

NODDING

IN



There are a couple of things about this issue of SCUTTLE that perhaps require a comment or two. First of all, it's bigger, and that in itself is likely to put some members off. Suffice to say that this is just a flash in the pan and it is not expected that there will be a recurrence in the future. I can hear the sighs of relief already.

The material may also cause some eyes to blink and brows to rise. This is a good thing and I wouldn't deplore it for worlds, but I'd like it understood that neither the Maze article or John Foyster's piece were printed because they are off-beat. I liked both articles, and that is quite enough by fannish standards. Incidentally, SEX AND THE LAW is reprinted from THE BROADSHEET, a magazine put out by the Sydney Libertarian Society. Who J.R.Maze is, I don't know and can't find out, but despite its writer's anonymity, it's an intelligent piece of analysis and one which, in a relatively small area, sums up most of my own ideas about morality - or at least sexual morality. I hope you find things in it to think and talk about.

Also included in this mailing under my frank is a 'zine called i-shine. There is quite a story behind this little publication. Originally, it was intended to be my first CMPazine, distributed through the December 1961 mailing. With this in mind, it was run off and mailed well in time to meet the deadline. However, in the way that these things have of coming unstuck, it got mixed up in Bruce Burn's moving arrangements and was never delivered. Months later, I received the bundle back again, battered and much written-upon but otherwise intact. For more than a year, it has reposed in my desk, and it was something of a shock to come across it a few weeks ago while cleaning up. My first thought was to toss the copies out, but on reflection I decided that there was too much good material in the 'zine to waste like this. So here it is - twelve months late but published at last. One thing: you will have to remember that the writer of this is a rather different person to the editor of i-shine. Perhaps John Baxter 1963 would disagree with the opinions of John Baxter 1961 - I'm not objective enough to guess. But please consider the magazine as a period piece rather than a current statement of viewpoint.

Is there an elephant in the house? If so, I wonder if he/she would unlimber his memory and tell me where this passage comes from.

"And I saw all the deaf, blind, ugly cross-eyed, limp-legged, bulgeheaded, bald and crooked girls in the world, sitting on little white mountains and weeping tears like sleet. There was a great clock ticking, and every time it ticked, the tears all fell together with a noise like broken glass tinkling in a plate.....I could paint the girls, I thought - their legs would look like the fringe of a mantelpiece, but how would you join up the mountains? There'd just be a lot of ground stuck on. Unless you had flowers. Yes, everlastings. Yes, and a lot of nuns pushing perambulators, with a holy babe in each. Yes, and every nun with a golden crown."

This passage was used as part of an examination of imagery in a local high-school paper recently, and as soon as it was shown to me I recalled reading it somewhere before. But where? At first, the odd combination of childish fantasy, rosy religiosity and free-wheeling symbolism seemed to me to be pure Joyce, but there is no sign of it in PORTRAIT or ULYSSES. Then I thought Dylan Thomas, but it isn't in any of his books either, as far as I can see. After this, I ran through Joyce Cary, but nothing there either. It's puzzling. I know the style and the passage quite well, but the origin.... Can anybody help?

FILMS.

You will pardon me if I get a bit more wordy than usual about films. They're a major interest of mine and I am seldom happier than when I'm talking about them. This has been a moderately good quarter for films in Australia. There have been a number of major European releases, not to mention the usual stream of British and American efforts, and in general the quality has been surprisingly high. One disappointment of the period has been the news that the local distributor of Continental shows refused to accept Antonioni's L'ECLISSE for showing after a preliminary view. He gave no reasons, but as his refusal to exhibit the film meant the forfeit of a large cash deposit, one assumes that either (a) the film is so erotic that it may be mutilated or banned by the censors, or (b) it is so dull (to him) that he cannot conceive of the public enjoying it. The first is unlikely, as from what I've read of the film there is little in it that censors might object to. Therefore, it seems we are to be placed at the mercy of a businessman on whose whims depend the films we are shown. Need I tell you why I have such a low opinion of Australia?

Other major releases include MONDO CANE, ACCATONE, THE FIVE DAYS OF NAPLES, Bergman's SAWDUST AND TINSEL (retitled, inexplicably, THE NAKED NIGHT) and LA NOTTE, finally released after a year of preliminary announcements and trailers. There were a number of others, but these were the big ones.

MONDO CANE is that oddity, the immoral film. Not immoral in the narrow modern sexual sense, but on a general plane. It sets out to postulate and prove a viewpoint that is completely inconsistent with our views about ourselves and our life. The director, Italian Gultiero Jacopetti, believes that mankind is basically bestial, evil, disgusting. This film is his attempt to prove this to the world. He does this by taking footage of the most disgusting rites and customs he could find and editing it into a sort of cooks tour of the world's most inhuman activities. In Singapore, Chinese families bring their dying members to a sort of boarding-house of the dead, and eat themselves sick in the dining room downstairs while the old people are drawing their last breath above them. Pacific islanders, most of them mutilated by sharks which they catch for a living, revenge themselves by taking sharks alive, stuffing their mouths with spiny sea-urchins and letting them go to die of starvation or infection. New Guinea natives bash pigs to death with clubs, toss the uncleared carcasses on a fire and eat the half-cooked meat with bare hands, fighting with their dogs for the tid-bits. Neaplese soldiers decapitate oxen while British officers look on approvingly, Chinese cook and eat dogs and snakes, American "animal lovers", including famous public figures, have their

pets buried like human beings in a "pet's cemetery", and come there to mourn over them with sickeningly fake sentimentality, Italian peasants scourge their legs with broken glass on Good Friday to "commemorate" the death of Christ... the film is a catalogue of horrors like this that, through skilful editing, are made to have a cumulative effect, so that each new scene hits harder than the first by virtue of the weight of evidence that has gone before. The photography is beautifully clear and carefully done, sharpening by contrast the horrors that it has recorded. An urbane and witty narration by the director also plays its part in contrasting treatment with material, and the editing, as I said before, is so effective that often you find scenes pushed right through all your defences because of strikingly skilful presentation.

MO' DO CANE is a very difficult film to assess. Too often, the magnificent technique blinds one to the deficiencies in logic that crop up continually. The sequence on Australian female surf life-savers is severely distorted and the commentary contains a number of downright untruths. In many cases, customs are illustrated without any mention being made of the fact that they are dying out or have almost ceased to exist. Certain sequences - the mobbing of film star Rossano Brazzi, for instance - are patently "rigged", yet Jacopetti lets us assume that they illustrate normal behaviour on the part of those concerned. What it amounts to, I suppose, is that I can agree to a certain extent with this film's views on the human race (as was illustrated by my "good/evil" remarks a few mailings ago) but I don't feel that quite the same degree of evil exists in the human make-up as Jacopetti would have us believe. After seeing MO' DO CANE, one wants to go out and make a similar film showing the good side of humanity, the beautiful things and the dignified human beings. I hope somebody gets around to doing this one day.

ACATTORE is, of course, Pier Paolo Pasolini's first film, and now a classic of Italian neo-realism. Frankly, I found it over-long, dull, wordy and poorly conceived, though I don't doubt this was due mainly to the fact that, before seeing it, I had gone through the work of Fellini, Visconti, Polignini and other directors who took Pasolini's ideas and perfected them. THE FIVE DAYS OF NAPLES, by Nanni Loy, impressed me tremendously. The direction and acting were excellent, the photography of extremely high quality, and the overall approach perfect for this sort of material. FIVE DAYS describes the revolt of the people of Naples against German occupation at the end of the Second World War. When the Italians surrendered, the Germans stationed in Italy attempted to take control themselves. In Naples, they instituted an iron rule, holding public executions, imposing levies and taxes, conscripting Neapolitan men for labour squads. After some weeks of this, the people cracked and revolted. Starting with primitive weapons - sometimes only rocks or furniture thrown from upper-storey windows - they finally formed themselves into an effective army and drove the Germans out. The whole film was conceived as a semi-documentary and Loy has carried this out to the letter. No newsreel footage is used, but the direction has all the pace and realism of documentary. To bolster the illusion of reality, none of the actors received screen credit, but I noticed Lea Massari (the lost Anna of L'AVVENTURA) and Regina Bianchi, both of whom seem to have had their first really original roles in this film. As for NAKED NIGHT and LA NOTTE, I found the first turgid and dull. About LA NOTTE, I will say only that it is a masterpiece and the best film made in some years. You must see it to understand.

Biggest kick of the quarter was seeing again Howard Hawks' THE BIG SLEEP, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. This is a classic. For technique, control, sheer directorial virtuosity, it would be hard to beat. One can imagine Hawks picking up the original Raymond Chandler novel, taking it carefully apart and then putting it back together again so that it ran twice as well as before. As a piece of adaptation, it is an example to every writer and director transferring a story from book to film. As an exercise in the revivification of a pedestrian plot, it is equally fine a model. Add as entertainment, it's hell on wheels.

The one thing that impresses me about Hawks handling of THE BIG SLEEP is his ingenuity. It is relatively easy to make a film - whatever else we have learned from the nouvelle vague, it has certainly proved that. One chooses a story, actors, cameraman, a locale, finds a wheelchair and an Arriflex for the photographer to work with, puts on the dark glasses and bingo! THE FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS, HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR, BLACK ORPHEUS etc etc. But one wonders how the Truffauts and Resais' would go were they given a worn plot, not even in scenario form, two rigidly typed (and relatively unskilled) actors, a deadline to meet and a budget to stick to, and told to make a commercially successful film. Hawks has risen to just such a challenge with a skill that makes one dizzy. And the magic wand is - imagination.

You can't see imagination - but if you're careful, you can look below your automatic reactions to a scene or phrase and detect the working of the cogs beneath. With imagination, Hawks turns the most nondescript action into a telling piece of filmcraft. Take, as an example, the old cliché of detective driving up to house, turning off his lights, settling down to wait for his quarry. In most films, that is just it - car drives up in long shot; long shot of house, usually with a light in the window; medium shot of detective looking at his watch, settling down, leaning back. Hawks, looking always for the new approach, lets the car reach the centre of the frame in long shot, then spears it to the spot with a sudden close-up right at the instant of braking. Bogart glances out of the window, and leans back. Fade. The close-up, of course, is timed with psychological accuracy. The slow movement is traditional, but the sudden stop is faintly surprising by contrast. You expect something to follow it up, but there is just the beginning of the usual stock action. The let-down equals Bogart's mental attitude. His action has stopped. He is about to be bored. The point is made quickly and you are carried out of the scene without feeling any perceptible trace of ennui yourself. The little surprise, like a dash of pepper, has underlined the flavour with the minimum of effort and expense (of time). This is genius - the traditional "infinite capacity for taking pains".

On a rather larger scale, it impressed me too to see the subtle rise and fall of emphasis in the last three or four reels, where, after a series of confusing five-way conversations in crowded hotel rooms, Bogart finally tracks down his prey, but is sapped and tied up. Hawks, without any overt staginess, set up all the preliminary conversations with the participants grouped around a three-piece lounge-suite. There was a great deal of movement in depth, but most of the action took place in medium shot, with somebody sitting on the couch, two people on their feet talking at either end of the couch, and the others standing at the edges or off camera. Always, there is the group of

(cont. inside bacover)

CLIPPINGS.

A few extracts from the big
wide wonderful world of the
printed word.

It was at this time (March 1962) that Kennedy was asked at a news conference: "Mr. President, on nuclear testing, last winter from Palm Beach there was a comment that underground testing didn't particularly advance the state of the art of weapons. Why, then, is it necessary to insist on inspections which will detect every last underground test?" The answer is reprinted in full; its interpretation is anybody's guess: "I don't think our inspection system says that. I think there should be, however, a potential and I'm not sure that we can't...the view which was...you state that I had. I think the underground tests potentially could be more rewarding than they may have been in the past, number one. We don't say they should investigate every test. There is a... I think we could....we have said we would settle for a limited number of inspections. But I don't think that we could....as we are an open society, obviously we could not test, they could test and unless we have the right to - on occasion to examine whether tests are being carried out - I would think that we would not be responsive to the security of the United States. They could carry on their underground tests, then carry them, and then suddenly begin as they did their atmospheric tests in breach of the treaty, breach, certainly, of the understanding of the moratorium last summer. So that I think we have to have some inspection."

From COUNCIL FOR CORRESPONDENCE NEWSLETTER 22 - November 1963.

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From advertisement in TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT - November 1962, for Dobson & Son - Publishers.

THE CLOWN SAID NO. Mischa Danjam and Gian Casty... An enchanting Swiss picture-book about a clown and some animals who decided to stop doing unnatural things and to start a circus of their own - "for children and poets only".

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From THE BULLETIN, Sydney journal of opinion, January 1963.

"How is the sex behavior of a man in space? Does he experience a stronger or weaker sex feeling? This question was asked by Antara (Indonesian News Bureau) correspondent to the Soviet third cosmonaut, Major Andrian Nikolajev who is currently on a visit to Djakarta.

'I felt no change at all in my sex feelings in space' Nikolajev replied with a smile. 'My sex feelings during weightlessness in space was as normal as I am not on Earth' he remarked.

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"To substantiate his statement, the cosmonaut indicated that while in space he experienced a similar 'sex impulse' each morning as he and other normal males do on earth.

Upon hearing this, all his audience could not help laughing."

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Also from THE BULLETIN, January 1963.

Nobody looks for laughs from the MANUFACTURERS MONTHLY, but take this from its legal column in a recent issue. Clayton and Halsey sold obscene photographs. One day they sold some to two police officers disguised as people, and found themselves charged with publishing obscene articles contrary to the provisions of the Obscene Publications Act.

Cross-examined, the police officers admitted that collecting obscene samples of literature and photography was their job, and that the things they bought did not shock them and did not arouse any feelings in them whatever. It was just like buying mock salmon cutlets for submission to the public analyst. On this evidence, the jury convicted, but the defendants appealed and their convictions were squashed on appeal (R.V. Clayton-Court of Criminal Appeal, July 31st, 1962).

The court held that as matter was not obscene unless it tended to corrupt the person to whom it is actually published (in this case the police officers), obscene publication had not been proved. A substantial hurdle was therefore placed in the path of police seeking to deal with the publication of obscene matter, but one cannot help feeling wryly sympathetic with a point of law which was somewhat roughish in conception but sound in principle. But the problem of finding vice snoopers incorruptible in fact but corruptible pro tem is not an easy one.

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From Norman Mailer's column THE BIG BITE, ESQUIRE, January 1963.

Sentimentality is the coitus interruptus of the emotions.

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And now, a serious one.

The experience of ascending on a spiral stairway may serve as an example of a truly architectural experience. It can't be reproduced by a still photo, or even by a comprehensible motion picture. The breathing lungs, the palpitating heart, the equilibrium sense in the inner ear while we turn and rise, the muscle senses in legs, middle foot, and toes, the touch and temperature of the winding metal rail - thousands of sensations are fused with a vast multitude of memories and past experiences to egg on emotions, irritations, fatigues or happy satisfactions; all largely hidden from clear consciousness. Architecture - the design-setting - has not only eye appeal; it speaks every second and over the years to the entire entity of the human being.

from RICHARD NEUTRA: 1950-60. ed Willy Boesiger. Praeger: New York, 1959.

SEX AND THE LAW

J.R. MAZE.

"The perverse and neurotic modes of gratification against which society should be protected are in themselves only substitutes for genital gratification and arise only if genital gratification is disturbed or made impossible." This is the main theme of Reich's criticism of a view which he claims to find in Freud's work, a view to which Reich gives this expression: "sexual suppression and repression are an indispensable factor in the cultural process". Putting off for a moment any comment on the supposed opposition between the two men's social recommendations, we might examine further this contention of Reich's that if there were no sexual repression there would be "no need for" ~~laws~~ prohibiting certain sexual practices because no one would have the impulse towards these practices. We notice that Reich quite uncritically agrees that where such impulses exist - he instances "the desire for exhibitionism or impulses to sex murder" - then there should be laws restraining them ("these antisocial impulses...which have to be repressed because society - rightly - does not allow them to be satisfied"), but apart from that moralistic aspect of this question whether the laws would be "necessary", there is also the empirical assertion that the impulses to do the outlawed acts are not biologically determined, not inborn, but are always distortions of "natural" sexuality.

We recognise of course that anything that occurs is ipso facto "natural", and that however "deviant" a form of behaviour may ~~be~~, it could not appear unless the physiological mechanisms capable of producing it were already a part of the individual. To put it more simply, one cannot call out an impulse that is not already there. But one could say the same kind of thing about the alterations in physical structure produced by the poliomyelitis virus, and it seems fairly meaningful to call them distortions or deformations. One might reserve the term "distortion" for changes produced by the action on the organism of some external condition other than the ordinary range of those which are necessary to sustain life at all. It is not necessary that one's tissues should be invaded by the polio virus in the sense in which it is necessary that they should be invaded by oxygen, water and so on, so that one can roughly draw a distinction between a "natural" course of development implicit in the organism's hereditary endowment (provided certain minimum conditions of life-sustaining processes in the environment are encountered) and an "unnatural" one where the course of development is changed by the intrusion of external factors which are not omnipresent and not essential to the maintenance of life. Especially, we might employ the notion of "distortion" or "deformation" if the effect of these external circumstances is such as to deprive the organism of functions which it has already manifested in some degree.

Concerning the specific question of sexual development, what Reich means (inbrief) is that the impulses to the illegal sexual acts come about as the result of "repressions" set up in childhood through the punishment of childish sexual acts. Thus, if there were no sexual repression, he argues, there would be no "sex crimes".

What sexual practices are illegal? Without pretending acquaintance with the details of the law, one might list them, for Australia, as incest, carnal knowledge (intercourse with girls younger than 16), bestiality, male homosexuality, rape, indecent exposure, Peeping Tomism and pornography. In other countries at various times there have been many more. In parts of the USA at the present time it appears that anal intercourse even with one's wife is illegal. At times even solitary masturbation has been outlawed. Perhaps it says something for the enlightenment of this country that fornication and adultery are not actually illegal, but the latter at least can place one under a serious legal disability in divorce suits. Furthermore, in both cases, common sexual moralism feels the law to be on its side in condemning them. The general trend of the law is to restrict sexual life to orthodox intercourse with a limited selection of members of the opposite (human) sex, preferably with one only member, in a state of life-long monogamy.

Concerning those offences defined by choice of sexual partner (incest, homosexuality, etc.), psychoanalytic theory contends that the relation with a particular kind of object is not at all closely specified by the inherent biological nature of the sexual instinct. "Instinct" here does not mean an inborn striving towards something, but rather what is ordinarily called a primary drive - an inherited set of physiological machinery which like any machine works in predictable ways. In addition, in Freud's view, its functioning has mental aspects - feeling, wishing, believing, attending.

Freud distinguishes the mouth, anus and genitals as the primary erogenous zones, so called because in his view any mechanical stimulation of them gives sexual pleasure. A great deal of such stimulation is provided for the infant by feeding, bathing and excretion. These first two functions are most commonly carried out by the mother, who then becomes associated with this pleasure in the infant's expectations, and is then his or her first sex-object. But any person or creature or object at all which happened regularly to give such pleasurable stimulation, and was recognised by the infant or child as the source of the sexual gratification, would become a sex-object for him. It may be the case that human beings are the most effective providers, but there is nothing "unnatural" about any other kind of creature being cathected in this way, and with reference to incest it is perfectly "natural", statistically normal matter that a child's mother should be the object of his first erotic love where she is the person who cares for him, and that whenever he discovers within himself the possibility of new and more intense sexual pleasure (particularly when the genital zone reaches its predominant stage, say from the age of 3 on) he should give clear demonstrations that he expects her to go on providing him, in this especially desirable mode, with the same pleasure that she has given him so often in the past. Also by this time brothers and sisters, identifying each other as fellow-creatures, may begin giving and receiving the same sexual pleasures.

But when the child's interest has focussed on his or her genital zone then the sexual nature of his actions will become so plain that even the parents can no longer succeed in ignoring it. The most common consequence, in the conventional family, is that the child's sexuality begins to be sharply put down, punished, with increasing expressions of disgust and moral condemnation, and threats of vague horrors to come.

In Freud's view, whether the parents specify it or not, it is the fear of castration (childishly conceived as loss of the penis) which boys typically and most fearfully entertain, paralleled in girls by the conviction that they already have been castrated and will never achieve full sexual realization. This ordinarily leads to a period of apparently complete sexual repression, but the ~~warded-off~~ sexual impulses eventually force their way into some kind of expression (commonly at puberty). But since fears of punishment centre most strongly around sexual acts involving overt manipulation of the genitals and the attempt to enlist another person's co-operation in these acts, then typically the person's sexuality reverts to earlier, pre-genital forms - oral, anal, sadistic, masochistic, exhibitionistic or voyeuristic forms - which afford only a partial sexual gratification and which are shot through with fantasies of intercourse proper. One might say that the person is unconsciously trying to deceive himself that he is achieving full gratification by having heterosexual intercourse, and that that remains the object of his greatest sexual desire, even though it carries the greatest fear and guilt with it. This seems to be true even of at least a good many male homosexuals; or at least psychoanalysts claim that analysis reveals them as "having got lost" on their way towards women, mainly because their fear of castration is so great that any person lacking a male genital organ is repugnant to them. Thus it is not as if the pervert or invert is choosing freely among a limitless variety of sexual pleasures available to him, like a gourmet amongst foods, but rather is it that the sexual pleasure he most wants is not available to him (because of his fears) and, however he deceives himself, he is reluctantly accepting a substitute he feels to be inferior.

In any case, what commonly comes about is that the individual is left with a life-long attitude that genital sexual interest is a horrible vice, something to be kept hidden, private to one's self, something essentially dirty or forbidden, which one could not possibly invite anyone to share - yet, because one cannot cast out nature, insistently, agonisingly, guiltily pleasurable nonetheless.

Accordingly, since it is now impossible to imagine achieving a frank, freely-professed, reciprocal and mutually-enjoyable sexual relation with any other human creature, the suffering person must filch his sexual pleasures, must get them by stealth, tricks, and indirection - so we get peeping through bedroom and bathroom windows, furtive knee-touching in buses and cinemas, secret poring over sex photos, and so on. Locking and body-contact are parts of the ordinary undistorted sexual process - the object of sexual love is typically seen as beautiful and contact felt as pleasurable as one's eyes and skin give both promises and foretastes of the pleasurable union to come. But where the idea of that union brings horror and anxiety and where the desired object's reciprocation is despaired of, then the sexuality turns back into the fore-pleasures, which are taken by stealth and enjoyed secretly, in a masturbatory way.

Or again, since sex is felt to be filthy and degrading, then anyone who agrees to be an "illicit" sex partner is filthy and degraded, someone to be plundered and despised, and so there appears prostitution - again an illegal sexual act.

With increasing degrees of anxiety over sexual impulses, and a decrease in

the ability to withhold or redirect them, there appear such phenomena as exhibitionism and sadistic sexual acts, sex-murder and so on. Here a powerful castration fear and a desperate struggle against it become evident. The exhibitionist is struggling against an unconscious belief that he has already been castrated or deformed in some way, that he has no chance to be a desirable or compelling sex-object, and he exposes himself as if to say "Look, I am a whole, virile man - why don't you love me?". And the more frequently he fails to strike people instantly to the ground, overcome with admiration and desire, the worse his doubt and his need become.

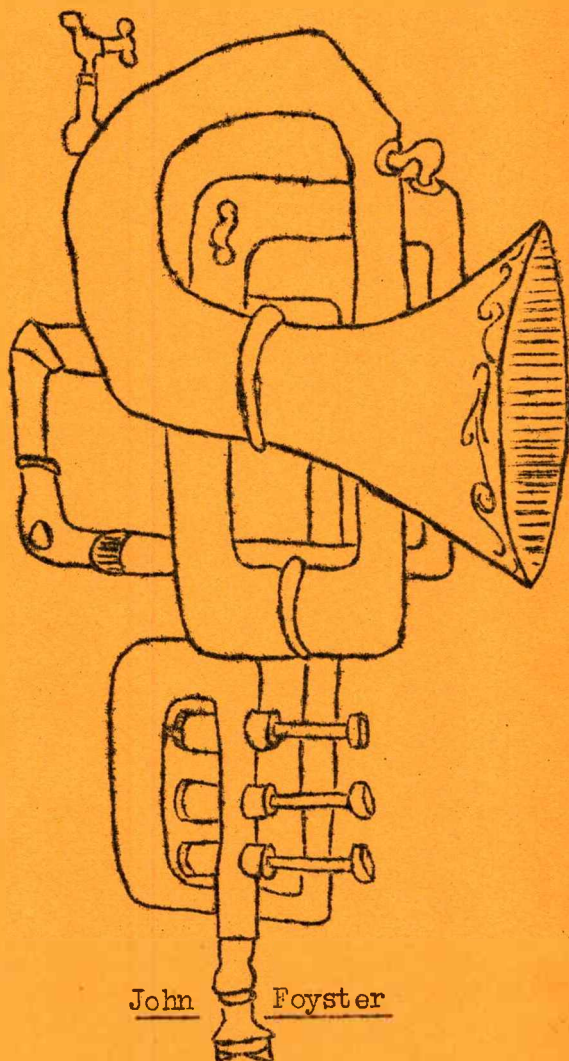
However, those cases in which sexual expression takes a grossly sadistic form, involving the fearful infliction of physical pain, mutilation and murder, do appear to raise special considerations. For the kinds of "offence" considered so far it seems easy enough to argue that the legal restrictions and penalties are not "rationally justifiable".

Assuming that no coercion is employed, then in what sense does incest or bestiality, homosexuality, exhibitionism or voyeurism do anyone any "harm"? While there is no question of any absolute "Rational justification" for any kind of behaviour, nevertheless a liberal view might encompass some sympathy for laws prohibiting acts which forcefully or coercively deprive a person of his life, health or material goods. With certain exceptions, the abovenamed acts do not do that. It might be argued that a timorous aging spinster, seeing a peeping Tom peering through her window might be cast into such a fit of anxiety (envisaging rape and murder) that one could say that she has been objectively harmed. But if her fears arose from a compound of repressed sexual and masochistic fantasies, ignorance of sexual pathology, hatred of men and so on, or even the insanity of old age, should we regard the peeping Tom as the purposeful knowing agent of her frenzy? Again, a religious fanatic might be thrown into roughly a similar spasm if some particularly acute exposure of religious confusions got through to him, but no logical person would argue that he should be protected from such a shock by law. In short, the laws simply support the neurotic against the perverted, and help to promote the normative sexually-inhibited character which social theorists have frequently contended to be more readily governable.

Concerning the violent, sadistic sex-crimes, it is difficult not to concede some practical justification for laws providing for the apprehension of persons who commit them, even though there is no doubt that their urge to commit such crimes is rooted in the same castration fear and general neurosis that motivates less serious acts. However, persons of this kind are not merely neurotic, but psychotic, their basic complex being aggravated or further intensified by some constitutional factor. It is, therefore, possible to support their confinement and treatment, without supporting the moralistic frenzy which usually accompanies their apprehension.

Whether there could be a society in which there was no sexual repression is problematic, but one might suspect that ^{parents} within certain minor sub-groups, almost certainly of a dissident and "disrespectable" kind, could, with informed and sensitive attention to technique, allow their children's sexuality and their whole psychical functioning to achieve its full natural flowering, undistorted by irrational fears, repugnances and self-estrangement. Who knows what kind of new men might then be at large in the world?

THE HORN THAT ONCE OR TWICE (or three
times or four times or five times...)



"Write something funny," he said. I knew immediately I shouldn't have offered to do something for his OMPazine (I am still willing to do something on his OMPazine, but somehow it isn't the same). But when I suggested an article by the name of "I was a SAP but That Clever Plastic Disguise Over There" (which was to have something to do with faanish cliches) to John he cooled a little, 'specially when I outlined the first few sentences. It is only fair to say that his stomach was turned.


"No," he said. "Write something like you wrote for Bob these many payments ago about Anatole Broyard being a pretentious

" I've no idea why John is so obsessed with this bit - I never found it very interesting. In addition, after looking at it in my calm professional manner, I was able to assess it as a rather limited field. There are only so many ways of saying that X is a . . . It begins to pall. One may even become bored, unless one is talking about one's friends. OK, so I say that Anatole Brouard is a pretentious . . . perhaps briefly give my reasons for this classification; indicate further developments in the field. No, there's no future in it. I realised I could get fairly close to the subject if I did a bit about


pretentious . . . in fandom, but then I looked at the OMPA membership list. One may only make so many mistakes.

As a kind of forte of last resort, John did suggest that I might churn out a vaguely lit'ry article, but this I never do without close-handy references (you make more mistakes that way - I can't even recall why I thought A. Broyard to be a pretentious . . . and I am in Sydney, the most beautiful place I've ever come across. Melbourne is a flat city, (though I live, or lived, on a hill which gave a view of up to 50 miles south of Melbourne) but Sydney, surrounding a city, slopes lovingly down to water which, if not particularly clear, is most pleasantly disturbed by wind-ripple and many many small boats. Here, on the North Shore, there seems to be little in the way of beaches, but from the water the roads rise continually back for a mile or so and, turning around, the city itself is spread both vertically and horizontally around this most-varied water. Looking at it sure beats hell out of writing articles about Anatole Broyard, whether he be a pretentious . . . or no.


The thought of doing mailing comments is just about as repulsive an idea as has occurred to me. When I get back to Melbourne I'll have a SARS bundle to get through - no, the idea does not appeal. In fact the only idea which does appeal is to get up and




I remember the first letter I had in
"GOD! WAS IT A STINGER. I FELT
I REALLY GOT INSIDE THE SUBJECT
CONTRADICTING ALL THE OLD OUTDATED
SENSELESS BUT ESTABLISHED FANNISH
IDEAS.




a reply to my letter came in
the next issue, From one of the
older established fans, who at
first seemed merely to disagree
with my ideas. I was at first
happy at starting a good natured
Fannish feud.



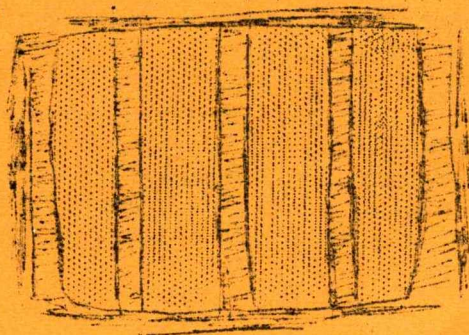
but as you read further, it was
plain that it was an all out attack
on my whole Fannish career, my
future in Fandom seemed
shattered by this letter. I must
retaliate.

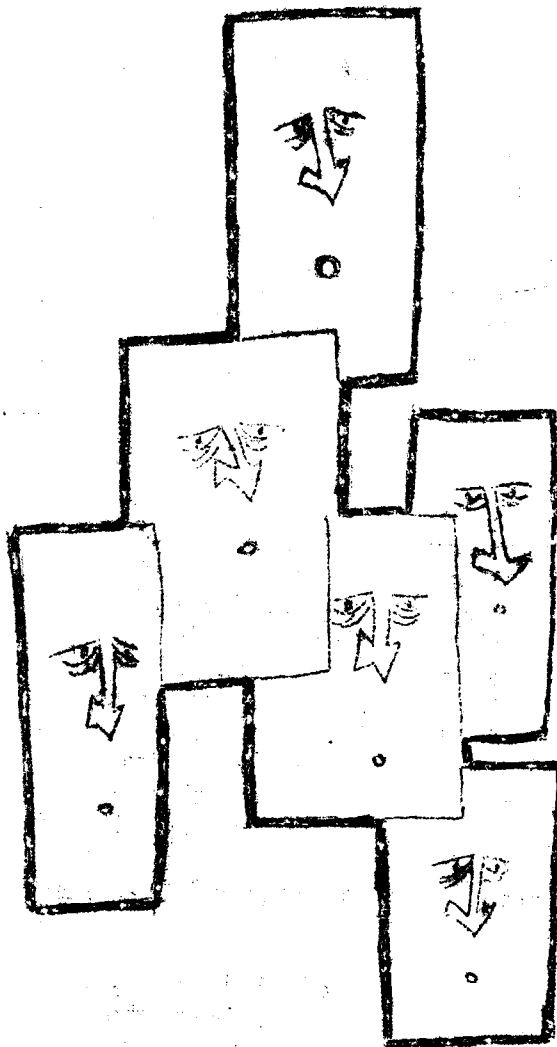


my letter appeared in the next
issue. "GOD! WAS IT A
SCORCHER. I TORE HIM TO PIECES
ACCUSING HIM OF BEING EVERYTHING
FROM A NAZI TO A WIFE-BEATER.
I FELT I WAS ACTING IN THE TRUE
FANNISH TRADITION.



we met for the
first time in
COURT.





> you can't say that!

making comments

OFF TRAILS. (Cheslin). The presentation of the OC is picking up immensely. The cover illos and layout were as good as anything I've seen since I joined OMPA. Keep up the good work.//The revamped egoboo poll has altered in the right direction - glad to see that, even if the winds of change aren't blowing through the apa, at least a cold draught is creeping up the President's trouser leg.

SIZAR. (Burn). Thanks for the inside information on Jim Cawthorn's cover for SCIENCE FANTASY. Alan Dodd gave me the story of Jim's try for work in London, but up till now I've never thought to connect it with the illo we were discussing. A pity Jim's arrival happened to coincide with Ted's decision to stop using cover art - I can't believe that Jim couldn't have beat the pants off Brian Lewis and Gerald Quinn.// I am intrigued by "And what work there was, Jim couldn't do; he suffers from a queasy conscience". What sort of work was he offered?// Whether the people you wrote about last issue are "conservative" depends mainly on your interpretation of the word. By local standards, they're downright bohemian, but, as you say, (or said, in a letter once), anybody who uses Australian life as a yardstick deserves to have his head bashed in with it.

Well, at the risk of being branded a fuddy-duddy and a square, I must admit that I don't "smoke roaches...and do a little bit of bed-swapping" (I make reservations about digging jazz). There isn't any moral objection involved - if I thought it was fun, I'd do it. God knows the opportunities are there - it's an odd party where a couple of characters aren't sharing a stick in the john - but I've seen enough of the hip world to realise it isn't for me. There seems little point to living when life holds nothing more than a futile search for the perfect party, the ideal relationship. The iron-hard calculating hipster is probably the sorriest creature in Creation, and I certainly don't feel inferior because I'm not the fully-paid up member of the jazz demi-monde that I should be. There are times when it pays to cop out.

I think you know quite well that your comment on this good/evil thing is off the rails. Conceded that, if 'good' is synonymous with 'true', then 'evil' could reasonably be synonymous with 'false'. But you say "if we assume the latter compound, then we will have to state that the result is...false." Nonsense. We must state that the result is "a fallacy", an abstract term that has no effect on the validity of the reasoning by which it was arrived at. As you yourself say a few lines later "Now, since a final result....is by its very recognition an established fact, it must also be 'a truth'". The sense of this aside, it's obvious that you have used the same argument to arrive at two completely different conclusions. // You had better take up the matter of man as "a rope between animal and superman" with Nietzsche; he reasoned it out earlier and far more deeply than I. Clearly you don't understand the concept of the "ubermensch", and equally clearly I am not the man to expound it. THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA is your book, Bruce.

When I said I was wary of "flowery language" in Larry McCombs' story, I meant that I suspected that literary style was being used as a substitute for other equally important factors; plotting, characterization etc. As you ask, I must say I do disapprove of the sort of stylistic approach that McCombs used, but only when it is used to carry the weight of an entire story. No-one is more wedded to style than I, as witness my admiration for John Updike, Scott Fitzgerald, John Wain, James Joyce and other master technicians in the craft of writing. But to use it as the substance of a work is an abrogation of the duty of a writer, and I am certainly not going to back down and err on the side of caution merely because occasionally a writer - Marilyn Duckworth, as you instance - can carry off the difficult feat of making fairy floss look like red meat. Statistically, I'm on the side of the angels.

BURP! (Bennett). If I had to classify Ella Parker (and I'm glad I don't), she would probably fall under the heading of "Social". You would be part of the "Organizational" section. I would be "Literary". This is all quite meaningless, however, as I'm sure you realise - activities overlap to an alarming degree. But, generally speaking, Ella's interest lies in the social line, and mine in the direction of reading and writing. I don't care a great deal about clubs, TAFF, committees and organizations in general, and when I come up against a "social fan", we usually disagree violently. This is the position with Ella and I. To my mind, she is not a wholly active fan, because she writes so little. But no doubt she finds me wanting also because I am not active in various other avenues. Does it matter?// Thanks for the information on E.R.James. I stand corrected.

SOUFFLE. (Baxter). About Coventry Cathedral: after checking, I find that the building material used in this case was not concrete but rose sandstone. Bobbie Gray, please note.

WHATSIT. (Cheslin) Well, dammit, it isn't easy to comment on the art in apazines, because on the whole it's pretty feeble. There's no incentive for an artist to produce good work for an apa, because only a limited number of people see it. When we get good art, it is usually reprinted from elsewhere (as in the case of the glorious Barr cover for the current SAVOYARD) or the first draft of a piece that later appears elsewhere (Dick Schultz' occasional serious pieces in ENVOY). It's my feeling that, if artists want recognition, then they will have to go out and earn it.

If you find that Arthur Rackham-illustrated book, nail it down and write me a letter. I'll take it off your hands gladly.

No, Norman Lindsay is definitely not the all-Australian artist you're thinking of. Perhaps you mean Albert Namatjira, the aboriginal water colourist who died a couple of years ago. He made quite a reputation with hundreds of photographic paintings of the interior - giant white ghost gums, the parched plains, ragged mountains - but now that he's dead the critics are tearing him apart. I don't blame them; his art is hopelessly derivative and lacking in originality, but it seems tragic that the first really popular painter the aborigines have produced should have been so ill-starred. But getting back to Lindsay: he's very much the traditional illustrator, one of the Beardsley-Austen-Dore school that flourished around the turn of the century. Lots of voluptuous nudes, prancing satyrs with evil expressions and that sort of thing. For all his reaction, I like Lindsay's work and buy it when I can afford it. The prize of my collection is an original engraving called SHE ARRIVES which hangs in the place of honour over our mantelpiece. It shows a woman, naked but for peacock plumes in her hair, standing astride a gigantic black goat, while all around her a horde of cavorting monsters do her homage, kissing her hands and feet, fondling themselves and each other in their glee. This sounds horribly dissipated (and probably is, if you look at the picture literally) but the tremendous verve and energy of the composition carries one past considerations of morality. Just as one can admire Delacroix's scenes of mass murder and rapine without feeling the urge to murder and rape, so one can appreciate Lindsay without feeling as randy as he must have done when he first painted these pictures. And a damn good thing too.

The two different schools of Japanese drama you were thinking of are the Noh and Kabuki. Noh is the formal religious drama, like the old morality plays, with certain set dramas for certain festivals and seasons of the year. Kabuki is the more popular entertainment theatre and the source of most of what we know as traditional Japanese drama. If you have a chance, you should get EVERGREEN REVIEW 14 (Sept/Oct 1960) which contains the kabuki drama KANJINCHO, translated into English and with photographs of the current production.

I damn near blew a valve trying to think of what feature of the viking cartoon amused me, and I still don't know. It was just funny, is all. More Olaf, say I.

ENVOY 12. (Cheslin). Wasn't I just talking to you? Oh well,....Hey, that's another good cover.// You're right when you criticise this fatuous idea of having an "exp ert" panel pick the result of unplayed football matches.//I can't see how a lottery could be any worse than the po's, and in many ways it could be a lot better for all concerned. Australia has had government-run lotteries for years, and I've yet to hear complaints from either side. The government gets tremendous revenues, enough to support all the state's hospitals and have a healthy profit left over. When they want to raise extra capital, they just run an extra series of lotteries. The Sydney Opera House, for instance, is being built partly from the proceeds of a series of lotteries. Just in case anybody is interested, the situation is as follows: there are three types of lottery. Ordinary: 5/6 (65¢) a ticket, 100,000 tickets, prize \$6000 first and \$12,000 in smaller prizes. Drawn three or four times a week. Special: 10/- (\$1.25) a ticket, 100,000 tickets, prize \$12,000 first and \$20,000 in smaller prizes. Drawn twice a week. Jackpot, Opera House etc. These are unusual lotteries, drawn only once or twice a month, but with big prizes and special conditions. The Jackpot has the usual 100,000 tickets, but at \$1 (\$2.50) each. The twist is that \$4000 is designated as a jackpot. After the drawing, all marbles are put back into the barrel and one is drawn out. It gets the jackpot, providing it won a prize in the draw. Otherwise, the amount jackpots to a maximum of \$20,000. After that, it is awarded to the person who had that marble in the previous lottery, or the one before that. The Opera House "Windfall" lottery costs \$3 (\$8.00) a ticket, and the first prize is \$100,000. However, in addition to the normal prizes, they award \$750 plus 250 tickets in the next lottery to the people one off the winning ticket on either side, and similar prizes to those on either side of the three major prizes. Everybody else on either side of a prize, even the low \$5 ones, gets a consolation of at least a ticket in the next lottery. Well, can I sell you a ticket, Ken?

Speaking of board games, has the Broad Game made its way to the UK yet? This is an odd little pastime played by the local lads. The rules are simple - you just score according to the success you had with your girl on the previous night's date. Thus holding hands may be 1, a goodnight kiss 2, a rather more passionate embrace 3 and so on. Derivatives include colour prefixes according to degrees of difficulty. A date with, say, a beautiful girl will be Red, one with a plain girl Blue. Naturally a Red 2 is better than a Blue 2. The fun really starts when somebody comes in and declares a Black 19.

Liked your story. Have you set out to be the English John Berry?

I hope THE NAKED ARTICHOKE becomes a regular feature. It's years since I read such an amusing and well-conceived column.

Anen to Dick's remarks on the death of IPSO. Here was another good idea, one which could have been important to fandom, yet ruined by apathy and stupidity.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

A fitting epitaph: As Anthony Burgess says, Elict is "a singer of sterility". We should ask him to compose fandom's national anthem.

SHADOWFAX. (Eklund). Anvil is the only one of those writers you name who is not Garrett in some part. Mark Phillips is Larry Janifer (nee Harris) and Garrett combined. Everybody who is not Garrett is Pauline Ashwell, except Campbell, who is, I'm happy to say, only himself. One JWCJr is quite enough. // "I've Got a Lot Of Living To Do" is probably "I Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do". In fact, the latter may be the only correct spelling, as I tend to censor these things in my mind before writing them down.

OUTPOST. (Hunter). And if I caught anybody reading SOUFFLE on watch, I'd glare at them too. // What is a "bothy-ballad", prithee tell. // I don't think it's wholly fair to say that the character in this book you mention raped the hen. There is no doubt in my mind that the chook egged him on. // Try humming DESAFINADO without the broken samba rhythm and you'll have your work cut out, Fred. I don't deny that most "jazz" hit tunes are just beaten ballads, but bossa nova is a little more subtle. // Do you talk with a Scottish accent?

CONVERSATION. (Hickman). Don't look now, but your cover model has had a nasty accident. Yes, sure, I know you can't get graphic nudes past the mailmen - so why bother to print them in a castrated condition? // Shirer's RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH is a long way from being the largest paper-backed book ever printed (or reprinted). I have a copy of Ado Kyrrou's AMOUR-EROTISME ET CINEMA (Le Terrain Vague; Paris, 1957) which is all of 2 1/2" thick, and I can think of a few others - Russell's HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY and the Allen and Unwin WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES - that have page-counts of nearly 1000, and on larger paper than the Shirer.

ERG. (Jeeves). Your taste in aircraft shows a very strong affection for the WW II types, I see. There is a loud echo of the Me262 Sturmvogel in one 'plane, and of the Spitfire in another. I must say I agree with you - what with slots and flaps and flying tails and high aspect ratio wings and the rest of it, the designer has no room to introduce a little grace into his work these days.

THE NEW ASHMOLEAN MARCHING SOCIETY AND STUDENT'S CONSERVATORY FANZINE. (Johnstone). Now here's a problem; how and where do I indent for a title like that? Oh well... I may very well be wrong about Gardner McKay. In one of the papers recently, there was a mention that he turned up at the Cannes Film Festival with his "companion", a girl named Didi Balzer. A photograph accompanied the report. After looking at Miss Balzer, I find it difficult to believe that any man consistently within one hundred yards of her could be anything but 150% heterosexual. // Matheson is doing film scripts, I think; or at least he was last time I heard of him. I didn't know he was a Fortean - that's very interesting.

AMBLE. (Mercer). Tsk, or something. It may sound quite logical to say that, in the event of a breakdown in trade, Australia and New Zealand would "only have to do without imported manufactures", but really, Archie, it isn't that simple. You probably think of "imported manufactures" as things like electrical appliances, toys, exotic foods, luxury goods in general. If this was all that was involved, you would have a point. But you know, despite our large motor industry, a percentage of the complex machined parts for all Australian-produced cars are imported. We just don't have the material to produce them here.

ABELLE. (continued). And it goes without saying that cars are more than a luxury in Australia. Our two main capital cities are separated by 600 miles, and our administrative centre is midway between the two. Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is more than 2000 miles from Sydney, and 1900 from Melbourne, the main eastern cities. In between the cities, there is little settlement; cars are a stark necessity. Without them, the country would die through lack of communication. The same problems apply to aircraft. We don't have the technical ability or materials to manufacture cargo aircraft, yet the country wouldn't survive without them. Australia is starved for water; the combination of water for irrigation and hydro-electric power is a vital one in our economic set-up. But all the complex electrical equipment has to be imported, as well as the heavy structural machinery. To manufacture it here would be ruinously expensive as well as economically unwise; we need centralised industries, not a multitude of small manufacturers scuffling for work. And so it goes on. Maybe a machine needs only fuel to work - but it won't work for long without maintenance and a supply of spare parts.// The latest MAD anthology is called THE VOODOO MAD.

COMPACT. (Parker.) It seems to me we have been into this matter of supporting TAFF before. Fellow COMPACTs might be interested to hear that Ella and I had a run-in on the subject about 18 months back, and since that time there has been a definite strain in our relations. It all started when I made a suggestion such as Ella is soliciting now; "something constructive about supporting TAFF". Briefly, I suggested that a faneditor, or a group of them, take it upon themselves to publish an anthology of the best fan writing of the previous year (along the lines of the late lamented BEST OF FANDOM) and sell this publication on behalf of the TAFF fund. Expenses could be met by the editors as their contribution, and all copies could be sent to the TAFF committee for sale. This, generally, was the idea; no dam-buster perhaps, but at least a suggestion. I asked Ella what she thought. Without undue delay, she wrote back and told me, in no uncertain terms, that she would not permit it or have anything to do with it. She gave no reasons, except to claim that TAFF couldn't "afford it". I wrote back, pointing out that the fund would lose nothing; that all time and materials would be donated. Perhaps, if the idea went well, the fund could reimburse the editors of the publication out of profits, but this was purely hypothetical. All this I explained carefully. Back came a letter couched in approximately the same terms as the previous one. No dice, no support, not interested etc. I took this rather hard, especially since I had offered to undertake the first publication and foot the bill myself, but as Ella was obviously not interested in discussing it further, I dropped the whole idea. I'm still at a loss to see what is wrong with it. To my mind, fans would buy an anthology of fan-writing where they might not be interested in a report by the previous year's delegate, no matter how well it was presented. (Compare, for instance, the sales of recent TAFF reports with the pre-release sales of Dick Lupoff's \$2.00 Burroughs Checklist). Such a plan, if successful, would put TAFF well on the road to being self-supporting, which is, I'm sure everybody will agree, a very desirable thing. Maybe it casts a slur on the altruism of fandom - I don't know. It might be more accurate to say that it flatters fans by recognising that it is no longer reasonable in this affluent age to demand something for nothing. Anybody in the membership care to make a comment on the plan?

COMPACT. (Parker). Arthur Thompson Esq. I'm with you on this matter of changing traditional children's stories - some of these publishers are so keen to make an extra few pounds that they'll print anything, so long as it bulks out a book. On the other hand, the 20th century has no corner on the tangling of fairy tales. In Perrault's original CINDERELLA, as you probably know, Cindy's slipper was made of fur, not glass. An inept translator mistook verre (glass) for vair (fur) and so the highly unlikely glass slipper was born. A mistake, but it lifted the story out of the rut and made it a classic; maybe Disney's innovation of the mice will be equally worthwhile when we can see it in retrospect.// Does your objection to the alteration of fairy tales extend to Grimm and Andersen also? Little match girls freezing to death, demons and dragons, boiling in oil and being devoured alive - this is pretty strong meat by modern standards, and it's hard to believe that children benefit by reading of it. Yet, on the other hand, this is the sort of thing that stimulates a child's imagination, and that's extremely important. How do you feel about it?

SAVOYARD. (Pelz). Delightful cover. Why is it that George Barr never does anything especially outstanding for the prozines? Don't they like quality at Z-D?// Thank'ee most kindly for the C&S words. As a matter of fact, I caught THE PRIATES OF PENZANCE on tv not long after seeing THE MIKADO. This was Tyrone Guthrie's production for the Canadian Stratford Festival, and we both enjoyed it very much. What is the general feeling among savoyards regarding the new-style productions that are appearing now? It must ^{have} annoyed a number of fans to see the way Guthrie made fun of the plot and the situations.

BINARY. (Patrizio). "The filthy thing about the erotic stimuli is not that they exist, but that they are exploited". That is one of the most sound and sensible viewpoints I've yet seen expressed in OMPA. Somebody ought to print it up and mail it to every purveyor of canned entertainment in the English-speaking world.// Amen also to your comments on the films LOLITA and SUMMER HOLIDAY; we enjoyed both, though perhaps for different reasons. Merie liked Peter Sellers in LOLITA, while I dug Kubrick's interesting direction. In SUMMER HOLIDAY, Merie liked the music and Cliff Richard, but I couldn't stop admiring the way those musical numbers were staged. I'll never forget that song along the lines of "when you're in love, all women are beautiful", where Richard walks through a park and old women, little girls and rather plain-looking spinsters turn into beautiful girls as he runs up to them. This is inspired organization of material, and somebody deserves a medal for it. Maybe it should go to the director, Peter Yates, who was Tony Richardson's assistant on LOOK BACK IN ANGER and THE ENTERTAINER. Why "hate to admit" that you enjoyed something as light-weight as this? After all, the films that are remembered from the '30s and '40s are not turgid "meaningful" dramas, but jeux d'esprit like the Lubitsch comedies, Bogart/Bacall thrillers, Karloff's horror films and so on. // Maybe 20 pgs. is a lot for a book, but there is something about really fine editions that makes considerations of price quite meaningless. I won't justify it logically - I'm just a born collector, is all.

MORPH. (Roles). I stand in awe of the vastness of your reading. No matter how surprised I am by your quotation in one issue of MORPH, the next one is always just a little bit better. This set of directions for bowing was great; I am half inclined to try and revive it out here. After all, any country with parochial views like Australia should go for this like a shot.

MORPH. (continued). Incidentally, the quote you printed reminds me of a piece in Max Beerbohm's ZULEIKA DOBSON. You may remember it: three undergrads, members of the most exclusive dinner club in Oxford (there is usually only one member), gather to celebrate the traditional toast, to the mistress of a long-dead founder of the club; a girl who threw herself into a pond and drowned because the man wouldn't marry her. On hearing the story, a prospective member suggests that the behaviour of the man was not all that it should have been in the circumstances. The founder's ghost, standing interestedly by, is stung by this comment. "Unable to avenge himself, Freddon had looked to the Duke to act for him. When he saw that this young man did but smile at Oover and make a vague deprecatory gesture, he again, in his wrath, forgot his disabilities. Drawing himself to his full height, he took with great deliberation a pinch of snuff, and, bowing low to the Duke, said: "I am vastly obleeged to your Grace for the fine high Courage you have exhibited in the behalf of your most Admiring, most Humble servant." Then, having brushed away a speck of snuff from his jabot, he turned on his heel....". What impresses me is the oddity of this behaviour by modern standards. Even the worst insult in those days was never answered by a curse or a blow; etiquette covered everything, and sarcasm was held to be quite as cutting as a knife.// To my mind, Dulac and Packham are pretty much of a type, though I prefer the latter. The only Dulac I have at the moment is a Rubinet (Rodder & Soughton, undated) with twelve tipped-in colour plates by ED. Undoubtedly the art is of the highest quality, but somehow it doesn't strike the vital spark.// I won't say it's "definitive", but my favourite werewolf story is THERE SHALL BE NO DARKNESS by James Blish.// Do you happen to know why Shropshire is always abbreviated as "Salop"?

CURIOSITY SHOPPE. (Spencer). George C. Scott is not really such a bag guy in person. The local government radio ran an interview with him some weeks ago, and I took him to be a pleasant, unassuming man who would rather act than be a public personality. // Smokeless cinamas are the rule in Australia; no public theatre allows smoking, with the exception of the outdoor cinemas up north, where anything is allowed so long as it doesn't make too much noise and drown out the sound. (These are not drive-ins, by the way - just open fields with canvas seats and a turnstile). All the "art" filmgroups allow sucking, of course, mainly because a haze of smoke makes flickering old prints of POTEMKIN and IVAN THE TERRIBLE look less battered than they really are.

HE-X. (Wells). I think the new ANALOG is about the most attractive new publication to hit the stands in an age.// If you dislike Drs. Kildare and Casey, you should try to hear a send-up of the Dr. Kildare theme done by Hatty Jacques and Eric Sykes, a kind of English Nichols and May. To an overblown rendition of the Dr. Kildare waltz, you get things like: (Man) "Would you like to dance?". (Woman). (sigh). (Man). "You dance divinely." (Woman). "Do you dance with all your patients, doctor?". (Man). "Only the ladies - the men we give anaesthetic."// It isn't wholly true to say "the Australian primitives don't have any religion by any common definition of the word". Their ancestor-worship isn't as highly ritualised as it is in some countries, but if you accept Shinto as a valid religion, then surely theirs is eligible also.

three - one low, two high. Obviously this is sound practice. The frame is filled in breadth, width and depth, and the action is shown without the necessity of cross-cutting or excessive camera movement. But Hawks makes it work for him in more ways than this. After Bogart is slugged, there is a dissolve to yet another scene set around a couch. The twist is that Bogart is sitting on the floor, leaning back against the couch, while Bacall and another woman are sitting at each end of the couch, talking to one another. Here is another powerful subtlety. By referring back to the previous couch scenes, Hawks has in effect used a parody of them to underline Bogart's fall from power. Where he was once above everybody, he is now lowest of all. Even the women are above him. When the other woman leaves, the camera swings to a high two-shot, looking down on the couple. Bogart begs a cigarette. Bacall gives it to him, and lights it. The camera drops lower. It is at Bacall's head now. They talk. Bogart says "Take this cigarette". She removes it from his mouth and kisses him. The camera is lower, looking up slightly. "Untie me" he says. She does so, and the camera moves into medium close-up, so that Bogart is again the central figure. He rises, while Bacall remains sitting on the couch. She is back in her rightful place. Bogart is again in power. Perhaps this will strike some of you as reading more into the film than was intended. I don't think it is. Obviously, Hawks didn't mean all this to be seen by the audience. He aimed at an overall impression, and to get this he enlisted all his subtlety in playing on the perception of those watching. When you see these scenes, you get the impressions that I've outlined, but it is not obvious why you get those impressions. It's only when you analyse the film frame by frame that the technique becomes visible.

This is a director's film, but I don't doubt it was improved somewhat by those contributing. The screenplay, by Leigh Brackett and (!) William Faulkner, takes just the right liberties with Chandler's novel. Large parts of the dialogue are left intact, including the brilliant first chapter, but the remainder has been fined down to agree with the characters and the director. Bogart trumps his Sam Spade in THE MALTESE FALCON with the only performance of his career in which he is jolted out of his usual wooden-faced monace. The final scenes actually show him - so help me - exhibiting emotion! The rest of the time he is the cold, hard, efficient detective that he always plays, and Hawks has molded the film to fit him like a glove. Lauren Bacall shows how much we lost when Hollywood went wholesome. One doesn't see her kind of calm beauty any more; the long hair and mocking smile. Along with Alexis Smith, Veronica Lake, Greta Garbo, Bacall has been swallowed up in the flood of freckle-faced teenage "idols", each face - to quote TIME - looking as if it had been cut out of soft white bread. A few years ago, there was a drive to bring back the femme fatale, and some candidates were found. Bella Darvi, "Miss" Cornell Borchers, Grace Kelly, Eve Marie Saint all tried, but they didn't have the vital ingredient; that cool competent mocking quality that distinguishes Lauren Bacall. A pity.

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