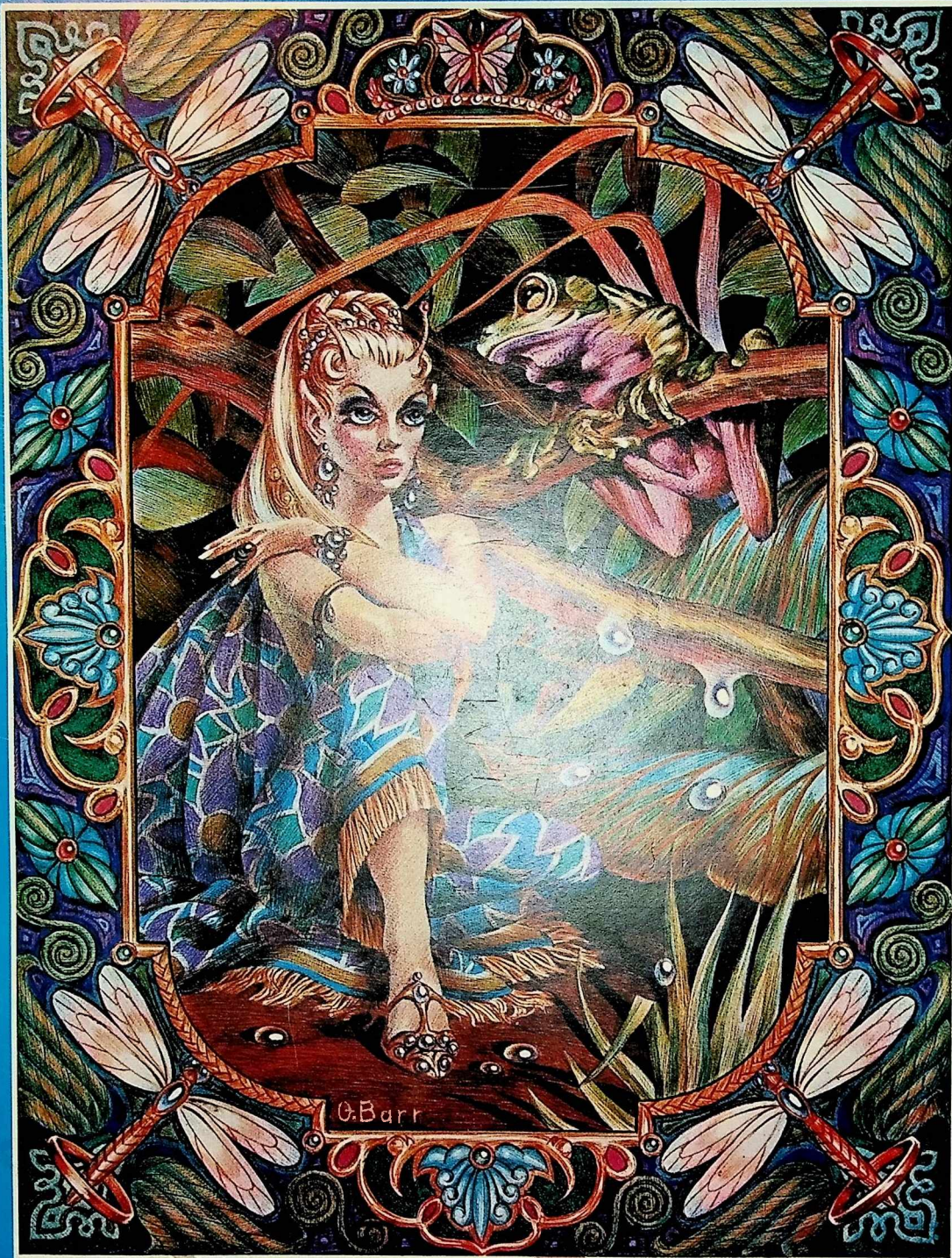


# trumpet

78c

number ten

LARRY NIVEN shows how the "Known Space" series was only a hoax; a "Gormenghast" folio by TIM KIRK; JAMES MICHAEL MARTIN on Tod Slaughter; PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN; RON WILSON





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**editorial**  
and other pretensions  
**TOM REAMY**

There are a couple of items usually seen in these pages that are missing from this issue. When Andy Offutt's submission arrived it was, besides being too lengthy to fit comfortably, too interesting for the hurried treatment I would have had to give it to meet my self-imposed deadline for this issue. Consequently, it is being held over until #11 so there will be time to have it illustrated by Tim Kirk and time for me to give it the attention it deserves.

The second missing item is Dan Bates' column. Well, I already had that typed and laid out but I found myself with 53 pages of material and only 52 pages of magazine. Something had to come out and Dan drew the black bean. Sorry about that, Dan.

You may be a little surprised to see this appear so soon after #9 and may be more surprised to see #11 appear before St. Louiscon. (As I say that, I cross my fingers, knock on wood, spit on a horseshoe, stroke a rabbit's foot, burn incense to Dhumbala, and get a cramp.) I wanted to get this issue on the road before I went to Midwescon but, as I write this, Midwescon is less than three weeks away and I don't think I have a prayer.

Number 11 is, however, flatly, finally, and irredeemably going to the printers on or before July 31 no matter what isn't ready. Mark that, all of you who plan to be in #11. It will not be mailed until after I return from St. Louis so, if you subscribe, I would appreciate your picking up your copy there. Every little bit that I can save, you know.

The other day I received an interesting fanzine called PLOF from Neal Goldfarb, a member of "Barefoot Connecticut Fandom." In the pages of PLOF Neal is pushing Minneapolis in '73 and has adopted the apparently crystallized Minneapolis line of bad-mouthing the opponents. Since Dallas has done the most in the way of campaigning so far, we generally catch the brunt of it. As they prefer to talk-down the other bidders rather than talking-up their own bid, I don't know much about it. Neal only mentioned that everything they had was better than everybody else's and that they would require an overflow hotel because theirs (the Leamington) isn't large enough.

Anyway, back to the point of Neal's

editorial: he makes a supposition that, while being wholly irrelevant to the question, is very interesting: "Compare TRUMPET and HOOP [the Minneapolis chairman's fanzine]. Both are good, and Trumpet is definitely a better zine, but it is almost totally depersonalized. The only indication of the presence of an editor is in the colophon and editorial. Hoop, on the other hand, is light, and has editorial personality. Would you want a con echoing Trumpet or Hoop?"

That's a tantalizing concept. What would a "Trumpetcon" and a "Hoopcon" be like? Let's see, a Trumpetcon would be beautiful (practically everyone tells me Trumpet is beautiful); it would be colorful; it would have a great deal of variety; and would be "totally depersonalized". Is that really true? I know my own conception of the editor's role in a magazine like Trumpet is that of director and not star. But is Trumpet offensively impersonal? I'd like to know.

And a Hoopcon would be, by the editor's own words, dittoed on "cheap yellow paper", and there wouldn't be much to do except rap with the chairman. If the expected 2000 people were to show up, it would be quite a room party.

The most interesting convention would probably be a SF Reviewcon (or Psychoticon, if you can't get out of the habit): all the pros would arrive armed and, after ganging up on Ted White and Harry Harrison, would turn on each other. The halls would be stained with blood. And while all this was going on, the chairman would be lying on a couch talking to himself.

An RQcon would be primarily scholarly lectures on science fiction's past glories.

An Oddcon would be...well, we'll know the answer to that soon enough. The editors of Odd are the chairmen of this year's Worldcon in St. Louis.

The Hugo finalists have been announced; as you all probably know by now. The final ballots will be mailed with the third progress report sometime in July. If you wish to vote on the Hugos, you must be a St. Louiscon member. Only members will receive the ballots and any ballots submitted by non-members will be discarded. If you join in early July you may be in time to vote. Send \$4.00 for an attending membership or \$3.00 for a supporting membership to St. Louiscon, Box 3008, St. Louis, MO 63130.

I haven't read all the nominations for novel, novella, novelette and short story, so recommendations I might make would be unfair to those I haven't read.

The nominees for the Dramatic award are a little surprising in that Planet of the Apes and Barbarella didn't make the final ballot, and that Yellow Submarine and a Prisoner episode did. I think I see the reason though: those who liked Planet of the Apes probably liked 2001 better and nominated it. Those who didn't like 2001 well enough to nominate it, didn't like Apes well enough either. And we wind up with the strange situation of the second best picture of the year completely out of the running. Barbarella has been generally unpopular in fandom (though I liked it better than Charly) but I'm not too sure

why. I think that most people missed the point entirely and insisted on taking it seriously. The other nominee is Rosemary's Baby, which I liked quite a lot but not as much as I liked 2001, the only reasonable choice.

With only seven regularly published prozines, the nominations can't be much of a surprise. Analog, F&SF, Galaxy, IF, and New Worlds—with only Amazing and Fantastic predictably failing to make it. IF has won the last three years despite its being the least of the magazines nominated. My own choice is F&SF, not only because it is probably the best of the lot, but because it is in danger of folding. A Hugo win means a lot to sales as you can tell by the way the pocketbooks play it up on the covers—sometimes in larger type than the title.

Of the professional artists nominated, Jack Gaughan has won the last two years running and Kelly Freas has won before—for much better art than he's doing these days. Vaughn Bode's pro work hasn't been that good and I doubt seriously that he would have this nomination at all if it weren't for his fan work. That leaves Leo and Diane Dillon as my choice. Note that there are five finalists in all the categories except pro artist—which shows in what a disreputable state the prozines are in these days as far as art is concerned.

Fanzines: Psychotic, RQ, Shaggy, Trumpet and Warhoon. There should be little doubt in anyone's mind about which one I want to win. Thanks to all of you who nominated Trumpet; it's greatly appreciated.

Richard Delap, Banks Mebane, Harry Warner, Jr., Ted White and Walt Willis have been nominated for best fan writer. Can it be other than Harry?

Then comes the last and most difficult category of all: fan artist. Where prodrom is suffering a dearth of talent, fandom has a rich and varied abundance. George Barr, Vaughn Bode, Tim Kirk, Doug Lovenstein and Bill Rotsler. ALL of them deserve a Hugo but, as George won last year, Rotsler has been deserving it longer. Bode, Kirk, and Lovenstein are brilliant artists but all three have emerged only this year. Rotsler's sly humor has been decorating fanzines for many years without a Hugo win. It's time for it now.

Alex Eisenstein's new address is 6424 N. Mozart Ave., Chicago, IL 60645. All fanzines for review should be sent to him (should he ever decide to write another review column) and all fanzines for trade to me at the Richardson address. That's right, if you want to be reviewed it will cost you two copies. Also, anyone who insists upon submitting poetry should send that to Alex also—for a guaranteed rejection. And all of you pros who would like to see your stories well illustrated rather than being paid, can send them to Trumpet, instead of the prozines.

We also need and appreciate those letters of comment, though it's the subscriptions that keep Trumpet alive. We could be greedy and ask for both.

See you in St. Louis.

P.S. that number by your name on the envelope indicates the last issue of your subscription.



## ALEX EISENSTEIN:

### 2001 ERRATA

In the first installment of my two-part article on 2001 (second part next issue), there appeared three relatively minor errors of fact. The most glaring mistake I made dealt with the design of the space-helmets: I stated that the free mobility of the head within the helmet was contrary to the entire history of NASA design. Well, it was—until the Apollo spacesuit was recently modified to provide maximum visibility for the astronaut; the new Apollo helmet is structurally similar to the 2001 edition, except that the former is almost entirely transparent, like the classic fishbowl helmet of yore (the only opaque area is a small, reflective ovoid patch that shields the back of the head and neck). Apparently, the principle of crash-helmet security is no longer a prime value to NASA. Also, I've been told by Al Jackson that the major practical obstacle to the new design has been a communications problem: the voice pickups must be placed very close to the face. In the present NASA configuration, this necessity is fulfilled by the additional cloth headgear worn by the Apollo crew; each of these close-fitting caps carries two slim, rod-shaped mikes that jut from the cheeks like short tusks, ending in blunt tips close beside either corner of the wearer's mouth.

The next error was an error of ob-

servation, but only in degree—I unconsciously exaggerated an overall impression, with incidental distortion of attendant details: "the painted furniture, enamelled as no period piece would ever be...detestably coated with enamel—white-frosting trim on a base of cool pale green." Actually, the woodwork is pale mint green (or ivory-white transformed by the greenish lighting) with thin, spare lines of gilt trim; the upholstery of chairs and headboard, as well as the bedspread material, is a silky, greenish-gold. "A blocky, marble bathtub with chisel-sharp edges..." In the film, an oval basin sink fits this description, but not the tub. The bathroom also is much bluer than the bedroom, but both are still cold and queasily repellent—though the bathroom is much the "cooler" of the two on an interior-decorator's color-scale of psychological "temperature."

My last mistake was a very simple and unimportant (in context) substitution; the lunar monolith, in the film, is said to be 4 million years ancient, whereas the novel gives the figure as 3 million. I assumed the novel and movie were consistent on such an elementary level; I therefore used the latter figure throughout my discussion of the hominids and the earthbound lunar monoliths, in both the book and film versions. The discrepancy has no effect on my basic conclusions, however; they are no less sound when the figure is corrected to

4 million, because the correction does not change any of the basic chronological relationships that I cited.

### "UNCLE BILL'S BARREL"

The true connoisseur of fantasy graphics definitely shouldn't miss the second issue of Graphic Showcase. Within is a most amazing "comic" strip, "Uncle Bill's Barrel," by Berni Wrightson—surely the best blend of E.C. horror (although it's hardly "horrifying") and Ozark humor that ever flowed from an artist's brush. "Uncle Bill" is like a Manley Wade Wellman mountain yarn, or one of Kuttner's jocular fantasies (e.g., "All the Tea in China"), filtered through E.C.'s Vault of Horror; it uses the classic genre subject of desiccated—corpse—risen—from-the-grave, but the underlying motive for this auto-exhumation is a thirst for an essence much more tangible than the usual unrequited vengeance.

Graphic Showcase #2 may be had from Tom Long, P.O. Box 8957, Richmond, VA 23225, for a dollar the copy—a might steep for an amateur "panel-zine" (as they call 'em in comic fandom), but worth it for Berni's strip alone. Yes, I know that kind of remark is often tossed about by careless critics in their gratuitous paeans to unworthies, but this time, this place, it is nothing less than true! Get it and see for yourself, Dear Reader. ●



# DOWN IN FLAMES

by LARRY NIVEN

The following requires some explanation. At least!

On January fourteenth, 1968, Norman Spinrad and I were at a party thrown by Tom and Terry Pinckard. We were filling coffee cups when Spinny started this whole thing.

"You ought to drop the known space series," he said. "You'll get stale." (Quotes are not necessarily accurate.)

I told him I was writing stories other than "known space" stories, and that I would give up the series as soon as I ran out of things to say within that framework. Which would be soon.

"Then why don't you write a story that tears it to shreds? Don't just abandon 'known space'. Destroy it!"

"But how?" I never did ask why. Norman and I think alike in some ways.

"Start with the premise that the whole thing is a shuck. There never was a chain reaction of novae in the galactic core. There *aren't* any thrintun. It's all a gigantic hoax. Write it that way. Then," said Spinny, "if the fans write letters threatening to lynch you, you write back saying, 'It's only a story...'"

We found a corner, and during the next four hours we worked out the details. Some I rejected. Like, he wanted to make the tnuctpun into minions of the Devil. (Yes, the Devil.) Like, he wanted me to be inconsistent. Why? Maybe to demonstrate my contempt for the story.

The incredible thing is that when we finished, we did indeed have a consistent framework. It's as complex as watchwork, more complex perhaps than WORLD OF PTAUVS, which was

probably overcomplex; but it is consistent.

The structure it turns upside down already amounts to about 250,000 words. It includes three books (WORLD OF PTAUVS, A GIFT FROM EARTH, and the eight stories in NEUTRON STAR), and several stories published in Galaxy, including THE ADULTS (Galaxy, June 1967.) If you haven't read these (with the exception of A GIFT FROM EARTH, which is optional; published as SLOWBOAT CARGO in If) then what follows will not make much sense.

What follows is, first, a list of the basic ideas behind DOWN IN FLAMES: changes in the structure of the "known space" series; and second, a rough plot outline.

I never got further than that. Along about April, I ran into an idea called a Dyson sphere. It gripped my imagination, and I designed a compromise structure which is in some ways superior: the Niven ring. It is the basis for a story, half written at this time, called RINGWORLD.

RINGWORLD makes DOWN IN FLAMES obsolete. The assumptions behind RINGWORLD are different assumptions. So DOWN IN FLAMES becomes part of the limbo of unwritten stories, and nobody would ever have known about it were it not for Tom Reamy and TRUMPET. Have fun.

## preliminary outline:

- 1) Beowulf Shaeffer never went to the galactic core.
- 2) The alleged Quantum II hyperdrive ship in AT THE CORE was a hoax.

For eight months that ship rested somewhere in the West End of Jinx, while Beowulf Shaeffer thought he was making a round trip of 30,000 light years. The puppeteer-built machinery he thought was hyperdrive equipment was cover-up for the real machinery: 3D movie projectors, sensory mechanisms, artificial gravity, et cetera.

- 3) The core is not exploding.
- 4) The thrintun/Slaver species never existed.

5) The tnuctpun are real enough; but they did not exist a billion and a half years ago. They are contemporary.

6) The puppeteers are in their pay.

7) They accepted employment because they dared not refuse the tnuctpun, which species is even more mean and vicious than I thought. And I never really liked them.

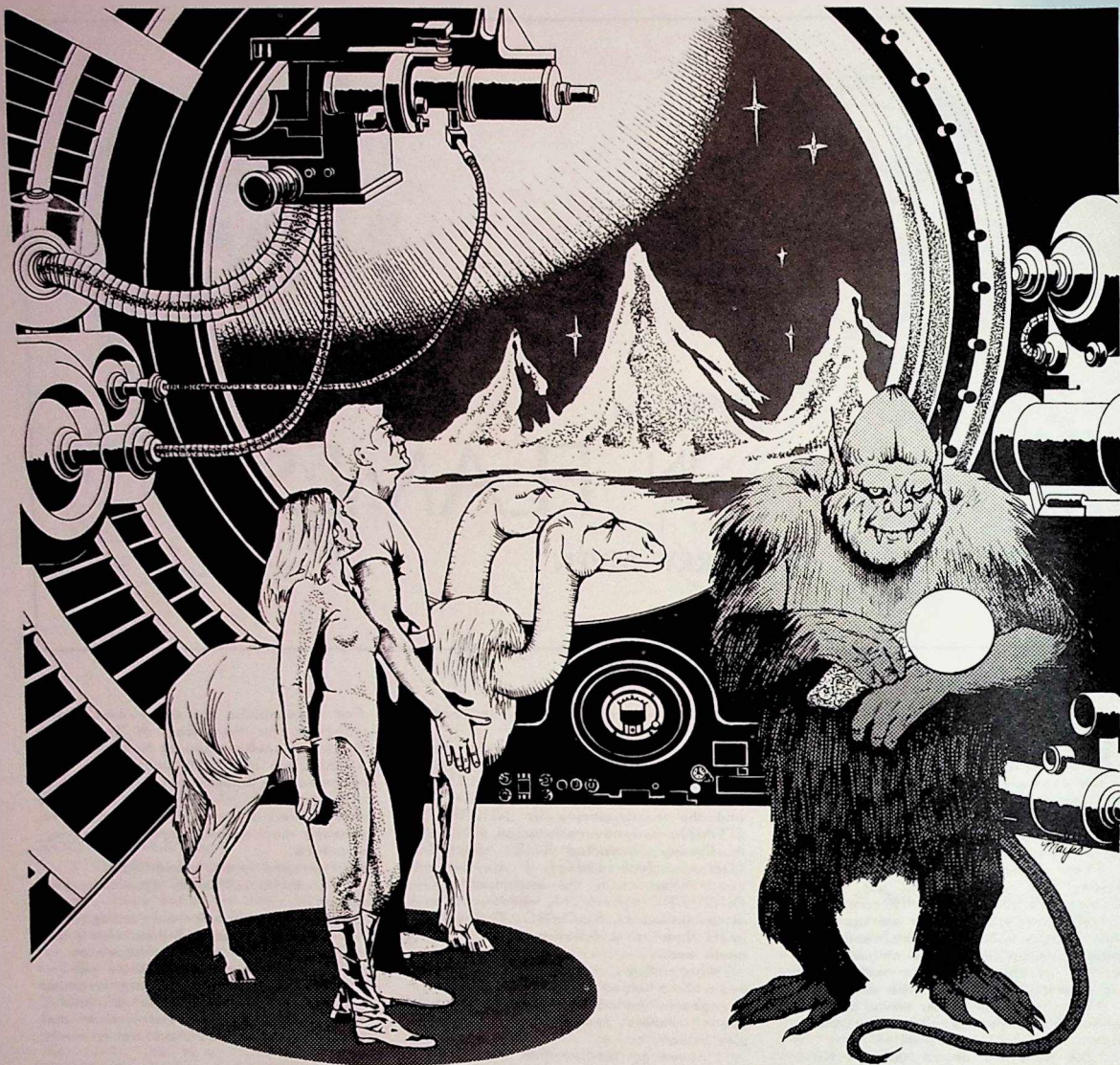
8) Obviously the puppeteers are not fleeing the radiation wave from the Core explosion. They are fleeing the tnuctpun. Another reason they accepted employment: they needed the funds to flee.

9) Kzanol is neither robot nor android. He is, now get this, he is a product of tnuctpun biological engineering: a tailored species with only one member! His memories are heavily detailed science fiction.

10) Many of the stasis boxes, ostensibly left behind after the Slaver War a billion and a half years ago, are false. Others are for real. The genetically tailored plants and animals are real.

The tnuctpun once used a few worlds in known space. Jinx, for instance. They left behind them (not long ago; certainly less than a million years) a few stasis boxes, and, of course, the stage trees and bandersnatchi and sun-





flowers and so forth.

The only hoax involved is the Slaver War. Certain stasis boxes were left floating through known space; and Kzanol was created, very artistically, and dropped on the continental shelf for the dolphins to find. Other real evidence of the tnuctpun will be worked into the structure of the hoax. Thus the presence of the tnuctpun, now, will never be suspected.

11) The truth is that the tnuctpun are all through known space. It will be seen how this is possible.

12) The whitefood/bandersnatchi were not designed to spy on the thrintun/Slavers. Their purpose was much simpler. Tnuctpun enjoy feeding on the meat of sentient beings, so they built

one.

13) As part of the hoax, they recently settled some of their number on a world of known space, with false memories and a drastically reduced technology. Their technology was just great enough that they could slow the advance of the frontiers of human space, until the tnuctpun could plant all the evidence they needed to.

Another purpose of this group was to make it possible for tnuctpun to move freely about in known space.

The group knows nothing of the tnuctpun or their plan. Their ancestors were not volunteers. They call themselves kzinti. Note that a tnuctpun caught doing anything, moral or not, in known space will be taken for a kzin.

14) Note also, a psychological point. Female kzinti are dumb animals, no more. Thus the kzinti may be thought of as asexual. So it is with the tnuctpun. A kzin will understand perfectly, the kick they get from eating sentient meat. There has to be something to replace the missing sex kick.

15) This is one of the motives behind the hoax.

16) The core of the hoax is the Core explosion. In twenty thousand years, the alleged Core explosion will make all of known space uninhabitable. Thus, during the next twenty thousand years, known space must be evacuated by every sentient species.

The hoax may extend much further than known space. Refugees will be



showing up from further in.

Most species will plan to return after the wave of radiation passes; or at least, they will consider the possibility. They will make at least some attempt to mothball their artifacts.

All the worlds of known space, with their maintenance machinery more or less preserved, will be open to the tnuclipun. Further, up to a trillion beings (and perhaps much more, depending how far the hoax extends) are available in spacecraft moving at Quantum II hyperdrive. All flavors, these beings. All moving at the same velocity; match direction and you've matched course for boarding. In most cases, no weapons; the species would concentrate on the enormous task of moving billions of individuals clear out of the galaxy, and would in most cases move as soon as they had the capability.

Obviously this must be the last of the known space stories. (If only Blish had stopped with the second Okie novel! He ended the universe there; and then he had to go backward!) Above are the assumptions I am forced to make to get a coherent picture. Some minor questions arise, and some are answered:

- 1) Why wasn't the Quantum II hyperdrive sold to some entrepreneur in human space? It was advertised for sale; why didn't someone buy it?

Answer: those who tried couldn't get in contact with the right puppeteers. They got the runaround until they gave up in disgust. There is no Quantum II hyperdrive.

- 2) The Grog are not the mutated descendants of the Slavers. They never claimed to be. But the tnuclipun knew of Grog, and designed Kzanol with the Grog in mind. They slipped up there. They should have made him female.
- 3) Since they were planted the kzinti have changed. They were given a technology which would ensure their being beaten over and over again by the ships of human space. Evolution doesn't always hold for sentient beings who tailor their own environment instead of adapting to it, but it holds here. The most serious warmongers among kzinti, and the ones with the least self control, were those who died first. And the kzinti population has dropped by half in half a dozen wars. Those left are not peaceable, but they have developed some self control, some ability to think first before jumping. Further, telepaths are their own development.

And they've been done wrong. Assuredly they will join the minions of human space when the hoax becomes known.

- 4) Consider THE SOFT WEAPON.

It had to be a shuck, part of the hoax. The handle of the stasis box did not fit a kzinti, i.e. a tnuclipun, claw. But a weapon so powerful could not be allowed to fall into the hands of humans.

So the tnuclipun planted the box for the Papandreous to find; but they were there to take it away, making sure the humans saw it first. Only one of the kzinti on the Traitor's Claw was a tnuclipun. It was Flyer.

- 5) What of the Outsiders?

They are in no danger from the tnuclipun, who seek only meat of proper chemical composition. If they maintain

their neutrality, nobody should harm them. And they must have known of the tnuclipun plot for some time.

They sell information. How well can we balance profit against fear? Can we use them?

Obviously I am thinking in terms of Armageddon. The end result of exposure of the tnuclipun fraud will be a cataclysm to shake the stars. Fire and death, and from here it looks like the tnuclipun will probably win. They will have no allies, none at all; but their technology will be enormous.

What happens to ships that go too deep into a gravity well? Snatched by the tnuclipun! There is no relevant physical law, no mysterious singularity in hyperspace. Such is part of the fraud; for the necessity of moving into a system at sublight speeds is enough to slow the spread of humanity and keep it from regions where the fraudulence of the Slaver War would become apparent. Their ships will be faster until we learn this.

Note that the tools we have found in Slaver stasis boxes are largely planted. They throw this technology away! What more are they hiding?

Now you have the background. What of the story itself?

I know some of the characters I'll need. Oddly, the most necessary are the most familiar. I'll need either Kzanol or Larry Greenberg to expose one side of the Slaver War hoax. At some point, on some city sidewalk, he will point to a large orange kzin and shout, "Heavens preserve us! It's a tnuclipun!"

I'll need Beowulf Shaeffer. He's the key man in the Core explosion hoax.

It would be convenient to ring in Richard Harvey Schultz-Mann, expert on Slaver relics, to show how the hoax must have been worked, and to guess what must be true and what false.

Probably Elephant's money and ships will be needed for backing, as the tracking of the truth becomes a major project.

In addition, three strangers: a mountaineer girl with Plateau eyes (Matt Keller's power), and a kzin for a central character, and a grog to read the mind of a true-tnuclipun prisoner.

## detail: Kobold

Brennan knows certain things. He knows them because he's had plenty of time to think about them and has figured them out.

He knows the kind of place to find the puppeteer world. He knows they probably took it with them.

He knows why the Outsiders follow starseeds. (But does he tell Shaeffer?)

He lives in a place he designed himself, using antigravity as an art form. It's way the hell out in the cometary belt of Sol, beyond the hyperspace singularity, but it didn't grow there; he built it from asteroids, in the Belt. It's Kobold. In Kobold, streams flow two ways; you can swim on either side of a stream; the tongue of flat rock which extends out as a runway for spacecraft has service installations back to back. On that spaceport tongue are tractors to draw the ships into the air. A huge version of the "pressure curtain" in RELIC OF

EMPIRE surrounds the whole setup, except for the spaceport tongue. There are rooms for sports never invented before, including many that could be enjoyed only by adult-stage humans. Detail:

The sphere covered with grass. It's five hundred meters through, and that's all there is: grass, one assymetrically shaped pool, and a huge tree. You reach it by jumping from another point to the top branches of the tree, then climbing down. Note that the sphere touches no other part of Kobold.

A kind of museum, holding sculptures made of water. Fields hold the place and shape of each statue.

The Moebius miniature golf course. The shadowed place: a life support system for Outsiders, with mooring facilities for any kind of ship. Brennan can talk to them through a pressure curtain, with him on one side under pressure, and the Outsider in low-g and vacuum.

The "Finagle bullet" mounted somewhere, with lighted warning signs. It's a captured ten-foot sphere of neutronium, like others in known space. There are other such traps, suitably labeled; in an emergency Brennan can turn off the signs. Even the machinery which makes the signs will vanish without a trace. That's one reason Brennan rarely invites humans to Kobold.

One thing about Kobold: its wonders are human wonders. There is nothing like the peculiar floor construction in WRONG WAY STREET. The things Brennan does with his artificial gravity and his fusion plants and his high IQ are the things any human would do, given an impulse to play.

## plot:

Beowulf Shaeffer is relaxing somewhere, probably in an anarchpark, when the Brennan-monster taps him on the shoulder. "I need you," he says, and produces credentials. Shaeffer suffers himself to be led away, knowing very little. But Brennan has mentioned the Core explosion and Shaeffer's trip.

At the spaceport, gunshots. (Weaponry, anyway.) In fact, the weapons being used are unfamiliar, but they eat holes in things quick as hell. (They will turn out to be an improvement on the disintegrator, with two parallel beams, one to suppress electron charge, one to suppress proton charge, one to suppress this from the start.)

The shots lash out around them, and Brennan takes them both in a mad run. Knowing that losing a major limb would kill Shaeffer, he takes a beam meant for Shaeffer and loses a leg, cauterizes it with his own X-ray laser, and off they go, Brennan hopping.

What being has been shooting? It turns out to be a species as agile as Phasthok, but without much brain. One thing marks them at once: they are drones of some kind. Perhaps there is a sentient queen bee somewhere.

They reach Brennan's ship and take off. En route, the Brennan-monster ex-



plains something of what he is, and gets Bey to go over the tale of his Core trip.

#### 4

At Kobold, Brennan puts Shaeffer under drugs and gets a transcript of the Core trip. He still hasn't said what he's after. Whatever it is, he doesn't get it. Yet he knows it's there, if only because he and Shaeffer were shot at.

He does his research on the corpse of their attacker—the one he saved for examination. He guides Shaeffer around Kobold. They talk... (Exposition here!)

And Shaeffer mentions the trip to Suwoosh.

Brennan knows a good deal about the Outsiders, and shows it.

Shaeffer wonders about some of the questions he was asked on that interview.

When Shaeffer names one question—"What will you do now that you know the Core is exploding?"—Brennan hops up yelling, "That's it!" Right then, the attack begins.

#### 5

The attack starts with a whistle of a set frequency. Brennan blurs into motion. A pressure suit hits Shaeffer, and he stands stupidly holding it. Brennan flips some switches, and motion of both hands, and is gone in a long jump across one of the gaps on Kobold's space.

The beam spears him in midair, vaporizes him, and blasts the gravity controls.

Kobold's air gathers itself to vanish into space. Shaeffer, in sudden free fall, can hear the whisper of it. He jumps for the only door in sight. In his own opinion, this is quicker than trying to don the pressure suit in time.

The door is not marked. But, Brennan has turned off all the markings.

Shaeffer is inside, safe. He inhales once in relief, once in glorious disbelief, once to find out where the incredibly delicious smell is coming from. Then his mind is off, and he's tracking the tree-of-life root, down through the corridors of Kobold's heart.

#### 6

Shaeffer's transition from a vegetable to a superman is instantaneous, or nearly so. In his next moment of self-awareness he is consciously giving up every plan he ever had. He will never be a father. His travels, if any, will not be with Sharrol. Chances are he will never see Elephant again. Et cetera.

That's his first moment. His next is a driving urge to kill every last Grog. These are the only beings he knows must be destroyed. Then it comes to him that Brennan did not exterminate the Grogs.

Why?

Review the Grog problem, with reference to the Slavers, etc.

Why didn't Brennan take care of this? Is the answer connected with the other problem, the one he solved when Shaeffer said what he said? And what the hell did the Outsiders have to do with anything, including the Core explosion, which is even more important (though less urgent) than the Grogs?

There is some unknown race trying to destroy him. It has already destroyed

Brennan. Further, Shaeffer must reach civilization without standard transport. But the Grog problem is most clearly defined, most puzzling, therefore most urgent. Shaeffer puts it first on agenda.

#### 7

Escape is his first action. There's no ship; there's not much left of Kobold. Presumably the attackers were nonsentient, the same species that attacked them earlier. They may have been searching for thinking minds with a detector. This would explain why Shaeffer lived.

There's no ship, and no drive per se. But there are the gravity generators. Shaeffer lines them up as a momentum tube and aims himself for the sun. Someone is bound to discover him before he gets there.

Somebody does. The nonsentient enemy makes one more attack, as Shaeffer's makeshift ship drops toward the solar system. Shaeffer uses the momentum tube to throw rocks at them, following with the Finagle's Bullet. They go into hyperspace to avoid the rocks, and the mass of the Bullet keeps them there—forever.

Then the PlutoWatch picks him up. Shortly he's in contact with the few humans who know of him.

#### 8

Now he has a small human army. He does research.

Data on Grogs tells him very little. But he sees the major point. If the Grogs are degenerate but dangerous Slavers, how did the dominant sex switch from male to female?

He needs the advice of a Slaver expert.

#### 9

Rich Mann is on Silvereyes. Shaeffer finds him, takes his corpses along. Arranges a safe way of reviving Kzanol and instantly killing him.

Mann quickly recognizes the corpse as a tnuclup artifact.

Kzanol is a fraud.

What else is a fraud? Shaeffer shows Mann the corpse of one of his attackers. That, too, is a product of tnuclup biological engineering.

The tnuclup are alive and well. Now what?

Chains of hypothesis lead Shaeffer to assume that there was no Slaver War, or indeed, even a Slaver race. Kzanol was copied from the Grogs, but the tnuclup, whose sentient members are male, made him male.

Shaeffer can only guess the purpose of the deception. Since there was plenty of evidence of the tnuclup presence, the beasts contrived a fraud to make it look like they had been gone a billion and a half years. Whereas they were actually contemporary, and dangerous.

What are they planning?

#### 10

They need a Grog. Shaeffer and Mann leave Silvereyes for Gummidgy.

They are in hyperdrive when Shaeffer figures it out. He asks himself, what could the Outsiders have answered? How could their answer be so important?

By now he has an accomplice. Mann

has used just enough boosterspace to put him in the right age bracket. Shaeffer has fed him tree-of-life.

What answer?

We will die. No.

We will flee. No.

The radiation cannot harm us. No.

We have a protection. Maybe. If it will work on humans.

The radiation is not dangerous. Maybe. Not even to humans?

There was no Core explosion. Nonsense. I saw it. The whole thing was a hoax. To what purpose? Yet there is already a hoax involved, and the tnuclup are involved. The whole thing was a tnuclup hoax. They blackmailed the puppeteers. The puppeteers then fled, not the Core explosion, but the tnuclup. Great! but the Crosshatch species—

The Crosshatchers are tnuclup.

And their purpose is obvious.

#### 11

Also obvious: the tnuclup/crosshatchers can enter a ship in hyperdrive. Shaeffer sets up defenses and waits.

The attack comes. Again it's the nonsentient warriors, and again they lose. Mann-monster and Shaeffer-monster reach Earth.

Suspicious confirmed.

#### 12

Now dig Shaeffer's complex plan.

The ships which are already fleeing the Core explosion, have decided to go up along the galactic axis to get clear space, then cut out toward the rim.

There is no Quantum II hyperdrive. Shaeffer is restricted to a light year per three days. But he can take a diagonal and catch the third of the human ships. First and second are beyond his reach.

He takes a #4 hull, and half the men who know what he is. He takes them off boosterspace. In about ten years, he intercepts the third ship. (During the ten years, he has figured out how the tnuclup interception technique works.) Destroys boosterspace reserves of the ship. Leaves some of his men in control, drops back to the next ship. Repeats. Goes to third ship alone.

He now has three ships. The third, he controls alone. The first two are in the hands of adults who know what is going on.

Twenty years later, the first two ships have a number of protectors aboard. In thirty years, all three ships are all protectors.

Shaeffer's hypothesis: the tnuclup come not from the Core, but from the rim. Thus all ships will move right into their territory. But where exactly are they? They've already come five thousand light years.

Ten years and 1200 light years later, comes the attack.

#### 13

So it's war.

And after the tnuclup are exterminated, what then? Maybe it can't be done. If it can, then starts the final war.

Protector against protector, until only one is left.

It'll be quite a war. The stars will fall in flames. And the novel will end just as it is getting started. (Maybe not, I never end a novel as I thought I would.) ●





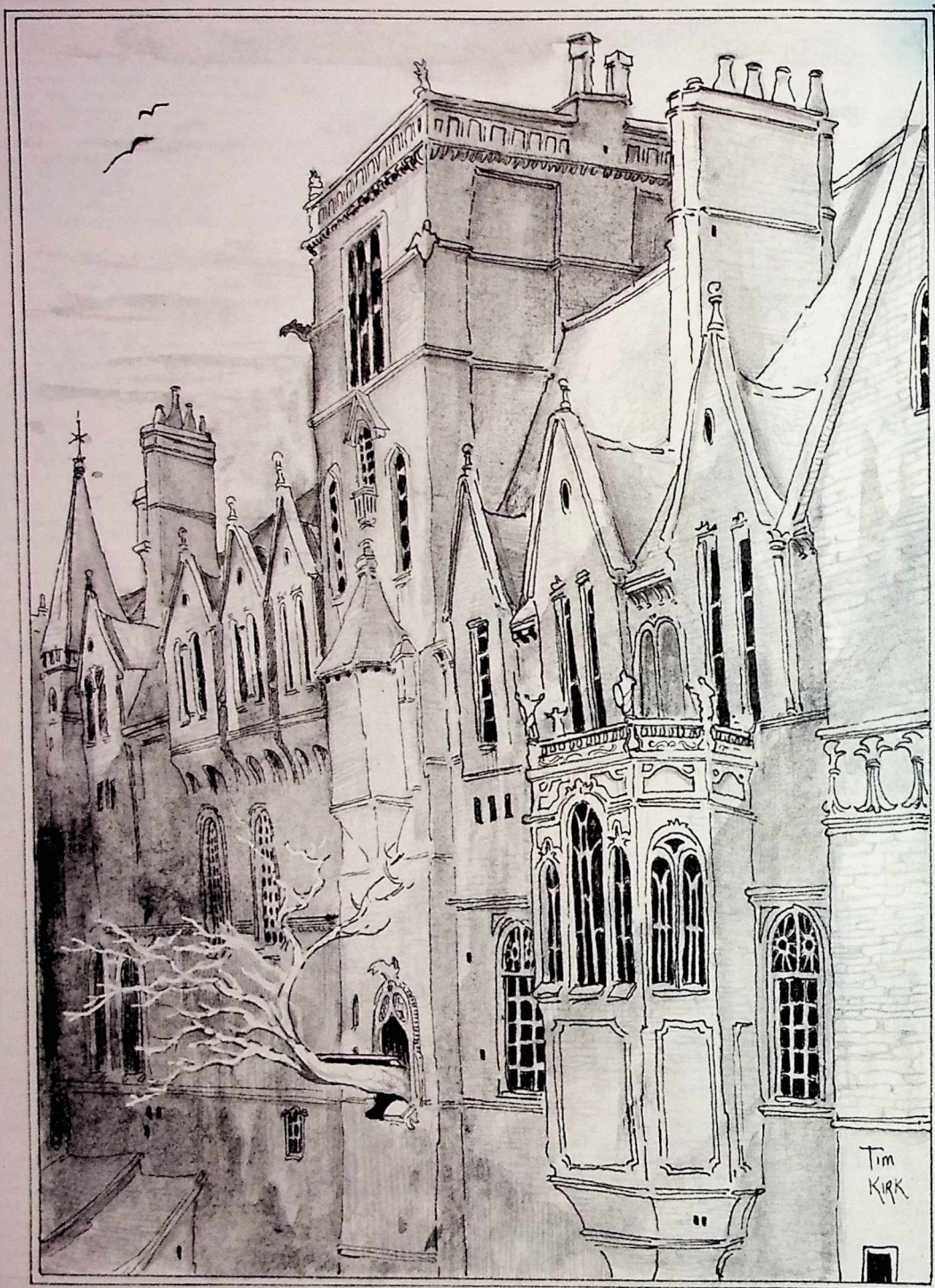
# GORMENGHAST

A

Portfolio

by Tim Kirk





THE TREE ROOM





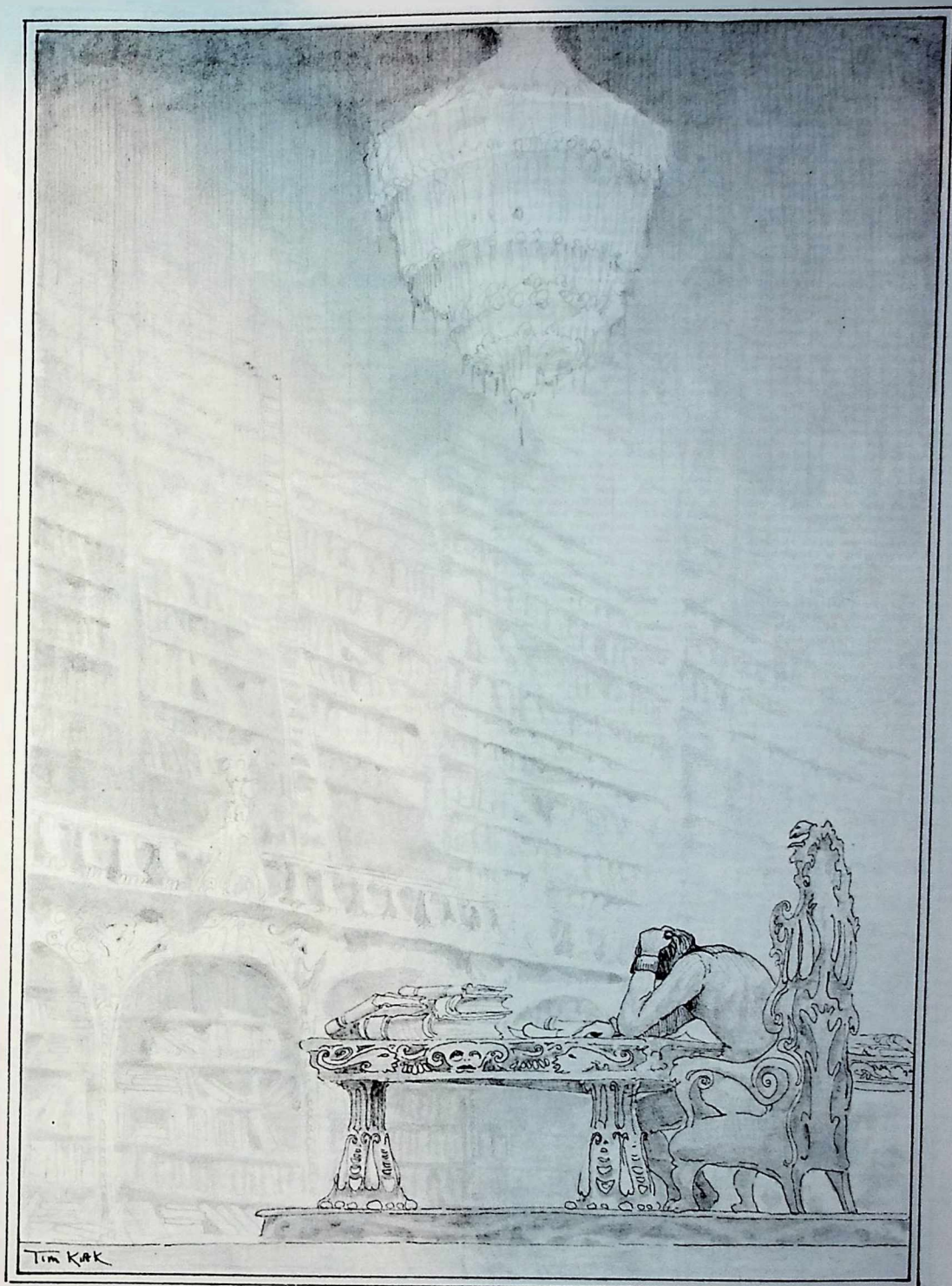
A FEW OF THE PROFESSORS  
OF GORMENGHAST



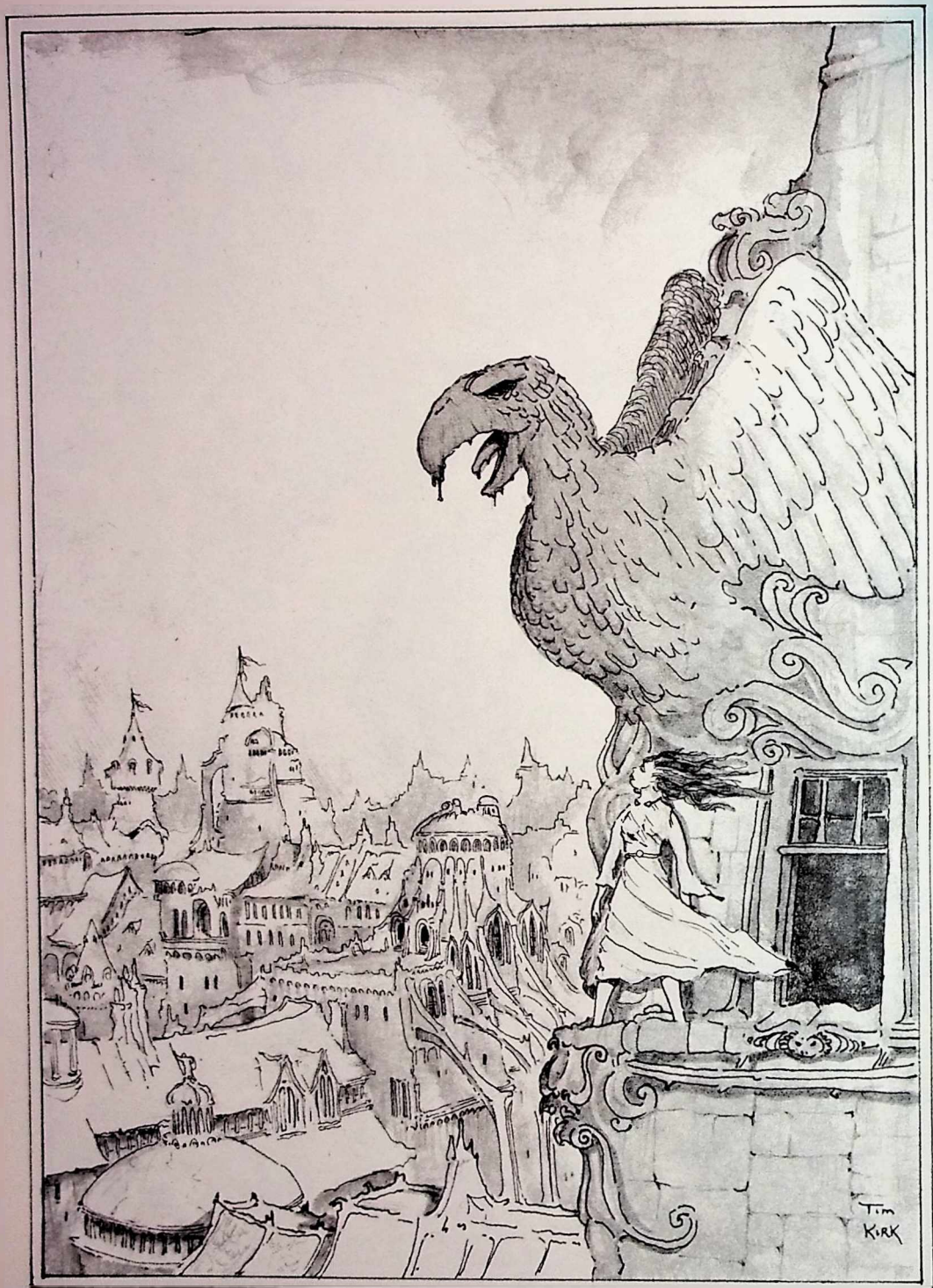


FLAY AND TITUS

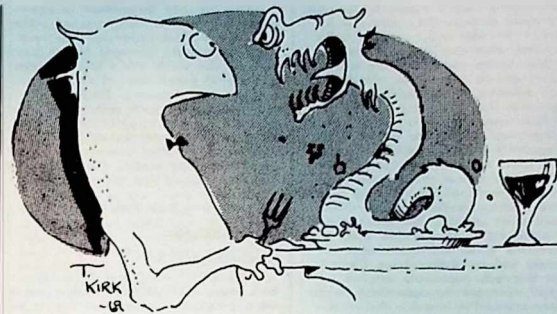




LORD SEPULCHRAVE







## PERSIFLAGE

"SAM" COLE  
314 SE 13th Street  
Grand Prairie, TX 75050

I know exactly where David Gerrold got all that... for his new series. He is full of it. I agree with his basic complaints against NBC and certain types of fans but his way of wording his complaint makes him sound like the little boy who is thwarted at every turn, for the recognition he feels due him, and finally, in desperation, he uses the dirtiest words he can think of: words that Mamma would never permit, to get at least shock reaction. It is a shame too because he is very talented and (even though the fans more readily recognize Walter Koenig because they see him weekly), I am sure if he looked at this from the logical point of view rather than the emotional, he would be glad things are the way they are.

Surely the writer wants fans who know and recognize his work and then—himself, when they see his picture, unless Mr. Gerrold is a frustrated actor who wants to be recognized for his looks first and then ability.

Frankly, I can't decide whether I wish that he be boycotted by all females at St. Louis (for any other con) or that he get his wish (what a way to commit suicide). If I ever attend a worldcon other than Dallascon, I shall carry a big stick. (heh! heh! a ten-foot pole. I know of several I wouldn't touch with it and vice-versa.) (No, Tom, not science fiction writers; they will need the 10 ft. pole.)

RICHARD GEIS  
P.O. Box 3116  
Santa Monica, CA 90403

I have caught on to you: you are satirical, at least editorially. There is proof of this in your sly positioning of Harlan's piece on 2001 ahead of Hodgen's article. Harlan destroyed Hodgen's premises and made him look like a pretentious literateur. Four, five, six, seven, eight pages of blood pouring from the punctures. Tak. Ain't you ashamed? (I don't think the juxtapositioning of the articles would influence anyone who wasn't predisposed to be influenced. I offer the letter following yours in evidence.)

I am always croggled at your skill in and mastery of graphics. TRUMPET is as always, beautiful. And aren't you tired to death of reviewers complaining about the written material not matching the layouts, art and printing? ((Yes!) Ray Fish-or has the same problem with ODD. I suspect. It must spring from most fans being text oriented; they judge by written quality, not visual—so TRUMPET is thus great art-wise, but... Art is in their unconscious value system not equal to writings. Art is to decorate! Your decorations overwhelm your text. ((It's a problem I'm acutely aware of. I'm trying constantly to improve the magazine

both visually and textually but, since graphics is my special hangup, the written material may never catch up.))

I can't help commenting on Andy Offutt's comment about his use of lower case for his name. He says: "What I do is more important than who I am." Oh, yeah? Then why the affected variation from the un-noticed norm? He wants to be humble with an individualized, distinctive printed rendering of his name, which, God knows, is distinctive enough as it is. He's eating humble pie...and having it, too.

The Awful Offal was a badly written, irrational article. If Gerrold can't think any better than that... it was, to use an overused word, sophomoric.

But... ah, Tom, your artwork makes up for it all. ((sigh\*))

ARTHUR C. CLARKE  
somewhere between Cayman,  
Cape Kennedy & New York

I've read the articles on 2001 with great interest—impossible to reply in detail as I leave almost at once for Cape K, where I'll be covering Apollo 10 with Walter Cronkite. Will be back early July for Apollo 11.

Luckily there's no need to say anything about Harlan's piece, as it's so superbly analyzed by the next article. But one correction of fact—all the ape sequences (and everything else) were shot at the MGM studios in England.

I can only assume that when Harlan wrote this essay he hadn't seen the movie, but had only visited it once.

Hodgen's article is one of the best I've read on the subject. I don't understand all his interpretations—but he may be right.

If I had time, I could answer Eisenstein's points (though he has some valid criticisms—and I have some he has obviously overlooked.) But I'm astonished that so acute a critic trots out Asimov's Laws. They are not laws, but rules. I'm fond of pointing out that most robots so far built have been designed for the express purpose of killing human beings.

Also, many of his criticisms of the book are vitiated by a fundamental misapprehension. The book was written almost two years before the movie was finished, and Stanley interpreted it as he felt fit. So all remarks about my "attempted justification" of the movie are nonsense.

I'd like to refer you to my essay THE MYTH OF 2001 in Walter Gilling's new magazine COSMOS. This is all I propose to say on the subject.

MIKE KAPLAN  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.  
1350 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10019

Arthur C. Clarke told me the review of "2001" appearing in Trumpet #9 is one of the most perceptive he

has read to date.

I would therefore appreciate it if you could send me a copy of your publication and any other issue that might pertain to the film.

If there is any material you need from our office, please let me know. ((#double sigh\*))

HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I wonder if all this material on Hannes Bok will prove to be the first salvo for a snowdrift of Bok subfandom? There have been articles about him in recent fanzines and an occasional piece of art, but not the combination of article, art, and poetry, plus the Bokandia book advertisement. I seem to remember just about the same time lag between death and posthumous surge of interest in the case of Lovecraft, and may have been a reader around the time the Lovecraft outburst finally subsided to a milder but more lasting kind of interest, years later. It always bothers me, when this sort of adulation occurs too late for the focal point to feel flattered, but it's better than no preservation of the flame at all. Bok seems to have an even greater potential for a subfandom than Lovecraft: more people who can write knew him personally, he was creative in many ways while Lovecraft was confined to words, and there's a slightly better chance that Bok could reach a more general fame, if a major art critic or big museum official suddenly took a fancy to his drawings. These full-page pieces are magnificent, and when I realize that they're just part of his output for the one year of 1947, my imagination staggers at the thought of how many hundreds of other pages could be filled with Bok works. I hope you help to interest people into getting the published novels back into print in paperback and the unpublished ones on the newstands for the first time. ((I wish I knew who had Bok's "museum quality" paintings, I'd like to use some of them as Trumpet covers if the owner and I could make some equitable arrangement. Petaja tells me that there just aren't any unpublished black and whites left but that there are quite a few color works. If anyone has any that I might publish, let me know.))

What in the world is The Texas Ranger? A magazine aimed solely at the people of your state, or a semi-pro little magazine, or something else? (It's the humor magazine of the University of Texas.) Whatever its nature, if it contains material of the caliber of Dave Hickey's story, it should be available to more fanzines for reprinting purposes. I found this account of Superman's last thoughts as grim and accurate a commentary on the world of today as I've found anywhere outside the front pages of the newspapers.

David Gerrold's article starts just like a convention speech. He couldn't have put the capital letters on Science Fiction if he spoke them, but otherwise, it uses the traditional con speech trick of starting with a startling or paradoxical statement to gain the audience's attention, a device that really isn't necessary for an essay written in words. I found The Awful Offal as amusing and convincing-sounding as a George Bernard Shaw play introduction, while I retained the same attitude toward Gerrold and Stanley, that of refusal to agree with all their assertions, plus a generous amount of suspicion that the writers weren't altogether serious, either. The Star Trek fans don't irritate me at all, except when one occasionally insists that the program was finer than anything ever placed up to now on any form of screen. I like genuine, unforced enthusiasm of the sort that the Star Trekkers possess, and I hope

that lots of them hang around general fandom now that the Enterprise has gone where no other hour-long national TV network weekly series' spaceship has ever gone before. When the Star Trek fans awaken uncontrollably around even a minor actor from the series, they're simply demonstrating the enormous potential that television or the movies possess until we're old enough to become a bit hardened and cynical to these marvels. Even the clumsiest actor, using a dull script in a predictable plot, can in a sense do on the screen in a few seconds what the greatest novelists succeeded in accomplishing only on rare occasions in hundreds of pages. The characterizations are alive on the screen even in mediocre performances, much more convincingly than in all but the greatest writings, until we become so obsessed with sorting out films by quality and so tired of seeing the same cinematic clichés over and over that we lose this visual sense of wonder. I know with absolute certainty that I would have been the most extreme sort of Star Trek enthusiast if it had been available to me any time before perhaps my 21st birthday.

Peter Singleton's frankness and his refusal to preach or draw morals make the last thing in his new Trumpet particularly instant. I don't doubt that fandom can help to drive a person into a condition that requires institutional care, just as drugs can do and I hope that any fans who may be on the verge will understand the lesson that is implicit in Purple Hearts, instead of laughing it off with the reflection that it's perfectly safe because there are hundreds of fans and millions of drug users who live with those vices quite sanely and happily. Fandom never seems to have had any effect on my mental procedures, but I may have come awfully close to drug trouble. It was just after I had suffered a broken hip, eight years ago. The physician prescribed morphine whenever I wanted it during the first days after I fell. When the worst was over, he switched to some kind of barbiturate, two terribly small pills which I was ordered to take just before each of the three daily meals. Almost all the pain went away, I didn't mind at all the thought of many weeks of motionless lying on my back with only traction that stretched ahead, and I even riaked a few jokes about fandom with the nurses, like an explanation that Void was an amateur magazine by some New York medical people who specialized in urinary conditions. One night I had an extraordinarily vivid dream in which I was singing the part of Oello in the duet that ends the first act of Verdi's opera. I'm still not convinced that some form of telepathy wasn't operative then, because I was singing with knowledge of certain physiological procedures that I couldn't have known for lack of singing lessons.

A day or two later I got a piece of mail whose envelope was addressed in a handwriting very similar to that of someone close who had recently died. I almost went into shock and deduced from this envelope that I was destined never to get out of the hospital by a reasoning which seemed quite logical. But I was able to comprehend that suddenly I was getting out of touch with reality, some staff members noticed my change in behavior and attitude, the doctor looked closely at my skinny frame and thought about my total inactivity, and decided I was getting too much dose from those tiny pills. He cut them out altogether, I felt better in three or four days, and after that I was scared even to take the sleeping tablets that all patients were urged to use in that noisy area of the hospital. I don't intend to take the chance that would be needed to prove up all my suspicions that I'm abnormally susceptible to drugs. (An aspirin just

before bedtime acts exactly like a sleeping pill for me, I discovered later. Obviously, much stronger stuff than what Peter Singleton used can be taken safely by some fortunate people but I'd hate to see every young person making an effort to reach that status if his first experiments with drugs—or fandom—have extraordinary effects on him. I've sworn not to write anything more about 2001 until I see it. So I'll simply record my extreme admiration for the thorough way Alex Eisenstein digs into some details that were mentioned only in passing in the other 345 reviews and articles on the film in fanzines before this Trumpet, meanwhile hoping devoutly that I enjoy the film as much as Richard Hodgson did.

Steve Fabian's greatest achievement in this folio was making the girl so gracefully feminine in that sort of garment. Maybe he would hate me for saying so, but all four of these drawings delighted me for the way they capture the atmosphere of an earlier era in science fiction when we could still find a thrill in a simple situation: a winged girl sitting by a stream in a mysterious land, or a fight with a giant insect. It's almost impossible for me to resist almost impossible for me to resist to enjoy the stories themselves from this era, because we've read so many stories about more cunningly contrived wonders and have been indoctrinated into the scientific reasons for the improbability of a fight with a giant bumblebee. But a picture bypasses some of the logic circuits of the mind and appeals to the senses in a different way. Fabian is a much better artist than most of those who drew for theazines in the 1930's and he has infinitely superior reproduction, and for a mad moment I thought of writing a piece of fan fiction about the science fiction reader who is transported from the 1930's to the end of the 1960's and has no trouble adapting to any of the changes in the world except for his inability to figure out which are the professions and which are the amateur publications published in 1969 with science fiction as their topic.

What can I say about the front cover that isn't implied in what I wrote about the Bok material inside this issue? You fanzine editors should really do something spectacular when you do something spectacular with your front covers. I've earned my living from the publishing industry most of my life, and I still haven't the faintest idea of how things like this Trumpet cover and several recent covers on Cry were created from the mechanical standpoint.

ROBERT BLOCH  
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.  
Los Angeles, CA 90064

There are few prizes around in any field which can compete with TRUMPET appearance-wise or otherwise. I must commend you on printing the Ellison article, since it offers an opinion so contradictory to your own: this catholicity is what helps make the 'zine such stimulating reading. I take issue with you only on one editorial opinion: I favor the new con rules requiring nomination by members only and con-site voting by members paying in advance. We've had some sad situations in the past due to walk-in voters, and I'm not at all certain I don't favor Hugo nominations by committee—at least then the stories would be read and we'd lose the "popularity contest" stigma. (It was under the impression that the "popularity contest" stigma was the primary reason Award was born. However, the same things usually get nominated for both; which must mean that the Nebulas are also "popularity contests" or that the Hugos weren't after all.)

GEORGE BARR  
417 N. Kennore Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90004

TRUMPET 9 arrived an hour or so ago and though I've had time to do little more than flip through it I felt I had to write immediately before some of my thoughts grow cold.

Petaje's article on Bok fills me with a kind of sick foreboding because his feelings as expressed in the letter excerpts so closely match my own that I can't help feeling if someone with all of Bok's talent and genius couldn't make it, what chance do I have? I understand his depressions and black moods because I experience them constantly and I know I haven't a tenth of his ability.

It's difficult to explain to one's family why you "waste so much time and effort on fanzines that don't pay a thing," by telling them that only in a fan publication are you allowed to draw what YOU want to do. And lately even the fanzines are becoming more particular about what they will or will not accept. And I guess it's certainly their right; they're paying for the publication.

I've been told that if I'd put a fraction of the effort that goes into THE BROKEN SWORD in something "worthwhile" I'd soon be rich. Well, I doubt it, but even so I'd be working day in and day out on something I perhaps might not even like, doing it fast to get it out on time, to hell with whether I was satisfied with it, so long as it met the deadline. And then I'd have, as I have now, people saying: "George, why isn't your professional work as good as the things you do on DITTO masters, for God's sake?" What can you say? The fact remains that if I were doing THE BROKEN SWORD for a pro and getting paid for it, there could never be an issue come out without it; I'd lose the job immediately. I could never discard a panel I didn't like; there wouldn't be time. It would cease to be an illustrated story, as so many people feel it now. I don't complain because it doesn't fit with their idea of what a comic strip is supposed to be. I'm not expressing myself very well, but I never do when I'm depressed.

Like Bok, my best work seldom sees publication, even in fanzines, (though your use of "A penny for your thoughts" and "Yes, Magaly," will help rectify that, I mainly because in it I'm trying to please only myself. I paint the subjects I like in the manner I like, and often they're too much "ME" for me to allow them to be published.

Bok hit for real sore spot when he said, "Why on earth do artists get blamed for what is really editorial policy?" Even in fanzines the editors can publish what they choose and they often request particular subjects, yet the artist alone takes the blame if someone doesn't like it. Of course if this were the case the artist would immediately be branded as someone of ingrate who doesn't appreciate what fandom has done for him. But then if Bok's statements had been made public during his life, the same would have been thought of him. (They would be. Yes, Magaly, I consider what you have done for fandom.) It's only now that he's dead that people can look back with regret and think that if they personally had had a chance to help him, they'd certainly have done it. And of course that's so much hogwash. The same will be thought of Finlay when he dies, and no one's doing anything about it now. He'll be hailed as a genius and one of the greatest illustrators of all time and everyone will feel that it's such a shame he wasn't really appreciated during his lifetime. And how many of the up and coming fan artists will end the same way?

Some will prostitute their talents in the comicbooks as several in the past have done, going on to become nothing more than imitators of those

who've gone before them, in the endless cycle of copy "A" who has copied "B" who in turn copied "C" and so. But what else can they do? It's all the editors and the public will accept and no one thinks of the genuinely creative artist who may be dying inside that hackwork.

A few may make it; some have in the past. Jeff Jones seems to be doing what he wants to do. But even here I'm guessing. I don't know Jeff and haven't corresponded with him. He could easily be doing book covers in order that someday he could paint murals. But the sad part of it all is that even if this were the case, no artist who'd made his money and reputation doing Sword and Sorcery paperback covers would ever get the opportunity to do the murals. He has the choice of being successful in the eyes of the public and, if he's lucky, doing what he doesn't hate too much, or managing to paint a few of the things he'd really like to do before he starves to death.

Bok died in 64; that's only five years ago. And as Petaje says, his life was shortened by not only his compulsion to create, but undoubtedly by the fact that his creations didn't find too much acceptance with those who could (or would) pay what they were worth. And what are his creations worth now? How much would a magazine have to pay now to get hold of one of the pictures they'd have been unwilling to touch just five years ago? I sometimes wish there were some way I could kill myself and still stick around to see what would happen. At the risk of sounding conceited, I KNOW there are people who've been awfully particular in the past who'd grab anything they could get their hands on once the source had dried up. Some fanzine or other I'm sure would be willing to print the worst scribble I ever drew just because I'm a HUGO winner.

While Bok was alive, did anyone think of doing folios of his sketches? Perhaps he wouldn't have wanted it done. I wouldn't. But it has been done and I imagine quite a bit of money has been made off Bok's name and work since his death. Isn't it reasonable to assume that if some of that money had been around while he was alive, he might have lived a little longer?

This isn't a plea for money, or even for understanding. It's just I had a few things I've felt for a long time and have finally found an excuse to say. I loved Bok's work for years before he died, and I'm as bad as the rest. So many times I thought about writing to him, not to ask for something, but just to tell him how much I appreciated the pleasure his work had given me for so many years. But I kept putting it off. I did the same with Maxfield Parrish. I don't intend to let it happen again.

So much for that. The cover is beautiful. But in all sincerity, I think a better color could have been found for the border. A soft green-ochre like the background of the picture would have set it off much nicer.

(That electric blue wasn't what I had in mind. No, please, I'll be much more specific with the printer.)



The artwork throughout is excellent. Fabian is a man to watch. He does the kind of pictures I like and does them well. Several people have told me his work looks like my own of several years ago. If so, I'm extremely complimented. I'd like very much to have drawn several of the things I've seen by him, and I don't know a higher compliment I can pay.

Andrew J. offutt looks very much like I hoped he would, but didn't expect him to... if that makes any sense.

Long live Rob Pudim.

ROBERT COULSON  
Rt.3  
Hartford City, IN 47348

Got TRUMPET and ATLAS both today. TRUMPET looked somewhat more professional as far as art and layout went, but the ATLAS had more interesting contents. However... (I don't know that magazine...)

David Gerrold's main complaint seems to be that "Star Trek" fans are contaminating Our Fandom. Well, maybe. Incidentally, did you ever hear of David Gerrold in fandom before "Star Trek"? Tom? (No, but not because of it either. I met him at Baycon one night while he was quite drunk and mousing off in the lobby about things in general. I asked him why he didn't write it down and let me publish it in Trumpet. What's Trumpet, he asked. I never did... we're being contaminated by people entering fandom thru "Star Trek"... Hmm. "Not one of these fans has ever stopped to think that an actor is only doing his job, only doing what he is paid to do..." A writer, on the other hand, is Creating, seems to be the implication. Su-u-ure he is. To be precise, a tv series writer is taking the characters and setting that someone else really created (Roddenberry, in this case) and designing a story within the confines of those already created characters and setting. Some creation. (And to forestall your sneer about how I should try it before commenting, I have tried it. David. And sold the results. Not for tv, but writing a book based on a tv show is not all that much different as far as creativity goes.) Then in one sentence he says "we can expect to lose many of the more frivolous of the pseudo-fans" and spends the rest of the paragraph talking the horrors of what will happen when we don't lose them. Three pages of bull.

Of course "Star Trek" fandom has produced a lot of nitwits. So? You think of Frank, or comica fandom, or J. Frank Baum fandom hasn't? I've had a fair amount of dealing with all those mentioned, and a few others like sword-and-sorcery fandom, Tolkien fandom, Sherlock Holmes fandom, and speleology fandom. ST fans are considerably more naive, in the main, than sf fans; they make up for it by being considerably more courteous. (In the main, not always. And of course it doesn't take much to be more courteous than the average sf fan.) And a few ST fans are just as mature and interesting to know as any sf fans you want to name.

Richard Hodgson doesn't seem to think much of God in three slabs—hasn't he heard of the Trinity? Why would he bury himself for four million years? God moves in mysterious ways, etc. Anyway, you haven't seen Him around lately have you? God isn't Dead, just faded.

Lovely artwork. Having seen "2001", I am not particularly interested in scholarly articles telling me what I should think about it. I guess I'm just an old fan and tired; I've got over my neofanish enthusiasm about having somebody around to Talk About Science Fiction with. (Or maybe it's because I got all my talking done with Juanita and Gene and Bev Daweese and further con-



veration about the film means rehashing old opinions.) Either way, I am not objecting to the articles, just explaining why I didn't read them.

This is a p.s. from Juanita, anent Gerrold. I assume his asides to the pining female hordes—largely teenybopper trekkies?—were supposed to be funny. Well, now, over many a year I have been vandy entertained by Bloch, Asimov, Tucker et. al., doing the same thing at convention after convention. They carry it off with charming flair, the lovable ruse and him vividly doing the very best "Here I am, girls, control yourselves if you can't" routine. On them it looks and sounds good. I'm afraid the same does not apply to Gerrold. On him it comes across as the overdone grad student who fancies himself king of the stud pen and spends lots of time throwing turf and anointing. The kind of "description" I can think of is "tasteless".

And on another tack, as a science fiction fan of some 17 years standing—conventions, fanzines, fanclubs, the works—I must say that Gerrold is a Johnny come lately of the first water, and the first water fandom (part of it) heard of him by was ST. Truth be told, maybe Gerrold is a trockle.

Your 2001 writers are trying too hard. I don't think they're going to convince each other or the reader. ((I'm sure they won't. Harlan didn't convince me.))

D. BRUCE BERRY  
4537 N. Madison Street  
Chicago, IL 60640

Thanks for the latest issue of Strumpet. The Bok cover was magnificent. It's a shame the S-F Fandom was so rough on him when he was alive. Someone in the New York area once told me that Bok had a roaring battle with some fans that made him determined never to illustrate a s-f or fantasy magazine again. Whether it was true or not is, of course, unknown to me. (See! I don't claim knowledge I don't possess).

I sold a book. When I was younger it might have been quite a great thrill. However, I did get a bang out of it for a moment. The title is "The Love Gang." (Have you met Peggy Svenson?) It's a wild and woolly sex yarn that will be published by Phenix-Greenleaf, a southern California outfit. For the effort, I was paid the magnificent sum of five hundred dollars! I've been spending all day working on a second book aimed at the same outfit and I'm a little peeved.

Don't expect to find any of my writing in the big money bracket. I'm strictly a small timer and I find it rather comfortable. No reputation to defend and no literary arguments. Ah, peace and quiet.

Oyez! I'm writing under the pen-name of 'Anton Drago'. Remember that name! It's destined to replace 'hack' as a literary epithet.

ROY TACKETT  
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Albuquerque, NM 87107

Retaja is right—Bok was an artistic genius. I am neither artist nor art critic and am totally unprepared to discuss the finer points of art—whatever they may be—but Bok's work grabs me. His poems in this issue, for example, are shining gems and show that much of what is acclaimed as poetry these days is pure drags.

Dave Hickey's fiction is excellent. It bites. Short-satirical-sardonic. Growl!

Offut's column reads like one of those power of positive thinking tracts.

As for David Gerrold's article—what can one say other than to agree? ((Things have been found)) The fault lies in the carry over of

the old Hollywood star system, a device which has ruined countless good stories when they were translated to a visual medium. I would prefer to see the emphasis placed on story and author and characterization rather than on who plays the character however the TV people say that these are not important—what is important is to give the viewer someone with whom he/she can identify. It appears that, for their purpose which is to sell patent medicine, they are correct and that is unfortunate for the writers and for the more intelligent viewers.

Surf more on 2001? If all the wordage about this movie were filmed it would be longer by far than the original. I cannot offer any deep and significant interpretations. I have read a lot of reviews and comments and the like and it seems to me that most people are getting more out of it than Kubrick put into it. For me it was simply a Sunday afternoon's entertainment. Being neither artist nor mystic I am unimpressed by artistic subtleties or metaphysical symbolism.

Eisenstein complains about the non-application of the Three Laws of Robotics. I see no inconsistencies in that. First it is doubtful that computer designers at IBM or elsewhere have even heard of them (well, really first is a doubt that a computer such as HAL, which can act on its own initiative, can be built) and, second, the background of that particular portion of 2001 is one in which military thinking—the concern with "security" for example—is as dominant as it is now. The military prime directive is "Accomplish the Mission" and consideration of such things as human welfare and human life are secondary. You can make book that no military robot will ever be programmed with Asimov's Three Laws.

The Fabian folio is excellent. Two or three other fanzines came in about the same time as TRUMPET also featuring folios by one artist or another and these by Fabian are by far the best.

Rte Singleton's short autobiography is thoroughly frightening and should be required reading for those younger types currently experimenting with drugs.

Beril Mattenson (in Persiflage) points up, perhaps, why Ballard and his ilk do not communicate with me: "a cool metaphysical wit". The key word is "metaphysical" which translates as silliness and non-reality.

ANDREW OFFUTT  
Drawer P  
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Trumpet 9 was, as usual, very late and very beautiful. The cover was by one of my two all-time favorites; 'toher was Edd Cartier; his illustrations for de Camps *Visions* tales were those people. No one did things like Bok. Thanks.

I wonder if Niven's article will spell "Inuption" backward?

Thanks to you for the Trumpet. People thing and the pictures of offut as happy writer, mean-looking businessman, and pensive scholar (I was holding, as I recall, a copy of *Autobiography of A Flea* in that picture).

Anyhow: addendum:

1. The mustache is gone; it came easy and went the same way. I will say they're much more trouble than daily shaving (Alexei Benahin uses garden shears). Too, I have seen the bortheric dermatitis (Lainized superdandruff) and the blasted stuff gets in my 'tache and beard too.

2. I now seem to have sold eleven novels (as I write this on 5/13); the last two will not out from Essex House, and they ain't out. The name on them, if nobody's listening, is John Cleve. ((Have you met Peggy Svenson and Anton Drago?)) And I've closed all offices but Morehead; I prefer the joy of writing to the

awent inherent in any executive role. (Nelson Rockefeller, of all people, said he'd found there are a lot of concepts more attractive in life than being the most affluent patient on the psychiatrist's couch. Yeah.)

Note to Harlan Ellison: you're right. 2001's a lot better stoned on acid (which must be how it was MADE!). Oh, and the formica people are sending H.E. a special award for the publicity. (Kubrick is sending him a bomb personally autographed by Dr. Strangelove.)

AFTER seeing the movie I waded through Hodgens' and Alex Eisenstein's treatises. Funny that neither of them mentioned another possibility that Hal symbolized Man: childhood, learning slowly, maturing, becoming suspicious and authoritarian, then slowly losing memories and returning to childhood and... nothing. I assumed that the formica table-top was the same one every time, and that the psychedelic segment was the trip down through Jupiter's color-belt, rather than through, say, hyper-space. ((Very unperceptive of you there, Andrew.))

Anyhow, it was the wrong movie to play up so big; "Charly" was brilliantly done in every way, even to careful, clever sub-characterization: the conflict between the two experimenters as to who was running the show, the male's constantly-unlighted cigarette. And the movie taught me some things; it's a movie high schools should bus the brats to en masse, I think. ((I believe the reason for 2001's great success with fans is very simple: it contains vast servings of "sense of wonder"—the very thing that enchanter most people into fandom and the thing that goes back when, created fandom in the first place. "Charly", on the other hand, was just well done mundania; science fiction only by a technicality.))

Gem Carr: consider Charly a lost soul, and the experimenters organized religion, and... what'sa got? The whole ball of wax candles, right?

Oh gosh, Steve Fabian is superb; yours are lovely, and have you seen his cover and centerfold in SFR #30? ((Yes, and wait'll you see what's coming up in future issues of Trumpet—some things I've been wanting to do ever since I; I just had to wait until the right artist came along.)) Love a guy who can't be categorized; the first, second, and fourth pictures in your folio remind me of Edd Cartier, while the SFR centerfold looks like Virgil Finlay.

Thanks, Peter Singleton. BRRRR! Naturally I found this fascinating (as dimlight more than Evers, elsewhere), and superbly, rather objectively well-written. Tom: you failed to tell us: did the event in the newspaper clipping appear after Singleton wrote you his letter?

(What letter? the one in 13? If so, yes, you mean the article itself, the article was included with it.)

Pardon me—I want to go back and gaze at the cover some more.

The Hugos in 1972 will be decided by the Con program—chairman. Can Dallascon top that in '73? (The hotel desk-clerk, maybe).

((Have about just awarding the Hugos to the Nebula winners and save all the worry. The Nebulas seem to be influencing the voting more and more.))

Mind if I tear up a Trumpet to put Bok on the wall? ((Keep that up and you won't be in the next issue either.))

RICHARD HODGENS  
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Glen Ridge, NJ 07028

Evidently those elves have been working night and day as well. Bok was especially worth waiting for,—not only his pictures, but his verbal imajmag, too.

Poor Bok, poor sf, poor Modern Art... We have been unreasonably

fortunate; there's excellent art on old pulp; though the originals may be scattered and lost... Bok's complaint about the quality of reproduction is ironic. Look at most of the prozines, now,—leaving aside the question of the quality of most illustration to begin with. Emil Petaja is to be thanked, and so are you.

As for Modern Art, I wonder why Bok's paintings were not shown, and sold and shown again. As far as I can judge from what I've seen of his work in color—your cover, some prozine covers (especially for del Rey's FANTASY), and some book jackets (especially for Fantasy Press),—I would have expected him to have more success, or should I say, some success. Couldn't he pass as a surrealist? But then, Surrealism was at a low ebb in the 'forties and 'fifties. And I suppose his work was deficient in pornography and horror, anyway,—work too aesthetic and amiable for Surrealist taste.

Harlan Ellison's review of 2001 is better than G. Harry Stine's.

Alex Eisenstein analyzes the conclusion more carefully than any other I've seen, and his conclusion ("The sequence in the elegantly repulsive rooms is simply a demonstration...") is an illuminating interpretation—not in the tiresome sense, if your interpretation is valid for you, it is a valid interpretation. That's invalid dogma. Rather, those who respond to the sequence probably are responding (unconsciously, maybe, and not solely) to what Alex sees in it. Here, Alex is apparently the most conscious reviewer so far. I don't agree with everything else he says. I am not competent to dispute some of his points, and I'm not going to dispute some others... After all, he has that intimidating interruptible style. I look forward to Part II.

Gerrold: Children have enough to worry about (remember?) without stag movies, too. Incidentally, the fallacy that more real pornography might replace the covert pornography of violence seems to have been disproved in theater, film and literature, where more and more explicit normal sexuality is simply accompanied by more and more explicit—and explicitly sexual—violence. Not that I'm against all pornography for adults...

Hickey: "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 Man of Steel's revision of the myth ("The sex wasn't the sin, it was the fact that they formed the first organization.") is amusing, but where did he get the myth in the first place? It is an interpretation, and while I know it is an ancient one, I wonder how common it is or ever was. Maybe I should say, it is a misinterpretation, by some rabbi or priest as devious (if not "psychotic") as Freud.

Offut: Freud was not "psychotic." He was just a critic. And although one may call Gibbon "a highly glibbie gossip-repeater", because we do have the gossip he repeated, one may not add, "Along with Mark, Luke, Matthew and John", because we do not.

Sneary is a gossip-inventor. I was not at the Baycon. I doubt I have imposters. If I had been there, I would not have apologized to Sneary. And no good imposter of mine would have done so, either. I might have said hello, however. I am not very angry, and in my opinion I'm not mad at all. Sneary continues to question my health. I continue to refrain from questioning Sneary's.

Peter Singleton's "Purple Hearts" is probably the most important thing in Trumpet. It certainly is the most moving.

You're right about the movies. For years, as readers who also like movies hardly could stand it. Why doesn't Pal do it again? Why



doesn't Korda? Why doesn't Lang? Why... This year, we've seen a number of major ad films, all different, one great. And this year some fans are suggesting: No Award! Sour grapes, ingratitude, or whatever... Of course, Awards only mean: A certain number of people liked this more than they liked some other things. And in "Drama", the Hugo can not have much, if any, commercial reward, it seems to me. But it will be shameful stupidity if 2001 does not win. While the Times and the Academy may notice no

more than the special effects, one expects more intelligence in fandom.

NED BROOKS  
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Just got TRUMPET #9 - wow! I saw in DaSFS Journal that it had been published, figured I had missed it. I never did get DCB—just for that I'll vote for Atlanta or something... (I checked the mailing list for the Bulletin and your name was definitely on it. So far, about four

people who knew they were getting one have written that theirs never arrived. I'm sure that the P.O. looks upon third class bulk mailings as little better than waste paper and make only a minimal effort to see that it is delivered. The second issue may get through alive and well.)

You are right about Bode! for fanartist Hugo, though Kirk will probably come close—but CANDY was a much better film than any of those you list. (I haven't seen CANDY but you're the first person I've heard of who actually liked it.)

Did you have to tell me that Tim Kirk is doing a Gormenghast folio? Couldn't you have let it be a surprise? Now I will have to worry about it until it makes it safely cross-country!

andy offutt—by Our Man Flint, out of Ayn Rand... I don't believe it. I don't put a lot of stock in hypnotism either. Offutt's article on it sounds like the standard line from the Rensselaer and such-like ads in the cheaper magazines. Why not go whole hog? Walter Breen, whose opinion I generally respect, wrote recently that if a hypnotized subject were told there was a brick wall across the middle of the room, and hit it with his fist, his hand would bleed real blood from hitting the imaginary wall. Apparently the hypnosis extends right down to the molecular level... (That should be easy enough to prove—or disprove. Maybe Breen and Offutt should get together as a con and have a hypnotic battle.) Offutt's brand of hypnotism is much easier—if it doesn't work he can always claim that you didn't have enough 'faith'.

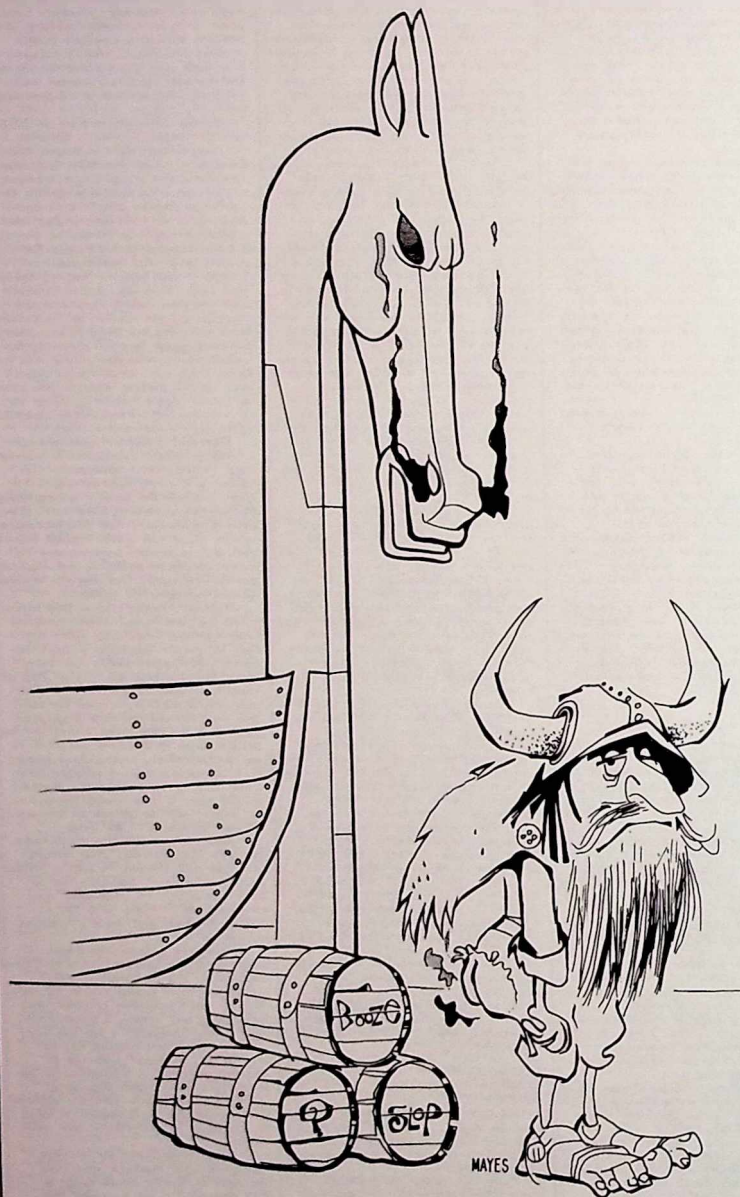
Gerrold's article is funny, but I doubt many of us are astounded by the discovery that Lord of the Rings is fantasy and Star Trek isn't what it ought to be. And no matter how good it was, it would still attract the hordes of uncritical admirers that Gerrold objects to. But I don't think he really need worry about that nightmare of his coming true—to inspire the devotion he speaks of does require some minimum of quality. There was never any such fuss over Lost in Space. What fans always tend to forget is that fandom, large as it is getting, is still not large enough to support any significant commercial endeavor. The vast majority of the books and magazines are bought by non-fans, and the vast majority of the Star Trek audience is non-fans. This does not justify the crap that makes up 99% of TV time, but it does explain it—if you can sell the soap with crud, why go to the infinite pains of creating something good? Sturgeon's Law is the description of the inevitable condition in a mass culture—90% of everything is crud.

Ellison is completely right about 2001 I'm afraid. ((Philistine!)) Still, it's worth seeing, if only so you can enjoy the reviews. I don't agree with him about the computer not knowing Dullea could use the emergency hatch. My impression was that the computer knew the Dullea would have to spend some time in hard vacuum without his helmet (that's what I can't accept—a spaceman going out without his helmet in the first place), and that the emergency hatch (quite reasonably) was not under the computer's control. All in all, the film is a disappointment. ((Only to someone who thought CANDY was great.)) A couple of halfway decent actors would have improved it a lot.

Febian's art is good, but it lacks something that make Bok and Kirk and Bode great. ((It lacks a totally unique style which Bok, Kirk and Bode have. You can recognize any of them at twenty paces in a dim light. But a unique style has its disadvantages: it seems to eliminate a middle ground in viewers; it's either worshipped or detested.)) The folio on page 42 annoys me—besides the triteness of it, I find it hard to believe that the small spikes of rock that the lady in distress is climbing on, and the much larger peaks in the background, would have exactly the same structure and appearance.

Peter Singleton's article was a shock. I had always assumed that his hospital address was because he was an invalid of some kind. He is certainly one of fandom's better writers. I am glad he felt he could write us the truth and that you printed it.

I will be looking forward to those Gormenghast folios by Kirk.







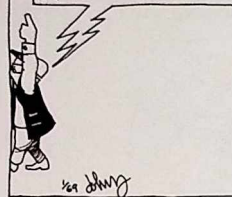


THE LITTLE GREEN DINOSAUR by Johnny Chambers

ALL YOU @\*#!?!! COMIC STRIP STARS ARE ALL THE \*-P@!! SAME...



ABUSING YOUR PRIVILEGE OF COMMUNICATION WITH YOUR @\*#!?!! VIOLENCE!!

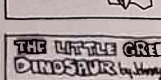


BUT BY @\*#!?!! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT ANYMORE... NOT WITH FIREN BARNSTONE YOUR NEW @\*#!?!! CENSOR!

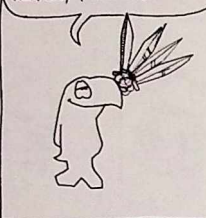


the adventures of...

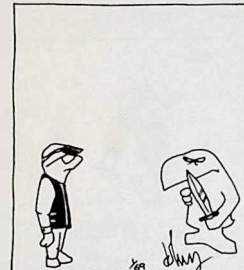
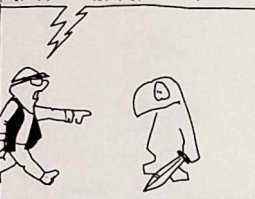
...AND NOW, IN SPITE OF INTERROGATIONS, WE WILL CONTINUE WITH MY LECTURE ON MED-EVIL WEAPONRY...



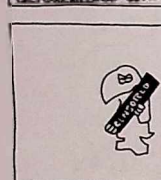
...WITH THIS CLASSIC MEDIEVAL WEAPON, THE BROADSWORD!



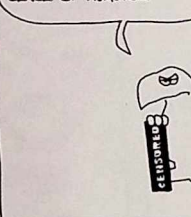
GOOD GR! ALMIGHTY! VIOLENCE INCARNATE!! YOU CAN'T BRING THAT @\*#!?!! MACHETTE IN HERE! NOT WHILE I'M YOUR @\*#!?!! CENSOR!



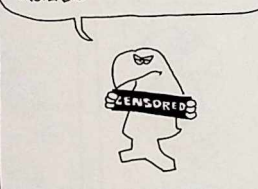
the adventures of...



I HAVE A CENSOR WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR...



SINCE, AS HE SAYS, BROADSWORDS ARE VIOLENCE INCARNATE, I MUST USE THIS 'CENSORED' SIGN INSTEAD...



...AND IF HE EVER SHOWS HIS ~~CENSORED~~ ~~CENSORED~~ AROUND HERE AGAIN I'LL ~~CENSORED~~ HIS ~~CENSORED~~ ALL TO ~~CENSORED~~...



the adventures of...



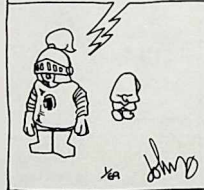
WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS? WHY'D EVERYTHING GO DARK? WHO? WHY? HOW? WHAT?



THAT WAS A WARNING! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOUR THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN RUNNING @\*#!?!! IT! BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, OR...



HEY! HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, I'M YOUR GR!! CENSOR! C'MON! GET ME OUTTA THIS @\*#!?!!



the adventures of...



UM... UGH... UGH... MAAAAH

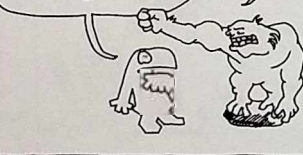


SAY THERE! DO YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THAT ROCK YOU WILL BE ABLE TO LIFT IT EASIER...



ARE YOU TRYIN' 'A MAKE A FOOL OUTTA ME??

I SIR! GOOD HEAVENS, I NEVER TRY TO INTERFERE WITH NATURE!



# COOL HAND TOD

James Michael Martin

It was almost midnight. The three of us—John, Buck, and I—were a bit juiced after a good four hours of lushing it. I thought of simply going to bed, but decided what the hell? It isn't every day I get to Fort Worth to see old buddies. Having no set himself, John suggested we go to Buck's to watch the TV late show. What's playing? Buck wondered. A Tod Slaughter film, said John. Buck's eyes lit up. "No!" he exclaimed.

They were playing a game, I thought. Buck and John pretending that there was something important about this man named Slaughter. What an absurd name, Tod Slaughter! What kind of a name is that? I decided to humor them, to feign interest in this Slaughter character. The three of us traipsed over to Buck's place, Scotch bottles in hands, to catch Tod in a flick entitled (gosharootie!) *The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*. On went the set; drinks were poured, and there we were, waiting through the waning five minutes of "Late Hour News." News out; fade in "Late Show" title; fade out "Late Show" title; fade in Tod Slaughter.

I retched, I gagged, I groaned. What was wrong with my friends? Had they no taste? Slaughter appeared to be about fifty, obese as hell, and about as believable as Don Ameche. So I passed the time by making jokes, distracting as best I could, angry that I was being put on. I prayed the TV would croak by the end of the next commercial. And the next... and the next... But, no. I had to sit there and watch until the far-off end, all the doings of the mad barber, Sweeny Todd (Slaughter), sharpening his bloody razor and looking down at his next "customer" (a euphemism for victim), saying "I'll polish you off in

no time at all." Grinning like a possum, the old devil would then tiptoe to the wall, pull a switch, and watch the barber chair flip over, dumping the "customer" headlong into the cellar below.

In spite of my behavior that night (which was really inexcusable of me; one should never bother anyone who's enjoying and art form, no matter what one may think of its quality; aesthetics always seem to boil down to matters of personal taste), I rather enjoyed "The Demon Barber." And I discovered myself, months later (back in Los Angeles, now) thinking about that huge, pompous old lout—with his bombastic, seemingly anachronistic acting style (the declamatory)—a practitioner of a school of thespianism which was enjoying its heyday late in the 19th Century. Too, I was troubled. The experience of first seeing a Slaughter film, then thinking on it for a while, was not unlike sampling a good bottle of wine: there is both a joy in the recollection and a disturbing, uneasy thirst for another bottle of the same vintage. Imagine my surprise when I discovered, upon glancing through the *Times* television guide, that a 2 a.m. late, late show would be playing another of Slaughter's films, *Never Too Late to Mend*. I waited up for it, settled back into an easy chair, and watched carefully as Slaughter wove his peculiar magic into the fabric of an absurd melodrama. It was like Olivier doing a villain in a Bond film. No, it was better. When the "End" title came on the screen, I had made up my mind: Tod Slaughter was a man of undiscovered, unfortunately forgotten genius, a man whose art was appreciated in his own time only by the unselfconscious working classes of England, and by hardly anyone, it seemed, today. During the next year or so, always on the same Los Angeles TV

station (Channel 11, KTTV, an independent which, I later learned, has the prints on lease from a New York distributor), I was able to watch nearly all of Slaughter's performances on film. Each of them, in its own special way, is a work of great art—and always only because of the performance of Slaughter.

I began to do research on Slaughter. I learned almost nothing from most histories of British film and theatre, yet friends had told me Slaughter had been a veteran of the stage long before coming to the screen. Finally, I came across the British *Who's Who in the Theatre*, which offered a small biography. Tod Slaughter, it said, was born N. Carter Slaughter on March 19 (a Pisces: probably strong in deductive reasoning, self control, and intuitive power) 1885 in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne. He attended the Royal Grammar School there, married Jenny Lynn (who later acted with him), and made his stage debut at the age of 20 at the Grand Theatre, West Hartlepool. After a stint in the service, Slaughter returned to the stage as actor, manager, director, and, sometimes writer. During the man's lifetime, he appeared in more than 500 plays, skits, and films. He was never interested in the more "traditional" dramatic vehicles of the English stage, but preferred, always, simple melodramas, in which he always played the villain. Perhaps he was best suited for this genre, owing to his enormous physical stature and his "heavy" bearing. Slaughter did radio work in the 30's, and appeared in his first film in 1935, a piece known as *Maria Martin, or Murder in the Red Barn*, in which he plays a murderous brute who strangles, stabs, and shoots Maria—all in the same scene. (At least, this is how it was done on stage; in the film, because of the medium's imposed realism,





None of Tod Slaughter's leading ladies ever amounted to much. They merely had to look pretty—and virginal—and leave the rest up to the redoubtable Mr. Slaughter. This is Hilary Eaves in *MARIA MARTIN*.



Slaughter with his mysterious half-brother "The Wolf" at the climax of *THE FACE AT THE WINDOW*.

it is made considerably less harrowing.) From 1935 until 1948, Slaughter appeared in eleven features and featurettes (those short dramatic pictures British studios hacked out to fill their "quotas" for a certain year).

I met Richard Whitehall, who writes film criticism for the *Free Press* and *Open City* newspapers here, and he told me that as a child, growing up in England, he had seen Slaughter both on the stage and in films. Whitehall, who says he is from a "working class family," told me that his dad never cared for traveling theatrical companies, because they only presented Shakespeare and other "stuffy" dramatic fare. But his father never missed an appearance of Slaughter, joining the ranks of hundreds who packed the small, provincial theatres to watch melodrama—a genre always dear to the hearts of the proletariat. Whitehall also told me that his parents were reluctant to allow his attendance at Slaughter's productions, as everyone knew of their notoriously gory aspects. Particularly *Sweeney Todd* (or, *The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*), he said. Todd the barber polishes off his victims, leaving the bodies for Mrs. Lovatt (played, on the stage, incidentally, by Jenny Lynn, Mrs. Tod Slaughter) to butcher and bake into meat pies! Well, the police got onto this near the end of the play when somebody discovers a collar button in a pie. How devilish!

I asked Whitehall if anyone actually believed in the productions. "Of course," he said. People were scared to death! It was amazing how Slaughter hypnotized audiences, putting them on the edges of their seats. But Slaughter "was never a West End act, or for that matter never respectfully admired by the respectable. His richness wasn't for the martini mob but for those who belched over beer and pickled onions—music hall, working class people who are, unfortunately, practically non-existent now. Where one week it would be jugglers and acrobats and double-entendre comedians, next week it would be Tod Slaughter and his company of barnstormers for a nightly change of melodrama."

Part of Slaughter's greatness, no

doubt, lay in his uncanny knowledge of his audiences. He chose to perform melodramas because he knew "his" people loved them. And he chose to play them not as trivia but as art for a mass audience. In the same way, D.W. Griffith made films for the common man. Slaughter did with modern melodrama what Hugo sought with his *Hemlock*: to remove commonplace plots and themes from a level of self-parody and elevate them to almost the status of a new genre. Once we set aside our snobbish notions of what art "is" (I defy anyone to answer that question), Slaughter becomes marvelously entertaining and aesthetically satisfying as well. We become absorbed by the stylization of the acting, by the conventions of his performances. Sure, the dialogue is a bit absurd; the situations are preposterous, and the characters are always shamelessly Victorian (even to the point of skepticism toward anything scientific). But these elements only make Slaughter's films more enchanting and thoroughly enjoyable today. But we must drop, as I said, the masks of aesthetic sophistication which we wear when we see a Bergman or a Fellini; once we forget pretension and intellectuality, Slaughter takes on a certain magic, a powerful, concentrated and sustained poetry of the grotesque. As William K. Everson, the critic, has written, Slaughter played his roles "well enough for them to be accepted on their own merits, or, if one chose, as uproarious comedies."

And Slaughter is funny; indeed, he's a gas. In one of his best films, *The Crimes of Stephen Hawke*, there is a long, sustained passage of dialogue full of the most funky double entendre, punning and word-play—the sort of lines which only an actor of Slaughter's talent could bring to the screen with wit. Upon meeting a detestable rogue who wants to marry his daughter, Slaughter (as Stephen Hawke, a "kindly money lender" who is really the "spine-breaker"), suggests they discuss the matter at length at a later time convenient to them both.

SUITOR: So further discussion is in order, sir?

HAWKE: Naturally. Then, we can

come to grips with the matter.

SUITOR: Good; then we can clinch the bargain, eh?

HAWKE: Clinch is the word, sir.

SUITOR: Then, you'll back me up?

HAWKE: Definitely, I'll be right behind you.

Later on, Hawke uses his gargantuan hands to break the rogue's neck.

Slaughter has every characteristic of a modern cultist personality on the order of W. C. Fields or Humphrey Bogart. Like Fields, his movies are full of ridiculous character names: Sir Percival Blyde, Chevalier del Gardo, Dr. Isadore Fosco, Squire Meadows, Sweeney Todd, Michel Lerand, and (imagine Slaughter in a minister's outfit) the Rev. Darcy Smith. And, like Bogart and Fields, Slaughter is full of aphorisms and bits of wit and wisdom. For example: "Fine feathers make fine birds," "It's the spirit that counts" (referring, of course, to booze), "Let's get down to the meat of the thing" (discussing a brutal murder), "I'll polish you off quite nicely" (Sweeney Todd to a prospective victim), "You never know your fate" (to a victim), "You have a beautiful throat for a razor, sir," "The sooner you learn to keep your mouth shut, the luckier you'll be," "I'll feed your entrails to the pigs," "After 20 years in the wilds, I feel the need of a wife's comfort and companionship," "Upon my soul, you're a delightful little baggage," "I'm a mind to shake the breath out of your greasy little body," "Get out—or I'll set the dogs on you," "So...you wanted to be a bride, huh? Well you shall be...a bride of death!" Or these: "I like women of spirit," "Oh, heaven preserve me from doing business with women," "I never trust a tee-totaler," "One never knows what may happen to us tomorrow," and "Cruelty was never a part of my nature."

Only Slaughter could deliver such lines and make them great, just as only his appearance in the films enabled them to "work" dramatically speaking. Were he absent from their *mise-en-scene*, the structure would crumble and become repugnant to our sensibilities. But, in



Slaughter, breaking a spine, in THE CRIMES OF STEPHEN HAWKE.



Slaughter's inevitable mad scene; this one from THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

every mannerism, in every gesture, Slaughter is a fascinating figure to watch. His character traits alone, his stage tricks, his bits of "business" captivate the imagination. His characteristic gestures and movements include an occasional snap of the fingers, a wicked, beautiful laugh; and a slight upward bounce as he walks, (he often seems pompous, but only because he is a *parvenu* in a very pompous, middle-class—and occasionally, aristocratic—milieu, an admittedly absurd figure in a landscape of absurdity, where everyone thinks one is so rational, so proper). Also part of Slaughter's bag of stage tricks were his sly grin; a chilling, deathly cold stare, and a frequent pursing of the lips. It was of paramount importance to the declamatory school of acting (that which Slaughter perfected) that every word, every syllable and word-ending, be enunciated with enormous care and precision. Note during any Slaughter film how he hisses final "S's"—a habit he picked up, no doubt, from his years of experience on the stage, where speeches had to be delivered not only for the more affluent patrons in the front, but also to those less fortunate, for the "little-old-lady-in-the-last-row," as is said. Slaughter also demonstrates fantastic mastery of stage "business"—those little bits of action which make a performance great. Albert Basserman, the famous German actor, was fond of a show-stopping routine of taking off his gloves in total silence (thus creating a lull which could prove disastrous to the pace of a play); he managed to move with such grace that the audience patiently, attentively waited, mesmerized by the hands and gloves, enjoying every second of the "bit." Slaughter proves himself as capable when he does a glove removal in *The Face at the Window*. His handling of this trick is superb.

Today, perhaps much more than when they were made, Slaughter's films are important works of art. Not because they fit into the category of "camp," though. (They perhaps do fit the category, but there is no reason why we have to view the films thusly.) It is

characteristic of our times that we admire villainy and find Slaughter not villainous, really, but marvellously heroic in a way. Yes, his monstrous crimes indict him to some degree as a sadistic brute. But we always recognize in Slaughter either the social or moral *parvenu* which we would all perhaps become. In the consciences of many men today, there is a more or less conscious desire to be of the oppressed, to be an underdog. It is rather a masochistic urge, perhaps, but at times a healthy and a righteous one. Art helps us, at times, to join the ranks of the oppressed, if only for a couple of hours inside the darkness of a movie theatre or a playhouse. But there is, today, a growing Cult of the Victim, a movement in the arts calculated to "win" our sympathies by playing on our feelings of victimization by forces we feel to be lurking beyond reach, beyond change by even popular dissent. Unfortunately, many artists of today shift emphasis from the direct causes of our dissatisfaction to an almost mythical realm of oppression. This is what happens in the movie *Cool Hand Luke*. It is hokey, I think, and unnecessarily sentimental—to maudlinness. Luke, sitting there in the church (could the Christ symbolism be any more apparent than here?), waiting to "die for our sins," becomes God-like, an extension, perhaps of the myths in which we enshrine our culture heroes. Slaughter, however, refused to be victimized; he was an anarchial figure pitted against phony "righteousness"—as much against what Luke stands for as he is against any sort of Establishment. Slaughter never became a part of the cult of the victim, but remained outside of it, choosing, instead, to whittle away at the Established Order—from within. And when he played an Establishment figure—such as Squire Meadows in *Never Too Late to Mend*—it was only to show us how corrupt are the doings of "righteous" men when contrasted with the actions of a madman such as himself. Slaughter refused to be victimized, refused to take anything sitting down. He always played an outsider in some form; it was the Establishment gargoyles he victim-

ized. *Cool Hand Luke* is an innocuous *melo-drama* which lulls liberal consciences into acceptance of the status quo, into a feeling of well being in a world which is decidedly the opposite. Once we leave the theatre, we can forget men like Luke. But I should hope that we would remember Cool Hand Tod. Luke, we are shown, is "good-at-heart"; rebellion, for him, is but an expression of hostility. (What is accomplished, really, by cutting off the heads of parking meters? It is only an anti-social act, another means of insuring our emotional identification with Luke.) Slaughter is NOT "good-at-heart," not righteous. He is, to the contrary, profoundly, beautifully evil. We are all, all of us, a bit evil, though we prefer to masquerade in the guise of righteousness in what we do. This is what Dr. Wilhelm Stekel has called our "lying view of the world," a view which makes Luke a totally phony figure. So, welcome Cool Hand Tod. Tod bugs the Establishment, but not directly, for he takes the Establishment for granted and proceeds from there. Slaughter films are politically insignificant and therefore artistically sublime. What difference does it make that socialist art alarms us to the faults of man, to man's so-called "injustices to man"? What is accomplished by its "realism"? To plunge the world into Slaughterian madness would be the only good. For Slaughter always portrayed madmen; and madmen do nothing immoral—as they have no reasons, no causes for their actions. It is the man who reasons who is evil in his destruction—whether it is strangulation or napalm. There is nothing cruel—nothing "evil" or immoral—about the crimes of the insane, for they do not act out of compassion for ideals or values. We must watch the films of Slaughter with a sense of mad anarchy, with a sense of madness and of the absurd. With, too, a sincere hatred for pretense and purpose.

Tod Slaughter died in Derby on February 19, 1958. He was there to perform in *Maria Martin*; a dedicated professional, his tired heart gave out during a final revival of one of his old favorites.



# Tod Slaughter: a filmography



(Dates of productions are approximate, as there is very little information available, and some prints may even have been lost.)

## 1935. MARIA MARTIN, or MURDER IN THE RED BARN.

Based on a play, author unknown. Released by Olympic Films, Ltd. (probably early in 1936.) Director: Milton Rosmer.

The Squire..... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Maria..... HILARY EAVES  
Servant Girl..... SOPHIE STEWART

## 1936. NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Released by Reliable Films, Ltd. Based on a play after the book by Charles Reade. Directed by David Macdonald. Photographed by Lane Glendenning. Assistant Director: Smedley Aston.

Squire Meadows..... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Tom Robinson..... JACK LIVESAY  
Susan Merton..... MARJORIE TAYLOR  
Colin..... GEORGE FIELDING

## 1938. THE CRIMES OF STEPHEN HAWKE.

Released by Reliable. Director: George King. Shot at Sound City Studios in Shepperton. Based on a play by Frederick Hayward.

Stephen Hawke (and the "Spine Breaker").  
..... TOD SLAUGHTER  
His daughter..... MARJORIE TAYLOR  
The Boy-friend..... ERIC PORTMAN

## 1939. SWEENEY TODD, or THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET.

Released by Select Attractions, Ltd. Director: George King.

Sweeney Todd..... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Heroine..... EVE LISTER

## 1940. THE CRIMES AT THE DARK HOUSE.

A British Lion Film Production. Director: George King.

Sir Percival Blyde.... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Dr. Isadore Fosco..... HAY PETRIE  
Heroine..... SYLVIA MARRIOTT

## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

An Arthur Ziehm Release. British Lion Film Productions. Director: George King. Based on a play by Brooke Warren.

Chevalier del Gardo... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Cecile..... MARJORIE TAYLOR  
Lucien Cortiere..... JOHN WARWICK

## 1941. THE HOODED TERROR.

(Release date approximate.) Director: George King.

Michel Lerand (also known as "The Snake," "The Hooded Terror," and "The Rev. Darcy Smith")..... TOD SLAUGHTER

## 1942. THE VENGEANCE OF MAGNUS VANN

(Release date approximate. Nothing is known about this film. No research materials available.)

## 1946. THE CURSE OF THE WRAYDONS.

Based on Slaughter's own play, "Spring-Heeled Jack." Produced by Gilbert Church. Director: Victor M. Gover. An Ambassadors Film Release.

Phillip Wraydon..... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Capt. Jack Wraydon..... BRUCE SETON  
George Heeningham..... ANDREW LAWRENCE  
George Wraydon..... BARRY O'NEILL  
Rose Wraydon..... PEARL CAMERON  
Helen Sedgfield..... LORRAINE CLEWES

## 1947. BOTHERED BY A BEARD.

(Quota film, or featurette.) Written and directed by E. V. Emmett. Photography: Jack Rose.

CAST: Tod Slaughter, Jerry Verno, John Salew, and Dorothy Bramhill.

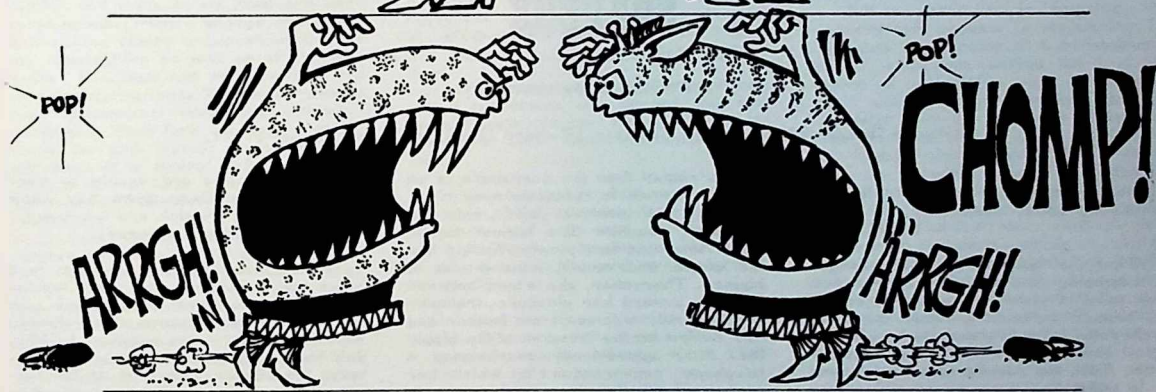
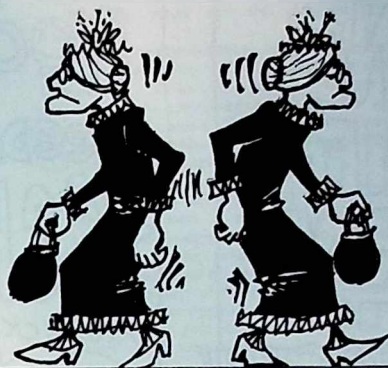
## 1948. THE GREED OF WILLIAM HART.

Produced by Gilbert Church. Directed by Oswald Mitchell. Made at Bushey Studios. An Ambassadors Film. Length: 7,005 feet.

Hart..... TOD SLAUGHTER  
Moore..... HENRY OSCAR  
Helen..... JENNY LYNN  
Meg Hart..... WINIFRED MELVILLE

(Note: Jenny Lynn is Mrs. Tod Slaughter)

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URP.



THE END



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## the PORNOGRAPHIC SOAPBOX

Phyllis Eisenstein

a review of *The Love Tribe* by Peggy Swenson (Richard Geis); Brandon House, \$1.25.

"To be smut it must be utterly without redeeming social importance."

—Tom Lehrer

There is always a certain danger in assuming that a writer agrees with any point of view presented in one of his books, particularly when the book is narrated in the first person by a character obviously not identical with the author. Too, the pornographer's intention is to titillate as many as possible of the browsers who randomly open his book at the newsstands, as well as to entertain his regular following. He must employ devices which he knows—from experience or research—will elicit the proper reactions, regardless of the extent to which he approves of or agrees with them. He idealizes certain things, debases others, not because of taboo or personal prejudice but for reasons of effectiveness. *The Love Tribe* contains sexuality geared to the heterosexual crowd (that is, sado-masochism, fetishism and bestiality are omitted), liberally interlarded with observations, opinions, and pronouncements. Whether any or all of these are specifically Dick

Geis's rather than the narrator's is an issue I hesitate to speculate upon.

The plot involves Juli Lund, the narrator, daughter of a typical middle class American family, who, finding her life stupid and empty, joins a tribe of hippies. Thereafter, she is torn between her duty toward her alcoholic, tranquilizer-hooked, suicide-prone mother and her desire for the freedom of the hippie life. After conveniently overhearing a telephone conversation in which her mother admits that the suicide attempts were fakes engineered to keep Juli at home, the girl walks out to live happily ever after with the tribe.

The Establishment comes in for a lot of knocks in this book:

Juli: Mother, you're trapped in a way of life that doesn't make any sense. Dad manages an appliance store and sells plastic junk to people just like you who don't need nine-tenths of that stuff. They buy it because they're told to buy it on TV and in magazines and newspapers." (p.40)

Zeke (leader of the tribe): "They know... they know... their world, their sys-

tem, their lies are unable to stand examination. Deep down they know their values are sick and inhumane." (p.182, author's ellipses)

Having left behind a mother who hates sex, a father who visits topless bars for relief, and a boyfriend who "Always got embarrassed when I showed any real interest in his genitals" (p.10), Juli finds a sympathetic environment among the hippies. But what do the hippies have to offer? To be sure, they don't use any of the plastic junk Juli decries, but neither do they use soap, apparently. They are scavengers, living off the throw-aways of the rest of society. But, to quote the cop on page 103, "You call this living?" Even Juli, whose song extolling hippie virtues got her into the tribe, can't help but see a bit of sordidness in the hippie house:

The bedding was rumpled and sour smelling. (p.34)

[Owl (with whom Juli is particularly in love) wore] dirty cut-off jeans for months at a time without washing them. (p.118)

[In the kitchen Juli notices] the grease-dripped side of the old gas stove. (p. 52)

In his review of *Garbage World* in *SFR* 28, Geis indicates that our society has a psychologically unhealthy cleanliness fetish. Dirt is the prime characteristic of the hippie way of life, which is presented as a desirable alternative to the society which "glopped on the aftershave, rolled on the Right Guard, and chewed breath mints." (p. 45) The fact that waste products and putrescent food breed flies, lice, roaches, and disease is totally ignored. In view of this attitude, though, how can the author justify the scrupulousness with which Juli and the hippies clean up after intercourse? For instance, at the orgy:

Someone had even been practical and thoughtful by laying out a supply of small towels. . . . It signified acceptance of sex and the bodily functions that sex involves. (p. 185)

This signifies, I think, not an acceptance of bodily functions—they'd be accepted more fully if they let themselves dribble all over the floor—but an obsession with the removal of bodily effluvia that is quite as strong as the mania of the society they scorn.

One attitude, though, that the hippies do not share with the Establishment and which sets this book apart from the bulk of pornography, is their attitude toward sex. Most pornographic novels treat sex between anyone but married couples (and sometimes even then) as sordid, sinful, and sick. Withholding of sex, infidelity, and even the act itself are used as weapons. People engage in furtive, guilt-ridden affairs to punish each other and themselves as well as to find new thrills. Men beat and rape women, and occasionally vice versa. They suffer trauma over homosexual interludes and auto-eroticism. They lurk in cheap motels, hoping for and fearing exposure. The last page of a typical old-line pornographic novel finds most of the characters sunk neck-deep in self-recrimination.

*The Love Tribe* scorns this attitude in various blasts aimed at the Establishment (including a short Socratic dialogue, led by Zeke, on "Fuck... a four-letter symptom of the Establishment hang-up." p. 21) and treats sex as a healthy game, whether homo- hetero- or auto-erotic. "I don't think anything is wrong as long as it feels good. I don't believe in 'sin' at all, at least not in sex," (p. 136) says Robin. "...while I had been with the tribe I had slowly learned to accept my sexuality, almost to glory in it, to let go and express honest lust when I felt it," (p. 121) says Juli, who has leapt wholeheartedly into the orgasmic life of the tribe.

The book contains one allusion to the other kind of pornography: by threatening to withhold her favors, Juli forces David to abase himself and perform actions he dislikes. Realizing with horror that she is setting foot on the road to her mother's sort of existence, Juli experiences a moment of self-loathing and then vows never to act that way again. David, of course, having been less than

a man for a few minutes, gets bounced; his type could never be—or want to be—a hippie. With his love for automobile front seats, fast feels, and lewd sneers, he belongs back with the old-line pornography.

In spite of the lauding of hippie practices, *The Love Tribe* contains a strong anti-LSD bias. Zeke, the father figure of the tribe, disapproves of all drugs except as medication. Owl is shown having an acid flare-up and a bad trip. Juli herself remarks:

I had taken a trip, and I knew the territory, and I didn't want to go back again—ever. The audio-visual-sensual show was fine, a groove, but the intensified emotional world—the eruption of fears and hang-ups from dark corners and layers of the mind—was too much of a price. I didn't want to pay it again. (p. 89)

Although there's a certain amount of police-dodging involved in having LSD on the premises, Zeke never forbids Owl (and Robin) to use it. Blackbird, however—the male negro member of the gang—presents another kind of drug problem: he pushes speed (and other things, apparently). This is a greater source of trouble than a couple of people taking acid cubes once in a while. Eventually, Blackbird is ostracized, not just for peddling but because he puts his own welfare ahead of the tribe's. From one of his many outside affairs, he contracts gonorrhea and passes it to the others. He talks black nationalism constantly and blames every tribe decision that goes against him on racism. He rapes Juli—that is, although he has a "right" to her by tribe rules, he takes her when she doesn't want him to. Whatever he may have been before Juli met him, he is a rotten bastard now.

Juli's attitude toward Blackbird remains consistent; she doesn't like him because he's a negro. Practically every word she says about him drips revulsion:

His wide negroid lips were a physical shock—coming down on me—warm and ugly and hard—and I closed my eyes to shut out his gloating eyes, challenging eyes, staring. (p. 57)

I hoped the Enovid's were working. (p. 59)—at no other time does she worry about the efficacy of her birth control pills.)

She tries to delude herself that she hates him because of his personality. Every time she inadvertently mentions his negro-ness as the source of her attitude, she immediately compensates with some non-color-oriented justification.

I didn't dig the idea of having a brown baby... Blackbird's child. I didn't like him. (p. 80)

It's the brown baby she doesn't dig. Significantly, Blackbird is the only member of the tribe who does not give Juli an orgasm. Is this a case of Geis pandering to a readership that considers

a black man a sexual rival and therefore applauds his denigration?

Blackbird is the epitome of all the worst aspects of black nationalism. He hates whites violently and wants what they have desperately—big homes, swimming pools, white women. He's trying mightily to get plenty of the latter, at least, which is how he caught gonorrhea, and he has an inflated opinion of the degree to which white women desire his body. Even within the tribe he continually reminds Sparrow, the negro woman of the group, that she's black first and tribe second, which is quite the opposite of what Zeke preaches.

Sparrow is a total contrast to Blackbird—sweet, gentle, loving, helpful. The two of them are in constant conflict, tossing authentic-sounding lower class negro dialect back and forth; this conflict culminates in a beautifully-written threat scene:

Blackbird: I'm gone cut off you n—tit and stuff it up you n— cunt.

Sparrow: You stupid mothah! You touch me with that blade... (p. 116)

Sparrow and Blackbird sound as real as any of the people I knew during the years I worked in a negro slum.

One doesn't expect real people in a pornographic novel, and, indeed, some of the characters in *The Love Tribe* are very flat. Juli's parents and her boyfriend are stereotypes, foils for the hippies. Dove and Oriole, the final additions to the tribe, aren't on-stage long enough to become three-dimensional. But Zeke, Robin, Sparrow, Blackbird, Owl, and Juli herself are all much better delineated than is necessary to simply carry the pornography along. They live.

Juli in particular is amazing. Her capacity for orgasm is astonishing (as becomes the heroine of a pornographic book), even considering the kind and extent of stimulation she receives. I can't quite believe, however, that she can faint from the intensity of one climax, nor that she is able to feel a dildo "inside" her womb. The former may be possible, though unlikely, but the latter is patently absurd. The opening to the womb is far too small to admit anything of that size. Another point concerning the dildo—which mimics the form of the penis in hard but flexible rubber—is that Juli thinks it is essentially different in effect from the male organ. She worries that she'll get cancer of the cervix from using it too often, but the corollary of that notion—that she could as easily get cancer from intercourse—never occurs to her.

Pornography—there's plenty of it, well-paced, well-scattered throughout the book, containing perhaps a few too many superlatives and exclamation points. This may be s.o.p. for sexy passages, but the whole book is like that—a trifle overdone. This is evident from the passages quoted here, particularly the ones dealing with LSD and Blackbird. Words like "wild," "beautiful," and "icky" are overused, and contradictory amalgams like "pleasure-pain" and "jerky-fluid" appear. Yet, in 192 pages of small print, the novel does not seem extremely flawed stylistically; it is quite readable, even the sections which permit two-handed perusal.



Whatever Aristotle's school declare,  
Tobacco is divine, beyond compare,  
And to employ aright an idler's  
leisure,  
No sport is there that gives so  
great a pleasure.

While it's doubtful the French dramatist Pierre Corneille dangled a cigarette from his mouth as he set Don Juan to verse, the quote seems to sum up the tough year-to-year stance of the American smoker: "Keep your findings, I'll keep my habit."

Cigarette consumption is shown to be on the rise, cancer implications largely on the sly, and the public living in a divided camp trying to root up the facts. Television, with its mixed bag of tricks, hits us squarely on both fronts. Too-beautiful people in make-believe situations welcome the cigarette as a glamorous companion wherever folks are relaxing and having fun, while the dirty-minded American Cancer Society, in equally unreal situations, attempts to kick the cigarette's butt. There is even one middle-of-the-roader who encourages the viewer to send for a free pamphlet that will help him to make up his mind on the matter, and then, instead of sounding the death knell, he simply tells us, "If you must smoke, be moderate."

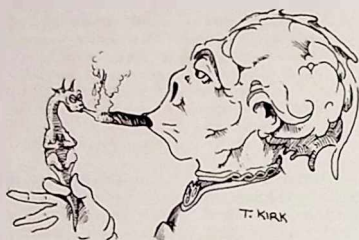
Still, the smoking public as a whole will not buy the hazard-to-health proclamation, because no amount of fast-talking seems to change an assumption into scientific fact. If anything, this striking paradox becomes evident: smokers who are genuinely concerned with their health often begin to worry about smoking, then smoke more to appease this additional anxiety. And, like the habitual alcoholic, the 3-pack a day man is able to pacify himself with the belief that at some future date he will possess sufficient will power to kick the habit for good—certainly before his health is threatened or impaired.

The nonsmoker is found with a fairly standard list of reasons for not smoking; the most popular are: a conflict with religious conviction, the fear of a hazard to health (or, in the case of ex-smokers, subscribing to a physician's advice), and in many cases a natural dislike for tobacco.

The smoker, on the other hand, mixes his feelings with a bit of home philosophy before confiding, "I smoke because I love cigarettes. If I quit, I get so nervous my skin crawls. Besides, if I don't smoke, I put on weight. And what the hell, what's life without a few simple pleasures? You know, and I know, we run a risk every day of our lives—crossing the street for example."

Any cigarette company's policy regarding the potential smoker is forced to be realistic: "If you are not a smoker, our business is not intended for you; if you are a smoker, we would like to see you use our brands." The very nonessential nature of tobacco limits its realm of appeal. The cigarette company cannot approach the man in the street with, "Light up a cigarette because they are good for you and you need to smoke."

Here, as in other types of advertising, the cigarette company's confrontation must cause the consumer to de-



## Caution: Cigarette Smoking Is Still A Burning Issue

RON WILSON

cide in his own mind that it is gratifying for him to smoke cigarettes, and in particular the company's brands. The company strives to develop a loyalty and identification for the smoker with the brand, and in these labors the cigarette industry has no equal.

Progressive Grocer lists tobacco products first in dollar sales for the grocery department alone (excluding meats, produce, dairy, frozen foods, and non-food items), and number one of the top ten producers of grocery dollar sales per linear shelf foot. Tobacco products enjoy the highest brand loyalty over any grocery product, with 80 percent of the customers choosing to go elsewhere in the event their favorite brand is out of stock.

The grocery store appears to be capturing most of the tobacco sales, and in the last ten years sales in tobacco products showed more rapid growth in grocery stores than in any other outlet. Food Topics, Sept. 1967, stated that "from 1956 through 1966, tobacco sales in all outlets reflected a 37.1% increase while sales of tobacco products in grocery stores increased by 53.4%."

Overall, the report by Surgeon General Luther H. Terry and the subsequent anti-smoking campaign has done little to affect cigarette sales. R. J. Reynolds Company, the industry's leader, saw 1967 as the largest year in the company's 92-year history, with total sales just under \$2,000,000,000. The growth trend in nation-wide cigarette consumption shows an average increase of 2% to 3% annually, indicating that Americans are smoking more than ever.

Amid its efforts to rebuff the clamor

from anti-smoking forces, the cigarette industry has come to realize that it may not be entirely alone in its desire to have the issue settled fairly for all. John C. Maxwell, Jr., in a special issue of *Printer's Ink*, speculated, "The Carrie Nation syndrome is on another binge again in the United States. Congress has decided autos are unsafe to ride; the Food & Drug Administration questions the efficacy of many drugs long on the market; and various government departments suggest that cigarettes are the cause of all the ailments of man." In *Marketing/Communications*, Nov. 1967, Maxwell, together with Gary Lessner, attacked the Federal Communications Commission ruling that television broadcasters must give time to the opponents of cigarette smoking. "This, of course, opens the door to everyone who disagrees with any product being advertised. Thus, if the ruling is upheld it would not be surprising to see such groups as the WCTU asking time to offset beer commercials and Mr. Nader rebutting General Motors' Monza ads."

Sharp criticism has been directed at the federal government for its failure to take decisive action against the cigarette industry, and in its efforts toward a rapid appeasement, mistakes have been made.

Consider the following turnabout. The Federal Trade Commission has long held that an advertising statement of the tar and nicotine content of cigarettes would be forbidden, as it might possibly be misread as a health claim. Yet early in 1967, the FTC began issuing quarterly reports on the tar and nicotine content of all brands of cigarettes. In a letter to the cigarette manufacturers, Dec. 17, 1959, the FTC stated: "We wish to advise that all representations of low or reduced tar or nicotine, whether by filtration or otherwise, will be construed as health claims... Our purpose is to eliminate from cigarette advertising representations which in any way imply health benefit." Nonetheless, within the last year the government has taken upon itself to recommend certain brands as being "safer" than others.

Another factor responsible for the government's hesitancy to enact forceful anti-cigarette legislation has been the evidence itself, or rather the lack of it. The body of vague assumptions and generalizations left Congress largely unimpressed, while the inconclusive findings and misrepresented statistics in the Administration's anti-smoking campaign actually cost it much popular appeal.

A further consideration is the amount of revenue paid by the industry. Reynolds Company, the largest member, pays the required 8¢ per pack federal tax, and manufactures enough cigarettes to set the revenue collected at \$2,000,000 each work day. Tobacco revenue is nearly the largest source of income open to the federal government, being second only to the personal income tax.

Congress found itself with little action available. A ban on cigarettes would be as improbable as another prohibition on liquor, while a restriction on broadcast advertisements, as demonstrated in England and Italy, would do nothing to stifle the sale of cigarettes.

Unexpectedly, however, the Admin-

istration sided with the cigarette industry to answer unwarranted attacks involving international trade policies, as demonstrated by a letter from Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara.

Dec. 23, 1966

Gentlemen:

I have your letter of November 14, 1966, reporting that accusations are still being made by American citizens to the effect that the importation of small quantities of oriental tobacco from Yugoslavia is supporting Communist aggression in Vietnam. Together with the Secretaries of State and Commerce, I wrote you on October 11, 1965, that "the importation of Yugoslav tobacco, which constitutes less than one percent of all tobacco used in American cigarettes, is entirely consistent with our national security."

I stand fully behind this statement today.

Moreover, the particular accusations to which you refer are distortions or at least misconceptions. Yugoslavia has provided no arms or other military supplies to North Vietnam. It has no trade relations with North Vietnam, nor do Yugoslav ships call at North Vietnamese ports. Our information is that the only goods which have moved from Yugoslavia to North Vietnam have been donations of medicaments and bandages bought with voluntary contributions of citizens, and blood from voluntary donations.

The Yugoslav Government has criticized American policies and actions in Vietnam, but it has also bitterly criticized the Chinese. It has followed a line differing distinctly from that of the Soviet Union and the other Communist countries of Eastern Europe. Yugoslavia has not supported the calls of these countries for the withdrawal of American troops prior to negotiation, nor has it called for recognition of the "National Liberation Front" as the only representative of the South Vietnamese people.

In summary, peaceful trade between the United States and Yugoslavia does not support Communist aggression in Vietnam or elsewhere. On the contrary, such trade contributes materially to our national policy of supporting Yugoslavia's independent position. It would be ironic indeed if little groups of Americans, however, well-intentioned, succeeded in stopping, or even hindering, the progress made by Yugoslavia towards internal liberation and its closer integration with the trading system of the Free World.

Sincerely yours,  
Robert S. McNamara

The cigarette industry itself has taken a number of voluntary steps to regulate its products. Samples of the brands are restricted to persons over 21, and several major television shows lost their cigarette sponsors when it was learned that their viewing audiences were favored heavily with youngsters. Member companies of the Cigarette Advertising Code screen their advertisements carefully with regard to image and popular appeal. Consequently, Santa Claus is never spied opening his flip-top sleigh full of Winstons, and Humpty Dumpty

need not fear bending his smokes when falling off the wall.

Each year the cigarette companies continue to make generous grants available for scientific and medical research, a portion of which involves the fight against cancer. It is likely that the very controversy surrounding smoking today may one day lead researchers to discover the cure for all cancer.

Stanley Frank, exploring the smoking question for *True Magazine*, Jan. 1968, demonstrated that the Surgeon General's report was an open misrepresentation of the evidence, and at best was highly biased. Important statistical indications that did not support Dr. Terry's stand were dismissed as inconclusive.

Frank cited a number of points that were curiously omitted from the report; several of the more important were:

- Ten percent of persons affected with lung cancer have never smoked, and 95 percent of heavy smokers never contract the disease.

- Lung cancer remains rare in women, and though the number of women smokers has increased considerably, their instances of death from the disease have remained almost the same.

- Cancer of the windpipe is rare, and yet this area receives the greatest exposure to tobacco smoke.

- Most lung cancer is found in the lower parts of the lung where the smoke never reaches.

- Heavy smokers do not contract the disease any earlier than nonsmokers, and there is no evidence that giving up smoking reduces the chances of getting cancer.

- The male population of Britain smokes half as many cigarettes per capita as Americans, but they have twice the instance of lung cancer.

These indications cannot be read as containing more important or conclusive evidence than is found in the Surgeon General's report, however, the fact remains that they are equally provocative and worthy of consideration.

Frank further cites that a theory proposed by England's Sir Ronald Fisher some 30 years ago is receiving growing support. "... an individual's peculiar constitution creates a craving for tobacco and the same chemistry makes him more susceptible to lung cancer than a non-smoker. The kicker, though, is that a heavy smoker is more likely to get cancer if he is deprived of cigarettes which serve the important function of relieving his tensions."

The facts are scarce. Though it is supposed that as many as 150 different causes of cancer exist, and the disease is found in a number of areas within the body, the ultimate cause is still unknown.

Even on the basis of increased cigarette consumption and the incidence of lung cancer, no correlation can be drawn between the two. Cigarette consumption has increased in the United States by 200 times in the past 54 years, while lung cancer has not increased nearly that figure. The World Health Organization, reporting on lung cancer in Israel, found no statistical association between smoking and lung cancer. Dr. John B. Hickman of the Surgeon General's advisory committee told the North Carolina Heart Association, "The more

we looked at the statistics, the more difficult it was to understand. The picture is not at all clear as the numbers appear at first." As the debate grows, the reports continue to pile up.

Attacks on cigarette smoking have come not only from nonsmokers but from the users of other tobacco products as well.

In Carl Weber's book "The Pleasures of Pipe Smoking," the author notes a "world-famous manufacturer of pipes" as stating, "The pleasure of pipe smoking comes from the taste and aroma of the tobacco and the relaxing overtones of pleasure that create an atmosphere of enjoyment. This has nothing to do with the inhaling of tobacco into the lungs."

"The cigarette smoker's satisfaction comes from a temporary denial of oxygen while the smoke is inhaled into the lungs and a feeling of buoyancy which occurs with the return of oxygen after the inhalation."

Weber further describes reports which suggest that pipe smokers have fewer psychosomatic disorders, and that "inhaling may be more prevalent among the more neurotic and emotionally disturbed." As an authority on pipes and pipe lore, Weber rapidly concludes, "It may be argued that modern scientific evidence tends to confirm the impression that the pipe smoker is the less hurried, less worried, and more fully mature man."

Regardless of the digs, however, the cigarette industry is mining more gold than ever before, and despite the rumor that it is looking elsewhere to invest capital before the ship goes down, the truth is that the industry has more money in reserve than it can comfortably afford to sit on.

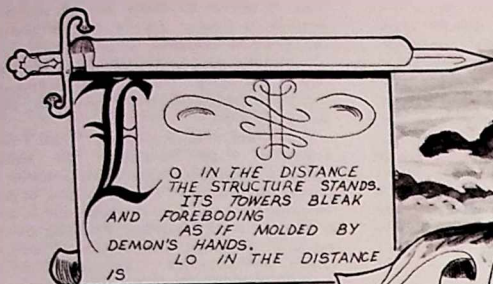
With six major companies dividing up the \$8,000,000,000 a year domestic cigarette market, it is small wonder that the industry has become the whipping-boy for the frustrated would-be tycoons, short-sheeted bureaucrats, and the ever growing numbers of self-appointed gangbusters.

Yet the tide may come to favor the cigarette industry in the long run. *Printer's Ink* comments, "The propaganda has gone beyond the level of scientific knowledge. In their zeal to put an end to smoking, the crusaders are even indoctrinating children in the lower levels of grade school. This may boomerang, as one recent study indicates. History may some day record that the crusaders had more to do with encouraging young people to smoke than did the cigarette industry."

At present, both sides of the matter will have to settle for arguments without facts. The cause of cancer remains a mystery, and even the warning on every package of cigarettes, "Caution—cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health," seems to invite smokers to "stick around, we'll have something conclusive one of these days."

But despite the evidence yet to be uncovered, despite the campaign to deter and discourage smoking, and in the face of ever increasing taxes on cigarettes, as one advertising executive was heard to say between puffs, "They'll never take away man's inalienable right to kill himself if he so chooses." ●





# the castle



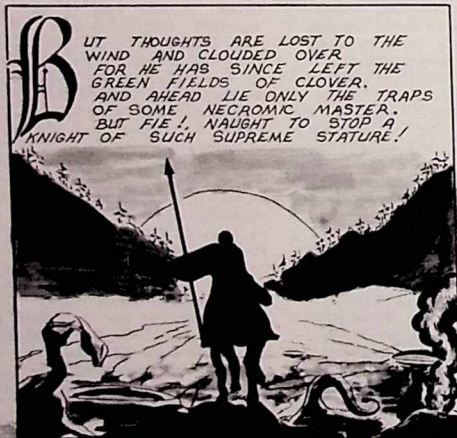
LEGENDS ECHO OF A PRIZE UNTOLD, FANTASTIC BEYOND BELIEF FOR THE ONE SO BOLD TO SURMOUNT DANGERS AND PERILS A THOUSANDFOLD.



NO TO THIS CITDEL STEEPED IN MYSTERY COMES SIR KNIGHT, MOST BRAVE, NOBLE AND MIGHTY IN ALL OF PREHISTORY.



WHAT CAN IT BE GUARDED SO JEALOUSLY? A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN FOREVER YOUNG? PERHAPS A KINGDOM WHICH STRETCHES UNDER THE SCOPE OF THE SUN? THE OPULENT TREASURES OF BYGONE AGES? OR POSSIBLY THE DARK SECRETS OF ANTIQUATED MAGIS?



BUT THOUGHTS ARE LOST TO THE WIND AND CLOUDED OVER FOR HE HAS SINCE LEFT THE GREEN FIELDS OF CLOVER, AND AHEAD LIE ONLY THE TRAPS OF SOME NECROMANC MASTER. BUT FIE!, NAUGHT TO STOP A KNIGHT OF SUCH SUPREME STATURE!



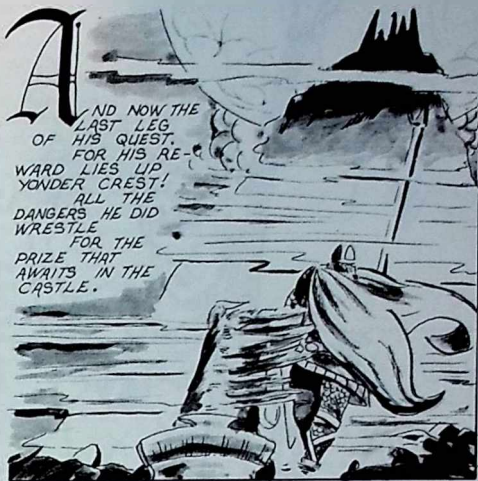
INTO THE LAND OF TROLLS OUR HERO MAKES HIS WAY. TROLLS WHO WOULD PREFER HE STAY FOR THE EVENING MEAL. BUT ALL THEY TASTE IS THE STING OF BLOOD STAINED SWORD, SMASHING FIST AND BOOT HEEL!



"AH!" THINKS SIR KNIGHT, "NOTHING CAN VANQUISH I!" BUT FORSOOTH WHAT PIT OF HELL AHEAD DOTH LIE, AND INTO THE SWAMP CREATED FROM SOME ANCIENT WHIZARDRY THE KNIGHT NOW MAKES HIS WAY, PREY FOR WHO KNOWS WHAT MONSTROSITY?



AND NOW THE LAST LEG OF HIS QUEST, FOR HIS REWARD LIES UP YONDER CREST! ALL THE DANGERS HE DID WRESTLE FOR THE PRIZE THAT AWAITS IN THE CASTLE.



BUT WHAT IS THIS? ONE MORE OBSTACLE, AND THIS THE WORST OF ALL? FOR AM I TO BE BAIT FOR WHIZARD'S BROOD A CASTLE TALL? BUT FIE! FOR A LANCE IN THE HEART WILL MAKE THIS APPARITION DEPART!"



AND BEHOLD THE VICTOR WHO HAS CONQUERED ALL, INSPITE OF TROLLS, SWAMPS AND DEMON'S KIN. "HO! HE CRIES, 'CAST DOWN YOUR DRAWBRIDGE FOR I DO THY WIN, AND NOW CLAIM THE SPOILS OF YOUR PRIZE!'"



IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD AND DRAGONS WERE A PLENTY, THERE WAS A KNIGHT WHO HAD BRAV'N OF MIGHT, BUT WHOSE HEAD WAS EMPTY. *THE END*





## THE LOGIC OF THE LAW

E. E. SMITH

There is a remarkable consensus among the more enlightened citizens, taxpayers and property-owners that Lady Luck is no lady. She has several aliases, including Dame Fortune, Miss Chance and perhaps others, and is widely suspected of doing any number of exciting, whimsical and mischievous things. Lady Logic, on the contrary, enjoys a reputation for perfect purity and predictability. Recently, I've run across a most intriguing secret in the life of the latter lady. My startling discovery just happened: it was not the result of any splendid surmise followed by brilliant detective work. I wish it were; it would be a better story that way.

In the course of some routine searches into the law on behalf of clients, which I made without ever leaving my book-lined office, I stumbled upon the astounding, disconcerting fact that Lady

Logic and Lady Luck are one and the same in the realm of the law—quite as much at least as were Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!

Now, I don't expect anyone to take my word for such a strange, shocking case of double-identity. I have irrefutable proofs which I shall recite in a moment. In the meantime, I want to make it plain that I have no axe to grind; no proposal, however modest, which I hope to advance for my profit or fame. If courthouses are to be re-christened casinos, the decision rests entirely with my readers. I am content merely to state the facts and to leave it to others to determine what actions should be taken in light of those peculiar, unfamiliar, spotty actualities.

My conclusion, like that of Charles Darwin, rests on a multitude of examples, a small proportion of which will

be sufficient to reveal the common identity of the haphazard hussy and the trusted paragon. In June, 1956, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that Mrs. Dorothy Krueger Smith should continue to remain in durance vile at the Federal Reformatory for Women in West Virginia. A court-martial had found her guilty of murdering her husband, an American Army colonel stationed in Japan. The conviction of Mrs. Smith, and her sentence to life imprisonment, had been carefully reviewed and approved; the Supreme Court chose not to interfere. The opinion of the majority of the Court was a magnificently-reasoned document, ten printed pages in length. The dissenting opinion filed at the same time was unusually brief, but the eminence and experience of those who wrote it were sufficient guarantee that Lady Logic favored the minority justices as well as the majority, the petitioner for freedom equally with the imprisoning authority.

If the division of opinion by the various members of the august tribunal suggests that Lady Logic was playing a duplicitous role in the circumstances, consider this. A year later the same Court, in the same case, changed its mind: Mrs. Smith was freed. The reasons for the new decision are as cogent and compelling as those given for the earlier judgment. According to the polite convention prevailing in legal circles, superior reason tipped the scales of justice so as to liberate Mrs. Smith. Yet, as will become increasingly evident as we proceed, staunch reason, in this as in other cases, actually supports both sides. That is the thorny truth of the matter.

If Lady Logic is indeed neutral, then isn't clear that Lady Luck—Miss Chance, if you prefer—is the capricious damsel whose lightly-tripping, unseen step inclines the scales of justice to the one side or the other? If caution urges a suspension of judgment until I've offered the other examples promised, that's quite all right. One swallow does not make the whole of spring, even though he may herald that season.

In 1951, a federal court of appeals sitting in Chicago, the greatest metropolis of my native Middle-West, held that the Steins, who had designed statuettes of male and female Balinese dancers for sale and use as lamp bases, were not entitled to copyright their utilitarian works of art and, thus, to prevent others from copying the designs and selling the artistic lamp bases in competition with the originators. A coordinate court on the Pacific Coast held precisely the opposite two years later with respect to comparable figurines of Egyptian dancers, likewise designed by the Steins. Needless to say, these divergent conclusions were reached by flawless reasoning on the part of each tribunal. At least the logic of the former decision was as perfect as that of the latter until, in

1954; the Supreme Court agreed with the latter ruling in a case which, like the earlier, involved Balinese dancers.

It is clear that in a legal sense the nationality of the dancers was but froth; of no more consequence to the judges than is beer-foam to a thirsty man. The time differential and the geographic distance also were insignificant. Until the highest court spoke with finality in the third case, Lady Logic favored the Steins in one case and their opponent in the other. As in the history of Mrs. Smith, Lady Luck pulled one of the capers for which she is justly famous; the only alternative supposition, that the wise and solemn judges in the Mid-Western Capital of Commerce had quite mistaken the logic of the situation, is highly unlikely.

For all practical, non-legal purposes, professional football and professional baseball differ no more fundamentally in their methods of business than the statuettes of Balinese dancers varied in essence from those of Egyptian design. The highest court in the land, however, has found solid and substantial support for its holding that the former business is subject to the federal anti-trust laws and the latter is not. With sturdy logic on both sides of contradictory applications of the law, it is apparent that we are dealing with the caprices of none other than Dame Fortune.

In 1935, the Supreme Court of the United States found itself obliged, for the most excellent reasons, to declare that the "white primary" election held by the Democratic Party in Texas was such a purely private, non-governmental affair that the negro petitioner had no cause whatever for complaint over the refusal of the county clerk of Harris County, Texas, to give him a ballot. The Court's decision in favor of the county clerk was unanimous, although apparently that worthy official had not even bothered to brief his side of the disagreement. Nine years later, the situation with respect to party primaries in Texas remaining essentially the same, there was an inescapable intellectual necessity, in another case from Harris County, for a completely contrary result (only one justice dissenting).

Far be it from me to suggest that, in the stately processes of our courts and other governmental institutions, somewhat as in our individual rationalizations, reason is a servant of nameless, changing masters. It is even further from my intention to claim a general equation between Man's marvelous mind-magic and black magic. That would be as premature as it is insulting. I simply say that in the weird world of law, Lady Luck shares a double-life with Lady Logic—and is the dominate personality.

Up to now, we have considered federal decisions in preference to the equally dignified rulings of the state courts, but this was for convenience only. What holds true for one class of courts, does so for the others. The illustrations which could be given are almost limitless. In 1933, a New York magistrate held that the publisher of a book entitled "God's Little Acre" had not violated a state statute aimed at obscene literature. Over fifteen years later, when the same novel came to the

attention of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, it was condemned roundly as obscene. The judgment in the latter case was unanimous and, undoubtedly, based on a critique of pure reason just as the decision of the New York court had been.

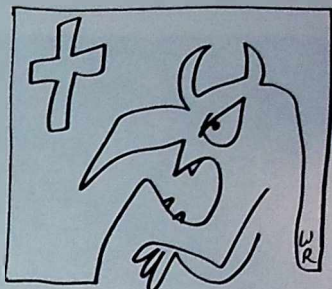
Some years ago, the Supreme Court of my home state upheld a state statute forbidding automobile dealers to stay open for business on Sundays. Months before, in the same case, the judgment had been the reverse. With faultless logic and superfine intelligence supporting diametrically opposed conclusions, what governed the judgment of the Court? The law? Why certainly; each time. Is there anything more important in this and other cases than law, logic, rationality, wisdom, and factors of comparable respectability? Well, by this time the question should be rhetorical only. For the hard-to-convince, however, there is a surplus of evidence waiting to be used.

State and Federal courts, as well as English, American, and French courts, may differ, and though they use intellectually-entrancing words in reaching divergent rulings, everyone should recognize that another factor redresses the frailty of reason—should see that Miss Chance does play a part; nay, more, that Lady Luck and Lady Logic are one and the same, as I said in the beginning.

Here are further instances. Fred Waring, the well-known band-leader, obtained the help of Pennsylvania's highest court in preventing a radio station from playing, without his consent, phonograph records which he and his Pennsylvanians had made. Paul Whiteman's plea for help in similar circumstances was turned down by a federal court of appeals in New York.

The United States inherited the Common Law from England, whereas France received its rival system of law, known as the Civil Law, from ancient Rome. Both regimes speak with the voice and accents of Lady Logic, but this by no means prevents legal disputes essentially the same from being decided differently—the hand is that of Lady Luck. For example, when England's Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, sued to prevent the publication of a manuscript, "Wat Tyler," which he had written more than twenty years before, an English court had good and sufficient reason for refusing assistance. A French court, however, found itself bound by the logic of the situation to yield to an identical plea which Anatole France made on the basis of similar facts.

In all cases and pairs of cases which we have examined and in many, many more, Lady Logic has contrived, with the skill and finesse of a prestidigitator, to favor both proponent and opponent. While the esteemed and equitable lady held the balance even, her frisky, dominant alter-ego, Lady Luck, did tip the scales now this way, now that, in careless abandon. The clever deception, at last made known, may require some original thinking and call for highly intelligent, well-planned counter-measures. After all, did not the Founding Fathers established a government of laws, not men—and certainly not frolicsome females?



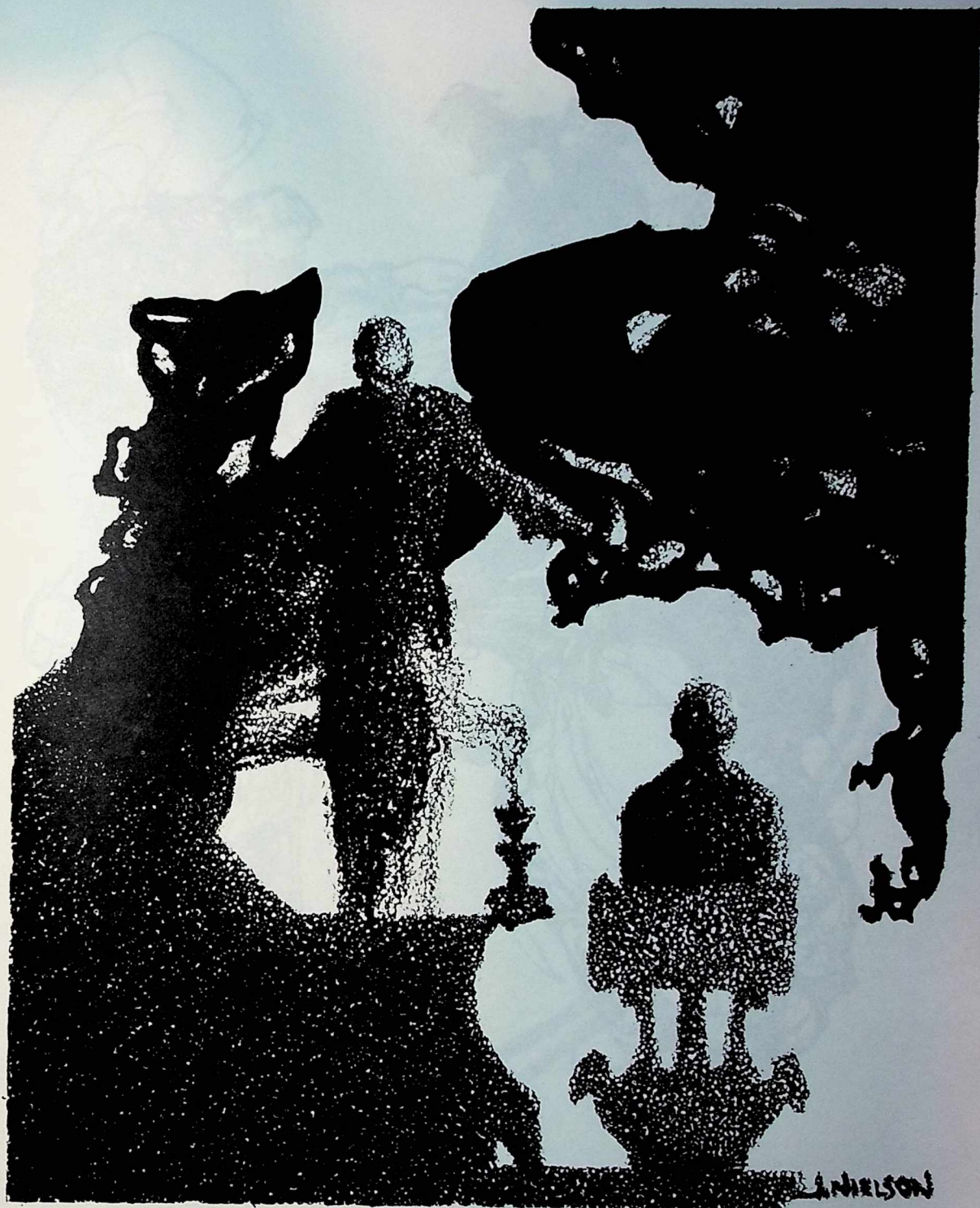
## JIM NIELSON: A FOLIO

1. PRINCESS CANDY
2. NEW GROWTH
3. PRAYER FAKING
4. THE SELF-ANALYST



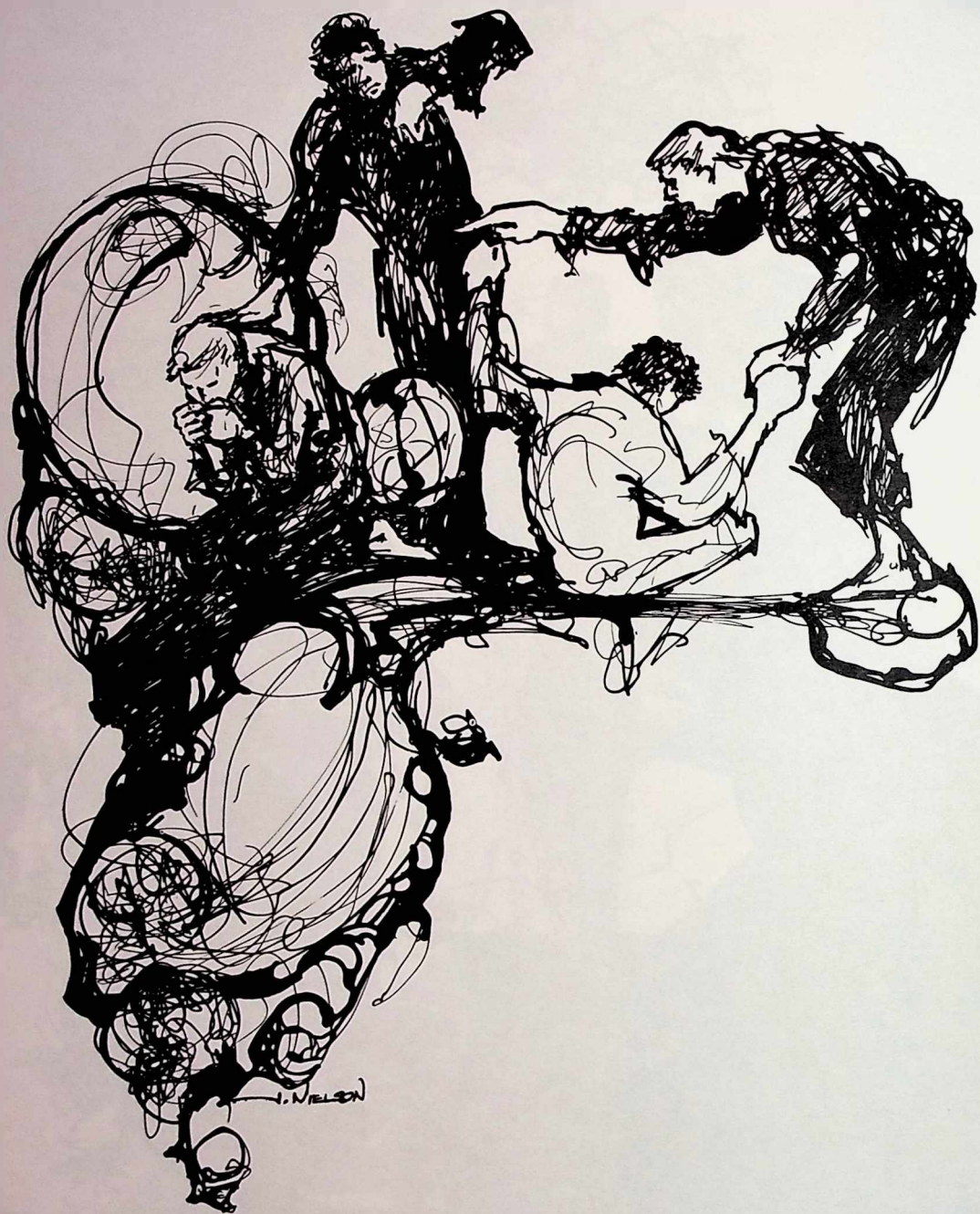






J. M. W. TURNER







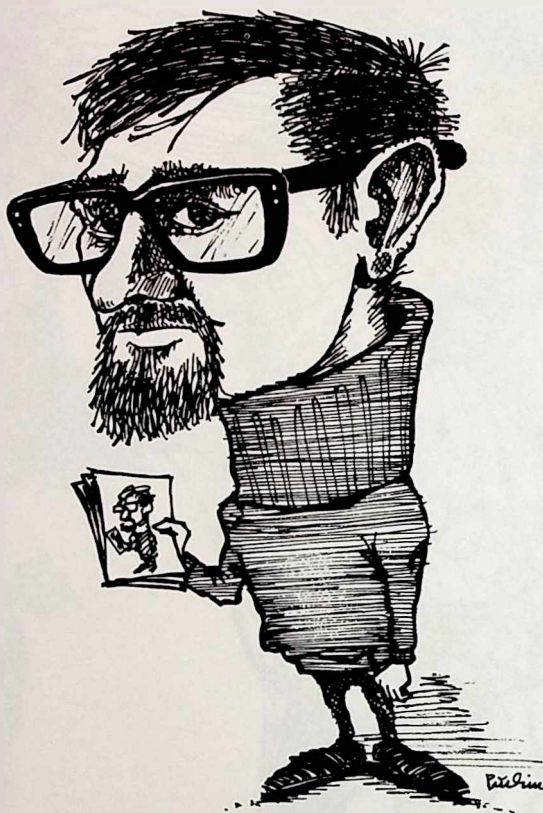


**A**utobiographical pieces are difficult to write when you possess neither the narcissism of Padgett's transparent Joe or the ego of Anderson's Nicolas Van Rijn. Each statement you make seems pompous or false in some respect. Since the caricature is said by my friends to be unjust and my critics flattering, the testimony suggests it is a good likeness if nothing else.

I am a self-taught artist from the pulps and the comics. My family was too poor to afford the slick productions of the magazines or artbooks and as a result my hand and eye became habituated to more vulgar fare. If nothing else, it excuses my lack of taste. I do not recommend this curriculum for beginners whose palate responds to champagne and Rembrandt. There is absolutely nothing I can tell anyone about technique that they do not already know and I am awed by anyone who can sit down and whack out something without going through all kinds of sketches and abortive results.

In spite of my background and lack of taste, I am a professional artist if your criteriam is that a professional gets money for his work. It is not a living but it keeps me in pipes, tobacco and an ancient Triumph. Among the things which keep in these extras are a daily editorial cartoon, a more or less monthly cartoon strip, freelance cartoons whenever possible, and a small amount of advertising material. I seldom put in more than an hour a day on any of this. I have done a few story illustrations and I envy guys like Freas and Gaughan because it seems like a lot of fun and you get a chance to read novels and short stories without having to buy them first.

To be honest, I have always felt ashamed of being a cartoonist just as I have felt guilty when caught reading science fiction. My super-ego (or whatever is fashionable now) whispers that I should be reading a worthwhile book or doing a serious painting. Resorting to the sophistry of defining a worthwhile book to include science fiction or art to include cartooning does not gag the whisperer. Cartooning and science fiction are thus a private sort of habit, impossible to break. And like other habits, be they nose-picking or ass-scratching, people invariably refer to me as the cartoonist or the SF nut. I usually shuffle my feet and mumble something about psoriasis and that I do it when I'm bored. The truth is that I enjoy them both immensely. I even miss those covers with the virgin getting her miniskirt ripped off her vital areas by a chartreuse BEM.



**TRUMPET PEOPLE ROB PUDIM**

# MEDUSA

## OBLONGATA

by Joseph Jones

Reprinted from THE TEXAS RANGER

Several thousand years went by, and at last there was born a second time, in the Southern Appalachians, a girl-baby named—quite by accident—Medusa. Her mother, a loyal member of a rattlesnakefondling religious cult, had earlier chanced upon a stray leaf from an old schoolbook containing a line-drawing of Medusa I. Admiring the classical features, and strangely drawn towards the serpentine tresses, the young woman asked someone who could read to tell her what the name was. "Medusa"—she liked the sound of it and it stuck in her mind until several years afterwards she became pregnant and was delivered of one of the most unusual, not to say uncanny, children of the Twentieth Century.

At the time Medusa I was liquidated by Perseus, her name had already become repugnant enough to be universally avoided, and the story of her unnatural gift of necroptromancy was afterward so widely known that even without knowledge of the gods' decree no mother would ever have dreamed of naming a daughter Merusa. And so it happened that Medusa Mae Mummins, eons and multi-myriameters away from the ancient Aegean, unbeknowingly inherited not just the name but a portion of the occult ability of her infamous predecessor. For the gods had decreed...

Yes, the gods had decreed that when again there should appear on the earth a young woman named Medusa, she must possess—to a limited degree—the power of turning things to stone. But at the same time, the latterday Medusa must not become a curse; Perseus had so resolutely and so thoroughly removed the original that never again could her evil magic be turned against mankind: that was agreed upon in executive session. It was therefore decided and duly ordained, after debate, that the petrodigital powers of Medusa II should be limited to the single most absurd, most inconsequential object that she should encounter in her lifetime: the one thing most deserving of her unusual gift. This object remained unspecified, for it was not clear at the time, even to the Immortals, when the young lady was to appear or what the absurd and inconsequential object might be; still, there could be no doubt that whether she came early or late, and no matter where she was born, there would be no lack of objects with legitimate claim upon her attention. But at least her appearance this time would be a species of blessing, even though her involuntary action might generate confusions for a spell.

Medusa Mae grew up in the usual informal way of remote rural children until the age of nine, when her parents discovered (or more strictly speaking, someone discovered for them) a rich mineral deposit in their mountain tobacco-patch. From this time forward, the family devoted themselves diligently to a pleasant transition from rags to riches, and by the time Medusa Mae was 18, she was ready for the cutural capstone of a university education, at Old Sourmash State. Nothing uncommon had yet been observed about her; she was quite the standard-gauge sorority pledge—tailored, groomed, mentally moulded to resemble thousands of others like herself, or so you would have supposed.

Old Sourmash State, the university of her parents' choice, was renowned throughout the region for one thing only: the consistent oxpover of its big chartreuse-and-raspberry football machine. That was all it had to offer, but the alumni and the administration and the Board of Governors were in agreement that as long as it kept it, it was all it needed. Enormous crowds packed the stadium; the state legislature smiled financially (although it never laughed out loud); the administration breathed easily; the faculty starved as genteelly as any south of the Line. That is, until Medusa Mae matriculated. Then, coincidentally, all Hades broke loose.

At the first Big Game (all the games of course were Big Games, but some were Bigger than others) the fell swoop swooped. Old Sourmash State was to kick off to Hard-scrabble Tech; the crowd was tense, and no one in the crowd more so than Medusa Mae, witnessing with her date her very first intercollegiate Big Game. Paw-Paw Pickins, the kickoff specialist, advanced on the ball, and the team with him. As he sank his educated toe into it for a mighty effort the ball toppled crazily off its tee and Paw-Paw collapsed in agony, holding his foot and writhing on the ground and bellowing while one of the Tech players barely managed to scoop up the heaviest football he had ever encountered and, amidst complete confusion, stagger towards Old Sourmash's goal line. In the melee, as a matter of fact, he crossed over for a touchdown. For a moment as he lay panting on the ground from his exertions, he seemed to be clutching a bag of hardened cement; then suddenly it was a football again. In his bewilderment, he did not know that at that instant, up in the stands, a young sorority pledge was weeping copiously into a handkerchief. Neither did Paw-Paw, nor Coach Punchy McGuf-





fey, but even if any of them **had** known, it would have signified nothing.

Very odd things happened to both teams during the rest of the first quarter. The ball was unpredictable and uncontrollable. It would fall suddenly short of the quarterback's outstretched fingers; it would become instantaneously and inexplicably so heavy that halfbacks sagged in their stride and were overtaken by tacklers yards behind them; bullet-pass receivers fell senseless and were carried off the field on stretchers; punts sailed gloriously by with the wind for 20 yards, then plummeted straight down. Several of the best kickers on both sides had already lamed themselves very seriously and the coaches were showing signs of mental collapse. All the officials were nonplussed, and the tales being carried back to the benches, along with the incredibly bruised and battered players, seemed to make no sense whatever. "Coach, please suh," said Paw-Paw, solemnly shaking his helmeted head, "hit seem like the damn ball all to wunst tooin into a n[ ]h-haid."

It was certainly the most erratic first quarter in Old Sourmash history—or in Tech history either, for that matter. At the end of the quarter, the referee summoned both coaches to the field for a conference: something, he said, seemed to be the matter with the ball. The Tech coach, Gus Gallus, looked inquisitively at McGuffey, who reddened under the implied question and then began to stutter. But when the three of them, and the field judge as well, all gathered around the ball for an inspection, nothing seemed amiss. Still, the referee, in order to be perfectly

within bounds, ordered a new ball from the Tech side and after looking at it very carefully and passing on its suitability, put it into play for the beginning of the second quarter.

At this time the score was 18-0 against Old Sourmash: three fluke touchdowns had been scored, but no points-after-touchdown had been kicked. It was suspected already that the kickers were becoming afraid of the ball. Medusa meanwhile kept chattering away, watching the game some of the time, her date some of the time, and the crowd some of the time, vaguely aware that something wasn't altogether right down there on the field but not inextricably concerned.

Within five minutes, the second quarter was a shambles. Every conceivable boo-boo that could be made had already been made, and tempers were as short as a professor's bank account. The stands had already begun pouring a torrent of promiscuous abuse upon both teams and upon each other; the bandsmen were adding their own comments in clarinet cat-calls, frog-bellows from the basses, intermittent poundings from the drums, hootings and tootings from the trombones, trumpets, baritone horns. Most ominously of all, some hundreds of spectators—paying customers—had simply walked out, to get on home before the traffic jam. A fair portion of those who stayed were (as not uncommon on such occasions) in a state of alcoholic uncertainty or acute indifference. The handful of local police on hand for the game—a traffic detail, mostly—were goggle-eyed and progressively uneasy.

Then, on about the Tech 25-yard line, as Old Sourmash

seemed finally to be firing up its boilers, there was a fumble, a scramble and suddenly, as an old Sourmash end and a tackle from Tech were "contesting for possession" as the that the kickers were becoming afraid of the ball. Medusa radio-announcers say, the Tech man wrested away the ball, raised it into the air, and came down with it upon the helmet of the Old Sourmash man (number 19, Little Willie Sashburn, the all-American prospect, it was), who fell like a stunned beef. In seconds, both teams were at each others' throats and both benches had swarmed onto the field, followed closely by angry waves sloshing out of the stands. The police knew they were powerless to do more than telephone for reinforcements, and before the afternoon's work was over, there were enough broken heads and other bones and bloody noses and contusions and abrasions in great abundance, together with several cardiac seizures and equally serious involvements, to keep the hospitals humming and the telephone and telegraph wires buzzing through the better part of the night. As a riot it was a royal flush, complete even to night-sticks and tear-gas at the end, though no shots were fired. And nobody could explain, very coherently or at least conclusively, what in fact had happened.

The Seventeenth Century would have had no hesitation in labelling it witchcraft, which in a broad sense it most assuredly was, but the Twentieth had its own inconclusive hypothesis to offer after things began shaking down, and the prime-mover of this donnybrook was finally agreed to be the behavior of the ball. Several other players besides Paw-Paw reported that at times it seemed to feel just like a big heavy rock. It was decided that some incomprehensible top-secret manifestation of atomic radiation had been at work, capriciously enough to be sure, but evidently quite powerful when engaged. The local state senator promised he would see to it that all atomic installations within a hundred miles were closed down next football weekend. The Tech game, in an unprecedented move, was declared a mutual forfeit, and the conference race, upon which the fortunes of Old Sourmash so critically depended, was thrown thereby into a statistical tangle that not even the sports-writers could cope with. Legislative investigation and appropriate action were openly talked of. Workouts during the ensuing week were a bit edgy, not to say hectic.

Saturday came, and with it came Krakawanna Poly for a regulation 45-0 shellacking at the hands of Old Sourmash eleven that clicked like a punched-card machine. A cordon of 285 special policemen had a lovely time watching the game, which Medusa Mae Mummies—at home with a wretched cold—listened to by radio, sneezing and wheezing and sighing that she could not be on the spot. She loved football, she had decided, and was determined to get well and see every single game for the rest of the season. But this was not to be; her cold, unfortunately, took a detour through influenza and brought her to the verge of a bout with double pneumonia, averted only by confining her in the university infirmary for a long stretch of weeks.

Here she was often visited by her erstwhile date and by other young men, including a somewhat more mature-looking and serious-acting one named Ted Smith (born Orsino Bonino), a ministerial student at a near-by seminary who chanced to be in Medusa's Greek class. (Medusa had the option of taking either Greek or mathematics, and

chose Greek: she had tried math already and knew she didn't like that, and anyway Greek was supposed to be cultural and the professor was a nice man.)

Ted Smith was not what he seemed. He was in fact no ministerial student at all, by several removes; he was one of the nation's rising young executives in the field of professional gambling, who had disguised and sequestered himself, studied enough to pass for a reasonably serious student (and in fact became rather interested in one or two of his subjects), and kept his occupational contacts at a proper distance through only the occasional telephone call and the less occasional trip out of town. It was Smith who first began to wonder, quite vaguely and idly, about Medusa and the odd goings-on at the Tech game. She had told him her version of it one day the following week, before Professor Baggle came into class.

Smith liked the girl, and when he learned she was pining away in the infirmary he went to see her and found her indeed pining away from boredom but rigidly confined to quarters. She was sure Daddy wouldn't mind if she had a portable TV she could see the games over; and could Smith, did he think, be kind enough to get her one and she would pay him for it and also for his trouble? It would be no trouble at all, he assured her; it would be there the next day, and so it was. He plugged it in and soon had a football game wiggling back and forth on the screen. Adjusting with one knob, he finally brought it into focus and he and Medusa began to watch. She was not aware, but he was, that the same very odd things that had happened in the Tech game suddenly began to happen in this game on the screen.

"You know, Medusa," he began, impulsively, "this is the funniest kind of business I ever . . ." Then in some interior cavern of his brain he saw all at once the word MEDUSA outlined in flaming red neon. Occurring simultaneously, there was something very much like Aurora, if still a little hazy. But the Greek class had given him ideas.

"What's funny?" asked Medusa.

"Oh, nothing too important," replied Smith. "I was about to say it's funny that you like football so much and have to be here in the hospital." Medusa looked hurt. "Not funny really; I mean odd, or kind of, well, ironical." Medusa wasn't sure what "ironical" meant, but she let it pass, and they returned to the game.

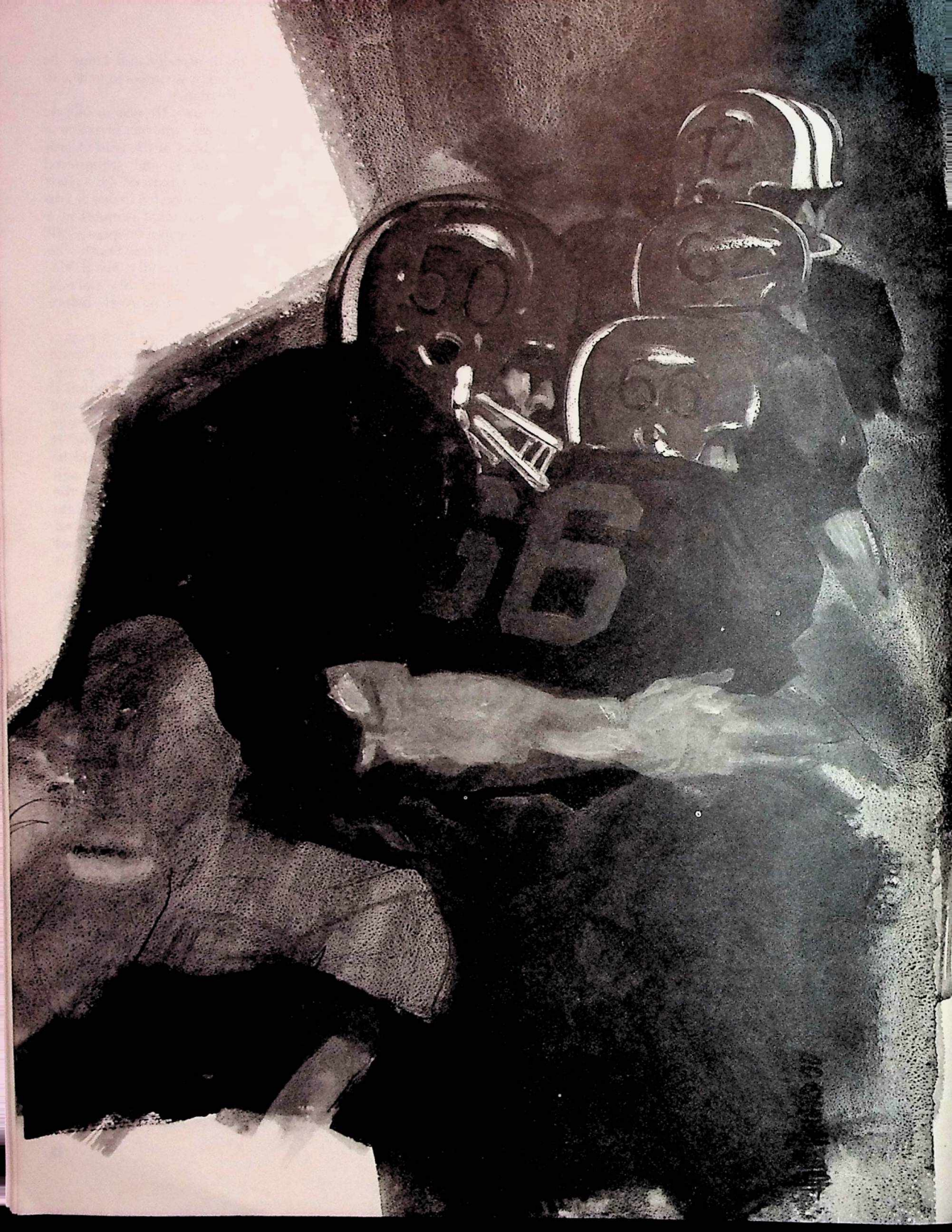
"Let's try another station," said Smith, after five minutes or so. "We ought to give this thing a tryout to see how good it is." (endeavoring to sound casual.)

"O K.," said Medusa.

It was the better part of a quarter before they got back to the original game, and Smith volunteered obligingly that he thought Medusa oughtn't to overdo by watching too long, so they cut the set off completely at the end of the third quarter and Smith left shortly afterwards with a hurricane in his head that swept him to the telephone to find out just what had happened in that game. What he learned he could believe only with difficulty, but it meshed exactly with his recollections.

When he saw Medusa Mae again, he had heard of some other games—as who, except Medusa Mae, hadn't?—in which, at intervals, the ball was "spooked" as the sports writers were beginning to say, and the coaches and players most fearfully were beginning to believe. Smith had his data well in mind when he came to see Medusa Mae







again, and in as free and easy a way as he could manage he checked it out in offhand conversation about what she had been seeing on TV. It correlated. He almost wished it hadn't but the obvious move for the kill was already plotting itself in his gambler's brain: pick the right game, but your shirt on it, and control the outcome. It had been done plenty of times already, but never so beautifully, so effortlessly, so absolutely independently, as this.

There had been recurrent rumors and occasional newspaper stories through the years to the effect that the gambling interests had their hooks into intercollegiate football through sporadic or possibly even systematic efforts at bribery. Smith knew how much of it was true and how much wasn't; he also knew, better than nearly anybody in or out of the racket, how deeply football had its hooks into gambling. As he saw it, the two lived in symbiosis, functioning in turn as hosts to hordes of parasitic journalists living off the rah-rah circuit and extruding large quantities of irrelevant and immaterial ejecta.

The pro teams, recruiting from the colleges, existed because the gamblers needed them; the big-time college teams existed because the colleges thought they needed them and the pro teams knew *they* needed them; the high-school teams existed because the college teams needed them; and by and by, if all went according to plan, the small-fry would be suiting up and bashing each other in kindergarten.

But Smith was afraid at the same time of what tampering with the game, even to win bets, might finally lead to: the whole wacky system depended upon the very delicate balance maintained not only between the gambler-dominated pros and the supposedly lily-white intercollegiates, but between the carefully heated and tempered alumni, the troubled but timorous and, in effect, immobilized administrators, the infantile-fringe public who loved to pretend they were Joe College again (beginning to diminish of late—a bad sign), the students (also not nearly so reliable as they once were), the players (poor dopes—but some of them did hit the professional jackpot now and then), and the coaches (poor dopes for sure, if they didn't win and win and win). It was a real house of cards, and he had the premonition it wouldn't last forever and he'd better get into the picking while there was still plenty of down on the old goose.

That was the main reason Smith decided to use Medusa Mae as a most convenient cage for the bird, so to speak. He had better pick soon, and he had better have a dandy alibi with Medusa Mae herself if he wanted to keep her under wraps. She didn't like him well enough for him to make love to her, and besides. . .

Smith looked the field over carefully, selected his game—Windy Knob State against the Bluegrass Bullfrogs, a nice fat slab of boola-boola, an even match, anybody's game, national TV and all that jazz—and wired into the occasion with some phenomenal bets, all on the Bullfrogs.

So far as Medusa Mae was concerned, he could handle her all right; he had thought of a trick to entertain her and render her selectively available at the same time, as she must be. He would bring in another TV set and arrange cardboard shutters he could raise and lower to cover either screen, and would tell her he was doing a little experiment for his psychology class on the focus of attention: all she had to do was to watch whichever game he chose to show

her at a given moment, then he would quiz her on both when they were finished and write up the results. Was this agreeable? Medusa was intrigued at the idea of being made a psychological guinea pig, and two football games for the price of one, so to speak, were something she just couldn't lose on. She agreed enthusiastically. The day came—a wild one, as it turned out, with rain and suggestions of sleet and a good bit of wind. Still, the infirmary was snug enough, and Medusa Mae was well enough so that the the nurses wouldn't be interfering. The plan worked like shooting fish in a barrel: Smith manipulated the first part so adroitly that the Bullfrogs led by 13–7 at half-time and Windy Knob was beginning to wilt. All the same, he would be a much relieved divinity student *and* gambler when these games were over, and he had no great hankering after a repeat performance. Bribery might have its risks, but the wires were tied directly to the puppets: you weren't working with a dangling magnet on a string, as it were.

Then in the middle of the third quarter the unforeseen emergency arose: a tree next to the infirmary, its roots weakened by successive gusts and made topheavy by accumulating sleet-particles, crashed down and in falling snapped the lead-in cable. There were no lights, no air-conditioning, and—most of all to the point—no TV. Smith had recourse to his transistor radio for the rest of a harrowing half hour, with Medusa listening too but wondering vaguely why a prospective preacher would take a football game quite so seriously. The Bullfrogs, as things turned out, were able to hang onto the lead that Medusa had staked them to, and the game ended 20–14. Smith was a rich man, but he was still a worried man, with a worried song, and might well have been. The song was in fact the beginning of a national dirge for intercollegiate football, which was far too tender a vine to survive the buffeting that Medusa's endowment had brought it.

The rioters at Old Sourmash had actually precipitated the beginning of the end, had they but known. It was then that the public took the first toddling step in revealing to itself its already subliminal disillusion with rah-rah. Next season was financially catastrophic; a few of the sports writers, parasites though they were, intimated that the ticket-buyers (or rather ticket-non-buyers) seemed at last to have discovered what a phoney, a real phoney, can be. Some of the faculty even took courage and said what they had been thinking. And it did not help in the least that on sporadic occasions at the most unpredictable times the unearthly "atomic disturbances" (now assigned to outer space) would devastate the best-laid plans of razzle-dazzle coaches. Worst of all, it happened most often on televised games, right in front of Jehovah and everybody. Jehovah and an ex-divinity student named Bonine were the only ones who knew *why* it happened, but practically everybody soon got tired of having it happen and quietly turned the little knob to the left or flipped to another channel for some good old reliable soap-opera.

Medusa Mae never suspected herself of her hidden powers, and when the poor child went down in a jet crash just short of Birmingham, the Immortals somewhat sadly closed their books. Meanwhile, several million college students, in unwitting tribute to her memory, at long last had opened theirs. ~ ~



# the science fantasy film

REVISITED BY TOM REAMY

## BLACK ZOO

**BLACK ZOO.** An Allied Artists Picture. Produced by Herman Cohen. Directed by Robert Gordon. Screenplay by Aben Kandel and Herman Cohen. Photography: Floyd Crosby. Art Direction: William Glasgow. Edited by Michael Luciano. Music by Paul Dunlap. Eastman Color and Panavision. 88 minutes. Released May 1963.

Michael Conrad...Michael Gough  
Edna Conrad...Jeanne Cooper  
Carl...Rod Lauren  
Jenny...Virginia Grey  
Stengel...Jerome Cowan  
Joe...Elisha Cook  
Mary Hogan...Warene Ott  
Audrey...Marianna Hill  
Radu...Oren Curtis  
Bride...Eilene Janssen  
Groom...Eric Stone  
Art Student...Dani Lynn  
Art Student...Susan Slavin  
Det. Rivers...Edward Platt

Michael Gough (rhymes with cough) is giving Vincent Price a run for his money in the portrayal of egocentric maniacs. He hasn't yet the self-assurance or temerity to be as smoked and sugar-cured as Price but the day can't be far away. Gough's characters are always so beautifully oozing evil, his smiles so utterly insincere, and his kindnesses so thinly disguised base intentions, one wonders how the other characters in the film can be so taken in.

**BLACK ZOO** has Gough doing his e-vil worst. He is the megalomaniac owner of a private zoo and a member of a cult of animal worshipers. The

animal cult seems to be only a bunch of harmless crackpots, but not Gough. He brings the big cats into the living room each night and plays the organ for them. When someone annoys him—which isn't difficult to do at all—he takes one of the animals out in his panel truck and the annoyance becomes a headline in the next morning's paper.

The film opens with the first victim, a young woman, who is identified only as a snooper. The second is a realtor who wants to buy the property on which the zoo is located. When Gough refuses, he threatens to have the property rezoned forcing the zoo out of business. Gough is sufficiently annoyed. The third is an animal trainer who kills one of the prize tigers after the animal attacks him. The fourth is Virginia Grey, a

very talented actress, in a rather small role as a theatrical agent who tries to convince Gough's wife to take her chimp act and get out.

Jeanne Cooper is excellent as the wife. While Gough is most of the time only surly, Miss Cooper is alternately drunkenly coy, enraged, terrified, sad and blissful. She completely steals the picture. The other member of Gough's household is Rod Lauren, an extremely pretty young man, who is mute (one having nothing to do with the other). He putters around the zoo, trimming hedges and cleaning cages with a woe-begone expression on his face. Gough treats him like a slave and he accepts the treatment. Lauren is an ex rock & roll singer who never quite made it. As an actor he doesn't quite make it



with this film either though he has done some excellent television work. But then, a mute is a pretty tough role for anyone. To be able to put over a character, and a pretty one-dimensional character at that, without once using dialogue, would stump many more experienced actors.

As it is, he manages to be properly pitiful and pathetic, the only things required of him. He does his best bit in one brief scene with Marianna Hill, a promising young morsel herself. It's a love scene, or as much of a love scene as it could be without actually touching. Miss Hill is at the zoo sketching one of the tigers when the sight of Lauren causes her to forget all about animals. She makes some pretty blatant passes and is amused at his shyness. She says she would like to sketch him sometime as her eyes make a frank tour of his body. When she discovers that he is mute, her interest doesn't decrease but she drops the brassy banter and Lauren's future appears quite pleasant. But Gough appears and orders him to quit annoying the customers and Miss Hill is unfortunately never seen again.

After the murder of Virginia Grey, Gough's wife begins to suspect that there is dirty work at the crossroads. She forces Lauren to admit that he drove the panel truck (containing Mr. Gough and an equally ill-tempered gorilla) to Miss Grey's home. She then tells Lauren to pack his things while she rounds up the chimps and the lot of them will head for the hills. You see, Miss Cooper's interest in Lauren hasn't been completely step-maternal. She is talented enough as an actress to show sexual interest in him and at the same time show that she would never do anything about it. She worries about him throughout the film; his education—he's apparently never been to school. She worries because Gough will not let the boy eat at the table with them—and gets a bawling out for her trouble. She worries because he has no friends. She worries so much about Gough's eccentricities that one wonders how she can possibly love him as she does.

The escape is naturally foiled. He is in the process of putting Miss Cooper in the lion's cage when he tells her that Lauren is his son. A stunned expression appears on Lauren's face—just as he was about to help put her in the cage, by the way. We then see a flashback of Lauren, at about four, watching Gough beat up his wife and feed her to the lions. I suppose this is sufficiently traumatic to the kid that he loses his voice and his memory. Though why he obeys Gough like a robot is never apparent. Anyway, the admission of parentage is Gough's fatal mistake as Lauren leaps upon him in a frenzy and kills him. Then he and Miss Cooper get in the car and leave Gough lying in the rain.

It's really a tremendous scene. The film employs the same principle used in professional wrestling. The bad-guy wrestler hands out abuse after dirty-trick until, finally, the good guy quits taking it and beats the living hell out of him. The audience always goes wild. Because, no matter what the moralists say, revenge is very sweet.



ROD LAUREN



ELISHA COOK, MICHAEL GOUGH

JEANNE COOPER

Other than a general slowness, **BLACK ZOO** emerges as a very good film. Color has been used to advantage (one room of Gough's house has purple walls and a red carpet; other than looking something like a theater lobby, I have no quarrel with it but Jeanne Cooper should never have been allowed to walk through it wearing a vivid orange blouse). But most of the credit goes to the actors with Miss Cooper leading by a mile.







JACQUES BERGERAC



MERRY ANDERS



JACQUES BERGERAC, JOE PATRIDGE

# the HYPNOTIC EYE

THE HYPNOTIC EYE. An Allied Artists Picture. Executive Producer: Ben Schwab. Produced by Charles B. Bloch. Directed by George Blair. Screenplay by Gitta and William Read Woodfield. Photography: Archie Dalzell. Edited by William Austin. Makeup: Emile La Vigne and Tony Lloyd. Music by Marlin Skiles. Art Direction: David Milton. Hypnomagic. 77 minutes. Released February 1960.

Desmond.... Jacques Bergerac  
Justine..... Allison Hayes  
Marcia..... Marcia Henderson  
Dave Kennedy.... Joe Patridge  
Dodie Wilson.... Merry Anders  
Dr. Hecht..... Guy Prescott  
Emergency Dr.... James Lydon  
Mrs. McNear.... Phyllis Colo  
Doris Scott.... Carol Thurston  
Mrs. Stevens.... Holly Harris  
June Mayes.... Mary Foran

William Castle had nothing to do with THE HYPNOTIC EYE but his influence is very strong. Castle started the mercifully brief spasm of "audience participation" films with HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL and THE TINGLER and other film-makers were quick to pick it up.

The Great Desmond is a stage magician played by the ultra-suave Jacques Bergerac. Mr. Bergerac's suavity is not assumed. It is so ingrained he once played a French peasant with all the aplomb of Lord D'Arcy. He is well cast this time.

Joe Patridge is not suave at all as the averagely stupid movie policeman hero. There is a ton of evidence linking Desmond with a number of self-mutilation cases involving only beautiful young girls. Our hero won't even accept the fact that Desmond is a real hypnotist. Naturally, he comes around in the nick of time to save girl friend Marcia from Desmond's clutches.

Underneath all this trivial surface gloss there is some real maggoty meat. The gloss is pretty thick to protect the kiddies and fairly well ruins an adult story of abnormal psychology. In the hands of Alfred Hitchcock, THE HYPNOTIC EYE could have been as gutsy as PSYCHO and the kiddies could have stayed home and watched television.

Desmond's wife/assistant/mistress/or what-ever, Justine, has a terribly scarred face that has caused her to go completely psychotic. She wears a flesh-mask so the audience, of course, knows nothing of all this until the climax. She selects beautiful girls from the audience to participate in Desmond's act. Desmond gives them post-hypnotic commands to come to his dressing room after the show.

He then takes them out on the town for an evening of dining and dancing. The girls are in a trance all the while so it must really be a thrill. He then

winds up the evening with a little fornication at the girl's apartment. Afterward, as they say, Justine arrives so she can watch while he commands the girl to mutilate herself. One of them washes her hair over the stove thinking it the sink. Another washes her face with acid thinking it lotion. Another thinks a straight razor is a lipstick brush; another that acid is mouthwash. Desmond isn't terribly thrilled with the mutilations but, you see, it was his fault that Justine is scarred and he feels he owes her something. But then, he manages to get his kicks too.

Marcia is saved from both fates by the blundering Kennedy. At the first attempt he arrives at her apartment just as Desmond is getting warmed up on

the couch. She compulsively goes back to the theater the next night and all proceedings come to a halt while we have the "audience participation" part of the film. The movie audience is substituted for Desmond's audience and he demonstrates a few mass-hypnotism stunts. It's an unfortunate episode because the audience generally becomes unruly.

Marcia is saved once more by Kennedy as Justine is about to put her in the shower with only the hot water running. At the next performance, Kennedy attempts to arrest Desmond—on stage, of all things—but Justine drags Marcia, still under hypnosis, up onto the catwalks and threatens to push her off. All ends well, naturally. Kennedy grabs Marcia as Justine jumps.

There's a good story buried in all the claptrap but it is glimpsed only occasionally. There are a number of lapses in the script. Why do all the victims just happen to live alone? Desmond and Justine seemingly cease to exist between performances; as does the rest of the cast, actually. All the action takes place during a performance and immediately afterward. One wonders just exactly what these strange folk do all the rest of the time.

Fred (THE GREAT IMPOSTER) Demara makes a brief and superfluous appearance as a doctor. It's interesting to note that he looks more like Victor Buono than Tony Curtis. But then Calamity Jane bore a stronger resemblance to Marjorie Main than to Doris Day.

## UNTAMED WOMEN

UNTAMED WOMEN. A Jewell Enterprises Production. Released by United Artists. Produced by Richard Kay. Directed by W. Merle Connel. Associate Producer: Henry L. Rybnick. Music by Raoul Kraushaar. 70 minutes. Released September 1952.

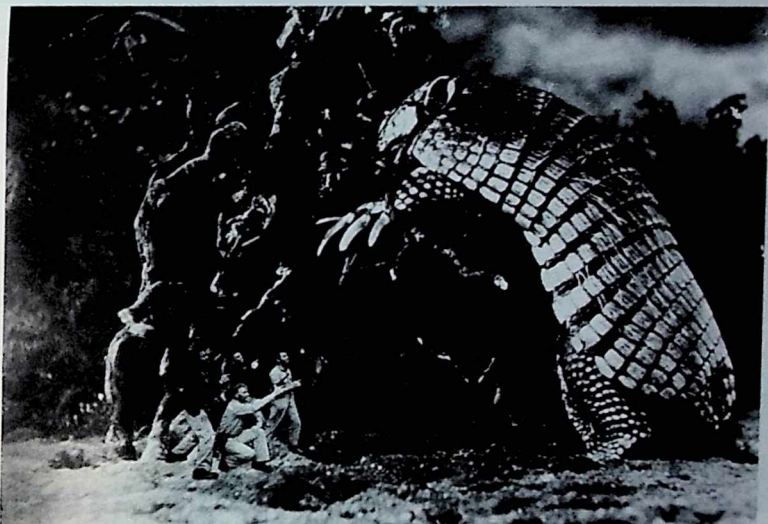
Steve.....Mikel Conrad  
Sandra.....Doris Merrick  
Ed.....Mark Lowell  
Andy.....Morgan Jones  
Benny.....Richard Monahan  
Dr. Loring.....Lyle Talbot

This is one of those "lost island" things. Steve is found floating on a life raft. He is delirious. In a military hospital, a doctor gives him sodium pentathol for the true story of what happened. Does that seem a little irregular? Anyway, he tells a whopper of a tale.

He was a bomber pilot—now you discover that it takes place during WWII—who was shot down over the sea. Only he and three other crew-members managed to survive on a raft. They drift for eight days until finally washed ashore on an uncharted island. They are captured by a group of anonymous Hollywood starlets with 1952 hairdos—all with fresh permanent waves. You'd think a few wigs would have been in order. The plane crash is extremely well done but then, it was clipped from another film. There are also five men on the raft in the clipped scenes and only four in the new ones.

The girls are frightened because the men are unshaven. They think our boys may be more of the "hairy men" who came from the sea four years earlier and killed all their people except these few girls who were in a mountain temple at the time. The girls speak English with phony sounding thee's, thy's, ye's, yea's and nay's. "They are definitely of another period," wisely pronounces Steve.

In case you haven't guessed, the four men are the following types: Steve: stalwart, wise, tolerant, handsome;







Andy: a "country" boy, shy, naive, homey, handsome; Ed: surley, a cynical mamma's boy—but handsome; Benny: alas Benny is from, guess where, Brooklyn! His dialogue consists entirely of wise-cracks and Brooklynese clichés. He's the comic relief but if you find anything to laugh about you just hate Brooklyn.

The men are released by Sandra (pronounced SAWNdra), the high priestess. She tells them which path to take (for wherever it is they think they are going) and it leads them into an orgy of film clips from ONE MILLION B.C. The film clips are really quite effectively integrated. Usually the four men are matted in over the animal shots and you would think they were filmed especially for UNTAMED WOMEN if you hadn't seen them twenty times already.

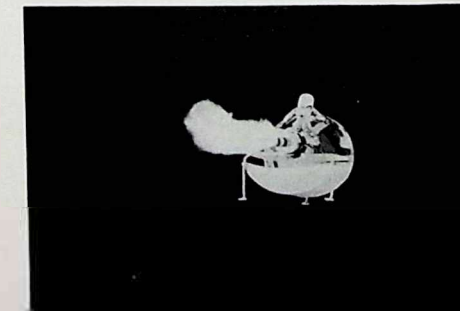
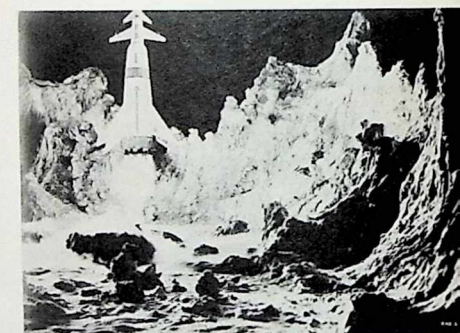
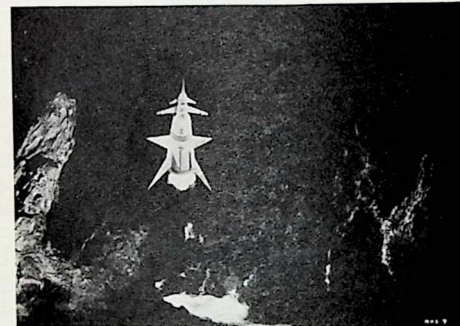
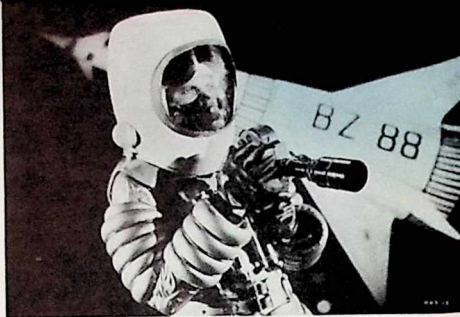
They make their way back to the girls where Sandra marvels that they have escaped from the Valley of the Monsters. The fact that they escaped suddenly makes them socially acceptable. Sandra then tells them the island's history: the girls are Druids, exiled from England hundreds of years ago. They came to the island where they lived peacefully and contentedly until the hairy men came from the sea and killed most of the tribe.

Now, does that seem like logical behavior for a group of savages? They might kill the men, but the women? I doubt it. Sure enough, the hairy men attack once more during the telling of the tale and lo, they start killing the girls instead of capturing them for a fate worse than death. In the battle Ed gets killed. Most of the girls manage to escape to the temple but not before Sandra gives her medallion to Steve in case she doesn't make it. He will then be the leader of the pack.

Then, guess what. The volcano erupts! The temple is destroyed and all the girls but one get killed. The men flee with the remaining girl trying to reach the raft. Benny is caught in the flying rocks and he gets killed. Andy tries to rescue him and he gets killed. The dinosaurs all get killed. More rocks fly around and the girl gets killed. Steve is conked on the head but manages to stagger to the raft and escape. The island sinks into the sea and all the hairy men get killed.

Now this seems a rather severe ending for such a trivial little story. You don't expect such carnage as this except in high tragedy like Hamlet or something. You might imagine that the Druid women and the hairy men wouldn't make it because that's the way the movies always handle "things that don't belong in our society." I'm sure you've noticed that a person from another time, either an actual one or an environmental one, as in this case, are never, never allowed to adapt to our modern world. They are either killed or mercifully returned. There's something very deep here if we could only puzzle it out.

The doctors naturally don't believe a word of Steve's story (not even with sodium pentathol?). Then one of them says, "But, what about this, Doctor? We found it still clutched in his hand." He holds up THE MEDALLION. Crash of music. The end.



# ASSIGNMENT-OUTER SPACE

ASSIGNMENT—OUTER SPACE. A Four Crown Picture. Released by American International Executive Producer: Hugo Grimaldi. Narration by Jack Wallace. Music Supervision: Gordon Zahler. Sound Effects Editor: Joseph von Stroheim. Technicolor. 79 minutes. Released April 1962.

Ray Peterson.....Rik von Nutter  
Lucy.....Gaby Farinon  
Gino.....Dave Montessoro  
Al.....Archie Savage  
Commander.....Alain Dijon

This is a very strange one. Its purpose is the best in the world because it accepts science fiction on its own terms and proceeds from there. Technically, it is very uneven. The spaceship interiors are superb but most of the exterior miniatures look just that. The station on Venus is particularly bad.

The dialogue ranges from banal to excellent with an emphasis on the former. The actors are speaking English, but, as is the custom in continental studios, everything is dubbed anyway. This makes the lip synchronization a little better but doesn't help the pathetically stilted voices of the dubbing actors.

Ray Peterson is a reporter for Interplanetary News of New York. He is assigned to write a story (no one thinks to mention on what) which requires his presence at the space station. There he is given a number: 1Z41 or "India-Zulu-Four-One" if you wish to use it in conversation. All members of the space service are addressed by number and are regarded with about the same concern as any other inventoried item.

Peterson is regarded as a fifth wheel on the space station and the commander is not noted for his tact. Interplanetary News of New York, however, has a great deal of influence with the "High Command" and Peterson gets just about everything he wants much to the Commander's increasing ire. We never get to know a great deal about the civilization of the 21st Century but there are lines tossed off occasionally which give clues. But the clues are contradictory. Apparently there is a world government and, from the way the space station is run, you would think it a little like 1984. Though from Peterson's actions he would seem to have all the freedom anyone could want. (A later film, BATTLE OF THE WORLDS, with Claude Rains, takes place against the same sociological background). Perhaps something was lost in the dubbing as occasionally the lip synch is completely off—as if we are hearing other than what was intended. American International is one of the worst meddlers with foreign films in the world.

Peterson saves the life of Y13 (Yankee-One-Three), an action resulting in the loss of 500 gallons of fuel. The Commander feels the fuel to be far less expendable than Y13 and tells him so. Y13 turns out to be a pretty young girl who immediately falls in love with Peterson and vice-versa, though Peter-

son seems to feel that it is his due.

Now an emergency arrives. Alpha Two has re-entered the solar system and is out of control. No one bothers to inform the audience just exactly what Alpha Two is, but whatever, it is radiating enough heat to destroy the earth. They try to shoot it down but the tremendous heat prematurely detonates all

missiles 5000 miles away. However, one missile gets within 2000 miles before it explodes. This seems to prove that Alpha Two's two photon generators (that's what they said) are creating not one spherical field around the ship but two, with a channel between them. I don't know; would heat be that directional? (next page)



ARCHIE SAVAGE, RIK VON NUTTER, ALAIN DIJON, GABY FARINON



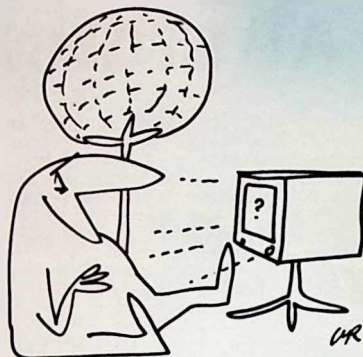
RIK VON NUTTER and Alpha Two's dead pilot



Anyway, Peterson, hero to the bitter end, makes the trip down the channel in a two-man work-craft, throwing things from the repair kit to either side. The point at which they vaporize indicates the edge of the heat-field. He enters Alpha Two but, being a hero by profession and not an engineer, doesn't know how to turn off the photon generators. He decides to cut the cables; a fine idea but he doesn't know which cables are which. So, he cuts them all. It shuts off the photon generator all right but gets the airlock too. Now he can't get out. Never fear, the others cut him out before the ship is vaporized in the earth's atmosphere.

For some reason all the shots in space are black and white. It's a striking effect but hardly accurate. The ship (Bravo-Zulu-Eight-Eight) is well designed and photographed but the stupid thing lands flat on its exhausts! I don't know from spaceships but, according to Woody Woodpecker in DESTINATION MOON, they work on the same principle as a gun. Jam the muzzle of a gun into the ground getting it clogged and it will be more likely to explode than fire. But BZ88 keeps doing it.

There's a lot to like in the film and a lot to dislike. Your overall opinion will depend on which predominates. ●



and that found in the pulps is simply: Zelazny's is purpler. His plots are basically the same thing you'll find on the late, late show. Roger Zelazny writes old movies with science fictional trimmings.

For example: "The Lamps of his Eyes, the Doors of his Mouth." Here we have the big-game hunter who has lost his nerve, his fortune and his bitch of a wife. After a lot of running around and excitement, he gets his nerve back and assaults his former wife in the control room. It's a good story. It's Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. The story of the big-game hunter/detective/test pilot/circus star/movie star who loses his nerve or winds up on the skids for one reason or another, was one of the really old stand-bys in Hollywood. It was THE plot in just about every movie Richard Widmark made before he joined the Navy.

In "And Call Me Conrad" we have Tyrone Power in a combination of the White Hunter and Lost World flicks. You really expect to see Tarzan swing down from the trees at any moment. And that vampire is Tor Johnson.

"The Graveyard Heart" is a Doris Day movie (any Doris Day movie) in black. Just read in, for the character names, Doris, Rock, and Tony and you'll see what I mean.

Zelazny could have written some great old movies. He knows all the plots, the situations, the characterizations, and how to mix them. He also has a fine sense of the melodramatic. In "The Furies" James Cagney is gunned down by the cops just as he decides to go straight.

But Zelazny's real forte would have been the horror movie. A fine example of this is "Damnation Alley." Here we have a mish-mosh of every creepy picture American-International ever made. Giant gila monsters, huge bats, and a mad scientist on a motorcycle cavort around in a mysterious atomic wind and, once in a while, you can see the zippers on the costumes.

So there you have Roger Zelazny. A misplaced movie writer working in a field that will nowadays do anything to look respectable...even call pastiches of old movies, "literature." Of course, it logically follows that if Zelazny could have done it in 1939, he could still do it today. Not movies, maybe, but certainly television. And he probably will. That's the REAL New Wave. ●

## DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL! IT'S TIME FOR THE LATE, LATE ROGER ZELAZNY

by Gary N. Hubbard

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Algis Budrys once said something to the effect that if Roger Zelazny had been around in 1939 he wouldn't have been able to make a sale to any of the pulps because he would have been too far ahead of his time; his writing style would have been much too literary in an age of purple prose and gadgeteers. But would this have been the case?

Not really.

Zelazny would probably have never made the pages of Astounding or even Thrilling Wonder Stories, but he probably would have achieved a moderate success writing fillers in Startling and would be doing all right in Weird Tales and Dime Detective. However, I think Zelazny would have been wasting his time writing for the pulps in 1939 (that is if he could even write his name in 1939). His real place would have been at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Budrys and that crowd extol Roger's ability as a writer without, I think, actually reading him. They stress the style and ignore the plot. In truth the only difference between Zelazny's writing

