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## From the Editor

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## FROM THE EDITOR

When I was growing up in Southern California, our local theater, the Rialto, would offer “Free Kid Shows” during the summer. A feature film plus countless cartoons—I couldn’t resist. I still remember the gruesome fate of *Bluebeard, the Pirate*. What a story! A few years later I saw *Tammy and the Bachelor* with Debbie Reynolds. Finally I could learn about “being in love.” It hadn’t happened yet (I was thirteen) and I was getting pretty desperate.

What is it about the movies that brings so many of us back year after year? The best explanation I know of was recently provided by Mark Feeney in *Nixon At The Movies*. Why do millions of us “sit for two hours in the dark [he asks] if not in pursuit of yearning’s fulfillment and loneliness’ abolition?”

Yes. That is what I was hoping for—even though I didn’t know it. For a short while one can imagine the achievement of his dreams. For a short while one is no longer alone. That’s why I went to the Rialto, the Ritz, the Princeton Playhouse and the Garden. That’s why I go to the Fremont and the Palm. Nowadays, I’m excited when I see *Hidalgo*, a great horse movie. And I’m still moved by stories of redemption and love such as *The Chorus*.

Fifty years later the names have changed but not the message. At the same time, it does seem that with all of our knowledge and sophistication we have lost something when we go to the theater these days. Audiences understand more about the technical aspects of film. We know too much. How can we practice what Coleridge called “the willing suspension of disbelief” that lets us enter into these visual dramas fully and completely if we are unable to recapture our childhood fascination with fantasy?

In this issue of *Moebius*, we welcome articles on movies: on good movies that we may have missed, on the Disney movie experience, and on a German film about life and music during the Weimar Republic and early thirties. We also are pleased to publish an essay on illusions about the Middle East as well as several excellent poems and a short story.

It has been a distinct pleasure working on *Moebius* with many multi-talented colleagues and students in the College of Liberal Arts. With this issue I make my exit (stage left) as Managing Editor. Next year *Moebius* will be under the skilled guidance of Mary Kay Harrington.

And so, dear reader, I bid you adieu. 

*Phil Fetzer, Managing Editor*  
*Moebius*

## Notes

1. Feeney, Mark, *Nixon At The Movies*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2004.