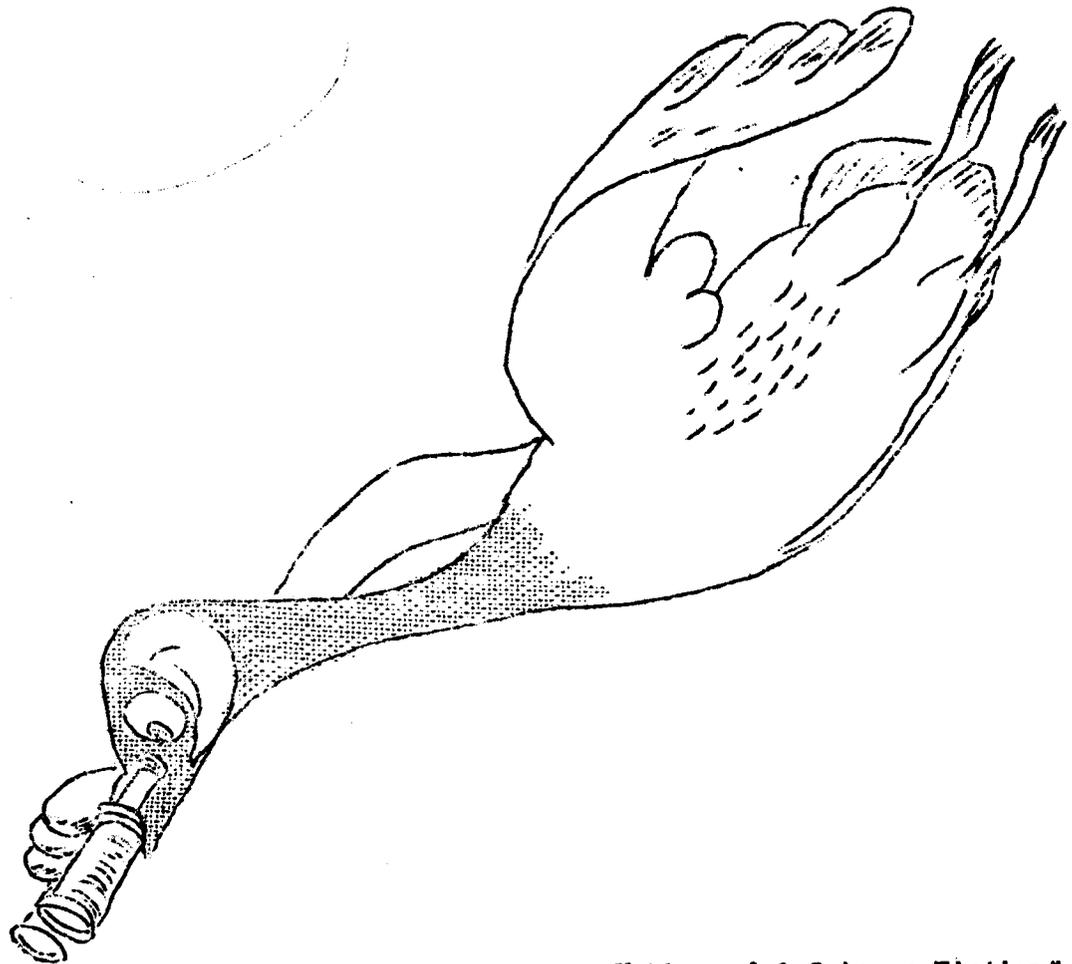


UNASKED OPINION



"Hollywood & Science Fiction"
by courtesy of TYRANN #1
PROXYBOO, Ltd. Advertisement
by courtesy of F. J. Carr
Cartoon by courtesy of
Kurre Kalender - 1904
All that other stuff is
by courtesy of ABDick &
a Sears Roebuck mimeo,
I dood it....

FJC
G.M. Carr
5319 Ballard Ave.
Seattle 7, Wash.

FAPA 59

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HOLLYWOOD

and

SCIENCE FICTION

By G.M.Carr

When Heinlein started pushing Ellery Queen and science fiction became big money Hollywood, naturally, smelled profits. Starting with Destination Moon and its satellite Rocketship XM, Hollywood has turned out seven pictures which were intended from their beginning for the 'science fiction' trade. Aside from these, there have also been innumerable releases of old movies with a vaguely stfish theme, as for instance the old Flash Gordon serial which has been released as Flight From Mars and advertised with stills from DM. The ancient 'Lost Continent' is making the rounds again, and if Hollywood should ever discover that King Kong classed as stf, I have no doubt it would be dragged out again, too. Of course, the steady trickle of fantasy has always been with us, and has neither swelled nor lessened with the upsurge of stf.

I saw Destination Moon at the NORWESCON preview. I, like the rest of the audience, was awe-struck at the 'realism' and fell under the spell of the convention speakers who trumpeted loudly that DM was the forerunner of serious science fiction films. I heard Rocketship XM panned so severely for its 'lack of science' that I, like the rest was ashamed to admit (when I finally got around to seeing it) that I considered it cute, and just as interesting as the lauded DM. It was so corny it gave me a comfortable feeling of superiority, and certainly no worse than many pulp stories I have read and enjoyed. As a matter of fact, about the only thing I remember of DM were those gruesome takeoff shots with the faces distorted and the bodies writhing in agony - a hideous sight; whereas I remember quite a bit of Rocketship XM with pleasure. It didn't bother me that meteors looked like oversized popcorn balls and "swooshed" through a vacuum. I didn't mind that the 'scientists' who manned the ship got lost and assumed that since they missed the moon it must have been because God wanted them to land on Mars... I considered that a very nice gesture to reassure the Corn Belt that science-fictionists believe in God, too. After all, some of the publicity that stfers have been getting... and large sections of the populace don't like that kind of questioning.

I saw The Thing and was all prepared to be thrilled at its Hollywood-vaunted excellence. It was an excellent movie. It was well directed, interesting, and, as advertised, full of suspense. I sat on the edge of my chair chewing my fingernails back to my elbows with the rest of the audience, and screeching as loud as anybody when The Thing dramatically strode in, etc. But although it was a good movie, it was lousy science fiction. The menace could have been a radioactive Russian, King Kong, or even an enraged Eskimo with a new kind of fish poison on his spear, for all the difference it would have made to the story. Campbell's original idea was just tossed out of the window. It was a good movie and well worth seeing, but it demonstrated more clearly than the two previous pix a fact which is now becoming apparent. Hollywood just simply does not understand what makes science fiction. To them, it merely means a new twist to their same old stuff.

The Day the Earth Stood Still (why they ever chose that name, I'll never figure out! It had nothing whatever to do with Velikovsky nor with the rotation of the planet. If they had called it The Day Electricity Stopped it might have made some sense. All I can say is that at least they didn't have the gall to call it Return of the Master - because it sure wasn't.) was also a good movie. It might have been good science fiction if it had not been so overloaded with propaganda. This picture was as merciless a lampoon on the Brass-bound Army mentality as anything since Voltaire cut loose at the Divine Right of Kings. Everything was subordinated to this one theme, that the Army is stupid, Governments are stupid, humans en masse are stupid, and only here and there can we find kindness, tolerance, and intelligence. The only thing this picture succeeds in doing is demonstrating that alien races might well be justified in destroying a planet inhabited by such stupidity - that is, if the planet didn't destroy itself, first. The most astonishing thing of all is that the Army not only permitted itself to be lampooned, but even helped make it.

When Worlds Collide, on the other hand, was a laudable attempt to follow the book completely. It did, and very nicely too. But since the book contained one flaw which must forever alienate it from complete reader-sympathy, so the picture had one strike against it. As you remember, the whole theme of Worlds Collide was that Earth should be destroyed and only 40 survivors could be taken to colonize the new planet. These 40 would necessarily be super-doooper A#1 intellects, perfect physical specimens, and highly educated scientists in their own right. Since I am far from perfect either physically or intellectually, and my scientific education is limited to Freshman Math, I was unable to work up any fervor of anxiety as to whether the spaceship took off or not. I couldn't even get excited over the dirty double-cross near the end of the story, nor wonder what kind of civilization would be developed on such a structure of selfishness and deceit. My main reaction was pity for the people left behind, and impatience at the sickly sentimentality of taking time off from their desperate race with time to fly supplies to stranded survivors of the preliminary earthquakes. Since the survivors had only 18 days to survive in, why bother? Aside from this lack of audience participation, WFC was the best attempt to date to come from Hollywood. I could not detect any major flaws, it was skilfully directed and produced, and had credible acting throughout. Only at the end did Hollywood tear itself away from the firm directorial hand that restrained it and cut loose with its lavish oriental imagination in depicting the new planet. Even here the director succeeded in making credible their debark, by remarking, "It's the only air we have... so we might as well.."

Planet X, which has been called "The Thing's XM", I did not see, so cannot comment.

Flight to Mars, by Monogram, color by Cinecolor, is the latest of this stf fad. It is a paradoxical production in that it contains all the flaws that were objectionable in its predecessors, plus a few of its own, yet manages in spite of this to be an entertaining and pleasant movie. Some of the color shots were gorgeous, and the Martian interiors - a la Hollywood - were strictly from Poul.... all except those luscious little Martian babes, and they were strictly from Bergey.... All that was missing was the BEM, and this oversight was no doubt due to the fact that none of the other pix had a BEM, either. (That vegetable Frankenstein in The Thing really doesn't qualify as a genuine BEM -- too humanoid!)

The picture started off with beautiful cinecolor shots of the universe and a couple of astronomers looking through an immense telescope, wondering out loud what would be found on Mars, if and when.... This portion, plus the various takeoff and rocket scenes, were beautiful. (The rocket wobbled slightly, but then, I don't know... maybe rockets in flight do look like a toy steamship in a bathtub.) The color was beautiful, and the streamlined vessel was esthetically satisfying. Also, the feeling of the immensity of space was well conveyed.

After this pleasant introduction, however, we find a regular hash of stf movie cliches. Shot after Pentagon shot (a la The Day) showed us Hollywood's awed discovery that, under stress of extreme high priority, the Pentagon Brass can get up out of their sponge-rubber swivel chairs and actually walk down the miles of pale green corridors to another sponge-rubber swivel chair, panting with exertion and excitement. We find the beautiful lady scientist, the cold but handsome hero, the inevitable newspaperman along for the ride, a nice assortment of male scientists in varying degrees of madness, and the same old rocket interior that is now so familiar. I wonder if they rent this set out by the week or by the picture. DM and Rocketship X fight for control of the first half of Flight to Mars, with a slight edge to the latter. In fact, you could label F to M the "Cinecolor Rocketship X" and not be missing it by much. We find the same philosophical discussion, somewhat amplified; the same lovesick triangle, only this time they give it a refreshing twist; the same ludicrous 'scientific' details - no floating around the cabins, though. This ship is equipped with 'gravity'. Also with some unexplained "space cylinders" for carrying messages home to earth after they get so far out into space that they can no longer maintain radio contact. All we know about this interesting

device is that it has some sort of homing instinct like a pigeon to land it just outside the Pentagon in time to make the daily newspaper releases. As one of the scientists obligingly remarked, "It would be a pity if the homing device failed. We wouldn't want it to land in the middle of the Sahara desert..."

There were various other scientific(?) oddities in this trip, too. The inevitable swarm of meteorites, instead of washtub-size popcorn balls in triplicate, consisted of a stream of red fireflies that twinkled along to what appeared to be the fairy music from Mendelsohn's *Midsummersnight's Dream*. Just as I congratulated them "Well, anyway they don't 'swoosh'..." the ship ran into a closeup of them, and they did.

After the meteorites, naturally, they had to check the ship for damage. So they threw open the airtight hatches and casually crawled foreward and aft to inspect. No helmets, no spacesuits, no instruments to check for leaks -- not even a flashlight. They just crawled around like looking for a collarbutton under the bed. Finally, one of the scientists (the gloomy grandfather - he was particularly interesting to me because he resembled one of our local NAMELESS ONES named Ed Wyman. He looked, spoke, acted, and even sounded like Ed. Ed attended the NORWESCON a couple years ago. I wonder if somebody used him as a model?) well, anyway, this scientist went and opened a globular contraption located apparently in the exact center of the ship, well protected from outside interference, and discovered that the meteors had cut four wires in a cable, broken the batteries, and ruined the landing gear. Our hero, of course, welded a few bus bars and repaired all the damage except the landing gear (apparently they didn't really need the batteries - they were also carrying an 'atomic head'). Nobody was obliging enough to explain what the landing gear was doing inside this 24" globe in the center of the ship. But then, who ever heard of an 'air' picture that didn't break the landing gear? How could you have any suspense with intact landing gear! Impossible. Also, who ever heard of an expedition of any kind that carried enough fuel for a return trip? Just isn't kosher.

The landing on Mars was suspiciously like WWC.. even to the snow-covered peaks in black and white, with technicolor trimmings in the valley behind. For a waterless planet, Mars sure had a lot of snow. In fact, there was so much it avalanched over the ship and buried all but the tailpiece, through which the intrepid crew crawled, sans helmets, of course, but wearing booster oxygen masks as a concession to the lack of atmosphere. They discovered huge chimney-like structures with a remarkable similarity to foundry smokestacks. Pushing aside the wind-driven snow to discover cement edges sharp and clear, and almost showing the grain-marks from the forms, they remarked sagely, "This is old, very ancient..." and wondered in the awestruck Rocketship XM tradition, "I wonder what they were used for. Probably they had some religious significance, like the Druids or the Pyramids of Egypt..." Then the scene brightens - literally.

Around the corner walk - in a surge of cinecolor - some gaily helmeted spacemen in the best of TWS-cover style, and from there on the cover artists take over. The interiors of the Martian city are breathtakingly beautiful.. Poul in animated color. The costumes are the familiar skin-tight, crotch-high tunics with the rank-insignia on the chest. The men are easily labeled according to classification, the artisans being crossed hammers, etc. Any ex-navy man would feel right at home. The girls.... ummm, girls!... with pirate boots, pixie shoulder pads, and plenty padding in the proper places in the rest of their tunics, too. All they lacked was the fish-bowl helmet and the sidearms. Martian architecture, I was interested to note, features such functional improvements as triangular door openings, apex-down, and furniture in the latest of Swedish Moderne. Clever people, these Swedes... copied the Martian's furniture without even having to go there.

About this time the love interest took an upswing, and the traditional triangle developed 4 sides... but why go on? You've read the plot dozens of times ever since 1927, and the script is so inane it could have been written then, too. But in spite of its corn, Flight To Mars is an interesting movie. Go and see it and enjoy a good laugh at the boners and a good gander at the gals...

UNASKED OPINION

Being a review of the 58th FAPA Mailing.

by G. M. Carr

Alger: REVOLTIN' CONSTRUCTION ISSUE. This is a nice, neat, informative little issue. The diagram illustrations are deceptively simple, and the easy flowing style of instructions makes it seem so simple that it is easy to overlook the technical skill involved in putting out this 'zine. And I don't mean just the mimeographing end of it, either. I participated in putting together a textbook on Copper-smithing, once, so I realize the amount of brainwork that went into the apparently simple procedures. Nice job, Martin.

Boggs: As usual, Boggs overwhelms the rest of the members by sheer volume of 'zines. Also as usual, these are lovely to look at, pleasant to peruse, and a credit to the FAPA Mailing. Even his mailing comments raised the IQ level by reviewing in brilliant detail what Boggs interpreted the members to have said. But, of course, Boggs reviewing Boggs can sparkle a great deal more than if he had to confine his remarks to what actually was submitted. The ASTOUNDING STORY KEY was a very welcome surprise, for which I thank you, Redd. For me it will indeed "unlock" my Ast.SF files -- and provide also an easy reference to the hard-cover reissues coming out. I don't like to buy the book if I already have the story on hand in magazine form -- even though it may be "expanded and revised" by the author. I note that both SUBURBAN HARVEST AND FAPA POTLATCH were listed as submitted by Boggs, although both contained material by other members. Mere idle curiosity, but where does the fine line between OEs-ship and Membership activity fall in a case like SUBURBAN HARVEST? I note that Virginia Blish is listed in the Postmailed Sec-Treas. Report as owing the entire 8 pages of activity. The 8 poems in SUBURBAN HARVEST occupy two pages -- averaging 4 poems to a page, didn't she have enough material (including her Water Babies article) to fulfill her activity requirements? Even granting half credit only for coming out in another member's 'zine? Personally, I hope she has, because hers is modern poetry I can enjoy even though I do not necessarily "understand" it.

Bradley: GEMINI. You really didn't do yourself justice in this mailing, Maian, neither in the portrait you drew with the pencil, nor the one you drew with words... A peridot is a light yellowish green stone which is the reason for that bilious green ink on yellow paper. As a matter of fact (this is heresy!) I do like SAPS a little better than FAPA because it is smaller and the members contribute more material each. The mailings are almost the same in size in spite of only half as many members, and that way we have a better opportunity to become acquainted with each one -- with their paper personality, at least. FAPA still presents (even after a year of membership) a certain amount of disorientation in trying to place the various members in relation to their 'zines. Perhaps it is just this very factor which makes FAPA the more interesting of the two to those members who have been in longer -- it stimulates their interest by the very elusiveness of the various members' identities.

Coslet: ELFIN. This idea of annotating your collection seems a tremendous job, Walter, but I can very well see that you'd just about have to do something of the sort in order to keep track of it. Probably good psychological impetus in doing it for SAPS-FAPA -- at least you have to get at it regularly to meet the mailing deadlines. Looks better and easier to read since you've started leaving a little blank space here and there. I wonder if one reason you get such good ratings on your mailing reviews is because they seem so much brighter in contrast to the dryness of the data which precedes them? I hope you do locate those missing WTs, I'd enjoy reading about them. Am contemplating stripping my collection (Hah! I can see your disdainful snort) down to ASTOUNDINGS, UNKNOWNNS, WEIRD TALKS, and assorted modern prozines like GALAXY, IMAGINATION, AVON FANTASY READER, and hard cover stf. Haven't quite developed hardness of heart yet, though. What am I offered for a set of OTHER WORLDS? Maybe a little incentive is all I need.

One to: LIGHT. Just think of all the things I've been doing to my poor records - I wonder how they managed to survive. I can remember way back when we used to buy steel needles by the package. They'd get dull and we'd just give them a quarter turn in the socket to sharpen them up again. Worked fine. Used the needles clear down to the thick part before we had to throw them away. Now we have one of those don't-touch-'em "permanent" needles on our record player, and I've been afraid to play my precious wax home recordings for fear it would cut them to pieces. According to your article, this "permanent" needle ought to be easier on them than the soft Cactus needles that are recommended for the purpose.

Danner: LARK. For a first effort on a homemade job, that wasn't bad. I could read all of my copy -- which is more than I can say for some jobs that come thro the mailings. Shucks, couldn't you take just a couple of petals of that li'l ol' violet for doing a nice looking job and for giving us FAPAns the pleasure of seeing it? Odd about that name... even after you called me on it I kept reading it wrong. Wonder if it is a penname or if parents really were heartless enough to saddle a youngster with a tonguetwister like Dioma....
STEFANTASY: I liked the Rectogunk ad best -- it was so clean.

Elsberry: SNULBUG. The Dreelspreel Fantangler was cute, but the rest of the issue sounded like a bad case of heartburn with no Alka-Seltzer handy. Evidently the illos didn't come through. Too bad, sure could have used something to lighten it up. Glad to see you are dropping out of SAPS. That makes one less Biapan trying to fill two activities with one 'zine.

Eney: ONOMATOPOIESIS: Good review of "Hole Men". Actually a lot of these "kid" serials are doggone good stf (though some are pretty poor movies). I used to sneak into the neighborhood movie on Friday nights and brave the screaming hordes to watch the Batmen of Dobu go swooshing around the screen. I think they reversed the same film on alternate chapters because first they'd fly from one side, then from the other. Probably just to relieve the monotony. Between flights Clyde Beatty used to beat lions over the head with a broom handle and a pot bellied kid in a fur sarong crawled around some improbable caves. There was a blonde Goddess mixed up in it somewhere, too, but I went to watch the Batmen.

Gluck: SKYLARK. Sid, you fooled us this time, and got two stories that were legible! Pretty good ones, too. Makes me wonder what I've been missing in the others. Why don't you sneak around and type some stencils on borrowed typewriters? Experiment with different machines. It looks very much as though the typewriter you are using just simply won't cut a decent stencil. Could be too soft a platen -- or a noiseless. There is just nothing you can do to overcome that too-too-light touch they have. It is a shame to go on wasting stencils and paper that way (to say nothing of Gerry's time and ink).

Hoffman: Four Fanzines of Finest Fannish Flavor -- "smelling of the warm South--" and even warmer warfare. My mailing had 2 copies of the duelling code. Was everyone so honored or was this an insinuation that I do twice as much feuding as the rest? If so, tsk tsk! -- at least I present my point direct, and not in a TANGENT.

Keasler: A LA BABOOM. I don't envy your spelling, Max, even though you do work hard at it, but I sure wish I could draw as well as you do. Say, Max, how about putting in a serious article sometime? Don't you ever have to write up some interesting data at Washington U that would make good reading for us ignorant yokels?

Macaulay: STARS and BARS: Welcome, new member. That's a nice looking 'zine you have there. Interesting, too, in a Southern sort of way. The last eddys of the Civil War echo faintly through our vacant lots and playfields. The chainstores have been selling Confederate and Union caps to the kids. The grey ones are most popular...

Perdue: ELMURMURINGS - Postmailed. I read this with a great deal of enjoyment at the time, coming as it did like a letter from a friend, but for the life of me I can't remember what it said. I did, however, enjoy the insight into city planning.

Silverberg: IRUSABEN. Methinks this hath a most familiar ring -- Do you suppose you could persuade Riddle, Laney, Boggs, Coslet, Pope, Pavlat & Rapp to perform it at Chicago in person? I'll bet Rapp would be willing!

Speer: PHOTON. I found the closing paragraph most interesting. Whereas I am in agreement with the idea that the Seattle NAMELESS should support the Little Men in their bid for a West Coast Convention (on the grounds that any convention on the West Coast is better than no convention on the West Coast), yet I wonder how is it that "we were committed to support" them? Something at the NOLACON which was never reported back to the club? It lends a curiously inconclusive note to an otherwise minutely detailed table of procedural irregularities...

Splawn: DJINN #1. Very nice, each of the 6 items a miniature of excellence. Yes, I heard about that Bob Starr you mentioned. What became of him after he left Memphis State? I couldn't figure out why they objected to his dual enrollment inasmuch as his grades were holding up. Does anybody know? Is it illegal at Memphis State to be too intelligent?

Thompson: PHANTEUR. Hah! So my crusading for covers did have some results! Yes, indeed, D.B., I read every word of your comments -- even when I can't remember what the heck they are talking about and am too lazy to go back and look! You may have already noticed, (over), my reaction to your lead article in the last mailing.

Warner: HORIZONS. I'm sincerely glad that the mimeoing on this issue was clear enough that I could read all of it. D.B. Thompson was quite right in his comment that if one can "struggle through" HORIZONS it is frequently the most worthwhile item in the Mailing. I like that poem and the thought expressed in it. Re the Postoffice, I sure wish your article would reach somebody who could do something about it. There is room for improvement all the way up the scale from the close-lipped office clerks who'd rather lose a day's pay than volunteer a way for a citizen to make best use of Postal Regulations to ease his pocketbook, to the boot-quaking pork-barreller who'd blink at any Postal abuse if the outfit is big enough to talk back to Washington DC. Your analysis of the "Censorship" problem is undoubtedly the best presentation of the subject yet, and your solution for it -- "If the fanzine writer goes too far, in the opinion of his readers, they should tell him so" is, of course, the logical one. But what else is all this fuss about, except that the readers have been telling fanzine writers in no uncertain terms when they consider he goes too far. The writers don't want to be told -- and start name calling. How far is the reader justified in defending his (or her) own likes and dislikes? Most of the unpleasantness in this "anti-crud crusade" has been caused by just this very thing. The writers feel that they alone are the sole judges of what to publish. They take the attitude that the reader has no right to object. Probably the most asinine remark in this regard is the ubiquitous "Well, if you don't like what I write, don't read it!" How in blazes can anyone know whether they like something without reading it? Many writers seem to feel that "free speech" is a one way proposition. They are free to say what they please but the readers are not free to resent having their toes tramped on!

Wesson & Crane: THE UNSPEAKABLE THING. As far as I can remember, this is the first entry for these two in my entire year of membership in FAPA. It was a good 'zine and worth waiting for, but I cannot help feel that it is not very courteous to the rest of the members to be so stingy with their ability. This excessive modesty in making their voices heard merely means the other members have no chance to get acquainted with them. With some members, that might possibly be an advantage -- but with members capable of a quality 'zine like TUT it isn't.

WHAT DO I THINK, D.B. THOMPSON?

Naturally, when you toss this particular hat into the ring, it is to be expected that G.M.Carr will pounce on it as gleefully as a puppy on a new Easter bonnet...

As I understand your question, you ask first "Has Science gone too fast for Spirit?" Then you ask, in effect, "Shall Science try to go back and wait for Spirit to catch up?"

My answer would be that Science (with a large S) should stop being hostile to Spirit (with a large S) and go forward by becoming curious enough about it to use science (with a small s) to find out what this phenomenon is.

Science (both large and small S) has studied with painstaking carefulness every phase of the world about us, not even excepting the senses by which we perceive this world. It has found out the nature of the sense of sight, even down to the very nature of the light waves that operate on the rods and cones of our visual perceptors. It has gauged the probable accuracy of the individual's reaction to visual stimuli, as well as what these stimuli are. Not only sight, but hearing, smell, touch, kinesthetics, psychological suggestion, physical construction — every type of perception has been carefully gauged in order that the individual may know and understand the limitations and possibilities of his contact with the world around him. And, knowing these limitations, science has been able to supplement man's feeble senses with instruments powerful enough to push beyond the stars and measure the spectrum of suns too distant for his eyes to see. It has devised methods to dig out the structure of a molecule and show its patterns.

If science is able to do these unlikely things, why should it be afraid to investigate something so much closer?

Probably one reason that there is such a distinct cleavage between Science and Spirit, is because of the universality of the latter. Not every person feels himself qualified to describe the internal structure of a star or an atom, but almost every person who has ever felt "Spirit" feels qualified to speak authoritatively about it. They are just as sure of the existence of Spirit as they are of color, or sound, or the smell of baking bread. They differ in describing it in much the same way as they differ on the appreciation of art, or music, or the difference between a smell that is a "perfume" and one that is a "stink".

Could this certainty of experience come from another type of perceptor which Science (capital S) has ignored because it has no readily apparent physical characteristics? Could science (small s) find out why mankind has been so positive that "Spirit" exists, although it disagrees so widely over what it is?

Consider the evidence for and against — there is a history of recorded experience of "Spirit" that goes back as far as we can push our knowledge. On the other hand, the evidence against is merely negative, the same type of evidence a man might consider valid reason to disbelieve in color. The color 'red', for instance, is also unprovable to a man with no color cones to perceive it. But does that destroy its validity for those who have? Science has devised charts to discover color blindness arising from physical causes, could it not also devise a chart for "spirit" blindness, too, and thus stop confusing the issue? Why should loud-mouthed ignorance be permitted to override fact because to him it is "unprovable"?

Probably another reason for the cleavage between Science and Spirit (both with large S) is the confusion which exists between what is actually received by this postulated perceptor and what the individual is taught to expect he is receiving. A child is shown a piece of paper from which light waves are being reflected in $\frac{1}{50000}$ of an inch wave lengths. He is told that this resulting visual phenomena

is the color "Green". He is shown another with a $\frac{1}{57000}$ inch wave length, and

told that it is "Blue". He may see no difference between them -- a handicap which science has just recently been able to measure. However, there is no known way yet for science to determine just exactly what that particular wavelength may produce on the individual's retina -- all it is able to do is define that particular wavelength's result and give it a name. Henceforth the child recognizes "blue" or "green" because he is told to expect "blue" or "green". If he were told that the phenomenon resulting from the impact of light of $\frac{1}{50000}$ "wavelengths were "red"

instead of "green", he would be bewildered in his attempts to communicate with others (this experiment has been performed, I understand, and resulted in severe maladjustment for the unfortunate child.) It is possible, is it not, that the sensations perceived by the spirit may be caused by some stimuli as constant as the wavelengths which cause all the varying shades of color. But no standards of terminology have yet been established to handle them. "Green" is being called anything from red to violet.

There is also a third possibility to consider. Recently in the course of a correspondence, I discovered that a preacher -- evidently a well educated minister of a leading conservative denomination -- apparently saw no distinction between the idea of a primal first cause which we refer to as "God" for lack of other name -- and the concept of God as conceived by his particular, nice, tight little theology. I confess it surprised me. Naive of me, no doubt, but I found it rather odd that an intelligent person could be satisfied to accept a system of theology and be satisfied with it. It may be that most people do accept systems of theology instead of considering the possible existence of some Force completely independent of human ideas. That would explain many illogical reactions, as, for instance, those natives you mention who would rather die of controllable disease than adopt some other system of theology which included disease-prevention.

If there is no more to Spirit than various groupings of human thought -- and if all systems of religious ideas were merely philosophical speculation -- there would indeed be not much possibility of reconciling Science and Spirit. But suppose it isn't just an Idea? Suppose some factor exists which is independent of human ideas, and these ideas are merely built around that factor? Polonium existed before the Curies found it, but they had deduced there might be something there and went looking for it. Perhaps if Science (with a large S) stopped being afraid of "Spirit" and went looking with an expectation of finding something --

After all, which would have been the more unlikely a century ago -- that man should peer into the interior of an atom and unlock it, or that he should peer into the interior of his soul?



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