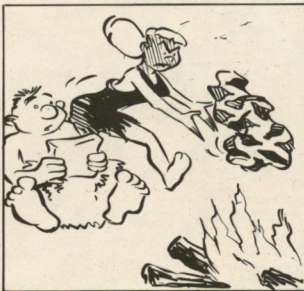
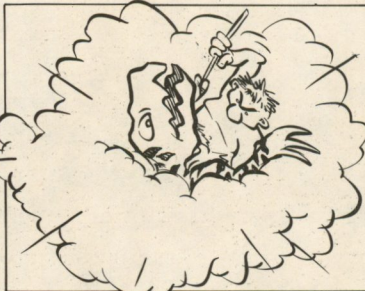
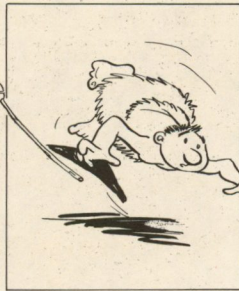
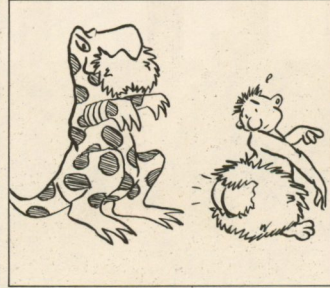
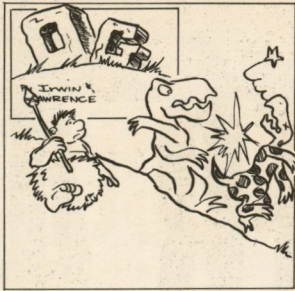


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EDITORIAL AND OTHER PRETENSIONS



Everything from...

The first thing you may notice about this issue is the increase in price. I didn't do it without considerable thought. All it amounts to, actually, is that you now pay the postage. It will, of course, not affect existing subscriptions. And, too, if you wish to pick up your copy in person you may still have it for fifty cents. You can also get it for fifty cents by subscribing. Even at sixty cents there are several fanzines which cost more, if that signifies anything.

Let's see: since the last issue what has happened? Al Jackson has moved to Houston where he is working for NASA as a physicist in something called "Simulator Dynamics." It's not clear exactly what he does but it has something to do with the training of the astronauts. The last time he was up he said he had "flown" the Gemini Simulator and had burned up in the atmosphere eight times. Good luck to our space program.

Alex Eisenstein popped in unexpectedly over the New Year's weekend. He didn't know that I had moved and had a little difficulty in finding me. He tried to call my old Dallas number but was told that I didn't exist. (Plano has a different telephone system, unfortunately. It doesn't have DDD and any call outside the city limits is long distance. Of course, I don't have a phone now anyway but it wouldn't have mattered one way or the other.) He went to the apartment where I had lived but I had told no one where I was going. He finally found someone who knew someone who knew someone who knew where I had moved. Anyway, he finally made it to Plano and we had a fine weekend.

Speaking of Plano—(and yes, Ted Pauls, the town is as exciting as the name suggests)—I have

never before lived in a small town as an adult; I moved to Dallas in 1957. I've lived in them most of my life as a child but I was still unprepared for the onslaught of the churches.

Immediately after I moved in they started coming around wanting me to go to their church. Fortunately, most of them came on weekdays and I was at work. But I found little cards stuck in my door two or three times a week. There was one, however, who came on Saturday afternoon: He wasn't just a representative of the church, he was the minister (Baptist) himself and was the most impertinent, rude man I'd ever met. He didn't just invite me to his church, he preached me a sermon right there on my front porch. I hadn't invited him in because I didn't want to encourage him but he apparently didn't need any. Besides, he might have wanted to baptize me in the bathtub.

He asked all sorts of personal questions which I certainly wouldn't have the nerve to ask a total stranger. I didn't want to be rude to the man (beyond leaving him on the front porch) so I answered with a lot of non-committal grunts. I didn't tell him how I really felt about going to church and accepting Christ as my personal savior and living my life for God and if I thought I would go to Heaven or Hell if I died right now because it would only have added fuel to his religious fire. Bleahh!

The other day I received MANNDATE #7 from Richard Mann in which he gave Trumpet 3 a three page review. I'm flattered by the length and detail of the review but he made several baseless and puzzling assumptions. I will mention only one of them because I needed to announce it anyway. He said, "Issues 1-3 are available at 50¢ each while they last, which is probably quite a while." Unquote. Well, for Rich's information—and every one else's—Trumpet 1 (print run of 750) and Trumpet 2 (print run of 500) are sold out. Trum-

pet 3 (print run of 750) is NOT sold out.
Now why would he say a thing like that?



1709 Debbie Drive

...chastity to...

I've been reading (or skimming) a book entitled "CHASTITY, IN A COURSE OF LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN INTENDED ALSO FOR THE SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF PARENTS AND GUARDIANS, by Dr. Sylvester Graham author of Lectures on the Science of Human Life." It has a publication date of 1890, though this is a second edition. No date is given on the first edition but various letters concerning it are dated 1837.

The book is very funny if you read it a certain way or very sad if you read it another. Funny, if you see only the hare-brained ideas of sex during the Victorian era or sad, if you consider the wretchedness caused by such ideas.

There seemed to be an idea extant at the time that sex was not only shameful but would make you sick or even kill you. The idea is summed up in an introduction by J.H. Shearman, Surgeon.

"In this constitutional and practical sin, the gratification of the self-will propensities are permitted to supercede the exercise of the intellectual perceptions and moral feelings. When the inferior portion of the brain is actively stimulated by false excitement, the nobler organs perish. Health requires that there should be a due exercise of all the powers, and also a proper supply of blood to all the organs of the body; but if one or more be stimulated to excessive activity, the others are deprived of blood and health...

"The healthfulness of the blood depends on the caloric combined with it during respiration; therefore, everything which impedes this process induces disease and debility. All practices which are accompanied with shame and fear, hinder respiration; and as the practices which are treated of in this work must necessarily, not only be performed in secret, but be kept a secret, there must be both shame and fear accompanying it. Respiration will, therefore, be necessarily seriously impeded—the blood will be deteriorated, and rendered unfit for the purpose of nutrition—digestion,

assimilation and revigoration of the body, will go on imperfectly and languidly—the body will decay, the mind will become weak and the feelings perverted. These effects will follow in an increasing ratio, until disease puts an end to a miserable existence." It's a wonder that people didn't murder their children at birth (they would have been a dead giveaway to their shameful acts) because, of course, this applied not only to illicit sex but to married couples as well.

"The mere fact that a man is married to one woman and is perfectly faithful to her, will by no means prevent the evils which flow from venereal excess, if his commerce with her transgresses the bounds of that connubial chastity which is founded on the real wants of the system. Beyond all question, an immeasurable amount of evil results to the human family from sexual excesses within the precincts of wedlock. Languor, lassitude, muscular relaxation, general debility and heaviness [I suppose that means you get fat], depression of spirits, loss of appetite, indigestion, faintness and a sinking at the pit of the stomach, increased susceptibilities of the skin and lungs to all the atmospheric changes, feebleness of circulation, chilliness, headache, melancholy, hypochondria [If one suffers from all those listed, hypochondria can be doubted], hysterics, feebleness of all the senses, impaired vision, loss of sight, weakness of the lungs, nervous cough, pulmonary consumption, disorders of the liver and kidneys, urinary difficulties, disorders of the genital organs, spinal diseases, weakness of the brain, loss of memory, epilepsy, insanity, apoplexy;—abortions, predispositions, and early death of offspring,—are among the too common evils which are caused by sexual excesses between husband and wife.

"The evils arising from excesses between man and wife, are very far greater than is apprehended by even those who suffer them. It is no uncommon thing for a young couple to enter into wedlock in good health, and in due time to be blessed with one or perhaps two or three healthy and vigorous children; and afterwards they will have, in succession, two, three, four, or five feeble and puny offspring, which will either be stillborn, or survive their birth but a few months, or at longest by two or three years; and very probably during this time there will be several early abortions; and all the while the unfortunate wife will be afflicted with great debility and extensive functional derangement, and almost constantly suffer those numerous and distressing pains and ailments which result from sexual excesses. Very frequently also the husband becomes severely afflicted with distressing consequences. Besides those named, debility, inflammation, swelling, and excruciating pain of the spermatic cords, and also of the testicles, resulting, perhaps, in the necessity for castration, and sometimes in death, are often the fruits of connubial intemperance."

It's interesting to note that very large families were the rule during this period with ten or more children not being uncommon; while today, when "venereal excess" (in itself) is known to cause none of these ailments, families with three or four children is considered large. I wonder which is the cause and which the effect.

Dr. Graham goes on to give several case

histories of young men suffering from "venereal excess" all of them supporting his claims. And one very curious note: Dr. Graham considers twins to be a sure sign of "venereal excess."

One may wonder just how frequent is too frequent.

"It is impossible to lay down a precise rule, which will be equally adapted to all men, in regard to the frequency of their connubial commerce. But as a general rule, it may be said to the healthy and robust, it were better for you not to exceed, in the frequency of your indulgences, the number of months in the year; and you cannot habitually exceed the number of weeks in the year, without in some degree impairing your constitutional powers, shortening your lives, and increasing your liability to disease and suffering—if indeed you do not thereby actually induce disease of the worst and most painful kind, and at the same time transmit to your offspring an impaired constitution, strong and unhappy predispositions."

Normal sexual activity is not alone the cause of such human wretchedness. Erotic fantasies are even worse and nocturnal emissions, while not quite as bad, are to be a cause of considerable worry. But the grand bogey of all time, and second in horror only to the dismemberment and consumption of three-year-old children, is "self-pollution."

"In the FIRST PLACE, it is wholly unnatural and, in every respect, does violence to nature. The mental action, and the power of the imagination on the genital organs, forcing a vital stimulation of the parts, which is reflected over the whole nervous system, are exceedingly intense and injurious; and consequently the reciprocal influences between the brain and the genital organs become extremely powerful, irresistible, and destructive. The general, prolonged, and rigid tension of the muscular and nervous tissues, is excessively severe and violent. In short, the simultaneous effort, and concentrated energy of all the powers of the human system, to this single forced effect, cause the most ruinous irritation, violence, exhaustion, and debility of the system."

Dr. Graham devotes the majority of the book to "self-pollution" using in abundance such words as: "evil", "shocking", "abominable", "filthy", "depraved", "debased", etc. Take the results of "venereal excess" between man and wife, multiply by ten and you have a pretty good idea of what is going to happen to you. But worst of all; it is habit-forming:

"One of the most melancholy and remediless cases I ever knew, commenced in very early childhood, under the care, and by the immediate instruction of a nurse; and before the boy was old enough to know the dangers of the practice, the habit had become so powerful, that he was wholly unable to resist it; and when he had reached the age of twenty, with a broken down constitution, with a body full of disease, and with a mind in ruins, the habit still tyrannized over him, with the inexorable imperiousness of a fiend of darkness."

He cites one case in which the afflicted young man was manacled for several months and seemed on the road to regaining his health. But as soon as the manacles were removed, he was at it again.

In his zeal to frighten his readers, Dr. Graham tends to blow his own argument. He implies that 99.9%, if not all, boys indulge in this "vile practice." How can he believe his own statements when he can look out the window and see that all the people on the street are not stumbling, diseased idiots?

But it isn't hopeless. Dr. Graham offers concrete remedies:

"And by abstracting from this diet his wine, porter, flesh, and every other heating and stimulating substance, and putting him strictly upon a very plain, unstimulating farinaceous diet, together with a tepid bath in the evening, just before going to bed, and the cold shower bath in the morning, and free exercise in the open air, he was gradually restored to health of body and mind, and to the full enjoyment of himself, his family, and his friends; and remained, as he had been before, a useful and much esteemed member of society, and a worthy member of a religious community."

I like a story with a happy ending.

...Marty Robbins

I saw the oddest movie not long ago. I went from curiosity primarily and because Marty Robbins is one of my favorite singer-types. The picture was called *Ballad of a Gunfighter* and was the dramatization of Robbins' recording, "San Angelo." It tells the story of a gunfighter returning to San Angelo to meet Secora, his lady-love. But the Rangers are waiting and he and Secora are both shot down; but die in the best saddlesoap-opera tradition: hand-in-hand.

There are a number of disconcerting things in the film. Robbins plays a gunfighter named...Marty Robbins. I couldn't believe it for a while. They called him, "Senor Marty," but it sounded like, "Senor Martin." Later, he was called, "Robbins," but it wasn't until someone came right out and said, "Marty Robbins," that it finally soaked in. I still can't understand why they did it because it adds a farcical note that the film can ill afford.

Also, Robbins is constantly doing acrobatics—or a stuntman is. He leaps from a cliff to the top of a speeding stagecoach and then does a backflip to the ground—the coach having stopped in the meantime, of course. He mounts his horse at a gallop and with leaps through the air guaranteed to cause at least a hernia.

Anyway, Robbins is this Robin Hood-type who steals from the rich, etc. All the people love him; except the rich, of course. He falls in love with Secora, a dance-hall girl with one of the dirtiest pasts ever paraded in a family movie. She was raped by her uncle when she was fifteen and so on. She is now living with the town baddie and won't marry Robbins because she feels she isn't good enough for him, though she loves him. He finally gives up on her and rides away. She changes her mind and sends someone after him which brings about the aforementioned climax.

The final scene is quite well done. Robbins sings "San Angelo" on the sound track and there is no other sound. People talk but you hear nothing and the fatal gunshots are silent. But it's the song which carries the scene. When the song ends and people gather around the two bodies the audience

burst into gales of laughter.

The reasons are fairly obvious. The whole thing is totally inept. Robbins is a nice looking man and seems to have the potential of an adequate actor. Secora is dreadful and so are all the others. The only character to do anything at all with her role is Laurette Luez (whom you may remember as the star of *Prehistoric Women*) who plays Felina, the owner of the cantina. Does the name sound familiar? It's from an earlier Robbins song called, "El Paso," which has an almost identical plot to "San Angelo" except that Felina lives and Secora doesn't. In one scene Felina tells Secora

of what happened to her when she was working in Rosa's Cantina in El Paso. More gales of laughter.

It's difficult to believe at any time that Robbins and Secora are *actually* in love. They never kiss and seldom touch. They only give each other blank looks. In another laugh provoking scene they go swimming. Secora wears a bathing suit of the period but Robbins wears his pants, socks and long underwear. He removes only his shirt and boots—but he goes behind a bush to do it!

I wonder if Robbins has seen the film with an audience? ●

A Gala Event in the form of a two-day convention will be held in Dallas this summer on Saturday and Sunday, June 11 and 12. It is being sponsored by the Texas Trio intrepid editors and publishers of Star-Studded Comics. I'm a little vague on the details but some of the events scheduled are: the Captain Marvel serial will be shown complete; original comic art (professional) will either be on sale, auction or as prizes; Bill Spicer and Camille Cazedessus as well as other prominent fans are expected to attend and who knows what all. If you might be interested write Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Dr., Carrollton, Texas 75006 and get your name on the mailing list for all further bulletins.



"This tastes like garbage!"

THE BOHEMIAN TORY - continued from page 19

even in institutions which pride themselves on their stringent selectivity of faculty members.

I have to say that I think right belongs to both sides; but that being right does not justify many of the activities indulged in by both Administrators and Faculty. The faculty member in most private Colleges has signed a contract binding him to uphold, or at least not subvert, the purpose of the College as set forth in its charter; and I fail to see where he has any more right to get out of that contract than he would to get out of any other contract. He may decide that he simply cannot stomach the restrictions put on him in the name of the Charter, and that he must go somewhere else. He may, as may any man, stand up for his principles and take the consequences; but he has no right to stand up for his principles and make someone *else* take the consequences—force the College to pay him for destroying what the College stands for. He has no right to enlist the students in a campaign to force the Administration to back down, if for no other reason than that the students have even less right to interfere with the College than the faculty; nor, for that matter, is a student equipped to tackle a problem as thorny as this. Student activists are not in any sense of the word students; by acting for some cause or other, they

become committed and commitment is by definition incompatible with the learning process—and thus the student activist throws away the very thing that he came to the College for. In the St. John's case, with which I am no more familiar than any other acutely interested reader of the news, one of the Faculty apparently asserted a right to harangue the students in the Dining Hall after being disassociated with the College; and this I find inexcusable under any circumstance.

The Faculty have certain rights. They have the right and duty to remonstrate with the Administration, to attempt to point out to them the error of their ways and the consequences of their actions. They have the right and duty to complete autonomy in professional affairs within the limits of the Charter of the College. They have the right and duty to bring to the attention of the Trustees any incompatibility between professional standards and the Charter and Policy of the College, and to use the weight of their professional responsibility to try to convince them of this if they sincerely believe it; and they have the right and duty to resign if they believe that the Charter and purpose of the College are such that they can in good conscience neither support them nor refrain from attacking them. But they do not have the right to attempt to destroy

the institution while taking its money. They do not have the right to use their position to subvert the idea of the university. They do not have the right to enlist the students in a campaign of coercion against the administration; and, I would say, they do not have the right to enlist professional pickets in an attempt to prevent the College from operating and the students from attending classes. They do not have the right to indulge in "union" activities.

The intellectual professions are not unionizable. Whatever arguments may be made for unionization in industries and trades, they simply do not apply to the faculty of an institution of higher learning. The claim to academic freedom carries with it the solemn obligation to academic responsibility; to mature consideration of ideas, and a willingness to admit ignorance when necessary. The motto of the intellectual, if he or she is to claim any special privilege of freedom, must be "I wear no man's livery!"; and by definition, unionization requires giving to others the power of decision. Union solidarity demands that, agree or not, the union member must take his stand with his union brothers, striking or not striking as a body; and this is not compatible with individual decisions and the responsibilities which must weigh heavily on any man claiming "academic freedom". ●

Perhaps it was a Radcliffe co-ed at a party.
"And what do you do, Mr. Campbell?"

"Why, I'm the editor of—"

"Ooooooh, how interesting! Tell me about it.
It must be fascinating work. Maybe you would consent to look at some of my things. What kind of magazine do you edit?"

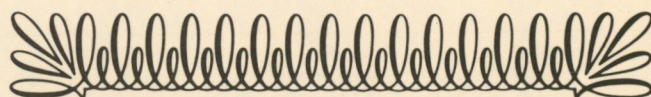
"—a science fiction magazine."

"Oh. You mean that crazy Dick Tracy stuff.
My kid brother used to read that a lot. Excuse me now, there's Geoffrey Wilkes-Boothe, don't you just love his poems in *New Little University Review*?" And off she went.

If so, I shudder for him. A thing like that can reach a man. Of course we'll probably never know what sort of incident resulted in the editorial in the October *Analog*. Campbell may have encountered an obnoxious little unpublished poet, or a snide literature instructor. The contact may even have been impersonal, perhaps one of those supercilious essays of the type Leslie Fielder specializes in, but I don't think so. From the first sentence to the last, everything suggests Campbell was attempting a more personal putdown.

Note particularly his use of the passive voice. "Since my degree is in Physics," the editorial starts, "naturally it is held that I have no training fitting me to make comments on the Liberal Arts fields, or discuss Literature." "...the fact that I spent four years studying the physical sciences is held, somehow, to prove..." "For example, it's held that someone like James Joyce..." Whoever it was that held these opinions must have been pretty overpowering if Campbell couldn't face him even in print, and had to behead these sentences of their real subject.

(I must pause here for the inevitable protest that I am Analyzing An Author By His Writings, a practice currently in disfavor with those who find themselves embarrassed by what their favorite writers have written. If I go on to disapprove of what is said, I expect someone will object, as someone did recently in *Zenith*, that I am abridging the freedom of speech. Apparently it's no longer sufficient that we be willing to defend to the death someone's right to speak—now we must agree with what he says, too. More and more people seem to feel this way, what with America's involvement in the unpleasantness in Viet Nam. It's not a new or unique attitude, and I won't waste time railing against it here, but I do think those who hold it should be honest about whose freedom to speak is involved when they try to shush criticism. Now let's get back to Campbell before these parentheses



CARDSHARK

CAMPBELL

MEETS SEX

AND (THE)

COMMON MAN!

by Tom Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY LYNN PEDERSON





spawn a litter of baby theses.)

Campbell's theme is one many might agree with: that "obscenity and obscurity" are not the truly lasting values in literature. It is nothing new, either. Sinclair Lewis for instance was saying the same thing just 20 years before, in the July 1945 *Esquire*, and the editor of *Analog Science Fiction/Science Fact* has not improved on Lewis' argument. The way Campbell presents his case, however, deserves attention, for it reveals traits that may have

a strong bearing on the contempt science fiction receives from nonfans.

The first thing that struck me about this essay is that, to disparage what he thinks are the prevailing standards of literary quality, Campbell had to say more nice things about science, objective measurement, the scientific method and such than he has been heard to in some time. In the September issue, for example, he was still sore at scientists for not discovering things sooner, like the

possibility of combining xenon with flourine. In the April issue he was saying that creativity couldn't be measured objectively so why must scientists insist that telepathy be measured objectively. Now, apparently, he has changed his mind about creativity, at least in literature. It seems you just take the number of readers and multiply that by the number of years the piece of writing has managed to survive. The answer is the Coefficient of Literary Quality, unfailing and accurate to any number of places.

I'm kidding, of course. It might be interesting if someone really tried this, supposing any reliable figures could be found. But you don't catch Campbell doing all that work when his mind is already made up.

He flaunts his degree in the first clause of the first sentence and won't let the reader forget his training: "spent four years studying the physical sciences...35 years of practical work in the field [of literature]...basic engineering training...physical science training...I keep noticing practical matters." But does he use this wealth of practical down-to-earth training and experience?

Sadly, no. One of the "practical matters" he says he "keeps noticing" is: "how many graduates of college courses in Literature, English, Journalism and the like actually come out in the world and become successful as writers?" (Emphasis subtracted, because my heart can't take all the italics with which he's loaded this poor sentence.) Campbell spends considerable space defining the terms to fit his argument—"successful" writers are of course those who make money at it—but he never does investigate the question he makes such a point of asking.

Of course, it's not something you can look up in an almanac. If he were really interested in the answer, it'd be a job getting it. A year of checking writers' backgrounds and English, literature and journalism graduates' final occupations might

supply enough data for a statistical guess.

I had the impression that this kind of research was the way real scientists and engineers got their answers. But Campbell has his four paragraphs later, and there is nothing to suggest his electric typewriter paused an instant. He doesn't tell how or where he got it; he doesn't even care to state it directly. It appears by implication in a question: "how come most successful authors took degrees not in English Literature, but in some widely different field?" (And by the way, do you still beat your wife?)

You'll notice he's left out the journalism students this time, probably because many of them do go into newspaper or advertising work and earn, I would guess, more than the average freelance writer.

To be absolutely fair, Campbell does adduce one smidgin of evidence for his implied contention about the education of most writers. Near the end of the essay he says: "As of now, over the last quarter-century of editing, I've gotten more printable manuscripts from the Cal Tech Ph.D.'s than from Harvard English Lit graduates."

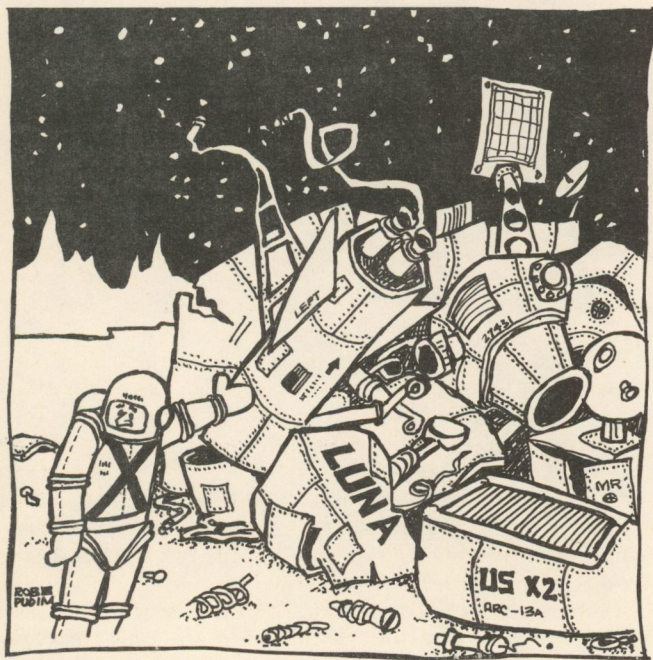
Now there's a statement of fact. It can't be checked and you may have a hard time believing it (Why on earth would he keep a record? How accurate was it? Did each of his authors tell Campbell his educational background? Might any have fibbed?)—but we might as well accept it at face value, for this crumb of hard fact is all we're likely to get from Mr. Campbell.

Unfortunately it's not much even on the face of it. By insisting on the pedigrees of his Ph.D.'s and literature graduates, Campbell has introduced another variable that invalidates all his data. Perhaps the difference in climate between California and New England had something to do with how printable those manuscripts were.

Furthermore, *Analog* is not exactly a typical magazine. A technical education might well be of more use to a science fiction writer than to other sorts of writers. Would Campbell's statement hold true for the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *Atlantic Monthly*? (And of course those magazines must be better than *Analog*—their circulations are larger and their authors and editors get more money. That was what you said, wasn't it, Mr. Campbell?)

Then there's that word "printable," not at all an objective term. A printable manuscript is not one that can be set up in type and printed. It's one that a particular editor considers right for his magazine—a most subjective judgment indeed. Campbell has been making such judgments for 25 years—with varying success, true, but he has kept his magazine going where others have failed. He knows quite well that there's a difference between a bad story and a better one, or a good sentence and a ghodawful one, and he knows he can't put the difference into a formula. He knew this when he was writing this editorial. But the knowledge didn't stop him, indicating intellectual irresponsibility or a bad case of doublethink.

So his statement actually means, "As of now, over the last quarter-century of editing, I've gotten more manuscripts I considered acceptable for my science-fiction magazine from Cal Tech Ph.D.'s than from Harvard English Lit graduates." This is hardly conclusive evidence that "most success-



"Wait until Lady Bird hears about this."

ful authors took degrees *not* in English Literature, but in some widely different field." Still less is it an answer to his initial question, "how many graduates of college courses in Literature, English, Journalism and the like actually come out in the world and become successful as writers?"

Let's face the facts, fans. On all the evidence, John W. Campbell Jr., that unorthodox, anti-authoritarian, iconoclastic, hardheaded thinker, did what he's been warning us against for 25 years. He assumed what he had set out to prove. He simply took it for granted that all those English, literature and journalism students become precious poets or frustrated bookreviewers and produce damned little. Everybody knows that's true—and what's the sense of investigating when everybody knows?

Let's bear that in mind next time he mentions the belief that a ten-pound weight falls ten times as fast as a one-pound weight, or that the noble gases were all chemically inert.

So we see Campbell fails to use the scientific training he boasted of. (It consists, according to Martin Gardner and Sam Moskowitz, of a bachelor's degree obtained from Duke University after he flunked at M.I.T. in one of those liberal arts courses. Moskowitz says the course was German, but he notes that "for years [Campbell] permitted the rumor to circulate that he had flunked out of Massachusetts Institute of Technology because of failing grades in English."*)

He also uses a double standard. His essay ends: "How come they keep on turning out Literature graduates that can't sell stories?" But he is heartily offended when he is asked why Duke University's parapsychology department keeps on turning out graduates who can't read minds or teleport masses.

I would rather be accused of overkill than nit-picking. Painful though we may find it, let's examine the rest of the editorial.

Campbell takes a great deal of trouble to discredit Sex and the Common Man. This sounds like Helen Gurley Brown's latest book, but no; it's what Campbell considers the two mainstays of modern literature.

He wants to eliminate sex as an ingredient of great and enduring literature (presumably because Kay Tarrant is still assistant editor of ASF and its stories are as unreal and sexless as ever), as well as the common man (presumably because of science fiction's notoriously poor characterization, in which ASF leads the field). So he cites Homer, Shakespeare and Milton as great writers who didn't rely on such cheap tricks to hold their readers' interest.

Now you'll remember that Campbell is pretending there is no way to judge good writing except by its popularity. So he had to pretend that Homer, Shakespeare and Milton are still popular writers—that is, outside those hated English literature classes. It's a dubious proposition. A case can be made for Shakespeare, or some of Shakespeare anyway. But the best he can do for Homer is to go into an orgasm of italics over a paperback he saw at some airport. And it's a good bet that edi-

tion was put out primarily for university bookstores. Those damned literature classes again!

Try to remember the last time you saw someone reading Homer or Milton who didn't have to. If they're popular writers, the word must mean something different than it does when applied to Ian Fleming or Mickey Spillane. (Or, for that matter, Chaucer. Kids love Chaucer, when librarians will let them get their hands on his stuff. "The Miller's Tale" is particularly popular. If Miss Tarrant would let Campbell read the Canterbury Tales, he'd see it contains a lot of sex and common men. Yes, and common women, too.)

To shuffle Homer and Milton to the top of the deck of Authors, Campbell had to bypass a *really* popular book, the Bible. It's the most widely distributed book in the world, according to my desk encyclopedia, and a current bestseller. Thousands or millions must read it daily. Allusions to its characters and stories are being made constantly. And it's just full of sex and common people. Card-shark Campbell knows it's obvious he stacked the deck, and his patter includes a quick embarrassed phrase indicating that no book which is considered basic to two great religions can be up to much.

And then there's Shakespeare. Either Campbell isn't as familiar as he lets on with the writer he calls "Bill Shakespeare," or he hopes his readers aren't. "Where's the sex interest in 'Hamlet'?" he asks. He thinks it might be Ophelia, and points out that she's thrown out early in the play. Well, Ghod help us, if no one's told Campbell that Ophelia killed herself because she *wasn't* Hamlet's sex interest, I sure hate to be the one. His parents should have done it; it must be horrible to learn that kind of thing from a fanzine. Probably Miss Tarrant wouldn't let him read a direct explanation anyway, but if she missed the ball-bearing mousetrap, perhaps a coded message would get through. (By the way, class, where's the sex interest in "Oedipus the King"? Raise your hand if you know. Yes, Junior Campbell?)

He also says there are "no Common Men" in "Julius Caesar." Well, perhaps that's a matter of opinion, like whether there is antisemitism in "The Merchant of Venice." But it seems strange when you come to think of it that Campbell didn't go easy on Shakespeare and tout another playwright who meets all of his stated specifications—prolific, popular, enduring, whose works are largely sexless and more given over to heroes than to common men.

George Bernard Shaw, of course. He's just what Campbell needed to fill out his hand. His Caesar was certainly no common man, and his Cleopatra no vamp. As a bonus he even wrote a couple of things that can be called science fiction. His work hasn't endured as long as Shakespeare's, but it has endured "beyond its generation," which Campbell says is the real test.

It would tell a lot about Campbell if he ignored Shaw because of Shaw's socialism, and it's difficult to come to any other conclusion. I would hesitate to say if that were all there was to go by. But last year Campbell wrote an editorial about what he called "barbarians" which, as I pointed out at the time in Enclave, was simply a rewrite of Ayn Rand's book "For the New Intellectual," using the term "barbarian" instead of Miss Rand's

*Moskowitz, Sam, "Explorers of the Infinite," p. 336-7.

term, "hun." It's inconceivable that anyone would steal anything as patently phony as Miss Rand's philosophy (which runs counter to history, economics and psychology) unless he believed in it, so I suppose Campbell does. For those of you fortunate enough not to have heard of it, the "philosophy" is largely an apologia for *laissez-faire* capitalism; Miss Rand insists that everything would be peachy if governments placed no restraints whatever on businessmen, because businessmen would see that their own self-interest would best be served by extending material advantages to as many people as possible. History tells a different story, but Miss Rand and her followers distort history in much the same way that Campbell has distorted literary history to suit his own purposes. And of course socialism is anathema to Randians. Taking all this into account along with Campbell's weakness for crackpot ideas, I think he probably did discard Shaw as an example of literary merit because he didn't like Shaw's economics.

Two more instances of Campbellian deep thinking ought to suffice. He asks, "how long would the Common Man last if he were suddenly snatched into a real and dangerous situation? Let's drop him suddenly back 300 years, say, right here in America." He wouldn't last long, Campbell concludes, but the example tells more about Campbell than about modern man. There is no explanation of why the dangers of 1666 are more "real" than those of 1966, or why Campbell considers the suggested displacement more meaningful than putting a 1666 colonist suddenly at the wheel of a speeding automobile.

Then he instructs us to "get a list of the writings that have in fact endured more than one and a half centuries—roughly six generations—and check how strong the sex motivation in those stories are. [sic] Is it a true, dominant factor? Or is loyalty to a cause, dedication to an ideal, defense of a clan, or the achievement of a dedicated goal the dominant motivation?"

This homework assignment could take 10 years with no conclusive results. But observe first that by eliminating the last 150 years' literary output, Campbell has eliminated most of the writing done in the convention of realism and most of the modern novels—the books that would most embarrass him in his current thesis. (Even so, we still have Richardson and Fielding left; and in their enduring works, sex is indisputably the true, dominant factor. If Miss Tarrant had let him read their stuff, he would have made it 250 years.) And second, note that the high ideals he mentions are mostly forms of chauvinism or ethnocentrism, the curse of the modern world.

Thus the editor of *Analog*. He argues by mouth-ing the name of science and pragmatism, but ignoring the essence; by tailoring definitions to fit his current thesis; by citing only the examples that fit his case, ignoring others even when his own are clearly the exceptions; by citing these examples in a distorted way, misrepresenting their true nature; by assuming what is to be proved; by changing the terms of what is to be proved to suit his own experience; by asking Do-you-still-beat-your-wife? questions; by ignoring essences and magnifying irrelevancies; by ruling out broad categories of evidence against his arguments by making glib asser-

tions on matters he is apparently ignorant about; by every quick trick and rhetorical device he knows.

In short, he marks the cards, stacks the deck, deals seconds, and claims the pot without facing his hand.

Nor is this editorial an exceptional one. Campbell-baiting is an old sport in fandom, an easy finger exercise whenever a writer is hard up for a topic. So much so that I suspect many readers have agreed with everything I've said but are asking, "So what?"

Campbell is what's up front in every issue of *Analog*, the world's best science-fiction magazine according to the verdict at the Loncon. We used to complain about cheap and tasteless covers on SF magazines; now that those magazines are gone and SF covers usually depict nothing at all recognizable, we are stuck with stupid and galling editorials.

With effort it's possible to be optimistic about this. Dick Eney, writing in *Speculative Review*, v. 1 n. 3, managed it: "Consider what happened last time we had a real example of crackpottery in the prozines; the last time, I mean, it was presented with the demand we accept it for fact. Wasn't Palmer's idiocy set off by the Golden Age of the '40s? Now that Campbell's completed his pilgrimage from fictionalized science to burbling nescience, what'll be the reaction to that? Yes; now that JWC has hit rock bottom, by rights we should look to the pros to begin their next Golden Age. Now once again we have a Horrible Example for sf to live down. And I'd like to see what's going to be made of it. Matter of fact, I can hardly wait."

This is a pretty thought. Unfortunately for those tempted by it, Eney wrote that some years back—in 1960, going by the internal evidence in that issue of *Speculative Review*. Unfortunately also, Campbell edits the rest of his magazine, too. The October issue contains, dressed up as stories, an ineffective attack on pacifism by someone who didn't take the necessary trouble to understand pacifism before trying to ridicule it, and a hymn to the Hieronymus machine by an author who will probably go on making money catering to Campbell's follies. Fine for him, but not for science fiction.

As for the potential new reader or writer of SF, what can he think after reading an editorial in the world's best SF magazine? The new writers we need are those men with good minds and educations who would have no trouble seeing through Campbell's silly sophistries—who would be disgusted by them. They don't need to be told that men who reason the way John Campbell does can hold that Hieronymus machines work, that magic is something more than superstition, that dianetics can cure sinusitis, that scientists really know very little, that the Dean Drive drives—or, indeed, anything else that strikes his fancy.

Perhaps the reaction of a real scientist can be seen in John Boardman, a Ph.D. in physics and the originator of the Eleven-Foot Poll "for science fiction you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole." He named the awards in this useful competition *Juniors*.

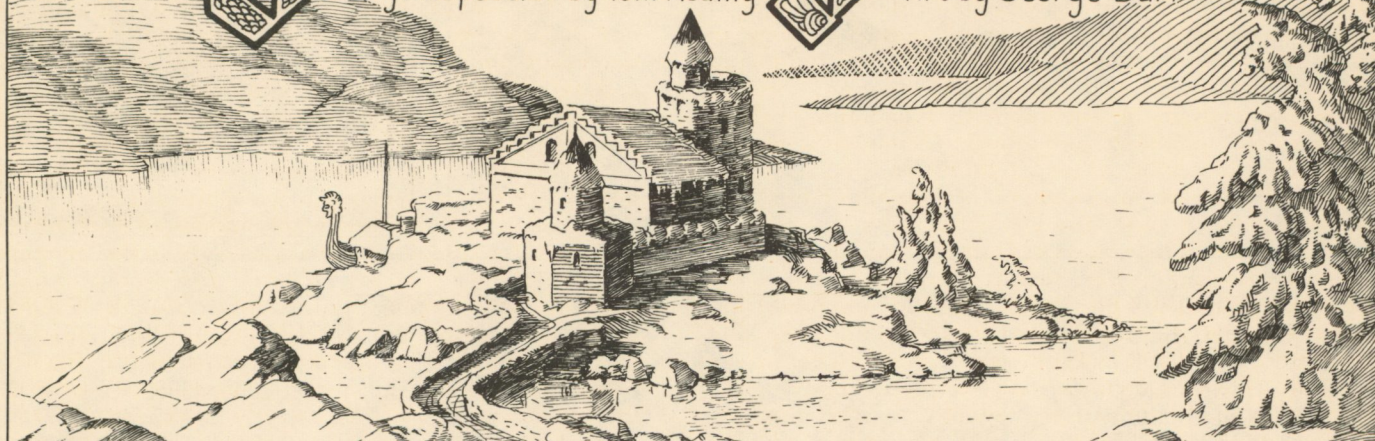
Finally there's that hypothetical Radcliff co-ed and all the people like her. If John Campbell really wants their respect he can earn it, simply by devoting his huge enthusiasm to honest science fiction for a change. About all that the rest of us can do is to stop buying his magazine. ●

POUL ANDERSON'S

The BROKEN SWORD

Story Adaptation by Tom Reamy

Art by George Barr



THERE WAS A MAN CALLED ORM THE STRONG, A SON OF KETIL ASMUNDSSON WHO WAS A GREAT LANDSMAN IN THE NORTH OF JUTLAND. THE FOLK OF KETIL HAD DWELT IN HIMMERLAND AS LONG AS MAN REMEMBERED, AND WERE MIGHTY LANDOWNERS. THE WIFE OF KETIL WAS ASGERD, WHO WAS LEMAN-CHILD OF RAGNAR HAIRYBREEKS. THUS ORM CAME OF GOOD STOCK, BUT AS HE WAS THE FIFTH LIVING SON OF HIS FATHER, THERE COULD BE NO GREAT INHERITANCE FOR HIM.

ORM WAS A GREAT SEAFARER AND SPENT MOST OF HIS SUMMERS IN VIKING. WHEN HE WAS IN HIS TWENTIETH WINTER, HE WENT TO HIS OLDEST BROTHER ASMUND AND SAID...

NOW YOU HAVE BEEN SITTING IN HIMMERLAND AND HAVING THE USE OF THE FARM FOR SOME YEARS, AND YOUR BROTHERS GROW RESTLESS FOR A SHARE. BUT IT IS PLAIN THAT IF WE DIVIDE IT FIVE WAYS, OUR FAMILY WILL SINK FROM GREAT LANDSMEN TO SMALL HOLDERS, AND SOON BE LOST AND FORGOTTEN.



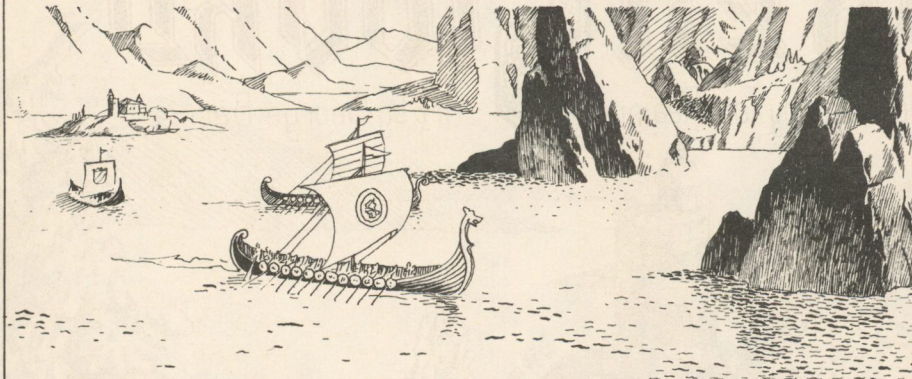
THAT IS TRUE, AND IF YOU WILL NOT YIELD THE INHERITANCE, IT WERE BEST WE STEERED IT TOGETHER.



I WILL NOT BE FIFTH MAN AT THE RUDDER, AND SO I WILL MAKE YOU THIS OFFER: GIVE ME THREE SHIPS AND OUTFIT THEM, AND SUPPLY ARMS TO ALL WHO WILL FOLLOW ME, AND I WILL FIND MY OWN LAND AND QUIT ALL CLAIM ON OUR FATHER'S.



ASMUND WAS WELL PLEASED WITH THIS, THE MORE SO SINCE TWO MORE OF THE BROTHERS SAID THEY WOULD GO WITH ORM, AND ERE THE SPRING, HE HAD BOUGHT LONGSHIPS AND ALL THEIR OUTFIT AND FOUND MANY OF THE YOUNGER AND POORER MEN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHO WOULD BE GLAD TO FARE WESTWARD. ON THE FIRST CLEAR DAY OF SPRING, WHEN THE SEAS STILL RAN HIGH, ORM TOOK HIS SHIPS OUT OF THE BAY, AND THAT WAS THE LAST ASMUND EVER SAW OF HIM.



BY STARTING THUS EARLY, ORM REACHED THE WESTERN ISLANDS AHEAD OF MOST OTHER VIKINGS AND HAD A GOOD PLUNDERING. WITH THIS HE BOUGHT MORE SHIPS AND GATHERED A FOLLOWING WHILE HE LAY IN IRELAND OVER THE WINTER.



NOW FOR SOME TIME ORM HARRIED THE WESTERN LANDS AND HAD A GREAT BOOTY. BUT HE WISHED FOR LAND OF HIS OWN, AND SO ONE SUMMER HE JOINED HIS FLEET TO THE GREAT ONE OF GUTHORM, OR GUTHRUM AS THE ENGLISH CALLED HIM. FOR SOMETIME HE WAS WITH GUTHRUM ASHORE AS WELL AS AT SEA, AND WHEN PEACE WAS MADE WITH ALFRED, ORM WENT INTO DANELAW TO SEEK LAND.

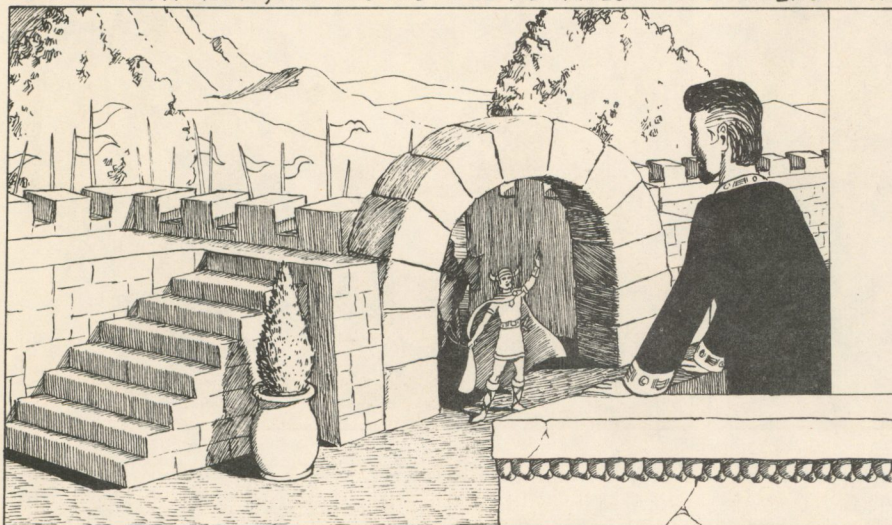
HE FOUND A GREEN AND FAIR TRACT BESIDE A LITTLE BAY WHERE HE COULD KEEP HIS SHIPS. AN ENGLANDER ALREADY DWELT THERE, BUT ORM RINGED HIS HOUSE WITH MEN ONE NIGHT AND BURNED IT. THE MAN, HIS BROTHERS, AND MOST OF HIS HOUSEHOLD PERISHED THEN.



SOME SAID THAT THE MAN'S MOTHER ESCAPED THE FIRE - FOR THE BURNERS LET ALL WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND THRALLS THAT WISHED LEAVE FIRST - AND LAID THE CURSE ON ORM THAT HIS ELDEST SON SHOULD BE FOSTERED BEYOND THE WORLD OF MEN, WHILE ORM SHOULD IN TURN FOSTER A WOLF THAT WOULD ONE DAY REND HIM.



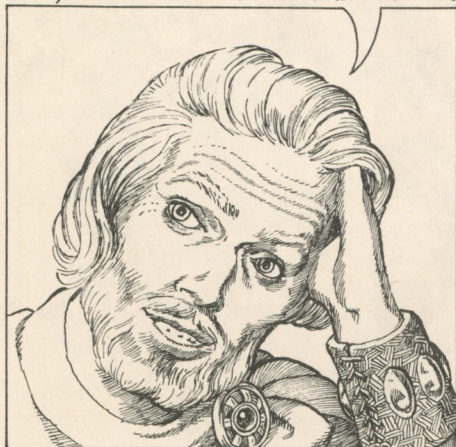
ORM BUILT A GREAT HOUSE AND OTHER BUILDINGS ON HIS NEWLY GAINED LAND, AND WITH HIS WEALTH AND FAME HE WAS ACCOUNTED A MIGHTY CHIEF IN THE DANELAW. WHEN HE HAD SAT THERE A YEAR HE FELT IT WERE WELL IF HE HAD A WIFE. HE RODE WITH A GREAT FOLLOWING TO THE ENGLISH EALDORMAN ATHELSTANE AND ASKED FOR HIS DAUGHTER AELFRIDA, WHO WAS SAID TO BE THE FAIREST MAIDEN IN ENGLAND.



NEVER WILL I WED A HEATHEN DOG, NOR INDEED CAN I. AND WHILE IT IS TRUE YOU CAN TAKE ME BY FORCE, YOU WILL HAVE LITTLE JOY OF ME -- THAT I SWEAR!



NOW THAT I AM IN A LAND WHERE FOLK WORSHIP THE WHITE CHRIST, IT MIGHT BE WELL IF I MADE PEACE WITH HIM AS WELL AS HIS FOLLOWERS. INDEED, MOST OF THE DANES HAVE ALREADY DONE SO.



I WILL BE BAPTIZED IF YOU WILL WED ME, AELFRIDA.

THAT IS NO REASON!



BUT THINK...IF YOU DO NOT WED ME I WILL NOT BE CHRISTENED. AND THEN, IF WE MAY TRUST THE PRIESTS, MY SOUL IS LOST, AND YOU WILL HAVE TO ANSWER HEAVILY TO YOUR GOD FOR LOSING A HUMAN SOUL.



ALSO, I WILL BURN DOWN THIS HOUSE AND THROW YOU OFF THE SEA-CLIFFS.



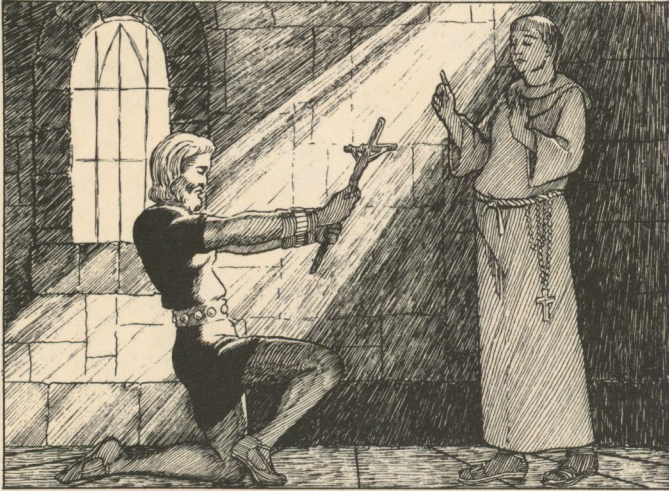
AYE, DAUGHTER, WE DARE NOT LOSE A HUMAN SOUL.



AELFRIDA DID NOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, FOR INDEED ORM WAS NOT AN ILL-LOOKING MAN AND HE WAS KNOWN TO BE RICH AND POWERFUL. SO ORM WAS CHRISTENED, AND THE NEXT DAY HE WED AELFRIDA AND BORE HER HOME TO THE DANELAW. THEY LIVED TOGETHER CONTENTEDLY ENOUGH, IF NOT ALWAYS PEACEFULLY.



THERE WERE NO CHURCHES NEAR, SO AT AELFRIDA'S WISH ORM KEPT A PRIEST ON THE LAND, AND FOR ATONEMENT OF HIS SINS HE PAID THE PRIEST WELL.



ALL THAT WINTER HE AND THE PRIEST QUARRELED ABOUT THIS.

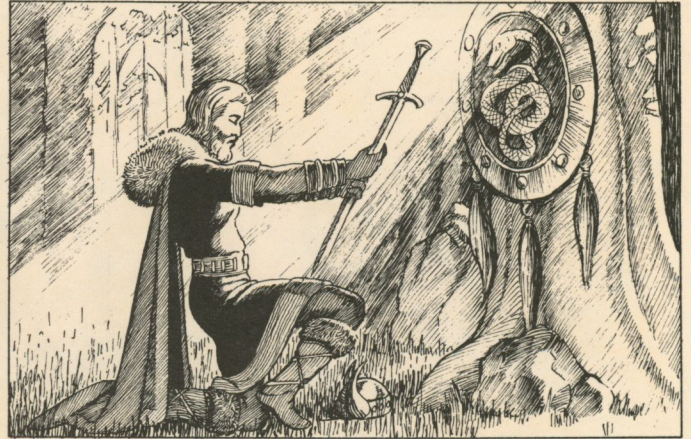
AND IN SPRING, NOT LONG BEFORE AELFRIDA'S CHILD WAS BORN, ORM LOST HIS TEMPER AND KICKED THE PRIEST OUT THE DOOR AND BADE HIM BEGONE.



A FEW DAYS LATER, EARLIER THAN HE HAD PLANNED, HE LEFT WITH HIS SHIPS AND SPENT THE SUMMER HARRYING IRELAND AND SCOTLAND



BUT BEING A CAREFUL MAN WITH NO WISH TO OFFEND ANY OF THE POWERS, ORM CONTINUED TO SACRIFICE TO THOR IN MID-WINTER AND TO FREYR IN THE SPRING FOR PEACE AND GOOD HARVESTS, AS WELL AS TO ODIN AND AESIR FOR LUCK BEFORE EACH SEA-VOYAGE.



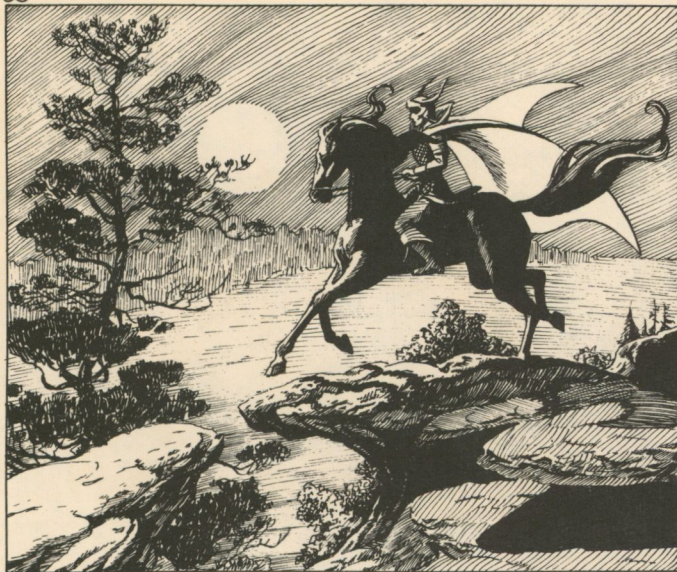
AELFRIDA REPROACHED HIM GREATLY FOR THIS, UNTIL HE CRIED THAT HE COULD STAND NO MORE!



BUT SCARCE WERE HIS SHIPS OUT OF SIGHT WHEN AELFRIDA WAS BROUGHT TO HER BED AND GAVE BIRTH TO A CHILD. IT WAS A FINE BIG BOY WHO AFTER ORM'S WISH SHE CALLED VALGARD, A NAME OLD IN THAT FAMILY. BUT NOW THERE WAS NO PRIEST TO CHRISTEN THE CHILD, AND THE NEAREST CHURCH LAY A GOOD TWO OR THREE DAYS JOURNEY AWAY. SHE SENT A THRALL THERE AT ONCE.



IMRIC THE ELF-EARL RODE OUT ONE NIGHT TO SEE WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE LANDS OF MEN.



AYE, WE HAVE BEEN TOO BUSY IN THE WAR WITH THE TROLLS. BUT NOW THERE IS A TRUCE, AND I AM CURIOUS TO FIND WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.



MUCH, AND LITTLE OF IT GOOD. THE DANES HAVE COME FROM THE EAST, BURNING AND PLUNDERING AND BREAKING ENGLISH LORDS. THEY ARE NIGH TO OVERRUNNING ALL THE WESTERN ISLANDS.



THAT IS NOT BAD. BEFORE THEM THE SAXONS CAME WITH FIRE AND DEATH, AND BEFORE THEM THE PICTS AND SCOTS, AND BEFORE THEM THE ROMANS, AND BEFORE THEM THE BRYTHONS AND GOIDELS, AND BEFORE THEM -- BUT THE TALE IS LONG AND LONG. NOT WILL IT END WITH THE DANES.



AND I, WHO HAVE WATCHED IT ALMOST SINCE THE LAND WAS MADE, SEE NAUGHT OF EVIL IN IT, FOR IT HELPS PASS THE TIME. I WERE FAINT TO SEE THESE NEW FOLK.



THEN YOU NEED NOT RIDE FAR, FOR ORM THE STRONG HAS TAKEN LAND HERE AND HIS HALL IS BUT A RIDE OF A NIGHT OR LESS TO THE EAST ON A MORTAL HORSE.



A SHORT TRIP FOR MY WINDY-MANED STALLION. I WILL GO!



HOLD! HOLD, ELF!



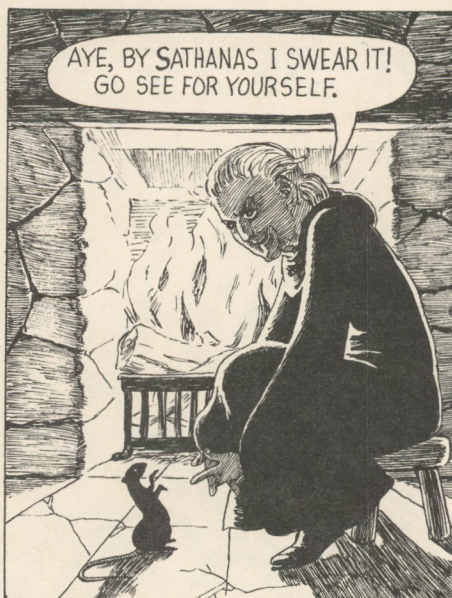
AYE, RIDE! RIDE TO ORM'S HOUSE BY THE SEA! HE IS GONE A ROVING, BUT HIS WIFE WILL GUEST YOU GLADLY. SHE HAS BUT NEWLY BROUGHT FORTH A SON, AND HE IS NOT YET CHRISTENED.



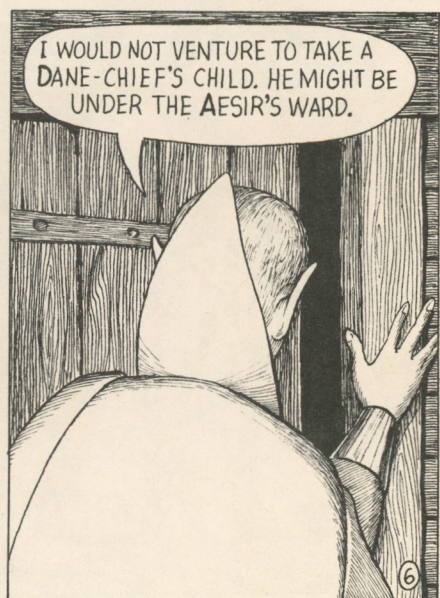
SPEAK YOU SOOTH, WITCH?!

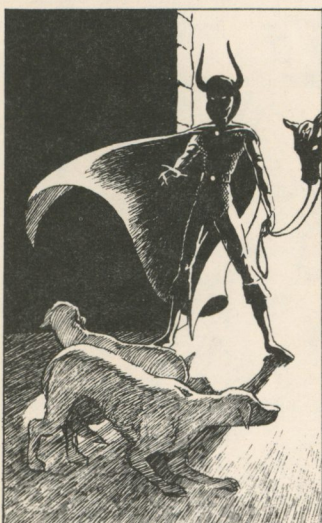
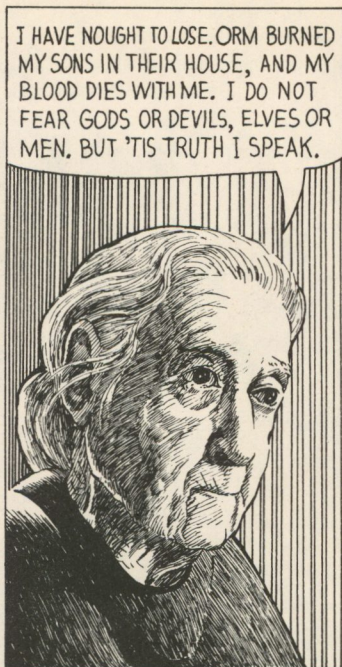
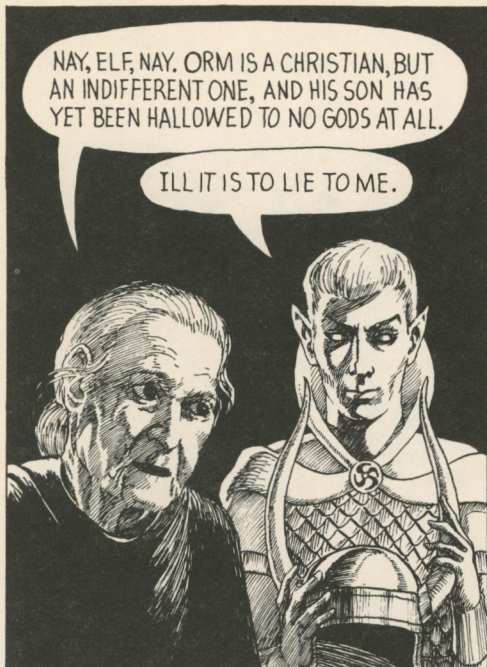


AYE, BY SATHANAS I SWEAR IT! GO SEE FOR YOURSELF.

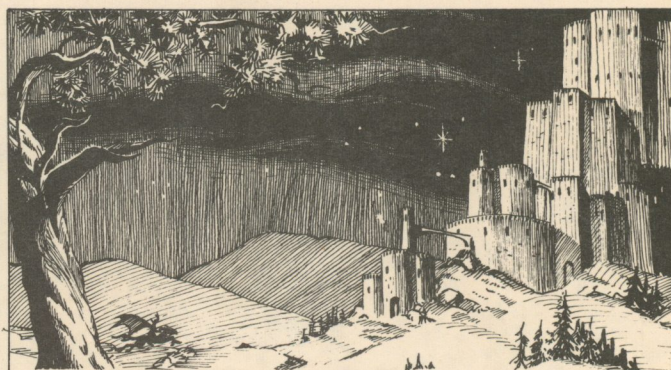
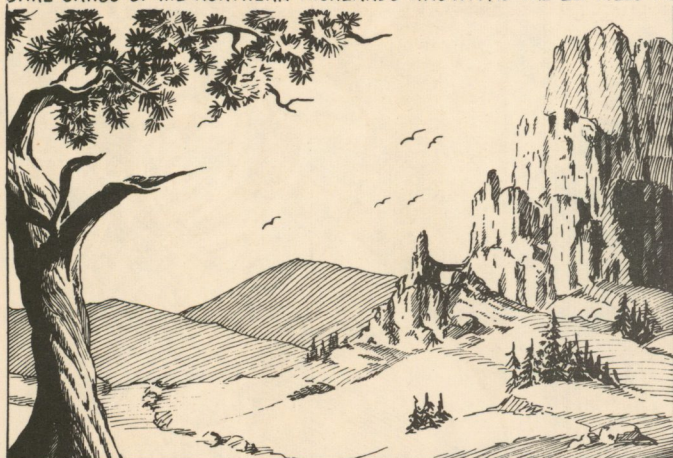


I WOULD NOT VENTURE TO TAKE A DANE-CHIEF'S CHILD. HE MIGHT BE UNDER THE AESIR'S WARD.

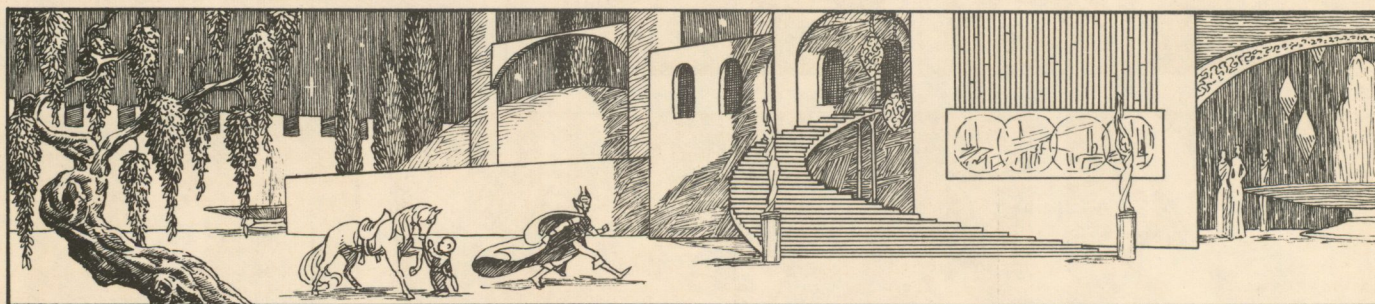




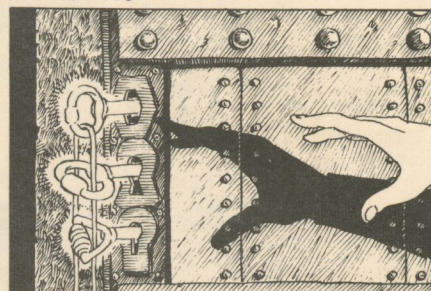
IN THOSE DAYS THE ELVES AND OTHER FOLK OF FAERIE STILL DWELT UPON THE EARTH, BUT EVEN THEN A STRANGENESS HUNG OVER THEIR HOLDINGS AS IF THESE WAVED HALFWAY BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND ANOTHER, AND THERE WERE PLACES WHICH MIGHT AT ONE TIME BE A SIMPLE LONELY HILL OR LAKE OR FOREST AND THEN AT ANOTHER GLEAM FORTH IN ALL THE ANCIENT SPLendor OF THE TRUE DWELLERS. NOW AND AGAIN THE GAUNT BARE CRAGS OF THE NORTHERN HIGHLANDS KNOWN AS THE ELFHILLS MIGHT BE SEEN BY MEN AS HALLS AND CASTLES, AND THUS THEY WERE SHUNNED



IMRIC RODE TO THE GRIM FORM OF ELFHEUGH, WHICH HE SAW AS A CASTLE, TALL AND SLENDER-SPIRED.



ONLY IMRIC HAD THE KEYS TO THE THREE MIGHTY LOCKS. HE MUTTERED CERTAIN WORDS AND THE PONDEROUS DOOR GROANED OPEN, FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE LAST HE HAD OPENED IT.



FOR NINE HUNDRED YEARS THE TROLL-WOMAN HAD BEEN IMRIC'S CAPTIVE, AND SHE WAS MAD.



WE ARE GOING TO MAKE A CHANGELING AGAIN, GORA!

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BOHEMIAN TORY • jerry pournelle

The St. John's incident, as well as several others we have heard about lately, focuses some much needed attention on a real problem in these United States—a problem which for lack of a better name we can call "The Idea of a University". The problem is this: can an institution of higher learning have a purpose or character? Can a Catholic College remain Catholic, or a Christian Liberal Arts College remain Christian? And, if in this land of the free, such institutions have a right to exist, how can they retain their purpose and character and still manage to accomplish the primary task of a college, namely educating the students?

The problem, you see, is easily stated; but there is no simple answer to it. In fact, the whole issue is so involved that at times I despair of finding a formal solution and fall back on Prudence and Good Judgment; which is to admit that the problem is insoluble. Now I don't think that every social "problem" has a "solution", and I am convinced that in particular most of the really important issues facing men have always been "insoluble" except through the exercise of prudence; but I am also convinced that there are questions of right and duty involved here, and I am not willing to abandon the issue without further effort.

The problem of a College boils down to this: on the one hand, the Founders and Trustees have a purpose in mind, which is set forth in a Charter and quite often a Statement of Purpose. The College in which I teach, for example, proclaims itself a "Christian Education Institution". The Founder's widow, who sits on the Board of Trustees, and the Trustees themselves are quite open about the fact that if the College is not to retain its essential character, then the money which endowed it was badly spent, and should have been given to the Church, or left to the Founder's widow. Every prospective faculty member is made aware of this fact before he is given an interview, and the contract which he signs contains a statement to the effect that he is in general agreement with the purpose of the College, or at least will not openly seek to impede this purpose. Furthermore, the College, like most private Liberal Arts Colleges, is dependent on tuition and gifts for the major portion of its funds, although it has been rather generously endowed. There is a decided attitude on the part of most of the donors, and this plus the Trustees make it incumbent on the Administration to preserve and seek to further the purpose of the College as stated in its Charter.

But how are they to do this? A genuine College must not have Administration spies in the classrooms; faculty members cannot be called upon to answer every denunciation made by a student or student parent; and there must be a dedication to Truth, not an attempt at indoctrination, or the students will have no reason for being here and the whole place will become a farce. There must be, then, a measure of academic freedom accorded to the faculty, and there must be a measure of faculty in-

fluence in the selection of curriculum. Furthermore, teaching methods, as opposed to content, are even more difficult to judge or control; and even the faculty members most sympathetic with the problems of the Administration have no intention of submitting themselves to a kind of inquisition by persons not learned in their particular fields (or, after obtaining some recognition in their subjects, even by those who are).

But; having said that there must be a measure of academic freedom, whatever that is, are we then to say that every faculty member ought to be able to teach the students *anything he wants to teach, without regard to the wishes of the Administration, the students' parents, or the Trustees and Founder of the College?* This is, of course, the pat answer often given, particularly by professors and apprentice-professors (students); but it merely says, in the last analysis, that the character and purpose of a College cannot ever be controlled by the Founders or Trustees, and that the opinions of the faculty must and will ultimately control the College. The Administration then becomes a kind of fund raising machine which has the obligation of finding the money for (ever increasing) faculty salaries, but no authority whatever over what that money is to be spent for. And this, I think, if universally accepted, is the death knell of the private College or University in the United States. With a few exceptions, no College is so well endowed that it can afford to ignore gifts and bequests; and the donors will not come up with money for a College that has so changed in character and purpose that they no longer agree with what it stands for. There remains the Government, of course; but I for one no more trust the Government as a donor "without strings" than I do an arch-conservative or arch-liberal private philanthropist; and I am even less inclined to trust the Government when there comes a time in which it has no competition in the field of education.

So where does this leave us? We have a requirement for allowing the faculty a great deal of latitude within which to operate; but we also have a requirement, and I would say, a moral obligation, not to rob the Founder and donors of a College of their money by accepting it, then subverting its use to a purpose with which they do not agree and had they known of they would not have supported. We have conflicting principles, which, in the real world as opposed to the more comfortable world of thought, happens more often than we would like; and the whole future of private education in these United States is closely involved in the "solution" to this "problem".

Fortunately, the question does not get down to its bare fundamentals very often. If we had to face really basic issues every day—such as, for example, why any citizen should ever obey any command of government with which he does not personally agree—we should all go mad. Some questions are better left unanswered in the last analysis, to be kept for examination at the rarified levels of the Ivory Tower by men who

have enough experience and sense of responsibility not to leap at the first Platonic Ideal they come across. Yet, the St. John's case and others like it bring this one squarely to the foreground, and it sits, like an imp on the foot of the bed, grinning at us and daring us to exorcise it. It can no longer be ignored; and I readily submit that I am not in any way possessed of any pipeline to Truth which gives me a simple and final answer; in fact, as I have admitted earlier, I sometimes wonder if anything other than Prudence and Judgment will provide us an answer—and the very fact that we have to face this particular problem, that it has become acute, is ample testimony to the fact that Prudence and Judgment have failed. Prudent men would never have let the situation get to the point where the basic dilemma was out in the open.

The question is further complicated by arrogance; the arrogance of the disposers of fortunes, who believe that they can buy what they generally do not have; the arrogance of the intellectuals who, while proclaiming contempt for the wealthy, wish to dispose of other's funds "with no strings attached"; the arrogance of the student who believes that the final authority should be given to him, as if he had either earned the money for the College, or the right to settle questions of curriculum and teaching methods; the arrogance, in a word, of those who are sure that their particular view is, ultimately, the only view, and that although others are "entitled to their opinions", their opinions should not be allowed to influence their actions. In all of this, the one thing that gets lost is education, and the idea of a university we mentioned earlier; and the losers are the students, the faculty, the Establishment, and the entire social order.

One might be tempted to think that the selection process for recruiting the faculty would eliminate the problem before it began; that only faculty members who agreed with the purpose of the College would be hired, and that therefore there would be perfect harmony between the gentlemen of the gown and the gentlemen of the purse. One might think this; but it is simply not true. I am not myself aware of all the reasons, although I can think of several: such as honest disagreement over the interpretation of the Charter; a crusading spirit on the part of some intellectuals which allows them to justify to themselves a large number of reservations when they sign the contract; an honest commitment on the part of some faculty members to the principle that Colleges simply CANNOT be allowed to have a definite purpose without negating the whole point of the College, and therefore a belief that they are, in the last analysis, serving the TRUE ends of the Trustees if only the Trustees knew what they were talking about; and outright dishonesty as described in Mary McCarthy's *Groves of Academe* (which, by the way, I recommend to every intellectual, practicing or apprentice as being well worth the time it takes to read and think about). I am sure that this list does not exhaust the reasons; the point is that the problem does arise, and has now become acute,

continued on page 5

Dr. Faustus or: how I learned to stop worrying and love the gore (almost) by dan bates

I have friends—really!—who frequently shout that Sergei M. Eisenstein's two-part *IVAN THE TERRIBLE* is, at once, the finest work of cinema ever created by the greatest film maker who ever breathed.

I fail to concur on either point, but no matter here.

My point is, they put so much emphasis on Eisenstein's technical wizardry that they fail to notice how emotionally frozen-faced his last works (*IVAN*, *ALEXANDER NEVSKY*, the film theory books) are. Even the most die-hard film-as-art student will admit—or should—that immaculate surface isn't everything. There's got to be something underneath.

And that's the trouble with Roman Polanski's *REPULSION*.

At the onset, it seems to be one of two prime contenders for the title I awarded Hitchcock's *PSYCHO* in *Trumpet 3* of "the last great horror film of the decade." The other contender, and ultimate winner, is George Franju's *THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS*, or *LES YEUX SANS VISAGE* in the original French (which translates into *EYES WITHOUT A FACE*, a more deservedly dignified title than the ludicrous one tacked on by a red-neck American distributor out to make a buck).

I saw *REPULSION* and *THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS* since submitting my article, "The Thin Line Between," published in *Trumpet 3*, so this must stand as an amendment to that piece.

First, Polanski's *REPULSION* (and an apt choice and curious coincidence, that title).

Anyone familiar with the Polish *KNIFE IN THE WATER*, that odd lady-or-the-tiger work of art, can not question Polanski's standing as one of the major talents in international cinema

today. But, again, technique isn't everything.

And *REPULSION* has superior technique packed in to overflowing. For one thing, the black-and-white photography: For me, Gilbert Taylor is one of the two most exciting movie cameramen at work today. The other is Gianni di Venanzo, who shot Fellini's 8-1/2. Taylor's work in *DR. STRANGELOVE*, *A HARD DAY'S NIGHT*, *FERRY CROSS THE MERSEY* and *THE BEDFORD INCIDENT*, as well as the present film under discussion, is that of the practiced craftsman who has mastered his technique until it almost assumes the guise of art. He has even mastered Orson Welles' old depth-of-focus gimmick. Like the shot near the first of *REPULSION* when Catherine Deneuve (who, by the way, is excellent) looks out the kitchen window and sees a group of nuns playing volleyball on a terrace far below. Like every frame of the film, this one is both magnificently composed (that is, the composition is magnificent) and carries an oddly subtle degree of meaning to our understanding of the strange young girl who is to inhabit our attention for what seems the next two hours or more.

It's Polanski's cold objectivity, almost to the point of aloofness, that kept bugging me. And, in the end, it's the attitude of the three directors involved that make the Franju a far superior work to those of Polanski or Hitchcock. You can't get away from it. Hitchcock is Dickens' fat boy, out to make our flesh creep, his tongue pushed so far back into his cheek as to almost dislodge a bicuspid.

Polanski is the artist gone slumming, a craftsman persuing his trade, indulging in an exercise in his craft, simply to be exercising in it.

Franju, however, is a man with a message to deliver, albeit in the subtlest manner possible. And one of the marvels of *LES YEUX SANS VISAGE* is its extreme subtlety. It is a remarkably beautiful film, one that recalls the best of Jean Renoir.

LES YEUX SANS VISAGE is a superb demonstration of "the more left to the imagination, the better" in movie horror. Franju, unlike Hitchcock, is anything but diabolical.

I must try your patience for a moment and relate the extreme circumstances under which I saw this fine 1959 film—as fourth feature on a dusk-to-dawn, six-feature, can-you-take-it program at a mosquito-infested Fort Worth drive-in. *LES YEUX SANS VISAGE*, under its ridiculous release title and inadequately dubbed (all dubbing is inadequate), came on about 12:40 a.m. and I had to stand up outside my car to stay awake. What a student of cinema art has to go through down here!

Polanski follows in Hitchcock's footsteps in that he leaves almost nothing to the imagination. We are shown everything there is to show, and I'm a little amazed to note that I found the rotting food a great deal more disgusting than John Fraser in the bathtub, blood surging up through his open mouth, or Patrick Wymark under the couch. But I

was really surprised that Polanski did not give us another view of Fraser when Miss Deneuve's sister (Yvonne Furneaux) and her lover discover his body. I mean, why spare us this time when we're spared little else.

Really, Polanski goes too far. There are three questions that must be asked of every work to critically assess it thoroughly: First, why was it made? Second, did it do what it set out to do? And third, was it worth doing?

REPULSION is an artist expending his immense talents to weave a fire-side scare story, and to heck with all the claims about Polanski's interest in the heroine as a case study. There's too much shock emphasis to make this contention stand. But, as fright films go, *REPULSION* is compelling. You know what's going to happen, but the narrative is unusual enough to command attention throughout.

But, once you've seen the film and left the theater, how do you feel? With Polanski, you feel taken in, misused, the victim of extreme self-indulgence. And that's no way to feel after seeing what's touted as being a work of art.

With Hitchcock, you feel like the victim of a massive leg-pull. Worse than with Polanski, you've been duped. You feel like a fool, and it's amazing how many people seem to enjoy feeling this way. The last time I felt that Hitchcock wasn't putting his arm around me and picking my emotional pocket was with *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*. I even felt a little cheated by *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*: I mean, haven't I seen this all somewhere before?

From Franju, we get sincerity. In fact, it is probably the French director's biggest failing that he is overly sincere: *DR. FAUSTUS*, if anything, can be blamed for taking itself too seriously, as Pauline Kael has already pointed out elsewhere.

But the film can be blamed for nothing else.

It can, however, be credited with much: The music of Maurice Jarre, much less heavy than anything he's written since for Hollywood producers; the Renoir-like photography of Eugene Shufatan, who shot Rossen's *LILITH*; the Cocteau-like face mask worn by Edith Scob, the tragic heroine; the immaculate performance of Pierre Brasseur as the deranged master surgeon who tries vainly and repeatedly to restore his daughter's (Miss Scob) accident-disfigured face by grafting onto it the surgically removed faces of innocent girls he and his mistress—assistant (Alida Valli) have kidnapped—all these elements add up to a marvel of true horror, a feeling missing when I saw *PSYCHO* and *REPULSION*. There's a thin line between horror and shock, as well as between horror and revulsion. *THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS* is a ridiculous misnomer. But, at least, the second word of the title is apt.

The film is a masterpiece of the genre, one that should be required viewing for all Hollywood and Pinewood film makers who are not as competent as Franju. Or who don't care to be. ●

TARZAN and how he grew OR whatever happened to Jane Baby? by John McGeehan

Tarzan in the original...

Tarzan is a name known the world over and, until a year or so ago, was connected with an illiterate savage portrayed by Johnny Weissmuller. Even today with the easy access to the Tarzan books and the countless articles stating the true facts, the majority of the public still thinks of Tarzan in the same vein as Mickey Mouse and Yogi Bear. Let any student get caught reading Tarzan and he will automatically draw snickers and horselaughs; while any adult who states that he enjoys the apeman's adventures gives the impression that he is either in his second childhood or has yet to come out of his first.

There are many reasons why the mere mention of the name Tarzan is frowned upon by society or jeered by the general public. The former because his creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs, is not considered by those 'qualified to judge' as an author of 'literature'; while the film and comic book/strip versions are the main reason for the latter. The fact that there is no real hero to clean up the 'African situation' is not exactly a help either.

The first Tarzan and the third story to be written by Burroughs was *Tarzan of the Apes* (Princess of Mars was the first and *Outlaw of Torn* was second). It was written from December 1, 1911 thru May 5, 1912 and was published in the October, 1912 issue of *All-Story Magazine*. His second, and fifth story, was *The Return of Tarzan* which saw print as a seven-part serial in the June thru December 1913

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE LUDWIG

issues of *New Story Magazine*. His last Tarzan tale was published in book form and is entitled *Tarzan and the Madman*. All told, ERB's Tarzan tales have appeared as short stories or serialized novels in 143 issues of various magazines. These stories were put into 22 hardcovers with three of the tales making it for the first time in late 1964 by Canaveral Press. On the fringe of Tarzan material is *The Eternal Lover* (magazine and hardcover publication) which had the Greystokes in the beginning and at the closing of the story. A twenty-third Tarzan book, *Tarzan and the Foreign Legion*—'47, saw print in hardcover only.

When Mr. Burroughs died on March 19, 1950 he left an unfinished and untitled 83 page type-written Tarzan novel as well as the then unpublished *Tarzan and the Madman*. He also left two short stories and a novelette that had seen print only in magazines. It was expected that not only the Tarzan but all of Mr. Burroughs' unpublished and 'magazine version only' material would see hardcover publication within a short time. But things didn't work out that way. The Burroughs heirs (two sons and a daughter) didn't care to put in the time and work required to manage a vast publishing empire; so they put complete control of ERB Inc. into the hands of its general manager, Cyril Ralph Rothmund, and gave him the final and sole word as to how the business should be run.

Mr. Rothmund's course of action was to do absolutely nothing. He was content to live off the royalties of the films and comic strips and to forget about the publishing end of the corporation. His biggest profits, though, were probably from income property. It makes one wonder if Mr. Rothmund wasn't more interested in becoming a real estate agent. The proof of his lack of interest lies in the fact that the only stories to have their copyrights renewed after Mr. Burroughs' death were a few done by his elder son, John Coleman. Consequently, the copyrights of over two dozen titles lapsed allowing the present publishing boom to take place.

The first public domain edition was two short stories in a 3,000 copy hardback published by Science Fiction & Fantasy Publications in 1957 under the title *Beyond Thirty & The Man Eater*. The second was *Three Martian Novels* (4th, 5th and 6th books of the Mars series) in the Spring of 1962 by Dover Publications in a quality paperback. This was the start but it didn't really get into high gear until Biblio & Tannen, Booksellers, formed Canaveral Press for the publication of the Burroughs books and put out their first three titles in May of 1962. Ace was the first of the paperbacks to realize the windfall granted the publishing world by Mr. Rothmund's carelessness. *At the Earth's Core* appeared from Ace in August of 1962 was followed with one book per month until June of 1964 with *Beyond the Farthest Star*.

By this time the Burroughs heirs had finally awakened to the fact that somebody had goofed and that said goof was going to cost ERB Inc. a few bucks. Shortly the announcement was made that C. R. Rothmund, who joined Burroughs in 1927, was going to retire from his position at the age of 65; and the corporation would now be managed by Mr. Burroughs' sons (John Coleman and Hulbert). They made arrangements with Bal-

lantine to publish Authorized paperback editions of the Mars series. Not wishing to duplicate the in-print public domain titles too soon, Ballantine published the copyrighted titles first and the unprotected ones later on.

Ace Books later purchased the rights to some of the copyrighted tales. (and no doubt paid a small fee or royalty on the public domain material they published) and were granted the rights to the Pellucidar and Venus series while Ballantine had the Tarzan and Mars tales. With the other or non-series stories it seemed to be a question of who wanted to publish them the most, if at all. Ace didn't care for such stories as *The War Chief*, *Apache Devil* or *Lad and the Lion*, so Ballantine has published them. It seems somewhat doubtful that *Deputy Sheriff*, *Oakdale Affair* or *I Am A Barbarian* will ever see paperback publication though a hard-bound edition is possible.

With the wealth of still copyrighted and unpublished material as bait, Canaveral Press readily came to terms with ERB Inc. and became the only authorized US publisher of all Burroughs in hardcover. As the words "Authorized Edition" is a minor selling point, they agreed to pay a small fee for the public domain titles in order to use the notation on the entire line.

Unfortunately, however, Canaveral Press did everything from having the books illustrated by Mahlone Blaine to putting the wrong title on *John Carter of Mars*. They made a couple of mistakes or loused up the whole works—depending on your point of view. Now, after publishing two dozen Burroughs books, they are trying to sell their twenty-five year contract with ERB Inc. for a minimum of \$75,000. Whether or not they will publish Lupoff's book on Burroughs as planned is still up in the air.

In addition to Canaveral's carelessness and lack of judgement, the books just didn't sell. The libraries, a major factor in the success of any hardcover, didn't buy them and the general public naturally preferred the cheaper paperbacks.

Although some persons complain that public domain editions are only a legalized form of theft made possible by antiquated copyright laws, even they will have to admit that the boom was created by those same editions. If the copyrights had not expired Mr. Rothmund would still be the general manager and the bookstores and newsstands would still be void of Burroughs titles.

As a fan I'm just as happy as the rest about Mr. Rothmund's forgetfulness; but I wouldn't care to voice my opinion of a businessman who lets a sizable income slip through his fingers for no reason at all. We can all give thanks that Mr. Burroughs' sons are now in charge and that they care a little more for the publishing end of the business than Mr. Rothmund did.

...in the movies...

The first Tarzan film was produced by First National in 1918 starring Elmo Lincoln as Tarzan and Enid Markey as Jane. It was followed by 29 feature films, 4 serials and 3 combination feature-serials using up twelve (thirteen with Elmo) actors as Tarzan and fourteen (fifteen with Enid) actresses as Jane. Tarzan, of course, appeared in all



37 pictures; but Jane only made the scene in 26 of them. The most famous of the Tarzans is Johnny Weissmuller while Maureen O'Sullivan cops the prize as Jane. Unfortunately, though, the Weissmuller flicks were played more for laughs than as a pictorial version of Burroughs' apeman and are directly responsible for the public's image of the Jungle Lord. Mike Henry is the 15th and latest Tarzan and is going to be sort of a jungle James Bond sans the sex in a picture titled *Tarzan '65*, *Tarzan '66*, *Tarzan and the Treasure of Tucamai* or whatever they finally call it. Ram footballer Mike Henry looks okay as Tarzan, but I can't say much for a plot that has a Janeless Tarzan run through a car wash rack by the villains.

The best, and worth more than the other five W-O'S films combined, is the second one entitled *Tarzan and his Mate*. I'm not speaking specifically of the plot, but rather of the long acrobatic scenes between Tarzan and Jane. Also a precedent was set, but never followed up, when Jane gave out with a female version of the cry of the bull ape; not once, but several times.

Not to be outdone, Tarzan let loose with his famous cry at least a half dozen times. I'll never understand why the gymnastics and dual yells were never repeated.

If any younger readers are wondering why they haven't seen *Tarzan and his Mate* on TV, it is because Maureen O'Sullivan wore less than a full one piece outfit in some of the scenes. There was a brief halter and below that a little flap in front and another in back. The sides were completely bare. The blue-noses and 'those qualified to judge' prevented it being shown during the supposed viewing hours of children. It has been shown complete after 10 P.M. The 'weight of the great ones' was also felt in the 1950's when the first and third were re-released in the theaters while the second and best one had to remain in the film vaults of MGM Studios.

Plot-wise, the best of the Tarzan movies were those made in the Thirties. This means the complete version, though, and not 'things' like the feature version of the magnificent Buster Crabbe serial (*Tarzan the Fearless*). Lex Barker and the early Gordon Scott films did away with the "Me Tarzan—You Jane" bit but the pictures were nothing to get excited about. Sy Weintraub (with the later Gordon Scott, Jock Mahoney and the forthcoming Mike Henry film) finally took Tarzan out of the tree-house and gave him the education and manners with which he had been endowed by his creator. The only thing that Weintraub insists upon is that Tarzan remain 'Janeless' since he is more "exciting to women when he doesn't have to come home on the 5:30 vine to tell his wife what he did at the jungle today." Henry will have a 'Sophia' in his first film; but whether she is friend, mistress or wife is something I'm unaware of. Tarzan's bachelor status is okay though since Burroughs himself wished at times that his hero didn't have a wife to account to.

(Note: I intrude here to mention an incident the Tarzan vs. the kiddies war. In the trailers of *Tarzan's Greatest Adventure* Tarzan kisses Sara Shane. Not platonically, either. Apparently the producers felt that the kiddies weren't ready for this sort of goings-on as the scene was cut from the film.



FOUR TARZAN CO-STARS 1921-1966

There is a fade-out as Tarzan leans toward her. But—at the fade-in, Miss Shane is fastening her blouse and Tarzan is looking pleased with himself. The old Tarzan knew so little of sex that he and Jane had to find Boy under a gooseberry bush. TR)

The only authorized foreign Tarzan was *The Adventures of a Chinese Tarzan* produced by the Hain Hwa Pictures Inc. of Singapore about 1933. It was the first of a proposed series and starred Pen Fei as Tarzan and Lee Cha as Jane. A one page review of the film appeared in the December 1940 issue of Photoplay.

A Tarzan TV series has been in the planning stages for some time both in the US and abroad and looks as if it will finally make it in the '66-'67 season. To keep out of the civil rights turmoil, though, the setting will be on Venus and not Africa as the Venusians are not likely to complain if Tarzan is a little unfriendly towards them.

A TV series was planned back about 1956 with Gordon Scott but, even though arrangements had been made with ERB Inc. for the rights and at least one of the scripts already written by Stuart J. Byrne entitled *Tarzan and the Lost River*, it never came off. It was decided that there was more money in Scott making feature films than a TV series.

Sam Peeples was to have written the scripts for the forthcoming series but he wanted to be more faithful to Burroughs than the producer did so he is out. As the network will attempt to satisfy the general public rather than Burroughs fans, it's unlikely that the series will be anything close to what we would like it to be.

During the Thirties Tarzan was heard on the radio in two series of programs consisting of 364 fifteen minute episodes. For the first series James H. Pierce recreated his motion picture role *Tarzan and the Golden Lion* with Joan Burroughs Pierce as Jane. In the second series Carlton Kardell was the voice of Tarzan. On March 22, 1952 the Tarzan radio program made its debut on the CBS

Network and was heard Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., CST, for 65 consecutive weeks. The program was sponsored by Post cereals and the role of Tarzan was excellently played by Lamont Johnson in original stories by Bud Lesser. The series was translated into Spanish and broadcast by Radio Programs Continental of Panama.

A radio play entitled *Young Tarzan Goes by Aka-maro Yamada* was broadcast in Japan late in May, 1954.

In Oakland, California (around 1955) the daily Tarzan comic strip was read dramatically over KLX each week. "Hear Tarzan over KLX at 6:05 this evening" appeared above each strip in the Oakland Tribune.

There has been only one stage production of a Tarzan story. *Tarzan of the Apes* was presented at the Broadhurst Theater in New York in 1921 produced by George Broadhurst. The cast included Lionel Glenster, Alice Mosely, Howard Kyle, John F. Morrissey, Edward Sillward and Ronald Adair as Tarzan.

...in the comics...

The early daily Tarzan strips were not dated. Instead they had a code letter and a number—a letter for each story and a number for each strip in the story. For example, B-45 would be the 45th strip of *Beasts of Tarzan*. *Tarzan of the Apes* had a panel of five illustrations with text below, while the rest had a panel of four illos with no text in the illustrations themselves.

The first strip, *Tarzan of the Apes*, appeared in January, 1925, but if a newspaper decided to run the series in 1935, it could start with the then current release or go back and run it from the beginning. Also, a six episode condensation of *Tarzan of the Apes* (drawn by Hal Foster) was available to papers beginning the series which did not want to begin cold but did not want to start from the beginning.

There were 26 lettered stories (*Tarzan of the*

Apes was not lettered). A thru R were drawn by Rex Maxon; S thru V by William Juhre; and W thru Z by Maxon again. Story "Z" was entitled *Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr* and was the first with an original story; all the others being based either on the books or the movies. From this point on the strips no longer had titles but were merely numbered. No. 1 was dated August 28, 1939. The text was moved into the illo (ala *Prince Valiant*) and remained so until 1958 when dialogue balloons were introduced. The artists were Rex Maxon 1-2508; Burne Hogarth 2509-2616; Dan Barry 2617-2892; John Tehti 2893-2958; Paul Reinman 2959-3276; N. Cardy 3277-3414; Bob Lubbers 3415-4500; and John Celardo 4501 to date. Most of the strips were written by Dick Van Buren and Bill Elliot.

The Tarzan Sunday strip started 3/13/31, though there was a Tarzan introductory page by Foster published a week before in some papers. The early Sunday strip had 12 frames, plus a title frame, while today they have about 8. The artists were Rex Maxon 1-28; Hal Foster 29-321; Burne Hogarth 322-768; Rubimore (Reuben Nor-eira) 769-856; Burne Hogarth 857-1014; Bob Lubbers 1015-1198; and John Celardo 1199 to date.

There have been numerous Tarzan Big Little Books and associated items. As a complete and highly detailed index of 28 of the 29 ERB blbs appeared in the third issue of *The Gridley Wave* by Vern Coriell, I won't go into great detail. There were 20 (19 Tarzan and one John Carter) blbs issued by the Whitman Publishing Company from 1933 through 1950. All but two of them were 3-3/4 x 4-1/2 in size and they ranged from 424 pages on down to 192 pages.

Ten of the books had the illos taken from the comic strips; four were original artwork; 4 had scenes from the films and two were taken from comic books. Dell issued two Tarzan and one John Carter Fast Action Book. There were also six 5, 48 and 64 page give-away items with three containing illos by Bennet taken from Whitman blbs and two using illos from Rex Maxon strips and one entitled simply *Tarzan* that was published in 1935 by Whitman that was 3-1/2 x 4 with 144 pages and 35 illos by Junita Bennet.

The first daily Tarzan strip was reprinted by Grosset and Dunlap in *The Illustrated Tarzan Book No. 1*, a hardbound edition published in 1929 with 79 pages and 300 illos. Unlike the *Little Orphan Annie Illustrated Books*, which numbered at least nine, the ITB didn't sell and a second never appeared.

The New Adventures of Tarzan is a Pop-Up Book containing two drawings on each of its twenty pages and three pop-ups from the movie serial of the same name.

Fifty Candy Picture Cards appeared in 1933 featuring a Tarzan story entitled *Tarzan and the Crystal Vaults of Isis*. Sixty 3-D Gum Cards on the film *Tarzan and the She Devil* came out in 195- and the same type of cards appeared on *Tarzan's Savage Fury* in 196-. The former cards have been out of print for some time but the latter might still be available from the Card Collector's Company. The cards and a piece of gum sold for a nickle each making a total of \$3.00 for the set.

The fifth issue of the Dell black and white

comic magazine series was a 76 page, including covers, Tarzan issue. It was entitled *Tarzan of the Apes* and reprinted the 300 illos from *The Illustrated Tarzan Book No. 1* along with an extra illo per page by Henry E. Valley for a total of 360 illos on 60 pages.

United Features Single Series #20 came out in 1940 and contained 64 pages of Tarzan Sunday strip reprints (one strip per page) covering #87 (11-6-32) thru #151 (1-28-34) except #148 (1-7-34) which was omitted for some reason.

Comics on Parade #1 (April '38) thru #29 (August '40) contained reprints of the very first daily Tarzan strips ('29 on) which have all the text below the illos. It includes *Tarzan of the Apes* by Foster and *Return, Beasts* and part of *Son* by Maxon.

Crackerjack Funnies #15 (Sept '39) thru #36 (June '41) contained from one to three pages of text taken directly from the book *Lord of the Jungle* with one to four illos by an unidentified artist on each of the 32 pages.

Famous Features Stories #1 dated 1938 contained a six page text story entitled *Tarzan and the Hidden Treasure* with illos by Henry E. Valley. In the remainder of the issue appeared: *Dick Tracy* (6 pgs.); *Terry and the Pirates* (5 pgs.); *Little Orphan Annie* (6); *Don Winslow of the Navy* (5); *Dan Dunn, Secret Operator* 48 (5); *King of the Royal Mounted* (6); *Smilin' Jack* (5); *Buck Jones* (6); *G-Man* (6); *Tarzan of the Apes* (6); and *Tailspin Tommy* (7) making a total of 68 pages including the covers and a title page.

Popular Comics #38 (April '39) thru #43 (Sept. '39) contained two or three pages of original text stories with three to seven illos in each of the six issues.

Sparkler Comics #1 (July '41) thru #92 (Mar-April '50) except #87, 88 & 89, contained Tarzan Sunday strip reprints in each of the 89 issues. Since they skipped around all over the place in reprinting the strips I will not attempt to list them.

Tip Top Comics #1 (April '38) thru #162 (June '41) and #171 (Nov-Dec '51) thru #188 (Sept-Oct '54) also contained Tarzan Sunday strip reprints in each of the 180 issues. They too skipped around all over the place.

The first of the 52 page Dell one-shot Tarzan comic magazines was #134 (Feb '47) containing a 50 page story entitled *Tarzan and the Devil Ogre*. The second issue was #161 (Aug. '47) with a 48 page story entitled *Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr*.

Dell Tarzan #1 is dated Jan-Feb '48 and came out bi-monthly until #22 (July '51) when it became monthly. It remained so until #108 (Sept-Oct '58) when it became bi-monthly once more. When Western and Dell split, Western received the rights to Tarzan and #132 (Nov '62) was the first issue to appear under the Gold Key imprint. With #138 (Oct '63) they changed the title from *Tarzan* to *Tarzan of the Apes*. The comic is now published eight times a year. Russ Manning takes over the art work from Jesse Marsh with #154 (Oct '65). Beginning with #155 the comics will be adaptations of the original novels.

The first Dell 25¢ Tarzan annual appeared in late '52 and the latest (and probably last) one hit the stands in late '61. The first six annuals contained 100 pages while the last four had only 84. The first seven were entitled *Tarzan's Jungle Annual*

and were numbered one to seven; the eighth issue was titled *Tarzan's Jungle World* and was numbered 25; the ninth and tenth were titled *Tarzan, King of the Jungle* and were numbered 37 and 51. These later numbers (25, 37 & 51) came from Dell's new system of numbering all their 25¢ comics with one series of numbers.

KK Publications (Western) has published 14 issues featuring Tarzan in their give-away series of comics, *March of Comics*. The first one was #82 ('52), followed by: 98, 114, 125, 144, 155, 172, 185, 204, 223, 240, 252, 262 & 272. They came out yearly and had one story per issue (except #114 which had two).

An armed services comic entitled *Jeep Comics* contained reprints of Tarzan Sunday strips. *Jeep Comics* are similar to G.I. Comics I imagine, but having seen none I couldn't say for sure. Since G.I. Comics had one page of Prince Valiant per issue, I presume that *Jeep Comics* had one page of Tarzan per issue. They were both give-away comics and were distributed to servicemen only. *Jeep Comics* are extremely rare. I know of no collector who has a copy nor have I seen detailed data on them.

A cheaply made British comic entitled *Topper* contained a page or a partial page of Tarzan per issue in #384 (6-11-60) thru #388 (7-9-60).

World Distributors of England have published three issues of a 130 page, 7 x 9-1/2, hardback Tarzan annual selling for 7/6 (\$1.05). They are undated, but came out during Christmas of '60, '61 & '62 and contained written versions and drawn reprints of the stories from the American Dell Tarzan Annuals.

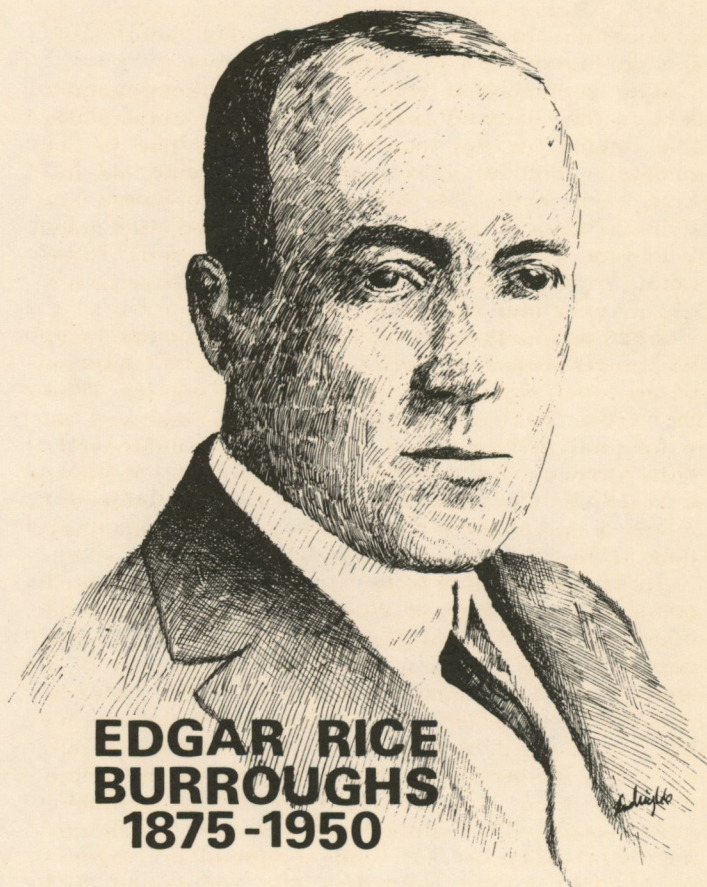
Unfortunately, they didn't sell well and no more of them have appeared. World Distributors did come out with a soft cover annual selling for 2/6 (35¢) at Christmas of '64, though. It is entitled *Tarzan Comic Annual No. 1*, contains 96 pages plus covers and is mainly a reprint of material from the '56 Dell Tarzan Annual.

Donald F. Peters of England put out a Tarzan (monthly) comic magazine. These were black and white reprints of all the Sunday strips. There were four issues in volume one, all 68 pages, one shilling (14¢), and had 12 frames per page plus the title. There were sixteen issues in volume two, variously 36, 28, 24, etc. pages, six pence (7¢), six frames per page and were published around 1951.

Westworld Publications put out *Tarzan, the Grand Adventure Comic*. This British publication came out every two weeks. There were 22 issues in volume one; #1 being dated 9-15-51 and #6 dated 12-4-51, with #1 thru 16 having eight pages of Tarzan, three in color. They were all 11x15, 12 pages, six pence (7¢), and #1-7 and #8-14 were issued as albums #1 & 2 at the World's Fair at 3 shillings (42¢) each. There are 36 issues in volume two, #1 being dated 8-1-52, and they all had six pages of Tarzan, three in color, were 8-3/4 x 12-1/4, cost four pence (4-1/2¢) and came out weekly. The name was then changed to *Tarzan Adventures*. These were 7x9-3/4, 28 pages, six pence, black & white, and had about 16-20 pages of Tarzan per issue. Volume 3 to 8 each had 52 issues and Volume 9 had 32 issues, (Volume 3, #1 is dated 4-27-53; Vol. 9, #1 is dated 4-4-59 and Vol. 9, #32 is dated 12-26-59) and were all weekly.

Vol. 3, #1 thru Vol. 5, #14 had colored Tarzan movie stills on the covers; Vol. 5, #15 thru Vol. 6, #16 had paintings and Vol. 6, #17 on had line drawings.

At long last a comic appeared devoted to Tarzan's son. Entitled *Korak, Son of Tarzan*, the first issue hit the stands in November 1963 and was dated January '64. *Korak* comes out bi-monthly and is drawn by the excellent illustrator of *Magnus* and *Brothers of the Spear*, Russ Manning.



...in court...

As every Burroughs fan knows, the story lines of the Western (Dell) Tarzan comics contain a mixture of the books, films, strips and the writer's imagination. When coupled with the atrocious artwork of Jesse Marsh, it is enough to make one wish that the ape man's tales had never gone further than the printed word. There is nothing new about this degrading of fiction's most famous jungle man. Tarzan was the joke of the jungle in the 30's and 40's thanks to Johnny Weissmuller's portrayal of an illiterate jungle man complete with tree house, 'Boy' and a chimpanzee. Dell started out on the right track with the two one-shots and first issue of their Tarzan comic, but quickly went off

course as noted in the seventh (Oct '48) issue of *The Burroughs Bulletin*. The article states that the changes began in the second issue when he is shown talking to a hyena. The third issue brings in 'Boy' and the tree house and the fifth issue has La of Opar bumped off. The High Priestess was resurrected later as Burroughs fans wanted but Tarzan's Africa has undergone so many changes since that ERB himself would do well to recognize the place.

With such material on the market, all Burroughsdom gave three cheers when the first issue of Charlton's *Jungle Tales of Tarzan* hit the stands. The artwork wasn't equal to Hal Foster's and the tales didn't follow ERB's to the letter; but I'm not one to complain about such minor details.

Mr. Glanzman's artwork was far superior to the doodlings of Jesse Marsh. It's not that Marsh can't do better, it's just that he doesn't.

The perfectionist will point out the discrepancies such as the baby Tarzan wandering outside the cabin which is not true to the books, nor is the explanation that in so wandering he found his father's knife in the sand since he found it years later in the cabin. They'll only be mentioned as a matter of fact with no real complaint intended. After reading 'ink wasters' for 12 years Charlton's Tarzan was like manna from heaven.

But the fourth issue of *Jungle Tales* was the last. The courts ruled in favor of ERB, Inc.; Charlton had no legal right to produce Tarzan comics. The fifth issue was printed but all copies as well as the original artwork and scripts were destroyed.

In October '64 the New International Library, Inc. (which Charlton owns or has an interest) published under their Gold Star imprint what they billed as the first of the New Tarzan Series. This was *Tarzan and the Silver Globe*, a 125 page, 40¢ paperback written by Barton Werper (reported to be an alias for Peter T. and Peggy O'Neil Scott, a husband and wife writing team of movie and TV scripts) that is nothing more than a BAD rewrite of ERB's *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar* filled with portions taken or copied directly from the Burroughs tale with more inconsistencies and contradictions in the story line than can be found in ERB's complete Tarzan saga. The second Werper farce was entitled *Tarzan and the Cave City* and appeared in November of '64. It too sold for 40¢, contained 125 pages and was a rewrite of another Burroughs book. This one contained fewer swipes from *Tarzan and the Forbidden City* and not nearly as many faults in the plot; but it was still something that no REAL Burroughs fan could honestly say he was glad to see in print.

The next three books were not versions of any existing Burroughs tale and were reasonably sound in plot construction; but, like the previous two, they ignored for the most part the 'history' and 'background' of Tarzan and Company that Mr. Burroughs had built up over three decades. The third novel was *Tarzan and the Snake People* fourth was *Tarzan and the Abominable Snowman* and the fifth (and last) was *Tarzan and the Winged Invaders*. I feel sure that ERB would never have written any tales like them and though some persons can get enjoyment from reading them, the fact that they are unauthorized and illegal is enough to cause any follower of ERB to want them off the market and the publisher pre-

vented from producing any more.

...and in fandom

There are no fanzines nor fanclubs devoted exclusively to Tarzan but there are various fanzines and clubs dedicated to the creator of Tarzan—the immortal Edgar Rice Burroughs. No devoted fan or reader of any of Mr. Burroughs' works can afford not to belong to the one and only club devoted to the life and works of ERB; and if you are not fortunate enough to be numbered among its 1,000 (and ever growing) members, you had better join just as soon as you can scrape up two dollars for a year's dues. Send to the club secretary—Rita Coriell, 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Missouri 64131.

The principle club publications are *Burroughs Bulletin*, *Gridley Wave*, and *Dum-Dum*; and they are excellently printed by the offset method and are full of info and goodies unobtainable elsewhere. It's an indisputable fact that if Mr. Coriell hadn't kept Burroughs alive through his publishing EB since 1947 and hadn't published a basic biblio of material in 1956 (BB #12), the state and number of Burroughs fanzines and fandom wouldn't be in the fine shape that it is today.

Fortunately for the fan, there are several other persons willing to spend time and money publishing articles and listings covering everything from one person's opinion of a certain item to counting the frames in each of the daily comic strips or the illos in the Big Little Books. Repro-wise, the best of these publications is *ERB-dom* published by Camille Cazedessus, Jr., 3145 Craft Way, Westminster, Colorado 80030, which sells for 50¢ per copy or 5 issues for \$2.00. It is printed by the offset method and, unlike many publishers, Caz keeps copies of back issues on hand for sale to newcomers to *ERB-dom*. Caz has published such tidbits as Vern's basic data on the Tarzan flicks taken from his own forthcoming book on them; M.B. Gardner's article comparing the book version of ERB's stories to the mag one; an index and article on the John Carter strips and their comic book reprint appearances; Mike Resnick's fiction tale entitled *The Forgotten Sea of Mars*; an article with loads of info on Prince Valiant and our own *House of Info* column in every issue since the sixth one.

Peter Ogden (Route 1, 8001 Fernview, Tampa, Florida 33615) publishes a fine offset (formerly mimeo) zine entitled *Erbania* which has contained excellent and highly detailed indexes of the Sunday Tarzan comic strips and their comic mag reprint appearances.

Paul Allen (84 Charlton Rd., Rochester, N. Y. 14617) has published one issue of *The Barsoomian* to date containing 28 pages of worthwhile material that included a nine-page review of the Venus series. Future issues should be even better and you would do well to send 50¢ for the second or \$1.00 for the next three. The first issue was mimeographed but, mimeo or litho, the second issue should be well worth the tab to any Burroughs fan.

Ken Free (11995 Walbrook Dr., Saratoga, California) has published one mimeographed issue of *Odwar* to date containing such things as my se-

ven pager on John Carter of Mars and offset illustrations by professional art teacher Harry E. Habblitz. The second issue will be entitled *Oparian* offset by Free with his own equipment and a MUST GET item for any devotee of Edgar Rice Burroughs. 50¢ or 3/\$1.00.

Dave Kohr, Jr. (5624 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Penna. 19120) has published two issues of *The Amtorian* and sent them out for the price of one. Dave sells his zine for the same price as the previously mentioned two but, because the first issue contained 31 sheets of paper printed on one side with a poorly mimeographed reprinting of material from BB #12, he decided to send purchasers a free copy of the second issue which would contain readable printing. The second issue was only 8

5-1/2x8-1/2 pages, but it was entirely offset with my almost four page autobiography of *The House of Info* reduced 8 times along with other material in small type and Mike Royer's illustration reduced to 1/4 its size. No one can really complain since the issue was free and Dave intends never to sell a copy of #2; but to send them out free as samples and to start all subscriptions with the third issue. Dave hopes to have this third issue out in December '65 and it will be 100% lithographed with between 24 and 28 pages.

I hope this article has either made you a new Tarzan fan or a better and more informed one if you already have the distinction of being a part of the legion of Tarzan (and Burroughs) fandom. ●

DR. WHO adventures in time & space

by Alan Dodd

No matter how much some of us may want to, it is quite impossible (at present) to turn back the hands of time—and equally impossible to project ourselves forward in time and space other than in the pages of literature. But if you happen to be that strange old gentleman of uncertain age, wearing the cloak and black hat, Dr. Who (William Hartnell) of British television—then you would have no trouble at all in jumping straight out of the far distant future back through time to the 18th Century and beyond.

Dr. Who's time machine, the "Tardis" is the most unlikely looking Time Machine too for it does not resemble in the slightest either H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine* or indeed even the one in *The Three Stooges Meet Hercules*, as in fact it is a police telephone box!

I had wondered, the first time I encountered Dr. Who on television, why it was, in a sequence set on a lonely snow-swept Himalayan mountain, there should have been a most incongruous looking blue-painted "Police" telephone call box. It seemed at the time an unlikely sort of a place to want to call up a policeman but hearing of the "long arm of the law" I assumed the worst. It just never occurred to me that this was in fact Dr. Who's Time Machine.

The interior of this machine is yet to be seen. If it has any controls or whether it is filled with little blue coated policemen no one seems to know. People are always stealing it, locking it, putting force shields around it, hiding and in fact doing everything possible with it to persuade Dr. Who accompanied by William Russell (Formerly Sir

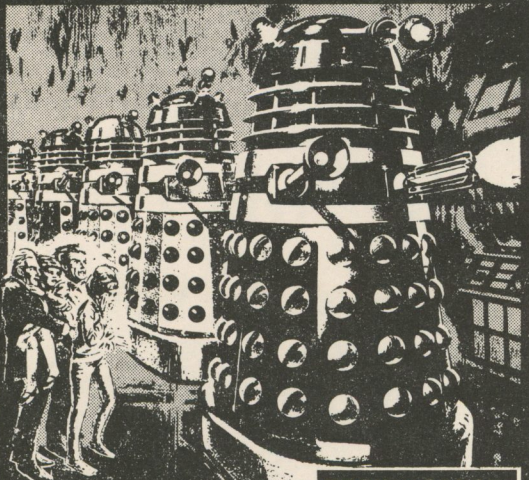
Lancelot) and two girl assistants to do their bidding one way or another. My own theory is if anyone ever does open this thing, inside there will be—a police telephone! One should mention in passing perhaps that a British police telephone box is constructed all of wood, with small windows at the top sides and sometimes a flashing lamp on top and is used by anyone who wants to ring the police only or by the police themselves in most cases, it is the size of a double width regular phone box and not to be confused with the post-held ones used by the Sergeant in *Top Cat*, which hardly anyone could get in.

Dr. Who runs half an hour every Saturday at 5:15 and runs virtually throughout the year taking the good doctor, who seems at times a bumbling, pompous idiot, into the strangest times and dimensions of which his most famous adventure was Terry Nation's *Dr. Who and the Mutants* in which the "Daleks" made their first appearance.

Mechanical, eight-armed (or was it only four moving quickly?) figures that scuttled about like metal pyramids, these became such a success that after the completion of this serial, most of which run around six or eight weeks apiece, the Daleks destined for the BEC's prop warehouse were requested by so many youngsters that most of them ended up as permanent exhibits to various children's schools and playgrounds. So popular was the demand for them that they will be back in another serial shortly. And a motion picture as well.

Dr. Who's visit to the desert found himself in route across the Gobi with Marco Polo to visit the

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**DR. WHO & THE
DALEKS**

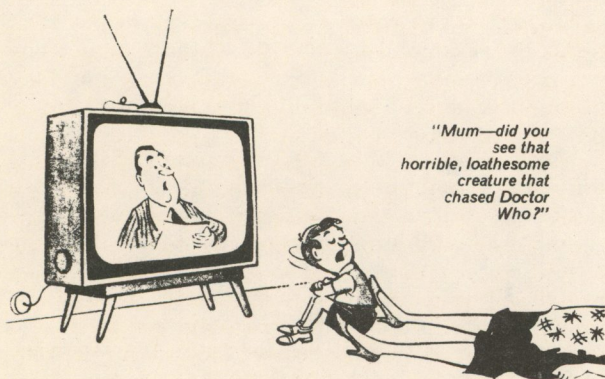
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STUDIO ONE OXFORD CIRCUS

☐ THE RELENTLESS march of science fiction:
A Yorkshire sweet firm has announced that jelly babies, traditional favourites with children, are waning in popularity.
They are now being replaced. By Jelly Daleks. . .



Emperor of China. Marco, unfortunately, was a suspicious man who confiscated the Time Machine the minute he saw it and held it hostage intending to present it to Kubla Khan. A traitor in his staff caused water to disappear and attacks from desert tribes to occur. Naturally, Dr. Who's "magic box" is accused of the evil spirits causing this adventure's mishaps.

After several dry weeks in China with Marco Polo Dr. Who found himself in Terry Nation's *The Keys of Marinus* on a strange island on an alien world in the middle of a sea of powerful corrosive acid conjured up by scientist Marinus to protect his island from a ruthless group of attackers called the Voords. On the island is a cybernetic brain which is being used to channel the thoughts of the island's population into a peace loving state of mind.

The brain is controlled by five electronic keys hidden in various parts of the island while the machine is temporarily out of action. The Voords, a strange race of evil humanoids, dressed in rubber suits are trying to gain control of the master machine using an invading force in glass submarines which are unaffected by the acid seas of Marinus.

By concealing the keys to Dr. Who's Time Machine, Marinus tricks Dr. Who and his companions into finding the five missing keys before the sinister Voords can get their hands on them and control the brain into doing their own evil work.

In his next adventure the Tardis took Dr. Who and his trio to the days of the ancient Aztecs where they are held as gods and a sacrifice to them is planned despite their protests. The selected victim is spared on their request, but he refuses to be spared and insists on hurling himself to his death from the temple wall so that the sacrifice is made according to their savage custom.

Dr. Who is incapable of placing his modern ideas of civilization against the brutality and barbaric rites of the Aztecs and is duly glad when he can move on.

The Time Machine's next serial emerges them into the centre of an alien space ship somewhere in space in which the apparently human inhabitants are in a state of suspended animation or coma while outside the control room a group of telepathic creatures are breaking in. . . These badly bearded and balding creatures like old men in long woolen underwear are the Sensorites, who are trying to take control of the ship. . .

In *Dr. Who and the French Revolution* the group becomes involved in a Scarlet Pimpernel operation trying to rescue the aristocrats destined for the guillotine. As Dr. Who points out, all the facts they know in advance are of no help to them, because they cannot change the course of history. Whatever they do has been done in the past before, and powerless they watch the powerful Robespierre, terror of the revolution, shot in the jaw so he cannot talk, and rushed to trial and the guillotine before he can speak to the people and arouse them. As they watch an even more powerful tyrant takes his place—Napoleon.

As this particular adventure concluded with that sobering thought the forthcoming *Planet of the Giants* was announced and no doubt Dr. Who and his strange police box Time Machine will be off again somewhere into space, or time, to where one wonders—or to—what. . .

the SCIENCE FANTASY *film*

REVISITED BY TOM REAMY (AND OTHERS)



SATELLITE IN THE SKY. British. A Danziger Production. Released in the U. S. by Warner Brothers. Produced by Edward J. and Harry Lee Danziger. Directed by Paul Dickson. Screenplay by John Mather, J.T. McIntosh and Edith Dell. Art Direction: Erik Blakemore. Cinematography: Denys Coop. Film Editor: Sidney Stone. Scenic Artist: Julius Kay. Music by Albert Elms. Cinemascope and Warnercolor. 85 minutes. Released July 1956.

Michael Hayden.....	Kieron Moore
Kim Hamilton.....	Lois Maxwell
Professor Merrity.....	Donald Wolfit
Jimmy Wheeler.....	Bryan Forbes
Larry Noble.....	Jimmy Hanley
Barbara Noble.....	Thea Gregory
Lefty Blake.....	Barry Keegan
Colonel Galloway.....	Alan Gifford
Ellen.....	Shirley Lawrence
Dr. Blandford.....	Walter Hudd
Captain Ross.....	Donald Gray
Tony.....	Peter Neil

There are a number of things to recommend **SATELLITE IN THE SKY**—the title not being one of them. It's meaningless. The design of the ship and the launching area are superb. The ship is manipulated and photographed quite well with a startling exception. The rockets emit a tremendous amount of smoke which drifts about in such a way as to belie the fact that it is outside the atmosphere. The script lapses a few times—noticably over the ship's artificial gravity. Quite a point is made about the rockets being left on to maintain it. Yet the rockets are turned off on several occasions with no effect on the gravity.

The acting is above par though never really outstanding. That's the general attitude of the whole film—everything is well done but with a lacklustre competence. It's enjoyable while watching but nothing really sticks with you.

The script is the major burden. It is cliché ridden and scientifically faulty yet the characters, while being mostly types, are well drawn. The story is about the first manned spaceship and falls into the same trap as most pre-Sputnik space films. **DESTINATION MOON** and **ROCKETSHIP X-M** began the trend which continued until 1957; it being the misconception that the first manned spaceflight would be a fully rigged spaceship with



Kieron Moore and Lois Maxwell

a crew of half a dozen or so. **SATELLITE IN THE SKY** is one of the worst offenders. The ship, the *Stardust*, is fitted with enough gadgets to satisfy Flash Gordon. It contains extruding observation domes and airlocks, neither of which seems necessary for its original purpose. That being simply flight beyond the atmosphere.

At the last moment the crew learns they are to carry a tritonium bomb which is to be exploded beyond the atmosphere. The bomb is so dreadfully powerful it cannot be tested on Earth. It is a demonstration of the futility of atomic war more than it is a simple test, however. They seem a little overly optimistic as there is nothing to prevent the U.S.S.R. from developing the same bomb and putting everything back the way it was.

The script then brings in the hoaryist cliché of them all—the girl stowaway. Though the scriptwriter does have the expertise to make it acceptable. She's a newspaper reporter which rather compounds the cliché.

The bomb has its own propulsion unit to overcome the mutual attraction of the two bodies in free-fall. This seems to be the only scientific fact the scriptwriter knows so he makes the most of it. The propulsion unit fails and the bomb is drawn back to the ship. Pushing it away is not enough to overcome the attraction. The bomb cannot be disabled as the fuse is an acid process which is irreversible.

The film fails to produce the suspense which could be expected from such a situation. The characters possess a singular lack of ingenuity in ridding themselves of the bomb. It would have been a simple matter for one of the crew to go outside and push the bomb away. The ship could then accelerate and leave the bomb behind. The crewmember would have stayed with the ship just as the bomb had. The ship could then have stopped (the airlock wouldn't open when the rockets were

firing and vice-versa) and he could have re-entered. Such a solution occurs to no one. Finally two of them sneak out and, with the bomb in their arms, leap away from the ship. The combined strength of the two is enough to overcome the attraction—according to the script.

When they are observed the captain gives the order to accelerate—by this time there is only minutes left. "You can't leave them there!" moans the reporter. "We must," replies the captain. "That's what they would want. That's why they did it." Well now, I have my doubts about that. If so, why did they sneak away? Presumably so their act of self-sacrifice would not be prevented but, on the other hand, how could they be sure their act would be observed? There is more damning evidence against the captain's decision. When they fire the rockets nothing happens. A light indicates that the airlock is still open. The captain goes down to close it but it won't close. One of the men, upon leaving the ship, had disconnected a wire. The captain calmly connects it and the ship races back to Earth though I'm uncertain as to how they plan to land.

The time limit of course prevents any other action on the captain's part. If someone had used a little intelligence earlier (they had over nine hours) the self-sacrifice would have been unnecessary. The two could have kicked away from the bomb—it was large enough—and propelled themselves back to the ship, incidentally giving the bomb more acceleration. Or, more simply, they could have merely lain on their backs on the ship and together kicked the bomb away. Oh well.

The explosion of the bomb is a disappointment also. The result is huge enough but it is all smoke. There's no flash of light. They do allow a moment between the explosion and the sound, though it isn't nearly long enough. Despite all the faults the film does manage to be entertaining which is something of an accomplishment in itself.

HORROR OF PARTY BEACH



Marilyn Clark

HORROR OF PARTY BEACH. An Iselin-Tenney Production. Released by 20th Century-Fox. Produced and Directed by Del Tenney. Associate Producer: Alan V. Iselin. Screenplay and Photography: Richard L. Hilliard. Art Direction: Robert Verberkmoss. Film Editor: Gary Youngman. Music: Bill Holmes. 78 minutes. Released April 1964.

Hank Green John Scott
 Elaine Gavin Alice Lyon
 Dr. Gavin Allen Laurel
 Eulabelle Eulabelle Moore
 Tina Marilyn Clark
 Mike Gus Mayer
 Lt. Wells Damon Klebroyd
 TV Announcer..... Monroe Wade

There is nothing new or original in **THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH** nor is the same old thing served with any variation from a dozen other rampaging monster films. This is the sort of thing American International made in their formative years before they fell into the Vincent Price-Edgar Allan Poe-red candles rut. Still, it's nostalgic to see the low-budget talentless horror film that has been conspicuously absent for the last few years.

The plot is formula 1-A. Some monsters kill a bunch of people until the people kill the monsters. The origins of the monsters—there are differing accounts—are equally silly. What we are told is somewhat different from what we see. We are told that the bodies of some fishermen—several weeks drowned—have been infiltrated and replaced, much as a log petrifies, by tiny sea creatures. Radioactive waste spills over these humanoid colonies and...well, your guess is as good as mine but they start walking around hunting for human blood to keep alive. Suspend all but all belief for a moment and accept this. The creatures should be shaggy, shapeless masses. Well, a few seem to be but others have definite forms with rubber scales and well-shaped amphibious heads.

What we see happen is different. We see the



Gus Mayer and John Scott



A victim and the definitely formed variety

drum of atomic waste break open and a black ooze spread over a human skeleton—a bare human skeleton. Mass gradually forms on the skeleton until



A victim and the shapeless blob variety



Victims

we finally have the definitely shaped variety. Holy Moly!

The monsters attack various persons in disconnected vignettes. Each time a previously unseen character becomes suddenly prominent, two and two add up to the next victim. Some of the attacks are slightly grisly but never quite set the pulse to pounding.

The actors are all stumbling amateurs. John Scott looks enough like James Franciscus to be his younger brother (and he may well be) but without the corresponding talent. He's handsome, virile and personable but that's the limit. Poor Alice Lyon is completely invisible. She is barely

pretty, has the personality of a potatoe and can barely read her lines. She must be someone's girl friend. Marilyn Clark shows a glimmer of talent and is undoubtedly very pretty but, alas, she is victim number one.

My hopes were raised slightly by the close, tense cutting under the titles but it is abandoned as soon as the film proper begins. The early beach scenes are painless—with the possible exception of the yowling of the Bel-Aires—but tedium soon sets in. At its best *THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH* is a nostalgic stroll down memory lane, a lane a little overgrown with brambles from neglect.

the most DANGEROUS man alive

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE. A Columbia Release. Produced by Benedict Bogeaus. Directed by Allen Dwan. Screenplay by James Leicester and Phillip Rock, based on the story "The Steel Monster" by Phillip Rock and Michael Pate. Director of Photography: Carl Carvahal. Art Direction: Clarence Eurist. Film Editor: Carlos Lodato. 82 minutes. Released June 1961.

Eddie Candell	Ron Randell
Linda	Debra Paget
Carla Angelo	Elaine Stewart
Damon	Anthony Caruso
Lt. Fisher	Gregg Palmer
Captain Davis	Morris Ankrum
Dr. Meeker	Tudor Owen
Devola	Steve Mitchell
Franscetti	Joel Donte

There have been numerous films of a man who, exposed to various and sundry radiations, has turned into a thing that kills either purposely

or accidentally and must be destroyed by the authorities. The major failure of these films—other than the sick "forbidden knowledge" theme—is a lack of motivation. The unfortunates kill only to give the witch-hunters an excuse to destroy them.

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE is somewhat different. Eddie Candell, the man who turns to steel, has ample motivation. The machinations of the script to get him into his lamentable position are contrived and utterly unconvincing; but after that, the film has a certain charm. Candell is a racketeer whose playboy antics get him splashed all over the tabloids and magazines. The rest of the gang feels they should be less in the limelight and frame him for murder to get him out of their hair.

The perjured testimony of his ex-girl friend, Linda, gets him a death sentence. Candell escapes from custody and wanders into an atomic test area. The bomb being tested has a high radiation yield but a low explosive force. The radiation causes



Ron Randell and Debra Paget. The abduction—note the tie.



test plants and animals to behave very strangely. A watermelon shrinks to the size of a peach. A carrot grows to the size of a man and another watermelon absorbs the steel of the bomb tower. The conclusion that Candell will react like the second watermelon and not the first or the carrot, seems a little presumptuous of Dr. Meeker, but that's what happens.

Candell's wrists absorb the handcuffs. He goes to his mansion to confront Linda but members of the gang are waiting in ambush. The bullets are absorbed by his body and he kills two of them. He abducts Linda in an effort to make her confess to perjury. Carla, his new girlfriend is true-blue and hides him in her home.

From there on it's a race between the police and the racketeers to see who can dispose of Candell first. The attitude of the police is abominable. He has killed only in self-defense and the police know it. Yet they adopt a shoot-first policy. The racketeers, whose behavior is no worse than that of the police—at least they have a legitimate reason for wanting him out of the way—make several more attempts including 50,000 volts of electricity. Candell survives them all and manages to dispose of another gangster or two each time.

The ending is every bit as contrived as the beginning. The police have Candell, Linda and the gang leader (Caruso) surrounded with flame-throwers. Candell orders them to confess and Linda breaks. Eut, before she can confess, the gang leader shoots her and Candell kills him. Linda says that Candell is innocent before she dies and Police Lieutenant Fisher hears her but pays no attention. "He's killed several men and now he's starting on women," snarls he.

Carla has rushed to Candell as the police begin shooting. But something is wrong. Candell is bleeding. The order is given to use the flame throwers—never mind the innocent girl. Candell pushes her away just in time and is destroyed as his body returns to normal.

The scriptwriter wrote himself into a corner by creating an unkillable man who must be killed. He takes the path of least resistance and has him—for no reason—return to normalcy.

And why are the police such bastards? There is no reason. It proves nothing; it comments on nothing.

The performances of Randell and Stewart are the film's greatest assets. Randell has done the almost impossible. He has—at least partially—convinced me that he has turned to steel, though he never quite convinces me that he is a gangster; he is simply too likable and moral.

Elaine Stewart also underplays beautifully but Debra Paget doesn't. She is good part of the time but is usually a bit too hysterical.

The film has another major departure from the norm: sex! Most sf films are devoid of sex except for the chaste boy-meets-girl situation which is most often done as if it were expected rather than from internal logic. Even those films that tell us a grand passion is taking place—as in *THE DEVIL'S HAND*—we don't believe it but the love affair between Carla and Candell is completely believable.

If any of you remember that much censored film *THE OUTLAW* with Jane Russell, you will notice how far films have progressed since then.

The seduction—note the lack of tie.

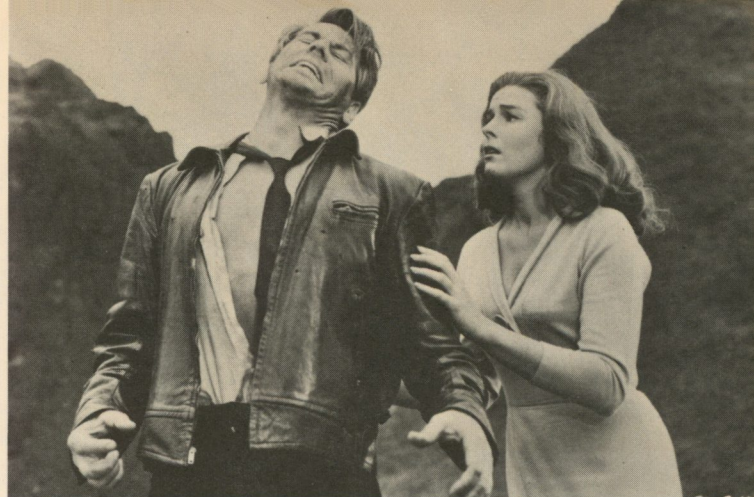
In that picture Miss Russell climbs into bed with Jack Beutel to warm his chilled body with her own. Snip-snip-snip! An identical scene occurs here between Stewart and Randell. But the scene isn't lascivious; rather it is tender and more important, believable.

Later, Linda, in an effort to convince Candell that she did not perjure herself from desire but because she was forced, seduces him. Candell's sexual desires are apparently greatly muted by the condition of his body and Linda has to put some effort into it. But, finally, she succeeds. The implications of making love with a man turned to steel are not fully explored. (I've also had a certain curiosity about Superman...)

On another instance, Carla is kidnapped by the gang leader to make her tell where Candell is hiding. He begins by merely manhandling her but soon loses control and attempts rape. Miss Stewart is superb in the scene. She reacts with numb horror rather than conventional hysterics.

Those are the good points but, lest I paint too rosy a picture, the film also has its bad ones. The aforementioned beginning and end are the worst, and there are far too many gangsters and not enough fantasy.

There is one silly thing that happens. Candell's shirt is almost blasted off during the explosion but



Ron Randell and Elaine Stewart. Gunned down by the police—note the tie.

his tie is still around his neck. During the seduction scene Miss Paget removes it. After the fade-out, it's back around his neck. It seems unlikely that he would put it on again himself so the script-girl must have goofed (It seems unlikely, actually, that he would have kept it on at all).

The production values are slight and the low budget is quite evident but the film is fast paced and avoids the lethargy usually found in these things. I liked it.

the Crawling Hand

THE CRAWLING HAND. A Hansen Enterprise. Produced by Joseph F. Robertson. Directed by Herbert L. Strock. Screenplay by Herbert L. Strock and William Edelson. Director of Photography: Willard Vander Veer. Film Editor: Herbert L. Strock. 89 minutes. Released November 1963.

Paul Lawrence.....	Rod Lauren
Steve Curran	Peter Breck
Doc Weitzberg.....	Kent Taylor
Marta Farnstrom	Sirry Steffen
Mrs. Hotchkiss.....	Arline Judge
Sheriff.....	Alan Hale

THE CRAWLING HAND is an extremely uneven picture. It ranges from sheer inanity to positive inspiration. The plot is standard alien possession but with enough novel touches to prevent it being entirely predictable.

The second manned moon-flight has developed the same problem as the first. On the return trip the pilot has ceased communication. The final fate of the first ship is never mentioned but it is assumed that it was never recovered. About twenty minutes after the pilot's oxygen was due to run out, he once more establishes contact. His face is haggard and he appears to have two black eyes. He alternately screams, "Kill! Kill! Kill!" and begs them to destruct the ship. They do, but for his bad acting more than anything else.

The scene now switches to Teensville, Cali-

Sirry Steffen (center) and Rod Lauren (right)

fornia and the romantic struggles of Paul and Marta. Paul is a moody, broody lone-wolf pre-med student boarding with widowed Mrs. Hotchkiss. On a date at the beach with Marta—they do more wrestling than swimming—they find a human arm severed at the elbow. Paul realizes it is the arm of the moon pilot and takes it home where it comes to life and strangles Mrs. Hotchkiss.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Curan and Weitzberg, the brains behind the moon-shot, have deduced practically the whole plot. The moonships have encountered some sort of life-force in space which has taken possession of the bodies of the pilots. They have a pretty good idea of what has happened when they hear that fingerprints found on a medallion worn by Mrs. Hotchkiss were those





Peter Breck and Kent Taylor

of the second pilot. They rush to California but the sheriff is a boob and will allow them to do nothing.

Oh yes, Doc Weitzberg, a genius of the first order, has thrown together a geiger-counter affair which detects the presence of the alien life-force. They never really accomplish a lot. They are merely there to explain things after Paul has pretty well solved things by himself.

By now the life-force is controlling Paul. The motives of the life-force seems primarily to kill as many people as possible. The hand stalks and kills Mrs. Hotchkiss for no reason other than simple brutality. Paul attacks several people (killing none of them) while possessed though none of them

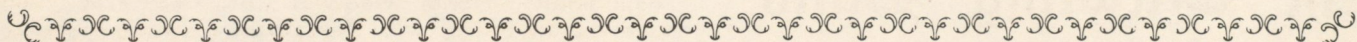
threaten him or the life-force. Paul, in a rational moment, finally recaptures the hand and takes it for some unknown reason to the city dump. The police are hot on his trail as the sheriff is firmly convinced that Paul killed Mrs. Hotchkiss.

Here occurs a weirdly remarkable scene. The hand escapes Paul and the two stalk each other through the junk. Paul finally attacks the hand with a broken bottle and lacerates it badly. But Paul is physically ill by this time and passes out. Then, dozens of wild stray cats, fighting and clawing amongst themselves, attack and partially eat the hand. It's stomach churning but inspired.

With the use of the life-force detector, Paul is found to be uninhabited as his high fever has killed it. The hand is locked in a metal box to be taken to Washington. The disappearance of the hand from the box is merely a gimmick ending and isn't important. What's really important and is completely overlooked are all those possessed cats.

Rod Lauren is the best of a bunch of indifferent actors, though he occasionally gets a little overwrought and chews the scenery. His eyes also turn black when he is being controlled but no one whom he confronts asks the obvious question. If someone you knew very well walked toward you grimacing with two black eyes, would you go into hysterics as the people do in the film? You might after he began strangling you but it isn't likely you would right off the bat.

For all its faults, and there are many, THE CRAWLING HAND should be enjoyable to all fortunate enough to be able to get a kick from a good bad movie.



THE WASP WOMAN

REVIEWED BY JOHN BRUNAS

THE WASP WOMAN. A Filmgroup Release. Produced and Directed by Roger Corman. Screenplay by Leo Gordon. Art Direction by Daniel Halper. Edited by Carlo Lodato. Make-up: Grant Keats. Music by Fred Katz. 73 minutes. Released October 1959.

Janice Starlin Susan Cabot
Bill Lane Fred Easley
Mary Dennison Barboura Morris
Dr. Zinthrop Michael Marks
Arthur Cooper William Roerick
Paul Thompson Roy Gordon
Night Watchman Bruno VeSota
Hellman Frank Gerstle

Roger Corman's THE WASP WOMAN was the first horror, science-fiction thriller to come from the Corman brothers' new releasing company, The Filmgroup, a small company collaborating with American International.

It was released on a double bill with BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE which proved the better

of the two; both being produced in murky black and white. BEAST had a ridiculous story made believable and EASP had a ridiculous story which remained constantly unbelievable.

The story concerns a mad scientist, Professor Eric Zinthrop, portrayed by veteran actor, Michael Marks, who had small roles in films such as SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE MUMMY'S HAND, THE BLACK CAT and some of the newer AIP products and who deserves recognition as one of the victims of the Frankenstein monster and having his brain





Michael Marks and Susan Cabot



Fred Eisley, Barboura Morris and Michael Marks

transplanted (almost) into the head of the werewolf by Boris Karloff in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Zinthrop is expelled from a scientific committee because of his unorthodox (and too expensive) experiments concerning the removal of wasp enzymes for a new beauty treatment. Zinthrop has a habit of talking to his pet wasps before stealing their royal jelly and lately his experiments have consumed half the committee's funds with no visible success.

We now move to the big city and see a beautifully aging Susan Cabot. Her make-up in this stage of the film is very effective. She is graying and aging but as the beauty treatments offered for a nice sum by Zinthrop progress, she gets progressively younger. It is nicely done.

Sooner or later, as the second reel has begun to spin, Susan decides to get too much of a good thing. She takes the treatments in overdoses and, as the film nears the halfway mark, she has violent headaches and collapses in her laboratory (She heads a beauty empire; sort of a Helena Rubenstein or a female Max Factor).

One of her advisors, kindly Arthur Cooper, played by William Roerick, who is constantly tagging around on the dates of his two associates, Bill Lane and Mary Dennison. It seems as though kindly Roerick always had his nose in the love affair of Beverly Garland and Morgan Jones in an earlier Corman film, *NOT OF THIS EARTH*. Also Fred Eisley bears a remarkable resemblance to Anthony Eisley, the star of tv's "Hawaiian Eye" a few years back. He's either changed his name or has a twin brother.

Determined to expose Zinthrop as a phony and after Susan's dough, preying on her craving to be young again, Cooper breaks into the lab to get a sample of the cosmetics made with Zinthrop's wasp enzymes. Here we finally see the so-called "Wasp Woman". A comical buzzing penetrates the room and from the dark Cabot rushes out and grabs Cooper by the throat. Fade-out.

The make-up is obviously a copy (as is the

whole idea of the film) of *THE FLY*. Her face mask (which it obviously is) is effective, but she doesn't look too much like a wasp; a cannibal from the jungles, an ugly Ubangi, a witch, but not a wasp. Large cannibal-like lips, glaring eyes and antennae sprouting from her head, coupled with equally realistic insect-like hands best describes her make-up. There is one huge error in the make-up. We see a back shot and you can see her white neck below the mask and her legs are normal. Maybe this transformation only affects her head down to her mid-neck and her hands to her wrists.

After the death of Cooper, the night watchman and several other office employees, Mary decides to do some snooping. Eventually, Zinthrop, in a daze, is seriously injured by a car after discovering his house cat, which he injected with the serum prior to Susan, turn into a carnivorous monster, which he kills in his lab after a struggle. This scene is nicely brought about and the monster cat effective.

As the film draws to a close, Susan again reverts to a wasp woman and attacks Zinthrop and kills his nurse. The climax gets exciting as she traps Mary in the lab and pursues her with a persistent buzzing. Eisley walks in and, above the jazzy musical score, tosses a chair at waspish Susan. She falls out the window to the street below...and to her death. Before she dies, as all monsters do, she changes back to her normal self and the audience leaves the theater in a supposedly weeping state.

If you jitter at sudden shocks or jolts, this film has its share of them. Containing the usual amount of Corman "stock actors", the performers, especially Susan Cabot, all perform capably and Corman's direction is exciting. Mediocre scripting, photography, editing and special effects are the meritless points of the film.

Some scenes are worth the film and it is a few steps above the trite trash of this period. ●

I BLOW MY TRUMPET, YES, I MUST CONFESS IT; FOR IF I DON'T ANOTHER WILL, AND MESS IT.

Terence Heywood



THE COMPOST HEAP

Alex Eisenstein

Send all review-copies to Your Friendly Garbage Collector, Alex Eisenstein, 3030 W. Fargo Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60645 AND if you want a copy of the review, send a trade copy to the editor.

Rating Code: 1. Yechhh!; 2. Crudzine; 3. Fair; 4. Glimmer of Goodness; 5. Fairly Good; 6. Good; 7. Very Good; 8. Excellent; 9. Tremendous; 10. TILT!

VENTURA II—(Phillip A. Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk, Virginia 23509—\$1.00/copy—no schedule; 84pp. plus artfolio) Here is a fanzine which, for all its pages and offset artfolio, contains almost nothing of interest. There is a well-written review/summary of *Dr. Strangelove* from Bob Tucker, but it is, unfortunately, a shallow investigation except when Bob comments on the technical aspects of the film's production. In this area Tucker is an expert, who fully appreciates technical problems both in scripting and in cinematography. But he ignores the fact that *Strangelove's* humor, though clever, is composed almost wholly of despicable and childish *ad hominem* attacks on the military, the government, etc. As if world affairs were only a matter of personalities.

The artfolio is mediocre at best; the only other item of possible interest is an article by Robert Bloch on the writing of *Psycho*. At least I think it's about *Psycho*; the first page, comprising 3/4 of the piece, is blank in my copy.

The rest of the mag ranges from competent but dull to incompetent and confused (like Gernsback and the "poetry" sections). Certainly not worth a buck—at least, my copy wasn't.

Rating: 3

FEEMWLORT #3—(Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington, San Bruno, California 94066—25¢/issue; available for trade, LoC, contrib, and thru N'APA—No schedule; 56pp.) Another mag that has little to recommend it. For Tolkien fans, Greg has compiled a dictionary of Elvish terms. The rest is divided between a conreport (of Westercon) and poor poetry. One of the poems, "An Attempt at Brownian Monologue" by David Hall, might have been fair with drastic editing. As it stands...well ...sorry.

The only truly good item in the 'zine is an illo by Don Simpson p.54; it depicts a rather happy, but very skillfully drawn dragon. In contrast, the cover by Bill Reynolds is so poor that Don's little picture assumes the aspect of a master drawing. Greg says, "About the cover: I know it's not a nazgul, I know it's not a pterodactyl; but I like it and it's my fanzine, so nnyaaaaaaah!" If you really like the drawing, Greg, you're out of your gourd.

Rating: 2

CLARGES #2 & #3—(Lon Atkins, Box 228, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514—Available for trade, contrib, or LoC; 25¢/issue, 5 for \$1.00—Bimonthly; 51 & 41pp., respectively) These two issues are reviewed together because they contain the first two installments of a collection of letters from Roger Clegg describing conditions in the Union of South Africa; this one item alone is worth the 50¢ price of admission. Roger is a literate commentator, and he speaks for South Africa with sympathy but without compromise; he does not alibi or excuse the desultory practices of the Afrikaner Nationalists against the country's black residents, but neither does he select only the dismal aspects of his land for discussion. He seems an objective,

unbiased, and unprejudiced observer, and, as I have implied, his writing is more than mere reportage.

In #3, Charles Wells details the fascinating possibilities of cybernetics in his article on "Computer Potential" in our society. Al Scott's recollection of a Billy Graham "Revival" is not well-written, but its straightforward manner and introspective candor more than compensate for the less-than-perfect style. It constitutes quite a candid view of the internal and external effects of a Graham mass-conversion, and of the modern evangelical revival meeting in general.

Lon's mimeography is excellent; the artwork is standard stuff—good in comparison to most 'zines but far below normal technical competence. The same is true of the offset Staton artfolio in #3, except that Staton's work has somewhat more structure than the other interior illos. Not much, though. And this mag deserves better art. Hear that, you fanartists?

Rating: (for both issues) 7

THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER #4—(Ron Wilson, N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane, Washington—20¢/issue, or for trades, contris, LoC's—Maybe quarterly; 20pp.) This issue of TVF has three basic faults: (1.) not enough material from Ron or his brother Arjay; (2.) too much material from yours truly; and (3.) a too-short and ill-selected lettercol. Otherwise, the mag is near excellent. Artwork is evenly good; repro impeccable. Bill Warren's opinions are naive and sometimes rather formless (specifically, his discussion of Elmer Gantry), but smoothly written. Minor cavil: my neo-nursery rhyme was not accurately transcribed; all mistakes are Ron's fault.

Best item in the issue, aside from my logo design: a speculative article by Jack Speer, and a quite succinct poem of "ethnic discontent" by Herb Curry: (it deserves, and is short enough, to be quoted in full)

ODE TO THE RAIN GOD

My tribal customs have been called absurd
And this is disconcerting.
But their prayers to you will soon be heard
When they see the mission burning.

That poem says much about religious ethnocentrism; I think its wry humor stems from the implication that such prejudice is a two-edged sword—or perhaps, more appropriately, a blade with two opposing handles. Very nice.

Rating: 7

NIKAS #13—(Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe; send all correspondence to Felice at 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California 94301—35¢/issue; also for trade, contrib, or LoC; available thru N'APA—Approx. quarterly; 42pp.) Ben Solon, a stalwart of Chicago fandom, starts a new fanzine-review column in this issue; except for some minor factual misapprehensions ("A goodly portion of #56 is reprinted from... *The Horseless Carriage Gazette*."), the reviews are lively and informative.

Two short but dull articles discuss Edward Gorey and J.R.R. Tolkien, respectively, with little results. The Gorey article is too allusive to be

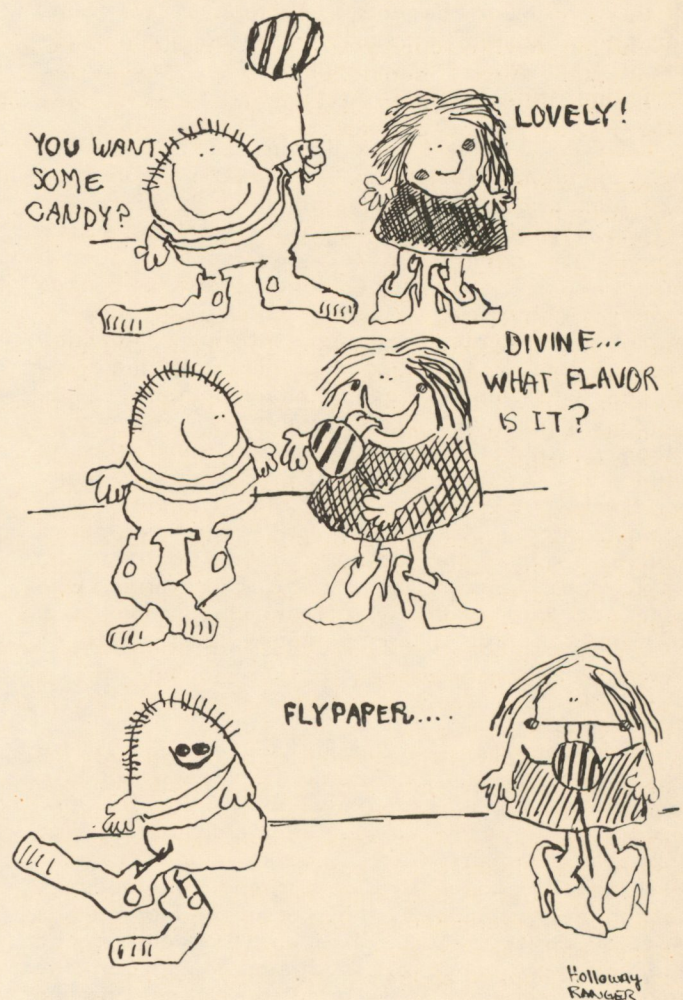
interesting to anyone who has no Knowledge of the man's work. It is not uninformative; it is just too general in scope to hold the nonenthusiast's attention. Which may sound paradoxical, but isn't; perhaps the piece requires appropriate reproductions of Gorey's drawings, etc. It is not poorly written; it is poorly conceived, in terms of delimitation.

The Tolkien article does not suffer from that fault as much as it does from presumptuousness: the author's thesis is that the influence of Nordic mythology will be renewed for modern man through the Tolkien hodge-podge.

Niekas continues its "SF Around the World" series with a historical survey of Danish sf—in converse fashion, this segment is not written in terribly stylish prose (barely competent, in fact), but it is straightforward and informative; it should certainly be fascinating to any serious sf historian, and it is descriptive enough to interest us casual critics of sf.

Another good article is Ray Nelson's "Dianetics to Scientology," which is a semi-serious exploration of L. Ron Hubbard's enthusiasms. It's worth reading just for the punch-line, if for nothing else.

Lettercol pretty dull this ish. The back cover borders on atrocious (the far side); the drawing on the front is fair. Felice says it is maybe by Jerry Burge, but the style looks more like Dennis Smith's, except that the illo is not as well structured as is Dennis' usual output. Perhaps a collaboration?



Most interesting item in the entire issue is Felice's editorial account of her misadventures in a California public school—as a fresh young prodigal teacher. It is a moving and disheartening monologue on The System and The Establishment, and how one gal tried—to no avail—to buck them both. Read it—and if you don't weep, at least inside, then you're stronger and/or more callous than I.

Rating: 5

ZARATHUSTRA #3—(Published by Cindy Heap, 14 Lee Garden Park, Rochester, N.Y. 14624; edited by Joni Markwood, 76 Leighton Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 10708—Available for trade, contrib, or LoC—Monthly; 28pp.) Z is billed as "a humor zine," and all the contents are mildly amusing, except for the following: a ridiculous-pretentious-bad "poem" by Richard Luc; an unforgivable Feghoot (aren't they all?) perpetrated by George Heap, the aging sugar-daddy of East Coast fandom; and a short limerick (aren't they all?), tinkered together by Michael Viggiano, that is very amusing indeed, if only because it's true. Oh yes, there is also a bad book review by Anne Eower; she attempts to discuss Shirley Jackson's *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*. And a game article, "How to Play Russian Bank" (a form of two-handed solitaire) which I didn't read as a matter of principle.

Best item in the issue: the checklist of reasons for receiving the 'zine, the last of which reads, and this one was checked in my copy, "We found your name written on the wall of the girl's lavatory in *Mariner 2*." I kid you not.

Rating: 4

ZINGARO #5—(Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Dr., Highland Park, Ill. 60035—Available for trade, contrib, or LoC, and thru N'APA and FAPA; 35¢/copy, 5 for \$1.00; normal per-issue price is 25¢—"More or less quarterly"; 30pp.) This consists mostly of mediocre reviews of books, fanzines, & movies; a letter column & editorial complete the standard fanzine sandwich. Most interesting item is a selection of photos of the Midwestcon, well-reproduced by offset halftone. They depict average fans, pros, semi-pros, semi-fans, trufans, fakefans, & other monstrous forms of pseudo-life. To name but a few: Bill Mallardi, Joni Markwood (yeah, yeah!), Joe Hensley, rich brown, Roger (...And Call Me Conrad) Zelazney, Banks Mebane, Dave Kyle, Janet Hunter (yeah, yeah, yeah!), and Lonefan Ed Wood. For those who would see some of the typical and classic poses of Ed Wood, captured for posterity, Zingaro #5 is a must.

Rating: 3

ERB-dom #14—(Camille Cazedessus, Jr., 3145 Craft Way, Westminster, Colorado 80030—50¢/issue, all back issues available; 5 for \$2.00—Repro entirely by offset; attempted quarterly; 20pp.) Six months have gone by since #13, but the long wait, caused by Caz's change of address, has not been fruitless. This issue of ERB-dom has a 4-color cover by Larry Ivie and a 6-color comic panel by pro comic-artist Jesse Marsh on the back. The Ivie painting is good; the Marsh, not so

hot. On the inside, besides the regular news-chatter & letters depts., are two pictorial spreads: a fair comic parody of John Carter by Jeff Jones and a wishful-thinking portfolio of substitute dust-jackets for certain shoddily wrapped Canaveral editions.

The highlights of the issue, however, are two full-page illos—one by Frazetta, and beautiful (naturally); one by Ivie, and not quite. Larry's drawing contains an evocative female figure as an important part of the total scene, but the treatment of the drawing as a whole is so rough-hewn and blotchy that the grace of the feminine form, including the excellent design of her headgear, is wholly obscured. This ink drawing is reminiscent of much contemporary Prosser, though not really that bad.

Another item of interest is Part I. of "The Burroughs Mood," an article by Larry Ivie that purports to discuss the requirements of good Burroughs illustration. This first section describes the general aura that Burroughs art should possess and also imparts some history of the Burroughs genre of art. Tantalizingly, it raises more questions than it answers ("What does La of Opar really look like? Why was the reference to a leopard skin in *Jungle Tales of Tarzan* an editorial error? How many fingers has a Thark?"), but specific details, Ivie promises, will be covered in "future segments of the series." Rally round, fanartists; instant Burroughs!

Rating: 6

AMRA #36—(George Scithers & his horde, Box 9120, Chicago, Ill. 60690—35¢ the copy; 8 for \$2.00—Offset; schedule—"from time to time"; 20pp.) This is the illustrated mag of sword & sorcery, with especial emphasis on the exploits of R.E. Howard's antediluvian marauder, "Conan." Illos this issue are unspectacular but fair, except for the page 2 illo which is execrable, and the nude on p.11, which is nearly so. The back cover by Cawthorn is very poor, one of the worst that usually-fine artist has ever drawn, to my knowledge.

Critical essays of one sort or another comprise most of the issue: Buck Coulson disembowels Howard's *Almuric*; Leiber and Harrison, separately, stomp on Lin Carter for his recent s&s (that's sword-&-sorcery, not sex-&-sadism) novel *Wizard of Lemuria*—Leiber with charity, Harrison with vengeance. The last essay is another review by Leiber, of Richard Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*. It is the best article in the mag, better than Fritz's trouncing of *Wizard*: his critique of the Carter book contains one very weak element—to wit, the following paragraph:

There is a plot, but the way it's presented makes it seem not much more than an accident. In order to further the cause of the goodies, a lump of meteoric metal has to be forged into a sword by means of volcanic fires, then tempered in lightning on a mountain-top. If this sequence was featured more prominently, with some sort of scientific or pseudo-scientific explanation a la Poul Anderson, it would go some way towards giving the book a basic motivation on more than the purely random level. (...)

The material following the topic sentence constitutes an extended *non sequitur*. How would a "scientific" rationale improve the plot? Certainly it would add to the scant verisimilitude, but how could the plot be strengthened by such material? When Fritz concludes that "the theme is played so half-heartedly that it might as well have been omitted altogether," he is merely restating, reclarifying, that first topic sentence; he has offered no real justification for his opinion. Not that I doubt Fritz—he's probably right. He just hasn't convinced me intellectually.

Harry Harrison's critique is more detailed, more vigorous, more convincing on certain points—and, perhaps inevitably, more fuggheaded on others. Harry gets too picky in parts, the worst of which is the sixth paragraph: after some speedy calculations, Harrison tells the reader that there exists "a requirement of 20 pounds of meat every 24 hours for every linear foot of dwark [large dragon, 200 ft. long]. A chunk of animal a foot thick and six feet wide needs 20 pounds of meat a day, just to survive? I don't believe it." Well, I do; hay-burning elephants require a fantastic amount of food, and protein is low-yield fuel, as compared to sugar (better), starch (better still), or fats (ten times better than sugar). Also protein is not easily metabolized; protein is normally used for structural purposes in the animal cell, as is cellulose in the plant cell (though not for the same purposes). In addition, if this dragon is a flying dragon, with the concomitant high metabolic rate of all flying creatures, well—! I shudder to think how much protein it must consume. Most birds eat several times their own weights in a day.

Despite Leiber's excellent review of Garnett's book, he must share the laurels for best-in-the-issue with L. Sprague de Camp, who provides us with a sonnet, no less...one that rhymes, has 14

lines, follows a meter, and even poses an amusing philosophical-stfnal (and moot) question. (I like your choice of cities, Sprague; it induces subtle archaeological repercussions that reverberate in one's mind.)

Rating: 6

ALGOL #10—(Andy Porter ((Silverberg?)), 24 East 82nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10028—Available for contribution, trade, or LoC; 35¢/issue, 3 for \$1.00—Irregular; dittoed interior, offset covers; 60pp.) Good cover by Gaughan—an ink sketch, & very much better than most of the stuff he's done. Back cover is a preliminary ink sketch for *Web of the Witchworld*; not so hot, but then neither was the painting for Ace.

Somehow I find difficulty in commenting on the interior material. It is all very readable, but mostly uninteresting beyond the moment of perusal. Except for, at least potentially, Frank Wilimczyk's article on the technical side of large-scale, pro book-publishing. Paradoxically, it is too nontechnical; it could have been better were it longer and more detailed.

Lee Hoffman's column is positively schizophrenic. Not Lee herself; just the column. Like it starts nowhere and goes nowhere (sort of like a very poor van Vogt yarn), with loose ends and loose middles and loose beginnings hanging out all over.

Well, nice paper, good repro, bad interior illos; nominally a genzine but generally a fannish one. Oh yes, Bill Blackbeard is informative on the history of the pulps & Dick Lupoff's book reviews are likewise.

Rating: A superficial 4

FANTASY ILLUSTRATED #4—(Bill Spicer, 418-H West Stocker St., Glendale, California 91202—50¢/issue; 4 for \$2.00—Offset repro, color covers; 44pp. approx. quarterly, this ish for Summer-1965) *Fantasy Illustrated* is an amateur comic-zine dedicated to the proposition that all sorts of sf & fantasy can and should be expressible through the medium of the "panel graphic" story, i.e., comic books.

A noble thought, say I.

Spicer's mag runs the gamut (or should I say "gauntlet"?) from space opera to blood-&-guts macabre, hitting various mystical and quasi-stfnal stops in between. This issue is a bit of a comedown in some respects: Bill, succumbing to the comic-fan hue and cry for "superman and circuses," has published a costume-hero issue. Predictably, of the three stories in the mag, the two out-and-out costume-hero epics are the poorest. The only story worthy of notice is the third, a rather unoriginal imitation of the old 3-D "Tor" comic, replete with dreadnaught dinosaurs against a lone homo sap. Well, not quite alone; he has the companionship of a small chittering fellow-primate.

Whereas the format of "Ku!...Primordial" is trite and inaccurate in the customary fashion, the artwork isn't. It isn't pro by any means, but it shows a lot of promise. Many of the panels contain strikingly powerful images, marred only by a somewhat heavy touch. Not that the subject matter requires a great deal of delicacy; but it does require control. Jeff Jones, the artist, lacks a sat-



isfactory understanding of the construction of human hands and of the juncture of torso with hips. A few other minor inefficacies detract from the total quality of the strip, yet quite a few individual panels come across with vividness and clarity. I hope to see more from Mr. Jones, and I hope to see in it a further grasp of technical competence. Style he has already, and plentifully.

Completing the issue are some dull letters and a somewhat pretentious column by Richard Kyle on the history of the "panel graphic" medium. But his pretensions are in a good cause.

Rating: 3

WARHOON #22—(Richard Bergeron, 333 East 69th Street, New York 21, N.Y.—Available thru FAPA, and for trade, contrib, or LoC; 20¢/issue, 5 for \$1.00—August, 1965 issue; 32pp.) The bergeron-blue fanzine with the absolutely untrammelled reproduction contains, for the nonce, two articles: one by R.A.W. Lowndes on Love (as opposed to love) and one by Walter Breen on psi, psychopathology, and *Sunburst* (a novel by Phyllis Gotlieb). Doc Lowndes' article is interesting for the careful and carefully qualified exposition it contains on the nature and attributes of True Love. Breen's article (both articles are regularly-featured columns, actually) is fairly well-written, and I enthusiastically welcome the form—I wish more stiff articles or critiques were like Breen's—but his speculations are just so many fiat statements. His reasoning, what there is of it, remains superficial, and at least once a distinct flaw of simple logic (or perhaps a lack of sufficient definition of certain key terms) appears. Consider the following quotations, which are placed in their original order:

(p.7) In a situation in which such barriers [against psi, esp. telepathy] were abruptly removed, a person would be overwhelmed. This actually does happen in the acute onset of schizophrenia. Victims of this disorder...often become telepathic, to a degree which they are no longer able to handle.

All right, schizophrenics are telepaths, total tele-receptors. Onward:

(p.8) Consider, then, the plight of individuals in whom the barriers remain down life-long, from infancy, in the absence of schizophrenia or other disorder. Their life roles would be rough indeed, were they at all capable of empathy...

Those who possess total telepathy and yet are not schizophrenic are also lacking in empathy; the implication is that telepathic empathy causes the distracted state we call schizophrenia. In other words, schizophrenics are telepaths who go nuts with empathy.

(p.8) Miss Gotlieb asks us to consider the fate of individuals in whom the barriers are absent and in whom a capacity for empathy is also absent; psychopathic children with full-strength...psi, in short. (...) Psychopaths are notable for their relative indifference to consequences of their actions; and their lack of empathy rules out most personal loyalties etc., etc., etc...

O.K., psychos are lacking in empathy, and people without empathy but possessed of psi-powers are psychopathic...but wait a minute; weren't people with both empathy and psi referred to as

schizophrenic? And weren't telepaths lacking in empathy described also as unmarred by "schizophrenia or other disorder"? How can a person be psychopathic yet not have a mental disorder? Does Breen use "disorder" to refer merely to such mental deficiencies as idiocy, etc.? With these strange conditional alterations of Breen's definitions, we are left with the uncomfortable conclusion that all total telepaths, and by extension all total psi's, are mentally unsound in one way or another. Is that what you meant, Walter?

Some usual departments finish the issue; readable and interesting letters follow unreadable and dull mailing comments. Ohwell.

Rating: 5

DOUBLE:BILL #13—(Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers; send all correspondence concerning the magazine to Mallardi at 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio 44313—30¢/issue, 4 for \$1.00; also for printed LoC's, one-for-one trades, and contributions of material—"Irregular" schedule; 52pp., including heavy offset front cover.) The Adkins front cover for this of D:B was worth waiting for; it's probably Dan's best drawing to date, fan or pro. Dan also has some good illos on the inside, not the usual fan-hack (baad pun; Bowers' sinister influence) he does for both D:B & *Yandro*. Matter of fact, all the interior illos are rather good.

Lewis Grant, archfiend of the Chicago Abyss (otherwise known as Lakeshore Drive Under Repair), speculates on the future of contraceptive and hormone pills in general. Fascinating, as usual.

#13 is supposedly a special fiction issue, but the two stories included are rather dull, though Joe Fekete's "The Box" might have been better had it more humor.

Biggle on poetry is snide, supercilious, pompous, vague, superficial, allusive, unoriginal, inexact, inept, incoherent, lit'ry, pseudo-authoritative, brash, bullheaded, bastardly, not succinct, quite overbearing and unbearable, and just plain bilious. Also fuggheaded. In short, the average hack pro who can't explain either himself or his art.

Interesting letter from Negro M. P. Elliott Shorter on the Harlem situation. Rah! for you, Elliott; would that your clear head were possessed by many Negro intellectuals & social leaders.

Ah, yes, and Stephen Pickering misuses the word "nymphomaniac" in his article on the value of sfnal comics...the word should be "satyr," Steve. The article itself, which embodies a review of Ballantine's *Tales of the Incredible*, is much more clearly written than anything else by Pickering that I have yet seen, but it is not so clearly conceived. Sure, most superhero comics are pretty awful, but this fact casts no light on the possible literary value of the "Panel graphic" medium itself. Pickering's thesis, that comics are inherently and forever and always poor literature is not substantiated by any of the evidence he musters forth in his discursive essay. Look at *Peanuts*. Or even the *Uncle Scrooge* of the middle & late fifties, I mean, look at them, Steve.

Not bad, for an issue with so dread a number (ask Alan Dodd what happened to *Camber* #13 if you don't think there's a curse).

Rating: 6

CPCC is not chatty, this time, although it is more controversial. (Those who think the last one wasn't should see what Steve Reeves did to me!) Our (all right, MY) detractors have said so much about my useless chattiness and lamented so loudly my lack of controversial matter as advertised that I have said something this time. By the time I finished I felt that I had written a salable article. We shall see if our vocal critics are quite so interested in truth and controversy as they claim. I feel that I have arrived at at least two great truths in thinking and talking of beards. Beard-wearers, -lovers, and -haters will no doubt say something or other, and I shall be interested in what they say. I shall not be so interested in the defenders of the System; they are wrong, of course, and there's an end to THAT.

I have done something I hate doing; I have compromised. We are so childishly accustomed to reading everything printed in precisely the same way, so afraid to tax our little minds with thinking and examining new thoughts, that we seem to hate all deviations—among them being, of course, the absence of capitals and apostrophes. We have come a long way with our language. We have dropped the hyphens from many compound words, for instance, and admitted to ourselves that they are indeed words. We have eliminated many of the capitals since those halcyon days when men wrote "When in the course of" and continued to capitalize Laws of Nature and Nature's God and Rights of Life, Liberty and Happiness and Form of Government and even Officers and Consent. Yet still we cling to our love of pretty, big letters, although we do use them a bit more sparingly now and at least we don't have worthless little men in long robes and shaven skulls sitting around doing nothing but making pretty pictures of capital letters—while changing the wording of the very old book they were copying. But our written word remains overcapitalized, and the enlargement of the first letter of every sentence is of course a sort of road map and visual aid for small minds incapable of reading without frequent starts and stops, like children on an automobile trip. Which reminds me, we also love frequent paragraphing, so

Lets make one, right here. There, isn't that pretty! As to catasapostrophes: Such words as the contractions for cannot and should not and have not and the like were originally invented by clever men who called attention to their cleverness by the inclusion of impossibly cute little marks, resembling either inverted commas or accents *acutes*, untimely ripped from the French and relentlessly misused ever after. Since cant and shouldn't and haven't are now words, constantly used and accepted in all quarters, we have no need of the time-consuming cuteness of the childish medieval affectation of apostrophes. Naturally problems arise when one drops the apostrophe from such words as "i shall" and "he will" and "she will". Yet, within context, even the contraction of "i would" is readily distinguishable from Freud's "id"—

some remarks on the psychology of beards

when intelligence exists on the part of the reader.

That was a long paragraph, so here's a short one just as a break.

At any rate I have now made the effort of reminding myself to capitalize the first word of each sentence. As to the cute comments on my typewriter having no shift key—well, both of them do, and it is a shame that our language is so complicated as to necessitate such a waste of time as striking a special key with one hand and the letter-key with the other. In addition to the reason already stated, here is a fine *post-priori* reason for making a few changes! As to my name: well, it's just that I have written it that way for years. It is printed in lower case on my letterheads, envelopes, office door, business cards, and in my advertising. It is part of me. I also take brand-new shoes to the repair shop, before wearing them, and have the leather heels replaced with less noisy ones. And as to the dialogs in the column this issue: I NEVER speak in caps!

Ah, as Puck said, what fools these mortals be! And how anxious to hang onto their prepossessions, their prejudices, their mythologies, their childhood, the PAST! At any rate, here are some remarks on beards and I hope they will prove legible to those who must "wade through" anything other than "This is Dick. This is Spot. See Spot spot Dick. See Dick—", and interesting to those who aren't interested simply in TALK, and controversial to those who claim to want/need it.

Barbarian races, Havelock Ellis said, regarded it as "the most sacred and beautiful part of the person", as an object to swear by. Mohammedans still swear by it.

So do I.

At a time when male masochism is rapidly increasing, due in part to wylies Momism and the general womanization of our country;

At a time when men are unknowingly forced by the mothers of their wives—and by the jewelry industry—to wear wedding rings as symbols of captivity; At a time when NEWSWEEK feels constrained to publish an article pointing out the difficulty in distinguishing between the sexes;

At a time when no one smells like anyone but rather like oo7 aftershave or pine trees or some sort of leather, whether English, Russian, or Palomino; At such a time a beard is MALENESS—as it has always been. It is maleness both to the male and to the dis-taff, no matter what who says or thinks.

Lets talk about it.

A couple of years ago the odd per-

son of Andrew Offutt bought a 36-year-old white elephant; a mansion atop a high hill eight miles from civilization, if you call morehead in the Kentucky hills civilization. The house contains two storeys between a ghostly hitchcockian basement and a faerie attic replete with wasps and spiders and discarded clothing and piles of old science fiction and PLAYBOYS. All of this is encased by solid brick walls, two feet thick. It is a fine place in which to be snowbound.

Kentuckians are accustomed to snow which feathers down in great pasty flakes and accumulates wetly and melts in a couple of days or three, making a god-awful mess of landscapes and automobiles. But we saw something new in the Great Snow of '66: ski snow. It fell drily in zero and sub-zero temperatures and it lay there. The clan Offutt was snowed in. It would have been impossible to drive back up that hill, had we been able to get off. Your columnist decided to play Snowbound. What better opportunity to realize a lifelong ambition than this: sub-zero temperatures and many inches of powdery snow and a full larder and plenty of gas for the furnace and logs for the fireplace? And the very inaccessibility of the house, *Lebensraum*.

It began on a Friday night, and I utilized the excuse not to go in to the office Saturday.¹ Naturally I didn't shave; any man will seize upon any opportunity/excuse not to shave. Chew on this: WHY? Saturday night more snow hissed down. Sunday I again did not shave. A bit much, really; I began shaving at sixteen and within two years I was shaving twice daily if I had a date. That was...several years ago. Its a heavy beard we speak of, then, and fast-growing, and only the fact that my hair is not black saves me from the problem of a perpetual 3:00 shadow.

On Monday morning I phoned morehead and had a sign: SNOWBOUND taped to my office door. By then I was ready to star in one of those movies in which Hero has been on the desert for a week or been pinned down by the Germans/Japs/Gooks/nlf-vc/revenoores.

The beard grew.

A hystaminiac, your columnist held reservations only about the lip-hair. A moustache is a parlous troublesome appendage to a man who has the sniffles immediately he pokes his nose out the door. To carry in logs, for instance, or just tramp around, inhaling the best air of the year.

The facial hair had been let go six days when I spent over an hour getting the car off the hill, found the highway relatively clear—for Kentucky—and went into town for the mail. There was a great deal. There were also the jokes.

ASS(t)-POSTMASTER: "Say, Andy, didn't you forget something?" (When a man makes fun of another the rule is to do it obliquely. MY rule is to force him to play his hand sunny side up.)

ME (slightly frowning): "hm? what? what?"

A-P (rubbing his jaw, grinning): "Uh—you lose your razor?"

ME: "oh, that...no, I—I picked up this infection at the barber shop, teeny pruritis or something. things all over my face, sore. cant shave. terribly

painful." i said this rather embarrassedly, then left before he had a chance to apologize. His face was stricken. He still greets me guiltily.

There was a bit of money in the envelopes, and i went to the bank. Even funnier: three people greeted me, none said anything. Silence of course is even more obvious than the grin and the oblique "cute" cracks. i left smiling and went for some petrol. He didnt say anything either. i stopped at the office.

"Well, andy, glad to see you got ou—oh for gods sake! No, andy, NO!" Blue-eyed innocence: "what? whatsa matter?"

Naturally he COULDNT say it right out; he rubbed his face. Apparently it is irresistible under the circumstances; the confronter wishes to confirm his own childhood nudity. He said "You wouldnt DARE!"

i touched my face, said "oh!" as if i had forgotten. "um, dont you like it?"

This always gets em. Try it. If you cherish a funny little car (meaning anything not built in detroit and advertised as the biggest in its field) or a silly hat (meaning anything other than a crater-crease dark felt) or wear hush-puppies to a party or otherwise do something Not Safely Normal, and someone says something, ANYthing, look very ingenuous and say "gosh, dont you like it (em)?" Then listen to the babble.

"larsen," i told him while he was still biting his lip and trying to decide what to say, "it may interest you to know that ive been hunting and have shot two good and lovely deer and you have just wisecracked yourself out of a prime venison steak!" Again i departed, accompanied by the sound of his chin rebounding from his desktop.

The car spent the next eight days at the foot of the hill, accumulating snow. We pulled the groceries—provisions, really, under the circumstances—up the hill on a sled. Fun. Steep hill, rutted road, soft, deep snow, more of it driven through the air by a howling wind, and 130 pounds of dog food, hamburger and the like² on a childs sled. It is red.

The beard grew. i continued to research, to write, to type, to play Snow-bound. The beard grew. i played with it. One day i shaved under my chin, down to collar-level. (A mistake. Dont do it if you intend to raise a beard, girls. ive decided the best way is to let it go about a month and THEN start playing.) Another day i shaved my cheeks, leaving a fringe running from ears all the way around chin and jaw: peter ustinov in QVO VADIS. Then i clipped the mustache. Another day i shaved two lines between lower lip and chin, leaving a little strip in the middle. You know: grand vizier style.

What had begun as not-shaving one day had become a Project. The Project grew. i now shaved every day—in places. i examined earl wrightsons and alfred drakes kissers on their album jackets. i looked up hemingway in the encyclopedia and a couple of old magazines. He looked mostly unshaven. The others looked bearded. He was proving his manhood; they just liked beards.

i wondered if anyone was casting KISMET, and talked about it, and commenced to work out the Psychology of

Beards. Both wrightson and drake raised theirs to star in KISMET, then never took them off. WHY? Conversely, brynnner shaved his dome to startle the director of THE KING AND I. It worked, and he liked it so well he has kept it (the word is *schtick*). Shel silverstein plays it both ways; full beard, no hair. WHY?

Ask your wife/girl friend/mistress/mother/sister WHY mister brynnner is so sexy. And alfred drake and earl wrightson. Hemingway, i fear, was another matter: he worked all his life, trying to grow up, trying to write what he thought he was capable of writing, trying to prove he was a man. If you buy, as i do, the suicide verdict, you realize he never made it. Beards are frequently grown for this purpose; also just to be different, nonconformist, attention-getting. Too, beards are frequently quite anal. But we arent discussing THOSE aberrations.

A beard, havelock ellis said, "may be regarded as purely a sexual adornment... comparable to a cardinals crest." (Or a cardinals very phallic mitre, says i. But again, no aberrations.)

Beards are also a non-optional accessory: they come with being male. But using the "natural" or "gods plan" argument is little more sensible than saying that of daylight saving time or air travel. But since they are male, and havelock ellis and most women find them sexy, and men feel very male when bearded...why then do we go clean-shaven? Why do we deliberately, systematically, deny masculinity?

Partially to prove we are not animals, of course, which is a lost cause and which, if we ever Make It, wont need proving anyhow.

Try reason number two. Why are beards popular in SOME parts of the world, definitely not in others? BECAUSE they are what we call sexy, and part of the world is NOT dominated by an antisexual religious cultus. "The sexual character of the beard," doctor ellis said, "is indicated by the fact that the ascetic in christianity has always sought to...hide the hair." Ah, now we arrive at something. Perhaps this accounts also for our plainness of male dress—except in the cases of those men in our society who adorn themselves shamelessly in shaman outfits—yet remain celibate? Have our dullish clothes, compared to other ages and happier cultures, also been influenced by paulism/christism?

Uh-huh. Maybe next issue. Usually those who demand controversial subjects dont really want them...

Once more into the breach. Why do men feel constrained to make fun of beards? Why do women feel vaguely, unaccountably fearful around *les barbouzes*, bearded ones? Lets say that mrs smith is attracted, knowing of course that that is Nasty. She is sure in this knowledge; she learned it at her marmys knee and in church. Naturally then she is uncomfortable, yet mothlike she hangs around the flaming beard at, say, a cocktail / lionizing / autograph/just plain party. She MAY be ready to indulge in what doctor berne calls first- or second-degree Rapo.³ But of course that seldom occurs; the Lionized One ignores

mrs smith and the others. He is able to take his pick. He also immensely enjoys observing the men observing him, masking envy with disapproving faces, and the women who shun him because they feel uncomfortable and pretend to be revolted or disgusted or something of the sort.

Pretend.

Mister smith meanwhile thinks the *barbouze* looks pretty darned good, pretty darned male, pretty darned masculine—and just plain as if he is having Fun and doesnt give a damn. Hm, smith thinks. i wonder if i could get away with it? No...i guess only artists can. THEY dont have to deal with (choke! gasp!) PEOPLE. (smith is 99% right.) But, gee...

He is still mulling this when they leave. "Dirty man!" mrs smith says, hiking her defeminizing girdle and arching her back to adjust her defeminizing bosom-holsters. "Dirty man! Beards always look so DIRTY, henry! Nasty, somehow. Dont you ever try to grow a beard, henry, or i swear i ll leave you."

And all thoughts of hirsutizing vanish from the mind of poor henry—we-never-call-him-hank. Stupid ass; he has probably just been given his Big Chance! But if he DID raise a beard, hed probably be disappointed—she wouldnt leave him. Shed make fun of him in public...

...but not in private, *mes ami*, Not in private. Because beards ARE sexy (which is a silly word, better than which we need. one). And they feel good, too.

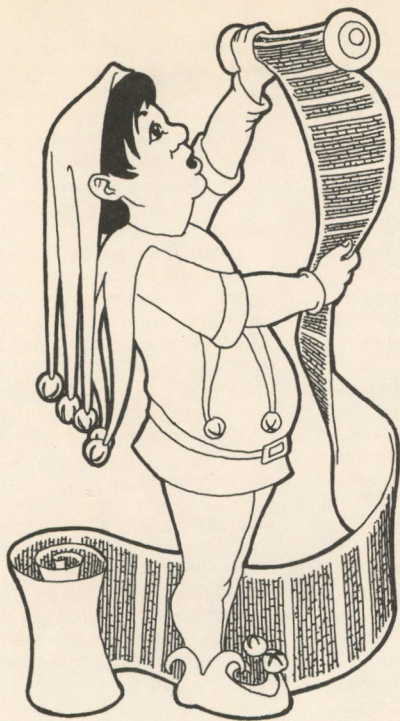
Now then. We have quite ignored those godawful bushes worn by those who just let it grow and let it go and it is just there, along with a dirty shirt and messy hair and so on and a protest sign. We have ignored the child-beards, the i-need-a-beard-to-prove-im-a-man growths. What we have taken a look at is not these positives, but the negative: *why take it off?* Does it occur to you that this might be a sicker, a symptom, among others, of our cultural child-ness?

POSTSCRIPT

No, i havent. i shaved it off, and the pictures didnt turn out well, either. i deal with the childish Public, and i dont dare have a beard. Not YET. But i will. i will. i am firmly resolved, with the help of my graceful work and writing, to be able to have one, eventually. One has to be able to AFFORD a beard. Then when i can...then i will let it grow. And people hereabouts will say "Look at that andrew offutt. He sells a little story—makes a little money—buys a mercedes—and now he thinks hes an *artiste* (they will mispronounce it) and grows a beard. Hmp!"

And they will be wrong. And i will not care, other than that i love Man, and, with ayn rand, hate many of those who pretend to bear his name.

1. one of the advantages of self-employment.
2. the dog food was for my coonhound, pompey the great. the hamburger was for me.
3. Berne, Eric, M.D. *GAMES PEOPLE PLAY*, Grove Press, 1964. ●



Persiflage

JOHN TRIMBLE

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I'd like to compliment you guys for a very well done job; you seem to be going ahead well on all fronts—layout, content, and the "feeling" of the mag have all improved muchly since #1, and are better than #2 as well. Certainly, you are showing the kind of good, imaginative work that can be done with offset, and I hope that you can keep improving. Frankly, you don't need color work, and in some ways it might be a detraction from the zine. I mean, you are proving imaginative with b&w, and I'm sure that you haven't come to the end of the possibilities here, but if color work—no matter how well it is done—is going to take too much time away from doing TRUMPET, and from continuing the innovations you've already begun, then I say no! Forget the color work, and let's see more and better TRUMPETS in black and white. •It's forgotten—at least for the time being. •

Jerry Pournelle's "The Bohemian Tory" proved interesting reading, if slightly less than an integrated essay. That is to say, he made several valid points, some less valid ones, looked at matters from a couple of viewpoints, and didn't give himself enough space to tie the whole thing up properly.

Now I happen to agree with some of what Pournelle is saying here, and to disagree with some of it. Jerry makes the same error in logic which all those who disparage the Anti-Viet Nam War demonstrators seem to hold in common; that the demonstrators believe the Com-mies right and us wrong no matter what takes place. Now I'm sure that many of the more left-ish of the demonstrators take exactly this attitude, and there isn't much we can do about that. But I think a majority of the demonstrators hold to

the more tenable position that they're protesting the actions of the United States government—their government—in Viet Nam. These people—however misguided they may be—feel that two wrongs do not make a right, and that even if the "liberators" in Viet Nam are committing immoral acts, this does not justify our reaction with what they regard as other immoral acts. That we have a different moral system than our enemy (they are moral, you know, by their lights) does not seem to come under consideration.

This attitude may be mistaken (and I believe it to be such), but that does not justify Pournelle or anyone else holding them up to ridicule, or insisting that they know not what they do. Hell, democracy—or, more basically, freedom itself—is built on the idea of the right to dissent, to disagree with the majority, with the government, with one's peers. The American Revolution was fought over these points (among others), and the English Constitution has grown out of them. Wasn't it Voltaire who said "I may not agree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it."

I greatly enjoyed your rambling vacation report, Tom. Of course, the portions about the Westercon were the most interesting—and now I know why I saw so little of Al Jackson during the con...he slept thru it!

The comparison between Kent Moomaw and Alex Eisenstein reviewing fan-zines is unavoidable, and quite educational. Moomaw might have become a Very Valuable talent in fandom and the world had he been a little stronger mentally.

Both Bloch and Lowndes make very fine points with reference to filming fantasy. Most certainly there have been some real clinkers made from written stf; most s-f films made this way, in fact. But there have been a few really

memorable movies, too. I think that Pal's production of Wells' *The Time Machine* is one of these, but it took Disney to show that a "period piece" could be done before Pal could do it. One wishes that he'd made *War of the Worlds* after 20,000 Leagues, rather than when he did...

Offutt is cute, with his non-capitalization, but frankly the material isn't worth fighting through the maze of lower case to read it. And it certainly isn't worth the space it is taking up in TRUMPET. Perhaps it'll improve, but I doubt it.

POUL ANDERSON

3 Las Palomas
Orinda, California 94563

One small correction to Andy Offutt's generally well-taken points. "Tinker's dam" is not a euphemism, as "tidbit" (for "titbit") is. The original tinkers were itinerant repairmen; their dams were the soldered repairs they made on broken utensils. As they were none too scrupulous, the expression "not worth a tinker's dam" evolved—and then folk etymology turned it into "tinker's curse."

For that matter, I have read somewhere that "son of a gun" is the original form too. According to this story, back in the eighteenth century or so, when a birth took place on shipboard the guns were fired in the belief that this would hasten labor. As paternity in such cases was often a matter of guesswork anyway, a boy so born was naturally called a son of a gun. However, I haven't checked this out and therefore can't vouch for it.

I look forward muchly to George Barr's comic strip. His advance illustrations are beautiful. THE BROKEN SWORD was my first novel, although it didn't find a publisher till after a couple of others had done so. It shows all the faults of a new writer, and will probably actually go better in comic strip form.

Originally a sequel was intended, and from time to time I still consider writing it. However, with so much else on hand, the chances are that if I ever do any more heroic fantasy it will be something quite different. For instance, I'd like to get away entirely from a pseudo-European setting.

By the way, I hope my friend Jerry Pournelle will continue to be a contributor.

MICHAEL BRUNAS

7 Edgewater Road
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A quick glance through issue #3 of TRUMPET will prove that some magazines aren't worth the paper it is being printed on. What I would like to know, what kind of a publication are you selling. The last issue was just articles on every subject and putting it into a zine.

When I looked through the first two issues I said to my self, the only thing that was good about the issue (besides printing and art) are the reviews on science fiction films. Your last issue even lacked in this department.

To estimate all that I want to say, your magazine is uninteresting and a bad example of fantasy magazines on the market. •Oh Lord! I just get Bill Glass converted and up pops another one.●

BILL GLASS

350 De Neve Circle
Los Angeles, California 90024

Damn it all, Tom Reamy.

Here I am coming back to school from Christmas Break with a resolution to save my avorsiciously acquired Christmas money for Betterment of Myself and for my Higher Education. Then I go to the mailbox, drag out an innocent envelope, and discover inside the Queen of Spades (old Kisadeath, herself) eyeing my jugular from the cover of Trumpet #3. I see Ray (Bradbury and Nelson), Dennis Smith, andy offutt (making sense), and promise of Barr/Anderson comic strip. That makes me turn to the colophon in order to discover it costs \$2.00 for a five ish subscription. That shoots one resolution right there. Herein you should find two dollars in some form or shape. •Thank you.●

Last year around this time I noticed the bulletin board in the cafeteria said the choices for the evening were Salisbury Steak (hamburger by any other name would cost twice as much...) and [Some name or other, 75% consonants]'s Ghot. "Ghot?" says I. "Fish," corrects the meal card checker. "Well then, you left out the 'I'," I helpfully reply. He looks at me like I am some form of nut. "Look," I explain, "it's 'GH' as in enough, 'O' as in women, and 'TI' as in nation. G-H-O-T-I: fish." Now he knows there is something rotten in my brainpan. But when I came out after brunch, I notice that the word is now properly spelled GHOTI.

so what am i going to do with myself, critical, perhaps contrivdly clever andy offutt?

There is one problem that Stephen Barr overlooked in his article on Emphasis. What will HAPPEN when EVERYTHING is ITALICIZED? HOW, AT THAT EXTREME, WILL AUTHORS BE ABLE TO IN-

DICATE EMPHASIS? REALLY!!!

After washing Humble Hands I open Honorable Trumpet to Exhausted Ray Nelson's article on Zen and the Art of Cooking. First I examine the pages. Is the reproduction impeccable? Are the pages slick? Are the illustrations in good taste; capturing the mood of the article without being pretentious? Are the Oriental characters obscene? Then I slowly consume the article, savoring each nuance, relishing the flavor, examining the texture, determining if it is well done or not. Afterwards am I blessed with the Great Awakening, Satori?

NO. I am rolling on the floor busting a gut. *Sigh*

Bravo for andy offutt. He still isn't that chatty or controversial, but this time he is fun. In his collage/catalogue of the high points of Italian epics he left out one thing: the fire. At one point in all these movies that I have seen either a village has just been or Christians are about to be burned. In the former case you have medium shots of a fire with the smoke blowing from right to left partially obscuring the Evil Soldier who is a. spearing an old man, or b. carrying off a young. In the latter case, Musclebound, Son of Hercules, rescues the Christians and we are treated with a close-up of Our Hero with the fire in the background, again the smoke blowing from right to left, this time obscuring an Evil Soldier who is lying on the ground bleeding to death. As for historical, or any other kind of accuracy, might I suggest the Steve Reeves production of Hercules Unchained. That one looks like Richard Armour adapted the screenplay from Antigone, then turned it over to Bert I. Gordon for rewrite.

I've never been to a con, so I can't comment on your most entertaining con report with Fun Things I Did At The Westercon, as seems the proper way to comment on anybody else's conreport. But the "ultimate coffee shop" is Kal's, not Carl's. •No, we went to Kal's after the meeting; Carl's is a different place where Al and I ate before the meeting. •And besides, the after-meeting feeding has moved down a few blocks to a similar coffee shop called "Carolina Pines". •Voluntarily? •So much for the picking of the nits. Your conreport makes me unhappy over the fact I was at a lemon picking camp over that particular weekend.

Of course it doesn't take much to make me unhappy that I was working in a lemon camp over any weekend.

To be a proper iconoclast, Alex Eisenstein should review the previous issue of Trumpet in "the Compost Heap". Of course if he can find an issue of Trumpet in a compost heap, more power to him. I'm planning to accumulate enough to bind if Editor Reamy's asperations last that long.

there is something utterly charming about andy offutt. he doesnt have a shift key except when he punctuates. and he complains about long letters by people who endeavor to "be snide while lacking the wit to carry it off" while chortling over editor reamys snappy one-liners in reply to such people whom he conveniently lables as "ass" and "ass #2"... ("ass #2. *sigh* cant i ever be first at anything?)

then, right after the above follows the "brilliant exchange": "im amazed to learn marion zimmer bradley doesnt drink. ('i dont drink') gosh. isnt it necessary to life, or something? whats she do about dehydration? -(aw, come offutt—alex eisenstein)—"

there is something utterly charming about andy offutt. isnt there?

As far as art goes, the Barr covers and the two Smith interiors are almost good enough to make me want to buy an extra copy to tear apart so I can hang them on the wall. Ray Nelson's Zen illos should be encouraged, especially if they illustrate more Zen articles.

'Til your fourth issue when, I believe, you will finally be elligible for a Hugo (hint, hint).

TOM DRAHEIM

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First, I'm a young fan (16), who has recently gone through a sweeping metamorphosis. I've suddenly realized that all true fans were not meant to have fun, or enjoy fandom, but just carry on highly literate conversations, concerning highly literate literature. I hope this is not a sign of immaturity, but I've tried to put down such feelings. During this change, I knew it was my divine destiny to sit in some overstuffed chair, placed in a moderately sized library, located in a small mansion, with a s.y.t. draped over me. Confronting me, would be a copy (maybe two) of everything written, recorded, filmed, or drawn, that concerned science fiction, fantasy, or horror (shades of Ackerman). But as I said, I'm trying to suppress such feelings, because I think fandom should be enjoyed, and we fans should do the enjoying. The truth is everybody has his own likes and dislikes, that is what makes fandom what it is. And one of my likes is Trumpet. (you can see my mind needs some shaping by a pair of gifted hands)

Trumpet is the best fanzine in the world. (CoF may be better, but that just shows that money talks.) I like matching opinions and experiences so I enjoyed Offutt's column, your reviews, fanzine reviews, the letter section, the conreport, and Bradbury's article (Ray is one of my favorites!). There is nothing I can say about the fabulous printing and artwork, although some color would add a nice touch. I was disappointed at the covers, they are well done, but they don't say, or do, anything for me. Possibly, more fiction would be welcome, but I'm only stabbing in the dark trying to find fault with a mag that's nearly faultless.

Gosh. •Me too.●

NED BROOKS

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TRUMPET 3 is the best yet. You finally got a good cover. I'm looking forward to the BROKEN SWORD, it will be interesting to see how a good fantasy turns out as a serious comic strip.

Steve Barr missed one of the uses or misuses of italics that has always puzzled me. If you look in a standard King James bible you will note that words

are italicized at random. At least I can't find any pattern in it. For example, in Matthew, Chap 1, Verse 19: "Then Joseph her husband, being a just *man*..." Being named "Joseph" and a "husband", the subject of this sentence could hardly be other than a man.

I sure am glad that Jerry Pournelle isn't in a position to turn the affairs of the nation over to the millhands and ditchdiggers he so admires, much less the salesmen. I've read some pretty reactionary nonsense lately but this is ridiculous. The educated men he calls "sheltered" work harder than any laborer. There is no question that they will make mistakes in their approach to national problems, but Pournelle's ditchdiggers wouldn't even be able to understand the problems, much less apply a solution.

Offutt's article on the Italian muscle epics is funny, except at the end where he says they have Sense of Wonder. Fooy! Sense of Humor would be more like it, like the Japanese monster movies.

The two Dennis Smith drawings are fabulous. I met Burge in Atlanta over Christmas and I think Eisenstein is wrong about him, at least partly. It's true that his cover for SciFiShowcase was very stiff, in fact when I got the thing I kept staring at it trying to see what struck me so odd about it. The two figures are absolutely frozen, to such an extent that I'm not sure it wasn't intentional. Wish I had thought to ask Burge about it. I saw a few new things he's done and I think Eisenstein will have to eat his words when the artfolio that Pettit is doing comes out.

Enjoyed your con report. I can never remember that many details. Or do you take notes as you go along? Or just make it up? •Neither•

I must take issue with AE's review of NIEKAS #12. I found the Mark Walstead article on children's fantasy fascinating, in fact I read it several times and bought some of the books mentioned! And most of the fans I know think that Carl Frederick's Marching Barnacles column is hilarious and one of the best features of NIEKAS. Of course Alex has a right to his opinion, but he should give some basis for such extremely critical statements as "dull-dull" about the Walstead article, and "deface...pages" about the Marching Barnacles.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

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You should understand that you are now at a dangerous stand in your publishing journey. Your readership has had just enough time to accustom itself to this superlative reproduction and splendid editing job, while I'm sure you haven't even begun to get used to the amount of time and money the magazine requires. So you're probably hearing fewer and fewer compliments about the absolutely superior appearance of the magazine, even though it's looking better and better. Don't let human disgust with this situation discourage you too much. •No such situation has arisen, fortunately; and it costs less and less as subs are coming in remarkably well. Of course, lots of time is involved. •

I'm tempted to call Jerry Pournelle's article the best thing in this issue. It says so beautifully the sort of thing I've been attempting to put across in various locs, and it doesn't make Jerry sound like a crotchety old fogey as I do when I try to insinuate that maybe a person should try a few years of adult responsibilities before he decides that adults aren't living up to their responsibilities. Of course, the odd thing about the whole university rebellion is this: all but a few of the university students are enrolled because of greed, not because they want to learn or want to be in the best position to help meet the future needs of mankind. While they're in high school, the kids read the statistics showing how much more a fellow makes in a lifetime if he has a college education, and they choose to spend four years in college to get the diploma with the least possible work, and they spend so little time on their studies that they burn up their leisure convincing one another that they already know exactly how the world should be run. This new way of running the world always includes a lot of altruism that the very same college students instantly forget about, when they graduate and fight to get the highest-paying jobs available.

Some of the Kent Moomaw posthumous articles have had more sentimental than real appeal. But I believe that this set of fanzine reviews is among his best work. It conveys so well the general tone of fandom at that time, an era that is particularly interesting to me because it marks the time when I was resuming a faster pace of activity in general fandom than I'd been moving at in several years. Kent's reviews also tell me quite a bit about myself, unwittingly: the manner in which fandom continues to fascinate me as absolutely as it ever did, even though certain events in fandom in recent years have changed my general attitude toward the hobby. For instance, after all these years, I find myself wishing that I'd seen that issue of Zodiac, because I'm curious about what Guy Terwilliger might have written about linoleum patterns and I feel cheated not to know about two obscure hoaxes.

Your travelog was a nice compromise between the truth-until-it-hurts realistic tradition of writing about fans, and the rosyglass editorializing and smoothing over all the rough edges in the pollyannaish conreport tradition. You did a most skillful job of describing your reactions to things by allowing the description of the events to speak for themselves, just as in good fiction the actions of the characters should convey the things that a bad author explains himself to the reader. •Well, thank you—and see there, andy offutt! • But one matter on which you and I would never find agreement is scenery. Many types of scenery apparently bore you but it takes something awfully dull in the surroundings to cause me to lose my enjoyment of looking out the auto or train window and watching the world go by. •I love forests and mountains but deserts and prairies do bore me, probably because I've lived in them practically all my life. And most of the scenery between here and California is desert and prairie. •

I like Alex Eisenstein as a fanzine

reviewer much more than as a critic of Harry Bates' fiction. My complaints about The Compost Heap are only two in number and quite small in size. One is the difficulty in counting the number of stars allotted to each magazine. The other is the occasional habit of breaking into a quotation from a fanzine with interjections that are not reasoned criticism. The effect of these interruptions is like the guy in the theater who keeps shouting advice to the actor on the screen or making remarks about the physical characteristics of the heroine.

The letter section is excellent, probably the best in any fanzine since the last issue of Warhoon. Earl Noe seems to find a connection between the criminal mind and fantasy, but I'm not sure which of the two possible connections he means: that fans are rebellious people who are quite likely to get into trouble with the law, or that a prisoner will seek mental escape from his captivity and uses fantasy as escape literature. I'd agree to some extent with the latter theory, not the former. •I assumed he meant the latter. •

All the material about fantasy and science fiction movies was fun to read and the stills that you use for illustrations are better reproduced than those in most professional magazines. Your total demolition of Day of the Triffids is probably the best of the reviews. But my continued irregularity as a moviegoer makes it impossible to comment on these reviews out of personal experience with the subject matter.

The covers are so fine that "comic strip" must be an inadequate term for what George Barr will undoubtedly do with the Poul Anderson adventure.

Maybe I haven't read enough non-fiction by Bradbury, but this article gives me my first real assurance that personal experience was responsible for the germs behind some of his best known fiction. It's probably too soon for Ray to think of writing his autobiography, but I wish he would at least take some notes and turn out some practice chapters, just in case he should begin to forget some of these things as he grows older. The article, of course, is more important for what it reveals about Ray Bradbury than for what it says about legitimate stage productions that most of us will never see.

CREATH THORNE

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I can't buy the piece by Jerry Pournelle. He basically gives us college students the same thing we've heard over and over from who knows how many people. He didn't buy those answers when he was in college, and there's no reason why we should either.

Basically, what he's saying is "Shut up and learn all you can while you're in college; once you're out in real life you can then take up the duties of the citizen." Yeah. Once you're out of college the old Draft Board hits you with a notice and there you are—in a stinking swampland country fighting in a war that you don't believe in. There aren't any ideals in this Viet Nam war—none from the soldier in the field clear up to the Presidency. This bothers us college

students. I wonder how many of the older generation would react if they had the sword-blade of the draft constantly hanging over their heads?

There's a lot of hypocrisy in this world—but there seems to be more than the usual amount in this little war that isn't so little any more. I guess in part it's our fault—we should know by now that ideals don't really work out in practice. The Draft just brings this home a little more forcefully than we'd like.

One thing the teachers try to do in college is to get you to think. Ten years from now I probably won't remember most of the facts I'm now learning, but I do hope I'll have developed some mental attitudes and processes and patterns that will enable me to keep on thinking. However, there's no good thinking if you don't put your thoughts to action. Otherwise, you're a living hypocrite of the worst kind—and I don't think I could live with myself that way. The profs want us to think—but they'd rather that we not act just yet. Nuts.

Yet, after all this, I'll have to admit that I don't wear dirty sweatshirts, I don't have a beard, I take a bath fairly frequently, and I haven't participated in any organized protests. I'd like to think that my kind of revolt is deeper, and I'd like to think that it will mean more to me in the long run. I guess I'm just beginning to come into contact with reality, and it hurts quite a bit.

Leland Sapiro uses my letter in #2 as a base on which to launch his attack on deriders of the NFFF. I still think I'm right. My main criticism of the NFFF is that it doesn't do anything. Leland mentions that 25% of *Riverside Quarterly* readers are members of the NFFF. True—but how many fans of that 25% are also members of active fandom? Probably quite a large percentage. Most of the active fans you find in the NFFF are also active in general fandom. They're active in general fandom because the NFFF doesn't offer them enough of or the right kind of activity in the fan field. In the NFFF *per se* there are only two kinds of fans who are active in that organization alone: the 103% Neffers who persist in officialdom and paper work, and the Neofans who must be given "busy" work. In fact, those two kinds of activity are about all the activity done in the NFFF. The NFFF offers little more than a membership card, and many active fans don't consider that enough.

ALMA HILL
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Trumpet #3 is here, and I want to thank you over and over again for showing what can be done with good format and good judgment, even in the Cloud-Nine sector of the universe. Not that I concur with you at all points; who does; but your total accomplishment is such a dilly.

I'm not much astonished to see that you have dropped the amateur fiction. There is no form harder to do well, especially in competition with prozines for the readers' time. Articles are easier to do acceptably. • Haven't dropped fiction altogether. I have several things coming up. •

Ray Nelson's approach to philosophy made me especially happy, even without the mescaline as the shaker was empty at the time we tried that. (When our pantry runs out of stock we either switch to Stoic philosophy if it's raining, or head for the supermarket and go Epicurean—but for some reason the A&P had no mescaline that day.)

Andy Offutt can always make me laugh too, but you can't call his stuff controversial as long as he keeps on outfumbling his subject matter and never coming to any point really.

What's about beefcake art? I'm in favor of pictures of handsome men, women, children or other scenery, as much as any other subject of art. But there is one thing that puzzles me a little bit, and that is all the bald chested men. Now around here that is more unusual than bald-headedness, as anyone can confirm by dropping over to any local bathing-beach on a sunny summer Sunday; any grown man has more or less of a fur vest. Of course, this may be climate affecting evolution—it gets colder around here than it does in Hollywood. • Don't you imagine that it has something to do with the cliché about a hairy man equals a brutish man and our godling heroes are never brutish. •

That bunch of hercules-types look like a fine development in the film industry. Whatever their shortcomings may be, at least they're a lot more admirable than the ten-bottle men. But to me it's never the type, just what's done in specific examples, and of course there's always good, bad and ridiculous in any genre.

There's one thing I'd really like to see, and that's Steve Reeves as Fafhrd. I know that Fritz Leiber says that he is Fafhrd, but he should play either Ngauble or Sheelba—or both—because nobody else could handle those lines as well. Some small producer is missing a great bet there. All Leiber's stories have so much stage background that they are natural scripts, just as they stand—costumes, scenes almost always very practical. I should think Fritz could sit right down with a producer, show how to meet and conquer the budget, demand and get a lawyer-tight contract to do his own scripts—and wouldn't it all come out wonderful? My only worry would be lest it turn out too popular for its own good and turn into a TV series with Sheelba selling soup or soap in commercial breaks. But otherwise isn't this a happy thought? Anything by Leiber is natural theatre and unusually good theatre too.

Grey Mouser should probably be Harlan Ellison. There are others, just as there are others possible for all Leiber's characters (another thing that shows he writes natural theatre) but Ellison would be perfect. His faults of manners wouldn't show in a set script and otherwise he could not only fit the part but enhance it. In fact it's hard to think of any small man who could team up with a big Tarzantype and still look equally competent in his own way. Harlan is a born scene-stealer and has more stage presence than most human beings.

It certainly does seem weird to me that such abominable stories get filmed while Leiber's are either ignored or

ruined. It's a horror story actually, isn't it?

GEORGE BARR
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• The following are excerpts from several letters George and I exchanged while planning "The Broken Sword." •

It's difficult for me to judge how well I've accomplished what I set out to do. The reader reaction will tell that tale. I tried in most cases to follow exactly as you'd outlined, and in the few instances where I departed, it was done after serious consideration, with all effort to keep within the spirit of the story. Most notable is my introduction of the witch's familiar long before it was mentioned in the novel. I hope it won't interfere with anything yet to come. But in adapting the story, you had cut out all mention of the fact that the old woman was a witch, other than the one instance where Imric calls her by that title. I didn't want to leave any doubt in anyone's mind.

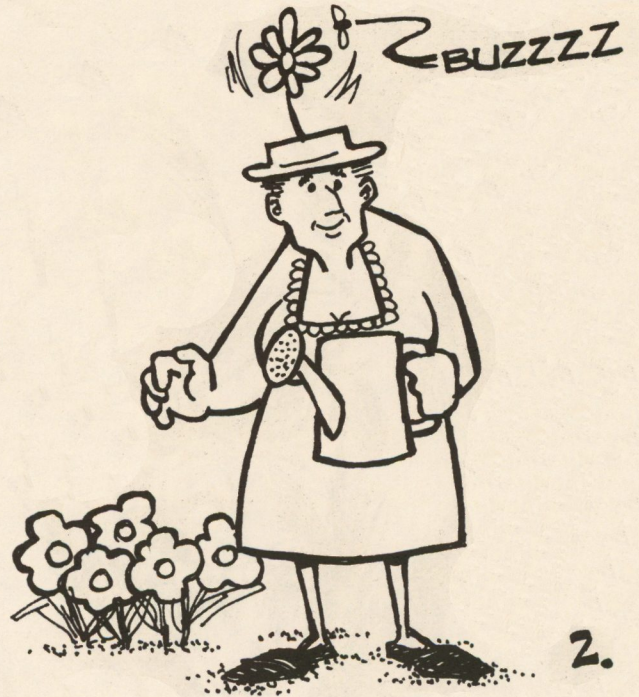
The witch was the most interesting and challenging character in the eight pages. At first, I too saw her as a hag. But everything I drew looked like the Old Witch who used to play hostess to EC's HAUNT OF FEAR. And then, after re-reading parts of the story, I began to think of her as a pitiful old woman, horrified at seeing her entire family murdered. Her curse, upon which the whole story pivots, (which is the reason I went to such pains on that panel,) was not, to me, an evil thing, but the vengeful, pain-wracked scream of a mother driven nearly mad by having her children burned to death before her very eyes. I wanted the readers to feel pity for her, and to realize that Orm, to a very great degree, deserved the fate he got. Later, I tried to picture this same old woman, after practically despairing of ever receiving justice, grown cross and tired from living alone in utter poverty, suddenly realizing that here was the opportunity she'd been waiting for, to see the very curse she'd pronounced hysterically come to pass. I'm tired of straight black and white, good or bad characters. All of them in the Broken Sword have their faults along with their virtues, and I want them shown.

Ambitious, aren't I?

Leaving off Imric's moustache was no mistake; I did it intentionally, and would have argued the point with Poul Anderson himself. You are an artist; try drawing a pleasant smile on a face with a long drooping moustache. Obscuring the mouth, it deprives the face of half its expression. The other half is in the eyes, which Anderson blanked out completely. The pale, pupilless eyes sound good in print, but drawn, they merely look blind. Any expression is impossible. I don't mean merely difficult, I mean impossible. So, still trying to keep within the spirit of the thing, I used shadows on the eyeball to try to give at least a hint of which direction the elf is looking. Also, with Imric's slender, rather delicate face, the shoulder length hair would have put his gender in doubt. Of course the moustache would have solved that problem, but... vicious circle. Anyway, I cut his hair. •



1.



2.



3.



4.

