FANTASTIC WORLDS

30¢

FALL

"The Question"
By David H. Keller, M. D.

1953

an important letter to the readers of fantastic worlds

Dear Subscribers:

Because I will need the time to write my dissertation, which I hope to complete next year, fantastic worlds will have to go on a semi-annual schedule. There will be an issue on 1 April 1954 and another as close to 1 October 1954 as I can make it, considering the fact that we expect to be moving around that time. Then, with the issue of 1 January 1955, fantastic worlds will resume quarterly publication.

What will this mean to you?

It will not mean that you will be cheated out of anything. If you have paid a dollar for four issues of the magazine, you will still receive those four issues. In fact, unless printing costs rise again between now and then, I plan to enlarge the size of the magazine--without any increase in price--beginning with the next issue. This will compensate you in part for the greater delay between issues.

It most emphatically will not mean the discontinuance of fantastic worlds. There are too many reasons for my keeping on with the magazine. In the first place, I'm having a whale of a lot of fun and have no intention of quitting. In the second place, the magazine is succeeding, as I can tell from the wonderful letters you have written me and from the generous reviews given us in the professional science fiction publications. In the third place, after some initial pump-priming on my part, the magazine is now breaking even financially. The subscription list is rising steadily, and the advertising load is getting heavier.

Thank you for your support. It has been warmly appreciated. And I'll keep doing my best to present you with the finest amateur science fiction and fantasy magazine being published.

Cordially,

Sam Sackett, Editor

fantastic worlds

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Vol. 2, No. 1 FALL, 1953 Whole No. 5

stories

poems

articles

features

Cover by NEIL AUSTIN

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fantastic worlds is published quarterly at 1449 brockton avenue, los angeles 25, california. english subscribers and advertisers should write capt. k. f. slater, 13 gp. r. p. c., b. a. o. r., 29, c/o g. p. o., england. australian subscribers and advertisers should write david cohen, box 4940, g. p. o., sydney, n. s. w., australia. advertising rate cards will be furnished on request. subscription price is thirty cents a copy or one dollar for four issues. contributors may secure copies of the issue containing their work at the rate of four for one dollar. all stories appearing in this magazine are fiction. any similarity to actual beings--with the exception of demons and extra-terrestials--is coincidental. all manuscripts should be addressed to the editor at 1449 brockton avenue, los angeles 25, california, and should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. payment is made in cash prizes determined by reader vote after publication.

the eight hundredth hundred-day

discriminating readers of science fiction will recall william l. bade, young graduate student in physics at the university of nebraska, as the author of four brilliant stories. this, his fifth, is part of a series which also includes his "advent" in astounding science fiction for january 1948.

by william l. bade

"NOW, RICHARD," THE BIG MAN RUMBLED in his deliberate manner, "I think I'll give you some more of the book."

"Yes, Lord Salyard." The softly bearded young man opened a small wooden chest sitting on the deck beside him and took out paper, ink, and quill pen. He closed the chest and put the materials on its smooth top, which would serve as a passable writing desk.

It was a rather small boat, about twenty paces in length and mounting ten braces of oars. The crew consisted of forty oarsmen, a cook, a mate, and their crewmaster. Lord Jerome Salyard had hired the whole affair at the port of Base Town, on the island New Florida, especially for this expedition. Half the crew were pulling at the oars in unison with a monotonous "Yo!--Yo!--Yo!" of the crewmaster, while the other half lay around in the bottom of the boat resting and finishing the day's fourth meal. Salyard and his young friend were on a small partial deck in the boat's bow.

The big man lay back against his leather cushions and gazed up at the blank grayness overhead. Finally he said, "Start a new chapter. Title: 'The Nature of the Sky.' First paragraph."

He stopped for a moment. Richard Merle's pen scratched on the paper. The oars creaked with a slow rhythm and water slipped past the moving blades and the sides of the boat with a gurgling sound. The smooth sea extended like a plain of water to every gray horizon, disturbed toward the rear by the waves caused by the boat's passage.

Salyard cleared his throat and went on in his usual deep

voice. He spoke deliberately, pausing after every few words to allow Merle to keep up.

"There is no doubt that the Sky is the greatest of all natural mysteries. The questions of what it is and of what lies above it are the crucial points of disagreement between the various creeds. By direct observation we know only three facts of importance about the Sky: that it covers all known parts of the world; that it becomes alternately more and less bright, giving us day and night; and that very infrequently openings appear in it, letting a very bright light, which has become known as the God-light, shine down on the world. New paragraph."

Salyard stopped and stared at the Sky some more. He crossed his arms over his leather vest, stretched out his legs, and

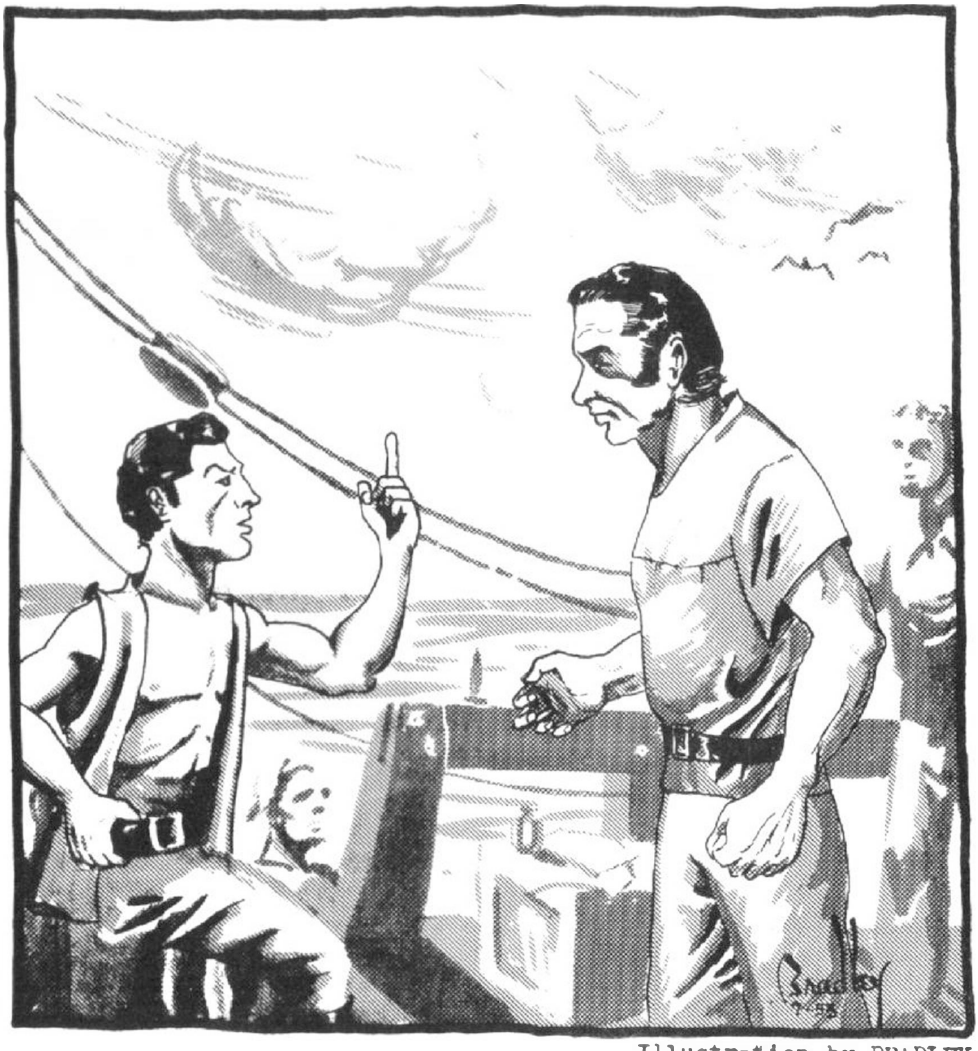


Illustration by BRADLEY

leaned back farther on the cushions. Then he continued:

"I have visited every one of the Islands in my travels, and only once did I see the Sky as anything but its ordinary, gray, impenetrable self. That occasion was, of course, the Godlight of the seven hundred sixty-first hundred-day. At the time, I was at Base Town on the island New Florida, studying with the famous Tuylan philosopher, Hermann Lassek. About noon on the twenty-seventh day of the hundred-day, the Sky over the city appeared to become thin and then to vanish entirely, and a glorious and terrible flood of light so brilliant that all beholders believed themselves blinded poured down on the world. The inhabitants of the city and of the surrounding countryside were terrified. Various interpretations were applied to the phenomenon, at the time and later. Some said that it portended a great change in the rule of the island, and indeed it was shortly afterward that Trobee's rebellion occurred on New Florida. However, I later found that the thing had been seen to a greater or lesser extent on all the Islands, so that its significance cannot have been purely local."

After pausing for several moments, Salyard proceeded:

"New paragraph. In this world, we are surrounded by many great mysteries which we can hope to solve, if at all, only by patient and ingenious labor and not by reading in old manuscripts and thinking endlessly about them. The Sky is one such mystery. The great ocean which surrounds the Islands on all sides, and which is a barrier to our knowledge of the extent and outer regions of the world, is another. At the time this is being written, I am engaged in a project to solve at least partially the mystery of the ocean by going away from the Islands in a boat. I will tell more of this problem and of my present expedition in a later chapter. The third great mystery of our world is, of course, that of the origin of mankind.

"New paragraph. In my travels I have encountered five important sets of ideas as to the nature of the Sky and what lies above it. I will list these for comparison. First, there is the extremely widespread Tuylan belief that the Sky is a barrier between our dark world of punishment and the glorious Godrealm above. The Tuylan creed gives each man, first, a divine ancestry, by holding that the first men were the sons of Gods outlawed from the Godrealm; and, second, a blissful immortality, by stating that his soul will return to the Godrealm if only his body is properly cremated. The Kristans also make the world above the aky one of brightness, but they have it inhabited . . .

LORD JEROME SALYARD BROKE OFF in mid-sentence. Richard Merle, facing him across the little chest, stopped writing. Back in the boat, the crewmaster stopped his "Yo!--Yo!--Yo!" and the crew ceased rowing. Everything became suddenly very quiet.

Salyard and Merle and all the crew were staring upward at something terribly blue and bright which was passing soundlessly but very swiftly overhead. For a period of two or three heartbeats the bright thing shone down on them and moved rapidly across the Sky along a path diagonal to the boat's course. Then it dimmed and quickly disappeared.

The rowers had abandoned their oars. Many of them were on their knees or prone, praying. Others were still staring upward in blank wonderment. One had jumped overboard with a startling splash, and was now hanging on to a floating oar and screaming

for mercy.

Richard Merle had leaped to his feet as the thing went over, and now he was sputtering, "What was it, Lord Salyard? Did you ever see anything like it before? How high was it? What . . . ?"

Jerome Salyard was still lying back on his leather cushions. His arms were folded and his legs stretched out. He slowly uncrossed his arms and reached up to put a small blue cap back on his balding head, whence it had fallen. Then he sat up.

"That is the first time I have ever seen anything just like that," he said slowly. "However, I have read mention of such things in old books. . . . "

He stopped and leaned back on his cushions again. "Take some fresh paper, Richard. We must make a record of this at once."

THE BEARDED BOY SAT DOWN hastily and pushed the pages he had previously written off the chest onto the deck. He dipped the quill pen into the ink bottle and poised it over a clean sheet of paper. His hand was shaking.

Salyard began to dictate, speaking slowly and deliberately. "Not long after noon on the seventy-ninth day of the eight hundredth hundred-day, I observed an unusual phenomenon . . . "

The members of the crew had begun to talk loudly and excitedly among themselves. Someone had rescued the oarsman who had gone overboard. Now the entire crew of forty-three men came crowding towards the bow of the boat, which forthwith began to sink lower and lower into the water.

Salyard stopped in mid-sentence, turned his head to face the crowding sailors, and glowered at them. "Well?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you? Get back to your oars before you upset the boat!"

The men began shouting and waving their arms. It was impossible to make out individual statements in that confusion of noise. After a moment, Salyard's deep, sure voice cut into the mass of sound like a sword:

"See here! I'm in command of this boat. If you men want your pay when we get back to port, you'd better calm down and get back to your stations. Man the oars!"

In the moment of partial silence which followed, the crewmaster shouted, "Move back, men. I'll talk to him. Get back to your places before somebody gets pushed overboard. Come on, now."

The rowers hesitated for a moment, then began drifting back in the boat. A couple of them slipped into the water to retrieve the oars that had gone over the side. The rest got into their benches or sat down in the bottom of the boat, and waited.

The crewmaster stood looking downward at Salyard, breathing deeply. He sighed and said, "I'm sorry, Sir, but the crew doesn't think we should go on. They want to turn back. They don't put any trust in that trick needle-in-a-box thing you've been having us steer by--I don't either, for that matter. We're getting fearfully far away from the Islands, and many a boat's tried this thing you're trying, and never come back. They won't . . . "

"I am in command of this boat," Salyard said, frowning up at the crewmaster. "I hired it for only one purpose, to explore farther out onto the ocean than had ever been done before. I still intend to do that. Those other boats you mentioned didn't have me in command, and they didn't have my discovery to keep

their directions straight for them. Tell your men to resume rowing."

"But Lord Salyard--that thing that went over! I don't know what it was, but it wasn't any sign of good, that's sure. The men think it was a warning, a command from the Gods to turn back. They won't go on, Sir. They won't go on at all."

Calmly, Jerome Salyard stood up. On his feet, he showed his real size. He looked down at the crewmaster's sweating face and said deliberately:

"The phenomenon we just observed had nothing to do with your men or with this boat. Do you think the Gods are paying attention to your ignorant and insignificant souls? Man the oars!"

As he shouted the last words, every man in the boat was staring at him with anger or fear or shock marked on his face. "We're turning back!" some rower yelled. In an instant several others were shouting.

Salyard stood erect and glanced over the faces. Then he spoke slowly and deliberately. "I command this boat. I pay the wages, if any, of this crew. Crewmaster, I order you to . . . "

HIS VOICE WAS BURIED under a long, rolling sound of thunder that came down from above. It crashed and rumbled continuously for several moments. The sailors all stood rigidly staring upward, as did the bearded young man Richard Merle, on his feet behind Salyard. The big man himself looked upward with an expression of interest. When the sound had died away, he said:

"Very interesting. Make a note of it, Richard. Now, crewmaster, I order you to have the oars manned and to set the boat into motion, in the same direction that we have been following. That's all."

With a gesture of dismissal, Salyard lowered himself into a comfortable position on his cushions. Suddenly an oarsman leaped on him and stabbed at his chest with a knife. Salyard struck a blow at the man with one of his massive arms, but the rower stabbed him again. Salyard struggled to get to his feet, but managed only to reach his hands and knees. He swayed there for an instant and then collapsed onto the deck.

Merle kicked the assassin viciously behind the ear. He kicked him several more times in various places, finally got the knife, and was about to use it when half a dozen other sailors knocked him flat on the deck and took it away from him.

Jerome Salyard lay sprawled on his side, dark blood trickling out from under his great chest. The crewmaster knelt beside him and felt over his heart. After a while he wiped the blood from his fingers onto Salyard's blue-dyed trousers and stood up. He was trembling. "Well, Kuykendall," he said finally to the assassin, who was sitting up, holding his abdomen, and looking at Merle with an expression of pain and dislike, "he may have deserved knifing, but you shouldn't have done it. Now we're all in for it."

Kuykendall looked up. "When I heard the sound from the Sky, I knew I had to do it. It was a command of the Gods. He was going to disobey the Gods' warning, so I had to do it."

The crewmaster crossed his arms and hugged his chest. The trembling diminished. "Well, it's done anyway. Here, Duncan, help me throw him overboard."

A squat, heavily muscled oarsman grasped the body's arms while the crewmaster took its legs, and they heaved it up and o-

ver the side. It dropped out of sight with a great splash. "My divine ancestry, he was heavy!" the short rower said. "He must have been a lot fatter than he looked."

RICHARD MERLE STRUGGLED VIOLENTLY but without success to free himself from the three sailors who were sitting on him. Finally he gave up and began swearing at the entire crew with all the bitterness which his inadequate vocabulary permitted. When at last he ran out of foul names, he was on the verge of tears. "You're all a bunch of filthy, swinish animals," he bawled, "and you've murdered one of the greatest men that ever lived. And--oh, you sewer-rot!--you threw him into the ocean! Now his body will never be cremated and the greatest soul of our times will decay forever in this black, stinking, barnyard-hole of a world! You stupid pigs! You cowardly, stupid murderers!"

One of the sailors hit him in the face, after which he quieted down. Lying passively on the deck, he lamented, "All his life, Lord Salyard worked to increase the knowledge of the world. He tried to break through the barriers that have always limited our understanding. And now you've killed him, and the barriers are still there. And there's no one to take his place."

All the crew except Merle's three guards were holding a conference amidships. There was much argument and loud talk, and finally the crewmaster came forward. The rest of the crew stayed back, watching silently.

"Sonny," the crewmaster said, "you talk too much." His face was white and his forehead was shiny with sweat. His hands were trembling. "We can't have you running around talking like that," he added. Then, to the three sailors, "Hold him over the side. We don't want any more stains on the deck here to clean up."

For the first time, Merle screamed. "Don't throw me in the sea! I'll never reach the Godrealm! Don't! My divine . . . "

Later the crew manned the oars and the crewmaster began his "Yo!--Yo!--Yo!" The boat turned about as the rowers on one side backed water and those on the other rowed full ahead. Then it picked up speed and ran swiftly through the still sea, ten wet oar blades on each side moving as one. The ocean was like a vast watery plain and, ahead, over the gray horizon, were the Islands

Illustration by BRADLEY

dizzy dean

"WHEN UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL wanted an original science fiction screenplay," I read in the Publicity Department's production notes handout on It Came from Outer Space, "as a vehicle for the studio's initial venture in the exciting realm of third-dimensional photography, they went to the top in the world of the fantasy prose and secured the services of Ray Bradbury, undisputed dean of science fiction writing."

Undisputed? Dean? Whoa, Nellie! . . .

Let's back up and begin at the beginning. To the best of my recollection, this Dean business first got loose in some Time article. I don't remember just what the occasion was, but some reporter chose to refer to Murray Leinster as "the Dean of science fiction." I didn't consider it the most apt appellation I had ever heard at the time--stopping to ask myself the question, "Well, who would you call the Dean instead?" I came up with the name Ray Cummings--but it seemed to have a commercial value and in short order Murray Leinster was identified in a dozen different places as being the Dean of science fiction.

Maybe it was because of some special connotation I put on "dean"--the picture of someone old and venerable, like old Judge Hughes of the Supreme Court, comes to my mind--that Ray Cummings seemed the likelier man to me for the mantle.

Anyway. Things went along all right for a little while, and then one day I picked up the pocketbook The Day after Tomorrow and there lo and behold Heinlein was blurbed as--well, I'm not collecting a penny a word for writing this, so why repeat the inevitable?

But on the backs of the succeeding two Signet books by Heinlein, whether because official pressure was brought to bear by the protector of the title or his agents, or by Mr. Heinlein through embarrassment or request, or for some other reason at which I cannot guess, the adjective young had been added. Correction: youthful.

So for a while we had a Dean and a youthful Dean.

Then, to confuse the issue, someone in an Amazing or a Fantastic Adventures--Howard Browne was the culprit, I believe--had to start off an editorial with, "The other day Mr. Science Fiction walked into our office." Immodestly I asked myself, "Now when was I last in New York?" It seems, however, Howard was referring to the Old Dean, Leinster.

I never expected to be writing an article on this subject, or I'd have kept better statistics; but I swear that somewhere along the way not so long ago I saw Lester del Rey or someone equally unlikely being referred to as the D. of S. F.

Page 111 of the June 1953 Thrilling Wonder contains two errors. First of all, it is the fourth page of a story called "The Life Game" but reads at the top, "The Ship Was a Robot." The second mistake is the box by The Editor headed "Number One Fan" and starting out, "The grapevine whispers that Chad Oliver is now Number One Fan." This must have been astonishing news to Lee Hoffman and/or Walt Willis--all of fandom--and particularly Chad

by mr. science fiction (I think)

Oliver. My client would, I'm sure, be flattered to be denoted #1 S. F. Author, and might even conceivably be aiming toward this goal; but fandom, fanzines, and such, I'm reasonably sure, are today in his thoughts far away from his letter-hackery apprenticeship in the back pages of the pro's. I think the willow-the-whisper Ye Ed purportedly heard must have derived more from the grape than the vine. . . .

I am just about through.

A few lines above, I used the word "pro's." I should now like to direct your attention back to the first paragraph of this article, wherein their appears the statement, "they went to the top in the world of the fantasy prose." Those last three words--"the fantasy prose." Anything odd strike you about the construction? Why the "the"? Why not "the world of fantasy prose"? Do you just suppose it could have been originally dictated as "the fantasy pro's" and got transposed in the transcription? Just an idle conjecture.

Perhaps I am not as near through as I thought, after all, for the after-thought has just occurred to me to check the dictionary to throw some light on just what the qualifications of a Dean should be.

The first definition in my Webster's is: "A dean is a dell." I guess we can discard that one.

We next find that a dean is a head over ten monks in a monastery. Somehow that does not sound like Leinster or Heinlein or Bradbury (the Very Young Dean of S. F. Writers?) to me. Or even del Rey.

Ah, here we have it: "The chief or senior of a company or body of men." That's more like it.

If I had been Robert Bloch writing this article, I would have concluded it by saying:

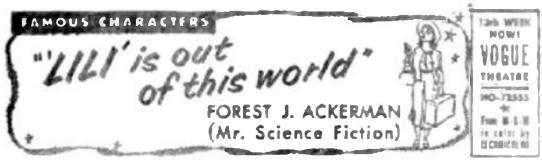
But there is only One True Dean, and Jerry Lewis is his profit.

ADDENDA

[Mr. Ackerman was, again, not so near through as he thought. Since the conclusion of the article, Howard Browne--already quoted as referring to Murray Leinster as Mr. Science Fiction--remarked in the first digest-sized Amazing that he was pleased to have a story by "Mr. Science Fiction himself"--Robert A. Heinlein. The Beverly Hills Citizen thus quoted "a usually reliable source" (we suspect Mr. Ackerman's tongue must have been protruding from his cheek when he planted this one): "A. E. van Vogt, the undisputed dean of science fiction authors." The August 1953 issue of Woman's Day speaks (p. 20) of "Will P. (sic!) Jenkins, often referred to as the dean of science fiction writers."

[Anthony Boucher's reaction to a preview peek at the foregoing was as follows: "Ackerman's diaconic article very nice . . . and sorely needed. Even I've been labeled Dean a time or two. I suppose really the only valid candidate for the title is Gernsback. I can't say I'm much concerned about who is properly #1 Fan--but TWS's labeling of Chad Oliver does leave me speechless!"

[There has also come to light the following clipping from a Los Angeles newspaper:]



the question

david h. keller, m. d., is one of the country's most distinguished authors of science fiction and fantasy. "the question" is one of his finest stories --a deceptively subtle tale, re-creating and evaluating a time gone by, by contrasting it with today's busy, money-minded society. this is the first appearance of "the question" in english, although it has been well received in a french translation.

by david h. keller, m. d.

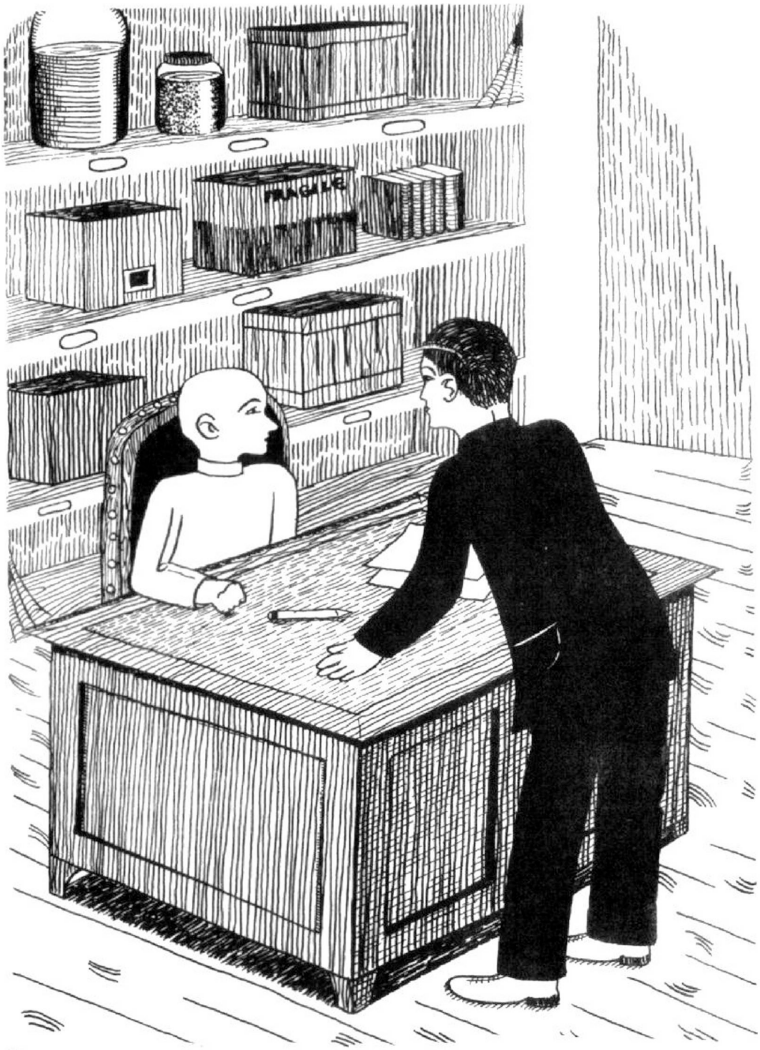
"I HAVE NEVER PRACTICED MEDICINE," said the old scientist. "Thus I am of the medical profession only by courtesy of my fellows."

"And I, on the other hand, have never been able to interest myself in the dead," replied the other man. "The land of Autopsy is one I have never explored, though now and then I have reverently touched the dead. Thus, between us, we have explored the mysteries of humanity, both before and after death."

He looked around the room, which was more a museum than an office, more a catacomb than a museum. Shelves held large specimen jars. On tables and floor scattered bones waited for the wires which would reassemble them into perfect skeletons. It was the workshop of a mechanic, the office of an anatomist more interested in taking the wheels of a human clock apart than in keeping them fit for marking the passing minutes of life.

Inside the room it was very quiet. Outside the strident noises of bustling life beat against the walls of the museum and, recoiling, added to the turmoil of the city. Inside the museum the workers moved silently, cleaning, polishing, assembling bones. After years of such work they had almost ceased to consider themselves as anything but bones surrounded temporarily by an impedimenta of soft tissues. Even Dr. Wister, old, clean shaven, clean lived, mirrored through his skin the beauty of his alabaster skull. His great regret was that he could not personally prepare it for future study as he was certain that it was an unusual specimen.

"I have come to tell you a story," began his visitor. He was an old man talking to an old man. "I'm not sure how many story



Paul Powlesland

Illustration by POWLESLAND

tellers visit you, but perhaps the novelty will repay you for the loss of time. May I?"

"I have a great deal to do," sighed the anatomist. "In fact I have so much to do that a dozen lives would not suffice me. Only recently I received all the bones of a dinoceras. It will take months of patient, loving labor to wire them and prepare the beautiful skeleton for the museum. Yesterday three cases of bones arrived from Arizona. Our field worker writes that they are very interesting, but so far the boxes are unopened. However, you are the first visitor who has offered to tell me a story. There is only one answer. The rest of the afternoon is yours."

The visitor settled himself more comfortably in his chair. Dr. Wister seemed annoyed at the soft ticking of his desk clock and tilted it to make it stop.

"I am glad you did that," commented the visitor, "because in my tale time assumed no value. All the clocks seemed to stop. Days came and went, years passed, but, for some reason, it didn't seem to make any difference. . . .

WE WILL GO BACK TO OLD NEW YORK, as it was in 1865. Even then it was a great city, but there were horses and carriages on Fifth Avenue and life was not the hurly-burly that it is today. Gentlemen drank, but nicely; ladies flirted, but primly. The old people wrote long letters. European travel was educational instead of temperamental. In that year a young physician adventured from Georgia; not to seek a fortune, for he had one, but to make the city his home. He bought a pleasant house, hung a sign in the window, and waited. Henry Van Why and his daughter lived in the house next door. The Van Whys had always lived in New York, even as the Cabots had always lived in Boston. They had become wealthy by buying land cheaply and never selling it. Now only the father and daughter were left.

Back of their house was a large garden, filled with beauty and a few trees. When a man is able to maintain a garden in the center of a city it signifies wealth. In that garden the young doctor and the last bud on the Van Why cactus met. The Georgian had met many beautiful women but never before one as lovely as the Van Why girl. He fell in love with her, and the depth of his fall was so great that the force of gravity carried him only part of the way. He had to fall several times to reach the bottom of his love.

She was a brunette and of all the dark shades of her lovely body none were as black as the blackness of her eyes. Of all the whitenesses of her body none were as white as the whiteness of her lies. She would never have launched a thousand ships, for all the Greek kings, once seeing her, would have plunged into the Aegaean in despair and never started the Troy adventure. That was the kind of woman Mary Van Why was at twenty.

She loved the young man from Georgia. His hands were shapely with tapering fingers, more suited to soothe the brow of pain than to dissect dead bodies. He had a way with him. Somehow, together in the garden, they made it Eden. It is a question whether God talked to them in the cool of evening. Perhaps He did--but who can tell?

They saw each other three times, and then the Georgian asked Henry Van Why for permission to marry his daughter. His request was conventional; the reply was not. The old man had different plans for his daughter's future, a vicious temper, and arterio-

sclerosis. He told the young man to leave, sent for Mary and in a few words expressed his ideas of her behavior, sent for his lawyers and made a new will, and three days later died of apoplexy.

His will told the story. Not content with dominance while living, he tried to control his daughter after his death. Distant relatives, faithful servants, worthy charities were all remembered. The rest of his wealth was bequeathed to Mary, provided she lived in the ancestral home, never married, never gave birth to children. Under these conditions her income was to be a thousand dollars a week, payable quarterly in cash. A carriage, two black horses, and a coachman were to wait at her door every afternoon to drive her in the park or shopping, as she wished. After her death the house was to be torn down. If she failed in any respect she was to have twenty dollars a week and the entire estate was to be given to the Home for the Blind.

It was a cruel will, but exactly what the old man desired. Dissatisfied with his daughter's selection of a husband, knowing he would not live to choose one for her, not being certain what she would do after his death, he decided to kill his family tree rather than have it live in grafted deterioration. He was a proud man.

She was in a peculiar position. She had inherited love of wealth from her father and was sure of fifty-two thousand dollars a year for the rest of her life; also a carriage, two black horses, a coachman, and the garden. As a child she had played in that garden. From her mother she inherited the love of children and flowers. There you have the conflict. Henry Van Why knew his daughter and drew his will in such a way that he would win. He did. Mary Van Why took his money, dismissed all her servants except her colored nurse, drove in her carriage, bought a little dog, cared for her flowers and shut the world out of her life.

She was twenty years old at that time. As the years passed, the city grew around the Van Why home. Tall apartment houses, lofty buildings surrounded the three-story stone house and the one next to it. From windows a thousand prying eyes could look into the garden, but not a single eye could look into the woman's heart, and no one, except Mary and her nurse, could enter the garden--just those two and the little dog.

To infrequent visitors she was not at home. She saw her lawyer four times a year. On pleasant days she rode in her carriage, but those tours of the park or the shops became less frequent. For some years she aroused curiosity; later she became a memory; finally only a tradition.

IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS she had four pet dogs. One at a time they were replaced. Little copper coffins were delivered at the house. Later carved headstones were placed among the Madonna lilies. After she was forty she had no more dogs. Years later her colored nurse died and was given the finest funeral Harlem had ever seen. Mary Van Why rode in her carriage behind the hearse.

After that she never used the carriage, though it continued to stand in front of her home. In the course of years there was a new carriage, different horses, several old coachmen, but they all looked the same as when Mary was twenty. The carriage was a symbol of the Van Why wealth. Perhaps, year after year, old Hen-

ry sat in that carriage to see personally that the provisions of the will were being obeyed. It is doubtful that he ever visited the garden; perhaps his spirit was afraid of meeting God there.

At last Mary sent for her lawyer, made her will, and, while weeding the Madonna lilies in the garden, died. A tired stenographer, looking wearily out of the window of the tenth story of an office building, saw her fall. They found her with her head on a grave, in a bed of crushed lilies.

She had left everything to the doctor from Georgia. The will was probated and the house sold. It was to be torn down, but the land had become very valuable. You, as an anatomist, would have delighted in the autopsy of that house, performed first with crowbars and finally with steam shovels.

A YOUNG MAN, JUST OUT OF COLLEGE, but heretofore jobless, helped in that destruction as a day laborer. He had a high degree of imagination but was not a gentleman. In my day we went to college to acquire culture. Now the only reason for education is to make money. The young man thought he was the God in the Machine, but he didn't have enough polish to make a perfect Devil. First he found a passageway between the two houses; then he saw an old man slip into the garden and dig up some of the Madonna lilies--and then he started thinking about the four tombstones.

He might have seen a number of things, but all he saw was money. He sold beauty for cash, his courtesy for a few thousand dollars. The Home for the Blind paid him and at once went into court and claimed the estate. The Judge was a gentleman who in his youth had been in love with Mary Van Why. He stated bluntly that there was to be no publicity, so the tabloids lost a blazing scandal. He ordered that the case be tried in his chambers without an audience.

As was to be expected, the physician from Georgia told his lawyers to fight, irrespective of the expense. He was rich, did not need the Van Why estate, but as a young man he had loved Mary and she had loved him. He had continued to love her all through the years.

The Judge listened to the statement of the representatives of the Home for the Blind. He looked at the four unopened copper coffins which were presented as Exhibit A. He studied the four marble tombstones, with their inscriptions--"Sacred to the Memory of Elizabeth, Died Aug. 4th, 1887," and to Mary, Susan, and Henrietta. He shut his eyes and thought of the days when, a young student, he had worshiped Mary Van Why. Then he gave his decision.

It seemed to him that the entire case rested on the contents of the four copper coffins. There was no doubt that the lady in question had had, at various times, pet dogs, and all the evidence showed that these pets had died and had been buried in the garden. He would select an anatomist, of international reputation, whose integrity could not be challenged, and ask him to give an opinion as to what the coffins held. He would ask both sides to sign an agreement to abide by the opinion of the anatomist, and irrespective of that opinion to make no further contest over the wills. Legalistically it was a just decision, though of course it left much to be desired by both of the contesting parties.

After what seemed an eternity, at least to the doctor, the

lawyers were recalled to the Judge's chamber. He read them the opinion of the anatomist. It was short. He had opened the four copper coffins and found that they contained the bodies of what had once been four little dogs.

That was all.

The doctor remained alone with the Judge. He explained to him that now, the honor of a lovely woman having been defended, he felt free to do as he wished with the wealth she had left him. He therefore wished to give it, over two million dollars, to the Home for the Blind. He wished to bury the little coffins in his own garden and over them place the tombstones. The Judge gave him a letter of introduction to the anatomist and told him he could do as he pleased with his own property.

. . . SO THE DOCTOR CAME TO PHILADELPHIA and is now interviewing the anatomist. It would be more correct to say that he has told a story. Here is the letter of introduction."

The anatomist roused and opened his eyes as he said, "A letter from the Judge is not necessary. I have known all the time that you were the doctor from Georgia. I know you better than you know me. Years ago we were schoolmates. You were an upperclassman, and I greatly admired your quiet dignity and gentlemanly manners. We boys all knew Mirabeau Lamar, and we had a pleasant name for you. To us you were the 'Georgia Gentleman.' One day you smiled at me and asked me how I was doing and whether I had enough funds. I asked you for ten dollars, and you gave it to me. I did not need it, but simply wanted to have something tangible to remember you by. Perhaps it is time to return the loan." From an old wallet he took out a well-creased, wrinkled bill and passed it over the desk.

The doctor touched it with long, tapering fingers and then passed it back. "Please keep it. I remember you now. You are not Wister, the great anatomist, but the freshman in whom I was interested so long ago. In those days I was simply Lamar, a medical student from Georgia, who walked sedately and wondered why none of his fellows ever gave him a nickname. It is all very strange. Do you ever have the idea that there is much in life we cannot understand?"

"That is why I am interested in anatomy," said Wister, smiling.

Dr. Mirabeau Lamar rose, tall and old. Dr. Wister rose, short, thin, and also old. They clasped hands. Suddenly the New York physician shook himself as though trying to solve a mystery.

"Before I go," he said, speaking very carefully in a low voice, "I have a question which I wish to ask you. Why did you make that report to the Judge? I thank you for it. But why did you do it?"

"It was this way, Lamar," answered the little man, as he folded the ten-dollar bill and returned it to the old wallet. "We went to the same school; we are fellow physicians and both gentlemen, and as such should extend certain courtesies."

Invasion by CARR

pi-line to print

since 1941, when his first science fiction story appeared, fredric brown has become one of the best-known authors in the field. alice bullock, a new mexican and brown fan, interviewed him--and here is her account of the experience.

by alice bullock

I WALKED INTO THE MURDER ROOM of the Governor Bent house at Taos, New Mexico, this morning. Temporarily it was vacant. Fredric Brown's Chinese red-lacquered book cases had gone with him to the West Coast. His desk--there, where the sky peeks in through the big window--it, too, was gone.

Instinctively my eyes sought the left wall. Yes, that was still there, the big patch. That patch repaired the hole that frightened women in night clothing had taken turns digging with a big iron spoon to escape enraged Indians a hundred years ago. The blood stain on the floor was covered with paint. But it was here, by this patched wall, that Governor Bent had had the scalp torn from his living skull--and here Fredric Brown wrote six of his books.

For us, who know and admire him, Fredric Brown and his charming blue-eyed wife Beth have left as much an imprint on the murder room as the Governor himself has done. Beth's monks-cloth drapes, embroidered with the Zia sun symbol, still sway in the random breezes from the open door, still absorb the shadows of the big cottonwood shivering outside in the patio.

A field mouse, seeking shelter from the storms he knows will come when golden leaves have dropped from the trees, sits up. I have to laugh. "Hi-ya, Mitkey," I greet softly. The mouse scampers away. He doesn't, like one of Fred's best-known science fiction characters, sit up and answer me in English with a German accent. Or perhaps he didn't like even my softest, most controlled voice, and scampered back to find safety in yet another rocket to Prxl.

Fredric

Brown

Pictures courtesy of Harry Altshuler

Equally known and liked in the detective and science fiction fields of writing, here at the Bent house Fred answered my eager questions. "I was reading proof for a publishing house in Milwaukee when I started writing," he said. "Day after day, correcting spellings, marking transpositions, and wishing that the material itself was at least a little more interesting, I decided I'd try to write some that was.

"A short story here and there, and they sold. I did others, and they sold too. Books were what I wanted to do, but I was afraid to quit a regular paycheck and take a chance on a book. So I started writing one, working on it when I could. I didn't have a great deal of time, so I learned to think things out pretty much in detail before I began to write. Most writers hate me," he smiled and his eyes joined his mouth in genuine humor, "when I tell them truthfully that I put white paper and second sheets in my machine for the first writing."

He whistled a single sharp, clear note. Gimmick, the Brown household pampered pet dog, trotted over and nuzzled his hand. "What do the girls in Hollywood do?" Fred addressed the dog. Gimmick rolled over, feet in the air.

"Beth taught her that trick while I was East last trip," Fred said. Highlights from the window shown on his high forehead--and the same lights reflected from the porcelain bust of Edgar Allan Poe, gloomily surveying the neat desk top.

"That's the 'Edgar' you won for that book, isn't it, Fred?"

Fred looked at me now, and Gimmick trotted off. "Yes," he said. "That's the 'Edgar.' Sounds easy, but The Fabulous Clipjoint went out thirteen times before it was accepted. And it got the 'Edgar.'

"I left Milwaukee about then. Beth and I decided that New York was where we wanted to live. And write."

HIS HANDS REACHED OVER and brought out a beautifully polished flute. "He plays that by the hour," Beth explained. She sat with one foot under her, the other swinging, her mouth soft in understanding of this writer. "I'll bet I know more about his writing habits than he does himself. First," she ticked off the points on her fingers, "he plays that." Her head nodded toward the flute. "Then he gets sort of grouchy and goes for a walk. It may be an hour--it may be four, before he gets back. When he does, he begins to write, and I go to the kitchen, close the door, and practice on my ukelele."

Rows of books in bright dust jackets--not only American editions but foreign editions, anthologies, collections--testify that Fred did, and does, write. Successfully.

They didn't stay in New York, but moved here and there about the country. Fred gets restless, and Beth begins to pack when he says, "The winters are warm in . . . "

Fred is not a large man, but he is intensely, almost aggressively, alive. He moves quickly, loves parlor games that call for real wit and intelligence, has an endless string of interesting anecdotes. He has often been called a writer's writer, for the structure and smooth craftsmanship of his work elicit the admiration of top-flight competitors. He has a keen, sophisticates sense of humor which shines most clearly in his science fiction short stories.

What Mad Universe and a collection of short stories, Space on

My Hands, are his two book contributions in the science fiction field. Fred, Mack Reynolds, and Walt Sheldon did some collaborations while all three lived in Taos, including a number of yarns in the science fiction category.

Fred and Beth are now living and writing in a perfect doll house hiding far back from the street in Venice, California. Fred is currently finishing work on The Pickled Punks [now finished.--SS], and Beth is writing a book about life as a writer's wife.

Fred and Beth, as personalities, are grand people to know. They are the inherently kind sort of people who, reading a letter in the fan department of a magazine and noticing that the writer lived a mere seventy-five miles away, drop in and say, "Hello." I know--that's the way I met the Browns!

---

shadows in a void

translated from the original martian
of aroth hek

by basil wells

Like shadows in a void,
The planets swim
Into unholy radiance
Where even suns grow dim.

Gaunt sere skeletons
Of thirsty stars--
Salt white plains of Earth,
Red-rusted sands of Mars.

Worlds that circle endlessly,
Their broken rocky shells
Agape. Dead dusty portals
To barren nameless hells.

Yet life there is.
Life, gold-flamed and free,
Darting, drifting, swaying,
Above breached walls' debris.

Pale shimmer in the half-light,
Frail shadow of the gloom,
A deathless dancing something
Yet dwells on mankind's tomb.

Drawing by POWLESLAND

the mad man from machinery row

mr. bunch, who still vouchsafes no personal information, returns to our pages with a complex story. there is character study here, and there is experimental style--but there is also, as in "through crisis with the gonedaidins," a pertinent question. some people feel that the clock should be turned back, that safety is to be found in destroying the products of the machine age. can it be done? this is the story of a man who tried.

by david r. bunch

I MET HIM ONE NIGHT at the crossroads where the traffic passed with a pulsing roar and a wet-road whine of truck tires and white sidewalls. As he walked out of a dark field into the blink of the rain-splashed signals, he had a scowl-look.

"Hello," I said, "my name's Larue. I'm hitchhiking across the country."

"Hello, yourself," he said, "my name's Boparth, and I'm staying close here. Lots to do. They call me the mad man from machinery row."

"They do? And are you that?"

"Since it's personal, I'd like to be modest. But truth makes me admit it. Yes, I am that." He swung a double-bitted ax from his shoulder and fingered the edges. "And you," he said, "do you have a cause?"

"Oh, no," I was forced to say. "No, I don't." He went on fingering the ax blades, and he eyed me scowl-like, an anger turning his brown eyes to black.

"You're pretty old not to have one. You'd better get one." The scowl-like look kept looking.

"Yes-yes, I will," I said. "Just as soon as I can," I promised.

He seemed to be satisfied with the edges, so he swung the ax to his shoulder and made as if to go. "Don't," I stammered, "--must you hurry?"

He spread his arms wide. The ax thudded to the ground, and a blade stuck in at a chopping angle. "I am the mad man from machinery row," he said. "This is my night. There is so much--so much--" Speech seemed to clog, and he just stood there, strain-

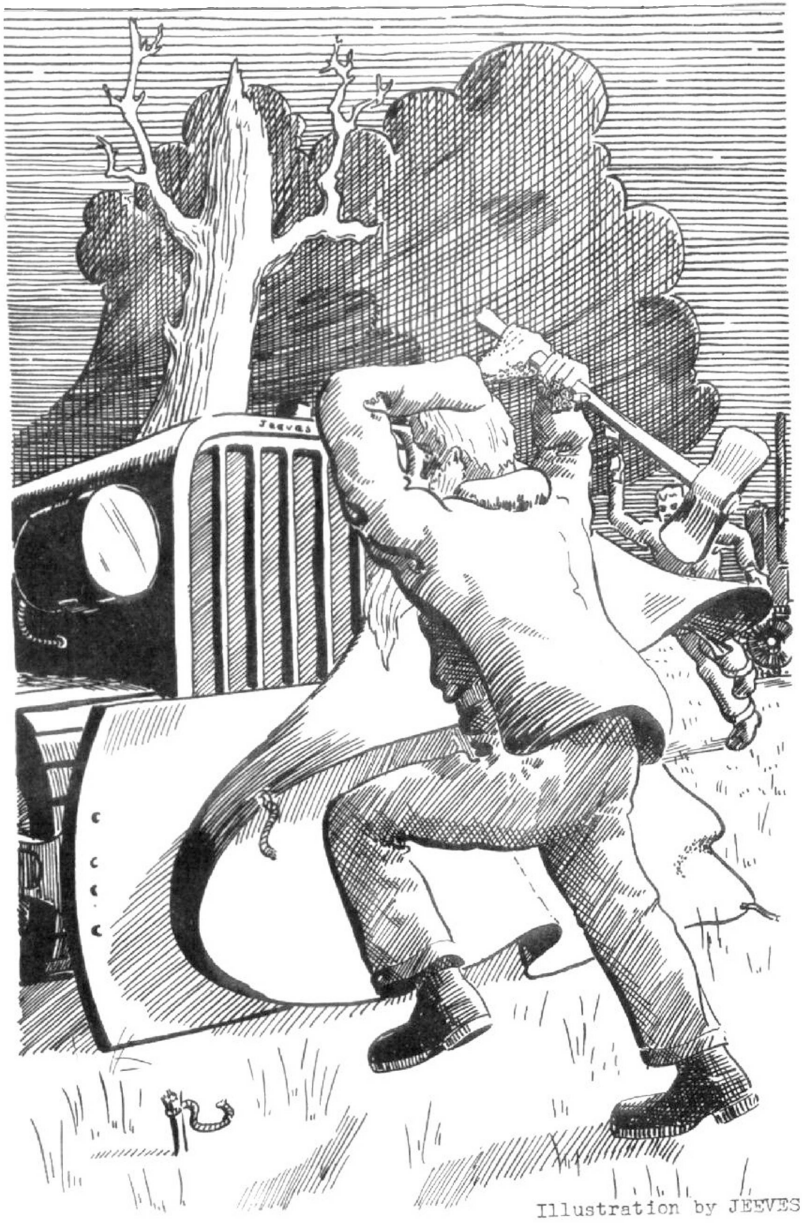


Illustration by JEEVES

ing, his arms flung wide in an attitude, his white beard, that reached almost to his belt, leveling across his chest.

"Where were you heading so fast?" I asked him.

He let his arms fall and seemed to relax a little. "Down the road a piece," he answered. "They're down there all bunched up, and covered like something special. They don't want them to get wet. It hurts them."

"How does it hurt them?"

"Every rain drop, you know, has a little blade to cut at things that are dead; I'm on the side of the rain drops." He stooped and raised up the heavy ax. "I'm out to get these things tonight. Spotted them about the middle of last week. Watched them run, saw where they went. Sorry it turned so wet."

"Why sorry?"

"Well, I'm getting wet, for one thing. And it's hard on this ax." Yes, he had some logic about him, of a sort.

"I'd still like to know more about your project," I said.

He relaxed on the ax handle and looked at me, still scowling. "It's like I told you. I'm machinery row's mad man, and I've got a night. This is it for this week!" I saw he wouldn't say more.

"But why are you alone," I asked, "in an enterprise you seem to think is so important?"

That question made him sad, and I was sorry. "There were," he said, "so few protesters." He spread a thin hand across the whole top half of his face and looked mournful. "Must have joined the other side or been scared neutral. So few joined me, I was the only."

Sorrow hurts me always. Hoping to cheer him, I said, "I might join. I'm not doing anything, except hitchhiking across country, looking for a place I like. Since the war everything seems to be going like crazy again. But I'm in no hurry. Used to be in a bomber."

At the sound of that last word he started so that he almost let the ax fall. "You'll join?" he cried. "With that experience! Oh boy! oh boy!"

"I said I might join. I need to know more about it."

He struck his attitude. "More I cannot tell," he said. "It just has to be a kind of faith. Or maybe total lack of it in things like you see." He gestured toward the tire whine and the roads that stretched four ways from the signal lights into wet darkness.

An idea took me. "If I joined, I could find out, couldn't I?" I ejaculated.

"Sure you could," he echoed.

"All right, I think I'll join. What do I do to join?"

"Not much. I've got it all fixed." He fingered around under his mackinaw, and I could see he had a knife under there. I guessed that was for work close-in. He fished out a hand ax, and that was for me. "Here," he said, "this is for little joiners."

"Fine. Now that I'm a little joiner, what happens?"

"Well, you just follow me." So I did. We fell into our caution-walk and cat-footed it down the ruts for half a mile. Then we crouched to all fours and crept through the mud for half a quarter. This all in wordless fixity of purpose.

SUDDENLY I SAW SOMETHING loom up in front of us, and I heard his breath go in with a rasp-sound. "They're all sleeping," he whispered to me.

"They are?" I whispered back.

"Yeah, from now on we've got to go slow, slow. And then jump them with a rush." I felt the hair on me lift up, and I began to see what little joiners could get themselves into.

"Are there many?" I asked in pleading whisper.

"We'll handle them all right all right," he whispered back. So we inched ahead. We got near to that looming, sprawling object, and it looked hard there in the gray dark. He planted me a small way back, and he went forward. I was to advance with my little hand ax, going when he gave me the signal. The signal was to be a stout yell.

I saw him creep all around the sprawl-mass, and that ax was going. But cautiously. He seemed to be cutting soft things. Then he stood up and gave a mighty heave. A great sheet of flap-noise came off that sprawling lump-heap, and his yell tied it in getting to my ears. I swung forward automatically with my smallish hand ax on the ready, and such a clash of metal before me I had never before heard.

"Get them!" he yelled. "Get them! The dirty yella bastards!"

So we waded into them there, and we slashed them, our axes bouncing dangerously back at our faces as we beat stoutly against thick sides. We went ahead with the battle until we were spent and our axes were near gone. "We've got them. We've stunned the dirty bastards," he said when we paused for breath.

So I entered into it and said it was a hard fight, but we'd won and deserved it. He said yes it was hard, but we'd won and certainly deserved it. "Better get out of here," he said.

So we left and fell into our natural-walk and quickfooted it back half a mile from where we'd fought the bunched monsters. At the crossroads we regarded each other for a moment of silence in the chilly wet. Then our glances broke, but before he turned to leave he said, "There's plane parts the other side the river, and they're making tank treads nearby. Or we might just rush the paper mills and the presses unless the wheelbarrows hibernate with the cement mixers to make a better target down there. I'll see you on my next night, which is Wednesday, and we'll do for something like we just did for them bastards."

"Maybe," I said, "maybe." And I watched him pocket the now handleless axhead and stride away as I dropped what was left of my little hatchet. Hazily I wondered if we'd chipped the paint much on those road graders and rollers and big yellow cats.

Varmint by BRADY

Brady

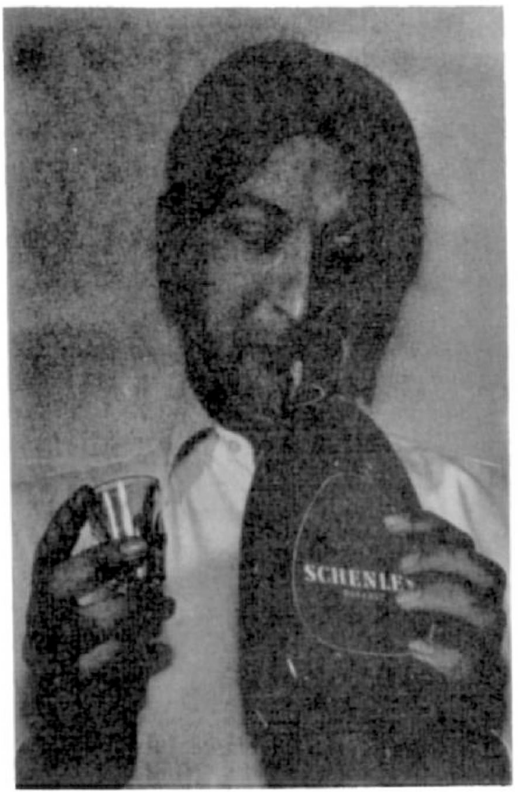
canvases

Far into the night I write
Hoping that some dream or flight
  Of Fancy will light upon my pen,
And paint a picture warm and bright
Where griefs are small and cares are light -
  Where young lips smile
  And eyes beguile ,
And with a frame of laughter close it in.

But all my fancy ever sees
Is bitter wind through barren trees -
  A picture which is much too grim to paint.
For barren trees have rotten cores
But cling to life like aged whores
  With haunted eyes
  Where terror lies,
And my frame of laughter is so small a saint.

by june bryant Illustration by HOFFMAN

I'VE GOT THE DEAN



DEAN A. GRENNELL

Clippings to rgt courtesy Variety & Hlywd Reporter. "Island Earth" an Ackerman property also placed with two Book Clubs. Clients include v.Vogt, Neville, Oliver, Beaumont, Sackett, Apostolides, Norton, Hunter, Grinnell, Fennel, Locke, SFWright--& you're next! ACKERMAN SCI FIC AGENCY: 915 So. Sherbourne Drive Los Angeles 35 -- Calif.

COUP: The Ackerman Science Fiction Agency has scooped the field again! In a bold move to out-compete all and sundry competitors, Forrest J Ackerman has signed Dean A. Grennell, the noted author of nothing, who has nowhere to go but up, to a tenure contract. Grennell is switching from free lance to fee-lancer and at the sametime states "Henceforw'd I will drink only Slanly's Sanka, 97% alcohol free."

Cohen Buys Science Yarn

Herman Cohen has bought an untitled science fiction screenplay by Wyott Ordung and James Nicholson adapted from the IF magazine novelet, "Deadly City," by Paul W. Fairman. Ackerman Science Fiction Agency handled the deal.

Joe Newman Schedules 'This Island Earth'

"This Island Earth," science-fiction novel by Raymond F. Jones, has been purchased by Joe Newman, who'll produce and direct it this fall under banner of Joseph Newman Productions.

Newman, who recently ankled 20th-Fox pact to go into indie production, has already assigned George Callahan to write the screenplay.

the observatory

THE EDITOR, WHO INSISTS that he does not count the ballots himself (his wife does) has, for the second time in the history of fantastic worlds, walked off with first honors in the reader poll, this time with "The Horsemen." Second place is a tie between A. Bertram Chandler for "Last Day" and Robert Bloch for "Calling Doctor Caligari," and the third prize goes to David R. Bunch for "Through Crisis with the Gonedaidins." First prize for artwork is Ben Jaxon's for his cover; second prize, Naaman Peterson's for the illustration for "Last Day." These contributors now all have their prize checks; and the authors and artists in this issue, anxiously awaiting theirs, will appreciate your letter to the editor telling him you liked their work.

In issues to come you will see such material as the following stories and articles:

AN EXPERIMENT IN HALLUCINATION, by Paul Preger
FANTASY IS IN THEIR HANDS, by Leo Louis Martello
THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE, by Alden Lorraine
COSMIC CONFLAGRATION, by Robert Silverberg
THE WINNERS, by Raymond T. Shafer, Jr.
PUT OUT THE LIGHT, by Cornelia Jessey
THE GODS OF NEOL-SHENDIS, by Lin Carter
SELF-DEFENCE, by Clive Jackson
THE ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLES, by Bob Shaw
THE MAN WHO LOST HIS SOUL, by Leslie Garrett
WOMEN MUST WEEP, by A. Winfield Garske

the fireside

IT IS SOMEHOW ANOMALOUS that fantastic worlds should devote part of this issue to Mr. Fredric Brown, because Mr. Brown does not write science fiction very well. His best-known effort, What Mad Universe, is better left unread; and his short stories, with the exception of a few (such as "Knock") remarkable for fine craftsmanship rather than for anything else, are merely entertaining. There is nothing wrong with an entertaining story, of course; but Mr. Brown's do not gain with rereading, and there is nothing to be gained by rereading them.

MR. BROWN IS, HOWEVER, probably one of the three best living writers of detective stories. As a craftsman he is inferior to John Dickson Carr, who has what appeals to me as a much more beautiful, much more literate style, and whose sense of plot is, when he is at his best, unequaled by any modern writer in any field. As a philosopher Mr. Brown is, though politically more stable, much less profound than Dashiell Hammett. The Maltese Falcon and The Pickled Punks both treat of the effect of greed on human lives; the richer and deeper treatment of the theme by Hammett is the measure of his superiority here.

YET MR. BROWN CAN BRING to the detective story something which aficionados of the form, as Ellery Queen loves to call them, have not seen since the early Bruno Fischer title, So Much Blood --realism. Mr. Fischer has dropped this early interest in real life for the pseudo-realism of the Chandler-Spillane school, with an immeasurable loss to American popular literature. But Mr. Brown has been able to sustain his firm touch through novel after novel.

THERE ARE, UNFORTUNATELY, conventional elements in Mr. Brown's novels. There is always, for example, a seduction scene, which is always related in conventional terms and which could always be omitted without harming anything but the sales. These things are artistic blemishes. But in almost every one of his detective novels, there is the touch of realism.

ANYONE WHO READ THE FIRST half of The Fabulous Clipjoint without knowing "who done it" was not paying attention. Mr. Brown's solutions are frequently so obvious that the seasoned reader will spot them at once and then reject them as being too evident. What made The Fabulous Clipjoint a brilliant artistic success was its realistic treatment of Hunter's family and how they reacted to Hunter's death. These were human beings, behaving as real human beings would have behaved. The novel displays sensitivity and perception that is rare in any field.

SOMEWHERE IN ALMOST EVERY NOVEL by Fredric Brown there is something which represents the author's own perceptions of what he has actually observed: what life actually is like in a carnival, how people really live in the Los Angeles slums. There is an in-

a chat with the editor

sight into what kind of people these are that is like opening a door into Spring after the closed room of Raymond Chandler.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT MR. BROWN'S most pretentious effort, Here Comes a Candle, was a failure. The form was awkward and the principal character could not have developed as Mr. Brown claimed he did nor could he have performed the plot functions Mr. Brown designed for him. The choice between good and evil as symbolized in his choice between two women was hopelessly oversimplified.

I HOPE THAT MR. BROWN will tackle the so-called "serious" novel again. For, after all, his forte is that quality which the serious novelist today tries to capture--an insight into humanity. Comparing the Hunter family with the exaggerated theatricalities manipulated by Mr. Carr or with the romantic extravagances of Mr. Hammett will show how much better fitted for the task Mr. Brown is than his two most illustrious competitors.

---

the microscope

James Baker, Jr. The Metaphysical Organs of Man; An Introduction to the Principles and Practice of Pneumatology. The William-Frederick Press. $1.50 each; $2.50 for both.

MR. BAKER IS EVIDENTLY SINCERE, and I shall try to be kind to him. Unfortunately, he has made kindness difficult. The first of these pamphlets gives a general theory to account for psychic phenomena; the second is largely devoted to inventing imposing terms to describe them. Granted the phenomena, Mr. Baker's theory is an adequate explanation; but the reality of the phenomena remains unsubstantiated. Mr. Baker does not advance the cause of psychical research an inch; admitting that there is no objective evidence for the phenomena with which he is dealing, he supports his whole case only by veiled references to his own experiences, which leaves us just where we were before. The only advance is in vocabulary: Mr. Baker manages to erect a vague diction composed of technical psychological terms (he is impressed by the relation of "psychic" and "psychotic"), his own pretentious coinages (he loves such words as "schizosomniloquy" and "archetyposphere"), and the deliberate choice of eight long words where one short one would have done (Mr. Baker never "names"; he appellates"). The result is a striking incomprehensibility: "Apport bagging is probably a motor and mundanospheric version of perceptual processes as they may occur in telepathy and clairvoyance." Mr. Baker promises a future work in which he will, among other things, put psychic phenomena upon a scientific basis and "provide . . . a religious philosophy that is based upon my findings in the field of psychical research." Final judgment will have to await this volume; but my tentative impression of him is that he is more a fool than a knave. The same cannot be said for his publishers, who charge three times the value for pamphlets of thirty and twenty-four pages respectively, paper-bound.

ss

Kris Neville
Weaver Wright
Edward Ludwig
William Nolan
Arthur Jean Cox

write

The Skipper
The Lady Takes A Powder
A Comedy of Terrors
The Bradbury Years
Two Stories by Jack Vance

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