

TRUMPET 7



75c

JEFF JONES

ART INDEX

George Barr	cp
Howard Mingus	8, 9
Dave Ludwig	11
Doug Lovenstein.....	23, 24, 25, 26
Rob Pudim	33
Sharon Baugh	34
Alex Eisenstein	35
John Boland	36
Al Jones	37
Jim Nielson	38
Gene Klein	39
George Foster	39
Bill Bowers	40

trumpet

May 1968

Editors:

TOM REAMY
ALEX EISENSTEIN
AL JACKSON

Worthy Ally:

MIKE IRWIN
Our albatross:
MIKE TAYLOR

ARTICLES

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT by Phyllis Eisenstein	3
SKETCHES by Robert E. Howard	22

FICTION

INCIDENT IN A SMALL WAR by W.G. Bliss ...	33
--	----

PICTORIAL FEATURES

S.P.E.C. HAS A HALLOWEEN FLING	5
SKRATCHIN'S by Jim Gardner	10
THE BROKEN SWORD by George Barr	13
JEFF JONES: a folio	27
OG by Irwin and Lawrence	41

COLUMNS

CPCC by andrew j. offutt	8
THE VIEW FROM UP HERE by Dan Bates	11

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIALS	1
TRUMPET PEOPLE : GEORGE BARR	21
PERSIFLAGE by the readers	35

Cover:

JEFF JONES

Bacover:

JERRY MAYES

© 1968 by Tom Reamy



TRUMPET is published no more than 97 times a year at 6400 Forest Ln, Dallas, Texas 75230. Prices are 60¢ per copy or \$2.50 for a five issue subscription. Free to contributors and worthy allies. PRINTED letters of comment are considered contributions. Also available for trade.

Due to increased postal rates, all foreign subs (except Canada) are \$3.00.

REAMY

NyCon: strike 3!

At the Tricon an innovation in convention programming appeared—the dialogue. Now, the dialogue is the same as a panel discussion, which is old-hat at conventions, but with the panel limited to two people. The Tricon dialogue was composed of Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison, a combination virtually impossible to top. I thought it was terrific—and so did Ted White.

In his speech for the Nycon bid he extolled the virtue of the dialogue and how the Nycon would take full advantage of this new art-form. And he kept his word. The Nycon program was one dialogue after the other. In. Stupifying. Procession.

Isaac Asimov was on one of them. Harlan Ellison was on one. Harlan's adversary was Ted Himself and it didn't work. Ted's measured humorless delivery only dampened Harlan's brittle barrage and the whole thing came off like soggy cornflakes. But, then, the dialogue was just a rerun of the new-wave/old-wave clash that Ted and Harlan have been having for the last couple of years.

The other dialogues...well, some of them were adequate or better but none of them really took off.

It was Ted's convention all the way and he has to accept the blame for its ultimate failure. But he didn't have control of everything so there were plenty of enjoyable things to do.

Even so I can't accuse Ted of maliciousness (even though Joni Stopa did run down the halls in the middle of the night screaming, "Lynch Ted White," or less lady-like words to that effect) only of an utter failure in judgement. He, I believe, truly intended a fine, shiny-new-look in conventions. He simply overestimated his influence in fandom when he began a wholesale toppling of tradition.

One of Ted's maneuvers was the complete elimination of films. The rumor was buzzing around that the convention had been offered a screening of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY and had turned it down. I doubted it because I was reasonably sure that the picture was still unfinished but I checked with Rick Newman anyway. Rick is a freelance exploitation man who first appeared at Tricon with FANTASTIC VOYAGE when he was working for Fox. He has since become an enthusiastic fan.

He said the rumor was untrue but that the convention had been offered George Pal's THE POWER, Polansky's THE VAMPIRE KILLERS and EYE OF THE DEVIL (formerly "13"), along with cast members, crew members

(Continued on page 32)

EISENSTEIN

Table tennis, anyone?

Ted White perpetrated a masterful misdirection concerning his fiat fan-wards: at the 25th World Science Fiction Convention awards banquet, Ed Meskys became the proud recipient of the Best Fanzine "Fan Achievement Award." Not "Hugo"; not "Pong," either.

Apparently a few non-swingers in the fan-editing community objected to the so-called (once upon a time) Pongs. Therefore, Ted simply dropped the informal appellation.

Clever fellow. But the issue is certainly not that simple—those fan editors who objected did so because the Fan Award displaced the traditional (and let's be frank—the highly coveted) fanzine Hugo. Bill Mallardi, Felice Rolf, my co-editor Tom Reamy, et. al., want a Hugo, a Science Fiction Achievement Award, not a fan achievement award, whatever its affectionate nickname.

At the 1967 Midwescon, Ted White intimated that the physical representation of the Fan Awards would be "a rocket, just like the Hugo." Ted kept his promise: the Fan Achievement Awards and Hugos were undifferentiated; the trophies presented for both were identical, transparent-plastic rockets.

What's that? You thought they were supposed to be silver? Why yes, so they are...thus is Ted White's second mistake compounded and bemuddled.

Ted's second error lies in using the Hugo rocket for the Fan Achievement trophy. Now, the Hugo has a monopoly on symbolic rockets: the International Fantasy Award was also a rocket ship, rather less stylized and somewhat different in form from the Hugo. However, the Constitution and By-Laws of the World Science Fiction Association (yes, Virginia, they do exist) strictly forbid the presentation of any rocket awards at the Worldcon other than the Hugos (the Science Fiction Achievement Awards). The same By-Laws fix the design of the Hugo Award as a silver rocket (accept no substitutes). Though the rules do not entirely standardize the physical manifestation of the award, most convention committees have employed a device varying little from the expected pattern—a large, erect version of the phallic Oldsmobile hood-ornament, gleaming silver on its four stubby fins. By issuing transparent Hugos, Ted missed the mark as completely as he would have by presenting silver-plated skyrockets...not to mention the mere contravention of one more By-Law.

The restrictions imposed by the By-Laws exist primarily to avoid confusion, among new members and among outsiders, as to exactly what and which the

(Continued on page 32)

JACKSON

Warps, Wormholes & Mash

The phrases "warp drive" and "warp factor" may have come wafting to your ears in recent times from the electronic sugar plum, which causes me to think about that grand super science device of s.f.; "faster than light", f.t.l. (Too bad Star Trek didn't pick up that beautiful term "hyperdrive", though less descriptive it surely has more pazazz.) This interesting piece of scientific license became a fixture in s.f. writing so long ago, and is so ingrained as a means of interstellar travel, that for some time now little attention has been given to its physical basis. There is good reason, for the spread of knowledge has made the intelligent reader more than aware of the relativistic origins of the "light barrier". That is, you can't go faster than the speed of light. Which, by the by, is still only an empirical fact. The really really physically pertinent fact in Special Relativity is that information cannot be propagated instantaneously; at least not without violating the concept of causality. Even though the evidence that light is the limiting velocity is overwhelming, and I feel quite convinced of it myself, it however would not overturn special relativity if a faster information signalling method was found. I suggest, however, that any layman who might confront a physicist on this issue not use this tact, for the physical evidence makes it almost moot. You might say instead, "Just what basic essence of the physical universe causes the velocity of light to be a constant?" Interestingly enough the physical principles from which f.t.l. was extrapolated have evolved into a theoretical structure today which contains mechanisms for its possible realization.

Though not completely familiar with s.f. of the 30's, it is my understanding that the "warp" concept of f.t.l. has its origins in this period. For anyone with a knowledge of 20th century physics it is easy to see that "warping" springs from the so-called theory of general relativity which is in essence a space-time geometric description of gravitation. From some knowledge of the curved space concepts in general relativity it wasn't too hard for some writer to finagle the concept of "warp drive".

Of the many many f.t.l. examples in s.f. only two really stick in my mind. Heinlein's "anomalies" in Starman Jones and G.H. Stein's hyperdrive in one of his juveniles. Heinlein's device is surely derivative but it is used in the "things implied" style of super science in s.f., so useful for extrapolation without straining known scientific fact too much. "Anomalies" were just holes in space-

(Continued on page 32)

Hugo awards are. Several other awards are given at each convention by various organizations (e.g., the First Fandom Award, the E. Everett Evans Memorial Award), and none of them may be represented by rocket statuettes, whether silver, gold, or chartreuse.

No one receiving any of these incidental awards can claim with any sly measure of truth, "The S-F Worldcon gave me a rocket!" and thereby imply that he received a Hugo. These days every paperback by a winning author displays the words "HUGO AWARD" on the cover, often in huge, boldface capitals twice the size of the writer's name or the book title; the award must have some distinction—if only the obvious, economic one that it has become a major selling-point.

The rationale behind Ted's substitution apparently derives from a desire for uniformity and balance: as the Hugos are s-f achievement awards, they should be reserved for the pros; as the erstwhile Pongs are fan achievement awards, they should be the one province for fan recognition. That's a very aesthetic plan, I'm sure, but hardly fair to the fan-editors who expect a chance at a Hugo.

Buck Coulson, the indulgently-crotchety half of YANDRO, remained unalarmed: "...as I've said before, I don't care what they're named...remember when General Semantics was the rage, and fans went around saying, 'The name is not the object?' Apparently Mallardi and Rolfe don't...there's always somebody who doesn't get the word." And the map is not the territory, and a rose by any other name, etc. Thank you, Gil Gosseyn.

But what is the Hugo? Is it just a concrete entity? Hardly. It is the *gestalt* of both the physical device and the abstract conditions attached thereto, in its nature as a symbol. The Hugo is (a.) the silver rocket statuette (b.) issued at the World Science Fiction Convention (c.) as an award for the year's best item in a particular s-f category, (d.) as judged by fans and readers who have paid money to become members of the convention. And (e.) it is called the Hugo.

The name is now very much a part of the award; just as is the silver rocket, just as is the mechanism of its disposition. None of these restrictions, none of these attributes, should be modified without the approval of the convention membership at the annual business meeting—a formality which Ted White dispensed with by not consulting the same Tricon members who elected his group.

As a result, Ted ran the gauntlet of the NyCon business meeting; though none of the measures passed at the session could (through an article in the By-Laws) affect the proceedings of the NyCon itself, two important resolutions adopted by the assemblage have nullified Ted's precious dichotomy. While the number of optional awards that any committee may establish has been increased from one to two, all the awards (including the fanzine award) will be known as "Science Fiction Achievement Awards," and therefore as Hugos. The provision for two optional Hugos allows

future convention committees to offer awards in the "best fan-writer" and "best fan-artist" categories, but it does not compel them to do so; nor does it limit the optional awards to any specific choices. In any event, all will yet be Hugos, Science Fiction Achievement Awards—no second-class citizens on your mantle, whoever you are.

Not even a nice place to visit

On the whole, the New York convention bordered on the incredible—aside from the poor planning of the program (too many items of general interest, too many dialogues, occasional subjects that were too pretentious), the most remarkable feature was the Statler-Hilton Hotel. It is a hotel to give one paranoid delusions: the management seemed to be actively suppressing the convention!

Not only were the hotel dicks constantly raiding harmless, relatively quiet room parties; the overall service was just unbelievable. To say that the hotel employees were discourteous is to flatter them unduly; but for rare individual exceptions, they were ridiculously rude, lazy, and incompetent. Maid service for many attendees was almost nonexistent (I was lucky after the first night—I changed rooms when they failed to clean the messy one I'd first been checked into, and thereafter my maid service was impeccable); the elevator operators, all but one extremely well-mannered Negro fellow (and I don't mean that he always said "Yassa, Boss": he wasn't obsequious, he just knew how to perform on the job), loaded and discharged their cars like cattle-pens; and the waiters at the banquet served dishes and drink to us as if they were slopping hogs. Many times I had to move gingerly to avoid grained elbows.

For one foul trick the management must certainly be held responsible: the desk discontinued telephone service from rooms with parties after 9:00 one night. They also pulled hallway telephones on most floors.

No Con is a total loss, however; there are always some interesting new faces to meet and engaging conversations to join in. In addition, there was the Art Show, which had some marvelous items by Jeff Jones (for example, this issue's cover, which won prizes in several categories—a Judge's Choice, First in Popular Vote, and Second in Heroic Fantasy) and by a new artist, Berni Wrightson. (We'll present some of Berni's excellent artwork in the near future.) And of course Harlan Ellison, the one-man spectacle, was toastmaster and auctioneer. I must confess to a weakness for watching Ellison at work: he's fascinating, like a vile but amusing reptile with a knife-edge nose and an ice-breaker's prow for a chin. Occasionally his humor sludges over the line that separates the merely vulgar from the gross, but who am I to deny Harlan freedom of expression? (Not to his face, at least.)

And then there was the Party in 1209

...which I missed. In that room

dwelled the Canadian Horde, a spirited group of fans from Ontario who carried the atmosphere of Expo 67 with them to the convention. I roundly chastised myself for missing their party, after receiving an explicit invitation. It must have been a good one: they ran out of liquor at ten but didn't let up till four or five in the morning. People would leave ("Excuse me, I think I'm sobering up") to refuel, but they usually returned to gab once they got loaded up somewhere else.

It's bad to hear about that second-hand and realize that I should have known it first-hand. *Sigh*.

Anyway, I later had my own party with the Canadians, who played me a tape of the *Star Trek* episode, "The Naked Time," and then we joined the remnants of the Chicago party.

Mike Glicksohn, Maureen Bourns, Bink Acheson, Jacqueline Dowell, and Gordon Van Toen are the ones I encountered most often, but there were many others, I believe—Canadian fandom is on the march! Two of the femme-fans deserve especial note: the one with the Spock-ears, Maureen Bourns; and Bink Acheson, a 22-year-old pixie who sounds and looks like an understudy for "The Leewit" from "Witches of Karres." The former ricocheted about the convention for days with putty Spock-ears affixed to her real ones (which, surprise! surprise! were actually a bit pointed without the Vulcan-like prosthetics), wearing an "I Grok Spock" button and imprinting all sorts of things with a rubber stamp: "this item will not teleport." Whereas the latter, a Brunnerphile who looks every inch of 12 years despite being the momma of two children, claims (in matter-of-fact but high-register tones) to experience sporadic psychic seizures, including precognition, telekinesis, and telepathy. Oh yes—and she's a member of Mensa, along with her husband (who is not a fan and was not at the con.)

The new Can-Fans are Fun People—perhaps a Worldcon in Ottawa a decade from now?

Science-fantasy & the crystal curd

Science-fantasy is a much-maligned cognomen, simply because it is often used as a catch-all for science-fiction and fantasy. Those who use it in a more specific sense generally apply it as a term of approbation or derision.

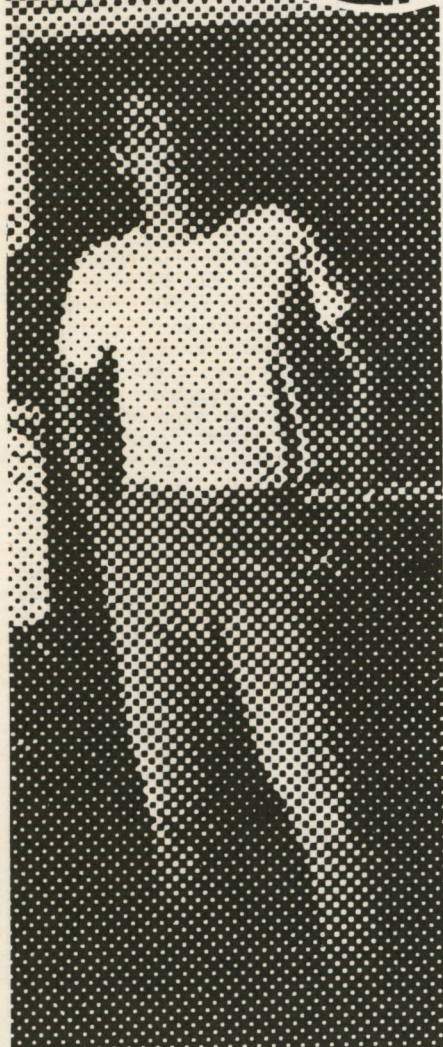
To my mind, however, science-fantasy is an apt term for stories that start in the domain of s-f and end in the realm of fantasy. To be sure, this is a dangerous transition, and the author who lightly attempts it will be mashed by a hail of rightful criticism; however, several worthwhile science fiction stories can be labelled, with justice, "science-fantasy."

Clifford Simak's "Shadow Show" is an excellent science-fantasy, as is Van Vogt's "The Enchanted Village." Both stories begin with an identifiable science-fiction setting, then follow with actions, devices, or discoveries appropriate to sf, but switch at finish to fantastic, in-

(Continued on page 34)

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

BY PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN



Theodore Sturgeon's "Affair with a Green Monkey" (from *A Touch of Strange*, Berkley Medallion Books, New York, 1965) is one of the most devious science-fiction stories ever written. Laced with euphemisms, implications, and circumlocutions that are not entirely due to the specter of censorship which hovers over the professional writer, it is a story both obvious and obscure. On one level, it is a subtly-veiled sex joke; on another it is an expose of the smug, all-knowing altruist. And on a third level, it is an underplayed story

of alien invasion.

The plot is at once ordinary and outre. While strolling by the river one Sunday night, Fritz and Alma Rhys come upon a gang of young hoods viciously beating someone. Fritz, a man of imposing build, disperses the j.d.'s; then he and Alma drag the victim home with them. There, they patch him up and put him to bed. Fritz informs his wife that their guest is a green monkey—"If you catch a monkey in the jungle and paint it green, all the other monkeys will tear it to pieces because it's different. Not dangerous, just different." (p.72)

Fritz, an administrator of rehabilitation programs for the Government, leaves the next day for Washington, which is such a distance from his home that he spends only weekends with his wife. While he is gone, she falls in love with their strange guest, "Loolyo." On Friday night, she enters his darkened room, saying, "I don't care..." (p.72) Fadeout.

Fritz arrives home on Saturday while Alma is shopping and sits down to have a talk with Loolyo. Informing Loolyo that he understands everything, Fritz launches into a dissertation on mob psychology and human nature; how a "different" person must masquerade as normal—in particular, how Loolyo should present a masculine image to cover his real personality. By this Fritz implies that Loolyo is homosexual. Loolyo is baffled at first, but ultimately he shows satisfaction in Fritz's advice.

At this point, Alma returns and Fritz insists Loolyo recount to her their conversation, and that he do it while she drives him out of town. The two of them depart, and Loolyo relates the interlude with Fritz. Alma is angry, but Loolyo says, "I guess I'm a green monkey anyhow. Well...I should be grateful.* He told me where my kind can hide, and how to act when we're out in the open." (p.76) He avoids any elaboration of that theme. A few minutes later, they stop at a deserted strip of land that borders the highway. Loolyo tells her, "You'll have to get over it, Alma. It can't work. Nothing could make it work. It would kill you. Try to get back with your husband. He's better equipped for you. I'm not, not at all." (p.76) After kissing her passionately, he leaves the car, leaps over a low retaining wall at the side of the highway, and vanishes into thin air. Alma realizes he has left a transparent disc in her hand. She looks through it and sees "Loolyo crouched in a...machine.* She saw the machine leave, and when it was gone, her glass disc ceased to exist also, so that she had nothing of his any more." (p.77)

Alma goes home to Fritz, who is not angry, because Loolyo "turned out to be a—one of the girls." (p.77) Speaking rationally, he assures her that an affair with Loolyo would have been impossible. Alma, however, is preoccupied with Fritz's forearm. "She began to smile, looking at it. He was a big man, and his forearm was about seventeen inches long and perhaps five and a half inches thick. 'Quite impossible,' she murmured, 'and that's about

*Sturgeon's own ellipsis within quotation.

the size of it.' Damn near exactly the size of it, she thought wildly." (p.78) She begins to laugh hysterically and stops only to say, "You better go back to killing the green monkeys...You've given them a beachhead,*" and "There's something awfully small about you, Fritz Rhys." (p.78)

Fritz gives up. "I don't understand you at all," (p.78) he says, going out the door, as he leaves for Washington.

Now, there can be no doubt that Loolyo is neither a homosexual nor an Earthman. The way he kisses Alma—"rough, gentle, thorough...touching her body hungrily" (p.76)—demonstrates the one; the way he disappears proves the other. Assuming that he is extra-terrestrial, or at least alien to our plane of existence, Loolyo's parting statement ("It would kill you...He's better equipped for you.") jibes with Alma's hysterical, cryptic thought ("Damn near exactly the size of it.") and her final comment—"There's something awfully small about you, Fritz Rhys." Both of Alma's lines embody, in their double-meanings, the jest of the dirty story: Loolyo's "equipment" is comparable in size to Fritz's forearm. (One wonders about the females of his race.)

Loolyo's manner and morphology are effeminate. Fritz notes the following: "Shape of the hands. Way you walk, way you sit, way you show your feelings, sound of your voice. Lots more. All small things, any one or two or six might mean nothing. But all together—I'm on to you." (p.73) Loolyo, however, is not an Earthman and cannot be judged by the sexual standards of any human culture.

Western cultural standards of sexual distinction (which Fritz accepts as universal) originates partly with the primordial racial characteristics of Caucasian Man. In our society, masculinity equals hairiness, narrow hips, broad shoulders and chest, deep voice; femininity equals smooth skin, broad hips and narrow shoulders, well-defined breasts, high-pitched voice. Women who do not conform to the feminine guage are considered "mannish": men who don't conform to the opposite ideal are deemed "effeminate." So much is common knowledge; however, though extremely humanoid, Loolyo need not operate within the same spectrum of physical and social traits: perhaps men on his world have broad hips (certainly they would need them to accommodate organs as great as Loolyo's); if so, broad hips would register masculinity. Other biosocial traits that we consider neutral might be crucial to his people for the dichotomy of their sexual images; contrarily, some of our distinguishing traits might be displayed by both sexes indiscriminately in Loolyo's society. Even knowing the male archetype of his world, one could not judge with certainty the extent to which he fulfills this ideal without knowledge of the opposite pole. Yet Fritz Rhys labels Loolyo a queer.

Loolyo learns from Fritz of the homosexual subculture which exists in our society—"Among your own kind you can camp and scream and giggle to your heart's content," (p.74)—and realizes that his people can hide there because of their superficial resemblance

to the "gay" crowd. "He told me where my kind can hide, and how to act when we're out in the open," he admits to Alma, but when she asks, "What do you mean?" (p.76) he avoids any answer. Just as earlier "he somehow never answered her when she wanted to know where he came from." (p.71) The reason Loolyo must affect a normal heterosexual demeanor should be obvious to anyone who reads the first page of the story, but why must he have a hiding place for others of his kind, and why is he here?

Alma tells Fritz, "You better go back to killing the green monkeys... You've given them a beachhead." The "gay" world can be their beachhead...
...For an invasion.

But neither Loolyo nor Alma is the central figure of this story. The character who makes the story work is Fritz Rhys, the man who "understands." Understanding is his job. He is "top brass in a Government agency." (p.69) Yet Fritz neglects his own wife. Instead of moving closer to Washington, which would enable him to go home every night, he leaves her by herself all week. A retired nurse, still young, she has no children to keep her busy. What does she do with her time? "Alma read books a great deal... She played a lot of music on the phonograph, too." (p.70) Rhys doesn't seem to understand women or marriage.

His main problem is that he has too many preoccupations. As Loolyo says: "When he understands something, that is—it." (p.76) He knows how people think and act, individually and in groups. He knows Loolyo is a homosexual. No matter that Loolyo denies it. No matter that Fritz, until the time of their conversation, has only seen Loolyo badly injured and nearly unconscious. No matter that his wife falls in love with the stranger. Fritz knows and does not hesitate to base his attitude toward Loolyo on this certainty.

Absolute knowledge is his security. He says to Alma, "I don't know what I'd do if you felt that way about a real man." (p.77) Is this why he keeps his wife in virtual purdah? He knows how real men act, as he himself is the epitome of real manhood, complete with the attributes of beer-drinking and chest-scratching. Loolyo cannot be a real man—that would threaten Fritz's emotional security. Despite his liberal avowals ("I'm glad you can... love someone that much," p.77), Fritz demands exclusive possession of Alma. He treats her callously in announcing that he'll give her "forty-eight hours mooning time" (p.78) to get over Loolyo. He isn't giving her any time at all; merely by announcing those forty-eight hours, by setting his own time limit on her recovery from heartbreak, he is negating them. Fritz must know that everything is under his control and will be back to normal when he wills it so. Because Alma shows him, with her wild laughter, that he no longer controls her, he must return to Washington—to that comfortable, secure world where he is "top brass."

Fritz Rhys possesses very little real understanding; instead, his head is crammed with stereotyped concepts and pat answers. Alma sees through him at

the end of the story, if she never did before. When she says, "There's something awfully small about you, Fritz Rhys," she laughs as much at the dual insult of her double entendre as at the prospect of an invasion of "green monkeys."

There are three flaws in the story, two of them minor. The first seems to be an oversight: Sturgeon implies that both Fritz and Alma undress Loolyo. ("They cleaned him and splinted the arm. It wasn't so bad. Bruises on the ribs and buttocks, and then the face, but he was lucky..." p.69) If they both undress him, why doesn't Fritz notice the unusual size of Loolyo's penis? Can it be so much smaller in a quiescent state? If not, Fritz should realize that Loolyo isn't human. This problem could have been avoided by allowing Alma alone to undress him.

Second, what happens to the broken arm? After being splinted, it is never mentioned again. It doesn't even get a plaster cast. It no longer seems to be broken on page 76, when Loolyo puts his arms around Alma to kiss her.

The major flaw is at the very beginning: how do Alma and Fritz know that Loolyo is not so badly injured that he cannot be moved? Alma is a "trained nurse" (there are other kinds?) and she says that he may have internal injuries. Yet she makes no protest, no move to stop Fritz as he hoists Loolyo to his feet and half-carries him to their home. At no time do they call a doctor in to treat said possible injuries. Granted, that all of this action goes far to establish Fritz's character; also, that without this there would be no story. Nevertheless, Loolyo could die because of their negligence, and Alma, being a "trained nurse," should know better.

There is one disturbing quality to this story that overrides all others: it is evasive. This lack of precision allows the story to creep up on the reader, but it also may cause him to miss the point entirely. Fritz never calls Loolyo a homosexual; "one of the girls" is as close as he gets, and that is near the end of the story. Loolyo never says what he is or is not; he either declines to answer or gets cut off before he can. Sturgeon never tells what transpires the night Alma goes to Loolyo, and in the light of later revelations, one wonders exactly what could happen. As for Loolyo's disappearance: is it to another dimension or another planet? How, exactly, does his machine "leave"? And when Alma looks through the disc, does she hold it to her eye or look down into it; does she see Loolyo (as if by X-ray) through some sort of camouflaging force-field or just an image of him? This lack of clarity can be quite frustrating. Certainly, the censor is ready to drool blue pencil over Sturgeon's manuscript, but some of the instances cited are irrelevant to literary taboos.

Vague description and minor flaws of consistency, along with the conversational tone of the beginning and occasional awkward sentence construction, lend a definite first-draft flavor to the story. In spite of this, the story contains some very apt writing, some very compact writing. The hints of Alma's growing love for Loolyo are plain, sim-

ple, and well-put; lines like "he had a name that she got fond of saying" (p.70) and "they laughed a whole lot together" (p.71) convey more than as many pages of exposition on the nature of burgeoning affection. Her recovery from the initial heartbreak of his departure is a perceptive distillate: "And in its time came the thing known to everyone who has had grief enough: that no matter what you've lost, the lungs and the heart go on, and all around, birds fly, cars pass, people make a buck and lose their souls and get hernia and happy and their hair cut just like before." (p.77) The most compact section, however, is the one concerned with Alma's hysterics. Less than a page in length, it fairly bursts with revelations: two double entendres, the punchline, Fritz's character, an alien invasion. Here is none of the casual, rambling prose that characterizes the beginning of the story. Every word counts on the final page; every sentence is precisely constructed and phrased to produce maximum dramatic effect. The rest of the tale, except for occasional metaphoric flashes, seems to have been dashed off in hasty prelude to this scene.

In fact, much of the concise precision of narrative in this story appears in Sturgeon's finely-wrought figures of speech. He sometimes stumbles by trying to metamorphose metaphor into simile ("Fritz Rhys... came up out of the big chair like a cresting wave of muscles and kindliness." p.77, emphasis supplied), but the image, by its inherent strength, recovers from any awkwardness occasioned by the loss of proper form.

Other combined figures that he uses are not mutually exclusive and therefore succeed more strikingly. In the same paragraph that begins with the above quotation, alliteration is allied effectively with first metaphor and then hyperbole in the following two selections: "leaning forward to wall her away from the world..." and "singlehandedly he surrounded her..." Both figures are low-key, in view of Fritz's six-foot-seven frame; each receives a subtle but necessary emphasis from the alliterative augmentation.

Sturgeon also uses simile and alliteration individually with undiminished effectiveness. In describing Alma's relationship with Loolyo, he summarizes with this simile: "they stayed together, but like the wires on your lamp cord, never touching." (p.72, emphasis supplied) And her confrontation of Loolyo in the darkness of his room ends with an emphatic alliteration that is yet not obtrusively poetic: "She said... 'I don't care,' and wept in a whisper." (p.72)

All the evidence indicates that Sturgeon wrote "Affair" in the creative heat following a spark of inspiration and sold it without revision. Nevertheless, it is that rare thing in s-f, an intellectual story of the emotions. It could have been a great story; as it is, it remains a good, though flawed, story that is perhaps perplexing to many readers who would otherwise hail it as a modern classic.

Postscript: Sturgeon and Fritz Rhys notwithstanding, green monkeys do occur in Nature; they are to be found in Uganda, where, no doubt, they tear brown monkeys to pieces. ●



S.P.E.C.
has a
Halloween
FLING



JERRY AND BARBARA MAYES

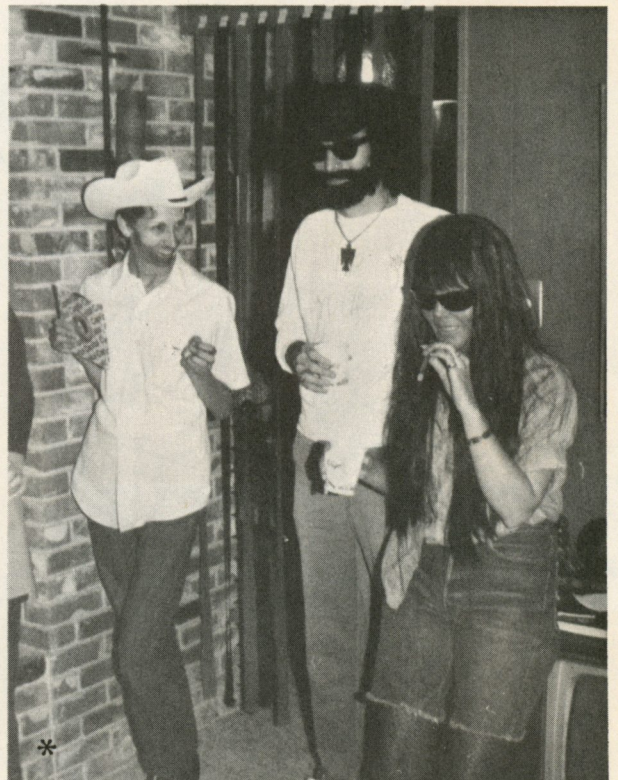
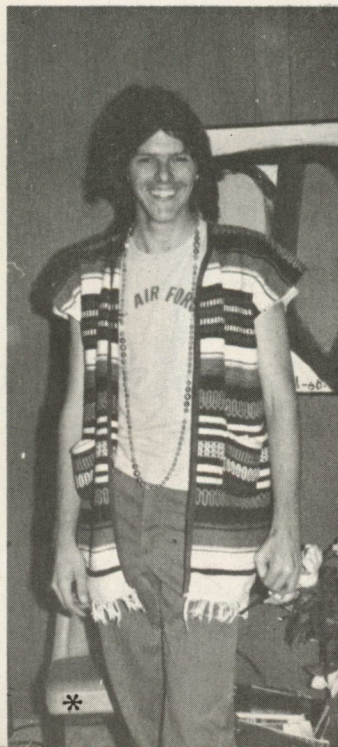


JAN ISCHY

MEL SEPULVEDA, LINDA COBB

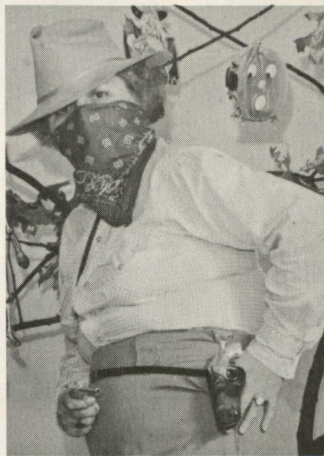
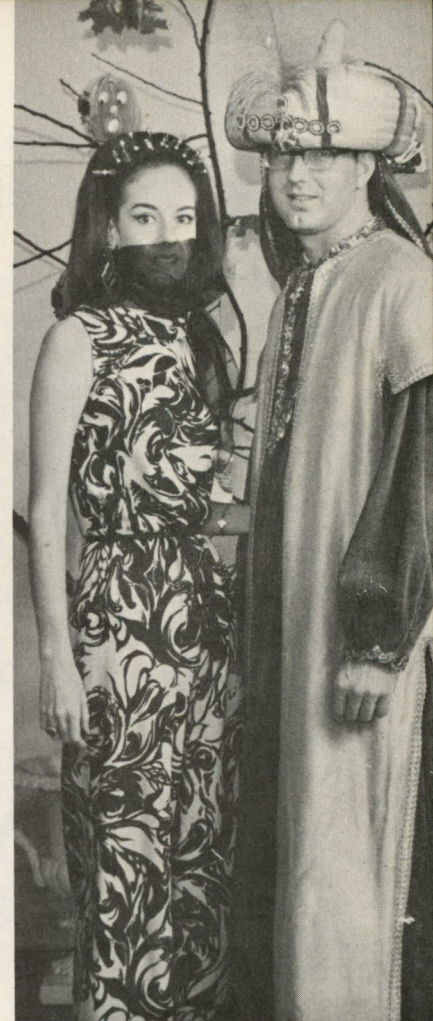


MIKE TAYLOR



MARSHA TAYLOR, DAVE AND GRETA DUVALL

S.P.E.C., in case you didn't see Trumpet 1 or have forgotten, is the Society for the Preservation of Enchanted Chipmunks and is composed of a dis/unorganized group of Dallas fans and non-fans who are primarily friends and allies of Trumpet. Our only attempt to assemble at one time is the annual Halloween party.



MAURINE SMITH

TOM REAMY

SHARON BAUGH, JERRY LUNDAY



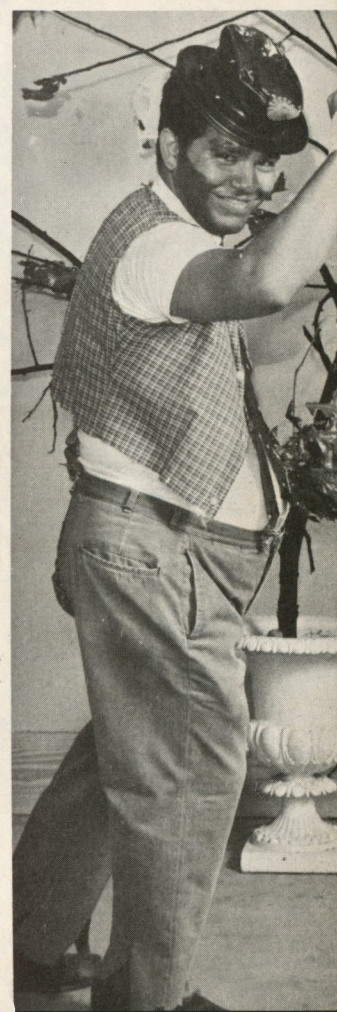
Top: GRETA DUVAL, BRENDA HELM
Center: GLENN HELM, JOE COBB
Bottom: MEL AND GLORIA SEPULVEDA



JAN ISCHY



FRAN PEERY

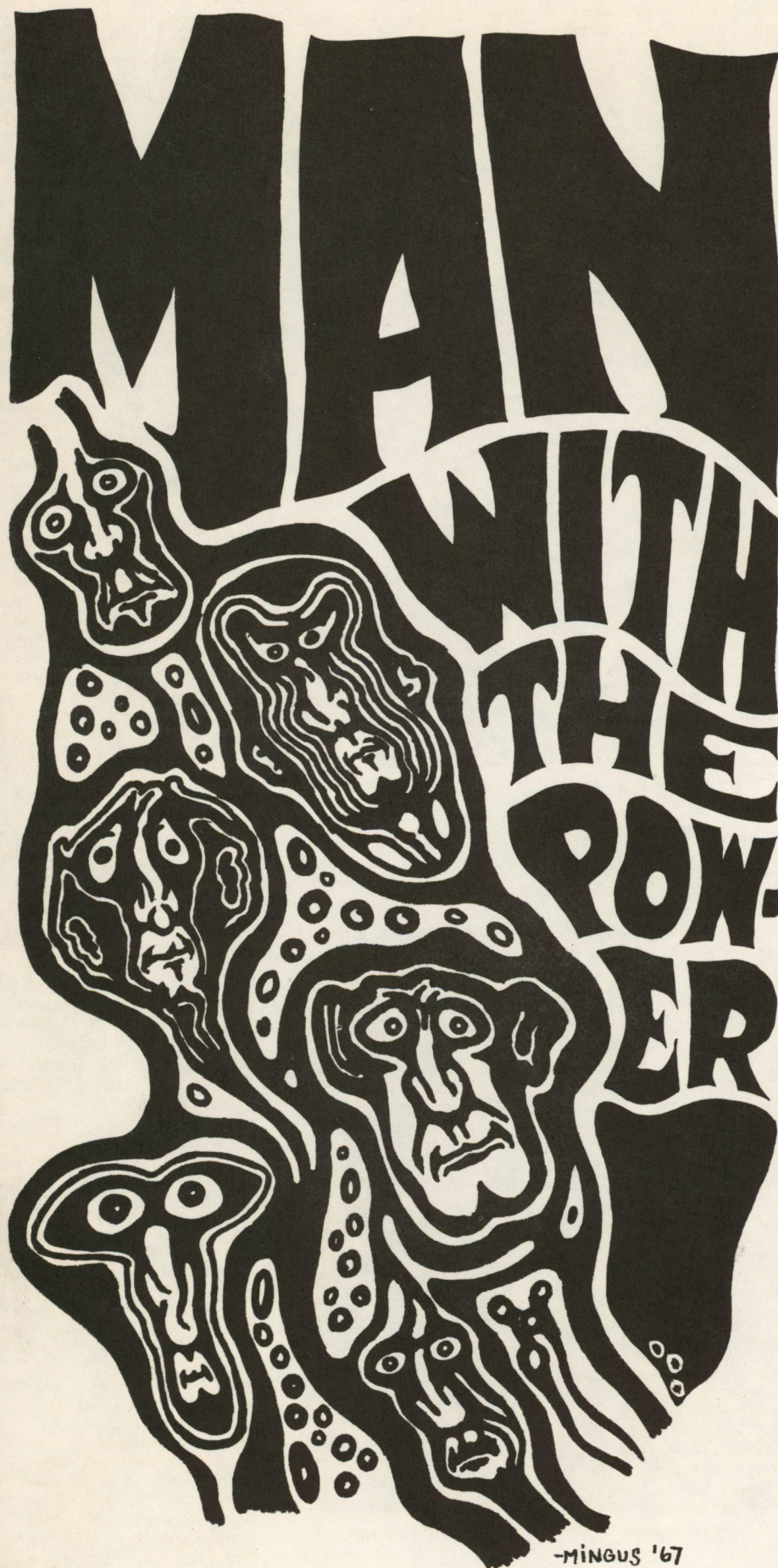


SHARON BAUGH

*Photo by Tom Reamy
Others by Glenn Helm

JOE CERDA





the coincidence

"You remind me of a man."

"What man?"

"The man with the power..."

The July 1967 *F&SF* carried John Brunner's story, *The Vitanuls*. The July 1967 issue of *WolF* carried my *Population Implosion*. The stories were of similar length. Both were totally original; new ideas, stemming from that good old SF story starter: What if...? Not only their premise, but the extrapolative use of it are identical.

John Brunner and I have never met. Never corresponded. For all I know he's never heard of Andrew Offutt—consciously. Yet somehow we both came up with the same idea—again, a new one, not a rehash—at something approaching the same time. And our stories appeared simultaneously.

I wrote *Poplmp* on Thanksgiving eve, 1966. The idea stemmed from Thomas Sugrue's book, *There is a River*, a biographical analysis of a man with the Power, Edgar Cayce. It lay in my idea notebook for months and suddenly shouted: 'Here's the way: Write me!' I haven't the foggiest idea when Mister Brunner wrote his story or whence came the idea. He made the same extrapolation I did. I am aware that the two stories' simultaneous appearance was...strange, and I am aware that Freud said coincidences, like forgetting and tongue-slips, are not accidental. Even stranger is the fact that my mental goose leading to the story came from that Cayce book.

I said the stories were original. They both deal with reincarnation. That certainly isn't new, as we will discuss later. But to my knowledge Brunner has never written anything using that premise before, and I certainly have not. It is avoided; Christianity did a good job of stamping out paligenetic evidence, at least in this part of the world. (Other religions, their ranks making Christianity look pretty small by comparison, embrace reincarnation/metempsychosis as a basic tenet.) Thus it was rather odd that we both hit on that theme as a premise—and further, that we USED it.

But what we did with it; that's an even stranger coincidence.

Basically the *karma/dharma* concept of reincarnation says this: (a) all 'souls', or life forces, or egos, or Selves, or whatchamacallits, were created in *principiam*, whatever 'in the beginning' means. (b) One must achieve a dharmic 'goal' (*dharma*=righteous living, essentially) before one's soul can be 'retired'. Otherwise it continues to return to earth in

-MINGUS '67

a succession of new bodies, new places, new times. It does not remember its past corporal manifestations—consciously.

Now somewhere John Brunner and I looked at that and had that flashing thought that so frequently forms the basis of an original science fiction story: What if... all the souls were in use simultaneously?

Simply that. He told his story one way, I another. Yet we both used physicians as viewpoint characters. Each of us created a mystery and saved the reason for the unexplained phenomenon until late in our stories: **WEVE RUN OUT OF SOULS!** (It is, you realize, a jolly good solution to the population explosion problem, whether Sir Julian Huxley would like it or not.) While both are in a way horror stories, mine is handled lightly, satirizes everything in sight, solves the red China problem, and



ends lightly. Every time a baby is born the oldest living person dies. Carry that forward: soon there is no one older than 50, and then 40, and then... well, when twins are born and their teenage parents drop dead at the instant of their birth, you have a brat problem transcending even the Haight-Ashbury one.

Brunners story contains even more horror: people keep right on being born, and the old live on. Its just that the newcomers have strangely blank eyes. They are hollow inside. No life-force; no soul. Zombies, if Mister Brunner will excuse the overneat word. Obviously both stories end on a downbeat; obviously both could become novels: THEN what happened?

I am not writing, you see, merely to talk about something I wrote, although they are both pretty good stories. They are off the stands now, anyhow. But this is a VERY strange coincidence, and it happened to ME, and I'll never stop thinking about it. Its just too much coincidence. It isnt one; it is several. My experiences (few) and other people's experiences and a lot of reading I've done have convinced me of this: We have the Power. (While I am at it I had better give credit to the RKO-Radio Pictures movie "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" for the "you remind me of a man" routine that took colleges and high schools a few years ago.)

I am afraid that this summers 'coincidence' is but one more, and small, manifestation of that Power.

the facts

Everybody talks about the subconscious mind; do you know what it is? Freud called it the 'unconscious'. Since it really isnt, its been changed to the commonly-used-little-understood term, subconscious (subcs). It is the... driver, the pilot. I think of it as 'him', a sort of andy-sub-one, who wasnt INTENDED to be at odds with me, andy-prime, but

who frequently is. (The subcs is prime, really, but that's ego for you!) He has lots of jobs. He makes me forget things—if he thinks I WANT to forget, or SHOULD. He stands at Central Control all night; his job is to keep me asleep. Thats his job. He manufactures dreams. No, he is in charge of PROJECTING those mental movies we call dreams. And disguising their meanings at the same time.

The subcs forgets nothing. Nothing. The conscious does; usually because the subcs makes it. You find yourself forgetting a name, over and over. Take out a few minutes and try to learn why. There IS a reason. Some sort of association, probably. You didnt want to be elected secretary of this dadburned organization; maybe you think you should have been elected president or veep or a director, instead. But you accept the job of secretary. You forget to send out meeting notices. You forget to keep minutes properly.

Forget? Uh-huh. Your good old subcs has gotten the message, and is at work. You didnt want the job, you dont care about it, and youre convinced you wont do it well. He believes you. Also, his job is to keep you as happy and carefree as possible. He will go to great and even terrible lengths to accomplish this. Most psychotics are remarkably carefree and happy!

The subconscious mind is a naive, gullible child-genius. It believes everything you tell it. It helps out, for instance, people who feel the need for punishment; they become 'accident proners'... or dead. When a person is hypnotized, the operator, the hypnotist is in direct contact with the subcs. The conscious mind is asleep; disconnected. Thus touch a hypnotized man with a pencil, tell him its a white-hot poker, and watch him yank back his arm. And watch the blister rise. Obviously, one must be very careful what one allows ones subcs to believe, because it WILL believe your thoughts, and it will remember, even if you try to suppress them from yourself. It will help you—but it will never forget.

It is obvious that we have a choice. It is one that few people are conscious of possessing. It is the most important, though, of our lives, because it affects the totality of our lives. Either our subcs can be in control, making us a special sort of semi-cerebrated automaton, or WE can control the subcs.

In that case, we are tapping the Power.

That is worth saving and discussing at a later time, unless the (somewhat) friendly editor receives a deluge of letters requesting discussions of more important things, such as Pong, Ping, Pi-Li, and the like.

We have dealt thus far with fact, and nothing more. The Power is in YOU; the Power is mental; the Power is the subconscious. It is amazing that people continue to deny it. It is amazing, in this century and in this culture at this stage, that people still scoff or shiver at mention of matters such as the subconscious or hypnosis or mental power.

the extrapolation

There is a tremendous body of evidence on hand pointing to two phenomena. First, a 'universal mind' that can be tapped by every subcs in the world; either that or (my theory) a linkage of ALL subcs minds, everywhere... possibly including those of the dead. (That last is the hardest part to take; we'll not mention it again.) Second, since the subcs doesn't appear stymied by as-yet-unoccurred events or supposedly forgotten ones, we are forced to wonder, too, whether Time is not a river, ever-flowing, with past/present/future (terms invented, like 'time' itself, by confused men seeking comfort in labels) ALREADY afloat, and with their depths visible, if only we knew how to look.

Too often the subcs remembers the unrememberable, too often it predicts the unpredictable, for us to discard the concept that 'past', 'present', 'future' just may be meaningless artificial terms. And too many answers come in sleep, while the subcs is operating alone, with the interfering conscious switched off, for us to discard the possibility of some sort of link among the minds... below the conscious level. You remember something in the morning you were unable to think of when you went to sleep. Indeed, it may have kept you awake. (The subcs has the power to wake you, too, of course; control it and you dont need alarm clocks.) You awake, sometimes suddenly and at the wrong time, with the answer to a story youve been kicking around, or with a piece of information youve needed. Hence the expression 'sleep on it'. Meaning put your conscious to sleep and let the subcs go to work—with its vast Power.

Skeptical? We are postulating. The task for skeptics is to tell me where the subcs gets those answers, and then prove your answer or indicate evidence for the postulate.

Did the minds of Brunner and Offutt dip simultaneously into the Universal Mind? Did our minds perhaps meet, link, across part of a continent and an ocean, and 'discuss' the identical premise, the identical extrapolative use of that premise, and the identical protagonist for our stories? Or are you going to tell me it was simply coincidental; that mental power exists in science

fiction and that science fiction is tomorrow; that you arent ready for tomorrow just yet?

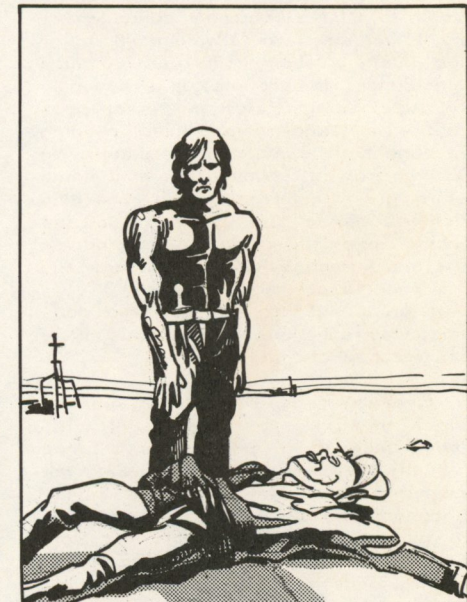
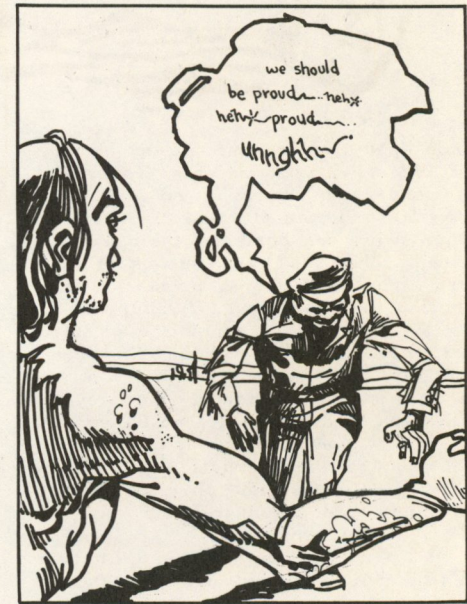
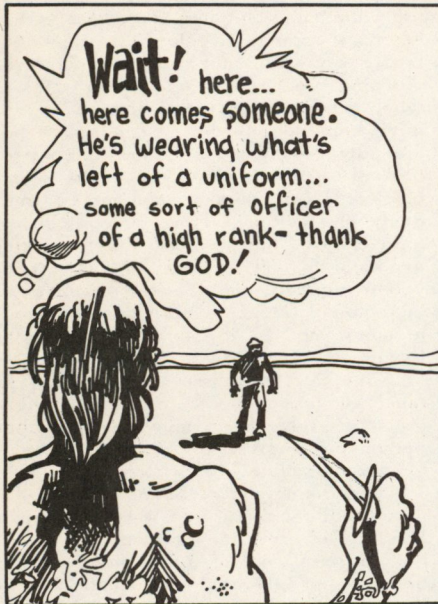
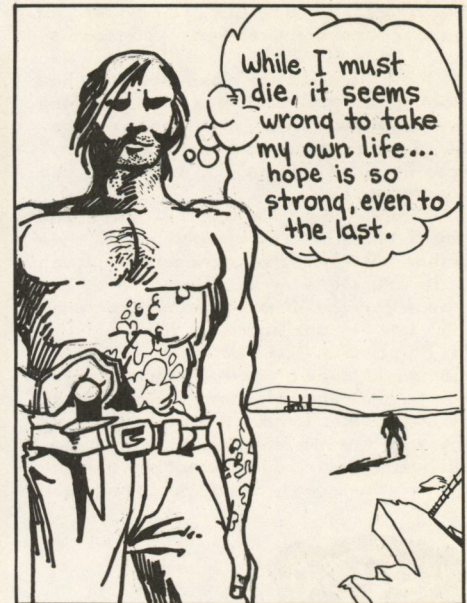
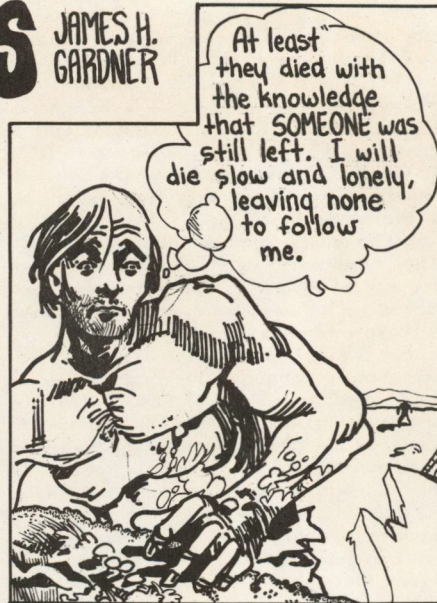
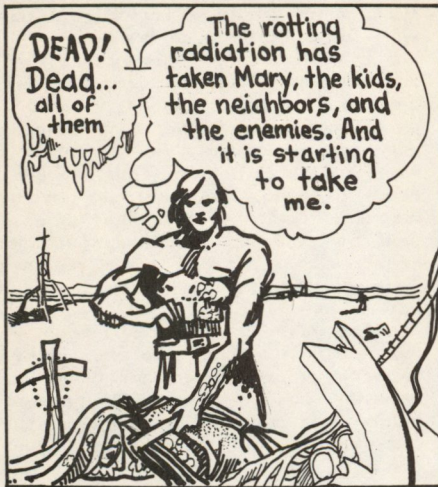
Comments are welcome. And dont drop out. Stay tuned in. In future issues we will have a look at reincarnation, at how to USE your mental power, at the fantastic and inexplicable 'sleeping prophet', Edgar Cayce. No, theres no danger of our getting lost in metaphysics and mysticism.

postscript: as he prepares to mail this to the editor, the writer learns that the next issue of PLAYBOY Magazine will feature an article on the subject of reincarnation. It will probably be out before this column. Now isnt that an interesting coincidence?!



SKRATCHIN'S

JAMES H. GARDNER





I'll never forget the time I saw Max Ophuls' "The Sins of Lola Montes" at Fort Worth's Cowtown Drive-In.

There I sat, in a lot dotted with cars full of incredulous sensation seekers suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a work of art. I suspect I was about the only person who drove to see that particular film. The rest, it is safe to assume, came either to see two "nudies" billed with the Ophuls work or...well, this isn't that kind of magazine.

That sort of thing happened all the time down there in what Dwight Macdonald calls "the provinces."

Jean-Luc Godard's much-maligned "My Life to Live" was given its Southwestern premiere at a local indoor "nude" house. I went to see it. In front

of me sat a large woman giggling at everything I thought "significant" and "good, true and beautiful." Shortly, she and her escort got up and left. I then began to, better enjoy the movie.

Why is this? You'd think that largest-country-town-in-the-world might have garnered at least nominal cinematic sophistication by now. The area of the city where I lived, around Texas Christian University, fairly reeked culture in all areas save motion pictures. Then, it was "entertainment"—whatever that ambiguous word means—and no more. Is there no intellectual balm in that Gilead?

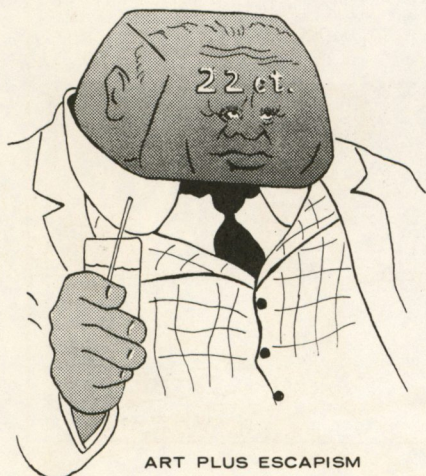
T.C.U. has, I suspect, the finest film series in the state, or at least it did when I lived there. It had provided Southwestern premieres for many deservedly and undeservedly neglected film works. Among them have been Orson Welles' "Mr. Arkadin" and "The Trial;" Truffaut's "Jules and Jim;" Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible" (both parts; in fact, the university is the only such institution of learning or film society in the Southwest to have shown, at one time or another over a brief period of years, all of Eisenstein's films; this, I think, is something to shout about); Leopold Torre Nilsson's "End of Innocence" and "Summerskin;" Jean Vigo's "L'Atalante;" Satyajit Ray's "The World of Apu," the third part of the Apu trilogy (the first two parts, "Pather Panchali" and "Aparajito," had been given commercial showings in the area); Fritz Lang's "Siegfried;" Alain Resnais' "Night and Fog;" Leni Riefenstahl's "Triumph of the Will," and Akira Kurosawa's "Throne of Blood," to name a few.

To be honest, the T.C.U. showing

of "Mr. Arkadin" was not the film's first in the Fort Worth-Dallas area. A Dallas television station played the movie twice a couple of years before on its late show. I noticed the showings by chance while glancing over the television schedule in a daily newspaper. The showings preceded the highly publicized first New York showings, by the way.

I imagine the station's program directors had not the slightest idea what they had happened on: The first American showing of a film made in 1955 in France and Europe by America's most famous self-expatriate save Chaplin. "Mr. Arkadin" may read like a comic book, but its fascination as cinema is undeniable. The Welles touch is there for those who can see it.

Perhaps the trouble there was the audience. Pauline Kael has written, "People go to the movies for the various ways in which movies express the



ART PLUS ESCAPISM



TOP 10? TOP 5?

experience of their lives, and as a means of avoiding and postponing the pressures they feel. This latter function of art, generally referred to disparagingly as escapism, may also be considered refreshment, and it may be a major factor in keeping the world sane."

Could be, but, aside from my joy at hearing someone call films "art," I don't think the theory, interesting as it is, holds true down there. Where else can a glamorous bit of floss like "My Fair Lady" be passed off by one of Fort Worth's two leading amusements writers as "...one of the all-time great movies—a must for any all-time 'top 10'. Or maybe even 'top 5'!" And for no other reason than the Broadway original was not "tampered with" in the filming? Is it the prime function of cinema to serve other mediae? Just because, as Macdonald says, films are dependent on other forms of expression—music, literature, painting—for their basic components, are films obligated to serve those other forms as well? If you lived in Fort Worth long enough and had to go through what I did to write a daily movie review column for a metropolitan newspaper, you might be brainwashed into thinking so after a while.

There are times when I wish the adjective "great" were abolished from the English language. Whenever moviegoers begin to talk of "great movies" and "great acting" and so forth, their speech becomes solemn, austere and unimpeachable. Recently, a friend of mine, over the telephone, informed me he "loved" every minute of "My Fair Lady" and thought it, like the amusements writer mentioned above, "one of the very greatest achievements in the history of motion pictures." Every syllable in that last, extended quote was intoned as though he were a Catholic priest reciting a rosary. I have found the best reply to such breathless, irrational spurts of emotionalism is to nod and walk away.

Unfortunately, on the phone, one is forced into ambiguous silence which only makes both parties equally uncomfortable.

One runs into this same sort of irrational, emotional approach to cinema in "art film" circles, as well. Mention the name of Eisenstein, for instance, and there ensues a flowing of verbal orgasms which really aren't any better as conversation and/or criticism about films than the less educated moviegoers who rant about "My Fair Lady," "The Sound of Music," "Gone With the Wind" and the like.

There is a great—there's that word again—communication gap in cinematic appreciation between the guy who once a week takes the wife and kids to see John Wayne or Walt Disney or Rock Hudson and Doris Day and who occasionally sneaks away by himself to see what latest lechery that vile Swede, Ingmar Bergman, is displaying at the local "art" house, and the aesthete who detests Wayne, Disney, Hudson, Day and all the "Tinseltown" ilk, thinks Bergman dedicated but cinematically misled, finds Antonioni, Fellini and perhaps Stanley Kubrick of the Bronx the only "worthwhile and important" film makers now at work and thinks the guy who likes Wayne is a hopeless juvenile. Neither side of the fence understands or wants to understand the other. Fort Worth is almost a test case for this sort of thing.

T.C.U.'s film series prospers or it wouldn't exist. But, I'll wager, most students who, for instance, and the house was full, went to see D.W. Griffith's 1916 "Intolerance"—a film I get pretty solemn about myself—when it was shown because of the title. It smacks of racial intolerance, which is a pretty big fad on campus these days, like folk-singing. "Triumph of the Will" made an immense gross perhaps because the advertisements displayed across the campus emphasized the Nazi swastika and

everybody likes atrocity films. But, I have been told, about three persons showed up to see Orson Welles' film of Franz Kafka's "The Trial."

The case of the manager of the aforementioned indoor "nude" house where "My Life to Live" was shown is illustrative. Quoting from an article in the T.C.U. student newspaper, "Art films at the (theater) haven't been paying their keep... (the manager) doesn't know how much longer he can keep showing them. (He) said he thought fall students at T.C.U. could have paved the way for more art films at the (theater). But he has, sadly enough, found that art films actually lose money here."

What is the answer? Well, perhaps film makers have found a happy medium. If you can't have art and you must have escapism or, as Miss Kael called it, refreshment, why not a careful mingling of the two? Thus, "Goldfinger" and "A Hard Day's Night." The former, not only the best of the James Bond films so far but an example of the most energetic, original and exciting kind of kitsch, racked up a record boxoffice gross at the theater where it was shown beginning Christmas Day. The latter, as Dwight Macdonald said in one of his Esquire columns, is something extremely rare since the days of Griffith and Chaplin—a popular success as well as a critical success d'estime.

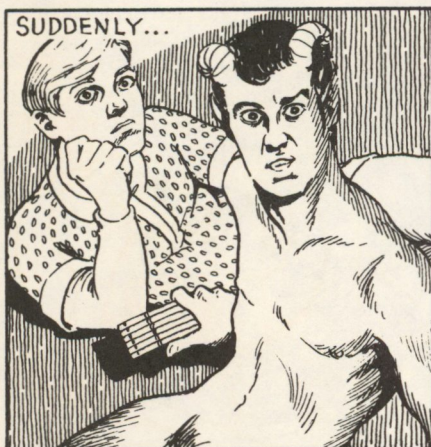
Perhaps cinematic aesthetes want something better than "Goldfinger" and "A Hard Day's Night." True, the financial success of Fellini's "8-1/2" and Kubrick's "Dr. Strangelove" is even more satisfying, but, I'm afraid it is going to be a long time—in Fort Worth at least—before couples flock to the movie theater on a Friday or a Saturday night to breathlessly watch the latest cinematic achievements of Michelangelo Antonioni, Jean-Luc Godard or Francois Truffaut.

P.S. I moved to New York City.

POUL ANDERSON'S **THE BROKEN SWORD** STORY ADAPTATION BY TOM REAMY ART BY GEORGE BARR

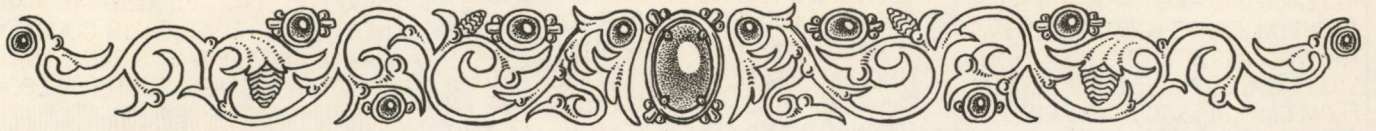
part 3

THE NOVEL COPYRIGHT 1954 BY POUL ANDERSON



SKAFLOC LOOKED AROUND AND SAW THE ELF-GUARD APPROACHING TO TAKE HIM HOME.

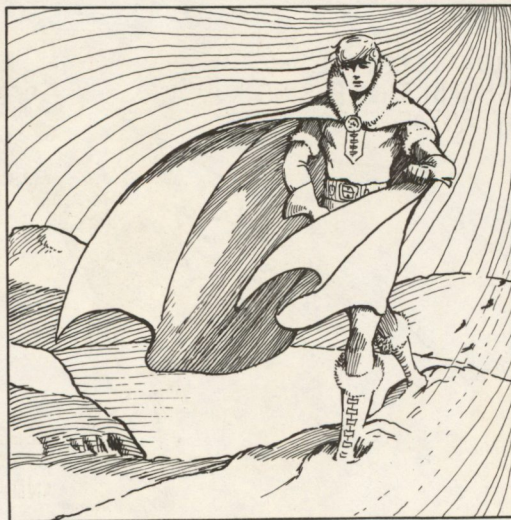




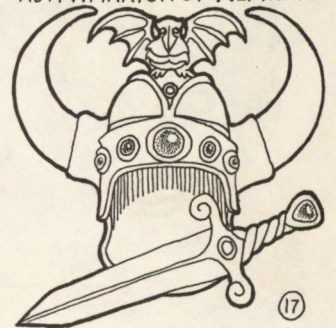
SKAFLOC, WHO COULD STAND THE DAYLIGHT WHICH THE ELVES HATED, WAS MUCH MORE ABOUT IN THE HILLS AND DALES THAN THE OTHER CHILDREN, AND CAME TO KNOW THE LAND FAR BETTER THAN A MAN WHO HAD LIVED THERE FOR A LIFETIME MIGHT. DEER AND ELK AND RABBIT AND OTHER GAME BECAME WARY OF HIM AS HE TOOK UP HUNTING, BUT WITH SOME SPECIAL ONES HE MADE FRIENDS. AND THE STORY OF HIS FARINGS AMONG THE BEASTS WOULD BE A LONG ONE.



AND THE YEARS SWUNG BY, AND HE WAS BORNE ON THEIR RESISTLESS CURRENT.



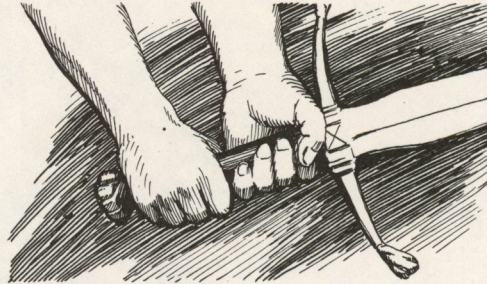
BUT WHEN SKAFLOC'S LIMBS BEGAN TO LENGTHEN, IMRIC TOOK HIM IN CHARGE, ONLY A LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MORE AND MORE WITH TIME UNTIL HE WAS BEING RAISED WHOLLY AS A WARRIOR OF ALFHEIM



HE LEARNED TO RIDE THE HORSES OF ALFHEIM, SWIFT AND TIRELESS AS THE WIND, AND ERELONG HIS MOON-LIGHT GALLOPS WERE TAKING HIM FROM CAITHNESS TO LAND'S END WITH THE CLOVEN AIR SINGING IN HIS EARS.



HE LEARNED THE USE OF SWORD AND SPEAR AND BOW AND THE SLENDER LONG-SHAFTED AX WHICH RANG LIKE A GREAT BELL IN SPLITTING SKULLS. HE WAS LESS QUICK AND SUPPLE THAN THE ELVES, BUT GREW TO BE FAR STRONGER AND COULD BEAR HELM AND HAUBERK AS MANY DAYS ON END AS WAS NEEDFUL; AND ANY OTHER HUMAN WAS LIKE A CLUMSY CLOD BESIDE HIS WEIRD FLITTING MOVEMENTS.



SKAFLOC LEARNED ALSO THE MANNERS OF THE ELVES, THEIR COURTLY GRACE AND THEIR GUILEFUL INTRIGUING AND THEIR SUBTLE SPEECH.



WITHOUT GODS, AND WITH FEW CHILDREN, THE ELVES KNEW NOT MARRIAGE, BUT THEIR NATURE WAS SUCH THAT THEIR WOMEN HAD MORE WISH OF LOVE AND THEIR MEN LESS THAN AMONG HUMANS. THUS SKAFLOC FOUND HIMSELF IN GREAT FAVOR.



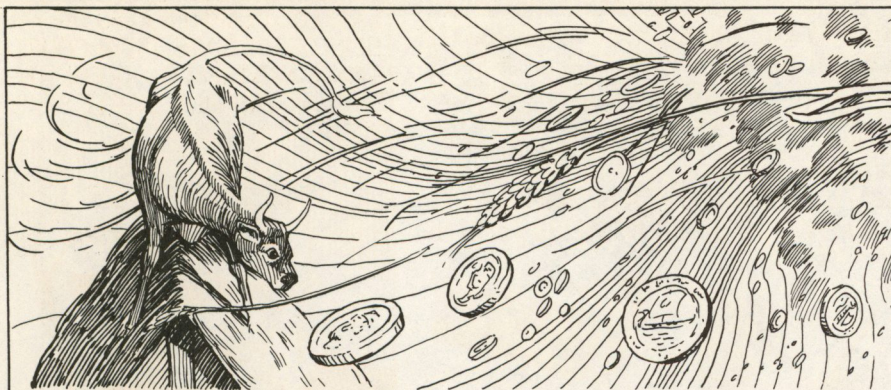
BUT THE MOST DIFFICULT AND PERILOUS PART OF HIS TRAINING WAS IN MAGIC. IMRIC HAD HIM WHOLLY IN HAND FOR THIS, AND, WHILE HE WAS NOT ABLE TO LEARN AS MUCH AS HIS FOSTER-FATHER, BOTH BECAUSE OF HIS HUMAN NATURE AND HIS SHORT LIFE, HE CAME TO BE AS ADEPT AS MOST ELF CHIEFTAINS. HE LEARNED FIRST HOW TO SHUN AND SIDESTEP THE IRON NO ELF, TROLL, OR GOBLIN COULD ENDURE; EVEN WHEN HE BECAME AWARE OF HIS NATURE AND HIS ABILITY TO TOUCH THE METAL WITHOUT HARM, HE LEFT IT ALONE OUT OF HABIT. THEN HE LEARNED THE RUNES FOR HEALING WOUNDS AND ILLNESS, warding off bad luck, OR WISHING EVIL ON FOEMEN. HE LEARNED THE SONGS WHICH COULD RAISE OR LAY STORMS, BRING GOOD OR BAD HARVESTS, AND MOVE ROCK AND WOOD AND METAL. HE LEARNED THE USE OF THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS, AND OF THE SKINS HE COULD DON TO TAKE THE FORM OF A BEAST. NEAR THE END OF HIS TRAINING HE LEARNED THE MIGHTY RUNES AND SONGS AND CHARMS WHICH COULD RAISE THE DEAD AND READ THE FUTURE AND COMPEL THE GODS; BUT SAVE IN TIME OF DIREST NEED NO ONE CARED TO BE SHAKEN TO HIS INMOST BEING BY THESE AND RISK THE UTTER DESTRUCTION THEY COULD WREAK ON HIM.



NOW YOU ARE BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE YOUR OWN WEAPONS RATHER THAN OLD ONES OF MINE, AND ALSO I HAVE BEEN SUMMONED BY THE ERLKING. WE WILL FARE OVERSEAS.



HE MADE MAGIC OUT OF SHEER NEED TO DO SOMETHING. HE CAUSED POTS TO DANCE ON THE HEARTH AND BELLS TO RING, AND AXES TO CUT WOOD OF THEIR OWN ACCORD. (18)

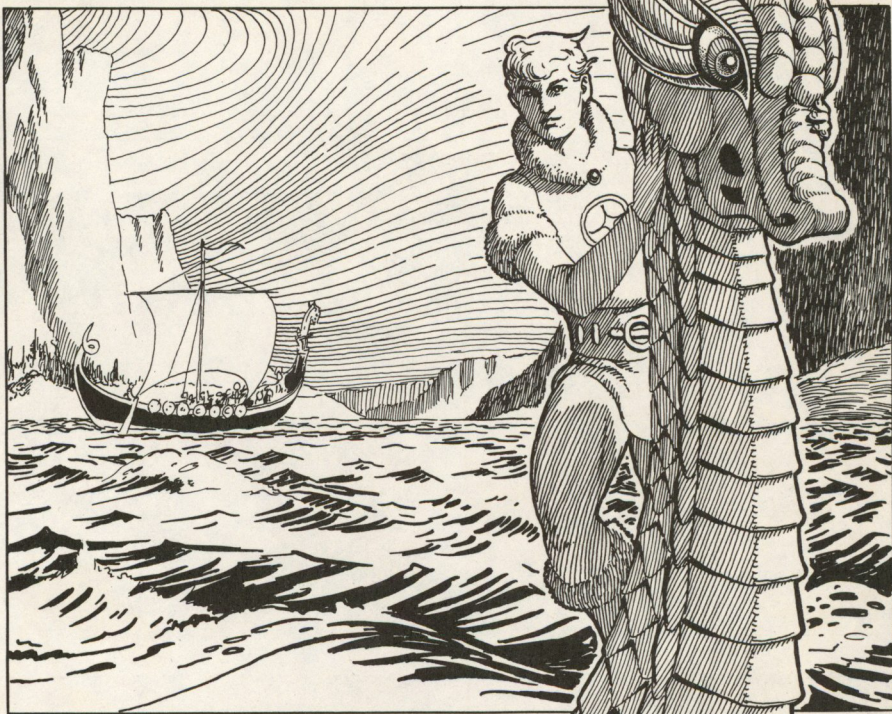


HE SANG COWS UP ONTO THE PEASANT'S ROOF AND A WIND INTO BEING WHICH SCATTERED HIS HAY OVER THE SHIRE AND A RAIN OF GOLD OUT OF THE SKY INTO HIS YARD.

WITH THE TARNKAPPE ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS, HE KISSED THE GIRLS WORKING AT TWILIGHT IN THE FIELDS AND TOSSED THEIR MEN INTO A DITCH.



FOR MANY DAYS THEREAFTER, MASSES WERE SUNG TO EXORCISE THE SPATE OF WITCHCRAFT, BUT BY THAT TIME SKAFLOC WAS ON THE SEA.

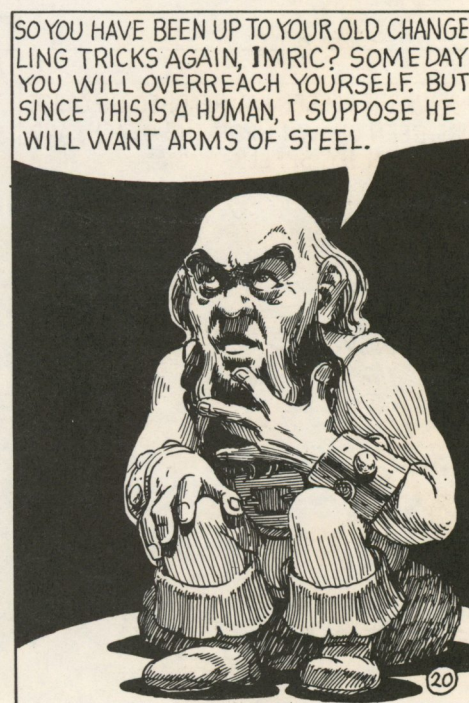


ERE DOWN THE VESSEL HAD REACHED THE OTHER SHORE, BEEN DRAWN UPON THE BEACH, AND LAY HIDDEN BY SPELLS.



WHEN NIGHT CAME, THE ELVES RODE INLAND SWIFT AS A WINGING STORM.







AYE, STEEL!

'TIS WELL, 'TIS WELL. LET ME TELL YOU, BOY, THAT YOU HUMANS, WEAK AND SHORT-LIVED AND IGNORANT, ARE YET STRONGER THAN ELVES AND TROLLS, AYE, THAN GIANTS AND GODS. AND THAT YOU CAN TOUCH COLD IRON IS ONLY ONE REASON.



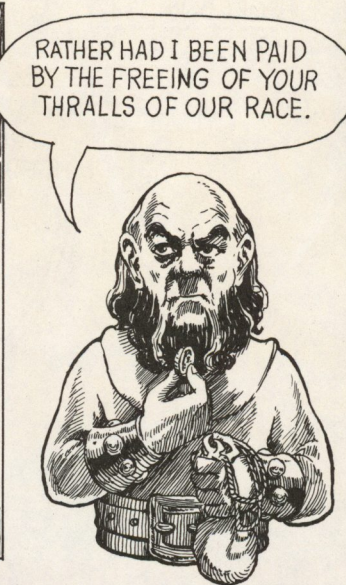
HO! HO, SINDRI, DYRIN, DVALIN, COME TO HELP!



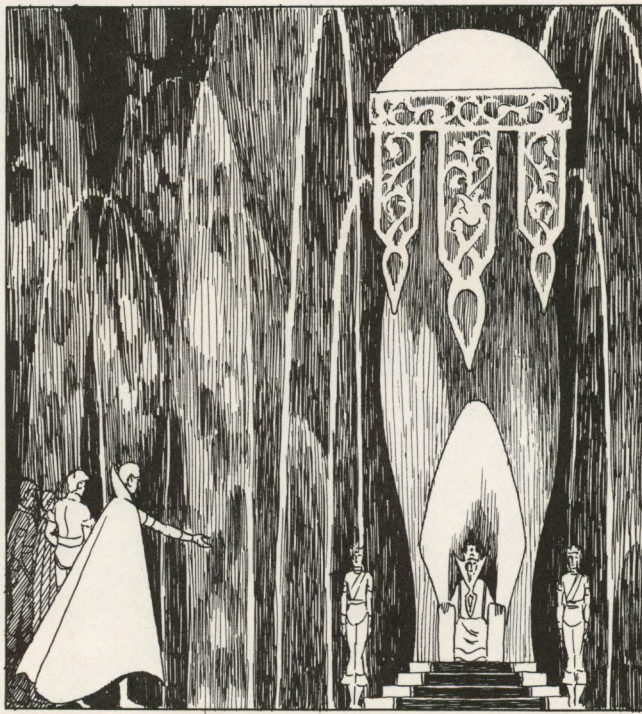
ERELONG.....



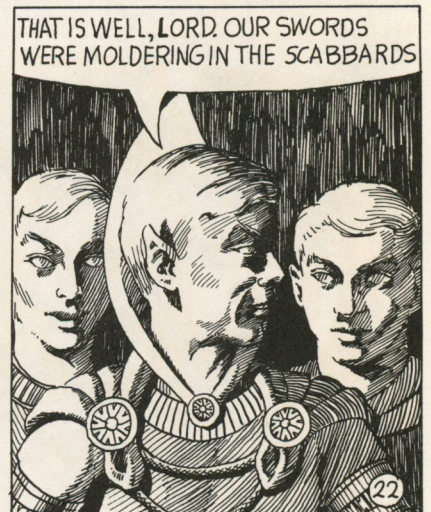
HA! NOW LET TROLLS OR GOBLINS, AYE, GIANTS DARE APPROACH ALFHEIM, WE SHALL SMIGHT THEM LIKE LIGHTNING AND CARRY FIRE INTO THEIR OWN LANDS!



THE NEXT NIGHT THEY RODE INTO THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT FOREST IN WHICH WAS THE ERLKING'S CASTLE. HERE WAS A WEAVING OF WITCHERY WHICH SKAFLOC DID NOT YET KNOW HOW TO UNRAVEL. HE WAS DIMLY AWARE OF HIGH SLENDER TOWERS AGAINST THE MOON, OF A DEEP BLUE TWILIGHT IN WHICH MANY STARS WAVED, BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEY WERE IN THE THRONE ROOM THAT HE COULD SEE AGAIN.....



WE HAVE SUMMONED THE ELF-EARLS TO COUNCIL SINCE THE WORD HAS REACHED US THAT THE TROLLS MAKE READY TO GO TO WAR AGAIN. IT CANNOT BE DOUBTED THAT 'TIS US THEY ARM AGAINST, AND WE MAY LOOK FOR THE TRUCE TO END IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS.



IT MAY NOT BE SO WELL, IMRIC. LAST TIME THE ELVES DROVE BACK THE TROLLS AND WOULD HAVE ENTERED THEIR LANDS HAD NOT PEACE BEEN MADE. ILLREDE TROLL-KING IS NO FOOL, AND HE WOULD NOT ATTEMPT WAR IF HE DID NOT THINK HE WAS STRONGER THAN FORMERLY.



I WILL READY MY LANDS, LORD, AND TRY TO SEND SPIES AND RAIDERS TO THEIR LANDS.

THAT IS WELL.



WE HAVE HEARD TELL OF YOUR CHANGELING IMRIC. YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED US.



THERE WAS NO TIME, LORD. THE BABE WOULD BE BAPTIZED ERE I COULD COME HERE AND BACK. HARD IS IT TO STEAL A CHILD THESE DAYS.



AND RISKY TOO, IMRIC.

AYE, LORD, BUT WORTH IT. HUMANS MAY DO MUCH THAT

IS BARRED TO ELVES AND TROLLS AND OTHER BEINGS. THEY MAY TOUCH HOLY WATER AND THE CROSS AND SPEAK THE NAME OF THE NEW GOD WHO IS OUR GREATEST FOE - AYE, THE OLD GODS THEMSELVES MUST FLEE SOME THINGS WHICH HUMANS USE. WE ELVES NEED SUCH A ONE.



THE CHANGELING YOU LEFT IN HIS PLACE COULD DO ALL THAT.



INDEED, LORD. BUT YOU KNOW THE WILD AND EVIL NATURE OF SUCH HALF-BREED BEINGS. THEY ARE SURELY NOT TO BE TRUSTED WITH MAGIC SUCH AS THIS HUMAN KNOWS. WERE IT NOT THAT MEN MUST NEVER BE SURE THEIR CHILDREN ARE STOLEN, SO THAT THEY WOULD CALL THEIR GODS TO AVENGE IT, ELVES WOULD MAKE NO CHANGELINGS AT ALL.



CAN THIS HUMAN BE TRUSTED? LET HIM BUT TURN CHRISTIAN AND HE IS BEYOND OUR REACH - ALREADY HE GROWS STRONG -



NO LORD! I AM BUT THANKFUL TO IMRIC FOR RESCUING ME FROM THE DULL BLIND ROUND OF HUMAN LIFE. I AM AN ELF IN ALL BUT BLOOD - IT WAS ELF BREASTS I SUCKLED AS A BABE AND ELF TONGUE I SPEAK AND ELF GIRLS I SLEEP BESIDE - GIVE ME LEAVE, LORD, AND I WILL BE THE BEST OF YOUR HOUNDS. BUT IF A DOG BE DRIVEN OUT, HE WILL BECOME A WOLF AND FEED ON HIS MASTER'S FLOCKS.



WE BELIEVE YOU, AND INDEED EARLIER MEN ADOPTED INTO ALFHEIM PROVED GOOD WARRIORS. WHAT WORRIES US ABOUT YOU IS THE STORY OF THE AESIR'S NAMING GIFT. THEY HAVE A HAND IN THIS SOMEWHERE, AND THEIR PURPOSE IS NOT LIKE TO BE OUR OWN.



WHAT THE NORNS HAVE ORDERED, NOT EVEN THE GODS MAY ALTER. AND I WOULD COUNT IT SHAME TO LOSE THE MOST PROMISING OF MEN BECAUSE OF A DIM FEAR OF THE FUTURE.



A GREAT AND LAVISH FEAST WAS HELD ERE THE MEETING OF THE EARLS DISSOLVED. SKAFLOC'S HEAD SWAM WITH THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ERLKING'S COURT. WHEN FINALLY HE CAME HOME, HIS CONTEMPT AND PITY FOR HUMANS WAS SO GREAT THAT HE HAD NAUGHT TO DO WITH THEM AT ALL.



THE WITCH DWELT ALONE IN THE FOREST - WITH ONLY HER MEMORIES FOR COMPANY, AND OVER THE YEARS THESE FED ON HER SOUL AND LEFT THEIR CASTINGS OF HATE AND VENGEANCE-LUST. SHE BEGAN TO INCREASE HER POWERS, RAISING SPIRITS OUT OF THE EARTH AND SPEAKING WITH DEMONS OF THE UPPER AIR



TO THE BLACK SABBATH ON THE BRACKEN SHE RODE.



WISER THE WITCH RETURNED. HER FAMILIAR SUCKLED BLOOD FROM HER WITHERED BREASTS WITH HIS SHARP LITTLE TEETH AND AT NIGHT CROUCHED ON HER PILLOW AND CHITTERED IN HER EAR AS SHE SLEPT. AND SO AT LAST SHE WAS GIVEN STRENGTH TO RAISE THE DARK ONE BY HERSELF.



TO BE CONTINUED

George Barr was born at a very early age and has never quite caught up to where he should be. Chronologically and mentally thirty, he is physically in his middle twenties and emotionally sub-teen. Completely out of step with the present, he is obviously out of his time. Only a few generations ago he would long since have been committed to an institution of some kind.

He is violently prejudiced against prejudice in all forms and yet hates the word tolerance, believing that in its common usage it implies superiority and self-righteous condescension.

He has been variously described as: homely, cute, ugly, repulsive, interesting, conceited, desperately lonely, friendly, funny, phoney, strange, weird, blech! and other things not nearly so complimentary.

He loves to receive letters and hates to write them. He writes, paints, draws, composes, sings, (with the Salt Lake Symphonic Choir—the largest independent traveling choir in America,) and plays the organ and piano impulsively.

Physically he stands five feet, nine and one-half inches in his nude feet and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds stripped to his glasses which he needs to see the scales. He has thick, unruly, curling brown hair, oddly slanted blue eyes obscured constantly by the glasses (which he removes only for sleeping, swimming, Halloween, and having his picture taken,) a large potato nose, and lips which are described as full and sensual, or fat, depending on whether or not the describer likes him. He possesses none of the characteristics which he himself portrays in his drawings of the ideal man. He is embarrassed in a bathing suit, but has nothing at all against nudism (in principle,) prefers wearing dressy sport clothes in black, browns, orange, gold, or green. He hates red, purple and pastels.

His tastes are paradoxical: primitive and modern. In music, architecture, art, and furniture, he likes anything ancient—oriental, middle eastern, or Amerind, and at the same time goes practically epileptic over abstract and futuristic styles, electronic music, and sleek functional simplicity. He despises almost anything baroque.

Favorite artists: Maxfield Parrish, Hannes Bok, Virgil Finlay, Arnold Friberg, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta, and Roy Krenkel.

Favorite composers: Miklos Rozsa, Claude Debussy, Ravel, Alfred Newman, Igor Stravinsky, Tchaikowsky, and Elmer Bernstein.

Favorite singers: Yma Sumac and Barbra Streisand.

Pet hates: rock'n'roll, phoney intellectualism, untrustworthiness in friends, cold weather, and meeting people.

He is not married; has not made any decision against it, but is not looking, hoping, or wanting. A very untypical bachelor, he seldom dates—falling in love occasionally with someone else's wife and going into fits of suicidal depression.

He has no schooling beyond high school, no formal art training, and no ambitions other than to live as full a life as possible, giving as much plea-

TRUMPET PEOPLE



sure and as little pain as he can to those he likes.

He is a Mormon by birth and by conviction, an Aquarius in almost every detail, mostly Scandinavian but with a mongrel mixture of almost everything in tiny quantities.

He loves Indian Brass, Bjo Trimble, grotesque and ornate cuff-links, Robert A. Heinlein, exotic food, Star Trek, lemon meringue pie, spending money, and talking and talking and talking.

He is very good at pinning people to the wall with instant character analyses or just an occasional sharp look which implies intimate knowledge of an individual's inmost secrets. He is very bad at expressing love, friendship, or devotion, to the extent that many who

know him well, doubt that he has felt them.

With his art he strives mainly to please himself and seldom accomplishes his goal. Even when there is an easier method he takes the long way as a matter of personal pride, unable to still the feeling that he's cheating if he short-cuts a project through artificial or mechanical means.

He is the first to admit his shortcomings but is remarkably adept at finding alibies and excuses for them.

He is fantastically and sometimes tragically empathetic, feeling deeply other people's sufferings, but abominably bad at letting them know it.

And he writes a very poor, erratic, and incoherent autobiography. ●

About 1928, Booth Mooney, then a resident of Decatur, Texas, initiated a little typewritten journal of one copy passed through the mails to a mailing list that probably never exceeded twenty. These were for the most part, literary-minded Texans, but there were a few out-of-staters. This journal was called THE JUNTO after Benjamin Franklin's coterie in Philadelphia. Later on, Lenore Preece became editor/publisher, and remained so until its suspension early in 1930. There were, besides Mooney, two contributors that made some mark in writing: Harold Preece and Robert E. Howard. The Howard material appearing in TRUMPET originally appeared in THE JUNTO, but, because of its extremely limited circulation, can hardly be considered as having been published before.

—Glenn Lord

sketches

ROBERT E. HOWARD

etched in ebony



Her fingers, hooked like talons, rent the skin from my face in strips until I smashed my fist into her panting mouth and dropped her across my knees with a trickle of blood starting from the corner of her lips. From her deep throat there rang a sound, half laugh, half jungle cry.

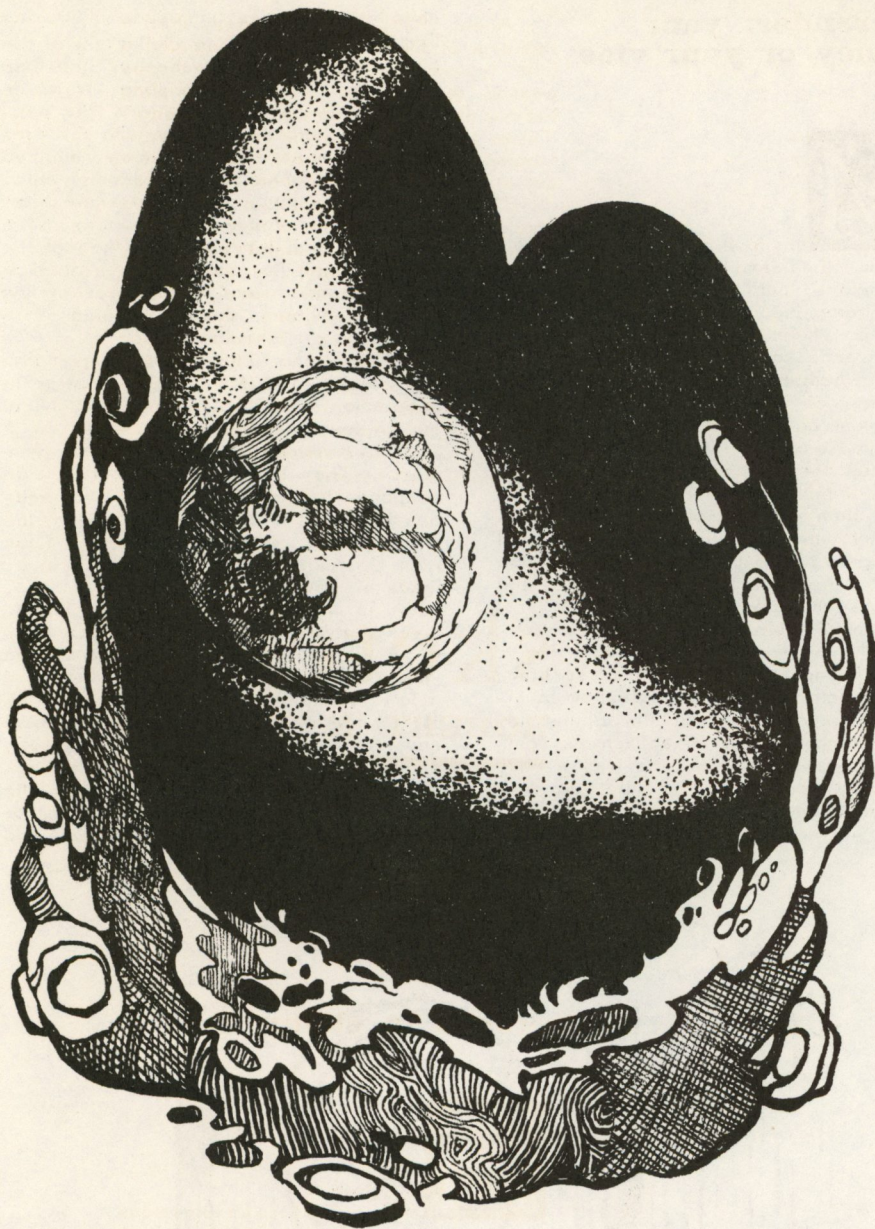
I seized her dusky throat with both hands, and her fingers sank like iron hooks into my wrists. The blood from my scratched face fell into her brilliant eyes and mingled with the blood in her mouth.

She released my wrists and threw both arms around my neck in a strangle grip.

"Tell me, man—don't you like me bettuh'n any white gal you evah knew!"

The jungle flamed in her eyes and responded in my skull—a thousand dusky turgid black rivers, abhorrent with ancient secrets, coiled in her brain. All the tiger awakened in me. I struck her again and again full in the face. Each blow was a mad caress. She knew—she laughed.

White women are marble and ice; black women are supple steel and blasting fire.



ambition by moonlight



he moonlight was flowing marble, cold and soulless as a beautiful woman's heart. The moon was a crescent of silver fire, frozen in the deep blue bowl of the skies. Crystal stars lurked behind her misty veil, like the ghosts of forgotten loves at a libertine's nocturnals.

Truett lit a cigar; and as the warm smoke curled, bringing the fragrance of Cuban fields of the sun, he talked of ambition.

"Money is the means to an end (he said). I want money and power to do things. I'd like to destroy the blue regulations—banish intolerance—wipe out poverty and want and ignorance. I want

to elevate art and literature and science and life. The world is beating under my heart. Its pulse is my pulse, its tides flow through me, ebbing and surging. Men suffer and breathe and live and die, and I rejoice and suffer with them.

"I want all the knowledge there is in the world. I want to know everything. I want to do away with prudery and false modesty—bring out the good in man and expose the evil. Sunlight does away with foulness. I would turn the blaze of the sun on all things which lurk and slink behind the cloak of righteousness and sham. I would tear down all the old standards and rebuild them, using a foundation of common sense, justice and reason, rather than the old rotten formulas our ancestors bowed to—the wornout, mouthing creed of the tyrant, the despot, the slave. I would teach men to live cleanly and sensibly. To look life squarely in the face and realize its lack and its value.

"There are basic and fundamental

truths and facts which alter but little, but we have outgrown most of the old standards—yet our priests and our elders, our tyrants and our bigots, still enforce them. I would scatter money like the sands of the sea, giving not to some grafting sect or society but to such people or institutions as I knew would put it to its proper use.

"I would do away with war. I would abolish the extreme misery of utter poverty. I would place great libraries in every town, putting real literature in the hands of common men. I would start a renaissance in every form of art. And I would like to meet a woman who wholly understood me."

Clyde lit a gold-bedecked cigarette, and it glowed like a promise of Hell, lighting his grey-fire eyes; and he talked of ambition.

"A yacht and the salt sea blowing! I want to travel and see all the roads of all the oceans. I want to stand beneath the flaming witch fire of the Arctic circle; and see the yellow stars that haunt the southern seas. I want to climb the granite pillars of Norway's cliffs, and listen to the slow silken breathing of the sea that dreams in the red west beyond the Golden Gate.

"I want to see and live and breathe and catch the sharp wind in the hair on my chest. I want adventure, romance, and the white fire of glory. I want the low hum of mandolins under a latticed window in old Seville, the dusky gleam of dark eyes in the starlight.

"I want race horses and silk couches, yachts, and marble bath tubs. I want silken garments and fine wines. I want to write with a pen of sapphire, dipped in blazing wines—such lines as will sweep men up to white paradises of splendor. I want to put the glory of the flying horseman and the candle-lighted taverns on ivory paper to thrill men's souls. I want to retrace my steps over the old, flaming roads of yesterday, shaping dreams of steel and fire, gold and topaz and sapphire.

"I want books with silver hasps and vellum bindings, books as rare as a gem in the ocean. I want wide estates with great green lawns, and tall, leafy trees and slow, lazy rivers. And I would like to meet a woman who wholly understood me."

I carved a mystic symbol with my knife on the sward, and talked of ambition.

"I'd like to be the strongest man in the world. I'd like to have thews like springy steel and bones like hard iron. I'd like to be strong enough to juggle skyscrapers and tear down hills.

"I want to know all hidden, secret things. I want to travel all the dark byways of human mysteries, and drag lurking things into light, to show men how small and futile they are, and how there are systems within systems, worlds within worlds. I want to go up to the stars and the shadowy suns within the stars. I want to talk to ancient devils in their granite and gold Hells.

"I want to delve into all the secret cults and demoniac mysteries. I want to know all rites of worship, holy or diabolical. I want to have the largest collection of esoteric books in the world and to understand every symbol in them. I want to experience every thrill

known to man sometime in my life and to know every kind of stimulation. I want to learn all the secrets that hidden cults hug to their bosoms, and to know all things unknown to the world at large. I want to tinker with the unknown and to dare the wrath of the elder gods.

"I want to write dark and forbidding books which will freeze the blood and burn the hearts of men. I want to drag into the light of the modern world all the monstrous shadows sleeping in the womb of antiquity, so that my chapters are like the red Hell-fire of insanity drawn on a dusky gulf of the never-guessable. I want to know life in all its phases, and what, if anything, lies behind material appearances. I want to travel in strange and outlandish countries, far off the beaten tracks, and I want flaming liquors and exotic wines and all the luxuries of the flesh. And I'd like to have about four hundred women who thought they understood me."

The cold and bitter moon sank westward, burning the dark, blue sky-rym with a smoldering of forgotten glory and lost desire.

Ashes fell in a grey stream from Truett's hand, and Clyde's cigarette had charred to a glowing, red shard.

"Got to get up early tomorrow," said Truett. "Hell of a day's work in front of me."

"Examination in English tomorrow," said Clyde. "Got to cram like Hell."

"Got to pound out a sonnet for Koo-cook Stories," said I. "Get two dollars for the thing."

surrender: your money or your vice



any foreigners are at present beating Ellis Island by impersonating movie actors, but there is no more flagrant example than Ivan Mosjukins.* I have just seen "Surrender" and have a few words to say thereon. I do not know whether this is an old picture or not, nor do I give a damn. I wish to review it and I do not consider age or quality. No one is forced to read this if he does not wish to.

This picture follows the ancient and musty theme first exploited by de Maupassant, and is unusually dreary and lacking in interest—at least to one who likes a few lusty right swings and straight lefts mixed in the plot.

Mary Philbin, in spite of her remark-

*Ivan Mosjoukine (the correct spelling) is the actor used by Kuleshov in his famous experiment with film editing. By intercutting a shot of an actor's completely expressionless face with a plate of soup, a coffin, and a child, the face appeared to express hunger, grief, and love. —Reamy.

ably beautiful eyes, succeeds in looking like the high road to Hell most of the time, especially when she has her hair done up in the Yiddish style. Nigel de Brulier, as usual, turns in a fine performance and runs away with the picture—his portrayal of a man crucified on the cross of his religion is admirable. He arouses pity, and, at the same time, such irritation for his narrowness that a universal sigh of relief wafts through the theater when he at last stops a dornick with his dome and wafts heavenward with the wings already beginning to sprout on his shoulders.

The plot is simple—so simple that one thinks wistfully of the director in connection with a butcher knife. Nigel and Mary are living peacefully in a Jewish-Austrian village when the war starts. They have fled from Russia in response to some vague instinct of self-preservation, and what they think of the Russians is nobody's business. Then Ivan Mostukins [sic], a Russian prince, leads his Cossacks into the village, and, being in a merry and sportive mood, gives Mary the choice of keeping a bedroom date with him or seeing all her villagers go up in flame. Nigel makes a few scathing remarks about the sins of this life versus the joys of the next and intimates that, as far as he can see, a mere burning to death in this life has it over burning a million years in the next, seven ways from the ace. So the Cossacks imprison all the villagers and

musings

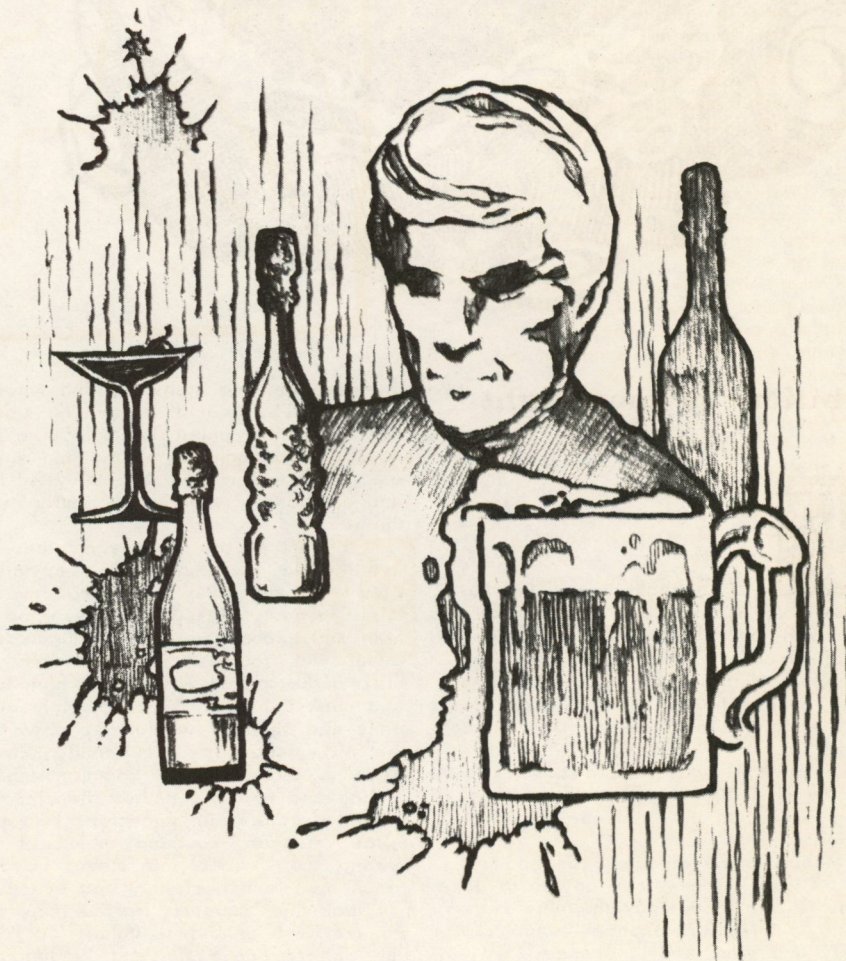


ipping his ale"—thus I read. God defend me from ale sipping. Whiskey, brandy, rum, even wine—these may be sipped. But ale—beer—My friends, beer loses half its zest when sipped. No—no. Guzzle it—lift the bottle or the glass ceiling high with the edge resting firmly on the tongue—and drink in great glorious gulps. Drink as if in mortal haste—as if each gulp is your last on earth and in that last gulp you would incorporate all the oceans of all the beer.

He may take salt who desires. Seldom it is that I desecrate the virgin malt with the stuff, and then only in my more ascetic moments. No—no, drink like a horse—drink like a camel—a Gargantua—a glutton—therein lies the true joy of beer drinking.

Take a stein holding a quart—let the beer be ice cold—that is essential. Then drink—empty the stein before you lower it from your lips. That is glory—that is art—that is beauty—Valhalla.

But I grow passing thirsty with these remarks. Let me go forth and refresh myself, though I fear, in these degenerate and law-ridden days that I shall have to content myself with that hollow mockery, that slap in the face of the Faithful—near beer.



start the blowtorches going when Mary changes her mind. Ivan proves to have a noble heart, he makes a few wise-cracks about Mary's appearance, ruminates on the strange effect he has on otherwise noble souls, and tells her that she can go home. Mary goes into a clinch with him, and he gives her his ring, singing, "Then I'll Come Back to You!"

About this time enter the Austrian army and exit the Russian and Mary's fiance opens fire on Ivan and wings him in the shoulder. Then Mary goes into her fiance London Ring Rules, nothing barred, and, in the melee, Ivan exits by way of a convenient window.

Mary then returns to Nigel, expecting no doubt to be received with open arms by the townspeople whom she has saved from death, but they are infuriated at her for loving a foe of the country. Nigel will not believe her when she says Ivan was a perfect Galahad, and, knowing something of Russian character, I can't much blame him. He speculates on the result of the first sin that has ever happened in his family and gives her the air, thereby lining himself up with the villagers. Still, when they start heaving cobblestones, this burns him up, and, in trying to shield the girl, he takes one on his beak, turns his righteous nose to heaven, and takes the long count.

Skip some years then, and Ivan returns to the village, very socialistic, and hailing all the farm hands as comrade. He and Mary go into a clinch, and that's that.

Ivan looks, to me, like a cross between Harry Langdon, Lupino Lane, and Virginia Valli. He has a soulful look that often makes me scream with annoyance and a shoulder movement that overcomes me with rage. I always wait in breathless anticipation for him to follow this wiggle up with a paean on the clothing business. His best acting is when he wishes to be frivolous, when he strongly resembles Scrambleface Wolheim on a drunk. Ivan also has a way of examining his overgrown hands in an intriguing manner, but aside from these little mannerisms, I prefer Arthur Houseman and Anita Garvin in some wholesomely vulgar comedy.

After all, this picture is a good representation of the cruelty of religion. I suppose the accumulated weight of ages can so shape a girl's mind that she refuses to kiss her lover to save her fiance's life, and hesitates when her virtue is weighed against the lives of several hundred people.

A little unconsciously sardonic touch: Nigel shows Ivan a picture portraying a host of Jews being led off to Siberia, and, immediately afterward, as a part of the ritual of Holy Shabbas, thanks God for preserving the life and happiness of the race. Aye—and the ghettos of Poland and Russia knee deep in Jewish gore.

Still, Nigel is the best man in the picture, and one almost feels a glow of human fellowship emanate from him as he prepares to sink a carving knife between Ivan's shoulders. Yet, life is none too long that we should spend it in watching the various perambulations of Mary and Ivan. I recommend this movie without reservation.

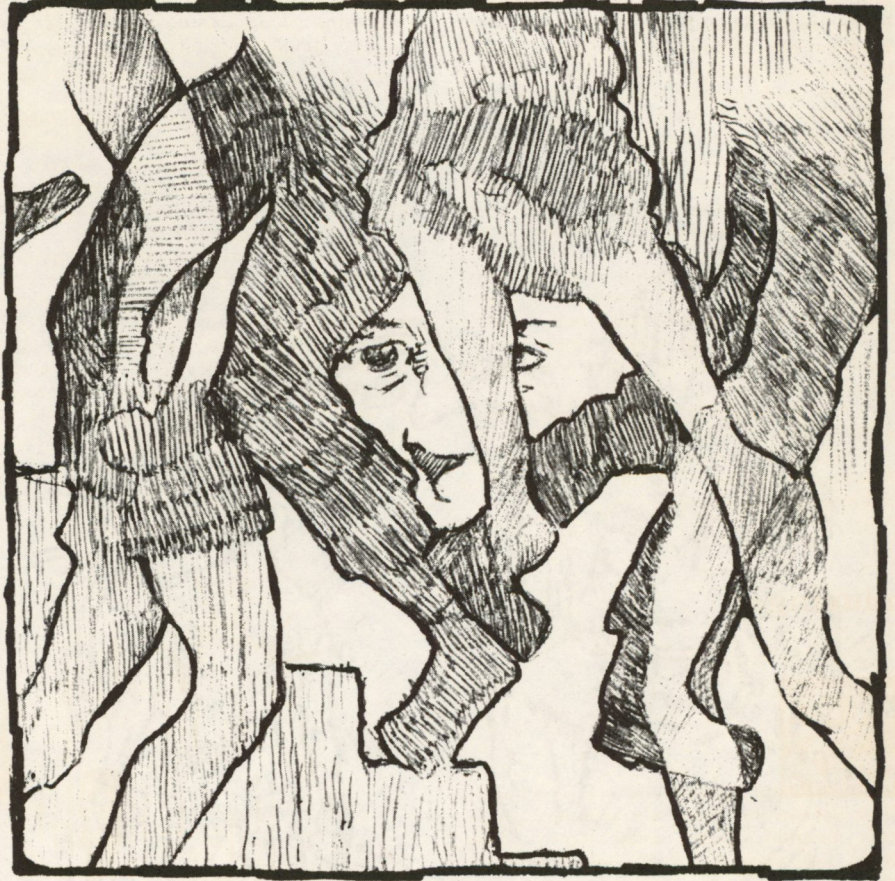
Other pictures I recommend: "Dressed to Kill;" Edmund Lowe and Mary Astor. Ed Lowe is superb. Of course, I am possibly biased, as Lowe is my favorite actor among the handsome babies, and the only one who can look menacing without looking contemptible. Mary Astor in a clinging gown—oh, baby, who said that kitten didn't have a form?

"A Girl in Every Port;" Victor McLaglen. I haven't seen this, but I've

seen the streamers, and, if the girls in it don't wear any more clothes than portrayed there, I expect to gloat over it until the janitor pries me loose from my seat and shuts the theater.

"Escape;" A flop, doubtless inspired by the W.C.T.U. See it for its one high point—George Meeker doing his stuff with a bottle of Haig and Haig. Good work by William Russel, Virginia Valli, and Nancy Drexel.

"The Claw;" An old picture, but fair.



the galveston affair



The day was hotter than a promise of Purgatory. We sat on the sea wall, with our backs to the gulf where a keen breeze was blowing, but the tiers of benches were so packed that not a breath of coolness could drift through. They jammed us on all sides. They trod on our feet, and we thought yearningly of Hell. Our Nordic complexes stood up and roared and ranted as jabbering foreigners stumbled over us. We meditated in terms of wholesale massacres. A bunchy Mexican woman climbed over me, jamming her heel into my hip. I made gallant remarks in a

bright saffron dialect.

Truett swore with an energy that I could not muster on account of the heat. We glared at each other without optimism. We sat—and sat—and sat. Had we been merely waiting for some national hero to appear, we would have given it up and started a general slaughter as a diversion.

But we were there to see legs, and legs we were going to see if we sat there till Hell froze over and the Devil took sleigh rides on the ice. At last they came—riding in floats, which the designer fondly believed to resemble Neptune's dolphin chariots. Brawny negroes shoved them along, and some were accompanied by brass bands.

Bathing girls from all over the world. Their native lands had nobly sent them across the sea. Some were pretty, some had shapely forms. But as far as we were concerned, the weather was the only thing that was heated.

to a man whose
name i never knew



he two of us sat in the old Fort Sam Houston Stadium. Two men fought in the ring like a pair of tigers. One went down at last. He got up, his face a bloody mask, his limp arms trying to come up for a blow. He went down again. He was going through hell and

taking it like a man.

Close to where we sat another man was sitting. A man with the air of a successful salesman. His face was round and plump, his eyes bulging. His thick lips and short, large neck angered me. He waved flabby arms in the air and shouted:

"Oh, you tramp, you! Knock him out, knock the tramp out, he ain't got no guts."

Up in the ring, the loser toppled and lay still.

The brave man at the ringside shouted: "Oh, you tramp, you!"

Now I felt the mood and stirrings of a desire. This desire was to arise and tell the truth, saying:

"You bulbous-bellied son of unspeakable ancestors! Any punch that that boy's taken tonight would have sunk into your tallowy flesh and put you away for the evening. You cursed business man, you're not good enough to wipe that prize fighter's feet, much less sit here and yell insults at him. You couldn't take a punch and you couldn't give one. Your guts are yellow, and you'd yell for help if a newsboy swung on you."

And then, had I followed my desire, I would have sunk my left into his flabby belly until my knuckles grated against his back ribs, and followed this with a right which would have splattered his features like a ripe tomato. But this is a civilized country.

them



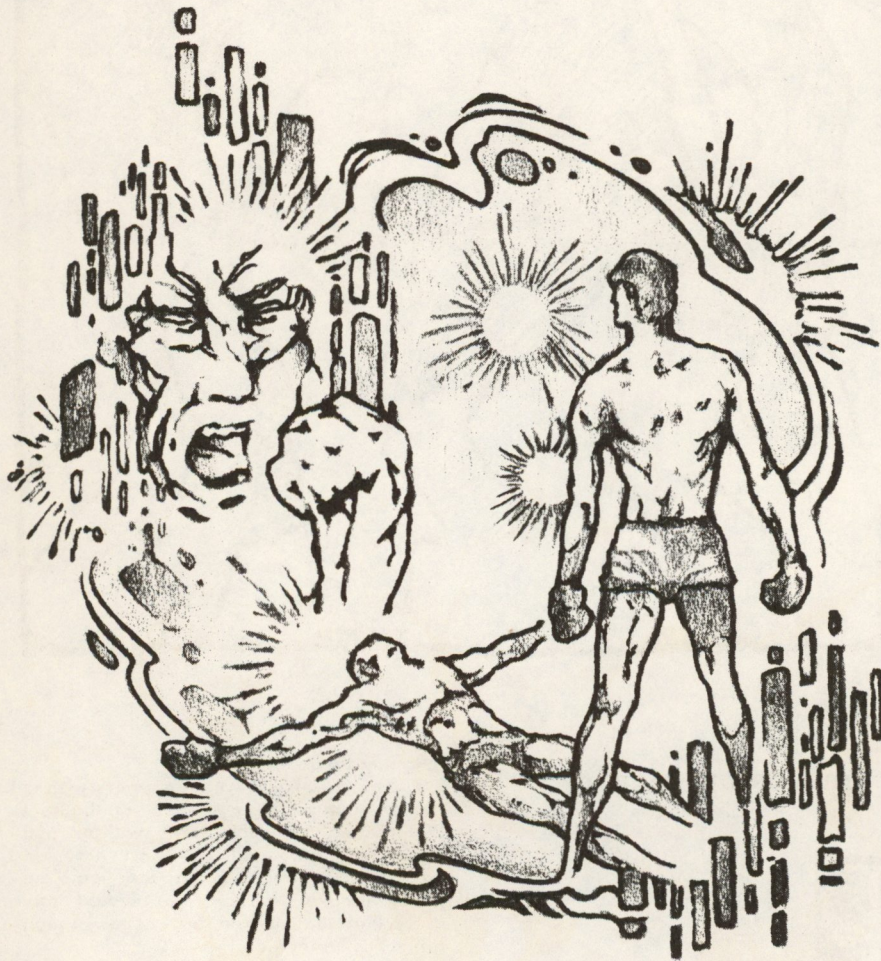
od knows I have nothing to say against Lindbergh's universal acceptance as hero par excellence. I think I admire the man as much as anyone in the world, even if I have never evinced signs of insanity in my admiration—my admiration is, I trust, not adoration at all, but a true appreciation of the man's worth. I give him a place beside Abe Lincoln and Jack Dempsey as American heroes.

Not to tarnish the real glory of his name would I even hint of a certain pair of Norwegians who made the trip in a rowboat back in the '80's.

The average man admires Lindbergh, not for what he really did, but because other men admire him. The average man waves his arms and yells—his eyes bulge out, and he becomes short of breath; he leaps up and down and mouths chaotic nothings—and he really has only the very vaguest idea of what it is all about.

Had not the leaders of the people, the newspaper men and so on, had they not realized and exploited the Lone Eagle's feat, Lindbergh's name would have already been forgotten by the masses. But the leaders, men of some vision, realized just what this silent and unassuming man had done, and they acclaimed him—it became the fashion to idolize him, so John Dubpublico flaps his arms and yammers his worship as he has always done when his masters order. Had the edict gone forth to ostracize Lindbergh, it would have been done.

This is mass rule and mass suggestion in its highest type. And Lindbergh having been done the dubious honor of having songs, babies, and hamburgers named after him, we can do no less than follow the mob's example, and christen this: Dementia Lindberghia.



Trumpet amat tu, Greg Benford

JEFF JONES

a folio











REAMY—continued from page 1

and just about anything else they wanted. These were turned down, the convention wasn't interested.

It's difficult to say if the films would have been well received. Pal's picture is made from a bad book and his track record hasn't been too good lately. The Polansky film would certainly have been very good but perhaps a little arty for the monster fans. EYE OF THE DEVIL I've since seen. It was directed by Carl Foreman (THE GUNS OF NAVARONE) and starred Deborah Kerr and David Niven. Now, people of that caliber don't set out to make a picture for the bottom half of a double-bill. I'm sure it was intended to be a first-class effort but something went wrong along the way and in Dallas, at least, it was shown on the bottom half of a double-bill.

It's a gothic film with a lovely heroine and a brooding house and contains no fantasy at all. It concerns an out-of-the-way French village which still worships a pagan Christ complete with human sacrifice. It's beautifully directed, acted, and photographed but it doesn't jell. I think the flaw is expressed very well by Miss Kerr when she says to Niven as he prepares himself for sacrifice: "But, Philippe, you can't believe in this stupidity!"

In addition, it has one of those unsatisfying endings in which the bad guys win. Even though it fails, I wish it had been shown because the reaction would have been very interesting. Despite its faults it comes on strong and no one would have left the screening indifferent.

At the last minute Ted realized his mistake and asked Newman to get the films but it was too late. All that Ted managed was a Star Trek episode which Roddenberry undoubtedly had with him just in case. From the audience enthusiasm this seemed to be the brightest spot on the official program.

The costume ball, usually a bright spot on the program, was a little dim this time. Very few costumes showed any effort or imagination. The blame here goes to the fashion show rather than Ted. So much creativity has been diverted from the costume ball to the fashion show that the former is destined to a lingering death unless something is done. I'd hate to see either of them discontinued but there isn't enough costume-making enthusiasm to support them both.

I wish some pioneering con committee (with proper business meeting procedure, of course) would decide to eliminate the banquet. The food is always atrocious and the prices outrageous. This one cost \$5.50 for some very blah baked chicken which could have been bought in any restaurant for \$2.00 maximum. "Rubber chicken and plastic peas," Harlan kept reciting. It would be a simple matter to have the awards presentations and guest speeches auditorium style without being forced to suffer an insufferable meal.

The program varied. Harlan's toastmastering was a delight and almost compensated for the meal. The speeches ranged from forgettable to moderately entertaining. The scheduling of the banquet, however, was a masterpiece of ineptitude. It was in the afternoon of the last day and consequently many out-of-

towners who had to be in school or at work the next morning couldn't attend.

Despite everything, I had a marvelous time and am eagerly looking forward to the Baycon. And St. Louis in '69.

Things & Stuff

Robert Firebaugh, 361 Linden Walk, Lexington, Kentucky 40508 writes that he has "Mrs. Peel, We're Needed!" bumper stickers. They're orange on blue and sell for 30¢ each. However, if you wish them mailed unfolded in a manila envelope, they are 40¢ each.

As mentioned on page 34, we're not really interested in poetry but, if you must, send it to Alex Eisenstein, 36th CSG, CMR Box 291, APO N.Y., N.Y. 09132. That APO disguises an address in Germany so I suggest that you use airmail—both ways.

Next issue will be a special Hannes Bok number. Featured will be a color cover of one of his never before published whimsical paintings courtesy of Mr. Emil Petaja who has also promised to do an article on some generally unknown aspects of Bok's life. Also there will be a folio of black and white drawings. I'd like to invite anyone else who might have something to say about Mr. Bok to please send it along. The more the better.

All back issues of Trumpet are still available except 1 and 2. No. 3 is down to less than one hundred copies so they'll be gone before long. They are 60¢ each or can be included as part of your subscription.

The 1968 edition of the Southwesterncon (we promise to think of a new name) will be held June 21, 22, & 23 at the Hotel Southland in Dallas. It will be, as usual, a combo-con (science fiction, movies and comics). Membership is \$2.50; hotel rates are \$6-8 for a single, \$8-10 for a double and \$10-15 for a twin.

Send all monies and inquiries to: Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Dr., Carrollton, Texas 75006. ●

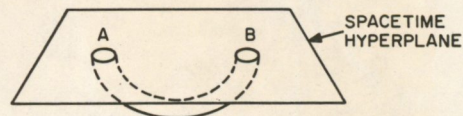
JACKSON—continued from page 1

time connecting two distant points through hyperspace. One just popped in one side and out the other several light years away. Stein's process was the use of the idea that mass "warps" spacetime in the general theory of relativity. So he had his starship crimp spacetime so badly that it dug a hole out of this universe and into a parallel one in which the speed of light was faster.

Geometrodynamics. Now there is a two dollar word. It was coined by the Princeton physicist J.A. Wheeler. I do not propose to attempt an explanation but some description is needed. (For more details see Geometrodynamics, J.A. Wheeler, Academic Press.) Essentially, Wheeler's theory deals with nothing, nothing quite literally. It proposes that all of physical reality may be manufactured out of pure spacetime. We are given an infinite gob of nothing and by squashing and "warping" it we can make matter, electromagnetism and may-

be even elementary particles. Something for nothing.

Here our interest is directed towards the concept of charge in the theory of Geometrodynamics. Charge is defined as lines of force trapped in the topology of spacetime. The trap is called a "wormhole" and exists as a kind of handle in a multiply connected spacetime.



A WORMHOLE

How about traveling through a wormhole? It was supposed at one time that it might be possible to shine two lights, one at B from A and the other down the wormhole at A. The signal would reach B sooner coming down the tube than the signal coming overland. Such are the properties of multiply connected topologies. Too bad that it isn't true, but the reason why not is involved. If interested you can look it up for yourself (see Causality and Multiply Connected Space-Time, Fuller and Wheeler, Physical Review, Vol. 128, pg. 919). This article is one of the few solidly theoretical discussions of an idea which s.f. writers have used for years, and as yet I have seen no writer or fan comment on or use this development.

Even though our wormhole warp doesn't work, all is not lost. G.H. Stein's pop-into-another-universe device seems to have come from an idea of J. R. Oppenheimer and H. S. Snyder in a paper published in 1939. They examined what happens when a star of the right mass-radius collapses to a critical situation. This situation has recently been examined in connection with quasars (Gravitational Collapse, Nov. 1967 issue of Scientific American.)

Quite simply the problem is that one can construct a model of a massive object so that thermal, electromagnetic and nuclear forces are overwhelmed by gravitation. This critical mass warps spacetime so badly that it more or less covers itself with the fabric of the universe. Light, which gets shifted in frequency when radiated from a massive source, in this critical model gets infinitely red shifted, so that the mass disappears from sight.

There are several theories as to just what happens to matter when it crunches upon itself so viciously. One is that the matter is shoved through a multiply connected topology out into some other part of spacetime. (See vol. II of Gravitational Theory and Gravitational Collapse, University of Chicago). The theory does not say that this jump takes place faster than light or in just what form the matter reappears.

Here, at least, we have a way, even if by a bare thread of theoretical speculation, of interstellar travel by warp. Of course, how you collapse a starship down to about 1×10^{-22} centimeters in gravitational radius, is a matter of decided technical difficulty, not to say anything about surviving the collapse or where you will wind up afterward. ●

INCIDENT IN A SMALL WAR

W.G.
Bliss



"If that's what they eat, it sure doesn't look edible. Say there is a lot of what looks like gelatin that ran through the cracks in the floor under the table. It's slick."

"So they spilled something."

"Put that bowl of whatever it is down and go and look over the upstairs with Bailey."

"Ok commander."

"Elder!"

"We are being disturbed. That is all."

"Now Cranford has me wondering what in the deuce those balls are. They aren't like any egg that I ever saw. They don't look baked or cooked. The shell is like rock. It's heavy for a foodstuff. Maybe it's a spore like they eat on Algor. Find something to crack open one of them."

"This hammer do commander?"

"Fine. Now hand me one of the small ones. Well, lads, that is what idle curiosity gets you sometimes. Did you ever smell anything that bad?"

"No sir."

"Take the rest of them balls and toss them out in the lagoon before somebody breaks another one in here accidentally; you lads have noted how such things seem to happen at times with our little task force in miniature."

"Elder!"

"Elder!"

"Elder?"

"Elder!"

"Quiet. I must concentrate on the ones who have come to our home."

"Elder!"

"One of us is gone."

"Quiet. It is hard to get a meaning from these alien thoughts. It is something about accident. They do not have hard evil thoughts like the Ruck. They think soft. They wonder to see us. We will use our strength to get outside this night to absorb the night rain and eat and come to them at first light."

"My son, Elder, my son!"

"If it were the Ruck, it would be we all. Fortunate it was, they thought us ornamental and placed us carefully in the bowl to take with them. I say again, I have strained my perceptions to the utmost, and there is no trace of Ruck. They are gone. We will celebrate that come the morrow."

"Elder, we are being jostled and shaken."

"Strangers in a house always look and inquire. We will be set down again in a moment."

"Elder!"

"Quiet! I must have silence. This one's thoughts are close. Oh, they are terrible! We are being discarded into the sea. It is farewell, farewell. We will be eaten by the mindless bottom dwellers."

"Elder!"

"Elder!"

"Elder, the last rites, the words from the Ancients!"

"There is not time. Farewell."

"Elder!"

"—is given into life as life is given from death as light is given from shadow—"

"Ask the Elder."
"Ask the Elder."
"Ask the Elder!"
"Rouse the Elder."
"It is no use. The Elder does not know all."
"None knows all."
"The Elder knows almost all."
"Ask the Elder."
"Must we remain thus shriveled into helpless crusted small spheres?"
"The Elder will say."
"Ask the Elder."
"The Elder will say when it is time to say."

"Whoever built this place isn't around now."
"They sure left in a hurry from the looks of it. Place looks lived in yet."

"Blasting the Rucks out of the beach caves might have something to do with that, lads."
"Maybe we didn't get them all."
"No worry about Rucks straying in with the hunter robot out doing the patrolling on our backside. This place isn't Ruck. They like black walls and gray metal floors. A lot of handcraft work went into this place."
"What's those odd colored balls in the bowl over there on the table?"
"Well, I'm as new here as the rest of you. This is the first surface action. Looks like we interrupted a meal. Those are eating implements on the table around the bowl. The natives should be coming back to see what happened pretty soon. You ask them."
"Ok commander."

explicable phenomena. In the Simak, electronically-produced "puppets" (images that are merely extensions of the personalities of the operators) suddenly acquire independent minds and wills, along with a physical existence independent of the mechanism that produced them. In the Van Vogt, a desolate but organically-vital Martian villa transforms a shipwrecked Earthman into a native of Mars, because it cannot provide him with adequate human sustenance (though Martian food it has a-plenty).

These resolutions are magical; they are patently improper by the scientific and rational premises of each story. Nothing in either story prepares the reader to accept the possibility of the final occurrence, yet the finish of each story is satisfyingly appropriate.

The suitability of each ending derives from its justifiable irony. The scientists of "Shadow Show" are searching for a means of selective, predictable mutation, to adapt Man to the extreme environments of other planets; unwittingly, they create sentient beings (not life as such) through an amusement device, an electronic stage, which they operate jointly during off-duty hours to create a diverting "shadow play." This event is ironically *apropo* because the "puppets" from the "play" were originally fashioned by the scientists and subject to their caprice: the mutations these researchers failed, to produce in the laboratory could be obtained easily by direct creation in the shadow play.

The irony of "The Enchanted Village" lies, of course, in the metamorphosis the Village employs to save the Terran's life. It must save his life, for it is a totally subservient construct; when it finally realizes that it cannot, by its nature, accommodate the man (the whole narration amply demonstrates its inimical biochemistry and utter inability to adjust to human needs), it reverses its methods and changes man to Martian.

Though these stories stand mainly on a single expression of irony in each, they both contain other and incidental plus-values. The final horrified reaction of the shadow play operators casts a tell-tale hint of their inner speculations—as the liberated puppets were once a function of the minds of the creators, so now they may know their former masters more thoroughly than those people know themselves; or at least (and perhaps more subtly disturbing) the new volition of the puppets makes them indistinguishable from actual conscious intelligence. In addition, throughout the story Simak probes the ethical question of whether it is proper to make specialized monsters of men, merely to adjust them to the harsh and limiting conditions of unusual habitats.

Van Vogt binds reader-attention with his subsidiary details. An absorbing account unfolds of the various ways in which the Village is poison to the man—its nutrient secretions and its very substance he finds painfully caustic. In one fascinating and forbidding sequence, the spaceman attempts to coerce water from the living flagstones, but only scant droplets of potable fluid ooze from the microscopic pores of the tiles.

These stories would be entertaining even if their conclusions were more

mundane and predictable—if the castaway had died licking beads of water from the terraza; if the electronic images had remained merely shadows of the distraught personalities which molded them. Though the climax of a short story is its most important feature, the development of the story deserves some regard strictly on its own merits, apart from how it complements the finish.

But the transition to fantasy demands a strong alibi; without their fitting irony, the above instances would fail the expectations of the reader. Indeed, I find difficulty in imagining alternate fantastical denouements for the cited tales, so naturally do these improbabilities grow from the groundwork both authors lay. Yet were I to substitute other sorceries for those of the authors, ones that lacked ironic justification (say, the ghost of a Martian biotechnician appears and adjusts the Village to the Earthman's appetites; or the shadow-players suddenly acquire the faces of their puppets), the stories would become very pointless. The average s-f reader would then complain that the stories are phoney science-fiction, fantasy disguised as s-f, trash of the worst sort. With the underlying purpose imparted by the irony, the reader may forgive the lapse of physical reason needed to attain that irony; otherwise, using arbitrary solutions, the author has no chance of success.

Such is the abysmal failure of J.G. Ballard.

As a writer of science-fiction, Ballard is a fraud; at the very least, a lazy bum whose prose style is the British-insipid. He never strives for even a semblance of scientific authenticity, much less accuracy; nor does he attempt the merest modicum of rationality, either astrophysical or human. Admittedly, his critics often grasp at tangible side issues, but I think Patrizio (in *Zenith*) scores more hits than misses, certainly more than the few minor blunders that Aldiss or Moorcock caught in his discussion. I tend to agree with Frederik Pohl's recent opinion in *IF*, to the effect that Ballard and Moorcock are foisting unsuccessful experiments on their readers. Experimentation is all very nice, said Pohl, but a writer doesn't publish his failures. Only experiments that succeed in some measure are worthy of public display.

Ballard's stuff is sheer melodramatic hokum. His characters, like the Universe, repeatedly act without cause, reason, or sane motivation. To Ballard, a wind or a whim from nowhere is as good as any. His stories of course lack irony, as they lack all other vestiges of human meaning.

The dubious fiction of James Ballard may or may not be fascinating from a Freudian viewpoint, but psychoanalysis is not a form of literary criticism (no matter how vehemently Jim Blish asserts otherwise). It negates the fundamental reason for criticism—to wit, that an author may try to communicate something on a conscious (even intellectual) level, apart from and above any expression of his primal, subrational emotions. To be sure, a critic considers the non-conceptual attributes of a story—the style, the pace, the characterization, the plot, the descriptive facility

displayed by the author; all the elements that make a story real to us when they are sufficiently life-like or artful. But these facets of literature are pure surface, the artfulness or craft of writing, the visible evidence of the technics. The art itself, as in painting and drawing, lies much deeper (though it is not necessarily any more obscure).

Ballard hasn't even the surface ability of the often-stilted, often-awkward John Brunner. There can be no doubt that Ballard doesn't begin to approach Brunner's ideational level. Ballard's ideas are all animal-dreams and animal-fears, proffered without excuse or judgement. They are actively anti-intellect, as well as unscientific and illogical. James Ballard may gain a cathartic outlet via such a mode, but I only remain, yours truly, unedited.

I cannot be otherwise; he doesn't know how to write plain fiction, much less s-f.



A PROSPECTUS FOR PROSPECTIVE CONTRIBUTORS

As Trumpet is picking up more and more non-fan (if you don't know what the term means, then you are one) readers, we felt that things should be clarified a bit. First, we are not a professional magazine; we do not pay for material except with free copies nor do we operate at a profit. Everyone is cordially invited to contribute.

What we want and don't want is difficult to explain. We don't particularly want fiction and poetry. We have raised our standards so high in those areas that anything we would accept you could probably sell for money. We do want articles on science fiction, fantasy, fandom and related interest areas. If you're a fan, you know what the related areas are. If not, it would be impossible to explain because many of them are totally removed from sf or fandom. We want satire, opinion, nostalgia, comics, cartoons, art-folios, publishable letters and a little madness. We prefer criticism to reviews and entertainment to artiness. Give us a try. We'll treat all submissions with extreme kindness.

Thank you—TR

PER- ST- FLAGE



((This first letter came too late to be included in t6 but is too good to go unprinted.))

RICK SNEARY
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, Calif. 90280

Received *Trumpet* #5 some while back, but due to several weeks of being out-of-phase with things due to low-level infection; and my chronic ennui toward fanzines these years, I've been some time getting around to reading it, and/or commenting. If you were less of a Ghodd Fellow; produced a sloppier magazine; or hadn't mentioned my name, I might have fobbed you off with an unwritten promise, as with the last three issues of *Smoke*... I don't figure this letter is going to be fair payment, but then what is? ((In your case, the letter is.))

Overall feeling about *Trumpet* is that it is far better appearing than it needs be. While your artwork is good, and most of it would have to have litho work to appear, I am not that impressed by artwork in general. I don't get or read fanzines for or because of the artwork, and fan-art portfolios such as Lynn Hickman has been using, are of no interest to me. This is I know, not a general feeling among fans, but it is mine. Thus I do not see the point of high production cost merely to provide better artwork. You do, and it's your magazine, so no argument... Photopages of fans, or directly illustrative of

an article's material is of course a somewhat different matter. Trimble nearly always seems surprised when photographed—and you have one of those rare photos of Ellison with his mouth almost closed.

I do not understand the reason, but Eisenstein's fanzine reviews put me on the defensive from the start, and I was ready to argue with him on every point—even on those I hadn't read. So I note that he is critical of Weston for not editing bad English out of Solon's column, but later is critical of Aldiss for nit-picking over White's grammar. My own feeling, quite naturally, is what is said, is important, not how correctly it is said. I am also slightly amused by his minor cavil with Sapiro for placing notes to a long article at the end of the piece, rather than at the bottom of the relevant page (a cavil with which I agree), when you did the same with an equally long article in this issue. ((I hadn't received Alex's reviews when I did the Hodgens article and Alex hadn't seen my layout when he wrote the reviews. I'll use the same excuse Leland did: it's so very much less trouble to put them at the end.)) I don't think I ever read fanzine reviews that I thought were too long before, but after reading at great length what Mr. E. thought of what someone else said, I feel I still would know very little about the fanzine reviewed or if I would be interested. The rating system is a help... at least by it I can tell he thinks *Habakkuk* is twice as good as *Zenith*. I couldn't tell that

from his remarks—but then one rarely can, and is why I've always liked the rating system with reviews. Even when you disagree with the reviewer, there is a cross comparison.

Offutt asks "where is rick sneary?" To which I answer, who is Offutt? Is this all some kind of put-on? I don't remember any Andrew Offutt, but then I have a bad memory and forget a lot of people. But really I find it hard to believe that anyone who has been reading science fiction for 20 years, and writes columns for fanzines (or for a fanzine) can really have failed to hear my name mentioned. I've been semi-gafia for a number of years, but yet, all I did can't have been forgotten that soon, or can it? There were lots of other letter hacks with strange sounding names—like Raj Rehm, Boff Perry, Damon Knight... Whatever happened to them? He is also in error as to the Old Sarge's side-kicks. They were Frogeyes, Wartears, and Snaggletooth, not Snarly, Sneary, and Snaggletooth as he says. It is interesting to note how many of the writers of those days apparently read the letter columns very closely, despite the degree of juvenility that would hardly get them into a fanzine letter column these days. I've met a number of writers who commented that they remembered my letters—the warmth of their greeting somewhat affected by things I may have said about their stories, years ago. I wonder what such a wide open, free-wheeling letter column would do to the current stf scene? By providing

some real feed-back to the authors it might take some of the rough edges off the current crop. In the old days when a writer wrote a story that was crud, he was told so, in no uncertain terms. Nowadays a writer that sells a story may think that because an editor bought it, it is a good story...

I read about 1/3 of the Hodgens article...roughly the first quarter, and bits and pieces throughout, to see if it ever did get to a point. As I was in disagreement with him on three points from the beginning (a. I don't agree that the films listed really had much political message, except to those of the followers of True Believers, who see messages everywhere; b. that Strangelove was an important movie; c. that it is all an anti-anti-communist plot;) I didn't agree with much he said. I missed the part, if it was there, where he expressed his opinion on Strangelove as a movie. My own opinion was that it tried to do too many things and failed as a result at all of them. It was too much of a farce to cause anyone to worry about atomic doom or governmental bungling, if he wasn't already worried. As for slap-stick comedy, it failed because it tried to get serious too often. (I heard one reviewer on radio say that the movie was supposed to end with a grand pie fight in the War Room, but they changed it—which I think is a pity.) I should say that the whole article results from an over-involvement with movies and Conservative causes. One sees more and more of this over-involvement today, in one cause or another. Not that I hold out for non-involvement. What I refer to is the chap that believes a cause is very important and goes out and starts working for it. He talks to other people that believe the same way, and argues with those who are actively opposing the cause. He reads books and articles by people for or against the Cause. The side effect is that he has less time for things not relating to the Cause. In time all he is aware of is events that affect the CAUSE. And he judges all actions by its relationship to THE CAUSE. Everything everyone says is good or bad, depending on their view of THE CAUSE. THE CAUSE is the only important thing in the chap's life. By this time he is a True Believer, and like John Boardman, and apparently Mr. Hodgens, is unable to talk rationally to other people. (I do not wish to judge Hodgens on one article, but as that is all I have seen to base judgement on, that is the way it is.)

Pournelle, at least in this issue's article, is a Conservative that can still talk to other people. His system of relationship seems to make sense, though a little hard to use in practice. I would agree that not only is there the danger of putting labels on people, but that they are harder to agree on than ever before. For example I have always thought of myself as a kind of Stevensonian Liberal; but placed next to Boardman I'm way over in the conservative side. Gov. Rockefeller would normally be thought of as a Conservative, but I hardly think the Goldwaterites would. As I understand he means by the statement: "Furthermore, I submit, even the Conservatives (as well as most people

who are conservative) are now dissatisfied with the social order, while the liberals generally like it..." that it is the reversal of the old definition of the Conservative as one who wants things as they are, and a Liberal wanting change... But, whether we like it or not we are all caught up in changing times, so that the Liberal is sometimes hard-pressed to keep up with events. The Conservative (of my imagination, at least) is dissatisfied by all this change, and would like to see the world change back to an orderly status quo. And, one look at a late paper is enough to make me wish the same, at least for a while.

Coulson repeats the old cliché about beards itching for the first two weeks. I grew two beards, of very heavy, thick hair, and I can't remember them ever itching... I did object to the fact that if I washed my face at night I went to bed with wet hair... I'm afraid to let it grow again, and find out how much of the red and gold has turned to white.

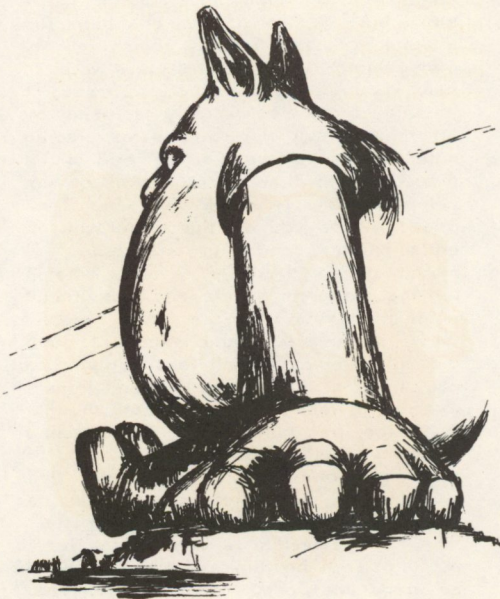
G. M. CARR
5319 Ballard Ave. N.W.
Seattle, Wash. 98107

"O no no... I don't like the Hobbits! They're MUCH too cuddly! Please tell Jim '66 he's made his Hobbits too kewpi-ish to be true..."

That's the only spontaneous comment that comes to mind, except for the general feeling of awe at such meticulous fantasy as this current installment of THE BROKEN SWORD. George Barr is doing one of those once-in-a-lifetime things.

Stephen Pickering lost me somewhere in the fog... the fog Index, I mean. I couldn't find the meaning for the words. "OG", on the other hand, conveyed meaning very clearly without words... both subtle and amusing.

TRUMPET 6 is a beautiful fanzine. Thank you. Thank the Art Editor for not being afraid of beauty. Thank George



Barr for being able to create it. Thank the other illustrators and artists for attempting to create it. They are coming closer all the time.

What's happened to Science Fiction? It's become popular. The library here in Ballard features it; the new-book shelves are full of it—more stuff than whodunnits! Same with the pb racks—stuff is right up there among the Hot Sex and Sickly-sweet Romances. Pushing the Westerns clear out of sight... Can't hardly believe my eyes.

Alas, it comes too late for me. I haven't read a new science fiction since I discovered Georgette Heyer's regency romances... She has created a gentle fantasy-land which appeals to me much more than Hobbit-land.

I'm thinking of unloading my FAPA Mailings #55 to 92 (or thereabouts), also my N'APA & INTER-APA bundles. Know anybody that is interested? The purchaser pays the freight and the best offer takes 'em... ((Anybody? If so, write G.M. and make her an offer.))

JOHN BOARDMAN
592 16th St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

A funny thing happened between the time I wrote "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble" and the time you printed it. In June of this year the Central Park Shakespeare Theater did put on *The Comedy of Errors*, and a very good production it was. But there were no actual twins in the cast, and no Negro lead roles, and no civil rights cases originated over it. Furthermore, this month they're doing *Titus Andronicus*, a play which most Shakespeare fans choose to pass by in silence, wishing he hadn't wrote it. And they're doing it quite well—it got excellent reviews, in part because certain staging techniques from equally bloody Japanese Noh drama have been employed. And there hasn't been a sound out of our most militant black nationalists about the character of Aaron the Moor in that play.

Jim Cawthorne is hereby nominated for the 1967 Art Hugo, on the strength of the back cover of *Trumpet 6*. This is the first time I have seen pictures of hobbits that look anything like the image which Tolkien's descriptions evoke. A poster of Frodo, in the revived art nouveau style, is on sale in bookstores here, and has aroused angry comments from fans.

I wish I could say the same of Mel Sepulveda's illustration of my story. There are, apparently, artists who have yet to learn that Negroes have faces rather than muzzles.

As a member of the NYCon III committee, my position on the awards is "Pro awards for professional accomplishments; fan awards for fannish accomplishments." I don't feel that the fan awards should be called "Pongs"; the word "Pong" is made up from several old Tucker pen names. Of it, Richard "Muscle" Eney wrote in *Fancyclopedia II*:

"PONG—The surname given such Tuckerish pen-names as John W. Pong Jr., Horatio Alger Pong, Lord Pong-Pong, usw, altho according to some who should know the first name rather than the last is the family name among Chinese, so that if these characters are

related to the famous Hoy Ping Pong they should all be Hoys. Hoy Ping Pong himself, 'the Chinese Buck Rogers', originally had a personality all his own, but eventually became just a penname for Bob Tucker writing humorous articles."

If the pro awards are to be "Hugos", then the fan awards by analogy should be "Bobs", "Forrays", or some such memorialization of a BNF of land standing.

I presume that by now I am *Trumpet* reader #379 to express my appreciation for the continuation of *The Broken Sword*. There is, it seems to me, a minor error, but it is Anderson's rather than Barr's. And, furthermore, it is an error into which it is surprising that Anderson should fall. When, on the way home with Skafloc, Imric encounters the Wild Hunt, he sees it led by a one-eyed huntsman on an eight-legged horse. All well and good, but this huntsman should have been identified as Odin rather than as Thor. Odin is the traditional leader of the Wild Hunt, and a far more fearful figure in northern myth than is Thor, the defender of mankind against giants and dragons. ((Not Anderson's fault at all, but probably mine. I didn't keep a copy of the script I sent George so I can't check exactly what I wrote. He makes changes occasionally in what I write which may or may not be the case here. George did make an error in the scene for which I'm sure he can be forgiven as it is hardly common knowledge. Odin does not wear a horned-helmet as pictured but a large floppy hat.))

Is Stephen Pickering really necessary? Thief, fraud, and self-acknowledged lunatic—surely at this late date there is no need to act as if he were someone to be taken seriously. ((Surely))

That sect which bothers Andy Offutt by its misspelling of the name of an obscure Asian diety is known around here as Jehovah's Witlesses.

Jerry Pournelle addresses himself to a question which conservatives have been posing for sometime: What is the source of our rights? If not God, the argument runs, then mankind is doomed to spend centuries in slaughterous contention, based ultimately on "might is right". An appeal to majority rule, they contend, would mean something called "tyranny of the majority".

At this point we come to a parting of the ways among conservatives, which is neatly described by David Spitz in his excellent *Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought*. One side believes that majority rule is impossible, and that power in any society will necessarily be in the hands of an elite. The other side believes that majority rule is possible, and undesirable. This view of the art of government can be summarized as "find out what the people want to do, and keep them from doing it."

I think we can reasonably assume that Dr. Pournelle's view is the latter, since he regards restraints on majority rule as a necessary element of government. Clearly these are not necessary unless majoritarian dictatorship is a real possibility; otherwise government would be Calhoun's "concurrent majority", with different elites wheeling and dealing among themselves to get things done. This theory of government suffered a

rather bloody practical refutation in 1861-1865, and need not be taken seriously now.

Very well then—Dr. Pournelle is still trying to find out what runs this country. Majority law is restricted by the guarantee of minority rights in the Constitution. The Constitution, he believes, is being re-written by some strange alien entity called "the Court".

Fortunately, a way out of this corner into which he has painted himself exists. It is necessary to regard the science of government as an experimental science, subject to laws in the same way that the other experimental sciences are. If we are having greater difficulty in finding these principles than in finding the principles of, say, physics, it is partly because we have here a more complex causal system, partly because the search has begun more recently, and partly because more people have a vested interest in unworkable theories of government.

It remains to find certain principles of government—or, rather, of the related disciplines of economics, politics, and sociology. Once these principles are known, then the applicability of a particular policy can be measured against them.

One of the principles seems to be that every element of society must feel it has a vested interest in the continuation of that society. This is the rock on which all proposals to limit the franchise founders. A limited franchise, whether on basis of race, education, property, religion, or political orientation, creates a class which has no interest in the continuation of that society.

Of course, the development of such general principles in necessarily going to show that certain existing societies contain internal contradictions which will lead to their fall. So, of course, the leaders of those societies will condemn either the particular principles developed, or the whole idea that government is a science. This state of mind will usually express itself as an opposition to "planning" and a preference for a presumably opposite state of affairs called "freedom". The equivalent, in physics, would be a demand by the International Brotherhood of Rocks, Stones, and Pebbles that the law by which they fall freely without acceleration of 9.8 meters per second be repealed, and that they be granted the "freedom" to fall in whatever direction and with whatever speed

they please.

"Freedom is the recognition of necessity."—Lenin.

For those who believe that our own society is free of these internal contradictions, let us instead point out Saudi Arabia. There is an absolute monarchy, in which slavery is legal and in which a thriving slave trade exists, yet which contains industrial operations necessary to the world's economy, and whose magnates ride gold-trimmed Cadillacs and live in air-conditioned palaces. Tribal, slave-owning, feudal, and capitalist elements are jumbled together; no one can pretend that this is a stable society with no internal contradictions.

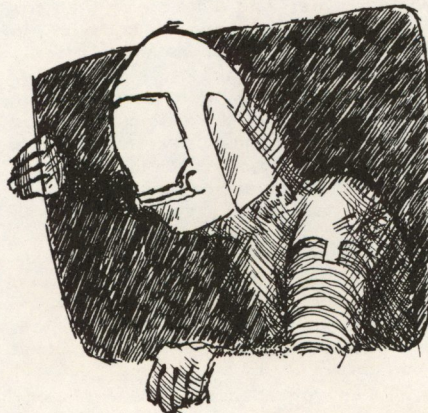
If we regard the science of government to be an experimental science, we can then ask "What is the direction of development in this science over the course of the centuries?"

First and foremost, in our century, is Nationalism. Whether expressed in the jargon of the Left or of the Right, it is a movement based on the premise that even misgovernment by members of one's own ethnic group is better than rule by outsiders. At the very most in the way of concession, a federal structure with other ethnic groups is all Nationalism will concede—as in Switzerland, the Soviet Union, India, and the proposed constitutional reforms in Canada. (This is not to be confused with our own federal structure, which is not along ethnic lines.)

Next is participatory democracy—the participation of the populace in the direction of national policy. Of course, this usually means that the electorate merely ratifies the policy decisions of an Establishment which operates either through one party—as in the Soviet Union—or through two—as in the United States. But the public, with the franchise extended as broadly as possible, is consulted in the selection of government policy, and sometimes the tightest of Establishments cannot keep them from coming up with a surprise. In the history of the United States alone, we have seen voting freed from qualifications of property, race, religion, sex, and now immobility. (Many states are now making it easier for persons who have recently moved to vote.) The drive for the 18-year voting age is also part of this trend. These extensions of the franchise must be made effective as well as formal—part of the civil rights movement about which Dr. Pournelle is so bothered.

Another obvious trend of our times is towards a more "open" society. The arts have a freedom which has never before existed in our society, and censorship is decidedly on the decline. An "open" society exerts an inevitable erosive effect on a "closed" one, as its more attractive elements appeal to the younger people in the "closed" group. The Arab student who dumps his allegiance and goes to work for GE, and the Moscow youngsters who frequent nightclubs and write bad imitations of Vosnesensky's poems testify to this.

Yet another trend is a greater concern with the well-being of the lower economic levels of society—Socialism if you will. The paternal care which earlier ruling classes pretended to give to this class was a lie; by their own votes





or arms they can assure a better deal than this. And so, over bitter resistance, come Social Security, the minimum wage, labor legislation, maximum hours laws, decrease in the work week, unemployment compensation, Medicare, family allowance plans, Judicare, Medicaid, etc.

A gradual inflation seems to accompany these things in the economic sphere. This is not new, however; over the past 1000 years prices of staples, and the wages of labor, have steadily increased. But, whatever happens to the cost of living; each generation manages to do better in creature comforts than did its predecessor.

A brief purview, then, shows these trends to be part of the world in which we live. Whether we like them or not—and for my own part I cannot feel comfortable over the power of Nationalism—they are here.

They are not part of any Constitution; if you want to be anthropomorphic about it I suppose you could call them "the Will of God". They do not fit Dr. Pournelle's categories any more than the moons of Jupiter fit Bellarmine's—but there they are.

So, Dr. Pournelle feels that "democracy is on the way out". "One man, one vote" he rejects. And the laws and procedural devices adopted recently to ensure a better representation of the popular will—legislative re-apportionment, the civil rights acts, safeguards of the rights of the accused—he also condemns.

A few questions seem called for:

1. From whom does Dr. Pournelle propose to take the right to vote?

2. Since the alternative to majority rule is minority rule, what minority does he suggest shall rule?

3. How is he going to get the civil rights acts repealed?

4. How is he going to get reversed the Supreme Court decisions to which he objects?

I'm eagerly waiting.

RICHARD BRZUSTOWICZ, JR.
Box 5455
River Campus Station
Rochester, N.Y. 14627

Thank you for *Trumpet 6*. I enjoyed it greatly again, though again I was puzzled by not being able to tell quite surely the serious from the mockery.

The most beautiful and excellent thing in this issue was *Broken Sword* Part 2, and only one quibble do I have: (you will probably hear this from a number of people, but here it comes again) Thor had two eyes, and little to do with the Wild Hunt; Odin lost an eye to Mimir, in exchange for a drink from Mimir's well, and also lead the hunt.

Connected with this part of *Broken Sword*: the matter of the mating of troll and elf. My first impulse was to mutter a brokenhearted objection to the destruction of the first version (and to ask, in anguished tones, why you did not avail yourself of the loopholes in law and post office regulations which allow almost anything, if done properly), on second thought, though (and this may be merely sour grapes), it may be that the allusion is superior to the direct statement. The novel, I think, did not go into any great detail in the matter; furthermore, as any reader of *Jurgen*

knows, with skill it is possible to say everything and nothing in a way infinitely more delightful for its dubiousness than any pedestrian explicit demonstration could ever be. Perhaps a slightly stronger hinting... Ah well, it's done now.

(Perhaps, when it's all finished, it would be possible to publish the whole as a separate thing, complete in itself. The act, I'm sure, would win much merit.) ((That's what we're planning to do.))

Pickering writes the most marvelous nonsense. He captures perfectly the terrible pomposity, as well as the lack of ability to think or write, which afflict much of the writing in contemporary sociology. Beautiful.

((You guessed wrong. Pickering was serious.))

Ah: and "The Bohemian Tory" has well expanded on the old proverb "Nothing helps", with that last small paragraph to remind us that, while Euclid and Riemann were both logical, in their systems, to try to derive some consensus about the nature of space by taking votes from hypothetical creatures living in both would have upsetting results.

Offutt's letter: yes indeed, colleges and universities are for giving out union cards (and regulating who gets them, how, and at what rate, and so on), and people who try to learn while trying to get into the union often don't make it—or, more likely, don't make it at all as much of a Big Thing out of it. The people who get PhD's—I shudder.

But then, writing letters-to-editors is really very silly, yes? You convince no one who isn't already convinced of your own Mighty Truths, and to try to pack a four-foot shelf of books into a two-page letter really isn't worth it, under those conditions.

Could you do me a small favor, if you have a little space somewhere? I'd really like to know whether anyone in fandom reads (or has read) James Branch Cabell. Thanks. ((I haven't read Cabell, what about the rest of you?))

CARRINGTON B. DIXON, JR.
509 Summit, Apt. 117
Arlington, Texas 76010

I am certainly glad to see "The Broken Sword" back. The second installment is right up on the same level with the first (i.e. higher than it has any right to be). I have a few nits to pick with this installment, but do not get the wrong idea; I think TBS is tremendous.

First, what happened to Gora's collar? She is wearing it at the end of page nine, but by the next page it is no longer around her neck. Imric picks it up in the bottom left panel but then leaves without putting it back around her neck or doing anything else with it. ((The collar has been replaced in panel 8, page 10 though I'm unsure why George felt it necessary that Imric remove it at all.))

Next, Thor has two eyes, Odin has one. I could not believe that Anderson had made this mistake; so, I looked up the passage in the novel. I was right; he did not. In writing the adaptation you read through this part too hastily. The one-eyed huntsman referred to in the novel is indeed Odin, apparently re-

turning from selecting some dying heroes for Valhalla. The statement about Thor and his hammer refers to the lightning and thunder of the storm which has broken about Imric.

Lastly, I found Barr's treatment of the elf-eyes marginally better in the first part than in the second. In this installment they tend to resemble human eyes with light colored pupils. The less pupil-like shadows of part one were better; now there is too much contrast as if between white and pupil. However, letting the eyes show white against a dark face was very effective on page eleven while it was not on page seven; I wish I could tell you why.

JAMES H. GARDNER
475 Patton Ave.
San Jose, Calif. 95128

The smashing of the dishware and goblets from the table brought my awareness to the surroundings, but the perception faded with the sound, and she moaned under me. Her rhythmic motions were very slight at first, but they grew more and more intense with her passion. My hands conquered what my lips could not reach, and we both seemed to be in a world of unity high above the minds of thinkers, where pleasure is the drug universal. She was now aflame, and I positioned and leaped with animal lust, drawing a mingling of moaning and screaming from way deep in her throat. Higher Higher Higher until...

KRANG! GRONG! KRANG!...

"...T-the postman?..."

"But, but..." Rip. rip. (tremble).
TRUMPET!!!!!!!!!!!!

P.S. I bet it surprised everyone else, too.

((Sorry about that. If I'd known I could have waited another day to mail your copy.))



BRUCE DICKSON
601 Bridle Road
Glenside, Penna. 19038

I wasn't impressed with The Broken Sword as a graphic story.

The main fault is the continuity. The story doesn't flow from panel to panel at all. It's difficult to explain exactly how to do that but studying other artists' stuff is the way. Of course the scene depicted and the words have to relate but the panel has to relate to the ones on either side of it or an abominable caption is needed. However a caption can't be used to explain away unrelated-

ness of two panels.

If there is a switch in scene or time, fine, but if scene, characters and time are the same the artist has to sacrifice some diversity of the panels to "get" them to "go" 1,2,3.

When reading Prince Valiant I'm always looking to see how Foster handles his detail. Detail is such a technique that lends itself to all sorts of experiments. With Foster I look to see if he takes too much advantage of the detail. He hardly ever does. But when he does I can tell because the panel is overcrowded.

I have here the ad for #4's installment of BS and one sample panel shows the elf putting on his helmet and his cape is billowing out behind him (in a closed room no less). The folds in the cape are drawn in a rainbow fashion of progressively darker bands, i.e., the shading lines get closer together. The point is that all semblance to what it is supposed to be is lost. Barr got carried away with fine lines and lost his original image.

The last complaint is with breakdown again.

A lot of people don't like Foster's way of printing his words in a separate place at the bottom instead of word balloons. The reason, and it is necessary, is because his art is divorced from comic art, bad comic book art for which the word balloon was invented (he also doesn't need the immediacy of dialogue). His art is so realistic that a rounded shape with a horn in the sky is out of place. When I look at the average comic I expect artistic compromises and an unreal look to the art. Word balloons cannot be ignored. They are a part of a fantasy world. They work fine for other art but for ultra realistic art they have to be taboo. The mixing of the two worlds is confusing to the eye and can be eliminated.

I rest my case.

((You rested your case too soon. I really don't know what you're talking about in the reference to unrelated panels. I don't see that such a problem exists. True, there are a few very minor things that could be changed to make the "flow" more evident such as panels 4 and 5 on page 7. These panels could be flipped so that Imric is riding from left to right as the reader's eyes move. But, even as it is, the relationship between the panels is more than obvious. The pros and cons of word balloons have been going on for years and will probably go on for many more. Take a look at the next letter.))

BHOB STEWART
336 W. 12th
New York, N.Y. 10014

BROKEN SWORD is so impressive I have to break my long silence.

Barr's dedication shows in every line. Two or three drawings look like the Barr of old (which I disliked), but so far I've reread part two about seven or eight times, usually haltingly so I can "go into" individual panels. I can't think of a single comic page I've ever seen that equals the sheer beauty of the design on page 25. Center panels at top and bottom have a "tone" that rounds off the feel of the large divided panel in the center of the page.



I've often felt that a comic strip would reach its highest peak when an illustrator managed to carry a story along with a flexibility of style...one which changed from panel to panel to match the mood or intensity of different situations in the story. Barr's done it. In the commercial comics this idea is approached in a crude and primitive way (even when the inking technique is excellent) with speed lines and such. So they succeed in getting the shock effects and that's it. (Like adding a lot of stinger chords to a weak thriller film which fails to achieve its suspense dramatically.) Much more challenging to find the line and contrasts that perfectly express a range of feelings other than POW! In the comic book "factories" it's impossible anyway...with background assistants, etc...

Quibbles: I've always felt comic book page numbers were a nuisance, but you've got two sets of page numbers! The strip page numbers just aren't necessary. ((At worst they are harmless but these are serving a definite purpose.)) The lettering is weak. Why not just have the lettering pencilled in and replace later with upper and lower italics? ((Italics? I don't agree.)) This could have added benefits: the typesetter could eliminate those conspicuous widows, you could catch those misspelled words, and the text would fill half the space...leaving more room for illustration. Page 28 seems to be dominated by the blocks of text. ((I personally don't like mechanically produced lettering in a comic strip. There are quite a few widows in the rest of the magazine but none in the strip.))

CHELSEA GIRLS is supposed to be seen two reels at a time. ((So I've found out.)) Warhol felt this was the perfect solution to cutting down the length and gave an added dimension of interest. It also introduced chance...one can never see the same film twice and the running time varies with each show-

ing. I consider the lack of editing a pure form: i.e.—to edit is to be dishonest. The camera is an eye which does not blink. It all pays off in the end when Ondine walks off leaving the camera staring at furniture. Then the off-camera voices of Warhol's assistants cajole him into returning...it's the kind of thing that should have been in Shirley Clarke's film of *THE CONNECTION* and wasn't. It's Pirandello for keeps. Since I've often heard filmgoers express the desire to see certain outtakes (*KING KONG*, *CLEOPATRA*, etc.), it seems to me that Warhol has established a Borgesian framework with more corridors for truth and depth than in conventional cinema. There is also the occasional open acknowledgement of the camera, and I found myself remembering those strange miscues on TV's *WIDE WIDE WORLD*. I'm told that it was not all improvisation. Many scenes were scripted by Ronald Tavel, but only one was followed exactly as he wrote it (Mary Might/Warhov persecuting the young blond girl about her small town life).

Recently, Warhol stated that he now sees the value of editing. This shouldn't be taken lightly or dismissed as put-on. Considering where he started from, each cut he now makes will hit with stunning impact, and the result will make Hitchcock's editing experiment in *ROPE* seem even more gimmicky.

((But Warhol has been editing all along. When he kept the camera on the face of the young man eating the grapefruit to the exclusion of all else in the scene he was editing. Anytime he emphasized a certain person or action in a scene he was editing. He was just doing it with his zoom lens instead of a pair of scissors.))



HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 Summit
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

The Death of Solly's Warren impressed me very much in this new *Trumpet*. I wonder if I'm imagining Faulkner influences? The very title, the first person narrative from a variety of individuals, the jerkiness of the chronology, all seem like derivations. So the plain, straightforward prose that is so different from Faulkner's fiction instantly causes the reader to forget any suspicion that he's reading an imitation of a great author. I would have preferred a somewhat gorier suicide, or at least one that lasted a little longer, but this is a very small criticism of a very fine story.

Straight science fiction—well, fairly straight science fiction—is somewhat jolting after this look deep into reality. But *Lest the Serpent Beguile* was a satisfactory variation on the Garden of Eden story that almost everyone who writes science fiction or fantasy gets out of his creative system, sooner or later. *Star Trek* might like something along these lines, since the celebrated series shows a suspicious preference for stories in which ordinary-looking human beings and more or less normal architecture are required by the plot, obviously with a thought to the budget. In fact, this would be a good way to conclude *Star Trek* when the last exertions of The Committee prove a failure and the producers decide to wrap up the series as neatly as they're putting *The Fugitive* to bed this month.

Earl Noe's photography is impressive even when its tones are compressed by the engraving and printing process. ((Alas, the printer fared ignobly with the photos.)) Three of them are double exposures or prints from two negatives, I suppose, and maybe all four fall into this category, if the white streaks in the bottom half of the second picture are not just a fault of the printshop. I would guess a combination of extreme closeup and long-range photography went into each picture. Maybe this will encourage some photography in the worldcon art show. Fans seem obsessed with taking pictures of other fans, but it's so much easier to do something effective and original in abstract or surrealist photography than it is to take a really good portrait.

The Broken Sword continues to have an almost hypnotic effect on me. Those eyes seem to reach out a half-inch or so from the two-dimensional surface of the paper in an effort to get a permanent hold on my attention, even in the frames where the gaze is not directly toward the reader. But once again, I can't help wishing that all this painstaking detail must appear in such small dimensions. My eyesight is still perfectly good at close range when I'm not wearing my glasses, but I still can't see quite as much as I would see if some of these scenes before me were in eight by ten or larger format. Maybe I really and truly will carry out my resolve to do some enlarging with a camera soon.

I hope the reverse printing you ordered for Steve Pickering's article was a subtle commentary on how you reacted

to it. I had promised myself that I wouldn't waste any more time reading Pickeringana, but I'm happy at my vow-breaking this time, because I ran across what must be the most typical of all Pickering sentences, one that could stand as a symbol of his entire fanzine output in the past year or two: "For example, in the social structure, a sercon fan can be a writer of Catholic, Jewish, or Moslem (i.e., loosely Zen etc.), with no direct relevance to what one writes, with minor exceptions." Meanwhile, I wonder if the backlog of Pickering articles will continue to turn up in various fanzines for years and years to come, even unto whatever distant day in which he suddenly learns enough about sociology to realize that fandom is not a society in the sense in which he has tried to view it?

Blowfly is amusing although I must reserve any estimation on how well it does its work on the recent wave of spy novels. I must be the least acquainted with them in the entire world by now. I've read only one of the James Bond series, *Goldfinger*, which was spoiled for me by some impossible photographic procedures: even if Fleming was trying to write a spoof on a certain type of fiction, he should have gotten his facts straight to go along with the straight faces he causes his characters to wear. I wonder if the spy story will ever recover from the beating it has taken in the form of lampoons and burlesques, and from the overexposure among the people who probably don't catch the irreverent intent? Spy novels used to be a favorite reading of mine, the sort of fiction I read when I was in the mood that causes most people to read murder mysteries, and I'd hate to think that nobody will ever have the heart to write the seriously intended spy novel again.

Democracy has another trouble that Jerry Pournelle doesn't state fully. Today there is a constantly increasing process of turning over to appointive officials the powers and decision-making that went to elected officials or were expressed in referenda in the past. Moreover, the obsession with planning that has become evident in Washington and state capitals during the past decade could saddle even the appointive officials of the future with the projects created by the appointees today.

You are almost certain to receive tremendous explosions in locs involving your back cover. I am not an all-out admirer of Tolkien, so I don't feel that the well-scrubbed, dressed-up figures are sacrilege. I do think they're somewhat inappropriate for the story they obviously illustrate, but convey the remote and longago atmosphere well enough to make me wish to see Cawthorne illustrations for less monumental fairy tales. The front cover will undoubtedly give me as many nightmares as Jim's drawings will cause to the more intense Ring enthusiasts, and inside I can't find any artwork that is inappropriate to its function when it illustrates text.

If *The Chelsea Girls* struck you as long and bad, just wait until the underground filmmakers acquire the video tape recorders that are now coming on the market. The tape won't run out as soon as a reel of film ends. ●

