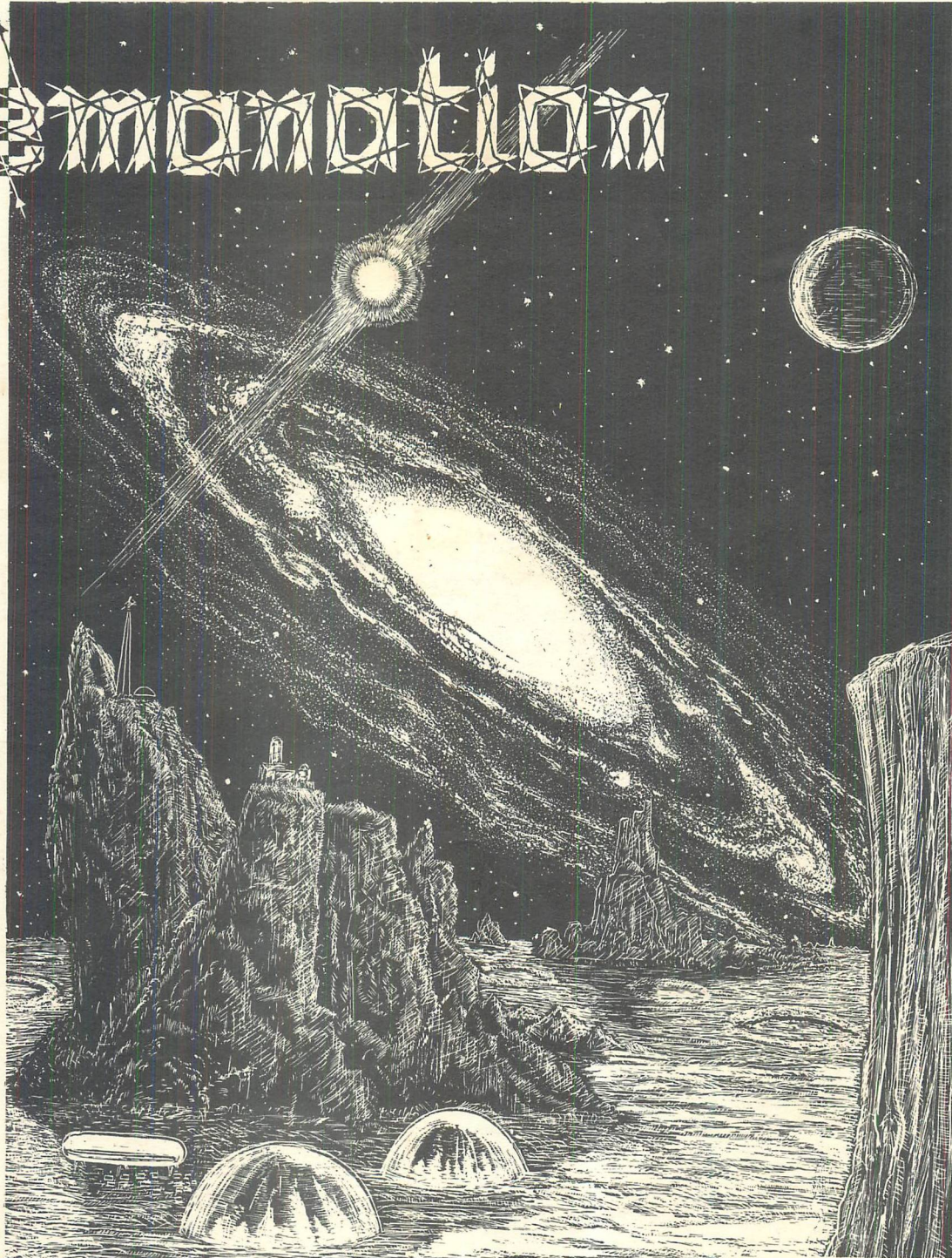


Emotion



Emanation #1

February 1961

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+++++
 Editor/Publisher John M. Foyster.
 Art by Chris Bennie, Bob Smith and JohnMF who was
 CB also turned a handle, unable to get out of it.
 Blood, sweat, tears and handle turning arm provided
 by JohnMF. Chris cut the artwork and Merv. Binns
 turned the handle on page 26. Thanks to Pascalls,
 manufacturers of SCOTCH MINTS which kept the publisher
 going in time of need. Ditto Coca-cola and Cottees.

Sex is an acquired taste.....

This produced on AFPA's Roneo and the b. is playing
 up. Publishing date is February 6.
 Front and Bacovers drawn and PAID FOR by Christopher
 N. Bennie. A Ghood Man. Printed by the White Horse
 Press. Front cover guillotined by Don Latimer.

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 Emanation is published as infrequently as possible
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 Australia. Available for letter of comment, contribution,
 trade, as well as for 3/- Aust (thish, others 2/-) or
 10/- for ~~four~~ six. (\$1 or 8/- stg.) Acknowledgment of
 this issue in some little way is desirable....Unless I
 know you well enough

.....
AUTHORS RETAIN ALL RIGHTS...

You too can have a body like mine - just run off a
 70 page 'zine in two days. Next issue may well be out
 before May. 'Til about page 72, this is JohnMF chicken/
 ing out jmf.



SF - WHERE NOW?

by Wynne N. Whiteford.

Since the days of Jules Verne - yes, even since the days of Plato and Homer - science-fiction has shown a number of distinct trends. Stories fall into different classes, some of them as old as history, some a product of a suddenly changing environment.

What, exactly, makes a story "science-fiction"? You might define it as a story in which the main point hinges on some scientific fact - but if you did this you would exclude some of the best-known stories in the field. Perhaps one of the most striking yarns to appear in recent years, Alfred Bester's The Stars My Destination, showed a future civilisation enormously influenced by the almost universal power of teleportation. Yet is this scientific? Are there any accurately-documented laboratory experiments on record to give the idea the merest shadow of possibility?

Strictly speaking, the absence of any such data places Bester's novel outside the realm of SF. But, in practice, how else would you classify it?

Personally, I think an exact definition of science-fiction doesn't matter two hoots. Everyone knows, roughly, what it includes, and all along its fringes it overlaps other fields of fiction. It is a useful term, because it groups together a number of types of stories which seem to appeal to the same people, although the stories themselves have little in common. Just as a "western" may be anything from a detective-story to a psychological suspense thriller, as long as it is set in the somewhat conventionalized and legendary "wild west", so a story in an SF magazine may be one of many things. It may be a realistic extrapolation of existing scientific trends, as in Arthur C. Clarke's Earthlight; it may be sheer fantasy like James H. Schmitz' Summer Guests; it may be a twentieth-century version of an extremely ancient type of story - for instance, Ted Sturgeon's Killdozer, when you come to analyse it, is basically a story of diabolical possession - something I hadn't noticed until Frank Bryning once pointed it out to me. Again it may be a "utopia" type story, showing us other possible civilizations; these in turn may be either inspiring, as in some of Isaac Asimov's future history series, which is largely extrapolated from past history, or a blood-chilling horror-story like Orwell's 1984.

The stories showing us contact between the here-and-now and other possible civilisations use one or another of three devices: (1) space-travel, (2) time-travel, (3) travelling into a different "dimension". Let's take a look at the scientific basis behind each of these.

Space-travel, certainly, stands today on a reasonably firm footing. With twenty-three man-made devices in space right now, most of them orbiting the Earth and at least one, Pioneer V, at the moment closer to the orbit of Venus than that of Earth, it is becoming increasingly obvious that the manned conquest of space is only a matter of time - probably of much less time than most of us would predict, for the advance ~~of~~ scientific development shows an ever-increasing acceleration of tempo. The majority of us are going to be alive when the first man sets foot on Mars, and at the present rate of achievement it would be unwise to set any limits on the things we might live to see.

Space-travel stories, especially those dealing with the near future, embodying equipment of a type already in its experimental forms, are essentially stories of exploration like Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea; comparing the description of Captain Nemo's Nautilus with a modern nuclear submarine shows an incredible accuracy of forecasting, the more remarkable because of the long range of the prediction - Verne wrote it 85 years before the first nuclear submarine was launched. Sometimes, science follows so closely on SF that the story is not recognized as SF by the time it appears. Remember Terence Rattigan's The Sound Barrier? It was written as SF. By the time the film reached the screen, it had come true.

Space-stories, then, are undisputably science-fiction. But what about time-travel? Here you have a completely unscientific premise. Of course, you can except the stories of travel into the future by suspended animation as in Wells' The Sleeper Awakes or Friedrich Freksa's Druso, to go back a bit - these lie within the realm of the conceivably possible. But the idea of travelling back in time - a retrograde movement along the world-lines of a four-dimensional continuum, if you like - clashes with the laws of cause and effect. No scientific basis whatever, yet the idea has given rise to some unforgettable stories - Bradbury's Sound of Thunder, for instance, with its tremendously vital picture of a tyrannosaurus "towering above the trees like an evil god", a story of travel from the future back in the steaming violence of the Jurassic Age. Maybe it couldn't happen - nobody from the

future ever comes back to now, or even to the great moments of history which should have a time-travelling tourist attraction - but so what? It made a good story.

Once, after an argument in the States about time-travel, I decided to write a burlesque showing the impossible situations that could arise through a man going back in time. Central character goes back 130 years, accidentally kills his great-grandfather, returns to his own time to find nobody has ever heard of him; goes back earlier to stop himself killing his great-grandfather, meets himself, and is killed by "himself"; in other words, he's there twice at the one time, and the story ends with one "self" dead and the other running away. I thought this was a joke, because of its built-in absurdity. Amazing Stories published it - The Non-Existent Man - about the middle of 1958, and oddly enough a lot of people took it as a serious "problem" story. Which only goes to show something or other.

The same goes for stories of transference to another dimension - whatever you may choose to visualise by another dimension. No scientific basis. But to rule them out would have robbed us of Cliff Simak's Ring Around The Sun, and a hundred others. The price for accuracy of definition is just too much to pay.

In the last few years, the wealth of material from which to build fiction has expanded enormously. We have learned more in the last decade about the Universe than in the previous century, and more in that century than in the previous ten thousand years. Things that were mysteries a decade ago are established facts. We used to wonder if ours was the only planetary system. Now we know that there are over twenty planetary systems in the stars within twenty light-years of ours - in other words, that if the same frequency persists throughout the Galaxy it must contain something of the order of a hundred thousand million of such systems. We know now that at least vegetable life exists on the surface of Mars, the only other planet whose surface we can see; the presence of chlorophyll leaves no other explanation of the blue-green markings acceptable.

With the possibility that ion-drive might give a ship a velocity which is a substantial percentage of the velocity of light, other stars are no longer certain to be forever out of Man's reach. There are at least sixteen within twelve light-years - four of these binaries, two others triple stars, five quite close in type to our

own sun: Epsilon Eridani, Tau Ceti, the yellow components of Alpha Centauri, Procyon and Omicron-2 Eridani.

We have never directly seen planets in these systems, but in the case of close-coupled binaries like the red 61 Cygni pair and the yellow and purplish 70 Ophiuchi the "wobble" of one of the components in its orbit around the centre of gravity of the pair displays the swing of an unbalanced, though unseen, planetary system.

Inhabited? No way of knowing, yet. Just as any possible inhabitants of such systems would know nothing of us. Or would they?

Ever think of this one? Radio waves spread out indefinitely, at least some of them no doubt escaping the Heaviside Layer. Think of the radio signals sent out, say, at the end of the first world war. Early in 1923 they could have reached Alpha Centauri - vastly enfeebled, but perhaps still perceptible by a sufficiently sensitive receiver. By the mid nineteen-thirties they could have reached Altair, and by now they could be ten light-years beyond Arcturus.

Has anyone - or anything - picked them up, somewhere out there? Somewhere on the hundred or so probable planets within that radius?

Makes you wonder, doesn't it? . . .

Gives me an idea for another yarn! 'Bye now -

...WYNNE N. WHITEFORD

....

There are a few points in Wynne's article I want to take up in my editorial, if I get round to writing one. Meanwhile a few words about Wynne himself wouldn't go astray. I only met Wynne about six months ago although he has been attending the Melbourne SF Club on and off for about five years. This is not surprising since my own attendance has been even less regular until recently - over the last six months or so...but I believe I have muttered something about this already. Wynne spoke at the Melbourne Olympicon in 1956 and this speech appeared in Etherline 80. He has not yet attended sufficient club meetings to be able to beat either Dick Jenssen or myself at darts...anyone who has seen Jenssen or myself

play the noble game will know the significance of this remark. Wynne has recently been in the US and Great Britain where he has sold quite a wad of stories, a listing of which, courtesy of Wynne and Don Tuck, appears hereunder.

Ancestral Home.s	SFM(Aust.) #11 1956 (also sold to FU)
Appointment with Death.s	Squire ?? 1956
Automaton.s	Bulletin Aug.14 1935
Beyond the Infinite.s	Adam and Eve about 1935
Big Chance, The.s	Squire ?? 1956
Bill of Sale.s	NW March 1960
Dark Command.n'te.	(with agent in USA)
Distant Drum.short novel	SFAdv (Brit) July 1959
Doorway, The.s	NW September 1960
Escape from Inferno.s	(with agent in USA)
Escape into Silence.n'te	If September 1959
Gelzek Business, The.s	If November 1959
Great White Gods, The.s	Super SF October 1958
Inner Demon.n'te (borderline)	Aust. Journal March 1.1952
Into The Dark.s (borderline)	The Saint ? 1958
Moment of Decision.n'te	NW July 1960
Never in a Thousand Years.s	If July 1959
Non-Existent Man, The.s	AS July 1958
One Way to Tomorrow.s	Aust. Journal late 1956
Shadow of the Sword.n'te	FU October 1958
	SFAdv (Brit) January 1959
Who Rides the Tiger.short novel	SFAdv (Brit) December 1959

Distant Drum is a sequel to Shadow of the Sword.

....

There being quite a lot of space on this page and myself not particularly anxious to waste space or leave two inches of white paper on any page I shall direct your attention to the novels of Terry Southern. They are, chronologically and alphabetically, "Flash and Filigree" and "The Magic Christian". Both have as heroes rather..... unusual(?) gentlemen. In F&F the hero is a mad doctor and in TMC he is a wealthy practical joker.(I nearly said Sadist...but you never know who might be reading.) Anyway both novels are written in a mildly hysterical manner and in "Flash and Filigree" Southern lampoons the 'Doctor-and-Nurse' novel most effectively. However I think "The Magic Christian" is a funnier book, despite its being merely a string of incidents. You read 'em and see if you agree with me that Southern ought to be a fan.

DO

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THE

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- Donald H. Tuck.

Donald H. Tuck.

Many new collectors after a few years in the field may wonder - "What are the stories that I should try to obtain if I want to have a background of what is best in the science fiction field.

Now we can get some indication for such a library by using various articles that have appeared and I propose to collate those I am acquainted with, add some new data, give an idea in what form the story may be available, and then the choice will be yours!

Our first material appears from a symposium conducted by August Derleth during the time when his short-lived magazine Arkham Sampler appeared. This was covered in its Winter 1949 issue. Sometime later P. Schuyler Miller conducted a similar sort of survey for proposed selections into the categories of "Development of Science Fiction" and "The Basic Library"; these results appeared in the January 1953 issue of Astounding Science Fiction.

I feel there is a big difference in the background of the people who gave their choices for these listings. There was a heavy bias in the Derleth symposium towards professionals in the field whilst the Miller listings came more from readers. Admittedly there were at least two non-writers or editors in the Derleth (of that time anyhow) - F. J. Ackerman and S. Moskowitz, but to my way of thinking they were both more "professionally minded" than the readers of the Miller survey. Miller doesn't state how the professionals polled in his listing but I would infer that hardly any did so.

	<u>MILLER</u> Development. (position.)
Gulliver's Travels. J. Swift.	15
Erewhon. S. Butler.	18
The Blind Spot. A. Hall/H. E. Flint.	19
Out of the Silent Planet. C. S. Lewis.	21
The Moon Pool. A. Merritt.	22
The Purple Cloud. M. P. Shiel.	23

Now, of course, the arrangement above is misleading for the following reason - that between 1949 and 1953 quite a number of books appeared, adding markedly to the field of selection. Book publishing in the genre really got under way and magazine classics of earlier years now made hard covers. Thus book editions of Heinlein, Bradbury, Van Vogt, et al., had appeared by 1953 but not when the Derleth symposium was conducted.

However, as this article is to give the scope of 'a' basic library, I make no further comment. Nor will I make any remarks about some works in the Derleth listing which did not finish in the Miller poll.

What can be added since 1953? There are no polls that I know of except the selections by the INTERNATIONAL FANTASY AWARD COMMITTEE and the votings in the Hugo Awards conducted by the recent World Science Fiction Conventions. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound, so let's add these -

<u>IFA</u>	1951	Earth Abides. G. R. Stewart.	
	1952	The Day of the Triffids. J. Wyndham. (2nd. but	
	1953	City. C. D. Simak. ((1st. SF)	
		Takeoff. C. M. Kornbluth. (second.)	
		Player Piano. K. Vonnegut. (third.)	
	1954	More Than Human. T. Sturgeon.	
		The Demolished Man. A. Bester. (second.)	
	1955	A Mirror For Observers. E. Pangborn.	
		Mission of Gravity. H. Clement. (second.)	

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	<u>MILLER</u>	
	Basic (position)	Development (position)
The Science-Fiction Omnibus. (E. F. Bleiler/T. E. Dikty).	9	-
The Illustrated Man. R. Bradbury.	10	-
Lest Darkness Fall. L. S. De Camp.	11	-
Portable Novels of Science. (D. A. Wollheim.)	12	4
Grey Lensman. E. E. Smith.	13	-
The World of A. A. E. Van Vogt.	14	-
Foundation. I. Asimov.	15	-
The Astounding Science Fiction Anthology. (J. W. Campbell.)	16	-
1984. G. Orwell.	17	14
Sinister Barrier E. F. Russell.	18	-
A Treasury of Science Fiction. (G. Conklin.)	20	-
And Some Were Human. L. Del Rey.	21	-
I, Robot. I. Asimov.	23	-
The Moon Is Hell. J. W. Campbell.	24	-
Beyond This Horizon. R. A. Heinlein.	25	-
The	26	-
The Humanoids. J. Williamson.	27	-
The Omnibus Jules Verne.		7
Looking Backward. E. Bellamy.		8
Ralph 124C41+. H. Gernsback.		9
Frankenstein. M. W. Shelley.		10
Beyond Time and Space. (A. Derleth.)		13

	<u>MILLER</u> Development. (position.)
Gulliver's Travels. J. Swift.	15
Erewhon. S. Butler.	18
The Blind Spot. A. Hall/H. E. Flint.	19
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		The Demolished Man. A. Bester. (second.)	
	1955	A Mirror For Observers. E. Pangborn.	
		Mission of Gravity. H. Clement. (second.)	

Hugos (Best Novel)

- 1953 The Demolished Man. A. Bester.
- 1955 They'd Rather Be Right. M. Clifton/F. Riley.
- 1956 Double Star. R. A. Heinlein.
- 1958 The Big Time. F. Leiber.
- 1959 A Case of Conscience. J. Blish.
- 1960 Starship Troopers. R. A. Heinlein.

There was no IFA in 1956 while that for 1957 was for fantasy - The Lord of the Rings Trilogy; I think this award has now ceased. The Hugo Awards began in 1953, were not awarded in 1954, and I understand were combined with the IFA in 1957.

Well, I think this will make a suitable closure. Many of the novels mentioned above cannot be faulted to my way of thinking, but I have personal reservations about a few of them.

FORM AND AVAILABILITY

Right, we now have a list of over fifty titles to work from. We may decide to collect as many as we can but naturally one's finances enter the picture. Book editions will outlast pocketbook editions but in some cases only the former are available anyhow. If one is uncertain about getting the more expensive form - well, buy the pocketbook and then decide - after all you should have a swap when you procure the hard-cover! Although I have not covered magazine originals or reprints in this article, this form may often be enough for your taste.

Well, now let us cover the works of each author or anthologist as they appear in the listings.

Herbert George WELLS (1866 - 1946)

Seven Famous Novels is readily available in the United States and is a continuous selling item from Dover since this edition of 1949; Knopf had an older edition in 1934. As its title conveys one can kill seven birds with one stone. Strange to say there is no British counterpart postwar as the similar collection was The Scientific Romances of H. G. Wells from Gollancz in 1933 and this had eight novels. Most of the novels have appeared from British and US pb publishers postwar as single items. The "Seven" are: The Time Machine; The Island of Dr. Moreau; The Invisible Man; The War of the Worlds; The

First Men in the Moon; The Food of the Gods; The Day of the Comet - the extra in the British edition being: Men Like Gods.

For The Short Stories of H. G. Wells (63 stories) the position is rather the opposite as British imprints from Benn have been appearing since 1927 with the most recent being 1957 - the only US edition was Doubleday in 1929. However, the position is not as bad as it sounds as G. Conklin edited 28 Science Fiction Stories (Dover 1952) and this gives the coverage within the science fiction genre and adds the two short novels Men Like Gods and Star-Begotten. The only PB version of this is from Penguin in 1958 and this gives 21 stories.

Olaf STAPLEDON (1886 - 1950)

The most famous classic on the future of man is undoubtedly Last and First Men and this has appeared as follows - (Methuen: London 1930 355 7/6; 1932 3/6; 1934 2/6) (Jonathan Cape/H. Smith: New York 1931 371 \$2.50) (Penguin PB 1938 288 6d.) (in To The End Of Time ed. B. Davenport Funk and Wagnalls: New York 1953 790 \$5.00) (SF Book Club (Sidgwick and Jackson) 1953).

To The End Of Time is probably the best book to obtain covering this author as, although it originally cost \$5.00, it does give the above novel; Sirius, a poignant story about an intelligent dog, which had previously only appeared from Secker and Warburg in 1944 (200 8/6); Star-Maker only from Methuen in 1937 and 1938 (339 8/6 and 3/6) - also a Canadian edition from Saunders: Toronto (the story of the Universe from its beginning to its final end); and two novels not listed but also of interest - Odd John and The Flames.

Aldous HUXLEY (1894 -)

One can very readily obtain a copy of Brave New World which has been in the forefront of classical literature since its original appearance in 1932. Chatto and Windus has had at least one postwar edition (1950) and Harper ditto (1946) while there have been three US PB editions from Bantam (1953, 1955, and 1959) and in Britain Penguin gave it to us in 1955. This is the novel that rather shocked the literary world of its time with its sting on a future organized world - incubated babies, free love, etc. More recently Huxley, in Brave New World Revisited (Harper 1958: Chatto and Windus 1959), discusses our present age in the light of what he predicted.

Raymond J. HEALY (1907 -) and J. Francis McCOMAS (1910 -)
Adventures in Time and Space is one of the science fiction anthologies, coming from Random in 1946, having a second edition in 1953 which omitted 4 of the 33 stories and then being retitled Famous Science Fiction Stories for its Modern Library 1957 edition. It is undeniably the best science fiction anthology ever produced, selecting notable stories from the then practically unplumbed pages of the magazines; it is a must in any man's language. What of the offshoots - the British edition (Grayson 1952) gives only 11 of the 33 stories, the US PBs (same title and More Adventures in Time and Space 1954 and 1955 respectively) have only 8 and 7 stories - quite frankly they are poor alternates and only of interest as items to loan around - provided you have the original, as this mightn't come back!

Alfred E. VAN VOGT (1912 -)

Now we discuss some works of an author who was of major importance during the 40s but whose writings are now rather on the wane. Slan, since appearing in ASF in 1940, has appeared from Arkham: Wisconsin 1946 (now a collector's item), Simon and Schuster: New York 1951, Weidenfeld and Nicholson 1953 & 1955, Dell PB 1953. This story of the fight of a mutant to survive is also one of the Superman Classics.

The World of A has never been published in England. Simon and Schuster produced it in 1948, Grosset and Dunlap following it with a cheap edition in 1950, while Ace made it half of their first SF Double D-31, 1953. I am told that this masterpiece of non-Aristotlean logic (?) must be read twice to make sense - as I have only done so once I must leave you to form your own impressions.

To my mind The Weapon Makers is probably a more readable piece of goods, but one must be careful here of two versions. Hadley hardcovered the original magazine story in 1946, but Van Vogt rewrote it later to follow his The Weapon Shops of Isher (Greenberg 1951, Weidenfeld & Nicholson 1952, Ace D-53, 1954) and this version appeared from Greenberg in 1952, Weidenfeld and Nicholson 1954, and then the Ace retitled One Against Eternity D-94 in 1955. The early version either as magazine or from Hadley is a collector's item in any case.

By the way, you can pick up the first two novels plus another good Van Vogt (The Voyage of the Space Beagle) as Triad, a Doubleday Book Club issue in 1959.

Sydney F. WRIGHT (1874 -)

This noted British author who has many mystery and

detective works to his credit, some under the pseudonym 'Sydney Fowler', makes our library with The World Below, a noted classic of a traveller on a future Earth of 300,000 years hence. The vivid descriptions of this era and the characterisation of the future being 'showing our traveller the sights' holds one's interest from start to finish. This title was originally intended to cover a trilogy but only two parts appeared - The Amphibians and The World Below. The former appeared in some scarce editions in Britain around 1925 while the combined form appeared on both sides of the Atlantic in 1929-30. It was then revived in 1949 by Books For Today: London and Shastar: Chicago. The two separate stories have also appeared as Galaxy Science Fiction Novels Numbers 4 & 5, 1951, as well as from Hamilton in their Panther PB Series, the latter in 1953 and the former retitled The Dwellers in 1954.

If one should like more of this author I can recommend The Throne of Saturn (Arkham:1949, Heinemann:1951). Many of the 12 stories really bite into our present day social conditions.

August W. DERLETH (1909 -)

August W. Derleth's anthologies have been a feature of both the science fiction and weird fields and it is only fitting that we should have some in our collection. Strange Ports of Call was actually his first science fiction anthology and gives 19 stories selected on their literary standard. Arkham published this in 1948 and this book is now very hard to obtain. The PB edition is probably better than nothing as it gives 10 of the stories (Berkley 1958).

His Beyond Time and Space (Pelligrini and Cudahy: New York 1950) gives 32 stories as a 'Compendium to Science Fiction through the Ages'; the Berkley 1958 edition of this is only a shadow, unfortunately, as it gives only 8 stories.

William M. SLOANE (1906 -)

William Sloane is primarily noted for his two prewar brilliant novels To Walk the Night (1937) and Edge of Running Water (1939) though postwar he has compiled some anthologies which I won't discuss here. Neither of these novels has appeared in Britain postwar but Dodd, Mead issued them in 1954 and 1955 respectively. Dell has given us both in 1955 and 1956 but the latter was retitled The Unquiet Corpse. The one listed in our basic library describes the supernatural complications arising when two men become involved with a strange woman.

Sir Arthur Conan DOYLE (1859 - 1930)

It is not necessary to say much about The Lost World. This tale of a prehistoric land on a plateau in South America is one of the perennials and keeps popping up from the publishers every couple of years - J. Murray 1959, 1960 (PB); Pyramid PB 1959, 1960 - to mention some. However, if one is keen on Professor Challenger and would like to read more about him, why not endeavour to obtain The Professor Challenger Stories (Murray 1952 15/-) which gives five stories amongst which are The Poison Belt and the unusual When the Earth Screamed.

Philip G. WYLIE (1902 -)

Every now and then Wylie drops a bombshell on the literary world, for example his A Generation of Vipers (1942, non-sf), The Disappearance (1951), and The Answer (1956). The story here is one such early one and is considered to be among the Superman classics. Gladiator first appeared from Knopf in 1930 and since then it has reappeared as an early Avon PB 1949, and a collector's edition from Shakespeare Press: New York 1951 - but no editions from Great Britain. It is usually rated behind Slan, for instance in this library, but is conceded to be better than Stapledon's Odd John and Stanley G. Weinbaum's The New Adam. Chronologically it was the first and therefore broke new ground in this respect.

John Taine - pseudonym of Eric T. BELL (1883 - 1960)

Most of Taine's novels appeared around the '30s and were very popular. They are essentially of the science-adventure type but the science in them was usually quite thought-provoking. If one can rate a novel on its 'degree' of science fiction, Before the Dawn would rate high as it employs a time device to graphically describe Earth in the Saurian Age. Very well written, it has never appeared in England and the only forms in which it is available since the original Williams Wilkins edition of 1934 are in the anthology Portable Novels of Science (Wollheim) 1945 and the magazine Famous Fantastic Mysteries (December 1946).

Groff CONKLIN (1904 -)

Conklin entered the science fiction field quite early after the war as an anthologist and has since published numerous notable anthologies. His first is undoubtedly the best and this The Best of Science Fiction (Crown 1946) gave 40 stories well worthy of retaining in hard covers.

His next anthology A Treasury of Science Fiction (Crown 1948) is also rated highly and like the former has never appeared in Britain. This one does have a Berkley

PB offshoot though (1957) giving 8 of the original 15 stories but this form should only be obtained as the last resort,

Erle COX (1873 - 1950)

Australians should be proud of the fact that one of their authors polls so well. Out of the Silence is one of the few books I use to attract others to our genre and my copy has been loaned all over the place. So great has been the interest in this book that for many years it was the trading item which Australian fans used to exchange for current US science fiction. Robertson and Mullens must have sold countless copies of the 1947 edition for this purpose but I am uncertain as to whether it is still available. The story did appear in England and America in 1928 (after being serialised in Australian Journal) but the edition above is the only one since.

This story for dramatic intensity and gripping reading is one only the strongest-willed person could leave unfinished; it is the saga of an omnipotent woman from the mighty past endeavouring to control Australia (and eventually the world). You must beg, borrow or steal this one; it still does occasionally pop up in second hand book shops anyway.

Robert A. HEINLEIN (1907 -)

Now we start to discuss books that appeared after the Derleth symposium and Heinlein, the master of the postwar science fiction field, is deservedly the first author to be considered. The Man Who Sold The Moon was, of course, the first book in this writer's Future History series and shows his writing skill. Of the 6 stories that appeared in this book, 4 were not unknown to readers of Astounding Science Fiction around the '40s while the title story was new and is the main story. Although the book has been published in both hard covers and pocket book fermats on both sides of the Atlantic (Shasta 1950, 1955; Sidgwick and Jackson 1953) one must note that only 4 stories appeared in the US Signet editions of 1951 and 1959 while the Pan 1955 edition is complete.

Heinlein's second Future History volume - The Green Hills of Earth - polled well also, but in this case most of the 10 stories it contains first saw the light of day in Saturday Evening Post 1947-48. The various editions of this have been Shasta 1951, Signet PB 1952 & 1958, Sidgwick and Jackson 1954, and Pan PB 1956.

We can now consider a Heinlein novel - Beyond This Horizon. This tale of the use of genetics in the future

is an older story of this author and was originally a highlight in Astounding Science Fiction early in 1942. Strange to say it has yet to appear in Britain and editions have been Fantasy Press 1948, Grosset & Dunlap 1952 while Two Complete Science-Adventure Books abridged it in Winter 1952.

This author has been averaging roughly a novel a year for quite some time and although many are rated as juveniles they are very readable fare for adults. Although Double Star is not in this category, as a Hugo winner, it is worth considering. It is a smoothly written tale of the moulding of an actor into a complete taking-over of the life of a prominent interplanetary politician. After its Astounding Science Fiction appearance in 1956 it appeared from Doubleday 1956, Doubleday Book Club 1956, Signet PB 1957, Michael Joseph 1958, and Panther PB 1960.

Heinlein's recent and most controversial novel Starship Troopers won the Hugo at the 1960 World Science Fiction Convention (Pittsburgh). Said by many to glorify war this describes very comprehensively the training of a lad for future space war and his adventures in the "Bug War". I won't enter the controversy but leave you to formulate your own opinion. The book has so far only appeared from Putnam (1959), after serialisation in Fantasy & Science Fiction, and is as fascinatingly written as anything by the "Master".

If I might add a further point. Don't stop at just these books by this author; any Heinlein is worthy of a place on a collector's shelves, - even many of his so-called juveniles.

John W. CAMPBELL (1910 -)

John Campbell, who has been editing Astounding Science Fiction so creditably since December 1937 (except for some phases which it is not my intent to comment on here), appears in the library both as author and anthologist. The strength of Who Goes There?, which is a collection of 7 stories, lies principally in the title story, a masterful novelette of suspense when an inimicable alien life form causes havoc in a U.S. camp near the Arctic Circle. However, the other stories also exemplify Campbell's noteworthy contributions to the science fiction field in the '30s when he wrote under the pseudonym "Don A. Stuart". The book appeared from Shasta 1948 and 1951, while the British edition was a Kemsley 'Cherry Tree' PB titled The Thing. The U.S. PB of the original title (Dell 1955) had slightly different contents to the original but still, of course, featured Campbell's most noted suspense yarn which was made into a movie by Howard Hawk in 1951 as The Thing.

As a compiler it is to Campbell's credit that he did so well with his anthology The Astounding Science Fiction Anthology because many anthologists including R. J. Healy and G. Conklin had used the pages of the magazine so freely for their own selections. This anthology contains 22 stories (and an article) and appeared from Simon and Schuster in 1952 with a Doubleday Book Club edition in 1953. It was cut considerably to appear on the British scene as The First Astounding Science Fiction Anthology and The Second (both 7 stories from Grayson 1954); the same remarks apply to the two Berkley PB editions, one with the original title (1956) having 8 stories and the other Astounding Tales of Space and Time (1957) 7 stories. Even if one can obtain either pair I feel in this case one should endeavour to obtain the original complete edition and the Book Club edition still seems to be readily available.

Campbell hardly wrote anything after succeeding to the editorship of Astounding Science Fiction (except, of course, many articles within this magazine) and it therefore says something for his writing ability that his only postwar work The Moon is Hell should make the poll. This gripping story of survival on the Moon has only appeared from Fantasy Press 1950 and had a Fantasy 'Golden SF Library' reprint in 1957; one of the author's notable fantasy stories which originally appeared in Unknown, The Elder Gods also appears in this book.

Ray BRADBURY (1920 -)

Ray Bradbury now appears on the scene and should need no introduction. He is an author whom I personally can only read on occasions and not for a long length of time but nevertheless books like The Martian Chronicles and The Illustrated Man should be in everyone's personal library. The first one is a blending into continuity of his many notable stories set on or about Mars which were so much a feature of the Standard Magazines and Planet Stories in the late '40s while the latter book gives more general stories but based on the 'illustrations' on a tattooed man.

One has to watch the slight differences between the US Doubleday (1950, 1958; 1951, 1958) respectively and the British Hart-Davis (1951, 1952) editions; also the former from Hart-Davis was retitled The Silver Locusts. PBs have also appeared in various editions from both countries

Everett F. Bleiler (1920 -) and Thaddeus E. Dikty (1920 -)

This pair of anthologists left their mark on the field with their very high class annual compilations Best Science-Fiction Stories which began in 1949 and gradually

It tapered off in standard. Science-Fiction Omnibus collects the first two, 1949 and 1950, Bests, in one volume and recently appeared from Garden City Pub. Co. (1952). No substitute is recommended in this case as even the first in the Grayson counterpart of the US series which appeared in 1951 gives only 8 of the original 13 stories in the Best... 1950.

ST. MICHAEL CAMP (1907 -)
 For St. Michael Camp is noted for his own particular brand of adventure and Best Darkness Fall is a novel of its type, originally from the pages of Unknown in 1939. This novel of the life of a present-day American in ancient Rome was first issued by Holt in 1949 (now a collector's item) then Prime Press made it available again in 1949 and Heinemann did so on the same in 1955. It has also appeared, slightly abridged, as a Galaxy SF Novel Number 24 in 1955.

D. WOLLHEIM (1914 -)
 D. Wollheim is remembered by many that D. Wollheim arranged one of the early so-called Pocket Book of Science Fiction (1943); in point of fact this was the first science fiction anthology pocket book, although not in our basic library, is well worth having. Wollheim appears here because of his anthology Possible Novels of Science (Viking 1945) which covers the two cover the four noted novels The War of the Worlds by H. G. Wells, Before the Dawn by J. Taine, The Shadow of Time by H. P. Lovecraft, and Odd John by O. Stapledon. By checking the other parts of this article one can see that some of these have been previously discussed, giving an idea of their quality.

Edward E. SMITH (1890 -)
 Personally I feel that no basic library should be without at least one of Smith's intergalactic space-opera and Grey Lensman is usually counted the best. Smith has done a lot for science fiction starting with his Star Line of Space which became readily available a short time ago and was originally published in 1928 - and old-time readers remember his novels with an air of nostalgia. Grey Lensman, although part of the Lensman series can stand on its own and, after its original appearance as a serial in Astounding Science Fiction from October 1930 in four parts, was revised for its Fantasy Book edition in 1951.

LESLIE LAMMON (1920 -)
 Now come to another author who was a highlight

in astounding Science Fiction in the war years and has from strength to strength since, namely Isaac Asimov (the puns that appeared on his name at times, Doctor (Ph. D.) took in all good fun). His Foundation series were featured in ASF from 1942- were collated into the three books Foundation, Foundation and Empire and Second Foundation from Gnome in 1952, and 1953 respectively. Only the first appears polling but aficionados should try to procure the they deal with the ramifications of future genetic politics. Only the first has seen a British edition; all have US PB appearances, the first 2,000-Year Plan (Ace D-110 1955), the second as Who Upset the Universe (Ace D-125 1955), and the title, from Avon in 1958, while through the of British PB publishing the third appeared in Digit 1958 and the first only recently as a

very important part of Asimov's fiction is the set in which he expounds his Laws of Robotics; the Robot, have cut the ground completely from under other authors desiring to write good robot stories. The Robot (which old readers will remember was the title of a robot story by Eando Binder in Amazing Stories January 1939) and this is quite readily available as can be seen from the following - Gnome 1950 - hard cover and soft covered edition (for US army), Grosset and Dunlap 1952, Grayson & Grayson 1952, SF Book Club (Sidgwick and Jackson) 1954, Signet PB 1956 and Digit PB 1958.

George ORWELL pseudonym of Eric BLAIR (1903 - 1950) is a Utopia type novel - the wrong type in this case which should be in every collection as it shows the society derived from a logical extrapolation of present-day socialism. The story is harsh - "Remember Big Brother is watching you" - just think what this would mean! How would you accept it? Harcourt Brace presented it to the U.S. in 1949, Secker and Warburg to Britain in 1950 while it has also appeared as a US Signet PB in 1950 and as a British Penguin in 1954. The story is not unknown in other literary spheres, having been filmed and also creating quite a stir as a BBC TV play.

Eric F. RUSSELL (1905 -)

This British author deservedly has a place in the library as his Sinister Barrier, when first written, was the tale that germinated the seed for John W. Campbell to edit Unknown (Worlds) which began in March 1939. It appears therein and is the notable classic on the Fear theme that we are controlled. Perhaps if it were

written today it would be more smoothly written nevertheless it is still a stark melodrama. World's Work published it in a now scarce book edition in 1943 while Fantasy Press gave it to the U.S. public in 1948. The only PB edition was one of the "emsley" "Cherry Tree" Fantasy novels around 1950.

Lester DEL REY (1915 -)

Twelve stories which made this author such an outstanding one for Astounding Science Fiction and Unknown (Worlds) in the early '40s were collected in And Some Were Human. Unfortunately this has appeared in only the one form; from Prime Press: Philadelphia in 1948 but is well worth placing on a want list.

Jack WILLIAMSON (1908 -)

Our final author in this "Basic" Library - check the table (p. 8,9,10.) if you can't see what I'm getting at - is the evergreen Jack Williamson. After his romantic and enthralling space opera in the '30s (notably The Legion of Space etc.) Williamson made top-ranking postwar with his The Humanoids which, with grand characterisation outlines the involved battle against these beings which are eating the human race to stagnate. This has appeared as follows - Simon and Schuster 1949, Grosset and Dunlap 1950. Museum 1953, was abridged for Two Complete Science-Adventure Books Spring 1952, and also as Galaxy SF Novel Number 21 in 1954.

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Let us now briefly consider the remainder of the "Development of Science Fiction" nominations. These are necessary to have on this particular basis of their selection but one cannot read all of them merely for entertainment! They do make sense, however, if considered in the light of the time when they were originally written.

The Omnibus Jules Verne (Lippincott 1931, 1951) gives four stories of which three are fundamental in relation to this author - Around the World in 80 Days; 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea; From the Earth to the Moon (with sequel) - the fourth is non-SF. These are stories I feel most of us enjoyed in our youth.

The Edward Bellamy (1850 - 1898) Looking Backward first appeared in 1888 but is fairly readily available in postwar editions on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ralph 124641+ H. G. Wells (1864 -) is a must for everyone as it is by the "Father of Science Fiction" himself and is noted for the many inventions it forecast

as Hugo serialised it himself in his "Modern Electrics" from April 1911. Its 1925 book edition from Stratford: Boston is now a collector's item and the Amazing Stories Quarterly Winter 1929 appearance is also tending in that direction. However, it is also available postwar as Fell published it in 1950 while it has also appeared as a Kemsley "Cherry Tree" around 1952.

Much has been said of M. W. Shelley's (1797 - 1851) Frankenstein which startled the world of that time. Every lover of the weird should have this one which was the instigator of many films; among many editions it was recently PB'd by World in 1958 and (I think) Lion in 1957.

Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels appears in this particular listing too, but I must confess that I have only read a juvenile version in my youth. Of undoubted historic value I understand the normal story is full of Swift's philosophy and sermonising.

Samuel Butler (1835 - 1902) would probably see more of a need than ever to have a civilization without machines these days as his Brewhorn was based on this premise and appeared in 1872. The story is contained in The Essential Samuel Butler (Cape and Dutton 1950) while Penguin reissued it in 1954.

Austin Hall (? - 1933) and Homer Eon Flint (? - 1934), two old Argosy names, collaborated on one particular story which is acknowledged classic, namely The Blind Spot. After Argosy serialisation in 1921, it was begun as a Famous Fantastic Mysteries serial in arch 1940 but then appeared complete in the first issue of Fantastic Novels (July 1940). Since then Prime Press has published it (1951) and Museum in 1953. This is a somewhat slow-moving tale of another dimensional world.

Coming nearer our present time C. S. Lewis (1898 -) wrote Out of the Silent Planet and this, eventually the first (and best) of a trilogy, appeared from J. Lane in 1938, MacMillan (N.Y.) 1943 and Lane again in 1951. It has appeared from Pan (1952) but is continually being reprinted from Avon - 1949, 1956 and 1960. It covers philosophy on Mars and its sequels were Perelandra and That Hideous Strength, both readily available from the same publishers in similar forms.

Of course there are many Merritt (1884 - 1943) collectors who have all his works and would not part with them. The Moon Pool (which includes the sequel The Conquest of the Moon Pool) is the best example of this writer's particular artistry and is well worth having although some

might prefer his The Ship of Ishtar. The title story and the sequel have both appeared separately in the magazines and combined as Avon PB in the postwar era. Strange to say this novel has no postwar book publication - whilst some other Merritt novels have - nor has it ever been published in Britain.

The last work in this section is M. P. Shiel's (1866-1947) The Purple Cloud which still makes quite good reading. It is one of the best last man and last woman stories and although the original 1901 edition is said to open rather slowly (and is scarce) the streamlined version appearing from 1929 - Gollancz, Vanguard, World, also Famous Fantastic Mysteries June 1949 is far more readable.

Finally we consider some writers with noted novels which have appeared in the last decade. I had better say here that they might not necessarily become known in the future and "classics" - after all time does many funny things in the world in this regard - but nevertheless they have been selected (and in the most part I feel deservedly so) as the best novels of their years.

Earth Abides G. R. Stewart (1895 -) won the first LFA and I doubt whether anyone would wish to dispute this one. Another on the last man and woman on Earth theme it appeared from Random in 1949, Gollancz 1950 and 1952, British SF Book Club 1953, and was a nice fat volume from Corgi in 1956.

I am glad to mention John Wyndham in this article. He was known to the science fiction realm prewar under his true name of John Beynon Harris (1903 -) and his writings date back to 1931. Postwar he has, of course, become known as one of Britain's leading writers and always sells well. This particular yarn came from Doubleday 1951 after serialisation in Collier's, Michael Joseph 1951, as a Doubleday Book Club edition and even saw British hardcover reprinting from Michael Joseph in 1958 and Hutchinson (in an abridged form) 1960. PB editions of this derivative from Wells' Country of the Blind have come from Penguin 1954, and Popular Library (US) 1952 - as Revolt of the Triffids.

No modern science fiction library should be without Clifford D. Simak (1904 -) and as one of my favourite authors I heartily recommend City which is a compilation of a notable series from the pages of Astounding Science Fiction. Gnome gave this to us in 1952, Weidenfeld and

Nicholson in 1954 in book form while US collectors have the choice of two PB editions - Perma-book 1954 or Ace Double 1958. This is the story of the future of men as outlined in the Webster family - robots and dogs.

It is also fitting that a work of the late C. M. Hornbluth (1923 - 1958) be included and I feel his Takeoff is more straight-forward in story than many of his later works. This story is of a science fiction detective type and deals with the launching of the first spaceship by "amateurs" - it has not appeared in Britain but its Doubleday 1952 edition was followed by the Book Club edition and a Bantam PB in 1953.

Player Piano by Kurt Vonnegut (1922 -) is not my particular class of dish but is mentioned because it may appeal to some who are interested in future electronics. Scribner printed it in 1952, MacMillan 1953; it had book club editions from both the US and Britain while the US PB appearance was as Utopia 14 in 1955.

The noted contemporary author Theodore Sturgeon (1918 -) now appears on this list very deservedly with More than Human. This one is hard to review in a short phrase so I'll leave it unsaid. It had identical hardcover and PB editions in 1953 from Farrar, Strauss and Ballentine respectively and then appeared from Gollancz and the British Book Club in the two following years. I also understand it has seen a recent British reprint.

One has only to mention The Demolished Man and the author Alfred Bester (1913 -) springs to mind. It is doubtful whether this author will ever write anything to surpass this which the New York Herald Tribune succinctly summarised as "...a subtle and complex whydunit". Shasta Sidgwick and Jackson both published it in 1953, book club editions appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, while Signet published it in 1954 reprinting in 1959 and Ballantine gave it to us recently as a Panther (1959).

Lagar Pangborn (1909 -), a musician turned writer, created a good impression with his first novel West of Sun (1953) but surpassed this with his story of Martians on Earth A Mirror for Observers. This has appeared as follows - Doubleday 1954, Doubleday Book Club 1954, F. Muller: London 1955, British Book Club 1956 and 1957 PB 1958.

A. Clement, the writing name of Harry C. Stubbs (1921 -), is noted primarily for his science fiction which has been shown by many stories in Astounding Science Fiction through the years. Mission of Gravity

really shows what an author can do with a logically extrapolated scientific background and Doubleday first made it available in hard covers in 1954. There is also a Doubleday Book Club edition of the same year; Robert Hale gave it to the British field while it was a Galaxy SF Novel - Number 33 - in 1958.

The first of the Hugo awards not previously covered is They'd Rather Be Right from Mark Clifton (1906 -) and Frank Riley. This tale of Bossy - the computer - has only appeared as a Galaxy PB Number 35 in 1959. The Big Time by Fritz Leiber (1910 -) has yet to be published outside its original appearance in Galaxy (serial March-April 1958) while James Blish's (1921 -) A Case of Conscience, a novel with a religious background first appeared as a US PB from Ballentine in 1958 and has only seen hard cover editions on the British scene from Faber and the British Book Club in 1959.

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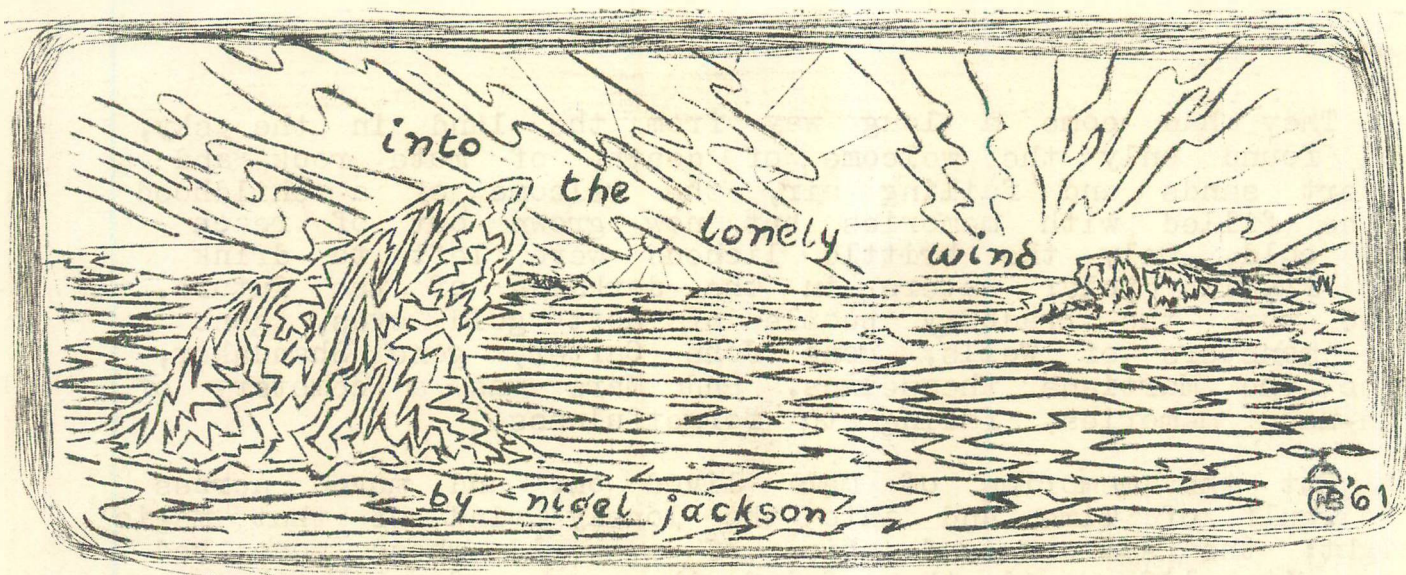
There we are. I earnestly hope that this article will help stabilise your ideas on what can be called a basic science fiction library. The acquisition of one book by an author not previously collected can often open new vistas and then you want to become complete in him. You may even find that one book may appeal to you more than the so-called classic that started you off!

In closing let me add there are probably only two ways, looking at it broadly, for the formation of a good science fiction library and these are naturally dictated by personal taste. One is the basis of this article and the other the complete collecting of favourite authors only. The bias for most collectors is towards the latter but, if one bears the interests of science fiction at heart, one should also go for the former. Anyway I'll leave it to you whether you cover the field in general or specialise - Good Hunting!

FINIS

I can only say that I wish there'd been something like this around when I started collecting. I know this will be useful to lots of people.... hope they read it.
John M Foyster.





They had been out in the open air of late afternoon for nearly an hour, until the sun, strangely small, was now balanced like a glowing saffron ball on the horizon. Small wisps of shining cloud were woven above it, framing its final moments, and its rays, dimming, illumined less than a third of the sky. It looked as though it were some wonderful and ancient creature possessed by death, as though it would never return again; every minute it sank further towards the unseen sea; they could almost hear the melting melody of its passing.

The first men to come to Mars were seeing their first sunset.

Then they turned, and as they looked past the silent silver shape that was their home and their link with a greater home, they watched for the first time an alien night swooping with wings of icy blackness upon the desert that enclosed them. About their feet, the wind, gently stirring the aged sands, touched them with vague, biting fingers, so that they gave their pressure suits more warmth and shuffled among the shadows. On the night horizon the darkness was becoming impenetrable; the red mountains were black, and one cool white planet maintained an unwinking vigil in the sky.

Earth! Our home! In the sky among the stars!

There were four of them, and as they stood on the ancient bed of an old, long-dried-up sea, looking across ground which, once young and alive beneath sparkling waves now lay arid, dead and frightening, in the impartial shadow of dusk.

They had come a long way from the land in the sky, and found only the welcome of death, of mute rock and desert sands and failing air, the welcome of a childhood scene filled with memories but now grown out of reach and cold. Only the brittle lichens were left to drink the fragile polar waters in the darkness of the future. Gone were the Bradbury people of soft gold eyes, gone the monsters of Wells, gone John Carter, gone Shandakor, gone the Martians themselves, and Mars was a cemetery of man-made memories, fading to forgetfulness.

But the memories of Mars lived on, and moved across the gulf of Time and into the lonely wind of that magic night; the sailors and ships of a world whose seas had been its life; and they found these men from Earth on the desert floor of their greatest ocean.

One of the men was an Australian, who, as he watched the shadows ranging over the sands, remembered the beaches of his homeland, how the shining breakers rear and fall on the wide Victorian foreshores, how they plunge and frolic among the glistening rocks on a moonlight evening; how, in the day, the pale blue sea runs out to meet the sea of a young and sunburnt world. He saw the tangled spear grass, saw the matted ti-tree straggling on to the sand dunes, saw the seaweed and the shells, heard the mewing sea gulls, heard the barks of dogs and the cries of happy children. And behind these smiled the face of Tandy, whom Mother Earth held for him while he strode among the stars.

Tandy, my loved one, my darling. Tandy! cried his soul. I'll come back, Tandy.

Her face was gone, and only the evening waves remained, rolling quietly in his memory. And now it seemed to him that the waves of the sea were indeed swelling and falling before his eyes. He could see points of light on the crests and the strange darknesses in the troughs. Above him were the familiar stars of the southern sky; he could see the Saucepan straight ahead, and, high in the heavens, the Pointers and the Southern Cross. On the right were the three darkening promontories of his childhood beach, the rocks, the ti-tree and the hills, on which the eerie skeletal gum trees stood, looking like bands of ancient black men frozen rock-still in some strange corroboree.

He watched the little fingers of the sea caressing the gleaming flatsands, and remembered the times when he and Tandy had swum there in the distant evenings of the past, long before he had thought of the dead seas of another planet. But, as his mind came back to the dim forgotten days of Mars, the scene merged into the turbulent expanse of a greenish ocean which he did not know, whose waves frothed and rolled in a vast wind-beaten swell, dull beneath gloomy clouds and the gathering fall of night. An atmosphere of brooding disaster seemed to impend above the sullen waters, holding the vision fixed before his eyes.

Suddenly everything lurched. A wooden rail, streaming with water, appeared in front of him. He caught it to save himself from slipping; then strained to see in the gloom. Something moved, out among the waves, tall, black, and riding on the swell, a sailing ship, driven before a powerful wind. A glow-worm lantern glimmered on its mainmast. He watched as it rolled towards him, mast and sails etched against the dull horizon, almost like a living creature in distress.

He fancied he saw the dim shapes of the crew, behind the rails and in the rigging, struggling to change sheets and fasten down the hatches and loose cargo. For a storm was coming, of monstrous intensity and strength. He saw the heavy cloud banks rising from behind, and the lighter sky disappearing into a cloak of slate. It was dark, and a chill wind wrapped around the wave tops. Rain from the murk above him spotted the surface of the sea, and veiled the shape of the passing vessel in a ghostly mist. He had to fight to keep his eyes upon its barely visible outline, as it dropped and rose on the swelling waves.

The storm was upon him with appalling rapidity, and the waves were huge. Yawning water chasms opened at his very feet, and into these poured tempestuous whirlpools of wind-hurled ocean. Nearby, the ship was caught in all the sea's fury, lurching from side to side, yawing badly, spinning uncontrollably against the sides of giant waves. He could see only indistinctly, as his own craft rolled and pitched; and his soul was clutched by the bestial fear of a drowning man.

The other entered a gaping trough and disappeared from sight. The next instant it was thrown upwards, and was poised like a leviathan, on a wave crest right before his eyes. He saw figures leaping over the sides, others

clinging to rigging and mast, some tumbling down precipitous decks, two in despair falling into the terrific water caverns beneath the prow. Then a stupendous wave rose behind the stricken vessel and engulfed it as it was rushing down once more. There was a last picture of black masts emerging from halfway up a raging slope of water, and then it was gone, and the frothing waves battered harmlessly against each other.

Suddenly the sea was gone. The storm, the sky, the stars, gone. A shadowed plain of sterile rock stretched from the blackness of night, and the sky was clear with stars and the peaceful orb of Earth. A quiet wind came on the sand at his feet, running down the slope and touching him like a friendly goblin of the night. The other men were standing by his side, staring at the ancient sea bed with faces that, in the twilight, looked like sculptured stone.

Later, over coffee in the warmth of their rocket camp, the eldest man was speaking:

"And what of the ghosts and visions of Earth? Five thousand years and still they are mysteries. How, then, can we try to explain what we have seen tonight? We can only say that we have seen the first ghost on Mars, and tell the story. That is all."

But the Australian was dissatisfied, uncomfortable.

"Don't you think that, oh, in the very distant past," said, "that a ship like that actually did go down in storm near here, just as we saw it?"

"I do," said the other quietly.

"But why should we see it? And how?"

The elder man smiled, enjoying the young man's curiosity; his insistence upon an explanation.

"I leave that with you," he replied at last. And was used to note the young man's silence.

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by

John M Baxter.

C H I M E R A . . .

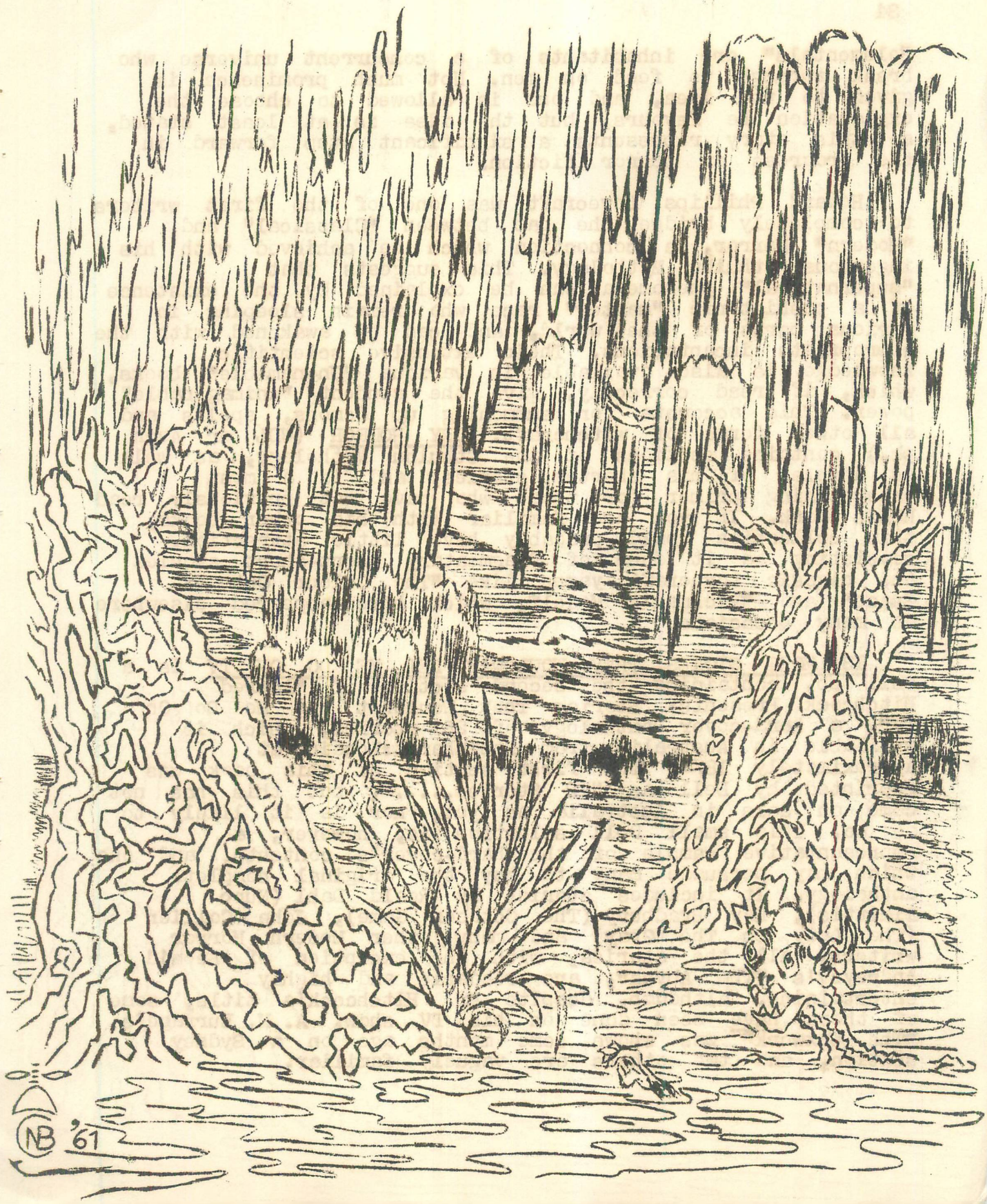
At the outset, I should emphasize that this article is written with Australian readers foremost in mind. The last few months have seen an extensive release of weird and horror fiction on the local market, much of which has apparently been overlooked by the average reader. This is possibly due to bad distribution, but more likely because, without an efficient means of distributing information, people just don't hear about these things until too late. Therefore, I've attempted to list most of the better items that are available in the capital cities, give a capsule review of some and, at the same time, expound a few theories fondly held by myself regarding the field of horror fiction.

The first book to receive special attention is GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL, a hard-cover anthology edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser, and published by Hammond & Hammond (London) 1947 and Modern Library (New York). The price is approximately 30/- Australian, varying from state to state. This book is an absolute necessity for a well-equipped library. It contains the crème de la crème of horror fiction; 52 stories representing the quintessence of all work done in this field for a century past. Featured authors include Edgar Allan Poe (The Black Cat, The Facts in The Case of M. Valdemar), John Collier (Back for Christmas), Wilkie Collins (The Terribly Strange Bed), M. R. James (Casting The Runes) and H. P. Lovecraft (The Rats in the Walls), as well as many other noted names in the world of literature. It's hard to choose the high point of this anthology, but I personally consider Conrad Aiken's "Secret Snow, Silent Snow" to be a masterpiece. This story of a child going slowly insane is chillingly realistic, and one you won't forget in a hurry. Some of the older tales do suffer from their comparison with more recently written

material but, in general, this is a perfectly balanced selection. Read it if you can.

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL is a perfect example of "classical" horror. (The phrase "Gothic horror" is usually used in this context, but, not having been able to find a satisfactory definition of the term, I shall use my own.) This covers all the weird and occult fiction based more or less on supernatural phenomena, and written before the early years of this century. In the 1920's, a new form of horror story which I call "Modern Horror", slowly gained prominence, and a descendant of this newcomer still rules the field today. The stories chosen by Mr. Wise and Miss Fraser, whilst segregated into tales of "terror" and tales of the "supernatural", have, nearly without exception, a mystical element. "The Black Cat", for instance, although classed as a "terror" story, has a strong occult basis. Man and animal hate each other, but the man is unable to rationalize this loathing. Finally, when he kills the cat, another comes to continue haunting him. This one has a gallows-shaped marking on its fur. A mysterious picture of a hanging cat appears on his wall, and, finally, it is the cat which causes his death. As you can see, the supernatural is very clearly present in this tale. Of the other stories classed as "Tales of Terror", only those written earliest have occult elements. The later works show a very clear separation from "Classical Horror", exhibited mainly in a lack of supernatural content and in a heavier emphasis on recognizable natural forces.

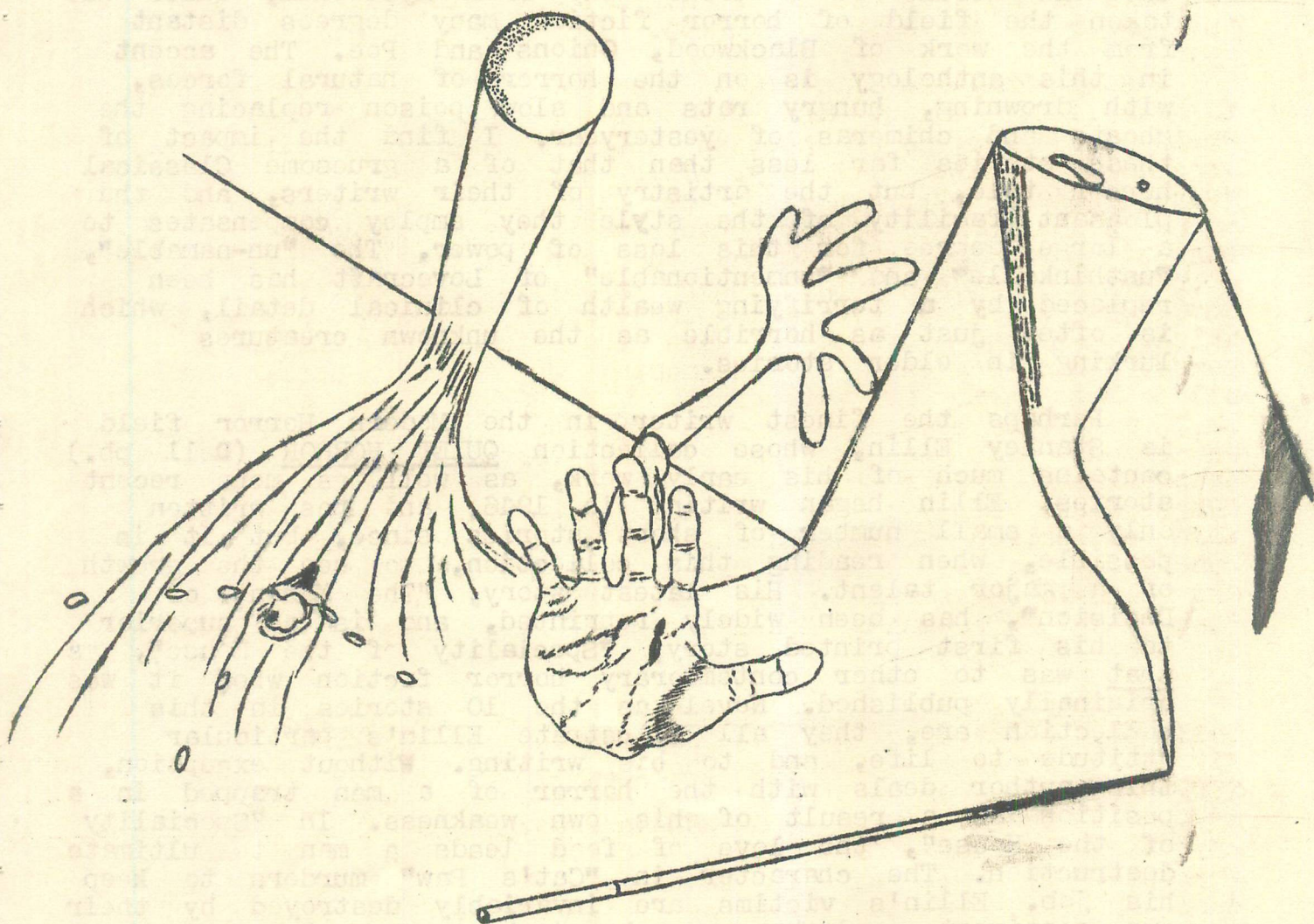
FAMOUS GHOST STORIES is another Modern Library book, although somewhat cheaper. This anthology of 15 stories, edited by American humourist Bennett Cerf, sells for about 15/- Australian. Unfortunately, five of the stories contained in it are also in GREAT TALES...., but this book remains a necessity for any library of weird material because of the inclusion of Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows", without which no collection of Classical horror is complete. This story of men fighting the elementals of water, wind and the mysterious stunted willow trees in the superstitious lands of Middle Europe is a masterpiece. It puts the remaining stories in this book to shame. Rudyard Kipling's "The Phantom Rickshaw" is dull but sometimes entertaining. "The Mezzotint" is one of M. R. James lesser works, while the remainder are also outshone by "The Willows". The major interest in this book, however rests in Blackwood's story, which is the first attempt to explain allegedly "supernatural" forces in scientific language. The author suggests that the



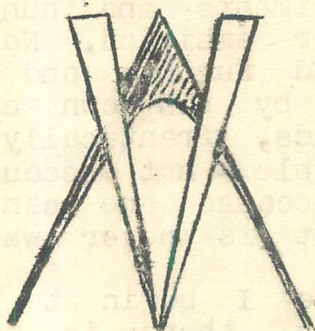
"elementals" are inhabitants of a concurrent universe who break through to feed on men. Not much prominence is given to the idea, and one is allowed to choose the explanation he favours, but the idea is at least stated, so this story represents a significant step forward in the progress of horror fiction.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was one of the first writers to completely bridge the gap between "Classical" and "Modern" Horror, a connection which he achieved with his ingenious Cthulhu Mythology. This suggests that "supernatural" phenomena can be explained by the existence of a prehistoric "master" race who remain sleeping in various parts of the world, and can be awakened with the appropriate incantations. Their extensive scientific knowledge is also available in various "Un-namable" books, which, if read correctly, give the student "unimaginable" power. This accounts for summoning up demons, spells and all other forms of witchcraft. CRY HORROR (WDL or Avon pb.) contains sections of the Cthulhu Mythology, as well as samples of his shorter stories, and is a most entertaining primer for those who have not previously read HPL's work. If you are familiar with his other books, this collection would probably have little attraction, consisting as it does of fragmentary short-short stories and classic Lovecraft yarns like "The Colour Out of Space" and "Pickman's Model", which have appeared elsewhere on many occasions

13 MORE STORIES THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO ON TV is a Dell pb. containing the second section of "Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Stories They Wouldn't Let Me Do On TV", a hard-cover anthology of 25 stories, which is available in Australia from Rheinhardt:London at approximately 18/-. The first section of this book was reprinted by Dell as "12 Stories.....", but this has not come on sale in Australia as yet, nor is it likely to do so. This small Dell selection is, however, a representative sample of the hard-cover's contents, and one which may persuade many to buy the original complete anthology. It includes stories by Roald Dahl (Nuno Dimittis), Ray Bradbury (The October Game), John Collier (The Lady On The Gray) and many other Modern Horror writers. All the stories, with the exception of Leonid Andrejev's "The Abyss", are readable and highly entertaining, although, despite Mr. Hitchcock's title, some of these have been done on his TV show. A. M. Burrage's "The Waxwork" was shown some months ago on a Sydney station, and two others are vaguely familiar.



John MF



It is interesting to note that 12 of these 13 stories are based on non-supernatural happenings, the exception being Collier's tale, which is pure fantasy, and, in my opinion, far from horrible. This illustrates the end result of a trend away from mysticism, which has taken the field of horror fiction many degrees distant from the work of Blackwood, Onions and Poe. The accent in this anthology is on the horror of natural forces, with drowning, hungry rats and slow poison replacing the ghosts and chimeras of yesteryear. I find the impact of these stories far less than that of a gruesome Classical horror tale, but the artistry of their writers, and the pleasant facility of the style they employ compensates to a large degree for this loss of power. The "un-namable", "unthinkable" and "unmentionable" of Lovecraft has been replaced by a terrifying wealth of clinical detail, which is often just as horrible as the unknown creatures lurking in older stories.

Perhaps the finest writer in the Modern Horror field is Stanley Ellin, whose collection QUIET HORROR (Dell pb.) contains much of his early work, as well as more recent stories. Ellin began writing in 1946, and has written only a small number of short stories since, but it is possible, when reading this collection, to see the growth of a major talent. His latest story, "The Moment of Decision", has been widely reprinted, and is as superior to his first printed story, "Speciality of the House", as that was to other contemporary horror fiction when it was originally published. Novel as the 10 stories in this collection are, they all illustrate Ellin's particular attitude to life, and to his writing. Without exception, this author deals with the horror of a man trapped in a position as a result of his own weakness. In "Speciality of the House", the love of food leads a man to ultimate destruction. The character in "Cat's Paw" murders to keep his job. Ellin's victims are invariably destroyed by their own sentiments and hungers - by jealousy, or love, or greed, or ambition. No ghosts or spirits appear. The man is forced further and further towards the ultimate decision by his own efforts and is usually left, as the story ends, frantically debating an insoluble problem. This is horrible - not because of any occult element - but merely because one can see oneself in the character's place. It is never where I would choose to be.

Before I begin to draw conclusions from the previous statements, there is one more book to mention. It is BR-R-R-I (Avon pb.), a Groff Conklin-edited anthology of 10 stories, and is one of those rare birds, the

unclassifiable collection. Ace editor Conklin has apparently dedicated himself to digging up the weirdest stories from all sorts of even weirder places, and combining them to (somehow) form a well-balanced anthology. This book contains a new (to me) Theodore Sturgeon short from Unknown (It) and other stories by Roald Dahl, Charles Beaumont, Ray Bradbury, Algernon Blackwood, Isaac Asimov, and Frederik Pohl, David Keller and Murray Leinster (as Will F. Jenkins). All are of the highest quality, but they just don't fit anywhere in the scheme of things. The Pohl/Asimov collaboration (Legal Bites) has a ghost suing a human for wrongful eviction - and winning! - while the remainder vary from gruesomely horrible to downright peculiar. There are armies of sentient ants, giant worms many miles long, trees which scream yet! All this twaddle notwithstanding, it's a fine anthology, and one which I thoroughly recommend. (Worms and all!)

The superficial survey I've made of the horror field has, I hope, served to illustrate the distinction between the various types of horror fiction available. A definite classification of "Classical" and "Modern" isn't always possible, of course, but, in general, one can place a given story without too much trouble. If you do so, I'm sure you'll observe, as I did, the rift between the two styles, and perhaps wonder why this exists. I've come up with a theory that may account for it, and will be interested to hear whether there are people who agree with me.

The basis of horror fiction is, of course, fear. Unless the reader has felt some empathy, no matter how fleeting, with the character in the story, the author cannot be said to have succeeded in his aim, no matter how technically brilliant his story is. Authors in the "Classical" horror style realised this, and fell back on the supernatural unknown to absorb their readers. The average person can accept death, at least marginally, but he is totally unable to cope with something that is dead, and yet, at the same time, possessed of a terrible pseudo-life. For this reason, the "Ghost" story was, for many years, the staple form of Horror Fiction.

Now man is not, by nature, a superstitious creature. In our culture, the accent has always been on physical science - on finding out why things are so. Ever since the discovery of fire, man has been moving away from the emotional and superstitious attitude which he held towards life in prehistoric days. The gradual rationalization of natural phenomena and discovery of basic scientific

principles has led to a reduction of mysticism. In short, people have just grown out of believing in ghosts. There's a great deal of residual mysticism, of course, which has an outlet in religion but, in general, man is no longer afraid of the unknown. With this staple trick-of-the-trade gone, Horror writers had to fall back on the next fear down the list - that of physical death or injury, and lesser forms of discomfort, such as humiliation, degradation and insanity.

They write of man caught up in circumstances over which they have no control. They play on the inborn fears that most people have - of heights, of strangers, of falling, of being suffocated. Disease is a common ingredient of the Modern horror story also, and most especially Mental Disease. The authors play on all these with the same facility that they poked fun at that old fear of ghosts many years ago. The terror -hasn't changed, except in character; it still feels the same, but the shadowy white-sheeted figure has been replaced by another man in white - this time carrying a straight-jacket.....FINIS

Some other weird pbs out more or less recently are:-

Off The Beaten Orbit.(ed. J.Merril)

The Graveyard Reader.(ed. G.Conklin)

Pan Book of Horror Stories.

(ed. H. Van Thal)

Not at Night

(ed. C. C. Thomson)

ART ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN FIGURE

For the amateur and professional artist and sculptor, giving detailed study of every part of the body, male and female.(advert.) I'm glad they put in that human.



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by
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This is a sort of
mystery article. It's
worth a ten-issue sub.
to the first clod to
correctly name the author.

We proceed then to a few reflexions to which we cannot but feel ourselves invited by the views which we have already presented in these pages. What will be the future history of the human race and what the future destination of each individual, most persons will, and most wisely, judge on far other grounds than the analogies which physical science can supply. Analogies derived from such a quarter can throw little light on these grave and lofty questions. Yet perhaps a few thoughts on this subject, even if they serve only to show how little the light thus attainable really is, may not be an unfit conclusion to what has been said; the more so if these analogies of science, so far as they have any specific tendency, tend to confirm some of the convictions with regard to those weighty and solemn points - the destiny of Man, and of Mankind, - which we derive from other and higher sources of knowledge.

Man is capable of looking back upon the past history of himself, his Race, the Earth, and the Universe. So far as he has means of doing so, and so far as his reflective powers are unfolded, he cannot refrain from such a retrospect. As we have seen, man has occupied his thoughts with such contemplations, and has been led to convictions thereupon, of the most remarkable and striking kind. Man is also capable of looking forwards to the future, possible or probable, history of himself, his race, the earth, and the universe. He is irresistably tempted to do this, and to endeavour to shape his conjectures on the future, by what he knows of the Past. He attempts to discern what future change and process may be imagined or expected, by the analogy of past change and process, which have been ascertained. Such analogies may be necessarily very vague and loose, but they are the peculiar ground of speculation with which we have here to deal. Perhaps man cannot discover with any certainty any fixed and permanent laws which have regulated those past changes which have modified the surface and population of the earth; still less, any laws

which have produced a visible progression in the constitution of the rest of the universe. He cannot, therefore, avail himself of any close analogies, to help him to conjecture the future course of event, on the earth or in the heavens; still less can he apply any known laws, which may enable him to predict the future configuration of the planets for indefinite periods. He can foresee the astronomical revolutions of the heavens, which take place, so long as the known laws subsist. He cannot foresee the future geological revolutions of the earth, even if they are produced by the same causes which have produced past revolutions, of which he has learned the series and order. Still less can he foresee the future revolutions which may take place in the condition of man, of society, of philosophy or religion; still less again, the course which the Divine Government of the world will take, or the state of things to which, even as now conducted, it will lead.

All these subjects are covered with a veil of mystery which science and philosophy can do little in raising. Yet these are subjects to which the mind turns, with a far more eager curiosity than that it feels with which regard to mere geological or astronomical revolutions. Man is naturally, and reasonably, the greatest object of interest to man. What will happen to the human race, after thousands of years, is a far dearer concern to him than what shall happen on Jupiter or Sirius; and even than what shall happen to the continents and oceans of the globe on which he lives, except so far as this change of his domicile affect himself. If our knowledge of the earth and of the heavens, of animals and of man, of the past condition and present laws of the world is quite barren of all suggestion of what may or may not hereafter be the lot of man, such knowledge will lose the charm which would have made it most precious and attractive in the eyes of mankind in general. And if, on such subjects any conjectures, however dubious, - any analogies, however loose, - can be collected from what we know, they will probably be received as acceptable, in spite of their insincerity; and will be deemed a fit offering from the scientific faculty, to those hopes and expectations, - to that curiosity and desire of all knowledge, - which gladly receive their nutriment and gratification from every province of man's being.

Now if we ask, what is likely to be the future condition of the population of the earth as compared with the present; we are naturally led to recollect, what has been the past condition of that population as compared

with the present. And here, our thoughts are at once struck by that great fact, to which we have so often referred; which we conceived to be established by irrefragable geological evidence, and of which the importance cannot be overrated --- namely, the fact that the existence of man upon the earth has been only a few thousand years:- that for thousands, and myriads, and it may be for millions of years, previous to that period, the earth was tenanted, entirely and solely, by brute creatures, destitute of reason, incapable of progress, and guided merely by animal instincts, in the preservation and continuation of their races. After this period of mere brute existence, in innumerable forms, had endured for a vast series of cycles, there appeared upon the earth a creature, even in his organization, superior to all; but still more superior in his possession of peculiar endowments: - reason, language, the power of indefinite progress, and of raising his thoughts towards his Creator and Governor: in short, to use terms already employed, an intellectual, moral, religious and spiritual creature. After the ages of intellectual darkness, there took place this creation of intellectual light. After too long continued play of mere appetite and sensual life, there came the operation of thought, reflexion, invention, art, science, moral sentiments, religious belief and hope; and thus, life and being, in a far higher sense than had ever existed, even in the slightest degree, in the long ages of the earth's previous existence.

Now this great and capital fact cannot fail to excite in us many reflexions, which, however vaguely and dimly, carry us to the prospect of the future. The present being so related to the past, how may we suppose that the future will be related to the present.

In the first place, this is a natural reflexion. The terrestrial world having made this advance from brute to human life, can we think it at all likely, that the present condition of the earth's inhabitants is a final condition? Has the vast step from animal to human life exhausted the pregressive powers of nature? or to speak more reverently and justly, has it completed the pregressive plan of the Creator? After the great revolution by which man became what he is, can and will nothing be done to bring into being something better than man now is, however that future creature may be related to man? We leave out of consideration any supposed progression, which may have taken place in the animal progression previous to man's existence; and progression by which the animal organization was made to approximate,

gradually or by sudden steps, to the human organization; partly because such successive approximation is questioned by some geologists, and is, at any rate, obscure and perplexed; but much more, because it is not really necessary to our purpose. Similarity of organization is not the point in question. The endowments and capacities of man, by which he is Man, are the great distinction, which places all other animals at an immeasurable distance below him. The closest approximation of form or organs does nothing to obliterate this distinction. It does not bring the monkey nearer man; that his tongue has the same muscular apparatus as man's, so long as he cannot talk; and so long as he has not the thought and ideas which language implies, and which are unfolded indefinitely in the use of language. The step, then, by which the earth became a human habitation, was an immeasurable advance on all that existed before; and therefore there is a question which we are, it seems, irresistibly prompted to ask. Is this the last such step? Is there nothing beyond it? Man is the head of creation in his present condition; but is that condition the final result and ultimate goal of the progress of creation in the plan of the Creator? As there was found and produced something so far beyond animals as man is, may there not also, in some course of the revolutions of the world, be produced something far beyond what man is?

.....To Be Continued.

Real exciting, huh? There are 3 or 4 more chapters which will possibly appear in the next few issues. And Dinna forget that competition...

No waste of space so... The Author's part: The vague background behind my mind before the start of this voyage. probably was: Can a potential of substance explode itself out of physical existence and the only answer I can now find is, the ultimate base is immutably ultimate, no matter what potentialities become actualities. The parts must be infinitesimally small; and diversely organised, what harm can there possibly be to the whole mass? As X is infinite in number and conglomerate, what harm can it suffer from any combination of finite numbers which may occur?

ADDENDUM: (For the purpose of consolidating the 'Boofhead' picture into one locus we extract our first episode concerning(not me tho

without. loneliness or anger

This is intended to be a fmz-review column - that started last issue and will not be written by me. However some of the material hereunder could be class fied as

There are a couple of things here, dated September and October that I think require some comment. The first is the 19th Anniversary issue of S-F T. And I refer rather naturally to Sam Moskowitz' article in this issue. Whether Sam is right or not is beside the point. Another market for the article could have been found and S-F T, by printing it, is not doing anyone a good turn. And Moskowitz, in another of his attempted rebuttals of dk is just as fuggheaded and vague as he has previously been.

The other matter concerns SIRIUS, the ISFS 'zine. I have here the October issue, which I picked up at the Melbourne Science Fiction Club (meetings every Thursday at McKillop House, McKillop St., City, 3rd Floor, Room 5, at 7.30) and I'll give my reactions as though I'd never seen a fmz before. I do this because this happens to be the case at the MSFC for most attendees - unless you count Etherline as a fmz. The first couple of pages are interesting but by no means startling. Then on page 4 we have an "Official Statement" which looks a bit fishy. A declaration of this nature may, on occasion, be necessary. The first section denies that ISST and ISFS are connected with any political or similar organization and this is enough. However, when I saw "It is, moreover, untrue that the ISFS is being financed by the ISST." I wondered. If this is so then it's a little peculiar that the back cover announces proudly "COPYRIGHT 1960 BY ISST" and also lists as "Owner, publisher and printer" ISST. And, incidentally, SIRIUS claims copyright on excerpts as well as on complete articles. I am pretty sure this wouldn't stand up anywhere. We burble on a bit further, learning that Eurofer are sercon types, at which our Melbourne fan expresses his delight in that so typical profane fashion of the Melbourne fan. Then comes a rather uninspired news column followed by an unsavoury report that one Dieter Braeg has been expelled from the ISFS. The phrasing of the report giving the reasons for Braeg's expulsion belies a section of the Official Declaration. But I'm borin you.

There are a couple of 'zines out recently in Melbourne, which, while not fanzines in a narrow way, may be of interest to some clod out there. The first is a publication of the Melbourne University Astronautical Society - Pioneer - and I honestly couldn't even feed it to my dog. The duplicating and layout are poor and the material, although authoritative, is not well written or presented. It runs 34 nearly duplicated pages and that costs 1/6. If anyone is interested I'll see if I can get a copy for them but I warn you: It contains the Melbourne bit.

The second effort is much better and should interest anyone concerned with comparative religion - from the Dionysiad has, in its two issues to date, articles on Zen, the Upanishads, Lao-Tzu, the Orphic Mysteries, the origins of life, and freethought in the West, as well as the article reprinted in the abstract reprinted below. Once again I'll see if I can get a copy for interested parties.

CONCEPTS OF LIFE.

In a tribe whom we shall call the Ishian, who live on a wide flat delta, which was subject to gentle and beneficial floodings of the sea, the Ish were able to grow their crops and rear their cattle and live graciously. One day, on Flood Day, the senior Ishian clergy used to ascend a hill in front of the whole assembled population, and cry out "Who sends the flood?"; and the people, with one voice would answer "Ugwug, our God, sends the flood." One day an anthropologist appeared, and taking notes on the political and sexual customs of the Ish (he was an American anthropologist) he happened to remark to the High Priest that this Flood which they were offering thanks to Ugwug was actually caused by heavy rains in the mountains of the hinterland. After some thought, the High Priest replied that no doubt the rains fell on the mountains also. "Well, not exactly," said the anthropologist. "It's all a matter of evaporation on the sea, evaporation, clouds, precipitation, that jazz..." The High Priest called a committee meeting of his colleagues, and after many weeks of debate a statement was issued to the Ishian populace that Ugwug had been discovered to be even more powerful and influential than had previously been imagined, since he controlled not only the flooding of the sea but also the evaporation of the sea and the life of the world. (Glynn Sutcliffe, editor, probably.) And this is the ever-lovin' last stencil by John M Foyster.

Prolegomena

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Analysis

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Phenomena

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Cultus

Publicus

Domus

by

J. New

Professors La Nauze and Clarke have long been challenging historians to explore the various social effects of religious adherence among the Australian people. That gauntlet is now taken up. I am at present engaged in diligent research upon the matter, and, in the hope of provoking a few suggestions from others, I shall set down the significant questions which appear to me to arise from the most obvious aspects of what is undoubtedly the chief cult among the populae Australiani.

Doubtless you know how many and how often Australians frequent public houses. They have an indefinable yet magnetic mystique. Men drink there rather than at home despite the greater expense and apparent inconvenience. And here we immediately notice that in the public house codes of behaviour, unspoken sanctions, and prescribed rigmaroles, which can only be classified as traditional ritual, are ignored to the very great danger of total ostracism by the unwary visitor. Consider, too, the rigid divisions of caste that separate the public from the saloon bar drinkers. We may not have an exact parallel with the behaviour patterns to be seen within the buildings more widely known as religious conventicles, yet there is sufficient similarity to justify the academic category.

The main problem is this: if you watch people very closely while they are drinking you will observe that some drink with fore-arms horizontal, some with fore-arms vertical. There is, therefore, a typological distinction between "elbow-uppers" and "elbow-downers". It is curious that this vital difference has hitherto gone unremarked amongst historians. Only psycho-sociologists have ventured into the field. And then findings have been far from definitive. Indeed they are divided into two camps.

One might be described as the atavistic school. That is to say, they emphasize elbow elevation as a throwback to primitive habits and urges. Elbow-downers on the other hand, they see as dominated by the elaborate etiquette of civilised society. The argument runs like this: man was from the first a nomad who gathered food and drink where he could find it. Naturally he discovered drink from streams. Just as naturally he quenched his thirst by ladling the water to his lips in a cupped hand. Now whether ladling occurred standing, stooping, squatting or lying, the fore-arms would always have been horizontal.

Evidence for such an opinion is found in the story of Gideon, who used such a criteria, on the advice of the Lord, for selecting the fiercest men from among his hosts for the affray with the Midianites.

"And the Lord said unto Gideon; the people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water and I will test them for thee there. And the number that lapped, putting their hands to their mouths were two hundred.

"And the Lord said to Gideon: by the three hundred men that lapped thus I will save you, and deliver the Midianites into their hands."

As Joseph Schumpeter has suggested (and which thereby becomes axiomatic) battle is one of man's basic atavistic activities. And the God of Gideon well knew that a drinking test would reveal those with the appropriate primitive impulses.

Ah! you may say, modern elbow-uppers sip tea and coffee with elbows in. True, but this is because civilised society, taking meals at table, demands that elbows be restrained for common comfort. Therefore drinks associated with ordinary meals are always taken with fore-arms vertical. However when some men enter the bibulous chapels they shed inhibitions to revert to primitive habit and we see modern man succumb to the atavistic urge.

A second type of explanation relates the problem to a general change in middle-class attitudes, which permeates all religion as well as politics, social intercourse, education, economics and family life.

This school of thought centres around David Riesman (The Lonely Crowd) and William Whyte Sr. (The Organization Man).

Middle-class folk, they argue, are becoming more concerned to be popular, to get along with their fellows, than to pursue individualistic aims. Their attention is turned more towards peer group opinion than towards abstract ideals. Riesman labels these "other-directed" types, and those who cling to anachronistic individualism "inner-directed".

Elbow-uppers are other-directed and elbow-downers are inner-directed. For elbow-uppers are gregarious drinkers. They display those pre-adolescent homosexual tendencies like pummelling, throwing arms over friends' shoulders, and, above all, back-slapping. They are studiously open-hearted, and their horizontal fore-arms are a visible sign of eagerness to be accepted by their fellows. Conversely those who keep themselves to themselves, keep their elbows to themselves.

Though this is a stimulating view I think it doubtful whether attitudes in a public house are determined by members of a dominant class. And, though the hypothesis may be generally valid when restricted to middle-class drinkers, it cannot be held to be universally true of all Australian devotees of the pale amber effervescent nectar. For instance, I myself know that in the sects devoted priests of Carlton and United there are gregarious elbow-downers, and reticent elbow-uppers.

My own preference is for an environmental explanation. It seems to me that all men and women who drink infrequently or at home adopt the vertical position. The faithful invariably raise the elbow, so that they can participate more fully in the daily evening service. For between 5.30 and 6.15 pm., in Melbourne at least, so many seek the light of true wisdom imparted at the cult centres, that elevating the elbow is the only way to gain lebersraum (elbow-room).

By now you will have realised that this problem holds implications that have yet to be plumbed. We can at the moment conclude with certainty only that elbow-uppers are the true worshippers, while elbow-downers must be considered the occasional conformists. I shall therefore proceed to concentrate my attention on the former, and shall diligently pursue a few other questions which already appear from my many hours of enthusiastic field-work. Any correspondence on the subject will be welcomed, and any assistance will receive due recognition in the work I am now preparing for the press. The tentative date of publication of Volume One is estimated for June

1970, though there may be delays occasioned by the extreme complexity of the subject. I trust you will forgive any such as due to my desire to do full justice to such an intriguing enquiry.

reprinted from The Dionysiad October 1960.

Extract from local paper:

Pressed with an intimation that the News Editor found sex hard to avoid, the spokesman said:

'Well, we will consider a man - if he's very good!'



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Director of Newstand Sales	:	Adam J. Smith (October and December only)

Consultants

Gustav Albrecht Ph.D.
Taft College.

Donald H. Menzel Ph.D.
Harvard College Observatory.
March, August, October, December.

John R. Pierce Ph.D.
Electronics Engineer.
All except March, April.

Make-up.

Colour used for Cover Title.	Colour used on Back Cover.	Size of Front Cover Picture.	Colour used on Contents Page.	ISSUE. (all 1953.)
Red	Red	7 5/8" x 6 3/8"	Red	March
Red	Yellow	7 5/8" x 6 3/8"	Red	April
Blue	Yellow	7 5/8" x 6 1/2"	Red	May
Indigo	Yellow	7 5/8" x 6 9/16"	Blue	June
White on Red	Yellow	7 3/4" x 6 9/16"	Red	August
Yellow	Red	8 5/16" square	Orange	October
Orange	-	whole cover	Red	December

Stories marked X: These are the stories Gernsback marked with a special symbol together with the blurb:-

This design, symbolising science-fiction, is displayed with all stories of a serious scientific-technical trend. Such stories contain new ideas which are certain to be realised in the future.

Index.

Stories, articles, authors and illustrators as well as departments are listed alphabetically. Story titles are referred to the author where complete information is given. Initial articles are not considered in alphabetical arrangement.

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Once Around the Solar System. April. page 67. 4 illustrations by Dollens. The World at Bay. May. page 67. 3 film stills.

Gustav ALBRECHT

Biography, photo. March page 39. Rapid Wonder Plants. March. pages 39-41 in Department Risiscience. 8 photos. with Frank R. Paul and Donald H. Menzel. The End of the Moon. August. page 22-26. four illustrations by Paul.

Muneef ALWAN

Lettering: March, April, May. Layout and Lettering: other issues. Illustrations: May - page 39 green back- June - pages 28, //ground. 31, 33, 53, 58. October - page 21.

Norman ARKWAY with

Stanley HENIG Operation Switch. December. page 31. One illustration by Peter Poulton.

Seymour AUGENBRAUN

Illustrations: May - pages 32 (yellow background.) 37.

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Grego BANSHUCK

A pretty subtle pseudonym for Hugo GERNSBACK

Harry BATES

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 Five illustrations by Jay Landau.
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Eando BINDER

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 The Cosmic Blinker. May. pages 21-24.
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 The Time Cylinder. March pages 34-38.
 One illustration by Paul Cooper.

.....
BIOGRAPHIES

Biographies of the following appeared.
 Refer to surnames of individual author
 or artist for location.

ALBRECHT, BATES, BINDER, BLOCH,
 CAMPBELL, CLEAVER, DEE, DEPINA, DEVAUX,
 FARMER, GALLUN, HASSE, LEINSTER, LONG,
 MCCLARY, MENZEL, OLIVER, PAUL, RUSSELL,
 SCHMITZ, SHEPHERD, SIMAK, TOOKER, VIOT,
 WALLACE, WALTON, WILLIAMSON.

.....
BINK

Cover in December issue. page 67.

The Biological Revolt by Phillip Jose Farmer.

Bitter End by Eric Frank Russell.

Robert BLOCH

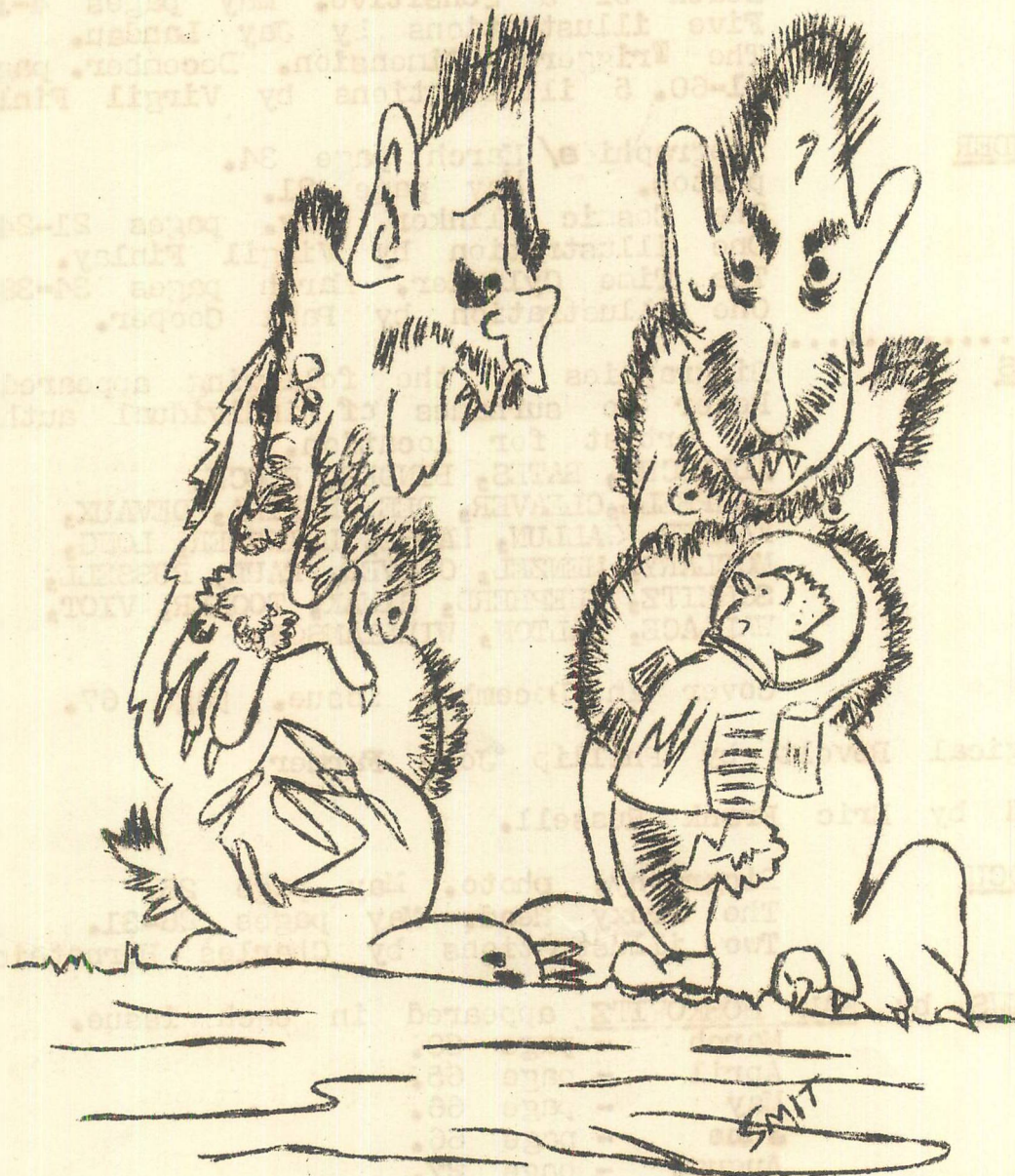
Biography, photo. May page 26.
 The Proxy Head. May pages 26-31.
 Two illustrations by Charles Hornstein.

BOOK REVIEWS by SAM MOSKOWITZ appeared in each issue.

March - page 60.
 April - page 65.
 May - page 66.
 June - page 66.
 August - page 27.
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.....
 The next issue of Emanation will probably be out late in
 March. Note that nonchalant 'probably'. The contents will
 include an author-index to the 1960 magazines, book-reviews,
 another cover by Chris Bennie, and material from Faxter,
 Barrett, Bennie, Dard, Jackson, Jefferson, and Tuck. This
 announcement will be a surprise to at least five of the
 above-named. If it is too much of a surprise there will
 be altogether too much of Foyster. It's your duty men!

'I saw you! You were making eyes at my mate!'



BRAND

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John Scott CAMPBELL Biography March page 12.

X VIOLATION March pages 12-19

Four illustrations by Tom O'Reilly.

CANAR

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Captive Asteroid by Raymond Z. Gallun.

The Celestial Brake by Thomas Calvert McClary.

CIVIL REACTION

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August - page 35.
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V. CLEAVER

with

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Leslie R. SHEPHERD
The Evolution of the Spaceship.
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Paul COOPER

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The Cosmic Blinker by Eando Binder.

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Roger DEE

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DEPARTMENTS

The following departments appeared. See
individual titles for location.
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Questions and Answers, Science Quiz,
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with

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Morris Scott DOLLENS Four illustrations for Once Around the Solar System. April page 67.

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The End of the Moon by Gustav Albrecht, Frank R. Paul
 and Donald H. Menzel.

The Evolution of the Spaceship by Leslie R. Shepherd and
 A. V. Cleaver.

Exploration of Mars by Hugo Gernsback.

Extra-terrestrial Communication by Leslie R. Shepherd.

Phillip Jose FAPMER Biographies, photo/sketch March page 21.
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 Strange Compulsion. October pages 29-61.
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Virgil FINLAY

Illustrations: October pages 39, 42,
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Micheal FISCHER

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Freedom of the Race by Anne McCaffrey.

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Raymond Z. GALLUN

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Greno GASHBUCK

another subtle pseudonym for Hugo GERNSBACK.

Hugo GERNSBACK

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April (Page 2.) Pseudo Science-
Fiction.
May (Page 2.) The Science-
Fiction Industry.
June (Page 2.) Skepticism in
Science-Fiction. (..... I always spell
it scepticism myself.....I guess I'm
old-fashioned...)
August (Page 2.) Science-Fiction
Semantics.
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Science-Fiction.
Fictional Articles.

- X Exploration of Mars. March pages 4-11,
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R. Paul. Three photos.
- X The World in 2046. June pages 34-42.
Six illustrations by Frank R. Paul.
- X World War III in Retrospect. April.
pages 26-38. Nine illustrations by
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as Grego BANSBUCK

- X The Electronic Baby. May pages 59-61.
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- X The Cosmatonic Flyer. March pages 53,
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as Gus N. HABERGOCK

The Radio Brain. April page 61.
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Gus N. HABERGOCK

probably a third, but this time rather
obvious, pseudonym for Hugo GERNSBACK.

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Henry HASSE with Albert DE PINA
Ultimate Life. August. pages 28-34.
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Saturn - Queen of the Sky June pages 24-25. Two illustrations by Frank R. Paul.

Frank Bellamy LONG

i revolt - in
future biogr
aphies stands
for biographi
es and/or ske
tch, ex. photo.

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Throwback in Time April pages 39-47. Three illustrations by Martin Kollman.

Anne MCCARTREY

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Thomas Calvert
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Donald H. MENZEL

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Our Atomic Sun October pages 21, 67. One illustration by Muneef Alwan, four photos.

with

Gustav ALBRECHT and Frank R. PAUL.

The End of the Moon August pages 22-26. Four illustrations by Frank R. Paul.

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Sam MOSKOWITZ

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Book Reviews all issues.
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Chad CLIVER

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Once Around the Solar System by Forrest J. Ackerman.

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Tom O'REILLY

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Frank R. PAUL

Art Director for all issues.

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Back Covers: August, December issues.
with TINA: March, April, May, June, October issues.

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"If CAMPBELL says it will work, it will work."

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Interstellar Flight. April pages 56-60.
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The Evolution of the Spaceship. March
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Spacebred Generations by Clifford D. Simak.

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Jack WILLIAMSON

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Two illustrations by Charles Hornstein.

The World at Bay by Forrest J. Ackerman.

The World in 2046 by Hugo Gernsback.

World War III - In Retrospect by Hugo Gernsback.

Worlds in Balance by F. L. Wallace.

Worlds within Worlds by Roger Dee.

... really THE END

(But the sharp-eyed will note a small contradiction, so please note as well that the August and December Back Covers were by Paul, not by Paul and Tina. Next time round at about the same place will be an Author-Index to the 1960 magazines, and in the issue following, under duress only, I'll ~~do~~ go over Nebula.....not far to go

a stone of the brook

Which is the book-review column in *Emanation*. Reviews are and will be by as many people as possible and as varied as possible. Contributions are invited but if you're a budding Cotts or Bester or Gale don't bother.

THE SEVENTH DAY by Hans Hellmut Kirst. Ace Star.
(This novel is reviewed below by NIGEL JACKSON, twenty-one year old student of English Literature at the University of Melbourne.)

Who, I wonder, are you who are now beginning to read these words which I started writing at five to two in the night-morning? Who can be sparing time amid so many tasks of this bustling Twentieth Century world, to look at a fan magazine in roneo and produced by a boy? Forgive me for addressing you so personally; but I have just undergone an experience so deeply moving that, as I now write about it, I want everybody who penetrates as far as this to keep on reading.

I met John Foyster at a science-fiction convention in 1958. It was at a time when my adolescent zest for this kind of fantasy literature was fast waning, not so much because I was reading T. S. Eliot and E. M. Forster at the University, as because I was becoming that few science-fiction writers are capable of writing sensitively about human beings. Do not imagine that my meeting with John revived my interest in science-fiction. On the contrary, I have scarcely read a page till today. No, the result of our meeting was the creation of a friendship, and it is because of our friendship that John asked me to review a book for him. He gave me "The Seventh Day."

I did not want to read it. I had exams. I had piano-practice. Even after the exams I did not want to read it. Rather, I had just become so fascinated by Hamlet, Shakespeare's masterpiece, that I wished to study it by night and day. I did not want to waste my time with a lurid paperback about an atom war. The author, I felt sure, knew scarce a jot about his fellow human beings and cared to make money only. But I read "The Seventh Day" out of friendship for John. You might say, if you are superstitious, that my friendliness has been rewarded.

.....

The novel ends with four sentences:

"Germany no longer existed.

"So ended the sixth day.

Europe did not survive the seventh.

The hours of mankind were numbered."

Perhaps your reaction is to feel that anyone could write these simple statements. If so, then I must ask you to read them again. This time you are to try to grasp their meaning.

When the novel ends, so much radioactivity has been released by an atomic war between Russia and the West, that not a man upon the face of the earth can hope to escape imminent, inevitable death.

.....

Where do we go when we die? The question seems unanswerable; but the way in which a man faces up to it, is the way he faces up to the world.

"The Seventh Day" makes no attempt to answer the ultimate question. It fulfils the vital secondary role of seeking unflinchingly to show us the world we live in, the world of 1961. His method is to tell a story, the story of how in seven days our world and all mankind is brought to destruction by a series of mishaps - presented as inevitable - which have their superficial origin in political unrest in Poland and divided Germany. Their real origin is suggested as the intrinsic instability of man en masse coinciding with the existence of atomic weapons.

.....

There are things in this world which have not changed since the time of Shakespeare. In the play of Hamlet Laertes says of his unhappy sister, the heartbroken Ophelia:

"Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness."

We feel the same sad tenderness to the various women lovers in "The Seventh Day"; towards Isolde and Ruth, towards Constance and Maria. It is Maria who rides on a bicycle through war-torn Germany to get to her loved one Martin. They die in the centre of an atom explosion, two yards from each other. Here is an episode from her pilgrimage:

"Maria gradually slowed down when she heard a child crying. She stopped at a farmhouse standing by a little stream at the edge of a village. The house looked abandoned and the garden had an untended appearance.

"Maria leaned her bicycle against the hedge and went in. She found a little girl sitting on the floor and went up to her, whereupon the child stopped crying. "What's the matter?" asked Maria, leaning down to her. She immediately started crying again.

"She was a little girl, about two years old, sitting on her bare behind on the worn flagstones. She wore a blue linen dress like a sack and her hair was roughly braided into pigtails. Her little face was red and tear-stained.

"You musn't cry," said Maria, and tried to touch the child, who shrank back in fear. "Won't you tell me why you're crying?"

"The infant shook her head emphatically but stopped crying. Her gray cat's-eyes looked at Maria timidly. Then in a sudden access of confidence she showed Maria her leg. There was a blue bruise on her knee.

"Did you fall down?" asked Maria. The child nodded. Maria knelt down and took the little creature in her arms. She looked around her in search of a bit of cloth and then pushed the nearest door open. It led into a neglected-looking kitchen. "Is there anyone here?" called Maria, but there was no reply.

"Maria sat the child on a chair. She found a dirty towel and after a longer search a basin into which she poured water and wet the towel. The child had become quiet and gazed at Maria with wide-open eyes. Maria laid the wet towel on the sore place.

"All right?" asked Maria.

"All right," said the child.

"You must be very careful, do you hear?" asked Maria.

.....

"You are good," said the child. "Stay here."

Humankindness speaks for itself. You can either try to

live it, or ignore it and live selfishly. But whether you are a Christian or Buddhist or atheist or agnostic, you cannot prove its validity, nor can you disprove it. Knowledge and logic are helpless. In his play "King Lear" Shakespeare made this clear. But he did come to one important conclusion about those who do not practise humankindness. If people so behave, he said, then

"It will come
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep."

Such people, he saw, might just as well be savage beasts, wantonly cruel and lustful. The savagery of the world is faced unshrinkingly in "The Seventh Day". Although there are passages of a terrifying violence (which suggest that the author was in Germany during World War II), these arise naturally and honestly from the story. Like the question of death, they must be faced with as much courage as we can muster.

The novel makes criticisms of you and me. We make mistakes. We are cowards. We could, under stress, behave with the cruelty of wild beasts. These criticisms were valid in the time of Shakespeare, of Christ, of Socrates and Confucius. "The Seventh Day" asks us, as Shakespeare asked us, to act in despite of the world's savagery with love and courage and humankindness.

But the novel makes a specific criticism of our modern world. Political ignorance, from municipal to international levels, is shown to be inexcusable. Every man must try his hardest to avoid atomic war.

.

The novel is so tightly constructed, and written with sufficient sensitivity, to make it likely that you will not be able to put it down. The dust jacket calls it "a detailed minute-by-minute accounting of man's last week on Earth." Its technique is to tell several stories simultaneously. They are most poignantly interwoven. One reviewer described the book as "powerful, emotion-packed and exciting". It is more than this. It is important. And because of the nature of its importance, it is terrifying. It is the greatest horror story that I have ever read.

NIGEL JACKSON.

.

(which, gentle reader, is more an essay than a review,

but I believe something was said about variable reviews. I must apologize for the effort which follows. I wrote it at about 100 degrees and between my 36th and 37th stencils. Please excuse the sloppy style.)

The Tomorrow People. Judith Merril. Pyramid G502 1960 192pp.

"The Tomorrow People", like so many other science fiction novels, is a peculiar mixture; in this case of some moments of pure poetry and to some extent an imaginative idea with generally clumsy writing, a terrifying failure at characterization (at one stage two characters were distinguished by whether they used the expletives "Damn" or "Hell" (note caps.) - A used Hell almost exclusively and B, Damn; this went on for sufficient pages that I got tired of counting), an excruciating overuse of italics (as Fredrik Pohl noted in his generally fuggheaded review in If September 1960) and an inability to sustain a mood without overstatement.

Let's take these few points in turn. I suppose that the last and the first could be combined. Take as an example the second and third paragraphs in the book.

"The ship went out with a blast and a prayer.. After three years it came back with a sigh, unpowered, (fuel-less,) floating in slow-spiralled orbit through the sky around the Moon.. It came back with its hull scratched and dented and darkened from the dust and debris of space, ((and)) (the wind and sands of Mars. It came back with one man in it instead of two.

"Johnny Wendt was the one who came back."

The first two sentences build a mood beautifully with the exception of "fuel-less", which instead of continuing the use of long syllables comes short far too abruptly. In the next sentence the original mood is taken up again but "the wind and sands of Mars" is unnecessary and if it must be used then surely "and" is mandatory where I have inserted it.

"Johnny Wendt.....back.", is incredibly clumsy. The mood is already broken. We are prepared for action after the previous sentence. Merril apparently cannot resist this temptation to restate what has already been plainly said, for throughout the novel she explains what the characters have just said. From page 105., "...and went up (alone) to the dim cool aloneness where nobody or cared (anything) (anyhow) he could sleep deep and no dreams.", is another case where Merril uses too many words; "alone"

and either "anything" or "anyone" should have been omitted.

I think a quote from page 8 will explain what I mean by clumsy writing.

"In the kitchen, he got the bottle and two glasses and went straight back, not giving himself time for the quick one he would have had while he mixed the coffee."

As noted above, the use of expletives is unreal; have a look at page 9. I would like to know the difference in thought/pronunciation between 'chrissake' and 'krissake', both of which are used by Merrill. And why, "Who's kiddin' whom?", on page 58?

And the top line on page 113. Consistency may be the mark of the artist but Kutler is certainly not an artistic cusser. And the action following is not suggestive of "characters drawn in depth" (Pohl). I'm not attempting to list here all the faults I can see in this novel - I've neither time nor space - but I hope this has given you a simple guide to finding your own. What Joy! What Thrills!

I have left the "imaginative idea" till last. At first I thought it was a good idea but then I noticed a certain resemblance to a novel by one Cyril Judd entitled variously "Mars Child" and "Outpost Mars". There, I felt, the very similar plot was better handled. I trust I'm not being pushy but if I were Cyril Judd (assume I have a split personality and a few other things) I'd be feeling a little unhappy.

John M Foyster ex-book reviewer.

This next was supposed to be a symposium but some of the material has not yet shown up (and at least one section has not yet been written) and because John MB did this for me specially we (??) proudly present a review by

JOHN MARTIN BAXTER
trufan extraordinaire,
publisher of Bunyip,
etcetcetcetcetcetcetc.

ahem.

VENUS PLUS X Theodore Sturgeon Pyramid 1960

The Roaring Forties, The Fabulous Fifties and now..... The Sexy Sixties? Some future historian, leafing through the sf stories of this decade, would probably be tempted to name it so. The trend in sf for these past few

years has been towards social extrapolation with a heavy accent on sexual mores, although it's only of late that the movement has begun to come under notice. (Incidentally I think it's significant that Theodore Sturgeon was one of the first sf writers to do a really capable story with serious sexual overtones. Of course, there were Boucher's *STARBRIDE* and Farmer's *THE LOVERS*, but do you recall *THE WAGES OF SYNERGY* and *AFFAIR WITH A GREEN MONKEY*?) Most of the more recent sexually-oriented novels have received a very chill press from the fanzines, probably because none have been of a high literary standard. *FLESH*, *VIRGIN PLANET*, *THE WHITE WIDOWS* and *A WOMAN A DAY* were all nothing more than bizarre social extrapolations dressed up with some rather obvious sexy passages. However, I hope fandom's attitude to the trend will be altered with the appearance of *VENUS PLUS X* because, here at last is a well-conceived (sorry, I would have chopped this out if I'd noticed it. JMF. *REVENGE*.) and capably written novel about sex, but still retaining all the elements of top-quality science fiction.

Like all Sturgeon stories, this book is written in an involved and sometimes obscure style. Both plot and treatment are so difficult to follow at first reading that the reader may feel it necessary to re-read the book, or at least skim through it once again. The task is further complicated by the vast amount of documentation required to bolster the extremely novel premise on which this story is based. This is not to say that *VENUS PLUS X* is dull. It is merely a very carefully-written story, and so full of unusual features that the sf-reader's mind, used to the casual science fictional style, is likely to have some trouble in getting used to it. Please don't expect this review to be more than a brief summary of the novel, because every word of *VENUS PLUS X* has to be read - and maybe even reread - before one can appreciate the philosophical content, and I have no intention of trying to put the meat of this book into one small hamburger of three pages length. (THREE....If this gets finished in less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ pages I'll be happy. JMF.) The book is a three course meal in itself, so I suggest you go out and invest your 35¢ or 4/- Australian should my remarks interest you.

Briefly, this is the story behind *VENUS PLUS X*: Charlie Johns, free, white, well over 21, and a fully-employed bulldozer-driver from the USA of about 1962, suddenly finds himself transferred to a strange Utopian civilization, the location of which is a complete mystery to him. This Arcadian land, inhabited by only a small

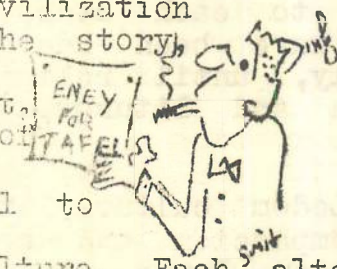
tribe of about 800 people, is near-perfect. Under a lighted but opaque force-field, the climate is regulated so that there is no discomfort for any of the inhabitants. Their architecture, with its overbalanced buildings and invisible causeways, shows that the technology of these people is far in advance of anything possible in the USA of the 1960s. This race, who call themselves the Ledom, tell Johns that he has been brought to their land to give his opinion of their culture, from the point of view of a typical Homo Sapiens. After doing this, he will be returned to his home. Johns, on very little evidence, surmises that the Ledom are a highly-mutated race from the future of the Earth who feel they are becoming decadent, and who want an objective view of their culture from a complete outsider. The small size of the Ledom race and the force-field which cuts them off from the outside world he attributes to early atomic wars which presumably wiped out the human race as he knows it and made the air poison with radioactive fallout. (Both these ideas are way off the mark, and, rather wryly, Sturgeon credits this to the fact that, as a youth, Johns read too much science fiction!)

Impressed with the Ledom and their technology, Charlie agrees to assist them with an objective opinion, on the condition that he be returned to 1962 when this is done. He is taught the language and given a physiology lesson on the structure of a Ledom. This gives Charlie something of a shock, because, although superficially alike to the 20th century Homo Sap., there are a great many differences "under the skin". The Ledom are bisexual, and each member can impregnate others (any others) as well as give birth itself. Intercourse is mutual, and marriage partners usually become pregnant simultaneously and give birth at the same time. Their religion is a form of child or life-worship which has led to a stable and harmonious society without any form of social friction between individuals. Coupled to an advanced technology, this makes the Ledom culture a near-perfect Utopia.

Johns watches the Ledom live, admires their philosophy and the way it is put into practice, becomes friendly with some of the creatures, and begins to deeply admire their way of life. However, just as his enthusiasm reaches its peak, he finds out that the Ledom are actually identical to normal Homo Sapiens, and that the physical changes are all the result of surgical alteration and glandular treatment. He had, of course, presumed that the Ledom were mutations, but, in reality, each child is altered to to become bisexual during a month's "incubation period" immediately after it is born, a process that is

renewed at regular monthly check-ups throughout adult life. Left to grow by themselves, a Ledom child would live to be a "normal" male or female. Charlie is enraged by this "unnatural" process, and demands to be returned home, but first, the Ledom ask him for his promised opinion of their culture. "What would homo sap. do if we shared their world with him, and he knew our secrets?" "We'd exterminate you down to the last queer kid" he says, "and put it in a sideshow." The fact that this difference between the Ledom and himself is the result of surgery and not "natural" mutation is enough to make Joms, the "average" homo sap., completely illogical, unreasonable and vicious.

Did I say "briefly"....? Oh, well, I don't think the space was wasted. It's essential to know the details of Sturgeon's "Ledom" civilization before going on to an appreciation of the story, because this concept and the philosophy supporting it is by far the most important, interesting and contraversial aspect of VENUS PLUS X. The author has been careful to make the civilization very real to us through a convincing series of "flashbacks" from the Ledom to our own culture. Each alternate chapter of the book is a short description of some trivial incident in the life of an "average" USA family of the '60s, and the particular aspect of our culture illustrated by these descriptions is viewed in perspective by somebody in the Ledom section. It's an especially convincing piece of technique on which I'll comment later at greater length.



Briefly (what? again?) Sturgeon's theory is this: To be stable and living, a culture must be harmonious. The members must have consideration for one another; in general, it's the old rule of "love thy neighbour". Now this "love" shouldn't just be a matter of not getting in the other guy's hair - it should be something deep and meaningful, putting every person, male and female, on the same footing. However, our culture does not have this equality, either among races or, closer to home, among the sexes. In the early days of our civilization, women were the equals of men - different, certainly, but still equals. Then, because of the inborn fear that we have for anything different from us, the sexes were split up. Women, sometimes forced to adopt lesser roles because of pregnancy, cooking duties etc., were permanently relegated to the position of "the weaker sex", and conditioned to this by centuries of careful indoctrination. Women were branded as "weak", "silly", "emotional" - even though they

are, in reality, the equal of men in nearly all physical aspects. This "protective" environment was reinforced by the institution of clothes, which lead to an even greater parting of the sexes. Like a uniform, clothes brand each homo sap. for what it is - either man or woman - instead of treating all people as part of one race. The "in-betweens" are shunned and hated, because they are "different".

In religion also, there is a barrier erected between God and man. In the early days of Christianity, it was basically a "love religion". Rites were practised which involved each member of the congregation kissing all the others, both female and male, and other extremely "levelling" ceremonies were performed, bringing the people closer to God and to each other. However, over the years these rites have been bastardized and eventually wiped out completely, until religion is no more than a collection of dogma and liturgy, without any real emotional meaning.

In Sturgeon's Ledom culture, the old love of one's fellow man, the compassion and consideration, have been reinstated. Each Ledom loves the other because they are perfectly equal in all things. Being bi-sexual, there has been no opportunity for the unnatural barriers between the sexes to spring up. Their religion is a progressive one that has no roots in the past. They worship children, symbols of growth and life, and consequently, there is no tradition to obscure the basic emotional rapport so essential to a healthy religion. The Ledom culture is living but stable, philosophically reasonable but efficient in operation - in short, everything that contemporary Earth civilization is not.

As I said earlier, Sturgeon has used the "flash-back" technique to great effect in VENUS PLUS X. Take, for instance, the way in which he has illustrated some of the flaws in our culture, making them very real and immediate. The "average American father" is saying good-night to his children. For his daughter, there is a kiss, a game (Son of Lolita? jmf) and the parting assurance "Your daddy loves you". For the son of similar age, a handshake and "Goodnight, old man". His son is no "sissy". Out buying clothes, the mother gets identical shorts and shirts for the boy and girl but, when it comes to swimming costumes, purchases a pair of trunks for the boy, and a two-piece bikini for the girl. She can't explain why a three-year old girl should need any more covering than a boy of the same age. It's just

"the done thing"./ Again, the woman is ashamed of the fact that she liked a travelling salesman who called at her house. She automatically connects "like" with "sex", having no concept of non-sexual love for her fellow creatures, male or female./ The local minister puts forward the suggestion that all the various religious creeds should band together and build a non-denominational church which could be used by each sect as required. Religion, he feels, should be "streamlined" and sold like any other commodity. This is a religion without any of the love of God, or of man, that should be its most important feature./ The book continues in this fashion, the thread of flashbacks an irrelevant but critical obligato to the main theme. I don't believe any novel, SF or otherwise, has ever used this process in so convincing a fashion.

That about sums up VERTS PLUS X. I feel that, on ideas alone, this book is one of the great classics of social extrapolation, on a par with THE REPUBLIC, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS and 1984. You'll be sorry if you miss it.

John M. Baxter.

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It is a good plan to ~~put~~ put the editorial last in any fanzine - particularly in a first issue. A couple of months ago I started planning all the things I was going to put in this department, yesterday I was trying to do some duping onto the basover to see if the editorial could be cut down any more. Its not that I don't still want to say all those things I planned so long ago but after 73 pages one tends to be more economical ... and lazy.

There are a lot of people who are to be thanked for helping me with this issue. They know who they are and I have no desire to alienate someone's affection by leaving them out. Thanks very much to all of you.

IT HAPPENED THIS WAY DEPT. Intelligent readers will note that the pagination in the early 40s gets a little wild. I apologise for this and I guess I should have fixed it up. I pulled an article that was due for pages 41 and 42. Then I ran off a couple of trial stencils, pasted from this area of the magazine for about six weeks and only, this week, when I was putting some pages together for the fun of it, noticed the discrepancy CLV.

There are a lot of spelling errors I'm sure. I have had no proof reader except myself and I only give a cursory glance. I noticed "nonchalant" on, I think, page 25 has covers on page 25 is corrected the hard way. I hope there aren't too many more.

Next issue will not feature an author-listing to the 100 magazines. I haven't the time or the staying power. but I will give a summary of the progress of each magazine as I saw it. This issue is far too serious but no other sort of material was available in Australia. Perhaps next time round Baxter will come up with something along this line. He's sent me a list of about 3 possible subjects ... Non-screen material is therefore requested and a spot of art wouldn't hurt. We have available litho, electro-stencil and a capable tracing department.

Two different types were used this, but next time I hope to use the Lettera completely, and the Remington will get a gentle, but firm, push. Meanwhile, the remainder of this will be done on the Lettera.

Yes, the rest will be done on the Lettera. I must apologise to Don Tuck, John Baxter, Nigel Jackson and Chris Bennie for some lousy repro on some pages. The Roneo is just about had it but it should be repaired by the time the next issue is due out.

And because I'm lazy this is the end.

emanation #1.

