You weren't expecting it to appear <u>again</u>, were you? I wasn't, and I'm Jerry Kaufman, who is writing most of it and editing all of it. Suzanne Tompkins is co-publishing, and writing her own set of mailing comments. We live at 622 West 114th Street, Apt. 52A, New York, NY, 10025. (Tele. 212/666-4174) Quotes are from letters by Ken Tompkins. Feature article by Moshe Feder. This fanzine is available to CAPRA members, contributors (I have one, you know) and to those I choose to bless with a copy.

## 

This issue I'd like to talk about animation. Now, there are a few people who are more qualified to talk about it (for instance, if you look at page 44 of the current Filmmakers Newsletter [Vol. #7, No.5], you'll see a photo of the audience at the Second International Animated Film Festival, in the upper right of which are Chris Couch and Claudia Parrish), but I can't coax them into writing. (Chris is allowing me to quote from Ye Catsi, his Columbia Apazine.)

So I come equipped with a spotty background, a vague technical understanding and a passionate interest. And, of course, a full bag of opinions. Like a great respect for the Disney of the Thirties and Forties, a mild interest in Max and Dave Fleischer's thirties work, a mild dislike for the Disney work of the Sixties and a deep dislike of Hanna-Barbara, now and forever.

The interest in Fleischer lay dormant, created by one Betty Boop cartoon and some indistinctly remembered Popeyes. It was slightly damped by Gulliver's Travels, a feature-length Fleischer cartoon which concentrated on the Liliputian segment of Swift's novel, and played it for cute laughs instead of bitter ones.

But in October, I attended a session of Leonard Maltin's animation class at the New School for Social Research. Leonard Maltin is the author of The Disney Films, a filmography and commentary on all of Disney's feature films, animated and live. Maltin himself was a non-descript man in his thirties who radiated a love for all he showed or spoke of. This session was devoted to the Fleischers.

Max was the producer and creator, while Dave was the director. In the twenties they ran their own studio and produced a series of "bouncing ball" cartoons, in which the words to a popular song appeared on the screen and a bouncing ball led the audience in a sing-along. This was enormously popular, and the Fleischers were able to develop a new series, Out of The Inkwell, which involved the adventures of Koko the Klown as he left the drawing board to wander around the studio and out into the world.

To draw Koko, they would film Dave Fleischer performing the actions required, and then would trace (rotoscope) from the film. The beginning of the cartoon invariably showed Max Fleischer walk to the drawing board. The next shot would be a closeup of his hand drawing Koko and the dog pal (the hand was actually a photo of a hand, moved to simulate drawing). From there anything could happen, hopefully. Koko would request some change in the environment, or would wander off from table to floor. Things would go wrong, Fleischer would do a quick rescue with pen and ink, and Koko would end the cartoon back in the inkwell. All this was silent, of course.

The Fleischers sold out to Paramount in the early thirties but continued to run the New York studio. as as 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 ance numbers by many major Broadway and vaudeville stars. And, in the Betty Boop series of cartoons, used them.

Betty was pictured as a flapper, even though the flapper was a figure from ten years earlier. Occasionally Betty was joined by Koko, but more often she was the only human figure in the cartoons, as in Betty Boop's Birthday Party. In these cartoons there was often a break, filled with a song recorded by some Broadway figure for Paramount. And in Snow White and several other Boop captoons, more extensive use of the Paramount library was used. In this cartoon, Betty is Snow White, and after she "dies" her coffin slides into an ice cave. Koko the Klown follows her and begins to sing "St. James Infirmary Blues". The evil queen passes a hoop over his head, and he turns into a ghost that twists afid twirls and dances along the path. The voice is that of scary old Cab Calloway, and the ghost dance is rotoscoped from Calloway's dancing. The cartoon has such an air of eerie and morbid humor that it is one of the best pieces of animation ever made, as exciting as Disney's Snow White.

In 1933, the Fleischers did the first Popeye cartoon. Popeye was a funny little man of little couth with a girlfriend of grotesque appearance. He ate spinach to get him out of tight spots, and mumbled under his breath constantly. He was very popular, and after the Fleischers stopped making cartoons, Paramount continued to use the character. The most interesting Popeye cartoons were the three made in color, double-length and three-dimensions. The three-Deffect was created with little sets built on turntables. In Popeye Meets Sinbad the Sailor, Popeye passes by weird rock formations, through shining caves and into numerous fights with monsters and Sinbad. Less interesting for its sets and more for its characters, Popeye Meets Ali Bawa and the Forty Thieves includes Olive Oyl and Wimpy.

The Popeye series was funniest, though, in its short cartoons. The Betty Boop series was most funny in small details. Both series were best in their most involved and most inventive moments, expressing the mordant, restless and anarchic personalities of the Fleischers.

# 

I have a little sister
you wouldn't want to see.
Her nose is like a toadstool.
(She's not at all like me!)
Her face is like an apple pie
that didn't turn out right.
Her eyes, like muddy puddles,
are brown (fringed in with white).
Her teeth are filled with silver.
Her ears are filled with dirt.
Her hair is filled with rats and knots
and yesterday's dessert.

Ken Tompkins, 1959

#### 

In his zine, Hank expresses a desire to see Little Lulu animated. Well, I have seen my favorite comic strip animated, <u>Pogo</u>. I don't mean the half-hour tv show of several years ago, but a cartoon done by Walt Kelly himself. I loved it, of course.

I saw it at the Whitney Museum here in New York. The museum shows frequent programs of independent films of various lengths and types, and on a cold day in December, they were presenting fourteen animated films. The Kelly led the bill. Called We Have Met the Enemy and He: Is Us, it was written, drawn and scored by Kelly. Even narrated by him. By the look of it, the cartoon wasn't finished. The movement suggested that

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 <a href="Pogo">Pogo</a>. 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 filmmakers' 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 of 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 ic. But the Homs fly to the neighboring planet, finding giant, headless statues. On the necks come to rest the glants' 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 <u>Barbarella</u> 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 ray 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

muddled idea of meditation, the Draags act like ordinary Europeans. We do get little glimpses of the flora and fauna as the hero passes them, and bits of Hom society in the wild, based on primitive human society. (Hom, spelled homme is "man" in French.)

## 

Did you know that approximately half the little sisters is the United States have big brothers? The rest have big sisters. Many have big parents as well, though small parents are common, and guardians are coming up fast. Parents come in two varieties: rich and nasty. (Ours are nasty.) Sisters also come in two varieties: silly and silly. All sisters, for some reason, are female. But strangely enough, there are no female brothers. All female brothers are sisters. Your loving brother, Sally.

### 

The New York Cultural Center ran about a dozen different programs of Hollywood cartoons, each program consisting of ten cartoons by one director. They showed one set of Disney cartoons and two sets of Fleischers, but most of the programs were devoted to the Warner's stable, Chuck Jones, Frank Tashlin, Bob Clampett, and Tex Avery. I regret that I did not see any of the Avery or Clampett programs, but I did see ten Tashlin and twenty Jones cartoons.

The Tashlin cartoons were amusing, especially the Daffy Duck ones. Many of the gags were references to current events (a parody of an Edward G. Robinson movie, a fuel shortage, a duel between Daffy and a Nazi siren) but in the main these were good but not obviously individual cartoons.

Watching the Chuck Jones cartoons, I could tell with some assurance that these cartoons were all directed by one man and written by another (almost every one was written by Michael Maltese.) They tended to have long, complex gags or series of gags, as in the Road Runner cartoons or the Inky cartoons. The Bugs Bunny cartoons often used the series, as in Long-Haired Hare. Bugs harasses an opera singer who doesn't appreciate Bugs' banjo. He slowly destroys Hollywood Bowl and the singer, finally by impersonating Leopold Stokowski.

Jones took the basic characters and transformed them into a satiric repertory company. Daffy played the heroes. His brashness invariably hid total incompetence. Porky became the sidekick, sardonic and contemptuous. Elmer Fudd would still be used as a villain occasionally, but in exaggeration, like in Beanstalk Bunny, in which Elmer is the giant. Bugs, though, stayed himself, even in Merry Olde Englande.

Jones also decreased the amount of background detail and angularized the drawing style. As early as 1943 in Aristo-cat, he was using abstract patterns, in this case to show speed and panic. By the time of What's Opera, Foc? Jones was using simplified drawing and great blocks of color to impart grandeur to his opera spoof.

But mostly Jones made me laugh my head off. Bugs and his cartoon cool, Daffy's delivery of such lines as, "You're dethth-pickable", the mynah bird's cosmic hop, Elmer's laugh just before he shoots, the coyote's face as he waits for the two rocks to smack together are among the funniest moments drawn on film. I really like Chuck Jones cartoons.

### 

God is an intelligible sphere, whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.

Alain de Lille, 12th cent.

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

# 

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 Bosustow 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."

# 

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.

He'll rob a girl, He'll rob a boy; He'll steal your ribbons, dolls, and socks. He'll even rob another fox.

He's the choice
Of nasty Fate
For the eternal
Reprobate -An M.A. from
The School of Knocks.

You know, I rather Like the fox.

### ZAPDIZZY

#### -- Moshe Feder

I'm not really especially knowledgable about the ins and outs of cinematic technique -- about average, I guess --- but I do know about SF, and more than that, I have definite, closely held opinions about both that genre and the aforementioned medium when they are used together in the creation of a Science Fiction film. So here I am, with Jerry's kind permission, about to risk making a fool of myself in print.

Each passing year sees the release of a increasing number of expensively produced Science Fiction futuristic and fantasy films. "Expensively produced" is of course meant in a relative sense (Westworld, for example, was a hell of a lot cheaper to make than 2001); but there is no question that whatever your standard of comparison, production values in this field have gone up tremendously and today's SF films, almost without exception, have all the slickness of the classic Hollywood product. For that reason, and for many other reasons about which I will not speculate now, SF films are gaining a wider audience and are making more money more dependably. Most of these new moneymakers are being made by people from outside of the little world of printed, genuine SF.

The most recent addition to this new tradition is John Boorman's Zardoz. And truly it can be called Boorman's, for, unfortunately, Boorman had the hubris to model himself on one of his idols, Kubrick, and involve himself in his film in all three primary areas; he not only directed Zardoz, he produced and, more significantly, wrote it as well. My gosh, even the great Stanley Kubrick condescended to take on Arthur C. Clarke asan assistant, but Boorman, sure that the cinematic deliverance of SF was to be found in self-sufficiency and one-man control, decided to do it all himself. I was unaware, before seeing Zardoz, of Boorman's being knowledgable about SF, and I was still unaware of it afterward. This movie has got the most banal of plots, and there is not even the compensation of a fresh treatment. At one point, believe it or not, he even rings in that old "there are some things men are not meant to know/do" line. What can you say? I groaned. Here, for what it's worth, is an ou line.

The story has a sketchy post-worldwide-catastrophe background, which is only partially filled in late in the film. The situation: An immortal intellectual elite is repressing and exploiting the rest of the population through an intermediary group of post-holocaust cossacks (called "exterminators"), who in turn are themselves controlled by one of the immortals in the guise of the humbug, floating-stone-head god,

Zardoz (that's "(wi)Zard(of)oz"). The heart of the matter: the immortals are jaded, bored and stagnant, and now long for a death that is literally locked away from them. Plot; one of their hairy, rifle-toting stooges (Zed, played by Sean Connery) stows away in the floating head, is kept by the immortals in the ortex (a totally meaningless use of the word by Boorman as far as I can make out—the verbal equivalent of a bank of flashing lights or a sizzling electrical arc) as an object of study and amusement, lusts after and finally wins one of the women of the Vortex (Consuela, played by Charlotte Rampling) and eventually provides the immortals with the return of death they desire. All this might be likened to many a classic of plot, but seems to me to be mainly a slight rearrangement, with some reversals, of the elements of Well's The Time Machine.

There are, of course, a number of other details and embellishments (mostly illogical and unnecessary) that Boorman throws in to make this silly fallen souffle of a film "richer." The whole sloppy mess is conveyed in as confusing, boring and tiresome a fashion as possible. He seems, for example, to have little conception of how quickly an audience can weary of watching an unexpressive actor wander through a cheap mirror maze. Although there are some interesting visual moments of a more conventional sort, I saw nothing in Zardoz that would cause me to support the claim of the many critics who have cited the film for redeeming special effects and visual values. I won't make such a claim. Not for a CO2-fog-enveloped, flying stone (read "papier mache") head on which I could see the suspending wires!

Boorman doesn'tseem to know quite what to do with his material. He obviously ran out of ideas pretty quickly, and at the end reverts to type with a bloody shootem-up on the lawn of the Vortex. At times his treatment is serious, with attempts at melodramatic suspense, at times it is satirical of our society, at other moments it approaches slapstick. Never does he arouse our sense of wonder. Any single one of these approaches almost certainly would have worked alone; used together so ineptly, they destroy any believability the situation and story might have had, and put Zardoz at a farther remove from the viewer, making empathy with the characters and involvement of any sort more difficult.

Boorman tries to get out from under with a tacked on prologue assuring us that the film is supposed to be the confused mess it is and that it is supposed to be funny in spots. But he doesn't get away with it. The film is funniest when it doesn't intend to be. Finally it fails for the same reason most mass media SF fails -- its maker just doesn't know enough about SF or how to handle it. I wish someone had told Boorman that point blank, before he began wasting his time on Zardoz.

### 

More from Moshe: "I don't know if it's my insensitivity or his lack of talent, but I have a lot of trouble seeing Connery as anything or anybody but superspy James Bond. The effect for me here of bringing a character from one fantasy into another very different kind of imaginary milieu is one of clashing dissonance, like having Batman turn up in Camelot or Bilbo Baggins in Time Enough For Love. I'm curious to know if any of you reading this shared that reaction. Hmmmn, PNAZZAY PLANCIS NOWIAN AND ZAN John Boorman's "James Bond in the 23rd Century"?!

# 

Things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't have his morning cup of coffee without running into great gaping mobs. Damn the entire movie industry! Why must they set up their equipment in front of my favorite Chock Full O' Nuts? And at lunch hour?

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 <a href="How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying">How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying</a>. 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 seem 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 Pompeli 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 is ead did he play? My mind conjures up vague images of a young mental patient: but they are vague, and exceedingly unmemorable.

- 2. I didn't know that Wally Cox once roomed with Marlon Brando, and am wildly grateful for the information.
- 3. Table cloths at the Automat? You're mad.

The length of this letter makes up for several that I didn't write you last year at George School, when, I admit, I neglected you most inexcusably. Even then, however, I thought of you occasionally; during bouts of indigestion especially, at which times you would run through my mind like a bad rock-and-roll tune, singing at the top of your voice. Now and then you would stop, open a large tome entitled, Interesting Facts About the Pulse Rate of T. E. Lawrence, and begin to read aloud.

Ken Tompkins, 7-8-66

# 

Charles Platt wrote and mentioned that he had counted the wordage of David Gerrold's The Man Who Folded Himself and found it under 40,000 words. Hence it should be a novella, not a novel. This isn't true of the Locus Poll, which is balled on pages, not wordage but is true of the Hugo and Nebula awards. I've written Jay Haldeman for a clarification.

Locus156

[[Why ask him? He didn't.type it.]]

#### 

Recently, Locus ran a review of The Spanish Inquisition. Either the review was a particularly intriguing one, or the Thomas Nelson Co. is as unselective as an sf editor with the dozen anthologies to fill by Friday. In any case, this New York publisher has placed SpanInq on its mailing list. They have not gone so far as to mail me books; I believe that the days of massive book mailings to fanzine editors is at an end, victim to the paper shortage. No, Thomas Nelson has simply sent me and this fanzine a book jacket. In order to show my good faith and gratitude, I am reviewing it.

The front cover is a basic black. In the upper left corner in white is the word, "CRISIS". In orange below it are the words, "Ten original stories of science fiction" In the bottom left corner, in a mucher paler orange, are the names of the authors, arranged alphabetically from JF Bone to Robert Silverberg. Directly to the right of this final name, in white again, appear the final words, "Roger Elwood, Editor." In the center of all this intensely balanced typeface is a lavender set of squiggles not resembling much of anything. Perhaps it represents a crisis of some sort.

The inside front jacket contains brief, uninviting, single-sentence descriptions of stories, and another list of authors' names, this time apparently in order of their magnitude (although Ray Russell's name appears last.) \$5.95, the price, seems a bit stiff for a book jacket, but I suppose it must be for the whole book. Having had my little joke. I move on to the inside rear.

There are a few words about Roger Elwood, terse ones about his current projects, and almost nothing about Elwood himself. The copy refers to him as being considered, "one of the most active editors in the field." This is undebatable, but rather cool. Elwood's activities in publishing, besides the sf work, is in the religious and inspirational areas. (At the bottom of the page is the jacket credit, given to Dan Quest.)

The back cover is bright orange with black lettering. "More Science Fiction", it says, listing Silverberg and Carr anthologies with lists of authors, a hopeful advertising move. (One of the titles is Worldsof Maybe, possibly better known under its alternate title, Worlds of Comme si, Comme ca.)

The spine is creased from being stuffed into an envelope.

Crisis, as a book jacket, is uninviting to the eye and unrevealing to the mind. If the insides, which I have not seen, are accurately reflected by the outsides, then there is little to recommend it.

SHEEP IN THE WAINSCOTTING ... a letter column

Gary Goldstein, who worked on "The Legend of John Henry":

The animation industry is in a sad state of affairs. It is just so expensive that quality is too often sacrii ed. Even Disney studios are taking short cuts that were unheard of when Disney was alive. Some animation sequences in "Robin Hood" were "lifted" from "The Aristocats." The best things being done are often student works because they are labors of love (and they contain short cuts because of material costs) My ten-minute film is budgeted at \$13,000.00 for full animation -- and out of that the wages for talent is set at the lowest subsistence level. Most is material costs: cels, paint, film, camera rental, sound equipment, dubbing, ad infinitum.

The public has very unsophisticated taste when it comes to animation. The "magic" of the movement -- any movement, is enough to enthrall them. And that's why Hanna-Barbera is a big force in the industry today. Well, I could go on griping for pages ...

/Please do, sometime./

From a later letter from Gary:

Yesterday I saw a Tex Avery cartoon festival. He directed really bizarre stuff. However, seeing all those shorts back-to-back made obvious the short cuts taken even during the "golden age." Jokes & animation sequences were used & reused. Many times. And, if you're familiar with Tex Avery, you begin to realize that he had a "Red Riding Hood" hang up.

Moshe Feder, who is our guest writer:

It's been said many times that the proper approach to publishing fandom is to be a fanwriter first and a faned second. THE SPANISH INQUISITION well serves to prove the wisdom of that advice. It makes very pleasant reading, and aside from the few direct references to CAPRA, might well be taken for the first issue of an excellent non-apa personalzine. I hope this will be the first of many fanzine issues for you and it's an honor and a pleasure to be the source of your first (non-apa) loc.

I get the impression that Ken Tompkins is not a fan -- but he ought to be! The excerpts from his letter fall squarely in the mainstrean tradition of classic, informal faanish writing, and I'm sorely tempted to do some second generation quotation and use a couple of these as interlineations or fillers in PLACEBO. You yourself, by the way, are not overshadowed in the way of good fanwriting and the quality of your short biographical piece and your account of your visit to the Moose, lead me to wonder why

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.

#### SUZLECOL

Hi! The last time I wrote Suzlecol was when I was stlll 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 stendilling 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 ar older brother who was thoughtful and amusing, he was already away at college, then to various and sundry sleezy 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 sleezy, 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 "low 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 <a href="SpanIng">SpanIng</a>. 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,

where he was gently hitting at my frenetic use of parentheses (he seemed to think I use too many), when I was 14 or 15 and madly involved in the wonderful world of ABC-Warner Brothers.

None of this has anything whatever to do with films, but perhaps in the next issue, I can comment on the Apa and a few films in general.

And now for something completely different.....

Listen, Moshe, baby, I had a great deal of difficulty refraining from comment on your Zardoz article as I was typing it up. I liked Zardoz quite a bit for a variety of reasons and thought your reasons for disliking it were not really valid.

I liked the way it <u>looked</u>, I liked the fact that the first 30 minute Confusion was explained before the end of the film (that is, I don't think a bit of incomprehension is bad if it is well-explained by the end of the film; it can, in fact, be a fine asset), I thought the acting exemplary by everyone involved.

I'm not saying Zardoz is the perfect SF film, and surely Boorman, as a mainstream director (he really isn't actually, if you've seen anything else he's done) could never do the "perfect" SF film for which we SF fans are always hoping. I don't mean to compromise here, just to realistic. Zardoz presented some given, basic, or simplistic, if you insist, SF concepts, but I think it does it very well, more than entertainly, meaningfully and it is visually exciting and somewhat thought provoking. [However, I am also a firm believer in the very old phrase -- "To each his own," so I would never insist someone like a film I do because everyone sees something different. But misunderstanding is another thing.]

I'm sorry, Moshe, if you have an inability to distinguish an actor from his role, but, barring unusual circumstances, this is your fault, not the actor's. I winced at your "I can can only see Sean Connery as James Bond" comment and instantly imagined someone saying, "Gee, I just can't see Laurence Olivier as King Lear, sir 'I just keep seeing him as Hamlet." This may be rather strong, but Connery is really a fine actor, I think I must have seen him in a few more diverse parts than you, and having thought it through carefully, he is perfect in Zardoz. A younger man simply would not do, the age is a good factor and he is quite large and powerful and this too is important. Of course he seems "unemotional" through most of the film, to be anything else would be really bad interpretation of the role, and inappropriate to the film.

Well, I won't go on, but, although I did look away at the violent scenes, I enjoyed Zardoz thoroughly and will probaly see it at least once more.

Until next issue,

Suzle

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I don't have enough mailing comments to go for another two pages, so I am restricting myself to the bottom of this page. Cinematic is noted. Hank and Lesleigh turn in about half the apa, I see. Hank, my notebook is more than just a listing, being comments, quibbles, etc, but still not a series of reviews. Lesleigh, I've seen the first hour of Bride of Frankenstein twice and the last fifteen minutes once, on three different occasions. Norm, Abel Gance says, "For me, a spectator who maintains his critical sense is not a spectator. I want the audience to come out of the theatre amazed victims, completely won over, emerging from paradise to find, alas, the hell of the street." An incomplete and oblique answer to your comments on film reality. Hello to Murray and Mike. On SpanIng, I hope it arrived in each little mailslot, and, by the way, we finally got the hanging lamp hung. I type by its light.