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

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

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

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

—Mike Glucksman

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

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

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

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

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

Best professional magazine: No award; it's the best.

Best amateur magazine: I refuse to incurinate myself.

Best fan writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Best fan artist: The field is overflowing with talent: Vaughn Bode, Tim Kirk, Johnny Chambers, Steve Fabian, etc. I'd be unhappy if any of the above were to win, but I predict a victory for Vaughn Bode.

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

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

Alex Eisenstein

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

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

MAMA!
the view from down here

DAN BATES

the film year: 1968

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

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

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

I'll have to take another look at Losey's Secret Ceremony before I completely disavow Roud's selection of it as one of the past year's top ten. For the present, on the basis of one viewing, suffice it to say I'm eager to see it again. Like Mia Farrow—her death-throw mouthings remind me dismally of a sparrow pleading for a breakfast worm—and Robert Mitchum seems uncomfortable as a Cockney, but I am one of the few who think Liz Taylor is growing as an actress as steadily as she is irrevocably losing her good looks. Losey's couching of this perversely macabre tale in deep- pile soap-opera terms throws me off, but I'm simply going to have to take another look, because maybe Roud's right and I'm wrong.

Subsequently I stopped to see Jonasson Cornrell's delightful Flags and Kisses, a Swedish sex comedy that is remarkably fresh if enigmatic, when it opened here and then dismissed it as overly predictable and too daily-offended perhaps at the brief display of pubic hair early, in the picture, ignored it completely. Possibly as a result, the film went unseen by a lot of people who might have enjoyed it. I see it nightly, and it is even as the past year's best adult film comedy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I liked Don Siegel's Madigan, one of two American films cited by Sarris (the other is Cassavettes' A Woman Under the Influence, which I prefer the same director's Caesar's Bluff. Continued on page 48
In his comparatively brief lifetime (1914-1964) Hannes Bok put his genius-level brain and his industrious hands to work on a great many forms of artistic endeavor. Not only is Bok recognized by competent authorities as one of the finest fantasy artists of this or any other time; he was a fine sculptor, a maker of wonderful masks; he was an engraver, an etcher in metal and in wood; he worked in virtually every medium of pictorial art. While he was happier in the more conventional representational forms of art, and could draw with the best of them!, he was as well fascinated by non-representational art, especially by essays in pure color. His superb technique, learned in part from the technical perfectionist Maxfield Parrish, was that of the old masters; that is, a series of color overlays with thin coats of varnish between each color. Besides all this, Hannes Bok was a serious poet, a fine novelist and short story writer. Artwise, he created some 600 or 700 marvelous story illustrations for magazines, some 20 or so magazine covers, many book jackets and interior illustrations, designs for letterheads, calenders, bookplates, etc. etc. Of course his greatest—his art-museum-level paintings—remain to be seen by the general public as they have never been printed or shown. Most of his poetry has never been printed; it is to be hoped that it soon will be. As for his fiction writing, besides his completions of A. Merritt's THE BLACK WHEEL and THE FOX WOMAN (completed under the title THE BLUE PAGODA), his major novels are, THE SORCERER'S SHIP (Unknown, Dec. 1942), THE BLUE FLAMINGO (Startling Stories, Jan. 1948), and STAR-
STONE (Science Fiction Quarterly #7 Summer 1942). Here again, some of Bok’s most ambitious novels have never seen print. They are too individualistic, too independent, too Hannes Bok.

In his many long letters to a host of correspondent-friends, Bok spoke out honestly and penetratingly on the frustra-
tions and obstacles which an aspiring writer faces in attempting to make a living from his art—out of his own often strangeling experience. Here are some quotes from these. They need little explanation or amplification.

To John H. Vetter 6/1/62

"For one thing, think of the P&Y artists got. (Bok refers here to the 1940’s and early 1950’s—EP). Farnsworth wrote, Editor of Weird Tales, used to take payment for his editorial work during the depression of the 1930’s; he sank all of his money into just keeping the magazine going at all. He couldn’t afford to pay for artwork. I got $5 a drawing for Weird. But then I also got $5 a drawing from Planet, Future Fiction, Stirring Stories, Science Fiction Quarterly, Cosmic, Astonishing, and others. It was standard.

"Which means living on about $12.50 a week. Which I did for years. How could you do it?" I don’t know if this would turn out Picassos or Michaelangelo’s?

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

"Why do artists get blamed for what is really editorial policy? (As a suggestion to John Vetter, a valued friend and art critic, Bok adds—EP). Better if you simply confine yourself to enthusiasm or appreciation. It might be acceptable, too, 'color' of the stories, and didn’t pass art-opinion on quality of actual technique."

( )

"I never considered my pulp-work much good, even though I certainly never approached it from a mere hack viewpoint. I always tried to do my best. Considering the handicaps of rotary press, paper, payment, I did my best. Even with low payment, which necessitated half-rations of food, inadequate housing, ragged clothes. Also having to rush slapdash through a drawing to meet a deadline.

"Remember that art in magazines doesn’t show much about the artist: it shows the editor’s preferences. And sometimes it shows what the low-budget artist has to choose from if he wants any artwork at all. You work for Planet, Strange Stories, etc. because the art editor insisted on dictating what figures, action, costumes, lighting, placement of figures, etc. Acceptable, I guess, and all, and there was one reason for an artist to choose to do ST Fantasy art. Because the editors paid so poorly they couldn’t become too demanding about what you submitted. Some did have a little freedom to experiment. Damned little, but some."

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

It may be seen from this letter, as well as from Bok’s art, that he was the free-est of free spirits. He found the shackles of big-time publishing (gold though they be) impossible to wear. He must paint his own way or not at all. He could have done hun-
dred-thousands—more magazine illus.; his work was enthusiastically received on all sides by the readers within a year of his first publication (Weird Tales, Dec. 1939) and editors realized his gifts. But he could not take editorial dic-
tation. He resented, too, working for next to nothing, so it seemed logical to him that he interest him. He accepted as pleased him or suited his experimen-
tal techniques, and starve. To eke out his existence in his uptown Manhattan way he took odd jobs. Usher, counterman, dishwasher, wood-cutter, messenger, errand-boy.

"But his burning desire was to paint and so mostly he lived on boiled eggs and bread. He never made enough money to feel too spendthrift. There is no doubt that he shortened his life by his kind of existence and how-
ever you look at it his driving compulsion to create was to blame. Also, he wrote."

"Then he became a top-flight astrologer (always there had been a mystical quality to the man that defies analysis) and this earned him clients for astrological chart-readings in many parts of the world.

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

"Extremist was frequently taken advantage of by impe-
cunious publishers. His insistence on doing his work in his way made him an easy mark; his eyes would shine and his face would light up, and he would take on a book-job which netted him next to no-
ting. And in some cases—nothing.

In brief, in the commission of some of his best and free-est work Hannes Bok was robbed blind.

I knew Hannes best in his late teens and twenties. These were surely his best years. He was wildly enthusiastic about everything, an elvenish creature with the energy of the firefly, the capacity for appreciation and adventure I have ever known. Creativity spilled out of his very pores; he saw magic in every facet of living; every turn of the corner was the pene-
tration of another dimension. Study only on the dimen-
sion. Later on frustrations began to stifle and strangle him; ill health clozed in way to black moods of cynicism and bitterness.

To Mary Wallstedt 2/8/63

"Today I finished the Madonna head, which must dry for a week or so, then get it polished and then heata-
ted, mounted on plywood before mailing to Chicago publisher. Also working on wraparound cover for MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, mainly becuZ it’s wraparound job with good reproduction. Could be a lot of work but it is a bit off a lot to chew; got carried away and designed it as if it were 11 x 16 feet, instead of inches. If it comes out as ex-
pected, it’ll be a riot of reds and blue-
greens, and be as nice as a Dali original. (See Magazine of Fan-
tasy and Science Fiction, Nov. 1963)

"Artists should receive better pay than writers because a writer for some amount of work can be as 
in two short stories, can be resold to TV, films, anthologies, etc.; once an illustration’s used, it at best can only be resold to a collector as a wall decora-
tion.

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

"Though I still yen to write Great Literature, it’s getting increasingly difficult to try: if I can’t say what I like, why write at all? Of course one only 
lisher wants what will sell. It’s easy to write a best-seller if one has the gall to go ahead and do it. Since we now live in a matriarchal society, it is the WIMMEN, and glorify the common man as being greater than an egghead gen-
ius. Since we live in reincarnated Rome, add a lot of sadistic violence. Let’s get a decent society instead and 
make her do every possible bitlchery, but be careful to justify her with a lot of phoney rationalizing which will prove she’s a wronged angel from star to finish. The book will sell for a couple years, then never be heard of again.

"I can’t do this, alas. There are basic laws of fiction writing I no longer subscribe to. Expecially that ancient command which states that all characters 
must be ‘changed’ forever by their story-experiences. Astrology supports the gerontological belief that we cannot change, we only become more-so as we age."

( )

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

Copyright 1967, Emil Petaja
and flights of angels

THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF

HANNES BOK

This Biographical Sketch Book is available NOW in a limited edition. It is offset printed on FINE PAPER STOCK, 8 x 10-1/2, with a heavy cover adorned by a large unpublished photo of BOK. It is spiral bound so that PRINTS may be removed for FRAMING without injuring the book.

PRICE: ONLY $5.00 pp

Partial list of Contents:

85-page BIOGRAPHY OF HANNES BOK by Emil Petaja, his life-long friend.

Additional essays and poems about HANNES BOK by: Jack Gaughan, Roger Zelazny, Donald A. Wollheim, Ben Imdick, Godfrey Lee, Edith Ogutsch, Jack Cordes, etc.

10 pages of RARE UNPUBLISHED PHOTOS, not only of HANNES BOK but also of Boris Dolgov, Ray Bradbury, Farnsworth Wright, Maxfield Parrish, Emil Petaja, and others.

An INDEX of the published ART WORK and STORIES of HANNES BOK.

An ARTICLE on FANTASY ART by HANNES BOK.

More than 50 small SKETCHES by HANNES BOK, never seen before, illustrating the BIOGRAPHY, created for personal letters, etc. WHILE HE LIVED IT!

A FOLIO of TWELVE FULL PAGE PRINTS by HANNES BOK on FINE ART STOCK, some hitherto unpublished.

It is our belief that this BIOGRAPHY OF HANNES BOK, created as a MEMORIAL, non-profit, to this great FANTASY ARTIST-ASTROLOGER-WRITER PHILOSOPHER GENIUS will become a COLLECTOR'S BOOK almost immediately.

ORDER YOURS AT ONCE FROM

Bokanalia Memorial Foundation
Emil Petaja, Chairman
Post Office Box 14126
San Francisco, California 94114
The snow was feather-stars seen on a slowly lowering cobweb curtain. Melting, it made dirty rippled mirrors of the streets.

The city's structures were cubist rockpile rubbish.

The sky wore grey fleece With delicate blue underclothes and here and there embroideries of sunshine. Feb. 1939

**Reminiscence**

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

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

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

Below, the river wound blackly among the rushes like a molten mirror... 1936?

**WE**

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

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

And Love was sent so that man could not become numb from insensible to pain, spoiling the amusements of devils. Dec. 29, 1937

**Life**

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

Life is a play and at present I am at rehearsal.

**Life**

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

**Life**

is a play and at present I am performing ad lib. Nov. 1937

**Definition**

A dreamer is a person who freezes to death Warming himself over An imaginary fire. March 1938

**Vampire**

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

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

There was nothing but you and the pain of your presence. March 1941

**Artist's Prayer**

Let my hands proclaim that my eyes have loved. 1939

Thunder faintly clatters on far hills like thrown furniture rolling hollowly about. Dec. 8, 1938

The moon was set beyond our grasp so that reaching for it we stretch ourselves a little taller. Dec. 8, 1938

Man is an artist who uses life as his model and then falls in love with the picture. Dec. 11, 1938

**Central Park**

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

An airplane clatters across the sky like a faulty vacuum-sweeper, leaving no trail of cleanliness, and from afar a locomotive whistle labors like a brazen bull bellowing for a mate. July 1941

**Confession**

There are some who live fearing death. And others who die fearing life But I Am afraid of all four. Dec. 11, 1937
I've stuck my foot in my mouth before...

But this is ridiculous!

Bertil Martensson
Mama 160 U, 222 44 Lund, Sweden

(Some late comments on #71)

Alex Eisenstein has an excellent drawing on page 35. Unfortunately, on the opposite page, one finds what is only another example of silly and not-called-for anti-Ballardiana. If Ballard is such an unattractive writer, how come he can arouse such controversy, make fascinating "critical" so incredibly mad? Not even van Vogt managed that.

Leading up to the Ballard section is a discussion of "Shadow Show" and "The Enchanted Village". I agree with much that Alex says, but van Vogt's story is not a good example of iridescent sf., or science-fiction, mainly because there is no point in its irony. It says nothing; the story is ironic, certainly, but so are all twist-end-stories and there are more outstanding examples to find.

Object, naturally, to Alex's thesis that any element in a story that doesn't agree with what he calls "physical reason", must necessarily be motivated by irony. Alex is not THE MAKER OF RULES FOR FICTION. An artist is perfectly free to handle the elements of reality in whatever way he likes—consciously or not. The critic should accept this as a natural condition. His purpose in life is not to criticize fiction according to his own arbitrary rules, but to analyze and evaluate fiction. Analysis comes first, and the simple fact that Alex hasn't found any irony in Ballard and starts off by calling him a "lazy bum" makes his evaluation invalid.

Abuse is not criticism, and Ballard (witness "Time of Passage" and "The Drowned Giant") is a writer who uses irony almost every page. This irony, probably, is what irritates his detractors, because his attitude to reality, science, man—i.e. ironical. This doesn't make him fake in unique fiction.
mortal and depended on nothing more difficult to find than light or air. Meanwhile, I still haven't seen any reassurance that this planet won't blow up in nuclear war over a point of view as soon as the Russians or the Eskimos land the first man on the moon. Does the entire moon belong to the nation that reaches it first? Or just part of the moon, and if so, how do you separate the parts on a world where there's none of the unowned oceans possessed by earth? Does ownership of the moon or a part of it include the control of the area above the surface, and if so, how far above in the absence of atmosphere?

Andrew J. Offutt sounds most convincing and authoritative about hypnosis. I keep worrying over the possibility that suddenly hypnosis will become as much an thing as pot and speed with much more disastrous consequences to the world at large. I would be instructive if future discussions included the experiences and the old wives' tales about hypnosis which I've heard explained in contradictions. Perhaps there was a devout Roman Catholic contending under hypnosis that he never did anything, simply because his conscious and subconscious minds were not in communication. His connection was totally and permanently abrogated by a good act of confession, penance and absolution. Can even the mildest-mannered person be made into a killer under hypnosis? I would like to know how much research has been done with telepathy efforts by hypnotized subjects. If there's any reality to psi powers, I should think that they would be perceivable more evident or less evident when the conscious mind wasn't inhibiting or abstracting.

Something tells me that sooner or later, we shall have a tremendous fuss over the exact length of a Hugo-winning story, and all fandom will waste hours and hours counting every word in a story as this is on the borderline between two categories, and will be all manner of disputes on whether an initial constitutes a word to make it up in terms of a really short story. If dissatisfaction with the old and better, American word-count system persists, it might be a good plan to continue, a one-year experiment with abolishing them altogether might be buttressed to agree on a conventional one. For, if you use a system based on number of words, you can't measure anything, and don't cost as much as a SF the past 20 years; but I rather think it is because the magazine subscriptions are redistributed and sent to the publishers. As I have rarely shifted from the magazines to the books, I think Pohl typifies much of what is wrong with the magazine field, and there is much I could add to the negative reaction to your back cover, thusly: here was this humanoid creature, of solid flesh and bone, interpreting some brilliant, exciting thing his beloved caverns, eating lichen and generally keeping things going whoasonicly. He honored his ancestors, whose skulls he kept always near him, and hoped one day to raise descendants of his own. But instead of a fair maiden coming to share his home, he charged this bold barbarian with warlike purpose, chased him all over the cave, and finally chopped off his head. It was a totally uncompromised and uneven contest, since the invader had the only weapon. Now his skull would never rest in honor beside those of his victorious ancestors.

Of course, after a few years of neglect the caverns became overgrown with lichen, that closed the subterranean mouths and dammed up the water. There was no one to remedy the situation, since of course no one bothered to clean up the caves. Finally the water washed away a key underpinning of the roof collapse; the town above fell into the reawakened subterranean blight and all his kin perished. Serves them right.

RICK SNARY
3962 S. Vermont Ave., South Gate, Calif. 90280
In my current small-like snifts-ness, I read the Poul's and do inspire comment. Self-secretly, I'll turn to Pehr手机 (a great friend) and ask Richard Hodgson's letter. I haven't had anyone take me aside quite so completely in years. It rather makes me feel I'm still alive, and not merely a witness. In retrospect, my letter, I admit it was rather harsh. He is correct that I say I don't want to read another essay and read an article, and then do. What I meant was that I don't want to read an article that is especially on the one I'm interested in, and I recognize the fact that I was not quite in line in assessing what he was really like.

As to my speculations into his private life I made a general statement, and I think that people become blind by the Cause they are working for and expressed the opinion that he was bound to fit that pattern. I still don't know if it is true. But nobody can decide to react to that way. I have, by the way, read Eric Hoffer's book, The True Believer, and I think it is the most important book as far as shaping my thinking on things, that I have read in the past ten years, and probably only second to S.I. Hayakawa's Language in Action, a book I think should be compulsory reading. He has a perfect right to hold a round of remarks based on reading little more than 1/3rd of the article. No serious reader of a complex book based on less than the whole article, but at the same time is interested enough to finish and an old letter hack, like professional reviewers, doesn't have to read or see a thing to express an opinion yes!

I thought I explained why I didn't think Dr. Strangelove was the important reason people have claimed it was. I'm perfectly willing to admit it was a Big Movie that a lot of people went to see, and that I made a lot of Money...but I didn't think those were the standards we were talking about. As for what I would label Hodgson...I don't really know, nor do I feel strongly about at all...so I couldn't say if he is or is not. If he is, it will only give him headaches and ulcers until he gets more perspective. (I do not know if P.H. at the pre-BayCon party at the Trolls. I remember someone commenting it seemed almost incoherent and friendly like saying something about being sorry if he had some of the reporting in—-I believe—-Trumpet... As it wasn't wrong, as I had exchanged a couple of friendly notes reassuring each other that we were kidding and when I said about each other, I couldn't think who it was. Bad memory...I hope, if it were he, he didn't think I was cutting
him deliberately. (I doubt if it was R.H. He never mentions that he was going and I never saw him there. But, then, I never saw you either, which is a well-known disadvantage of large conventions.)

Regarding Vaughn Bode's... I better write this while I am thinking about it. I have in the last few days written letters to the editors of *Comics Art*, *Apex* and *Shangri-Affairs* saying how much I am turned off by Bode's work. I expect when you get these back to him, I'll get a visit in the night. Bode can't help it, mainly. And the series 'Shepherd of the North' was in a very anti-violence mood. While his style appears very personal, the resulting work is not attractive. The comparison of the Bode's strip in this issue and that in the one before is like between Hal Foster and Rube Goldberg. Bode's strip can now be cut up and each frame mounted and would stand as art. The work in *Trumpet* by Bode is such a very stoop style, which is not as upsetting to me as what he has done for others. Much of sadism in some of them, and me, as well as un-nerving to look at, for me, as those horribly bogy-eyed kids that were so much the rage a couple years ago... I'm feeling a personal reaction to his work, and again, I'm sure that he knows people are already saying he is great stuff. But I find it too compelling to ignore, as I do with most art that I am not interested in, thus my excessive protest. The material that you used to make a separate humor book is a minor-mindedness of other work, one woman's view. The Stan Taylor folks you show wondrously cares work, with the later in the series of Paul Klee (I think that is who I'm thinking of). (You're thinking of Hirsch Kley) and the man's art is just as out of date as out of date.

On the Eiseinstein was writing about the Hughes, I thought there would be meat for a lot of comment but, alas, the theme is just technicality about which I have no feeling. I think that these were enough, but either way is all the same to me. I read so little new stuff that I can't vote anyway. I would agree that there is little likelihood of "No Award" winning any category, now, and as always, it is odd, but the Australian ballot system is so much better for something like this. But the smaller fans can beat it with... The Committee should make more point of reminding writers about its possible use. I disagree, though, about not filling the ballot in all the way. Anything getting beyond the final ballot value has to—someone. Frequently a writer who usually doesn't have the confidence will make one of them seem like the worst possible choice of the year, and a person should rightly vote against them, but they can't be dismissed as being merely second rate. Remarks on Galaxy seem rather fierce... but I haven't read it, so can't comment.

On his fanzine reviews... I find his selection strangely limited to... well, less than mainstream fanzines—except *Twilight Zone*. There is nothing wrong with not reviewing *the* fanzines—if it is granted that your readers are likely to be interested in a comic-fandom fanzine. It is just that with a new wave of excellent new gen-zines, who would appeal to everyone, as the center of today's fandom, it seems strange to ignore them. (Atma) may be a Hugo winner, but it is not part of mainstream fandom. Not really a fault, I think. He also mentions that he finds it nifty to pick on details that would not affect my enjoyment or interest in the magazine, but an artist uses a style similar to Car- tier, and his comments on *Brave New World* he means "it", "too often", interesting, and are valid points in a criticism of the fanzine... they do not tell me what the fanzine looks like; what I am likely to find when I read it; and how it compares to other things. I admit that the review in depth is a form frequently used to good effect, and a mere listing of contents and rating them would be much better in giving more background material. The other point was the misunderstanding on my part as to the scope of the article. When he said "Space Law", I assumed the current, political stuff that we will need to know about setting up claims on the Moon. Reasonably well written, coming into some one else's space platform; and what we will not dump on the other planets. Hallois was talking about Sf involving other beings. In my opinions, we will be like the Pacific islanders for the next couple hundred years as far as any aliens go. We will accept them. I do not see why he thinks his definition of law is so cynical. As I read up to this point where he asked what thought Law was... the thought flashed through my mind. "Law is the Rules of the Game". One plays the Game to win, and uses the rules as much as possible. To break the rules usually is too risky for most of us. And, of course, like a child's game, each generation rewritten some of the Rules. But as it is the Only Game... No argument with Offutt this time. I think anything but clinical use of hypnosis should be permissible in hypnotizing all non-medical practitioners into forgetting who they are and what they know. I have a "thing" about anything that diddles with mind control... this includes drink and dope. My little green men doesn't have very good control of the machine at times as it is, and I don't want anything outputting any of the controls he has. Bate's statement that there has been no clean, family right family, that there has been a bore, legs to be disproved. Of course it is a question of what is meant by each... I think of Fantasy as being innocent and fill'en for children, but the main point is that all these noises did oblige to all their bare breasts. But nowaday's spirit of Mr. D., can do no wrong, and I'm sure there would be no objection—and I'm sure it would hold the attention of any kid that would sit through any other movie—and I dare Bates to say it is an anti-aesthetic bare...}

---

**DAVID GERROLD**

13615 Derby St.
Van Nuys, Calif. 91401

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

While I am not specifically going after those who write for fanzines, I feel that I can reach a group of very talented people through the zines. I am making a list of my guidelines, and I would appreciate it if you could mention in an upcoming issue that such a project is in the works.

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

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

2. There are no limits as to who may or may not write about. Not a contest, so write what you want to write. However, we cannot be sure yet what the anthology will be.

3. Proper manuscript form, of course. Definitely double spaced. Material with no return postage will not be returned.

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

5. I am not looking for specifically either science fiction or fantasy. I am looking for speculative fiction. If you want to be experimental, please do. I will consider it.

6. Length is not important, but submissions over 15,000 words will be returned.

7. These guidelines are not flexible rules. (Especially not the one.) There will probably occur some kind of compromise on this. My greatest attraction goes to Dan Bates, one of the live film critics, as a man who can run across anywhere and, being a film major, I have read much about him.

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

---

**PATRICK COSGRAVE**

4171 30th St.
Austin, Texas 78705

I can't see you getting news-stand for *Karmen Line*. But Patrick seems a weak imitation on the comic strip. Also I think it would be better to make it, in *Bates* magazine. I think of M. Kohn as being innocent and fill'en for children, but the main point is that all these noises did oblige to all their bare breasts. But nowaday's spirit of Mr. D., can do no wrong, and I'm sure there would be no objection—and I'm sure it would hold the attention of any kid that would sit through any other movie—and I dare Bates to say it is an anti-aesthetic bare...
The page contains a letter written by a person to their friend, discussing various topics such as television, movies, and personal experiences. The letter is written in a personal and informal style, with a friendly tone. The writer mentions enjoying television shows, movies, and music, and expresses appreciation for their friend's letter. The letter ends with a warm closing. The text is presented in a readable format, with proper punctuation and capitalization. The letter is signed off with a date and a location.
Have you wondered about the MAN OF TOMORROW'S inner thoughts, his struggles and trials as a CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, all the complications and loneliness of his dual-identity? All of this revealed in the MAN OF STEEL'S LAST DIARY

BY DAVE HICKEY

Reprinted from THE TEXAS RANGER by permission of the author
DECEMBER 1.

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

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

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

DECEMBER 5.

The things a man will do to cure his loneliness!

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

The Rabinowitz family next door were having dinner on a card-table set up in the living room of their modest three-room apartment. Mama Rabinowitz, fat as a mailbox, served stew to Papa Rabinowitz, who still wore his cabbie cap, and little Herkie Rabinowitz, whose eyes looked dreamy and poetic. Mama Rabinowitz kept urging Herkie to eat, eat, gesturing with her enormous work-worn hands.

To the normal observer it was a charming, homely scene, but not to the super-observer!

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

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

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

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

* The Avalon is a beast native to Krypton. It is very friendly and looks like a lion would look if a lion looked like an elephant.
pale blue. I had just spilled the sugar for the second time and Lois reached across the sugar-strewn table and laid her cool hand on mine.

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

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

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

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

Lately it seems that I am hovering more than usual, but hovering is a good, if only a temporary, escape.

How enchanting just to float about at ten-thousand feet, high above the sprawling chiasma of Metropolis, wafted by the air currents that flow about me like a pre-natal fluid. Hovering with my cape snapping about my shoulders, I watch Metropolis below me, glowing like a heap of sooty jewels, like a tremendous soul-stealing heap of dingy diamonds, dazzling me, drawing me downward into its living death, into its moral chaos, its endless musical chairs and sexual gymnastics. . .

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

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

DECEMBER 7.

Pearl Harbor Day and Lois Lane bit my ear!

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

The snare! The many fowlers who lie in wait for the Super-hero! Eventually mass-society and organization will destroy them all! Perry has been after me for three months to take my physical for the group insurance plan he instigated at the Daily Planet. I will have to think about it, hire a
double, bribe the doctor, or something. One look at my super-metabolism and all missions are scrubbed!

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

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

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

From high above the Akron City Police Station it looked like the usual happy welcoming crowd, but was I in for a surprise! The crowd was neither welcoming nor happy. They carried signs and marched solemnly before the police headquarters. Superman assassin! Superman's justice is just for the whites! Investigate Superman! Draft him! Where's your white sheet, man of tomorrow?" the signs said. Then I saw a cripple over on the corner in an SS uniform. His sign said, in your heart you know he's right!

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

Fickle bitch!

December 0.

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

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

These things are certain:
(1) Superman is out of date.
(2) Clark Kent is out of date.
(3) Perry White, the crusading editor, is out of date.
(4) Jimmy Olson, the copy boy, is out of date.

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

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

I woke up gasping.

DECEMBER 10.

Dear Lyndon:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To decide or not to decide

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

This is one reason that your columnist has been warned that these Tempt articles on the Power are dangerous; the belief that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and more knowledge is more dangerous. False, and most people misquote that—precisely because they have too little knowledge of it! Hypnotism has become accepted, as have nervous breakdowns, also formerly in the realm of superstition and whispering. It has become more and more respected. Knowledge of it, non-superstitious knowledge, has rightfully ended the careers of many charlatans. It will be used more and more, in many areas. We are all far better off not being told merely that it is dangerous, but how, and why. A tremendously valuable application is in the area of self-determination. Conversely, the threat to stability and self-determination is a great danger. Self-determination: decision-making ability; will power. Super-entrepreneurs, inventors, executives have proven graphically that the ability to make decisions and control oneself is frequently of far more importance than education or even intelligence.

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

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

The implications here, obviously, are enormous. Here is a key; here is the way to Power. This is self-control, positive thinking, the Power of belief. (e.g. opcc, Tempt It.) All of it stemming from YOUR seizing control of YOUR minds, conscious and subconscious, and
focusing them like a laser on the desired goal. Apply some knowledge of yourself, of your subconscious, the principles of self-determination and concentration, and—name your goal.

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

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

Has anyone ever applied this to Paf? Could your subconscious Paf-powers (if they are conscious) be increased through hypnosis? Attempts to increase the subject's self-determination to increase that power?

Hypnosis has been tried. Duke, yes (J. B. Rhine mentions 1000+ trials in his Extra-Sensory Perception). But—we've found no mention of the concept just outlined.

Original sin

Care must be taken, always, that headaches, etc. are not warnings, manifestations of some physical defect or debilitation. Is there a greater amount of mental symptoms of something far deeper than simple hypnotism and self-determinacy can reach. "Cure" smoking by hypnosis and you may be creating a new cancer patient for the Lexington narcotics hospital. If, that is, the smoking was a symptom, not "just a bad habit."

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

We think so. Paul of Tarsus might even have been persuaded to agree—after some discussion, and a few psychiatric sessions. We are convinced that the original sin, not in all men, the only one worth troubling yourself about, is procrastination. Many are ruled by it. Many of us fight it; daily, hourly. Fight it. Conquer it.

How?

Insert a posthypnotic command that a subject WILL not procrastinate, and what have you done? You have set up a conflict. You have attacked his self-determination. (Let's abbreviate that: sd.) Naturally that will lead to conflicts, and to trouble. Just as in the case of the smoker just mentioned, we have treated only the part of the problem that has shown itself, not the festering mess below. Gallons of iodine poured over a scab aren't likely to affect the growing sepsis beneath. The subject's problem is actually WORSE. The NEED hasn't been treated; the operator made the decision, not the subject—and he's been attacked right in his sd! He fights back. He does something else, perhaps even more harmful or reprehensible. But had he been helped to make up his own mind, he'd be a better person, a happier one. And the operator, the therapist, would be a hero. A good guy. "I'm determined to get things DONE. I'll just have to concentrate on this procrastination, the bane of the race of Man. Fight it. Force myself, a truly self-determined individual with the ability to concentrate and the desire to get things done would NOT procrastinate, and—damn—I AM!!"

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

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

Yehs.

End it all—ALL

We have propounded several basic rules in hypnosis. That no one be hypnotized without his willing agreement. He is fascinated by what might happen to his hay fever via hypnosis; fighting by believing seems to have damaged it pretty badly. Or—his typing ability, which is poor, three-fingered, and highly dependent on correction tape. ("You WANT to type better...repeat...repeat...you want to so much that you'd be smart to concentrate on it, wouldn't you? Of course. Why don't you, then? Concentrate on what you're doing. Think about it. Keep in mind that you're a bright lad and that you WANT to improve your typing. You know what will happen, don't you? Of course, that you will find that your ability is improving, and all through your own doing. Won't that be marvelous?")

Yehs.

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

Parlor games

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

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

At some future date it might be fun to explore some of the current—and future—uses of hypnotism. For good and—otherwise.
烟雾散去，他称之为The Crematory；烧卖者认为这是一个用来制作木炭的植物。Offutt 3-½英亩是被称为Funky Farm的农业的。庄园拥有一个黑色和棕色的斗牛犬和一条被命名为Pompey the Great（波米尼）的黑猫，还有一些蓝色的鸟。他说：“它在一个小镇上，那里的猫喜欢玩拉丁文。”

Offutt 被认为是一个文学的失败者，一个失败的评论家，一个不成功的社会活动家。他的作品没有被出版过，也没有读者。他写道：“我写过几部小说，但没有一部被出版。”

他毕业于University of Louisville并获得了Fords Foundation Scholarship。他在大学期间，他为《Trumpet》杂志写了一篇关于一个名为“Wanderlust”的故事。这个故事后来被出版在了他的第一本书，名叫“Wanderlust: The Stories of Andrew J. Offutt”，该书于1972年出版。


THE AWFUL OFFAL
BY DAVID GERROLD

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

With the exception of Lord of The Rings, Star Trek is undoubtedly the worst thing that has ever happened to Science Fiction (or to us, for that matter). If that sentence has attracted your attention—then good, that is exactly what it was supposed to do. But lest, at some future time be quoted out of context and get pasted in the newspaper, or on some bumper sticker, or worse, I now reserve the right to elucidate upon the very definitely inflammatory opening sentence of this essay.

While I personally feel—indeed, even tout—Lord of The Rings as a king amongst the great pieces of literature of the English Language, even the most devout student of hobbit-lore must be the first to concede that it is not Science Fiction. (This does not extend to the new host of the radio program, for example, who has taken to it, only that it is not Science Fiction.)

However, the effect of Lord of The Rings on Science Fiction has been profound. I do not object to the re-issuance of every book of fantasy ever written in an attempt to cash in on the hoopla, for whose creation the publisher must make a living somehow—and somebody must be reading that crap or they wouldn't be publishing it. The discriminating reader will just continue to sift past this junk in search of something more worthy of his attentions.

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

I enjoy the masquerades at the cons—I think they give a chance for each and every person to stand up and say, "Look, here I am!" And do it in a way that is interesting and unique. But, since the inception of Lord of The Rings as a national religion, the science fiction themes at the masquerades have not been as obvious—they have been outnumbered by too many hobbits, nazgul, elves, and madmen of the 19th century. Usually, all badly done. Perhaps one of the reasons for this is that it is easy to do a medieval costume—much easier than to do an E.T. or a robot. (Yet, a properly designed E.T. or robot costume will walk away with a prize every time over those damned medievals—simply because of its uniqueness.)

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

(You want another example? The hippies have adopted Stranger in A Strange Land as their bible—yet they have missed the Mission of Gravity or—well, anything that is not taken as a refutation of the God of organized religion—when actually it is a refutation of the mentality that demands an organized religion. The hippies have thrown out their bibles, thinking that they are now free of them. Witness the two hippies, both wearing buttons that say I graft, or Share Water, but neither can define graft, at least not to my satisfaction. So they sit and argue and no one is any wiserbed—and probably never see each other again, both perfectly content in the knowledge that each divined the full meaning of the book: Sex is the answer. Why do they have not taken up the question? Anyway, I suspect that Smith would disapprove before accepting any water from some of our so-called intellectuals.)

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

Star Trek makes a pretense of being science fiction—and the untrained and indiscriminating eye may actually seem to be real live science fiction. But somehow, if you stand Star Trek up beside some real—and I mean real—science fiction like The Moon is a Harsh Mistress or The Robot Demolished Man or Cats Cradle or some other of the good books...

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

Let me pause here to make one thing clear. I like Star Trek. I like Lord of The Rings. I don't like the rest. Indeed, I love Lord of The Rings. I do like Star Trek. I like it very much. I like the characters on it, I like the relationships between the characters, and I even like the people who produce the show. (Well, most of them.)

Star Trek has been very good to me. Gene Roddenberry has been very good to me. The cast and crew of the show have been very good to me and I hold a great warmth and affection in my heart for all of them. (Believe me, Gene, I do—you never re-wrote any of my stories, and I hate the way you changed the time writing about it—I would not have ever wasted my time writing for it—indeed, I would never have even watched it. But Star Trek is not Lost in Space. Star Trek is good for me, was good, for a while...)

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

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

Star Trek has come close in the past. It has had several that I hate. If you want to know which shows I enjoyed the most, in order of preference, they are The Trouble With Tribbles, City on the Edge of Forever and The Doomsday Machine. Also, the one show that I really enjoyed, Mind Meld, The Menagerie was pretty good, and so was... But even these episodes had something to be desired. Even the Hugo-winning City on the Edge had too many of the faults of two good writers, and not enough of their virtues. I am tempted to identify those two good writers as Gene Roddenberry and D.C. Fontana, but that's a whole good show—Harlan, despite the fact that you say you didn't write it...

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

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

For the sake of the reader, and the editor, and even to save some space, I will not go into my familiar dis-tribute—familiar to those who know me—
on how the networks have debased and prostituted the art of the drama until it is little more than a crowd-drawer for the traveling salesmen of sitcoms—and once the crowds have been sufficiently terrified and tantalized, the patent medicine and nostrums go on sale. (Professor Wigin's WonderWort—'I'll cure what ails you!')

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

For Christ's sake, General Sar- noff, how the hell can you expect any- one to turn out intelligent dramas when sweet little Friscilla Goodybody—the lady with the sleeping condition—and all of her no-noes. No sex, no politics, no religion, nothing about civil rights, lotsa token negroes, but no slums and no ghettoes, nothing questioning what the hell our big-brother government is doing in Washington, nothing about corruption in the city government (it doesn't exist—and we're downplaying fantasy this year,) nothing about birth control, or the morality of marijuana, nothing intelli- gent, and nothing thought-provoking. The only thing that's left is violence. For God's sake man—I'd rather have my kids watch four hours of stag movies than one hour of Saturday Night Pro- gramming. (If they're old enough to un- derstand what they're seeing in a stag movie, they're old enough to see it. And if they're not old enough, they'll get bored and stay away. Now, there's a thought—stag movies on Sat- urday morning? . . . )

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

Of course, these wonderful things television might be doing, we look for- ward to things like another season of nuns that fly—and boys who like to dress up as girls, etc. etc. (I can hardly wait like millions of others.)

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

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

Unfortunately, there are too many fans who believed that Star Trek is a broken promise, a vision of things that never will be. These are the rabid little trekkers who get excited at seeing a real tribble (damn it, it's only a powder puff!) or want Rick Carter's autograph who literally are paying thirty dollars for a pair of rubber ears.

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

Can the reader imagine the irony and igno- my of this situation? Here is a group of young fans, flocking to conventions, rubbing shoulders with people like Ed- mund Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Bob Silverberg and (Wow!) Barbara Phil- lip Jose Farmer, Fred Pohl, Poul and (Wow!) Karen Anderson, etc., etc., and not batting an eyelash, not even asking these people to autograph one of the many books they have, if the same is true to a con not expecting to be deflowered—or at least ravished a little—then is not in need of a shrink, but is obviously a spoilsport and unamerican as well.

One wonders what will happen to a con who does expect to be deflowered, need not be discounted. But like I said, you've got to get your reservations in early this time around.

But, both of these attitudes of the trekkers—the lack of egoboo for the writers, and the lack of libidiboo for this writer in particular—has aroused my ire, and I do not have an easily aroused ire.

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

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

I lie awake nights and have the fol- lowing nightmare:

Some producer somewhere, some- day—perhaps even right this very minute—will make a film. It will be the world's worst motion picture. Grade Z will look good next to it. It will make Zsa Zsa Gabor's Queen of Outer Space look like a classic of the genre. The picture will (appropriately enough) entitled THE SHIT-PILE FROM OUTER SPACE. (The producer discovered an earlier title, THE INCREDIBLE DUNG-HEAP THAT DROWNED NICODEMUS, but concluded that the picture was not about the Demo- cratic Convention.) THE SHIT-PILE FROM OUTER SPACE will live up to its title—no, I beg your pardon, it will live down to its title.

The picture will be shot on dyna- chrome 8, and developed at the drug- store. Sound will be taped on an eight dollar recorder shoplifted at the same drugstore. There will be a cast of six, including the shit-pile itself. The best performance will be that of the shit-pile.
—undoubtedly the most realistic performance.

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

The pilot will go something like this. It is nighttime. There is a convertible parked on lover's lane and two kids are necking in it. (Sometimes it is Ralph and George; sometimes Eloise and Martha—but tonight it is Ralph and Martha.) Suddenly, there is a flash of light in the sky. "What is it?" asks Martha. Ralph, who knows everything, quickly answers, "It must be a meteorite—coming down at an angle of 36.7 degrees, with a velocity of 6,000 miles per hour and a mean temperature of 451 degrees Fahrenheit. Let's see, if it descends directly overhead, it should crash (Boom—thump!) right over there, behind that ridge!"

"Oh, God, Ralph—you're so smart!" "Let's see this happened at—hmm, that's funny, my watch has stopped!"

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

"Gosh!" "Gosh! You don't suppose—"

"Yes, it means—"

"No, no!" sobs Martha.

"—that our watches have stopped!"

Ralph tries to start the car. It won't start. Neither will the radio work. Hmm! Then the title come up! THE SHIT-PILE FROM OUTER SPACE. In Pasadena, this will be THE STEER MANURE FROM OUT THERE.

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

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

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

But now, it's too late—the crap has attacked America's least important city—Chicago. At first, nobody had noticed it but, after a while, the people in the ghetto began to wonder—what were all those white people doing—throwing off on their lawns? Soon, they realize, the city is under attack. It is also under crap.

Now we see this frightening ex-changer of Ralph, who has been called up by the National Guard (serves the punk kid right for being such a smartass) runs up to the big pile of shit with a machine gun. He is stopped by a good buddy—George—who says, "Don't you know, bullets won't stop it! Don't you ever go to the movies?!" Then the dung eats George! In his rage and fury—and also for revenge—Ralph fires the gun at the crap anyway. And By George, the crap dies. You see, Ralph never went to the movies. They never even had to use the A-bomb on it at all. Sonofagun. A bullet killed it. They just don't make monsters like they used to.

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

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

Now this is where the nightmare gets a little grotesque:

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

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

Indeed, they will soon take over congress with their numbers. The cons will become dung oriented. Can you imagine Walt Daugherty getting up to auction off a box of shit?!!! Can't you just see him examining it, holding it up so that others may examine it—and indeed, even showing where the stars and producers have autographed it?!!! Can't you just imagine that?!!! "Frightening isn't it?" Ultimately, all the crap used in the picture will be auctioned off—at very high prices, of course—and the fans will be upset about this, until some bright-eyed little girl with pointed ears and a stupid expression dies there is other crap in the world—and she goes into business selling it as being just the same kind of crap that was used in the actual movie. She'll make a fortune.

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

(Anyway, by the time I reach this point in my nightmare, I find that I am so thoroughly scared of such a thing actually happening that I find I must take two tranquilizers and half a dozen sleeping pills—and that's just to get me down off the ceiling. The thing that scares me the most about this is that I am sure—I am dead sure—that if the film is ever made, NBC will want to turn it into a TV series.

AFTERWORD:

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

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

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

The distinction between fan and pro is only that one has sold and one hasn't. Both are still human beings. But any fan who forsakes his birthright as a human being and begins to act like a shit-head, can expect only shit from me. (So be warned—and girls, get your reservations in early! Damnit—I won't have those scenes in the lobby anymore. All that crying and screaming is hard on my nerves!)"
Harlan Ellison's handy guide to understanding "2001: A Space Odyssey" so you don't look like a schmuck when you come out of the theater & try explaining it to your husband or wife. Blues.

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

They then launch into a highly-colorful conversation about the psychic energy of the film, how it obviously applies to the ethical structure of the universe as expressed in the philosophy of the Vedantist movement, and the incredibly brilliant *tour de force* of Nietzsche-esque sub-plotting Kubrick pulled off. My gorge becomes buoyant, I can no longer deal with the realities of good Yiddish cooking in the presence of such rampant hypocritical hyperbole.
"Listen, you two loons," I begin politely, "you haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about. 2001 is a visually-exciting self-indulgent directorial exercise by a man who has spent anywhere from ten to twenty-five million dollars—depending on whom you're talking to—pulling ciphers out of a cocked hat because he lost his rabbit somewhere." They stare at me.
It is maybe because in the telling, I have confounded my syntax to the point where even I don't know what I just said.
"Well, uh, what did it, uh, mean...to...you..." Rob Reiner asks, a bit timorously.
So I explain the picture to them.
And then I realize it is the nineteenth time I've explained it to people in the week and a half since I saw the
denned film, and once again I'm explaining it to people who came on like gangbusters with their total understanding and involvement with what Kubrick was saying. I realize I lack the format of having to point out to phony and pretentious avant-garde types that all the significance they've dumped on this film simply ain't nuthin, nowhichway, in no manner, in no sense.

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

There is no plot. That simple. No story. I know this because I got it on the best authority—from one of the men listed in the credits as having devised the bloody story. He has said that Kubrick had a lot of trouble finding a story that was the bore of praise to the monkey-wrench in the can (that first half that sent people stumbling from the theatre halfway asleep on the pre-premiere night I saw the end of) and that the head honchos at Metro screened it, went ash, and said to one another, "We ain't got a picture here." So they went out to the Kalahari Desert and shot the ape stuff, and they shot that very white-on-white bedroom, and they taped the second-thought sections on either end of the Man Against Space nonsense, and then they burnt the negative.

So with that knowledge cemented into the forefront of your cerebrum, you can now see that any spiderweb superstructure of superimposed story you devised after you left the theatre, confused as you didn't want to look like a schmuck to your friends, is just rationalization.

But let's pretend Kubrick didn't do that. Let's just say the story runs sequentially from the Dawn of Man and the apes through the discovery of that black formica tabletop on the moon, and Keir Dullea chasing Gary Lockwood around n' around the centrifuge, to the surrealism as he and Keir get stoned running as Muzak for the journey back to Earth by that baby-thing in the bubble. Let's pretend such was the case.

(For those of you who haven't yet seen the film, naturally this will make very little sense, but don't let it bother you; if you are one-half the crowd-followers I think you are, you will be dashing to queue up for the film soon anyhow, and you can refer to the article in your favorite movie guide, put it in your wallet, and read it during the half-time intermission so when you emerge, your girl friend or husband will think you are the most intellectual item since Nabokov, a rare combination of beauty and brains.)

Now, had you read the short story, "The Sentinel," written by Arthur C. Clarke and the film was loosely based, you would know that the black formica tabletop was a kind of radio signal left on Earth by aliens; left behind on their passage through our galaxy as an index guide to a secret.

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

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

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

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

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

Now we come to the confusion.

Oh, the sequels we have been already? But...onward!

Dullea wakes up (comes to? regains his senses? something.) in a Louis XVI bedroom, segues into a shot of himself as a little old elephant and he's wizened, segues again and he's lying in bed dying of old age. What is happening? Well, I see it this way (and being a science fiction writer, I naturally am privy to all the secrets of the Universe, not to mention the mind of a director and the subtlest of a befuddled script): The aliens are trying to decide whether to destroy the planet, because of the nastiness of its inhabitants, through space to fulfill its destiny, or to let him destroy himself. They are pumping Dullea's mind.

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

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

That's one way to look at it.

But I say Dullea is an ape, not a man, and if Dullea as a baby? It looked like an alien baby to me. It might even be an adult alien who says they all have to look like Raymond Massey with a fright-wig and a long bared. But even so, the story-line holds.

Unfortunately, this is not necessarily the story Kubrick and Clarke wrote. It may be a better one, who knows? My guess is that Dullea will be a better, better, better teaser of the worst TV space opera.

I could go on indefinitely.

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

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

So go get stoned on acid, pack your pockets with hash, go sit in the Cinema cocoon, and let Kubrick fly you to the moon. On this movie, but what the hell do you expect for $X. XX per ticket? •
On Noting Greatness

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

Eloquence is not a term I use loosely, or often. When I call 2001 great, I do not think I am merely expressing my feelings about it. I think there is some objectivity in the term, and in my use of it. Of course, greatness is relative even if not subjective. But if one considers works that are seriously considered great, like them or not, one finds a certain degree of skill, intelligence, and complexity, beyond what we usually call skill, intelligence, and complexity...

And usually there is something more, "high seriousness" of manner, or of ends, or of both. 2001 has these qualities, and therefore I might admit that it is great even if I did not consider it beautiful and moving almost beyond reservation. When I call it great, or say more than I, I admire it very much.

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

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

And then I might have admitted that Milton’s verse is good in itself and that there are some passages classical. But a few years ago, I happened to pick up an edition of Milton’s works, happen to be opening the opening of Paradise Lost, happened to read...

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

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

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

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

And I can not describe Kubrick’s film, shot by shot. I am not saying that 2001 is as great as Paradise Lost. I am not saying it is less great, either. There is no point in comparing the greatness of such works, because epic and film are so different in genre and approach and the works are so different in themselves,—different from other epics and other films as from each other. I do compare them, but not to overstate or understate the one or the other,—only because both are great.

The one common criterion of greatness that 2001 has not met is, of course, the test of time. This has often stood not as a test, but as a time.

But, assuming a normal continuity of our civilization, as 2001 itself assumes, I have no doubt that it will be seen and appreciated long after 2001.

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

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

But it makes the greatest sense...

On the Illusion

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

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

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

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

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

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

The brilliant A Preface to Paradise Lost, C.S. Lewis wrote that "The marvel of Milton’s Paradise or Milton’s Hell is simply that they are there...that the dream stands before us and does not melt and, of course, are not Milton’s personal dreams—which we could not dispute,—but ours as well—"
and we do not dispute them. Now, some of Kubrick's indisputable creations in 2001 may be seen, one day. (Well, some of them, at least.) But I believe the film will be seen after 2001, and one thing I mean is that I do not expect them to be disputed then, either. Even if everything looks different, 2001 is still art.

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

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

**The Complete Science Fiction**

Whether or not Kubrick consciously intended to do so, he has integrated an anthology of science fiction themes, or myths, into one great work. First there is the theme of human origin. At the same time, and in the same context, Kubrick presents a very striking visitor to the film. The films cuts to future technological progress, to other worlds and marvelous voyages thither... And extraterrestrial archaeology. On the heroic journey to Jupiter are the crew, Frankenstein and a poor monster. The survivor makes the first true contact, or the extraterrestrials do. And as they deal (or it deals...) with him, we can understand what they do, but it comes to us as another barometer of a planet that we try to understand, not without a feeling that it is not just a question of science, magic, or super-science, and its masters as ours, or even as gods. And the film ends not with an end, but with the question of the overman. All this, I think, is perfectly fused; it is not until we consider summarizing the plot that we realize how far we've traveled, and how much we've seen, believed and felt. It is no wonder that the plot presents difficulties for those unfamiliar with sfiff, even for some who are. (Of course, there is also a matter of form.) The wonder is that Kubrick dared to do so much, and did it so perfectly. These elements are not merely integrated flawlessly. They are respected, and handled flawlessly, in themselves and the tone, or attitude, is right throughout.

**Ape and Overman**

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

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

And what is man to the ape? And overman to man? We are not sure: a hope, a fear, a simple acknowledgment of incomprehensible superiority, a dreadful hysteria, a sense of the holy, hatred or love... The men of 2000 are right to worry about "cultural shock." (Although Clarke overstates the matter in his novel when the unhuman artifact is uncovered and kept secret: "The political and social implications... have raised the specter of real intelligence... would find his life, his values, his philosophy, subtly changed.") I think we feel cultural shock in the first true contact at the end of the film, if we are ready. They others may mumble about symbols and mysticism. And then, when we see what they have done to one of us, and we see him returning, we are awed. And Kubrick and Clarke, right to refrain from defining our superiors, let alone judging them. Those who would wish them to do miss the point. Again, this is not surprising: it is a point that many would wish to miss. The point is not mystical. It is not even religion. It is the simple statement that we may have superiors, as we have or had inferiors, and our reactions to the statement do evoke those feelings usually confined to religion, and often avoided even there.

A certain strain of the criticism of 2001 as Kubrick's points out in one interview, is on religious grounds,—not that the film is religious, and of course not that the critics are, but rather that they are not. In facing us with our superiors, the film is unacceptable to those who will not even "entertain" religious feeling. The film does not directly call upon them to do so, of course. But it seems to, and they resent it. It may be that with many it means not a religious feeling. It may not put down. Neither is, the music. Nor is sex, for that matter. The ships are celebrated, as they should be. The music is celebrated, too. And I find this different attitude throughout the film, applied to machines and living characters. Dr. S. seemed thoroughly nasty. I know that anything in Dr. S. may be defended by pointing out that that was the kind of work it was. That was my objection. One thing that surprised and delighted me about 2001 was that it is not that kind of work at all,—not even in the slightest touch.

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

To be sure, others have found Strangelove in 2001. Not all audiences, I think. Just critics. I think they are wrong. 2001 reflects just that appreciation of

**The Sexiness of Machines**

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

—Lewis.

Then there are the Machines. Machines, like many other things, are sexy, if you look... And Kubrick does insist at least in one interview. But not in the film, where one might as well say he insists they are religious. To say machines and many other things are sexy borders the term too much; it means too much to mean very much after all. It then means little more than that we love (or want) those things. Or don't, I suppose. In this sense, I see that Milton is right:...
The Good and Evil of Intelligence

The appreciation is not uncritical. It is not without worries. I can account for one critic's idea that the film's message is that "intelligence is useless, if not evil", nor for another's that "it is anti-human, anti-science... and an attack on the human and cut to an artificial satellite (although this particular satellite may well be incapable of any use but the most benign, for all we know). And, of course, they have made much of HAL, 9000 and his computer rebelling and killing. Indeed, they have made Hal "the only real human being in the film", "and we feel more concerned with the electronic lo- botomy than with anything that happens to the living and breathing actors,"—evidently on the premise that to err is merely mechanical, but to do actual evil is the only really human characteristic.

But we have always known that there was danger as well as promise in our intelligence and its products,—of course including all language, religion, and art. Intelligentsia and artists often forget, as well as tools and machines. Kubrick acknowledges danger. In order to maintain that he stresses it, one must misread the film. First, one must ignore the "Dawn" setting and its other inhabitants. Vegetation is scarce, and the leopard preys on all animals. The prehuman beings, potentially omnivorous, are hungry and fearless. One of them is evidently stimulated by the extraterrestrial machine, learns to increase his power with a ready-made machine, a bone. Bones are then used as clubs, meat as human—or slaughterings—passing. It seems to me that Kubrick was so sure on man and machine as some suggest, he might well have shown the clubs used for slaughtering other than being made of bone. As far as I know, he would have had ample justification. However, his bone wielders do not happen to club prehuman beings until one of the others crosses from "their" side of the water hole to...I am tempted to say, to "ours." Of course, they over-club him. And they may well have brought their bones for that purpose. But I see no reason to infer a condemnation of man, intelligence, and tools from this episode. (I do not feel guilty, threatened, or even criticized, myself...) To expect the film to ignore the fact that we have troubles with ourselves and our machines is, I think, unreasonable and unwise. The film does not demean man, but neither does it place him higher than the other creatures. Things persist, though not necessarily all these in particular... The feeling this sudden passage from prehuman to human culture conveys is, to me, quite different. First, there is the astonishment of the cut itself, from dry bone to artificial satellites. (And from one Strauss to another, too.) Transitions of four million years are rare. I remember somebody's complaint that Lord Dunsany lost value in the "biological act" of Lord Adrian. The critic simply quoted, "Fourteen years pass," That was sufficient complaint. And Kubrick's "viola- tion of "unity of time" is accompanied by a violation of unity of space. To jump from Earth to space—to begin in space, as in effect he does—is also rare. In this breach of both time and space, the sense of human proportion is played against the knowledge (7) of universal proportion. The effect is wonder.

As for the human beings, their set smiles and quiet speeches do not dis- guise me, and I doubt whether Kubrick does. The smiles and speeches are better than savage grimes and sense- less roarings. One is not overproud of the achievement, as police challenge repla- ces "a"... One, after all, does "what is behind the evidence, anyway—what is behind it. But there, it is. It is an achievement. And Kubrick tells us that space—to the Moon—is conquered in 2000. What, realist- ically, could he have done worst? One would not expect the people of 2000 to be better, or worse, than we are. They do not seem to me more or less sincere, more or less enthusiastic, more or less "equivalent. If the model and the backgrounds did not convince one that this film is real, the people surely would do so. Even before they begin making, this is not going to be a poor fantasy. The poetry is in the style of the film itself, in the work as a whole and—as it will happen, and has happened to an extent—in the "slabs" of the "other". And I think the realism of the human characters will help persuade us that our superiors are also real.

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

HAL 9000's Fall

The computer's failure on the way to Jupiter baffles and troubles some critics and perhaps some people, too. There is no reason why it should not. Man's fall—man's capacity for all evil—has not been touched by the origin of all actual evil—-is baffling and always troubling.

If one accepts Zoroastrian, Judaic, and Christian tradition that evil originates in the self, then there is more than enough explanation of the computer's fall. Hal would appear to be proud, his creators' equal or superior, and sufficiently "hu- man" to have free will. He disobeys. That is, he makes one mistake. Then he is about to, evidently. The fact is self defense. The only question is whe- ther the error is deliberate. And the only effect of answering that question is upon our sympathies. It may be that not many of us have read or understood Zoroastrian, Judaic, and Christian explanation adequate, but I think the film is.

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

How could anyone expect any ma- chine to be perfect? And given a ma- chine of human or greater complexity, how could anyone expect it never to fail? One cannot say an explanation of the initial error. We do not de- mand neurological studies of error and evil in any drama, and can not expect elaborate studies in a motion picture. One can believe that Hal is under some strain before he errs. After his execu- tion, we learn that he was under more strain than we knew: he was not merely correct about the purpose of the mis- sion: he knew it.

Clarke's novel explains (in Chapter 27, "Need to Know") that knowing this but keeping it from the crew placed Hal in a self-contradiction that led to a slip. I do not know how many times I might have seen the film without realizing the significance of the fact that the "failure" he falsely predicts is in communication with Earth. I do not know if that would have helped me understand the pro- grammed contradiction (which in part must be assumed in the film) in obeying his human colleagues but in keeping a secret from them. Clarke's explanation is, however, consistent with the film. Those who can not accept the film on this point, I can think, be convinced by the film. The film adds bare evidence. If convinced, they might object that the film version expects too much of them... But the film does not expect us to understand Hal thoroughly. It expects us to accept one error. And at least one error, from so high a creature, is a most reasonable expectation.

Some ask what Hal's fail has to do with the rest of 2001. Some declare, "The Dawn of Man" had nothing to do with the rest, either. But it happens. I do not think it needs thematic or structural justification. Eliminate it, along with the scene in which bones are weapons, and one might have a work in which all pro- ducts of intelligence are good, or even perfect, and troubles never happen, though I do not think this would leave something out, and seem unsatisfactory. To me, the conflict of intelligent creatures seems to call for no special justification in any drama. And this is says nothing about human error and human en- durance. The critic who complained that
"something has to happen on the trip" was quite right. Something has to happen, and act accordingly. But about making some explorations is false. Things have happened, and they will. Here, something else might have happened, of course. But given this means of exploration, this thing might as well. It is the main thing on this voyage.

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

**Heroism**

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

There is such a thing as heroism, but we do not see much of it here and now, of course, when it is considered a bad thing. It may be a bad (undramatic) subject, or simply difficult to handle properly, or, more simply, difficult to imagine. We may have become too covered with leaves to see the hero. The question is, to be going, or else it is merely the classical, ancient, brutal heroism, not even Medieval.

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

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

**On Acting**

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

(To then say that Hal—al a set, a lens, and the voice of an actor carefully accented by a voice—impression—is more human, is perverse.)

For the human beings in 2001 happen to be the sort who are, and have to be, restrained. And acting is not a matter of newness as a matter of convincing the audience. I think there can be no question that most (I'd say all) of the acting in 2001 does so. Once we are convinced, we may be moved.

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

This is a subder and I would expect, more difficult achievement for actor. And patients in the spectacular performances in their previous films.

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

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

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

**Myth**

Myth is as difficult to describe as greatness, because a myth is a great story, and a thing no one can know of the myths when we hear or see them—stories that seem true, no matter how untrue we know they are; stories approaching religious truth,—having something to do with how or why we love or hate, create or destroy, or are loved or hated, created or destroyed, and where we come from, where we go, what the world is. Thus, one critic has pointed out (Lewis, of course, but also Leiber, for example), modern stuff is also one of the places myths went, to be retold more rationally, or merely at greater remove, and therefore more believable. (The man is not the same thing as imaginary religion in sf, although a story may contain both.)

Considering all 2001, I do not know whether I think it a myth, or a mythography. But there is no doubt that it is a mythical creation. Arthur C. Clarke has made myths, or come close, before. I can not forget Against the Fall of Night, and The Sentinel. The author himself disbelieves in everything in it—both in the myth he tries to make, and in the myth he tries to use. Other short stories by Clarke are much better—"The Sentinel" (I miss Super Science Stories) and "The Sentinel" itself, the source (from The Atom Science Fiction and Fantasy Reader, 2001).

I would not say that "The Sentinel" or 2001 is the most effective, modern, artificial, realists' myth, but it is certainly among the more effective, and my copy is in work of the art. It is a copy by Wells, Hodges, Stapledon, Wright, Lovecraft, Moore, Campbell, William... I had better not try comparing it.

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

To compare the book by Clarke with the film with from it is derived is not a fair test, incidentally. One might think better of the book if the novel is, the book cannot help but effect us as deeply as the film. But, since it is a great film... Turning to the novel, I had two unfavorable impressions in the first few chapters: the beginning is needlessly explicit (and so is the end), and the prose is thin and weak. But Kubrick and Clarke conceived the story in visual (and aural) terms. Clarke's prose can only benefit us as the images and must suffer in comparison. The film's great success implies the novel's. Adap-
tation is often an unhappy thing. As for an overview of the whole business (or necessity) of the novel (and most novels) to be more explicit in this manner. With Hal, I think this works. With the beginning and the end, it does not seem to be. Clarke and Kubrick go the film, travelling on to Saturn, no longer (for a time) merely reminding us of what we have seen, but showing us what prose can make us see, it works very well. And I think, the myth remains effective. "The Star Gate opened. The Star Gate closed."

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

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

This myth of a beginning and a new beginning takes no account of good and evil. In the case of 2001, this is easy to find. We do not know whether to hope or fear. We do not know if...you will meet with good or with evil..."And we never know, although we may guess. This might be considered a flaw, and this might account for some hostile reviews. But I see no reason to consider it a flaw. We can not say it is an absence of evil. In the case of 2001, this is easy to find. The creators of the film, in their treatment of the myth, even of no importance whatever...The story may be told much more "according to Nature" than "to Aristotle" or Lovecraft. A camera can be anywhere at any time. Kubrick's story is to be where it belongs at all times.

"One single action" has great appeal. I think it impresses us more important, not more exciting, than the material. While the action of Kubrick is a boon to the material, the second action, the third and fourth are under separate titles only for convenience, I would say: they are one. And this single third action is the bulk of the film, and seems to be the part far the bulk of it. One can not believe in Hal will this order seem episodic. I find it perfectly satisfactory, satisfyingly perfect.

The difference of tone (not unrelated to difference of form) that Ker notes in epic and romance certainly exists in general and seems important. The Renaissance critics stressed the importance of marvel and wonder...But the classical epics do have that, along with the "weight of myth and solidarity or reality". And Kubrick, I think. (When I say one, I naturally leave out those whose interest is restricted to some dull idea of heroism and now. There can not be a number.)

Though some like only science fiction, and some prefer fantasy, any sf has some of the appeal of fantasy, and fantasy that has no weight or solidity (or reality, one can not believe in the science) dissolves into nothingness,—which may have its own appeal, but can hardly be sustained, or borne.

I think great works of any length must successfully combine, different qualities, or whatever...Consider Homer's Odyssey, Milton's Paradise Lost, Hodgson's The Night Land, and consider...
Kubrick's 2001. In 2001, the solidity or reality of our distant past and near future is unquestionable. And there is mystery—solidly, solidly, secretly, at that—in those slabs. And at the end, the otherness turns out to be indescribably mysterious, but perfectly described.

**Pace**

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

Special material calls for special style. Material calls for care. A triviality in blank verse may be amusing. But something of importance in no style at all, the style that calls attention to its lack, is exasperating or with different material, making different films. In this opening sequence, Kubrick must do more than set a stage, establish more than one landscape: rather, a climate, a continent, under a rising sun. The scene points against the bright light, matched with other animals, all but hidden, lost, in a land of rock and bone...He has already, incidentally, established the Earth. He has pointed it out, the point of origin.

"The sharp edge, the selective intelligence, the personal mark of his best work seem swamped..." Why must we always have a "personal mark"—and away, at that? I did not keep re-recognition Kubrick throughout 2001. Why should I? Why should anyone want to? It is fashionable, in current film criticism. But greatness is often impersonal.

"Of course, no personal mark, stamped on a work as a whole, is simply: No one else could do this. One does not want to keep thinking, So this is what this individual artist thinks or feels about this particular subject. One wants the subject. "Swamped in a Superproduction aimed at hard-ticket theaters," But this is foolish. Kubrick has hit the hard-ticket theaters without making any of the usual "concessions", as any current movie-goer must know. "Not interwoven but clumsily inserted is the discovery of one of those black slabs."

"Now I think everything the critic missed in the beginning is clearly established. Indeed, I think he is trying to complain that things are too clearly established. But what is clearly established about the slab is that it is "inserted"—suddenly there, one day, and suddenly gone. "This prologue is just a tedious basketful of mixed materials dumped in our laps for future reference." No, it is a story, and the beginning of a story. "What good is that? We walk on, in the rest of the film depends on it." He must have missed the rest of the film, too.

"What is "too long", anyway? When do we lose interest? But if we will not take any interest to begin with, how can we judge? This critic's complaint reminds me of Dr. Kracauer's observation that films get cut with such bad taste in cutting scenes that have all the qualities of stills. All the qualities except stillness. But, following Kracauer, Niblungen has often been called "pictorial" and "staid." An example Lennig points out in his Film Notes.

"To suggest a more lively and [He might have said and/or] intimate way of filming is to misunderstand the very mood, Kubrick's style, the difference between Milton's High on a Throne of Royal State, which far Outshone the wealth of Omens and of Ind, or Where the gorgeous East with richest hand Show'd on her Kings Barbaric Pearl and Gold Satan exulted sat...and a realistic paraphrase. There is a very simple point to be made here. Before the new wave, before commercials, before Dr. S. for that matter, no one would have thought of saying, it's too slow... They would have said what they meant: I don't care for it. (As, incidentally, films often go on to say, I dislike the idea of space exploration... I was delighted to read recently that US space appropriations are diminishing..."

When I first took it on, everything was explained. The general style was rather slow. But the change of pace since then has reached an extreme where I find the liveliness more tedious than the slowest films I can remember. Film used to put things together. Now, film takes things apart. Watching current films at their best is often no more than watching the disintegration of objects.

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

One might gather from some reviews (or even from this, so far) that 2001 is not full of action. But it is, of course, and Kubrick involves us in it all. It is only pointless motion, and pointless cutting, that lacks. I find the pace perfect, or a little brisk if anything, for two main reasons: we have never seen these things before; and the story is not merely a plot, but an important story: a myth. This does not eliminate "impress" or "shenanigans", excitement, after all: I do not know what could be more exciting than the approach to the slab orbiting Jupiter; or the murders, recovery, re-entry and execution; or just the walk on the ramp to the slab in the Moon; or other things I have mentioned and still others I have not. And I do not know how these things could be cut out without losing some excitement.

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

**Plot**

Only after the execution of Hal is certain information, essential to our understanding of the plot, put into verbal form. But most of this information has been provided. We infer that the expedition to Jupiter is an attempt to solve the mystery of the slab on the Moon and its radio outburst. Hal's verbalized misgivings about rumor and melodrama suggest it, even if narrative logic did not. But even if the material were ordinary, the late explanation would be unusual. It is perfectly good plotting.

But the subject, well plotted as it is, creates difficulties of its own. It is not new, familiar with sf. The explanation is too late to make much impression. And what follows is overwhelming.

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

2001 may assume a bit too much background.

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

**Subplot**

There is no subplot. Some say there is no plot. The lack of subplot
may have confused them. Most notably, of course, there is none of what used to be called romantic interest. Just Romantic interest. There is no love (or sex) story because it would be irrelevant. Some might say this artistic absence is also appropriate in a sense to what people call the "little sex in science fiction?" may be—or at least—answered the question. Why is there so little science in pornography? But the point is that personal attachment and means of reproduction are not to the point. (Not that the characters are at all "dehumanized," One critic followed that thought this far: Bowman "takes a considerable risk to try to say, in a new way, that if you feel it isn't anything to do with affection or with courage. He has simply been trained to save an expensive colleague by a society that has slaughtered instinct." Instinct? Consider the scene in which the leopard attack one of the prehuman beings . . . ) The exclusion of love or sex when it is not relevant is not so rare as is often supposed. (But "The Heroes" will star Elke Sommer, and "The Red Tent" will star Claudia Cardinale.) But other exceptions include innumerable films of less healthy interests . . . . And being like that in 2001, either. To repeat myself: Kubrick, with so much at stake, chose to make 2001 a work of art.

**On a Possible Structural Flaw**

It suffers from a grave structural flaw.

—Lewis

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

This criticism may be questioned, of course.

In *Book XI, Michael* shows Adam a vision: this first half of the "lump" begins with line 432 and runs through line 901, the last third of X1. Milton describes, Michael narrates, Adam asks some questions, and man survives the Deluge. Book XII begins:

As one who in his journeyabaforest, though sent on speed, so here the archangel paused betwixt the world destroyed and world restored, if Adam aught perhaps might interpose; then with transition sweet new speech resumes. "Thou hast seen one world begin and end; and man as from a second stock proceed. Much thou hast yerg'n, but I perceivest thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine must needs impair and weary human sense: nuchoweth what is to come I will relate";

and Michael relates through line 465, the Book and the poem ending with line 649, after the unforgettable expulsion. Now, this change of vision to simpler narration may indicate that Milton himself felt something was going wrong. But, all this "comfort" given Adam is essential to Milton's theme, which is one of human comfort, his faith and—he might fairly assume—his readers'. At least some of the material is clearly necessary. And one may be interested in it all. Lewis points out, it isn't so woeful to be interested, here. And he is a good judge, because he is the kind of reader Milton would have expected. I can only say, it doesn't bother me. Maybe it will, when I read it again in 30 years. Perhaps...

But even if we admit this passage is a "flaw," the question of its "gravity" remains. Since some of the vision is necessary, the worst we can say fairly is that the vision was too long: 939 lines instead of . . . fewer.

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

This strange sequence, which begins as Bowman nears the slabs orbiting Jupiter, of course does not have the intellectual necessity of the vision in *Paradise Lost*. Nevertheless, it is necessary. Kubrick may be criticized for providing too much in too many processes for contemporary man, it allows the novel to exit in a display of pyrotechnic mysticism. But it is done at the cost of raising the novel a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth time: the novel has not been snatched from under him; the most resourceful practitioners avoid it.

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

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

I certainly had the feeling that, at these moments of his apparent self-awareness, that they were taking him apart, in a manner somehow analogous to the way he was being held prisoner. Hal's observation, "I feel it. I feel it." This is another reason I cannot consider Hal a digest of Hal. Hal was re-formed to his first second, he is not suited for domination. I think I can say it is too long, leaving too much time to wonder what his intention was.

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

**The End**

The result is that Bowman's captivity—in a room we first see after a decade's effort in space—brings a certain dreadful relief: we are at rest, at last, at least, in something recognizable, however helpless.

I was surprised that so many critics found themselves so very helpless in that room. One would think they never had seen a terrarium or a zoo. One of them complained it was not very original, and mentioned Bradbury. No, terrariums are not new. Another assumed it was "the ill man's imagination" of a "better world beyond the infinite": only "something he has once been taught to see as beautiful in a galaxy full of stars".

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

What we suspect they do, in the beginning, they obviously do at the end. Some might say the vision, captivity, metaphysics, and senseless, instantaneous science fiction. It is all pure enough for me. And it certainly is pure film. Ideally,
the conclusion of a film must be more than the ideal end of a story. That in itself can be difficult enough, of course. But the film must also end as film. And while beautiful filmic effects may appear during the course of any film, a concluding effect, with the effect of conclusion, is rare. One generally settles for a good last shot. That can not suffice.

I can say only that a consideration of great films—as opposed to films in general or at random—will tend to show what I mean. Kubrick has been doing this particularly. Even in his first film, The Killing, he was already attempting to conclude a film dramatically. Even the end of his last film, Dr. Strangelove, is an attempt. In 2001 I think he does his best, so far: it is all beautiful, convincing, conclusive, and the perfection of the end matches the perfection of the sequence before, and the sequence before that and so on, making a near-perfect whole.

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

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

Hope is relatively easy. But this is awe.

**Overinterpretations**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have quoted a number of overinterpretations. I could go on. What of the aged Bowman's bread and wine? If it is wine, I would say, They come with the meat. But interpretation at no base, and potatoes? What of the fact that we can not judge the time at which the overman reaches Earth? It would not occur to me to wonder what time it is. If it were supposed to be before, I would expect some indication of the time. In the absence of any indication, I assume it is some time after.

And I hope I have not overinterpreted overmuch. For one thing, my reaction to elaborate explanation tends to be, If only this explicator could understand, why should I bother? For another, I do not think the film calls for it. I do not think Kubrick would do that. They were made that way. 2001 was not. It is not an obscure construction, but an entertainment that speaks for itself, without a background. There are annotations. There is no "code." Or, if there is, no one needs it. The question of "getting" it ought not to arise, and I suspect that any elaborate interpretation is not based upon the film itself, but upon a certain lack of imagination, or an imagination preoccupied, in the interpreter.

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

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

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

**Recommendations**

I intend to consider its proper audience everyone. But I would not recommend 2001 to everyone—as I would not recommend Paradise Lost—except as education. And I would recommend it as mind-blowing, or for anyone who likes sf, or film. Those who like both, of course, need no recommendation.
an "anonymous hotel suite"! When re-
structuring the metamorphosis, he should
have eliminated the hotels and their rooms, for it does not suit his pur-
poses; it becomes a weak strand in his re-
rowned physical rationale. It is totally
unnecessary to the transformation Bow-
man undergoes; it becomes more win-
dow-dressing that only reveals some
curious limitations of the Intelligence con-
trolling Bowman's journey. If the setting
is meant to reassure the astronaut, as
Bowman hypothesizes at one point, then
the gods (or their instruments) have
utterly goofed—because it doesn't, as well
it shouldn't! The mysterious proprietors of
the monoliths are wondrously naive of the
human mind; they have done so much to form...a distinct possi-
bility, considering their evolutionary
distance from Man—but one which be-
lies the supremacy of their wisdom, if
not their omnipotence.

In the film: Bowman dies—and is reborn. In the book: again, Bowman
dies and is reborn. For Clarke this
becomes a matter of life and death and
the old man takes the place of the
infancy and beyond...to, evidently, the
womb and the egg.

And then comes the ultimate return
to infancy, in Clarke's words:

Now, at last, the headlong re-
gression was slackening; the wells
of memory were nearly dry. Time
flowed more and more sluggishly,
approaching a moment of stasis—as
a sunset approaches the limit of
its arc, seems frozen for one etern-
al instant, before the next cycle begins.

The timeless instant passed; the
pendulum reversed its swing. In an
empty room, floating amid the fires of a
double star...a baby opened
its eyes and began to cry.

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

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

My considered view is that the sump-
tuous interior displayed in the film does
not, essentially, represent any sort of
hotel suite. It is the master bedroom
and adjoining bath of a palatial mansion
(or perhaps a penthouse apartment),
furnished in a very coldly decorative
replica of the style of Louis XVI. This
aura of coldness is intensified by many
effects: the weird, hollow, vibratory
chiming in the background of the sound-
track; the chill color scheme; the
painted furniture, enamelled as no period
piece would ever be; the harsh, white
light that glares upward from the stark
panels of flooring. A blocky, marble
bathtub with chisel-sharp edges, both
inside and out, is the centrepiece of the
rooms; they are impressively rich—ornate,
yet somehow austere. Not the variegated
and opulent opulence of a San Simeon;
though Kubrick's decor offends the eye
exceedingly, to be sure. Where the madhouse es-
tate, it is absolutely rigid: all the furni-
shings are imitation Louis XVI, and all
are destitute of the coldness—
white-frosting trim on a base of cool,
pale green. These are not the acco-
mmodations of the past; the total effect is
other than archaic, especially bathed in the
painful radiance of that bright, shaw-
less floor. This style might easily be
found in a country house of the A.D. 2001,
though its glowing floor
panels, I believe, are strictly for effect,
not intended as an extrapolated actuality;
the effluent floor only signifies futurism
and frost.

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

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

The space-suited figure walks across
the well-appointed bedroom and into
the adjoining bath. He turns back to
face the doorway: there is a white-haired
man sitting at an expensively-set service
cart in the middle of the bedroom, eating
a meal with wine. The white-haired
gentleman, whose back is to the
washroom entrance, pauses in his repast
to gaze over his shoulder in the direction of the
spaceman (who is no longer in view of
the audience). The old man rises and
slowly walks to the bathroom; he looks in once, then returns to his
table: the space-suited Bowman is no
longer evident, and the old man is now
obviously Bowman a few minutes
later. The elderly Bowman, after
sitting, drops for a swallow of wine,
then returns the crystal goblet to its
place on the fine table linen. The old
man reaches for something—and knocks
the crystal to the floor, where it smashes
utterly. He bends to grasp one of the
shards, and happens to glance up—
there on the bed lies an ancient figure,
his head entirely bald and the skin a
crisp crust of parchment. It is not rec-
ognizably Bowman, but the conclusion
follows naturally, because now the

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

3. None of the minute, superficial crack-
king on the face of the earlier Bowman
appears in the latter edition; the creases
are more general, yet not strongly de-
finied—all of which leads to my former
supposition that the initial tell-tale signs
of age are intended as the products of
fright and shock. The apparently grace-
ful aging demonstrated by the elder
Bowman also substantiates my thesis
that he represents the alternative to
Bowman-as-astronaut.
white-headed one is nowhere in sight. The age of the bedridden man is impossible to determine; he is quite obviously decrepit with advanced age, and he wheezes constantly in the last throes of a seemingly natural, if still unpleasant, death.

Kubrick believes the monolith stands like a grave marker at the foot of his bed, and he is reborn as the great-eyed, infant god (not a fetal form, as Earle Evans suggests in Shaggy 74) in allegorical summary, note especially that the two intermediate transitions are accomplished by a glance from one figure to the next: the shock-ravaged, astronaut's-white-haird old man, and the older views the dying stars; attention is re-focused on each progressive stage before the preceding one disappears, and each preceding stage, by quitting the scene, becomes the next. By leaving all appearances and disappearances off-camera, Kubrick maintains the fragile continuity; the audience may become unsettled by the continual absence of substance, but not immediately distracted by the question "Where did he go?" which is occasioned by seeing someone vanish on-screen.

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

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

**special effects ordinary - the garden variety**

The standard illusions of space travel and lunar landscape are superbly realized, but Kubrick errs on occasion; much of the camera-work becomes ver-}

}ngious from a plethora of rotating tracking shots, particularly in the scenes of the Earth's orbit, the Pan-Am Earth-shuttle matching with the station, and the Ariès cislunar transport in its landing maneuvers above the Moon. While not particularly "inac-

...ualized, is the elements—including especially the starry backdrops—as the camera pans steadily up, down, or sideways, strikes me as too disorienting and not nearly as dramatic as a fixed-angles viewpoint. For example, recall the very first scene, of the Earth and Sun progressively looming over the upper limb of the Moon: the camera changes position by remaining very stable, but it never deviates in attitude; the result—one of the three or four most dramatic shots of the film. (Another is the final scene of the contemplative, infant god—a fourth shot that matches the matched cut from vaulting thigh-bone to free-falling satellite—a beautiful visual pun! And of course, the snake-dance round and about, that all this is immediately distracted by the question "Where did he go?" which is occasioned by seeing someone vanish on-screen. The sequence is in the elegantly represented reality of age and death for Bowman of what must happen to even the best possible earthly existence of which he could partake: in the end of a long life of wealth and fulfillment, all achievement becomes empty, cold, and sterile—because the end is always death, the complete finality of conscious being.

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

**scientific & technical discrepancies**

The technical bobbles in 2001, above stars of uniform intensity; bases-relief, external rivets stud the upper stages of aerodynamic rockets; open faceplates on the aforementioned pressure suits during all operations in supposed vacuum; and like that there...the show provided a wealth of material on which to exercise the rusty Suspension of Disbelief.

**6.** Al works for NASA at the Houston Maned Manned Spacecraft Center, and has had the opportunity to try an honest-to-God rubber spacesuit.

**7.** Double failure, though unlikely, are hardly impossible: if both the jet-pack and beyond the wayward star-field, are surprisingly numerous. For instance, the old choose a helmet of each space-suit on the Discovery constitutes a discrepancy with historical engineering reality; to quote Al Jackson, "fittings such as this are internal." But these technical mistakes, the following inconsistencies: such fixtures do not appear in the space-suits worn on Luna, earlier in the picture. Although those lunar suits are not equipped with consolating gas hoses, they do possess very slim, almost invisible plastic tubes (about the diameter of jumbo soda straws) that run from the air supply to the helmet along the skin of the suit. I think these tubes are meant to pass unnoticed, because actually they are quite difficult to observe. They evidently result from an oversight in costume planning; I believe they could have been easily concealed inside the suit had the wardrobe department exercised a little forethought.

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

Even though the life-support packs on the Discovery space-suits are equipped with rocket units, the absence of life-line cables makes the emergency escape from the space-pod, while Bowman is closing with Poole's somersaulting corpse, the stars roll onward madly past the viewpoint. This apparent movement can only signify that the pod is whirling like a top; myself, I soon felt uncomfortably dizzy, watching this moronic misuse of a "travelling matte." (Note also that the dead man must be circling the pod, in all such views from the interior, both inside and outside.)

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

4. Kubrick could preserve an uninterrupted continuity by retaining everything and everybody on-screen for the climax—the "birth" of the Star-Child; however, that choice would rather spoil the effect of desolation maintained throughout the sequence, as well as invoke derisive comparisons to the homecoming in Halas and Batchelor's I Met a Cat (1948), a film notable for its death of mob scenes.

5. This otherwise consisted of Bonestell designs and backgrounds; NASA approval was withheld because it was sure suits, for e.g. and lunar excursions; slow-motion lunar gravity
ural physical anthropology, to wit: that early man was a very ape-like creature, displaying ape-like physiology, behavior, and posture. The hominids of 2001 vaguely resemble elongated gorillas, but they actually represent a hypothetical form well over a million years more ancient. (The Leak's lost disaster discovery.) If the earthbound and lunar hominids have similar dates of emplace- ment, then these hominoids must live in an age three million years past; the burial on the island supposed to have occurred that long ago. (If the science- tists of Clavius Base arrive at this figure is never satisfactorily explained, either in the film or the book; Clarke asserts that the evidence for this exceeds just about any head of interest.) Kubrick’s hominoids are certainly old enough to be quite primitive; whether or not "primitive" may be generally equated with "pithecoid" is debatable.

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

The hunching stance and hopping, shuffling gait of the hominoids is another less uncertain matter. Although the common ancestor of apes and man (Proc. aficanus, or a very similar creature) homesteaded the tree-tops, his man-like ancestors were ground-dwellers. As far as our knowledge extends, all the hominidae stood and walked entirely erect. The original, mistaken restorations of Neanderthal, which depict him as a hunched and bull-necked individual, resulted from a misinterpretation of extreme arthritis in the first specimen discovered, and the distinctly anthropomorphic trophies of Neanderthal heads, normally and dubiously erectus for the obvious reason. The Australopithecines a million years ago found little sport in knobble-dancing, and their predecessor Oreopithecus was no slouch either when it comes to ground-flooring. 2

Kubrick postulates (albeit rather indirectly) that his hominids existed around three million years ago—only a million years before the earliest known upright proto-human. To be sure, Grandaddy 8 delays this revelation, strangely enough, until the next-to-last chapter, where it all blows up off an aside. (P. 217, Signet edition)


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

11. The book yet contains a wealth of attributes of swift, accurate recall and vast, speedy correlation of data to de- velop, at will, a facile lip-reading ability. Instead, they might imagine that, except that their heads are a bit thick...

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

Instead, Kubrick observes the astronaut acting in a normal, logical pattern, he should have no cause for suspicion; HAL is a creature of logic himself and cannot act on basis-less surmise. The event cannot be beyond his comprehension. Despite all other symptoms of psychosis that he may manifest, HAL never displays the creative rationalization of paranoia. Even his hallucinations are almost passive, and negatively formulated, consisting mainly of the oft-repeated falsehood, "I don't know.

Later in the film, credibility stretches a bit when Bowman forgets his helmet before entering a space-pod to chase Frank Poole's corpse. However, Kubrick's dramatic construction of this sequence is excellent—Bowman's lapse of memory is barely noticed amidst the mounting tension of crystalizing events. I must also grant that this lapse does much to demonstrate, after the fact, how disturbed Bowman actually has become, yet the scene is not so far-fetched that a similar would suffer from such psychological distraction under these circumstances... but let that pass for now.

The missing helmet creates a dramatic moment, and Bowman, in the malevolent computer refuses the astronaut automatic access through the pod bay doors, meanwhile reminding the erstwhile command that he will have difficulty gaining entry through the emergency manual airlock because he lacks a space hel- met... Bowman must cross hard vacuum with the protection of a portable pressurized environment.

He line up the pod hatch with the manual airlock, which he has opened beforehand; he then blows the hatch to release its emergency delta. The open hatchway is instantly obliterated by billowing condensation, and a moment later Bowman shoots into the well-padded airlock like a cannonball, he manages to arrest his ricocheting flight on the third bounce (or so) and smooth scientific exposition, variably ex- otic, for those who fancy it; I do not may think that this should be interpreted as a glut of awkward "Mr. Science aside."
thumbs the recycling button, closing the airlock door and quickly re-pressureizing the cabin; and, incidentally, donning the helmet of the space-suit stored in the airlock, which Ted White failed to notice in the background.

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

—to be concluded

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

MEMORIAM

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

Rosemary Hickey
PURPLE HEARTS: Peter Singleton tells of his life in confinement

Do you by any chance consider fandom to be a way of life? If so, you are running a grave risk of having this esoteric orientation described as a symptom of schizophrenia. After all, the fanatical microcosm together with its special jargon can provide a handy escape from the rigors and demoralising realities of the outside world, if indulged in to excess. For this warped interpretation of fandom to be presented to you with a fair degree of conviction, it helps if you happen to be in a psychiatric hospital at the time. Being of a methodical turn of mind, I carefully record all communications pertaining to fandom in neat little notebooks in a special form of shorthand. This also helps to prevent me from repeating myself. I was surrounded by a supply of these notebooks when the snap diagnosis was handed to me by an outspoke nurse and later substantiated by the doctor in charge. My weeks of prozines and fanzines provided these psychiatric sleuths with what they considered to be conclusive evidence of my twisted state of mind.

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

It was a chilly, miserable morning and after a night of fitful sleep, I didn't feel up to the task of facing a noisy and monotonous day at the drab Lancashire cotton mill. Just as I emerged from bed and grabbed my clothes and jacket, I was startled. My mother was quick to notice my state of apathy and offered to counteract my depressed condition. I promptly informed her that nothing could compensate for a sleepless night and I was feeling quite up to the task. My mother then handed me three light blue tablets with a curious shape, roughly resembling a heart. Hence the common name 'purple hearts' for this drug, the brand name for des methylenediamine sulphate. This consists of a combination of sedative and stimulant, though I didn't know at the time. My mother didn't realize what she was starting and has miraculously resolved and I was to work as usual, which was only a five minute walk away. About one hour later, a strange sensation crept over me. Instead of performing my job in a sullen and inhibited silence without saying a word to anyone except when absolutely necessary, I began talking animately with everyone and raising my voice above the constant noise of the mill. I had always longed to converse with my fellow workers, but breaking out of my shell would have proved an impossible task. Suddenly my problems of personal communication were miraculously resolved and I was on top of the world, in a blissful euphoric state. It should come as no great surprise that this lovely sensation wasn't destined to last. Four hours later, flushed and sanctified, I dropped back to earth with a resounding thump.

Wondering what on earth had hit me, I retired to a toilet cubicle and sat on the seat in order to get my breath back. I drank several cups of cold water from the adjoining washroom and ten minutes later, still feeling limp, I managed to return to my job of sorting out grades of cotton without further incident. I find that nothing for this purpose harbours the popular misconception that stimulants enhance sexual excitement. Personally, I find that the complete revulsion caused by extreme constrictant sexual hunger which has been something of an embarrassment to me since the age of thirteen, had completely disappeared during those four hours, more receptive periods. Lack of sleep became a habit and on the occasions I did take enough phenobarbital to put me to sleep, I often didn't wake up until noon the following day. Since I started work at 7.30 a.m., I was always in a state of semi-consciousness, so I was tolerated at work due to my mental instability and I was placed in such a position as to be in contact with my fellow workers as little as possible.

This worked until I began collapsing from fatigue and general physical debility. I was then classed as an epileptic and each time this happened, I was sent home to recover. At this point I didn't ask my mother for Drinamyl. I began pilfering her pill box in order to experience euphoria more often.

Later I had an inspiration. I wrote to the doctors that I was getting easily given to drug induced grandiosity. I felt when my mother offered me her stimulant and I stressed that my repressed, neurotic state was completely washed away by the effects. Which of course was perfectly true—up to a point! Anyway, the gullible doctor allowed this serving of partial truth and I had my own supply to keep me going for a considerable time. During all this time, I was managed to keep in contact with my family and this brought me in a small way. I kept busy with letterheacks, fanzines and SF. Fortunately, my instability didn't only destroy itself in print, which was a distinct advantage for me. Throughout this period, I was transferred to writing and I began to write longer letters in consequence.

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

Of course, I lost weight and I could feel the tightness of my skin across my cheekbones, but this was a minor inconvenience compared to the periods of withdrawal. After a while periods of confinement developed, resulting in involuntary outbreaks of violence against inanimate objects, my main forte being plate glass and windows. This was followed by periods of hospitalisation ranging from one week to three months, for psychiatric treatment, which for the most part consisted of filling me up to the brim with an assortment of tranquilisers. This provided me with a temporary respite and basic instabilities soon reasserted themselves shortly following discharge. My alarmed doctor cut off my supply of this drug. This, however, didn't lose my job. I couldn't touch food half the time because Drinamyl kills appetite, so I had to stuff myself with eatables during my tranquil, more receptive periods. Lack of sleep became a habit and on the occasions I did take enough phenobarbital to put me to sleep, I often didn't wake up until noon the following day. Since I started work at 7.30 a.m., I was always in a state of semi-consciousness, so I was tolerated at work due to my mental instability and I was placed in such a position as to be in contact with my fellow workers as little as possible.

This worked until I began collapsing from fatigue and general physical debility. I was then classed as an epileptic and each time this happened, I was sent home to recover. At this point I didn't ask my mother for Drinamyl. I began pilfering her pill box in order to experience euphoria more often.

Later I had an inspiration. I wrote to the doctors that I was getting easily given to drug induced grandiosity. I felt when my mother offered me her stimulant and I stressed that my repressed, neurotic state was completely washed away by the effects. Which of course was perfectly true—up to a point! Anyway, the gullible doctor allowed this serving of partial truth and I had my own supply to keep me going for a considerable time. During all this time, I was managed to keep in contact with my family and this brought me in a small way. I kept busy with letterheacks, fanzines and SF. Fortunately, my instability didn't only destroy itself in print, which was a distinct advantage for me. Throughout this period, I was transferred to writing and I began to write longer letters in consequence.

After this abortive fiasco I searched for a substitute for amphetamine and found a substance called propylhexedrine (I hope I spelt it correctly). This, however, was only a very impure state and unfit for human consumption, meaning that it was perfectly O.K. for a thin little animal like myself, perhaps. It had the same direct effect but was much cheaper. I was left with the problem of finding it, and this was obtained over just about every chemist's counter throughout Merry England. In conventional use, it is merely treatment for nasal congestion if inhaled. When eaten, the effects have to be experienced to be believed. With my first experiment, I managed to choke down the contents of two tubes amounting to 500mg—bearing in mind that one tube usually constitutes a normal supply, and it was supposed to last the user for several months. Half an hour later I began to feel dizzy, followed by a sensation of extreme cold at the base of my skull. One glance in a mirror reflected an image of severe pallor and my limbs began to feel heavy. About one hour after consumption all feeling had almost completely departed from my extremities and I felt cut off from my immediate environment. I tried walking around and didn't make a very good job of it but I improved with practice. Constant moving around restored a measure of feeling and I could get from point A to point B without any trouble, providing I moved with reasonable care. I eventually adapted a sort
of gliding walk which may have been curious to observe, but I was hardly in a condition to worry about anything! The symptom of agitation is a stimulant but like most drugs, the effects must vary with individuals.

I have only seen one other person under the influence of Benzedrex and the effects were quite different from my own reactions. I was in a psychiatric unit of a general hospital at the time and was a patient with a diagnosis of chronic schizophrenia. The patient in question wanted to try the stuff for himself, so we retired to the washroom and I swallowed my usual initial dose of 300mg but tried my partner in crime on 250mg, to be on the safe side. My own reactions were as usual, but this patient, who was a nineteen year-old boy, started screaming and flinging his arms around. He was forced into bed and examined by a neurologist. His reaction was extremely rapid, as was to be expected, but he was also flushed and agitated in complete contrast to my own reaction. I was instantly ejected from the room and my bed was removed from the vicinity.

Spite of my marked antisocial tendencies I did manage to cultivate a few friends outside who patiently tolerated the ups and downs of my disposition. One friend in particular developed a protective attitude towards me and did manage to keep me out of serious trouble for a long period of time. At the county mental hospital I was heavily sedated and the pills and events similar to those I experienced at the previous hospital happened when my sedation was reduced. At one time I was placed in a side room as a perfectly reasonable precaution to keep me from doing some serious harm. I was placed back into circulation once again.

I myself moved to an open ward and appeared to be improving. Several months later I relapsed due to circumstances entirely beyond my control and the chain of events started again. I was issued chloral hydrate which I could ask for and when I became over excited, but the staff didn't realize the cause of my disturbed state. I accepted the medication without question. I think it would help to reduce withdrawal symptoms.

I won't argue the case because it is too complex for me to fully understand. I believe I was in a bed too far away from the light even with dilated pupils, I used a handy electric torch for illumination.

This continued for the biggest part of a year. With being in an open ward, I could dash off to the nearest chemist at will. Of most my money was used up in these futile little journeys but this couldn't be helped when I was in a bed too far away from the light even with dilated pupils, I used a handy electric torch for illumination.

I also developed boils and a few other associated infections for good measure at intervals.

Eventually my mail was intercepted and shortly after I obtained a key to a sideboard of Bentwood furniture. I was able to enter the house and took the key by a clever mechanism. I hid it in a safe place under a washtub. I couldn't get hold of my clothes, so in desperation I decided to wear my shirt and drawers. However, the police found me three days later outside a chemist shop, blithely attempting to crawl through the smashed front window.

This seemed to be a perfectly reasonable thing to do at the time!
There’s a wild conservative strain coursing through me, an off-shoot of my middle-class Texas upbringing; I guess, that responds more readily to a hero (Clint Eastwood) than to an anti-hero (Richard Widmark), at least in a genre work like those two films of Siegel’s. (I guess that partly explains my super-

ficial fondness for Godard’s Alphaville, though I instantly recognize that Godard is not a great director, as Siegel, whom Godard also venerate, is, and that his greatest work is still the relatively tragic Vittorio Ale-Vittorio “tragique” because the heroine played by Anna Karina is curiously killed off at the film’s end.) I missed Albert Finney’s Charlie Bubbles, which played here very early in 1968, but I did catch a sneak preview about midway through the year of a splendid new film, China is Near, one of those "difficult" works to which I so readily respond and am moved by, but which caught the majority of the other pre-

viewers so far off guard that they re-

sponded negatively and, as a result, the bookers shrugged it off. Sarris cited it as best of the year (Felle de Jay). Faces is practically everybody’s choice for film "discovery" of the year — I guess I’m not the only one who likes to root for "sleeper" and underdogs. For myself, the film is excruciatingly blunt and painful, and so "real" that some of the characters grow quickly tiresome, particularly Val Avery’s gar-

nulous salesman who has to be contin-

ually calmed down by his homosexual-

seeming buddy, and (this is almost fatal to the film, as far as I’m concerned) John Marley’s lead male. And if only there weren’t so many Italian-origin god-

darn close-close-close-up... The absolute underdog film of the year, however, at least as far as Dal-

las was concerned, was cited by nei-

ther Roud nor Sarris, though it received many laudatory reviews and was the subject of considerable artistic and sociological controversy on both coasts when it initially opened in 1968. But, when Peter Bogdanovich’s Targets finally came to Dallas in late Fall, it was dis-

missed by the exhibitors and ignored by the local press and ultimately opened at exactly two drive-ins on the lower half of a double bill! For myself, I found it one of the year’s more entertaining and interesting films, and regret that it re-

ceived such limited circulation, for it is worthy of much discussion, both as film and as sociological text.

The funny thing is, the film was more than likely passed off to the drive-

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

Oh, by the way: Neither Roud nor Sarris cared for Kubrick’s 2001. I’ve al-

ready expressed my sentiments in these pages. ’Nuff said.

Continued from page 2

FILOSOFIES

by Ralph Rieck, eqg.

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

ii. Dream on, young man, let your heart descend to lower worlds of trivials where concentric circum-

ferences move square in wide cir-

cular motion; clear the road to new barriers of fortitude and pain. Struggle to keep a peace on earth, and remain in your tent while the hail falls.

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

iv. The prevalence of the human being over ages of time, has descended in heavyڵa nd a new person, for the lower extremities of life’s deepest caves caused by an abundant outflow of massive amounts of water torn from the ocean’s floor. Gigantic rocks and sand make up such caves torn asunder by shifting movements of the earth’s structure. Being in such depths might bring back archaic ideas and senses of balance known only to those who try to understand the rainfall, heaping down in torrents from blackened skis of doom arising from one nation’s hate of another. This can only bring us to the end of an era which exist only in the minds of those engaging in signif-

icant studies of such cultural attitudes of other generations. So, tomorrow, when you rise feeling the sun’s warm glow around, give your mind no malice in your mind, give an egg to the arche-

ologist of your choice.

v. Before reaching out to grasp the spark that glows bright, lighting up infinity, forever reaching, stretching upward to worlds far removed from this galaxy, remember that time stands still for no man. There is a place for each of these wondering waifs lost in the wilderness of strange awa nts. An enormous edifice looms out waiting for the tired soul in search of a rest-

ing place to spend eternity. The big iron gates are closed to the outside struggle for existence, in a world already destined to be overrun by angers of man. The animals of the wood fear extinction by a mind so wound up in daily battles fought on ever-stretching terrain, forever reaching, always on the past a faint whisper is heard beckon-

ing children to come enjoy the plea-

sures of the world. This week you should think on these things and realize that war is hell on eskimos.

vi. The moon streams across the fair sky leaving behind a propul-

sion of black smoke, enveloping the heavens and hiding the stars from those who gaze from earth. Hidden, sadly avoiding a chance to burst out in glowing elegance; lost is a light that might guide footsteps to pillars of grandeur washing down the spirits of madness long sought by children of the flowers. Red, blue, and yellow, they dot the hillside bringing fragrance to the nose of some humans who find it hard to enjoy the wonders of his fellow man. Lost in a maze, dying without seeing a greatness to excel life itself.

These are hard times, full of trials and pain; but one might see a little less suffering if only his thoughts might fall upon the struggling star that cannot twinkle.

vii. Indians once roamed over open plains, bounded only by moun-

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