NSIDE



and

Science Fiction Advertiser

THESHIP



Up, ship!

The great rocket FARE THEE WELL rose on confettied legs of cinnamon fire and hot clove. Gleaming. Glowing. Shimmering. Ten thousand tons of skymetal. Ten thousand hopes and prayers. Up. Up.

"Sir," said White, the first mate, in his clipped British accent, "I think re going-"

"Up!" finished the captain, amiling

gently. His name was Black.

The visiscreen glowed green. Brown,

the astrophysicist, said nothing.

The great skygiant shot upward. A star, an arrow, a lance, a spear, a dart, a needle, a pencil, a fire, a flame, a kitchen sink, an entire carnival, breathing, breathing, on the Illinois air.

"Wine," said the captain, sighing.

"Like old wine."

Up, ship, up! A cry from every throat, a sob, a whisper, a song, a prayer, an exultation, a stillness.
"It makes the tears come to your

eyes," said Captain Ralph Black simply, sweating like a horse, a cow, a steer,

The stars swam by in a bowl of milk. "I'm-" faltered astrologer's-mate

Blue, his voice strange.
"Thirsty?" finished Captain Black, bitterly. Then he added, Fips drawn back over yellow teeth. "Aren't we back over yellow teeth. all, Blue?"

william f nolan charles e fritch

The FARE THEE WELL swept past the stars like a great fire-balloon, the men inside sobbing and laughing all in one, each of them afraid, uncertain, like small children on their first Fourth of July picnic.
"Well," said Captain Ralph Black, nodding, looking at each of

them in turn. "We're going-

"UP: finished the men in one crying voice. All the sadness of eternity was in that voice and all of the pumpkin kitchens that ever were. There was a smell like dry confetti in the airless air. a smell like old sauerkraut and tennis shoes worn and put away.

"Out there," Captain Black said, the taste of lemon meringue pie eaten at the age of twelve on a summer's porch in the cool, sweet, lemonade evening muffling his tone, making it husky, with a veil of froth: "Out there are all the ups and all the downs and

all the sideways that are known or ever will be known."

Beside him, Brown and Green and Blue and all the others stood quietly with their faces flickering like summer fireflies on a June morning with the smell of salt and baked pumpernickle in the

still air.

"I could cry," said the captain, simply.

"Yes..." said White.
"Well..." said the captain.
"Well..." said Green.

The captain began to sing now, softly, a song of deep ocean space, of lonliness and all the never-hads, a song he himself. had written.

SO IT'S UP WE GO AND UP MY LADS TO WHERE THE STARDUST GLOWS.

And the crew, knowing his thoughts. and more important, knowing his song, blended their voices with his.
FROM MOON TO MOON AND STAR TO STAR

THE WEARY SPACEMAN GOES ...

Up they went, up, and ever up. "When you go up," said Captain Ralph Black, "There's only one direction to go." "Yes..." breathed Blue, turning to Green with a sigh.
"UP!" chorused the crew, their cry resounding in the metal ship
they rode like the sound of exuberant pigeons.

It reminded the captain of his childhood in Yucca Bluffs. He closed his eyes and his mother's cooking came back to him, even across the long years and the long miles that separated them, and his long nostrils quivered, full of the smell of cabbage and corned beef, of stale limburger and old beer cans and his brother George.
"Ah," said Captain Ralph Black, softly, hands clenched, "Ah, ah,

ah, ah, ah, ah. "
Now the ship moved past the seasons; past winter, past summer, past spring and past fall. Past red leaves in October and red barns full of cow.

The captain looked at the crew and the crew looked at the captain. Each man had a job to do, but they all stood there, frozen, looking at the captain's red face.
"Well," said Blue, whitening.

Captain Ralph Black stared for a long moment at his old friend,

the skin tight, tight across his scarred knuckles. "I'm-"
"Sorry?" asked Blue. "You needn't be you know." He smiled, a tight, white smile. "It's part of the game."

"Yes," said the captain through clenched teeth, "the game."
No one spoke for a long, long moment. All of time was in that moment, and all of the fallen Christmas snows that ever were or ever would be.

The game.

Now the ship moved up, a sea whale sperming in space, a dark

night-mammoth moving through tides of stardust. lost and gone forever. The captain swore and then sighed.

"Damn," he said, "I feel—"
"Good?" asked radiorepairman's-mate Bob Silver, the quick one. And Captain Ralph Black smiled.

"Lord, Lord," said Green. "I'm like a kid going home with no lunch. I feel all empty inside."
"Empty..." breathed the captain, slowly, lips set, savoring the

word and the meaning of the word.

The crew did not move. And the ship drove for the black eterni-

ties and space was like a-

Suddenly the captain quit thinking about space and swore under his breath, then over it. "Who in the bloody hell," he questioned. is at the controls?"

No one could answer. They stood frozen-Blue, Silver, Brown,

White, Green and, of course, Black.

"I-I thought you were, Cap," Brown said at last, using the familiar term under the duress of these strange and ever stranger circumstances in which each man felt himself a child again, lolli-

pop in hand, strawberry ice cream melting in the mouth.

They stood then, for a long, long, long moment, looking at one another. Blue turned to Green and White turned to Brown and Silver turned to Black and they looked at each other across the short, short distance as though separated by an eternity of eternities and an infinity of infinities instead of merely the short, short

"This," said the captain, "is not good. It is not good that no

until-"

He stopped, and the crew looked at him suddenly as though he had uttered a naughty word. The swift and devastating impact of his unfinished sentence struck them like a whip, a lash, a ball, a

feather, a puff of smoke, a boat whistle.
"Until what?" they said in unison "Until what, Captain? Say it, sir, say it! Say it! We're not children you know. We're grown men, grown men. We're not children!"

But they were wrong. "We're all children in space." Captain

Ralph Black said gently.

The captain felt like a child again and he did not feel like a child again. He felt sick and he did not feel sick. "We've got a job to do," he said, looking at all of them, at each of them. He saw them and he did not see them.

He was crying.

Green put his brown hand on Black's red-suited shoulder. "We're all that way, sir. All kids. All frosty mornings with dew on the grass.

"What do you mean?" asked the captain, eyes closed, trembling.
"I mean nothing." Green said faintly, head down. "And I mean "I mean nothing," Green said faintly, head down. everything." He turned away. And did not look back.

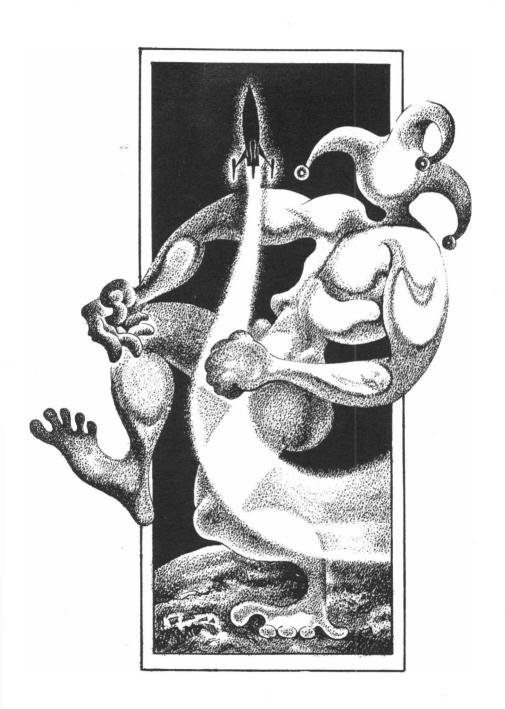
"He's gone, Captain," said Silver, showing his teeth.

There was a sudden sound like paper tearing like a fire engine: Then a smell like woodsmoke on an autumn evening. The great ship screamed! A sudden, high pitched, terrifying metal scream. The men

stood like icycles on the deck. Frozen.

"What is it?" asked Captain Ralph Black, slowly. His face was haunted, like the face of a man who has looked into a mirror and suddenly found a man there who was not the man he thought would be there, but another man, a stranger whom he had never seen before and who made him feel a little like a boy whistling past a silent graveyard where all the stones are white as milk under the moon.
"The engines!" the men cried. "The engines are failing!"
"Steady, men," said Captain Ralph Black, feet braced, his blood

turning to raspberry sherbert. "Steady," White said.



"Steady," echoed Blue and Brown, and Bob Silver, and all of them. "Yes, ves. steady." said the captain. "The dials. What do the "Yes, yes, steady," said the captain. dials say?"

White leaped to the dials. He looked at them with the feverish intensity of a man who is afraid to look, for fear they might remind him of some longago forgotten dream. when he was all towhead and brambly sweater and scabs on the knees and the lights went out. "I," he gasped, sweat beading his face like clear crystal rain, "can't!"

"Can't what?" prompted the captain, eyes closed again, sick a-

"Can't read the dials again." finished White. "I never ever really learned how."

None of them ever really had.

There is no one now, thought the captain, no one to read the

"Down," breathed Blue. "We're going down, Captain."

"Well," said Captain Ralph Black and suddenly he could think of nothing more to say. Everything had been said that needed to be said. There was only the ticking and the whirring and the clicking and the humming. The captain felt very old and very tired. Very old and very tired indeed. "I'm a damn fool," the captain said, and began to cry again,

softly, softly.

"Where to now, Captain?" the men said, looking up at him, the answer already in their mouths, tasting each syllable, each vowel, each consonant.

Captain Ralph Black sighed. "Where else." he said slowly, without bitterness, without rancor, without sternness. "Where else but

-down.

Down, down they went and ever down.

Down. down the FARE THEE WELL. As it had gone up-a star, an arrow, a lance, a spear, a dart, a needle, a pencil, a fire, a flame, a kitchen sink, an entire carnival-except in the other direction.

"When you go down," said Captain Ralph Black, eyes closed, hands se at his sides, "there is only one direction to go."

loose at his sides,

Each crew member knew what the captain meant. But they said

nothing.

And now the great metal whale fell, screaming, screaming through vacuumed space, the triple moons of Mars whirling by, lost in tides of silverdust and longing.

And then it struck. And was silent.

The captain said nothing. Blue said nothing Green said nothing. Silver, the quick one, said nothing. Brown said nothing. said nothing.

They were all dead.

And the band played and they were buried in the home town square, under the tall vanilla face of the courthouse clock, and Grandma was there, and Gramps and Uncle Thad and Tess the dog. All of them there.

And the earth was shoveled ka-plaump on the wooden coffin tops made of all the old oaks and elms and maples that ever were, that ever would be. And the markers were sunk, like Eskimo Pie sticks, in the soft ground, rich with October apples and the smell of hot cinnamon buns and cider.

"Well." said Gramps, wiping his cheek. "They're gone."
"Yes," said Mother. "Gone. Like we all go."

And she walked away, softly, under the murmuring trees, not looking back.

And the sun came out and the day was fine and good.

PSYCHQTIC

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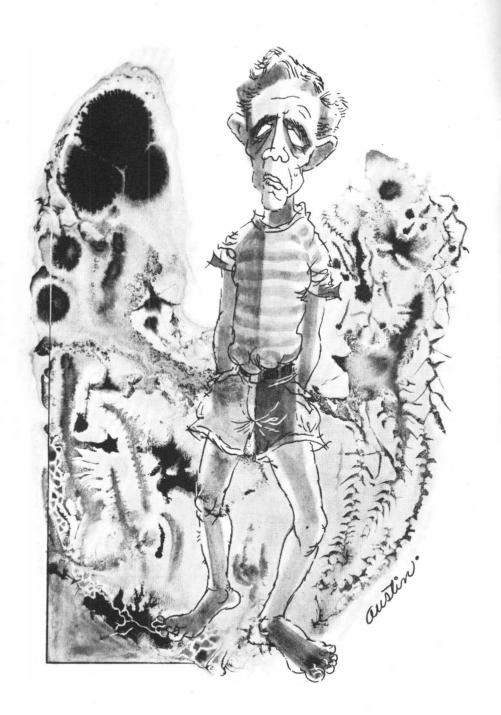
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Section Eight ... a long letter column.

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PLUS as many articles, cartoons, and other items of interest that can posibly be added.





Read any good s.f. lately? No, not the book reprints from the Fab' lous Forties—I mean late s.f. No, huh? Nothing new is "new"? Well. Have you ever stopped to consider...

A number of scientific boys have written damn good s.f., and a funny thing has happened—a number of unscientific boys emulate em. F'rinstance, Heinlein wrote UNIVERSE and ever since everybody has automatically assumed that a ship taking 500 years to reach another star is gonna end up like Heinlein's did—people fighting and falling back into savagry and if the ship wasn't completely automatic and self-repairing they'd all be dead.

Of course, there are a few human societies which have lasted a thousand years or so without changing one iota. Admittedly they aren't much as societies, being somewhat primitive in most cases, but they probably have some factor which caused them to last so long. But nobody seems to have looked into much, nor written a scientific paper on it. So of course we must-

n't consider it for s.f.

Think I'm too sarcastic? Lately, several characters have turned out books giving technical theories on what will probably be found on the other planets. S.f. book reviewers say "No s.f. writer should be without this book!" And of course all good s.f. writers want their stories to be plausible...

So the planet Mercury shouldn't have an atmosphere. No astronomer has seen one there It just wouldn't do to have an atmosphere on Mercury. An ionosphere, maybe—something very tenuous, hardly even gaseous—and Mars simply mustn't have water. There's nothing at all on the Moon except maybe, possibly, perhaps a few ore veins which it's much easier to dig up right here on Earth.

Should any writer breeze off a yarn about guys landing on the Moon and finding that moondust mixed with water from Earth combines in a nice, clear substance lighter than aluminum but tougher than steel—why, that's pure fantasy. Hardly

Gone to the Dogma

BEING

A

BIT

OF

HERESY

CONCERNING

OUR

SECOND

GOD.

AUTHORITY

joe gibson

[&]quot;HOW THE HELL

scientific, you know, without some chap has done it in a labora-

tory and written a paper on it. Not plausible at all:

And oh the consternation that reigned when Venus was claimed to be bone dry, with storms of paraformaldehyde dust: 'Twas duplicated in a laboratory and PROVED such dust would form. Of course it would occur at a rather high altitude, and even here on Earth we have some nice winds at such altitudes, and they forgot to conduct their lab experiment in a 300 mile an hour gale—but nobody that of that, at first. All I could hear along the East Coast was writers and writers moaning about HOW could they write anything about a dust covered planet? It just had to be dust covered, y'know, once this scientist feller PROVED it was!

It's just horrid, any way you look at it. If you don't build your stories on sound scientific principles and facts—and naturally that must include what some scientific chap SAYS is on Marsthen you'll be drummed out of the Corps and accused of writing fantasy. But if you follow these darned scientists to the letter. the time inevitably comes when they double cross you and start

Now it seems to me that—using Sound, Scientific Principles—we don't know what the hell will be found on the surface of the Moon, except that it'll PROBABLY be mineral, rather than animal or vegetable. And quite possibly, it'll be something new. A molecular compound of atoms forming some mineral substance which doesn't exist on Earth, but which is found in scattered deposits on Moon.

And using sound, HUMAN principles, it seems likely some will figure out a use for this stuff, maybe make himself a

million bucks, and the Moon will be colonized.

And then there's Mars, Venus, Mercury, the moons of Jupiterthe works. People didn't emigrate to the Americas because Europe was overpopulated, y'know. But of course in s.f. people always go colonizing cause Earth gets overpopulated. There just isn't ANY other reason for em to go! Nobody's done a lab experiment on it!

Nobody's wrote a scientific paper-or even a book!

As for travelling to the stars, that's gonna take a wee bit in the power department. Probably take less effort to move Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest in closer to the sun, boiling away their poisonous gasses into space, and thawing a good, rich oxygen atmospherical stars. phere from their ice coated surfaces. All the light gasses boiling off would diminish their mass somewhat, bring their surface gravity down to a comfortable level, and that ice would make nice oceans. Once you got down to minerals, there's no telling what you'd find—but somebody would probably think up some use for it.

And then there's star travel, and relativity, and whatnot. Naturally ever since somebody supposed there were probably any number of Earth type planets circling Sol type suns, all interstellar expeditions have gone off looking for Earth type planets. If we remodeled worlds like Jupiter and Saturn before going, it seems possible we might be ready to remodel whole solar systems wherever we get to-that's another s.f. yarn that's never been written-but really, ANY expedition would prefer a ready made, Earth type planet. Even if it's so far away that the power they'd need to reach it would be more than they'd need to remodel a closer, if somewhat alien, solar system. Oh, sure.

But Einstein did us a dirty trick. Here we had hyper-space and everything was plausible, then he had to drag out his relativity Here we had hyper-space and bit! The louse! Now Hubbard has done a tale and there's nothing more to be said about it. Tsk. So we'll just ignore it and keep on using good old hyper-space. Of course if you leave Sol for another star, travel at near-lightspeed, you might arrive there in a couple of weeks while the Universe ages two hundred years. Which means everybody you left behind is dead, until people start living longer than two centuries, and even if they did they'd probably have forgotten all about you So who could build an interstellar empire THAT way? Why, the emperor would die in bed before his fleet could reach anything to conquer:

Why it wouldn't even do for civilized trade! How could you have currency exchange or even bartering if each transaction took hundreds, even thousands of years? What merchant could hope his business would last long enough to collect?

So of course nobody writes stories about that. They use hyper-space. Nobody's done a lab experiment on it, y'see...no scientific paper!...it's so much easier just to use hyper-space.

And the UNscientific writers aren't gonna try it. They're too busy emulating either Burroughs or Bradbury, with their usual lack of success. Or if not that, they can always write about sex. After all-Freud, y'know-everything is sex drives.

Of course, what makes me so thoroughly disgusted about the whole business is that I depend on these other writers! Scientific or not, they gotta write good stuff or else. If they don't

-and they certainly haven't-I'm sunk.
When they write good stuff, I can then
proceed to steal all of it for my stories. But darned if I enjoy stealing this dogmatic, uninspired junk they've been turning out of late. Nuts to em. I'll write westerns first.

But it is kind of stupid and silly. There's no reason for the copying and rehashing of old ideas that's going on in s.f. now. There's no reason for good writers to beat their brains out trying to give even a slightly new twist to some old idea H.G. Wells thought up, which is what a lot of their stories sound like There's no reason to pass up all the general kinds of s.f. yarns we've had in the past and go galloping off to parapsychology-

That ESP/PK stuff has its cute tricks, too. Rhine makes his lab experiments with guys guessing at what symbol is on a card they can't see, and comes up with irrefutable, statistical proof. And he writes a book. Recently somebody tried it with an electronic computor and the computor racked up an even better score-but 1t has possibilities. Of course, there's one angle to it, using Sound,

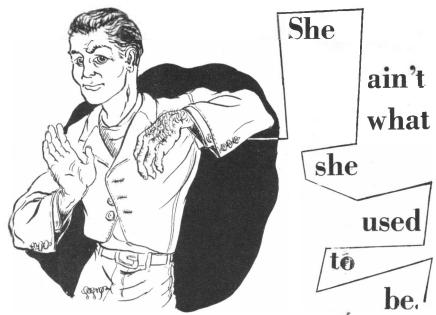
Scientific Principles...

The early cave dweller probably had the same vocal equipment we've got now. But he was probably more interested in sights and smells and the feeling in his stummick, empty or full, and paid little or no attention to the sounds coming out of his mouth. Even when he began to communicate, it must've taken him a long time to learn to control his own voice and make specific sounds with it.

So what if we're all telepathic? Does that mean we'd be "receiving" anything more than what amounts to grunts and howls and mutterings which we've never even learned to notice, much less control? Your mind and mine could be thundering with telepathic "sounds" which we've learned to ignore, in the face of more pressing business, ever since we were conceived! The caveman began developing languages when he started rubbing elbows. What kind of sociological phenomenon would have to occur to make us notice telepathic "sounds" and start using them?

Sorry. Nobody's done a lab experiment on it.





Having no true imagination-for I usually write of nothing but myself (and truly with absolute feel that to write otherwise to write of nothing (but not saying what my writing otherwise adds up to)) - perhaps I am unqualified to be writing of this subject. But since in writing I have never disliked a thing as I dislike formula; and since I find true art to be in the breaking of a rule and the breaking of it well; and, I might add, since I am a non-believer in happy endings, I shall take it upon myself to say more than a few words about (and against) that raper of my nonbeliefs, I magination. Imagination.

It all began when Bill Hamling took over the magazine with its third issue (Palmer having originated it), and that was not such a frosty and wintry day as you might imagine. No, Imagination from its third issue showed promise of good things to come, and in part fulfilled that promise later on. The first two issues were nothing outstanding—the best story, in my opinion, was WIND IN HER HAIR (number one) by Neville, but that was nothing to rave about, and there were a few others less notable, and some stinkers. The covers

were negligable, even Bok's.
But the third issue. It was good. I don't know how much of the But the third issue. It was good. I don't know how much of the Palmer influence was still present—he must have bought some of the stories—and I won't hazard a guess. I do feel that REVOLT OF THE DEVIL STAR by Ross Rocklynne is the best story <u>Imagination</u> has ever published (and so long ago, too!); but it would be unfair for me to surmise as to who bought it. Technically, that was Hamling's first issue and we shall consider it so. There were other good stories in the issue—WORLD OF THE MAD by Poul Anderson, "SHADOW, SHADOW, ON THE WALL..." by Sturgeon. Of course there was a Toffee story taking up half the issue, which perhaps should have been taken as a warning of what <u>Imagination</u> was going to develop into. But. as Toffee stories go. it wasn't bad. But, as Toffee stories go, it wasn't bad.

Let us get back to the first mentioned story, REVOLT OF

THE DEVIL STAR. What I am going to do first is review a few of the outstanding stories Imagination has published sprinkling

lightly with my own views and opinions.

Having been forewarned, you are free to turn on to the next article._ william I freeman

My judgement of a story is based on two critical points. 1) Did the author have anything to say? 2) How well did he say it? You may not agree with these critical standards, but nonetheless they are the basis of the rest of this article. Let me expand them: First: Has the author done original thinking or presented intuitical knowledge (not the product of thought, but produced by thought as water running through a watermill produces energy, not directly but indirectly)? Does the story make me think? (Why else read science fiction? Certainly not for the literary quality.) Second: Does he know how to handle words and does he present what he has to say clearly?

With these weapons in hand we shall go to battle.

REVOLT OF THE DEVIL STAR asks a question: Is there free will? And answers it affirmitively, much to my disagreement. But I won't quibble (much). The characters are intelligent energy forces inhabiting other universes than our own. Devil Star is the one who asks the questions—the rebel. The story developes as he seeks to prove to himself (is anyone else a reality?) he can between one event and another without regard to destiny-that he can rebel against destiny. I am, therefore there is purpose—I can: He tries, failure. He succeeds in preventing his own death while all others of his kind die, and he grows old. But was that not destiny? How can there be effect without cause, reation without action? He knows he has failed. He is lost in dispair, no longer the rebel. He grows old.

But has he failed? Children of other energy forces come to tell him that there is a rebel, a supreme rebel. Life. Matter is the subject of king destiny-life the rebel. And in the final question

To be or not to be—lies the choice.

Quite a concept, I think. Worthy of some consideration and thought (and a number of rereadings). Certainly a more challenging story (and well written) than many other well toted favorites such

as Slan and The Demolished Man.

Matter is influenced by destiny, says Rocklynne. "Matter is death," has no control over its fate, but is a slave of cause and effect, its whole term of existence plotted out as a navigator might plot out the course of a ship, as the ordered Universe works according to a set plan, a gigantic machine whose wheels turn and turn with never an effect without a cause.

But life is the rebel, says Rocklynne-it is outside destiny.

I'm sorry, but I do not agree. We are as ordered as the Universe.

We are the cogs in a wheel that is a machine that is a plan.

Free will? Choice? No. I don't think so.

Picture the Universe (as much of it as you can, that is) and then single out a single particle—a sun perhaps. Endow it with intelligence. This hypothetical star of our imagining (such a word!) can think, can dream, can become greater (a nova), can die. This fellow, shall we say, was born into a world already created. with systems and rules and conventions and ways-of-doing-things all set up and in operation. He could do nothing to reshape it, his only choice was to fit in as well as he could. Become a part of things And so this sun lives his long life (oh so short to him) traveling about his business.

My question: Would not this sun, endowed with intelligence, think that he had choice? Would he, a small part, never seeing the whole, never comprehending the vast One, not believe in his own free will? Do you really think he could choose to follow any other path than his planned one? Some suns are eratic to a degree-rebels perhaps-but they too follow a path laid out for them by the

Whole.

This, I think, is the parallel of that social machine-Man. But on the other hand there is a case for free will. A relative free will-the struggle of the Individual. Some few people can demonstrate what appears to be choice. But it is patently obvious. I think that the majority of the human race are robots. That every word every action every decision is an effect preceded by a cause. What is produced by thought is cause and effect. And certainly the majority of human behavior is influenced by no creative thought whatsoever.

The one category left to be included is intuition. That that comes to you unherald out of a dark grey sky-your inner mind. Most of us ignore it, some of us use it to create minor things story a painting), a few of us use it to create empires and great works. But it too I am afraid has had its preceding stimulant. It comes in answer to a need -a need of the individual, or a need of

the Whole. And of course that need is itself an effect.

I have let my mind dwell on Rocklynne's concept to show you why it is worthwhile. My case is not that my differing opinions are correct, but that I may never have thought them out had I not been subjected to Rocklynne's stimulus. He has made me think, he has produced something. (And it is not the validity that is important, but the thought; for thought produces more thought.) His

therefore has purpose and I have not wasted my time reading it.

At the end of the article I shall discuss some other stories that are shamefully worthless, so because a golddigger of 31 years experience and mystical talents couldn't dig a single nugget out of them for the death of his wife.

But let's get back to the issue at hand and Anderson's WORLD OF THE MAD. This, I feel, was a better piece of writing than ROTDS but less challenging. It was marred by a formula plot (boy loves girl, also loves planet; girl can't stand planet. Conflict: should he be faithful to his love and leave and lose the immortality the planet affords? (This added to make the conflict real to the reader, while the hero is concerned with more important things-beauty and knowledge, and perhaps sex, although it is never mentioned.)) But then how the hell are publishers going to make money? (That's their excuse.) But the concept of the story was nonetheless intriguing. How would you like to spend the rest of eternity engrossed in thought, acquiring wisdom, in a world that is "mad" by Terran standards, but nonetheless possessed of its own unearthly beauty, pattern and purposefulness -- a world that makes the rest of colonized Universe seem shallow, hopeless and dead (bok about you, brother) in comparison once the essence of its beauty is felt and accepted?

And there are a number of thoughts in the story that you

make go a long long way:

"And as a man grew older, without loss of physical and mental faculties, he found more and more within himself, an unfolding inward richness which none of the shortlived would ever appreciate or even comprehend. He had less need of other men to prop him

There is, I feel, something to be gained from that. And so much for the third issue. The fourth was equally good. Not because it presented equally challenging reading. But there

were three well written stories.

The first, using a now well rehashed and rehashed (oh the wonder at finding they were really adam and eve in the closing paragraph) idea - the reversion of the world to cave man culture lowing the atomic war-was nonetheless a good story. BEYOND FEARFUL FOREST by Geoff St. Reynard. Well written and enjoyable. And then there was Bradbury's IN THIS SIGN...

And finally DRINK MY RED BLOOD by Richard Matheson. Perhaps it is my latent sadistic tendencies, but that was a fine story. A psychological piece, gruesome, soaked with blood, about a boy with a fascination for vampire bats who in a final orgy of excitement lets a vampire bat suck his blood, and dies.

This issue also ran Imagination's first decent cover. A Malcolm Smith photo-dye job.

Issue number five alas was devoid of quality.

From good to bad. And I might add—as usual from bad to worse. But Madge ran some other excellent stories in its day. I won't supplement most of them with comment, having already accomplished what I set out to do establish the acceptable quality of the first issues of Madge, its promise. It featured stories that were thought provoking, well written (as well as you could expect, ma), and off trail.

In issue six there were HOLD BACK TOMORROW by Neville and I'IL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS by Gault. (There was also the first Swain novel for Madge. And I must confess a perverse liking for Swain (especially this one-CRY CHAOS) -it must be perverse. know how lousy he is.)

Issue seven ran the best cover Imagination has run-another

Smith photo-dye (November 1951).

SPECIAL DELIVERY by Neville was the short novel in number eight and it was pretty good—at least not so shallow as most of them. Then there was THE MOST HORRIBLE STORY by John Jakes. But not grusome as the title would suggest but a good symbolic mood story-

with an ending that is all, all too logical.

TONIGHT THE SKY WILL FALL by Galouye (a short novel in number ten) tackeled a staggering concept. One an experienced would find difficult - and this was Galouve's first written, and consequently horribly so. (The characters being nothing but match sticks, and sometimes I wondered if they were even animated.) But to hell with that, I give the man credit for trying. And here is a springboard for thought. What if...the Universe was merely a dream in some being's mind, and that being began to wake up?

In the same issue: HIDEOUT by Fox Holden, a good satire, and THE DARK CAME OUT TO PLAY... by Zenna Henderson.

WANDERLUST by Nourse, a fine emotional piece in number 13. Also PATROL by Richard Nelson about a future when god was forgotten until he showed his power to three men. It rather impressed me despite the fact I am a nonbeliever and a skeptic.

THE BEACHCOMBER by Knight was the highlight of number 14.

And right about here things got pretty bad. There were still a

few good stories printed-

Issue 16: THE DARK GODDESS by Shaver. Issue 17: PARADISE PLANET by Shaver. Issue 23: HEIR APPARANT by Nourse, and IMPOSSIBLE PLANET by Dick.

-but the few worthwhile pieces were strangled by the forest of

crud surrounding them.

And now things got hopeless. For awhile (approximately though issue 28) Imagination occasionally ran a fairly well written story but all of them were formula, most of them imploying that impossible fiction the happy ending (a great many in such a contrived way it was absolutely painful). And there wasn't a decent thought. not a single challenging idea in the bunch.

All of this excused by Hamling in the name of entertainmentbut this is a horrible idea of entertainment. We could get the same kind of wishy-washy empty crud by reading The Post (what a travesty on the American mind!) and the quality of the writing at least

would be ten times better.

Of all the stories in the issues following 23 I am stirred only to mention one semi-favorably: FIRST CAPTIVE by Hunter. In its first pages it sets up a marvelous horror situation where a man, captured by Martians, is chained in the middle of a dark room and subjected to mental torture. The highlight: An amplification of his own heart beat, beating a rhythm in the darkness. The ending was like eating a hot dog after a steak dinner, and it succeeded in turning my none too delicate stomach. As it turns out the space Army was only testing him-to see if he would be able to stand up

under the conditions of war-with the Venusians! And so all ends happily. That, my boy, was contrived.

Rocklynne was a complete disappointment with his X MARKS THE

ASTEROID in issue 26.

. With number 29 Hamling cut down to 130 pages. That, I thought, was a good idea. After all, how long could I be expected to take 162 pages of the stuff? And with this issue the stories ceased to be hopeless contrived formula.

The stories became impossible:

Up until this time Hamling had run a few readable short novels. He had even run a few good covers. And, as I have pointed out,

there were a number of excellent shorts and novelets. The notible novels I have mentioned previously. There were others—ARMAGEDDON 1970 by Reynard, CHILDREN OF THE CHRONOTRON by Byrne, PERIL OF THE STARMEN by Neville, EARTH ALERT by Neville, THE TIME ARMADA by Holden, THE STAR LORD by Ellanby, VOYAGE TO ETERNITY by Lesser, THE BUTTONED SKY by Reynard and THE COSMIC JUNKMAN by Phillips—which I have never read.

There were some that were miserable—HELL'S ANGEL by Bloch and

THE ENCHANTED CRUSADE by Reynard (oh my God!). And BEWARE USERPERS by Reynard. (THE USERPERS was good, but what did this

have to say that wasn't already covered?)

And of course there were the Myers and Swain opera.

But starting with number 29 Hamling performs a miracle. here on out every one of his novels stink (and in addition his stories, covers and interior illustrations). This is a record:

I am now going to illustrate these statements with one of the latest Imagination short novels. But I am not going to go at lengths to tear apart something so obviously worthless—that would be foolish since a rapid skimming of it will attest to that fact, and since I feel the good stories should be given attention and discussed and that the bad ones are best forgotten.

But I can make my illustration simple.
The story—REVOLT OF THE OUTWORLDS by Lesser (issue 36).
And truthfully, I haven't read it. I didn't need to. I read the beginning. Then I read the ending. Then I surmised the plot. And then I skimmed through it—and I was substantially correct. It was nothing but space opera. But some space opera I can take-this was lousy space opera. In science fiction there should be some challenge to the reader, some concepts worthy of thought. There should be something new. But if the author is going all out for adventure (and money) he first of all has to have a rapid style and he needs suspense and a loose plot. You know how it's going to end—the hero safely in the heroine's arms with the villian defeated and the Universe saved. But you have to be kept guessing a little.

Then you can waste an hour reading it and not feel bad about it. True, it's still a worthless story, and even if Imagination printed some good space opera I would still stamp it as the moron of the s.f. field. But unfortunately it doesn't, which makes mat-

ters even worse.

I am going to let you try what I tried. Read the beginning of the story (summarized) and the end and fill in the plot (Of course if you've read the story, you already know the plot, and so you will be agreeing with me. (You don't? How old did you say you were?)

Here it is:

The outworlds (the other planets than Earth) have been rasling with Earth for equal representation (the colonies denied equality by a stronger "mother" planet that is unresponding to their needs and deals with them with a too firm hand-get the idea?) A fearless man named (Benjamin Franklin) Tremaine has fought for the equality of the outworlds—firmly against any bloodshed, he wants only a peaceful settlement. And he succeeds—Earth agrees, But then Tremaine dies (at just the right time since it falls right in with

the plans of Black Heart himself, who is greedy and wants only Power for Himself and not an End to the Suffering of his Poor Oppressed people). So his son fills in his place at the "armistice". But just as things look peachy keen, Venus is attacked and Earth blamed. The son is captured by the outworld underground and asked to play on their side. Being the stupid oaf he is, he doesn't know what to do (he only knows he wants to do what is Right). He's confused (and on top of this his girl is mad at him: -unfairly might add). The villain is introduced (as described above).

That was the beginning.

And this, thank god, is the end:
"The Outworlds would agree to equal Union now. Alan knew that. The technician had told him. had never liked the war. They were ready to rally behind his name. There would be some ugliness between Earth and the Outworlds for a time, because of what had almost happened. But it would pass.

The Lunar Mines dome loomed ahead of them.

dome-lock opened to admit them.

'I wish we were inside already.' Laura said.

'where there's some air.' 'What for?' Alan asked her.

'So I can take off this helmet and kiss you.' Nothing would suit Alan better. Now, at last, they were inside. He took off his helmet.

Need I say more?

Come on now, Bill, you don't want to submit us to this kind of thing anymore do you? After all we've got our pride, and you should have yours. It wouldn't be so bad if the above story were an exception—but I have read that same basic plot in <u>Imagination</u> six times already with only slight theme variations—if you only occasionally printed something better. But in the past ten months, I have read ten novels that absolutely stunk, and they were all in Imagination-one every month.

Science fiction readers like to think-they like to be entertained, but by good writing and imaginative handling of plot and

original concepts, not by boy meets robot-boy kills robot-boy gets girl and similar formula stories. These aren't entertaining, Bill. They're sickening!

Perhaps they manage to amuse the tender minds of youth or soothe the tortured minds of some adults. But they also serve as a protection-

against thinking.

And there's no excuse for it. True, there's not a hell of a lot of good writing in the s.f. field today-and of what there is you can't get much at 1¢ a word. But s. f. readers don't expect good writing as much as they do challenging stories.

And since your way or Astounding's (or If or Future (which pays only as a word)) you can't get a high percentage of good writing you can at least get good story ideas.

I wish you would, but I know... You'll tell me to go to hell.





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Dear Reader:

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I wouldn't think of asking Bill Freeman to go to hell; there just isn't any room for him. I (along with other colleagues) have been packing the joint for some time now. And I'm not down here pecause of a "hot" editorial program; a lot of "cold" writers have helped shove science fiction into its worst slump in history. But we'll get back to that shortly ...

First of all, for the record, I never took over Imagination from Ray Palmer; Palmer didn't start Madge; I did. You will recall I was a Ziff-Davis editor for five years; in 1950 the company decided to move its operation to New York and I decided to stay at home where I belonged, so I started <u>Imagination</u> and had Palmer front it for me until my Z-D severance was official so every issue has been my baby, for good or bad, as the case may be.

I'd like to state that basically I do not disagree with what Bill Freeman has to say about the stories in Madge. Some of them have been good-indeed some excellent-and some have been poorindeed lousy! I'm the first to admit it. But that doesn't mean I like the situation, nor that I don't know what constitutes a good

science fiction story. I do.

In this latter respect I differ with Freeman, slightly, on his two judgement points for a good story: 1) Did the author have anything to say? 2) How well did he say it? I

would revise them thus: 1) Did the author have anything original to say? 2) How well did he entertain you? I think the word original is important rather than "anything" because anything includes everything-down to hack formula. I believe point two is important because science fiction—like all fiction—is not first intended to make one think, but to entertain as the escapist literature it The thinking is a by-product. Hell, if you want to think you can read a mathematics treatise: lots of thought there, but darn little entertainment.

So now I'll tell you what's wrong with some of the stories in Madge-and for that matter, all the science fiction magazines published. Writers, for the most part, are not turning out interesting, entertaining stories; they're putting the most godawful drivel on paper stuff that some years ago would have found its

way quickly into the return mail rather than into the composing room. I wade through an average of 100 manuscripts per week, and many a week has gone by when I didn't buy a single story. Of course, inevitably the magazine must go to press and the backlog maintained, so I finally buy material—in desperation—that is mainly just passable, only occasionally good.

So you think perhaps Madge just doesn't get a look at the good stories? Perhaps our word rate doesn't warrant it? In 1952 we were paying from 2 to 5¢ per word so the rates were satisfactory. Matter of fact, the rates were a hell of a lot more satisfactory than the stories available! Point is, the good stories being written were—and are—few and far between. I include all the s.f. books, bar none. This is my opinion, naturally, but I sincerely believe it to be true. As far as I can determine there is not a magazine published today which does not-through editorial necessity-include one or more stinkers per issue.

So why put the blame on the writers? Perhaps I, as an editor, am just not up to the task? Partially, the fault does lie with the editors—some of them. During the past five years there has been too much emphasis put on one or more of the following slants: neurotica, erotica, technolotica, literata, and such, all of which are inclined more to the roccoo than significance. The significant

They Don't

Write

No More!

Al CI

20

thing is that magazines fostering and/or encouraging such story slants have not prospered while others faltered. The boom has lowered on all of us editors—that's why we're stumbling through hell. Speaking for myself, I have not fostered the above named schools of thought; I've pounded the stump for good entertaining stories, whether they be action or mood. If I have little to show for it during the past few years it's simply because my voice has not managed to rise above the din of crashing circulations.

Freeman comments on the miracle I accomplished in the past year

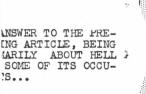
-printing nothing but stinkers.

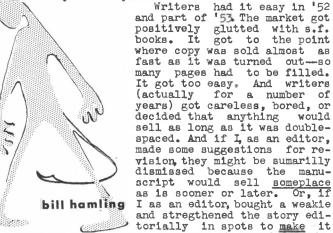
Modestly, I must admit to working something of a miracle. —It was a miracle I could find enough average material worth printing. In all fairness I must state that 1954 saw what I consider some decent stories published in Madge—and other books—but for the most part 54 has been the lousiest manuscript year I've ever seen, and I've been in this business in one way or another since 1935.

So ok, I put some of the blame on the editors who foster or encourage the production of crud—myself included—since we, dammit, do buy the stuff, through necessity or ignorance as the case may be. But the major fault lies smack on the shoulders of the guys

behind typewriters. The by-line boys. Authors.

Iardly Them





acceptable, you should hear the out-raged wails of wounded pride. I say to you these are not writers, they are pretenders; they've either lost the touch of their craft or didn't have it to begin with.

One writer—very well known in the field for many years—has even had the gall to suggest to me that he has a hidden gear on his typewriter. He says when he is writing for a penny a word market he flicks the gear to lø, and out comes a one cent story; similarly 2¢ and up the line. To say that this is sheer stupidity is the understatement of this or any year. There is no such thing as a price tag on a story. A story is either good or it isn't good, regardless of what market it is aimed at. Every story a writer turns out should be subconciously the best story the author has yet written. Needless to say the author referred to here is seldom seen on a contents page these days. The poor guy is so wrapped up in economics that he's forgotten how to write—and he used to be a top man.

His case—reflecting the old-timer—is not unique; many of the old-timers have forgotten how to write an entertaining story with some originality in either theme or presentation. The newcomers, for the most part, just don't know how to write, or worse, they

don't care.

Believe me, magazine circulation is built on one thing: stories. It's not the editor's name, nor the company behind it, nor, even, the quality of artwork included per issue. The mark of a good editor is one who can secure enough good material per issue—per year—to satisfy the readers and make them come back for more, at the same time enticing in new readers. Paradoxically, a good editor is also one who can secure enough average material during a "writers" and "sales" slump—they're synonymous—to keep his magazine appearing regularly until things get better. Which is to say when good stories cross his desk often enough to jiggle upward the sales graph.

And we don't need—necessarily—good writing We need good stories. Entertaining, intriguing situations, plenty of suspense to keep us reading, and a resolution to the problem that either sur-

prises or satisfies us-preferably both simultaneously.

That's what's wrong with Madge, Bill Freeman. And it's wrong with every other book in the business. Take a good look around and see if you don't agree. However, whether you do or not, makes little difference. I'm sitting on the professional side of the picture and I'm as close to it as it's humanly possible to be I trust that any writers reading this will give more than a cursory glance and thought to what I've said. I could be the world's best editor—if the writers were on tap to boost with good copy? I'm not the world's best editor—I'm simply one of those struggling to keep a halfway decent book while the pantry gets barer and barer.

halfway decent book while the pantry gets barer and barer.

There's a warning in this too. Should pantries get much barer the writers will have to put their machines in mothballs. So a

word to the wise ...

Ending on a happy note, I'm glad to say that my efforts with Madge are not in vain; I haven't eliminated all the crud you may object to—who has'—but I've lined up a supply of excellent feature work—not the odious type Freeman refers to—but stuff that will help put s.f. back where it belongs.

In the black.

Pardon me while I get out of hell!

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The output of new books continues to be low in quantity and of unexciting average quality. The best recent books, Clarke's EARTHLIGHT and STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES NO. 3, are paperbacks, so the fun of talking about them goes to Bob Tucker. Paperbacks also are the two worst books of recent months (Williams, THE CHAOS FIGHTERS and Crossen, YEAR OF CONSENT). I'll try to be consoled by that circumstance. Also received: GREAT TALES OF FANTASY AND IMAGINATION. A good colection, if you haven't already read the stories.

James Blish's "Okie" series becomes an acceptable novel in EARTHMAN, COME HOME (Putnam, pp. 239, \$3.50). In the past history of this story, antigravity and cheap power leading to faster-than-light travel had made possible interstellar flight where "neither mass nor aerodynamic lines meant anything any more." Economic conditions nicely developed in the prologue led to the desertion of Earth of many entire cities that wandered among the inhabited worlds of the galaxy, hiring themselves out to perform work in their various specialities—much as did the "Okies" of our recent past. A highly pregnant situation, to be sure, and one which Blish exploits with skilfully controlled imagination.

Tom Gatch, Jr., West Point graduate, baritone, weight lifter, and philatelist, assumes in KING JULIAN (Vantage Press, pp. 187, \$2.75) that George Washington had accepted the kingship that was offered him. Prince Julian, an officer in his majesty's army, succeeds to the crown in our time, and with a young man's enthusiasm, sincerity, and contempt for protocol, has a lot of fun trying to correct what he considers to have been his father's errors. Gatch gives his characters and situations the feel of verisimilitude. When young King Julian dies an assassin's victim, he realizes he hasn't got very far—and despite its good points, this reader feels much the same about the book. The Fourth Series of THE BEST FROM

The Fourth Series of THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Anthony Boucher (Doubleday, pp. 250, \$3.50), ably demonstrates that this magazine is maintaining its high quality and individuality. My top favorite types of s. f. never appear in its pages; even so I consider this to be the best reprint anthology of many months. I detect with approval a trend away from the precious little story that was rather common in the magazine in its earlier years. Yet in a way I hope they continue to appear in the magazine—for where else may those who

like them look for them?

THE TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION CLASSICS, ed. by Harold W. Kuebler (Hanover House, pp. 694, \$2.95) is a hodge podge of little value to readers familiar with the field Excerpts from When Worlds Collide. Last and First Men. Brave New World. and Edison's Conquest of Mars occupy 250 pages. Each of these is available elsewhere complete. Also included are familiar short stories by Poe, Wright, Wells, Forster, Bierce, and Fitzgerald; a 1953 short by J. B. Priestley, "Mr. Strenberry's Tale"; and these longer stories complete: The Maracot Deep (Doyle), Round the Moon (Verne), The Time Machine (Wells), R.U.R. (Capek), and the Orson Welles radio version of War of the Worlds. I feel that, from the standpoint of anyone, old time fan or neophyte, the editor tried to do too much in a single volume. The abridged books are worth reading whole, and in no case has the editor "saved" a story that has otherwise been forgotten or become difficult to find. In passing, let me mention that this book was offered as a S. F. Book Club selection several weeks in advance of publication. Various morals and advice may be derived from that circumstance, but inasmuch as they're obvious, I'll spare you my comments.

UNDERSEA QUEST by Frederick Pohl and Jack Williamson (Gnome, pp. 189, \$2.50) is one for teen-agers. Announced as the first of a series about the adventures of Jim Eden, this one carries its young protagonist into the Sub-Sea Academy—a military type school that prepares officers for duty in the submarine service associated with cities on the ocean's floor. He is expelled from the Academy, learns that his uncle, scientist and one-time power in the undersea realm, has died leaving Jim his properties. In attempting to take over his inheritance, Jim finds nearly every man's hand against him; has a helluva time, but eventually finds his uncle still alive. But it doesn't end there—this one has all the plot twists and suspense that I remember enjoying muchly

in other books in years past.

It has only recently come to my attention that two of T. H. White's earlier books are back in print: THE WITCH IN THE WOOD and THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT. Both of these excellent fantasies have for several years brought premium prices in the o.p. market, and —if past events are a guide—are being stock-piled now by the fan-hucksters who will keep quiet about them until they're out

of print again.

Robert S. Richardson, astronomer and s. f. writer, has a new book treating primarily with surface conditions of the planets, our moon, and the asteroids, and the possibility of life on them. As is to be expected in such a discussion, Mars is given the most attention. The U. S. edition is titled EXPLORING MARS (McGraw-Hill, pp. 261, \$4); there's an English edition with a more inclusive title, which I can't recall. The material presented may be recommended to the sophisticated science fictionist, but

the book is written in a style of low-level popularization.

British Book Centre, which last year published Leslie and Adamski's FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, has issued two new books on the subject: FLYING SAUCER FROM MARS by Cedric Allingham (pp. 152, \$2.75) and SFACE, GRAVITY, AND THE FLYING SAUCER by Leonard G. Cramp (pp. 183, \$3). The first is described on the jacket as "an eyewitness account of the landing of a Martian." After reviewing previous saucer literature, Allingham tells of how on an afternoon in February 1954 a flying saucer landed beside him on a hill near Lossiemouth in Scotland, how an Earth-type-looking man got out of it, and conversing in gestures and diagrams, explained that he came from Mars and expressed concern over impending terrestrial wars and space-flights. This sort of narrative the reader can believe or not as he chooses; the account, although written with apparent sincerity, carries no compulsion either way.

With Cramp's book the situation is rather different. The author does not claim to have seen either saucers of Martians. He accepts the interplanetary theory implicitly and attempts to explain how flying saucers are able to operate by artificial gravity fields. Gravity he explains by a hydrodynamic analogy, only leaving our the pump. And to further "explain" gravity, as well as space, time, matter, electomagnetic phenomena, and what all, he interpolates a "Unity of Creation Theory" due to one Antony Avenel of Yorkshire, according to which everything in nature is caused by modulations of "creative rays which emanate from one source in all directions and in all planes." Occultists will no doubt be able to believe that they understand all this.

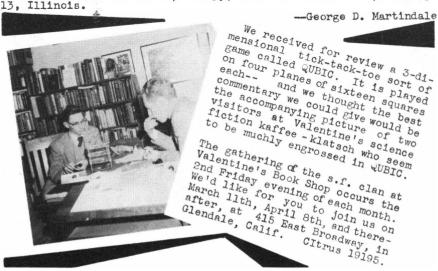
Both books are best summed up by the statement that they regard

FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED as established fact.

A short but meaty paper about early science fiction is Thomas P. Harrison's "Birds in the Moon" in the December 1954 issue of ISIS. Mr. Harrison discusses 17th century fiction by Wilkins, Godwin, and others which made use of Charles Morton's (1627-1698) hypothesis that terrestrial birds migrate annually to the moon. If I may be permitted an off-the-subject word regarding one of my personal interests, I'd like to recommend ISIS (subtitled An International Review Devoted to the History of Science and Its Cultural Influences) and to suggest that the study of the past of the sciences bears some relation to our speculations as to their future. ISIS is published by The History of Science Society (Widener 189.

Cambridge 38, Mass.).

Of much interest to me is a long article by James J. Martin entitled "A Beginner's Manual for Apprentice Book Burners", in the December 1954 issue of THE AMATEUR BOOK COLLECTOR. Much of the article is a very sizable bibliography with a delightful running commentary, the nature of which is revealed in a sort of subtitle, "A preliminary reading list of books dealing with minority opinions, unorthodox or unpopular viewpoints, and other unpleasant subjects, as well as a number of unusual topics and out-of-the-ordinary interpretations in several fields of learning with some aggravating standard works which have survived decades of smearing included here and there." Mention is made of Fahrenheit 451. The Space Merchants, 1984. One, and Player Piano—although little other fiction appears. ABC is 50¢ a copy, from 1822 School St., Chicago







I hover in air, through cloud, like wind, over big city by side of big lake. I see them call me, draw me, bar by bar they put it. Each bar clicks, I come.

I settle between bars, pile. they call it. And wait. I hum and

burn, and waver inside. Then she come.

She walk by pile. I leap out and into her. She not know I there. I see what she do and she not know. I with her by day, and with her by night, and all the time I use her and grow.

I wish I could laugh when she tell fella she see him no more. She afraid now. She walk by pile no more. Too late for her anyhow.

I there, inside her, and I grow.

She got no more job, now. Doctor tell her, why you leave Chicago? She say government job too much. But I make her work, I got to grow. She type, she go back to doctor. He watch her breathe, his own self draws to her, but I make her say no. He listen to her heart. I make it beat quick. It fool him, doctor. She not beat heart, not no more.

She not do anything by sheself. Only me, inside her, beating

heart. squeezing lungs. pushing cells, rushing blood, growing.

Doctor take from her and give to rabbit. He call it friedman I give rabbit death. She afraid, and come back to doctor no more.

She get big and bigger, and I wait. I grow. She read letter from doctor. He say that from her did not form corpora lutea and corpora hemorrhagica in rabbit, and for her to come back. She come back to doctor.

He watch from where her chest got big and see she secrete. He give her X-ray and I want to laugh because it tickle me. These rays my brothers, but I stronger, I come from air and come from sun and long I wait. Now I find I got chance to get out.

He say she saliva positive and in her male hormone but he no see skeleton of fetus. He say he see only air and water. They not

know I air and water, waiting for earth her?

He doctor her friend, now. She in trouble, she say. He say he help her. Nothing help her now, doctor, don't you know? But he try. For them chronos pass. She get what he call uterine contrac-

tions. I make like that, he say, only he not know who I am. I no care.

Now she say she ready, and he count chronos. He doctor say she contract every five minute chronos. But he no know what to do now.

I know what to do.

I laugh, watching from her in bright room with whiteness. He no laugh, he doctor with black gloves and white powder, shining knifes not good. I tear her coming out. Like wind, I tear her, screaming out, glad to be free. From wind and air and sun I come, long chronos wait, and now from her I come.

Glad to be free, me. Doctor call it pseudocyesis. I know what

it is.

She really die, now, and doctor sad, he. But I no care. They no see me, ripping out. I still from wind and air and sun, but belong to earth, now. I hear pile call me from big city call me, and I go. Pile my father, he. He tell me what to do. Nobody see me, but I belong to earth, now.

They see me soon.

I walk earth, no alone for long. I see big man-bird where earth curve like she I came from. I hear other son of pile call. I go, and watch, and laugh.

I wait for my brothers, now. We go place to place, part of earth, and part of wind and sun and air. And water, now.

We wait, and laugh. And some chronos I remember she I came from.

And pile my father, I remember him. And what he say, I do.

He say kill.

SCIENCE FICTION

NEWS LETTER

MYSTERY: It is no longer news that Cleveland, Ohio, captured the "World" Science Fiction Convention for this year --- to be held over the Labor Day holidays as usual. But it may be news to some that the convention committee, in order to whip up more interest and to just incidentally give the devil his due, will choose a "Mystery Guest" to be feted at the conclave. This mysterious fan or pro, they say, will not know in advance he has been chosen for the honor -- and honor it will be, for he will be spotlighted as the unsung hero who has worked diligently for fandom and the past conventions, receiving little or no personal glory. Well and good. We hope Dave Kyle wears a white shirt and tie; he will want to look his best when surprised.

TRAVELER: In the British Isles, and elsewhere about the world, fans participating in the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund are preparing to ballot on their choice of a candidate to send to the Cleveland convention. This year the respectable sum of money built up for the purpose will send a Briton to America; next year, or as soon as a reasonable sum has again been raised, an American will be invited to Britain. Six Englishmen have been nominated for the 1955 trip: Eric Bentcliffe, Ken Bulmer, Terry jeeves, Ken Slater, Stuart Mackenzie, and Ted Tubb.

The fund is an open, simple proposition and has but one purpose — to help some one fan attend a foreign convention each year, or as often as enough money has been accumulated. Anyone belonging to the Fund may nominate a candidate and later vote his choice; to participate this year, a fan must contribute at least 50%, and have been active in fandom prior to November 1954. The balloting

SO BURKS HAD TO GET HELP TO DO A SIMPLE GHOST STORY!

THE RETURN OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (\$3.00)

by

Bess B. Loomis and Arthur J. Burks

Ben and his girl friend do return on moonlit nights to talk with favored members of the Loomis family. Burks doesn't deny or affirm, but just writes, as usual.

FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY 1028 East Dunklin Street, Jefferson City, Missouri.

closes early in May. American representitive of the Fund is Don Ford, 129 Maple Avenue, Sharonville, Ohio. With luck, one of the six Englishmen named above will be in Cleveland on Labor Day.

SPECULATION: Only a few months ago, speakers in both the United States and Russia admitted, or boasted, that their respective countries would soon attain space travel, starting with the "space platform" a thousand miles or so up. It is quite possible that something is about to be revealed. People with long memories will recall that a Truman budget of many years ago openly admitted large sums had been earmarked and research begun on such a project. A similar sum for this year's work is said to be concealed in the Air Force budget.



Charles Eric Maine, the British author and radio writer, has moved his operations across the Atlantic. In March, Rinehart (New York) will publish his second novel, TIMELINER. The Timeliner is not a machine nor a ship, but one man among ten or so similar men who are "deathless"; they go around time like a wheel's rim.

Also on the Rinehart lists this season are Jerry Sohl, with POINT ULTIMATE, and Tucker with TIME BOMB. Sohl's novel, ready in June, deals with the underground movement in the United States following an invasion and occupation. My own book, to be released in the late summer, is a combination mystery and science fiction; a bomb-squad policeman is assigned to investigate an impossible series of explosions. See the title.

Groff Conklin is in again, but that isn't news. Any year which fails to produce a Conklin anthology is a rare one. This time, Groff has departed from the usual procedure by collecting only Ted Sturgeon material --- about 95,000 words of pure Sturgeon. Under the title, A WAY HOME, to be published by Funk & Wagnall In May, are several yarns never before anthologized, as well as familiar words which have appeared elsewhere.

Robert Bloch, also departing from his usual mystery and fantasy haunts, has written and recently submitted to the market a history of the early silent movies. Bloch is a silent movie fan from away back yonder, and no little authority on the subject.

In case you missed it, your attention is called to fredric Brown and his recent collection of shorts and novelettes, ANGELS AND SPACESHIPS, published by Dutton a few months ago. There are seventeen yarns in the book; Brown has written a new short-short to be sandwiched in between each of the older stories reprinted—and they are frequently better than the material they separate. In particular, let your eye pop on the story entitled "politeness" found on page 60. A magazine editor would blanch.

Arthur C. Clarke, some years ago at an Ohio convention, said he whad about ten more books coming soon.# His listeners supposed he

was joshing, but time has revealed the naked truth. His eighth, ninth, or tenth volume appeared only a few weeks ago from Ballantine, entitled EARTHLIGHT. This one is set on the moon, involving an investigator who sets out to plug an information-leak from some one member of the scientific colony stationed there.

Several other recent Ballantine editions are worthy of your consideration; some of which are science fiction and some not. In January they published Frederik Pohl's newest editing venture, STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES #3. This contains ten new stories by Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke, del Ray, Dick, Kersh, Matheson, Oliver, Vance and Williamson. My own particular favorite is the Kersh entry, "Whatever Happened to Corporal Cuckoo?" A month earlier, the same firm published Chad Cliver's first original novel, SHADOWS IN THE SUN. Again, this is a highly recommended story of an anthropologist who investigates his own back yard -- Texas.

Two other Bailantine books are not science fiction, although one of them is promoted as such. MESSIAH, by Gore Vidal, is called to your attention because it is "future" rather than science fiction. I found it a sharp satire --- and a very subtle comedy--dealing with a Messiah who brings a new religion to the world; the bittersweet role is played by the young man chosen to write his 'New Testament,' only to find himself lated exiled and expunged. And the last volume is for the comic-book fiends. THE MAD READER reprints several strips and other material from Mad Comics.

Other recent paperbacks: THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE, by Fred Hoyle, from Mentor Books; SPACE TUG, by Murray Leinster, from Pocketbooks; and two more by Jerry Sohl: COSTIGAN'S NEEDLE, from Bantam, and THE ALTERED EGO, from Pennant. In England, the newlyestablished "Nova Novels" have published their first two titles: WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER by van Vogt, and CITY IN THE SEA, by Tucker.



- People -

K. Martin Carlson, after several years of publishing KAYMAR TRADER, has finally called it quits and turned the magazine over to a pair of Kansas City lads.

Clarke Ashton Smith was married last November, to Carol Jones; the couple are living on the Monterey Peninsula, California.

Gus (Norman E.) Willmorth, long ago and very first editor of S-F ADVERTISER, has received his Ph.D. in Psychology and is now working at Fort Knox, Ky.

Phyllis Economou, fabulous Florida fan, has deserted the fabulous state to take residence in NewYork.

Jack Speer had a baby, believe it or not.

the readers' column

In a review of SFA in an Austrailian fanzine (ETHERLINE), the reviewer pointed out that the ads are worthless to overseas subscribers because of the currency restrictions. This is not good, I says to myself. And so I have come up with a solution I hope will work.

If any of you overseas readers wish to answer an ad in SFA, go ahead. Make your deal with the advertiser—find out how much he has of what you want, if he will hold it for you, and the exact amount it will cost. (I suggest the use of air letters.) When you've got the deal set up, send the money to one of our overseas agents (contents page) together with the name and address of the party you're dealing with, an explanation of the whole thing, and a request that your instructions be forwarded to me with dispatch. When I get it, I'll write out a check for the amount indicated and send it to the person indicated explaining who it is for. All clear? Now, if any of you readers across the pond wish to buy things over here you're free to do so. There's a couple of catchs though: Whatever you order through me must have been advertised in INSIDE and please add the equivelent of 25¢ extra to the amount sent our agent to cover his expense and mine.

And one last thing: When answering publisher's ads it won't, of

course, be necessary to query first.

If any of you over there should desire to place ads in our pages, you may do so through our agents. To offset confusion due to the long delay in receiving each issue of INSIDE, be advised that the deadline for ads is the seventh of every other month. If you keep this in mind you can place ads at anytime without having to wait until an issue arrives to find out the deadline.

Next issue we'll bring back the Spec. Department. It may not be recognizable at first however, because we're going to change it a bit. It will be no more than the letter column with the emphasis placed on speculation and idea, rather than on comments on the issue. It will, in words of simplicity, be one hell of a bull ses-

sion.

Having finished with the order of business, we have a letter from one

WILLIAM NOLAN Lest our story be misunderstood we want to make it clear that THE SHIP is our way of shouting "Cease and desist!" We are shouting at the editors of those magazines who go on blissfully running Bradbury imitations issue after issue. We are wearied with the pseudo-Bradburys who attempt, most painfully, to ape a strongly marked individual style because they are unable to develop one of their own. In THE SHIP we went one step beyond—we imitated the imitators! Our hope is that it will help to shut a few of them up.

RAY SCHAFFER, JR: I enjoyed immensely reading Mr. Rocklynne's article, namely, "I Hope You Are Schocked", in INSIDE #7. But I believe that Ross, like so many of us, has overlooked one underlining reason why s.f. fans are what they are. That is to say, there is one basic reason why many of us read s.f. that is seldom mentioned in the mags circulating through fandom. A reason that seems to be taboo to mention. A reason that we all know exists, but we seldom mention to our fellow fan. You and I tell curselves that we read s.f. for the entertainment value, the enjoyment and relaxation derived from the reading. True. And we read s.f. for the escape from reality, a means of escaping from the troubled and wearisome world that we live in. And this likewise has some truth in it. And as Mr. Rocklynne indicated in his article, we read s.f. to express our rebellion against many of the social mores and codes of behav-

ior that restrict us in our life activities. Many of our social mores (laws) are based on ancient superstitious foundations, and we have the desire to rebel against them. The reading of fantastic literature helps us to relieve ourselves of some of the suppressed frustration. But the unmentionable reason for reading s.f. is none of the above, for this basic reason lies at the core of all the above. Mr. Rocklynne gave an indication of the basic reason for the reading of s.f. and fantasy when he said that many of us rebel against social mores, but he did not use the word—the descriptive word that explains why s.f. fans exist. fact that many of us read s.f. to be different. To be different from our next door neighbor. To know that we're not in the same boring world-of-realism rut that the average individual spends his lifetime crawling in. And to be proud of the fact, that unlike the average person, we won't and don't accept everything that society attempts to implant within our minds from birth. And when you meet the man on the street, and you tell him that you read s.f., and he laughs at you, then, then you can be proud of the fact that you are a s.f. fan, and know that with this title implanted upon you, you possess the desired distinction of all men to be different. And feel sorry for the man who ridicules, for his brain has become so narrow minded due to the teachings of society, that he shall forever remain in the stagnant world of the realist. Some may call you a radical, a nonconformist, and so you are, and you should be proud of it. And you enjoy defending your favorite form of literature against all comers. I enjoy (and I'm sure you do, too) defending s.f., for it implys that I am different and unique—it indicates that I'm not a conformist, for conformity leads to stagnation of learning and progress. Every individual, ask any psychologist, is born with the desire to be different from his fellow man. And I am proud and happy of the fact that I selected s.f. to express that desired difference, for to me the workings of a vivid imagination are the absolute heights of achieving that want. All men are born with this desire, to a certain degree, to be unique from their fellow humans, the degree of difference being expressed in many ways, shapes and forms. Few experience this uniqueness, many do not. The many do not for one of two reasons. For one, they fear that a contain many than the miduals from being classed as their social mores—they fear the ridicule from being classed as unusual, or queer. They want to be different, but they want to be praised for it, not ridiculed, and only a few can stand the ridicule. And the second reason-society has influenced their minds to such a great extent that narrow-mindedness has set in and they refuse to accept anything not within the acceptability of society at large. Thus the number of radicals and nonconformists in the world is a low number indeed. I'm proud and feel blessed that I'm a radical, a nonconformist—an individual who has no fear to express what I believe to be good and true, and not rely on all the many superstitious unfounded mores of society to base some of my beliefs. If the world was only blessed with more nonconformists, perhaps tyranny and human slavery would become a legend of the miserable past. And then again, upon deeper thought, perhaps an increase of nonconformity would not actually be a blessed event for the world. Would chaos be the result? I leave this dilema for you to solve, if an answer is actually possible of achievement.

((Now that's a good question, Ray—one we must leave for someone of greater self understanding to answer. I do not know what the result would be and, of course, I shall never find out. But I can say with sincerity that a world of individuals—thinking, learning, pressing forward to discover the truth, loving, and creating out of the raw materials of their own minds—of real individuals, who are not dishonestly honest to a society which in effect is trying to get them to be what they all ready are but which is failing miserably, but honest only to themselves—a world such as that, no

matter what the chaos and confusion and groping, would be far far better than the morass of dull wited slime that makes up the Mass, the People, the Animals, the Robots of this society, of any society, of the world. As you, I do not like conformity, and I do not believe anything because I am told it is true and then forced to accept it—and I do not respect the man among you who does not question what is told him by Authority. I believe, in the words of Buddha, the writing, saying, or doctrine only when it is corroborated by my own reason and consciousness...Ray, what you've had to say I admire very much, and I compliment you on a very fine letter. I also admire your very thick hide. But, Ray, what are we going to do with people like this:))

GILBERT MENICUCCI: And now what I consider to be the meat of the issue: your remarks about censorship. Yes, to a certain extent it is the duty of the parent to censor the reading of his child; Lord knows I'm relatively anti-censorship myself. But there has to be a certain level of morality kept. I am reminded of a quotation from Plato dealing with what the young should and should not read and It had to do with the innocent children in his perfect City It was Plato's hearing casual tales brought along by travelers. idea to make perfect moral specimens out of the children in his City and further to make them perfect little machines of efficiency... The real danger when someone starts to censor things isn't what he starts with, it's what his followers end with. We all realwhat he starts with, it's what his followers end with, we all real-ize these things can get out of hand so easily that it's frighten-ing...Your remarks about comic books not having a bad effect on kids I can't agree with. Also, you say you haven't chopped up your mother, nor hung your girl friend from the tree in the backyard. True, but it isn't necessary for these things to become manifest in such obvious ways. Could it not be thought, not without a certain basis in fact, that you might be a happier, samer, more pleasant human being. Could it not be also assumed that you would then be even more productive towards your community and towards human culture as a whole? We all know the one about how \$\frac{1}{2}\pi\$ of the people think, 102% of the people think they think, and 89% don't even bother to do that. Certainly people with different views are needed, but dammit, those views must be kept within reason. I, for one, am a firm believer in the fact that not one thing in this whole Einsteinian cosmos matters, and whether the Russians take over the country or not doesn't matter. However, my own little, relatively unshared ideas don't hurt anybody. BUT if I had the idea that I could go around killing people and that I'd be doing a service to nobody but not hurting anybody either, I would then be a menace. All this springs from the contention that all forms of literature stimulate ideas. And comic books stimulate low grade thinking... Anyhow, what right do you have to say you're a "normal" person That seems to be silly, judging ones own normality or abnormality. Like the madman who keeps insisting the world is crazy, but not him... I'm basically against censorship, but in some cases it's necessary. It all stems from the idea that Man is incapable of deciding his own fate with logic and that a superior authority must take over for him. Being a Roman Catholic, I'm all set.

((Damned if I know what you said. I can't follow your train of thought or make sense out of most of your statements at all. I would hazard the guess, on the basis of the evidence, that you are a member of that 10½% group...And I DID NOT say I was normal. I am not normal in the sense that I am in a "Normal healthy state of mind". At least by God I hope not. I would rather be "abnormal" than live in a vacuum, in a false world of "That's a darling hat, dear" and 1955 Cadilacs and pushbutton thinking. No thank you—the Jonses can go to hell...But to try and decipher parts of your letter: The real danger in censorship is when someone starts cen-

soring—just because the evils don't show themselves right away does that mean censorship is all right at the beginning, but after awhile it isn't? Censorship is evil, if anything is, and censors are filthy minded lonely souls that don't know enough to live their lives quietly and to the best of their ability and let the rest of the world do the same. There's only one healthy form of "censorship" and that's what is snickeringly referred to as conscience—Christ called it love. The individual, the individual can determine his own behavior—and he is the only one with the right to do it. The nonindividuals, or the nopeople, or the robots use their brains for eating, sleeping and making women—but they get along. They're adjusted, as well as anyone could adjust to a social machine. They conform—they don't think. How can they do both? But you've dismissed the possibility of men "censoring" themselves—they aren't capable. However you overlook the fact that society is made up of men—that, in other words, these morals you speak of are made up by men for other men. And if what you say is true, these morals are pitifully ridiculous aren't they—made up by mere men they aren't "logical". I think so too...And, Gil, don't belittle self understanding. You say I have no right to judge myself but I ask you in no quiet tones: WHO THE HELL DOES THAT THAT RIGHT, if not me?))

PAUL BLAISDELL: Y'know, you've got a damn nice looking little magazine. As much as I dislike modern art, I have to admit that it adds a nice, futuristic touch to a s.f. mag. Why in the hell more of the pros don't use it in their mags, I'll never understand. I think those pics of mine came out swell. I like the layout that cindy made for em too...But best of all was the editorial. Now you can lay awake every night and listen for the tread of hob-nailed boots! Don't you know you shouldn't call those greedy, selfish, money worshiping, corrupt, back slapping, tail kissing, self seeking, stab-in-the-back politicians "hop heads"? Shame on you! Whattaya—a commie er sumpthin? Also it seems to me I detect, towards the bottom of the page, a possible reason why you (and I) are three thousand miles away from home...could be?

((Could be.))

HARLAN ELLISON: INSIDE/SFA made its appearance and was read in one sitting...Your layout, with one or two exceptions, is strikingly original. I was most impressed by the design and positioning of the three illustrations for Ludwig's stories. It was a superb job. ... The cover is suitably <u>avant-garde</u>, satisfying even the most progressive, while retaining a certain air of decolletage for those who like their amateur magazines with a touch of informality. I would rate it slightly less than magnificent, but quite a few marks above excellent ... The inside art, with the exception of Terry Carr's rather amateurish illustrations, was exceptional. Hunter unquestionably takes the prize. Words fail Morton and Price were so-so. Austin was, as per his wont, outstanding. Particularly the illustration for the Rocklynne article. Naaman and Dollens were typical Naaman and Dollens. After a certain time, excellence tends to pall. When one is continually slapped in the face with monstrous nebulae, flaming novae, starward-reaching Earthlings, et al, one begins to tire a bit faster than imperceptibly. would do better to understate his case ... But, to these jaded eyes, the best illustration in the entire book was the center cartoon by Paul Blaisdell. In all my life I have never seen such a tremendous s.f. cartoon that served so beautifully as a "straight" cartoon. This is the type of <u>double-entendre</u> humor that is so often sought, so often degenerates into smut, and is so seldom achieved. The other two, though, were miserable from a humorous standpoint... My sympathies are, of course, with Paul, but for the record, this IS

DEFINITELY NOT the first time in twelve years a theft has perpetrated at a Convention. If we were to add up only the known thefts at Cons, ranging from original manuscripts and illustrations all the way through boxes of new books from publishers to a hotel-owned mimeograph machine and ending with grass mats saving "SF Convention", we'd have a dossier big enough for any metropolitan police department to spend two weeks booking properly. No. the chances of you ever getting word who goneffed your pix (and by the way, I saw them and they were excellent jobs of draftsmanship) is way, I saw them and they were excellent jobs of draftsmanship is slim, for a known fan, or one who has contact with a large group of fans would not be foolish enough to swing with it, since it could too easily be traced. More probably it was one of your transient SanFramers who dropped in for the day and wanted a souvenir ... The article itself was uninspiring. But aside from the semantic errors it put across your beef quite adequately... The rest of the material in the issue ranges itself in two parallels: the very good—and the very bad. On the excellent side comes "I Hope You Are Shocked" which was a remarkable cogent piece of work. Eminently worthwhile. More of this, if possible. Also, the letter section, which was a lively one indeed, and sections of the book department though other sections show only too well the rabit of receiving review copies but seldom reading them...The Slotkin story was merely bad. Nothing more can be said for it. The three Ludwig pieces were pointless to the point of tediousness. "The Birth of A ces were pointless to the point of tedicusness. The Birth of A Galaxy" was merely a re-counting and as such can neither be called good or bad...On the whole, INSIDE/SFA seems a periodical groping for itself. You are trying, that is important. Your layout is superlative, presentation being one-half the success of a magazine, but the material itself is weak. Importunably weak.

((When we succeed in finding ourselves—you'll know it. In the meantime, in order to learn, we experiment. We try this idea and that idea—and if some of them don't turn out, well we're none the worse for trying. We stay awake nights figuring out ideas, better ways of doing things, better ways of presentation, ideas for things to present. We take our work pretty damn seriously...but we have one hell of a good time. Be assured our reviewer reads every book.))

RON VOIGT: You are, as usual, doing your fine job on INSIDE. "The Martian Who Hated People" was quite an interesting experiment. However the three versions by Ed Ludwig captured my fannish attention, although the story by Joe Slotkin was well done...Ross Rocklynne has written another of those controversial articles Obvious ly he appeals to the more radical and leftists of s.f. fans when he mutters darkly about "controlling pressures" and "accepted codes of behavior". Of course s.f. does allow the individual more freedom of expression in offtrailness than most of the classifications of stories, but I think the idea that the individual wishes to escape from these controls (arbitrary or seemingly natural) is a false conclusion. Within those controls lie security, stability, and sanity. When a s.f. reader picks up a story to read he is aware that the story is fantasy and therefore enjoys the seeming freedom from many controls of society. But so is the detective reader, the Spillane reader, and the western fan. No matter where you go or what you do there are controls which you must adhere to. Society, in order to preserve itself, must have certain taboos. Remove these taboos and the real individual does experience the real he, but that person is not a pleasant person. That is one reason why anarchy would never work. Being mentally and physically controlled by society to some degree has its merits. All cannot be altruistic, ergo "codes of behavior". Just because they vary from culture to culture is no argument against them. They are necessary for every individual's sake. Our "self" is not screaming to be free. Rather it is screaming to express itself. S.f. is the expression of these

many selves. They don't want to be uncontrolled, they merely want to express themselves ... I liked Rocklynne's article.

((Security is a nonmeaning word desired by those spineless empty heads who crawl and slobber over shining gadgets and scream "This is Science, This is Science, All Hail!" and everything is solved for them and everything is done for them-they have a false security. Stability implies a firm understanding of what you are and where you're going—implies purpose. And among the 160 million show me a million that have purpose, that are not wandering around in circles looking up to some god—be he in the form of material Science or spiritual words—for "security". Sanity is likewise an impossible word, since no one is sane. You can always say, he is saner than him. But of whom are you to say, he is sane? And so these things that people want they don't have—neither security, stability or sanity. What? Have their morals and their controls and their superstitions and their-ways-of-doing-things" failed them? Of course they have. So it is the nonconformists who change the world and try to make it better, while the Mass merely lives in it, dead between one life and another... The individual, the real "he", is a living, flowing, being, becoming force of life—the real self 18. The social self, the self that has been controled, shaped, taught, is nonexistent in the sense that there be a real existence. Have you never met the former?...But, Ron, I liked your letter, although I disagree with you overmuch. I think it was the "I liked Rocklynne's article" that did it.))

And now a final word or three:

We have the science fiction story about the Last War. And of course the fairy tale about the Everlasting Peace. There is even the more gross tale-fable about the Final Destruction in which all the nonbelievers are in for ages of Suffering. We have the histerical seeking after of peace by the means of rush rush preparation for war. And we define this peace as the lack of war.

In our opinion a lot of words are making empty spaces on paper empty. We do not want peace—but we shall have it. We shall have war and peace and war and peace and war and more more more. For the world is of our own making, and as we make it so it becomes,

but it never is.

Peace is the space between one war and another war. It is not the absence of suffering, selfless selfishness, starvation, or men hating themselves -which are other men. Peace is the negative, not the positive-war is the positive. And as you can see no doubt, as long as you have the positive you have the negative, for they are of the same origin, one is because of the other, and one has no meaning without the other. As long as we have peace we must have war.

To exist for yourself, as an individual, not as a separate I. but as a nonseparate 1, as a part and as a whole, as a self-knowing unseparate individual is to have neither peace nor war. For to be is not to become. And the two nonexistent realities lose their meaning when you understand a deeper meaning—within yourself.

But let us have this Last War. In fact, we shall have it

1t-we will have \underline{a} war, many wars—but no matter what the destruction, it will not be the final mass slaughter.

The communist people are slaves of the state-while we are the slaves of wall street, of Money, of push button ways of doing things, of "security". Communist leaders are power mad, our leaders are power mad-they merely lack supreme power. So who is going to deny that the desire for power causes war? We shall probably go along in our confused stampede for security until we blow ourselves all to hell in the name of liberty.

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