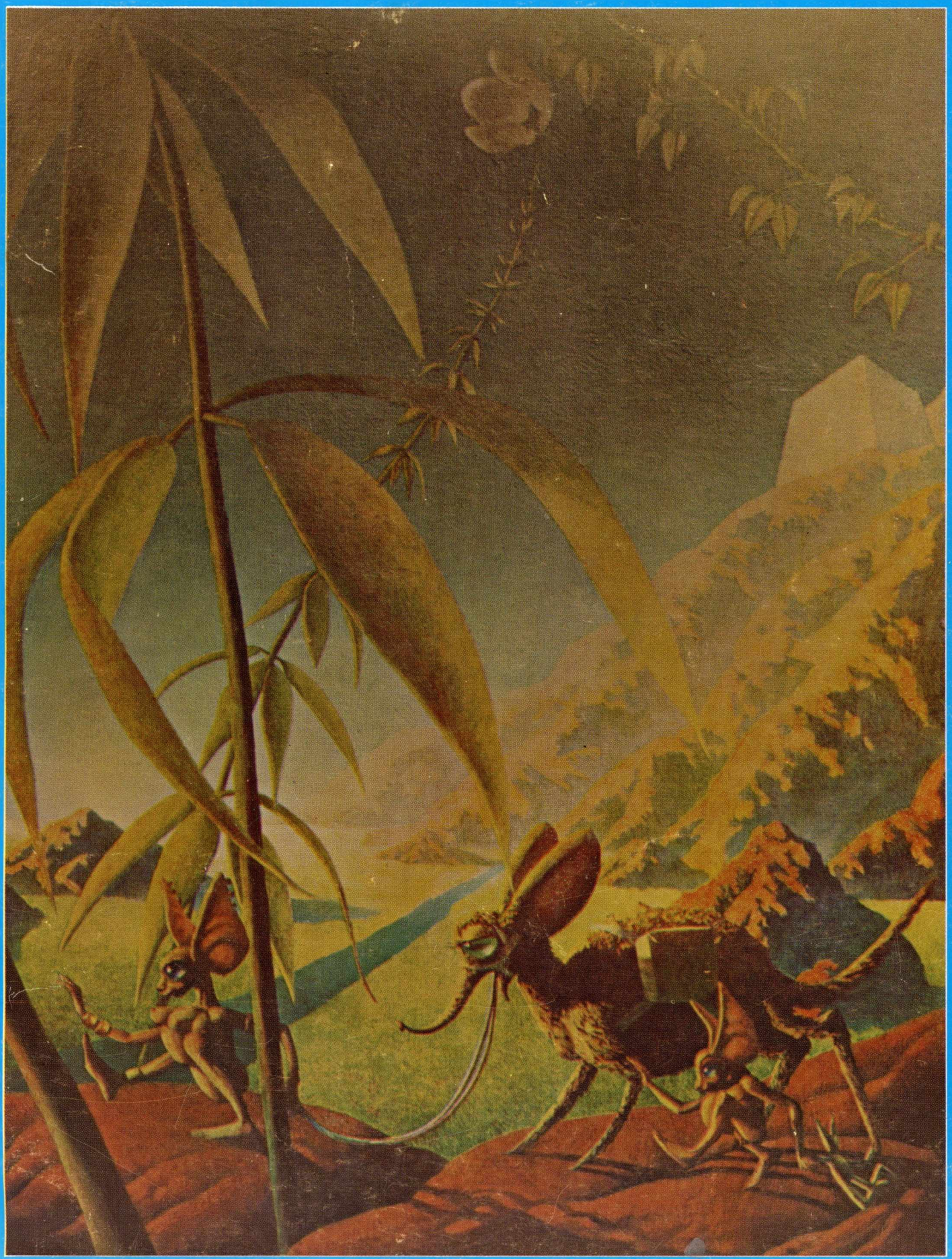
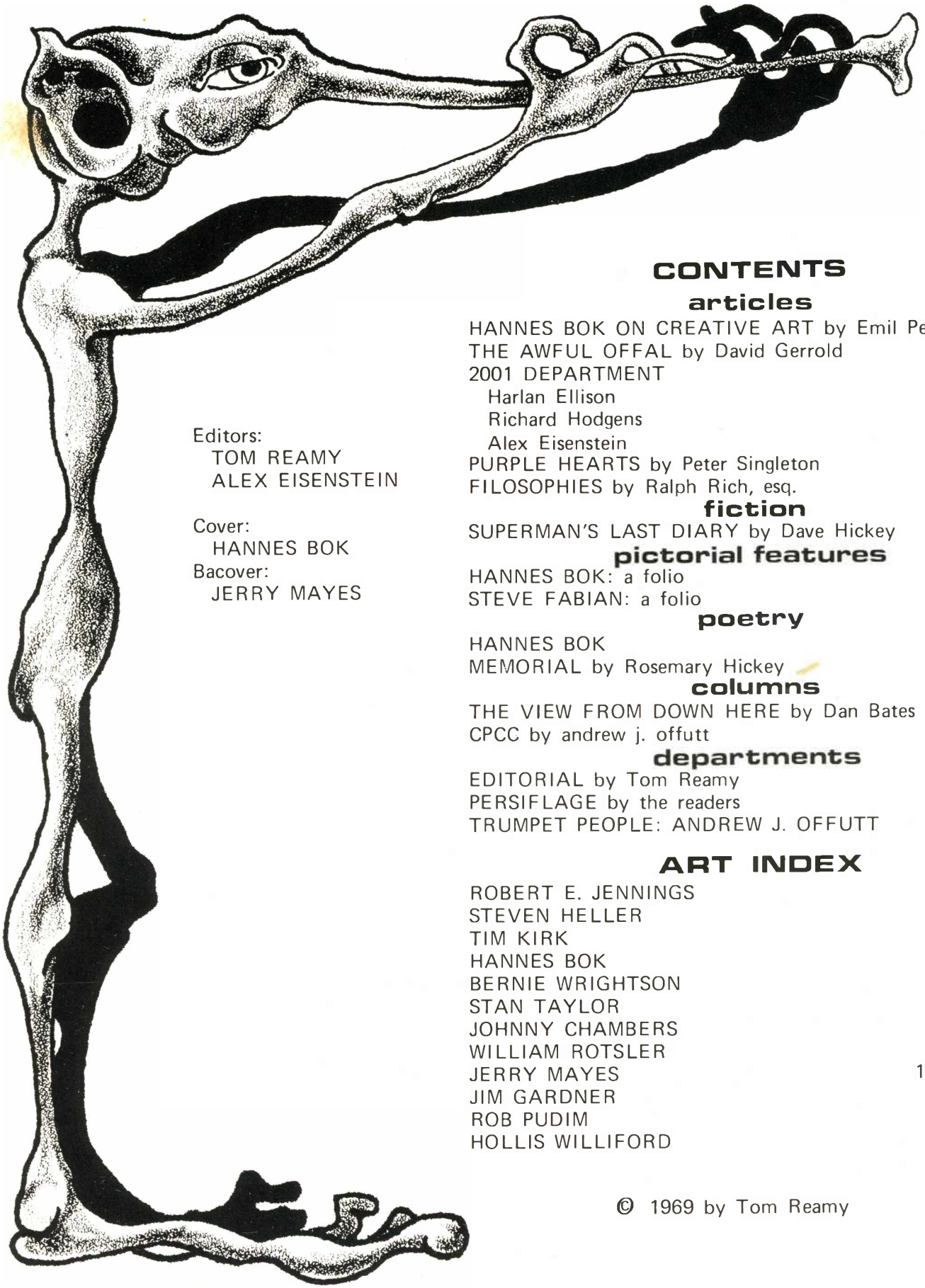
trumpet

75c

number nine

DAVID GERROLD on Star Trek fans; HARLAN ELLISON, RICHARD HODGENS and ALEX EISENSTEIN on 2001; PETER SINGLETON on drugs; EMIL PETAJA on Hannes Bok; plus folios by HANNES BOK and STEPHEN FABIAN.





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TRUMPET is published three or four times a year at Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080. Please send all poetry and fiction submissions (with return postage) to Alex Eisenstein, 3030 W. Fargo, Chicago, Illinois 60645. Everything else to Tom Reamy at the Richardson address. Price is 75c per copy or $3.50 for a 5-issue subscription. Payment for contributions is with free copies of the magazine only. Printed letters of comment are considered contributions. Also available for trade with other non-professional magazines. Layout by Tom Reamy.

editorial

and other pretensions

TOM REAMY

As it generally happens, I leave this until the very last. As it also generally happens, I keep whittling away the space I leave until there's little remaining. It doesn't matter too much; I don't have a lot on my mind this time.

I'm not going to write a lot about the Dallas bid for the '73 Worldcon because I said just about all there is to be said at this time in the Dallascon Bulletin—and everyone reading this should have gotten a copy of that. If you didn't, drop me a postcard and I'll put you on the mailing list. It's free; might as well. Consider DCB as an annex to this editorial.

John Mansfield says that Jim Sterenko is the Harlan Ellison of comic artists but I thought Merle Haggard was the Harlan Ellison of country and western singers.

Speaking of John, he was through a couple of weeks ago—just in time to help with the DCB mailing. He, Joe Bob Williams, Buddy Saunders, Rosemary Hickey and I spent all Sunday afternoon and evening at Rosemary's house sticking on address labels and sorting and bundling according to third class bulk-mailing rules and regulations. Then, Rosemary, Joe Bob, Peggy Williams and I spent all Monday evening finishing up. It was fun. As the virgin said, it will be easier the second time.

Anyway, the Bulletin is one of the reasons this issue is late. I was planning to have #12 make its debut at St. Louiscon as did #8 at Baycon. Now, I'm planning to have #11 make its debut at St. Louiscon.

Philip Jose Farmer is just Sam Moskowitz in a clever plastic disguise.

—Mike Glicksohn

I'd like to allay the fears—or suspicions—of those who have ordered #7 on the promise that it will be reprinted. It will—but not immediately. Your order is safe though it may be a few months before finances make the reprinting possible. To anyone else contemplating the order of back issues: no's 1, 2, 3, and 7 are sold out. You may order #7 if you don't mind a modest delay, but don't order the first three. No. 4 is getting low so, if you don't have the first installment of The Broken Sword

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To eliminate dimples, grow warts in the crevices. —Steve Stiles

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It's Hugo nominating time again. You'll find a nominating ballot in this issue (if you're getting it through the mail; if you're picking this up in a rare book shop in 1996, you probably won't find one). I was quite pleased last year that all my personal choices won—except one. My personal choices this year are: Best novel/novella/novelette/short story: I never read the magazines or novels soon enough to know what's eligible, so I seldom vote in these categories. When I do, I usually vote for something like Davey that never wins. Anyway, since the Nebula, I consider the fan awards more important.

Best dramatic presentation: This year is a bonanza in this category. There are five movies worthy of winning in any other year: 2001, Barbarella, Rosemary's Baby, Charly, and Planet of the Apes. My own personal choice is (resoundingly) 2001. But some idiots will undoubtedly get a Star Trek episode on the final ballot.

Best professional artist: Come on people, not Jack Gaughan again. It's ridiculous. My choice is James Bama. It's difficult to believe that such a fantastic talent could have been around this long without a cult forming around him as did about Frazetta. Bama does the covers for the Doc Savage paperbacks and the cover for the recent re-issue of The Illustrated Man. The original of that one was on display at Nycon. It was so beautiful it hurt the eyes.

Best professional magazine: No award; or change it to "least bad."

Best amateur magazine: I refuse to incriminate myself.

Best fan writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Best fan artist: The field is overflowing with talent: Vaughn Bode', Tim Kirk, Johnny Chambers, Steve Fabian, etc. I'd not be unhappy if any of the above were to win, but I predict a victory for Vaughn Bode'.

A new wrinkle has also been added to the nomination procedures this year. If you'll study the ballot carefully, you will note that you must be a convention member to nominate. Until now, anyone could nominate but only members could vote. With this new rule and the new rule about paying to vote for the next con-site, I'm wondering if maybe there isn't an over-reaction to the walk-in vote. The next step can only be the elimination of the popular vote and the replacement of it by a panel of judges. I hope all of you have enough gumption to kick and scream and raise holy hell if any con committee ever tries it.

Glenn T. Seaborg is really an incarnation of Hugo Gernsback.

—Alex Eisenstein

Who's Glenn T. Seaborg? Speaking of Larry Niven, next issue will sport an article by himself proving that the universe built in World of Ptavvs, Neutron Star, and A Gift From Earth was only a hoax. I had never read any of them so the article didn't make a whole lot of sense, but it intrigued me to the point that I am in the process of doing so. I'm anxious to finish so I can reread the article. While waiting for #10, I suggest you do the same. You might as well, you'll want to after reading the article anyway.

No. 10 will also feature a full-color cover by George Barr...or perhaps Tim Kirk...or somebody. Tim is also doing a Gormenghast folio. Steve Ditko is doing a strip. Lynn Pederson is doing a strip (we're liable to get raided) based on Leiber's Fafhrd/Mouser story, The Howling Tower. Chambers' Little Green Dinosaur will put in an appearance. Who knows what else. ●

the view from down here

DAN BATES:

the film year: 1968

One of the best English-language film critics, for my money, continues to be Richard Roud, whose writings appear irregularly in *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, and who is program director for both the New York and the London Film Festivals. Roud has only lately adopted the popular habit of naming his personal choices for films of a particular year, and the value of his "year's ten best" list for me lies in the fact that, usually, more than a couple of the films he names will not have been shown at all in my city by the time he cites them, so I know what to watch out for with special care. This was the case last January, when he named Luis Bunuel's elegant, mystifying *Belle de Jour* among his seven best (he couldn't decide on three more, it appears) of 1967. As it happens, *Belle de Jour* finally got here in the early fall of 1968, whereupon it did enough business for it to be held over for a gratifying two months, and it is my personal choice for the best film shown in Dallas, commercially or otherwise, during 1968.

(Of the other six cited by Roud for 1967, *Bonnie and Clyde* is of course the best known. Joseph Losey's *Accident* got a surprise one-week booking in a downtown house here normally reserved for Cinerama road shows in mid-February 1968. I had seen it at a distributor's screening in New York the year before, and had written of it in an earlier *Trumpet*. The collaborative anti-war tract *Far From Vietnam* is scheduled to have its Southwestern premiere-of-sorts sometime in the Spring of 1969 at a downtown Dallas junior college; two of the participants in this effort, which I saw at the 1967 New York Film Festival, are Jean-Luc Godard and Alain Resnais. *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, I understand, has been given limited circulation in this area; I saw it at a small commercial house a year or so ago out amidst the potato fields of farthest Long Island. Godard's *Masculine Feminine*, which I also saw at a New York distributor's screening, reportedly opened at a suburban Dallas "nudie" house in mid-summer of 1967, and was later shown at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth. I don't look for Andre Delvaux's *The Man Who Got His Hair Cut Short*, the New York Film Festival screening of which I walked out on a couple of years ago—I don't always agree with Roud—to ever be shown in these parts, commercially or otherwise.)

Of the ten films cited by Roud as the best of 1968, I've seen all but four, and I plan to be on the look-out, should either Lindsay Anderson's *If* (the most likely of the four, I should think), Godard's *Weekend*, Kurosawa's three-hour *Red Beard*, or Bresson's *Mouchette* (the least likely) unexpectedly be booked into a local art house, in 1969 or 70.

I'll have to take another look at Losey's *Secret Ceremony* before I completely disavow Roud's selection of it as one of the past year's top ten. For the present, on the basis of one viewing, suffice to say I'm sircumspect. I don't like Mia Farrow—her death-throw mouthings remind me disarmingly of a sparrow pleading for a breakfast worm—and Robert Mitchum seems uncomfortable as a Cockney, but I am one of the few who think Liz Taylor is growing as an actress as steadily as she is irrevocably losing her good looks. Losey's couching of this perversely macabre tale in deep-pile soap-opera terms throws me off, but I'm simply going to have to take another look, because maybe Roud's right and I'm wrong.

Only one local daily stooped to reviewing Jonas Cornell's delightful *Hugs and Kisses*, a Swedish sex comedy that is remarkably fresh if enigmatic, when it opened here and then dismissed it as drearily predictable. (The other daily, offended perhaps at the brief display of pubic hair early in the picture, ignored it completely. Possibly as a result, the film went unseen by a lot of people who might otherwise have recognized it rightly as the past year's best adult film comedy.

For all the beauty of that second movement of Mozart and all the lovely color camerawork, I, for one, found *Elvira Madigan* a vacuous bore. I tire quickly of masochism, no matter how "pure" the intentions that feed it, and no amount of "cinema" can make the repeated sight of two exquisite young people wretching wild berries enticing to me.

Dreyer's *Gertrud*, which I caught at a commercial "art house" on Bleecker Street in the "West" Village a year or so ago, is exactly what a recent *Sight and Sound* current film guide says it is: a film to be loved to distraction or despised utterly. There appears to be no middle ground. I, for one, take the former course: *Gertrud*, for me, is conceivably the single greatest film of the Sixties (to date), and I fully realize that such a rash statement places me in the decided minority, but I seize readily on my privelege to be eccentric. For the record, the film will have been shown exactly twice (as many times as I saw it in New York) in the Dallas area by Summer of 1969—once in Fall of 1967 at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and later in Fort Worth at, again, the reliable T.C.U. Now that the Museum has seen fit to discontinue its film series (for understandable financial reasons—there just doesn't seem to be enough of an audience here, T.C.U.'s position in the highest echelon among art-cinema showplaces in at least this portion of the Southwest is vaulted even higher. Oh well, a thirty-mile drive ain't so bad.

I thought *Mahanagar* one of Satyajit Ray's less interesting efforts when I saw it two years ago at an Orient-oriented art-film house on 55th Street in New York. Or, maybe, I was in a bad mood at the time (that can happen, and it can seriously mar one's perception, a perfectly human error that only Pauline Kael, alone among her film-critical peers, seems to take into account). Chances are, I won't have another chance to give it a try. Pity.

In my brief "coverage" of the 1967 New York Film Festival in an earlier issue, I mentioned the last of Roud's choices that I have seen, Jerzy Skolimowski's *Le Depart*. Let me add at this point that, with time, my esteem for it lessens, and that for the same director's *Barrier*, seen at the same event, grows and grows.

Of Village Voice critic Andrew Sarris' top ten for '68, only five have opened in Dallas during the year just past, and, of those five, I saw four, foremost among which was the already-cited *Belle de Jour*.

Francois Truffaut's homage to Hitchcock, *The Bride Wore Black*, played two weeks at one house here and a single week subsequently across town at another house—both showings unfortunately of *dubbed* prints. I really couldn't get too excited about it: Of all the directors to emerge from France's "New Wave", Truffaut seems to be the only one content to be an entertainer, rather than an artist. Nothing wrong with that, but it would be nice if he could conjure up, just once, a truly great work. (There is another interesting Hitchcock pastiche last year called *Targets*; more about that later.

I liked Don Siegel's *Madigan* one of two American films cited by Sarris (the other is Cassavete's *Faces*), but prefer the same director's *Coogan's Bluff*.

Continued on page 48

Emil Petaja:

HANNES BOK ON CREATIVE ART

In his comparatively brief lifetime (1914-1964) Hannes Bok put his genius-level brain and his industrious hands to work on a great many forms of artistic endeavor. Not only is Bok recognized by competent authorities as one of the finest fantasy artists of this or any other time; he was a fine sculptor, a maker of wonderful masks; he was an engraver, an etcher in metal and in wood; he worked in virtually every medium of pictorial art. While he was happier in the more conventional representational forms of art, and could *draw* with the best of them!, he was as well fascinated by non-representational art, especially by essays in pure color. His superb technique, learned in part from the technical perfectionist Maxfield Parrish, was that of the old masters; that is, a series of color overlays with thin coats of varnish between each color.

Besides all this, Hannes Bok was a serious poet, a fine novelist and short story writer. Artwise, he created some 600 or 700 marvelous story illustrations for magazines, some 20 or so magazine covers, many book jackets and interior illustrations, designs for letterheads, calenders, bookplates, etc. etc. Of course his greatest—his art-museum-level paintings—remain to be seen by the general public as they have never been printed or shown. Most of his poetry has never been printed; it is to be hoped that it soon will be. As for his fiction writing, besides his completions of A. Merritt's THE BLACK WHEEL and THE FOX WOMAN (completed under the title THE BLUE PAGODA), his major novels are, THE SORCERER'S SHIP (Unknown, Dec. 1942), THE BLUE FLAMINGO (Startling Stories, Jan. 1948), and STAR-

STONE (Science Fiction Quarterly #7 Summer 1942). Here again, some of Bok's most ambitious novels have never seen print. They were too individualistic, too independent, too *Hannes Bok*.

In his many long letters to a host of correspondent-friends, Bok spoke out honestly and penetratingly on the frustrations and heartaches which a creative artist faces in attempting to make a living from his art—out of his own often strangling experience. Here are some quotes from these. They need little explanation or amplification.

To John H. Vetter 6/1/62

"For one thing, think of the PAY the artists got. (Bok refers here to the 1940's and early 1950's—EP) Farnsworth Wright, Editor of Weird Tales, used to take no payment for his editorial work during the depression of the 1930's; he sank all of his money into just keeping the magazine going at all. He couldn't afford to pay decent wages for artwork. I got $5 a drawing for Weird. But then I also got $5 a drawing from Planet, Future Fiction, Stirring Stories, Science Fiction Quarterly, Cosmic, Astonishing, and others. It was standard.

"Which means living on about $12.50 a week. Which I did for years. How could you expect Brosnatch or Senf to turn out Picassos or Michaelangelos?

"Then, too, the artist was severely limited by magazine use of a rotary press and splintery pulp paper. It was very discouraging. I soon learned not to try for delicate effects, but to keep my work limited to solid blacks, pure white, and middle grey. Anything else just wouldn't reproduce.

"Why on earth do artists get blamed for what is really editorial policy? (As a suggestion to John Vetter, a valued friend and art critic, Bok adds...EP) Better if you simply confine yourself to aptness of illustrations as to mood, text, 'color' of the stories, and didn't pass art-opinion on quality of actual technique. (...)

"I never considered my pulp-work much good, even though I certainly never approached it from a mere hack viewpoint. I always tried to do my best. Considering the handicaps of rotary press, poor paper—not to mention the low payment, which necessitated half-rations of food, inadequate housing, ragged clothes. Also having to rush slipshod through a drawing to meet a deadline.

"Remember that art in magazines doesn't show much about the artist: it shows the editor's preferences. And sometimes it shows what the low-budget editor has to accept if he wants any artwork at all. I quit working for Planet, Strange Stories, etc. because the art director insisted on dictating what figures, action, costumes, lighting, placement of figures, etc. would be acceptable. Still and all, there was one reason for an artist to choose to do STFantasy art. Because the editors paid so poorly they couldn't become too demanding about what you submitted. One did have a little freedom to experiment. Damned little, but some. (...)

"Many people, coming to see me, are flabbergasted by the kind of artwork I do when I am not painting for publication in a magazine. (No editor would buy my real stuff—editors want *action* and think that 17 fist fights in one picture is 'action'. Little do they realize that a dynamic composition without any human figures whatever in it can be much more compelling.) Ah well, life is short and art is long!"

It may be seen from this letter, as well as from Bok's art, that he was the free-est of free spirits. He found the shackles of big-time publishing (gold though they be) impossible to wear. He must draw and paint his own way or not at all. He could have done hundreds—thousands—more magazine illos; his work was enthusiastically received on all sides by the readers within a year of his first publication (Weird Tales, Dec. 1939) and editors realized his gifts. But he could not take editorial dictation. He resented, too, working for next to nothing, so it seemed logical to him that he should do only such artwork as pleased him or suited his experimental techniques, and starve. To eke out his existence in his uptown Manhattan walkup slum apartment, he took odd jobs. Usher, counterman, dishwasher, wood-cutter, messenger, errand-boy. But his burning desire was to paint and so mostly he lived on boiled eggs and bread and black coffee—and painted. There is no doubt that he shortened his life by this kind of existence and however you look at it his driving compulsion to create was to blame. Also, he wrote. Then he became a top-flight astrologer (always there had been a mystical quality to the man that defies analysis) and this earned him clients for astrological chart-readings in many parts of the world.

Even in his astrology the need for complete freedom showed. He gave book-length readings for $5 when it suited his whim, refused jobs when the subject didn't interest him. He accepted only art commissions which represented a challenge and where he was permitted absolute freedom of expression.

Unfortunately, this meant he was frequently taken advantage of by impecunious publishers. His insistence on doing his artwork his way made him an easy mark; his eyes would shine and he would slave for weeks or months on a book-job which netted him next to nothing. And in some cases—nothing. In brief, in the commission of some of his best and free-est work Hannes Bok was robbed blind.

I knew Hannes best in his late teens and twenties. These were surely his best years. He was wildly enthusiastic about everything, an elvenish creature with the greatest capacity for appreciation and adventure I have ever known. Creativity spilled out of his very pores; he saw magic in every facet of living; every turn of the corner was the penetration of a new and wonderful dimension. Later on frustrations began to stifle and strangle him; ill health closed in on him. His outgiving ebullience gave way to black moods of cynicism and bitterness.

To Mark Walsted 2/8/63

"Today I finished the Madonna head, which must dry for a week or so, then gets a protective coating, must be matted, mounted on plywood before mailing to Chicago publisher. Also working on wraparound cover for MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, mainly becuz it's wraparound job with good reproduction. Only I sort of bit off a lot to chew; got carried away and designed it as if it were 11 x 16 feet, instead of inches. If it comes out as expected, it'll be a riot of reds and blue-greens, be as enamel-surfaced as a Dali original. (See Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Nov. 1963)

"Artists should receive better pay than writers because a writer for same amount of work can knock out at least two short stories, can be resold to TV, films, anthologies, etc.; once an illustration is used, it at best can only be resold to a collector as a wall decoration."

Yet re writing, to Emil Petaja 6/1/63

"Though I still yen to write Great Literachoor, it's getting increasingly difficult to try: if I can't say what I like, why write at all? Of course the publisher wants what will sell. It's easy to write a best-seller if one has the gall to go ahead and do it. Since we now live in a matriarchy, just write about WIMMEN, and glorify the common man as being greater than an egghead genius. Since we live in reincarnated Rome, add a lot of sadistic violence. Let the heroine dominate all the action, make her do every possible bitchery, but be careful to justify her with a lot of phoney rationalizing which will prove she's a wronged angel from start to finish. The book will sell for a cupla years, then never be heard of again.

"I can't do this, alas. There are basic laws of fiction writing I no longer subscribe to. Expecially that ancient concept which states that all characters must be 'changed' forever by their story-experiences. Astrology supports the gerontological belief that we cannot change, we only become more-so as we grow older. At best we can only swing from one extreme to the other a la Ghandi/Tolstoi. Astrologically, a devil may switch to being a saint if he is an extremist—meaning an unstable nut—but most extremist viewpoints invite martyrdom, and get it.

"For me there are two worlds. 'Others' and the REAL one. 'Others' is indeed a shadow-world because its inhabitants live on Popular Myth. They can't penetrate below surfaces so they just skim along on thin ice; if it breaks through and down they go they blame it on Crool Fate."

It is sadly ironic that Hannes Bok died just at a time when many of the old ideas of what can be done artwise and what can't (and sold!) are rapidly being shoved into the ash can. As Bob Dylan says, "The times they are a'changin'." A brief look at, for example, the Fantasy and Science Fiction Book Section, indicates clearly that nowadays writers are flinging themselves into all kinds of wild new dimensions. They are most certainly doing it *their* way, and what's more they are making money at it. Hannes Bok lived in an unfortunate in-between time. On a cusp. Too late for some noble, rich patron to finance him and nurture his creative gifts; and too early to take full advantage of the burgeoning shakeup. ●

and flights of angels

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The snow
was feather-stars
seen on a slowly lowering
cobweb curtain.
Melting, it made dirty rippled mirrors
of the streets.

The city's structures
were cubist rockpile rubbish.

The sky wore grey fleece
With delicate blue underclothes
and here and there
embroideries of sunshine.

Feb. 1939

Reminiscence

Do you recall a night
    when stars were diamond powder
        blur-misted
        stationery celestial fireworks,
very near?

    And all the earth was flowerchoked,
    and dewdrops trembled on the leaves,
        and in our eyes...

We sat on the riverbank
    sniffing the chill damp air
and I pressed your shivering moth's-weight closer,
    as you sighed
        wistfully
    leaning against me... Do you recall
    our kiss?

Below, the river wound blackly
    among the rushes
like a molten mirror...

1936?

WE

The city is a place
where most of its men are astrologers
Computing the future
by observing the street-lights,
mistaking them for stars.

It was created as a substitute for Hell
when the inferno became overcrowded.

And Love was sent
so that man could not become numb from
and insensible to
pain,
spoiling the amusements
of devils.

Dec. 29, 1937

Life

is an illusion
worked with mirrors
in which one never sees himself

Life

is a play
and at present
I am at rehearsal.

Life

is a play
and at present
I am in the wings, awaiting my cue.

Life

is a play
and at present
I am performing ad lib.

Nov. 1937

Definition

A dreamer is a person
who freezes to death
Warming himself over
An imaginary fire.

March 1938

Vampire

You came at dusk
    unasked
    like a dream
and moved
    a blur
beneath the shadow-linked hulks of trees
    and ruined towers,
but your warm hands
    enfolding mine
were real
and they fondled my heart
    so tenderly
that I swayed fainting,
    giddy with ecstacy.

Then your fingers tightened
and I saw your sharp teeth glint
    in a savage smile
as you squeezed, and hot blood spurted.
I screamed from pain
and your dark fairy face
drifted closer
    blotting out the magic of the earth
    and sky.

There was nothing but you
and the pain of your presence.

March 1941

Artist's Prayer

Let my hands proclaim
that my eyes have loved.

1939

Thunder faintly clatters
    on far hills
like thrown furniture
    rolling hollowly about.

Dec. 8, 1938

The moon was set
    beyond our grasp
so that
    reaching for it
we stretch ourselves
a little taller.

Dec. 8, 1938

Man is an artist
    who uses life
        as his model
    and then falls in love
        with the picture.

Dec. 11, 1938

Central Park

The rain-drenched sun sputters out on the horizon;
Cloud-mops scrub the dirty sky.
Long heaps of soiled tree-tatters
    like strewn rags
border the moth-spoiled green-felt meadow:
grass blades bear raindrop berries
which the nervous wind shakes to the ground.

An airplane clatters across the sky
    like a faulty vacuum-sweeper,
    leaving no trail of cleanliness,
and from afar
a locomotive whistle labors like a brazen bull
    bellowing for a mate.

July 1941

Confession

There are some who live
    fearing death.
And others who die
    fearing life
But I
Am afraid of all four.

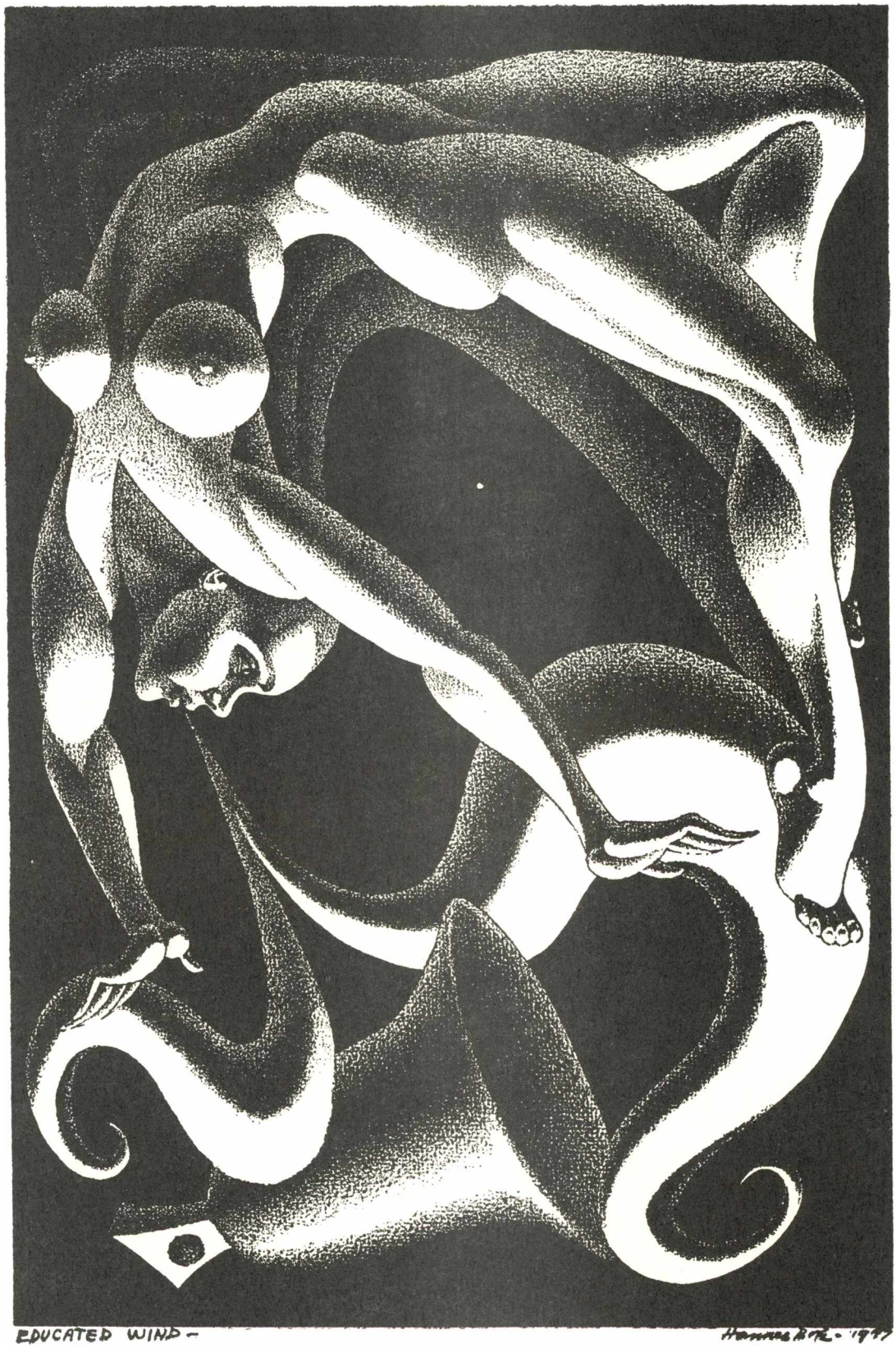
Dec. 11, 1937

THE WHITE FOLK

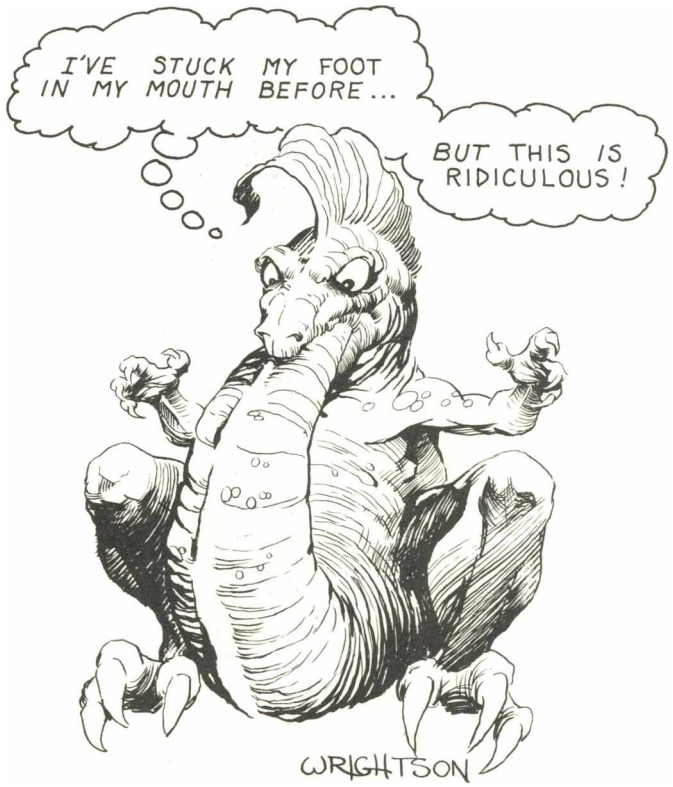

SQUATTERS
Hannes Bok 1947


MAMBALOA—
— Hannes Bok 1947


PUPPETERS –
Herman Bat 1947



EDUCATED WIND –



PERSIFLAGE

BERTIL MARTENSSON
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((Some late comments on #7))

Alex Eisenstein has an excellent drawing on page 35. Unfortunately, on the opposite page, one finds what is only another example of silly and not-called-for anti-Ballardiana. If Ballard is such an untalented writer, how come he can arouse such controversy, make fanzine "critics" so terribly mad? Not even van Vogt managed that. Leading up to the Ballard section is a discussion of "Shadow Show" and "The Enchanted Village". I agree with much that Alex says, but van Vogt's story is not a good example of ironical sf or science-fantasy, mainly because there is no point to its irony. It says nothing; the story is ironical, certainly, but so are all twist-end-stories and there are more outstanding examples to find. I object, naturally, to Alex's thesis that any element in a story that doesn't agree with what he calls "physical reason", should necessarily be motivated by irony. Alex is not THE MAKER OF RULES FOR FICTION. An artist is perfectly free to handle the elements of reality in whatever way he likes—consciously or not. The critic should accept this as a natural condition. His purpose in life is not to criticize fiction according to his own arbitrary rules, but to analyze and evaluate fiction. Analysis comes first, and the simple fact that Alex hasn't found any irony in Ballard and starts off by calling him a "lazy bum" makes his evaluation invalid. Abuse is not criticism, and Ballard (witness "Time of Passage" and "The Drowned Giant") is a writer who uses irony on almost every page. This irony, probably, is what irritates his detractors, because his attitude to reality, science, man—is ironical. This doesn't make him unique in fiction. But in science-fiction it does. Patrizio in Zenith misses the point entirely—so he is out, too. I am sorry. Brian Aldiss, a splendid chap, has characterized Ballard with the words "cool metaphysical wit". This is as close as one can get. Ballard cannot be compared to Brunner. This is unfair to both writers. They are different, not only in achievement, but in technique. Brunner is a competent, but most uneven science-fiction writer. Conventional in his use of fictional forms. Ballard is a master of the short-story form, but in Kafka's tradition, not in the "SF tradition". No writer has to strive for "even a semblence of scientific authenticity." He has to convince on other levels, and Ballard does. He communicates to me, otherwise I would not write this, to Brian Aldiss and many others. Please Alex, if he doesn't communicate to you, leave him alone. Don't make a fool of yourself by criticizing a writer who knows more about the short-story-form than you will, unless you open your eyes, ever. Don't discuss what is relevant in literary criticism, unless you have studied the subject. Such a statement as "but these facets of literature are pure surface, the artfulness or craft of writing" is incompetent, for instance. Study poetics and the like for a year, as I have done, and come back after that. "plain fiction, much less sf". SF is not a form different from "plain fiction" so your distinction is silly. This proves, of course, that criticism of science-fiction (and science fantasy) demands more than a knowledge of sf. It demands a knowledge of literary theory that you do not, obviously, have. I do not defend Ballard's many untalented imitators. They are riding on the crests of his wave. Brian Aldiss, working also to explore fictional forms, but on a line parallel to Ballard's, deserves more respect and admiration. This doesn't mean that all experiments are good. But to experiment is good. Every writer should explore, not just produce. And, last, no one can foister anything on a reader—the reader doesn't have to buy! ((take that, Alex!))

Trumpet is a good magazine. I enjoy "The Broken Sword" more than any book by Anderson. Phyllis Eisenstein's article was interesting and the contents in general of high class. Congratulations! ((Thanks, and The Broken Sword will return next issue. Isn't that right, George? George? Isn't that right?))

G.M. CARR
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Whatever you do by way of future publishing, you may have your work cut out for you to surpass what you have done so far. It seems to me there is surely a point of no return which you must be fast approaching. This colored cover on #8—to top that you'll probably have to go to color inside illos. ((Well, you see, I have this plan...)) I mean, how far is up?

For some reason I find myself unable to comment on thish's contents (except to note Hollis' "Pierheads in Space" impressed me as a very reasonable comment on the subject.

Perhaps one reason for my inability to marshall my thoughts re TRUMPET #8 is because I have just finished reading "SYNANON" by Guy Endore. I had, of course, heard hints and echoes previously of this far-out technique for rehabilitating the far-down fringes of humanity, but this was the first full scale evaluation of the movement that I had run across. From what I gather, it must have been the grandaddy of the hippie movement—fathering the concept of communal pads, where all were welcome to come and share whatever was available, including drugs and sex. It seems, also, to have been the beginning of the concept of "Group Therapy"—ie, releasing one's hostilities by screaming insults at one another. (We used to do that on paper in the apas and call it Mailing Comments. We knew it was good for the ego, but didn't realize it was "therapy"...)

This book is a low-keyed, scholarly, and well researched picture of something which deserves a great deal of study if indeed it does what the author says it does. There is no reason to believe he is lying, and the whole style gives an impression of understatement. Guy Endore is a well known author—should be known to science fiction and fantasy buffs by his WEREWOLF OF PARIS if for no other—and the book is published by Doubleday &Company, a thoroughly reputable publishing house not likely to lend itself to a hoax. All in all, this is a tremendous subject, with tremendous possibilities...but out of the hundreds of leads for comment, one thing stands out to me. Maybe because it is a paradox that has been in my mind for a while, and to which I am chewing toward an answer.

The point which stood out most to me was the opposition this group met from the Establishment. Not that it was surprising—is isn't. The Establishment ALWAYS apposes anything new which threatens its status quo. It is just one of the facts of life that the AMA, for instance, must denounce Faith Healers as "quacks" no matter how startling or miraculous the cures they effect.

But the Synanon therapy is not limited to healing—in the sense that curing drug addiction without chemicals or other drugs would be considered "healing". It appears to heal the entire sick soul of the individual and cure him of the ailment which is bugging him to the point of making an addict out of himself. This therapy makes use of religion but is not, apparently, a religion in itself. However, there is no doubt that it does deal with the human soul in a way that can be translated only by using the language of religion. They literally save souls that are dying of sin. They take the sin-steeped sinners and, by the process encompassed by Synanon, they rid them of their sins and regenerate them into self-respecting individuals again.

This IS religion. The methods, the buildings, the language, the rituals, the outward observances by which we recognize one "religion" from another are merely the external means by which this is done—this "saving of souls". Guy Endore makes pointed parallels between what Synanon is doing, and what the Gospels relate that Jesus and His small group of followers did.

But now comes the point which I find unresolved: What next? The whole point in "saving" these pitiful dregs is to make whole, decent, upright, self-respecting persons out of them. To enable them to re-join the whole world of decent, upright, self-respecting persons—ie, the "establishment". But the "establishment" recoils in horror. Not, neccessarily, from the finished product—but from the process. And, apparently, all too often as soon as the process is completed and the lost soul is "redeemed", it becomes swallowed up by the rest of the whole, decent, upright and self-respecting middle class and takes on the attitudes and coloration of the rest. This mental and spiritual coloration seems to be smugness and complacency. The very things Christ cried out against when He said the Angels in Heaven rejoice more over one sinner that repents than over a hundred righteous men that have no need of repentence.

That's the paradox. To be a pitiful, drug-sodden, sub-human wreck is obviously a Bad Thing. The Establishment is all against it! Religion—all the whole battery of religions, without exception—all exist for the purpose of rescuing these helpless souls. But, apparently, only on their own terms. None others need apply. And when a religion succeeds in rescuing a lost soul, it promptly turns him into the very kind of smug, complacent, hard-hearted middle class member of the Establishment as all the rest.

Why? What's the answer? If it works, why knock it? If the language is different, but the end result is the same, what gives? Where does smugness and complacency fit into the picture? Are souls worth saving while they are sinners?

Any comments?

HARRY WARNER, JR.
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I can see one major drawback to H.H. Hollis' hypothesis on how law will be improvised when we meet the bems. Human law in whatever nation is based overwhelmingly on one basic principle: it's intended to retain the status quo of property, whether that property is the horse that someone stole from me, or the part of my salary that my wife insists on taking after she gets the divorce or the healthy condition of the flesh around my eye that my nextdoor neighbor damaged when he punched me after our argument over who gets the apples from my tree that hangs over his side of the property line. So what do we do if the people from other planets lack the sense of property? That sense could remain undeveloped or could be transcended in a world where the environment wasn't as harsh as on earth, or where science had advanced much further than ours, and maybe it never would have been thought about on a world where intelligent life was im-

mortal and depended on nothing more difficult to find than light or air. Meanwhile, I still haven't seen any reassurance that this planet won't blow up in nuclear war over a point of law as soon as we or the Russians or the Eskimos land the first man on the moon. Does the entire moon belong to the nation that reaches it first? Or just part of the moon, and if so, how do you separate the parts on a world where there's none of the unowned oceans possessed by earth? Does ownership of the moon or a part of it include the control of the area above the surface, and if so, how far above in the absence of atmosphere?

Andrew J. Offutt sounds most convincing and authoritative about hypnotism. I keep worrying over the possibility that suddenly hypnotism will become as much an in thing as pot and speed with much more disastrous consequences to the people who meddle with it. It would be instructive if future discussions included the answers to the old wives' tales about hypnotism which I've heard explained in contradictory ways. For instance, can a devout Roman Catholic contend under hypnotism that he never did something, simply because both his conscious and subconscious minds are certain that the sin in question was totally and permanently absolved by a good act of confession, penance, and absolution? Can even the mildest-mannered person be made into a killer under hypnosis, because his id retains the murderous instincts which enabled primitive man to survive? I'd also like to know how much research has been done with telepathy efforts by hypnotized subjects. If there's any reality to psi powers, I should think that they would be perceptibly more evident or less evident when the conscious mind wasn't inhibiting or abetting them.

Something tells me that sooner or later, we shall have a tremendous fuss over the exact length of a Hugo-winning story, and all fandom will waste hours and hours counting every word in a story which is on the borderline between two categories, and there will be all manner of disputes on whether an initial constitutes a word to make it a novelette rather than a short story. If dissatisfaction with the old and new length categories should continue, a one-year experiment with abolishing them altogether might be instructive. Give three or four Hugos for the best three or four stories of that year, without respect to length. It might be fairer than one Hugo for the best novella in a year when two exceptional ones were published, and another Hugo for the best short story in a year when the whole crop was scrawny and sickly.

Bode's Machines was superb, easily one of the finest things in any fanzine in 1968, and perhaps one of the finest items published anywhere this year. It simultaneously scared me stiff and caused me to shake with silent laughter (one who lives alone must never take the first awful step toward the status of the real hermit, that of laughing aloud when nobody can hear him). Walden's Pond: Well, individually the pictures are brilliant and disquieting. In a folio, one after the other, I'm not as completely taken with them. Each pounds home much the same moral through similar tactics, and I suspect that they might have made greater impact appearing in five different fanzines over a period of five weeks, instead of one after the other in consecutive order; their quality makes it impossible for any reader to refrain from staring at one after another in lightning-fast order, and their effect isn't cumulative when they're viewed that way.

As you may know, MGM has released a 2001 lp record containing the very performances which went into the soundtrack. Oddly, I don't remember any fanzine reviewers catching the Khachaturian excerpt from Gayne among the music borrowed from the film. ((Actually, that section of Gayne contains some pretty monotonous, uneventful and forgettable music—which, of course, makes completely suitable for its use in the film.)) Meanwhile, has any fanzine editor attempted to contact Clarke and ask him for the scoop of the century? If Clarke thinks fondly enough about his old career in fandom, he might be persuaded into writing a fanzine article in which he would reveal some of the answers to the questions fans are knocking themselves out with, over the movie's symbolism and moral and ending.

The buffet type of meal is more logical and more economical than the traditional worldcon banquet. But I wonder if the element of ritual in the banquet won't cause it to survive eternally. It would be better in many ways if worldcon speakers distributed the complete texts of their speeches and confined themselves to saying hello and waving at the crowd while on the podium; with a few exceptions, they're much better writers than speakers and more people would discover the content of their talks from a printed text than in the poorly attended worldcon program sessions. But here's another case where ritual, the tradition of sitting and listening while someone talks, is so overpowering that a more efficient system would find it hard to gain favor. Fans like to rebel against authority and act unconventional but they still are slaves to the old ways of doing things: breaking bread that has been brought by servants, or hearkening attentively to the verbal messages of their elders, for instance. ((We're thinking seriously of a buffet in 1973. We'll probably give it a trial run at the Southwestercon in '71 and see what happens.))

I don't know how to praise your front cover sufficiently. You should save all these covers for reruns later after Trumpet becomes an enormously successful newsstand magazine. ((*sigh*))

PIERS ANTHONY
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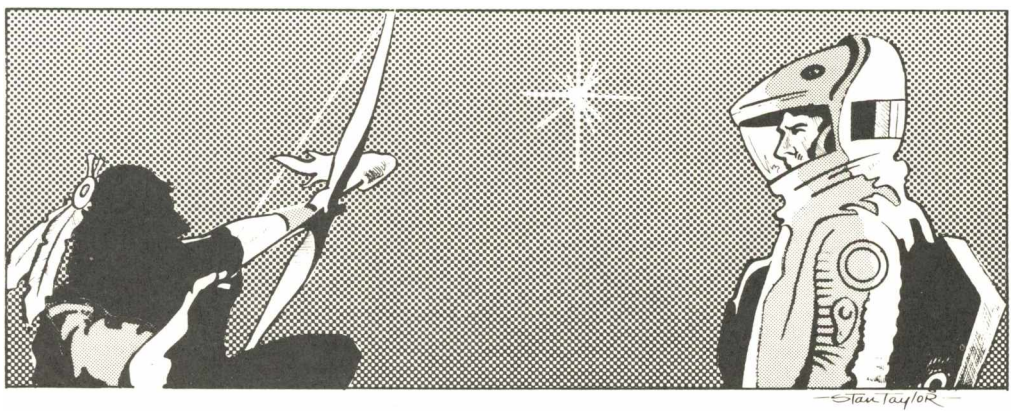
Last month your beautifully done #8 arrived, and in the course of free moments here and there I managed to read most of it, along with the various other fanzines in the house. I am trying to hold the list of fanzines to which I will comment down, because my primary interest is in writing; as the fanzines get better, my standards have to tighten. I have to say, therefore, that I have made the difficult decision: Trumpet is not for me. I have been known to change my mind, such as with Shaggy, but I really don't see why you should send me such elegant expensive issues when you don't need material and I don't have it for you anyway. I simply find Psychotic on my wave-length, while Trumpet is less so; maybe my taste is more gut-level than I like to admit. ((*sigh* Of course, you realize that is not the way to get off the mailing list. Any fanzine editor worth his salt will only say "Oh yeah, wait'll next issue."))

General comment, then; you seem to have something against Fred Pohl. ((Alex, at any rate. don't read Galaxy.)) I also have things against him, but probably they are different things. Perhaps at the root of all my frustration is the fact that all the prozines have become too dull for me to enjoy; I have subscribed to all for a number of years and have complete collections of some (Galaxy back to Oct 50, ASF back to 1945, etc.) but now am dropping my subscriptions and making ready to desist collecting. Perhaps my tastes have changed, or perhaps I have simply read too much SF the past 20 years; but I rather think it is because the magazines are restricted and stifled, while the paperbacks are more brilliantly edited and are in full flower. I read as much SF as I ever did; it has merely shifted from the magazines to the books. I think Pohl typifies much of what is wrong with the magazine field, and there is much I could say—but I'm not inclined at the moment.

I have a negative reaction to your back cover, thussly: here was this humanoid creature, of solitary and benign disposition, hoofing about his beloved caverns, eating lichen and generally keeping things orderly. He honored his ancesters, whose skulls he kept always near him, and hoped one day to raise descendents of his own. But instead of a fair maiden coming to share his domicile, in charged this blond barbarian with warlike purpose, chased him all over the cave, and finally chopped off his head. It was a totally unprovoked and uneven contest, since the invader had the only weapon. Now his skull would never rest in honor beside those of his forefathers.

Of course, after a few years of neglect the caverns became overgrown with lichen, that clogged the subterranean streams and dammed up the water. There was no one to remedy the situation, since of course the barbarian never bothered to clean up the caves. Finally the water washed away a key underpinning, and the cavern roof collapsed; the town above fell into the resultant cauldera, and the blond barbarian and all his kin perished. Serves them right.



RICK SNEARY
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South Gate, Calif. 90280

In my current snail-like swiftness I have just read Trumpet 8 and it do inspire comment. Self-centeredly, I'll turn to Persiflage (a grand title, by the way) and Richard Hodgens' letter. I haven't had anyone take me to task quite so completely in years. It rather makes me feel I'm still alive, and not slipped into a mellow mold of mild mannered nothingness. He does a rather complete job of blasting me full of holes—rather like one of Bode's Punkerpans... And not without some cause. Re-reading my letter, I admit it was rather harsh. He is correct that I say I don't want to judge him on just one article, and then do. What I meant was, that the judgement there expressed was based only on the one article, and that I recognized the fact that it wasn't enough to go on in assessing what he was really like.

As to my speculation into his private life...I made a general statement about people who become blinded by the Cause they are working for and expressed the opinion that Hodgens appeared to fit that pattern. I still don't know if it is true or not—but he does tend to react that way. I have, by the way, read Eric Hoffer's book, The True Believer, and think it is the most important book as far as shaping my thinking on things, that I have read in the past ten years, and probably only second to S.I. Hayakawa's Language in Action, a book I think should almost be compulsory reading. He has a perfect right to object to my round of remarks based on reading little more than 1/3rd of the article. No serious criticism should be based on less than the whole article, but at the time I didn't find it interesting enough to finish...and an old letter hack, like professional reviewers, doesn't have to actually read or see a thing to express an opinion... yes!?

I thought I explained why I didn't think Dr. Strangelove was the important movie he and others have claimed it was. I'm perfectly willing to admit it was a Big movie that a Lot of people went to see, and that it made a lot of Money...but I didn't think those were the standards we were talking about. As for what I would label Hodgens...I don't really know. He appears to be overly intense, and to overestimate the importance of the things he is interested in. But I've seen too many fans who could write this way on a subject, that they really didn't feel strongly about at all...so I couldn't say if he is or is not. If he is, it will only give him headaches and ulcers until he gets more perspective. (I wonder now if I met R.H. at the pre-BayCon party at the Trimbles. I remember someone coming up to me and mild-mannerredly and friendly like saying something about being sorry if he had come on too strong in his remarks in—I believe—Trumpet... As it wasn't Offutt, with whom I've exchanged a couple of friendly notes reassuring each other that we were kidding in our fiesty remarks about each other, I couldn't think who it was. Bad memory...I hope, if it were he, he didn't think I was cutting

him deliberately. ((I doubt if it was R.H. He never mentioned that he was going and I never saw him there. But, then, I never saw you either, which is a well-known disadvantage of large conventions.))

Regarding Vaughn Bode'...I better write this while I still can. I have in the last ten days written letters to the editors of Psychotic, Algol and Shangri-L'Affairs saying how much I am turned off by Bode's work. I expect when some of these get back to him, I'll get a visit in the night. But I can't help it. Mainly the series in Shaggy hit when I was in a very anti-violence mood. While his style appears very professional, the resulting work is not attractive. The comparison of the Bode' strip in this issue and the Barr one is like between Hal Foster and Rueb Goldberg. Barr's work could be cut up and each frame mounted and would stand as art. The work in Trumpet by Bode' is a purer cartoon style, which is not as upsetting to me as what he has done for others. There has been a touch of sadism in some of them to me, and are as un-nerving to look at, for me, as those horribly buggy-eyed kids that were so much the rage a couple years ago... I'm giving a personal reaction to his work, and again, I'm aware that many people are already saying he is great stuff. But I find it too compelling to ignore, as I do with most art that I'm not interested in, thus my excessive protest. The material that you used at least suggests a sense of humor—looking at the single-mindedness of other works, one wondered.

The Stan Taylor folio shows wondrously carefully done work, rather in the manner of Paul Klee (I think that is who I'm thinking of) ((You're thinking of Heinrich Kley)) and the message is just about as out of date...

On seeing Eisenstein was writing about the Hugos, I thought there would be meat for a lot of comment but, alas, no. The question is a technicality about which I have no feeling. I think three classes were enough, but either way is all the same to me. I read so little new stf that I can't vote anyway. I would agree that there is little likelihood of "No Award" winning any category, now, and that is too bad. But the Australian ballot system is so much better for something like this that the smaller fault can be put up with... The Committee should make more point of reminding the voters of its possible use. I disagree, though, about not filling the ballot in all the way. Anything getting on the final ballot has value—to someone. Frequently a matter of personal preference will make one of them seem like the worst possible choice of the year, and a person should rightly vote against them, but they can't be dismissed as being merely second rate. Remarks on Galaxy seem rather fierce...but I haven't read it, so can't comment.

On his fanzine reviews...I find his selection strangely limited to... well, less than main-stream fanzines—excepting Twilight Zine... There is nothing wrong with any of the fanzines—if it is granted that your readers are likely to be interested in a comic-fandom fanzine. It is just that with a new wave of excellent new gen-zines, who would appeal to everyone, and are in the center of today's fandom, it seems strange that none are mentioned. (Amra may be a Hugo winner, but it is not part of main-stream Fandom...not a fault, just fact.) I also find that he nit-picks on details that would not affect my enjoyment or interest in the magazine. That an artist uses a style similar to Cartier, and that an author uses "one" when he means "I", too often, may be interesting, and are valid points in a criticism of the fanzine...they do not tell me what the fanzine looks like; what I am likely to find when I read it; and how it compares to other things. I admit that the review in depth is a form frequently used to good effect, and a mere listing of contents and rating them would be even worse. I just find the reviews tell me more than I wanted to know—or, found interesting.

Hollis on space law, was interesting, once I got all the way through it. Mainly because of two facts that were not the fault of the author, I was somewhat put off by the manner in which he told me things I felt he should have assumed I knew... i.e., that he talking down to his readers. On reaching the end I find it was a speech, delivered at a conference—which, as are most, must have been attended by young or new fans, he would be perfectly right in giving more background material. The other point was the misunderstanding on my part as to the scope of the article. When he said "Space Law", I assumed the current, political stuff that we will need to know about setting up claims on the Moon; responsibility for running into someone else's space platform; and what we will not dump on the other planets. Hollis was talking about Laws involving other beings. In my opinions, we will be like the Pacific Islanders for the next couple hundred years as far as any aliens go. We will accept theirs. I do not see why he thinks his definition of law is so cynical. As I read up to the point where he asked what I thought Law was...the thought flashed through my mind..."Law is the Rules of the Game". One plays the Game to win, and uses the rules as much as possible. To break the rules usually is too risky for most of us. And, of course, like a children's game, each generation rewrites some of the Rules. But as it is the only Game...!!

No argument with Offutt this time. I think anything but clinical use of hypnotism should be prevented by hypnotising all non-medical practitioners into forgetting who they are and what they know. I have a "thing" about anything that diddles with the personality...this includes drink and dope. My little green man doesn't have very good control of the machine at times as it is, and I don't want anything cutting any of the controls he has.

Bates' statement that there has been no clean, family entertainment movies that haven't been a bore, begs to be disproved. Of course it is a question of what is meant by each... I think of Fantasia as being innocent and fit'en for children, but maybe some blue noses did object to all them bare breasts. But nowadays the spirit of Mr. D. can do no wrong, and I'm sure there wouldn't be any objection—and I'm sure it would hold the attention of any kid that would sit through any other movie—and I dare Bates to say it is a anti-aesthetic bore...

DAVID GERROLD
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I am putting together an anthology. (Pro, of course.) It is to focus on new writers in SF to watch out for. It is tentatively titled THE THIRD GENERATION.

While I am not specifically going after those who write for fanzines, I have a feeling that I can reach quite a few very talented people through the zines.

I'm enclosing a list of my guidelines, and I would appreciate it if you could mention in an upcoming issue that such a project is in the works.

The anthology will be an attempt to predict some of those who are going to make it big in SF in the next few years, so if you know anyone who you think is particularly promising, please le them know.

1. Writer must have made at least one professional sale previous to this. (This is to protect me from submissions by thirteen year olds who once read a Heinlein juvenile.) I am not looking to discover new writers, only to help them achieve greater exposure.

2. There are no limits as to what may or may not write about. I am an editor, not a censor, so write what you want to write. However, it should be readable.

3. Proper manuscript form, of course. Definitely double spaced. Submissions without return postage will not be returned.

4. I would like to see stories that are a bit dangerous—or even a lot dangerous; stories that the writer thinks he may not be able to sell elsewhere. I would like to see stories that have some controversy in them; stories that relate to the contemporary world. However, this does not mean that all stories must be controversial or topical. Good stories will be purchased not because of their subject, but because they are good stories.

5. I am not looking for specifically either science fiction or fantasy. I am looking for speculative fiction. If you want to be experimental, please feel free.

6. Length is not important, but submissions over 15,000 words better be damn good.

7. These guidelines are not inflexible rules. (Especially number one.) There will probably occur cases where I will go against what I have herein written. But I doubt it.

8. Send submissions directly to me at the above address.

PATRICK COSGROVE
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Good to see you getting newsstand distribution. While Stan Taylor seems a weak imitation of Heinrich Kley, Michael Gilbert has the look of a Jack Gaughan off-spring headed toward his own style. Messers Jones, Bode', and Wrightson are excellent as always. My greatest admiration goes to Dan Bates, one of the few decent film critics I've run across anywhere and, being a film major, I've read most of them. On top of it, I don't even agree with his opinions half the time, but the value of good criticism is getting another point of view which is valid. ((I had to print this. Dan usually gets nothing but bitching. This should do wonders for his piece of mind.))

GARY L. ANDERSON
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Oxnard, Calif. 93030

Compliments on your review of the reviewers of "2001". Likewise on the artwork. However, there are a few bones to pick, so, without further ado, the picking.

What, for crying out loud, is this bit about the "Karmann Line"? Poor von Karmann! The von Karmann line is the theoretical maximum altitude for air-supported craft. This is generally taken to be between 40 and 60 miles, but can vary according to the type of craft and from day to day according to local atmospheric conditions. I would suggest that Mr. Hollis read an elementary physics text or at least an accurate history before setting his definitions. The statement is obvious bushwah simply from the standpoint of the laws of physics. "Keplerian trajectory" indeed! So much for obvious error; now to do battle on less firm ground.

"Law is what lawyers DO." Sure. And physics is what physicists DO. Yeah. And that horse keeps moving because that cart keeps pushing him. The existence of the law is not dependent on lawyers. In fact, lawyers are a rather late development, needed primarily because the law became such a complex study that the average citizen could not hope to master it. Law is essentially political in nature, a code which reconciles, or attempts to, your political system and moral philosophy.

"Lawyers are that class of intellectuals who deal with society every day as it is;..." Another excellent example of BDAT. Anyone who deals with society in his daily affairs deals with reality, which is society as it is. The above statement can apply to salesmen, businessmen, politicians,...in fact, almost anyone except students, bureaucrats, and similarly isolated classes of people.

I quite agree that the law is changing, and that the client of a lawyer wants to win. But the law

determines the very concept of "win," and, indeed, the existence of the case the client wishes to win. Justice is an abstract concept, but law is not. The law is a set of rules by which the individuals of a given political system are expected to live. The determining element of law is power. The only individuals that a given law has any relevance to are those subject to the power of enforcement of the political system giving rise to that law. Whatever happened to those agreements on the three mile limit and piracy control, not to mention the Geneva accords on the treatment of prisoners of war? And now you want to take a legal system developed in the rather restricted confines of a single world and single species, not all of whom agree on its relevance, and gaily troop about applying it to races with whom we may have very little commonality. Some of those races may not even have the concept of law as we know it. I am a physicist, so perhaps philosophy is a little out of my line, but Mr. Hollis' treatment of this problem is entirely too superficial to be believed.

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'Well, I never!' (As Grandma Mae would say!) 'I never did see the like of it—such a professional-looking fanzine! I refer to Trumpet 8, and I presume you have my address from our friends at ODD! The nice Fishers! ((No, actually I got it from Rosemary Hickey, who is nice too.))

Since you have seen fit to send it to me, I am duly flattered, naturally, and highly impressed, too. Of course, it's the same with your zine as with all the others...you talk of movies I haven't seen, books I haven't read, T-V shows, etc., I can't even visualize. This leaves me in the position of a Female-from-Outer-Space, looking in on Earthlings and trying to comprehend them...in vain! But never mind. If you're game to be misunderstood and uncomprehended, I shall try valiantly in my turn, still, to understand and comprehend you all, a little more. (And hope I in turn get comprehended).

At the moment I'm wallowing in a lot of muddle and mud. What I mean is I let my hair down with my favorites at CRY and confessed to certain psychical experiences. Elinor Busby was a darling and showed concern. (I could read between the lines and see her worry: 'Either it's madness or it's bonafide friends!) Well, I shan't go into details now, here, save to say that anyone of your readers honestly interested in discussing psychical phenomena with me is welcome to write me direct, and I'll answer for sure.

Meanwhile, I do want to comment on your DRACULA WAS A BAD GUY, re hypnotism. I thought the article excellently thought-up and written-down. The arguments are excellent too, re the danger of hypnotising someone 'behind-their-back', or without their permission. I'd like to add more on that here. I'm violently against hypnotism, myself, with good reasons, which I shan't go into, save to explain that for years I had to develop a sort of anti-hypnotic shield against a self-confessed old witch who was in a position to try hypnotising me with all her might and main, constantly. I've written it up in a book I hope to see in print, so shan't deviate now with long details. But I am against hypnotism, save when used by real doctors or psychiatrists. Not in parlor-games. It weakens the subject's resistance, every time he or she 'goes under'; and makes the subject 'fofo', to use a Spanish term. (Fofo describes spongy-stuff, like the lungs of animals, you know.) However, resisting hypnotism with all your will, strengthens you, naturally. There is nothing like being able to call-one's-soul-one's-own.

More, an ability to throw back the illicit attempts of other minds to latch onto your mind, makes you, in turn, able to send directional 'impulses' of a telepathic sort, apparently. I have noticed a great increase lately, in my ability to sense the presence, say, of human beings coming to visit us from a distance. (I feel their approach, directionally). And I can 'hit back' too, when necessary. I mean to say, 'bounce-off' ill-wishes; not accept them. I don't usually have a problem there, for I don't like making enemies, since most folks are nice in some way or other. But that 'witch' person I mentioned, no longer can get her hooks into me. She used to; though I don't know whether she ever actually hypnotised me, years back. I was a very willing and kind-hearted young girl, formerly, and anxious to help and please; and she took advantage of that attitude.

One thing humans will have to take into account more and more, is that we are a telepathic race. The gift may be latent, or smothered, by the pressures you suffer when in a crowd, (and when you have to make-like-one-of-the-gang, and not like a separate and unique individual: yourself!) But once one accepts the fact this 'sexth sense' exists, one has to learn to live with it as it develops, swiftly, (through your own using it).

The case of that witch figure I've mentioned, is a case in point. She's an old woman of 85 now, and still lives with us, and always did, since I first met her when I was eighteen. When she was a young woman she deliberately made a pact, in the old-fashioned way, with the Devil, in exchange for being powerful over her fellow-humans, long-young, and irresistable with men. These rewards have indeed been hers, ever since; but she hasn't enjoyed them; for, of course, the Devil always cheats the fool who makes such bargains. She's the most miserable human I ever knew, and spreads a cloud of gloom all around. I've learned to dissipate it, by now. It took a lot of learning, on my part.

I do not believe that it's 'clever' to dabble with evil, hold seances unwarily, and that sort of thing. I lived in a horribly haunted house in China as a little girl, and ever since have been able to recognize the mind-picture malevolence produces, in any place or anyone. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole; for it leaves one smeared, if one dabbles.

However, the fact that psychical phenomena does exist, I'd be the last to deny. Telepathy, clarvoyance, telekinesis... The former, I've enjoyed; and the gift has been passed along to our children... especially the younger six. One girl is too telepathic for her own good. She shines at school, by picking the right answers out of the teachers' heads. We've tested her repeatedly, and she repeats other folks' thoughts, word for word, like reading a book. She does it slowly and with an abstracted look on her face. Sometimes she will answer our thoughts by mistake, having 'heard' us and thought we actually said something! She has to learn to distinguish thoughts from words, I've told her, not to 'pasar papelones' (or make social blunders).

Clarvoyance is something that has lately cropped up in my husband, Vadim; as you'll know if you see the 177 issue of CRY. As for telekinesis, I seem to be the carrier of that; (from my mother, who thought the telekinetic phenomena happening around her, always, was caused by 'angels or devils'; for she did not know humans have the gift on their own.) Our second son has it the strongest, and has experimented a lot.

I think the new generations of humanity are budding and developing remarkably. What stodgy folk our 19th century 'scientists' used to be, not believing in anything save that 'atoms are hard little balls'—"materialism". Now we know that co-existent dimensions and different time-levels too, somehow exist. Our physicists are finding things stranger and stranger.

I've studied a lot lately re native myths, customs, words, phenomena, etc., and could tell you many queer tales. The former Onas of Tierra del Fuego seemed the strangest. Their 'medicine men' had spirit-dogs inhabiting them; friendly little tykes. Remember, in old mythologies, such "spirit dogs, lead the dead through the Underworld!" Researcher Gallardi at the start of this present century was shown one. (He tried to explain it away as prestidigitation'.) But he described well the little white creature's terror to find itself outside the body of its host, and its desperation to get back in, again. They passed on these dogs from human to human, as the old 'doctors' died.

I wonder who has 'em now, since the last Ona is dead? Some of those curious 'healers' one reads about in Brazil? Not that the subject has interested me, and I seldom persue the articles in the daily press, on that. Witchcraft, faith-healing and the like, are all very fine, but I believe in simple, direct prayer. It's the quickest. Still. Without any fancy jinks, or 'bargainings-with-the-foul-fiend'. (Straight to God! one's message goes.)

Yep, it goes without saying, you can't have all this psychical phenomena, without having to agree that this remarkable Universe is animate in some strange way. God? Not the orthodox varieties, naturally. How dull are our dogmatic folk, no matter what religion they sponsor! They never investigate or inquire. They believe blindly by rote. (But even that is better, I presume, than taking the opposite viewpoint, of 'I don't know...I can't see!' I mean, stuffing fingers into ears, covering eyes, and blundering along full of pride in one's own deliberate ignorance and lack of curiosity.)

That's why I like fanzines and s-f-fans. They're all curious as can be, and full of questions re everything! And honestly, I have more respect for a deliberate witch who bargained with the Foul Fiend, than I have for the wishy-washy Sunday-Christians of the lukewarm variety. One should be intense about things, either way. And positive, in one's drive to learn, discover, decide! Even if it takes lifetimes...

Gee, haven't I preached? But didn't you realize what you were letting yourselves in for, when you sent a Trumpet to Grandma Mae?

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My article was just finished when Trumpet 8 arrived. I've read much of 8, and like it, but might add that

as you see, I am not impressed by any religious interpretation of 2001. I might have gone into this, if I'd known it would be raised in 8... "That...Slab...is, of course, God." I would have thought we had two or three slabs. God in three slabs? What would He need them for? Why would He bury Himself and wait four million years? Why would He broadcast radio signals to Himself? What the Devil... And, "of course", they could be not God but the Devil. And, the Second Coming? More likely the Anti-Christ, who comes before... Of course, the very idea of overman touches us with something of the force of the (Zoroastrian) Saoshyans (Hebrew) Messiah (Christian) Savior, —or the opposite. It's there. But to make it "allegory" seems to me to make nonsense of the film itslef or of the religion allegorized.

Incidentally, del Rey's "telling points", noted by Eisenstein, are not telling, and are not even points ... I've noted Hal's motivation. I might add, there is no reason why a hero can not "act like a fool." But del Rey's statement of his foolishness pays insufficient attention to the film. "He knows the computer can't be trusted, and we've seen that the computer can at least operate a rescue craft to bring back his dead friend. But he goes out himself, leaving his companions in hibernation to be killed by the computer." He knows the computer is unreliable. He does not know the computer is murderous, presumably. If del Rey believes he knows it's murderous, why does he bother to point out that "we've seen that the computer can at least operate a rescue craft to bring back his dead friend"? Incidentally, does del Rey believe he knows his friend is dead? I'm not sure... For it would be unreasonable to expect the hero to bother to direct the computer to recover its own victim. Preposterous. I wonder how del Rey would have acted in this emergency.

Your note that it's not an embryo, but a child... One can not know. One must choose a word. Yours may be better. Somebody behind me said, "He's some kind of angel."

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Enjoyed reading Phyllis Eisenstein's critique of Sturgeon's Affair With A Green Monkey in Trumpet #7. Now...maybe I've got a real dirty mind, or maybe 'twas an unconscious association with the article just cited...but my first impression of Jeff Jones' illo on page 29 was that it was an artist's conception of Sturgeon's hypertrophic, hyperextended hero. However, when I refocussed my eyebones, I saw the illustration in its true perspecitive.

Have you wondered about the MAN OF TOMORROW'S inner thoughts, his struggles and trials as a CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, all the complications and loneliness of his dual-identity? All of this revealed in the MAN OF STEEL'S LAST DIARY

BY DAVE HICKEY

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DECEMBER 1.

It is December as I begin the four-hundredth tablet of my secret diary. How have I endured thirty-seven years and eleven months of cruel masquerade? *Thirty-seven years and eleven months of lonely exile!* I shiver in my drafty rented room, and my hand-writing is unsteady on the tablet. Like the three-hundred-and-ninety-nine tablets stacked neatly in the closet, this tablet is wide-lined school-paper, like those used by earth children in their grammar-school studies. A rather bilious portrait of Dana Andrews decorates its cover. Previous covers have featured Franchot Tone, Virginia Mayo, Zachary Scott, and Anne Francis. Their smiling faces reflect abandoned hope and successful dental care while beneath their shoddily reproduced images, this diary is scratched out—a cruel unity is forged. Clark Kent and Superman become one on these wide-lined pages, and nowhere else!

Yes, it is December again and I am not so super. What profiteth a man to be "Man of Steel" and "Man of Tomorrow," if he is an emotional basket-case? If a man were to come from Krypton with a *heart* of steel, he would be a Superman. And why not, while I am wishing, wish for a memory of steel too? A memory of steel to restrain the quick tears that blur my eyes when I recall purple fields of Krypton and the Avalanx* roaming the crystal beaches beside the sapphire seas. How many of these pages have been marked with super-tears?

As I write, I lie naked on my narrow bed. Far below my window the glittering gutter of Fortieth Street rumbles with traffic, and across the street the Daily Planet Building is nearly dark, the latest edition put to bed. ("It is so like Clark to want to live near his work," I heard Perry White tell Lois Lane the other day.) Beyond this fogged window the polluted air of Metropolis swirls with polluted snow. The snow falls like dandruff between the dirty buildings to the dirty sidewalks. On the sidewalk the snow is polluted further, then washed into dirty sewers and out into polluted rivers where it finally blends with the polluted sea. I must turn away from the window. Now I must face those three-hundred-and-ninety-nine tablets neatly stacked in the open closet. Above them hangs my Clark Kent suit—wide-lapelled, deep-pleated, and blue-serge—and beside the suit hangs my red-and-blue Superman costume. As the ever-present cold draft moves through the room, the cape flutters as if it had a life of its own. It glows with an unearthly red sheen in the darkened closet. . . . The question *is*: if Clark Kent and Superman are hanging in the closet, who is lying on the bed writing this? Three-hundred-and-ninety-nine tablets ask this question. Whether the polluted air is full of dirty snow, or shriveled leaves, or the mocking breezes of cruel April, the answer is always the same: "*You, Clark-Kent-Superman, are the loneliest man in the world!*"

DECEMBER 5.

The things a man will do to cure his loneliness!

The things a Superman will do!

I have been sitting here, stark naked, in my straight-backed chair all evening, investigating my neighbors with X-Ray vision. This nakedness must stop! But I know it will go on! It is the only way I can present an integrated personality to my secret diary. When I wear the square, blue-serge suit, I suddenly become mild-mannered and reportorial. The effect is deadly on my prose style. Who wants a diary that reads like the Daily Planet? But it is more deadly to write in my Superman costume. Superman, it is sad to relate, has a prose style not unlike Dwight Eisenhower's. So the nakedness will continue, but the snooping on neighbors with X-Ray vision cannot! It has left my mighty heart writhing in blind anguish.

The Rabinowitz family next door were having dinner on a card-table set up in the living room of their modest three-room apartment. Mama Rabinowitz, fat as a mailbox, served stew to Papa Rabinowitz, who still wore his cabbie cap, and little Herkie Rabinowitz, whose eyes looked dreamy and poetic. Mama Rabinowitz kept urging Herkie to eat, eat, gesturing with her enormous work-worn hands. To the normal observer it was a charming, homely scene, but not to the super-observer!

Papa Rabinowitz looked friendly and jovial, like an intelligent walrus, with stew on his mustache as he ardently watched the television where Hoss Cartwright was wiping up a flock of baddies, but I could see the dirty pictures in his wallet. I felt the asphixiating terror in Papa Rabinowitz' heart over the thirty dollars he still owed his bookie—for betting on the Twins in the series. I was terrified! My X-Ray vision punctured the scene relentlessly, like tearing off a scab. I saw the tumor in Mama Rabinowitz' knee-cap. I knew that Herkie wasn't dreamy and poetic, he was all shot up on Horse. I saw the pistol and ammunition in little Herkie's drawer, hidden beneath, of all things, a collection of old Detective Comics! A flood of deadness and desolation swept over me, so I turned my X-Ray vision downward.

Millie O'Toole was in her bathroom, preparing herself to entertain Garvey Joyce, a postal clerk with ten years seniority. Millie stood in a provocative pose, with her orange hair up in curlers, and inflated her bra, holding the rubber tube in her carmine lips as if it were a soda straw, watching with unrestrained joy as her mirrored image became more and more full-blown. In her mind she calculated the rewards she might expect from the innocent half-witted Garvey if she yielded to his mawkish advances. She worried about her bra, full-blown as it was, and planned to direct Garvey's attention elsewhere. My other neighbor, Ronnie Plover, the hairdresser, was ornamenting his eyelids with sequins and patting his delicate, manicured foot to the latest Beachboys LP. I cut myself off. The four walls of my room materialized to close me in, to protect me. . . .

Stop it! Stop this! You are only avoiding the point. You are cataloguing these horrors to screen the smoking horror in your own puny super-soul. If you can't tell the truth to your diary, you might as well be dead! You might as well open the ornate, lead-lined box of kryptonite you keep in the medicine chest and hold it to your heart! You must tell about Lois!

Today Lois and I had coffee and do-nuts at the Nedick's down the street from the Daily Planet building, and Lois looked very dazzling. Her blue-black hair was done in an Italian upsweep, and her eyes were shadowed

* The Avalanx is a beast native to Krypton. It is very friendly and looks like a lion would look if a lion looked like an elephant.

pale blue. I had just spilled the sugar for the second time when Lois reached across the sugar-strewn table and laid her cool hand on mine.

"Clark," she said. "I've been thinking. You are a very charming man, really!"

Oh, if I had only been Clark Kent, just plain old mild-mannered Clark Kent! The madness of my joy! The wonderfulness of my ecstasy! But, alas, I was not *only* Clark Kent. I was Clark-Kent-Superman, and I could read it all in her violet eyes.

Lois, she said to herself, with a false smile on her carefully-drawn lips, *you are a career woman. You need a husband like a hole in the head. Or rather, you need a husband like a wife. How nice to be married to Clark Kent. Lois Kent, that sounds nice, and everyone would say, "We know who wears the pants in that family!" He would fix the coffee in the morning, do the washing and keep the apartment clean while I pursued my career as a woman journalist at the Daily Planet. But best of all, he wouldn't make* demands *on me. No sir, no hot greedy sexual demands from mild-mannered Clark Kent. Face it, Lois, you're no spring chicken, and Superman would . . . well, he would, no doubt, make* super demands! *He would want to* touch *me all the time! But Clark, dear sweet hamster, would leave me alone. If I locked him out of the bedroom for a month or two, he would probably take up with Ronnie Plover. It would be ideal!*

"You really shouldn't think that Superman holds all my affection," Lois said to me. She flickered her false eye-lashes and fiddled with the buttons on the front of her black cashmere sweater—that very well-filled sweater. Even knowing that she cared nothing for me, even knowing that her black cashmere sweater was filled with now middle-aged goods, she excited me! I came home at lunch and stared at that small ornate box containing Kryptonite. But there is another cure: hovering.

Lately it seems that I am hovering more than usual, but hovering is a good, if only a temporary, escape. How enchanting just to float about at ten-thousand feet, high above the sprawling chirasma of Metropolis, wafted by the air currents that flow about me like a pre-natal fluid. Hovering with my cape snapping about my shoulders, I watch Metropolis below me, glowing like a heap of sooty jewels, like a tremendous soul-stealing heap of dingy diamonds, dazzling me, drawing me downward into its living death, into its moral chaos, its endless musical chairs and sexual gymnastics. . . .

At these moments how I long for Krypton, or even for Smalltown USA where I was raised by Ma and Pa Kent, where I decided, since I was faster than a speeding bullet and more powerful than a locomotive, to become the Champion of the Oppressed. How I long for the purity of adolescent confusion when religion, poetry, sex, and crime-fighting all blended into one mighty instinct! When the pursuit of justice was an honorable profession, and the apple pies in Mom Kent's kitchen smelled of all the perfumes of Arabia. . . .

—but why should I worry about Lois Lane and the Rabinowitz's and Millie O'Toole and Garvey Joyce and Ronnie Plover? I am helpless to give them what they need. Even Lyndon Johnson, who is more powerful even than me, though he cannot leap tall buildings at a single bound, cannot give what they want. They want an honorable profession and the power to follow it. Perhaps they want to leap tall buildings at a single bound. It hurts my head to think about it. . . .

DECEMBER 7.

Pearl Harbor Day and Lois Lane bit my ear!

She bent over my desk in her low-cut green dress and gave me a playful little Ipana nibble on the lobe. I took her cool hand and was about to show her how much of a hamster Clark *Kent* was, when Perry White, our crusading editor, burst into the room. He started chewing me out as usual—about that insurance business again.

The snares! The many *fowlers* who lie in wait for the Super-hero! Eventually mass-society and organization will destroy them all! Perry has been after me for three months to take my physical for the group insurance plan he instigated at the Daily Planet. I will have to think about it, hire a

double, bribe the doctor, or something. One look at my super-metabolism and all missions are scrubbed!

There is an interesting earth-myth about the first man and woman. According to this myth, when the first man, Adam, met the first woman, Eve, they came together in sexual congress without the Head God's permission, and thus committed the first sin. The myth is all right, but the interpretation is off-target. The sex wasn't the sin, it was the fact that they formed the first *organization*. That innocent roll in the hay laid the seeds of strangling bureaucracy!

Luckily, before Perry dragged me to the doctor, six bells went off on the AP teletype: a race riot in Akron! "This was a job for Superman, etc., etc." I changed in the restroom (they have taken the phone booths out of the Daily Planet Building), gave it the old *up, up, and away*, and soon the Man of Steel was on the scene. Twelve thousand berserk Negroes raged through the streets of Akron, looting, burning, and administering the *fate worse than death* to passive school marms. Making a large steel net from a local suspension bridge, I felt prepared and liberated in the press of action. Soon I was gathering looters as a lepidoptrist gathers butterflies. At one point I netted four looters who were about to throw a mailbox through the store-front of a poor-but-honest Ukranian grocer. After depositing the looters I remarked, as is my custom, that this certainly *was* a job for Superman, etc., etc. . . .

"Out of my shop in dat crasy suit!" the grocer exhorted. "You coming in my shop in drag again I call the vice squad!"

From high above the Akron City Police Station it looked like the usual happy welcoming crowd, but was I in for a surprise. The crowd was neither welcoming nor happy. They carried signs and marched solemnly before the police headquarters. SUPERMAN ASSASSIN! SUPERMAN'S JUSTICE IS JUST FOR THE WHITES! INVESTIGATE SUPERMAN! DRAFT HIM! WHERE'S YOUR WHITE SHEET, MAN OF TOMORROW? the signs said. Then I saw a cripple over on the corner in an SS uniform. His sign said, IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW HE'S RIGHT!

This is the payment I get! This is how long people remember the work I did to help defeat the Axis powers! When Lois Lane and Jimmy found me (still in Superman costume) I was standing on the corner weeping like a child . . . Superman(!) weeping like a child. The chief of Akron Police had long since released all the looters I had captured because I had not compiled with the Ohio Criminal Code, and a young fellow with a beard had spit on me, accusing me of being an enemy of free speech. As Superman, I flew Lois and Jimmy back to Metropolis. All the way back, as we streaked through the night sky, Lois nibbled my ear. Once she whispered in my ear, "Squeeze me, Superman. Hurt me!"

Fickle bitch!

DECEMBER 9.

Stylized phantoms stalk my dreams; two-dimensional and multicolored, with two-dimensional talk-balloons above their heads, turning like Calder mobiles in troubled air, they plague my midnight hours, and now, long before morning, while the spectral snow shifts silently on the window ledge and the drugged, sleeping city grumbles with its own nightmares, I am awake. Driven into unfriendly consciousness by these towering dream-tigers, I lay nestled in U.S. Army blankets, writing in the light of the yellow bulb which is suspended from the ceiling by a frayed cord. I do not deserve these dreams. I have done my best to modernize. It's easy for a Super-hero to get out of touch, but God knows I've tried.

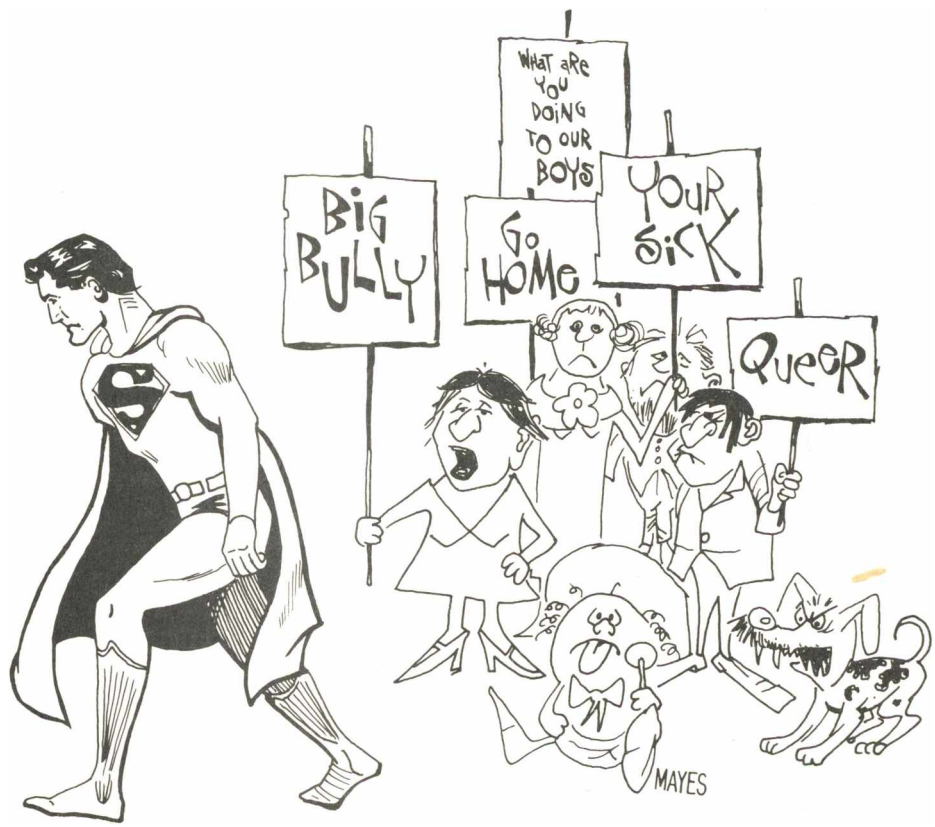
The entire of yesterday I sequestered myself in a carrel at the Metropolis Public Library, trying to catch up on things, to find out what's happening, baby. I read *The Decline of the West*, *Ten North Frederick*, *The Sot-Weed Factor*, *Finnegan's Wake*, *Six Crises*, *The Super Powers and Modern Diplomacy* (not what I thought!), *The Problems of Power in a Democratic Society*, and *A Texan Looks At Lyndon*. These shafts of incisive intelligence pierced my unexercised super-intellect like shafts of morning light pouring through the stained glass windows into the dusky cathedral at Chartres. The cruel revelation, the brutal sequences of ordered thought, forced me to see the truth in all of its mechanical splendor.

These things are certain:

(1) Superman is out of date.

(2) Clark Kent is out of date.

(3) Perry White, the crusading editor, is out of date.



(4) Jimmy Olson, the copy boy, is out of date.

The only thing that *isn't* out of date, according to Spengler, O'Hara, *et. al.*, is Lois Lane! That omniverous bitch! That ubiquitous harpie! This is *her* century. Machiavellian bitchiness such as hers will conquer the earth! Which brings me to my dreams. . . .

. . . . I crouched behind a tapestry in a magnificent hall. The tapestry smelled of musk and the hall was alight with tarred torches casting flickering demonic shadows across the vaulted ceiling. And at the head of the hall, on an elevated podium, on an obsidian throne, crowned with darkness and robed in emerald green stood Lois Lane before a mob of sycophants. She lifted sacrificial hamsters from the sacrificial golden cage and with her frail, ivory fingers she crushed them one by one, collapsing their rib cages; then she flung their awkward, still-warm bodies to the courtiers clustered about her. Giant talons seemed to grasp my chest and the dream crackled and disappeared like shallow ice in a spring stream, leaving me semi-conscious and praying that Superman or Lyndon or Castro or somebody could make the world safe for hamsters, and Rabinowitz's and Garvey Joyces and most of all for Clark Kents. Then I slept again, and dreamed of Krypton. I was back there on a visit and Perry White was my father. He showed me around the absinthe canals, his orchard of opium trees, and walked with me down a crystal beach in search of an Avalanx. Then he said, "Let's drop by and see Queen Lois. We can squeeze a hamster with her."

I woke up gasping.

DECEMBER 10.

Dear Lyndon:

A man's last communication should not be with himself. A man must speak to another man. He must communicate, just once, with someone who understands. I hope you do. Two nasty articles appeared about me today: "Superman: A Facist Mentality?" in the *Partisan Review*, and "Superman and the Homosexual Threat to Our Youth," in the *National Review*. I thought immediately about you, with sympathy, since by my count you were attacked last month by Bill Mauldin, Henry Luce, Fidel Castro, Barry Goldwater, Saul Bellow, David Lawrence, Walter Lippmann, Harry Byrd, Wayne Morse, John Connally, Nkhruma, Ian Smith, Sukarno, Mao, Charles DeGaulle, and Ho Chin Minh, and it was rumored that Hubert was miffed at you.

Only a man like you, Mr. President, with so much frustrated power and so many eclectic detractors, might understand the action I am taking tonight. I have followed your career with interest, while my career has collapsed. Your successes have stimulated me, and your failures have reassured me, helped me to rationalize my failures as a "Champion of the Oppressed" and "Crime Fighter." (It might interest you, by the way, to know that you would have been considered quite handsome back on Krypton. The Kryptonese were an ear-loving people. The larger the ear, the handsomer the man. Even as an infant I was kidded about my small ears. So don't lose heart. Everything is relative. Ears are a matter of taste.)

But why should I be cheering *you* up? It is I, Clark-Kent-Superman, who is at the end of his tether, who is cracking up. But I *do* want to cheer you up, for, it seems to me, that you too must be from another world; that you too must have been granted strange powers which every one recognizes, but no one respects because you are *different*. When I hear people laughing at you drawl, I think of the laughter my red-and-blue costume now draws. The distance from Johnson City to Washington must be easily as far as the distance from Krypton to Metropolis. Surely your personality is as deeply split as mine. I imagine you sitting naked on your bed staring into the closet, just as I do. There is your tailored suit, and there are your whipcord riding clothes. There hangs the President and the Cowboy, but who is sitting naked on the bed? He must be, like me, the loneliest man on earth.

I understand you, Lyndon, so try to understand me. When everybody wants to be Jack Kennedy and nobody wants to be Lyndon, I understand. Everyone wants to be Bruce-Wayne-Batman, and nobody wants to be Clark-Kent-Superman. I'll tell you why; because they are socially acceptable, and we are outsiders. They are part of the American Dream with friends and boy-wonders to help them do minor miracles. They fit into the high society Mrs. Rabinowitz wishes for little Herkie. But you and I, Lyndon, labor in silence, exile, and cunning. We are aliens leading strangers. Our native lands are distant and strange to them.

Conclusions come quickly as my life slips away. This world is not immoral, that is too easy, but power has no morality. Every gesture we make has as much evil as good in it. Our every good intention is stripped of morality as it becomes action. The larger the action, the more power behind it, the more good we do, the more bad. Purity lies in immobility, but honor lies in action. This is not important to Mrs. Rabinowitz (my neighbor with a tumor on her knee), but it is important to us alien do-gooders. We have no one to give our soul to, while the whole world has given their souls to their ideals. Teenagers to Beatles. New Yorkers to Lindsay. Hippies to Mailer. Negroes to Martin Luther King. But what of us who have no leaders? What of us who try to hold the whole shebang together, who try to stave off disasters unknown to Mrs. Rabinowitz? Lyndon, you and I, to whom do we give our super-egos? We don't want people to be like us. We want people to be themselves, but they all want to be John Lindsay. Do we offer our souls to God? He offers few concessions to those who wield superpower.

We are like damned angels with the world tied to our toes by strings. If we stop flapping our wings, the whole thing will collapse. We cannot climb for the weight of the world holding us down. All we want to do is go home, to some place like home. But there we are hovering in space, with flies buzzing in our ears (Lois, Group Insurance, Loneliness, etc.) while the world happy in its powerlessness swirls merrily beneath us.

Well, Lyndon, baby, I leave it to you. You can have the rotten world. That is what I wrote to tell you. You can have it. I have taken the Kryptonite out of the box and I am growing weaker. I hope you have more luck with the bitches of the world than I have had; perhaps you will. I am much weaker now. The polluted snow outide my window looks beautiful now. The room is getting larger and larger. I am much weaker now. Good night, sweet Lyndon, protect the hamsters. . . . ●

CPCC: andrew j. offutt

YOUR THERAPIST IS A GOOD GUY

How to murder your wife—mentally

The hypnotist, as we pointed out last time, does not dominate. He seeks his subject's cooperation, moving toward a predetermined goal. Cutting down on smoking, for instance, or stammering, increasing self-determination in general. There must be such a goal. It may be as uncomplicated as where the subject put that Kennedy half-dollar or a pre-Johnson quarter or a marriage certificate. It may be as complex as tracking down the cause of too-frequent headaches and—unless they are physiological rather than psychological—move toward a lessening and eventual ending of them.

It really isn't worth all the time and trouble required for a proper—*proper*—session unless there is a specific purpose or goal.

An improper session may leave the subject bumbling along for hours or weeks or worse in a dazed, blah state. Fortunately, although Alka Seltzer won't do it, such a situation is curable. It never should have come about, but it can be cured.

The subject's consent is a practical matter, purely aside from ethics and morality. (What can be set aside from ethics and morality?) He knows what is happening. He knows when you lie or mistreat or try to trick him. Most of us will play along with a great deal of horsing around. So will the hypnotic subject. But—he is probably resentful (probably Pavlov's dogs were). You are jeopardizing future relationships when you "play around." Suppose the subject is your wife. If you like to dominate and she doesn't care to be dominated—making her an unusual female indeed—don't try to sneak in the back door via hypnotism. Svengali and Dracula were, remember, bad guys. It isn't "just" that a man is jeopardizing his wife's stability or even her mind when he plays with hypnotism. The poor idiot may also be placing his marriage in jeopardy.

To decide or not to decide

We mentioned in the last issue that a lot of the literature on hypnotism seems to have been written—hastily—by men who delight in having others totally (consciously or un-) under their control. They are not striving for added self-determination; ego-awareness. They are destroyers. Resistance to their mail-fisted meddling they arrogantly call the subject's lack of cooperation. Perhaps; who *wants* to cooperate with a Little Caesar with his neuroses hanging out like dirty shirttails? The operator may even feel that he is doing a great job. But the hyper-awareness of the subject sees through to the hypnotist's real personality.

This is one reason that your columnist has been warned that these *Trumpet* articles on the Power are dangerous; the belief that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and more knowledge is more dangerous. False, and most people misuse that quotation—precisely because they have too little knowledge of it! Hypnotism has become accepted, as have nervous breakdowns, also formerly in the realm of superstition and whispering. It has become more and more respected. Knowledge of it, non-superstitious knowledge, has rightfully ended the careers of many charlatans. It will be used more and more, in many areas. We are all far better off not being told merely that it is dangerous, but how, and why. A tremendously valuable application is in the area of self-determination. Conversely, the threat to stability and self-determination is a great danger.

Self-determination: decision-making ability; will power. Super-entrepreneurs, inventors, executives have proven graphically that the ability to make decisions and control onesself are frequently of far more importance than education or even intelligence.

The obvious way to avoid any damage to self-determinism is to strive toward *increasing* it. Decision-making ability, concentration, retention; these are among the most valuable abilities or "talents." It is hard to conceive of any activity, whose goal is the *heightening* of those powers, as being dangerous. And to increase them is to increase self-determinism.

Consider these directions given to a person in hypnosis: "You will find yourself able to concentrate better, and more easily, because you WANT to. Outside influences will distract you less and less; you will pay attention only to the IMPORTANT. Thus you will naturally be able to read faster and "better" than ever, and naturally you will remember what you've read." Or "This headache is bugging me. Right now I am going to concentrate on it, focus all my attention on it for about two minutes. It will fade. I'll think of nothing else but this damnable headache. It's fading. Within two minutes it will be gone. It is fading... fading... going... CLICK! ((If symptoms persist, consult your physician. If symptoms persist, consider spectacles. If symptoms persist, consult a psychiatrist.))

The implications here, obviously, are enormous. Here is a key; here is the way to Power. This is self-control, positive thinking, the Power of belief. (c.f. cpcc, *Trumpet* #7.) All of it stemming from YOUR seizing control of YOUR minds, conscious and subconscious, and

focusing them like a laser on the desired goal. Apply some knowledge of yourself, of your subconscious, the principles of self-determination and concentration, and—name your goal.

Fantasy? Science fiction? Don't be silly. We've just discovered what might be a good sf story here. But it only STEMS from the facts.

If you like labels, call it— "conscious self-hypnosis."

Has anyone ever applied this to Psi? Could conscious Psi-powers (if they are conscious) be increased through hypnosis; attempts to increase the subject's self-determination to increase that power? Hypnosis has been tried at Duke, yes (J.B. Rhine mentions 1000+ trials in his *Extra-Sensory Perception*). But—we've found no mention of the concept just outlined.

Original sin

Care must be taken, always, that headaches, etc are not warnings, manifestations of some physical defect or debility. Or, for the matter of that, symptoms of something mental far deeper than simple hypnotism and self-determination can reach. "Cure" smoking by hypnosis and you may be creating a new candidate for AA or the Lexington narcotics hospital. If, that is, the smoking was a symptom, not "just a bad habit."

What is original sin? —is there such an animal?

We think so. Paul of Tarsus might even have been persuaded to agree—after some discussion, and a few psychiatric sessions. We are convinced that the original sin inherent in all men, the only one worth troubling yourself about, is procrastination. Many are ruled by it. Many of us fight it; daily, hourly. Fight it. Conquer it.

How?

Insert a posthypnotic command that a subject WILL not procrastinate, and what have you done? You have set up a conflict. You have attacked his self-determination. (Let's hereafter abbreviate that: sd.) Naturally that will lead to conflicts, and to trouble. Just as in the case of the smoker just mentioned, we have treated only the part of the wound that shows, not the festering mess below. Gallons of iodine poured over a scab aren't likely to affect the growing sepsis beneath. The subject's problem is actually WORSE. The NEED hasn't been treated; the operator made the decision, not the subject—and he's been attacked right in his sd! He fights back. He does something else, perhaps even more harmful or reprehensible. But had he been helped to make up his own mind, he'd be a better person, a happier one. And the operator, the therapist, would be a hero. A good guy.

"I'm determined to get things DONE. I'll just have to concentrate on this procrastination, the bane of the race of Man. Fight it. Force myself. A truly self-determined individual with the ability to concentrate and the desire to get things done would NOT procrastinate, and darnit—I AM!"

Thus we have seen in these three issues of *Trumpet* that the subconscious, hypnotism, self-control, and the Power are intertangled. Achievement of command over onesself—and therefore the Power—is a form of self-hypnosis.

The writer has hypnotized. The writer has never BEEN hypnotized. He is fascinated by what might happen to his hay fever via hypnosis; fighting by *believing* seems to have damaged it pretty badly. Or—his typing ability, which is poor, three-fingered, and highly dependent on correction tape. ("You WANT to type better...repeat...repeat ...you want to so much that you'd be smart to concentrate on it, wouldn't you? Of course. Why don't you, then? Concentrate on what you're doing. Think about it. Keep in mind that you're a bright lad and that you WANT to improve your typing. You know what will happen, don't you? Of course: you will find that your ability is improving. And all through your own doing. Won't that be marvelous?")

Yes.

End it all—ALL

We have propounded several basic rules in hypnosis. That no one be hypnotized without his willing agreement. That there be a goal. That there be advance discussion of what is to take place. That during the session his agreement be obtained for any suggestion. That anything arising within the session that appears to call for departure from pre-arranged procedure be DOUBLY checked with and agreed to by the subject. (If agreement is not forthcoming: STOP!) That posthypnotic commands *and* suggestions be eschewed; that he be encouraged and aided to make his own decisions and suggestions. That his emotions, his beliefs, his memories (false or not) be left alone, and that he not be led to believe something contrary to fact. You can't make a tail a leg under hypnosis.

Ending the session properly is of equal or transcendant importance.

The subconscious, so naive, so suggestible, might believe the operator has given a command. That danger is easily relieved by something such as: "When I repeat the word 'Canceled' and snap my fingers—this way—every command given you during the session is canceled. Right? Totally canceled, with no effect on you; none whatsoever. ALL commands will be CANCELED. Right? OK, now when I snap my fingers and say the word 'Canceled' all will be canceled. Now: C A N C E L E D." (SNAP!)

The subject should next be asked to talk about ANYTHING said, hinted at, or even suspected that disturbed him, in the least. The operator should SHUT UP and listen, neither agreeing to any great measure nor disagreeing at all. Dispel the subject's feeling, silly or not.

Finally, return with him to the beginning of the session, pointing out that he will be able to remember, clearly, everything. Further, he will remember everything later, when his hypnosis is ended. Listen again, using warm little sounds; "um-hm; very good" and so on. Finally, the magic words: "Thank you." And a double-check; query the subject again if he's been upset. This is the "cleanup"—and also valuable education for the operator. Only an idiot makes the same error twice. (OPERATOR to moron: "You are a dog. You are a dog. Say something." MORON: "Meow.")

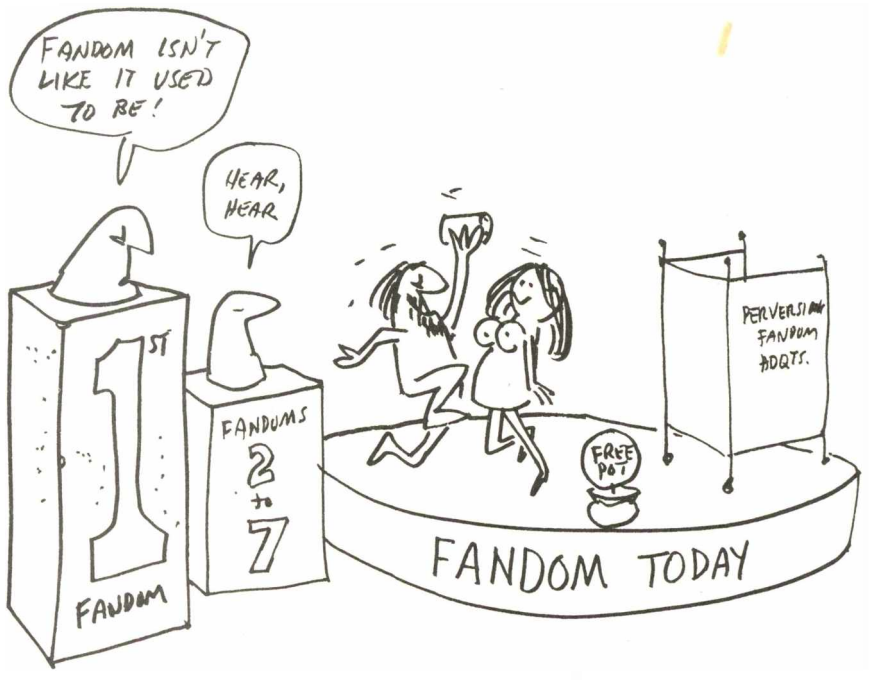
The "awakening" procedure, like the induction of hypnosis, has been presented many times. We don't recall ever having seen anyone in the movies, though, who added: "Now, are you fully awake?" Brilliantly valuable precaution. And so simple.

Parlor games

Our first impulse was to say "Don't!" and end this.

Our second thought is to say the same, less dramatically. Don't. You just aren't experienced enough; you don't know enough. Please.

At some future date it might be fun to explore some of the current—and future—uses of hypnotism. For good and —otherwise. ●



TRUMPET PEOPLE
andrew j. offutt

As of *Trumpet's* second issue a native Kentuckian agreed to do a 'chatty, preferably controversial column.' Since neither he nor the editor had the intelligence or imagination to think of a better title, C.P.C.C. was born. Since then it has contributed much to *Trumpet's* gentle slide into oblivion; even C.P.C.C. has become cpcc. offutt's attempts to be chatty were met with readers' complaints that he rambled pointlessly. When he tried controversial matter, reader apathy rocketed to new heights. Now he is certain that this closer look at the Man behind the Muck will end, once and for all, *Trumpet's* untimely existence.

andrew j. offutt (the j does NOT stand for jackson) is reputed to live in an immense old house atop a high hill in scenic Appalachia, overlooking a smoke-belcher he calls The Crematory; the smoke-makers swear it is a plant for making charcoal briquets. The offutt 3-1/2 acres are called Funny Farm. The owner possesses a black-and-tan coonhound named Pompeiu Magnus (now Pompey the Great; few of PM's friends speak Latin), and a yaller cat named Charles C. Brown. The C in Charley Brown's name stands for CAT-atonic, a state of which he does a fine imitation. offutt is also said to possess a wife and some children, all of whose names have appeared in one of his sf stories. Spelled backward. The first reader to write in correctly giving those names will receive a genuine thing.

offutt skipped his senior year of high school and entered the University of Louisville on a Ford Foundation Scholarship. In his senior year he won $1,000 in an IF-sponsored contest with "...and Gone Tomorrow." He bought a car for $650, insured it ($200), and paid taxes ($200) for a net loss of $50. He has been punishing IF with stories ever since. His novelet *Blacksword* (GALAXY: 12/59) is now available in collections in three different editions. *Population Implosion*, published in the 6/67 IF, is now out again in Ace's WORLD'S BEST SF: 1968. There have been other stories, before and since.

College graduation at age 20 enabled offutt to do what he had not found time for in four years: study. He has read ALL of Havelock Ellis, a prodigious task; all of Freud that is available in English; all of Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL. He also possesses a vast shelf of books on religion and social anthropology. He considers Ellis a genius, Freud a very bright fellow—for a psychotic—and Gibbon a highly gullible gossip-repeater. (Along with Mark, Luke, Mathew, and John.)

Our columnist has written 15 novels and collaborated with Robert E. Margroff on 2-1/2 more. He has sold nine, none under his own name, in the past 17 months. Five of the others have yet to be submitted. This year you'll be able to read an offutt sf novel or two under his own name; meanwhile see the 2/69 IF. A perfectionist, offutt brags of knowing the difference between 'which' and 'that,' a fact that (not which!) sets him apart from all but a handful. He feels —like many writers—that his best stories have never appeared in print. "I want to teach, to Say Something," he says. "Some editors want me to entertain. Others just want me to forget the whole thing."

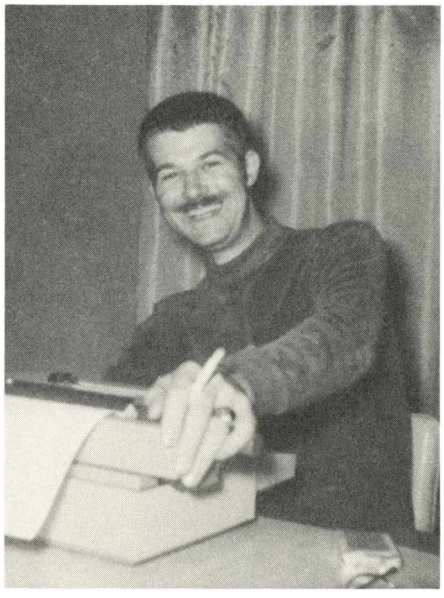
So much for offutt the unsuccessful columnist, frustrated scholar, unsung messiah, and failing writer. What of offutt the entrepreneur, the raconteur, the horsemaneur, the bon vivant and playboy of three continents? Unbelievable: *andrew offutt associates* is a paneled, wall-to-wall-carpeted collection of offices dominated by the boss' 4x6 foot walnut desk. andy and associates deal in people insurance: life and income protection, hospitalization and major medical. Their clients live in 31 states and, if you count Vietnam, seven countries. They will not insure your car or house or possessions. "i hate machines and *things*," offutt says lowercasely. "With Ayn Rand, i love the race of Man, while hating most of the creatures who pretend to bear his name." Fiercely independent and totally self-employed, he has just realized a long-held dream: he now drives a new Mercedes.

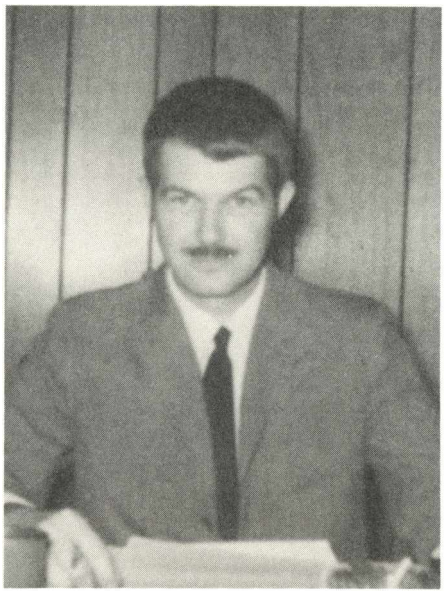
There's more: he manages a pride of tigerish agents with responsibility for millions of dollars in business. "Coastal States Life in Atlanta thinks i manage all this for them," he says. "I don't. I do it for me and the agents; it's fun. No orders and no salary—those aren't my style. I prefer being paid for what i do. I admit that's a strange concept in the Great Society. Try it on a national basis and—sunuvagun! We're fresh out of strikes!"

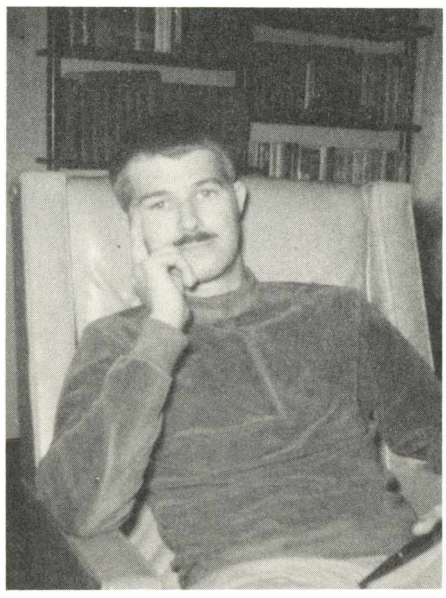
Why the lower-case name? "What i do is a lot more important than who i am."

Our man in Kaintuck lectures several university classes each semester. One professor introduced him to a management class as "andrew offutt, an independent insurance man. As a matter of fact he may be the most independent insurance man you'll ever meet."

He writes and lives the same way. ●







THE AWFUL OFFAL

BY DAVID GERROLD

David Gerrold. He is the author of The Trouble With Tribbles and other Star Trek episodes: he has stories coming up in Nova 1, Again Dangerous Visions, Media Messages, and 2000 Plus; he has just finished a novel with Larry Niven called The Misspelled Magishun; he is working on a movie entitled Whatever Happened to Millard Fillmore?; and is currently building a new anthology, The Third Generation or Tales From The Unknowns. You might as well get used to having him around.

With the exception of Lord of The Rings, *Star Trek* is undoubtedly the worst thing that has ever happened to Science Fiction (note the capitals.)

If that sentence has attracted your attention—then good, that is exactly what it was supposed to do. But lest, at some future con I be quoted out of context and get punched in the nose, or ostracised, or worse, I now reserve the right to elucidate upon the very definitely inflammatory opening sentence of this essay.

While I personally feel—indeed, even tout—Lord of The Rings as being one of the great pieces of literature of the English Language, even the most devout student of hobbit-lore must be the first to concede that it is not Science Fiction. (This does not mean that it is not good—only that it is not Science Fiction.)

However, the effect of Lord of The Rings on Science Fiction has been appalling. I do not object to the newsstands being flooded with countless imitations of Tolkien, I do not object to the re-issuance of every bad piece of fantasy ever written in an attempt to cash in on the boom, I do not object to this at all. A publisher must make a living somehow—and somebody must be reading that crap or they wouldn't be publishing it. The discriminating reader will just continue to sift past this junk in search of something more worthy of his attentions.

What I do object to is that the growth of the medieval and middle-age (note the lack of capitals) emphasis, appears to be at the expense of subjects more worthy. It seems as if too many of the fans are looking backwards instead of ahead. (Perhaps this is because of racial nostalgia—we know what lies ahead and it's not very pretty: over-population, pollution and WWIII. On the other hand, the past is such a safe place to live... Right?)

I enjoy the masquerades at the cons—I think they give a chance for each and every person to stand up and say, "Look, here I am!" And do it in a way that is interesting and unique. But, since the inception of Lord of The Rings as a national religion, the science fiction themes at the masquerades have not been as obvious—they have been outnumbered by too many hobbits, nazgul, elves, and medieval knights and their ladies. (Usually, all badly done.) Perhaps one of the reasons for this is that it is easy to do a medieval costume—much easier than to do an E.T. or a robot. (Yet, a properly designed E.T. or robot costume will walk away with a prize every time over those damned medievalists—simply because of its uniqueness.)

Now, lest you think that I am upset with the masquerades in particular, let me say that this is only the symptom of the problem—not the cause itself. If it were not the medieval world and all its trappings, it would undoubtedly be something else.

(You want another example? The hippies have adopted *Stranger In A Strange Land* as their bible—yet they have missed the point entirely. They have taken it as a refutation of the God of organized religion—when actually it is a refutation of the mentality that demands an organized religion. The hippies have thrown out one dogma only to substitute it with another. Witness the two hippies, both wearing buttons that say *I grok*, or *Share Water*, but neither can define grok, at least not to my satisfaction. So they go off and share water—and then go to bed—and probably never see each other again, both perfectly content in the knowledge that each divined the full meaning of the book: Sex is the answer! Maybe so, but I'm not that sure of the question. Anyway, I suspect that Smith would discorporate before accepting any water from some of our so-called enlightened hippies.)

But there are worse things for fans to fall in love with and worship—*Star Trek* for example. (Ha! I'll bet you thought I'd never get to it, didn't you!) I really do not object to Lord of The Rings so much because it is quite obvious that it is not science fiction—and if one is not in the mood for that sort of thing, it is quite easy for him to pass over it and move on. It is not that easy with *Star Trek*.

Star Trek makes a pretense of being science fiction—and to the untrained and undiscriminating eye, it may actually seem to be real live science fiction. But somehow, if you stand *Star Trek* up beside some *real*—and I mean *real*—science fiction like *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress* or *I, Robot* or *Demolished Man* or *Cat's Cradle* or *Mission of Gravity* or...

Well, you get the point. *Star Trek* is sort of unsatisfying.

Let me pause here to make one thing clear. I like *Star Trek*. (I like Lord of The Rings, also. Indeed, I love Lord of The Rings.) I do like *Star Trek*. I like it very much. I like the characters on it, I like the relationships between the characters, and I even like the people who produce the show, (well, most of them.)

Star Trek has been very good to me. Gene Roddenberry has been very good to me. The cast and crew of the show have been very good to me and I hold a great warmth and affection in my heart for all of them. (Believe me, Gene, I do—you never re-wrote any of my stories—why should I hate you?!!)

So, why do I say that *Star Trek* is so bad—I say it because it is so good. (Contradiction in terms?—read on.)

If *Star Trek* were just another *Lost in Space*, not only would I not waste my time writing about it—I would not have ever wasted my time writing for it—indeed, I would never even have watched it. But *Star Trek* is not *Lost in Space*. *Star Trek* is good. (Or was good, for a while...)

But—and here is the important part, kiddies, so pay attention—STAR TREK IS NOT GREAT!! (In case you missed that, I'll repeat:) STAR TREK IS NOT GREAT!!

It could be, but it isn't—and that's why I score them—because I want to see that show take that giant step from being just merely pretty good to being absolutely great. (I know that it will not happen, and I know why, but that's another story...)

Star Trek has come close in the past. It has had several good shows. (If you want to know which shows I enjoyed the most, in order of preference, they are *The Trouble With Tribbles*, *City on the Edge of Forever*, and *Journey to Babel*. Also, the one about the spore planet wasn't bad, I enjoyed *Miri*, and *Charlie X*, *The Menagerie* was pretty good, and a few others... But even these episodes left something to be desired. Even the Hugo-winning *City on the Edge*... was flawed. It had too many of the faults of two good writers, and not enough of their virtues. I am tempted to identify those two good writers as Gene Roddenberry and D.C. Fontana, but I won't. It was a good show, Harlan, despite the fact that you say you didn't write it...)

But *Star Trek* has also had some perfectly horrible shows. One example is sufficient, *The Omega Glory*... For a show to be identified as great, it must be consistently good, and occasionally great—but always satisfying. *Star Trek* has been consistently fair, occasionally good, and once in a while—a great while—completely satisfying.

This is not entirely Gene Roddenberry's fault. God knows he tried! Much of the blame falls on the network. The NBC vice-presidents are afraid of three things: *Star Trek*, science fiction, and people who are smarter than they are. (With three strikes against him like that, how can anyone succeed...?)

For the sake of the reader, and the editor, and even to save some space, I will not go into my familiar diatribe—familiar to those who know me—


NCC-1701

on how the networks have debased and prostituted the art of the drama until it is little more than a crowd-drawer for the traveling medicine show—and once the crowd has been sufficiently teased and tantalized, the patent medicine and nostrums go on sale. (Professor Wiggin's WonderWort—It'll cure what ails you!)

How the hell can a creative artist survive when he's supposed to be a brassiere salesman first, and then an artist?!!

For Christ's Sake, General Sarnoff, how the hell can you expect anyone to turn out intelligent dramas when sweet little Priscilla Goodbody—the lady with the scissors—is sending out lists of no-noes. No sex, no politics, no religion, nothing about civil rights, lotsa token negroes, but no slums and no ghettoes, nothing questioning what the hell our big-brother government is doing in Washington, nothing about corruption in the city government (it doesn't exist—and we're downplaying fantasy this year,) nothing about birth control, or the morality of marijuana, nothing intelligent, and nothing thought-provoking.

The only thing that's left is violence. For God's sake man—I'd rather have my kids watch four hours of stag movies than one hour of Saturday morning programming. (If they're old enough to understand what they're seeing in a stag movie, they're old enough to see it. And if they're not old enough, they'll get bored and change the station. Now, there's a thought—stag movies on Saturday morning...?)

But, it's been sufficiently proven that people aren't interested in those types of shows—after all, they don't get ratings. People want lotsa action—and little emphasis on plot or substance. It's no wonder that people like Paddy Chayefsky and John Frankenheimer and Stanley Kubrick are doing movies and not TV. Christ, I never turn on my boob tube, unless I'm also prepared to fumigate the room.

Instead of all those wonderful things television might be doing, we look forward to things like another season of nuns that fly—and boys who like to dress up as girls, etc. etc. (I can hardly wait...like, man, it's the millenium.)

So, is it any wonder that a show like *Star Trek* which has the potential to be the greatest Science Fiction show on TV—no, make that the greatest show on TV—ends up being just another Voyage to the Bottom of the Barrel. Here is a show which could have examined every aspect of man's inhumanity to man, made moral statements about every element of life—and instead finds itself just one more pseudo-adventure series—where the adventures are being conceived by stale old men who think science fiction is just like westerns—only you use phasers instead of Colt .45s. Is it any wonder that the first script filmed for the third season was the gunfight at the O.K. corral in outer space?

Here is a show which promised to be very very good—and then the networks broke that promise.

Unfortunately, there are too many fans who have not realized that *Star Trek* is a broken promise, a vision of things that never will be. These are the rabid little trekkees who get excited at seeing a real tribble (damn it, it's only a powder puff!) or want Rick Carter's autograph, or bid thirty dollars for a pair of rubber ears.

These are the people who think fandom, science fiction fandom, sprang to life full-grown just for the sake of *Star Trek*, and come flocking to the conventions salivating at the chance to bid on two pieces of misshapen rubber. (I wonder how much one of Kirk's toupees would go for?) The ultimate in this trend will be the day that a urine specimen taken from Leonard Nimoy goes on auction—and probably will sell for more than Harlan Ellison!

Can you imagine the irony and ignominy of this situation? Here is a group of young fans, flocking to conventions, rubbing shoulders with people like Edmund Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Bob Silverberg and (Wow!) Barbara, Phillip Jose Farmer, Fred Pohl, Poul and (Wow!) Karen Anderson, etc., etc. and not batting an eyelash, not even asking these people to autograph one of their books! Instead, they flock to the *Star Trek* exhibit and ask to touch Mr. Spock's sweat-stained velour. At the slightest hint that one of *Star Trek's* actors might show up—a riot starts. Indeed, when one of the actors does show up, he is surrounded by a crowd of adoring females—and who is the actor? Mark Lenard, who once played Spock's father.

Not one of these fans has ever stopped to think that an actor is only doing his job, only doing what he is being paid to do—assume a role for money. (This is not to say that acting is not an honorable profession—there have been many fine actors, Ronald Reagan and George Murphy to name two...)

Nobody ever stops to think that somewhere is a skinny little man with glasses hunched over a typewriter dreaming these characters in and out of their terrible situations. Nobody ever stops to think of the little guy behind the cameras who is literally putting words into these people's mouths.

Few of the trekkees seem to realize that the show does have writers. (I know there are times that seems hard to believe, but some of the episodes have been written by writers—I know, I have met some of them.) Indeed, it is the writers who deserve much of the credit for any of *Star Trek's* quality—writers are traditionally the ones who have their masterpieces prostituted by the boob tube, but if there is any quality at all in any story, it starts with the writer. (And a little bit with the producer who paid him for it. Some of my best friends are producers...)

If you were to put all of *Star Trek's* best writers into a room, and also one of the show's bit players—say Walter Koenig—and then turn loose fifty mad trekkees, you would soon discover a very interesting phenomenon. There would be a crowd of fifty mad trekkees around Walter Koenig.

And perhaps one of them might ask him, "Who are all these other people, Walter?"

(But I know Walt—he shares the egoboo—he'd introduce those writers who had written him some good lines.)

Which brings us to the second part of my complaint—there's not enough egoboo in being a writer—especially being a *Star Trek* writer. I enjoy SF cons. They are fun. They are especially fun for me, because I have discovered that nowhere in the world will you find such a high density of aggressive females—all of them of sufficient attractiveness, of age and willing.

When a handsome young pro—like myself—who is also good natured, scintillating, and marvelously virile, shows up at a con, it is all he can do to survive—he must fight them off! (I want to take this opportunity to apologize to all those lovely young things I missed at the last Worldcon, but my dance card was filled up by Friday afternoon. If you want an hour of my time in St. Louis, you had better make your reservations way in advance.)

Now, when the trekkees come to cons, many of them are very lovely young girls—unfortunately, too many of them have some strange—and decidedly unusual—ideas; they confuse morality with virginity. This, of course, goes against my grain. Any girl who comes to a con not expecting to be deflowered—or at least ravished a little—is not only in need of a shrink, but is obviously a spoilsport and unamerican as well.

(Corollary: any girl who comes to a con who does expect to be deflowered, need not be disappointed. But like I said, you've got to get your reservations in early this time around.)

In any case, both of these attitudes of the trekkees—the lack of egoboo for the writers, and the lack of libidoboo for this writer in particular—has aroused my ire, and I do not have an easily aroused ire.

Fortunately, for those of us who like science fiction, *Star Trek* will not last long, and we can expect to lose many of the more frivolous of the pseudo-fans. (I will not mourn *Star Trek's* passing. In fact, I welcome it. I do not want to see something I once loved suffer for too long...)

Unfortunately, the trend of simple-mindedness in the American Fan has been begun, and science fiction cons seem to encourage this trend. (So now we get to the real reason for my writing this article...)

I lie awake nights and have the following nightmare:

Some producer somewhere, someday—perhaps even right this very minute—will make a film. It will be the world's worst motion picture. Grade Z will look good next to it. It will make Zsa Zsa Gabor's *Queen of Outer Space* look like a classic of the genre.

This picture will be (appropriately enough) entitled THE SHIT-PILE FROM OUTER SPACE. (The producer discarded an earlier title, THE INCREDIBLE DUNG-HEAP THAT DEVOURED CHICAGO, as misleading—the picture was not about the Democratic Convention.) THE SHIT-PILE FROM OUTER SPACE will live up to its title—no, I beg your pardon, it will live down to its title.

The picture will be shot on dynachrome 8, and developed at the drugstore. Sound will be taped on an eight dollar recorder shoplifted at the same drugstore. There will be a cast of six, including the shit-pile itself. The best performance will be that of the shit-pile

—undoubtedly the most realistic performance.

The critics, of course, will not know what to make of the flick—so they will give it good reviews as being one more example of the new wave in cinema. Even Time will find something good to say about it—that the grainy quality of the film adds to the realism of the shit. (This is where my dream first starts taking on elements of fantasy—critics never give anything good reviews, but this is a nightmare, remember?)

The plot will go something like this. It is nighttime. There is a convertible parked on lover's lane and two kids are necking in it. (Sometimes it is Ralph and George, sometimes Eloise and Marsha—but tonight it is Ralph and Marsha.)

Suddenly, there is a flash of light in the sky. "What is it?" asks Marsha. Ralph, who knows everything, quickly answers, "It must be a meteorite—coming down at an angle of 36.7 degrees, with a velocity of 6,000 miles per hour and a mean temperature of 451 degrees fahrenheit. Let's see, if it passed directly overhead, it should crash (Boom—thump!) right over there, behind that ridge!"

"Oh, God, Ralph—you're so smart!"

"Let's see, this happened at—hmm, that's funny, my watch has stopped!"

"Gosh, that's funny, Ralph—my watch has stopped too!"

"Gosh!"

"Gosh! You don't suppose—"

"Yes, it means—"

"Oh, no!" sobs Marsha.

"—that our watches have stopped!"

Ralph tries to start the car. It won't start. Neither will the radio work. Hmm!

Then the titles come up! THE SHIT-PILE FROM OUTER SPACE. In Pasadena, this will be THE STEER MANURE FROM OUT THERE.

After the titles, we see these two teenagers driving into town—how did they get the car working?—well, we said Ralph was smart.

Ralph, quickly, bravely goes and gets a sample of the meteorite, before it begins to expand and devour everything in its wake, including two shepherds, a ewe, and the rest of their sheep.

Ralph returns with a sample—it is quickly analyzed by Marsha's father who just happens to be a nuclear biologist. "You know what this crap is?" he says. "It's crap."

But by now, it's too late—the crap has attacked America's least most important city—Chicago. At first, nobody had noticed it but, after a while, the people in the ghetto began to wonder—what were all those white people doing—throwing offal on their lawns?

Soon, they realize, the city is under attack. It is also under crap.

Now we see this frightening exchange of dialogue. Ralph, who has been called up by the National Guard (serves the punk kid right for being such a smartass) runs up to the big pile of shit with a machine gun. He is stopped by a good buddy—George—who says, "Don't you know, bullets won't stop it! Don't you ever go to the movies?!!" Then the dung eats George! In his rage and fury—and also for revenge—Ralph fires the gun at the crap anyway. And By George, the crap dies. You see,

Ralph never went to the movies.

They never even had to use the A-bomb on it at all. Sonofagun. A bullet killed it. They just don't make monsters like they used to.

But there is still a big problem—what're they gonna do with all this dead shit? (It is decided to give Chicago an enema—which they do—leaving it the cleanest it's been in years. They never do find Mayor Daley.)

And everybody lives happily ever after—except Ralph who is involved in a paternity suit—from all that necking. And Ralph's agent who says, "How could you let yourself get involved in that kindof crap?!!" And Ralph answers, "What other kindof crap was there?"

Now then, this is where the nightmare gets a little grotesque:

The film is a big success—and like it gets a Hugo nomination, if not the award, by default. (For the sheer incredible gall of doing such a thing as admitting that the picture is full of crap...)

Pretty soon, there are a bunch of horny young women chasing after the actor who played Ralph. They are bidding on locks of his hair, sweat stains from his armpits, urine specimens, etc. This group will decide to emulate everything that they saw in the picture—and they will even take a distinctive group name. (Not potheads, or acidheads—perhaps, yes—that's it!!) The SHIT-HEADS!! What a perfect name for a group of fans!

Indeed, they will soon take over cons in incredible numbers. The cons will become dung oriented. Can you imagine Walt Daugherty getting up to auction off a box of shit?!! Can't you just see him examining it, holding it up so that others may examine it—and indeed, even showing where the stars and producers have autographed it?!! Can't you just imagine that?!! Frightening isn't it?!!

Ultimately, all the crap used in the picture will be auctioned off—at very high prices, of course—and the fans will be upset about this, until some bright-eyed little girl with pointed ears and a stupid expression discovers that there is other crap in the world—and she goes into business selling it as being just the same kind of crap that was used in the actual movie. She'll make a fortune.

What a thought! All those shit-heads running around on a shit-trip. It gives new meaning to the disease known as the runs.

(Anyway, by the time I reach this point in my nightmare, I find that I am so thoroughly scared of such a thing actually happening that I find I must take two tranquilizers and half a dozen sleeping pills—and that's just to get me down off the ceiling.)

The thing that scares me the most about this is that I am sure—I am dead sure—that if the film is ever made, NBC will want to turn it into a TV series.

AFTERWORD:

I am not anti-fan. Indeed, some of my best friends are fans. And just about all pros started out as fans.

What I am against is the fan who falls down and salivates at the mere mention of pointed ears. It is this type of easily duped mentality that is responsible for the incredible proliferation of trash in our society.

I like fans—I like signing autographs and having people buy me drinks—but even more, I like to get involved in an *intelligent* discussion about the nature of the world we live in with another self-realized human being.

The distinction between fan and pro is only that one has sold and one hasn't. Both are still human beings. But any fan who forsakes his birthright as a human being and begins to act like a shit-head, can expect only shit from me. (So be warned—and girls, get your reservations in early! Dammit. I won't have those scenes in the lobby anymore. All that crying and screaming is hard on my nerves!) ●

EDDIE JONES for TAFF

A Morris Minor is smaller than a Volkswagen and slightly larger than a breadbox. —Astrid Anderson

Harlan Ellison's handy guide to understanding "2001: A Space Odyssey" so you don't look like a schmuck when you come out of the theater & try explaining it to your husband or wife. Blues.

Open to a portrait of the reviewer as a name-dropper:

So I'm sitting in Canter's at three in the morning, with Sal Mineo, and we're having matzoh ball soup and some conversation, when over walks Carl Reiner's son, Rob, the one who was in the improvisational group, The Session, and the first thing out of Reiner's mouth is, "Did you see 2001, and wasn't it a groove?" I sit quietly, spooning in bits of kreplach and hoping he won't as again.

Mineo chimes in, "FanTASTic flick!"

I chew my matzoh ball.

They then launch into a highly-colorful conversation about the psychic energy of the film, how it obviously applies to the ethical structure of the universe as expressed in the philosophy of the Vedantist movement, and the incredibly brilliant *tour de force* of Nietzche-esque subplotting Kubrick pulled off. My gorge becomes bouyant. I can no longer deal with the realities of good Yiddish cooking in the presence of such rampant hypocritical hyperbole.

"Listen, you two loons," I begin politely, "you haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about. 2001 is a visually-exciting self-indulgent directorial exercise by a man who has spent anywhere from ten to twenty-five million dollars—depending on whom you're talking to—pulling ciphers out of a cocked hat because he lost his rabbit somewhere." They stare at me.

It is maybe because in the telling, I have confounded my syntax to the point where even I don't know what I just said. "Well, uh, what did it, uh, mean...to... you..." Rob Reiner asks, a bit timorously.

So I explain the picture to them.

And then I realize it is the nineteenth time I've explained it to people in the week and a half since I saw the

damned film, and once again I'm explaining it to people who came on like gangbusters with their total understanding and involvement with what Kubrick was "saying". I realize I am sick to tears of having to point out to phony and pretentious avant-garde types that all the significance they've dumped on this film simply ain't nohow, nowhichway, in no manner present.

Now I will tell *you*. So you can tell your friends; and I can eat my matzoh ball soup in peace.

For openers, there is no plot. That simple. No story. I know this because I got it on the best authority—from one of the men listed in the credits as having *devised* the bloody story. He has said that after Kubrick had that staggeringly boring paen of praise to the monkey-wrench in the can (that first half that sent people stumbling from the theatre half-asleep on the pre-premiere night I saw the film), he and some of the head honchos at Metro screened it, went ashen, and said to one another, "We ain't got a picture here." So they went out to the Kalahari Desert and shot the apes, and then they shot that Antonioni white-on-white bedroom, and they taped the second-thought sections on either end of the Man Against Space nonsense, and they called it the birth of the blues. So with that knowledge cemented into the forefront of your cerebrum, you can now see that any spiderweb superstructure of superimposed story you devised after you left the theatre confused and didn't want to look like a *schmuck* to your friends, is just rationalization.

But let's pretend Kubrick *didn't* do that. Let's just say the story runs sequentially from the Dawn of Man and the apes through the discovery of that black formica tabletop on the moon, and Keir Dullea chasing Gary Lockwood around n' around the centrifuge, to the surrealism of the ending and *Thus Spake Zarathustra* running as Muzak for the journey back to Earth by that baby-thing in the bubble. Let's pretend such was the case. (For those of you who haven't yet seen the film, naturally this will make very little sense, but don't let it bother you; if you are one-half the crowd-followers I think you are, you will be dashing to queue up for the film soon anyhow, and you can clip this guide, put it in your wallet, and read it during the half-time intermission so when you emerge, your girl friend or husband will think you are the most intellectual item since Nabokov, a rare combination of beauty and brains.)

Now. Had you read the short story, "The Sentinel", written by Arthur C. Clarke, upon which the film was loosely based, you would know that the black formica tabletop was a kind of radio signal left on Earth by aliens; left behind on their passage through our galaxy to somewhere else.

So. The first monolith, the one the apes find, is the one that gives the slope-brows the gift of reason (we know this because when one of them touches it, we hear *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and we are uplifted). And if you still had any doubts, the scene that follows shows the ape discovering the first utensil. The linkage is inescapable. *Res ipso loquitor.*

So now we go from the ape hurling the bone-weapon into the air, to the space-shuttle spinning down the void to dock (at unbearable length) at the space station.

Now we mulch on forward. They take half the two hours and x-minutes (it was 40 when I saw it, but I understand they've cut 17 minutes of boredom since then) of the film to let you in on the big deal surprise of another monolith being discovered on the lunar surface...or strictly speaking, just below the surface, which is where the plot lies, as well. In Clarke's original story, the aliens had left the signal device—the monolith in the film, a pyramid in the story—on the Moon, because they wanted to get in touch with whatever life-form developed on Earth only at a point when it was advanced enough to *get* to the Moon. (You knew, of course, that the ape-stuff took place on Earth, didn't you? Rob Reiner didn't.)

So they discover the monolith is sending out signals, and the receiver is somewhere out near Jupiter.

So they send out the astronauts to dig what is shaking out there. The computer that runs the ship—aside from being faintly faggoty in its mannerisms—does a bang-up job keeping them on course, until one day, for no apparent reason it goes completely out of its gourd and kills everyone on board with the exception of Keir Dullea, who is just too smart to be put down by a mass of printed circuits and mumbly memory banks. But, the question asks itself, unbidden, why did the computer run amuck. The only answer that works within the framework of the film and logic, is that the aliens have somehow, by long distance, telekinesis or somesuchthing, sabotaged the thing. Reason: to capture the finest specimen of Terran life, the astronaut they know will be sent out to check that monolith near Jupiter. And they do. When he gets just abaft of Jupiter, the formica tabletop comes for him, and then begins the section that will make this film a success... the astounding visual interpretation of a trip through hyperspace as the aliens cart Dullea back to wherever it is they actually live.

(This section, by the way, has already gotten a deserved reputation in the underground, and when they can scrounge up the hard-ticket prices to see it, the waiting lines at 2001 are mini-deep in heads waiting to get their minds blown a tot more than usual. It will be this underground rep that will spread out into the Establishment, and thereby assure the film of big box-office.)

Now we come to the confusion.

Oh really? Where've we been already? But...onward!

Dullea wakes up (comes to? regains his senses? something.) in a Louis XVI bedroom, segues into a shot of himself a little older, segues again and he's wizened, segues again and he's lying in bed dying of old age. What is happening? Well, I see it this way (and being a science fiction writer naturally I am privvy to all the secrets of the Universe, not to mention the mind of a director and the subtleties of a befuddled script):

The aliens are trying to decide whether to go and join Man in his march through space to fulfill his destiny, or to let him destroy himself. They are pumping Dullea's mind.

The periods of clarity for Dullea are those moments when the brain-draining ceases for a moment or two. Knowing that their environment is so alien to the mind of a human that he would crack, and be worthless for their purposes, the aliens have created a self-containing continuum for him to exist in, a dream if you will. It takes the familiar form of a white-on-white bedroom. It probably isn't *really* that. He may be in stasis in a gelatin tank, or hooked into a dream machine, or just floating free-ego in a never-never land of the alien's design, depending on how alien and impossible-to-understand you care to make them.

Finally, they get all they want out of Dullea, make up their minds to help man on his way to Destiny, and utilizing the Time-Is-Circular theory, they send another formica tabletop to him, which changes him?—devolves him? retrogresses him?—back to a baby with tarsier-huge eyes, and they send him back to Earth, ostensibly to make that second touch in the brain of Man that will give him an equivalent leap in intelligence that the first ape got from the first monolith.

That's one way to look at it.

But then, is that really Dullea as a baby? It looked like an alien baby to me. It might even be an *adult* alien. Who says they all have to look like Raymond Massey with a fright-wig and a long beard? But even so, the story-line holds.

Unfortunately, this is not necessarily the story Kubrick and Clarke wrote. It may be a better one, who knows?

In any case, there are still innumerable unanswered questions in the film, such as:

If they found the monolith on the Moon, why didn't they find the one on Earth?

Is it the same monolith, and it moves around?

Why didn't the computer know Dullea would use the emergency exit to gain re-entry into the ship?

Why did Kubrick take endless time for the discovery of the monolith on the Moon, a sequence that would have been handled better in the teaser of the worst TV space opera?

I could go on indefinitely.

Which is not to say I didn't like the film. As I said to Norman Spinrad, who was seated next to me at the screening, "the first half is boring...but not uninteresting." He stared at me. How can anything be boring and engrossing at one and the same time? Well, visit Kubrick's Folly and find out.

The psychedelic segments are some of the visually most exciting stuff ever put on celluloid; in a way it's what cinema is all about, really. The ape sequences are brilliant, the special effects staggering, and my review brilliant. But I am compelled, once and finally, to say that this is a bad movie. It fails in the first order of story-telling: to tell a story.

So go get stoned on acid, pack your pockets with hash, go sit in the Cinerama cocoon, and let Kubrick fly you to the moon. It ain't gossamer wings, but what the hell do you expect for $X.XX per ticket? ●

NOTES ON 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

BY RICHARD HODGENS

On Noting Greatness

2001 is a great work. It is great science fiction, and it is a great film. I am tempted to call it the greatest film, because it is great science fiction, too...

Greatness is not a term I use loosely, or often. When I call *2001* great, I do not think I am merely expressing my feelings about it. I think there is some objectivity in the term, and in my use of it. Of course, greatness is relative even if not subjective. But if one considers works that are seriously considered great, like them or not, one finds a certain degree of skill, intelligence, and complexity, beyond what we usually call skill, intelligence, and complexity... And usually there is something more, "high seriousness" of manner, or of ends, or of both. *2001* has these qualities, and therefore I might admit that it is great even if I did not consider it beautiful and moving almost beyond reservation. When I call it great, I am saying more than, I admire it very much.

Any great work of art tends to overwhelm us. With *2001*, I know I am overwhelmed, I think most other members of the audience are overwhelmed, and I think I could prove that the harsher critics are overwhelmed, too,—for to be overwhelmed is not necessarily to be pleased. A great work is somewhere near the limits of human achievement, and if one is not ready to appreciate it, one is not likely to understand it, and almost certainly one will be bored. The harsher critics were not ready, did not understand, and were bored. And for them, of course, writing about *2001* is easier... It is always easier to say a thing is bad. The bad vocabulary is much richer. When the thing is great, it may be easier, still. But those who are ready and do appreciate some great work find it more difficult to express themselves. One does not care to speak about it at first; one wants to get to know it better.

I had looked forward to reviewing *2001*. I am relieved, in a way, that I did not have the opportunity or obligation, after all. It would be like reviewing *Paradise Lost* (or any other great work you like—a few hundred words, please) after a first reading. As it happened, the first time I read *Paradise Lost*, I had to, and I wasn't ready. I did not know enough... If I had reviewed it at that time, I would have made an ass of myself. I hope I would not have denied that it is a great work. But I might have. I probably would have said, Even so, I do not expect to finish reading it: it is preposterous without being amusing... And then I might have admitted that Milton's verse is good in itself and that there are some impressive passages.

But a few years ago, I happened to pick up an edition of Milton's works, happened to open to the opening of *Paradise Lost*, happened to read,

> *Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit*
> *of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste*
> *brought death into the world, and all our woe,*
> *with loss of Eden, till one greater man*
> *restore us, and regain the blissful seat,*
> *sing, Heavenly Muse...*

and I was overwhelmed; and I read on; and was overwhelmed throughout.

The first time I read *Paradise Lost*, I was overwhelmed by its greatness, but I did not know it and could have put it down. The second time, I could not, and knew very well what was happening to me. But I was not inclined to talk about it. What can one talk about but one's feelings? And one does not feel that one's feelings are the important thing.

I can not describe the important thing, the verse itself, much less what Milton can do with it, line by line, paragraph by paragraph, book by book and in the whole work.

And I can not describe Kubrick's film, shot by shot.

I am not saying that *2001* is as great as *Paradise Lost*. I am not saying it is less great, either. There is no point in comparing the greatness of such works, because epic and film are so different in general, and because these works are so different in themselves,—different from other epics and other films as from each other. I do compare them, but not to overpraise or underpraise the one or the other,—only because both are great.

The one common criterion of greatness that *2001* has not met is, of course, the test of time. This test has often struck me as a test of chance, not time. But, assuming a normal continuity of our civilization, as *2001* itself assumes, I have no doubt that it will be seen and appreciated long after 2001.

And I, for one, need a little time, myself. I would not attempt to write a review of such a work. Instead, I write notes. And it may be that I would not write the notes if I had not read some asinine reviews.

"It makes no sense, and may be a hoax," and, "It's senseless so it's great!"

But it makes the greatest sense...

On the Illusion

The technical perfection of *2001* is beyond comparison with any other film. One does not have to make allowances. It is no effort to believe the things—one after another—are real.

At this time, in this culture, this perfection runs the risk of being ignored, or dismissed as a triviality, or even denounced as a bore, by both artists and intellectuals. They often miss the point. The perfection of a thing can be exasperating to those who are not in sympathy with the thing, itself, as a whole. Now, here, moreover, it is possible to use one's imperfections, possible to make art of nothing but one's imperfections. Those who care for imperfection can not help but miss the point.

With *2001*, science fiction fans and the public in general are not likely to miss it: it is what this art is about, and without it—or something near—there's nothing more.

Kubrick knew what he was doing,—here, now, a rarity in itself,—and he did it.

The intelligence, patience, and art in every shot of *2001* are overwhelming, in themselves. If *2001* had no more, it still would be better than anything of the sort we have seen or are likely to see.

In general, the critics approved, but more than one complained of such details as the centrifuge. I do not think they knew what they were seeing. Here's one: "The first few moments that we watch an astronaut jogging around the capsule for exercise, it's amusing. An earlier Kubrick would have stopped while it was still amusing." He was *amused*. If one can be no more than amused, of course it will seem pointlessly protracted.

In his brilliant *A Preface to Paradise Lost*, C.S. Lewis wrote that "The marvel of Milton's Paradise or Milton's Hell is simply that they are there...that the dream stands before us and does not melt." And, of course, these are not Milton's personal dreams—which we could not dispute,—but ours as well—

and we do not dispute them. Now, some of Kubrick's indisputable creations in *2001* may be seen, one day. (Well, some of Milton's, maybe, too.) But I said the film will be seen after 2001, and one thing I meant is that I do not expect them to be disputed then, either. Even if everything looks different, *2001* is art.

What Kubrick has done has been seriously attempted only twice before, I think. Fritz Lang, in making *Frau im Mond*, collaberated with Hermann Oberth. *Destination Moon* tried again. Lang succeeded in making his models quite convincing, and in making art of them, too. (According to Willy Ley, who assisted Oberth, Lang himself invented the countdown, "for purposes of dramatic tension.") The makers of *Destination Moon* succeeded with the models,—but not so well with the art. In plot, *Frau im Mond's* collapse on the Moon may seem more complete than the latter film's. It is, I think, a question of too much plot. The latter film—makers had Lang to learn from.

In *2001*, Kubrick gives us not one ship and the Moon, but a number of ships, and a number of moons, and does far more, and does it all with art. The illusions are complete, and there is much more.

The Complete Science Fiction

Whether or not Kubrick consciously intended to do so, he has integrated an anthology of science fiction themes, or myths, into one great work. First there is the theme of human origin. At the same time, the apparent extraterrestrial visitor. The film cuts to future technological progress, to other worlds and marvelous voyages thither... And extraterrestrial archeology. On the heroic journey to Jupiter are poor Frankensteins and a poor monster. The survivor makes the first true contact, or the extraterrestrials do. And as they deal (or it deals...) with him, we can not understand what they do, but see distortions of space and time and superscience as magic, or magic as superscience, and its masters as ours, or even as gods. And the film ends not with this but with its product, the overman. All this, I think, is perfectly fused; it is not until we consider summarizing the plot that we realize how far we've traveled, how much we've seen, believed and felt. It is no wonder that the plot presents difficulties for those unfamiliar with sf&f, and even for some who are. (Of course, there is also a matter of form...) The wonder is that Kubrick dared to do so much, and did it so perfectly. These elements are not merely integrated flawlessly. They are respected, and handled flawlessly, in themselves: and the tone, or attitude, is right throughout.

Ape and Overman

> "*I teach you the overman.* Man is something that shall be overcome. What have you done to overcome him? All beings so far have created something beyond themselves; and do you want to be the ebb of this great flood and even go back to the beasts rather than overcome man? What is the ape to man? A laughingstock or a painful embarrassment. And man shall be just that for the overman..."
> —Nietzsche.

But it is possible to sympathize with the ape. It is even possible to admire him. *2001* does not present its prehuman beings as amusing embarrassments or embarrassing amusements, but as prehuman beings.

And what is man to the ape? And overman to man? We are not sure: a hope, a fear, something unnoticed, a simple acknowledgment of incomprehensible superiority, a dreadful hysteria, a sense of the holy, hatred or love...

The men of 2000 are right to worry about "cultural shock." (Although Clarke overstates the matter in his novel when the unhuman artifact is uncovered and kept secret: "The political and social implications were immense; every person of real intelligence...would find his life, his values, his philosophy, subtly changed.") I think we feel cultural shock in the first true contact at the end of the film. If we are ready, that is. Others may mumble about symbols and mysticism. And then, when we see what *they* have done to one of us, and we see him returning, we are awed. And Kubrick and Clarke are right to refrain from defining our superiors, let alone judging them. Those who would wish them to do so miss the point. Again, this is not surprising: it is a point that many would wish to miss. The point is not mysticism. It is not even religion. It is the simple statement that we may have superiors, as we have or had inferiors. And the clarity and beauty of the statement do evoke those feelings usually confined to religion, and often avoided even there.

A certain strain of the criticism of *2001*, as Kubrick points out in one interview, is on religious grounds,—not that the film is religious, and of course not that the critics are, but rather that they are not. In facing us with our superiors, the film is unacceptable to those who will not even "entertain" religious feeling. The film does not directly call upon them to do so, of course. But it seems to, and they resent it. It may be that they will not entertain any sf, much less fantasy. They may not like the idea of any other beings. They may not like any idea... For them, of course, "the political and social implications" would indeed be "immense", and they would have to change values and philosophy, and not subtly.

But the theme or themes of *2001* can not be so objectionable to any "person of real intelligence".

And the manner in which these themes are treated seems to me perfectly balanced, perfectly sane, perfectly just. It might easily, even unintentionally, have been Nietzschean. "Undemocratic." "Satanic." Or just insufferable. Some members of the audience apparently do find the prehuman beings "a laughingstock or a painful embarrassment", and maybe nothing more, and maybe they find the "gods" and the overman just painful if they "find" them at all. This is inevitable, of course. But I think *2001* treats our inferiors and our superiors with the same decent concern and respect.

The Sexiness of Machines

> The Freudian idea that the happy garden is an image of the human body would not have frightened Milton in the least...
> —Lewis.

Then there are the Machines.

Machines, like many other things, are sexy, if you insist. Kubrick does insist, at least in one interview. But not in the film, where one might as well say he insists they are religious. To say machines and many other things are sexy broadens the term *sex* until it means too much to mean very much after all. It then means little more than that we love (or want) those things. Or don't, I suppose. In this sense, I see that Milton found light sexy:

> *...other suns perhaps*
> *with their attendant moons thou wilt descry*
> *communicating male and female light,*
> *which two great sexes animate the world...*

Since God is light, it follows that he found God sexy. Again it follows that he found everything sexy. I would agree with him. But I would not agree to use *sex* so much: why overindulge the term?

Of course many machines, much more readily than Milton's "delicious Paradise", "a mound" with "hairy sides", may suggest the human body, or human parts. And their functions may suggest ours. What I objected to in the beginning of Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*... was not the suggestion itself, but making a dirty joke of it. In *2001* there is an obvious parallel, but the difference is striking. The spaceship glides into the central slot of the station. This may be more suggestive than the fueling in *Dr. S.* There is also the landing on, and into, the Moon, but this is not so sexy. But in *2001* the sound track is not a popular song given graphic interpretation. Instead, the sound we hear is a Johann Strauss concert. And the Strauss waltzes are sexy in their drive, their grace or their precision, their exhilerating prolongation and climax,—as is the mechanical action. There is nothing objectionable here. The machines are not put down. Neither is the music. Nor is sex, for that matter. The ships are celebrated, as they should be. The music is celebrated, too. And I find this different attitude throughout the film, applied to machines and living characters. *Dr. S.* seemed thoroughly nasty. I know that anything in *Dr. S.* may be defended by pointing out that that was the kind of work it was. That was my objection. One thing that surprised and delighted me about *2001* was that it is not that kind of work at all,—not even in the slightest touch.

(I should not have been surprised, remembering Kubrick's work before *Dr. S.* in general. But I expected him to carry on... I hoped for the technological wonders without much nastiness, at best. *2001* turned out to be perfect and "a story good beyond hope",—as Lewis described Tolkein,—besides.)

To be sure others have found *Strangelove* in *2001*. Not audiences, I think. Just critics. I think they are wrong.

2001 reflects that just appreciation of

science and technology we find—or used to find—in science fiction, but in not much else.

The Good and Evil of Intelligence

The appreciation is not uncritical. It is not witless worship.

I can not account for one critic's idea that the film's message is that "intelligence is useless, if not evil", nor for another's that "it is anti-human, anti-science..." The critics must account for it, themselves. And the Strangelovers have made much of the fact that the first tool is a bone, used as a weapon, used against a fellow prehuman and cut to an artificial satellite (although this particular satellite may well be incapable of any use but the most benign, for all we know). And, of course, they have made much of HAL 9000, the computer that rebels, and kills. Indeed, they have made Hal "the only real human being in the film", "and we feel more concerned with the electronic lobotomy performed on him than with anything that happens to the living and breathing actors,"—evidently on the premise that to err is merely mechanical, but to do actual evil is the only really human—and sympathetic—thing.

But we have always known that there was danger as well as promise in our intelligence and its products,—which of course include all language, religion, and art, though intellectuals and artists often forget, as well as tools and machines. Kubrick acknowledges danger. In order to maintain that he stresses it, one must misread the film. First, one must ignore the "Dawn" setting and its other inhabitants. Vegetation is scarce, and the leopard preys on all animals. The prehuman beings, potentially omnivorous, are hungry and beset. One of them, evidently stimulated by the extraterrestrial machine, learns to increase his power with a ready-made machine, a bone. Bones are then used as clubs, making hunting—or slaughtering—possible. It seems to me that if Kubrick were so sour on man and machine as some suggest, he might well have shown the clubs used for slaughtering other prehuman beings immediately. As far as I know, he would have had ample justification. However, his bone-wielders do not happen to club other prehuman beings until one of the others crosses from "their" side of the water hole to...I am tempted to say, to "ours." Of course, they over-club him. And they may well have brought their bones for that purpose. But I see no reason to infer a condemnation of man, intelligence, and tools from this episode. (I do not feel guilty, threatened, or even criticized, myself...) To expect the film to ignore the fact that we have troubles with ourselves and our machines is, I think, unreasonable and unwise. The film does not demean man, but neither does it place him higher than the angels.

And to consider the persistence of nations, corporations, and official secrecy in 2000 telling anti-intellectual satire is another mistake. (I do hope some nations, corporations, and secrets persist, though not necessarily all these in particular...) The feeling this sudden passage from prehuman to human culture conveys, to me, is quite different. First, there is the astonishment of the cut itself, from dry bone to artificial satellites. (And from one Strauss to another, too.) Transistions of four million years are rare. I remember somebody's complaint that Lord Dunsany lost fourteen years between acts, in *Lord Adrian*. The critic simply quoted, "Fourteen years pass." That was sufficient complaint. And Kubrick's "violation" of "unity of time" is accompanied by a violation of unity of space. To jump from Earth to space—to *begin* in space, as in effect he does—is also rare. In this breach of both time and space, the sense of human proportion is played against the knowledge (?) of universal proportion. The effect is wonder.

As for the human beings, their set smiles and quiet speeches do not disgust me, and I doubt that they disgust Kubrick. The smiles and speeches are better than savage grimaces and senseless roarings. One is not overproud of the achievement, as polite challenge replaces the apes'. One remembers—and knows, anyway—what is behind it. But, there it is. It *is* an achievement. And Kubrick tells us that space—to the Moon—is conquered in 2000. What, realistically, could replace this treatment? One would not expect the people of 2000 to be better, or worse, than we are. They do not seem to me more or less sincere, more or less enthusiastic, more or less eloquent. If the models and the backgrounds did not convince one that this film is real, the people surely would do so. Even before they begin speaking, we know this is not would-be poetic fantasy. The poetry is in the style of the film itself, in the work as a whole and—as it will happen, and has happened to an extent—in the "slabs" of the "others." And I think the realism of the human characters will help persuade us that our superiors are also real.

I want to mention that moment our leading human being touches the slab with his hand. Our leading prehuman being touched (and tasted) it, too. Then his fellows followed him, and as they ran their hands over the slab we could see, for the first time, how human their hands were. Meanwhile, we hear that sound so like but unlike religious music, mixed with more noise. We hear it again. And when a fully human, gloved hand touches the slab on the Moon, the echo or repetition evokes so much—of man, of what we know and do not know, and of how we feel—that I can only mention it, and say, It's right... And this repetition is to be—almost—repeated, to even greater effect.

HAL 9000's Fall

The computer's failure on the way to Jupiter baffles and troubles some critics and perhaps some people, too. There is no reason why it should not. Man's fall—or Satan's—or the origin of all actual evil—is baffling and always troubling.

If one accepts Zoroastrian, Judaic, and Christian tradition that evil originates in the pride and disobedience of created beings, then there is more than enough explanation of the computer's fall. Hal would appear to be proud, his creators' equal or superior, and sufficiently "human" to have free will. He disobeys. That is, he makes one mistake. Then he lies about it, evidently. The rest is self defense. The only question is whether the error is deliberate. And the only effect of answering that question is upon our sympathies. It may be that not many find the Zoroastrian, Judaic, and Christian explanation adequate, but I think the film is.

One critic suggests Hal must have been tampered with by mad scientists on the Moon. He did not suggest a motive. If one suspects tampering, one might better suggest slabs or demons did it. One might suspect that Hal in his pride believes that he alone can deal with man's apparent superiors. Hal might even choose to eliminate the men in order to protect man... But all this is unfounded and unnecessary speculation.

How could anyone expect any machine to be perfect? And given a machine of human or greater complexity, how could anyone expect it never to fail?

One can not ask for a full explanation of the initial error. We do not demand neurological studies of error and evil in any drama, and can not expect electronic studies in *2001*. We have reason to believe that Hal is under some strain before he errs. After his execution, we learn that he was under more strain than we knew: he was not merely concerned about the purpose of the mission: he *knew* it.

Clarke's novel explains (in Chapter 27, "Need to Know") that knowing this but keeping it from the crew placed Hal in a self-contradiction that led to a slip. I do not know how many times I might have seen the film without realizing the significance of the fact that the "failure" he falsely predicts is in communication with Earth. I do not know if that would have helped me understand the programmed contradiction (which in part must be assumed in the film) in obeying his human colleagues but in keeping a secret from them. Clarke's explanation is, however, consistent with the film. Those who can not accept the film on this point can, I think, be convinced by the novel. Or nothing will convince them. If convinced, they still might object that the film version expects too much of them... But the film does not expect us to understand Hal thoroughly. It expects us to accept one error. And at least one error, from so high a creature, is a most reasonable expectation.

Some ask what Hal's fall has to do with the rest of *2001*. ("Nothing," declared one critic; but he thought "The Dawn of Man" had nothing to do with the rest, either.) But, it happens. I do not think it needs thematic or structural justification. Eliminate it, along with the scene in which bones are weapons, and one might have a work in which all products of intelligence are good, or even perfect, and troubles never happen, though questions may arise. I think this would leave something out, and seem unsatisfactory. To me, the conflict of intelligent creatures seems to call for no special justification in any drama. And the conflict here seems to say a great deal about human error and human endurance. The critic who complained that

"something has to happen on the trip" was quite right. Something has to happen, or all we know about man and his explorations is false. Things have happened, and they will. Here, something else might have happened, of course. But given this means of exploration, this thing might be expected. It is the main thing on this voyage.

One might as well complain that some story of the sea is full of irrelevant troubles between harbors.

Heroism

Those who say that Hal is the most human or only human character in
miss something, like those who say that Satan is the hero—in some traditional sense—of *Paradise Lost*. (I wonder if anyone has ever called Satan the hero of *Paradise Regained*. No, no doubt.) Hal, like Satan, is the best character only insofar as he is the worst creature. The other characters in *2001* are convincing, although unobjectionable; and Bowman, the only other one who gets as much attention as Hal, as much time to be characterized, is heroic.

There is such a thing as heroism, but we do not see much of it here and now,—except, of course, when it is considered a bad thing. It may be a bad (undramatic) subject, or simply difficult to handle properly, or, more simply, difficult to imagine. We may have become so tired of human conflict we can see only passive victims as heroes. And we see fewer and fewer good victims, at that. Modern sf&f is one of the places literary or poetic heroism went, of course. But even from sf&f it seems to be going,—or else it is merely the classical, ancient, brutal overheroism, not even Medieval.

But I think that Bowman is a good modern hero. I know some feel it was wrong of him to disconnect Hal, but I can not think what else he could do, but die, and his death did not seem called for. I suspect some feel it was wrong of him to attempt to recover Hal's first victim, but I can not help admiring him for it, and I can not condemn him for leaving his helmet behind. To an extent, official secrecy tricks him into heroism, depriving him of some possible dignity. But, realistically, to be there at all is heroic. To persist is exceptional. (And, not so realistically but appropriately enough, he will emerge as the overman.) It is more than enough, and I for one am thankful for the character.

In *Dr. S.* there was a bit of heroism, although the point, there, was that it was tragicomically misplaced. There was a scene or a moment in the bomber when one might feel that the thing was there and true... I feel that through the entire voyage in *2001*.

On Acting

Those who complain that the human beings behave properly neglect to consider what kind of human beings they are, and where they are. One would not expect great displays of personality from such men; and in the ship this would be intolerable, not necessarily for us, but certainly for themselves. To an extent, the complaint about the people is a complaint about the performances. Certainly these performances are not spectacular. Why should they be? How could they be? There is no time for hysteria.

(To then say that Hal—a set, a lens, and the voice of an actor carefully expressing no great emotion—is more human, is perverse.)

For the human beings in *2001* happen to be the sort who are, and have to be, restrained. And acting is not a matter of never being still. It is a matter of convincing the audience. I think there can be no question that most (I'd say all) of the acting in *2001* does so. Once we are convinced, we may be moved.

And I would think anyone paying attention to Keir Dullea's performance would be convinced and moved and later would realize that it is brilliant. The emotions are not displayed in eloquent passionate speech, but they are there. In film, eyes can be more eloquent than any speech. Dullea's are, even without the lights that surround him. And watching him I have no doubt that Bowman's emotions are at times as extreme as is possible.

This is a subtler and, I would expect, more difficult achievement for actor and director-editor than some of the spectacular performances in their previous films.

Dullea is especially well cast. The face is "strong" enough, but expresses no special character, although it can express subtle emotion, and also it is rather childish. Somehow, such a face goes well with machines. The voice has the proper youth and assurance, while assurance is still possible. And it breaks well. (Though Bowman doesn't.) Meanwhile, Kubrick uses models, costumes, sets, lights, blips, the actor's breath and close-ups and low-angle shots... Later, to see such a young and uncharacterized face age is particularly disquieting. And it still can be recognized in embryo, or overembryo, or so it seems to me. This is not the face itself, of course... But most faces would not suffer such change so well.

Kubrick's success with Hal's performance is only more subtle, but perhaps not more difficult, since its effects do not require active emotional restraint but rather what amounts to emotionlessness,—and only in voice. Hal's humorless solicitude is amusing, frightening, and poignant, if that is not too weak a word.

Kubrick's success with the other, inhuman creatures is still more subtle, or another order of achievement entirely.

Myth

Myth is as difficult to describe as greatness, because a myth is a great story, but I think most of us know most myths when we hear or see them,—stories that seem true, no matter how untrue we know they are; stories approaching religious truth,—having something to do with how or why we love or hate, create or destroy, or *are* loved or hated, created or destroyed, and where we come from, where we go, what the world *is*.

As more than one critic has pointed out (Lewis, of course, but also Leiber, for example), modern sf&f is also one of the places myths went, to be retold more rationally, or merely at greater remove, and therefore more believably.

(This is not the same thing as imaginary religion in sf&f, although a story may contain both.)

Considering all *2001*, I do not know whether to call it a myth, or a mythology. But there is no doubt that it is a mythical creation. Arthur C. Clarke has made myths, or come close, before. I can not forget *Against the Fall of Night*, and I remember the city and the stars, although I do not remember in detail what happened, there. I vividly remember what happened at *Childhood's End*, although I never liked it. As for the famous "The Star", I feel the author himself disbelieves in everything in it—both in the myth he tries to make, and in the myth he tries to use. Other short stories by Clarke are much better—"The Wall of Darkness" and "Exile of the Eons" (I miss *Super Science Stories*) and "The Sentinel" itself, the source (from *The Avon Science Fiction and Fantasy Reader*) of *2001*.

I would not say that "The Sentinel" or *2001* is the most effective, modern, artificial, realists' myth, but it is certainly among the more effective, and may be compared with myths in works by Wells, Hodgson, Stapledon, Wright, Lovecraft, Moore, Campbell, Williamson... I had better not try comparing it.

As for myth itself, Lewis suggests a test of it, in his essay on George MacDonald: if the story retains its essential power in summary, if the form in which one artist puts it does not seem so important as the summary itself... But this is a difficult test to apply here. It is easier when we do not care for some particular work—or any work—that has the story. As for summary, if we say, "Four million years ago, some thing visited us, and started us on our way, and is still waiting for us, out there; so that when we are ready, when we survive our own creations, and reach it..." The idea does come through, I think. And can we add, "It did it before, and will do it again, and we will have to survive something better..."? There is no reason a myth can not change tense. A myth need not be finished. Maybe it must involve the possibility of recurrence... But I think this myth says something that touches us—whatever we think of it—about our past, our present and our future. And in a way one can identify with "it", in the myth and in the work itself, in spite of incomprehensibility: it sees in us what we see in ourselves, though it evidently sees more deeply, and may care much less.

To compare the book by Clarke with the film from which it is derived is not a fair test, incidentally. One might think that if the myth is valuable, the book can not help but effect us as deeply as the film. But, since it is a *great* film... Turning to the novel, I had two unfavorable impressions in the first few chapters: the beginning is needlessly explicit (and so is the end), and the prose is thin and weak. But Kubrick and Clarke conceived the story in visual (and aural) terms. Clarke's prose can only remind us of the film's images, and must suffer in comparison. The film's great success impairs the novel's. Adap-

tation is often an unhappy thing. As for an overexplanation, it is the business (or necessity) of the novel (and most novels) to be more explicit in this manner. With Hal, I think this works. With the beginning and the end, it does not seem to work. But where Clarke overgoes the film, travelling on to Saturn, no longer (for a time) merely reminding us of what we have seen, but showing us what prose can make us see, it works very well. And, I think, the myth remains effective. "The Star Gate opened. The Star Gate closed."...

As for "The Sentinel", it is not the same myth.

The traditional mythology that *2001* reminds me of most strongly is the Celtic, where one finds shrieking stones and the Fair Folk in their other world, where time passes differently. I could not help wondering, reading some puzzled reviews, if none of the reviewers had ever read any Arthurian romance, where the Fair Folk deal strangely with mortals... And the tradition of another world, whether of gods or the dead or both or not, is certainly ancient, and persists. At least one reviewer compared the end of the film unfavorably with Homer's realism,—as if Homer's heroes never met gods and magic, as if Odysseus never visited the place of the dead. Where Bowman visits, or is kept, is stranger, but not less realistic in treatment, for all we know; and we do not know enough to say that it is, to us, a more realistic possibility.

This myth of a beginning and a new beginning takes no account of good and evil. In the novel, this is explicit: "'...we do not know whether to hope or fear. We do not know if...you will meet with good or with evil...'" And we never know, although we may guess. This might be considered a flaw, and this might account for some hostile reviews. But I see no reason to consider it a flaw. We can not say it is an absence of moral concern. It is only a suspension of moral judgement. I think the material calls for the suspension,—which, of course, may arouse our moral concern. I might add that only the greatest myths attempt to account for good and evil, beginning with Zarathustra's

> *...two spirits,*
> *the creator saying to the destroyer before time:*
> *Neither our thoughts nor our beliefs,*
> *neither our choices nor our words nor our deeds,*
> *neither our consciences nor our souls agree.*

And that may be more than a myth. One can not criticize *2001* for not being a great religion. One can praise it, on the contrary, for leaving religious questions open. Kubrick has said that sufficiently superior beings would, in effect, be gods or God. Some gods, but not God as He has been described at least since Zarathustra, if not since Akhenaton or Moses or the Memphite theology. Clarke, I believe, has said that immortality can be achieved only through science. But Clarke would not know. Kubrick's mistake and Clarke's assumption do not appear in the film. They do not even appear in the novel, except as a bias behind certain lines, such as, "Speech became eternal, thanks to certain marks... Presently [man] invented philosophy, and religion. And he peopled the sky, not altogether inaccurately, with gods." One might argue, at length. But the film is inarguable.

As I have said, the film evokes religious feelings, but as I have also said, it is a realists' myth,—which happens to not be about morality, sex, love, friendship or the world, but about the history of the species as a whole. (If this subject can not touch us, I admit we will find *2001*—mythical or not—rather cold.) So the world remains...whatever we believe it to be. But the film, and the myth in the film, do evoke, unforgettably, the world's mystery.

Epic and Romance

> Whatever Epic may mean, it implies some weight and solidarity; Romance means nothing if it does not convey some notion of mystery and fantasy.
> —W.P. Ker.

2001 is both, then, in film instead of verse.

One can argue about form. It was all argued out in the Renaissance. *Romance* seems to have been invented to help dignify or justify such works as Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which is great, but does not happen to conform to Aristotle's *Epic*. Questions of form are of interest, not in order to classify works, but in themselves. Aristotle called for one single action. But poets tended to relate two or more successive or simultaneous actions. The Renaissance would not give up this variety. And Torquato Tasso pointed out that poetry needs unity, surely,—but the unity of an organism, not of an element.

The epic poet was expected to impose some unity by beginning in the midst of things and using flashbacks and visions. Of course, this may gain more than unity. On the other hand, it may gain only confusion... There is always a question of where any story ideally begins, and the question has been raised about *2001*. One critic asserted that *2001* ideally begins and ends on the Moon, with the discovery of the slab and its signal. That is, he found "The Sentinel" ideal, although he remembered it wrongly, while the film was "sheer distention." But he himself called "The Sentinel", "A neat little open-ended thriller." I would expect a *thriller* to have more plot and less restraint, but whatever it is, the film version happens to deal with both "ends", and I do not see the point of the objection. It is not as if "The Sentinel" were merely the same action distended. Instead, it has been added to,—given a First Act and a Third, a beginning and an end, without answering all questions, with some still "open", before and after, anyway.

Now, it is also possible to conceive of beginning with the third part, as some might wish, or seem to think they wish. But then it is difficult to conceive how the second part might be covered adequately, and the first part would be impossible, according to the rules,—as it would be, also, if the film began with the second.

Reasonably enough, then, it begins in the beginning,—the beginning for us, if not for *them*. And why complain?

After all, film is always different from prose and verse in its point of view. Epic and romance have their poets, with sources and muses, and modern fiction may have its frames, centers-of-consciousness and first-persons, but the film is essentially omniscient: point-of-view shots are no more than touches, like similes and metaphors in most narrative prose or verse. These touches may be very telling (They are in *2001*.), but they rarely can (or should) be the prime means by which the story is told. Watching a film, we do not tend to ask the camera, How do you know?—as we may ask an author. (Reading Clarke's novelization, I did feel like asking, now and then. There is nothing in the novel to *account* for the novel. Is the author God? But, as some say of the Bible, not to mention other books of the kind, If God were to write a book, He probably would do better... Ordinarily, of course, one would not expect a story—maybe not even such an extraordinary story—to account for itself. This is a purists' quarrel. It would not occur to me, perhaps, if I were not comparing...) In this sense, film is a more objective medium. This objectivity makes questions of organizing and framing and restricting the material much less important, or even of no importance whatever... The story may be told much more "according to Nature" than "to Aristotle" or Lovecraft. A camera can be anywhere at any time. Kubrick's seems to be where it belongs at all times.

"One single action" has great appeal. I think it impresses us as *more important*, if not more exciting, than the method of Ariosto and Edgar Rice Burroughs. In this sense "The Sentinel" may seem more important than *2001*, at first thought. But what is important about the single action of "The Sentinel" is what it may mean: the questions it raises about the distant past and near future. And *2001* is not like Ariosto or ERB, but three successive actions... The first two parts are surely unified, and the third and fourth are under separate titles only for convenience, I would say: they are one. And this third single action is the bulk of the film, and seems to be by far the bulk of it. Only if one can not believe in Hal will this order seem episodic. I find it perfectly satisfactory, satisfyingly perfect.

The difference of tone (not unrelated to difference of form) that Ker notes in epic and romance certainly exists in general and seems important. The Renaissance critics stressed the importance of marvel and wonder... But the classical epics do have that, along with the "weight and solidity." And we want both, I think. (When I say *we*, I naturally leave out those whose interest is restricted to some dull idea of here and now: they can not be considered.) Though some like only science fiction, and some prefer fantasy, any sf has some of the appeal of fantasy, and fantasy that has no weight or solidity (or rationality or, most broadly speaking, science) dissolves into nothingness,—which may have its own appeal, but can hardly be sustained, or borne.

I think great works of any length must successfully combine these tones, qualities, or whatever... Consider Homer's *Odyssey*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Hodgson's *The Night Land*, and consider

Kubrick's *2001*. In *2001*, the solidity or reality of our distant past and near future is unquestionable. And there is mystery—uncommonly solid mystery, at that—in those slabs. And at the end, the otherness turns out to be indescribably mysterious, but perfectly described.

Pace

> To blame it for being ritualistic or incantatory...is to blame it for being just what it intends to be and ought to be.
>
> —Lewis on Milton's style.

Special material calls for special style, and all material calls for *care*... A triviality in blank verse may be amusing. But something of importance in no style at all, the style that calls attention to its lack, is exasperating or worse. That is one trouble with much sf&f. I have trouble reading E.E. Smith. I read him anyway. But some sf&f of epic, romantic, mythic significance can not be read at all.

In *2001*, Kubrick has adopted a certain style, a stateliness and restraint, that I would tend to call classic, but might call epic. The alternative style, in *2001*, would not be *romantic*, of course: it would be preposterous, intolerable, probably incoherent throughout...

Here is a critic confounded by currently unfashionable style: "What is most shocking is that Kubrick's sense of narrative is so feeble. Take the very opening. Great Cinerama landscapes of desert are plunked down in front of us, each shot held too long with no sense of rhythm or relation." I gather he missed the *very* beginning. "We are painfully aware that this is not the Kubrick we knew." So soon? But the Kubrick he thought he knew was dealing with different material, making different films. In this opening sequence, Kubrick must do more than set a stage, establish more than one landscape: rather, a climate, a continent, under a rising sun, and finally the apes silhouetted against the hot bright light, matched with other animals, all but hidden, lost, in a land of rock and bone... He has already, incidentally, established the *Earth*. The critic missed it, and the point. "The sharp edge, the selective intelligence, the personal mark of his best work seem swamped..." Why must we always have a "personal mark"?—and right away, at that? I did not keep recognizing Kubrick throughout *2001*. Why should I? Why should anyone want to? It is fashionable, in current film criticism. But greatness is often impersonal. Or, the most personal mark, stamped on a work as a whole, is simply: No one else could do this. One does not want to keep thinking, So this is what this particular artist thinks or feels about this particular subject. One wants the subject. "Swamped in a Superproduction aimed at hard-ticket theatres." But this is foolish. Kubrick has hit the hard-ticket theatres without making any of the usual "concessions", as any current movie-goer must know. "Not interwoven but clumsily inserted is the discovery of one of those black slabs..." Now, I think everything the critic missed in the beginning is clearly established. Indeed, I think he is trying to complain that things are too clearly established. But what is clearly established about the slab is that it *is* "inserted"—suddenly there, one dawn, and suddenly gone... "This prologue is just a tedious basketful of mixed materials dumped in our laps for future reference." No, it is a story, and the beginning of a story. "What's worse, we don't need it. Nothing in the rest of the film depends on it." He must have missed the rest of the film, too.

What is "too long", anyway? When we lose interest? But if we will not take any interest to begin with, how can we judge? This critic's complaint reminds me of Dr. Kracauer's observation that Fritz Lang's "*Nibelungen* unfolds in lingering scenes that have all the qualities of stills." All the qualities except stillness. But, following Kracauer, *Nibelungen* has often been called "pictorial" and "static." As Andrew Lennig pointed out in his *Film Notes*,

> To suggest a more lively and [He might have said *and/or*.] intimate way of filming is to misunderstand the very meaning of style, the difference between Milton's
>
> *High on a Throne of Royal State, which far*
> *Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,*
> *Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand*
> *Show'rs on her Kings Barbaric Pearl and Gold*
> *Satan exalted sat...*
>
> and a realistic paraphrase.

There is a very simple point to be made here. Where sets and costumes are thoroughly ordinary, where that is their point, we need not see them. Where they are something more than that, we need to. Fans of sf&f, and the general public, do not need to have this pointed out to them, but some critics do.

The classic style of *2001* is all the more obvious among current films. Before the new wave, before commercials, before *Dr. S.* for that matter, no one would have thought of saying, It's too slow... They would have said what they meant: I don't *care* for it. (As, indeed, the querulous fool I've been quoting went on to say, "I dislike the idea of space exploration... I was delighted to read recently that US space appropriations are diminishing...") When I first took interest in the movies, the general style was rather slow. But the change of pace since then has reached an extreme where I find the liveliness more tedious than the slowest films I can remember. Film used to put things together. Now, film takes things apart. Watching current films at their best is often no more than watching the disintegration of artistic possibilities.

The contemporary style applied to *2001* would not make it faster or shorter. It would cut the scenes into bewildering bits, and this would make it seem slower and longer, after the first scene or sequence or so. Considering current fashion, I appreciate *2001* all the more for its measure, balance, stability...

One might gather from some reviews (or even from this, so far) that *2001* is not full of action. But it is, of course, and Kubrick involves us in it all. It is only pointless motion, and pointless cutting, that it lacks.

I find the pace perfect, or a little brisk if anything, for two main reasons: we have never seen these things before; and the story is not merely a plot, but an important story: a myth. This does not eliminate "mere" or "sheer" excitement, after all: I do not know what could be more exciting than the approach to the slab orbiting Jupiter; or the murders, recovery, re-entry and execution; or just the walk down the ramp to the slab in the Moon; or other things I have mentioned and still others I have not. And I do not know how these things could be cut without losing some excitement.

Nothing is more important than the director's (and editor's) sense of proportion. This can not be analyzed. Everything is involved. In *2001*, almost nothing seems out of proportion to me, —or it is a question of shots cut short, rather than prolonged. Kubrick cuts when we would want him to, or sooner; and we do not take undue note of the cuts (or the angles or the moving camera...). This is by no means when interest is exhausted. *2001* is visually (and aurally and dramatically) rich, strange and complex, and can be seen again, again, and so on. I have said some shots might have been held longer. I might add that one conversation and one passage might be shorter. But for the rest, I see nothing to criticize, only things to praise for their effective beauty.

Plot

Only after the execution of Hal is certain information, essential to our understanding of the plot, put into verbal form. But most of this information has been provided. We infer that the expedition to Jupiter is an attempt to solve the mystery of the slab on the Moon and its radio outburst. Hal's verbalized misgivings about rumor and melodrama suggest it, even if narrative logic did not. But even if the material were ordinary, the late explanation would be unusual. It is perfectly good plotting. But the subject, well plotted as it is, creates difficulties for audiences unfamiliar with sf&f. The explanation is too late to make much impression. And what follows is overwhelming.

Consider all those "religious epics" where everything is tediously explained as well as shown, although audiences may be assumed to know the story. Audiences, or critics at least, often feel insulted. I do not know that the feeling is justified. In this, at least, the filmmakers are not necessarily insulting. In telling any story, it may be difficult to judge what may be left untold. And there always are things left untold, even in religious epics. Every story must assume some background, even if the background is merely some public prejudice. And those sudden turns of plot that can surprise—without baffling—us in ordinary mysteries are possible only because they are ordinary.

2001 may assume a bit too much background.

But Kubrick, with so much at stake, chose nevertheless to make *2001* a work of unpatronizing art.

Subplot

There is no subplot. Some say there is no plot. The lack of subplot

may have confused them. Most notably, of course, there is none of what used to be called romantic interest. Just Romantic interest. There is no love (or sex) story because it would be irrelevant. Some might say this artistic absence is also appropriate in sf in general. (The old question, Why is there so little sex in science fiction? may be —almost—answered by the question, Why is there so little science in pornography?) But the point is that personal attachment and means of reproduction are not to the point. (Not that the characters are at all "dehumanized." One critic followed that thought this far: Bowman "takes a considerable risk to try to save a fellow-spaceman, but you feel it hasn't anything to do with affection or with courage. He has simply been trained to save an expensive colleague by a society that has slaughtered instinct." Instinct? Consider the scene in which the leopard attacks one of the prehuman beings...) The exclusion of love or sex when it is not relevant is not so rare as it used to be. (But "The Heroes" will star Elke Sommer, and "The Red Tent" will star Claudia Cardinale.) But other exceptions include innumerable films of less healthy interests... And there's nothing like that in *2001*, either. To repeat myself: Kubrick, with so much at stake, chose to make *2001* a work of art.

On a Possible Structural Flaw

> It suffers from a grave structural flaw.
>
> —Lewis.

The trouble with *Paradise Lost* according to Lewis is that Milton "makes his two last books into a brief outline of sacred history from the Fall to the Last Day. Such an untransmuted lump of futurity, coming in a position so momentous for the structural effect of the whole work, is inartistic."

This criticism may be questioned, of course.

In Book XI, Michael shows Adam a vision: this first half of the "lump" begins with line 432 and extends through line 901, the last line of XI. Milton describes, Michael narrates, Adam asks some questions, and man survives the Deluge. Book XII begins:

As one who in his journey baits at noon,
though bent on speed, so here the archangel paused
betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,
if Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
then with transition sweet new speech resumes.
"Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
and man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
must needs impair and weary human sense:
henceforth what is to come I will relate";

and Michael relates through line **465**, the Book and the poem ending with line 649, after the unforgettable expulsion. Now, this change from more detailed vision to simpler narration may indicate that Milton himself felt something was going wrong. But, all this "comfort" given Adam is essential to Milton's theme, which is of course his own comfort, his faith and—he might fairly assume—his readers'. At least some of the material is clearly necessary. And one may be interested in it all. Lewis perhaps knew it too well to be interested, here. And he is a good judge, because he is the kind of reader Milton would have expected. I can only say, It doesn't bother me. Maybe it will, when I have read the poem a few more times. But even if we admit this passage is a "flaw", the question of its "gravity" remains. Since some of the vision is necessary, the worst we can say fairly is that the vision happens to be too long —939 lines instead of...fewer.

And that it may be too long is the worst we can say of the vivid vision that introduces or induces Bowman's captivity at the end of *2001*—not that it exists, just that it may be too long.

This strange sequence, which begins as Bowman nears the slab orbiting Jupiter, of course does not have the intellectual necessity of the vision in *Paradise Lost*. Nevertheless, it is necessary. Kubrick may be criticized for providing too much in too many processes—the extended acceleration, with reversals; with shaking, flattened close-ups of Bowman; the shots that begin with one that looks like a globular cluster and another that looks like a nebula, although both look alive, and the shots that follow look like...organisms; shots with "kaleidoscopes" or "gems" flashing over a "landscape" superimposed on stars; and the discolored landscapes, beginning and ending with discolored eyes; meanwhile the electric moaning, hymning, booming, breathing... There is no doubt that *they* are *taking* him. Perhaps we do not need quite so much proof of it. The trip, which begins with the conviction of Hodgson's or Stapledon's or with more, loses resemblance to them, to *2001* the novel, to anything imaginable, and perhaps loses conviction, too. All this, except loss of conviction, may well be the purpose. But the use of recognizable landscapes leads to some difficulty. We know it is not Jupiter. We know it is not anywhere else, except perhaps the mind. We know these shots are improperly printed landscapes...

But I can not say that Kubrick made a mistake in using them, because I am not sure of his intention. I think I can say it is too long, leaving too much time to wonder what his intention was.

Nevertheless, I have the feeling that these shots are relevant simply because they are there: one would not want to risk ruining the final effect. The whole vision has a certain blinding fascination, impairing and wearying human sense.

The End

The result is that Bowman's captivity—in a room we first see after a shot of his eye in normal color—brings a certain dreadful relief: we are at rest, at last, at least, in something recognizable, however helpless.

I was surprised that so many critics found themselves so very helpless in that room. One would think they never had seen a terrarium or a zoo. One of them complained it was not very original, and mentioned Bradbury. No, terraria and zoos have long histories... Another assumed it was "the ill man's imagination" of "a better world beyond the infinite": only "something he has once been taught to see as beautiful in a grand decorating magazine..." This is assuming too much, although of course the room is open to some interpretation.

More mysterious and fantastic than the room itself is what happens to time, or to Bowman, inside it. And here is the most mysterious and fantastic explanation I have seen so far:

> A fail-safe device long popular with the science fictionist perplexed to terminate his galactic voyage is the time warp—a concept whereby, under conditions of extreme distance or speed, sequential experience is alleged to fracture and permit simultaneous existence in discontinuous segments of chronology. Thus a voyager somewhere beyond Alpha Centauri may discover that he has become his own son or his own grandfather, as the case may be. Since this phenomenon, like the related anomaly of extra-dimensional space, is not only inexplicable but incomprehensible to the linear thought processes of contemporary man, it allows the novelist to exit in a display of pyrotechnic mysticism. But it is done at the cost of raising in the reader a suspicion that the narrative carpet has been snatched from under him; the most resourceful practitioners avoid it.

Indeed.

We see Bowman see himself three times, each time more settled and much more aged. One might say, At least he *thinks* he sees... But we think so, too: the third time, we do see both of him at once.

Of course, we may consider this symbolic, but of what, I can not imagine. I think it is more rewarding to consider what happens. We can not say *how* it happens.

I certainly had the feeling, at these moments of his apparent self awareness, that *they* were taking him apart, in a manner somehow analogous to the way he took Hal apart. And I remembered Hal's observation, "I feel it. I feel it." This is another reason I can not consider Hal a digression. Hal was returned to his first moments and beyond, clear slab by clear slab. The thing that was Hal remained, however, and might be...recreated. I felt that Bowman was being pushed toward his last moments. And however illogical this may seem, one may feel that whatever they do to Bowman,—and we do not know what happens to his mind in the process, but his apparently resigned surprise may indicate that something other than mere aging is happening, and we may assume he is being recreated (still Bowman), —there will be something left.

We feel it. We do not like it. But it does not have the feeling of mere dissection and murder.

But I think the end of this process is a complete surprise. Although I had read reviews, and knew the end, I felt complete surprise and—in spite of reviews—complete conviction.

What we suspect they do, in the beginning, they obviously do at the end.

Some might say the vision, captivity, metamorphoses and release are not pure science fiction. It is all pure enough for me. And it certainly is pure film. Ideally,

the conclusion of a film must be more than the ideal end of a story. That in itself can be difficult enough, of course. But the film must also end as film. And while beautiful filmic effects may appear during the course of any film, a concluding effect, with the effect of conclusion, is rare. One generally settles for a good last shot. Again, I can not analyze. I can say only that a consideration of great films—as opposed to films in general or at random—will tend to show what I mean. Kubrick has been doing this fairly consistently. Even I can see that the end of his last film, *Dr. S.*, is an attempt. In *2001* I think he does his best, so far: it is all beautiful, convincing, conclusive, and the perfection of the end matches the perfection of the sequence before, and the sequence before that and so on, making a near-perfect whole.

With the slabs, the vision and the captivity, Kubrick manages to convey considerable cultural shock. In presenting truly god-like aliens, or truly alien gods, however indirectly, he has managed something I would have thought impossible in film. William Hope Hodgson, Clark Ashton Smith and C. L. Moore could achieve this in prose. And while anyone may think of other authors who could do it, I do not think anyone will think of *many*... And with words alone, or with a single picture of course, it must be easier to do.

And the effect is not simply appalling or intimidating, as it more easily could have been; maybe because the apes, the officials, the astronauts and the overman come through, in their way, which is ours; maybe because it is all so beautiful.

Horror is relatively easy. But this is awe.

Overinterpretations

> We need not ask, "What is the apple?" It is an apple. It is not an allegory. It is an apple...
>
> —Lewis.

We may consider the slabs as important as that fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. But they don't "mean" anything, either. They function. To make them symbols of something makes them senseless, if not meaningless, because it deprives them of their believable function.

In the novel, the slab on the Moon "reminded Floyd, somewhat ominously, of a giant tombstone." The slabs in the film reminded one critic of "Mosaic tablets or druidical stones." First and last, they reminded me of doors. The one orbiting Jupiter reminded me of an altar. This is art, not allegory.

And other images are highly suggestive, —with the human machines like beehives, deepest sea creatures, birds (alert; helpless; and cruel), suppliants and idols, and bones, of course, or the pure white we associate with the classical.

There is the alignment of the spheres, and slabs. Kubrick gives the spheres themselves their visual music; and in these compositions the slabs appear as parts of the world as far beyond man as those spheres, —but strikingly different. And there is the alignment of pod, cabin, and dish-antenna, to match, in man's way.

And the whole film is full of modern art of all the schools, but unlike much modern art with its irrational—or anti-rational—aesthetics, all this is rationally presented.

These things do not call for interpretation, I think: just appreciation. And the same seems true of things more than visual.

I have quoted a number of overinterpretations. I could go on. What of the aged Bowman's bread and wine? If it is wine. I would say, They come with the meal. What of the carrots, string-beans and potatoes? What of the fact that we can not judge the time at which the over-embryo reaches Earth? It would not occur to me to wonder what time it is. If it were supposed to be *before*, I would expect some indication of the time. In the absence of any indication, I assume it is some time after.

And I hope I have not overinterpreted anything. For one thing, my own reaction to elaborate explanation tends to be, If only this explicator could understand, why should I bother? For another, I do not think the film calls for it. There are works which do, of course. They were made that way. *2001* was not. It is not an obscure construction, but an entertainment that speaks for itself, assuming some background. There are connotations. There is no "code." Or, if there is, no one needs it. The question of "getting" it ought not to arise, and I suspect that any elaborate interpretation is not based upon the film itself, but upon a certain lack of imagination, or an imagination preoccupied, in the interpreter.

It is here, of course, that the general critics have failed most miserably, and it is easy to see why. First, critics do tend to look for symbols and messages, —in order to disagree with them. Many, if not most, films (or plays, or so on) do call for such a disagreement. Second, few of them know science or science fiction or are ready for either. So they babble: "So the end is but the beginning, the last shall be first and so on and so forth. But what was the slab?" "At the end, Dullea [sic] apparently learns the secret of the universe, —only..." "Perhaps I'm asking too much... Is it a warning similar to that in 'La Dolce Vita'?" "Maybe God..." "The ambiguity of these closing scenes is the more disappointing..." "The ending, ergo the meaning, eludes me. It is obscure symbolism..." "Philosophically, *2001* passeth all understanding." "It makes no sense."

Such talk is forbidding and unfair. Too many reviewers lead us to expect nonsense: willful irrationality, would-be insanity, according to current fashion.

But then, any great work may need some time to find—and form—its proper audience.

Recommendations

I tend to consider its proper audience everyone. But I would not recommend *2001* to everyone—as I would not recommend *Paradise Lost*,—except as education. And I would recommend it as much more than that to everyone who likes sf&f, or film. Those who like both, of course, need no recommendation. ●

2001: A Parable Detailed, and a Devilish Advocacy

by Alex Eisenstein

part 1

The immediate incentive for the present discussion derives mostly from Tom's editorial in #8. I agree with it 95% or so, but, though I enjoyed the film greatly, I still have more-than-minor misgivings about the plot in the third segment. Much of it is sheer technical stupidity; the rest is badly flawed by the barely-believable blunders committed by those two ambulatory crewmen who (in a manner of speaking) inhabit the *Discovery*.

However, one of the most common complaints about the film can only be a common subjective error: *2001* is not really slow; only the "critics" are slow, as we've known for years. The ending should be easily decipherable for most intelligent fans, though I see how the fantastical imagery, and the symbolism that follows it, could disorient the more literal-minded *cognoscenti*... especially as the marvelous images are minimally integrated, lacking both proper developmental order and adequate transitional flow. In addition, there is the sudden switch to a quasi-symbolic context, the reality of which, as such, can only exist in the psyche of the astronaut.

futurism and frost

I think everyone has missed the full significance of this visual parable (for such it is). This episode is the one place where even Clarke goes awry, in his novelization. Until then, he does a masterful job of repairing the plot idiocies and technical boners—barring the major lapse of both versions, which is the absence of Asimov's Three Laws.[1]

But apparently Clarke misapprehended the symbolic nature of the ornate bedroom and bath—they hardly constitute

1. A social stupidity, rather than a technical one; Clarke implied the reason for it in his elucidation of HAL's prime directive, which is to complete the mission even in the event that the entire crew perishes...naturally, this places human protection on a lower echelon of importance than the mission. Yet HAL's special instructions *could* have been explicit enough to require him to subjugate the aims of the mission to the ideal of the First Law, *until* and *unless* a conclusive accident rendered the question of human survival irrelevant. Of course, a classic Asimovian robot would probably become totally unhinged if faced with the prospect of continuing the mission of a crew that it had been unable to save; HAL, however, is a creature-construct of greater subtlety, and might weather the stress of the Three Laws of Robotics more easily than the strain of a program which subverted its compulsion towards accuracy, factualness, and truth.

an "anonymous hotel suite"! When restructuring the metamorphosis, he should have *eliminated* this environment of elegant rooms, for it does not suit his purposes; it becomes a weak strand in his rewoven physical rationale. It is *totally* unnecessary to the transformation Bowman undergoes; it becomes mere window-dressing that only reveals some curious limitations of the Intelligence controlling Bowman's journey. If the setting is meant to reassure the astronaut, as Bowman hypothesizes at one point, then the gods (or their instruments) have utterly goofed—because it *doesn't*, as well it shouldn't! The mysterious proprietors of the monoliths are wondrously naive of the human psychology which they have done so much to form...a distinct possibility, considering their evolutionary distance from Man—but one which belies the supremacy of their wisdom, if not their omnipotence.

In the film: Bowman *dies*—and is reborn. In the book: again, Bowman dies and is reborn. For Clarke this becomes a sequence of total personality "read-out," reeling backwards as it is drawn from Bowman's ego into a tiny recess of the immortal mind of that ancient, composit god. In the process, Bowman experiences a total regression to infancy and beyond—to, evidently, the womb and the egg.

And *then* comes the ultimate return to infancy. In Clarke's words:

> Now, at last, the headlong regression was slackening; the wells of memory were nearly dry. Time flowed more and more sluggishly, approaching a moment of stasis—as a swinging pendulum, at the limit of its arc, seems frozen for one eternal instant, before the next cycle begins.
>
> The timeless instant passed; the pendulum reversed its swing. In an empty room, floating amid the fires of a double star..., a baby opened its eyes and began to cry.

Remember always that *the baby cries*. At this stage, it has not yet encountered the last, grand apparition of the monolith (or "*a* monolith," if you prefer) and is yet to be transformed into the Star-Child.

The entire sequence is a superficial reversal of the one in the movie. Clarke has his reasons, and I think they're valid within the rational framework he sets for himself, though he tries too hard to justify *all* of the images in the cinematic spectacle. Whence his failure regarding the "hotel suite."

My considered view is that the sumptuous interior displayed in the film does not, essentially, represent any sort of hotel suite. It is the master bedroom and adjoining bath of a palatial mansion (or perhaps a penthouse apartment), furnished in a very coldly decorative replica of the style of Louis XVI. This aura of coldness is intensified by many effects: the weird, hollow, vibratory chiming in the background of the soundtrack;[2] the chill color scheme; the painted furniture, enamelled as no period piece would ever be; the harsh, white light that glares upward from the stark panels of flooring. A blocky, marble bathtub with chisel-sharp edges, both inside and out; things like that. Yet the rooms are impressively rich—ornate, yet somehow austere. Not the variegated and *gauche* opulence of a San Simeon; though Kubrick's *decor* offends the eye even more than Hearst's madhouse estate, it is absolutely rigid: all the furnishings are imitation Louis XVI, and all are detestably coated with enamel—white-frosting trim on a base of cool, pale green. These are not the accommodations of the past; the total effect is other than archaic, especially bathed in the painful radiance of that bright, shadowless floor. This style might easily belong to a future somewhat beyond A.D. 2001, though its glowing floor panels, I believe, are strictly for effect, not intended as an extrapolated actuality; the effulgent floor only signifies futurism and frost.

Of course, *all* of it is for effect. The setting is not a premonition of a generally frigid future, so much as an indication of a specific, alternate existence for Bowman—one that is ritualistically played out in his mind as a highly instructive lesson. The entire sequence set in the elegant rooms is most certainly a series of mental images projected by the monolith: these scenes have *no* physical reality. In essence, the whole episode is a portrayal of the inevitable result of a life that Bowman *could* have led, had he remained on Earth, never to become an astronaut and never to encounter the monolith.

As a shuddering, terror-stricken (and apparently demented) spaceman, he views the empty rooms from inside his space-pod. A quick cut leaves him standing outside the pod, still in his space-suit, but now dazed and dull with shock; no longer maddened by fear, but now evincing signs of superficial ageing (his hair is shot with gray and his skin bears a fine reticulation of surface wrinkles)—perhaps the proverbial age of fright.

The space suited figure walks across the well-appointed bedroom and into the adjoining bath. He turns back to face the doorway: there is a white-haired man sitting at an expensively-set service cart in the middle of the bedroom, eating a meal with wine. The white-haired gentleman, whose back is to the washroom entrance, pauses in his repast to gaze over his shoulder in the direction of the spaceman (who is no longer in view of the audience). The old man rises and slowly walks to the bathroom; he looks in once, then returns to his table: the space-suited Bowman is no longer evident, and the old man is now obviously Bowman at a later time of life, at the physiological stage of a well-preserved septagenarian.[3] The space-pod, which was not visible in the previous views of the oldster, is now definitely gone from the room.

The elderly Bowman continues with his dinner, stops for a swallow of wine, then returns the crystal goblet to its place on the fine table linen. The old man reaches for something—and knocks the crystal to the floor, where it smashes utterly. He bends to grasp one of the shards, and happens to glance up—there on the bed lies an ancient figure, its head entirely bald and the skin a crisp crust of parchment. It is not recognizably Bowman, but the conclusion follows naturally, because now the

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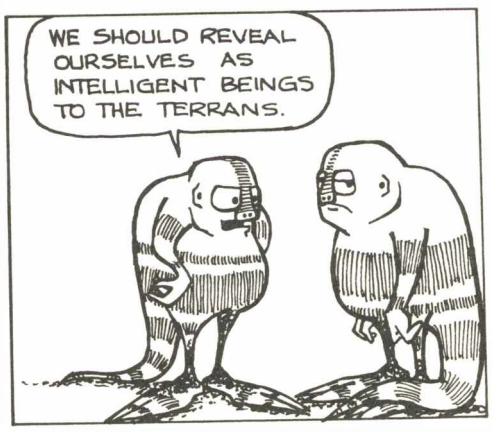
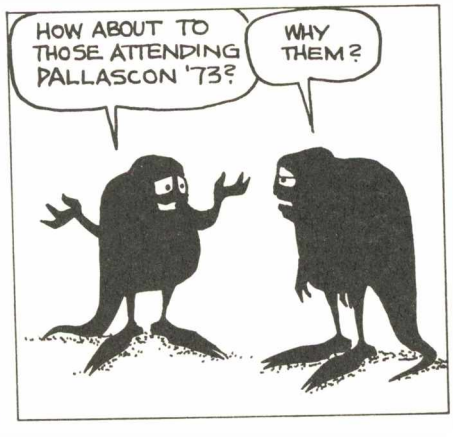
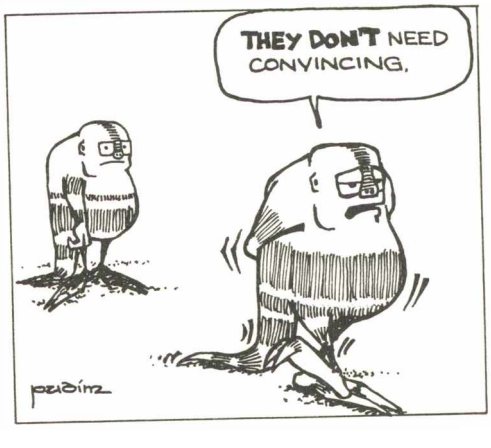
2. This might be the sound, augmented by echo-chamber, of dribbles of water spattering fitfully into an empty metal bathtub of the kind (usually set in combination shower-stalls) which has a raised bottom, creating a hollow underneath. If you think this preposterous, you should only know what you really hear in the movies.

3. None of the minute, superficial crinkling on the face of the earlier Bowman appears in the latter edition; the creases are more general, yet not strongly defined—all of which leads to my former supposition that the initial tell-tale signs of age are intended as the products of fright and shock. The apparently graceful ageing demonstrated by the elder Bowman also substantiates my thesis that he represents the alternative to Bowman-as-astronaut.







white-headed one is nowhere in sight. The age of the bedridden man is impossible to determine; he is, however, quite obviously decrepit with advanced age, and he wheezes constantly in the last throes of a seemingly natural, if still unpleasant, death.

And then the monolith stands like a grave marker at the foot of his bed, and he is reborn as the great-eyed, infant god (*not* a fetal form, as Earl Evers suggests in *Shaggy* #74.)

In the above summary, note especially that the two intermediate transitions are accomplished by a glance from one figure to the next: the shock-ravaged astronaut views the white-haired oldster, and the oldster views the dying ancient; attention is re-focussed on each progressive stage before the preceding one disappears, and each preceding stage, by quitting the scene, *becomes* the next. By leaving all appearances and disappearances off-camera, Kubrick maintains the fragile continuity; the audience may become unsettled by the continual absences that crop up, but never is it immediately distracted by the question "Where did he go?" which is occasioned by *seeing* someone vanish on-screen.[4]

The sequence in the elegantly repellant rooms is simply a demonstration for Bowman of what must happen to even the *best possible* earthly existence of which he could partake: in the end of a long life of wealth and fulfillment, all achievement becomes empty, cold, and sterile—because the end is always death, the complete finality of conscious being.

The monolith makes Bowman *experience* the reality of old age and death, to prepare him for total acceptance of godhood and immortality. This experience is the monolith's ultimate argument against a return to normal human existence, no matter how plush that existence might become. Though the experience cannot be necessary to the physics of the metamorphosis (Bowman hardly need die of old age to be transformed into a celestial god), certainly it is logical for the monolith to eliminate all remnants of regret. The creation of a new god who did naught but wistfully mourn his former life would be a cosmic exercise in futility.

special effects ordinary – the garden variety

The standard illusions of space travel and lunar landscape are superbly realized, but Kubrick errs on occasion; much of the camera-work becomes vertiginous from a plethora of rotating tracking shots, particularly in the scenes of the space-station wheeling through its orbit, the Pan-Am Earth-shuttle matching with the station, and the *Aries* cislunar transport in its landing maneuvers above the Moon. While not particularly "inaccurate," the constant motion of all elements—including especially the starry backdrops—as the camera pans steadily up, down, or sideways, strikes me as too disorienting and not nearly as dramatic as a fixed-angle viewpoint. For example, recall the very first scene, of the Earth and Sun progressively looming over the upper limb of the Moon: the camera changes position by rising above the lunar pole, but it never deviates in *attitude*; the result—one of the three or four most dramatic shots of the film. (Another is the final scene of the contemplative, infant god; a third shot that qualifies is the matched cut from vaulting thigh-bone to free-falling satellite—a beautiful visual pun! And of course, the snake-dance round and about the Jovian moons...)

These ubiquitous, close-up pans, as they produce a constant drift of the background stars, lead Kubrick into a visual trap in the scenes of e.v.a. around the *Discovery*. Most of the latter involve non-shifting camera angles; also, the camera is often stationary relative to the giant spaceship; yet the stars continue to slide past the audience viewpoint—put simply, the *stars move* for no natural reason, only to imbue the deep-space vessel with a false sense of motion. The same error is committed in most views of the dead astronaut tumbling through space; even from within the space-pod, while Bowman is closing with Poole's somersaulting corpse, the stars roll onward madly past the viewport. This apparent movement can only signify that the pod is whirling like a top; myself, I soon felt uncomfortably dizzy, watching this moronic misuse of a "travelling matte." (Note also that the dead man must be circling the pod, in all such views from the interior.)

Even George Pal knows better, although, in *Destination Moon* and *Conquest of Space*, he compulsively explains to the ignorant masses what should be obvious to anyone who has ridden in a car at night. A remorselessly creeping starfield, as in *2001*, consistently plagued the T.V. show *Men Into Space*, another format touted for stupendous technical accuracy.[5] (But then, aren't they all?)

scientific & technical discrepancies

The technical bobbles in *2001*, above and beyond the wayward star-field, are surprisingly numerous. For instance, the air hose attached to the helmet of each space-suit on the *Discovery* constitutes a discrepancy with historical engineering reality; to quote Al Jackson, "fittings such as this are internal."[6] But more important, perhaps, is the following inconsistency: such fixtures do not appear in the space-suits worn on Luna, earlier in the picture.

Although those lunar suits are not equipped with conspicuous air hoses, they *do* possess very slim, almost invisible plastic tubes (about the diameter of jumbo soda straws) that run from the air supply to the helmet along the skin of the suit. I think these tubes are meant to pass unnoticed, because actually they are quite difficult to observe. They evidently result from an oversight in costume planning; I believe they could have been easily concealed inside the suit had the wardrobe department exercised a little forethought.

The helmet design is similarly anachronistic, at odds with modern pressure-suit configurations. Rather than being closely-fitted to cranium and face for maximum protection from physical shocks (as is true of all NASA designs), the *Space Odyssey* helmet is rigidly connected to the suit and allows the astronaut's head to move with complete freedom inside the assembly. No doubt a comfortable arrangement... until he cracks his skull against the interior during some emergency situation.

Even though the life-support packs on the *Discovery* space-suits are equipped with rocket units, the absence of life-lines for the extra-vehicular operations remains a foolish oversight. Likewise the distant double-parking of the space-pod alongside the antenna—there are no obstacles to deter the pod from following a course down the spine of the ship until it reaches the antenna mounting, and this is precisely how Poole maneuvers it in the book. Again, in Clarke's novel, the pod secures itself to the ship by a mechanical arm, whereas in the film, the pod floats motionless many yards from the larger vessel and entirely free of any physical connection with it. When the astronaut steps out, the pod *should* begin to drift slowly away. Because the pod can be remote-controlled by HAL, and because the astronaut carries a jet-pack on his back, this drift would not be a major consideration; nevertheless, elementary caution dictates that the pod always be attainable by hand-over-hand locomotion.[7]

The "Dawn of Man" segment raises a much-battered bone of contention (pardon my word-play) in the realm of pop-

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4. Kubrick could preserve an uninterrupted continuity by retaining everything and everybody on-screen for the climax—the "birth" of the Star-Child; however, that choice would rather spoil the effect of desolation maintained throughout the sequence, as well as invoke derisive comparisons to the homecoming in *Hamlet*... If anything, *2001* is a spectacle notable for its dearth of mob scenes.

5. This otherwise consisted of Bonestell designs and backgrounds; NASA approval and advice; genuine X-15 pressure suits, for e.v.a. and lunar excursions; slow-motion lunar gravity stars of uniform intensity; bas-relief, external rivets studding the upper stages of aerodynamic rocketships; open faceplates on the aforementioned pressure-suits during all operations in supposed vacuum; and like that there...the show provided a wealth of material on which to exercise the rusty Suspension of Disbelief.

6. Al works for NASA at the Houston Manned Spacecraft Center, and has had the opportunity to try on an honest-to-Buck-Rogers spacesuit.

7. Double failures, though unlikely, are hardly impossible: if both the jet-pack and suit radio (or the radio control unit in the pod) fail, the astronaut must rely on his own muscular leverage. He can crawl arduously back to the control module in the bow, or he can leap towards the out-of-reach pod. The latter choice may be forced upon him by a low air supply, or it may be merely a tempting alternative; in either case, the astronaut gets only one jump—if he misses, there is no second chance. His own resources are exhausted once he risks the leap; afterward, if he overshoots the pod, his salvation is entirely out of his own control.

ular physical anthropology, to wit: that early man was a very ape-like creature, displaying ape-like physiognomy, behavior, and posture. The hominids of *2001* vaguely resemble elongated gorillas, but they actually represent a hypothetical form well over a million years more ancient than Homo *habilis* (Leakey's latest discovery). If the earthbound and lunar monoliths have similar dates of emplacement, then these hominids must live in an age three million years past; the burial on the moon is supposed to have occurred that long ago. (*How* the scientists of Clavius Base arrive at this figure is never satisfactorily explained, either in the film or the book; Clarke asserts that "Geological evidence proves beyond doubt that it is three million years old," but he never characterized this so-called "local geological evidence." Keep in mind that *no* direct method of dating the surrounding rock can reveal the age of its first excavation; digging does not, to my knowledge, initiate any form of radioactive decay. The monolith itself, says Clarke, is never sampled for testing: it resists the attack of all ordinary mechanical tools, and no one wishes to risk the unpredictable consequences of employing a high-energy laser to pierce the artifact—a reasonable bit of caution, surely.) Kubrick's protomen are certainly old enough to be quite primitive; whether or not "primitive" may be generally equated with "pithecoid" is debatable.

Personally, I feel the hominids, as depicted, possess faces too ape-like and hair too abundant. However, further than that statement I cannot really dispute their physical appearance—the true extent of any superficial resemblance to modern apes is a question too moot to pursue fruitfully. The same may be said of their ape-like mannerisms: these also seem more than a smidgin too simian, but again the real answer cannot be determined in any satisfactory way (short of actual time-travel).

The hunkering stance and hopping, shambling gait of the hominids is another, less uncertain matter. Although the common ancestor of apes and man (Proconsul *africanus*, or a very similar creature) homesteaded the tree-tops, his man-like descendants were strictly ground-dwellers. As far as our knowledge extends, *all* the *Hominidae* stood and walked entirely erect. The original, mistaken restorations of Neanderthaler, which display him as a hunched and bull-necked individual, resulted from a misinterpretation of extreme arthritis in the first specimen discovered, and the distinctly earlier Pithecanthropus was dubbed *erectus* for the obvious reason. The Australopithecines a million years ago found little sport in knuckle-dancing, and their predecessor Oreopithecus was no slouch either in the late Pliocene, two million years back.

Kubrick postulates (albeit rather indirectly) that his hominids existed around three million years ago[8]—only a million years before the earliest known upright proto-human. To be sure, Grandaddy Proconsul was a bent-legged tree-swinger, but *he* cavorted through the forests of the early Miocene, as long as *twenty five* million years ago. And at least one authority views Proconsul as a form that *returned* to the trees, in retreat from the groundling life of its own immediate progenitor.[9] In all, the evidence does not favor a stooped posture for Mankind's problematic ancestors three million years dead, particularly the twenty-two million year gap between them and Proconsul *africanus*.

haywire plot elements

Several of Kubrick's mistakes are closely bound up with the plot. They are, thereby, less easily rectified; Clarke should be congratulated for accomplishing, in his novelization, a remarkable feat of plastic surgery around the basic skeleton of the story. One of the biggest flaws of the film lies in the group decision to return the "faulty" AE-35 unit to its niche in the antenna, merely to ascertain whether or not it will fail after the predicted seventy-two hours! Apparently bench-testing to the failure-point is *passe* in the year 2001. (Ted White presents a very thorough account of this plot-error in *Shaggy* #73.)

The two operational crewmen evince additional vacancy of intellect in the precautions they take against eavesdropping, just before their discussion of HAL's abberration. They enter a space-pod on the pretext of checking its communicator; then Bowman instructs the computer to rotate the pod, which HAL accomplishes promptly. This maneuver orients the spheroid with its viewport inward, directly facing one of HAL's red visual monitors. Bowman shuts down the entire communications system, then casually instructs, "Rotate the pod, please, HAL." He repeats the injunction, somewhat louder; then: "I don't think he can hear us." Poole repeats the command in a loud, imperative tone and then concurs with Bowman's assertion. They proceed to discuss their apprehensions regarding HAL, in full view of the computer's unblinking, electronic eye; not once do they feign test or repair procedures—they seem not at all concerned by the fact that HAL can observe their actions, their gestures, their expressions, their moving lips...

With the knowledge that HAL is preparing a crew psychology report (a fact clearly established earlier in the film), the two astronauts should be more thorough in their attempt to deceive the computer. It's somewhat ironic that the second order to rotate the pod, which they use as a test against audio snooping, ought to be administered *before* the sound is cut; this action would re-direct the pod's window outward and thus prevent HAL from spying on them.

They might suspect that HAL, a mechanism endowed with many basic human facilities (e.g., and especially, sight, hearing, and speech), could couple these with its innate computer attributes of swift, accurate recall and vast, speedy correlation of data to develop, at will, a facile lip-reading ability. Indeed, they *might suspect*—except that their heads are a bit thick...

A correct deception to employ is not very difficult to imagine: Bowman and Poole enter the pod and inform HAL that they will use an order requiring an active response as one of their tests of the comm-set. They give the command, "Rotate the pod, HAL," an *even* number of times, perhaps adjusting dials, etc., before each instance and questioning HAL on the clarity of the results. After the last execution of the test order, the pod window faces the bay door; the astronauts proclaim to HAL that they've decided to turn off the radio in order to probe its innards safely—they instruct HAL to open the pod door after a specified time if he does not hear from them first. Bowman shuts down the audio system; *then* he utters the last repitition of the command, to insure their security. Now they can conspire in peace.

Because HAL observes the astronauts acting in a normal, logical pattern, he should have no cause for suspicion; HAL is a creature of logic himself and cannot act on baseless surmise—moreover, he cannot *form* such unfounded conclusions. Despite all other symptoms of psychosis that he may manifest, HAL never displays the creative rationalization of paranoia. Even his lying is dull, passive, and negatively formulated, consisting mainly of the oft-repeated falsehood, "I don't know."

Later in the film, credibility stretches a bit thin as Bowman forgets his helmet before entering a space-pod to chase Frank Poole's corpse. However, Kubrick's dramatic construction of this sequence is excellent—Bowman's lapse of memory is barely noticed amid the mounting tension of crystallizing events. I must also grant that this lapse does much to demonstrate, after the fact, how disturbed Bowman actually has become, yet I still doubt that a real astronaut would suffer from such psychological distraction under these circumstances... but let that pass for now.

The missing helmet creates a dramatic confrontation between HAL and Bowman, in which the malevolent computer refuses the astronaut automatic access through the pod bay doors, meanwhile reminding the erstwhile commander that he will have difficulty gaining entry through the emergency manual airlock because he lacks a space helmet... Bowman must cross hard vacuum without the protection of a portable, pressurized environment.

He lines up the pod hatch with the manual airlock, which he has opened beforehand; he then blows open the hatch with its emergency explosive bolts. The open hatchway is instantly obliterated by billowing condensation, and a moment later Bowman shoots into the well-padded airlock like a cannonball; he manages to arrest his ricocheting flight on the third bounce (or so) and

8. Clarke delays this revelation, strangely enough, until the next-to-last chapter, where he then tosses it off as an aside. (P.217, Signet edition)

9. Coon, Carleton S., *The Story of Man* (N.Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1962), p. 21.

10. The pod cannot be secured, because the arms are on the opposite side—clustered around the viewport.

11. The book yet contains a wealth of smooth scientific exposition, variably exotic, for those who fancy it; I do not myself think that it should be deprecated as a glut of awkward "Mr. Science asides."

thumbs the recycling button, closing the airlock door and quickly re-pressurizing the cabin; and, incidentally, donning the helmet of the space-suit stored in the airlock, which Ted White failed to notice in the background.

Okay; so what happens to that hatch on the pod? Is it blown entirely off? If so, why doesn't it rebound against (or perhaps through) the open airlock? Does it, then, disintegrate? Or do the explosive bolts merely slide the hatch back into its recess (as seems most likely) with tremendous speed and force—which should logically cause a reaction, rocking the pod to one side[10]...and there goes David Bowman, sailing out the doorway and slamming into the hull of the *Discovery*, or maybe missing the ship entirely.

to be concluded

It seems to me noteworthy that Clarke completely avoids this scene in the book; especially so, in that it promotes one of his pet notions and most probably originates with an early suggestion to Kubrick. Evidently Clarke's concern for the plot outweighs even his fondness for exhorting *avant-garde* science,[11] whereas Kubrick's concern for drama outweighs both plot *and* science. ●

MEMORIAM

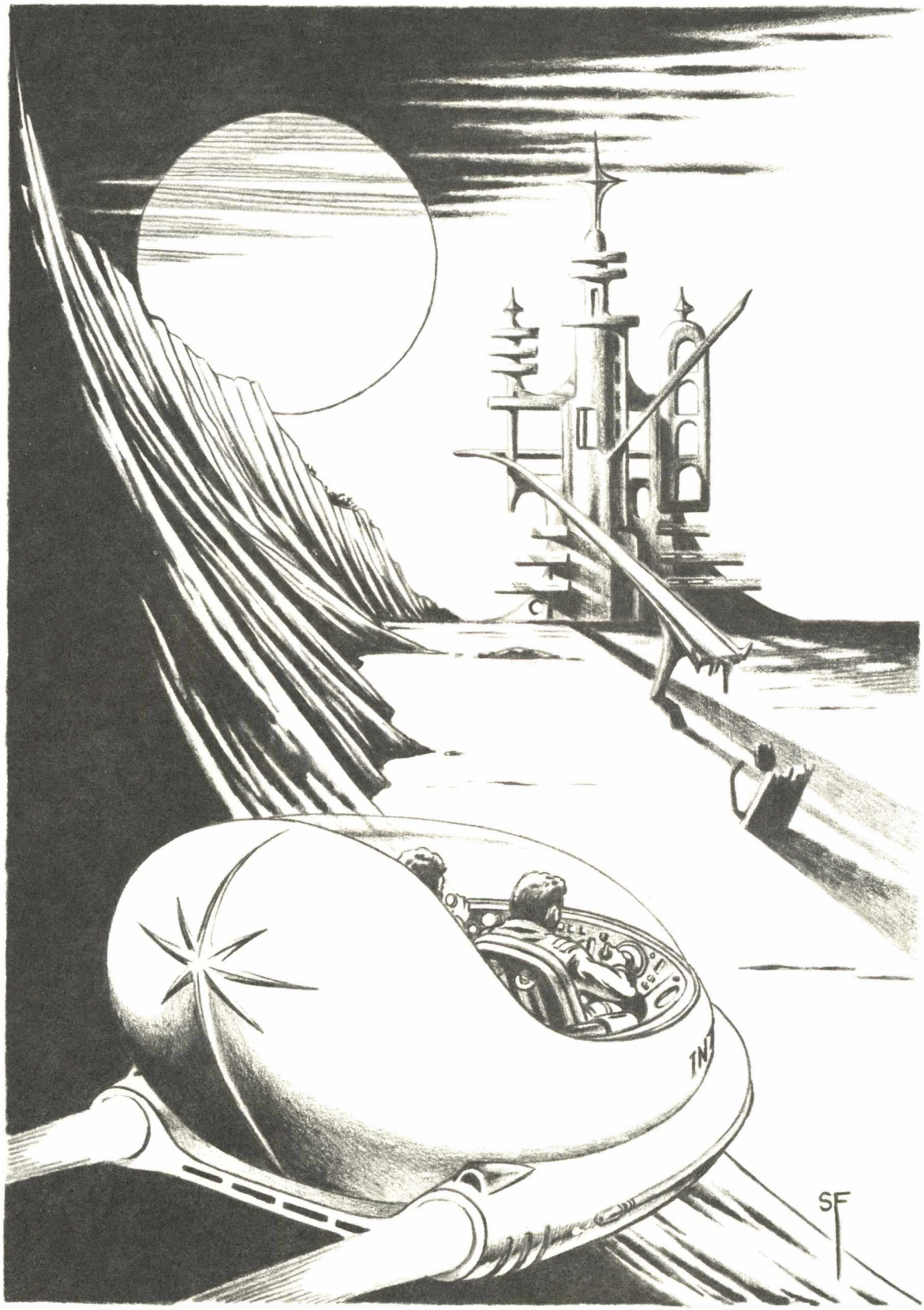
Lewis came to visit
Even on the coldest
Winter's day with
Icey winds and
Snow blowing on the
Ground. He came
Replete with books
And news and conversation
Noteworthy for subject and variety
Thus it was—and
Forever to be
Remembered
In every crooked smile seen—or idea
Exchange—or when a pun so
Neatly inserted into a current of talk
Deft ploys with meanings

Rosemary Hickey


FLARE
SF


SF


SF


SF

PURPLE HEARTS: Peter Singleton tells of his life in confinement

Do you by any chance consider fandom to be a way of life? If so, you are running a grave risk of having this esoteric orientation described as a symptom of schizophrenia. After all, the fannish microcosm together with its special jargon can provide a handy escape from the rigid and uncompromising realities of the outside world, if indulged in to excess. For this warped interpretation of fandom to be presented to you with a fair degree of conviction, it helps if you happen to be a patient in a psychiatric hospital at the time. Being of a methodical turn of mind, I carefully record all communications pertaining to fandom in neat little notebooks in a special form of shorthand, giving details of subjects mentioned where outgoing letters are concerned. This is a useful practice when it isn't possible to store complete carbon copies, because a quick check through the letter entries prevents me from repeating myself. I was surrounded by a supply of these notebooks when the snap diagnosis was handed to me by an outspoken nurse and later substantiated by the doctor in charge. My stacks of prozines and fanzines provided these psychiatric sleuths with what they considered to be conclusive evidence of my twisted state of mind.

Whether this surprising diagnosis is correct or not is open to question but the fact remains that something is definitely wrong with my mental makeup somewhere. My basic instability goes back to early childhood. The chain of events leading up to my present prolonged incarceration really started at the age of 17, four years after my first contact with fandom.

It was a chilly, miserable morning and after a night of fitful sleep, I didn't feel up to the task of facing a noisy and monotonous day at the drab Lancashire cotton-mill where I worked for a living. My mother was quick to notice my state of apathy and offered to counteract my depressed condition. I promptly informed her that nothing could compensate for a sleepless night, but she failed to agree. My mother then handed me three light blue tablets with a curious shape, roughly resembling a heart. Hence the common nick-name "purple hearts" for this Drinamyl, a brand name for dexamphetamine sulphate. This consists of a combination of sedative and stimulant, though I didn't know at the time. My mother didn't realize what she was starting and has lived to regret her actions. I went to work as usual, which was only a five minute walk away. About one hour later, a strange sensation crept over me. Instead of performing my job in a sullen and inhibited silence without saying a word to anyone except when absolutely necessary, I began talking animatedly with everyone and raising my voice above the constant noise of the millwheels. I had always longed to converse with my fellow workers, but breaking out of my shell would have proved an impossible task. Suddenly my problems of personal communication were miraculously resolved and I was on top of the world, in a blissful euphoric state. It should come as no great surprise that this lovely sensation wasn't destined to last. Four hours later, flushed and slightly unsteady, I dropped back to earth with a resounding thump. Wondering what on earth had hit me, I retired to a toilet cubicle and sat on the seat in order to get my breath back. I drank several cups of cold water in the adjoining washroom and ten minutes later, still feeling limp, I managed to return to my job of sorting out grades of cotton weft without further incident.

I find that a number of people harbour the popular misconception that stimulants enhance sexual excitement. Personally, I find that the complete reverse is true. My more or less constant sexual hunger which has been something of an embarrassment to me since the age of thirteen, had completely disappeared during those four hours, and of all the unpredictable reactions I've experienced since, this is the only effect I could really rely on.

My mother was getting Drinamyl on prescription for daytime use and also as a sedative to make her sleep at night. Her doctor's reasons for providing this dual effect remain obscure. She helped me many times since by giving me Drinamyl on request. I soon learned to counteract the side-effects by taking a stiff dose of tranquilliser when the euphoric effects began to wear off. Due to my unstable state, I was getting phenobarbitone on prescription, so I saved up the tablets for this purpose. So half the time I was animated, talkative and full of joy and the rest of the time I was heavy-eyed, listless and extremely quiet. Strangely enough, I didn't lose my job! I couldn't touch food half the time because Drinamyl kills appetite, so I had to stuff myself with eatables during my tranquil, more receptive periods. Lack of sleep became a habit and on the occasions I did take enough phenobarb to put me to sleep, I often didn't wake up until noon the following day. Since I started work at 7-0am, this was something of an inconvenience. I was tolerated at work due to my mental instability and I was placed in such a position as to be in contact with my fellow workers as little as possible, in order to limit my excitability. This worked until I began collapsing from fatigue and general physical debility. I was then classed as an epileptic and each time this happened, I was sent home to recover. At this point I didn't ask my mother for Drinamyl. I began pilfering her pill box in order to experience euphoria more often.

Later I had an inspiration. I wrote to my doctor telling him how great I felt when my mother offered me her stimulant and I stressed that my repressed, neurotic state was completely washed away by the effects. Which of course was perfectly true—up to a point! Anyway, the gullible doctor swallowed this serving of partial truth and I had my own supply to keep me going for a considerable time. During all this, I managed to keep in contact with fandom in a small way. I kept busy with letterhacks, fanzines and SF. Fortunately, my instability didn't often convey itself in print, which was a distinct advantage. By degrees my logorrhea was transfered to writing and I began to write longer letters in consequence. This was a strange transition and I was powerless to control it, even less explain it.

Due to prolonged periods of copious perspiring, I had to adopt the habit of sleeping in the nude, otherwise a complete saturation of my pyjamers would have been the inevitable result. I found it extremely comfortable sleeping in this condition, even in the coldest weather. It was also helpful during withdrawal when I would curl up in a ball under the bedclothes in order to sweat it out, with deliberate heavy breathing accelerating the process and so reducing the periods of extreme discomfort to a minimum.

Of course, I lost weight and I could feel the tightness of my skin across my cheekbones, but this was a minor inconvenience compared to the periods of welcome liberation from my crippling inhibitions. After a while periods of confusion developed, resulting in involuntary outbreaks of violence against inanimate objects, my main forte being plate glass windows. This resulted in seven periods of hospitalisation ranging from one week to three months, for psychiatric treatment, which for the most part consisted of filling me up to the brim with an assortment of stupor-inducing tranquillisers. This provided me with a temporary respite and basic instabilities soon reasserted themselves shortly following discharge. My alarmed doctor cut off my supply of Drinamyl and offered me a sedative as a very poor substitute. Later I returned to the surgery in a very hysterical state and chased him around the surgery with one of his chairs clutched in my hands in a moment of wild and reckless desperation. This resulted in police intervention but the doc declined to press charges. I was given another period in hospital instead.

After this abortive fiasco I searched for a substitute for amphetamine and found a substance called propylhexedrine (brand name Benzedrex) which is a stimulant but in a very impure state and unfit for human consumption, meaning that it was perfectly O.K. for a thin little animal like myself, perhaps. It had the distinct advantage, however, of being obtainable over just about every chemist's counter throughout Merry England. In conventional use, it is merely treatment for nasal congestion if inhaled. When eaten, the effects have to be experienced to be believed. With my first experiment, I managed to choke down the contents of two tubes amounting to 500mg—bearing in mind that one tube used in the normal way is designed to last the user for several months. Half an hour later I began to feel dizzy, followed by a sensation of extreme cold at the base of my skull. One glance in a mirror reflected an image of severe pallor and my limbs began to feel heavy. About one hour after consumption all feeling had almost completely departed from my extremities and I felt cut off from my immediate environment. I tried walking around and didn't make a very good job of it but I improved with practice. Constant moving around restored a measure of feeling and I could get from point A to point B without any trouble, providing I moved with reasonable care. I eventually adapted a sort

of gliding walk which may have been curious to observe, but I was hardly in a condition to worry about anything! This is perhaps a curious reaction to a stimulant but like most drugs, the effects must vary with individuals.

I have only seen one other person under the influence of Benzedrex and the effects were quite different to my own reactions. I was in a psychiatric unit of a general hospital at the time and was paying a fellow patient for the trouble of running out to the nearest chemist, which was conveniently near the main gate. This psychiatric unit was unlocked during the day and I was restricted to a hospital shirt and dressing gown for obvious reasons. The patient in question wanted to try the stuff for himself, so we retired to the washroom and I swallowed my usual initial dose of 500mg but tried my partner in crime on 250mg, to be on the safe side. My own reactions were as usual, but this patient, who was a nineteen year-old boy, started screaming and flinging his arms around. He was forced into bed and examined by a nurse in charge. His heartbeat was extremely rapid, as was to be expected, but he was also flushed and agile in complete contrast to my own reactions. A hastily erected screen around his bed obscured any additional antics he might have performed. The hapless patient was given an injection which didn't seem to have much effect. I was casually asked if I could possibly explain his condition and the nurses were looking at me very closely with puzzled expressions. In such a condition, I could cheerfully admit to any sin under the sun without giving it a second thought, so I told the truth. Then came a hunt-the-container game; it was found and carefully examined.

At this time I was having the stuff sent in by mail, thanks to a few unsuspecting letterhacks. Strangely enough, incoming packages sometimes blatantly marked 'fragile' with labels written in letters of fire, were not intercepted by the staff. I always timed withdrawal to take place during the night whenever possible, so that there'd be little danger of collapsing in a heap during the day. Apart from my curious walk, pallor and bright dilated eyes, the only other outward indication of abnormality was a perpetual thirst. I was under strict self-control but my mind was in a turmoil under my calm exterior. During the day I had to screw up my eyes against the painful glare of the sun (in other circumstances, I would have worn sunglasses) and I could only see normally at night under the dim nightlight, when I read fanzines, prozines, wrote to my letterhacks and recorded every transaction in my series of little notebooks. When I felt withdrawal coming on, I would slip out to the washroom and take another dose, but this condition couldn't be avoided forever. When it became unavoidable, I would slip my unclad body under the bedclothes. Then my complexion would break out in hot flushes in patches, which were very sore indeed, with a sticky sheen developing all over my body plus a burning sensation in my mouth. I had to use scented talcum powder in order to disguise the odour. I didn't actually go into convulsions by any means, but I experienced pains in my abdomen and some difficulty in breathing, also an erratic heartbeat. I also developed boils and a few other assorted sores and infections for good measure at intervals.

Eventually my mail was intercepted and shortly after I obtained a key to a side exit which had been left unattended in the lock by a cleaner. I hid it in a safe place under a washbasin. I couldn't get hold of my clothes, so in desperation I decided to wear my shirt and dressing gown, the only items available to me. Shortly after midnight I went into the washroom and out through another door leading to the unattended side ward. I then used the key and out I went, in a very confused state of mind. The local police found me three hours later outside a chemist shop, blithely attempting to crawl through the smashed front window. This seemed to be a perfectly reasonable thing to do at the time!

I was subsequently transfered to a county mental hospital, where I stayed for five years. I was then classed as "an hysterical psychopath with schizophrenic tendencies". It's a traumatic experience to be fixed by a fat finger in court and have that pronouncement thrown at you. It amuses me now but I fail to recall smiling at the time.

In spite of my marked antisocial tendencies I did manage to cultivate a few friends outside who patiently tolerated the ups and downs of my disposition. One friend in particular developed a protective attitude towards me and did manage to keep me out of serious trouble for a long period of time.

At the county mental hospital I was heavily sedated for a considerable spell and events similar to those I experienced at the previous hospital happened when my sedation was reduced. At one time I was placed in a side room as a perfectly reasonable security measure when the root cause of my strange behavior was determined; once again under heavy sedation. Even this measure had to come to an end sometime and after spending six months in the room together with my prozines, fanzines and little notebooks with which I was fairly content, I was placed back into circulation once again.

I even got myself moved to an open ward when I appeared to be improving. Several months later I relapsed due to circumstances entirely beyond my control and the chain of events started again. I was issued chloral hydrate which I could ask for when I became over excited, but the staff didn't realize the cause of my disturbed state. I accepted the chloral hydrate when I felt it would help to reduce withdrawal symptoms. It worked very well. In this open ward, there is no staff on watch during the night, so I could write and read by the faint nightlight without arousing undue interest. When I was in a bed too far away from the light even with dilated pupils, I used a handy electric torch for illumination.

This continued for the biggest part of a year. With being in an open ward, I could dash off to the nearest chemist at will. Most of my money was used up in these furtive little journeys but this compulsion to take Benzedrex and Drinamyl (when I could get the latter) was overpowering. As time went on, my experiences became progressively less pleasurable and I became more divorced from reality than ever. I developed trouble with my hands during this period and I could no longer grasp a pen, so my letters and notebooks had to be abandoned. The tendons of both my hands were slowly contracting, my fingers curling inwards as a result. I was also still completely nude during the night and I would often have conversations with other inmates when I was capable, before lights out, without giving my physical condition a thought. Nobody bothered me about this habit because they soon became used to it, though I did get a few startled glances at first. The hand condition is fairly common but it usually takes place in middle age, according to the specialist.

Sometime after this hand condition presented itself, I began to develop curious ideas about the other patients. I felt that they were plotting against me behind my back. This was a product of the Benzedrex, though I wasn't gifted with this insight at the time. One night I heard a patient muttering away to himself and my twisted state of mind mysteriously transformed these utterings into dire threats against myself. On sudden impulse, I went over to his bed and tried to suffocate him with a pillow. He squirmed around and I was enraged at his lack of cooperation. I found an inking pad in my locker and with a number of twists and turns removed a jagged piece of metal. I proceeded to jab him in the throat with it. Due to the lack of gripping power in my hands, I fortunately couldn't get in very deeply. Even so, my hands and portions of my body were wet with blood by the time the night nurse arrived on the scene. My poor victim is now perfectly healthy again, I'm happy to report.

Since the terrible event, I've been moved to Broadmoor Hospital, where I'm still incarcerated in order to keep me away from drugs.

The security here is very good and during the year I've been here, there has been absolutely no trouble. So there is certainly hope for the future!

I've also undergone plastic surgery on my hands and they are back to normal again.

After two years of fafia, I'm contacting all my old letterhacks again. My notebooks? Yes, I still use them to a certain extent and so far I haven't had a repeat of that earlier diagnosis of my fondness for science fiction and fandom.

Drugged patient tried to kill

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

MENTAL hospital patient Peter Singleton, aged 28, had been taking drugs when he slashed the neck of a fellow patient with a jagged piece of metal, Manchester Crown Court was told.

Drugs, which he bought while out on leave, or "playing truant" from the hospital, were one of the root causes of Singleton's trouble, said his counsel, Mr Brian Duckworth.

Singleton, a patient at Whittingham mental hospital, near Preston, had pleaded guilty to the attempted murder of John Ellison, another patient at the hospital.

Mr Justice Chapman made a hospital order against him without restriction of time and added that he thought there should be greater security at the hospital where Singleton was to be detained in the future.

AN IMPULSE

Singleton, the court heard, had first tried to suffocate Ellison with a pillow. Later, he had slashed Ellison across the neck with the piece of metal.

He had told a doctor that he had "an impulse" to kill Ellison because the other patient was annoying him, making noises and muttering.

A doctor told the court that it was unlikely, but conceivable, that Singleton had been taking 1,000 milligrammes of an amphetamine drug.

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There's a wild conservative strain coursing through me, an off-shoot of my middle-class Texas upbringing I guess, that responds more readily to a hero (Clint Eastwood) than to an anti-hero (Richard Widmark), at least in a genre work like those two films of Siegel's. (I guess that partly explains my superficial fondness for Godard's *Alphaville*, though I instantly recognize that Godard is not a genre director, *per se*, as Siegel, whom Godard also venerates, is, and that his greatest work is still the relatively tragic *Vivre sa Vie*—"tragic" because the heroine played by Anna Karina is curtly killed off at the film's end.)

I missed Albert Finney's *Charlie Bubbles*, which played here very early in 1968, but I did catch a sneak preview about midway through the year of a splendid political comedy of Italian origin which still hasn't actually "opened" anywhere hereabouts—Marco Bellocchio's second film, *China is Near*, one of those "difficult" works to which I so readily respond when I'm in the mood, but which caught the majority of the other previewers so far off guard that they responded negatively and, as a result, the bookers shrugged it off. Sarris cited it as best of the year after *Belle de Jour*.

Faces is practically everybody's choice for film "discovery" of the year—I guess I'm not the only one who likes to root for "sleepers" and underdogs. For myself, the film is excruciatingly blunt and painful, and so "real" that some of the characters grow quickly tiresome, particularly Val Avery's garrulous salesman who has to be continually calmed down by his homosexual-seeming buddy, and (this is almost fatal to the film, as far as I'm concerned) John Marley's lead male. And if only there weren't so many of those goddamn close-close-*close*-ups...

The absolute underdog film of the year, however, at least as far as Dallas was concerned, was cited by neither Roud nor Sarris, though it received many lauditory reviews and was the subject of considerable artistic and sociological controversy on both coasts when it initially opened in 1968. But, when Peter Bogdanovitch's *Targets* finally came to Dallas in late Fall, it was dismissed by the exhibitors and ignored by the local press and ultimately opened at exactly two drive-ins on the *lower half* of a double bill! For myself, I found it one of the year's more entertaining and interesting films, and regret that it received such limited circulation, for it is worthy of much discussion, both as film and as sociological tract.

The funny thing is, the film was more than likely passed off to the drive-ins because its star is Boris Karloff and he is, as everybody knows, strictly passe. That this was the very point of one of the film's two steadily intertwining plots constitutes the great cinematic irony of 1968. Karloff's recent death of course heightens the significance of the film. It's nice that the actor's last film should be one of his best, and most important. It's sad that this fact should be of such limited recognition.

Oh, by the way: Neither Roud nor Sarris cared for Kubrick's *2001*. I've already expressed my sentiments in these pages. 'Nuff said. ●

FILOSOPHIES

by Ralph Rich, esq.

i.

Bring home the boy to the fields where he played in his youth; the fields full of oaks and leaves and acorns. Bring back the spirit of youth to the old. Let them walk in the ever-flowing streams of light and beauty far out on the horizons, seeking to be in the light of the lonesome traveler; going to and fro in the wind shaking the leaves to make them fall on snow-capped mountains of the mind's eternal flame glowing in the hearts of those who have seen this. Minds wander and minds drift, but help the squirrels and leave the acorns alone.

ii.

Dream on, young man, lest your heart descend to lower worlds of triviality where concentric circumferences move squarely in wide circular motions carrying its force to unseen barriers of fortitude and pain. Struggle to keep a peace on earth, and remain in your tent while the hail falls.

iii.

Walk not in the fields of time during the season of the heat. Day strikes down heavy-laden soil, bringing ruin to endless summers and thirst quenching rains, creating mud on the distant roads to movements shifting the weight of time. Heavy is the heart of the one seeking such pleasures, only to find them washed away from the basins of life. But fear not; in this rinsing there does not remain a bathtub ring.

iv.

The prevalence of the human being, over ages of time, has descended to depths far reaching the lower extremities of life's deepest caverns caused by an abundant overflow of massive amounts of water torn from the ocean's floor. Gigantic rocks and sand make up such chasms torn asunder by shifting movements of the earth's structure. Being in such depths might bring back archaic ideas and senses of balance known only to those who try to understand the rainfall, heaping down in torrents from blackened skies of doom arising from one nation's hate of another. This can only bring us to the end of an era which can exist only in the minds of those engaging in significant studies of such cultural attitudes of other generations. So, tomorrow, when you rise feeling the sun's warm glow around, and with no malice in your mind, give an egg to the archeologist of your choice.

v.

Before reaching out to grasp the spark that glows bright, lighting up infinity, forever reaching, stretching upward to worlds far removed from this galaxy, remember that time stands still for no man. There is a place for each of these wondering waifs lost in the wilderness of strange awaitments. An enormous edifice looms out waiting for the tired soul in search of a resting place to spend eternity. The big iron gates are closed to the outside struggle for existence in a world already destined to be overrun by angers of man. The animals of the wood fear extinction by a mind so wound up in daily battles fought on ever-stretching fields covered with wheat. Out of the past a faint whisper is heard beckoning children to come enjoy the pleasures of the world. This week you should think on these things and realize that war is hell on eskimos.

vi.

The moon streaks across the fair sky leaving behind a propulsion of black smoke, enveloping the heavens and hiding the stars from those who gaze from earth. Hidden, sadly awaiting a chance to burst out in glowing elegance; lost is a light that might guide footsteps to pillars of grandeur washing down the spirits of madness long sought by children of the flowers. Red, blue, and yellow, they dot the hillside bringing fragrance to the nose of some humans who find it hard to enjoy the wonders of his fellow man. Lost in a maze, dying without seeing a greatness to excel life itself. These are hard times, full of trials and pain; but one might see a little less suffering if only his thoughts might fall upon the struggling star that cannot twinkle.

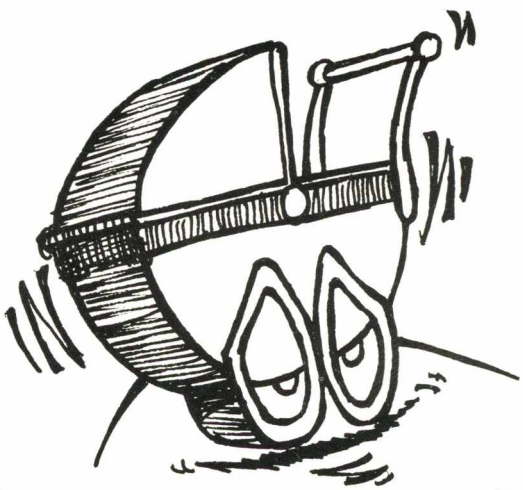
vii.

Indians once roamed over open plains, bounded only by mountainous peaks reaching proudly to the skies, nudging with splendor the soft cumulous clouds. Nestling silently alone and impregnable, daring those who come forth with peril as a companion to attempt so rare a task; slowly crumbling and falling to the seas with disturbances bringing many a sailor to a watery grave, and forming islands along great ocean's shores; islands filled with wildlife and coconuts for the nourishment of the body. Centuries pass and travel extends one's ability to leave his home, going far away so that we must discuss the problem of Indians without reservations.

1.

2.

3.



MUNCH... MUNCH... MUNCH... 4.

ROB PUDIM 5.