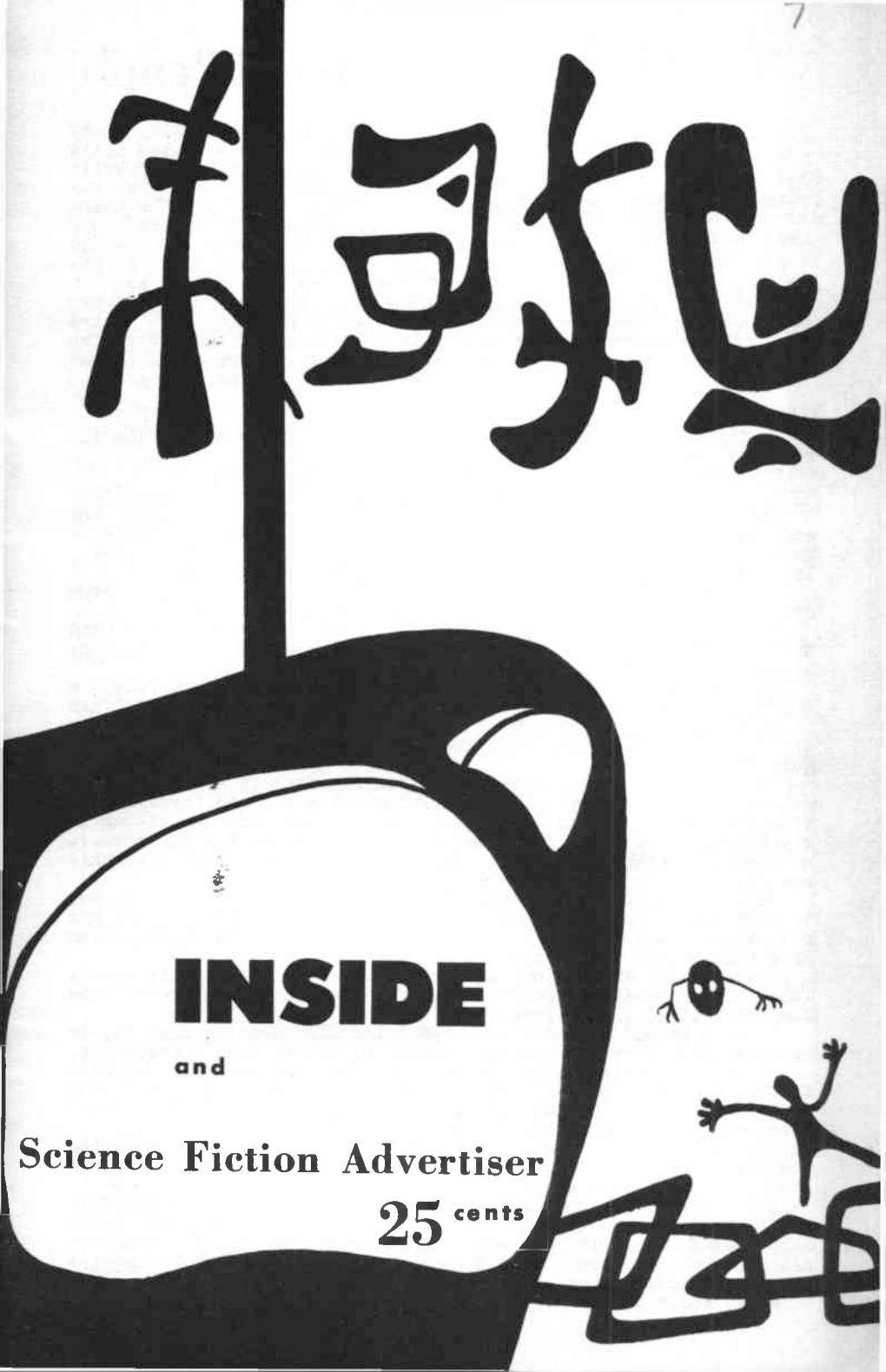
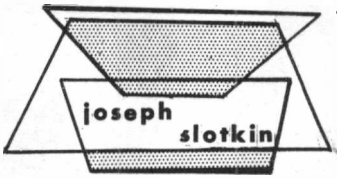

INSIDE
and
Science Fiction Advertiser
25 cents

The Martian Who Hated People



WE WERE CURIOUS to see what would happen if three authors were given the same title to work with. If they were each to write a story starting with the same basis—what would they come up with? The chances that they would write anything near the same story were remote. But would there be any simularities? And just how different could they be? Well, as it turned out we only had room for two stories. So we compromised--we asked four people to interpret the title. The cover was the first interpretation. And here is the first answering story.

As the official Observer turned slowly away from the seeing instrument, White Cloud could tell: the Earthmen were coming.

"They are close?" White Cloud flashed to the Observer.

"Somewhat," the Observer responded, after a moment's reflection.

The Observer hesitated, his large eyes fixed dully upon the complex machine he had just used to see through space. "This is quite a thing, this device," he indicated to White Cloud carelessly. "The Golden Agers must have been very clever. I wonder—"

"Yes?" White Cloud leaned forward eagerly, hopefully. "You wonder? That is good, Blue Sea, good. What is it you wonder?"

"Oh, nothing." Blue Sea's thoughts were murky now, his head turned partly away. "I was just wondering whether there would be stewed lichen for supper, or—"

For an instant, White Cloud's carefully preserved calm became a tourbillion—like a sudden, destructive storm of yellow dust. "That is what you wonder, Blue Sea?" he raged, his huge pupils lancing the thoughts mercilessly into the other's mind, even his wide mouth quivering.

"You have not wonder that the Golden Agers could build what we cannot? Not wonder how this beautiful machine can see through eons of space, or how my saucer, rusted now and cracking to pieces in the museum could carry me across the void to watch the Earthmen... not how the Earthmen will be, how it will be here, now, with this new life coming? How—?"

He stopped. There had been no sound on the thin, thin air. But in Blue Sea's brain, in his hearts, pain was forming. Pain and puzzlement, like a hurt child, until the love and understanding from White Cloud washed over it and eased it away.

"Never mind," White Cloud emanated. "I was—unnecessarily cruel. You will be ready, of course, like all the others—to greet the Earthmen with joy. And love."

"...and Love," Blue Sea repeated dutifully, leaning against his machine, baffled by the machine, baffled by White Cloud's reasoning.

And yet, if this great Elder, the only one who had scouted Earth, and returned—was it a hundred years ago?—if this, the last of the great Scouts told them to great the Earthpeople with love, why, that was as good a way as any.

Blue Sea looked through the seeing instrument again, watching the Earthship skirt one of the Martian moons, and thought, incuriously, of his lichen supper.

And White Cloud, moving swiftly away to tell the others, felt a fierce joy. Soon all his people would gather where the great ship from Earth would land, and emanate their love to the voyagers. All his beloved people would dance, in a circle, welcoming the travelers, loving them. And then—

Well, White Cloud knew that nothing is more powerful than that

which comes from rejected love.

The plan, or the hope, had been born out of White Cloud's love for his people—and his careful observation of Earth and its dominant species.

After monitoring many Earthian broadcasts, touching gently into the unaware minds of the humans as they read their newspapers, books, magazines—skimming almost invisibly through the too-rich atmosphere, White Cloud had returned and reported that the oxygen-breathing bipeds on the third planet might be a little delayed by technical problems, wars and, perhaps most important of all, lack of incentive to reach out past their moon.

To reach out—a phrase from an Earthian singer, long dead, snatched from a human teacher's mind burned through White Cloud's memory:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Else what's a heaven for—?"

A Martian's reach—and White Cloud thought of the painter who had said that in the poem—all the stretch, out of me, out of me...

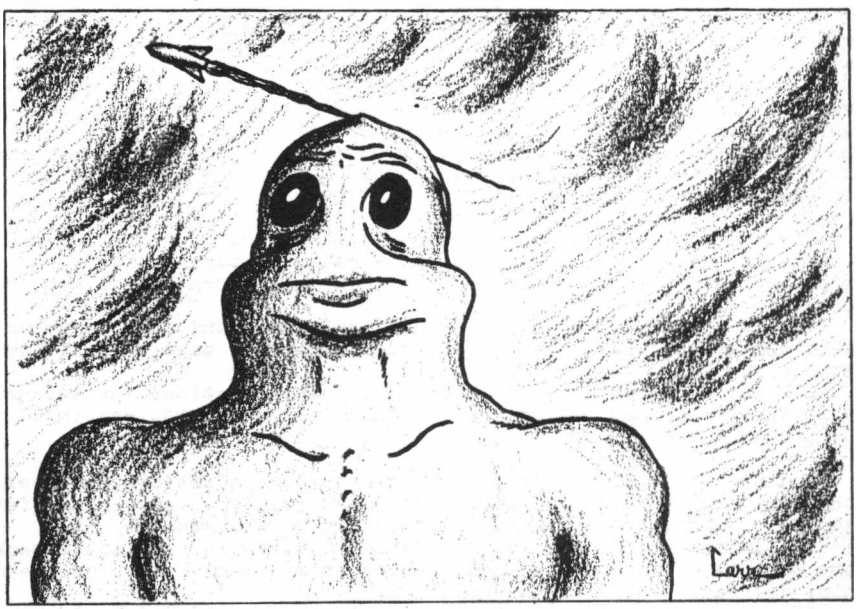
His people had not sent another saucer out. Even if White Cloud had wanted to scout Earth again, how could he? The magnificent machine, product of a Golden Age as obscured now as the skies in a dust storm, had been carted away, made into a monument; it stood now in the square.

Another few years, and his people would worship it, perhaps, as a mysterious symbol of their past. Unless the Earthmen—

Unless—

How does it feel, last leader of an ancient species, moving through the thin, cooling air, to see the saucer you had thrust through space lying lifeless now on redsanded Mars, your incurious brethren looking at it lacklusterly, uncaring...?

Yet White Cloud loved his fellow Martians. He, as indeed all of his species were, had been born out of love, and named out of love: his name, of course, could not be translated into Earthian, no matter how many "Eetl's" or "Xxl's", or Glubibubs might be set



down—it was more a matter of vibrations, like a high, harmonious note—nonverbal, of course, since no Martian had any use for speech.

Martians could talk; they had been practicing Earthian since White Cloud's return, he had wanted them to. Although the opening of their mouths admitted the outer air into their bodies, they had no need for this kind of breathing. Their skins were thick, insulated, and little vents in their broad, powerful necks accommodated them to their waning atmosphere.

Yes, White Cloud's name, as was the name of all Martians, had been given to him from his mother's sensation at the time of her climax as she and her mate loved their child into existence. And her sensation had been that of a beautiful white cloud, a rare phenomenon, scudding through the rarified air.

And if two Martians had been making love at that moment, they may have named their child Blazing Arrow, or perhaps Shooting Star, or even, if they had been admitting sound, Roaring Rock; for now the voyage of the men from Earth was at an end. And White Cloud's people were there, around the ship, as he had bade them, waiting trustfully, lovingly.

They came out; in their thick, shining suits they came out, the Earthmen, and silently watched the dancing creatures on this strange world.

And White Cloud watched. And White Cloud waited.

His people shouted: "Welcome!" And the Earthmen were startled. But then they smiled. Their faces, behind the transparent armored plates were beaming. White Cloud saw the captain of their ship step forward.

"We bring you gifts," he said. "We know what you need. Here, we have new kinds of food, machines—"

"...they have gifts," the whisper went around the dancing circle.

"Water making machines," the captain was saying. And the circle broke. Broke into circlets, and now the Earthians were truly welcomed.

Here, a Martian was being given exotic plants and seeds, held out in the steel claws of a space-suited man from Earth. There, a new machine was being touched—tentatively at first, then with awe, appreciation.

"White Cloud!" It was Blue Sea, his mind a roseate glow, joyous, his large eyes luminous. "You were right! They are to be loved, these Earthians. How wise you are—"

But White Cloud, frowning, stepped forward, making his mouth move in the unaccustomed speech as he touched, warily, the ugly thing at the captain's waist.

"That," White Cloud said. "What is it?"

The captain pushed the flag he was carrying into the red Martian soil, and his filtered laugh floated through the thin air. His steel glove grasped the thing at his waist, removed it, tossed it away.

"It is nothing," the captain said, smiling. And the Earthians were all smiling now. "We are friends...you will see. We will take care of you..."

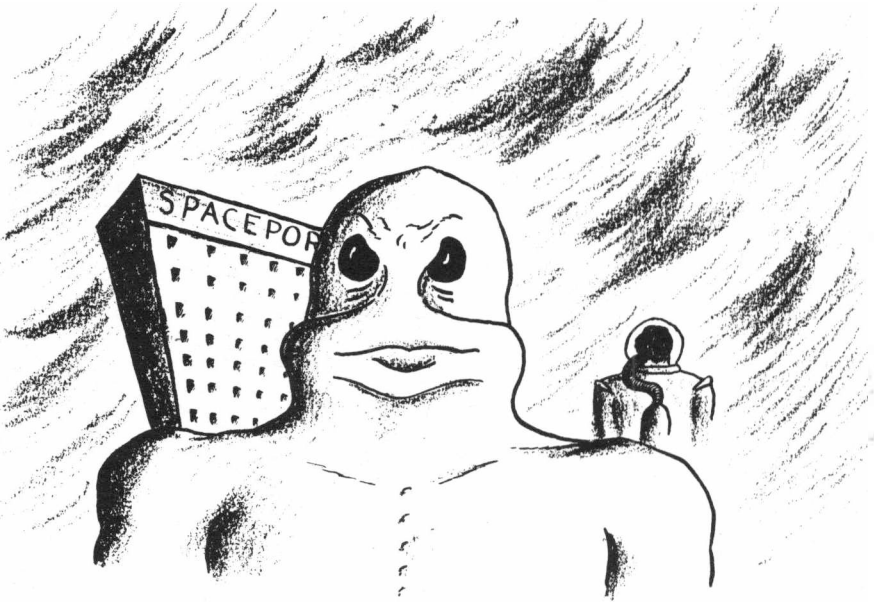
But White Cloud's hearts stirred in anticipation, for he knew what the steel claw had grasped. He had dreamed of it, waiting.

It was a weapon.

And now White Cloud moved through the new plasticized streets the Earthmen had built. He looked down at them, searching for scraps of dirt, broken glass, filth. They were clean.

He saw one of his people, Red Sands, sitting in the little park the Earthians had planted, and knew that Red Sands had oversensed him. Red Sands' mind was a warm glow.

"Yes, they <u>are</u> neat, White Cloud, are they not?" Red Sands hum-



med. "You were so right, telling us to love them for, like us, they love cleanliness—"

"The air," White Cloud interrupted. "Feel, Red Sands, it becomes thick, thick from their plants, their water. Do you feel yourself—drowning, just a little—?"

Red Sands sat quite placidly, drowsing. "They would not hurt us, White Cloud.

"Oh, some of us thought they would shut themselves off in domed cities, but see, they walk in space suits, leaving Mars to us. How considerate. They are taking care of us."

And as White Cloud moved away, he sensed the now hated words. "You were right about them, White Cloud. So right..."

White Cloud's hearts leaped, as he saw a tangle of hair and a scrap of paper on the shining street.

"This is the beginning," he was thinking. But a space suited Earthian was even then whisking away the dirt, making it vanish with the little machine he held in his claw—

The machine! Again White Cloud's hearts stirred. He approached the human, sending an inquiring tentacle of thought into his mind, but speaking sounds so the man could hear.

"That is—a gun, is it not?" White Cloud said harshly.

The man looked up, startled, then down at the machine in his hand. He laughed. White Cloud heard the filtered sound on the thickening air.

"Where did you hear that word, White Cloud?" the man said.

So he was known! They recognized him. And White Cloud heard himself saying, "You know my name."

"Why sure," the man said. "You're a hero. Last of the scouts. Say, that's a real ship you folks used to fly, up there in the square..."

"We can still fly them," White Cloud said.

The man smiled. "Why, sure, sure. I was just admiring it—"

"When are you going to—shoot your gun?" White Cloud asked. He sensed the confusion in the human's mind.

"My—? Say, you're a funny one, White Cloud. You know there won't be any shooting around here."

"See? The delicate structures my people"—and the next word was bitter in White Cloud's mind--"long ago erected. Your gun. Are

you not going to take it and, for sport, shoot the lacy tops from the spires? Is that not your kind of sport?

"Isn't is?" White Cloud demanded, as the man stood, watching him quietly.

The human shook his head, slowly. "We've got our orders, White Cloud. This is a disciplined landing party. There isn't much time before the main fleet of settlers arrives. We're workers, White Cloud. If there were time for—sport, as you call it, we wouldn't do anything to offend your people."

"Why not!" White Cloud shrilled. "Why should you care about us? Are we not just an ancient, dying race to you? Are you not men?"

The man started to say something, then fell silent, his bearded face behind the thick transparent plate solemn, brooding.

"Is it not the habit of men to shoot, for sport, the glories of the races they conquer? Where are your drunken crewmen, your empty beer bottles to toss into our streets. When are you going to crush us down?

Now the man was shaking his head, and his words, when they came through the speaker, were low, so that White Cloud had to lean forward to hear:

"I'm told you Martians are espers. You know—if you look into my eyes, you can read my thoughts, sense my feelings? Listen to this, White Cloud. Men have come through a lot since you sent your saucer scouting through our skies. I'm just a crewman, but I can tell you how I felt when we got out there in free space.

"I felt—I guess you might call it—humble. It's a big universe, White Cloud, and I think that Earth people know now what their place in it should be. How do you suppose we felt, seeing—pardon me, but—seeing what you people used to be, and now—not that you're no good, now, but—look, I can't say it in any fancy way, but—if something lives, it has to die."

No, that wasn't fancy, White Cloud thought. That was not fancy. Honest, yes, but—

And they stood there, the human and the Martian, looking into each other's eyes. And White Cloud sensed the difference. He knew now what black space had done to man, how it had humbled him, and he felt himself weakening as his people were weakening, because: "if something lives, it has to die," and he was becoming old—

He felt how he looked to this creature from the void who was one of those young at this time and on their way to the stars. He felt the immensity of the universe...

He had hoped to have these Earthians visit indignities upon his people; a goad from without, he had hoped his people would grow in stature, seeing the filth of the humans, their roughness, their brutality, as he had seen it a hundred Martian years ago.

He had hoped his people would experience the ancient psychological principle of action and reaction, and take an interest again in their glorious past, with something alien to hate, something to fight against—

He had not expected these restrained, almost kindly men. He had planned to have his people greet them with love, and have that love turn to hatred, but now there was nothing to hate.

Except the decency of these aliens who were lowering an ancient civilization into its redsanded grave so solemnly and respectfully that it hurt, hurt—

And it was then that he began to experience that feeling of fear that is hate, and that feeling of perplexity that is the sense of helplessness the old feel in the face of the surging ambition of the very young with eons of time before them—and too, that curious ambivalence, because he understood. he knew their motivations, and he could not really hate them—only understand, and in understanding came the deepest hatred of all—hatred of himself, because he was dying...

And White Cloud tore his gaze away from the pitying eyes of the bearded alien, and moved past him, knowing the human would turn aside respectfully and not bump into him—

He moved through the warming, thickening air, down the shining new street, feeling the surge of life all about him, of alien trees stretching probing fingers into the deepening sky, of rising structures looming against the flat plains and beckoning to the stars—feeling his name being called wanly by his placid, incurious brethren:

"You were so right, White Cloud," hummed Polar Ice. And there was Red Dust, and Coral Mist, and all the others, not knowing what he knew—

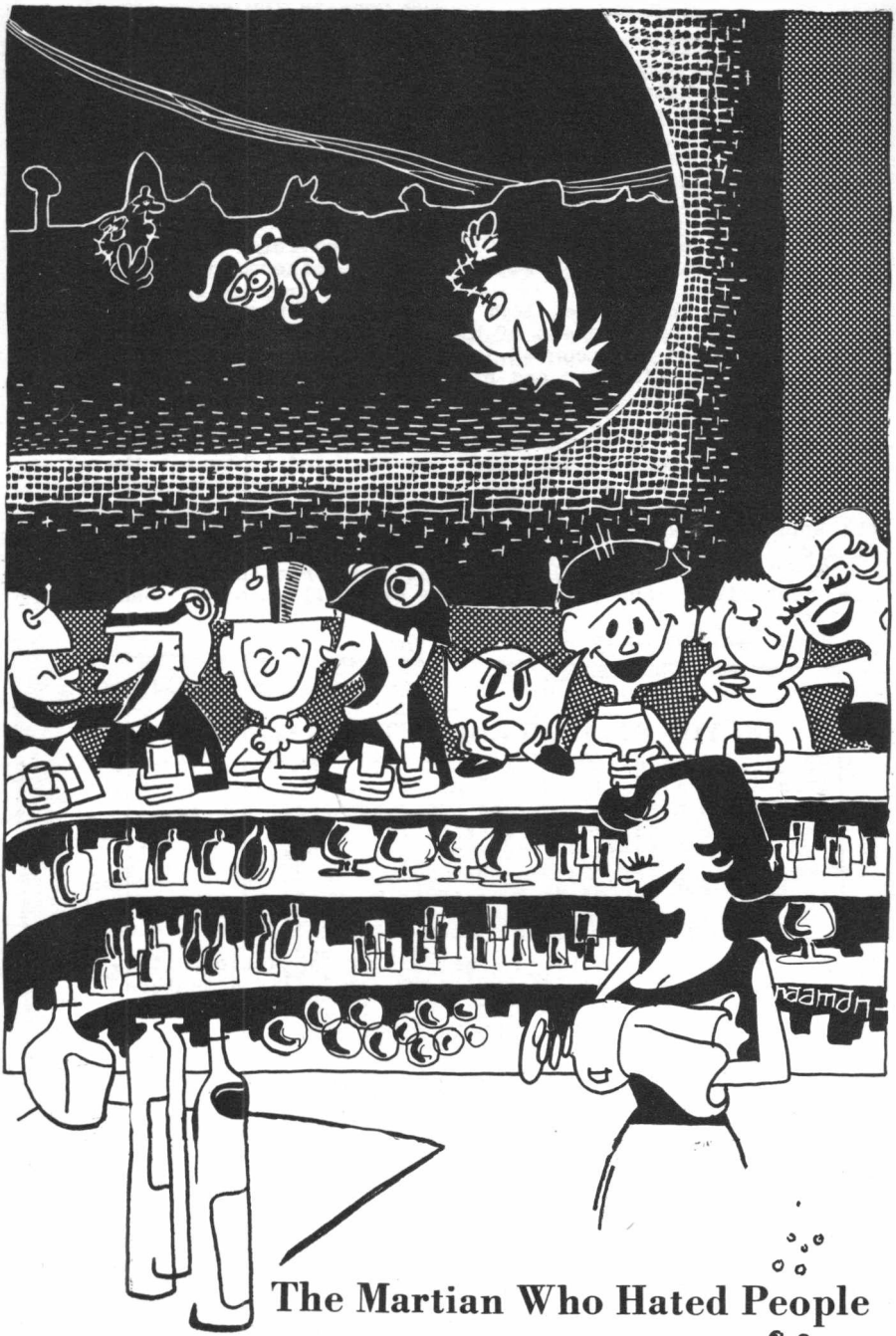
He came to the square, left untouched by the aliens, and there was the tarnished remnant of his thrust through space; he went to the great saucer and mounted into it, not seeing the little placque that told about his trip and his return.

The controls were as he had left them, and he swung to the seat before them, idly playing with the main switch. He could see his people, his beloved brethren, mingling with the space suited figures below him, and it was easy for his mind to banish the aliens from his sight, but all around him were the plants, the buildings—

He jabbed savagely at the switch, half hoping it would respond, but knowing it wouldn't. And then, as he looked through the vision shield, the aliens did disappear, for he could see them no longer.

Mars was such a dry place, and the creatures had adapted through the centuries, conserving moisture carefully, so it was a rare reation:

But a Martian could still cry.



The Martian Who Hated People

naaman peterson

We asked Ed to do us a story around our title and sure he said—but he went us one better and gave us three for the price of one. Here is his MARTIAN WHO HATED PEOPLE—three stories written as he thinks three well known authors would have written them—Bradbury, Lovecraft and Doyle, respectively.

The Martian Who Hated People

edward ludwig

The house waited ninety thousand years.

It lay in the blue Martian sand like the black, hollow shell of a gigantic beetle. It was a silent fortress against time, the raven sheen of its exterior unmarred by the kaleidoscopic sweep of seasons, its blue-white windows reflecting only defiance of the hot, ceaseless wind and the eternal scraping of sand.

For ninety thousand years no sound had echoed through its hollow chambers, and yet it was not an empty shell. In its depths, a Force waited like poison liquid in a capped jug, patient, oblivious to time, waiting, waiting...

The rocket appeared in the twilight sky.

The rocket belched flame, dived, slowed, grumbled, came to rest at the edge of a dry Martian canal. Presently there was a movement of booted feet through soft sand. Voices sounded in the still cool air.

"God, Captain, it is a house. I knew it. Just think. Mars is, or was, inhabited!"

The footsteps quickened.

"Careful, men," said the Captain. "We're liable to find anything here."

The Force in the house stirred. The liquid in the capped jug began to move as if stirred by a teasing finger. Strange eyes were peering through its sand-coated windows. Strange hands were exploring its black walls, manipulating its doors. The liquid swelled and swirled, ready to pop out of the bottle.

"Hey, Captain! Here's a door! Ready?"

"Yeah. But take it easy."

Slowly, slowly.

An opening of the door. A moment of silence. Then, cautious footsteps. A series of surprised, almost reverent whistles.

The Force, too, was ready. Faster and faster the liquid swirled.

"It's uninhabited," mused the Captain. "The Martians must have left it a thousand years ago, maybe fifty thousand for all we know."

The tension slackened. The five Earthmen became as wide-eyed children, scrambling through the dark rooms, marveling at the delicate statuary and crystal pillars, their hands like silver knitting needles darting from one miracle to another.

One of the men paused, scowling. "Captain, there's something here...Something we can't see."

"Nonsense, Black. The house is empty."

"No it—it's something in the air. Like something left behind. Something unfriendly, something that hates our guts."

The Captain laughed.

But another said, "I feel it, too. It's something old and evil that's been waiting for a long time."

"I'm sure of it," said Black. "It sounds silly, but one time at home, in Indiana, I went into an old empty house. A man had died there, an evil man. And long after he died, I felt something in the air, a kind of echo of his evil. Just

by being there, I knew that he hated people, and his hatred was still there."

"A spiritual residue?" someone asked.

"Yes. Something like that."

"Ridiculous," said the Captain. "But maybe we'd better leave anyway.

I do feel a bit dizzy. The stale air, I suppose."

A warmth had crept into the house. There was an odor suggestive of burning sulphur and fiery brimstone.

The Captain blinked.

"Black!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing? Put that gun away!"

Black's eyes were like cold slivers of obsidian. He pointed the gun at the Captain's chest.

"Black!"

A shot rang out.

Black fell.

The Captain turned. "Hollis! You shot him! You shot Black!"

"Had to, Captain." The words were as cold as tips of icicles. "Had to before he shot you."

The Captain swayed. A giddiness seized him, just for an instant. Then his mind cleared.

A hatred was in him. He was old and alone, and only the heartbeat of hatred had sustained him for these many centuries. He hated the destroying winds of time and he hated the blazing suns and the muddy-green planets and he hated all the creatures that crawled or flew or walked thereon. Now, for a brief moment in the candle-flame of existence he would know vengeance. This was the moment for which he had been waiting.

The being that had been the Captain tightened his grip about the trigger of his gun.

There was a shot, and soon another and another. And at last a great silence descended upon the black-walled house and all movement died.

The warmth vanished from the air, like liquid returning to a jug, and the house settled back in the blue Martian sand again to wait, wait, wait...

My coming to Innsmouth had been a mistake. I had included the little known seaport on my summer itinerary primarily in the hope of discovering certain architectural and antiquarian oddities which might perchance be worthy of interpretation in a monograph I was then preparing. My eager expectations had been irrevocably crushed upon my first glimpse of the small, fog-shrouded town.

True—there were a score or more of large square Georgian houses dating, I judged, from the time of the town's founding in 1643; and yet the tangle of sagging, decaying gambrel roofs and the dark, crumbling chimney-pots only created within me a sense of extreme depression. The aura of wormy decay, coupled with the obnoxious, omnipresent odor of fish and lobsters, gave rise to a suggestion of intense and inescapable malignancy.

Nevertheless, the hour being late, I decided to remain overnight in a decrepid, cupola-crowned hotel proclaimed to be the Gilman House, intending to take the morning stage to Arkham. There, in the shabby lobby, it was my misfortune to engage the aged proprietor in conversation.

He was an odd looking man with a long, narrow, bulging head, quite bald, and with watery, fish-like eyes. He moved with a peculiar shambling motion, and his curiously short fingers possessed an almost batrachian roughness.

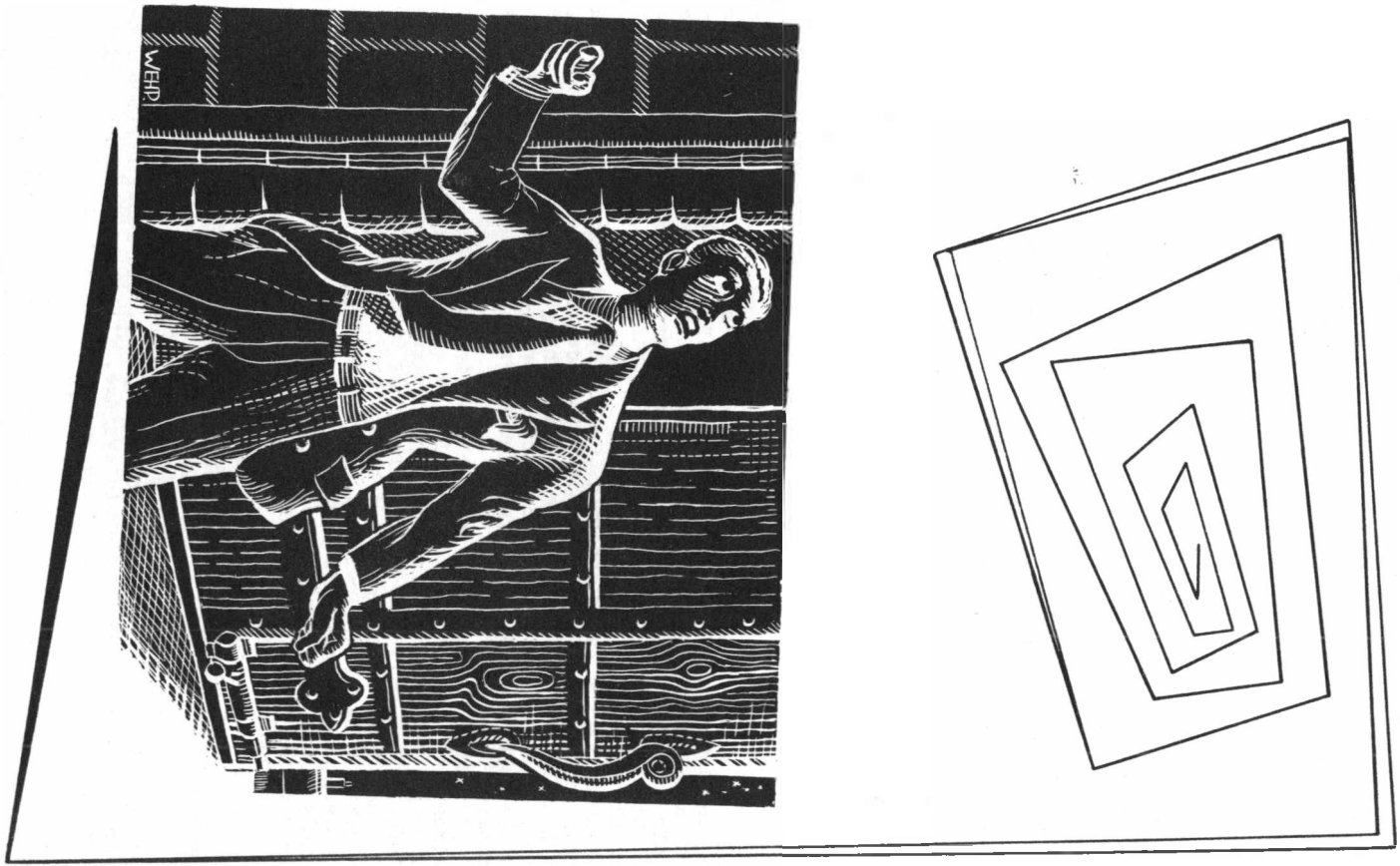
He was at first reluctant to talk, but even his ordinarily objectionable presence was preferable to the damp silence of my second-story room. I procured a bottle of wine from my valise, and after our sampling it, the man's tongue became considerably freer.

He rambled on for some moments, discussing in his whiny voice the various aspects of the countryside and the dearth of possibilities for employment save in the town's small fishing industry.

It was then that I recalled certain items pertaining to Innsmouth that I had chanced upon while rummaging in the library of Miskatonic University during my graduate study.

"Wasn't there some incident here a few years ago?" I asked. "An activity of some sort out at Devil's Reef?"

By this time he had consumed a considerable quantity of wine,


WEHR

and in hushed tones he whispered an utterly improbable tale concerning a number of gently bred families of the region—the Marshes, the Gilmans, and the Eliots. I had heard of the volume to which he occasionally referred—a work called the Nekronomikon—but the tale was so incredibly fantastic that it seemed a product of a deranged mind. The tale, together with the hot alcoholic breath that he persisted in exhaling into my face, sickened me. I began to leave.

"You don't believe?" He hiccoughed. "Take a look in the church at the end of Washington Street, the one with the fallen steeple. Tonight, yes sir, tonight—"

He stopped abruptly as if realizing the extent of his revelation. An inexplicable fear grew in his unblinking, staring eyes. His lips clamed shut, and I knew that our conversation was concluded.

Still reluctant to brave the moldy, fishy dampness of my room, I strode out into the cool night. In the darkness the air of malignancy about the town had intensified, and the crumbling silent shapes about me seemed like watching monsters of fabulous grotesqueness. Presently I found myself before a church built in a clumsy Gothic fashion. Could this be the place to which the proprietor had so passionately and perhaps inadvertently referred?

Although the place was in darkness, the murmur of many voices drifted to me from the doorway.

I listened intently.

"Nyarlathotep...N'gah-Kthum...Ia-R'lyeh!...Cthulhu fhtgan! Ia! Ia!"

An insidious revulsion crept upon me, and yet at the same moment I was seized with an overwhelming compulsion to enter. The aged boards of the entrance creaked beneath my feet. I felt like an unholy intruder, an unwelcome participant in some phantasmagoric abomination, yet I continued forward as if hypnotized by the weird chorus. Soon I beheld a sea of narrow, fish-shaped heads silhouetted against the blackness, moving from side to side in rhythm with the ominous chant.

Abruptly the Thing appeared. Out of the blackness, as if from a caldron of flame, it burst into existence, a trans-cosmic horror, a monstrous profanation of all things holy. From its loathsome body came an aura of indescribable hatred—a hatred so intense it seemed that even its worshipers must burn and wither beneath its flaming fury.

I fled, screaming, my feet clattering over the wet cobblestone streets. Back to my hotel room I fled as if in a nightmare, locking my door, then lying half-hysterical on my bed until dawn forced its sickly gray light through my window.

What was the abomination I beheld that ill-fated night in Innsmouth? A creature surely not of this world. A creature from another planet? From Mars perhaps? And was I observed by the curiously misshapen worshipers? Will they search for me? Will they seek my death in order to insure the continued secrecy of their unmentionable rites?

The aura of hatred still burns in my memory like the unquenchable fire of Hell, and my dreams are kaleidoscopes of loathsomeness and horror...

For the third time this day, Surly Homes seized the neat morocco case from the corner of the mantelpiece. His long, nervous fingers extracted the hypodermic syringe, filled it with the colorless liquid from a small bottle, and rolled back his shirtcuff.

"Cocaine again?" I asked a bit sarcastically. "Or morphine?"

"Cocaine," he replied nonchalantly, "A seven-per-cent solution. But none of your harangues, Watchson. My mind craves stimulus. Life without exhilaration is unbearable. If intellectual stagnation

must be the inevitable compatriot of physical well-being, then I must prepare to meet my doom graciously."

I made no further attempt to dissuade the tall, ascetic figure. The week had been singularly uneventful, and a chilling pea-soup fog had

blanketed the city continually. Homes had paced our rooms at 221 Baker Street like a caged animal, pausing only to scrape his violin fitfully or to stretch out lazily on the sofa in a state of utmost depression, and then to bound for the hypodermic needle.

The needle was now poised over his scarred, dotted forearm when

a knock came at the door. I opened it and beheld the portly figure of our landlady, Mrs. Hudson.

"A letter for Mr. Homes," she said. "It came by the last post."

Listlessly, Homes stepped forward and took the letter. His languid eyes studied its message. Then his eyebrows lifted, and he murmured, "Remarkable, Watchson. Most remarkable. Look at this, old fellow. What do you make of it?"

The letter was dated midnight of the preceding night and ran in this way:

"My Dear Mr. Surly Homes:

I am a stranger in your city and country and have heard of your unusual reputation. I am at a loss in deciding how I may best understand your people and your way of life. I hope you will consent to be my guide for a short period of time. I will be at your lodgings tomorrow evening and am writing this so you will plan to remain at home.

Very truly yours,
Anhown Roule"

"Rather presumptuous," I remarked. "The famous Surly Homes becoming a guide!" I chuckled. "What will you do?"

He rubbed his long, nervous hands together furiously. "No, no, Watchson. You've missed it completely. The handwriting, Watchson—written with a pen and yet flawless, as if written by a machine. And the paper—" He held it up to the gaslight. "Peculiar. Most peculiar. Certainly not an English paper, and neither European nor American. I think, my dear Watchson, that we're going to have a most unusual visitor!"

As if in answer, rapid footsteps sounded outside our room. Homes threw down the letter. "On your toes, Watchson. The game's afoot!"

His composure renewed, Homes opened the door to admit our visitor. He was a small man, clad in a tight-fitting, immaculate coat and thin gray trousers, with no overcoat or hat. His narrow face was extremely florid, and his skin appeared tight and dry, suggestive of that of a mummy. The most significant aspect about him was his ears: large to the point of being elephantine and thrust outward to resemble pink, dry cups.

"Mr. Surly Homes?" he asked shrilly, and Homes nodded. I had suspected that Homes would display interest at the stranger's odd appearance, yet he maintained his air of nonchalance which almost bordered, I thought, on affectation.

"Mr. Roule," said Homes. "You want me to be your guide? Rather an intriguing proposition. You're a stranger to England?"

A slight apprehension came upon me as the small man, with some hesitation, seated himself. I seemed to sense an emanation of suppressed resentment, perhaps even of hatred, radiating from those dark, unblinking eyes.

"This is my first trip to England," said he.

"You have come a long ways?" asked Homes politely.

"Very far."

"And why do you require a guide?"

"I felt as if I needed not only a guide, but also a protector. I understand that your city is overrun with thieves, cutthroats, outlaws of all descriptions. I simply cannot feel secure here. I should wish to see the city as quickly as possible and then be on my way."

Homes thought for several seconds, observing the small man. "Really, my dear sir, I am afraid that I am at this time unable to accept employment by one who hates London as much as you. I suggest that you return at once to Mars."

I choked with alarm and astonishment. Mars? The great man's mind had snapped. Use of the needle had at last destroyed the sen-

(Continued on page 29)

I HOPE YOU ARE

ross rocklynne

shocked!

When I started selling science fiction many years ago, there was even then some discussion as to the reason for it all. What was science fiction, why did people read it, what made fans—what, in other words, was the fatal attraction here? We'll agree it is a kind of fatal attraction, a witch's beauty which hypnotizes us. At least I am agreed that after having read science fiction for twenty-five years, and having written it for seventeen, the alure is stronger than ever.

What the hell is the allure? Why is it that a gathering of science fiction fans, authors, editors, agents, artists—the whole gamut—is such a natural and wonderful fit for me? And for some thousands of others who stick by it year after year—and some who not only stick by it, but are hopelessly entangled—so that there is nothing else for them and, indeed, nothing else that they want.

Science fiction authors marry science fiction authoresses or fennes, as the word goes. Fan marries fan. Fans become editors, and big-shot authors still attend and revel in fan time affairs. Do you think you have the answer? Science fiction people like fantasy. Hmm. Or they like magic. Or they have large imaginations. One could generalize this way, and be quite circular, of course. But rather than go into past definitions of science fiction and the reason for its vast appeal, let us at once cast into the middle of the stream and haul in the big fish.

I am going to talk in terms of shock-value and Real Self.

I am also going to make a vague reference to a popular song which runs something like "You'll Find What You're Looking For Under Your Eyes, Right In Your Own Back Yard."

And I am also going to mention Joe Slotkin and Tetsu Yano, the former an upcoming young author, the latter a reporter-photographer from Japan who is also the only science fiction fan (so far as exhaustive search parties have been able to determine) on the island. At the last Westercon in Los Angeles, both these people were present. In writing a little squib in Tetsu's notebook, the term shock-value coined itself for me. In a restaurant later on at the tail end of the conference, Joe Slotkin and I suddenly realized where the "back yard" was. And so I knew, within myself, why science fiction is.

In talking with people, in letting them talk, I have been appalled, and shall be appalled again. For within these people is torment. I do not want to generalize here, I do not want to say that every individual lives in his Pit, but I do say that on many many people the cheerful smile, underneath, is a grimace of pain—and the firm pleasant handshake can be, again underneath, the screaming high-tension pressure of a man who is about to explode. Well, let us not look too closely at the lizards leaping about on the hot griddle. Let us, perhaps, avoid looking at ourselves. Let's at first look into the subject of what the hell it is that goes on with people.

People are born—and then Control sets in. And Control, the monster, comes from outside, more ruthless than any van Vogtian Couer. Control constantly says "I am right," "I am Basic Truth,"

"I am the Way Things Are Done."

People are born—and then Controlled.

I beg your pardon: Disciplined. Excuse me, Trained. Pardon, Educated. And I am wondering how deep I should go into this. Should I explain, for instance, that there are many cultures, in different parts of the world, and that there is an American Culture—that there are Accepted Codes of Behaviour and that these codes are beamed at us by our culture from the beginning of our lives. That these codes, with all their controlling pressures, are considered right. Are considered Basic Truth, are considered Good; and that what is opposed to them is Bad. And that these codes are different, in some respects, with each culture.

Any slick magazine story can explain this to you a hell of a lot better than I can. And they had damn well better continue to do so, to preach what is known as Good—Good being that which the culture says is good.

I am saying simply this: The run of fiction agrees with the circular patterns of our lives—and, indeed, is tailored to keep us there. The run of fiction carefully sustains the false realities we have accrued since birth through Control. A rather hideous thought comes in here, and I hope that by this time, if you have understood it thoroughly, that you have also buffered it out. That is, that your guards are up! For what if you, all of a sudden, really knew that most of what we say and do is not ourselves at all—that we act and think and feel almost entirely from accrued falseness—that what is really us is so far buried beneath the trashheap of ideas, beliefs, and identifications picked up through life, that we cannot be said to be in touch with Real Self at all!

The innocence of a child. How many times have we heard the phrase? And yet the word "innocence" implies a knowledge of good and evil. Sorry, a baby is not innocent—he merely is. And when you look into those blue eyes and see those eyes studying you, uncritically, impersonally, know then that you are seeing that which is interred within you—that part of you which, so feebly but desperately, is Self...and wishes to be free.

Self! Screaming to be free!

Look back at the first time you knew that science fiction was for you. The first time you looked enthralled on the guady cover—the guady cover which (convention, or Control, said) should be hidden from disapproving eyes. Was it You, the mass "beliefs," negations, mad fears and cautions, the multiple false You, which selected science fiction?

I think not.

The multiple falsities we live or lived by were shocked out of their goddam pants when our selves pulled their sneak play. And every time we got into a science fiction story they were shocked and bruised a little more. And Self got stronger...

The shock-value of science fiction.

Shocking us toward something basic within us; something basic that knew that science fiction was a chance to swing free into a beyond where the search has some good chance of beginning.

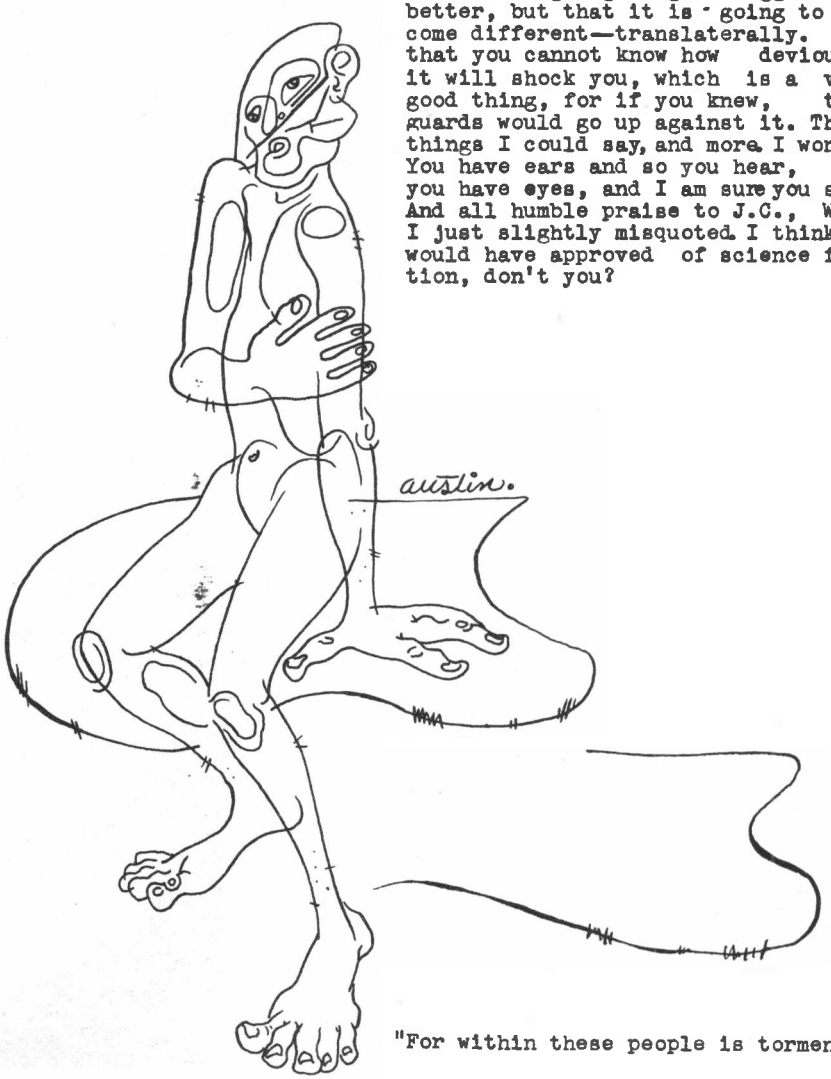
I did say beginning.

And why should I say more? The space ship (surely you know this) and the grandeur of distance and the throat filling, hurting beauty of the nebulae; the grappling with different concepts and mores; the frightful fling back through time—all these and others are symbols, and not what the search is about.

Symbols? Of what?

But already you've answered that one. It's in the song, remember? It's what you're looking for, it's what gives you the ache—it's "under your eyes, right in your own backyard." And science fiction is down at the corner drug store.

There is a <u>great</u> deal more to be said here. I could discuss a bit that science fiction is sneaky and tricky and being fantasy you <u>think</u> it is not reality. But that's why it's sneaky and tricky. I could say that science fiction is going to change, that it inevitably, for a reason within us, must change. Not that it is going to grow bigger and better, but that it is going to become different—translaterally. And that you cannot know how deviously it will shock you, which is a very good thing, for if you knew, then guards would go up against it. These things I could say, and more. I won't. You have ears and so you hear, and you have eyes, and I am sure you see. And all humble praise to J.C., Whom I just slightly misquoted. I think He would have approved of science fiction, don't you?



"For within these people is torment."

the birth of a Galaxy

GALAXY, n, the Milky Way; an assemblage of brilliant or splended persons or things...

I remember when I saw the first issue of GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, October 1950. That cover design, I thought, is just like the one they used on the first issues of Fantastic Adventures. Kind of an arty picture, nice but I prefer Bonestell. A contest! How cheap and commercial can you get? I looked at the contents page. There were one serial installment, two novelets, four short stories, one article, and several departments. Just the same as Astounding, I thought—no one else had ever used such a line-up. I looked through the book. Sure enough—they used small illustrations scattered through the story instead of one large lead picture like every other magazine used—except Astounding. They even ran the page headings at the bottom like Astounding. Who was "they"? I turned back to the contents page. The editor was somebody named H. L. Gold. He had written some pretty good stories for Unknown but what did he know about editing a science fiction magazine? There was nothing wrong in following Astounding's example in some things, but that meant that Gold was actually going to try to compete with Campbell! I smiled at the thought, laid the magazine down on the stand, and walked off.

Later, I bought it because I decided a first issue really should be added to my collection. I was right when I said Gold was going to try competing with Astounding. I was wrong in my idea that he could never even come close to besting JWC, Jr. The most ardent Campbellite—and there are none more respectful of the genius of that man than am I—must admit that with skill and labor, luck and money, Horace Gold has made Galaxy the leading magazine in science fiction.

But at the start it left me unimpressed—until I actually read the magazine. The use of a format similar to Astounding and of a contest and sketchy illustrations seemed unimportant in the face of the excellance of the stories—an excellance that has persisted rather amazingly even till today.

THIS ARTICLE WAS WRITTEN
THE OCCASION OF THE BEGINNI
OF GALAXY'S FOURTH YEAR
PUBLICATION—WITH ITS OCTOB
1954 ISSUE. IT IS A LITTLE LA
UNFORTUNATELY—WE DIDN'T G
THE IDEA UNTIL LATE AND J
DID A RUSH JOB FOR US AT TH
BUT HERE IT IS—AND TO YOU, M
GOLD, A BELATED HAPPY BIRTHDA

jim harmon

From the early issues, I particularly remember several stories. There was THE STONE AND THE SPEAR by Raymond Z. Gallum, perhaps the most effective portrayal of the scientist's dilemma in the twentieth century, yet a story Gold spoke of as taking only because he couldn't find one of a "less orthodox theme". It wasn't original, just the best. More original in concept was Ross Rocklynne's short JAYWALKER, concerning people who falsified their health records in order to travel space, to jaywalk the road that was barred to them. One of the people who jaywalked was the pregnant wife of the captain of the spaceship. It is a compelling piece of what the slicks call "domestic" fiction.

Then there were GOODNIGHT, MR. JAMES by Clifford D. Simak, which contained more plot twists than an anthology of O. Henry, and Theodore Sturgeon's treatment of his favorite subjects: multiple personality and multiple love in RULE OF THREE. Oddly, Isaac Asimov had a novelet in the early Galaxy on an almost Sturgeonish theme like this. Sturgeon also came up with one of his most original stories, THE STARS ARE THE STYX, involving space exploration via unpredetermaned, random teleportation.

Galaxy was moving ahead. It's covers got better and became the best in the field, finally getting Bonestell for his first non-Astounding cover in the science fiction medium. The inside illustrations remained sketchy and perhaps artistic but unappealing to fans like myself who preferred the detailed craftsmanship of Finlay, Lawrence, Cartier, and Bok. I wonder if the sketch is the proper media for an illustration for a story? A sketch conveys a mood or impression; an illustration is supposed to show a scene In this case, art should be photographic because a story illustration should ideally be a photograph of something that hasn't happened. Gold protested the protests over the art work and predican entirely new trend in science fiction art. He began using half tone wash drawings. These were good at first because they had solidity and reality, but soon they turned into half tone sketches—sketches in grease-stick and pencil instead of ink. Galaxy's art work still remains inferior to the printed contents of the magazine. The work of Emsh is its one bright spot and even then his work for Galaxy is not as good as much of his other material.

Among the short stories, I will nominate A PAIL OF AIR by Fritz Lieber as the best Galaxy ever has published. It lacked the social commentary of some of his portraits of a decadent tomorrow—the basis of his novel, GREEN MILLENIUM, an original outside the magazine—and also lacked the devestating punchline of his novelet for Gold, POOR SUPERMAN (which still makes neurotic little me mad), but it was an entirely believable and original idea in science fiction speculation—and a warm, human story, as well.

Fredric Brown and Mack Reynold's story of a "justifyable" murder and Brown's own sharp, short vignettes are outstanding.

Among the short novels, THE FIREMAN by Bradbury is most important since it served as the basis of Ray's first novel, FARHENHEIT 451, a sensitive anti-utopia story of a book burning future Sturgeon's BABY IS THREE served to cornerstone MORE THAN HUMAN—the International Fantasy Award winner, a tale of gesalt telepaths. Widely acclaimed but superficial is Wyman Guinn's story of universal schizophrenia, BEYOND BEDLAM.

Gold's own story, THE OLD DIE RICH, was justly popular.

The serials have been the most outstanding part of Galaxy—all have seen book publication. The first was Clifford Simak's TIME QUARRY (hardcovered as TIME AND AGAIN; paperbacked as FIRST HE DIED). Simak seems to me to be the Perfect Science Fiction Writer (tho he is not necessarily my favorite). At his best he has the command of plot that van Vogt does, the sensitive style awareness of Bradbury, and the scientific

validity and speculation of Heinlein.

This novel has been accused of over complication but it still strikes me as a compelling and surprising story of philosophical overtones.

It concerns, as you may remember, a time travel involvement with the problem of the human-like android. The protagonist is supposed to have written a book in the future proving that all living creatures possess Destiny—a microscopic intelligent life-form. This would, in effect, prove that androids were the equal of human life. The pros and cons to this contention fight for the loyalty of the central charactor.

Galaxy's second novel was Issac Asimov's novel of space spying, TYRANN (hardcovered as THE STARS, LIKE DUST). Ike is not only one of the nicest guys in science fiction, but one of its ablest writers. Any novel of his is bound to be smooth, slick, professional, meaty, and literate. This was no exception.

The novel is about a search through space for a rebel world. Part odyssey, part spy thriller, part foundation-type science fiction, it is fine entertainment.

Cyril Judd's (Merrill and Kornbluth) MARS CHILD stunk. Merril completely dominated Kornbluth with her smothering soap-opera style. She is capable of slick, intellectual writing, but she rarely employs it—perhaps because soap-opera sells better. If so, it is the fault of editors, not herself.

Hardcovered as MARS OUTPOST, the story dealt with drug addiction, birth, and doctoring on a relatively realistic (from a scientific if not literate viewpoint) Mars.

Kornbluth and Mr. Judith Merril's (Fredrick Pohl) novel, GRAVY PLANET (book published under the title SPACE MERCHANTS), was an entirely different thing. Though starting out in a decadent atmosphere, it developed into a fine social novel of a possible future in which advertising becomes our chief cultural influence. A minor element, Chicken Little, a protoplasmic mountain of chicken flesh that constantly grows and is chopped off for food, sticks in my mind—and throat. I try not to think about it on a full stomach.

I have not as yet read Kornbluth and Pohl's recent Galaxy serial. GLADIATOR AT LAW, but I expect it will be good, altho evidently (from a lack of reaction) not up to the GRAVEY PLANET standard.

Then there is Asimov's CAVES OF STEEL. See my previous comments on Isaac's work. This is probably the most faithful interdevelopement of the traditional science fiction novel (one involving Asimov's own Laws of Robotics) and the traditional detective novel.

THE DEMOLISHED MAN by Alfred Bester is also a detective-science fiction novel, but a unique, offtrail job, involving an overpowering set of literary devices. At the time of reading, I thought it was the greatest science fiction novel I had ever read. This opinion has dimmed with time and the lack of immediacy of Bester's clever tricks. Not to underestimate those brilliant devices, but a novel can't be all brains, it has to have heart—and THE DEMOLISHED MAN lacks heart. It remains an outstanding book, even so.

To close as I began, Simak's serial, RING AROUND THE SUN, was an interesting science fantasy but not up to his fine TIME QUARRY.

Put all these fine novel-serials, shorts, novelets, and short novels together with the regular features and you have Galaxy.

From the first, Gold has written fascinating editorials. True, he fascinated us at first with enthralling tales of Galaxy's quality, but of late he has revealed rare humor and a slanted insight into the past and future.

I rarely agree with what Groff Conklin has to say in his book reviews for Five Star Shelf, but I wish I could say it as well. I do wish he could make up his mind whether Merritt's novels, for instance, are "mental pablum" or "fine old melodramas".

No one can disagree with what Willy Lew has to say. The man is

(Continued on page 29)

fantastic worlds

the literary quarterly
of science fiction

is the only amateur science-fiction or fantasy publication indexed in "A Checklist of New Fantastic Stories Published in American Magazines in 1953," in Portals of Tomorrow, edited by August Derleth (Rinehart, 1954).

Our review of Flying Saucers Have Landed was quoted extensively and discussed at length in the British publication New Worlds (July, 1954).

Among the stories reprinted in the new collection of Wilson Tucker's short stories, The Science-Fiction Subtreasury, are two from amateur magazines: one from fantastic worlds and one from Fiendetta.

The seventh issue, out in October, features a cover by Neil Austin; two short stories, "The Winners," by Raymond T. Shafer, Jr., and "Susan," by Clive Jackson; illustrations by Tom Reamy and Jim Hawkins; a long satiric poem, "Admonition," by A. Bertram Chandler; "Fielding: Writer of Fantasy," a bicentenary evaluation by S. J. Sackett; and the first of Stewart Kemble's brilliant "Revaluations" of fantasy classics, the one appraising The War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells.

In addition, the regular review section, containing challenging, stimulating, and controversial criticism by Forrest J. Ackerman, Noreen Kane Falasca, A. Winfield Garske, Rory M. Faulkner, Gordon G. Leggat, S. J. Sackett, and Tom Tilsen.

The price is still only 30¢ a copy, $1 a year. All previous issues are now out of print.

FANTASTIC WORLDS

411 W. Sixth St.

Hays, Kansas

PERHAPS WE SHOULD TAKE THIS AS A WARNING...

My Introduction to Fandom

Since I am a comparative newcomer to the professional science fiction field, I'm going to start this article by introducing myself.

The name is Paul Blaisdell, although if any of you have seen some of my older art work, you probably know me as Paul Dell. Originally a barbarian from the frozen wastelands of Massachusetts, I now reside in Los Angeles. I can usually be reached through the office of the Fantasy Publishing Company at 8320 S. Avalon Blvd.

Said office is the property of one William Crawford; a nice, hard working guy who edits a magazine called SPACEWAY. Some feel that this controversial little SF mag should be renamed the PHOENIX, since no matter how tough things get, it inevitably rises from its own ashes and keeps right on going while some of its more sophisticated companions have suffered from a total eclipse.

I've had the privelege of helping Bill out with the last three issues of SPACEWAY, and we've waded through a variety of economic cover processes ranging from two color to no color. (We fooled you on the June 54 issue—made the cover design in black and white and let the printer put the color on. He's been conferred the honorary title of staff artist.)

My only other claim to fame is having recently sold one of my covers to a Swedish magazine called Hapna (Astonishing Stories).

Having exhausted my reaction mass to bring us up to the reason for writing this article, I'll spend the rest of the wordage in free fall bellowing about that reason.

Forrest Ackerman, who at present is my agent, works pretty hard trying to get as much publicity coverage as possible for his clients. When he asked me for a painting to take to the 12th World Science Fiction Convention, I made up two, in full color, putting in every element of science fiction I could think of, except Bill Hamling and Ray Palmer. However, the illos were stuffed with girl, robot, BEM, alien landscape, rocket, etc. Wotta job!

They represented a month's hard work, but fortunately I had an early start and was finished in time for the convention.

Needless to say, I spent the Labor Day week end alternately working and chewing my fingernails down to the elbows wondering how the fans and pros would take to the new artwork of an unknown SF illustrator. When word finally came the following Wednesday, that most of the people got a big kick out of the sad-eyed cephalopod washed up on the antidulluvian beach, and the black negliged girl waving farewell to her boy friend's rocket, I was overjoyed. The pics had fulfilled their purpose because in my own small way I had provided some amusement for the convention.

I also thought I had two cover designs that I could offer for sale when the convention committee turned them over to Forry, and he returned them to me.

Such was not the case however. It seems that in the wee small hours of the last night of the convention, some drooling, juvenile minded anthropoid scuffed his way into the lobby of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel, tucked my picture display under his arm and, gibbering with glee, scuttled off into the night.

When I heard about it I felt like somebody had kicked me in the stomach. I, who had, despite the warnings of well meaning friends, refused to take any legal measures to protect the paintings during their trip to the SFCon, believing that a more idealistic group of people than a SF convention could hardly be found.

Why did the person, or persons, steal them? Not because they dislike me—they don't even know me. They can't sell them; I can too easily prove they're mine. If they wanted copies of them that

paul blaisdell

badly, they could have sent me the price of two 8x10 color prints.

So why? Could it be that his infantile mind couldn't resist clutching at brightly colored objects? We'll probably never know.

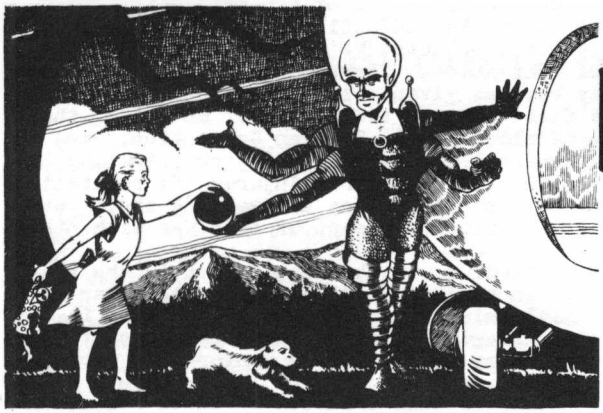
But this we do know. The sticky fingered idiot, whoever and wherever he or she may be, has given science fictiondom one helluva black eye. For the first time in twelve years, an act of theft has been commited at a World Science Fiction Convention, and no illustrator can ever again feel entirely safe in contributing his work. This saucer-worshiping screwball has injured the reputation of his fellow fans just at the time they are working their ears off trying to persuade the public to accept SF on a par with other good literature.

Now if this hopped up hoodlum thinks that I live in the heart of Hollywood, drive a sequin studded Caddilac, and will never miss the two pictures, he's sadly mistaken. I live in Southern LA, in what's popularly called a garage apartment. That means I share the place with my 46 Chevvy (and my wife). It's a comfortable arrangement, however, and the Chevvy and I are very happy with it. We just miss the food and gasoline that the sale of those illustrations might have bought for us.

I can add nothing further, except my hopes that something like this doesn't happen again and my sincerest gratitude to the fan who might someday discover the crud with my paintings, and let me know where I can get my tractor beams on him.

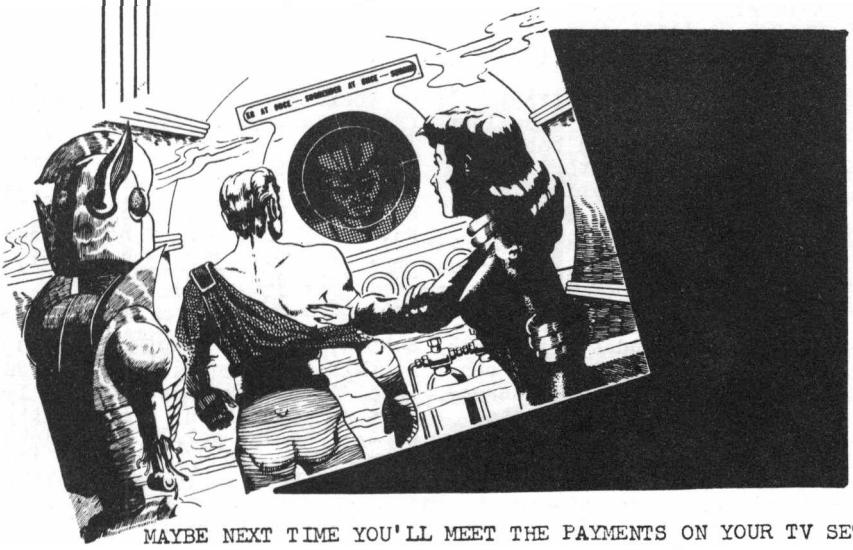
In the meantime, I'm going back to my drawing board, and my hopes for the future. Thanks, Ron, for letting me blow off steam on my introduction to fandom.

SINCE THE WRITING OF THIS ARTICLE WE'VE RECEIVED HAPNA, NUMBERS 7 AND 8—BOTH SPORTING PAUL DELL COVERS. AND PAUL TELLS US HE'S JUST FINISHED A BOOK JACKET FOR WINSTON. GOOD LUCK, BOY! SOME OF HIS ART FOLLOWS ON THE NEXT PAGE, WHEREBY HE HAS A LITTLE FUN WITH HIMSELF, LEAST THINGS BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY...



...AND THIS, LITTLE GIRL, IS A MARTIAN LOLLYPOP.

KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS!



MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL MEET THE PAYMENTS ON YOUR TV SET!

the recent books

There are two types of book reviewers whose output is never distinguished by lack of quantity. They are the professional "boosters" whose job it is to discover new literary greatness for each appearance of their columns; and their opposites who take pleasure in lengthy vilification even of books unworthy of serious consideration of any kind.

Your present reviewer considers it his function to compile for readers of INSIDE as complete a listing of the new science fiction as possible, and to indulge his enthusiasm for those titles on the list that he thinks are good. It's a simple job this time, for the list is short and includes nothing of outstanding merit.

The best recent novel is a paperbound, Chad Oliver's SHADOWS IN THE SUN (Ballantine, 152pp, 35¢). Anthropologist Oliver tells of anthropologist Paul Ellery who is making a community study of Jefferson Springs, Texas (pop. 6000). After applying the techniques of the profession for two months, Ellery discovers that Jefferson Springs is a typical Texas small town. According to statistics derived from similar studies, Jefferson Springs is 100%—and therefore impossibly—typical. A chance sighting of what appears to be a spaceship landing at a nearby ranch suggests to Ellery that he may be the native and the seemingly simple folk of Jefferson Springs may be studying him. But if these statistically impeccable "natives" are extra-terrestrials, the solved problem but leads to another: Why? Why do they so thoroughly embrace the normal life of a backwater town on a backwater planet? To Ellery's surprise he is urged to join the aliens, to learn their purpose in masquerading as Earthmen, eventually to become, in all ways possible, one of them. Oliver's explanations unfold bit by bit throughout a wholly interesting story; and when Ellery, faced with a choice of remaining a self-aware aborigine or of becoming an adopted citizen of a galactic civilization, makes an unsatisfactory choice, you nevertheless know that it was the better one.

Murray Leinster's protagonist in OPERATION: OUTER SPACE (Fantasy Press, 208pp, $3) is a solidograph producer saddled with an unpleasant public relations job on the moon. A chain of events too involved for delineation here takes him unexpectedly on the first —and highly impromptu!—interstellar flight. From there on the book is very typical space opera. The crew—perhaps the most unprepared in all s.f.—visits several planets, transmitting to Earth solidograph shows of their adventures. Not much in the way of scientific or philosophic overtures, but entertaining in a science fictional way nonetheless.

Swordplay and sorcery in fanciful, legendary, or prehistoric lands have long seemed to have particular appeal to readers of science fiction. Without attempting to explain, much less to understand the phenomenon, I'll pass on to three books that are generously supplied with the mentioned ingredients. (And I thankfully note that publishers generally have discontinued the misleading

practice of labeling such stories s.f.) From Gnome Press are two: CONAN THE BARBARIAN (224pp, $3), bringing together six stories of a popular series by Robert E. Howard from 1933-35 Weird Tales; and also from WT (1934-36 & 39) a collection of five Northwest Smith and two Jirel of Joiry stories by C. L. Moore, NOTHHWEST OF EARTH (212pp, $3). Although the adventures of Northwest Smith occur in interplanetary future, they are accompanied by the elements of sorcery and strange gods befitting Weird Tales. The third book of magic and primitive combat is THE BROKEN SWORD by Poul Anderson (Abelard-Schuman, 274pp, $2.75), a tale told "with a bow to the old Icelandic Sagas".

THE BEST SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES: 1954, ed. by Bleiler and Dikty (Fell, 316pp, $3.50) is the sixth annual volume of the series, and includes indices (by author and title) of the entire series. Original sources for 1954 are Mag of F & SF (5), Amazing (2), Astounding (2), Galaxy (2), and Fantastic and Avon SF & F Reader (1 each). The stories: Leiber, "The Big Holiday" and "A Bad Day For Sales" (and the Guest Introduction, "Icon of the Imagination"); Vance, "D P!"; Dewey and Dancey, "The Collectors"; McIntosh, "One in Three Hundred"; Shallit, "Wonder Child"; Miller, "Crucifixus Etiam"; Morrison, "The Model of a Judge"; Matheson, "The Last Day"; Bester, "Time is the Traitor"; Moore, "Lot" (my favorite); Goldsmith, "Yankee Exodus"; and Clifton and Apostolides, "What Thin Partitions".

For convenience in discussing non-fiction books on scientific subjects, they may be pigeon-holed in accordance with their closeness to original thought. At one extreme would be the first publication of results of research or of a new theory. Such writings usually appear in professional and other esoteric journals; however the book THE PLANETS by Urey (reviewed in these pages, July 1952) is an example. Next to such books I would place those which gather together ideas from several sources in such a way as to be valuable as basic references. Such a book is often only a history of thought in its field, although it may become an original contribution itself by developing theories or philosophies out of the synthesis it presents.

A HISTORY OF MECHANICAL INVENTIONS by Abbott Payson Usher (revised edition, Harvard, 1954, 450pp, $9) is the sort of book last mentioned. In its original edition (1929) it was a narrative history of several selected fields of mechanical invention. The author states that there has been considerable revision to the original text, but the character of the entire book is now changed with the addition of four chapters in which the author "develops a theory of invention based of Gestalt psychology, and a concept of social evolution as continuous development from antiquity to the present." It is a theory worthy of attention, yet the value of the remainder of the book, which is purely objective, does not depend upon the theory's validity. For several years I tried unsuccessfully to buy a copy of this book; its reappearance, with the added contribution to the logic of discovery, is doubly welcome.

At the other extreme of my pigeon-holing system are the "popularizations", which vary greatly in their depth of presentation. One which assumes no scientific knowledge in the reader is DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE by Fritz Kahn (Crown, 373pp, $5). This book is a handsome, well-made vol with 150 illustrations. It divides into four sections labeled "The World of Modern Physics", "The Atom", "The Heavens", and "Earth". It makes considerable use of picture-language throughout; and although it doesn't avoid chemical symbols, there is a tendency to use multiples of homely analogies in place of more precise numbers. Generally, the illustrations (both pictorial and verbal) that explain the abstract in terms of the concrete familiar are ingenious, and lose no more accuracy than other such presentations I've seen (although that is a lot!). It was written for the adult layman, but among science fiction read-

ers, I suspect it is only the young whom it would benefit.

Norbert Wiener, author of CYBERNETICS (Wiley, 1948), has done an extensive job of revising his THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS (Houghton Mifflin, 1950, revised edition, Anchor Books, 1954, 199 pp, paper, 75¢). Subtitled "Cybernetics and Society", this book is a popularization in the sense that it includes no mathematics and asks the reader to accept on faith what Dr. Wiener says cybernetics can and will do. It restricts itself to no maximum-level of education or intelligence, and makes very pertinent observations concerning what this reviewer considers to be one of the three most vital problems facing contemporary humanity. And in an article titled "Cybernetics, Science Fiction, and Survival" (Fantasy Advertiser, November, 1951), Clyde Beck convincingly shows that this book is of especial interest to science fiction readers.

THE MARTIAN WHO HATED PEOPLE

sitive tissues of the once great brain.

And yet the small man, with an inarticulate roar of fury, made for the door, his eyes like those of a fear-crazed beast intent upon escape. A moment later he was gone, his swift footfalls fading into silence.

Homes smiled, his eyes bright."I am not mad, Watchson. My deductions were logical and inevitable. The nature of the letter's handwriting at once indicated a most unusual intellect, one that could produce handwriting with a machine-like precision. The appearance of the man was similarly informative. He approached our lodgings with the utmost rapidity; yet unlike our other visitors, he was not in the least out of breath after scrambling upstairs. Indeed, during his stay I observed him to take only two long, barely perceptible breaths. His respitory system obviously requires very little oxygen.

"The dryness of his skin indicated his homeland to be a place of little or no moisture, and the strange development of his ears reveals beyond a doubt that he lives in a quite thin atmosphere. Such conditions, taken together, are to be found only, if I recall my astronomy, on the planet Mars. His presence here was apparently dictated by his superiors. He was sent to observe life on our planet, even though he detested it."

He cocked his head quizically. "I may have acted rashly in letting him escape, for a visitation by a Martian must indeed be infrequent—but I find myself thoroughly disinclined to serve one who so disparages our beloved London."

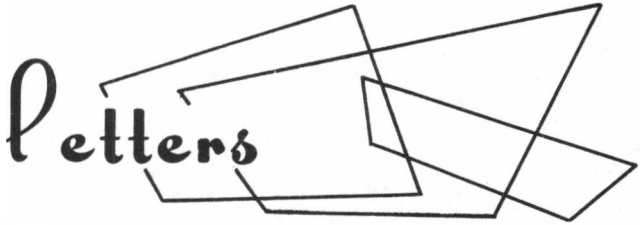
I gasped in awe at the tall, proud figure. "Remarkable, Homes. Utterly remarkable!"

Homes shrugged, picking up his battered violin with reborn enthusiasm. "Elementary, my dear Watchson. Elementary."

THE BIRTH OF A GALAXY

a real genius and it was indeed an act of genius for Gold to acquire his For Your Information. I just can't understand how he can make me understand such complex science; I suppose everyone feels that way.

That's about it—a review of Galaxy. I'll admit that it isn't the best possible review of the best extant magazine. And it is a partisan review. There are criticisms that could be made, and I've made them all and added a few at other times. But this is for Galaxy's birthday and I'd like to consider it a present to H. L. Gold in return for personal understanding of an obscure fan and the hours and years of rewarding entertainment.



ROY SQUIRES: I quite approve of the editorial stand you outlined, Ron: "I would have no definition at all of what constitutes a science fiction story, but rather each story would be judged, according to my own values, as a separate, unique entity. It wouldn't have to follow the rules—either of formula or correct English. It wouldn't have to have a plot. It wouldn't have to have description. It wouldn't have to have dialogue. In fact, it wouldn't have to be science fiction. It would only have to be a good story, within itself, as compared to nothing else." If I'd published another issue of the Advertiser, I would've included this from a letter from Gregg Butterfield: "Hell, let's quit worrying about whether it's s.f. or not. The readers who read nothing but s.f. are only going through an adolescent phase—or are beyond hope. The best mystery, historical, boudoir, etc., stories have been received by the public as novels first—the labeling, if any, was secondary." And I had written this comment: "I think we've been too conscious of ourselves as a precisely defined minority. Perhaps what we're waiting for, what science fiction should strive for, is a casual realization on the part of the literate public that scientific work is a normal area of human activity, that there will be a future and that one may think—and write—about it sanely, and that today's scientific activity will have a direct bearing on the shape that future will take." And, if I'd needed a filler, I'd've thrown in a quote from Jules Lemaitre, the French playwright and critic: "Let us love the books which please us, and cease to trouble ourselves about classifications." Even so, I would have continued to stump for the kinds of science fiction I like and to take issue with the critics who seem to think that it shouldn't exist. (There are such, you know: Derleth, Bester, Sackett, and Crossen are examples.)...Which reminds me of another letter I would've published.

FROM SAM SACKETT: The reason that the Spec. Dept. did not accumulate more recommendations in the physical sciences, as I apprehend, is that people don't care what kind of a system it would take not to develop Kepler's third law (or whatever the problem was). The kind of sterile scholasticism revealed in that question—or for that matter in Mission of Gravity—has just precisely the appeal of how many angels might dance on the point of a pen: a few odd fellows, working in a vacuum intellectually, will get all sweated with the mental exercise, but the vast world at large has always been so concerned with people and life that it has (and rightly, I think) taken no interest in such fruitless gymnastics...Sam.

I'd like to answer your one paragraph, Sam, with about forty, but that wouldn't be fair. I would like to agree that Spec. Dept. type thinking can lead to stories like Mission of Gravity and to tell at length why I think that was an excellent story. I would like to show the vast differences between that kind of speculation and the angels on pinheads kind: that s.f. speculators and the medieval philosophers (of all times, including the present) view the significance of their conclusions in quite different lights; and that the one kind of speculation is rooted in observable fact and the other is not. And I would like to contend that mental exercise for its own sake is less deplorable than is reading that offers no such exercise. And I would like to demonstrate that such specula-

tion can be concerned with people and life—and that people and life are not the entirety of the universe. As you said another time, Sam, we are "rather diametrically opposed in our interests." And insofar as that divergence has a bearing on science fiction, I think we have the makings of a fine argument that would be of interest to the readers of INSIDE and fantastic worlds. If I can persuade Ron to go along with me, I would like to challenge you to such an argument. You and your staff could present your case in fantastic worlds: I would try to round up some more competent help for my side who'd write in INSIDE. Arguments on both sides have appeared through the years, spread thinly through many media. I think it would serve a healthful purpose to focus them into the two magazines in a short space of time. What say you, Sam and Ron? Anyone for debate?

((What about it, Sam?))

DIRCE ARCHER: SFA/INSIDE arrived today as quite a surprise. Gone are the days of the dignified and different it seems, for despite its paper and method of publication the illustrations alone make it just another fanzine. Not bad it is admitted, but still not something one can leave in the living room as in the past.

((No, we're not dignified; we try not to be. Naturally we feel it is better to travel with the worst and try to be a little better than with the best and never be as good as you pretend. As for being different—we try, in some ways, to be different from every fanzine, including the old Advertiser. And, incidentally, illustrations alone don't make a magazine. We suggest you read the magazine and then look at it as a whole, before you make your judgements.))

RALPH STAPENHORST, JR: I'm afraid I can't bring myself to do the type of artwork which you want, if the art in INSIDE #6 is any sample. I find most of it very poor. The only exceptions are Dollens' filler and Neil Austin's two pieces (which I liked in technique but not especially in subject matter. Please bring back the wonderful Dollens covers which SFA featured. I also wish you would use more Dollens art inside and less of the art of your other artists, except for Austin, and the Hunters (both Alan and Mel)... Although I rate "The Science Fiction Movie" as the best article (and it was by far), I nevertheless disagree strongly with many of its basic premises. Therefore, I shall proceed to dissect it piece by piece: First, I should like to substitute in place of WAR OF THE WORLDS (which I admit was a "cold, unfeeling story") the motion

picture which I feel will probably be first in the hearts of most science fiction fans, DESTINATION MOON. Having changed the list slightly, I will then feel that I can answer Mr. Lewis' question with: I don't know about the general public, but I think these movies will have a more lasting place in the memory of science fiction fans than THE EGYPTIAN. Also, it may be pointed out that I have heard many "average" movie goers complaining that the movie (THE EGYPTIAN) "stunk." This seems to be because of the very complicated plot (at least for movies.) But you won't hear s.f. fans complaining, for they enjoyed a picture which for once did not have a simple plot. And they would probably be glad to see some s.f. movies with a little more plot. But nevertheless, they feel that technical accuracy was the biggest hurdle, and are more than satisfied with Pal's great achievements...It cannot be truthfully said that THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL had a "cold, unfeeling" or "juvenile" plot. Admittedly the plot was simple, but many of the worlds' greatest stories have simple plots. The quality of writing is what counts. John W. Campbell's well known statement that a weak idea well done is much better than an excellent idea poorly done holds true here, and also in the cases of DESTINATION MOON, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, and several other s.f. pictures. Admittedly the music for THE EGYPTIAN is very good, but what about the music from DESTINATION MOON? Has Mr. Lewis heard the Columbia recording of it? Does he really consider it "loud noises at strategic points"?...I feel that Mr. Pal is correct in his assumption that "well known" actors are not important in a science fiction movie. In fact, I feel they are not important in any movie. What matters is the skill of the actors, and although the actors in THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, DESTINATION MOON, and WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE may not have won any Oscars, they certainly were very good actors, and played their parts as well as was needed...So Mr. Lewis thinks science fiction films must have good love interest? Or love interest, to any extent, at all? Well, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL got along without it, and very well at that. George Pal (in Astounding, Oct. 1953) doesn't think s.f. fans think it's necessary, and I agree with Mr. Pal.

((THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL had it, Ralph. Besides, you forget Lewis' main point: He was suggesting a s.f. movie that would make more money than any have made so far. Now, it wouldn't do that if only s.f. fans went to see it. I think that's the case for love interest. On the other hand, I don't think it's necessarily the case for a good picture, after having seen THE EGYPTIAN. But I'll let Lewis answer your other points, if he wants. I certainly don't want to get mixed up in it, since I disagree with both of you... I won't take exception to your statement that most of the art in INSIDE #6 was poor either, since of course it was, to you. And that makes it an unarguable point. Rather, I disagree with your prejudice for just one type of art. I think that if you plan to seriously take up the study of art, you had better give your present standards a double check. Dollens, Bonestell, and Hunter are good draftsmen, not artists. But they are good, damned good, and I like them. I also like Emsh, Freas, Picasso, Moore, Matisse, Lautrec and dozens of others, as well as all the artists in INSIDE. You can't judge an artist by the type of work he does, only by how well he does it and by those standards, as you have said, Austin is good. And a really good artist, I feel, is versitile. He isn't restricted to one type of work because of a lack of ability, and he doesn't restrict himself out of choice, either. Some things he will do better than others, true—but he'll be willing to try just about anything. Of course each artist has his own ethics—some won't do commercial art—and you have yours. But we do suggest you try something besides scratchboard space scenes. As for Dollens—we'll have one of his covers on a future issue if we can swing it. And also Mel Hunter. But we don't want a preponderance of art from any one

artist. We have about a dozen artists willing to do work for us—and we intend to use them all. Some are better than others, but we feel that, in their own way, without comparing them either to Joe Fan or Toulouse-Lautrec, they are all worthwhile and deserving of a chance to be printed and to improve.))

RICHARD BARRON: I was recently sent the November issue of SFA and found to my surprise and later my consternation that its title and content had been changed considerably...Your introductory policy editorial was interesting and, I confess, disheartening in many respects. Most discouraging, as you might perhaps guess, was your decision to include fiction, fan fiction at that. I am not familiar with your publication, INSIDE, but if the three stories in this issue are typical of what you normally feature, let us have no more of them. I shall say no more about this; simply note one subscriber's protest. The inclusion of fan art work is not intrinsically objectionable but I suggest you hold it down to the front cover and perhaps one interior at most. The current cover exemplifies not lack of artistic ability but rather ignorance of scientific prediction. (I refer you to the last chapter in William Howells' "Mankind So Far.") And unless you receive long, critical letters (resembling an article) on one particular feature of an issue, I further request that you merely summarize in the editorial reader reaction rather than printing individual letters. You're no doubt familiar with Fredric Brown's satirical gibes at fan letters in his "What Mad Universe."...Most heartening was your recognition of and insistence on the magazine's primary function, advertising.

((We like to think of INSIDE as a means by which people can express themselves. Since we aren't in the position to make money, that is the only purpose left to us. Art is a medium of expression, whereby the artist puts his feelings, moods, ideals on paper. Fiction is a similar means of expression. Both, we feel, in their purest forms, are abstract. Articles and essays are a more direct, straight-forward means of expression. They appeal to the intellect while art and fiction appeal both to the intellect and the emotions. All three, we feel, are important—if we didn't feature them we wouldn't be fulfilling our purpose...If last issue's cover was scientifically incorrect you had better notify Galaxy and Gnome Press also. After mailing the issue to the printer's, we bought a copy of Galaxy featuring an interior very similar, and later we noticed it again on a dust jacket. As for Fred Brown's satirical gibes—I don't give a damn. Will try to have Oliver answer your questions concerning his article next issue. In the meantime, what about Rocklynne's?))

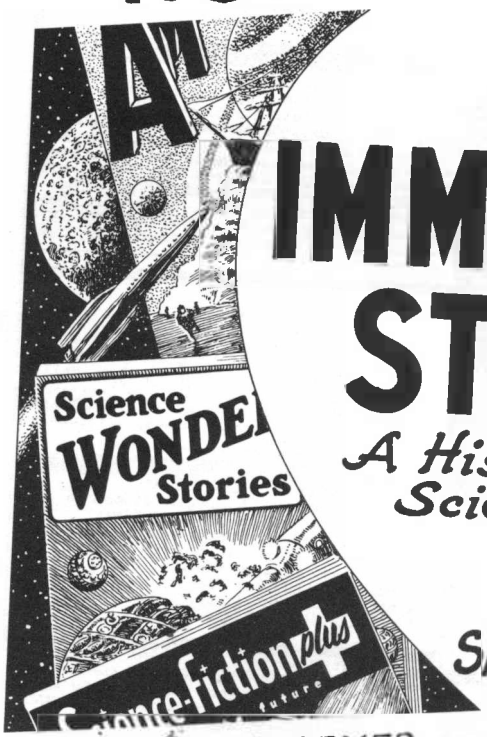
BOB TUCKER: INSIDE arrived and muchly liked. Muchly. I preferred the back cover to the front, but I guess it was the footprints that captured my admiration. The best yarn in the issue, far and away was "The Old Man." With a certain amount of revision and spacing—not padding, but spacing to lengthen the story—that might sell to some of the magazines. It needs more background, more "mood" to sell the prehistoric setting, and it should be commercial. And I may as well admit that I did not understand "How Can A Man Be Himself?" I caught something of the idea Bunch was driving at, but on the whole it left me puzzled. Don Howard Donnell will be a writer someday. Already his published work shows improvement over his early stories but he is still making things difficult for himself by clinging to an out-moded theme—love, lovliness, and romantic interludes. I'm all for romance in fiction, but in s.f. it must be kept in the background and not allowed to interfere with the main theme or plot...Chad Oliver's piece was fine. I liked it so well I intend to quote from it in a talk on science fiction novels.

NOW READY!

The IMMORTAL STORM

A History of Science Fiction Fandom

By SAM MOSKOWITZ



INDEXED

PLUS 12 PAGES OF PHOTOS

$5

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Order Now From

CARSON F. JACKS
713 COVENTRY ROAD
DECATUR, GEORGIA

Almost 200,000 words——Dust jacket by FRANK R. PAUL

Micro Ads

Advertising in this section 50¢ per column inch, etc. Micro Ad copy must be submitted fully prepared. It may be typed (with a reasonably new ribbon, please) or written, printed, and/or drawn in black ink. Copy should be exactly twice the size in each dimension of the magazine space it is to occupy, e.g., a column inch would be 4½ x 2 inches. Eleven lines of 43 pica or 52 elite characters are absolute maximums.

If you want a FREE sample copy of the fan magazine voted FIRST PLACE in a recent poll, print your name and address on a postcard and send it to

PSYCHOTIC
c/o Richard E. Geis
2631 N. Mississippi
Portland 12, Oregon

"Have over one thousand stf and fantasy mags and books to sell or trade for U. S. coins. Lists are available. Harry Hetzel
116 Gallatin
Connellsville, Penna.

For Sale, Astoundings: 50 Complete Year 25c 49 Complete 25c;48 Complete 25c/47 Complete 35c/46 All but Oct. & Dec. 40c/45 All but May, June & Aug. 50c/44 June, Nov. Oct. 50c 43 May, June, Jul. Aug. Sept. Oct. Nov. 60c 42 Jan. Feb. Apr. May, Sept. Oct. Dec. 75c 41 Complete 75c/40 Complete 75c/ 39 All but May, June & Sept. 75c/38 All but Apr. 75c 37 Feb. Mar. Apr. Aug. Nov. 75c/36 May, Oct. Nov. Dec 75c/35 Mar. Aug. Oct. Nov. 85c B.C A.W. Purdy, 3321 Vanness, Vancouver 16, Can.

ONE OF THE MOST SINGULARLY APROPRIATE LIMITED EDITIONS EVER PUBLISHED, which will be a science fiction collector's "Highlight" from now on. The asbestos-bound, 200 copy edition of Ray Bradbury's FAHRENHEIT 451-- the book-burning novel muchly expanded from the Galaxy story, "The Fireman". New copies, numbered, signed by Bradbury, $4, ppd., from John Valentine, 415 E. Broadway, Glendale 5, Calif.

WANTED!

The 1942 Mammoth Detective containing "The Metal Monster Murders" by David V. Reed (or the pocket book version called I believe, "I Thought I'd Die")..... Will pay $1 (or maybe more!)..Don Wilson 838D 19th St., Santa Monica, California.

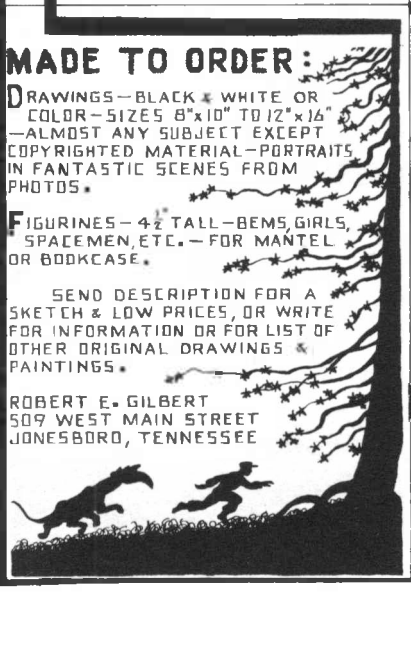
RECENT NEW SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS—

50% OFF

SEND FOR CATALOG

L.F. Vogel, 61 Berkshire Road, Needham 92, Massachusetts.

FANTASY COLLECTORS
My stock includes thousands of scarce books and magazines. Perhaps I may have some of your tough wants. A list is yours - free, just drop me a card. I also have a large stock of comic books. Will quote prices on these against your want lists. Claude Held, 372 Dodge St., Buffalo 8, N.Y.



Have the lst 12 issues of AMAZING STORIES complete from Vol. 1 No. 1 including the Annual and Quarterly in MINT condition. Will trade ALL of them for any 2 of the following 7 magazines: BLACK BOOK DETECTIVE-Issue before 1938 with story "One-And-A-Half Murders" COLLEGE LIFE- Issue during 1928 with story "The Good Die Young; SERENADE-March, 1934; ILLUSTRATED LOVE-November, 1930; March, 1932; October, 1932; March, 1934. Other magazines wanted and sold. Send for lists. Bob's Book Barn, 3850 East 38 Street, Newburgh Heights, Ohio.

THE US ARMY AND 2,000 S-F MAGS DO NOT GET ALONG! My whole collection is gatthering dust in a closet: Astoundings from 1943 to the present, Galaxy from the First issue, Amazing, Fantastic, Weird, Planet, FFM, Startling, Thrilling Wonder, Fantastic Novels, Avon Fantasy Reader, all the mags published between 1945 and 1950 for the uniform price of 25¢ per mag! Send all requests to Pvt Manuel Martinez, US51296466 69th Replacement Company 69th Infantry Division Fort Dix New Jersey. Postage will be appreciated.

MORE GREAT GOBS OF FANZINES!!

25¢ a pound, plus postage
--dating mostly from 1950 thru 1954

Name choices if you wish-- but you'll have to take your chances. Please include postage with your remittance-- any excess will be made up in additional fanzines. R.A. Squires, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, California.

[redacted] DO YOU HAVE THIS BOOK?
OUT OF THE SILENCE BY ERLE COX AUSTRALIAN ED. 1947
SAT. REV. LIT...H.R. HAGGARD WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD
TO WRITE. N.Y. TIMES...ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING
BOOKS OF THE YEAR...NEW WITH DW ONLY $2.50

AMAZING '26-mos.-9 $1.20 '27-3-4-9 thru 12 '28-1
thru 7-10-12 EA.$1.10 '29-1-2-4 thru 12 EA.85¢ '30-1
thru 11 '31-1-2-3-7-9-10-11 EA.65¢ '33-1-5-7-10
'34-2-3-6-8-10 '35-6-8 '36-4-6-8 '39-1-4 '40-1 thru
12 EA.40¢ '47-8 thru 12 EA.18¢ '48,'49,'50,'51,
'52 EA.14¢ AMAZ QUART.'28-Fall $1.55 AIR WONDER
'29-10 WOND. QUART. '32-Win. EA.90¢ WONDER '29-10
90¢ '30-2-3-5-7 '31-2-10 EA.65¢ '32-4 '33-12 EA.50¢
'35-6-8-10 '36-12 '37-6-8-10-12 '38-4-8-10 '39-12
'40-1-2-3-6-8 EA. 40¢ WEIRD '40-1-2 EA. 45¢

UNKNOWN '39-11 '40-6-9 thru 12 '41-2-4-6-8-10-12
'42-2-4-6-8-10-12 EA. $1.35 '43-2-4-6-8-10 EA.90¢
ASTOUNDING'31-2-3-6-8-9-12 '32-4-9-11 '33-3 EA.$1.80
'34-1-5-6-7-9 thru 12 EA$1.50 '38-9-10-12 EA.28¢ '49
'50,'51,'52 EA.23¢ GALAXY '50-11-12 28¢ '51-1-2-
3-6-7-9 thru 12 '52-1-3 thru 10 EA.23¢ GALAXY NOVEL
#'s 2-4-5-6-7-8-10-11-12-13 EA.23¢ FANTASTIC ADV.
'47-1-3-5-7-10-11 EA.18¢ '48,'49,'50,'51,'52 EA.14¢

TALES OF WONDER #2 70¢ MARVEL TALES '39-2-4 EA.90¢
BLUE BOOK '32-11 ARGOSY '32-Sept. 24 Oct. 1-15
'34-Dec 22 '39-Jan 8-15-22-29 Feb 5-12 May 7 EA.45¢
DOC SAVAGE'40-4-6 '41-11 '42-2-3 EA.30¢ ASTONISHING
'40-4-10-12 SUPER SCIENCE '40-11 PLANET '40-Win.
SCI FICT.'40-3 COMET '40-12 EA.50¢ BRITISH SF: NEW
WORLDS #'s 1-3 EA.90¢ 4-6 thru 20 EA.35¢ 21-thru 30
EA.30¢ SCIENCE FANTASY #'s 1 thru 6 EA.35¢ 7-8-9-10
EA.30¢ NEBULA #1 50¢ #'s 2 thru 10 EA.35¢ AUTHENTIC
#'s 21 thru 50 EA.30¢ BURROUGHS POCKETBOOKS 35¢

10% DISCOUNT IN BRITISH OR AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES ON
ORDERS OVER $1.49 ALL POSTPAID MOST MAGAZINES IN
EX TO GOOD CONDITION MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
J. Ben Stark, 290 Kenyon, Berkeley, Calif.

FOR SALE
DAWN OF FLAME AND OTHER STORIES

By Stanley G. Weinbaum

1936..First edition....313 pages
very fine condition, fine quality book
paper, bound in embossed black leather
stamped in gold. First fandom's great
project, one owner for 18 years, usually
sells around $50 per copy when offered,
this near mint copy is $24
$35.00

"one of the rarest of all fantasy books -
far harder to obtain than THE OUTSIDER AND
OTHERS" ...(Sam Moskowitz; The Immortal Storm)

Malcolm Willits
4518 16th, N.E.
Seattle 5, Washington

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES SUPPLIED

Specialist in Fantasy Comic Books

SEND YOUR WANT LIST

Jos. J. O'Brocta,
157 Willow Rd., Dunkirk, N.Y.

CALLING ALL S.F. COLLECTORS !!

I HAVE,AND OBTAIN REGULARLY SOME OF THE SCARCEST ITEMS IN THE S.F.FIELD. LISTS ARE ISSUED EVERY FEW MONTHS. PLEASE STATE IF INTERESTED IN MAGS. BOOKS,OR BOTH.

TO BE PLACED ON MY MAILING LIST SEND A CARD TO: MILTON REICH--
2139 GRAND AVENUE; NEW YORK,N.Y.

ISSUES OF FATE
in very good condition.
1949: May, Sept, Nov. 1950: Jan, Mar, May, July, Aug, Sept, Dec. 1951: Jan, Mar, Apr, May, July, Nov. 1952: Jan, Feb, June, Dec.
30¢ each
And please include enough to cover postage
WANTED: Back issues of SFA
Vol 1 Nos 1 thru 6. Vol 2 Nos 1 & 5.
Good condition. Will pay 25¢ each.
Ron Smith, 111 S. Howard, Tampa 6, Fla.

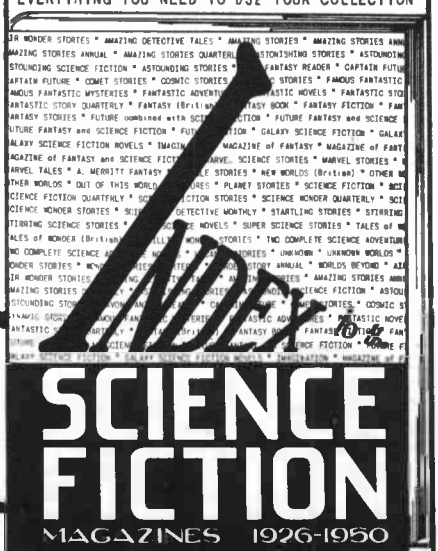
BACK ISSUES of S. F. ADVERTISER
-17 different issues still available-

The last issue from the past publisher (Summer '54), as an example, contains an eminently readable analysis of the work of Arthur C. Clarke, "Prophet With a Poet's License", by Anthony More -- four pages of "Science Fiction Newsletter" by Tucker -- six pages of "Spec. Dept." by Hal Clement and Robert Bloch -- eight pages of book reviews by Clyde Beck, Bob Tucker, Bill Nolan, Willy Ley, and others -- ads offering a juicy selection of desirable books and magazines -- and the photographic cover is of one of Morris Scott Dollens's most successful lunar exploration scenes.

Many other enjoyable articles of lasting interest are to be found in other back issues: revealing, thought-provoking analyses of authors, magazines and books, and the state of the art in general.

From February 1951 thru Summer 1954
24 to 48 pages each, 20¢ a copy, ppd.
1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, Calif.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO *USE* YOUR COLLECTION



200 - 8½ x 11 pages
Buckram Bound
Over 1275 magazines
ALPHABETICAL INDEX by TITLES
ALPHABETICAL INDEX by AUTHORS
CHECKLIST of Magazines

$6.50 *from*

PERRI PRESS,
Box 5007,
Portland 13, Ore.

Editorial

We didn't quite make it to New York—the truth betold, we took a detour and landed up here in Florida. But true adventurers that we are, we'll be trudging off to the big city one of these days, either just before or just after the next issue. But don't let this moving about discourage you—we're always very careful to leave correct forwarding addresses. So your letters, subscriptions and ads will all reach us safely at our new address, never fear. And we very hopefully look forward to your letters and your ads and your subscriptions and your ads and your subscriptions.

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER is missing again, as you can see. Bob is going to do it, he says, and we says, but it didn't arrive in time for this issue (we'll probably get it tomorrow). Next time, though, next time will, of course, be different.

This issue we have a very special place in our editorial heart for Ross Rocklynne's "I Hope You Are Shocked!" We couldn't agree more—we will be looking for some of you out there to raise objections. Incidentally, we got the article from the files of THE SPACEWARPER, a fanzine put out once upon a time by Charles Nuetzel. Chuck was looking for someone to take over his unused material and we just happened along, so you might say that INSIDE has combined with another zine. And yet another—we've also taken over the sub list of STARLIGHT, Don Donnell's defunct zine. Those of you who subscribed to STARLIGHT will be getting the balance in issues of INSIDE. Who knows where it will all end.

You know, it is our humble opinion, regarding us slaves here in America, that we are slowly chaining ourselves and choking ourselves to death. Now take Washington and the bunch of hop-heads undermining our freedom there—Freedom of speech? That was back before the days of World War II. Freedom of the Press? We're reminded of the recent censorship of the EC Comic group—oh, true, nobody told them they couldn't print their comics. They could print them, they just couldn't get them on the newsstands. Now, I don't give a goddam whether those comics were bad for the minds of children (a theory I most certainly do not agree with, since I have been reading crime and war comics since I was five and I have yet to chop up my mother in the bath tub or hang my girl friend from the tree in the back yard), that isn't the point. The point is: if the parents feel such comics are bad for their kids, they can keep them from reading "such trash." That's where the responsibility lies. And if these do-gooder PTA members, these frustrated mothers, fathers and old maids, really are interested in the welfare of children—we sincerely believe their prime concern is with the sense of power they receive, that no censor was ever interested in the welfare of the people, but rather in obtaining power for himself—<u>their</u> responsibility lies in informing the public <u>how</u> certain comics are bad for children and <u>proving</u> it. The solution to the problem is the educating of parents, not censorship. And I'll back that statement up with a question: Why do children read comics? If they had the desired amount of love, attention and understanding from their parents, if their environment was wholesome, healthy, based on love, mutual understanding, and team work, would they need to escape into comic books? And if they did occasionally read a comic—no matter how grusome—would there be any danger of it corrupting their minds? So when I think of censorship I always come up with the phrase—"evil is in the eyes of the viewer." And I know that none of the people a censor supposedly protects are apt to be as perverted as he.

EDITOR
Ron Smith

ART EDITOR
Cindy Smith

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Henry Moskowitz
Don Donnell
Charles Nuetzel

INSIDE is published bi-monthly at 111 S. Howard, Tampa 6, Fla. Subscriptions 5 issues for $1.

CLOSING DATE for copy to be in the next issue: Feb. 7

Advertising fees below are for space only; advertiser is to prepare his copy—in black ink.

Full page	$6.00
Half page	3.25
Quarter page	1.75
Column inch	.50
Back Cover	10.00
Center 2 pages	15.00

Full page ad copy may be any size with a 3 x 5 ratio. Copy for smaller ads should conform to the following full page size: 6 3/4 x 11 Column inch copy size: 4½x2
(All above ad rates are doubled for publishers)

Inside This Issue

special feature

articles

features

Cover, "The Martian Who Hated People," by Cindy. Interior illustrations by Terry Carr, Alan Hunter, Bill Price, Denness Morton, Neil Austin, Morris Scott Dollens, and Paul Blaisdell.

ISSUE NUMBER SEVEN JANUARY 1955

Do You Have These Problems In Writing?

Daniel S. Mead's remarkable discovery has enabled more than 50,000 people to overcome their problems in writing. Now you can learn how to write your own success story the easy step-by-step way!

MANY PERSONS *"just don't know how to get started"*. Others find choosing the right characters, thoughts, construction, and composition sometimes takes *"hours!"* It's amazing how many people don't know what to write about.

So many persons don't know which are the best paying markets to write for. It's astonishing how many letters, short stories, technical articles, movie scenarios, novels, and TV scripts are usually overwritten! Those who complete a manuscript don't know what to do with it!

Why Most People Have Problems

Why do most of us find it so difficult to put our thoughts down on paper and as a result suffer loss of earnings, prestige and advancement? What is the reason so many of us are deficient in the techniques of successful writing? Why is it some cannot organize their wonderful material and others pick uninteresting subjects?

The reason for the difficulty is simple. Daniel S. Mead discovered it in the literary agency, the writers' and authors' laboratory where literary effort is scrutinized by experts for any flaws that might stand in the way of sale. Most persons have problems in writing simply because they were never shown the easy step-by-step method of the successful writers.

What Mead Discovered

A literary background of over 35 years as a journalist, editor and publisher, instructor in foreign countries as well as in the United States, consultant, and author made him uniquely well-qualified to start a literary agency of his own some years ago. His ability to render capable and friendly service to the beginner, unknown, and professional writer was soon apparent. The search for the reason behind his own success as a literary agent led to his discovery of the solution to the problem of writing successfully.

Examining the hundreds of manuscripts that are read, evaluated, criticized, revised, ghost-written, edited, proof-read, typed for presentation, and sold each month, he was able to observe which writers were more successful than others. Mr. Mead found conclusive proof that his long held simple theory was correct. (*"Eliminate the problems of writing and you can write successfully"*) He had discovered the road to writing success! There was no guesswork about these results. They were proved by the earnings of some authors, part-time and unknown included, as compared with others.

The unique principle of Mr. Mead's book on successful writing was to reveal the secrets of the successful writers to all who wanted to write. It worked! Thousands of would-be authors now could get the information they needed to succeed!

Daniel S. Mead

"PASSKEY TO SUCCESS"

"You have written a grand volume that's a positive must for the writer who is working at his trade . . . a practical passkey for the uninitiated, and an invaluable reminder for the selling author." E. S. (Radio-TV Producer UCPA) New York 19, N. Y.

"BOUND TO HELP"

"For the beginner and the experienced writer this is bound to be of help. I recommend it for anyone who is interested in learning the fundamentals of writing as well as those who might wish to know something of the more intricate art of Television script writing . . ." Arthur R. Carroll, New York, N. Y.

"BEST THING IN 30 YEARS"

"It is a lot more than what you claim for it. It's the best thing I've read in 30 years. Your instructions are clear, and above all you give what very few teachers give, namely, part of yourself." J. C. Duffy (Special Instructor, Canadian Army) Verdun, Quebec, Canada

"IN EVERY BOOKSHELF"

"I have found very useful points about writing . . . I would not be without it. You explain things in a very excellent way . . . really can be understood. It should be in every writer's bookshelf." T. M. Howard, New York, N. Y.

Best Seller In The Writing Field

This book reveals for the first time, the technical *"know how"* you must have to write intelligently and effectively for the over 2000 markets ready and willing to purchase your work. It gives you the *"facts"* of the profession, plainly, simply and honestly. A spade is called a spade, and, many of the tricks of the trade which might take you years to learn are included to help you sell!

Thousands of men and women now use YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS and find it an *"indispensable aid"* to successful writing. Every time a problem in writing arises — every time expert help, advice, and suggestion is required — they find what they seek in Mr. Mead's book.

Money Back Guarantee

It is impossible in this brief review to give more than a suggestion of the wealth of material to be found in YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS. However the publisher has agreed to list the complete table of contents (*at right*) so that you may judge for yourself the value and scope of this amazing book. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied that it will do everything we say it will than return it within ten days for complete refund.

FREE! For Beginners and Professionals

Every writer, beginner or professional, sending for YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS will receive the following material FREE!

1. A list of representative sales outlets for your writing material. This sales guide is prepared by the Daniel S. Mead Literary Agency Sales Department and is the last word on markets! The following fields are listed:

SHORT STORY	RELIGIOUS MARKETS
WOMEN'S MAGAZINES	BOOK MARKETS
PULP MAGAZINES	MOTION PICTURE
JUVENILE MAGAZINES	TELEVISION
ARTICLE MARKETS	RADIO

2. A list of magazine publishers with headquarters in New York—complete with telephone numbers. 3. A list of book publishers with headquarters in New York — complete with telephone numbers.

NOTE: If for any reason you decide not to keep YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS, keep the three gifts listed above. They are entirely FREE to you, without extra cost.

If you are interested in learning how to write to sell and sell what you write, mail the coupon today to: Daniel S. Mead Book Dept. B1 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

NEW! REVISED!
Two Additional Chapters Added
Largest Selling Writing Text Book in the United States Today
Two Chapters on Television Brought Up-to-Date!
Sample Copy of TV Telescript Included

NOW ONLY $1.98

TABLE OF CONTENTS

39 Information Packed Chapters

1. Foreword 2. How Can I Get My Start As A Writer? 3. The New Author 4. The Professional Author 5. Problems Of The Beginning Writers 6. Discipline For the Writer 7. Am I Too Old or Too Young to Write? 8. Originality Vs. Imitation 9. How To Choose Your Writing Theme 10. How To Write Science Fiction 11. Biography and Autobiography 12. The Future of Television 13. Slanting 14. Dialogue 15. Style 16. The Plot 17. Momentum And Suspense 18. Characterization 19. Conflict 20. Complication of Circumstances 21. Totality Of Effect 22. Professional Manuscript Presentation 23. Short Story Technique 24. Article Writing 25. Novel Technique 26. Technique In Juvenile Writing 27. Television Technique 28. Copyright Data 29. Plagiarism And Copyright 30. Royalties And Outright Purchase 31. Your Opportunity In The Writing Field 32. Why A Literary Agency Is Necessary 33. How The Sales Department Functions 34. How to Write for the Confessions 35. How to Write for the Slicks 36. How to Write for Television 37. How to Write Letters, Reports, Advertising and Promotion 38. Sample TV Script 39. About the Author

Send No Money! Mail Coupon!

DANIEL S. MEAD Book Dept. B1N-A
419 Fourth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Mead:

Please send me immediately _____ copies of YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS at $1.98 each. Please include your 3 FREE gift offers, mine to keep even if I return the book for full refund.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage *(no C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.)*

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Save MORE! Send $1.98 in cash, money order or check. *(We pay postage)*

Daniel S. Mead
LITERARY AGENT
419 Fourth Avenue, Dept. L5
New York 16, N. Y.

WRITERS' MANUSCRIPTS READ, EVALUATED, CRITICIZED, REVISED, GHOST WRITTEN, EDITED, PROOF-READ, TYPED.
Active Sales Department!
Procedure and Rates on Request
Beginners' Inquiries Welcome