

# HURKLE

is the informal publication issued occasionally for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Redd Boggs. Third year of publication. This issue, volume I, number 9, is intended for the twentieth mailing, summer 1952. "The prettiest of the hurkle are blue." -- Theodore Sturgeon. A Gafia Press publication.

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## A PASSAGE TO INFINITY

When I visited the bookstore the other day I noticed another new, cheap edition of E. M. Forster's A Passage to India on sale. At least I think it was a new edition -- there was no date in the book except the copyright. Since the old Penguin paperback edition is apparently out of print, it's nice to know that this novel is still available in some form. Though the India Forster wrote about has changed in some measure, I don't think that should alter the value of this book. Though specifically treating of the problems of British India, A Passage to India is a novel about all men, and their relationship to the universe.

The book is divided into three sections, and the sections are these: "Mosque," "Cave," and "Temple." The first two sections begin with a brief chapter that surveys the setting, and the third begins with a chapter not precisely concerned with the progress of the narrative. In these three chapters the universality of A Passage to India is underlined.

Chapter one emphasizes the dichotomy of the British and Indian cultures as seen in the collection of houses, gardens, temples, bazaars, and alleys known collectively as Chandrapore, and it relates both cultures, and the city, to the universe itself: "the overarching sky." Significantly, the chapter begins and ends with a mention of the Marabar caves. These caves and the incidents that take place during a sightseeing visit to the caves form the core of the book. It is hard to miss Forster's implication in the opening chapter of the section "Caves" that he is using the Marabar caves as a symbol. Perhaps the caves are the universe in miniature, as we may infer from this passage: "a bubble-shaped cave that has neither ceiling nor floor, and mirrors its own darkness in every direction infinitely." Over the caves looms the balancing rock, in a position to fall and smash the cave. Here is a symbol of blind fate, dominating the universe -- the universe which, like the cave, is "empty as an Easter egg."

The final section opens, not with a description of the setting or with philosophical pondering thereon, but with a ceremony in a Hindu temple. Having put both Briton and Hindu into the dark universe, Forster inspects the latter's attempt to comprehend his own existence in the night and his relationship to the infinite that seems so strangely indifferent. We observe the Birth ceremony of the Hindu through the eyes of Professor Godbole who is westernized enough to view proceedings with an objectivity that is in keeping with the nonpartisan attitude of the rest of the book. The meaning of the ceremony, we discover, is that "Infinite Love took upon itself the form of Shri Krishna, and saved the world." In conceiving of the existence of Infinite Love in the universe, as one does when he plays his role in the Birth ceremony, "the human spirit had tried by a desperate contortion to ravish the unknown, flinging down science and history in the struggle, yes, beauty herself."

In his great intuitive quest for understanding, man is largely unsuccessful: "Not only from the unbeliever are mysteries hid, but the adept himself cannot retain them," Forster tells us. Up to this point Forster does not differ from most other modern western writers, but in his conclusion he carefully abstains from the impli-



cation that mysticism must be abandoned for materialism -- for the science that was abjured in the rite. On the contrary Forster discovers that, though inconclusive, the struggle was worthwhile. For Prof. Godbole has "once more developed the life of his spirit." There is an infinity of meaning in the professor's thought as he steps from the temple into the gloomy, unfriendly world: "It does not seem much, still it is more than I am myself."

The three chapters from A Passage to India which I have described here are by no means central to the narrative of the book, but since they do lend a larger perspective to the story, I don't think they are without significance.

### NOT-SO-ODD COINCIDENCE

#### Someone Out of Time

(Sonnet Reversed)

The murky end to whirling days and nights:  
A shriveling view of New York's neon heights.

A spaceport gleaming briefly in the sun,  
And fading ghostlike through a glassite dome,  
Past when the moon crashed, when the Night begun,  
Past the ephemeral reign of mutant gnome --

Beyond the Century of Purple Death,  
And then three thousand years of great rebirth,  
And sciences revived with second breath,  
When Shandicor the Wizard ruled the earth,

And ending -- or beginning -- with a scene  
In Karak one spring day: a future man  
Adjusts and activates his time machine  
And sets off on a distant backward span.

This "sonnet reversed" has been published before, in Time Travel Tales #3 (August 1947) and in Time Travel Tales #5 (January 1948), the latter a part of the SAPS second mailing. My reason for reprinting it is the appearance of "The Last Days of Shandakor" by Leigh Brackett in the April 1952 Startling. I kept wondering where I had heard the name "Shandakor" before. Finally I remembered this verse. Perhaps I borrowed that name "Shandicor" or perhaps I invented it, but it's a nice poetic word, having "the sound of distant bells," as Brackett says.

### SACCO AND VANZETTI: 25 YEARS AFTER (Second of Two Parts)

Once the trial was over, the Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee, aided by the labor press and liberal newspapers here and abroad, began to cry "injustice!" and call for a retrial. The New Republic and other magazines devoted much space to the affair, their articles tending to cast deep doubt on the fairness of the verdict. In The Nation, Arthur H. Warner wrote:

The murder was an unusually bold and coldblooded one -- a kind attempted only by the desperado type, by the professional criminal. [Sacco's] employer gave him a good character and he was known as a steady, quiet, peaceable man.... This kind of man...does not turn bandit overnight.



Most persons, however, doubted the fairness of the verdict for another reason. They believed that Sacco and Vanzetti's anarchist-pacifist credo had been responsible for their conviction. Around the world a wave of anger rolled. Moscow, London, Tokio, felt the wrath of leftwingers. In several countries American embassies were picketed and sometimes attacked by Sacco-Vanzetti partisans. H. G. Wells, Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Albert Einstein, John Galsworthy -- these were some of the names penned on petitions calling for a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti.

The prevailing public opinion in Massachusetts, however, was one of hostility. Osmond K. Fraenkel attributes this in the main to the resentment the many Catholics in the state felt over the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were renegades to the faith. The New England prejudice against foreigners also sharpened the local attitude toward the pair. Finally, the agitation in other states and countries was resented as outside interference and dismissed as "fomented by radicals."

Nine separate motions for a new trial were filed by the defense during the next six years. Most of these were based on points of law, but one is especially important. This was the Proctor Motion, filed in November 1923. Based upon an affidavit by Captain Proctor, the prosecution's ballistics expert, it concerned his use of the phrase "consistent with" in his testimony at the trial. He explained that he meant by those words only that the murder bullet had been fired through a Colt pistol, not specifically through Sacco's gun. Proctor died before he could be examined by Judge Webster Thayer, who later denied the motion. Felix Frankfurter declares that in his denial the judge attempted to belittle Proctor's qualifications as an expert, while he had "maximized" Proctor's testimony in his charge to the jury.

In November 1925 Celestino Medeiros, a young Portuguese awaiting an appeal on his conviction for murder, dropped a small neat bombshell into the case by sending a note to Sacco. The note read: "I hear by confess to being in the south Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime." Sacco's lawyer immediately obtained from Medeiros several affidavits and a 100-page deposition, and although Medeiros steadfastly refused to name any accomplices, he revealed a close knowledge of the crime. Moreover, he let drop sufficient information to enable investigators to trace his criminal history back to membership in the Morelli gang of Providence, R. I. Joe Morelli and others of this gang seemed to fit descriptions given by certain eyewitnesses to the Braintree crime. But when an appeal based on the new evidence was brought before him, Judge Thayer rejected it, as he had all the others, saying that there was no reason to believe Medeiros' confession, which fell short of creating reasonable doubt concerning Sacco and Vanzetti's guilt.

All motions of appeal disposed of, Judge Thayer pronounced the death sentence on Sacco and Vanzetti on 9 April 1927. The Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee had not yet given up hope, however. It redoubled its efforts in the next months, issuing bales of lurid propaganda, such as the photograph of a woman standing between two coffins bearing the streamer, "Did you see what I did with those anarchist bastards?" -- a private remark attributed to Judge Thayer. It issued the pamphlet Some Questions and An Appeal, which asked some pertinent questions and some wildly irrelevant and rhetorical ones like "Why is not Mitchell Palmer in jail, instead of being allowed to welter in luxury and ill-gotten wealth?"

Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, upon receiving a formal plea of clemency, decided to conduct a private investigation of the case before considering what action, if any, he should take. Later, he appointed a special committee to make a separate investigation of its own. This so-called Lowell Committee was composed of President Lowell of Harvard, Samuel Stratton of M. I. T., and Robert Grant, a writer of fic-



tion and ex-judge of the probate court. Since it was obvious that these investigations would require several weeks, the date set for Vacco and Vanzetti's execution was rescheduled from 10 July to 10 August 1927.

On 3 August Governor Fuller announced that he had decided, after a full investigation, that the prisoners had been rightly convicted. On 7 August the Lowell Committee issued an elaborate report which added up to the same thing: the prisoners were "guilty beyond reasonable doubt."

The last legal step, a petition to the state supreme judicial court for a writ of error, failed. The court took "the position that the trial judge had the final power to determine the matter of retrial on grounds of additional evidence." Though reprieved briefly to give the court time to pass on the petition, Sacco and Vanzetti were at last beyond all legal aid.

On 22 August 1927, in a jail surrounded by machineguns and searchlights and besieged by partisans and sightseers, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in the electric chair.

C. E. Bechhofer Roberts writes:

If there is one thing in this case more certain than any other, it is that Sacco and Vanzetti were in no sense martyrs to any political cause. They were not charged with any political offence; it is false to repeat that they were condemned, directly or indirectly, because they were philosophical anarchists -- even philosophical anarchists who carried loaded revolvers and extra cartridges; it seems wantonly untrue to suggest that any political prejudice in judge, prosecuting counsel, witnesses, or jury was responsible for their conviction.

Most commentators and historians of the case disagree with Roberts. But it is clear that, whether or not they were guilty of the South Braintree murders, Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent victims of the fateful undercurrents surrounding the case that bears their name. When the sinister tides of gangsterism and anti-Red hysteria met headon one warm spring afternoon in 1920, none were sucked more deeply into the great whirlpool than they. And try as they might, aided by thousands of people, great and small, Sacco and Vanzetti never managed to fight free of that monstrous maelstrom.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY: Main sources of information for this article were The Sacco-Vanzetti Case, by Osmond K. Fraenkel (Knopf, 1931); The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, by Felix Frankfurter (Little, Brown, 1927); After Twelve Years, by Michael A. Musmanno (Knopf, 1939); and "The Sacco-Vanzetti Case" in The New World of Crime, by C. E. Bechhofer Roberts (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1933). Other sources were two pamphlets issued by the Sacco-Vanzetti defense committee; "The Sacco-Vanzetti Case" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Vol. 19, 793); chapter 4 of Only Yesterday, by Frederick Lewis Allen (Bantam, 1946); and "Sacco-Vanzetti: A Reasonable Doubt," by Arthur H. Warner in The Nation, Vol. 113 (28 Sep 1921, 343-5).

#### NCE OVER LIGHTLY

It wasn't until after the nineteenth mailing arrived that I found time to read the eighteenth mailing, apart from a couple casual perusals. I read both mailings on one afternoon. The winter mailing is of course cold crud by now, so I won't have



to review it, thank god, but maybe I can make sense out of my notes about the spring (sic) 1952 mailing and regale you with a few trenchant comments.

Ah yes, Spectator. I got an incredulous chuckle out of the SAPS' set of rules. We have reached the ultimate constitutional development of having a more elaborate set of rules than FAPA! Remember when all good saps boasted about our simplified setup? Now SAPS' constitution rivals in intricacy the ones by which VAPA lived and died. # Most ridiculous of the current rules is the one about allowing only half-credit for material published in another's magazine. Why should the place in which an item appears make a difference? More sensible was the former rule, formulated by r-tRapp, which merely foreclosed against overlapping credits.

And here I sit without a single comment about the Nickel Novel collation in Xiccaph. # I suppose I published the Sacco and Vanzetti article in Hurkle for the same reason you ran the Fantasy Attic stuff: I'm interested in the subject. # Only Yesterday calls the famous Prohibition agent Izzy Einstein, as I gave it. Is Frederick Lewis Allen in error, or were you thinking of somebody else when you mentioned Izzy Epstein? # Thanks for the thanks, Coswal, but I deny supplying you with the Jogross cover for Cubo-Cube. I'd never seen it before.

Gem Tones: in my remarks about the movie "The Thing" I said, "It seems sort of fallacious to equate artistic value and commercial appeal....What difference does it make whether the picture is making a fortune or whether it is flopping dismally...?" In your quoted-out-of-context remark you ignored the first sentence and say, "I'm sure any producer will be glad to tell you." Well, G. M., I don't know any (movie) producer, so I wish you would tell me how commercial success affects artistic value in a work of art. # Noble of me "to suffer boredom for accuracy's sake"? Please consult my remarks on "Destination Moon" and tell me where I said I liked it on account of its accuracy.

It's a laudable thing to do your level best whatever you attempt, even if it's publishing a sapszine, but your ambition, Gordon, of having your mag "near the top o' the heap" in SAPS by next year is only a notch removed from having no ambition at all. Why not vow to accomplish something important, like becoming the ace pool shot at your local poolhall? Well, at least The One Year Plan was beautifully lettered.

And that was a lovely cover on Blacklist. How were the letters colored?

If John Davis hadn't generously donated his ghu saplements to this mailing, the FANatic Fanzine letter department would take the prize for pointlessness. Of all the things to put in a SAPS mailing! HyLa was much better. I enjoyed "Modern Sex Techniques." # You mean to say that the only way you can find out what cities have natural history museums is to ask us to help you? There must be a complete list in some reference book in the field. Ask your librarian.

Answers to the Now, Then poll: 1. Yes, I'd kill a harmless snake that showed himself now. 2. Why? Because no snake should be where I am now. 3. Since no race is pure, I've already "partaken" of miscegenation merely by being born. 3. I have given tentative thought to the possibility of interplanetary saucers. What else would Venusians put under their coffeecups. 5. Sure I've seen a saucer. 6. Surely you can figure out where I saw a saucer. 7. Storeria occipitomaculata, Crotalus adamanteus, is Latin. 8. How do I know? Well, being a fan, I'm naturally above average in intelligence. 9. "What is it's most popular usage?" Well, I imagine it was most popularly spoken in Rome. 10. Why? Because everybody else in Rome spoke it. 11. A mud puppy is not the same as a mud dauber. In the other Now, Then poll, about which Pope mag we should have in SAPS, I vote for Popii Carolinensis because



naturalism should be a good subject for discussion. Maybe I can argue with you on the fallacy of deriving an ethical conclusion from a non-ethical premiss. Or if you want to argue about naturalism in literature, I'd be glad to cross words on the subject of Theodore Dreiser.

Outsiders is certainly an enjoyable sapszine: its sharp mimeography, creditable format, and genial atmosphere. # Yes, the sun shines in the Red River valley, all right. In fact, I never saw it rain there. But then I lived in the valley during the dry years of the 1930s. # "The Return of George Washington" was later published in book form. I remember Tucker's review of it in The Fantasite about 1942.

Gad, I can hardly wait for the "acshul pictures" of the Elizabeth plane crash that are promised for the next Skylark. At least they should be more interesting than this issue.

B-B-But, Richard, you keep looking at hurkles from an earthly viewpoint. Aren't we science fiction fans, capable of assuming the alien viewpoint? # I never heard of a mind sustaining "physical, earthly, damage." Are you confusing mind with brain? The mind does not "act on" the body. There is merely a correlation between mental events and some physical events in the body. # If you were a Yorkshire lord in 1352 you wouldn't necessarily be a politician or even be in a position to become one, other than locally. By 1352 membership in the baronial council (which was in the process of becoming the house of lords) was already hereditary. Certain barons and their eldest sons after them were summoned regularly; other barons were never summoned. And even if you belonged to the council you had little more power to register your desires on critical issues than you have today with the ballot. The serfs' plight in 1352 was, of course, none too good, but as a result of the great pestilence, the serf was no longer tied to the land like his lord; he could easily abandon his holding, go elsewhere and work at high wages or find a new holding at more liberal terms. # What happened to Texas on the map on Hurkle #8? An atomic bomb wiped it out during the Second Mexican War in 1893, perhaps. Maybe your tempo-nautical expedition to 1860 saved us from the Civil War, but maybe it sidetracked us into worse disasters: an accelerated imperialism aimed at Latin America, designed to appease the south's desire for slave states to balance the free states entering the union, and a mutant development in war science during the thirty years of conflict. If the atomic bomb of 1945 is a pistol in the hands of a baby, the atomic bomb they built in 1889 was TNT given to imbeciles with matches. Radioactivity killed the last human being in 1920.

#### CHEAPEST TRICK OF THE MONTH

On the cover of Galaxy Science Fiction Novel #10, Jay Franklin's The Rat Race, it says that the story is "Complete and Unabridged." On page 2 there is an unobtrusive notice, right after where it says Galaxy novels are "the choice of science fiction novels both published and original," that admits, "This novel has been slightly abridged for the sake of better pacing."

Perhaps the discrepancy is that this is the complete book version, but that the book version was "slightly abridged" from the magazine text. However, this does not alter the fact that the cover blurb was misleading and inaccurate. Ringing in an incomplete novel on us was a particularly tawdry trick after Galaxy has boasted that "In all cases Galaxy Science Fiction Novels are the COMPLETE version, unabridged." Despite its pretensions, the Galaxy Publishing Corporation is beginning to reveal itself as just another cheap pulp outfit.

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But I thought this camp was a nudist camp....  
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