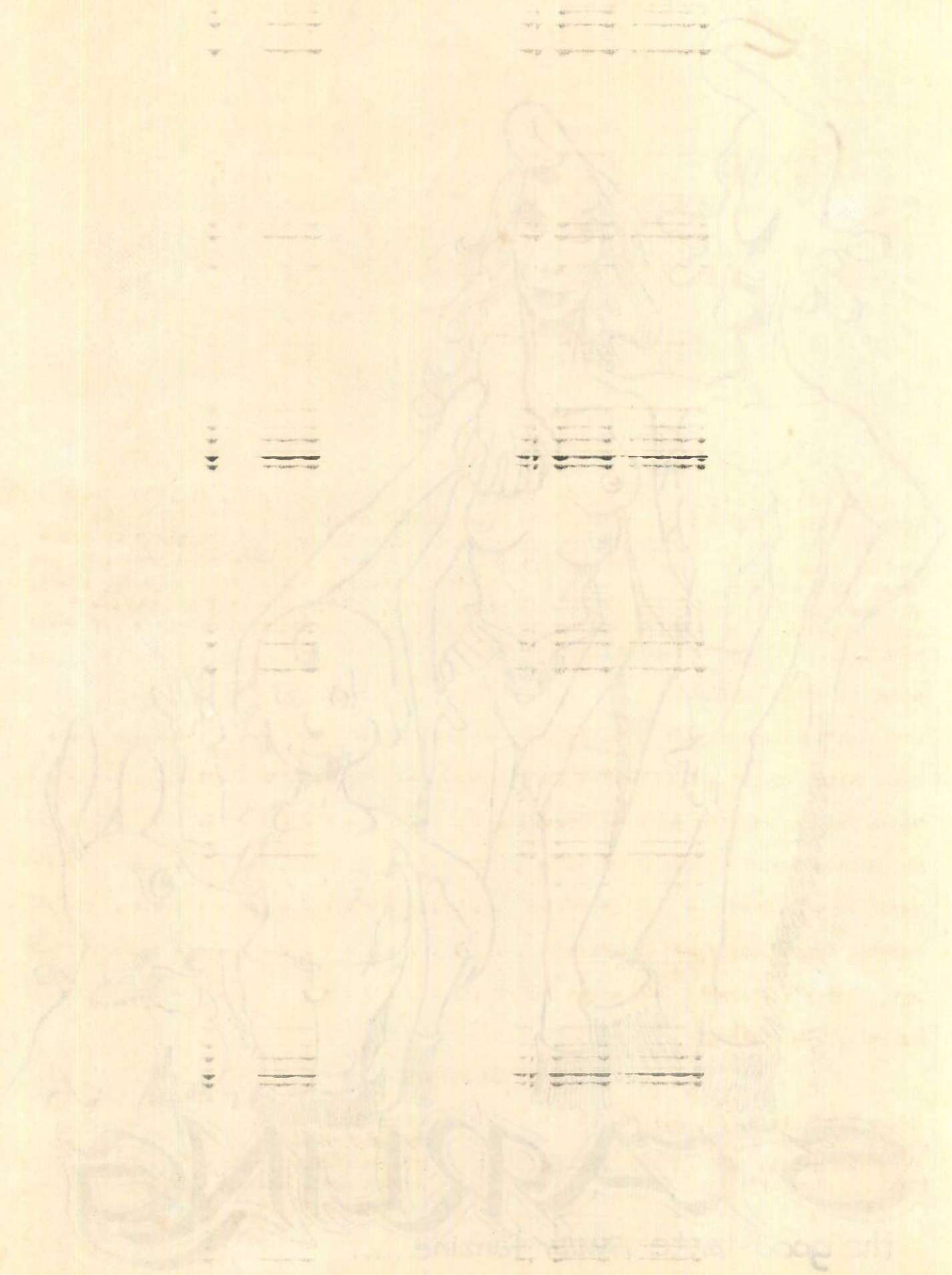


# STARLING

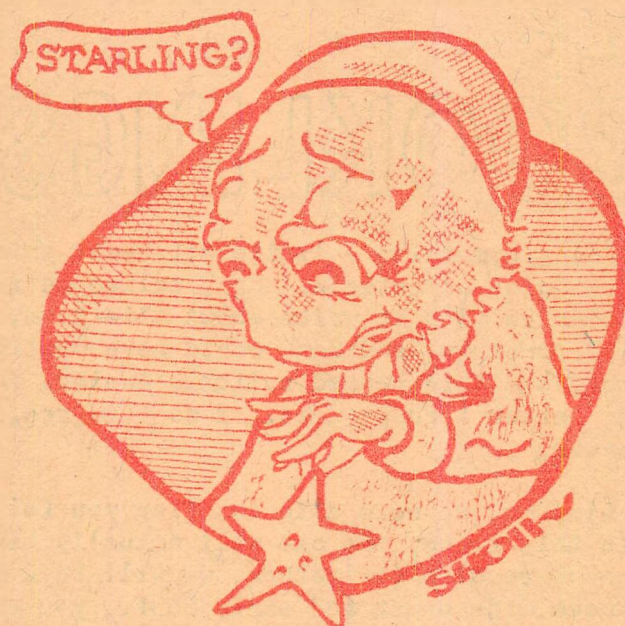
the good-taste FAMILY fanzine.....





The good little boy





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backcover -- Tom Foster

#### INTERIOR ARTWORK

Grant Canfield 5, 20, 22, 26, 29	James Shull 2, 6
George Foster 24	Joe Staton 17
Doug Lovenstein 28	Dan Steffan 9
Bill Rotsler 13	layout and editorial designs
	Hank Luttrell



# <sup>3</sup> LESLEIGH'S NOTEBOOKKLINGS

You will notice we are doing something a little different this time -- I am writing the editorial and Hank is doing an article. Hank talked me into this because I didn't have anything in particular in mind to write about this time, and he did. I suppose I could have come up with something and Hank could have mentioned most of what he had to say in "Notebookklings", but this seemed a little easier. Anyway, Hank thinks I write this sort of thing better than he does. I don't agree, so you will probably see Hank back here next quarter.

As you can see by the colophon, we were able to bring you (at great expense and effort) our change of address in this issue. No one will actually be living there until Sept. 5, but as we won't be anywhere else (or rather, we will be a lot of other places -- more on that later) between mid-August and early Sept., you are invited to send your cards and letters of comment and other non-urgent communications to that address. I'm sure the Post Office would rather you sent them here, so that they would have a better chance of losing them before getting them to us in Madison, but you wouldn't want to give them that pleasure, would you? If you have any urgent mail, it can be gotten to Hank after Aug. 15, in care of the Columbia slant shack, at 1109 Pacquin St., Columbia, Mo. 65201, or handed to either of us at LACon.

As you can see by our new address, we are moving to Madison, Wisc. We don't know of any fans up there, so we will be able to repeat our feat of creating a great fan center from nothing, as we did here in Columbia. (That is not exactly true; Creath Thorne and Jim Turner were already in Columbia when we moved here, and we just had to keep them interested in fandom. So if you know of any fans in Madison, you might send us their name and address.) Neither of us had ever been in Madison, or even in Wisconsin before we went up there last May to look for an apartment. We found the mid-May weather quite warm, but the new leaves on the trees indicate that their spring comes considerably later than ours. The city itself reminds me of Columbia, in some ways. It is quite a large place, about twice as large as Columbia, but it is pretty much a college town, since the University of Wisconsin - Madison is one of the largest Universities in the country. Madison is also the state capital, so it is rather like a combination of Columbia and Jefferson City. It is a more attractive city than Columbia, with 4 or 5 good-sized lakes in or near the city (the campus fronts on a really beautiful lake, and downtown Madison is on a thin strip of land between two lakes.) It is perhaps a little bigger than we are used to or would like, but the added size means one more television station, about 3 times as many free and cheap movies, and a great many more student oriented businesses. Most importantly for me, there are fantastic facilities in the Anthropology department for Physical Anthropology, which is my field. The school doesn't have quite the same reputation in Physical Anthropology as does, say, U. of California - Berkeley or U. of Michigan - Ann Arbor. But I think in a few years, it will have quite a good reputation. The fact that it does not now means that there aren't quite as many graduate students as there are the better known schools, and I think I would prefer to be in a smaller department where I could work more closely with the professors (you must understand that in Physical Anthropology, large is 50 or 60 students and small may be as few as 3 or 4 -- they will have 10 or 15 at Madison). I have already been impressed by the friendliness and helpfulness of the professor I have had most of my contact with. And the school seemed very anxious to get me; they had already written to tell me I was accepted in February and promised to give me a Teaching Assistantship if I did not get the University Fellowship they had recommended me for. (I did get the fellowship.) That kind of thing makes me feel pretty good about



moving there, even though I will really miss Missouri and I know the actual move itself will be an incredible hassle.

I told you how to get in touch with Hank in the next month or so, but it will be a lot harder to get in touch with me, since I will be spending 3 weeks in Australia. Yes, I won the DUFF contest, and I really want to thank everyone who voted for me, and in fact, everyone who voted at all since I am spending your money to represent American fandom in Australia. I will be Guest of Honor at the Syncon (Aug. 11-13), and will have to make a speech there, and probably do a few other official type things. I can't guarantee I'll do that very well, since it will be my first time on a program at a convention, but I hope I won't do anything to make American fandom ashamed of me. I can't see how I can help but have a good time, even without Hank, since everyone is so friendly. I have received about half a dozen letters offering me places to stay in Australia, so I imagine I will spend most of my time visiting fans, in Melbourne, Sydney and possibly Adelaide. And I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Robin Johnson in print for the great deal of help he has given me. Robin arranged for my ticket (at a cost considerably lower than I would have been able to get) and has been extremely nice about answering all my questions about Australia and overseas travel (this will be the first time I have been overseas, and thus I didn't know a whole lot about Passports, visas, customs and all the other things established by governments to make it difficult to visit your friends who don't happen to live in your country.) I'm sure with as competent a person as Robin in charge of travel arrangements for the Australia in '75 committee, any American or other foreign fan who plans to go there for the convention in 1975 will have no trouble.

With my DUFF trip and a few other things, our plans for the rest of the summer are a little bit complicated. I will be leaving for Australia on Aug. 6 (giving me a few days to recuperate in Sydney before the convention), and returning on Aug. 29, in time for LACon. Hank will be living here until Aug. 15 (when our lease runs out), he is quitting work on Aug. 11 (Terry Hughes has already quit, so the Columbia Fishwashers Association will be quite reduced in membership.) I guess he will be staying with Terry at the address given above for a few days, and then he will be going up to Madison to register me on Aug. 21. Shortly after that, Hank, Terry, Chris Couch and Claudia Parish will be leaving Columbia for Bubonican and will hopefully get to L.A. in time to meet me at the airport. Then we will tour Los Angeles for a few days (Hank really wants to visit Universal studios) and attend the LACon. I will have to fly to Madison right after that, having already missed a week of school, due to the brand new calendar that the U. of Wisconsin and almost every other school in the country has adopted. I will have to stay in our empty new apartment for about a week, before Hank arrives, having driven back from Los Angeles, collected all our stuff in Missouri, and driven up to Madison. Hopefully we will be settled in by the end of September, and the October issue of Starling will not be affected by all this activity.

We have already been to some conventions this summer, as some of you know. Nearly everyone from Arnold and Columbia, except Jim Turner, went to Midwestcon. I enjoyed this year's con quite a bit for several reasons. It is always nice when my parents go to a convention with us, partly because we really enjoy their company, and partly because then we don't have to spend a lot of time telling everyone why they aren't there. And huckstering was especially nice this year because they put the hucksters in the same room as the registration desk, and not off in a corner by ourselves as last year. And the cool weather meant that all but a few very foolhardy people spent most of the convention indoors, mostly in the hucksters room. So we were able to talk to quite a few people. Some of the people we especially enjoyed talking to; It is always nice to talk to Bob Tucker. This year besides selling his books, Hank was able to do Bob another 'good' turn. A couple of female science fiction readers had wandered

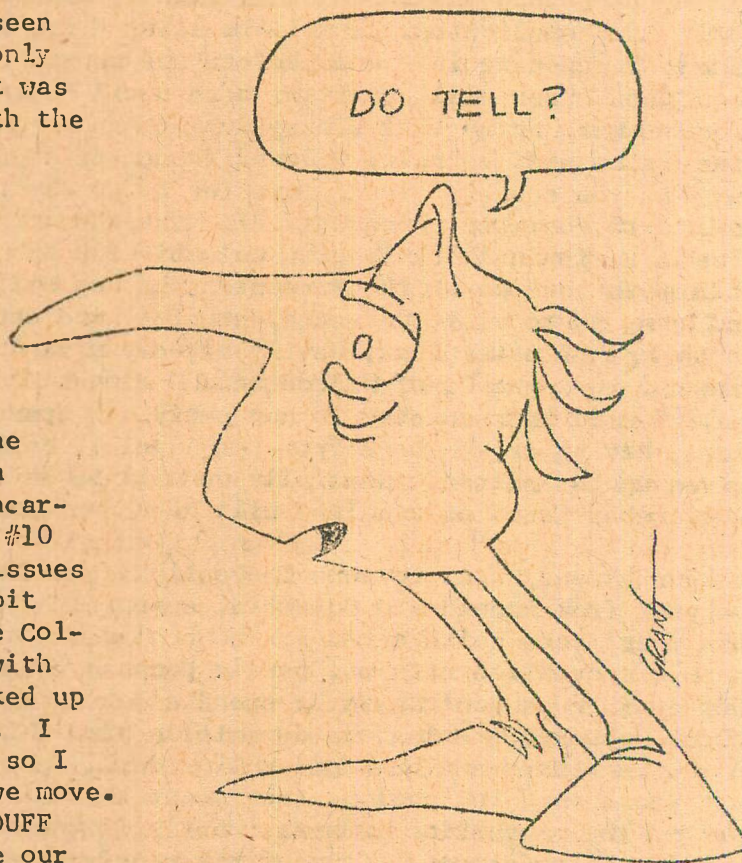


<sup>5</sup>  
into the con, and they asked Hank if there were really any sf authors at that 'club'. Hank told them sure and introduced them to Tucker. We also talked to the Coulsons some; we talked to Juanita about her Gothics (we will have a lot of copies of Door into Terror for sale at LACon), and we noticed Bruce's snazzy new clothes which he said he bought in Milwaukee. (apparently such things aren't sold in Hartford City). The Whites were also there. It was nice to see them again -- we hadn't seen Ted since the '70 Midwestcon or Robin since St. Louiscon. And of course we had never met Kitten before. She seemed quite a nice little girl, and amused herself coloring in every page of Terry's notebook (so of course he couldn't take any notes for a Midwestcon report). We also saw the Glicksohns. Mike told us that he wouldn't be able to make Bubonicon, and said it would be all right with him if Hank took his place as Guest of Honor, but I don't think Bob Vardeman agreed. (We thought that would be nice, since it would have meant we both would have been Goh at conventions this summer, and thus couldn't be jealous of the other one. Well, at least Hank's Bubonicon attendance will match my presence at Syncon and keep us even on the number of conventions we have attended.) I especially enjoyed meeting and talking to Susan Glicksohn. We talked a lot about comics and mysteries, much to the horror of some of the science fiction fans who were standing around our huckster table during that conversation.

We also went to PeCon for a little while, but after one evening we decided we had really better spend what was actually our last free weekend of the summer visiting our parents in St. Louis, so I really can't tell you anything about the con (except that Jim Turner apparently had a good time.)

This will be our last Starling to be published in Columbia, and thus is the end of about the fourth incarnation of this fanzine. I don't suppose very many of you have seen all four kinds of Starlings -- even I only saw the first incarnation long after it was published and was barely acquainted with the second. But I guess most of you don't even know what I am talking about.

Starling was started in 1964 by Tim Eklund and Hank Luttrell. Eklund was only associated with it for two issues, and then the zine was edited by Hank alone in issues 3-9 (Joe Sanders started writing his column with issue #7.) Thus we have the Eklund-Luttrell incarnation (mostly fan fiction) and the Luttrell by himself incarnation. I became co-editor with issue #10 in July, 1967, and the Luttrell-Couch issues were 10-13. That's when I began my habit of writing an article every issue. The Columbia, Luttrell-Luttrell issues began with #14 (and end with this issue). We picked up Jim with #14, Juanita and Angus in #16. I am pretty proud of this run of issues, so I don't think we will change much after we move. I will continue to write articles (my DUFF report will begin next issue) and while our columnists may change a little (we are looking for a few new writers if you are interested) Starling will probably stay pretty much as you've known and loved her these last 3 years.





# WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL



+Joe

Sander+

Several of the recent pressures that kept me from doing this column regularly have evaporated. Some new ones have appeared, though. And I've been rather disheartened by recent obtuse comments in STARLING's letter column and by Ted Sturgeon's N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW essay that discusses new developments in science fiction and urges people to buy CLARION as an example of what's happening. So why bother to voice my opinions when the big guns can drown me out utterly? So why bother to write for people who frequently miss my point altogether? At this point in time it seems important to define again what I think I'm doing here.

Do I, for example, consider myself reviewer or critic? Actually, both, at different times. All readers have opinions about the worth of what they read; some readers tell their judgements to other people, while others try to communicate by writing. And some readers try to read carefully and to explain thoroughly what they've found in their reading. There seems to me to be an unbroken progression from reader to reviewer to critic. But I think skills in reading and writing are worth developing. So maybe, sometimes, when I see enough and get it on paper well enough, I'm a critic.

As a reader-reviewer-critic, or whatever, I do try to read carefully. That doesn't mean dissecting the book as I go along, but giving myself to the experience of the story as much as I can, trusting the author to make the whole thing work. If, when I'm done, the book has worked, I try, in recommending it, to thoroughly explain why; if not, I try to give it the same scrutiny. In understanding a book's success or failure, I sometimes analyze the book by itself -- sometimes compare it to others, in whole or part -- sometimes try to place it in a wider literary or social context. The method varies with the book. Jackson Pollack said that every painting had a life of its own and he tried to let it live that life. Just so, the reader-critic's task is to let each book live its life in him. If it can.

The point is, always, to answer the questions: Did it work? Why? Of course I realize that my answers may not convince other people, that for some reason I may be in-



capable of responding to what a book does. But only if I present my evaluation, with supporting reasons, as honestly as I can, will readers be able to evaluate my opinions. So that's what I try to do.

As in the case of CLARION. Despite Sturgeon and despite the thing's evidently good sales (there's a CLARION II on the stands), I still think it stinks. And I think my review holds together as an explanation of that collection's failure. That collection, understand -- not the idea of science fiction writing classes, not the future of the writers involved, not the career of the blurbwriter -- the failure of CLARION.

As other readers join the discussion, adding their differing evaluations of CLARION, John Brunner, etc., I must further clarify my position, to them and to myself. (That's something I haven't been able to do lately, partly because of the pressures I mentioned earlier. Sorry.) If I can't make my position clear, I'd better give thought to changing it. I expect the same effort at fairness from other readers, other critics. If we don't care enough about what we read to give other people whatever benefit they can get from our opinions, we might as well go watch TV somewhere, alone.

And I suppose I'll keep writing this column for the same reason that I sometimes get discouraged. I care; books and writing matter to me. Sure, I get irritated at bad books and stupid letters. I care about language. It bothers me to watch people who can't write efficiently or read coherently. It bothers me when I fail to make sense, too. And so I'll keep trying to make myself understood and to help other readers see more clearly what they read.

And now I suppose, with that off my chest, that I'd better get back to reviewing books.

\* \* \* \*

THE DAKOTA PROJECT, by Jack Beeching. Dell, 95¢.

You probably won't find THE DAKOTA PROJECT in the science fiction section of the newsstand. I finally located it among the standardized mainstream novels. Not the best-sellers in the wire/cardboard displays or the serious constructive sex books that exhibit themselves; THE DAKOTA PROJECT was hung in the wall racks that look like frozen chunks of assembly line. I bothered to search for it because Tom McGrath, poet laureate of North Dakota, mentioned that Beeching was an interesting writer and that he too had served time in Fargo.

Coming to it with that background, I enjoyed the novel. But what is there about it to interest readers who don't know anything about Beeching, McGrath, or Fargo? Well, for one thing, perhaps Beeching's book can serve as one example of the mainstream-speculative novels that seem to flash by at the edge of our vision: all those novels featuring narrow, short-range extrapolations about military takeovers, political double-crosses, wonder drugs, etc., set just tomorrow or in some unfamiliar corner of now. Beeching's novel shows virtues and flaws that probably aren't atypical of the breed.

In its basic idea for one thing. The cover blurb states "You will never guess the secret"; that's not quite so. I suspected it from the first pages, felt fairly certain a few pages later. For those who object to having a mystery revealed in a review, I won't explain any further, but I think you'd guess soon too. It isn't a new idea. Not in science fiction. But Beeching treats the idea as if it were new. He seems to be genuinely interested in His Secret. And that, in its way, is a virtue. The sense of wonder, after all, amounted pretty much to the same thing -- the writer's interest in what to him was a new idea.

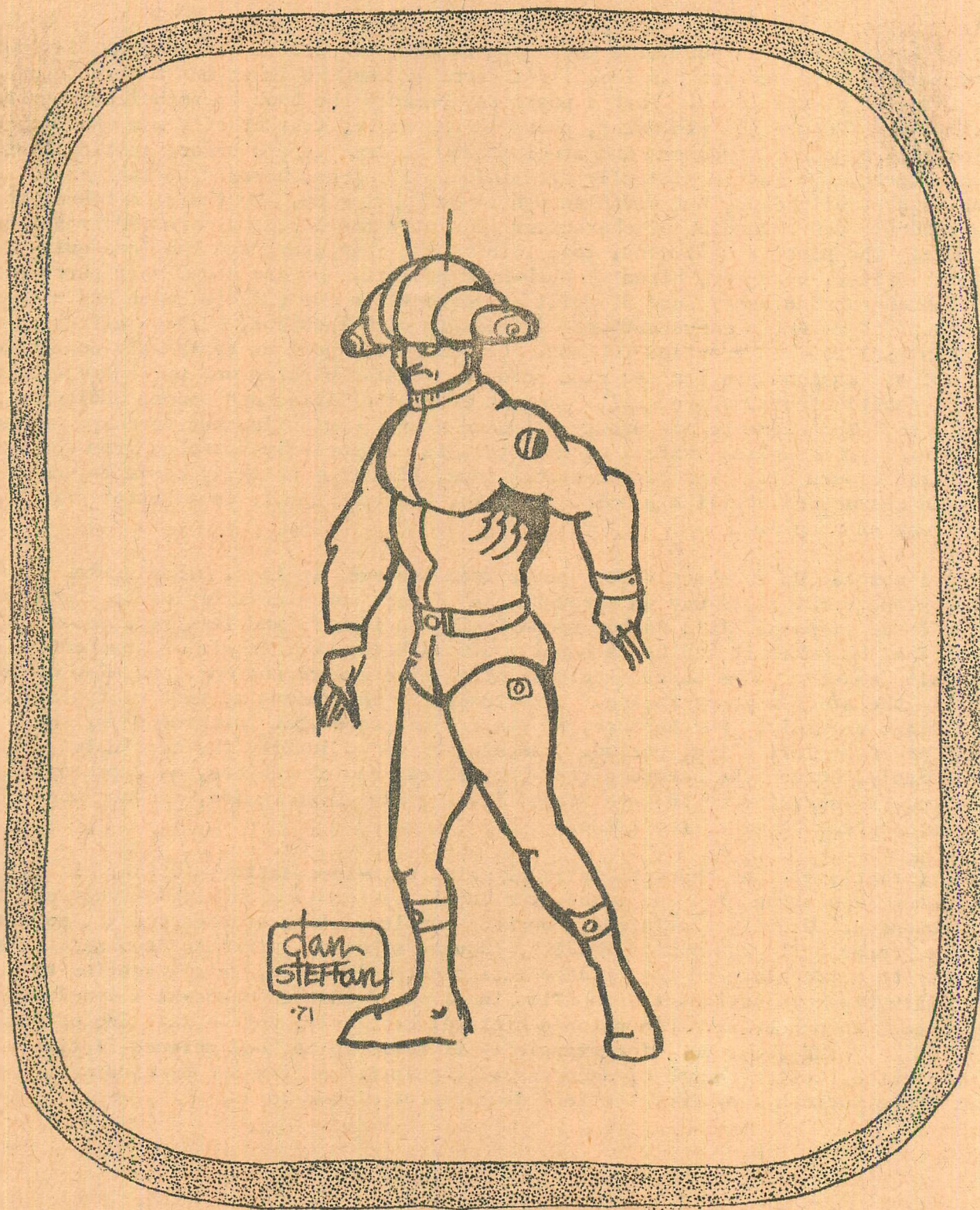


Let me leave myself an out while moving on to the next point. If Beeching is familiar enough with sf to realize his idea isn't terribly new, he is at least able to create the illusion of freshness. That's possible, because the book is technically quite well done. The overall viewpoint, shown in the style, is that of a man who picks up objects in a pair of tweezers and studies them at arms length before setting them down. Acute, but rather playfully disdainful. It works, here. The background setting is sketchily done, but vivid enough to be convincing. By the same token, though the reader's understanding of characters is pretty shallow, they are convincing to be with. The plot is well done, too, joining the characters and The Idea quite deftly. English writer, narrator, hired by hush-hush project. No one knows what purpose is. Englishman carries heavy load of guilt -- responsible for child's death and wife's insanity. Strikes up conversational friendship with lesbians, lust -- affection with Mexican girl Project provides for sex. Narrator very good at apparently nonsensical promotional assignments for new food product. Begins working way up in Project, discovers ghastly truth. More guilt. Accept responsibilities and become whole man again? Etc. The elements are pretty standard stuff, obviously, but Beeching handles them well. The English writer, as narrator, is convincingly detached from what's happening around him. Yet conversations sound like they actually could be spoken, and the characters act like people. In fact, Beeching simply is a better writer than many sf people.

Up to a point. Up to about fifty pages from the end, in fact. That's when the narrator stops working his way up through the Project and starts trying to shoot his way off the grounds. It's rather unconvincing in itself, and it's more unconvincing still that he makes it and heads happily off with the Mexican girl. Apparently, Beeching felt he needed some tension-releasing violence toward the end, and also wanted to give the story a happy ending. Unfortunately, this means he must manipulate his characters terribly. Furthermore, if the Project were what Beeching says, the hero would never be left alive, period. Beeching tries to justify the conclusion, but only feebly. Given the nature of the Project and the characters, as Beeching sets them up, the narrator would have stayed inside, been kept inside, or been murdered very soon after he made it outside.

Perhaps that's another characteristic of mainstream-speculative fiction. In their narrow extrapolation of a few ideas, the novels can project only relatively simple consequences. Usually that's not a serious problem, since stories are set so close to the present. In THE DAKOTA PROJECT, though, since the narrator demonstrates his ability to extrapolate on the strange assignments given him, it's upsetting to see the disturbing projections thrown aside in favor of another chase-kill conclusion. We've seen enough evasions in science fiction, certainly, but -- thinking of Tucker's YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, for example -- it seems to me that science fiction writers have a rather better record of carrying extrapolation to its own conclusions. We are less prone to look away from the full development of our ideas.







# VIDEO SCIENCE FICTION + Chris Couch +

The following is part of some research I've been doing into television history, specifically the history of science fiction on television. I hope that someday it will see professional print of one sort or another. Television is a difficult area to do research in; it's so, you know, ephemeral. This piece includes just the beginning of research, what can be found in the more available periodicals. I'd like to do deeper research, perhaps including doing interviews and viewing kinescopes eventually. But this is probably all there'll be for a while anyway, and I hope you find it interesting in the meantime.

\* \* \*

## Selling Cereals: Space Opera for the Kids

It was probably only logical that Science Fiction should begin on television with programs that were much like the movie serials of the 30's and 40's. These serials had perhaps been the most popular type of filmed science fiction, drawing crowds of fascinated children to the theatres, and it was only reasonable to assume that these same crowds could be made to tune in similar entertainment at home. Not only was this sort of thing guaranteed to be popular, but the structural similarity between the television series and the serial made it almost inevitable that it would appear.

The first of these Space-Opera serials was "Captain Video", which premiered on the small Dumont network in June, 1949. The Captain was a do-gooder who travelled about the Solar System in his rocketship X-9, fighting villains and righting wrongs. Originally played by Richard Coogan, a Broadway actor, the role was taken over in 1951 by Al Hodges, who had been the Green Hornet on radio. Produced live in a New York studio filled with carpentry and wiring, the show appeared five days a week at 7 pm. It seems to have been a tremendous strain on the actors, not only because of its scheduling, but also because of the fast pace deemed needed to hold the attention of its young audience. The fast pace and action tended to verge on incoherence. The Captain had agents all over the Solar System, and the scenes would shift rapidly among them as they battled such villains as Hing Foo Sung, a wiley Oriental, the sinister Dr. Pauli, Dr. Zodiac and his mirage maker, or Hawkman and his inept partner Clumsy McGee. One of these agents would, conveniently, be operating in the West, and he would appear as a seven-minute clip from an old cowboy movie in the middle of the show. The series was tremendously popular and, as well as selling a lot of Post's Sugar Crisps, was also responsible for the sale of such things as comic strips, lots of Captain Video toys, and even, strangely enough, a Captain Video serial.

"Space Patrol", in contrast to both "Captain Video" and the later "Tom Corbett", was produced on a former movie lot in Hollywood. It appeared on ABC at 11 am Saturday morning, and was live on the West Coast, appearing via kinescope on affiliate stations. "Space Patrol" was the creation of Mike Moser, a navy veteran, and he at first wrote all the scripts. The hero of "Space Patrol" was Commander Buzz Corry, who policed Outer Space in the 30th Century for the United Planets of the Universe. "Space Patrol" was as much space opera as "Captain Video", and because it was set farther in the future was perhaps even less careful about its science. Typical episodes included exciting action like Comm. Corry overcoming a pirate spaceship (identifiable by its jolly roger), or doing battle with an evil inter-planetary dictator whose 'agra ray' could create Supermen. "Space Patrol" had a larger, better developed cast of characters, including Carol, daughter of the Secretary-General of the United Planets who was regularly rescued and who provided a "kissless love interest", something never seen on either "Captain Video" or "Tom Corbett". "Space Patrol" likewise enjoyed a great



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deal of popularity. Some 30 spin-off items were created and sold to the kids, about \$40 million worth in 1952. The sponsor, Ralston-Purina, built a 35 foot long, \$30,000 model of the "Space Patrol" rocket which toured the country on a truck trailer.

The best of the serials was probably "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet" which opened on CBS in Oct. 1950, moving to ABC in Jan. 1951. It was produced live in New York, appearing three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 6:30 - 6:45 pm. Tom Corbett and his sidekicks are attending Space Academy in the year 2352, training for the Solar Guard. They travel about in their rocket, the Polaris, maintaining peace on the colonized planets and exploring the possibility of colonizing others. The elements that placed "Tom Corbett" a notch above either "Captain Video" or "Space Patrol" were the fact that they tried for as much scientific accuracy as possible and the fact that their stories were usually built around the menaces found in space itself, rather than an assortment of mad scientists. Such villains as did appear were thieves and claim-jumpers and corrupt politicians. The scientific background was provided in part by an ID who was a moonlighting script writer, but was mostly due to the fact that Willy Ley, the German-born rocket authority, was technical advisor to the program. Ley generally tried to work the writers' story ideas into reasonably plausible form, to provide feasible locations and proper backgrounds. This was also helped by George Gould, the director, who developed a method of electronic superimposition that helped overcome the limits of live production. For example, in an episode which takes place on a planet which resembles earth of one million years ago, it made it possible to have live monsters -- a two-inch turtle on a mud flat made of Wheatena, and a three-inch Mississippi alligator lying on a paper rock -- and have them appear on the screen simultaneously with the actors.

Though more accurate, the scripts for "Tom Corbett" were probably not much better written than those for the other shows. After landing on the Mesozoic planet, Tom and his crew crouched around a giant footprint painted on the floor of the studio. "Great Rings of Saturn!" exclaimed one of the cadets, "What do you make of it, Tom?"

"Looks like a footprint to me," Tom Corbett said.

"Tom Corbett" was intensely popular. "The Kellogg people feel that 'Corbett' is the best sales vehicle in the cereal market ever," said one of their advertising agency executives. Some 50 spin-off items were already on the market by Christmas 1951.

These early shows seem to have been a lot of fun, and tried to be non-violent, at least to some extent. Almost no one was killed on them, the villains being taken care of by paralyzing guns of one sort or another; "Space Patrol" even went so far as to brainwash and rehabilitate its bad guys. They are fondly remembered by most people I've talked to that watched them as children, and while I'm sure that even kids would laugh at them today, they certainly must have been great things for one's sense of wonder when they were in their heyday.

#### Getting a Wider Audience: The First Dramas

After the child-oriented serials had proven themselves to be tremendous successes, to the delight of sponsor and network alike, the next step was to attempt to make televised SF appeal to a larger audience. In the next few years, three programs that featured more adult stories, with the accent on drama, appeared on the small screen. The first one was "Out There" which opened on CBS in Oct. 1951. "Although we fly through space, we're more concerned in mechanization's probable effects on human beings," said the producer, John Haggott. CBS considered it something of a showcase and spent \$10,000 per program, mostly for special effects. "Out There" was more concerned with the solid science fictional aspects of its stories than was "Tales of Tomorrow", an



anthology series that premiered in August 1951. "Tales" featured shows dealing<sup>12</sup> with characters with psi talents and Martians, as well as programs about outer space. At first, the episodes were adaptations by regular tv writers of published science fiction stories. Later the show began featuring adaptations of classics which tended to be more popularizations than adaptations. Productions of things like Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea", Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Grey", and H.G. Wells' "The Crystal Egg" tended to move the shows farther from real sf stories.

"Science Fiction Theatre", which premiered on NBC in Oct. 1955 attempted to get away from the juvenile reputation of science fiction by placing the emphasis on the science, and almost succeeded in doing in the fantastic element. The premiere episode is a perfect example of this. The show centers around a hurricane approaching Miami; the science fictional element, that the hurricane was caused by a huge meteor landing in the Atlantic, is introduced only at the very end of the program. Truman Bradley was the host of the series, and his introductions and epilogues often consisted of popularized scientific explanations and demonstrations.

#### The Monsters Invade: Fantasy Creeps Into Prime Time

In 1957, when a showing of the old movie King Kong captured an estimated 90% of the New York audience, an all-time record, attention was suddenly again drawn to the appetite of the public for the fantastic. Screen-Gems, which owned the television rights for all of the old Universal-International films, hurriedly assembled 52 of the most horrific for sale to stations in a package called "Shock", which opened in the fall of 1958, accompanied by massive publicity campaigns. It was a tremendous success, not just among the kids but with teenagers and students as well. Despite harsh words from the National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters, Screen-Gems prepared and sold a second "Shock" package the next year. Shortly after this, James Warren, a sometimes advertising man, started publishing a magazine called "Famous Monsters of Film-land". This magazine, edited by Forest J. Ackerman, was concomitantly responsible for the sudden interest in monsters which grew to the proportions of a craze over the next few years. A whole spate of these magazines followed, and soon afterwards Hammer Studios in Britain began filming new movies, featuring the old classic monsters like Frankenstein and Dracula, which were very successful. When in 1961 the Aurora hobby company began marketing plastic model monsters, the line immediately outsold anything else they had ever made, and soon monsters were appearing everywhere.

One of the first shows that appeared catering to this trend was "Twilight Zone", a California based filmed anthology series, beginning in Oct. 1959. Hosted and often written by Rod Serling, "Twilight Zone" was oriented more towards fantasy than either science fiction or 'monsters' as such, and featured original scripts and adaptations of stories by established writers of fantasy and science fiction like Richard Matheson, Charles Beaumont, Ray Bradbury. Though "Twilight Zone" was never brilliantly original as either fantasy or science fiction, it often featured shows that dealt reasonably well with time-honored concepts of the field. Programs like that in which a girl attempts to keep her natural appearance in a society where everyone is forced to be made beautiful, or that in which a man is suddenly confronted with the fact that he is an android were valid attempts at dealing with a loss of individuality in an increasingly technological society. Occasionally the shows would be something totally out of the ordinary, like the half-hour when a completely silent battle was waged by Agnes Moorehead against some tiny spaceman in a flying saucer. Probably the major fault of "Twilight Zone", and this was apparently due to Serling's own conception of what science fiction and fantasy were all about, was its dependance on trick endings, and cliches which disappeared from written science fiction in the 1940's. When the tiny spacemen turn out to be from earth, a fascinating episode was ruined. This sort of predictability, plus the heavy dependance on a limited number of plot-types ('It was really

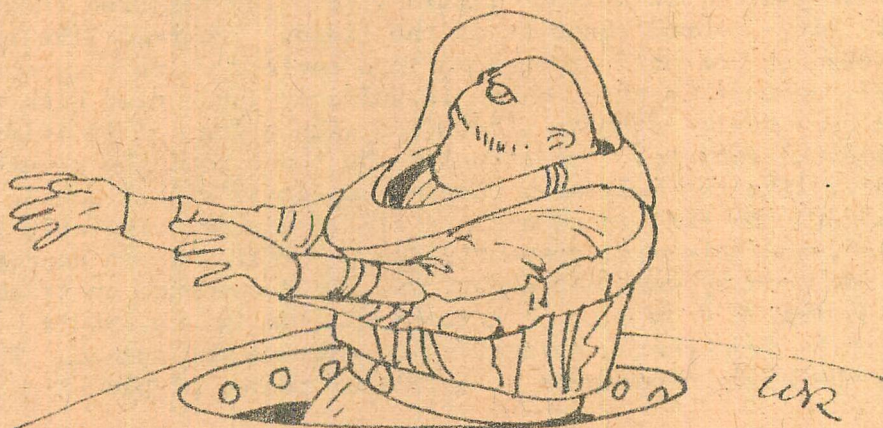


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Earth all the time, see!" and the Deal with Devil stories, for example) combined to make "Twilight Zone" much less than it could have been.

"Twilight Zone" proved quite popular despite its obvious faults, and was moved from Friday 10:30-11 to Weds. 9-10. However, it was several more years before fantasy elements reached their peak in prime time. As the monster/horror craze reached its height, in Sept. 1964, a number of shows appeared which started from fantastic or science fictional premises. "The Addams Family", modeled after the characters of Charles Addams' cartoons in the New Yorker, and "The Munsters", featuring a family peopled with caricatures of monsters like Dracula and Frankenstein, were family situation comedies. The fact that some of the characters were monsters added somewhat to the novelty of the humorous situations that could be created, but this quickly wore off. Two shows which followed and have proven longer-lasting were "Bewitched", with Elizabeth Montgomery, and "I Dream of Jeannie", with Barbara Eden. These were much closer to the usual sort of situation comedy, and featured attractive female leads, undistinguishable from those on other popular series except for the fact that they possessed magical powers.

Amid all this repackaged dross, there appeared at the height of the craze one series which, though it varied in quality, was responsible for some of the best science fiction that has ever appeared on television. This was "The Outer Limits", produced for ABC in 1964-65 by scriptwriter Joseph Stefano. Although, coming when it did, "Outer Limits" was forced to include one 'Beast' per episode, the writers as a rule managed to find logical reasons for their inclusion. Probably the finest of the series is "Demon With A Glass Hand" written by Harlan Ellison. His complex and well thought-out script was a far cry from the cliches that dominated "Twilight Zone". Robert Culp starred as Trent, a 10-day old man lost in an unnamed city with no knowledge of who he was or where he came from. Pursued by aliens from the future, wearing medallions that hold them still in time, Trent is instructed by his hand, a glowing glass prosthetic minus three fingers, that he can dispatch them by pulling off their medallions. Pursuing the aliens through the haunting halls of a deserted office block, a brilliantly chosen location, Trent eventually regains his missing fingers from them and learns the reason for his existence. He carries the entire consciousness of the human race engraved on a single wire. He must carry this matrix through the lonely centuries until the aliens, finding mankind beyond their reach, finally retreat and mankind can be recreated. The long wait will not worry Trent, for, as the hand coolly informs him, he is only a robot anyway. Other episodes, like "Soldier", provided excellent, though lesser, screen science fiction, while episodes like "The Invisibles", concerning an invasion from outer space reminiscent of Heinlein's Puppet Masters, and "Forms of Things Unknown", were intriguing pieces, reminiscent of the better moments

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In my opinion, a person has to be pretty dedicated to collect newspaper comic strips. I'm pretty interested in them myself, but I don't think I would ever consider collecting them. There are so many of the little things to worry about, and even with some care collections tend to be sloppy wads of yellowing paper. With any neglect what so ever, the collection becomes sloppy gobs of yellowing newsprint spread all over the house. And that is why I feel so particularly indebted to Nostalgia Press for the service that they have performed for anyone interested in old comic strips.

Krazy Kat by George Herriman (Nostalgia Press, published in association with Grosset & Dunlap) is probably the best thought of comic strip ever. As early as 1924, Gilbert Seldes championed Herriman's surreal comic in his book The Seven Lively Arts, a serious critical look at popular art. Since then, Krazy Kat has traditionally been the favorite comic of intellectuals and comic strip connoisseurs, and with good reason. The imagination and fantasy of the Herriman creation are always a delight. I only wish that Nostalgia could print additional volumes.

Lots of people seem to have pot theoris about George Herriman. He was very reclusive. Arthur Berger recently tried to prove that Herriman was black -- without too much evidence, in my opinion, but it is possible. I have my own theory. I think Herriman was a hippy. But allow me to explain. In a number of the strips reprinted in the Nostalgia edition, Krazy drinks (?) a substance known as Tiger Tea. The Tea Pots used are very small, and resemble, in fact, pipes. Krazy and friends usually drink -- I think smoke -- the tea through the spout, so they look like they are smoking a pipe. Krazy uses Tiger Tea to pep himself up -- the Tea episodes are some of the few in which Krazy usually gets the best of Ignatz -- and he says that it is much like cat nip only more powerful.

I once suggested this theory about marijuana references in Krazy Kat to a friend who knows more about comic strips than I do. He said he considered it somewhat unlikely



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because despite Herriman's surreal cartooning, he was known to his friends as Mr. Square -- it seemed impossible that he would do anything illegal! We were at a convention when this conversation took place, and just a little while later my friend led me into another room where an early Krazy Kat cartoon was on display -- featuring a character known as Marijuana something or another! I thought that my case had been proven! It is also interesting to note that the Tiger Tea episodes in Krazy Kat were busy describing many of the wonderfully pleasant properties of the substance at about the same time the Congress was beginning the pot prohibition.

\* \* \* \* \*

While not as well remembered, Popeye the Sailor by E. C. Segar was just as imaginative and often just as surreal as Herriman's comic. During the period while Segar drew the strip (it was taken over by other, less talented artists after his death), Popeye was one of the most popular comic strips of all time, it appeared in more newspapers than any other strip except today's Peanuts. Some measure of its popularity can be measured by the impact it had on our language and culture. "Goon" and "Jeep" were two of Popeye's co-stars, while Wimpy has lent his name to a nationally known sandwich, the Wimpyburger. After Wimpy said things like "I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today!" or "Let's you and him fight!" it wasn't long before everyone else in the country was saying that too. The strip featured Popeye's super human strength and his weird adventures dealing with mysterious foes like the Sea Hag, coupled with a genuine comic genius, J. Wellington Wimpy, an honorable swindler who seemed to have been modeled on W. C. Fields, even to his mustache, which is much like the one that Fields liked to affect in his early career. And then there was Olive Oyl, SweetPea, Alice the Goon, Toar and the rest; a cast of characters which can't be forgotten!

My favorite story in this book is "Popeye and the Mystery Melody." As the story opens, Poopdeck Pappy, Popeye's father, is feeling haunted by grave memories. Poopdeck had just been found after long being considered lost in the last story, so his past is a considerable mystery. Soon, Poopdeck is hearing mysterious sounds -- he is afraid that the Rose of the Sea has come for him. Eventually, Popeye can hear the sounds, too -- a "Horreoble kind of Music" Popeye calls it. It is the Sea Hag, piping on her magic flute -- she was the Rose of the Sea back when Poopdeck knew her -- and now she is accompanied by her huge, terrible vulture familiar.

Wimpy is one of the first of Popeye's group to have an encounter with the returned Hag. It seems that they have met before, too. "If I had known you were in town I'd had you up for a duck dinner," he says when he greets her. The Hag reminisces about their previous meeting: "We were enemies at first, then you learned that there was a barrel of hamburgers aboard and you made love to me." Wimpy hasn't changed much since that earlier meeting, so he asks, "Hmm -- by the way, how is the hamburger situation now?" I can just hear the W. C. Fields ringing in that remark. Anyway, Wimpy goes back to Haggy's castle with her.

Meanwhile, Popeye and the rest are getting pretty worried. So worried in fact, that Popeye, always the calm leader, has to rock Alice the Goon, Toar the prehistoric man, Olive, Sweetpea and Poopdeck to sleep. All in one rocking chair. It was a very crowded rocking chair!

Eventually, the Hag succeeds in leading Poopdeck off with her magic flute. After he is imprisoned in her castle, Haggy puts lots of black widow spiders in his bed. Poopdeck decides that if it doesn't bother the spiders, it doesn't bother him, and climbs in. Then he decides it is too crawly, though, because it is keeping him awake, so he puts his cigar under the sheet, and drives all the poor things out the



window. Poopdock is a pretty tough guy, though not as tough as Popeye of course.<sup>16</sup>

Wimpy has found out that the flute can create anything that one wants, simply by blowing on it while thinking of the item one wants. Although warned by the Hag not to touch it, everytime she is out of the room he toots up a hamburger or something else to eat. Finally, the hag catches him with it in his mouth. "Didn't I tell you not to touch that flute?" she screams. "I mistook it for a cigar" Wimpy counters, as he whips out a match to light it with.

It isn't too long before Popeye and the rest of the gang get to the castle to save their friends. It is Jeep that saves the day. Jeep, of course, is the magical dog-like creature. It seems that his magic is a fine match for the Sea Hags, and everything is soon set right.

Most people today probably recall only the Popeye made popular by the Max Fleisher Studio cartoons. Actually, as cartoons go, these were pretty good. Some of them stand out as particularly imaginative -- I remember one featuring the Jeep in particular. But they really don't capture the full extent of the Popeye comic strip. They were much more limited. Most of the cartoons featured Popeye vs. Bluto, with Spinach giving Popeye the additional vigor he needed to come out on top. Bluto just happened to be one of the villains that Popeye was fighting when the cartoons were begun, and spinach only played a part in a few stories. Popeye was powerful enough on his own for almost any villain. Popeye's adventures in the newspapers ranged far and wide, while the cartoons tended to be much more limited.

Bill Blackbeard's introduction to this volume is excellent, and compliments the article he wrote on Popeye for Thompson and Lupoff's All In Color For A Dime. May Bill's Academy of Comic Art always prosper. He mentions that Nostalgia plans to eventually reprint almost all the Popeye strips. I certainly hope that this is possible.

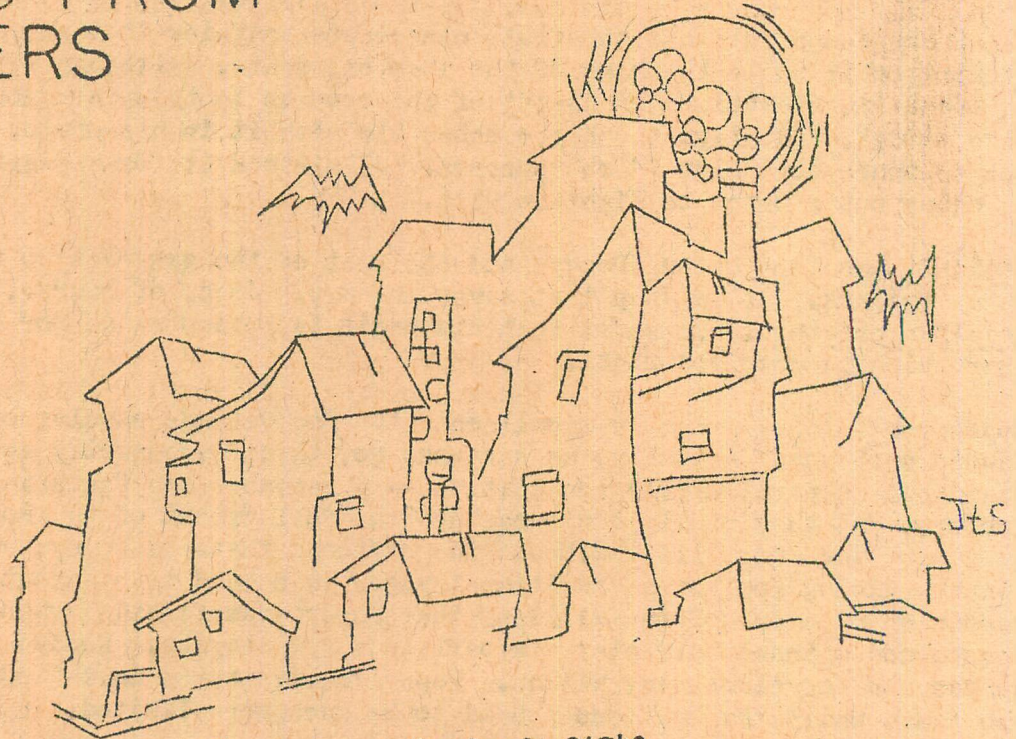
By the way, in the issue before last I talked about the underground comics of Bobby London. Anyone who likes London's work owes it to himself to read these books -- this is where London's work begins. His Dirty Duck is, of course, a Herriman tribute, while his Morton of the Movement and Doctor Dope stories owe a lot to Segar.

Some of the other Nostalgia Press books are two volumes of Flash Gordon comic strips, featuring the brilliant artwork of Alex Raymond. Unfortunately, the stories really aren't up to the standards of the artwork. A few of the characters, especially Ming the Merciless, Flash's archenemy, are notable, but most of the other details of the stories fade into endless encounters with strange monsters and captures and escapes. Dalo Ardon is enough to make you wonder why Flash puts up with her -- she is always catching Flash talking to some other women, and she always "misunderstands." Both the art and the stories improve somewhat in the later stories.

The only other books I've seen are Mandrake the Magician and The Phantom, both written by Lee Falk. These are superior adventure strips, but I think they have less to offer the reader than the genius of Herriman or Segar. But I certainly wish all the books the greatest success. They deserve it.



# WORDS FROM READERS



Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

An interesting task lies ahead of me. I'm saddled with a bunch of articles to write for an anniversary of one of the local newspapers, and one of them will cover the comic strips that have appeared in Hagerstown newspapers from their introduction to the present. This will give me all sorts of opportunities to do things I've been putting off. I want to find out if a strip from the 1930's which nobody else seems to remember, Oaky Doakes, was as splendid as memory claims, and if it really had a de Campian ring to its depiction of an engaging young fellow in King Arthur's days. There will be a chance to locate the sequence in The Gumps when the villain was a money-lender who kept muttering sardonically: "Love! Forty per cent! Bah!" and the related episode that gave me my first real acquaintance with mortality, when the artist killed off a lovely young girl just when he had intimated that she and a fine young man would be happy ever after. It threw me into such a state that my folks had to tell me that she had just gone into a trance and would reappear some day. I also want to renew acquaintance with Tailspin Tommy, an early air adventure strip, and with Big Sister, a soap opera strip which I preferred to Little Orphan Annie and Annie Rooney even though it is also unmentioned in books about comic strips.

Opus to Waterloo is a definite classic. Jim Turner's item reminded me of a couple of movies, too. One was named Carnegie Hall, I believe. It described the long struggle of a penniless young violinist to gain fame through a recital there. After years of effort, he was ready to go on stage and then someone broke the news to him: the \$9.98 violin he'd been using wasn't good enough. I forget the title of another film on the life of Liszt. Wagner walked into a room carrying the complete orchestral score for Lohengrin in manuscript form. It was rolled up and held in one hand, looking about as thick as \$5 worth of posters ordered from Marboro.

I grew up soon enough to miss the excitement on Saturday evenings that Lesleigh describes. But a Washington television station had until a year ago a host for the



Saturday evening horror films, a decadent nobelman named, I believe, Sir Graves 18 Ghastley. He emerged from his vampire's coffin with agonizing slowness at the start of each movie, gave running comments during the commercial breaks, and occasionally had small adventures of his own. Sir Graves was different from most hosts of his kin, because he was quite outspoken about the films and didn't hesitate to criticize them. There was one memorable Saturday night when during the first commercial break he didn't have a thing to say, just shook his head, looked sick, climbed back into his coffin, and slammed the lid down. After that, the camera focused on the closed coffin before and after each batch of commercials but the movie grew worse as it went along and Sir Graves did nothing but utter some terrible muffled groans.

Mike Deckinger, 447 15 Ave., San Francisco, CA. 94118

Night of the Living Dead, as a matter of fact, has been shown on television in the Bay Area. About 3 months ago an independent station in Oakland telecast it over their Saturday night horror show. The newscasting parody was retained intact, it was even repeated in an instant replay segment; only the more vivid flesh-eating sequences were excised. The impact wasn't quite as brutal as when viewed on the wide screen, but the total unfamiliarity of the players helped the film raise more than a few chills.

On the East Coast, during the tv horror craze, there was a Monster of Ceremonies known as Zacherley (played by a tv bit player named John Zacherlo) who regularly consorted with his deceased wife in her coffin (who was never seen) and urged another unseen beastly companion named Gasport to chase the subway through New York's tunnels. He first came on as a host to the films, but after a few months, the pictures were used to showcase his talents. He frequently made unannounced appearances in the movies. Whenever the character in a 1937 Universal-International horror film picked up the phone, Zacherly was on the other end. "Hello", the shorrif in the film would say, addressing the receiver. Cut to Zach, speaking in a phono; "They tell me you wear carrots in your ears Sherrif, is that true?" "Absolutely." on the screen.

Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind., 47348

I really did enjoy your comments on the old horror movies. Being a mite older than either of you, in a lot of cases I saw them when they were originally issued. Not Dracula and Frankenstein, but the Mummy and Werewolf pictures and like that. Mom was a horror movie fan. You didn't mention one of my favorites: The Devil Commands, with Karloff, which was adapted from William Sloane's The Edge of Running Water. All about communicating with the dead and brain waves and accidentally electrocuting the medium (Anno Revere) who was helping him with the experiments. I was very young at the time, and the pseudo science gobbledegook was held to a minimum, leaving the impressionable viewer with a more than usual feeling that the premise wasn't so far out and any day now we'd be hearing of experiments exactly like this.

One of my favorite scenes is from one of the werewolf films where Chaney picks up some poor li'l guy who's about 5'4" and bodily hammers him against the wall, pleading, "You don't understand! I'm a werewolf! I want to be put out of my misery. You must find some silver bullets and kill me! You've got to kill me!" All the while battering the poor li'l fello to a pulp in his desire to be understood.

I liked the mummy films a lot too. I must say in one respect the Hammer recreation had one marvelous bit that eclipsed anything the Karloff or Chaney films did. . . at least for me. One few seconds' long scene. Christopher Lee in his moldy bandages has been rampaging around Cushing's library and the heroine has screamed or fainted or otherwise been heroine-y. It's already been established that she looks



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like the Princess Anankha and that Kharis has a lingering fondness for her! And at this point his Egyptian mentor boo-boos. He shrills, "Kill her!" at Kharis, and instantly Lee turns one of the most malevolent one-eyed furious stares ever seen on the screen upon the soon-to-be-cracked-like-a-stick-of-firewood villain. That is the meanest, most dangerous sidelong glance ever filmed, all the nastier because all you can see is that one eye surrounded by grimy bandages.

I think of the later horror films I agree thoroughly with Lesleigh on the potency of The Thing. If she thinks seeing the measuring-the-saucer scene was chilling on a TV screen, she shoulda seen it the way I did, in a theatre jam packed with a Saturday afternoon audience that from a noisy, jabbering start became quieter and quieter (with the exception of occasional screams of terror)! The music contributes a lot to that film, and, as is frequently mentioned, Hawks' uncredited direction. A combination of talents raised that film from an average monster film to a classic. I pride myself that I'm one of the few people who thought so. . . in my circles, anyway . . . at the time it was released. I was about 18, and just discovering fandom, and from my first viewing of The Thing I was tremendously impressed. . . the magnificent overlapping dialogue, an eminently believable cast. . . even including that darling of the voice-overs, Paul Frees, the lighting, the sound, and the marvelously judicious bit of never seeing Arness in his carrot suit very plainly! . . . maintaining the alien too terrible to face effect.

I've always let Bruce watch horror films. He even went to see Psycho in a theatre when he was about three, though as the recent rerun on tv told us, he didn't remember any of it. Possibly because we knew the plot inside out and whenever I knew an axing scene was coming out, I would offer the kid some popcorn (he was pretty bored with the whole movie, truth to tell) and he'd stare around at all the people screaming and wonder why they were carrying on so.

As far as I know, Bruce has never had any nightmares or been even particularly scared while watching tv horror movies. His only adverse reactions to anything he's seen on tv (as a wee tad) was a train wreck. . . no concern for the people on the train, just for the train. The only nightmare of any great detail he ever had occurred when he was about four; and when pressed to say what the nightmare was about, it seemed he was having horrible fantasies that he was never going to learn to read, while all around him everyone else could. Which I suppose says something about the environment in which he grew up. I had to explain to him he really wasn't stupid, that realsoonnow he would be learning to read just like everybody else. But monster nightmares, no.

Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt 205, Toronto 156, Ont., Canada

I never had a very high opinion of Lon Chaney's acting talents except for his incredible performance as Lenny in Of Mice and Men. I wept openly at the end of that film and always had trouble reconciling it with the amateurish acting that characterized his Larry Talbot roles. Lugosi also struck me as somewhat limited in scope although he was splendid in his vampire roles. Karloff was always the best actor of the bunch by far, in my opinion, and I've always thought he was under-rated simply because he appeared in so many schlock films. (I've never seen The Old Dark House -- one of the few well known films in the genre that has escaped me. I recently watched Karloff's original Fu Manchu, and despite being severely dated, it had a power that was quite impressive.)

A point Ginjer Buchanan made that Angus Taylor and some other reviewers of Clockwork Orange seem to have missed is that Alex's last fantasy is not a violent rape scene, but simply a pleasurable sexual fantasy with both parties thoroughly enjoying themselves. In fact, with the girl on top, Alex is submitting himself rather than



forcing himself upon her. This could be a rather subtle comment on the overall<sup>20</sup> effectiveness of the therapy; but certainly Angus' basic point that everyone in the film was guilty of manipulation (the worst offender being one Stanley Kubrick) is sound.

Tim Lucas, 2000 Elm Avenue Apt. 7, Norwood, OH 45212

I was dissappointed to find Lesleigh's usual "Great American Comics" section deleted or maybe even unwritten. I hope that she eventually will write an article on the old Chuck Jones/Loony Tunes/Merrie Melodies cartoons. Instead of the usual comic talk I found. . .movies.

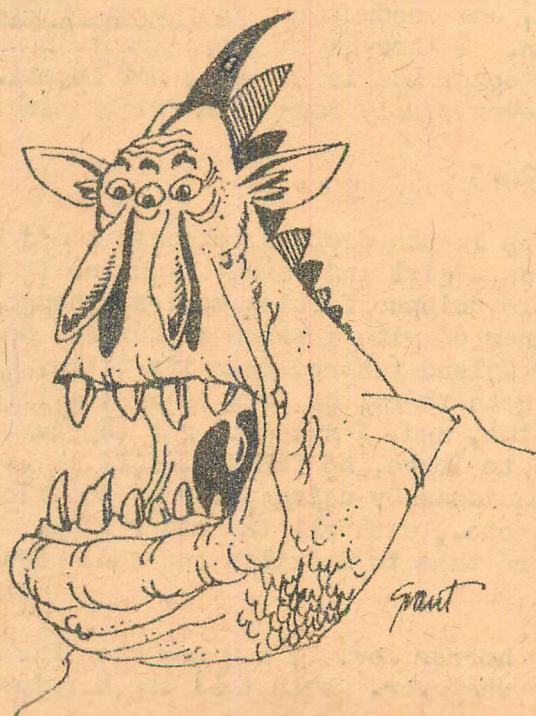
+To tell the truth I've run out of comics that I like well enough and that we  
+we have enough of to write about. Perhaps the next installment will have to  
+feature bits and pieces. LML

The entire genre of the horror film is too large of one to cover in a scant 7 pages, and as such, it bit the dust early on. Actually, it wasn't a bad chronicle! . . .but 7 tiny pages. . .give me 7 pages and I'll give you a miniscule capsule of why I hated Dracula, Prince of Darkness and dug hell out of Scars of Dracula. Too bad you didn't go over Hammer's Horror of Dracula (1958) which may well be the second best horror film ever made!

+I've seen all of the Hammer Dracula films, I think, but none of them stand out  
+in my mind as being particularly good. I have trouble sorting out the memories  
+that I have of the movies and connecting them to titles -- the movies seem  
+much the same after a while. My notes however indicate that I did like Prince  
+and that I thought Scars was silly! HL

Michael Carlson, 35 Dunbar Rd., Milford, Ct 06460

The problem with Browning's Dracula is the stagey-ness of it. . .but this is not all the fault of the director. The movie was taken directly from the play, even to using Lugosi, a stage actor. At that time the overwhelming feeling in Hollywood was that stage (and famous books) were legitimate and could be used to artistically justify Hollywood films. The story of the 30s in film is really the story of filmmakers finding their own technique and using the medium in itself. Browning's best effort, however remains Freaks, which is as powerful a film as the 30s horror produced. Freaks deals with a circus in which the beautiful lady, working with the strongman marries and then tries to poison a midget, who has inherited a lot of money! But when you wrong one freak you wrong them all! It's an extremely sensitive film, and builds a great compassion in the audience for the freaks!



James Whale is, as you suggest, a more talented film maker than Browning. . .what distinguishes Browning is more his artistic point of view than his technical expertise. Bride of Frankenstein is probably my all time favorite horror movie! Dr. Pretorius (played by Ernest Thesinger, a good friend of Whale's) was so batty I wouldn't expect him to be anything but entrallled with Frankenstein's creation! And of course,



<sup>21</sup>  
Leslieigh, he didn't really create those little people, he merely shrunk them.  
+We are pretty sure you are wrong about that. . .Dr. Pretorius talks about  
+having created them. HL

One film which is always overlooked is Mamoulian's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Although Mamoulian is most remembered for his musicals, he also directed Golden Boy, The Mark of Zorro, and other non-musicals. He was also a stage director, and Jekyll & Hyde is a most frustrating blend of beautiful cinematic technique and atrocious stage-play scenes. Frederic March is amazing as Jekyll.

The movie which I think scared me the most was Invaders From Mars, you know, where the people are sucked into the sand pit and have obedience crystal sets put in their necks. For weeks after I saw the movie I was checking the back of my father's neck when he put me to bed; and for months I wouldn't play in the sand piles which were on the other side of the woods behind our house.

Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, Pa. 19087

I was rather surprised by some of the remarks in your editorial. What's so unusual about a fan writing for a professional publication? You imply by the "heck that isn't much better than the stuff you write for fanzines" that fanzines are sort of a literary wastebasket, wherein are deposited things that aren't good enough to be published professionally!

+Sorry if my editorial remarks last issue gave that impression. What I was  
+aiming at was the feeling many people get when reading some bit of professional  
+writing -- shucks, I can write that good, so why don't I, and get paid for it?  
+And those people who are correct both in their estimation of professional  
+writing standards and their own skills -- well, they become professional writers.  
+ -- HL

I liked both articles on horror films. Unfortunately I can't really know what it's like to be scared silly as a kid by monster movies, since my parents wouldn't let me see such things. But I had a strong desire to, and when I was 11 or so I had a pile of Famous Monsters buried in a plastic bag in the back yard. I didn't actually manage to see any of them till I was seventeen, and encountered The Curse of Frankenstein and The Horror of Dracula on television. I thought that Frankenstein was insipid and the Dracula brilliant. For me Christopher Lee is Dracula, not Lugosi. Bela made a reasonably good show of it but I never really found him frightening.

Aljo Svoboda, 1203 Busy Ave., Orange, Calif 92665

My mother never let us watch horror movies, even in the daytime, because she'd been scared out of her wits by the ones she'd seen as a girl and "didn't want us to have nightmares." She'd always let us watch terrible science fiction movies, though. The Japanese monster movies were the only ones I knew of with a sense of humor. Do you remember the one where the boy flew to Monster Island (whence came its title, Monster Island) in an empty jet plane? Then, when he gets there, he gets to meet all the monsters, watch a good old-fashioned fight or two, and, I suppose, get the autograph of all his favorite monsters. When he returns to Tokyo, he finds himself in an abandoned warehouse with two criminals, who he vanquishes by using a few of the tricks he learned on Monster Island, making him popular, etc., with all the other kids. When the reporters ask what his secret was, he refers them to Godzilla and son. Really, it was funny and imaginative.

The stupidest thing I saw done in almost every horror movie I saw was when the hero, searching for the monster, ghost, murderer, or whatever, would tell the heroine to



stay in one place instead of coming with him. Male Chauvinism! 22  
You know something would come up from behind and get her.  
And what about the search party divided up so that they could  
cover more ground?

+Richard Matheson's recent Book, Hell House, does a good  
+turn on those old cliches -- it doesn't do the book's  
+characters any good to stay together. Hell House is  
+to be made into a movie -- unless they spoil it, it  
+should be a fine movie. --HL

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Falconbridge N.S.W. 2776  
Australia

The most horrifying movie I recall starred Boris Karloff and  
was call Targets. It started with Yee Olde Flooded Cellar  
and the hero getting the girl out of there, and then the  
camera moved back to show Karloff playing a horror show star  
watching the rushes of his own movie. This and the central  
idea of the movie about a psychotic killer sniping at people  
were contrasted.

+Targets -- which I've never been able to see -- was the first film of Peter  
+Bogdonovich, who has also made The Last Picture Show and What's Up, Doc. --HL

Rick Stoker, 1205 Logan St., Alton, Ill. 62002

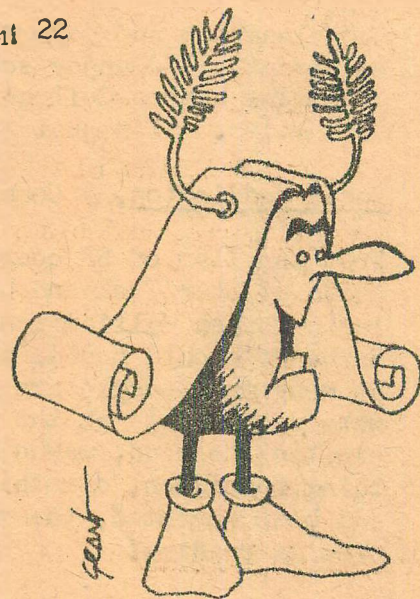
Hank, I was surprised to see you praise Lee's Dracula. About a week ago they ran  
Dracula has Risen from the Grave here and it was the first Lee movie I saw. Maybe  
he improved in the movie you mentioned, but this one was wretched. In the first place,  
I can't picture Dracula with grey hair. In the second, Lee couldn't act. In one  
scene where he clenches his fists and scowled into the camera he was more laughably  
melodramatic than The Perils of Pauline.

+Well, he does look more like Stoker's character than Lugosi. As for his over-  
+acting -- you'd expect a vampire to act sort of weird, wouldn't you? He is  
+more effective in some films than in others. . .--HL

All the discussions of music in "Dance to the Music" and the lettercol have to do  
with a subject I've thought about and been irritated with lately. People who like  
one form of music look down on people who like what they consider a lower form. When  
I was signing up for a class in serious/classical (I don't like either term) music for  
next semester my advisor told me how much she liked it by saying, "comparing classical  
music to uh, say, country & western (I'm sure she almost said rock but didn't want to  
tread on my toes) is like comparing great literature to comic books, to me."

+That's a reasonable statement -- they all have some excellent things to offer--  
+but neither can be judged by the other's standards --but I don't think your  
+advisor meant that. -- LML

The main benefit I can see from college courses in sf is that they expose students  
who've never read sf before to it, rather than implanting any knowledge about sf.  
In the class I took last semester I doubt if the name "Hugo Gernsback" ever came up  
at all. But there were quite a few people who came out of it that will never again  
automatically pass over the sf books they see in a newstand. Our teacher didn't  
have any wide knowledge of the field, but, especially since it was the first time  
she'd taught the course and she was hampered by the nonshipment of the books she  
wanted, picked out a fair selection of books to read. And we didn't "study" them, but  
used their ideas to start all sorts of wild discussions. And though we were required  
to read the books, the informality prevented the resentment towards the books that  
usually arises in most English classes. By the end of the semester we moved out of





the<sup>23</sup> classroom and were meeting over several quarts of beer in the Heidelberg and her apartment. I'd enjoy school if more classes were like that!

+The Honors College asked us to teach that course, but we didn't think we had  
+time. It's just as well since neither of us like beer. --LML

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

From the list of SF courses in F&SF, it seems that everyone who's ever watched an episode of Star Trek and Lost in Space, not to mention Captain Video, is up there teaching! Though William Tenn has some good points to make in the same issue. . .and maybe we should bewail the fact that it's rapidly becoming more popular; not because so many more people are reading it, which is a good thing, but because it's becoming more respectable at the same time. In its more illegitimate days, it was much more exciting to read, maybe with the covers torn off almost as if you were reading something forbidden, something dirty. But now that sf is grown out of its adolescence and been accepted, the magic's gone; for where's the fun in reading what everyone else is reading?

Sandra Minsol, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240

With the proliferation of university sf courses one must expect that some of them will be worthless but there's no justification for sweeping denunciation of these enterprises. Teachers don't really need the store of plot synopses and author anecdotes that fans have; their pedagogic skill and mastery of the field in which the particular sf course is being taught count for much more. A good teacher's ignorance is vincible and he is always working to overcome it. One of the purposes of the SF Research Association is to aid teachers of sf. And academics aren't necessarily outsiders, of course. Some of them are pro writers (Russ, "Tenn", Gunn, Williamson) and some are lifelong fans (Clareson and McNelly).

The May '72 issue of Extrapolation carries a three-part article about teaching sf in separate courses or slipped into traditional ones. Details are given about an "intersession" sf course taught in the religion department of Case-Western Reserve and one taught as a Special Topic in English at the Air Force Academy (emphasizing sf as ideas-in-literature). In both cases the professors were astonished by the keen responsiveness of the students and their initiative in drawing on all other areas of knowledge so that true educational experiences result -- rare as that is in college.

Mark Mumper, 1227 Laurel Street, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Angus Taylor's view of the treatment of women in sf is sadly true for the most part, but Joanne Russ is not totally wrong when she speaks of the non-sexist potential of sf. The field is traditionally more open to new ideas than "mainstream," and strives to eliminate the usual myopic portraits of women. Even men in sf are beginning to wake up; of course, Sturgeon has been treating both sexes as humans first for years. There are other examples.

The "next great writer of science fiction" may well be non-English speaking (or writing), but I don't think that will be due solely to the "pollution of fandom" in English language sf. Foreign language writers such as Lem and Franke are being recognized more often these days, and if that "great writer" is from a European or Asian country, it may be purely coincidence that he or she is not connected with fandom. And ponder this -- can you name a single female sf writer now working outside the English speaking world? The European "great" may be as sexist and narrow minded as American or British writers; there are quite a few excellent women practicing in





sf in America and England, a number of them also connected with fandom. It hasn't seemed to affect their work for the worse. Angus' prediction owes more to current coincidental cosmopolitan trends than to any factual cultural difference in sf writing. I wouldn't reject the English language so readily, especially considering the state of foreign-language translation today. The opening of relations with other cultures can only help our own sf -- it may even provide for a domestic renaissance. My prediction is that "the next great sf writer" is within our midst right now, and will be recognized within the next few years. Whether that writer is "foreign" or "domestic" I don't know, but that really shouldn't matter.

Loren MacGregor, 429 14th E, #321, Seattle, Wa 98102

Bullfrog seems to have gone under for the time being; at least most of the people I've talked to in Oregon (Diane Zaharakis, for one) seem to think it's disappeared for the present. So if you get no answer from the Bullfrog Information Service people, I have a few copies available at the cover price of 50¢. (I picked up 30 from the distributor for the Nameless ones, our local fen.)

+Last issue I gave Bullfrog a plug because they had published a section on sf and +sf fandom, including a thing I did. . .I hope no one lost their half a dollar +because of that plug. --HL

Jacob Bloom, 34 Andrew St., Newton, Mass 02161

My first reaction to your comments on my letter was surprise that you had misunderstood me so thoroughly, followed quickly by sorrow that the misunderstanding had happened. However, the fact that you had commented in such a way as to slant the perception of anyone else reading to your point of view annoyed me, and the comments in Starling #22, which are based upon reading the excerpt from the letter with your bias, have deepened my annoyance.

I said that my tastes were somewhat esoteric. This was apparently the main point of misunderstanding, for you read connotations of superiority into the word "esoteric." I do not believe that "esoteric" usually has these connotations. I was using the word in what I believe is its usual meaning: as a synonym for "abnormal" or "unusual." I said that the people next door played a mediocre rock album. I meant the phrase "mediocre rock album" to indicate that they didn't play a good rock album. There were many rock albums they could have played that I wouldn't have minded hearing at that point. The particular album they put on, though, just wasn't that good. Since we preferred listening to something we liked close by to listening to something half-bad through a wall, we put on something we liked. I am under the distinct impression



that, <sup>25</sup> even though Bach is indeed a universally respected artist, there are not many people, percentage-wise, who prefer listening to Bach to listening to rock. It's normal to prefer rock, any rock, to Bach. A preference the other way is unusual. In a similar manner, even though Shakespeare is also a universally respected artist, it is unusual for someone to read the works of Shakespeare for pleasure, and even more unusual for a group of people to get together to read one of his plays aloud. It is also unusual to prefer tea to coffee, beer, or soda. It was on the basis of these preferences that I reached the conclusion that my tastes are somewhat unusual. I mentioned this conclusion in the letter solely to explain why I wasn't going to comment on the issue, and then mentioned the incident solely to explain why I had reached that conclusion. As I mentioned in the sentence in the letter immediately after the paragraph you printed, there are many contemporary things I like; nevertheless, I cannot consider myself a fan of what is popular in general. Perhaps it is unfortunate that the names mentioned in the letter were Shakespeare and Bach, for to some extent our culture dictates an automatic association of them with superiority. If the names mentioned had been Cyril Tourneur and Johann Pachelbel, perhaps the misunderstanding would have never happened.

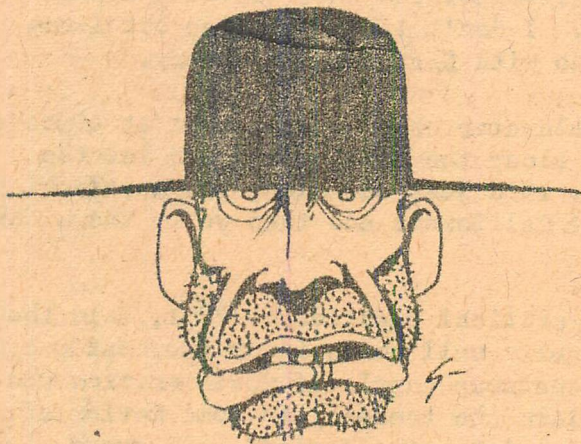
Don Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, Maryland 21207

I went to see A Clockwork Orange with a mixed group from college, and our reaction can be gauged by the fact that we all came out singing "Singin' in the Rain." On the other hand, my best friend's fiancée and a couple other people I know were very upset by the violence; but I think none of them had read the book. Not really being prepared for the violence, they were severely affected by it because of the brilliantly realistic photography. One of the girls who went with us observed that the music served as a distancing factor for the violence the same way that the slang operated in the book, and therefore it was bearable. All in all, a most excellent movie, and it ought to win the Hugo just as it should have won the Academy Award.

Jim Turner's column is a gem. He actually had me believing it for a while, until I realized that it's Kubrick who's filming Napoleon, and Ryan O'Neil and Barbra Streisand are some other thing. The horrible thing is that he's got the formula down, and it's the kind of movie that might be made. The first scene is actually not too bad, but most of it is ridiculous.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Donn Brazier, who mentions that "Most jazz historians do not give enough credit to the Latin influence in the development of early jazz" -- in response to Juanita Coulson's last column::: Jerry Kaufman, also in response to Juanita's column, adds "Stalwart rock fans invariably put Santana down, but I don't know why. Unhip to like Latin rhythms because of Xavier Cugat, perhaps?"::: Grant Canfield sent artwork, and thanked Columbia Fandom for Torrey Hughes, who has written some gags for Grant's cartooning::: Eli Cohen says that "'Last Opus to Waterloo' sounds fascinating, but I believe there are a few historical inaccuracies: For instance, everyone knows Beethoven didn't write the '1812 Overture' until years after the battle. And I seem to recall that the actual cause of his deafness was his cutting off his ear to send to Josephine."::: Richard Flinchbaugh says he's working on an underground comic::: David Hulvey sent a very long, rather interesting letter, which unfortunately didn't fit into my letter column -- David should understand why, since he explained just where Starling's letter column was at in the letter::: There were also letters from Laf Miroku, Ed Cagle, Stephen Fritter, Paul Anderson and Nick Shears.





+ Jim Turner +

## PUTTING UP THE DUKE

"'Western' ethics are put down these days -- possibly because they are so frequently embodied by John Wayne, a facist." -- Michael Goodwin in TAKE ONE (left wing hipper-than-thou film rag.) April, 1972.

"It's true that too many people either endorse or deplore Wayne because of his political views, and it strikes me equally silly as those people in charge of the gold stars on Hollywood Boulevard refusing to let Charlie Chaplin's name in because of his politics. . . You may agree with Chaplin's leftist leanings as you may oppose Wayne's right-wing attitudes, but neither of them matters a damn in terms of their work or what they will leave behind. . . Wayne will be remembered, I would guess, as an extraordinarily effective character actor whose unique qualities and talents have been explored and mined by at least two great directors and have enriched the work of a host of others. . ." -- Peter Bogdanovich, in ESQUIRE (hipper-than-thou rag) May, 1972.

I cannot recall for sure when I first became fascinated with the screen persona of John Wayne. Certainly it was at an early and impressionable age. The first of his flicks I can remember in any detail is SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON on the tube one night. RED RIVER followed, and THREE GODFATHERS, ALLEGANY UPRISING, FORT APACHE, all on television. I guess the first one I saw in a theatre was THE ALAMO. But that was a long time ago. Details have faded and I am left with the more recent movies, flawed as they may or may not be. Only one genuine stinker (of course, THE GREEN BERETS) in the lot, a couple of indifferent ones (RIO LOBO and CHISUM), several hours of perfectly enjoyable movies (EL DORADO, BIG JAKE, TRUE GRIT) and one all-out masterpiece (THE CONBOYS.)

Now I know that there are some pathetic cases who cannot enjoy westerns and I feel for them. Poor souls, they often turn out to be people who die young for lack of anything better to do with themselves. Old Bill Buckley said that people who cannot enjoy Bach are to be pitied but those who also believe that Bach should not be enjoyed are to be despised.

I once had an idiot I know assure me that anyone would be a good actor in a western. The idiot was an artiste. He went to serious movies. Some of the movies he talked me into attending put me to sleep. I wish the rest of them had.



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I have never been able to see exactly why the self-appointed intellectuals I know dislike westerns and condescend to them at best. I don't like mysteries but I respect them. I think it must have something to do with East Coast snobbery.

I will not go so far as to agree with Brother Goldwater when he said that at times he felt that we ought to saw the country in two along the Mississippi and let the eastern half float away. I won't go that far. . . I'd just saw along the Appalachians and let that chunk go. (The earthquake will get California and then we in the Middle West can get some peace and quiet.)

Stanley Kubrick, asked in PLAYBOY about adverse critical reaction to 2001, said that if you looked at said reaction, you'd find it pretty well boxed in on the East Coast. This (especially New York) is the home of an incestuous gaggle of movie critics who seem to spend most of their time Viewing With Alarm the tendency in some movies of policemen to shoot back at crooks or cowboys to resist being scalped. (I guess Indians aren't allowed to do that anymore. . . they probably give him a massage and stare sadly with great Oppressed and Exploited eyes.)

I won't and can't quote -- just check out Pauline Kael, Renata Alder, Judith Crist, John Simon or some other popular bore. Try and imagine the movies these people would make -- drab bitchy epics of ostentatious social conscience, probably with the kind of pretentious half-assed would-be poetic obscurity of the Serious Poet you knew in high school (the one who always carried a copy of Blake in his back pocket and who was an existentialist without being able to spell it.) Give them a French camera-man too drunk to keep his instrument in focus and away they'd go. Then when they ran out of neuroses somebody could turn them on to masturbation and we'd be rid of the lot.

But enough of that. All I can say is that I am at a loss to understand the violent prejudices so many people have against John Wayne as a performer.

You can say of the Wayne character (and he has played basically the same character in each movie -- if you don't like that you can always bitch about Shakespeare never having written a novel) these things:

He is quick-tempered and gruff, aggressive in the pursuit of what he considers his rights, basically lawabiding, often lackadasical in domestic obligations and sarcastic to the point of pugnacity. Some of this may not be laudable, but I don't see any swastikas yet.

He is also embarrassed and apologetic when he turns up in the wrong. If he neglects his children on occasion, he is determined that they are going to grow up to be as self-reliant and independent as he is. He is a firm believer in what I consider a sadly neglected practice: administering a good clout to an uppity brat for his own damn good.

But the thing that so many bleeding hearts don't like is that he doesn't let any sonofabitch push him around. This just isn't fashionable. The liberal psychosis requires a good deal of persecution for a real feeling of smug superiority and fighting back distracts one from feeling properly sorry for himself and therefore in by being out. Mike Nichols pointed out that some people win by winning and others win by losing. If the former becomes obnoxiously heady with victory, it is nothing to how loathesome the latter becomes drunk on defeat.

Please see THE COWBOYS if you are at all able.



It was released about the same time as the lionized STRAW DOGS. They have similar themes; initiation into violence, into adulthood, bloody rites of passage. The reviewer in ROLLING STONE pointed out that THE COWBOYS is a much better film about these things. The hero of STRAW DOGS is not a man because of what he did -- he more or less blundered into the situation, coincidence was a prime factor in what he did and what made him do what he did. And I don't think he had changed much at the end, for all he had been through.

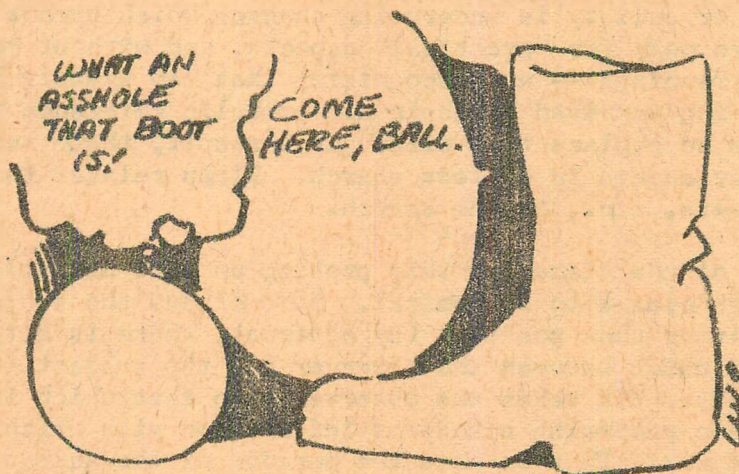
The boys John Wayne took on his cattle drive are men at the end for the best of reasons: they have taken on adult responsibilities. They have finished a job, buried their dead, administered justice to their enemies in the absence of authority, fulfilled their obligations. No one forced them and no one would have blamed them for not doing so. That they chose the harder way, the way of responsibility, of, if you will, honor made all the difference.

Now if you're a really now sort of person, I have another movie for you.

Picture a young artist, a bohemian sort of fellow, rejected by the art schools and his work ridiculed. A vegetarian and teetotaler, he will someday have his own herb garden. But he winds up in the army in a senseless war. He writes poetry and is decorated for valor though his oppressive society's social class system prevents his being an officer. After the war, he drifts around, participates in orgies, paints a little, dabbles in radical politics. He leads an abortive popular uprising and, while in jail, he writes a book that takes the country by storm. After his release, he forms a society of people who are equally disgusted with the corrupt society, comes to power on a wave of popular enthusiasm (which his dabbings in numerology and astrology foretold.) But in the end he is defeated and destroyed by the ripoff imperialist countries like the US and England and all ends with futility, his dream destroyed by war.

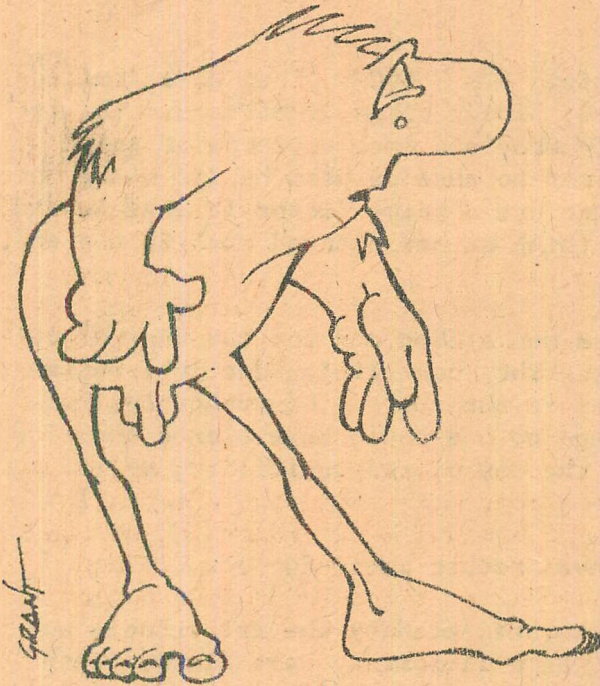
Well, kiddies, his name was Adolf Hitler. He also loved animals and lived with his women outside the mere bourgeois bounds of marriage.

The Duke may well be a fascist in real life. I don't know and really don't care because it isn't any of my business. And if he has the effrontery to use his freedom of speech, it isn't any of your business either.





# SGT. PEPPERS STARSHIP



+Angus Taylor+

Marshall McLuhan believes that there is an inherent relationship between man's technology and the way in which he perceives the world. In such a relationship the nature of any medium through which man is aware of his environment is more important in determining the nature of that awareness than is the content of the medium -- hence the catch-phrase, "The medium is the message." According to McLuhan, the communications revolution which is occurring today signals a profound change in man's relation to his environment. The dominant Western cultures which rose to prominence during the Renaissance, and which stressed specialized roles and the visual bias inherent in the printed word, are giving way to a world-wide "tribal echo chamber" that stresses empathy with the electronic environment and the interdependence of all men. The transition from one type of culture to the other is a time of great upheaval and pain, as men strive desperately after roles that will permit them to regain a sense of identity.

In COLLECTIVE SEARCH FOR IDENTITY, Orrin E. Klapp views today's breakup of rigidly structured role patterns as a manifestation of the search for identity. Identity -- the answer to the question "Who am I?" -- depends upon the existence of symbolic reference points which enable a person to remember who he is. The problem today, as he sees it, is that our society is undergoing changes which uproot symbols indiscriminately, with concern only for "practical" aspects, and without regard for a whole forest of associated meanings -- not recognizing that new symbols cannot be formed quickly. People are being deprived of their old symbolic reference points without being given any new ones to replace them with. As a result, their search for identity is frustrated and they engage in endless search. Klapp relates the proliferation of fads, fashions, cults, etc., to the search.

Klapp places much of the blame for this problem on what he calls "objective knowledge". Objective knowledge claims to be neutral. It excludes the subject and his feelings; it is "factual" rather than poetic. (By contrast, there is a type of knowledge which creates a sense of union between the observer and the subject -- whether another person or something else. It takes the observer into that which is under observation.) Our society has been producing a body of information with which no one is able to identify in a personal way. Thus we have the paradox of the accumulation of history and the decline of tradition. Howard Junker attributes the sense of the apocalyptic



which has suffused politics in recent years to this detachment from history. ("The Apocalypse of Our Time is Over" in Rolling Stone, February 18, 1971):

Ultimately, apocalyptic has to do with our sense of time. Our Age of Radical Change institutionalizes both the fear that the old world is doomed and the hope for some final threshold, some last change, beyond which there is only stability, permanence. All concepts of duration, such as life's work, meaning a vocation suitable and productive for 40 years, seem increasingly illusory. We are always in transition, as Alvin Toffler points out in FUTURE SHOCK, changing houses, jobs, spouses. We have disposable everything, and, in the myth of electric technology, instant everything. Having lost -- or discarded -- our hold on the past, obsessed with the notion that history is irrelevant (which is false: we have access to almost the entire past; the past has now become the present), our time-view has...shifted towards the Future. The mid-Sixties, it may be recalled, emphasized the existential moment, the now. Lately, the now has been downgraded -- to something we can barely hope to escape from. If only we could get to the future. . . In any case, a certain kind of history, what Eliade calls "sacred history", no longer works. The old imperatives no longer function to keep the individual screwed into place -- morally, economically, psychiaally. Apocalyptic is a last resort to stay in touch with the times -- to keep from dropping out of sacred history -- by a super-declaration of what exactly history consists of.

Traditionless history and inhuman knowledge, says Klapp, illustrate the fact that it is possible for society to accumulate knowledge and things in such a way that they do not help people establish identity. Material comforts, technical efficiency and design, and impersonal information are no adequate substitute for tradition and human relations. People feel intensely dissatisfied, but they cannot find a direction in which to move to try to resolve their problem. With "pragmatic" politics and the "end of ideology" the materialistic welfare state is providing -- even under capitalism -- much of what the old socialism demanded.

Theodore Roszak delves into this area a little more deeply in speaking of the technocratic society (THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE). Technocracy is a form of rule common to both capitalist and communist societies today. The basis of technocracy is the myth of "objective consciousness", a mode of thought which denies the validity of subjective experience in favor of a postulated "objective reality", and holds the manipulation of this reality to be the domain of specialized experts. This is exactly what Klapp is talking about when he refers to "objective knowledge". Roszak points out that technocratic assumptions about the nature of man, society, and nature warp experience at the source, becoming the buried premises from which intellect and ethical judgment proceed. The effect of "expertise" is to mystify the popular mind by creating illusions of the omnipotence and omniscience of the "experts". The effectiveness of this myth lies in its invisible totalitarianism, its subliminal workings. No wonder, then, that people suffering today from identity crises do not know which way to turn. The effect of technocratic thinking is to define the validity of questions concerning the nature of reality over an all-inclusive range of human experience. In other words, the validity of certain types of experience is defined out of existence.

These conclusions about what is happening in our culture find support from other fields. The psychiatrist R. D. Laing (THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE and THE BIRD OF PARADISE) and sociologists Peter Berger and Thomas Luckmann (THE SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION OF REALITY) speak in their own ways of the reification of the social structure, in which the power of the external world is enlarged at the expense of individual experience. Man produces a reality that he experiences as something other than a human product.



Roszak, Klapp, and Laing all argue that it is imperative that the area of potential human experience be enlarged to include the poetic, the mysterious -- all those things that cannot be reduced simply to numbers and equations. For Klapp this means the exploration of "nondiscursive" dimensions of communication -- dance, pantomime, clowning, sculpture, painting, music, and (especially) ritual -- and a greater emphasis upon such symbolism throughout life, including in education. Ritual is the prime symbolic vehicle for experiencing emotions and mystiques together with others -- but much modern ritual has been impoverished through the loss of traditional roots.

It seems apparent that at least a start has been made in this direction. The last few years has seen the growth of a distinctly romantic conception of life on the part of many -- particularly the young. In the midst of a society built by the rationale of science and dominated by technocrats, the young once more seek a universe filled with mystery and wonder. The phenomenal rebirth of interest in astrology and the occult is partial evidence of this. So also is "psychedelic" art. The widespread use of drugs reflects not only a wish to escape what is considered a drab existence imposed by the old order, but also a search for new ways of viewing the world and for experiences that lie beyond the boundaries of the ordinary and the rational.

The emphasis on experience and feeling today is undoubtedly given greater impetus by the threat of nuclear annihilation which has hung over the world since the end of the Second World War. The realization that the human race may be wiped out at any time, and a decline in the traditional Christian concepts of immortality -- combined with the accelerating rate of societal change -- have undermined the sense of biological and cultural continuity in history and intensified anxiety about life and death. In seeking to restore to their lives a sense of historical continuity, many have turned to the religious philosophies of the East. Like the romantic of the nineteenth century, this type of modern-day romantic sees himself as a unique part of an infinite whole.

On the other hand, at least one critic of the "youth revolution" accuses the young of displaying the very technocratic philosophy which they claim so vehemently to oppose (John W. Aldridge, IN THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG). Their interest in Eastern mysticism is seen as a search for an "easy-to-assemble, do-it-yourself metaphysics" that will give easy answers to complicated philosophical questions. The demands of university students for "relevance" in education are seen as demands for an instant gratification in place of the more monotonous study that is often indispensable to true learning. In continually talking of such collectives as "establishments", "bureaucracies", and "power structures", the young are accused of demonstrating their inability to think in terms of the realities which compose these institutions. "One is struck, in short, by how philistine the young are in their idealism, how often their notions of reform are reducible to merely administrative and legislative action, the more equitable distribution of wealth, power, and opportunity, and how rarely they embrace measures which might be taken to establish in this country the social and aesthetic basis for a truly civilized society."

Klapp says the new romanticism stresses "the freedom to be what one pleases", in contrast to the older romanticism, which asserted the primacy of emotion, intuition, and energy over reason -- the heart over the head. Today fun is legitimized as a way of fulfilling oneself, and not just because it is part of one's right to happiness. "This isn't saying that if you aren't having fun you are missing something in life; it is saying that if you aren't having fun you aren't really there." Because of his identity need, the deviant feels he has a right to deviate, in order to discover "the real me".



This year they want it different. A vacation away from the crowds. An an-<sup>32</sup>cient Scottish castle. Or some remote Aegean island. Something special and different. Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.

You've got your own way of doing, seeing, expressing. Your own way of dressing. And these Lee Leesures are part of it. . .

It says more about you that you'd ever say about yourself. When you drive a car, you drive a reflection of yourself. And, in the case of the 1971 MGB, it's a reflection of someone very special. Someone who knows cars as few do...

Since you can't go around saying you're terrific, let our clothes do it for you. Country Set...At good stores everywhere.

The need to express oneself in new ways is reflected and promoted by mass advertising. Obviously, planned obsolescence is good for business. "You've changed, so we've changed," was the pitch in one recent automobile commercial on television. The North American automobile industry is notorious for its yearly styling changes and the accompanying exhortations to buy the latest model to keep up with, or preferably, get ahead of, the Joneses. But in every field of merchandising, from detergents to clothing fashions, the emphasis is on constant change. "Change" becomes synonymous with "progress"; if something isn't new it isn't good. Thus the worth, the validity, of the past is undermined. A vicious circle is established: the more changes we make, the more we undermine the worth of what we had before; and the more we undermine the worth of what we had before, the more changes we need to make in order to re-establish something meaningful. Tradition -- the validity of the historical experience -- requires continuity in order to take root. So the faster we run, the farther behind we get.

Roszak stresses the corrupting and co-opting aspects of technocracy -- it devours the culture, leaving nothing outside. We can see evidence of this in the way the mass media and mass advertising jump on any new idea and convert it to their own purposes -- whether those purposes involve a television series or an advertisement,

Are you the girl who said you wanted freedom now? Olga designs Freedom Front . . . Feel your freedom now in this Olga bra at 5.50, others from 5.00 to 9.50.

"Why should men get all the Ballantine's Scotch?"  
"Liberty, Equality, Ballantine's!"

We make Virginia Slims especially for women because they are biologically superior to men. That's right, superior. Women are more resistant to starvation, fatigue, exposure, shock, and illness than men are. Women have two "X" chromosomes in their sex cells, while men have only one "X" chromosome and a "Y" chromosome...which some experts consider to be the inferior chromosome. They are also less inclined than men to congenital baldness, albinism of the eyes, improperly developed sweat glands, color blindness of the red-green type, day blindness, defective hair follicles, defective iris, defective tooth enamel, double eyelashes, skin cysts, shortsightedness, night-blindness, nomadism, retinal detachment, and white occipital locks of hair. In view of these and other facts, the makers of Virginia Slims feel it highly inappropriate that women continue to use the fat, stubby cigarettes designed for mere men. . .

You've come a long way, baby.



Introducing freedom for men. Strange that man, supposedly the most liberated of the human species, has been the most unliberated when it comes to his clothing. Not only in the way his clothing looks, but especially in the way it feels. But now McGregor has found a way to bring double-knit to men's clothing and free him by solving both problems at the same time...

To take the dilemma of women today as an example of the dilemma that confronts us all in different degrees and different ways: with the vast changes in society, women are becoming less and less satisfied with their traditional roles as housewives, mothers, etc. They want "freedom". But what does "freedom" mean in our society? The ability to assume new roles at will, to be what you like when you like. . .

I Am A Woman. I Am Rebecca. I Am Free. Liberated. I want to look like many things. A Lioness. A Gypsy. A Regal Princess. Because sometimes I am tired of being me. I want something to change into. Not just camouflage. But something real . . . To bring out the other side of me. So I create wigs made of synthetic hair. For a woman. To change her personality as well as her looks. And now that is important to a woman. I know. I am a woman. I am Rebecca.

And I know you. You desire to look different. So you'll really feel different. So I spend years designing wigs for you. To give you mood and mystery. My wigs are the finest ever created. I design each one so it doesn't look like a wig. Synthetic, yet real. People who see them can't believe it, they ask me how I do it. But I don't tell. I just keep creating new things. Like my suspension stretch cap. It makes my wigs so comfortable you forget they're not really yours. . .

"Synthetic, yet real. . . you forget they're not really yours. . ." But the evidence is that people are not really succeeding in fooling themselves with the trappings of new identities. The trappings have no real basis. Our culture remains fragmented. "When anybody can be anybody, nobody can be 'somebody'," says Klapp. As status symbols become more freely interchangeable and available, their value for fixing status shrinks to zero, like a debased currency. Social cohesion becomes less possible as the bonds of ritual that tie people together are dissolved. Even if we can escape 1984, can we avoid the pleasant meaninglessness of a BRAVE NEW WORLD? McLuhan's global village is at hand, but its implications are far from clear.

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VIDEO SCIENCE FICTION CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16:

of sf-horror films. By allowing directors free reign over their material, but with the overall guidance of Joseph Stefano, who had a powerful interest in both the fantastic and cinematic elements of what he produced, "The Outer Limits" provided in its short life a series that was constantly fascinating.

I'm sure that you're all pretty familiar with the science fiction that's been on television since then. If not, you probably could become so by watching reruns. Most of the more recent series, beginning with "Twilight Zone" have been sold to non-network stations for rerun. Probably the most important current in television science fiction has been the revival of Space Opera in shows like "Lost in Space" and "Star Trek". These were on somewhat higher levels than "Tom Corbett" or "Captain Video"; "Star Trek" managed to inspire the same kind of fanatical devotion, but in a slightly older audience.

If anyone has any sources to suggest that I might not know about, such as old fanzines or other fairly unique items, or perhaps knows someone who was connected with one of these programs, I'd appreciate it very much if you'd contact me.









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