and have enjoyed a great deal of his work, including *Population Implosion*. However... although I hate to disappoint him, he's absolutely and entirely wrong in his speculations about the contemporaneity of that story and my own piece *THE VITANULS*. It's not even a case of it being steam-engine time, let alone a manifestation of the *Weltgeist*. It's a 24-carat simon-pure coincidence.

I dreamed up the *Vitanuls* when I was still at school, at the tender age of 17 or thereabouts, and until a few years ago I even had the original handwritten MS in which they first appeared, written with a fountain-pen on sheets torn from old exercise books. (That was before I stopped being able to read my own writing.) They were to be a galactic menace afflicting a far-future society and due to broadcasting of a psionic jamming signal by the last survivors of the previous Galactic Generation, who hated the increasing supremacy of humanoid intelligence in place of their own decaying version. It was all part of a complex future history of which precisely one episode actually appeared in print—under a pseudonym, luckily, and a title I didn't choose, and I hope and pray I'm the only person who remembers what it was.

But by bit I used up the material I'd evolved for that future history in other stories: the Galactic Generation idea in *THE SKYNAPPERS*, the psionic signal in *THE PSIONIC MENACE* (serialised in *NW* under my original and better title, *CRACK OF DOOM*), and so on, until about all that I hadn't exploited was the central *Vitanul* concept itself. Which continued to haunt me, primarily I think because I liked the name I'd invented so long ago. By about 1962 or 1963 I'd abandoned the mental jamming as a reason for their existence and

settled on the notion of there being no more souls to go around, but the idea wouldn't jell into a story of any length because I couldn't figure out whose viewpoint to present the problem from. I tried a draft of an absolutely different version (it had angels in it) and gave it up before I finished.

Round about the time Harlan was circularising for contributions to *Dangerous Visions* I'd been browsing through some studies of the population explosion, and these clicked together with my childhood recollection of *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*, in Kipling's *Second Jungle Book* (a masterpiece of controlled sentimentality and worth catching up on if you've never read it). That was where, at the age of about seven or eight, I first ran across the Hindu tradition that a man's life goes through four stages, climaxing with twenty years as a holy beggar. That finally gave me the insight needed to shape the story I wanted, and the result is the story you'll find mentioned in Harlan's introduction to my *JUDAS* in *DV*, which he sent back with pages of comment and thus provoked a request from me to get stuffed. Having had it rejected there I suggested to my agent he should try it on *EGSF*. It sold, and was published, and Andy Offutt didn't know how long it had been floating around.

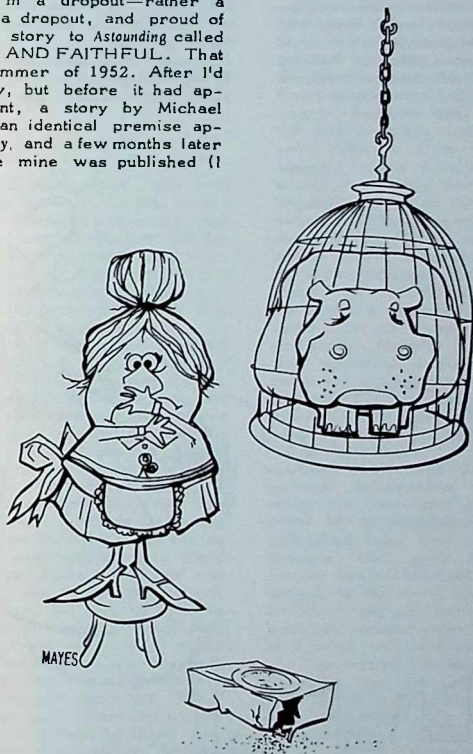
I'm not claiming precedence. I'm just apologetically undermining his nice tidy theory.

But if you want a case of it being steam-engine time...? Well, just after I quit school (I'm a dropout—rather a late one, but a dropout, and proud of it), I sold a story to *Astounding* called *THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL*. That was in the summer of 1952. After I'd sold the story, but before it had appeared in print, a story by Michael Shaara using an identical premise appeared in *Galaxy*, and a few months later but still before mine was published (I

think in the February 1953 *Starling*, whereas mine was in the March *Astounding*), Leigh Brackett had a story using an identical argument although differently resolved.

I know exactly where I got that story from: a passing remark in Cliff Simak's *Time Quarry* about a robot running off to homestead a planet. For all I know, Shaara and Brackett got theirs from the same place; I've never asked. I'm quite content to accept the standard steam-engine time theory. Who invented photography? Lumiere? Fox-Talbot? Who invented power aircraft? Stringfellow? Cayley? The Wrights? Who invented the steam-engine? Newcomen? Watt? Who invented the locomotive? Trevithick? Stevenson? Who invented TV? (Damn: that's a bad one. But certainly Baird didn't invent it, not in any sense at all—he even stole his horribly inefficient scanning disc from Nipkow!) But the Russians can make an excellently documented claim for a guy named Popov, whom practically no one outside the communist countries has even heard of.

(It's a strange and rather pathetic manifestation of excessive national pride that the wrong people so often get the credit for key breakthroughs. Edison, for instance, never seems to have realised that a flat disc was a better recording medium than a cylinder because it could be stamped out in enormous quantities instead of having to be individually cut on a sort of lathe; that insight, which made our modern phonographs



possible, was due to—I think—Berliner. A case rather similar to Baird's version of television.)

We are, after all, immersed in the same world environment: you, me, Andy Offutt and Uncle Tom Cobby. It would be a ruddy miracle if, faced with the same kind of problems in different countries at about the same time, every human being alive bar one failed to see that a solution was possible. Several times I've run across a news story or some other item in the press which implied a perfect SF story, and not bothered to write it because I was sure the news had got to someone else first. And, again and again, I've waited a few months and found it turning up as predicted, most often in *Analog* in a typically Campbellian didactic form.

Letter within a letter: "Dear Mr. Offutt, I hope you aren't seriously advancing the *Playboy* article about reincarnation as evidence for the racial subconscious! I have on my own shelves certainly not fewer than one hundred separate books in the English language which deal with some aspect of this subject and the editor who commissioned the article has quite probably seen a different hundred. Yours sincerely."

Minor carptious point (an adjective I invented to express being both carping and captious at the same time): them as uses foreign phrases should get them right; in *principium* ought to be in *principio* if it's to express what it's intended to mean here (as it stands it means "into the" Late Low Latin "domain of a minor chieftain", a highly unclassical form anyway. And elsewhere in the issue you have someone using *apropo*, which is at least as much of an error as thinking that the singular of Army Corps is Army Corp.

Looking at random for another thing I wanted to comment on, I spot on p.38 an admission that you haven't read Cabell.

Read him. Start with, say, *The Silver Stallion*—and when you're through laughing, tackle *Jurgen*, *The High Place*, and his marvelous version of the original Saxo Grammaticus tale from which Shakespeare helped himself, *Hamlet Had an Uncle*. That should show you why you're depriving yourself.

Ah: here we are, p.34. May I please dissociate myself from Alex Eisenstein's remarks in the last column? Not because he says my work is often stilted and awkward—that's a fair comment and any writer who gets his work before the public should accept those; because of what he goes on to say about my and Jimmy Ballard's relative merits. I'm not one of Jimmy's raving fans—I'm still waiting for him to produce a novel that matches the promise shown in some of his best short stories—but that man is very damned good indeed, when he hits his peak, and perhaps the only person who has yet emerged from "conventional" SF who shows even a faint reflection of the Grandmaster talent exemplified by Borges or Tolkien or Anthony Burgess. I clearly recall the Patrizio article in *Zenith* cited here; that was the one in which Patrizio accused Ballard of being grammatically illiterate because he split infinitives, quoting by way of evidence (I kid you not, this is the simple truth) a passage in which there was no infinitive he could have split if he had wanted to. That demonstrated something about Patrizio all right, but very little indeed about Ballard, I'm afraid...

Besides, if a writer chooses to deliberately split infinitives, he can always refer the knowalls who complain to

Fowler, who gives examples of sentences that convey a meaning other than the intended one if you set them up any other way.

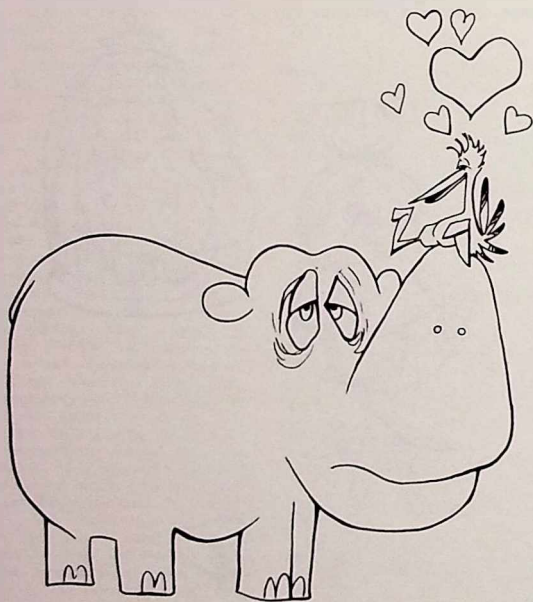
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You'll have animation on the cover of the eighth *Trumpet*, I assume? That's all you can do for an encore, after the accomplishment on this seventh issue. I like the art of Jeff Jones for several reasons. Its unpredictability is a big help—there are common stylistic features from one picture to another in this issue, but I doubt that anyone could guess what the next one would look like, if it were described to him before he turned the page. The sense of tension that Jeff gets across in these pictures is extraordinary. Even in the drawings where the action is not violent, I sense tightly coiled muscles just below the skin, that might suddenly create some violent action at the least provocation. The generosity with white space (or on the cover, with black space) is something else that appeals to me. There's no clutter simply for the sake of trying to make a reader understand that the artist worked real hard on the picture. I don't know if I'm on sufficiently firm ground about another matter. But I find a sense of mystery in these pictures (and I pray that the artist intended it). You get a general notion of what the subject is doing but you can't be quite sure exactly what he's doing, except in the case of the young lady in distress and maybe there's some entirely different true explanation for this picture than the one that comes first to mind.

The Broken Sword continues to amaze me. For once I'm glad not to be well-versed in a fannish field of interest. I know nothing of the technical rules and traditions of comic book art, and the deficiencies that are claimed in the letter section for *The Broken Sword* are simply meaningless complaints to me. I almost said that there are too many words in the descriptive captions. But then I decided that this is an irrational lament, inspired by the groundless suspicion that fewer words might have left room for more of these wonderful pictures.

The photographic pages were fun. Isn't it a shame that the last televised episode of *Batman* couldn't have ended like this? The *SPEC* must do something for its congregation; such a healthy and happy looking bunch of faces I haven't seen for a long time in any publication.

Eisenstein is awe-inspiring when he takes out after Ballard. The author has an arresting ability to bring out the most telling criticism from all sorts of people, quite aside from where his fiction may place in the eternal verities' rating scale. But I wonder if most of the Ballard critics have thought out fully exactly what they're upset about. Are they berating bad examples of new wave writing (assuming, of course, that Ballard's stories are bad and also assuming that there can be good new wave stories) or are they upset because bad examples of new wave writing are published at all? The latter seems to be the secret and real grief, most of the time. Now, I don't think this is quite fair, even





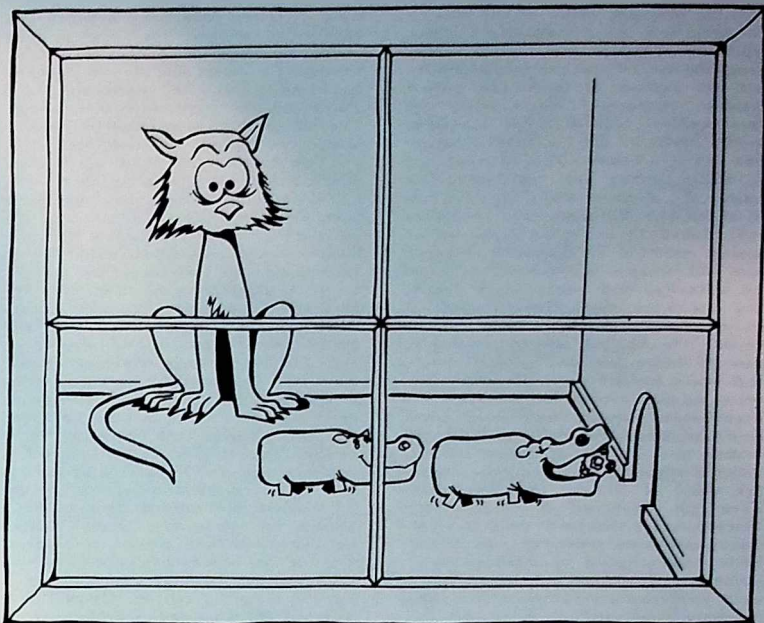
though I haven't cared for the bad examples of new wave writing that I've encountered. It's unreasonable to demand first-rate production exclusively in any school of literature. There is some sort of unwritten agreement that we should not say much about the bad examples of traditional science fiction written as potboilers by people who have demonstrated their ability to write occasionally fine traditional science fiction. ((You couldn't be thinking of *Fantastic Voyage*??)) Isn't this attitude toward new wave science fiction akin to the way senseless prejudice makes some people jump up and down every time they succeed in finding a Negro who swiped a white woman's pocketbook or a Jew who foreclosed a mortgage on an elderly couple? They take an unholy joy in finally finding something which supports their unfounded stereotypes of those races. I don't mean all this as criticism of Alex specifically, but rather as a complaint about the general attitude today that a new wave story must be an undoubted masterpiece or else.

I didn't know there was a Phyllis Eisenstein, but I hope there will continue to be one, and that she will write many more reviews like this splendid discussion of a celebrated little story. She brings up almost by accident the matter that may be the biggest trouble with the entire science fiction field, when she speaks of the carelessness in the minor details of the story. Science fiction pays so little that even the best craftsmen like Sturgeon obviously don't lavish the time over each page that would make their stories even finer but would also make the financial return for an hour's labor impossibly small.

Several odd experiences of my own cause me to feel that the subconscious mind may have all the qualities that Andy Offutt ascribes to it. At the same time, I wonder if there might be a simple explanation for this coincidence in story themes? A news item about population increase probabilities, perhaps, that appeared in both American and British papers and inspired similar thoughts in Offutt and Brunner? Or did John read the *Sugrue* book and acquire from it a similar inspiration to Andrew's, simply because of their common science fiction background?

The Howard sketches cause me to wonder all over again what causes someone with this ability and insight to emerge suddenly from the ordinary people in an ordinary town? Howard was no Twain or Poe, but the principle is the same: an inexplicable spontaneous explosion of ability in the mind or soul of someone who should by all rights have been just another leading banker or second-rate lawyer. The Lindbergh item is particularly fine for its insight into the phenomenon that has been growing more serious as the years go by. I wonder what Howard would have thought if he could have known about the way television acts after an assassination?

I hope you'll continue to run stuff on your contributors. George Barr was nothing but a name and a half-remembered face that I probably glimpsed at a con without speaking to or even staring at. There's considerable need for more published information on people in fandom, now that the field is expanding and



losing its sharply defined boundaries. Once you could be possessed of all knowledge about everyone in fandom simply by asking questions of friends or correspondents but now nobody could possibly know everyone and even entire segments of fandom are unknown by quite active people.

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As Rick Sneary says, you look better than you need to, but that is one of your many differences from the uhuh rank & file that somehow don't get far unless the weather is sunny and mild, breeze light, and all signs go. Now I must admit I prefer summer sailing myself, but good luck goes with those who do the most rather than the least.

So here are a few more thoughts about your good looks, and what they say to this reader. Pictures say things, just as words do, and when they are well combined a lot more message comes through somehow, some of it directly intended and some of it peripheral and accidental. George Barr seems to be learning from a point where actually I thought he knew plenty already. But those riff-raff comic artists DO know some things about NARRATIVE art as compared to a statement meant to stand there on its own. Barr's pictures are beautiful indeed, and the integrity of detail above praise, but they do look at us out of individual frames a great deal of the time, perhaps too often? I would not have mentioned this since it seems so pointless to quibble with a fait-accompli, and one so well done too. But if George has learned something by the time he finishes this task he might find some re-arrangements possible. Actually, he might go so far as to return that

mustache the author gave to Imric, and which Barr shaved because he could not believe that with such a draping, a face could have a singularly sweet smile. Now that various mustaches can be seen on live models, you can see that the Gaelic drooping whiskers do not hamper facial expression but if anything accentuate it, because each hair moves with the skin over the musculature. This is very different from gluing a fake Fu Manchu drape on the face of an actor whose role calls for not acting, mere impassivity. I wish the author's specifications had been given more careful respect. By now Imric should dominate the scene more, but beside his foster-son he looks younger and rather weak-minded as well. Actually that rather fits the author's apparent idea of elf character. But as an elf-earl, Imric could use a more forceful face.—This is said with sincerest apologies for mentioning flaws when they are so small by comparison. But the drawings speak so well for their own good points. They are in a category with the books that one picks up to read again.

Jeff Jones and Jack Gaughan represent an opposite approach, one in which the message, design, and technique are so integrated that apparently-unfinished lines trail away like broken threads. But such apparently-casual results are not obtained by a casual approach to the work involved, and even though it may go fast in skilled hands, such skill seems to be slowlearned and at a great cost in thought and effort.

The use of depiction to accompany, illustrate, and enhance a verbal message is a truly difficult form with its own necessities. So I'm glad you do more than you need to, and thank you for it. ((And I thank you.))

Thanks too for the quoted passages

from the crudzine days of Old Master Howard. How like the attitudes and expressions—(except for a little dated slang and the differences in personnel)—of the fandom of today—and dare I venture, tomorrow? No, I better not dare venture. NOWADAYS everything is ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, never was like this before. That is true, too.

Still, binding time will somewhat master the slippery stuff. There was a bit of fan-pubbing done about ten years ago, called *The Best of Rick Sneary*, rather against the will of the adult Sneary, who had become convinced that he did not spell well and could never learn. But it was the young Sneary who was truly unforgettable, once seen and believed. He spelled words creatively, saw all things new and crystal clear, and would hardly use such a cliché because he used words for meanings, not decorations. Fandom has probably never heard another voice quite so fresh, no matter how you mean "fresh". Civilization's effects have not entirely downed the voice of Sneary, but they really have not improved it either. Early Sneary had a thousand times the pazzazz, and more clarity as well. If anybody hasn't heard of Sneary lately, somebody should get out the old lettercols and antique fanzines and tomb paintings maybeso?

P.S. It's somehow on my mind that Barr's work conveys a challenging attitude that seems to get some people's hackles up, out of all reason, which leads to controversy. Personally, I like the quality enormously—it gives depth, life and sparkle to any still picture. It gives a dimension in time (which is surely there in all good art?) without necessarily depicting action, just readiness for action—(in contrast I recall some pictures of a bullfight—dead static design, fourthrate or less—despite the supposedly active events depicted.)

However, challenge is only one facet of narrative depiction—yes?

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Artwork in *Trumpet* 7 is, to put it

bluntly, the best collection of artwork I've seen in an amateur magazine in quite some time. Everything was excellent, although the Jones and Mayes covers, Barr inside front and cartooning, and Jones folio were particularly outstanding. The half-page Skafloc panel on page 21 is especially good. ((Thank you))

Somehow I can't quite agree with you and Alex about the quality of NY-CON. Certainly many things could have been done to IMPROVE the con, but all-in-all it wasn't really that bad. ((I hope my editorial didn't sound as if I were going after Ted personally though, on re-reading after publication, I'm fearful that it did. I admire Ted very much. When I see his by-line in a fanzine, that's the first thing I read. He has never done ANYTHING to cause personal rancor from me. We just don't agree on what makes up an entertaining convention program. So I'd like to make it clear that my editorial was sniping at Ted's policies, not at Ted.)) It's interesting that you quote Rik Newman's saying that the "2001" rumor was untrue, 'cause he himself told us that there *had been* a chance for some cuts from Kubrick, but that White had turned them down. One of us apparently wasn't told the whole story. ((There's an example of how Ted and I disagree; I would have snapped them up and, I think, I would have been wrong. 2001 should be seen complete for its total impact. It seems that random cuts would have dulled its overwhelming effect and the more complete the cuts, the worse it would have been. But, before I give Ted TOO much credit, I doubt very seriously that that was his reason for turning them down.))

Later you say that much enthusiasm has been diverted from the Costume Ball to the fashion show. It's quite possible that the costume enthusiasm which was missing from the ball (which wasn't really a ball at all—no music, dancing, etc.) didn't show up in the fashion show either. I thought most of the so-called fashions of the future were relatively tame and unimaginative. ((The Costume Ball should improve at Baycon. The West Coast fans seem to go in for that

sort of thing more than the East Coast fans.))

Of course, you're right about the banquet. \$5.50 was ridiculous for that terrible food. ((Baycon is charging \$6.75 and, guess what, the menu includes chicken and peas; maybe even rubber and plastic. If there's a place for non-eating spectators as there was at Nycon, I plan to skip it.)) There is, however, a way to improve quality and taste and reduce cost without eliminating the traditional banquet. This, which the Chicago in '72 committee is investigating, is to run a buffet-type meal. Many large hotels are equipped to serve four to six hundred people in this manner, and the quality, temperature, and selection of food are always greatly improved this way. I think most fans would be willing to serve themselves and save three bucks or so.

Somehow most of the rest of the mag didn't move me, although Phyllis told us more than we'd ever want to know about one single Sturgeon tale. Plowing through that was an interesting chore, while doing the same through Bates' column was just a chore—it did nothing for me at all.

Best item of the ish, I think, was the section of Howard's work. Although I myself am not a real Howard or *sfs* fan, reading snatches of that writer's unpublished works was extremely interesting. And the illos with it were also superb.

"Incident in a Small War" was certainly superior to most fanfiction, but that doesn't make it professional quality, as you imply in the page 34 box (to paraphrase, any fiction we'll use is good enough to be sold). ((Well, as they say, I, of course, meant any new stuff being submitted. We have several stories on hand which have already been illustrated and, in some cases, typed. I can't let all that work go to waste and the ones we have are 'certainly superior to most fanfiction.'))

For some reason, the lettercol doesn't interest me either; maybe I just don't want to repeat everybody else's praise of *The Broken Sword*, which I'd probably end up doing.

