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The Fleischers sold out to Paramount in the early thirties but continued to run the New York studio as an independent unit of Paramount. This gave them several advantages, one of which they made unique use of. They had access to Paramount's library of short subjects, which included song and dance numbers by many major Broadway and vaudeville stars. And, in the Betty Boop series of cartoons, used them.







there were about four drawings a second or less, and many scenes had no backgrounds.

But what was there was beautiful, every line drawn by Kelly. The scenes that were colored, and had full backgrounds were stunning. Kelly had a perfectly lovely color sense which he didn't get half enough chance to demonstrate in his newspaper work. The movement gave the whole a serene, even melancholy rhythm.

This well suits Kelly's plot. The swamp is filling with smog. The animals go to investigate, and find pigs burning trash in the dump. But the animals are to blame, for it is their trash overflowing the dump and filling the swamp. Kelly does a few pupdog gags to start, but most of the cartoon is in that same wryly contemplative mood as his last years on Pogo. Though it doesn't seem too effective as message, We Have Met the Enemy and He Is Us was still my favorite piece of animation of last year.

There were other films on the program, of course. Eli Noyes did Sandman, in which little sand figures danced and swirled to the playing of Charlie Chin and other New York bluegrass musicians. Squiggle by Dan Bailey mixed scratch drawing with live action as a squiggle grows, assumes self-consciousness and eats the people who keep looking in on it. Rocky Raccoon by Charles Jepson and James Hoberson was a crude and lively version of the Lennon Standard. Everyman's Home is His Capsule was a series of transformations, hands turning into birds into camels, done by Thomas Spence. There was even a visualization of American Pie drawn and compiled from other film-makers' material by Fred Mogubgub.

Overall, the humorous material, based on clever ideas, were more striking and less boring than the serious, abstract films (most of which I haven't described.)

Later that same day, I saw Fantastic Planet (La Planete Sauvage). It is an animated science fiction movie, based on a novel by Stephan Wul, and made by a joint Czech-French team. (I told someone I didn't care for it much, and she told me, in shocked tone, "But it's Czech!" It is part of a certain worldview, now, that the Czech is incapable of making a bad movie or that the right-thinking viewer should be incapable of disliking a Czech movie.)

Giant blue people called Draags have brought to their planet tiny creatures called Homs as pets. The hero is one of these Homs who escapes captivity and joins a wild band. The wild band is considered a nuisance, is almost exterminated, but escapes. It joins other bands, the hero teaches everyone to use Draag technology and a war is mounted against the giants.

For relaxation the Draags meditate. They concentrate on a globe, and from their heads issue a small replica of themselves encased in a sphere. The sphere floats off into the sky while empty giant bodies lie before the globes. (I am reporting what we see on the screen.) I thought at first that this was a clever way of representing what meditation is. But the Homs fly to the neighboring planet, finding giant, headless statues. On the necks come to rest the giants' meditation spheres and alien spheres, and the giant statues begin to dance. When the Homs begin to blow up the statues, all the visible minds floating about find themselves disoriented and stranded. The Draag government decides that the Homs must be human after all (on the principle that a nuisance is an animal but an active danger is a human, at least until it stops being an active danger.)

The animation is rather limited and the drawing and movement is stiff and stilted, looking rather like Barbarella would if that strip were animated. The characterization is also minimal. The main purpose of the film seems to be that all creatures have equal rights, and they get those rights by causing harm to those in power. A lot of mileage is gotten out of the ways in which the giants treat men like animals, but little attention is paid to the giants as an alien society. Except for the







My mother calls me Apricot,  
My father calls me Clam.  
Please do a favor for a friend,  
And tell me what I am.  
I think I'm rather Peachy,  
For I have a heart of "stone",  
But no matter what I am  
I am myself alone.

K.T., 1/27/62

[illegible]

I have a few notes on animation gleaned from recent issues of Variety. The three animated short films nominated for an Academy Award were Frank Film, produced by Frank Mouris, The Legend of John Henry, produced by Nick Bösustow and David Adams, and Pulcinella, produced by Emanuele Luzzati and Giulio Gianini ... Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat is currently in production. Steve Krantz is again the producer, but Robert Taylor is the director, not Bakshi, as you might have guessed ... June 10-15 will see the second Zagreb International Animation Festival which will include a Disney retrospective ... An animated short called Sinderella was seized by US Customs. The Second US Court of Appeals upheld a court ban which followed the seizure. The judge of the appeals court said, "If there be humor in watching the instantaneous anatomical reaction of the prince to the charms of Sinderella and straight away capitalizing thereon, by having intercourse with her, it could at best only produce a brief community smirk."

Chris Couch went to the Second International Film Festival in January, and in Ye Cats! #3, he says, "Claudia and I spent most of three and a half days watching cartoons. There were twelve hours of films in competition for prizes. I'll just mention two of my favorites. One was also in the Whitney show, Sandman by Elliot Noyes. This film was made with sand on a pane of glass, moved around with a brush and squeegee. It's a very simple film -- the "sandman" runs and square-dances to a C&W soundtrack -- but it's very good. There were a number of sample reels from animators who do advertising, some of it computer and some of it drawings, and one of these had a wonderful joke ad for "Meura Coffee" -- its slogan was, "Even an idiot can make good coffee with Meura," and a scruffy housewife picks her nose to emphasize the point. The best parts of the festival, however, were the retrospectives. Each of these was from an hour and a half to three hours long, and they included programs on Jiri Trnka (the puppet film maker), Russian, Hungarian, and Yugoslavian animation, Bruno Bozzeto of Italy and Yoji Kuri of Japan. Yoji Kuri is closer to being a modern artist than a traditional animator, but that doesn't prevent his cartoons from being funny and outrageous. Bruno Bozzeto must be a fabulous madman. His Opera was shown in competition, and is a fabulous series of gags based on -- what else? -- operas! The best cartoons in the retrospective were about Mr. Rossi, an Italian everyman who is beset by horrible problems as he Goes to the Beach, Goes Camping, and goes completely mad in my favorite, Mr. Rossi Buys a Car."

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The fox is red,  
The fox is small,  
The fox is always  
On the ball.  
You cannot fool the fox  
At all.

The fox is wicked,  
Cunning, coy.











From the above complaint you have no doubt gathered that a film is being shot nearby and that people are milling about the scene like flies on the carcass of a dead horse. I don't know who they expected to see. One woman was muttering, "Gregory Peck, Gregory Peck." But when I finally got into Chock Full and lined up at the take-out counter, I saw that instead it was Robert Morse, Robert Morse. Or rather it was the short fellow who starred in How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying. Perhaps I have the name wrong. Samuel F. B. Morse? No, he was a painter who invented something. I found that most of the people on the take-out line weren't there to take anything out but merely to take home grand memories of having seen said unprepossessing star. The management had finally to request that they refrain from licking the glass in their ecstasy, as the moisture would streak when dry. The last laugh rested with Gregory Peck, Gregory Peck, who was probably sleeping off a bender in Hollywood while enjoying free publicity amongst a large crowd who just gaped on, unable to see that it wasn't he. I thought it might be a lark to circulate through the onlookers, muttering, "Francis X. Bushman, Francis X. Bushman."

But not having had my morning coffee always curtails my sense of humor; so I elbowed my way home in a surly and disagreeable fashion and returned to the Wilson to sip my coffee-to-go in the silence of my room. It was then that I received your letter, which made me wish that I had bought more coffee. I thought that I had brought up a sister but after eighteen years must admit that all my time and effort has been lavished on a collector of old parentheses. There are forty-three of them in your letter, twenty-two left and twenty-one right. After your death, I, as your executor, your husband having years before tripped over an old discarded right parenthesis and cascaded down a long flight of steps to his doom, will place the following advertisement in the New York Times:

The estate of Suzanne Victoria Tompkins Abernathy will auction off the great actress's famed collection of mounted antique parentheses this coming Friday at the Wentworth Galleries on Madison Avenue, beginning at one-thirty in the afternoon. These parentheses include specimens from ancient Egypt and Mycenae, as well as several dug out of the ruins at Pompeii and smuggled into the U.S. under conditions which caused the Italian government to send a curt note to the State Department. (The objections were later withdrawn when it was learned that Mrs. Abernathy was herself part Italian. The parenthesis in which I frame this side-note, but the way, was purchased in a thrift shop on Eighth Avenue and has no value whatever.) Of the vintage specimens in this collection, special attention will be focused on the infamous Borgia Brackets -- with which, it is said, Cesare Borgia, son of Pope Alexandre VI, strangled an enemy of the family during a feast held in honor of His Holyness. Bidders are informed that only ready cash will be accepted, as the executor is particularly rapacious and bent on side-tracking as much of the proceeds as he possibly can. After all, a ninety-six-year-old man beset by creditors needs help.

Perhaps the right parenthesis over which your husband tripped was the one you left out of your last letter. That's food for thought, I'll warrant.

As to the points raised in the letter:

1. I am perfectly willing to believe that Robert McCallum can act. Christ fed the multitudes with a few loaves and fishes, and the director surely lives who can goad McCallum to do the same. Excuse me: David McCallum, David McCallum. I shun films like The Greatest Story Ever Told, and so have not had a chance to see for myself. -- What role did Heud did he play? My mind conjures up vague images of a young mental patient: but they are vague, and exceedingly unmemorable.



3. Table cloths at the Automat? You're mad.

Ken Tompkins, 7-8-66

Locus156

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no one has dragooned you into being a regular columnist for their genzine and what it would take to secure you for such a position.

[Yours was the first letter of comment I received. Gary's letters were personal ones. Gary being an old friend...I once wrote a column for Chris and Lesleigh Couch. They had flexible deadlines and infinite patience...Thanks for the praise.]

And, finally, Chris Couch, with further comments from Ye Cats! #3:

Jerry loaned me the first mailing of the film apa, and I didn't think too much of it, really. Norm Hochberg did the best fanzine, (though I liked your [Lesleigh's] thing on Frankenstein), I'll have to talk to him about movies when I see him at Fanoclasts. Jerry did a long fanzine which I xeroxed for him; it's quite interesting, and is more of a personalzine than an apazine. Which is fine, but I don't see much point for that in a film apa. I hope the mailings improve. I wasn't interested in joining because, as I told Jerry, I don't really have anything to say about movies that would be generally interesting, about all I could do would be to list and pseudo-review ones I had seen recently. I hope all of you manage to do more than that.

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## SUZLECOL

Hi! The last time I wrote Suzlecol was when I was still co-editing Granfalloon way back when. Well, 1971 actually... Since then Linda Bushyager has gone on to get two Hugo Nominations and move to Philadelphia, and I really haven't been too involved since. I am very involved, interested and what-have-you in films, so I have wanted to help Jerry do this apazine for CAPRA. So far, my greatest contribution has been stencilling and will be running it all off (on a machine I've never seen, gang! An old, A.B. Dick that I sincerely hope I'll be able to work with. Hopefully, this machine will not need a cylinder-cleaning or something else out of my control. We shall see.)

But, I do have a few comments for this issue, one of which actually has something to do 'avec le cinema'.

First, I'd really like to thank all those people who enjoyed my brother's writings and commented on it. I would like to explain where it all came from and why.

You may have noticed that the dates the various quotes were written are often 10 or 12 and, in the case of this issue, even 15 years old. Ken is 10 years my senior and just about the time I was old enough to appreciate (even recognize) the fact I had an older brother who was thoughtful and amusing, he was already away at college, then to various and sundry sleazy jobs in "The Big City", where he lived for about six years. (He may take umbrage at my calling the First National City Bank of New York and the New York City Welfare Department sleazy, but they'll only make him give it back again anyway, so...).

So, he began writing me marvelous, witty letters and we became friends via the U.S. Mails. I wrote to him, of course, but somehow I never felt my "How are you, I am fine" style quite up to his (and as it's still with me, I still write few letters).

Over a period of almost ten years I was the lucky recipient of the letters Jerry has been quoting in these two issues of SpanInq. Ken helped me stay alive both in dull old Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where we are from, and at boarding school, where I was irrepressibly miserable for a variety of reasons for a number of years.

He also made an attempt at helping my writing style -- i.e., the "Parenthesis" letter,



