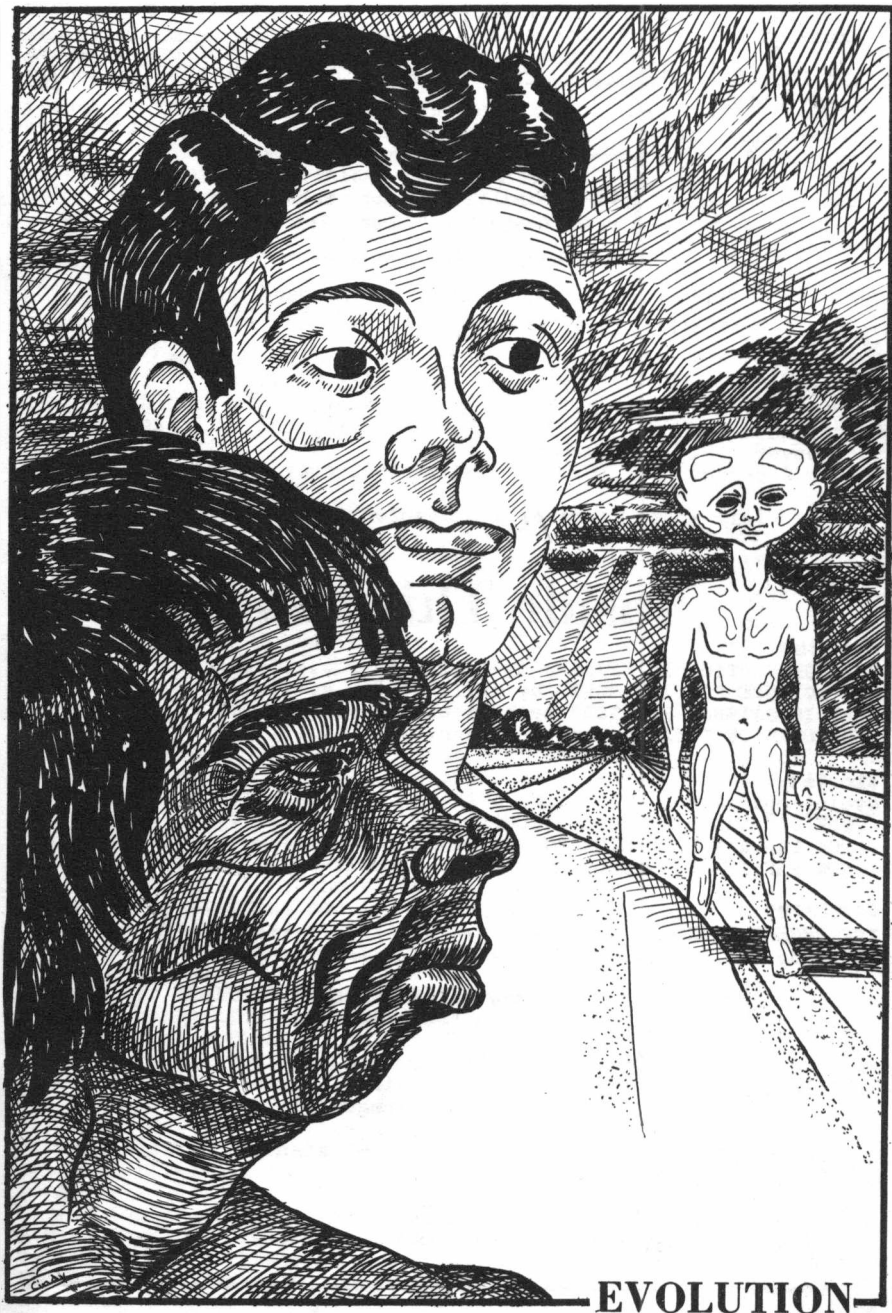


INSIDE

25 cents

and Science Fiction Advertiser



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Inside This Issue

articles

SCIENCE FICTION IN ENGLAND by alan hunter.....	4
THE SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE by doyle lewis.....	19
WHAT IS SCIENCE FICTION? by chad oliver.....	22
THE HOKAS OF TOKA by poul anderson.....	26

stories

evolution:

THE OLD MAN by robert gilbert.....	7
HOW CAN A MAN BE HIMSELF? by david bunch.....	15
HOW FAR THE FUTURE by don howard donnell	16

features

THE RECENT BOOKS.....	31
LETTERS.....	33

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15 & 27), and Austin (page 23).

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One evening in the Fall of 1949, Gus Willmorth, editor of Fantasy Advertiser, was splitting a beer with one of his subscribers. Gus mentioned that he was thinking of suspending FA, which caused the subscriber such great concern (his subscription had six more issues to run) that he expounded at some length various plans and schemes for improvement that would provide greater pleasure for both the editor and his subscribers. Gus, I suspect, had long been waiting for such an opening. He, too, had a plan. And in a moment notable for its rashness, editor and subscriber exchanged roles.

Now, nearly five years later, most of those impromptu ideas either remain untried or have been abandoned after suffering various degrees of failure. The pleasures of publishing, I find, are now exceeded by their accompanying drudgery, and the lure of the passive state of subscribership is tempting beyond resistance.

Wherefore once again editor and subscriber exchange places, each, strange to say, thinking he is the gainer. New editor and publisher Ron Smith is already known to most of you for his fine magazine INSIDE, with which the Advertiser is being combined. Ron is my unqualified choice, after hunting several months for someone both willing and capable. I'm convinced he'll turn out a product superior to either the INSIDE or Advertiser of the past (and advertisers should note that immediately the combined magazine's circulation is greater than the Advertiser's ever was). My heartiest thanks to SFA's subscribers, advertisers, and contributors. And I think you'll all thank me for delivering you to INSIDE...RAS.

So all of you, past subscribers to either magazine, will be receiving this one in the future. But let me stress that none of you will be shorted. Subscribers to the Advertiser will receive their full number of issues, and vice versa. However, new subscriptions will be at INSIDE's rate of 5 for \$1--but each issue will be at least 36 pages and will contain more written material than past Advertisers have.

Yes, we intend to include much more in each issue besides the ads. Understand this though: The magazine is still for advertising. That is its primary function, to give collectors, dealers, and publishers a market through which they can buy and sell sf items. And it is even a better bet than before because of larger circulation. Advertising rates remain the same and the rule still goes: The more advertising, the bigger the issue.

So let's get those ads in. Deadline for the next issue is, of course, December 7. And those of you whose subscriptions expire with this issue, don't forget to return the renewal envelope enclosed with your copy.

Now, for those of you who are unfamiliar with INSIDE, let us state a change of policy. Where before the Advertiser has run only an occasional article of a critical nature, we will now feature articles of all types, shapes and sizes, on the average of three an issue. We will feature fiction. For those of you that shudder at the thought of fan fiction, we suggest that you at least give us a try with the three stories in this issue. ("Evolution" on page 7.) Stories will average about two an issue. And we will occasionally print an off-trail or taboo-breaking story that is neither sf or fantasy.

For features we will have the book reviews (on the average longer than this issue) and Bob Tucker's Newsletter from the Advertiser plus a letter column. The reviews were cut down and the Newsletter left out this time because of a short deadline made necessary because we will shortly be leaving for New York (before

(continued on page 6)

SCIENCE-FICTION IN *England*



alan hunter

In the last year and a half, a great change has taken place in the British science fiction magazines. This change arose from two main causes--the general popularisation of space travel and the upsurge in British editions of American magazines and pocket books.

With the advent of atomic power, the public became suddenly and apprehensively interested in the advances of science. And the press soon found that popular articles on space travel helped increase sales. Perhaps the public, with a subconscious fear that "good old Earth" was not so secure any more, liked to be reminded that there are other worlds, and that there may be a means of getting to them if necessary. (I believe that this same feeling of insecurity is the reason that "flying saucers" have so captured the public imagination.)

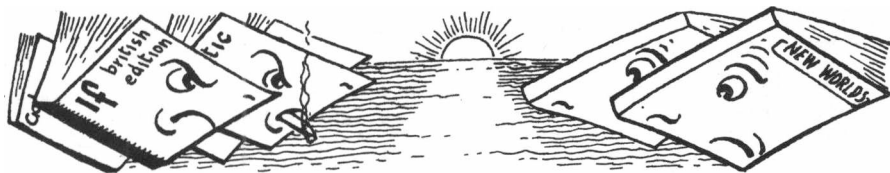
When all the aspects of space travel had been exhausted, science fiction was "discovered". Several popular British weeklies printed stories, using the label "science fiction" for the first time. Also for the first time, fans and fan clubs became news.

The general public began to realise that not all science fiction was about beautiful Martian princesses, or three-eyed monsters conquering the Earth. A vague distinction between "juvenile" and "adult" science fiction came into being.

Concurrent with this, several publishers realised the advantages of producing British editions of American magazines. A British edition of LIFE, and even ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, had been appearing since before the war, but suddenly IF, GALAXY, FANTASTIC, to name but a few, made an appearance. Most of them were jumbled versions of the original magazines, cover of one issue appearing with the interior from another with possibly one longer story omitted and a short story from yet another issue substituted. Illustrations were reduced, or removed entirely. Thus it became a frustratingly common experience to see an author named on the cover, but nothing by him inside--one magazine even had an article about the space station depicted on the cover, and the cover showed something entirely different.

Formerly the market had been flooded with cheap science fiction pocket novels by British authors. These varied in quality from fair to terrible, with a complete absence of distinction between juvenile and adult fare. But as the number of reprints increased, so the flood of pocket novels abated. Now they are virtually non-existent.

The end result of these events was as though two spurs had been applied to the flanks of the British science fiction publishing field--one being a growing awareness of the distinction between adult and juvenile science fiction, and the other a growing compe-



tion from American magazines.

No publisher could hope to compete with the American field--in view of the smaller potential reading public in England all the best British authors prefer to sell to higher paying American markets. So, in the main, the British magazines are now concentrating on science fiction with a "British flavor"; a more precise literary style, colloquial conversation, and British settings and characters. Alternatively, they cater deliberately for the juvenile markets.

Although there are few British magazines appearing regularly, there is a shortage of story material. The limit between good enough for a British magazine and good enough for American markets is too narrow. Because of this, only Vargo Statten (alias John Russell Fearn) in the juvenile market, and E. C. (Ted) Tubb in the adult market, can be considered "popular" British authors (although I predict that newcomer James White will rate alongside Ted Tubb soon). Other authors, such as Eric Frank Russell, William F. Temple, etc. are better known in America, and many British readers think they are American.

Consequently, even the best of the British magazines has to resort occasionally to reprinting from American sources. A magazine on a regular schedule has to fill each issue, and good American stories are preferable to poor stories by British authors.

The current British magazine of longest standing is NEW WORLDS. This, together with its companion SCIENCE-FANTASY specialise in science fiction with a British flavor. The reputation of these is such that they do attract the best of the British authors, and they do represent the best that is typically British in science fiction.

A comparative newcomer is the Scottish NEBULA. Due to circumstances beyond the editor's control, this magazine has been extremely irregular in appearance, but it swiftly rocketed from a terrible first issue, to first place in the field. It has less of an editorial "slant" than other British mags, and is the only one which can afford to buy new stories by authors such as Eric Frank Russell. For a mixed diet of the best by British authors, try this.

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION is the only British magazine which has managed to maintain an unvarying monthly schedule. To do this it has had to resort to many subterfuges. These have included reprints of American stories, with changed titles, for lead story; amateur author competitions; lots of features and articles for padding, etc. Professing to accept only stories with an authentic scientific background, it frequently steps outside this definition to fill an issue. While maintaining a good average standard, it is inferior to the previously mentioned magazines.

The most recent addition to the field is VARGO STATEN SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. Behind this imposing title lurks a magazine which admits it is aimed at the younger reader. It professes to be a monthly publication. Unless you are a "younger reader" I advise you to miss this one.

FUTURISTIC SCIENCE STORIES and WORLDS OF FANTASY are also provided for the younger reader.



For the future, NEBULA has a companion magazine in the planning stage. To be called AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION, it will feature reprints of American stories under a new format. New material may be included, but the accent will be on fast-action interplanetary stories.

NOVA S F NOVELS, companion to NEW WORLDS, will reprint American novels in cheap pocket size editions.

Personally, I think that the bulk of the magazines appearing in England will continue to be reprints of American magazines. It is not possible for more than two magazines to appear regularly using exclusively good, original British material, so it will have to be spread over a bulk of reprint American material. And the cream of the British authors will continue to write for American markets:

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EDITORIAL

you get this issue).

Which brings us to the next point. For this issue only our address will be the same as was the Advertiser's. For those of you who are subscribers to INSIDE, it will be a new address, but for those who are subscribers to the Advertiser, there will be no change. All mail directed to this address will reach us, so don't hold your letters, your subscriptions or your ads waiting for notice of a new address because there won't be one until next issue.

Now, for those of you who aren't familiar with the Advertiser, we have already listed the changes that will be made from INSIDE's point of view.

So there you have it. We hope you like the issue; that we can continue to do as fine a job as "RAS" did. Of course, we would like to hear from every one of you--praises and brick-bats are equally welcome...RS.

EVOLUTION

three stories of

THE PAST
THE PRESENT
THE FUTURE

The Old Man

robert gilbert

"Move, and I kill you," Raven whispered. He crouched beside the girl in the patch of bracken fern and showed her his oaken club studded at the head with sharp flint points. Her family searched the birch and willow thicket on the other side of the stream. Occasionally, Raven saw one of them probing the underbrush with a long spear.

Raven wiped the straggling black hair out of his eyes, fingered his immature beard, and looked down at his prize. He might yet be killed for stealing her, and she hardly seemed worth such a sacrifice. She was not nearly fat enough. Instead of greasing her hair, and coiling it and tying it in ringlets, she let it fall unhampered down her back. Also, the hair had an unpleasant red tinge. The only thing about the girl that Raven did admire was her kilt made from half of a snow leopard skin with tail and paws still attached and dangling.

Sighing, Raven reflected that he had accomplished more than he had expected in capturing her. At least he could fulfill his boast to the Old Man that he would return with a woman. He could fulfill it if her family did not find him. Her family had more members than Raven had fingers or toes. He had been forced to skirt wide around their camp, and this puny girl gathering wood had been the closest thing to a woman he could discover.

Raising his head above the ferns and cotton grass, Raven listened and sniffed. The scent of half-cooked fish and wood smoke, this family's characteristic odor, had become faint, probably emanating only from the girl. The sound of men passing through brush was barely audible. The search had passed on upstream. Raven congratulated himself on having crossed from the bank to the water on large rocks, leaving no trail.

Raven seized one of the girl's bound arms and, dragging her to her feet, urged her out into the stream. "Ooo!" she said, as the icy water from the glaciers in the foothills swirled about her knees.

"Silence!" Raven hissed. He shook his club at her and pushed her downstream. She slipped and fell.

Listening for sounds of discovery, Raven heaved the girl around a bend to a rush covered bank. He would have to untie her arms. Twice she had lost her balance and fallen before reaching the stream, and he could not constantly stop to fish her out of the water. Pushing her face down in the rushes, Raven removed the raw-hide rope from the girl's arms, looped it around her waist, and tied it in snarled knots.

After kicking the girl a few times to impress her with his

power, Raven trotted through the water with her sloshing at the end of the rope. A call came from somewhere behind. Raven whirled and struck the girl across the mouth before she could answer. "Silence," he warned and tapped her lightly with the club. He started off again, and the girl fell. Raven kept pulling and let her get up as best she could.

Raven left the water where a trampled game trail entered it. He dragged out his shivering captive and led her through the arctic willows fringing the stream. They passed through patches of yellow thistle and golden broom, and into an expanse of blooming red bell-heather that stretched to the rolling horizon. The sun felt warm and pleasant on Raven's chilled limbs, but the girl continued to shake.

Although he believed he had sufficiently confused the trail to be free of pursuit, Raven watched constantly for enemies--animal or man. He heard a mammoth trumpeting back beyond the stream, and a giant deer, his head bowed under a stupendous spread of antlers, moved through the heather far to the right. These did not worry Raven.

They reached the top of the rise. Rocky hills bordered by a stunted pine forest replaced the heather skyline. A pair of buzzards flapped up suddenly down the slope. Raven saw what had disturbed them. He dropped terror stricken into the brush to find that the girl had already done so.

A row of hunched, hairy, bowlegged figures, which were almost men, shuffled past the mutilated carcass where the buzzards had been feeding. One of them paused to claw a piece of flesh from the carrion. His companions looked back at him, moving their heads as if afflicted with stiff necks.

Raven almost cried out, so great was his fear of the woolly men. The girl lay rigid. Raven momentarily lived again that night a broad and horrid shape ran flatfooted into the darkness with Raven's screaming sister slung over a fuzzy shoulder. Presumably the woolly men had eaten her. Raven tried never to think of it.

As the goblin line moved on in the direction in which the sun would set, Raven paired each woolly man with a finger and found that their numbers equaled all the fingers on his right hand plus the thumb on his left. He had never before seen so many together, and they were all males.

Long after the woolly men had passed from sight and hearing, Raven lay quaking in the heather. At last, he stood up. The girl, prone on her stomach, had both arms over her head. "Up!" Raven said jerking the rope. She did not move. "Up!" he repeated.

"No," the girl said, the first sound, other than screams, that Raven had heard from her.

Raven kicked her in the side. She gasped but would not rise. Raven kicked again. Exasperated, he seized her about the waist and lifted her to her feet. "The woolly men ran," he said. "The woolly men saw Raven and ran."

The girl looked at him and frowned. Raven pulled at the rope, and they moved toward the forest, detouring around the carrion to which the buzzards had returned. Bog-moss, changed into peat at some places, had invaded the fringe of the forest, but the rising ground rapidly became rocky and offered a firm footing. A wild cat spat at them and hid in the honeysuckle. Overhead, a white-tailed eagle screeched. Raven eyed warily the darker parts of the forest. He heard a cave bear grunting in the blaeberries and immediately broke into a trot. The girl needed no urging.

Chalk cliffs spotted with caves appeared through the growth ahead. Raven stopped and stared at the tendrill of smoke wavering before the largest cave. When pursued by the girl's family and menaced by woolly men, Raven had considered the cave a most desirable goal. Now, Raven wished he could somehow avoid the cave, for



ROBERT
GILBERNEST

there he must face the Old Man.

Since reaching his seventeenth summer, Raven had studiously avoided the Old Man who would soon, according to custom, drive Raven from the family to exist as best he could. Already the Old Man had started rolling stones across the mouth of the cave and leaving Raven out in the darkness. He could still feel the hot breath of the shaggy lion that had kept him up a tree until dawn. He recalled all the times he had been driven from the meat roasting on the fire and gone hungry, and the sting of a cane spear shaft descending repeatedly on his bare back. He looked at the scraps of deer hide that constituted his clothing. Raven had killed his share of deer and horses, but he must steal his garments while the Old Man's attention was diverted.

Raven glared down at the girl who sat panting in the trail. The Old Man might even take her from him, after all his trials in stealing her. Examining the girl more closely, Raven decided that perhaps the Old Man would merely laugh at her. Being dragged through water and brambles had not improved her appearance.

Forcing himself to hope, Raven led his captive up the narrow path to the ledge before the cave. Relief swept over him. The fire was but the last breath of dying embers. A few broken mussel shells, a bit of leather, and a dull, discarded flint scraper were all that remained to tell of human occupancy. The shallow cave was empty.

Raven sat on a rock. That the family had deserted him caused no surprise. He had no close kin among them. Since his father died on the tusks of a rogue mammoth, and his mother went berry picking and failed to return, Raven had been tolerated rather than accepted. However, the family offered the only protection and companionship he had ever known. He would rest and then trail

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them. Game had become scarce in the vicinity of the cave and they had probably gone after horses.

The girl ran her fingers through her reddish hair, combing out some of the burrs, sticks, and tangles. Raven jerked on the rope but, after an initial start, she refused to raise her head. Raven thumped his chest. "I am Raven!" he announced. "You?"

The girl turned her face from him. "You?" Raven repeated. He thrust out his leg and kicked her, but not too hard. She did not look as if she could take much more kicking.

"Azalea," she muttered.

"Azalea," Raven mused. "Raven's woman, Azalea!"

"My father and brothers will find and kill you, boy," Azalea sneered.

Raven sprang up at the insult. He flexed his arms and expanded his chest. In their embryonic, monosyllabic language, sometimes augmented with gestures when no word was available, he said, "Raven is a man! He outwitted your father and brothers. They are afraid to follow!"

"Why was Raven afraid to come to his own cave?" the girl asked. Raven saw that her eyes were a peculiar shade of green.

"Raven fears no one!" Raven cried, jumping up and down and smashing imaginary enemies with his club.

Azalea ran. Dumbfounded, Raven watched her bound down the path and into the woods before he realized she had severed the rope with the discarded flint scraper, while he was occupied with his boasting. Yelling, he leaped after her.

Raven saw Azalea whip from sight down a game trail. He yelled louder and gave chase, leaping boulders and brushing aside low branches with his club. Azalea screamed. She reappeared, coming back at him, her face livid and her eyes wide with fear. Raven dropped his club and scrambled into the prickly, sticky branches of the closest pine.

Close behind Azalea, a bellowing bull wisent charged. Clods of dirt flew from the bison's flashing cloven hooves. His lowered horns glinted in patches of sunlight. Raven clutched the trunk of the pine and climbed until it bent with his weight. He knew the wisent would kill his prize.

When the deadly horns were almost touching her, Azalea threw herself from the trail. She grunted as she struck and rolled against a sapling birch. The wisent's charge carried him on down the trail. He plowed to a stop, shook his head and turned, thumping the ground with his hooves.

The remainder of the wisent herd, a few cows and calves, trotted cautiously along the path. The bull snorted. His family followed him into the forest.

Trying to avoid as many pricking needles as possible, Raven descended from the tree. Rubbing at the spots of rosin on his hands and stomach, he retrieved his club and went to the girl who sat gasping for the breath that had been knocked from her by the fall. "The wisents fled from Raven," he said.

Azalea looked at him with her green eyes and spat like an angry lion cub. Raven grasped the loop of rawhide rope that remained around her waist and dragged her out to the path. He stood her on her feet and pushed her ahead of him, back to the cave.

Circling in the rocks, Raven found the spoor left by the family in their departure. Somewhat hampered by having to retain a hold on Azalea, Raven followed misplaced stones, disturbed leaves, broken sticks, and bruised shrubs. In the soft ground along a stream, he saw distinct footprints, among them, the broad tracks of the Old Man's skin wrappings.

The stunted forest gradually gave way to rolling grasslands relieved by patches of flowers--pale green asphodel, pink field thistle, and red loosestrife. The sun had already passed the mid-

point of its daily journey, and Raven hurried Azalea on along the trail which led toward the place where the sun would set.

Raven began to feel an excessive hunger, but the only game he sighted was a small herd of red deer in the distance and a rapid hare that vanished in the grass before he could throw his club. He did not stop to search for berries or edible plants. Already he had begun to worry about what he would do if darkness and the shaggy lions found them still on the plain.

Even as he began to imagine a lion behind every bush, Raven saw the family crouched below the crest of a rise. The Old Man and Long Spear, the only mature male the Old Man tolerated, lay prone in the tall grass at the top. Still staggering up the ridge was Toothless, the bent, aged grandmother.

Pairing the women with his fingers, Raven found that they occupied his right hand and the thumb on his left. The number of children totaled the rest of his fingers and all the toes on his right foot, except the small one. The entire family was present. No one had died in his absence.

When the family discovered him, Raven inflated his chest, forced his shoulders back, and prodded his sullen captive forward with his club. He hoped that now the Old Man would show him some respect. He had made good his assertion that he would steal a woman, and surely the family could not laugh now as they had done that morning.

Raven kept his eyes forward in passing Toothless, but she flapped her ragged horsehide robe and cackled, "A woman! No, a girl! Raven captured a child!"

The Old Man and Long Spear slithered down from the top of the ridge. Raven suspected that Long Spear remained in the family because age had made the Old Man too slow for successful hunting. Of course, Raven had never dared tell the Old Man that. Perhaps now he would.

Straight to the Old Man Raven marched, gulping down the fear that arose at the sight of that tall, bearded, hook-nosed terror. "Raven has returned," Raven declared, but his voice quivered enough to start one of the younger wives snickering.

The Old Man bared his teeth at Raven and then directed all of his attention to Azalea. Flipping back his great mammoth skin robe, the Old Man thrust out a rough hand and felt Azalea's biceps. She gasped and tried to twist away. "Skinny," the Old Man grunted. "But she will grow."

Slapping Raven's hand from the rawhide rope about Azalea's waist, the Old Man pushed the girl toward Yewberry, his plump elder wife. "Keep her," he ordered.

"Mine!" Raven protested, actually touching the Old Man's arm. Still not looking at him, the Old Man shoved a massive open hand into Raven's face.

Raven turned a flip and tumbled down the rise into a stinging clump of thistles. Long Spear laughed. The women laughed, and the children soon imitated them. They yelped and cackled, they whooped and bellowed and slapped their thighs until tears streamed down their convulsed faces.

Rage overcame Raven. The Old Man had taken the only woman Raven had ever stolen. He had almost been killed by her family. He had almost been surprised by the woolly men. He had braved cave bear and wisent, and been gummed with rosin and pricked with thistles for her, and now the Old Man thought he could take her. Clawing his club from the grass, Raven screamed and charged.

The Old Man took a cane spear from Eaglet, the boy who carried his weapons. Sidestepping Raven's wild dash, the Old Man struck him on the shins with the spear shaft. Howling, Raven fell in the grass. The general laughter became even louder, as the Old Man slashed incessantly at Raven's bare back. Raven wriggled away, gained his feet, and ran.

Raven forced himself to stop at the bottom of the slope. The Old Man had not pronounced the dreaded sentence, "Be gone, forever!" but Raven knew he would, if he returned, or else kill him. He watched the family move over the rise with Yewberry leading Azalea. Toothless looked back and tittered, "The Old Man took Raven's child! Raven ran!"

Growling at the hag, Raven passed her and found his club. He started formulating vast plans for following the family at a distance and again capturing Azalea when they had camped for the night. Raven saw what the Old Man and Long Spear had been watching when he first sighted the family. A small herd of shaggy, bearded, brown horses was just crossing the skyline. They reminded Raven of his hunger.

"Beware of the woolly men, Raven!" Toothless shrieked.

Raven pivoted, expecting to find one of the monsters upon him, but only Toothless plodded in his wake. "We saw them yonder," said the old woman, pointing to the left and rolling her watery eyes, "not long before you came. Woolly men, Raven! They will eat you as they did your sister." Toothless laughed.

"Raven fears no woolly men," Raven quavered and walked on.

"Remember your sister!" Toothless screeched.

The family had halted at a clump of arctic willows growing by a marshy stream. Followed by the boy carrying his spears, the Old Man circled wide to get behind the horses grazing half way up a slight slope. Long Spear ran in the opposite direction, screened from the horses by the growth along the creek.

Raven walked boldly to the women and children. Long Spear's wife released a subdued chuckle. After a single frown, Azalea turned her head, and Raven, not liking the expression on Yewberry's face as she held tight to the girl, skirted the group and

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followed Long Spear down the stream. A vague new plan had come to him. If he could manage to kill several of the horses, perhaps the Old Man would let him remain with the family, and even return Azalea. Considering past actions of the Old Man, Raven doubted it, but he followed Long Spear.

A dead branch, hidden in the grass, popped under Raven's foot. On the slope, the stallion lifted his head and stood rigid, sniffing the wind. An old mare suddenly galloped off, directly away from the stream. The other horses thundered after her with the stallion guarding the rear.

Roaring, the Old Man tried vainly to intercept the herd. He ran a few steps, then stopped abruptly and lay down. Raven saw what had been revealed by the stampede.

A woolly rhinoceros stood up in the tall grass. Snorting and blinking, the hairy reddish beast searched for the disturbance. One of the children cried out. The rhinoceros lowered his head and charged.

Squealing, the women and children scrambled into the stunted willows. Raven stood as if frozen. The woolly rhinoceros had a front horn half as long as a man, and his humped shoulders were higher than a man. The ground vibrated with the falling weight of his huge feet. The water of the stream spashed high. He crashed through the fringe of willows. Directly in his path limped Toothless.

The old woman squalled, turned, and tried to run. She fell to her knees. The rhinoceros's two horns scooped her up and hurled her entirely over his back. Toothless bounced as she struck the ground and screamed one last time when the beast whirled and trampled over her. Again and again, the woolly rhinoceros tossed the broken body toward the sky.

Like leaves in autumn the women and children spilled out of the trees and scattered, running up the slope. Raven waded the stream and ran also. Far ahead the Old Man, Long Spear and Eaglet led the rout.

When the raging rhinoceros had become a dot out on the plain, the women stopped and started rounding up their children who had straggled in a loose, terrified line. The Old Man arose from the rock on which he had rested and stalked toward Raven at the rear of the procession. "You scared the horses!" the Old Man growled. He raised his flint ax.

Raven would have fled if he had not seen the deer. He backed off, trying to lift the club that trembled in his hand. Something about the way Azalea looked at him made his force himself to stay and to fight if necessary. "Wait!" Raven yelled, pointing to the left. "Deer!"

A scrawny old stag, weighed down by the multiple points of his antlers, limped through a patch of golden broom, trying to run. "Chase him down!" the Old Man said. He waved to Long Spear and Eaglet. They loped after the deer.

Raven paced at the Old Man's heels. The Old Man slashed back at him with his ax. Raven leaped aside. "Stay!" the Old Man commanded. "I kill you later!"

With a sense of amazement, Raven sprinted wide around the Old Man and heard his labored, agonized breath. He passed Long Spear and Eaglet. With a jubilant cry, he approached the limping stag. He saw the claw marks of some great cat on the animal's flank. He suddenly knew that he was the best hunter in the family. Long Spear was too slow, and the Old Man too old.

Raven, his legs describing flashing arcs, ran beside the red stag into a patch of brush. His descending flint-studded club crunched on the deer's neck. So great was the force of the blow that Raven fell and rolled over. He sat up to find the stag dead beside him. His victorious cry choked in his throat.

A woolly man with his big teeth horribly clenched and a cane spear protruding from his chest, toppled across the carcass of the stag. Raven saw Eaglet running toward the distant women. He saw Long Spear falling, his head a fountain of gushing blood.

Three of the woolly men Raven had avoided that morning surrounded the Old Man. The remaining two, growling and brandishing great chipped stones and stubby spears with fire-hardened points, leaped at Raven on short bowed legs. Instinctively, Raven swung his club.

The spear of the foremost woolly man snapped in half. Raven was astonished by the ease with which the club continued upward and drove the woolly man's chinless face back into his skull. It had not occurred to him before that a woolly man could die.

Raven's second assailant tangled with the falling body of the first. Lifting his club high in both hands, Raven brought it smashing down on the top of the woolly man's head.

The Old Man, disarmed, grappled with the last woolly man over the bodies of two others. Even as Raven charged, the fighters fell with the woolly man uppermost. A sharp stone in a hand cended and returned red and dripping.

Raven hurled his club. It cracked behind the woolly man's loveless ear. He swayed to his knees, then fell face down in the heap of corpses.

In revelation, Raven wondered why he had feared the woolly men all his life. A mere tap with a club, and they expired. He thought it even stranger that he had feared the Old Man.

Proudly clutching his bloody club, Raven walked back through the brush and golden broom to the frightened huddle of women and children. "Deer meat," he said, pointing with a thumb over his shoulder. He took the rope by which Yewberry held Azalea. The family was not laughing at him now. Raven had seen only seventeen summers, but he was the Old Man.

How Can A Man Be Himself?

david bunch

I had never seen him before in my life, but he buttonholed me on the street and stared at me in a little moment of wordlessness. He tottered some when the wind blew through his ancient clothes, his old mouth worked in a spasm of toothless gumming, and the eyes under the white brows took on a look of half pleased little fears and amazement. I wouldn't have been surprised to hear him shriek, "Son!" although I was certain he wasn't my father. He opened and closed his mouth in a couple of practise runs before the words came flowing. "How can a man be himself?" he asked. "How can I know who I am? Maybe a chunk of it just hit me down from Omaha. Who knows?"

And I said, "Yes!?"

"Take the other day," he said, "when I was walking along, just walking along and smiling. Then something hit me, something softer than smoke and ever so much harder



to see. I couldn't see it. But it hit me, and I wasn't smiling anymore. How do I know why? Maybe a chunk of it got me down from Omaha. Or channeled through from Chicago. Or even anyplace. How do I know...?"

He came in closer; his face had a thousand little disfigurements. "You know the evening of the big fight," he went on. "I came in all battered up. And I hadn't even seen it! Why, it was thousands of miles away. But it got me. I wonder if it came down across those dishpans from the north, or out of the Chicago cables. It doesn't matter...Right jab, left jab, hook and swing. Right cross, left cross, and punches straight in. And all that stuff passed me somewhere! It had to. How could I help being tired as well as bruised and blue? How can a man be himself?"

"It's hard," I said. "Very."

He included all the street in a sweep of his wrinkled face. He took off a dark felt hat and held it in his bloodless hands, hands that couldn't be far from death. He stared into the depths of his hat, and his hair I noticed was very clean, white almost as milk. He poked his head toward the ground and into his hat; then he righted both hat and head. He glared at me. "Too many changes," he said, "too many changes. And while you're thinking of all those pictures whipping by, the cars whiz by, not to mention the lights that jump in the streets and send a candlepower right through you now and again. And what, come to think of it, are we going to do about all the electricity we're bound to pick up when we walk our shoesoles on the streets? Don't you think sometime we'll just up and explode in a big noise? Huh, don't you? The pictures will whip by, the cars will whiz past, the plain radio will crackle along without pictures, the lights will gawk in the streets, the newsboys will yell of murder and rape, and we'll just explode suddenly right in all our faces. Don't you think so, huh? Say! I look for it. And the way I got battered in that last big fight, whoooo. All that television passing right through my body...How can a man be himself?...Well, thanks for talking, son. Have to go now..."

It's hard, I thought, as he walked away. And I knew I would never see him again.

How Far the Future?

don howard donnell

I hadn't told Lana where I was going; if I said the educational union had called she would have known immediately it was about Karth. So I made some excuse about an unscheduled flight race and hurried down here. They were waiting for me in the president's office.

"Tor," said the man behind the desk as I entered. "I am Pol Venor, president of Karth's local." He extended his hand and I accepted the greeting. Then I saw Karth sitting in one corner, staring at the wall. There was a woman and another boy in the room.

"What's he done?" I asked, afraid of the answer.

Venor leaned back in his chair. "We've long realized that Karth was somewhat of a problem, Tor, and we've tried our best to help him. We've kept him in the educational program far longer than we should, and even increased the size of the ear phones and resting couch for his thought machine. However, I'm afraid he's become too much of a problem."

"Let's be honest with him, Venor," the woman said. She turned to me. "Your son attacked this boy today. It was horrible! He was just like an animal!"

"This is Karth's advisor Rosc," Venor explained, but I only half heard him. I looked at my son. I couldn't believe it.

"If you find it hard to believe, Tor, look at this boy," the advisor said. The boy's left eye was half closed and there was blood clotted on his mouth and nose.

"Did you do this, Karth?" I asked, trying to keep the revulsion from my voice. Karth looked at me with his large brown eyes, the eyes I had always thought so strange and different.

"He called me a name I didn't understand and I thought he was making fun at me, so I hit him," Karth explained softly. "I didn't like his attitude." And with his own words, he convicted himself. I sat down, a sick feeling in my stomach.

"I don't think we fully realized the scope of this situation before, Tor," Venor said after a moment. "Of course it was apparent from the first that Karth was different--but how different we didn't understand. Yes, he is quite a bit larger than the biggest adult--and still in need of education at the age of fifteen, which is way sub-normal, but the real reason lies deeper than you think. Tor, are you familiar with pre-history man?" It took a moment for the significance of Venor's statement to soak through my sorrow.

"You don't--"

"Merely a theory, Tor. I understand that he is your only son and this is very painful for you, but we should face the facts." Venor swung around on his small circular platform and faced Karth.

"Stand up, Karth." Karth said nothing, but his eyes were ugly. He stood up.

"Observe, Tor. He is nearly five foot ten inches tall. Hair grows on his head--which is undersized. If we had him disrobe we would discover a thick, ugly body that nature left behind sixty thousand years ago. Surely," he turned again to face me, "the thought must have occurred to you that--"

"That will be enough, Venor. Kindly have the parents of this boy here contact me and we'll try to arrange some recompense for his injuries. And to save you the trouble of graduating my son, I'll take him out now."

Venor shrugged. "Certainly. However, one thing. For his sake, for the sake of the world, don't let him breed."

"Come on, Karth," I said. "Goodbye, Venor, Rosc."

The only thing I heard as we left was Rosc saying, "Don't let him breed! What woman would have that ape?"

"Are you angry with me?" Karth asked as we flew home. I had been silent since we left the union office. I looked over at him, my only child. I couldn't be angry. I was only hurt.

"It was a terrible thing you did--no one has ever done anything like it since..." I let it trail off there.

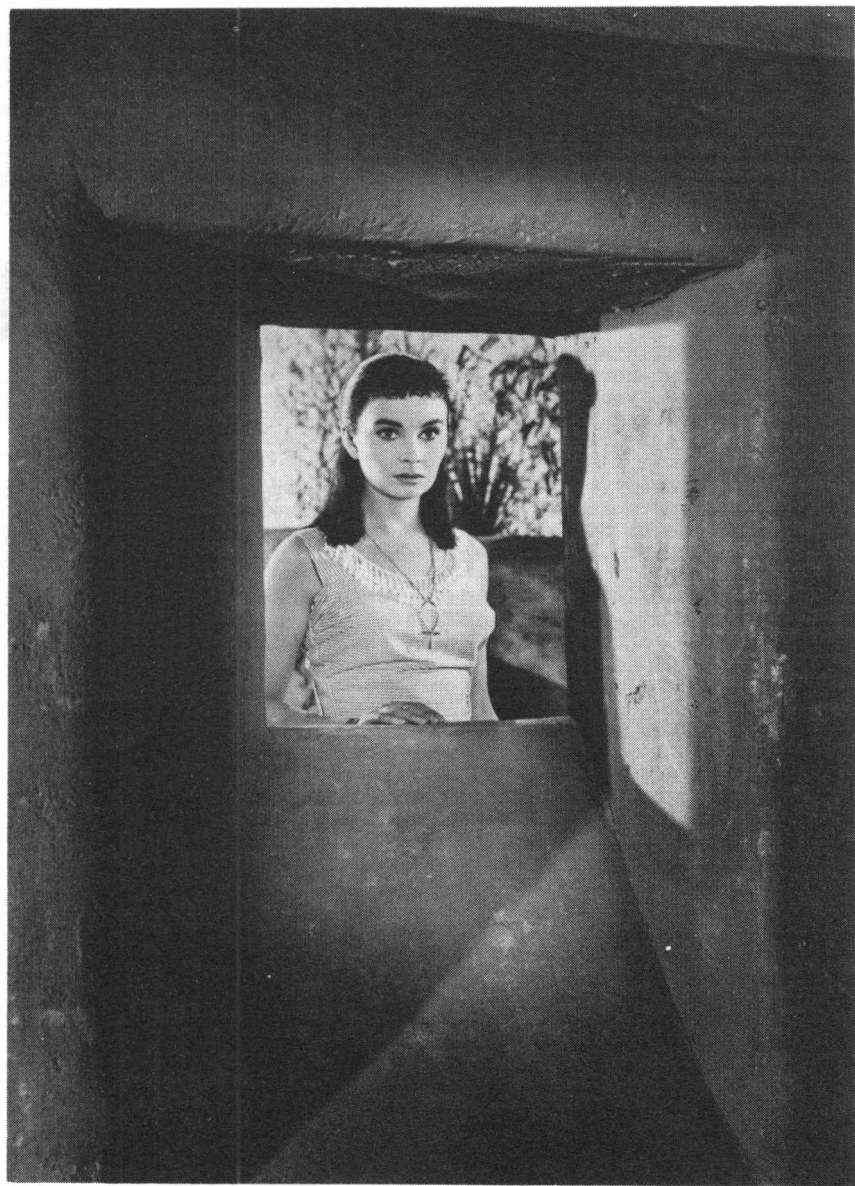
"I'm sorry. I couldn't help it." I started to tell him that there was no excuse for what he did, but I had told him many times before when I sensed the anger rising within him over some incident. I had realized he was capable of such an act for a long time and now it had finally happened.

"Nevermind. There's nothing can be done about it. Don't say anything to your mother, though. We'll tell her they decided you had finished your education and graduated you."

"As you say," Karth said, and turned his head. He didn't realize that I could see his reflection in the flyer's plastic window, and the faint smile on his lips.

"Wonderful," Lana said. "I'm so glad he's finished. I never thought..." She stopped nervously in mid-sentence and went over and hugged Karth for a moment. It was a difficult thing to do for she only came up to his stomach, but he was her son and she loved him. I stood there, wanting to tell her the truth, but I knew it would be too great a shock. Instead, I went into the study and took a tape on evolution and one on eugenics from the rack.

(continued on page 35)



"HER NAME WAS MERIT. AND SHE WAS TO LOVE ME ALL OF HER LIFE. BUT I
WAS NOT TO LEARN THIS UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE..."

--SINUHE, The Egyptian

Darryl F. Zanuck's Twentieth Century Fox Cinemascope production of The Egyptian is destined, I believe, to be a great success. A great epic of the screen with Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Gene Tierney, Michael Wilding, Bella Darvi, Peter Ustinov, and Edmund Purdom as 'The Egyptian' starring, it will be remembered as a fine motion picture--but what of such movies as War of the Worlds, The Day the Earth Stood Still, When Worlds Collide and all the others? Will they have a lasting place in the memory of theatre goers all over the country, or even with the science fiction fan? So far, science fiction movies have not been made of that magic material

The SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE

As Compared With "The Egyptian"

doyle lewis

that weaves a spell of enchantment over audiences and, at the same time, fills the coffers of the producer with millions of that all important green stuff. This is no startling revelation--the general lack of quality in science fiction movies is a widely recognized fact. The question that should bother us is "Why?". Does science fiction lack something that is absolutely vital to a great movie (or a good story for that matter)? Just what does constitute a good, profitable movie? I feel that The Egyptian is a quality film that is making a heap of money (according to latest box office figures) so let us look at it to seek the elusive answer to what makes an artistic and, at the same time, profitable motion picture.

The first thing that strikes you about the average (yes, even above average) science fiction movie is the sad lot of actors assembled to bring the story to life. Usually, these are an odd, mis-cast hodge-podge that no one has heard or seen before, or wants to hear or see again. This was not so in The Egyptian. Each actor or actress fitted their parts, and played them extremely well. Certainly Barbara Rush (It Came From Outer Space, When Worlds Collide) cannot compare with Jean Simmons, whose other roles include Ophelia in Sir Laurence Olivier's Hamlet, Diana in The Robe, and Young Bess. (She has surpassed her previous performances in creating the role of Merit in The Egyptian, which was done with tenderness, simplicity, and sincerity.) Richard Carlson who seems to get a good share of the leading parts in science fiction films, cannot stack up against the newcomer Edmund Purdom, who played Sinuhe, 'The Egyptian'. And even if by some fluke the leads are competent, the science fiction film producer makes up for this by employing third-rate supporting casts. Very few pictures have had such an array of well cast talent as this Zanuck masterpiece.

The main portion of a movie's success is of course due to the story. However, War of the Worlds was no more than a frantic orgy of spectacular technical effects (for which due credit must be given). It was a cold, unfeeling story, lacking in warmth and real human emotion. The characters were unbelievable, manipulated rather than motivated. The effects were the vehicle of the story with the human element a backdrop, and a poor one at that. Result? It made some money, but not as much as it could have, and it was not a good movie. It appealed to the younger set, as does Hopalong Cassidy.

In contrast, we have the powerful, dramatic story of The Egyptian. It is the intensely moving story of the people of Egypt

3000 years ago; their lives--the hopes, the fears, the loves of human beings that we can recognize and understand. It is set in the dawning of the concept of one God, which is a fascinating story, even for those who have no religious beliefs. It is the story of Sinuhe, whose life is spent in service to humanity, and whose mind is burning with the quest for an answer to the question "Why?"; the story of his adventures, his downfall and redemption. The eternal conflict of good and evil is plainly present, mirrored in Sinuhe's battle with himself to find the truth. There is Merit, a tavern maid, whose burning love for Sinuhe she carries with her to her grave. And Nefer (Bella Darvi) the voluptuous temptress of Babylon who leads the naive Sinuhe down into betrayal and deceit. There is Kaptah (Peter Ustinov) who becomes his willing slave. And then the proud Princess Baketamon (Gene Tierney) who conspires with Sinuhe for the throne of Egypt. Horemheb (Victor Mature), life long friend of the physician Sinuhe whose ambitions turn him against his friends and his Pharaoh. And Ankhnaton (Michael Wilding) whose one God, Aton, he hopes will bring peace and plenty to his country--the mad, gentle Ankhnaton whose spirit lives on in Sinuhe...All vivid, believable people.

Another point is the fine musical score written by Alfred Newman and Bernard Herrmann, which is one of the best to come from Hollywood since Newman's "The Robe". The highpoint in the music, and the picture, is the "Hymn to Aton, the Sun". This unusual music is fitted to an actual Egyptain prose poem, and adds high dramatic effect to the massacre of the sun worshipers by Horemheb's men in the Temple of Aton. (Decca has an album of the score available which is pleasant listening: Decca DL 9014, Newman-Herrmann, The Egyptian.)

In science fiction movies we unfortunately have the typical score which consists of loud noises at strategic points intended to heighten the dramatic impact, in the same manner as the average western.

The love interest (most vital of all ingrediants) is well handled in The Egyptian. As characterized by most science fiction films to date, the love in the picture is adolescent and downright contrived. There is no realism. The "love" is of the soap-opera variety, and the jeers of the young cynics in the audience well deserved. The tender, lasting love of Merit for Sinuhe is convincing and moving. This is a combination of both good acting and good writing.

In The Day the Earth Stood Still the faint attempt at a love story is very amusing. Here we have the god-like spaceman hero and the trusting earth girl. To all outward appearances, this spaceman is as human as you or I. One would suppose that sex will not evolve itself out of the human makeup for a long, long time, and Klaatu's (Michael Rennie) civilization has not quite reached that stage as yet. However, he remains a perfect gentleman throughout the picture and never so much as blinks an eye at Pat Neal who one can sense is interested in him. It is really an awkward situation. She gives up her admittedly obnoxious beau to chase around Washington with Klaatu intent upon the business of saving the world--yet she doesn't so much as get a kiss on the cheek when hero-Klaatu departs with a fearful warning to the world: Be good--or else!

The major criticism I have of The Egyptian is the painted backdrops which tend to destroy the effect. Perhaps if they had borrowed George Pal from Paramount to do minitures it might have been better. Pal certainly could have borrowed a lot from Zanuck.

The Egyptian has fulfilled the necessary qualifications for a great movie, in my book. I believe a science fiction movie could do the same. The science fiction story has all but one of the

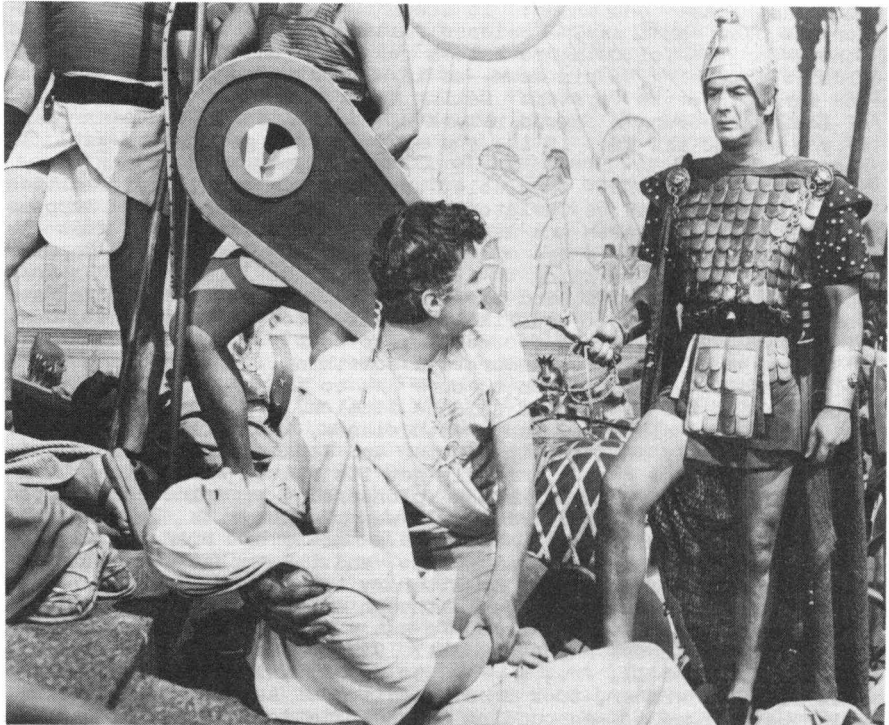
qualities necessary--I mean the good story. In The Egyptian we have the appeal of a strange and different world--which science fiction could supply by the truck-load. The Egyptian has an intriguing concept, which again science fiction could produce. The one thing lacking as a convincing, mature love interest, which I'm sure could be injected to the betterment of the whole, rather than to the detriment, which has been the case thus far. But before we will have a great science fiction movie, there are a few things I feel must take place:

A daring producer with a lot of money must become interested. There are many fine science fiction properties that could be made into excellent movies, if someone would take the gamble and sink a large hunk of change into it. For a good science fiction film is going to take money to produce--not necessarily to be used for technical effects.

But rather, as a second point, to be used to acquire top actors, top screen writers, and top composers.

And finally, a story must come along that recognizes this prime fact: People are interested in people. Science in a science fiction yarn must be a background, just as Egypt was a background for The Egyptian. It is much more interesting to note the reactions of people connected with a machine than it is the actions of the machine itself. For in the reaction, rather than the action, you have a story. Good science fiction should combine accurate or logically extrapolated science with a warm, human story, totally believable although the background is bizarre and fantastic.

Then perhaps we may see something great born of our literature. But I won't hold my breath.



SINUHE (PURDOM) HOLDS THE LIFELESS BODY OF MERIT (SIMMONS) AS HOR-EMHEB (MATURE) TELLS HIM, "I AM SORRY THIS HAD TO HAPPEN, MY FRIEND."

What Is SCIENCE FICTION?

chad oliver

There has unquestionably been more utter and complete nonsense written about science fiction than any other phenomena of our times, not even excluding flying saucers or the supposed mental attitudes of teen-agers. Its critics lambast it with all the perception of nearsighted snails and its admirers plunge into incoherent ecstasies that verge perilously close to the sub-moronic.

On all sides, this strange new thing called science fiction stands up and challenges attention. It has spilled out of the specialized magazines in which it had its growth and development and now confronts one in such diverse mediums as the movies, radio and television, books, the big slick magazines, advertising, and assorted uncomic comic books. People talk about it, from the wide-eyed kid who listens to Space Patrol with a box of breakfast food in each hand to earnest college professors who view with alarm or point with pride as the case may be.

Out of all this hue and cry, the science fiction writer himself does not escape unscathed. If he is not the subject of relentless letter attacks urging him to contribute free fiction to fanzines, he is denounced by local aesthetes who inform him that he should devote his life to obscure poetry dealing with the imminent collapse of our diseased civilization. Walter M. Miller once dropped in on a writing class in Austin. Walt was promptly cornered by a woman who asked him in all seriousness, "Tell me, doesn't this science fiction writing affect your mind?"

I have often been asked about science fiction, and I can assure you of at least one thing: it doesn't fit into any neat categories. You can't say, "Science fiction is this, that, and the other, for the following seventeen reasons." Science fiction is an elusive something to pin down--as is all writing, really, despite the many elaborate 'systems' making the rounds--and I am reminded of Louis Armstrong's famous remark when asked to define jazz "Man, if you got to ask what it is, you ain't never going to get to know."

The problem is not insoluble, however, as many good critics from August Derleth to Christopher Isherwood have shown. Suppose we come down to earth and ask a few simple questions. What is this stuff, anyway? Where did it come from? Why is it popular today? Is there anything to it, or can it be classed with soap operas, girlie stories, and the funny books? Will we always have the zap guns with us, just like the six-shooter? And, the question that gets asked all too seldom, so what?

If you really want to understand something, history can be a helpful tool. I hope I won't bore you to tears if I tell you a little about the history of science fiction.

Despite the claims of many enthusiasts, who will go to their graves valiantly shouting that Homer and Jonathan Swift wrote science fiction, the genre actually got its start with Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. Hugo Gernsback pioneered a magazine handicapped by the name of *Amazing Stories*. It was Gernsback's belief that the new 'Scientifiction' should be a means of bringing sugar-coated science to the general public, and the emphasis was definitely more on accuracy than on literary technique.

The magazine was a success, although only a mild one, and a number of imitators appeared. To cut a long story short, nothing much of great import happened until 1937, when a man by the name of John W. Campbell, Jr., a graduate of MIT and a successful science fiction writer, took over as editor of *Astounding Stories*, which he changed to *Astounding Science Fiction*. Campbell was an innovator, and it is difficult even now to grasp his contributions to science fiction. Almost single-handed, he led the bawling in-



TELL ME, DOESN'T THIS SCIENCE FICTION WRITING AFFECT YOUR MIND?

what it is. Suffice it to say that science fiction did not spring forth full grown from nothing out of atomic seeds, but rather had a considerable period of development behind it, during which a relatively few men and women struggled to bring a new art form into being in the unpromising soil of American pulp magazines.

What, then, is science fiction? It has been variously defined as the literature of tomorrow and juvenile escapist writing cloaked in pseudo-scientific trappings. Under the label of "science fiction" on a book jacket, you're liable to read almost anything from a traditional cowpoke shoot-'em-up set on Mars to a sociological treatise about the destiny of man. There seems to be little or no common meeting ground between bug-eyed monsters on Saturn and the O. Henry award-winning tales of Ray Bradbury. And, of course, there is science fiction written by writers who never even heard of the stuff--despite the gasps of myopic critics, Huxley's Brave New World or Orwell's 1984 are perfectly good examples of modern science fiction. A steak is still a steak when you call it a filet mignon, and not every crook in the world wears a lapel button to inform you of the fact.

What is science fiction? To me, it is primarily two things. First of all, it is the inevitable response in literature to the scientific and technological revolutions of our time. It is the philosophy of a new era, and no more to be wondered at than knightly sagas in the age of chivalry or cowboy tales in the days of the expanding frontier. Secondly, science fiction is a writing technique--a way of telling a story. It is a specialized medium, not yet fully developed, and in the end its innovations in storytelling technique will far outweigh its much-debated accuracy for scientific facts or its authors who have real honest-to-goodness Ph.D.'s and who are actually (gee whiz!) scientists themselves.

That, in a microscopic nutshell, is what science fiction is and where it came from. Next question: What good is it?

fant down the rocky road to maturity. He got cover paintings that had dignity, he got writers who knew how to write, and he opened the doors to new ideas of all kinds. In a sense, the Jules Verne type of science fiction, concerned primarily with the mechanical details of fantastic voyages, gave way to a new type of story, in which the emphasis was placed on what happened after the voyagers reached their destination. In general, the social sciences replaced the physical as subject matter, and what had been escape fiction began to take on depth and significance for the world of today.

It is impossible in this short space to detail the story of science fiction--its first book publication, the impact of the atomic bomb, the motion pictures, and the writers that made it

The significance of science fiction lies in the fact that it is capable of making people think. Modern science fiction is ablaze with ideas, with questions, with philosophical discussions in fictional form. It stimulates and shocks and is a sure cure for complacent, rut-worn patterns of thinking. The frontiers of modern science, from semantics and linguistics to anthropology and sociology and psychology, are reflected in science fiction. It is a free medium of expression in a restricted world--it knows tolerance and daring and experimentation. It is possible to say things in science fiction that a writer cannot say in any other form of popular fiction. Just because a writer sets his yarn on a planet circling Alpha Centauri does not necessarily imply that he didn't have a closer locale in mind.

One great problem in the modern world is that of communication. So long as the ideas and findings of modern science are locked up in technical papers, they are of little use to the man in the street. Science fiction--however inexpertly at times--helps to bridge that gap. The prospect of an entire generation growing up with ideals of scientific objectivity, tolerance, and respect for evidence, cannot be laughed off. It is bound to have far-reaching effects. It is even possible that a few people may conclude that there are better methods of solving problems than those found at Los Alamos.

It is instructive to examine world literature produced within the last decade or so. The avant-garde short stories and poetry of today read like one vast gasp of despair, one long plea for the mythical good old days, one long, progressive, wormlike retreat into the subconscious, away from reality. Science fiction, at least, has faced the issues of our time squarely, and even with gusto. It likes to kick new ideas around. It accepts change. It likes to think. It can be condemned on many counts, but modern science fiction is not escapist--unless it is escaping from a never-never land of twisted personalities, navel contemplation, and high-sounding, decidedly gaseous phrases.

How good is science fiction, judged solely as writing? There can be but one answer: not good enough. There are good stories written today in the field, but not enough of them. There are stories written with flesh-and-blood people with real human problems on their hands, but they are in a minority. There is an awful lot of drivel printed in all science fiction magazines, and about all we can say in extenuation is that we're doing our level best to do better, and the field is wide open. No one ever had a story rejected yet because it was too mature for the audience.

Science fiction, like any writing, comes in all sizes from superlative to horrible. There is the well known story, which I am just now making up, about the gent who picked up a copy of Nickle Mountain Man Thrillers from his favorite pre-inflation newsstand. Reading it, he found the stories therein ranged from ghastly to abysmal. Later, when urged by a friend to read Guthrie's The Big Sky, he declined, saying, "I tried one of them there mountain man stories once and couldn't finish it. This is a mountain man story, and so I won't be able to finish this one either. Got any Mickey Spillane stories? I like them, heh heh."



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The sun of the planet Toka, catalogued MNXOK4U by the Terrestrial Interstellar Survey Service, is an ordinary yellow dwarf of type G0 lying about 500 light years from Sol in the Deneb Sector. It has either nine or ten planets (Lange-Schwantz reported ten, Dogberry claimed he could only find nine and suggested Lange-Schwantz had been drinking and was seeing double, and no one else has been interested enough to study the matter further), of which the second and third are inhabited.

The second planet's race, being extremely backward and possessed of an absurd prejudice against xenologists (claiming they are not fit to eat, and are only useful for target practice), has been little studied except by a student from Pluto University desperate for thesis material. His results have not yet been published, largely because he was never heard from again.

It is the third planet, Toka, which is the subject of this paper. Referring those interested in planetographic details to the Survey catalogues, we will content ourselves with saying that the life forms are equally terrestroid and edible. Some of them are delicious. There is only one continent worthy of the name (divided by precipitous mountain ranges into several relatively isolated sectors), but there are a plethora of large and small islands. The native population is estimated at fifty million.

This latter refers to the dominant race, the Hokas. There is also another intelligent race on the planet known as the Slissii, or Injuns, their numbers being estimated at ten million. They are confined to certain parts of the continent, which has led islander Hokas to refer to them as the Continentals. The long standing enmity between the two races has produced the famous Hoka phrase, "Not worth a Continental."

The even climate and the apparent mildness of the past glacial eras have led to a high evolution of reptilian life; indeed, most of the larger animals are reptiles, including the Slissii. There are however many mammals as well, among them, of course, the Hokas.

These are rather small for an intelligent race: Bipedes, they stand about one meter high, and seen from any angle look noticeably convex. In spite of their rotundity, they are extremely active both mentally and physically. They have blunt ursinoid heads and are covered with golden fur; perhaps they are best described as looking like overgrown teddy bears. Though the life span is about as great as a man's sexual maturity is reached in only four years. Fortunately, the learning process keeps pace, or the consequences to Hoka society would be appalling. Psychologically, they are of great friendliness, confiding and given to bursts of wild enthu-

IN THE ABOVE ARTICLE, POUL ANDERSON GIVES US THE BACKGROUND--IN THE FAR REACHES OF IMPOSSIBLE SPACE--OF THE HOKA SERIES (WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH GORDON R. DICKSON). THERE HAVE BEEN THREE HOKA OF TOKA STORIES SO FAR: HEROES ARE MADE (OW May 51 38), IN HOKA SIGNO VINCES (OW Jun 53 70), and THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISPLACED HOUND (USF Dec 53 50).

siasm. This, combined with their amazing rapid learning, makes for the most protean and bewildering culture in the known Galaxy.

When first contacted by man, the Hokas were divided into numerous clans, tribes, and nations of various technological levels; but all or most seem to have had intercourse with one another; and their lack of conservatism had produced a fairly uniform language over most of the planet. It had, however, also put them at a severe disadvantage with regard to their implacable enemies, the Slissii, who were better capable of military tactics and were therefore driving them back on all fronts. Indeed, had man not intervened, the Hokas would soon have been but a memory of Slissii gourmets.

Psychological tests confirmed that the reptiles would never be friendly to man, and the Hokas were therefore given modern weapons and other assistance with which they soon routed the enemy and confined him to reservations. Thanks to a few good orators and the quick Hoka sympathies, the Slissii arranged that these reservations cover most of the planet's oil lands, so that the true victor of the long war is still a matter of dispute. But at least the Slissii are now kept within bounds.

The Earth government sent commissions to study the Hokas and to recommend policy. Later the usual plenipotentiary was sent to guide the Hokas toward a level of civilization permitting their admission to the Interbeing League and meanwhile to watch over their interests. Any-one whose job it is to guide and protect the Hokas has our fullest sympathy.

The leading city-states of Hoka civilization are all on the east coast of the main continent; formerly they were in a Bronze Age culture, but now they are rapidly adopting the technological era; and the Toka Teddys are formidable contenders for the pennant in the Galactic Baseball Series.

The Toka admiration for humanity has been carried to extremes which are often madden-



ing. Most of them now squeak English and have quite forgotten the old language. It is positively dangerous to introduce them to any facet of human culture. They are all too apt to adopt it wholesale, so that the planet is rapidly becoming a patchwork of cowboys, Victorian Englishmen, Arthurian knights, monocled Prussians, Old Testament prophets, Foreign Legionnaires, sinister black cloaked spies, agrarian reformers with nothing to reform, and no one knows what else.

Xenologists have been trying to make some record of the pre-man culture before it disappears altogether, but have had little success. This is not due to native unwillingness, but rather to their extreme desire to please. Thus, Abendstern was questioning an elderly native of the city Mixumaxu about its heroic Bronze Age traditions and was rewarded with a long epic poem--in English!--entitled The Siliad and dealing with a war to recover a stolen princess named Helen O'Loy.

Civilized knowledge spreads so fast on Toka that it is often found in the most unlikely places. In a remote, backward community still largely dependent on stone tools and maintaining some ancient tribal customs, Pinden asked an old priest how the world had been created. He received a pitying look and a long exposition on the Galactic Condensation theory.

Several xenologists have succeeded in finding completely untouched villages, but all have met with the same maddening result: The Hokas get so excited about the idea of scientific study of alien cultures that they all turned xenologist, too, and began studying the investigators. After several days of being followed about by Hokas with notebooks and being asked questions about their beliefs and marriage practices, the investigators gave up and went home.

In short, it is inherently impossible to study Hoka culture at first hand because the very act of observation changes it beyond recognition. As Tenn remarked long ago: "This must be the principle Heisenberg was uncertain about."

Nevertheless, the Hokas are progressing with unprecedented rapidity, and in a few more years Toka should be a voting member of the Interbeing League and Hokas should be traveling freely throughout the Galaxy.

When I consider that prospect, I shudder.

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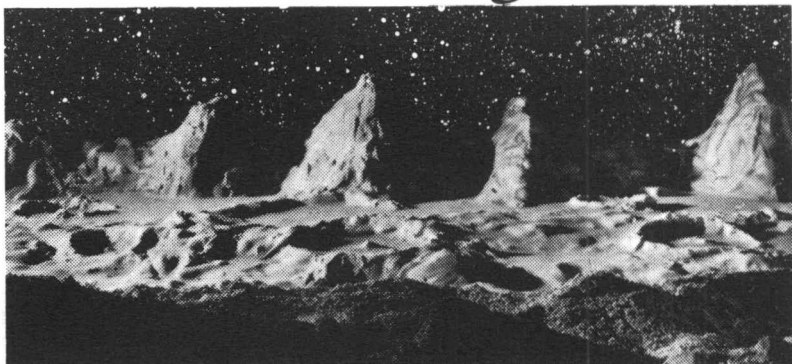
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Summer is traditionally a season of minimal productivity with book publishers. The fact that most publishers' offices are in New York where the climate of summer is unfit for most sorts of human activity may be an explanation, but hardly an excuse: there are parts of the world where summer can be fun. Whatever the reason, bookishly lean summers are always followed by the season when the printed word hits the fan. This is a happy time for booksellers, and for reviewers who, like readers, enjoy having a wide choice. Authors, on the other hand, sometimes feel that this system of deliberately scheduled competition may give an individual title a poorer chance for success than need be. However, there are some publishers--such as Fantasy and Gnome Presses--who gamble at flouting the tradition of publishing seasons. But even though they don't starve through the summer, science fiction fans--like other readers--have their feast in the fall.

This year, however, the quantity of new books reflects the same downward trend that the magazines have been following. The Fall 1953 issue of the Advertiser mentioned 38 titles. Only about half that are available for review this time. Unfortunately, the percentage of good ones is, at best, no greater than it was last year.

Well. I have five new novels. *THREE THOUSAND YEARS* by Thomas Calvert McClary (Fantasy Press, 224pp, \$3) is a considerably rewritten version of the serial from 1938 *Astoundings*. In a way it's a variation on the theme of the same author's *REBIRTH*, in which everyone on Earth simultaneously, instantaneously, and completely lost his memory. In *3000 YEARS*, everyone is unconscious for that period of time, but those who revive have their memories intact, with no sense of hiatus, but are confronted with a physically much deteriorated civilization. In New York City, the surviving humans are organized by two leaders of opposed philosophies: a scientist who plans for a sort of technocratic utopia, and a laissez faire-directed business man. Because the scientist fails and the business man succeeds, the magazine story was called "anti-science" by some readers. The charge was unfair. By its own postulates, the story is sound: Given, that is, the two dominating characters as presented, the business man would come out on top every time. Readers who don't see all-inclusive meanings where only a story is intended will not be disappointed.

Also from Fantasy Press is the last of E. E. Smith's *Lensman* stories, *CHILDREN OF THE LENS* (293pp, \$3). Doc says this series will be taken no farther--even he can't dream up power sources and spacial scope to top this one (which is from *Astoundings* of 1947 & 48). The next one derives from science fiction's eolithic period. *THE FORGOTTEN PLANET* by Murray Leinster (Gnome Press, 177 pp, \$2.50) has been rewritten from "The Mad Planet" and "The Red

Dust" from the first year of *Amazing Stories*. Don Day's INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES tells me that both stories were reprinted in 1939 and again ten years later, but whether the rewriting was done before or after those publications (or both), I can't say. I can tell you that, whereas the original magazine versions were placed 30,000 years in Earth's future, the novel as now presented occurs on an alien planet which, once sterile, had been carefully seeded with life by a galactic culture, then through loss of a file card, forgotten. At the time of the story, the 40th generation of descendants of survivors of a spaceship wreck are primitively struggling against an incredibly hostile environment. There were a few biologically questionable factors in the original version; there are fewer in the book. ONE IN THREE HUNDRED by J. T. McIntosh (Doubleday, 223pp, \$2.95--but will doubtless be a \$1 book club selection by the time this is printed) is a connected series of 3 stories from recent issues of Magazine of F & SF. Impending astronomical catastrophe necessitates removal of all possible Earth people to Mara. "One in 300" are chosen to go; "One in 1000" arrive alive; even so, there is "One Too Many".

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Ten short stories by Wilson Tucker are collected as THE SCIENCE FICTION SUBTREASURY (Rinehart, 240pp, \$2.75). The introduction begins, "Most of the yarns in this volume are dedicated to the proposition that very little in science fiction is sacred." Tucker's kidding of some of sf's "sacredness" is most enjoyable; but so too are the three or four downright grim tales in the volume. THE EXPLORERS (Ballantine, 145pp, 35¢) is proof to me that C.M. Kornbluth is quite as good a short story writer as he is a novelist, which is very good indeed. There are nine in this, one an original. Eric Frank Russell has nine stories in DEEP SPACE (Fantasy Press, 249pp, \$3); another top-notch collection from the magazines.

The season's best anthology is STORIES FOR TOMORROW (Furr & Wagnalls, 629pp, \$3.95). Editor William Sloane (who wrote TO WALK THE NIGHT) has chosen 29 stories from at least 8 of the sf magazines (ASF predominating), has included several that were previously collected in books, and 8 top authors are represented twice. The result of such freedom from editorial restriction is a highly recommended book. ASSIGNMENT IN TOMORROW, edited by Frederik Pohl (Harcourt House, 317pp, \$2.95), has 16 stories, including Gold, Bester, Farmer, Vonnegut, Sturgeon, etc. (Another likely club selection.) Donald A. Wollheim has edited an Ace "Double Book" (177 & 140pp, 35¢) with the titles ADVENTURES IN THE FAR FUTURE and TALES OF OUTER SPACE. In this example, anyway, the separation into two books is rather pointless. There are a total of 10 stories from 6 magazines.

The new juveniles: THE STARS ARE OURS by Andre Norton (World, 237pp, \$2.75); LUCKY STAR AND THE OCEANS OF VENUS by Paul French, (Doubleday, 186pp, \$2.50); and THE WORLD AT BAY by Paul Capom and STEP TO THE STARS by Lester del Rey (both Winston, 210pp, \$2).

Reprints: Robert W. Chambers' classic THE MAKER OF MOONS, many years out of print (Shroud, 82pp, \$1). AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT by Arthur C. Clarke (Permabooks, 160pp, 25¢). Also Clarke's non-fiction THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE (Pocket Books, colored illus., 35 cents). MY BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORY, ed. by Margulies & Friend, abridged (Pocket Books, 263pp, 25¢).

George D. Martindale

Letters

STEVE SCHULTHEIS: The fifth issue of INSIDE arrived just before I left for home on leave, I read it on the way up. Another fine issue. The cover was very good. The interiors; for "The Fisherman" very good; for "The Hard Night", good; and for "George?", poor. Carr's "Face Critturs" were very enjoyable, as before. Terry surely has been turning them out by the ream, it seems. Hope he doesn't run them into the ground...The pick of the contents was Bok's article, of course. Seems to me he did this turn once before. But this was a much better organized and thought out

treatment. Ah, sad it is. A tragedy all most. I've always been interested in fantasy art--as much or more as in fantasy itself--and, for me, Bok was always THE fantasy artist, with Dolgov the only contender for the title, but a poor second. Finlay, etc., pale in comparison...Articles by Crossen and Sackett second and third in that order...The fiction seems to loose out in this issue. Why? The fiction was all fairly well done, but not impressive. Nothing much to any of the stories.

More fragments than short stories. "The Body" was perhaps the best, but it was a slight piece. "The Fisherman" was a little bit of nothing is a Bradburyish sort of way. "George?" was more of a well plotted story than the rest, but it was built around one of those surprise endings that come as a surprise to no one. That will ruin a story if anything will. "The Hard Night", trailing along at the rear, was not only inconsequential and trite, but it wasn't even fantasy. I can see how it might have been a rewarding exercise for the author but how it came to see publication in INSIDE is beyond me...A fine issue, withal...Steve.



ALAN HUNTER: Very many thanks for the May issue of INSIDE. An issue well up to your usual standard--if not a little better than previous issues. The high-lights, for me, were the article by Bok (a real scoop this) and the two short stories "George?" and "The Body". I also thought the cartoon story on the rear cover was extremely good...Weak spots were, first and foremost, the cover. The cover for issue four was both unusual and arresting, but this time you fall down in both respects. That drawing could easily appear on a church paper, and in no way indicates the real contents or scope of INSIDE. Also, although the drawing does achieve a certain mood, it is not really good enough for cover spot. As an interior illustration it would be entirely satisfactory, but for the cover you need something better. Second weak spot was, in my opinion, the story by Don Howard Donnell. Don't misunderstand me, though. The story was good, but it was too similar in mood to his story in the previous issue and not quite as good. These stories, with no clear plot, are very effective if used sparingly. I think it was a mistake to run them in consecutive issues...On the whole, however, I consider the May issue your best yet. It seems a pity that the next INSIDE will not be out until January, but I expect it will be well worth waiting for!...Alan.



((We stocked up our food supply, Alan, and got the issue out early. We're bi-monthly from now on. Let us know if we improved this issue and where we fell down...RS))

CLAUDE HALL: Finally, after much biting of finger nails, INSIDE magazine arrived. The cover disappointed me. If you couldn't have gotten better why didn't you draw up something yourself? As feeble an artist as I could have done better--or at least chosen a better



theme to portray on canvas...The Crossen article was tops, etc., etc., etc. That's the trouble about writing a letter of comment to you. I have a feeling I used up all of my adjectives on the last issue and now I'm at a loss for words..."Why I Edit Fantastic Worlds" was tops etc., etc., etc..."Why I Quit Science Fantasy Art" was tops, etc., etc., etc. Muchly so, because Bok is not only my favorite artist, he's also my second favorite author...Of the fiction, Harnhuter receives top honors. "The Fisherman" was well written. And enjoyable..."The Hard Night" was pointless..."About the Author" was swell. I like the idea very much. Ah, poor "George?". I forgot about him. Good story...Claude.

PAUL MITTLEBUSCHER: Cover exceedingly inferior. Same goes for your back cover by Carr--this type of thing just isn't suited to INSIDE. Bok has written the same article twice previously but still excellent, especially first paragraph. Top honors for #5. Sackett's article also very much appreciated, well and thoughtfully written. Even enjoyed Crossen's though I consider him to be one of the more untalented hacks now pounding a typewriter. Illustrations for "The Fisherman" by Price and Hunter's for "The Body" both good, one for "The Hard Night" well done if inappropriate for the story. "Night" was the best fiction in this issue, still it "underplayed" everything to the point of ridiculousness. "The Body" and "The Fisherman" both leave the reader way up in the air. Of the two, "Body" was much better written; both however were definitely off-trail. Which brings us unhappily to "George?". Gad, how trite can you get? Waste of paper to print this bit of crud...Paul.



((Controversial issue, wasn't it? Now, let's have your comments on this issue. And that includes you new people out there. The characters above don't necessarily bare any resemblance to the characters who wrote the letters...RS))

HOW FAR THE FUTURE?

After awhile the doorbell rang. I looked quizzically at Lana.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Tor. A new family moved in the building this week, and I invited them over."

"Fine," I said. "I'll let them in."

There were three of them, shy and very self-conscious.

"Won't you come in," I said. When they entered I saw why they were self-conscious. The girl wasn't as big as Karth--but she was plainly oversized. The hair grew on her head, like Karth, and her breasts were much larger than normal. They saw me staring at her.

"This is our daughter, Mari." I said nothing. Lana had come and she was staring too. Finally she recovered enough to remember manners.

"Won't you come in. Here, have a seat over here on the floor." But she said it with difficulty. The atmosphere was strained. I guess the people were used to the stares their daughter drew, but they didn't feel at ease with her.

"Karth," I called, and he came. It was their turn to be surprised. "This is our son, I said." Out of the corner of my eye I watched Karth as he discovered Mari.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello."

She smiled at him and he sat down beside her and they whispered together, too low for me to hear.

And every night since that first meeting I haven't been able to sleep. I have nightmares about evolution and eugenics and reversed cycles.

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