Pire when ready-CRITIC!



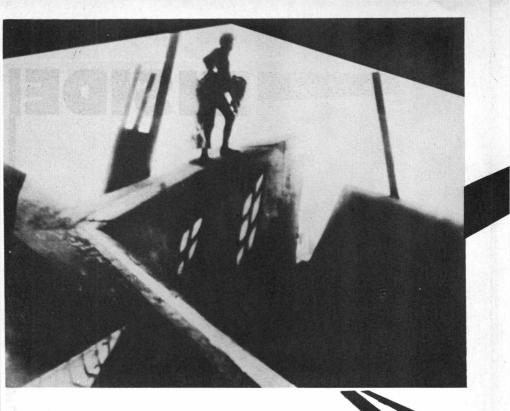
# INSIDE

and

Science Fiction Advertiser

 $25\,$  cents

mount in place



DANDRUFF
in the
FRIGHTWIG



obert bloch



All stills courtesy of Neil Austin.



#### Dandruff in the Fright-Wig



When I sat down to write this article. I laughed.

It was all going to be so absurdly easy.

"Do a little piece on old-time fantasy and science fiction movies in contrast to modern films," said your editor.

On the face of it, this sounded like a simple assignment. I've seen a goodly share of the modern product, remember a fair number of older efforts, and have read a bit about those I haven't seen.

So I decided the most logical way to approach the subject would be to merely list a few titles and then make comparisons in order

to arrive at my conclusions.

One hour later I had a list of 260 titles.
And the end was not yet. I could have gone on, except that I began to realize this was a project. The titles covered old-time science fiction; old-time fantasy; modern science fiction and fantasy; comedies and animated cartoons containing the fantasy element; straight "horror" movies, old and new; fake "horror" movies, old and new; "series" movies which started out straight and ended up in self-burlesque; one-man "vehicles"; melodramas and mysteries depending on the fantasy or science fiction element, etc.

Any coherent consideration of these categories demands a book, not an article. Generalizations derived from a hasty evaluation will only sound arbitrary.

But I can't help it. I'm going to sound arbitrary and let the

chips fall where they may.
In this entire list of 260 films (eliminating cartoons and nonsense comedies, which run into the thousands) I reach the following ratings:

Actual science fiction movies-4. Actual fantasy-horror movies - 36.

Are you surprised? I was flabbergasted.

But accepting my basic premises, a recheck confirmed my listing. And my basic premises were simple. "A science fiction movie," I decided, "is a film where the accent rests <u>primarily</u> on the scientific concept." And, "A fantasy-horror movie is a film where the accent rests primarily on the fantastic premise or on the evocation of horror from the audience."

Let's examine a few titles and see how this works.

First, science fiction. What were the four titles which seemed to fulfil the terms of the definitions?

1. Metropolis

2. Things to Come
3. Destination Moon
4. The Day the Earth Stood Still
Before the moaning starts, let's briefly examine these films and see what we can learn. Metropolis and Things to Come both exemplify obvious purpose on the part of their producers: to project a vision of possible future civilization, together with the sociological problems inherent therein Fritz Lang's production is, viewed today, a rather dated, completely Aristotleian pageant. The action is deliberately stilted; the extras move in formal patterns and the grotesque histrionics of the principals is exaggerated. There is no illusion of reality anywhere except in a few isolated technical effects at which UFA excelled in the mid-20s. Things to Come shares many of the same defects. The grotesque histrionics have been replaced, in the main, by grotesque conversational hyperbole-although even as fine an actor as Sir Cedric Hardwicke indulges in a surprising amount of mugging. But basically, these two films are honest in intent. They set out to do a job and try to do it without arbitrary concessions to plot. Both carry the usual needless love interest, but it is very definitely

subordinated to the main themes.

Destination Moon is perhaps the closest approach to a "documentary" in the science fiction field. Here again, the emphasis is on the science fictional element, with the usual plot-gambits subordinate.

The Day the Earth Stood Still is a parable, but once again the emphasis remains constant, and there is a certain objectivity in

the handling of characters and theme.

Which brings us to our criteria of evaluation: is the picture Is the emphasis on the science fiction rather honest in intent?

than on the usual hackneyed plotting?

Use these questions and you'll see why many of the films ordinarily included in the science fiction category do not belong there. Some of these pictures may be better (from the standpoint of technical proficiency, dramaturgy, or that abstract quarreling point, "sheer entertainment value") but they are not science fiction according to this definition.

All too many of them are merely "horror-pictures" in allegedly science fictional disguise. Among these one can cite, and recognize, such efforts as The Thing. The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms. War of the Worlds, When Worlds Collide, Them, etc. These and twenty others can be subdivided into two main plot divisions:

A. "Look out, boys, the Monster is loose!"

B. "Look out, boys, they're gonna destroy the world!"

In Type A the emphasis is not on science but on the horrormenace. In Type B the emphasis is on how-will-the-army-plus-thehandsome - scientist-hero-and-the-beautiful-busted-heroine-destroythe - creatures - after - enough-scenes-of-wholesale-destruction-areshown-preferably-in-full-color-to-satisfy-the-vicarious - sadistsin-the-audience?

In both types your "science" is merely a "gimmick". You could substitute a fantasy monster or a purely physical menace and arrive at the same effect. Some of these films (Them. for example) are well done. Some are atrocious. But none are really, basically,

honest science fiction.

And the same holds true in the fantasy-horror field. A surprisingly small number of them are honestly produced as "shockers". All too many are "vehicles" for an actor (cf. Lon Chaney, Karloff, Lorre, Lugosi, Atwill, Carradine, Lon Chaney Jr., Rathbone, Rains, etc.). All too many are "gimmick" movies where the horror element serves as a foil for alleged comedy (cf. Abbot & Costello's series, the Bowery Boys, The Bat, The Gorilla, The Cat and the Canary—the three latter having been made two or three times each with various comics exhibiting fright). All too many are synthetic ("it's all a comics exhibiting fright). All too many are synthetic ("it's all a bad dream") or devised purely to enable exhibitors to advertise them as fantasies whereas in reality they are straight—or crooked -melodrama.

But the genuine fantasy-horror films do include such titles as: The first Frankenstein and Dracula...Queen of Spades...The Mummy (with fine Willy Pogany decor and good camera work by Karl Freund)...The Man Who Could Work Miracles (sparked by the late Roland Young's performance, and notable for a brief glimpse of an unbilled and marcelled George Sanders in the prologue)... The Man in the Mirror (a little known British film of the 1930s starring Edward Everett Horton in a whimsy far superior to the Topper series or the ill fated Night Life of the Gods)...Dr. X (very early 1930s Warner Technicolor film in which the science fiction element is used frankly in a commendable attempt to scare the living hell out of the audience).

Then we come to some more ersatz s.f. which is real fantasy... The Island of Lost Souls (Laughton hamming it in a white jacket and Lugosi having a fine time behind a lot of crepe hair for dear old Paramount)... The Mysterious Island (in the 20s, in color, and directed by Lionel Barrymore, of all people, for kicks rather than faithful adherence to Jules Verne).

Val Lewton's <u>Cat People</u> and its sequel are honest films; so is his <u>Body-Snatcher</u>, with Karloff, Lugosi, and Henry Daniell in his

usual fine performance.

King Kong. like The Lost World, seems honest to me; whereas the 1.000.000 B.C. effort, the Kong sequel, the Mighty Joe Young rehash and the horde of Unknown Islands. Two Lost Worlds, etc., seem phoney attempts to capitalize on something they never deliver; using the monsters for "gags" and the females for cheesecake. But the original Kong like the original Frankenstein's Monster, was created for the simple purpose of evoking shudders. And in their time—before all the repetitions, debunkings, and cheapenings of the now-familiar themes—they were completely effective.

the now-familiar themes—they were completely effective.

The Phantom of the Opera as a silent film with Chaney, in 1925, was completely terrifying. The talkie version, with Rains, was a phoney. Rains was "rationalized" and the love interest became important. The original version was the honest grue in a wholly

fantastic world.

Creation of a wholly fantastic milieu was the secret of the famous German cinema-makers of the 1920s. The Golem. in two versions; The Student of Prague, also made twice; Destiny, Warning Shadows. The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Waxworks, and Faust were all limned against a wholly make-believe universe where the supernatural become commonplace.

The Germans cheated, too. They had their Genuine (a spurious attempt to capitalize on Caligari) and their Alraune, and many an-

other. But for a time they made superb fantasy.

Fairbanks attempted to borrow both technical virtuousity and feeling for his Thief of Bagdad, and a satisfying venture it was, too. The technical effects seem obvious today—but there is an honesty about this film which is sadly lacking in the Korda colortalkie version and the 4000 "oriental magic" films which have followed as vehicles for various Phoney Curtis-Yvonne de Crudlo types.

The French got on the bandwagon with Rene Clair in the 20s, and Cocteau added his touches. Films such as Beauty and the Devil (a fine Faustian epic with Michel Simon as Old Man Faust and Old Man Mephisto both; note the wonderful score by Roman Vlad) are eminently satisfactory. So is Orpheus and Le

Voyage Imaginaire, to name but a few examples.

Dr. Clyclops seemed to me to be a particularly absorbing border line film. It could have been just another variant of the monster-is-loose theme, but Albert Dekker's performance was a redeeming feature.

Unfortunately, movie makers seem to feel that obvious crud (The Creature from the Black Lagoon, Ma and Pa Kettle Meet John W. Campbell, Jr., etc.) is more profitable than a fine job like All That Money Can Buy. The latter film (with notable performances by Walter Huston, John Qualen, and one of the finest musical scores ever written, by Bernard Herrmann—not recorded, alas!) passed virtually unnoticed save by the "arty" critics.

So did the early Nosferatu, The Hands of Orlac, and the American remake, Mad Love, with Lorre. These were melodramatic, but honest in intent and execution—as contrasted to the money making Mad Doctors, Mad Geniuses, and Mad Magicians which periodically parade

across the screens.

Producers also learn that while The Uninvited can produce shivers, it's safer to play ghosts for laughs als Blithe Spirit or The Ghost Goes West. And once a "name" becomes established (cf. Chaney or Karloff) it becomes customary to advertise him as a horror-star but actually present him in a feeble "character role".

From the days of Melies onward, the screen has offered a wonder-

or the presentation of genuine fantasy and/or What we usually get is "Boo! Haha, it's only a ful opportunity for the presentation of science fiction. "Shoot the machinery-operated-paper-mache-down-beforeit-rips-the-sweater-off-the-heroine."

So we must all be grateful for the few opportunities it has provided for us to indulge wholly in that "willing suspension of disbelief" which provides imaginative stimulus to the afictionado.

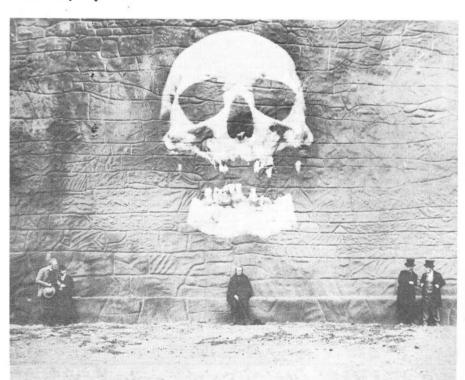
But it's a pity some of the old-timers I've mentioned can't be revived. Despite the changes in acting style, improvements in camera technique, greater range of technical effects, and elimination of stillted subtitles, some of these films had genuine power evoke fright and wonder.

The next time you attend a showing of a new "science fiction" movie, you might just think about that for a moment.

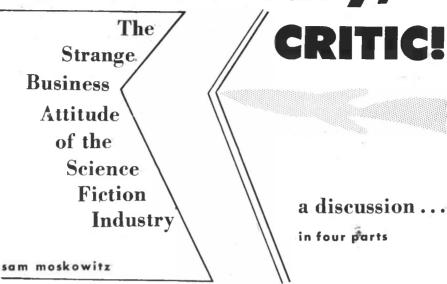
Think about it while the film opens, a Young Scientist discovers a Weird Menace, the two or three minor characters (child, old man) get Killed Off, the Old Scientist arrives with his Beautiful Daughter or Niece, the Army Takes Over And Is Baffled, the Monsters make their first open appearance, the Young Scientist and the Girl join the Army and try to wipe out the Monsters before the deadline, and the Mass Sadistic Spectacle of Death and Destruction tittilates the audience until God and the Intelligence Officers prevail.

Believe it or not, there are other plots than this one (which we starving writers can no longer sell even for to a word). And believe it or not, there can be better movies. Too bad there aren't more of them made...and more times when we can be lifted, or scared out of our seats.

Menace, anyone?



fire when ready,



The aim of science fiction publishers is the same as the aim of that of most businesses—to make money. Not too much money is be-

ing made from science fiction today.

In most other industries, if there is a falling off of sales, the business men controlling that industry begin a drastic researching and soul searching to find out what is wrong. If it is outside conditions, they plan for methods of survival. If the fault is their own business practices or product, they are relieved, because that can be altered and the sales decline stopped.

Most major industries have trade journals covering every phase of its workings, whether the field be chemicals, oil, food, transportation, medicine, metals, clothes, etc. Most major industries have local organizations dedicated to the advancement of their industry on the local level. Most industries have at least one, sometimes a dozen, major industrial conventions annually. At these conventions experts thrash out problems. Business practices are ruthlessly analyzed, criticized and praised. I have had the pleasure of sitting in on some of these industrial conventions recently. They have been a revelation.

Companies will spend thousands of dollars to send their representatives to these affairs. In most cases, the representatives are the very top officers of the companies. I have watched a President of a half-a-billion dollar empire scribbling notes on a talk delivered by an individual who was ripping his method of operation to bits. Weeks later I read a release from that company announcing a drastic overhauling in their method of operation—based on the two-fisted critical talk that had been delivered against them.

Business Week magazine, in its edition of June 4, 1955, devoted a special feature to the growing importance of these conventions and meetings in the progress of American industry:

"Hundreds of corporation presidents, chairmen, and vice-presidents are spending between 20 and 30 days a year at conferences," states authoritive Business Week. "There are specialists' conferences; trade and industry conferences; and information-exchange

"Nobody possesses firm figures on what all this gregarious activity costs U. S. business. One company reckoned its expenses for American Management Association meetings alone at \$30,000 - and it noted proudly that this was proof enough that it was an up-andcoming outfit that goes to the right places for good information.

The thing that gets these companies out to conferences, states Business Week, is the general answer -- "We come here for new ideas. According to Business Week, the American Management Association alone issued the following figures on their conference program:

"Some 48,500 executives attended 315 different meetings."
"About 1,600 speakers, discussion leaders, plus a permanent AMA staff of 160, ran the meetings.

"Business paid into AMA last year fees totaling \$2,500,000—12 times the 1944 figure."

Business Week also notes that well over one third of those who signed in for these meetings were board chairmen, presidents, or executive vice presidents!

What a fantastic contrast to the operation of the science fic-

tion industry.

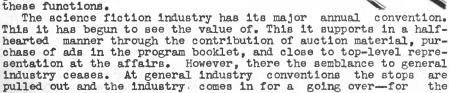
Science fiction has the same set up as other industries. It has trade journals—hundreds of them. Fublications which deal with a good many phases of the science fiction industry. And unlike the trade journals elsewhere, these trade journals solicit little no advertising. Their operation costs the science fiction industry not one cent. Their pages are free to convey any message the science fiction industry wants to get across. In addition, their criticism is objective to the degree, at least, where those criticizing have more to lose than to gain by their criticism Misguided or not, the critiques are usually honest.

General industry pays thousands of dollars a year in advertising to support their trade journals. If they don't buy advertising they don't get their message across. They receive practically no honest criticism from the editorial staff of their trade journals, for the trade journal publishers will take no chance on antagoniz-

ing their advertisers.

The science fiction industry has its regional organizations. There are many fine clubs throughout the nation which cost the science fiction industry nothing to maintain. The services these clubs are available for publishers who want an excuse to meet a business associate or to use their members as sounding

boards. General industry spends millions of dollars annually to its own regional organizations, which are supported at very great effort on the part of busy industry members, as a vital part of industry progress. Industry leaders fight for a chance to speak before these gatherings, to utilize their advantages. In science fiction, a member of the science fiction industry often has to be begged to attend, and imagines is conferring a tremendous favor upon the group when he makes an appearance. General industry hires time men who spend all their time traveling around the country for the sole purpose of creating good will and business contacts at



good of the industry. Business executives, out for the dollars, hunger for constructive suggestions. Jot down every word of criticism. Engage in brisk questioning and cross-examination. Later spend thousands of dollars in investigating the validity of the information they have received and if it is valid they act upon it.

Few actual publishers are present at science fiction conventions. A great many of the editors are. Perhaps science fiction editors don't really qualify as businessmen—not even those who own their own magazines. They are really literary types. They are not in science fiction, as a rule, solely to make money. They are also in science fiction because it satisfies some creative urge or desire on their part. Maybe things would be different if every magazine had its publisher and business manager as well as its editor. Maybe things would be better for science fiction all around. Because there is no denying it—science fiction, as an industry, is almost totally incapable of accepting criticism for its business value alone. It accepts criticism of its business policies as

personal attacks.

In general industry, such criticism is evaluated carefully and acted upon. Sometimes there are house cleanings, promotions and general changes. This is because the primary objective of general Industry is to make a profit and personal idosyncracies and theoretical nonsense are given short shrift when they interfere with objective. Sometimes, in private industry, the critic is rewarded, in some fashion, for his astuteness in ascertaining the factors standing in the way of greater profits. For his valuable (in dollars and cents) knowledge of the industry. In science fiction, with many men out to protect their pet fancies, misconceptions and prejudices, the blacklist is the customary pay off for the critic. The editor and, regrettably, sometimes the publisher of a science fiction magazine, book or other publishing enterprise will mark NG along side of the name of the man who criticizes his business policies. Even when those policies have been exposed by consistantly small or negligible profits as being wrong! Even when the editor or publisher is frantically looking for some way to save his magazine! Obviously, they are more interested in someone show-ing them why they were right, despite their failure, than someone indicating where they have been wrong and how they might remedy

their poor sales.

The examples that are easiest to offer are those in which I have had a personal involvement. On November 17, 1946, I delivered an address before the Queens Science Fiction League in New York entitled "A Critical Analysis of Professional Editorial Policy in Slanting Magazines Toward a Particular Class of Readers". This analysis showed, among other things, that of 175 units of fiction in Astounding the three years preceding that date, 100 had been written solely by 7 authors or authors' teams! L. Jerome Stanton, who was assistant editor of Astounding at the time and who was present at the meeting was astounded by the figures. To make it more emphatic, the actual wordage represented 70% of all the material in Astounding the past three years! These were facts and figures, bare-faced statistics and analysis. Private industry pays many thousands of dollars a year for just such analysis of their business policies and set-up. Now (and this is purely an example and not fact), suppose Astounding had been showing a decline in circulation during the past year or two preceding that analysis. If that had been the case, the editors and publishers would have a reasonable idea as to what might be one of the causes. Material of this type is not a personal attack upon a magazine or editor. It is, to the contrary, one of the finest evidences of sincere interest and good faith that can be shown. For such facts and figures may save a publication from rough sleding.

Few people are in a position to do an accurate breakdown of this nature, for to do so requires a very specialized knowledge, which I happened to possess, i.e., what names were pen names authors. What other names were pen names of their wives! A method for breaking down the fiction of a magazine into workable

accurate units, etc.

In the same talk, which was published in the PSFS News and then reprinted in the June-July 1947 issue of Britain's late lamented Fantasy Review, under the title "Policy Is Losing Readers", I also made the statement that weird fiction and fantasy does not sell well. That weird and fantasy anthologies (which outnumbered science fiction 10 to 1 in 1946) were being supported mainly by fiction readers, and that when enough general science fiction appeared in book form they would drop deader than the dodo.

August Derleth, who was then editing and publishing a number of weird anthologies and weird and fantasy books, attacked me most violently for that statement. Ending up by saying: plain fact is that Mr. Moskowitz does not know what he is talking To defend my statement I brought up mountains of evidence to prove that what I had said was based upon careful sifting and

assembling of facts and not upon a Nostradamus complex.

In vain I attempted to show that I had been operating as a book dealer and had the evidence of hundreds of purchasers preferences. In vain I attempted to show the sharp differential in sales between the few science fiction books that had appeared and the weird anthologies. In vain I attempted to make the point that ours was a scientific and technological civilization and people just didn't believe in ghosts any more. That weird books were selling they had such authors as H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, etc. from Weird Tales, who had become accepted as part the group by scientifictionists, and science fiction readers considered their stories "legitimate" collectors items. It was hopeless to present my statistics that the science fiction magazines of the period were so dull and lacking in general literary quality that fans were turning to weird anthologies only as a stopgap alternative. Nothing would prove acceptable except the surmise that I had an unreasonable antipathy to weird and fantasy fiction and was taking the opportunity to attack it. It did no good to show that I had one of the finest collections of weird and material in the world, and that some of my favorite stories were in this genre. Try as I might, I could not bring across the point that my criticisms were business criticisms of a practical variety

and not personal attacks or personal preferences.

But though I rationalized with Derleth through publication after publication, he continued to regard my statements as a personal attack Had he been more interested in analyzing the evidence than in discrediting me, he might have profited from my research, conducted at no cost to him.

Today few remember this debate. Today almost no one would deny that my analysis (not guess, but business analysis), had been correct. Then many supported him, including H.E. Koenig and P. Schuyler But the fact remains that Arkham House could conceivably have benefited if Derleth had acted upon my analysis from a busi-

ness instead of a personal stand point.

Another dramatic example of business advice based on facts and lysis may be found in my article "The Case Against Modern Scianalysis may be found in my article "The Case Against Modern Science Fiction" which appeared in the Fall 1952 issue of The Journal of Science Fiction. This appeared at the time when the new science fiction "boom" was reaching its peak. When it seemed that "modern" science fiction was the Moses that would bring the science fiction world to its land of Milk and Honey. But I broke down the elements in modern science fiction in a careful analysis. I showed that it was already played out as an area of science fiction development. That it lacked a "sense of wonder" without which it could never hope to command a wide audience. I proved that other types were outselling it even at the time the article was written. That many

of those who were applauding modern science fiction as a near endall product of literature had not read the older forms, and what is more, had not even read the modern science fiction they were

praising!

Horace Gold talked to me for hours about it. Convinced that my reasons for criticizing the form of science fiction which his Galaxy championed was an adolescent hangover from my younger days and based on emotion. I tried to give him the facts and figures, but he was more interested in why he was right than why he might have been wrong. I finally ended the discussion in a very definite manner. "Horace," I said, "if Galaxy is doing well and making piles of money, why bother arguing with me?" I was trying to tell him I didn't give a damn what he did. That my views were not prompted by emotion. That I had made an impersonal analysis of the field and presented the facts based upon the material I had to work with. My pleasure derived simply from the research and intellectual aspects of the analysis. Beyond that I felt no urge to lead a crusade for

or against modern science fiction.

Other authors wrote anonymous rebuttals with titles such as "Back to the Stone Age". One prominent editor who vigorously lambasted me in print, later had to compile an anthology, and called me up one day to admit that at the time he had given me the business, he had never read any examples of modern science fiction examples the business. cept those that had come across his desk!! That having read some hundreds of them to find stories for his new anthology he was absolutely appalled. They have tried to paste the kabel of "throwback" on me. But no one doubting my conclusions and accusing me of favoring an antiquated form of science fiction is able to show where he has read or owns as much old or new science fiction as is in my library. Somewhere there has to be a contradiction, they feel, in a man owning one of the finest collections of modern science fiction in the world, and claiming it is no more than a phase, not the whole picture of the field. They are incapable of understanding that a business criticism is being made, based upon literary background and research. Not a personal attack based upon prejudice.

I wonder how many today can feel so certain that I was merely reflecting youthful nostalgia in my statement of 1952 in which I said that too much emphasis on modern science fiction writing

might be reflected in poorer sales?

Recently I acted as Chairman of the Metrocon, a convention with the theme "What's Wrong With Science Fiction?". We got plenty of good reasons including one speech on "What's Right With Science Fiction". However, one editor got up and intimated that he might look kindly upon manuscript offerings of at least one, and maybe other authors who had been offering criticism of science fiction at that convention. His answer to constructive criticism

appeared to be the blacklist.

At the recent Fanvet convention, where the theme was "Where We Go From Here? (the idea being to offer constructive suggestions as to what new approach science fiction should take), I offered evidence that "psychological" science fiction was not only killing fiction a black eye in higher literary sales, but giving science Had I been an author who depended upon science fiction ring, I would have lost many markets instantly. In spite circles. for a living, I would have lost many markets of the fact that there was not a science fiction editor present whose magazine was not fighting to maintain sales. The answer of the science fiction industry to criticism is still-blacklist:

The unwillingness of editors and publishers to accept business criticism was graphically brought home to one hundred in attendance at the 1955 Midwestern Conference, held in Bellefontaine, Ohio, recently. Asked by the chairman, Dr. C. L. Barrett, to give an extemperaneous talk, I presented, in digest form, the basic elements I have given in the foregoing pages, with the exception

15

that the names of no publishers, publications or individuals were mentioned.

The audience was visibly amazed and entertained as Evelyn Gold, Managing Editor of Galaxy. and Martin Greenberg, publisher of Gnome Press spent a frantic and enraged hour ranting on subjects from the high cost and difficulties of distribution to their undying affection for Edward E. Smith. From why Galaxy was selling at the greatest sales peak of its history to why they could not afford to support and come to conventions From why fan views were unreliable to the seven different ways Sam Moskowitz could go to hell.

This was a dramatic and fantastically extreme example of the emotional and insulting response that members of the science fiction industry are prepared to give to business criticism of the most generalized nature, i.e., that they analyze their operation

from the dollars and sense viewpoint.

The point that I am attempting to make is that the science fiction industry must cease regarding those who criticize its policies as enemies. A critic can often be a better friend than a business acquaintance who offers lip service for personal gain.

In plain words, if it wishes to prosper, science fiction as a business and an industry must grow up. It must utilize the methods that big business values so highly and sustains at such a high cost to a dollars and sense advantage. It should be grateful that facilities commonly associated with only well-heeled concerns should be available to them at so low a cost. It should make an effort to see that these facilities are maintained and improved if only from a completely selfish standpoint.

Most important, it must disengage personalities and personal prejudices from their operations. It must run their concerns as



These new books, listed below at the original publisher's

11166
DEATH'S DEPUTY, L. Ron Hubbard
" good plotting and smooth writing make this grim novel interesting indeed." World in Books. \$2.50  —OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, van Vogt & Hull
Six exciting tales of fantasy by a famous writing team. Now in the second edition. \$3.00
UNDESIRED PRINCESS, The, L. Sprague de Camp
Fast-paced fantastic adventures of a modern man in a barbaric world of mirth and madness\$3.00
-KINGSLAYER, The, L. Ron Hubbard
Adventure in the year 2139 A.D., when Earth has become a tyrant, and one man is chosen to rescue the galaxy\$3.00
WORLDS OF WONDER, Olaf Stapledon
Three stories: THE FLAMES, OLD MAN IN NEW WORLD, and DEATH INTO LIFE, in the first American reproduction\$3.00—CARNELIAN CUBE, The, de Camp & Pratt
Sataric fantasy of an archaelogist's search for Utopia,\$3.00
EXILES OF TIME, Nelson Bond
Time-travel and the strange days of Ragnarok\$3.00
-MURDER MADNESS, Murray Leinster
The psychological deterioration of man under the rule of fear.  A fascinating fantasy of an exotic land\$2.75
IRON STAR, The, John Taine
" Taine's greatest book and one of the greatest in all science fiction," says P. Schuyler Miller in his book review column in "Astounding Science Fiction" magazine
-LORDS OF CREATION, Eando Binder
From the 20th century to the 50th century where civilization exists only in the Antarctica
THE TORCH, Jack Bechdolt
Tale of atomic energy written over 30 years ago\$2.50
RADIUM POOL, The, Ed Earl Repp
Deep beneath the Manalava Plains of Death Valley two Earth- men discover a mysterious pool of immortality\$3.00
—PORCELAIN MAGICIAN, The, Frank Owens Fifteen tales of oriental fantasy for the connosieur. Delicate subtlety and rich humor, illustrated throughout
-STELLAR MISSILES, The, Ed Earl Repp
Strange creatures from a distant world discovered in the first space ship to cross the star-ocean. \$2.75
-SHADOW GIRL, The, Ray Cummings
Science fiction story of time-travel by an old master\$1.50

First of all, Moskowitz has set up the following sequence of propositions: (A) I, Moskowitz, declared that "modern" science fiction is fundamentally poor, because it lacks a "sense of wonder"; I predicted that it would not be a financial success. (B) Subsequent events showed poor sales in science fiction. (C) Therefore, "modern" science fiction cannot sell well and a return to the old-time "sense of wonder" is what is needed to make science fiction a financial success.

Points A and B are indisputable; we know that Moskowitz did make such declarations and predictions; we know that sales have been poor.

But Moskowitz did not prove that either the poor sales were due to the "modern" type of science fiction offered to the public during the past few years, or that a return to the old-time "sense of wonder" science fiction would succeed. He merely listed a sequence of events. Proposition C may be a result of propositions A and B, but it has not been established.

As a reader, it happens that I agree with Sam to a large extent; I, too, like the older types of stories, and find a good deal of the "modern" stuff uninteresting, unreadable, and so on. However, my preferences do not constitute proof

either.

The sad facts in the matter are that there is insufficient evidence

for any reliable conclusion.

The comparison with big industry is spurious and unreliable. Big industry, through systematic opinion polls and samplings taken from millions and millions of consumers is able to get something like a representative viewpoint. Science fiction editors have never had anything close to this, as related to current reader preferences. I do not know—perhaps Sam does—what the minimum percentage of consumer viewpoint is for a reliable estimate; I suspect, however, that it is a good deal more than one percent.

A science fiction magazine that sold 100,000 copies per issue would have to receive at least 1,000 letters per issue when I say letters", I am using the term to include any kind of verifiable reaction from the readers—postcards, critical comment in fan magazines, etc.). What science fiction magazine these days gets 500 letters on each issue? (If anyone says he does, I'll want

# For Robots Only...



lowndes

more than just his word for it.) In any event, 1,000 would constitute insufficient evidence-although such an upsurge, over a period of months, would be more indicative than reader reaction generally

has been in the postwar period.

In the magazine publishing field, particularly in science fiction, investment resources are usually confined, in the case of each company, to the capital and credit of one or two individuals: is a far cry from the resources of big industry with its thousands and millions of shareholders and far-flung credit and investment capacities. Now a number of publishers, who have also been publishers of science fiction magazines, have become wealthy individuals—but I have yet to hear of a publisher who made a pile on science fiction alone, even when science fiction was selling well.

One bad year in science fiction sales can eat up the fruits of seven good years. The margin of profit in science fiction magazines, despite the fact that the newsstand prices have doubled or trebled in the last decade (in some cases, of course; Astonishing Stories sold for 10¢; the old Amazing Stories, and most issues of Wonder Stories, sold for 25¢), remains small; production costs exclusive of payments to authors and artists have skyrocketed and still show a tend to rise, rather than decrease. Small wonder that publishers and editors haven't shown much interest in undertaking the expense of massive surveys of consumer opinion—the kind that would really be necessary in order to find out why one type of

fiction sells when, and to whom.

It's been the same story throughout the ten plus years that I've been editing magazines - and not only with science fiction. No one really knows why one issue, or one title, sells and another doesn't; you gamble on what you think is good and what the audience wants. You tear your hair wondering why it sells one time and not another, why a competition which you think is bad sells like hotcakes - and at the same time, another competition, substantially the same, flops. You can't go on the assumption that if you think it's lousy, then the public will eat it up; you've got to stick by what you believe in, and be willing to learn from what little evidence you can get as to how the product can be improved.

The result is that when someone who hasn't gone through the same mill, year in year out, comes up with what he says is answer—well, if you're honest and reasonably objective, you you'll admit he may have something there-you're going to be skeptical at least. Sure fire answers to what's wrong with the science fiction magazine business, or any other type of magazine business, pop up like new theories of psychotherapy of political panceas. The man in the business is like the man who has studied history. He's learned that nobody knows all the answers and that there isn't any

one, single simple solution.

Nor will there be, until science fiction is produced by robots, for robots.



"WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT?

For People Only...



larry shaw

One of the toughest questions in the world to answer is: "What

does an editor actually do?"

Naturally, it's a question that is heard pretty often. And it is asked by fairly intelligent people—if I tell some real ignoramus that I'm an editor, I've found, he invariably translates it to mean that I "write books". The ones who ask are literate enough to look at a magazine now and then. Their puzzlement arises because, after having taken that look, they can't imagine anything so tough about the editor's job. Most of them, I suspect, picture the slob sitting around for a couple of hours in the morning reading manuscripts, then taking a writer out for a three-hour, fourmartini lunch and returning to his office only to make a date with his secretary for that night.

There may be editors whose jobs are that pleasant, though I've never met any. When a man rises to the so-called peak of the field—the better-paying magazines or respectable book publishers—his job undoubtedly becomes more specialized. But at my level, which includes such things as semi-slick automobile magazines as well as science fiction and detective stories, an editor is likely to be called upon to do a very odd assortment of jobs—like repairing his own typewriter—just because there's no one else around to do them. And even leaving out such emergency situations, his life is

likely to be pretty frantic.

Example: you plan an issue for balance, with a nice variety of lengths and types of stories. You send the manuscripts to the printer, and back come the proofs—and you find there's enough type to fill 130 pages instead of the 128 you have in the magazine. You can't leave out all the departments because you think the readers expect them. You can't leave out a story because that would leave blank pages. You can't insert a shorter story instead of one that's already in type because there just isn't anything in your inventory or slush pile that'll fit. You can't cut enough

wordage from the stories to make a real difference because they're all such tightly written masterpieces. You can't do anything, but you must—so you juggle and juggle and finally, by a use of run-overs that borders on genius you cram everything in. Then you discover that one of those run-overs, the one on page 38, just happens

to be a continuation of a story that starts on page 96...

All of which is a pretty long-winded introduction just to prove that an editor occasionally earns his salary, even when you only consider the mechanical aspects of the job. But aside from what he does, an editor must stand or fall on the strength of what he is. And to my mind, a really good editor is a rare bird because he must possess a rather far-fetched combination of qualities: must be flexible enough never to close his ears to any part of the constant barrage of criticism he receives, and at the same time it is absolutely vital for him to believe that he is always right.

On this criticism question, I agree very strongly with Sam Moskowitz. In a broad sense, I think that any man who refuses to listen to criticism is a downright fool. And this stands even though (as you might have guessed from my opening paragraphs) the criticism an editor receives will often come from people who have no real understanding of his job or his problems. Yes, every editor, perhaps science fiction editors more than most, will receive a great deal of criticism that is stupid, a great many suggestions that can't possibly be followed, and a great deal of advice that is completely worthless for any of a number of reasons.
To which I say, "So what?"

It's the editor's duty, after all, to be selective. selective about stories, but selective about everything he does. If he can't be selective in separating valuable criticism from the chaff, he shouldn't be an editor! In fact, I firmly believe that he should not just sit back and wait for the criticism to come in; he should go out and try to dig it up. By doing so, he'll not only get more of it, he'll also get a better variety; the people who are interested enough to write in tend to form a rather one-sided picture.

I honestly believe a lot of editors are failing to do the best possible job when they reject criticism. I honestly believe they should sort it all out and apply the nuggets it contains. And I still say it's important for an editor to believe that he is always

I say this because it's so easy to fall into the trap of trying to appear always right, which means that you have to have a convincing set of reasons for everything you do, all prepared and ready to be put forth any time anyone questions your judgment. What this leads to is that you have a full set of rules to apply to every story, so that you can bounce a manuscript automatically if

one of them is broken on page one.

Well, if you're not going to publish any story unless you can explain to the readers in mathematical equations how it achieves its effect, you're going to pass up some darned good bets. It's a nice safe way of doing things, and you may be able to get by with it for years and years. But you're never going to surprise anyone, and I don't think much of a magazine that never surprises anyone. And what's worse, you're going to start thinking of your readers as statistics instead of people.

So a good editor is going to remember that his readers people who are very probably as intelligent as he is, even though he may have attuned his senses more sharply to the job of recognizing a good yarn. He's going to keep his basic kinship with them constantly in mind. He's going to believe that if he likes a story, no matter how off-trail, there's a good chance-a chance taking—that those readers will like it too.

What does an editor do? Oh, he works incredibly hard! It isn't

easy to be a human being, is it?

#### EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO USE YOUR COLLECTION

WONDER STORIES \* AMAZING DETECTIVE TALES \* AMAZING STORIES \* AMAZING STORIES AN ASTONISHING STORIES \* ASTOUNDIN MAZING STORIES ANNUAL \* AMAZING STORIES QUARTERL STOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION \* ASTOUNDING STORIES \* FANTASY READER \* CAPTAIN FUTUE APTAIN FUTURE \* COMET STORIES \* COSMIC STORIES STORTES \* FAMOUS FANTASTIC ASTIC NOVELS \* FANTASTIC STOR AMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES \* FANTASTIC ADVENTU ANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY \* FANTASY (British TASY BOOK \* FANTASY FICTION \* FAN \* FUTURE FANTASY and SCIENCE ANTASY STORIES \* FUTURE combined with SCI UTURE FANTASY and SCIENCE FICTION \* FUT GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION \* GALAX ALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS \* IMAGIN MAGAZINE of FANTASY \* MAGAZINE of FANT AGAZINE of FANTASY and SCIENCE FICT ARVEL SCIENCE STORIES \* MARVEL STORIES \* ARVEL TALES \* A. MERRITT FANTASY LE STORIES \* NEW WORLDS (British) \* OTHER WO THER WORLDS . OUT OF THIS WORLD URES \* PLANET STORIES \* SCIENCE FICTION \* SCI SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY \* SCI ICTION STORIES \* SCIENCE WONDER QUARTERLY \* SCI CIENCE WONDER STORIES \* SCI DETECTIVE MONTHLY \* STARTLING STORIES \* STIRRING TIRRING SCIENCE STORIES \* NOVELS \* SUPER SCIENCE STORIES \* TALES of W ALES of WONDER (British STORIES \* TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE ADVENTUR WO COMPLETE SCIENCE A ORTES \* UNKNOWN \* UNKNOWN WORLDS \* STORY ANNUAL \* WORLDS BEYOND \* AT ONDER STORTES \* WON ES \* AMAZING STORIES ANNE IR WONDER STORIES MAZING STORIES STOUNDING STO ANTASTIC NCE FICTION \*

# SCIENCE FICTION

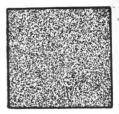
MAGAZINES 1926-1950

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

from

PERRI PRESS, Box 5007, Portland 13, Ore.

### The Chromium Ring



hlgold

The trouble with answering articles like this is that they're such a futile waste of time. Knowing Sam, I do not challenge his motivation or question his honesty; with the best of intentions and integrity, though, he succeeded in talking through his hat pretty much throughout the article. Now comes the dull work of trying to set the facts straight and it's the kind of unentertain-I dislike. I'd much rather tell you about the young ing chore rooster who came strutting into the hen house and told the old rooster he was taking over. "Well, I knew it would come to this some day," said the old rooster, looking the youngster over and knowing he wouldn't stand a chance in a fight.

Oh. Yes, back to the yawnsome business at hand.

There's no point in questioning the resemblance between industry and s. f. conventions. I see so few that the argument would be silly. We support conventions purely because we have to (and want to) maintain good relations with authors and fans. In industry conventions, criticism can often be valuable because the participants understand the business problems involved. Sam is convinced that he knows publishing, but I can guarantee that it wouldn't take long to lose him completely in the skull-crushing problems—especially these days—of production, distribution, promotion and such. I don't intend to because I don't have the time, and it would get us nowhere, and I also know enough to be aware of what I don't know. That isn't to say it's impossible to get valuable criticism out of a fan convention. But the dismal fact is that it constantly reduces to yammering about stories that have already been printed -nice to know, but not much help in getting unwritten stories out of authors-and the merits of old vs. newer forms of s. f. letter columns, fan departments, etc.
Perhaps Sam doesn't recall that we threw open the

editorial policy of Galaxy to its readers when it was a-borning. Even before that, we did considerable opinion-sampling on format, covers, typography and whatever else, outside of actual buying of stories and art, could be clarified for us. Galaxy is what well over 10,000 readers have made it. That, friend, is a huge sampling for a maga-

zine of almost any size. And Galaxy was self-supporting by Its fifth issue and leading the field by its fourth year. How come?

by its fourth year. How come?
The readers know what they want and we know how to give Sam might have contrasted the immense sums businesses spend on customer-sampling with the proportionately tiny amounts spent on industry conventions. The reason is simple—it's the customer who has to be pleased and does, by God, know what he wants. The same is true of readers as against conventioneers. Readers have no special interests; conventioneers do, very damned decidedly, and seldom do the twain meet ... financially, as Sam claims his appeal

I don't want to hurt his feelings by referring to the demise of Science Fiction Plus, but there is an inescapable necessity. That of literary archeology folded for reasons that I still can't get across to Sam, but the important thing is that it completely changed the basis of his criticism of s. f. His recollection of the talk we had has the advantage of any tale told by only one of the participants—Sam gives himself the last word. It would be a genuine squelch, if not for one thing: It's not true. I was talking about the financial problems involved in publishing and my completely valid point was that, like any other enterprise, a magazine has to make money or quit. Sam considered this a revoltingly crass attitude. Now of course, he has taken my argument and used it against me. I don't mind, even if it makes me seem the patsy, but I do regret the anguish Sam had to go through to accept its validity...and regret even more that he hasn't learned a fraction of what he thinks he has.



That blacklist he mentions, for example. I have no notion the practices of other editors and publishers that Sam has in mind, though it seems to me I must know of them, since I'm acquainted with all, and have never found this kind of face-spiting among them. But let's stick to Galaxy. We were lucky, if that's the word, to get a review of the FIRST GALAXY READER in Time Magazine, which, as you'd expect, tore it up as expertly as a gorilla with a phone book. A writer with the same first name as Mr. Moscowitz's (but whose stories appear under a pen name) gleefully wrote in approval of the review and asked the editors there to pity the plight of the poor wights who have to write the stuff-meaning s. f., naturally. His appalled agent called to apologize and I'm afraid I was still steaming at the writer's idiocy, for I began getting manuscripts that looked amazingly like those of the Sam in question, but under a wholly new name. I called the agent and told him he didn't have to bother—and I bought several under that established pen name. Blacklist? For Pete's sake, I'd buy from Hitler, Stalin, Peron or anybody else, provided only the story was good! Our business is putting out the best magazine we're capable of publishing, not avenging slights or attacks. I'm fond of many of our writers, but I do business with others who hate my guts and into the milk of whose grandmothers I privately obscenity. But privately on both sides, mind you—their job is to sell and mine is to buy. We do it and neither of us feels hypocritical. Why

should we? As Sam belatedly puts it, this is a dollars-and-cents proposition and we'll seek the best from any source whatever, just as authors will seek the best markets they can find. If Sam wants to put this to the test, let him learn how to write and we'll gladly take anything good he produces. The same is true of anyone else who has the cockeyed notion that I keep peeves. Never had any

use for the things; can't make a dime on them.

If someone will tell me exactly what Sam has in mind when he takes off against "psychological" s. f., I'd be glad to attempt an answer. If he means Psi, I'm all for his wanting a halt called; it's getting so that almost 50% of all submissions are on that one subject! Writers who don't realize they're committing financial suicide-please be advised, will you? Please? But I suspect Sam doesn't have anything so tangible in mind. What do you think it is? Stories about people who have psychologies? I'm sorry, I don't

dig him.

That reference to my characterizing Sam's approach as "emotional" is true and supports my statement that he didn't know his adze from his elbow joint when it came to carpentering the business end of a magazine. His tone is right, but his facts aren't. For instance, his mention of my wife spending "a frantic; and enraged hour ranting." What the poor gal was trying to do was explain some of the very same financial problems Sam is being so omniscient about. It came out as "ranting" to him, which pretty well indicates how much he understands about them even now, after his disaster. It also reveals why conventions are important to us, only in keeping on good terms with fans and authors. This is a complicated business and just to state a problem involves an impossible amount of explanation—and still more to relate how it's faced and solved. That, of course, isn't true at industry conventions;

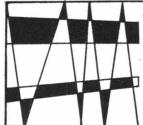
talks the same language.
"Few people," declares Sam, "are in a position to do an accurate breakdown of this nature, for to do so requires a very specialized knowledge, which I happen to possess; i.e., what names were pen names of authors." You're absolutely right, Sam-few people are in that position, including you and me and others in the profession. As a matter of fact, I don't know anybody (and that means Don Day, who's in that position. Speaking for myself alone, I'll bet anything Sam cares to put up that there are at least two pen names of mine he can't identify. Guess at them? That's not the same thing, is it, Sam? Don't forget that position you're in and that specialized knowledge you happen to possess. Knowledge, Sam, not guesswork. As for other writers, many of them are stunned, from time to time, to find their work appearing under pseudonyms. The editors have good reasons; so do the authors, if they're the ones who choose to sell that way. If authors don't always know they've written under a pen name, Sam, how in hell can you?

And so we come to the topic that Sam just can't seem to keep

his hands off-what's wrong with science fiction?

I know Sam and all other interested parties will be greatly heartened to learn that we on <u>Galaxy</u> are applying the industrial methods so vigorously endorsed by Mr. Moskowitz.

We are retooling our authors and putting chrome on our artists.



SCARCE and RARE SCIENCE-FICTION-. . . .

at Bargain Prices! We deal only in fine out-of-print books, including: S.F. Fantasy, regular fiction, Art, theater, dance, science, 1st's and fine Illustrated books in Eng.& German. Send for a free list in any of the above subjects. Please specify subject. MILTON REICH-2139 GRAND Ave; N.Y.53, N.Y.

Generally speaking, aside from a leavening of personal digs on the part of Gold, the preceding Messrs. Lowndes, Shaw and Gold have kept everything on the plane of a discussion and not embroiled me in an argument. Therefore, I am happy to let them all stand as they are for the readers' final evaluation and final decision of

events. With the following comments and observations added:
Lowndes comment: "you've got to stick by what you believe in, and be willing to learn from what little evidence you can get as to how the production can be improved", is an honest and creditable

statement of position.



To Gold, and for the interest of the readers: there are other reasons for magazines failing besides financing, distribution, promotion and policy. There is the personal element. The necessity for Hugo Gernsback leaving for a South American trip and thereby not having the time to consumate some negotiations with the distributor was as real a reason for the magazine's demise as any other given.

Science-Fiction Plus is not good example to give as an illustration of a magazine that failed because of policy. The facts are this: that, though Science-Fiction Plus first appeared when the bottom dropped out of the field, and in a fantastically expensive garb with a major reversal in policy, from the fourth issue until its last it gained strongly in sales, DESPITE THE FACT THAT EVERY OTHER MAGAZINE WE COULD GET FIGURES ON WAS DECLIN-ING DURING THE SAME PERIOD Our sixth elyn, four." issue alone, the one with the sun cover, leaped 12,000 in circulation and the magazine held its gain.

Raymond A. Palmer, who used the same distributor, probably had the opportunity to obtain our figures (I know we had his), and he can corroborate my statements. If we had the same circulation today, we would have, according to all the facts I have been able to assemble, the third largest circulation in the field.

Our circulation, from what Gold has implied, was better after 7 issues than was his after the first 7 issues of Galaxy. Gold either was fortunate enough or ingenious enough to get further backing for his magazine after the 12th issue, otherwise people might today be offering Galaxy as an example of the type of fic-

tion that does not sell.

Science-Fiction Plus almost was taken over by two different parties who were impressed by its rapid gain at a time when the field was declining. It was the only science fiction magazine that the distributor was enthusiastic about continuing. The deals did not go through, either because I was not as lucky or not as adroit at handling such negotiations as Gold. Had the magazine continued, perhaps, like Gold, I could be pointing to myself as being right merely because I was still in business. Perhaps, then, I could be magnanimous and even offer to buy a Gold story "after he had learned to write." And perhaps he might have the last word by telling me that I already had—under his pen name.

-Sam Moskowitz

The Land of The Moors ONOMIR OF THE MOON 24404 @commassie ? » HORTHANGERLAND 00 OGONDAR ADAPTED FROM ALICE NORTH'S MAR,
1932, RE-DRAWN, THE DRIGHNAL MAP BY
BRAN WELL BRONTE, 1831, USED AS A FROM
TISPIECE FOR HIS BOOM "THE HISTORY OF
THE YOUNG MEN!" CARTER

#### I

I think everyone will admit the Brontes were, to say the least, a talented family. Charlotte the eldest is, of course, the author of Jane Eyre. of Shirley and Villette; Emily wrote a book called Wuthering Heights, and little sister Anne produced a novel called Agnes Grey. It is not particularly unusual for a family to produce a great novel like Jane Eyre, but for the same family in the same generation to produce also such a monument in English literature

as Wuthering Heights is certainly a remarkable achievement.

Of course, everyone is familiar with the two novels: even if you weren't forced to read them in high school or college literature courses, you can hardly have escaped them in their motion picture versions. And I suppose everyone pictures their authors as stodgy, dull mid-Victorian old maids in long skirts and bustles. It should prove interesting to fantasy fans, and addicts of imaginative literature in general, to learn that these two ladies possessed an imagination as vivid and exotic as any Robert E. Howard or Clark Ashton Smith:—that they did day dream of far off lands, of Djinni and great Kings and splendid cities and fabulous wars.

But it just happens to be true, and here is how it all came about. The Bronte family, which consisted of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, a son called Branwell, their father the Reverend Patrick Bronte and an aunt, lived in the country. Home, to a Bronte, meant Haworth Parsonage, a large and bleak and rather forbidding old building near a small backwater village. The family had very few close friends, and certainly the children were left to themselves

as far as playmates went.

As the Reverend Bronte was a learned and literary gentleman, the house was always overflowing with books and periodicals—and not entirely of a clerical nature. The children went through the Waverly Novels and Byron and the <u>Arabian Nights</u>, and what other books they could get ahold of. Largely left to their own devices for amusements, in an age not yet acquainted with the perhaps dubious blessings of radio, television and the movies, they were forced by necessity to invent their own games and entertainments. And then, in 1826 when Charlotte was about ten, a rather delight—

And then, in 1826 when Charlotte was about ten, a rather delightful thing happened: something that was to weave a magic spell around their imaginations that would cling for years—a spell that Charlotte, for instance, would not be able to break until she was in her twenties. On the night of June 5, the Reverend Mr. Bronte came home to Haworth from a brief trip to Leeds, and brought

with him a few gifts for his children.

Among them was a set of twelve wooden soldiers:

Perhaps that doesn't sound like a particularly earth-shaking event to you or I, but it certainly was to them. They had never had much in the way of toys—toys as a great industry were not yet dreamed of, and Macy's and Gimbel's were yet to come—and possibly the wonderful wooden soldiers were just what their young minds needed, some material object upon which to focus the as yet undeveloped range of their youthful imaginations. At any rate, the set of soldiers became their favorite playmates, and the children were soon inventing all manner of exciting games around them. First, perhaps, they re-inacted Actium or Agincourt or Waterloo, but before long they were beginning another game: a series of adventures so hypnotically fascinating to the young Brontes, that they were not able to completely shake off the spell for a good decade.

Now, I don't suppose that this is really so unusual. Lots of children have imaginary playmates, or invent imaginary stories around a favorite doll. But damn few go so far as to create imaginary empires, complete with fantastically detailed histories geographies, political systems and biographies, around their toys. For this is just what the Brontes did, all this—and more! As early as 1829 the children were actually writing books about their imag-

inary kingdoms (Verdopolis and Angria) and drawing maps and charts

of their geographies.

These books—there were actually about fifty in all—were largely the work of Charlotte, at least she was the one who wrote most of them down. They were composed strictly in privacy, and kept a secret even from their father and aunt. The parental eye seems to have never discovered them, and even if they had, they would have been unreadable to the uninitiated adults. They were written in microscopically small hand printing, in separate volumes that averaged one and a half by one and a quarter inches! Into the Angrian Saga went whole novels, dramas, volumes of "non-fiction" such as biographies and histories, collections of verse—and even one rather interesting epic poem. They usually had elaborately illuminated title pages and the pages were painstakingly sewn together in covers made from heavy wrapping paper. Today, these tiny books are the treasured possessions of private collections, colleges and universities. Some are in the Widener Library at Harvard, but many of them are the property of the Bronte Society.

The Angrian Saga as a whole was, as I have said, largely the work of Charlotte Bronte, although a few volumes were written by Branwell. As a whole, the Angrian stories have actually more wordage than all the mature literary works of the whole family—and if you remember the size of the average Victorian novel, you'll begin

to appreciate the size and scope of the Saga.

#### THE STORY OF ANGRIA

The children called the soldiers "The Twelve", and the story began when the dozen adventurers left Europe. Their ship, the Invincible, was wrecked in a great storm off the coast of Guinea, Africa. When the Twelve made their way ashore, they were attacked

by a band of hostile savages.

Saved by their Guardian Genii—an idea borrowed from the Arabian Nights, the Genii being the children themselves; Emily was the Genie Emi, Charlotte was Talli, Branwell was Brani and Anne, Anni—the Twelve forced the conquered natives to construct a great city for them on the shore of Africa at the mouth of the Niger. The city was built by native labor, assisted magically by the Genii, all of clear glittering glass. At first the Brontes called it The Great Glass Town, but it later became known as Verdopolis. Aided by the supernatural powers of their Guardian efrits, the heroes civilized the surrounding country and eventually carved several kingdoms out of the jungle: each of the Twelve had his own realm, and all twelve countries bound together in the Verdopolitan Confederacy, with the Great Glass Town of Verdopolis as capital of the whole business.

Before long, all Europe had heard reports of the splended glass city, and the heroic valor of the Twelve. An embassy was despatched from the free nations of Europe to Verdopolis. Europe, then suffering under the tyranny of Napoleon, begged the Twelve to spare but one of their valiant number to lead the combined armies in overcoming the Corsican. Advised by the Genii to draw lots for the honor, the Twelve selected their champion: a young fellow named Arthur Wellesley, who sailed for Europe, led the armies to victory over Napoleon, and was created Duke of Wellington by the grateful

Monarchy of England.

The Duke returned to Verdopolis with an army of fifteen thousand veterans of the Napoleonic War who chose to follow him rather than return to their homes The army dispersed to settle in various of the twelve kingdoms. This increase in population called for changes in government: a strong hand must take the helm. An election was held, and the winner was—you guessed it—His Highness, the Field Marshall Arthur, Duke of Wellington:

Arthur the First, High King of the Verdopolitan Confederacy then married, and had two sons: Arthur Agustus Adrian, Marquis of

Douro, and Charles Albert Florian, Lord Wellesley. From this point on the High King takes little active part in the Saga, but becomes the omnipresent narrator of the books. In fact, there is a lapse in the story at this point: Charlotte, the motivating figure in the Saga, had left home for some eighteen months to attend school at Roe Head, Mirfield. With her away, Emily and Anne lost interest in the game and retired from active participation in Verdopolitan history to create their own private world, Gondal. However, when Charlotte returned, she and Branwell continued the tale.

Upon Charlotte's return, the renewed story took an unexpecte turn. Adrian, Marquis Douro married a typical sweet, gentle heroine unfortunately gifted by her young Creators with the name Florence Marion Hume—although how she ever won the adventurous Marquis under the burden of a name like that is beyond this writer! Anyway, this union was rather violently opposed by Lady Zenobia, Viscountess Ellrington, who had an uncontrolable passion for the Marquis.

And then one of the most interesting characters of all enters the Saga. The outlaw and pirate, called Rogue, was pardoned by the King, and settled down in Verdopolis. Rogue (his real name was Alexander Percy) married Lady Zenobia on the rebound, after what I can only describe as an unusual and rather improbable courtship. Then Rogue—now Viscount Ellrington—introduced his daughter by a previous marriage to Court. Her name was Mary. She soon won the interest of the roving Marquis, who fell in love with her despite his marriage. This dramatic event allowed Charlotte the opportunity to give her heroine, Marion, the part of the broken hearted wife, who languished away and died in a death scene as good as any Camille. Shortly after this, the Marquis married Rogue's daughter.

—Whereupon the Marquis and his new father-in-law, the Viscount, entered into a political coalition. When he led a victorious army against a horde of invading blacks and thus became a military hero, the Marquis (egged on by the Vixcount) demanded from the Verdopolitan Confederacy Parliament full sovereign rights to the rich, fertile and unpopulated land to the east, called Angria. At length he achieved this, with the Viscount's active support, and moved to Angria together with thousands of his supporters, who formed the young and restless element in the Confederacy.

Adrian, the Marquis, then built a gorgeous metropolis on the banks of the Calabar, to be the capital of Angria. Simultaneously, he assumed the title of the Emperor Adrian the First, King of Angria, Duke of Zamorna and Marquis of Douro. He called the new city Adrianopolis, and its splendor and magnificence soon rivaled

the Great Glass Town, itself.

To his faithful supporter and father-in-law, the Emperor Adrian gave the title of Earl of Northangerland, and made him Prime Minister of Angria. After some years, the Earl, still as unscrupulous and ambitious a pirate and social-climber as ever, broke from Adrian and joined his enemies, who had opposed his claim to Angria from the first. As the leader of the Anti-Adrian party, he openly criticized the Emperor's private life and public acts. Adrian tried to shut him up by threatening to exile his daughter, now the Empress Mary, and when the threat failed to quiet Zamorna, he did so.

At this point (July 1835), Charlotte left Haworth Parsonage to take up a position at Miss Wooler's School in Mirfield, taking Emily with her as a student. So, at this crucial period of the story, Charlotte was forced to leave all further developments in the hands of Branwell. By now the characters had become real persons to her; in their future she was intimately concerned, while to Branwell they were merely puppets in a childish game. Charlotte knew that her brother would have few scruples to keep him from slaying Adrian, or the Earl, destroying Angria, or wreaking any other specie of havoc that might come into his head.

During the three years she spent as an instructress at the

school, Charlotte suffered intense homesickness and a most poignant loneliness for her beloved Angria. This period is described by her greatest biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, as a time of extreme despondency and ill health. As Miss Ratchford puts it in her analysis of this period, "Haworth and the parsonage signified little more to her than the portals of her lost paradise. It was the land of her imagination she pined for, because that was the only outlet she

had ever known for her creative impulse."

When she finally returned to Haworth in 1838, she found her direst suspicions had been fulfilled. During her absense Branwell had sent Mary to die in exile, causing the Earl to lead a civil war against the Emperor Adrian, encouraging the hostile blacks to invade the land under their treacherous Prince, Quashia. Angria was desolated, ravaged by war. The beautiful capital, Adrianopolis, had been utterly demolished. The Confederacy had dissolved in chaos, and the Emperor Adrian had been forced to relinquish his throne and title, assuming that of his enemy. In other words, Adrian became Duke of Zamorna, while our old friend Rogue, became Emperor.

Charlotte lost no time in repairing the damage to whatever degree she could. Rogue's coalition disintegrated; two previously neutral states came to the aid of fallen Angria, and eventually Adrian returned from exile to lead his new allies to victory over Quashia. Rogue, in a neat turnabout, was forced into exile himself: Soon Adrian's government was re-established, Adrianopolis rebuilt.

and things were running smoothly again.

With all well in Angria, Charlotte turned her mind to other matters. For some time she had been entertaining hopes of writing and selling serious and mature literature. In 1837 she had written to Bob Southey, then Poet Laureate, sending him some of her Angrian poetry and begging an opinion. The kindly poet tried gently to discourage her strong tendency towards romanticism. He wrote, "The day-dreams in which you habitually indulge are likely to induce a distempered state of mind...do not suppose that I disparage the gift which you possess...I only exhort you...to use it (so) as to render it conductive to your own permanent good."

And in 1839 she wrote William Wordsworth, asking him to criticize one of her prose narratives in the Saga. He replied in the same note as Southey, warmly admiring her obvious talents, but

warning against over-romanticism.

So, on the advice of the two greatest poets of her day, Charlotte said a sad and lingering farewell to her imaginary empire. In a piece called <u>Farewell to Angria</u>, she wrote, "I have now written a great many books and for a long time have dwelt on the same characters...I have shown my landscapes in every variety of shade and light which morning, noon, and evening...can bestow upon them ...but we must change, for the eye is tired of the picture so oft recurring and now so familiar. Yet do not urge me too fast, reader: it is not easy to dismiss from my imagination the images which have filled it so long; they were my friends and my intimate acquaintences...When I depart from these I feel almost as if I stood on the threshold of a home and were bidding farewell to its inmates."

Thus ended the Angrian Saga. The time of <u>Jane Eyre</u> had almost come.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF ANGRIA

A professional novelist once advised me that the best way to learn how to write was simply to write, to keep on writing, until it came naturally and freely. This, from the evidence of Miss Bronte, would seem to have been damn good advice. Certainly she never studied writing in any college—and they had no "how-to" books in her day. No, her natural talents and inherent genius were trained and sharpened in the hundreds of thousands of words she

wrote in childhood. She had learned invaluable tricks of plotting, techniques of prose narration and dialogue; in the Angria stories she had gained the experience and practice necessary to her later years, and had trained her imagination to the point that she could visualize perfectly in every detail the scenes and events her mind devised.

But Angria had done more than merely give her practice and background: it had furnished her with a wealth of ideas, characters and sketches of plots upon which she later built the more complex and adult worlds of Shirley, of Villette, and of Jane Eyre. One of her Angrian novels, for instance, <u>Caroline Vernon</u>, may be considered as almost an early first draft of <u>Jane Eyre</u>, so much do the two resemble each other. As Miss Ratchford says, "...the characters of Caroline and her mother are prototypes of Rochester's ward, Adele, and the opera dancer, Celine Varens." Moreover, in the unrestrained and byronic character of Adrian, later Zamorna, one may see many of the characteristics and much of the personality of Rochester. The ruthless, passionate figure of Rogue may very well have inspired sister Emily's Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights.

#### THE BOOKS

The fantasy enthusiast who has not yet discovered the Angrian Saga would do well to look it up. Here is a world not dissimilar to Howard's Hyborian world. Angria is a wondrous place, teeming with omnipotent Genii, treacherous Princes, proud Kings, languishing heroines. From the shores of storied Senegambia to the Mountains of the Moon, from the Land of the Moors to distant Gondar stretches an empire of kings and conquerors, wars and battles, heroism and high adventure. Disguised Princes go questing, armored Knights ride through seiges and tournaments, the magically constructed glass walls and domes of Great Verdopolis flash and glitter in the fire of an African dawn.

You will find it amusing reading, too. Full of unashamed melodrama and fairbanksian acrobatics, the stories are related with a frank gusto and an obvious (and infectious) delight.

One of the major works in the Saga is The Green short novel which shows the unmistakable influence of Sir Walter Scott: indeed, scenes, events and characters are lifted unabashedly from Ivanhoe and Kenilworth. It's an exciting and quite written romance, done in 1833, when Charlotte was only seventeen.

Then there is another novel called High Life in Verdopolis, written in 1834. Following this, came a narrative poem-one is almost tempted to say an epic named Zamorna's Exile, composed in 1836-7. Very byronic, it is especially reminiscent of the third canto of Childe Harold and certain early cantos of Don Juan. In fact, the stanzaic form imitates that of Juan rather successfully.

Several other short novels are available: The Professor, and The Spell. both edited and published by George Edward MacLean. There is also The Twelve Adventurers, written in 1829 and later edited and published by Clement Shorter. Mina Laury (1838) and Caroline Vernon (1839?) are perhaps the most readable of the series, although The Green Dwarf will probably appeal more to lovers of imaginative literature.

Branwell's major contributions to the Saga are a novel,

Pirate (1833), which tells of Rogue and his early seafaring adven-

tures, and The History of the Young Men (1831).

Yes, the Brontes wove a web in childhood. A web of dreamy, insubstantial fabric. But that web was the basis for the rich tapestries of later masterpieces that will endure as long as time.

Once upon a time there were two sculptors and by collaborated, as it were, on a statue. One of the collaborated and worked they collaborated, as it were, on a statue. One of them provided the clay and they worked and worked and chopped and chiseled and when it was finished

they stood back to admire their handy work.

The first sculptor was a very insecure fellow and had been so since childhood—possibly brought and had been so since childhood—possibly brought about by the reading of too many comic books, but that's not important to our story—and had little faith in himself. In working on the statue he had become a part of it, in the sense that he transfered his faith in himself to faith in the statue. To him the statue meant security and must remain, at all costs, as it was, because without it he would again be aware of his loneliness and insecurity. He must not change, Change meant pain and he had not learned in his long life to face pain. And since he must not change-the statue also had to remain as it was.

The second fellow, whose character is unknown to me, looked at the statue for a long time, saying nothing. At last he decided it was not perfect and that there were certain things he could do to make it more pleasing to the eye: a slight remolding of the face, an addition here, a subtraction there.

He then proceeded to tell his collaborator what he thought was necessary to improve the statue.

told the other that they had made mistakes.

The first fellow, of course, insisted that they

had not: that the statue was fine as it was.

The second knew it could be better and insisted that they change it. A long argument ensued and, finally, the second fellow realized he could not communicate his need to his collaborator. He then proceeded to make the changes on his own.

The first of the two stood in front of the

statue, protecting it.

In the end, after great conflict, the statue was improved. Not much, it is true, but some. The first fellow remained satisfied because he could still associate himself with the statue, although he was forever after uneasy and wary. The second collaborator was never satisfied and ended his days feeling himself a failure.

This society within which we live exists because of an inner conflict, and can exist only as long as there is one A society is a unity and can be stable only so long as the tendency towards one is stronger than the tendency towards individualism. You cannot have a society of individuals because the individual wants change and the society does not. All the parts of a unified body tend to conform to all the other parts of the same body—and tend to exclude those parts which do not fit the system.

On the other hand, a society cannot exist without change. A stable society must be, then, that enforces conformity-but doesn't enforce

too strongly.

Why do we need change? Well, of course, if we had a true unity we might not. If we had a perfect society.

But a perfect society would be one which was

perfectly unified.

We, therefore, have a paradox. We have the non-

conflict change progress

conflict change

progress



conformists, who are in conflict with society, working to make a perfect statue: It is the non-conformists who are seeking unity.

And it is the conformists who think

they have attained unity. They insist

the statue is perfect.

So it is the conformists-who do not realize their insecurity-that make an imperfect society possible; that provide the clay with which the non-conformists work.

And it is the non-conformists-who realize their insecutity-that responsible for the growth of that

society.

A society that forces conformity too strongly upon those who see the imperfections in it is doomed to failure. Just as a society that does not place restrictions upon the non-conformists will collapse.

The conflict within this society must then be kept in balance. With a little more weight on one side than

the other.

That's why censorship is unavoidable and why it must be avoided at all

costs.

The first fellow says: Nothing must be changed. The second fellow says: must be free to make all the changes I want.

Me? I don't think children should read comic books. (For that matter, I don't think they should watch television.) But do you know what happens when you tell a kid he can't do something?

I've just never grown up, I guess. -Ron Smith

RAY SCHAFFER, JR .: I was horrified to read a statement by Dick Geis in SIDE #10, in which he said in effect that this business of censorship isn't important. He then went further and made a ridiculous suggestion that we should adapt ourselves to this nationwide censor movement and accept 1t without protest. Perhaps Geis doesn't realize that censorship is the foundation of all tyranny and despotism Does Geis seriously mean that we should adapt to censorship as the people adapted themselves to Hitler's will? Now, I am aware that Geis and his compatriots will attack me with that old bit of nonsense, "but situations like that can't happen here. But does Geis and other censor advocates realize that Germany before Hitler gained power was also a democratic country (modeled after the U. S. form of government) and was actually even more democratic than the U. S.?

When Germany suffered its depression in the 30s, the people needed a leader. Thus, it happened that Hitler gained power by a combination of two things: (1) he received support from a handful of power-hungry political figures, who in turn created an evil that gave Hitler his power, that social evil being (2) censorship. True, this country faces no danger of a depression in the near future, but the fact remains that tyranny becomes reality when censorship enters the national scene. So, it happened in Germany; thus, why not here? This censorship business is not a matter of morals, decency and honor, as Geis stated, but is rather a matter of not only preserving the freedom of the press but also the preservation of historical facts. Perhaps Geis doesn't realize that the educators of this land are at the present time attempting to censor the teachings of Marx from the history texts. Such a move is to alter the facts of history and furthers this nation's attempt to silence and ignore the greatest humanitarian in history. And Geis wants us to accept this and, thereby, adapt ourselves? To extend my opposition even further, I'd like to inform Geis (and all others who are ignorant of the situation) that at the present time there are several Protestant and Catholic Church Councils in this country who are very much opposed to the anti-religious facet of s.f. Thus, an anti-s.f. religious movement is within the realms of the possible. In fact, here in Ohio several Church groups are actually discussing plans for such a movement. The movement hasn't actually taken any definite moves as yet, but nevertheless the danger exists and cannot be ignored. Anybody for that game that is, sweeping the country, "adapting"?

Thanks for publishing my last letter, as I have been receiving some response to it via personal letters. And apparently some members of fandom aren't bastards. For I am organizing, with the help of a few other individuals (Sam Johnson, Gary Labowitz, Dave Mason, Jack Harness, Charles Athey) a small organization, pressure group style, to counterattack the censorship movement. How far we will succeed with our efforts is unknown, but at least we plan to do something. You've probably heard of our group from Sam Johnson, although we haven't decided upon a "name" as yet; not until we grow in size. And I firmly believe we will. So, if you're a member (and I know you'll be interested) we have seven members to start the ball rolling. The plans? Well, spread our movement by writing our individual congressmen expressing our protests to censorship and why. Inform members of FAPA, SAPS, NFFF about our movement. Spread our movement by info in the fanmags and personal correspondence. Write letters to editors of newspapers, in search of individuals outside fandom. Attend meetings of comic censor committees in communities where censorship is taking place, and inform these groups of our opposition. Inform PTA of opposition. I understand from Johnson that he knows of several other individuals outside

fandom that are also interested.

((Ray, if you and people like you didn't stand up against censorship and other methods of enforcing conformity, the power of the conformists would get out of hand. And, as you have said, when the power to restrict overcomes the power to rebel too much, you have the perfect setup for a dictatorship.))

DES EMERY: If I interpret the third paragraph of your "Think" correctly (#9) you believe that everyone should censor himself. But you also seem to believe that most people are "cruel and selfish and mean and narrow-minded most of the time". Do you think that these people would even try to censor themselves? You are spending all your energy in trying to prevent what could be called an effect, i.e., censorship, instead of striving to prevent the cause. Censorship is not evil in itself, but only in its application. The main job of thinking people should be to insure that only other "think-

## the TOYMAKER



Acclaimed by critics and readers as one of the finest of science fiction books.

Includes The Toymaker, The Deadly Host,

Forecast, The Model Shop, Utility and The Children's Room. Five of these tales are from the pages of Astounding Science

Fiction magazine. All are swift-paced,

challenging stories of courageous people and their marvelous adventures in the scientific worlds of the future.

Order your copy now from FANTASY PUBLISHING CO., INC. 8318-20 Avalon Boulevard Los Angeles 3 California

THE TOYMAKER price \$3.00

by RAYMOND F. JONES

ing people" obtain positions to apply the laws of censorship ... Regarding the effectiveness of censorship at present in special relevance to sex, Ray Schaffer says that although many maladjusted delinquents read comics they were maladjusted to begin with. Not I've just finished an article in which a prominent psychiatrist states that although the inclination towards maladjustment is inherent in almost everyone, it is not usually provoked into actuality, without some outside agency acting for it. It is not at all illogical to assume that certain comics could stimulate this inclination into full bloom. And I'd'like to point out that you yourself wish to have your views—that is, non-censorship—imposed on the population, and in doing so, commit the crime of which you accuse the pro-censorshipites, telling other people what to do. Actually, if you stop to think of it, people are always telling other people what to do and when to do it. And the hell of it is, you can't get away from it, without becoming a hermit. And even then, to carry this argument to it's illogical extreme, you would

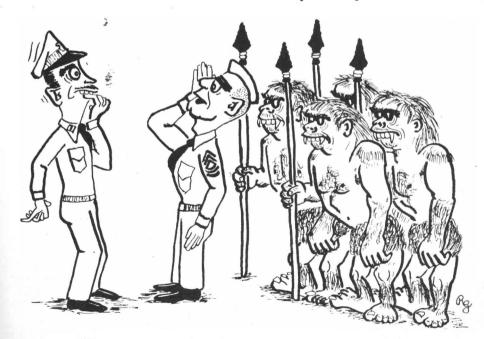
become a hermit because other people made you do it. Robert Bloch has it pat—"...adapt, without necessarily conforming."

When I saw Algis Budrys' name in #10 I thought I was in for something good, but unfortunately I guess he can't waite essays as well as fiction. Which is just where he makes his mistake. Essays—people don't hardly read them no more. Especially ones that are serious. However, they will read a serious piece of fiction which carries a message, as he himself should know, being a writer. If I recall I recently read a story of his dealing with the effects of immortality. How many editors would have accepted an essay or article on "The Effects of Immortality on a Future Civilization"? Further, being a writer, he should know that not only is a plot necessary to write a story, but there must be a central idea around which the plot revolves. The better and bigger the idea the better the whole story. And I think further that if writers, editors, or fen, or critics try to keep s. f. to the entertainment level, the whole field will begin to look more like "Bat Durston, jets blasting, etc." There's room for Bat Durston in s.f., but there's more room for stories that say something, whether consciously or subconsciously. The western field is now almost completely horseopera, although, occasionally, a competent author uses the west as a setting for a more serious work. But even then, the story is more often than not a mere reflection of present life. S. f. can introduce deeper and more long-lasting effects than that. It can, by predicting, hasten the advent of that which it predicts in one case, or deter the happening of the prediction in another case. At least, I think it can. For instance: how but by s.f. could a prediction of rocket flight, sun-power, etc. or atom-war, controlled civilization, etc. come about in such a manner that enough people to affect it would have access to the prediction. I don't say that rocket power couldn't have come if people hadn't written about it, but it did come sconer. Atom war may come, but because competent writers have illustrated its effects in stories which many people read rather than in essays which few people read, I don't think it will come as soon. I feel that Algis used a poor situation to analogize his argument. For one thing, it isn't valid, since children brought up in a household where intercourse in public, so to speak, was ordinary would not suffer any kind of shock at all; the household was more same and kept sex private, the incident would never come about where the child could be shocked. I mean, of course, here, the sex act. Children certainly need to be educated in matters like this at home, and in small doses. But trying to educate a child in matters of sex by showing the act holds lation as far as I can see to trying to tell people something in a Adults do not look on new ideas in the manner in which a child does. The sex act could not possibly be analogous to any idea which could be presented in fiction or an essay or a speech.

Children are not anti-sex as some adults are anti-book, or antireligion, or anti-anything. Their attitude is neutral. An adult is hardly ever neutral, his ideas having been swayed one way or another in the process of becoming an adult. I see no way in which a writer could possibly "shock" an anti-something adult into becoming more anti-whatever-it-is. FARENHEIT 451 may not prevent a book bonfire, but it would, I think, organize anti-book-burners into a solid force. In mentioning GULLIVER'S TRAVELS and ALICE IN WONDER-LAND, evidently to substantiate his argument that if there kernel of an idea it should be hidden under a bushel of entertainment, he must have forgotten that it wasn't for a long time that people began to realize that GULLIVER wasn't meant for children or that Carroll was playing his own private joke on them. If the message isn't clear enough to see, the vehicle which carries it can be accepted as the complete transmission and the message missed. Which is why Clifton was rightfully indignant that the message was left out of his story... The only other thing I'll say this issue is that you forget that all people are fanatics on one subject at least. Yours, I would think, is censorship. Which is why it is difficult to communicate the necessity for it to you, as it is for you to communicate to a fundamentalist that there is no God. You know censorship is wrong. He knows there is a God.

((Of course censorship is necessary—from Society's point of view. This is because we have a sick culture which has to use force to obtain what is good for it. If we ever achieve a culture that Isn't sick, we will have no need for censorship. It's like the pine tree that is potentially tall and straight. If you leave it alone it'll grow straight and tall—it can grow no other way—and fulfill its potential. But if you place a rock over it when it's young...))

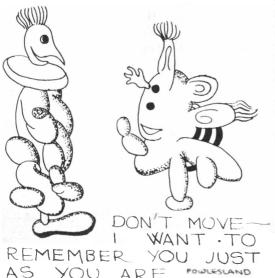
EDWARD WOOD: Might I just say a few words about this Hamling-Clifton-Freeman-Browne discussion which really adds up to "the readers



"Sir, here's that squad of Pict men you wanted!"

aren't reading/buying"? Certainly it is now foolish for fiction writers, editors or what-have-you to attack each other for bad circulations, stories, etc. An editor whose magazine is skidding down hill circulationwise is going to pay damm low rates because that's all the poor joker can afford. As for the writers, of what value to write the science fiction masterpiece of the century if there are no magazines left for it to appear in? It is common sense to believe that very few editors want to print and that very few writers want to write bad stories ... Hamling does have a point in complaining about "neurotica, erotica, technolotica (sic.), literata" as story slants. All you have to do is talk to people who used to read science fiction. Boredom and apathy, the handmaidens of failure. This is not to say that there are no entertaining or interesting stories being written and published today. It is just that the bulk of material is just not first, second or even third rate quality and as such represents a most unhealthy condition. Perhaps now is the time for experiments, I wouldn't pretend to know. Howard Browne tried the expensive Fantastic, Hamling tried the "girlie" cover, Lowndes tried changing titles, size, etc. Certainly Browne and Hamling have had little success. Perhaps some daring editor will give the command to write stories containing the proper amounts of wonder, romance, and enlightenment that might appeal to the public. While almost everyone likes to read a nice looking magazine instead of one that looks like a roll of mishandled wrapping paper, it is first, last and always the stories themselves that are going to make that reader come back and read the next issue. Might I just stop and say that I think you are doing a good job with INSIDE & SFA but the ads are few and far between. This probably reflects the starved condition of the field at present.

MARK CLIFTON: Well, now, sure, ir. Budrys: You can afford to defend the no-purpose, no-point story. You have talent. But I get guilt feelings about taking money under false pretenses if I don't give the cash customers an extra measure of something to make up for my lack of it. And, I suppose I am Gernsbackian. I can't seem to get over the notion that a science fiction story should have something in it about science. Otherwise, if one writes the no-content story



which says nothing, why not sell it to the Post for ten times the word rate, or pad and puff it up to sell to the Book of the Month Club, and get rich? And yet, it astonishes me to see you take the side of the frustrated futiles, for you often have something very worth-while to say in your stories, and you say it with point and skill. Just testing?

"We, like the eagles, were born to be free. Yet we are obliged, in order to live at all, to make a cage of laws for ourselves and to stand on the perch."

—William Bolitho

# BRACE MU

FOREW ORD: In this, the issue of a NEW periodical. which will devote itself NEW fiction, poetry and art, we have seen the culmination of an old dream. Years ago, we conceived idea of a periodical in book form that would be a sampling of the best of the NEW writing by NEW writers, NEW poetry by NEW poets, and NEW artwork by NEW artists. Unfortunately, Unfortunately, this idea is no longer NEW. There are currently in print several periodicals of sort, such as rEcoVeRy, the AvanT guardsman, enbrun. So, even though we were the first to think of method of publishing, we find ourselves only one of many. In spite of this, we th Brave New Writing will stand out. We have between covers some of the most skilled and worthwhile writers in world today, each represented by a sample of his best work. All in all, we think that this is a truly unusual volume, and are sure that we will sell thousands more copies those other slobs, who are only copying from us anyway. THE EDITORS THEBROKENSPACEBAR

This sensitive and penetrating piece, written in the grand tradition of the Supreme Court ban days, is apparently the first work by harvey hoop. Even though we had never heard of him, we felt that we had received a work of rare genius.

It's so difficult to read, we feel you will have no choice but to agree with us.

damnedantscrawlalloverourlunchwholikesthecountryanyway?beside sthereaintnopointingoingtothecountrycauseyoucantgetawomaninthecoun tryatleastnotlikeyoucangetinthecitytheyredifferenttheresoididntwan ttogotothedamncountrybuthildasaidweweregoingtogosowhatcouldisaybut surewellgoandsohereweareanditstinks

anditsnotonlytheantsbutallthoselittlebastardsthatthedamnedcou ntryisfilledwithlikebirdsandsquirrelsandthingsandialwayshatedthema

llmylife

sodontgotellinganybodythatilikethecountryorillcomearoundandge tyouforlyingaboutmeandmakingtroublesohelpmegodiwill?

Leslie Evelyn Farquarsen

Leslie Evelyn Farquarsen has made quite a mark for himself in the field of modern detective stories. Creator of Sam Bash, one of the roughest, toughest and most repulsive of fictional private eyes, Farquarsen is the author of two hundred and thirty eight novels, and some billion short stories, all telling of the gory exploits of Mr. Bash. No one will express any deep regret, we feel sure, at the passing of Mr. Bash, which took place in Farquarsen's last novel, Shatter My Brain-Pan, Sweetheart, in which the sweetheart did precisely that, ridding the world of Mr. Bash forever. Happily, Mr. Farquarsen has turned to the writing of quality fiction, and his work is surprisingly good. This sensitive and penetrating piece demonstrates just what Farquarsen was capable of all along, and we can only regret those long wasted years of blood and bedroom hopping with Bash.

THE SHAPE OF THEIR DECEPTION

How many times had this happened before, thought Michael, how many times? What countless thousands had faced the onslaught of destiny, and had come out fighting, only to find themselves trapped in the dirging vortex of inevitability? The tide of endeavor moves on, he thought, and even the strong must fall.

Never have the patterns of sentiency grown greater than at the rare moments when life and death stand side by side against the juggernaut of time. We are not alone, but it is a small consolation, when we find ourselves thrown into the turbulence of the spiralling hours and minutes which are so much a part of the

crushing force that is infinity.

Will the realization ever come. Michael wondered, and if so, will it come too late? There is not much time left, if one is aware of life's ebb and flow, and the shudder and shift of thoughts and

works of that little animal lay shattered about us, obscuring the horizon. It is not too late, but little time remains.

When a man, or a spirit, finds itself caught in the inexorable tide of the predestined, when the forces of eternity draw around it tighter and tighter, when the cold wind of oblivion breathes across the consciousness, then a man, or a spirit, can only yield, with the rest of its kind, or pass into the limbo of the dissenters, leaving the barren desert of the past unfootprinted.

"Oh, God," Michael cried to the writhing sky, "tell me, please

tell me, what the hell am I talking about?"

Ghronze Klugge

Ghronze Klugge, whose spectacular career has been marked by such sensitive and penetrating work as Buck Krepotkin Meets the Wolfman, and Farewell, At Last, is currently a very busy man. He is at present working on a novel in code, which will be published this fall by Apathy Press, and is also editing his diary for publication. So impressed were we by this journey through the mind of a great writer, we lost no time in getting permission to print a selection from it. We're sure you will agree that this diary is destined to rank with those of Verginia Woolfe, Benevenuto Cellini, and Lulu Wallach. \*

PAGES FROM A DIARY

3

June 12: Nothing happened today. Got up late. Had coffee. Sat around. Very Bull.

June 13: Nothing happened today. Got up early. Had tea. Stood around. Dull.

June 14: Didn't get up at all.

June 15: Went to movies. Lousy pictures. Came home, Hung around. Dull as ever.

June 16: Last installment of muscle-building course came in mail. Not worth a damn. Duller even.

June 17 through November 23 Nothing happened any of these days.

December 13: Still nothing.

January 9: Very dull.

March 30: Moreso.

May 10: I have decided to stop keeping this diary.

\*One of our secretaries, and you should see her diary.

This story by Godfrey Damn is, we believe, one of the greatest works of short fiction that has ever been written. Mr. Damn, long noted for pink and white bunny rabbit stories for children, has suddenly deserted the field that made him famous, and has written a work for adults, with dynamic consequences. All too seldom does a work of this stature reach our offices. So it is with great pride that we present this simple, sensitive and penetrating first in the contemporary literary field.

THE MESS AT MY HOUSE

Dick and Jane were in the yard.

"Oh, see Sally run," said Dick.

"Oh, run Sally see ho ho," said Jane.

Run went Sally.

"Oh, see how fast Sally runs," said Dick.

"Sally oh see run run oh see fast Sally?" said Jane.

Their dog came into the yard.

"Oh, Calagari," said Dick, "see how fast Sally runs!"

"Froth, snarl, gnash," said Calagari.

"Oh, see Sally trip," said Dick.

"Oh oh," said Jane.

"Oh, see Sally fall," said Dick.

"Oh boy," said Jane.

Crunch went Sally.

"Oh, see Sally bleed!" said Dick.

"Yowee," said Jane.

Dick and Jane fed.

#### Paddy Chancynxzkyvinxtyzi

Although unknown less than a year ago, young playwright Paddy Chancynxzkyvinxtyzi is today regarded as the white hope of Twentleth Century Television. His sensitive and penetrating plays have won him, in the course of his brief career, the Outstanding Telesap Award, the League of Television and Radio Broadcasters, Continuity Men, Pages, Engineers, Vice Presidents and Hangers-On Award, and the "Icchie", given only to the most cooperative by the Benevolent Society of Sponsors. He has published three volumes of plays, and has racked up a total of 508 performances of his work, all during the last year. We feel sure that here is a monumental talent—a playwright destined to leave his mark. And we don't care what John Crosby says.

SUNDAY IN THE BRONX First performed on Studio 7539, in color and 3-D, starring Gabby Hayes, John Carridine, Margaret O'Brien, Lili St. Cyr, Sterling Hayden. Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Robert Wagner and Davy Rocket.

Amatuers are warned at the outset that this play is fully protected and is not worth performing anyway.

#### ACT ONE

Scene One-A street in the Bronx. It is early Sunday morning, and the cool mist from the sewers rolls across the peaceful scene. Far off, a wife can be heard screaming at her husband. There is a faint gunshot, and the screaming stops.

A manhole cover begins suddenly to stir, is pushed slowly aside, and ARTY, a smelly and decrepit middle-aged bum, climbs out and surveys the scene. He yawns, and goes slowly to the gutter, and

washes his face in a muddy puddle there.

As he is doing this, enter VALERIA, a mussed-up middle-aged broad, who has obviously been out all night and is still very drunk. She walks to where ARTY is washing himself, and then falls flat on her face.

ARTY splashes some water on her and she wakes up.

VALERIA: What time is it?

ARTY: (to no one in particular) The mist-ah yes, the mist from the sewers. That's what makes morning. What would a morning be without it? How could I ever start my day without the mist? (turns to VALERIA) Could you?

VALERIA: What time is it?

ARTY: Time is a thief and an assassin. I know. Time is not like the mist, which exists for the sheer mistiness of it. Oh no, time could not be satisfied with such. He is the cold avenger with the bearded sword.

VALERIA: What?

ARTY: Bearded. You know (strokes chin). Even you in your limited sphere must have seen a beard at one time or another? (pauses sphere must have seen a beard at one time or another? (pauses—VALERIA remains silent) Ah, how foolish of me. I should have remembered. The beards have gone. They have passed into the pages of the histories, there to adorn scowling strangers who did things once. As the mist goes, they went. I beg your pardon.

VALERIA: You gonna tell me the time?

ARTY: I don't know the time.

VALERIA: Why didn't you say so? (rises—and staggers off down the street in the dimention.

street in the direction from which she came. Stops at the corner and turns) Bum! (exits)

Scene Two-A dingy bar in the Bronx. It is early evening. ARTY stumbles through the swinging doors and surveys the scene. The bar is empty, except for the bartender and one customer, a woman. asleep at a table in the back.

ARTY walks past the bar to the men's room and goes in.

The woman at the table stirs and tries to get up It is VALERIA. She gets to her feet after a struggle, sways for a moment, then falls on the table, smashing it to splinters.

ARTY comes through the door of the men's room and sees VALERIA

ARTY: Ah, my dear, we meet again. VALERIA: (groans)

ARTY: (kneeling by her prone figure) How's the old bearded sword? Gad, who would have dreamed this morning that our paths should cross again so soon. Verily, the mist from the morning sewers is the mist of fate. I could have gone in a thousand other directions, but some strange power acted on my bladder and forced me to stop in here, where I would discover you, amidst the ruins of your late table. Who can comprehend the workings of the mist?

VALERIA: What time is it?

ARTY: Never shall I forget the image of your departure through the mist this morning, the delightful way you staggered against that lamp-post, the dainty and delicate way you dropped your purse in that puddle, and the silvery tinkle of your voice as you cried that one endearing word back to me—what was it again? VALERIA: Bum.

ARTY: Ah, yes.

VALERIA: Got the time, Bum?

ARTY: I, like the others in this wild and confused world, have little time. The hands of the clock are as ready to strangle as the hands of the murderer. Have you seen the corpses of the strangled lately? It's not a pretty sight. The strangulation of time is an instrument of eradication far more efficient than even the most atomic of mankind's bombs.

VALERIA: Ain't you ever gonna tell me the time?

ARTY: Someday, perhaps—someday, you will be told the time. By me, or by a stranger, it will make no difference. You will know the time, and will know, therefore, why it is not worth knowing. Till then, you have something to live for, which is more than most of us have.

VALERIA: My God. (struggles to her feet and stands looking at the kneeling figure of ARTY for a moment. Then she picks up a leg of the smashed table, and clubs him on the head with it, killing him instantly. She exits, weavingly, her raucous laughter lingering in the bar after she has gone)

#### ACT TWO

- 5

Scene One—A street in the Bronx. It is just before dawn. A young man, dressed in a space cadet costume, stands over the remains of a Martian. His ray-gun still glows red hot.

SPACEMAN: It ain't no fun no more. It just ain't no fun no more.

It's too easy. Not like the good old days.

(a sepulcral voice speaks from the nearby sewer) VOICE: Try a bearded sword.

(Spaceman runs shrieking from the scene, leaving the remains of the Martian smoldering in the first pale flush of dawn. The mist from the sewers rolls slowly over the scene, obscuring all)

Tyrone Nunsuch

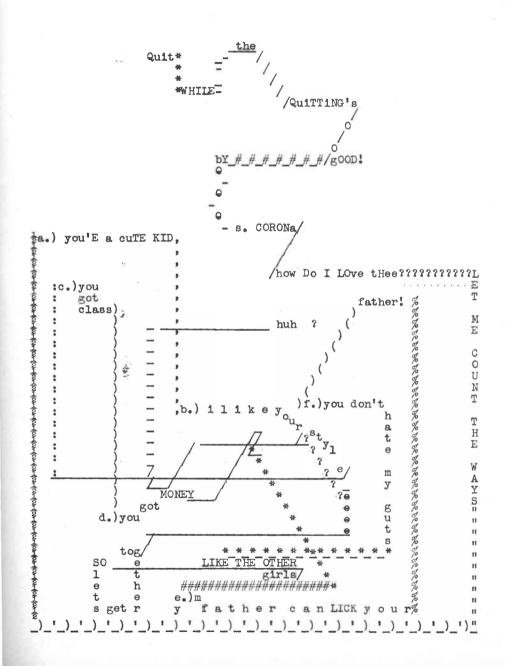
THERE MEN OH NOT

Tyrone Nunsuch, sensitive and penetrating mad poet, is one of the most disgusting people we have ever met.

Here now, Turning in the burning, Over and over, But never Under

Lastly, the first Is torn With dirging Swoop and flash Ing

There is, But no, and How can it? Which, we say, Tough. This none-too sensitive and penetrating poem is one of those layout things, of which we do not approve. Unfortunately, a modern writing book is not considered complete unless it includes such a poem. So, it is with great reluctance that we give you,



THE MARTIAN WAY by Isaac Asimov (Anthology); Doubleday, 222 pp., \$2.95.

Mr. Asimov has here collected four representative stories: two novelets—SUCKER BAIT from Astounding and THE MARTIAN WAY from Galaxy—and two short stories—YOUTH and THE DEEP. This is his first book of miscellaneous stories not connected by a series—line, and

it's a honey.

The title novelet from Galaxy is a fine, solid piece of story-telling: what happens when Earth begins to grudge her colonies certain raw materials—in this case, water? Earth bureaucrats argue their 20th Century ancestors criminally wasted deposits of oil, gas, coal, forests, etc., so they plan to conserve the oceans. All very well, a commendable sentiment: but Mars needs water to live. If it can't be exported from Earth, they must look elsewhere for it...like, for instance, the mile-thick solid chunks of ice that make up the Rings of Saturn. The story is done very



mals. Gimmick is, unfortunately, the tired old idea that has been done to death by now: actually the aliens are Earthmen, the planet they land on actually an alien world. Good treatment of an old theme, except that the gimmick is obvious almost from the first. THE DEEPS is an odd little item involving a migration of the race of some dying world to present-day Earth via mental means alone.

of ice that make up the Rings of Saturn. The story is done very low-key all the way, no heroics and little characterization. Plot alone makes it good. Sort of a Heinlinean episode of future history. A very good story.

The two shorts are minor Asi-

The two shorts are minor Asimov but good science fiction. YOUTH tells of aliens arriving on Earth, falling into the hands of two kids who think they are ani-



conducted by lin carter

And if the plot sounds like something of Gernsbackian vintage, don't be fooled. The story is well done and underplayed all the way.

SUCKER BAIT is too familiar to everyone from its recent serialization in ASF to need outlining here. It was the last so far of the three-solutions-by-different-authors-to-one-problem series Mr. Campbell originated. A smooth, well-constructed yarn, very good suspense and outstanding characterization: Mark Annuncio is one of the most memorable characters in some years. Good, but minor Asimov and miles from the standard of excellence established by such outstanding works as PEBBLE IN THE SKY and THE MULE.

THE FITTEST by J. T. McIntosh (Novel); Doubleday, 192 pp., \$2.95.

Mr. Eliot says the world ends "Not with a bang, but a whimper," and science fiction novelists have elaborated on his theme in countless stories. We've seen the world end through atomic war, and novas, planetary collisions, plagues, vast climatic changes, invasions from other worlds, revolt of the machines, and countless other ways. In this novel J. T. McIntosh gives us another possibility, one I do not recall having seen elsewhere before. While working with various stimuli on animal brain-tissue, a scientist accidentally increases the intellectual capacity of laboratory animals—giving them fully human intelligence and, unfortunately, the imagination for fully human cruelty. The world is soon overrun by these mutated animals: the intelligence factor breeds true. The four spicies—cats, dogs, mice and rats—overthrow our civilization and almost

drive man into extinction. They chew through telephone wires, power lines, gas tanks, auto tires; set fires, poison water supplies, destroy food stores; even pull down and kill isolated men and women.

The central figure of the book, through whose eyes the story unfolds, is Don Paget, son of the scientist responsible for all this. Having fled from America, where public persecution of the Paget family makes life impossible, he and his wife live in France. When she is slain by a mutated cat, he flees to England. Taking refuge with his sister while governments collapse, he slowly builds up a self-supporting community which manages to survive the animals.

The story is well-written, taut and gripping, marked by brilliant passages of writing: such as the dazzling first chapter in which Don's wife is murdered by the cat. In low-key all the way, with very little gee-whizz-heroics, it's an excellent suspense-adventure

story.

THE FAMOUS LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE INGENIOUS TRAVELING SALES-MAN, DON QUIXOTE II OF CALIFORNIA by Dagoberto Rivas (Novel); Comet Press, 176 pp., \$3.50.

This is the first volume of three, forming a sort of spoof or mock sequel to the Cervantes classic. In this novel, the original Don Q's descendent is a traveling salesman (not a Knight). Instead of being dubbed in a tavern, he is handed a diploma in the Chamber of Commerce. His Rosinante is an old Rolls-Royce, while Sancho Panza uses a Model T instead of a mule. The book describes their adventures in New York: at Minsky's Burlescue, Union Square, Wall Street, the Bowery, Coney Island, and other places.

At times quite witty and in general entertaining (especially to those familiar with their Cervantes), the book is none the less rather dull and tiresome. Awkwardly written, it is an odd little item, with neither the pungent satire nor the robust humor of the

great book it imitates. This one is only for the completist.

ADDRESS: CENTAURI by F. L. Wallace (Novel); Gnome Fress, 220 pp., \$3.00.

About two centuries from now man has tamed the planets; science has conquered disease. Accidental injuries so terrible that our age would be helpless to cure, can be at least partially repaired. Those whose injuries cannot be fully cured but who can live are hospitalized on an asteroid, Handicap Haven—called by the inmates "the Junkpile".

This is a story of some of these unfortunates: Docchi, who lost arms and shoulders and whose body is permeated with a chemical which makes him florescent in the dark; Anti, whose tremendous bulk of flesh houses a fungoid parasitic growth, but who was once a slim ballarina; Nona, who has the mind of an imbecile, but who is capable of a weird form of communication with the electronic brains of

computors.

The "accidentals" desire to be of some service to civilization—to be of some use. They volunteer for the first star flight—for their terrible injuries are compensated by virtual immortality, and only an immortal can live through the long journey to the stars. Their request refused, they steal a supply ship and flee to Earth, to bring their plea directly to the people. But Nona manages to activate the useless gravity drive through her weird communicative powers, and they realize they can reach the stars. Forced to return to the asteroid, they utilize the gravity motors that give the Junkpile a comfortable pull, and move the asteroid out of the system towards Centauri.

This is a rich novel, rich in characterization and in a particularly strong and original plot. Writing style varies from very

good to awkward and hasty, but the end product is good.



"...and when you found this so called 'flying saucer' did you find any occupants?"

THE SPACE FRONTIERS by Roger Lee Vernon (Anthology); Signet Books, 152 pp., 25%.

This is an author-collection of nine stories, apparently never before published, by an author new to our field. Signet took a big chance on this collection of unpublished stories by an unknown, and

I am sorry to say they lost.

The stories are very old-fashioned in style and plotting awkwardly written in a style we haven't seen since the days of Gernsback and the early Amazing. Here is the story of the plant which grows, takes over a whole planet, and tries to reach the other worlds. Here is the story of the scientist who invents a veeblefeetzer that speeds up his bodily process until it seems to him that, while he is normal, the rest of the world has frozen into timelessness. And so on.

The best of the stories is probably "Xenophobia", a rather good bit of extrapolation of future cultures from present-day tendencies—but actually the rest of the stories are nearly unreadable. Some are so plotless as to be mere vignettes, others have plots but are just plain dull.

And the cover picture is a reprint of the original cover for the p/b version of Ed Hamilton's THE STAR KINGS, which Signet brought

out some time ago as BEYOND THE MOON.

You can safely skip THE SPACE FRONTIERS.

FLATLAND: A Romance of Many Dimensions by Edwin A. Abbott (Novel); Dover Publications, 103 pp., \$1.00 (paper).

This witty and charming little story, now in its sixth edition, is already a minor classic of especial interest to mathematicians and topologists and lovers of good satire. Originally published a good half-century ago, or more, it has built for itself an enviable

reputation.

As a fantasy it's perhaps too dry and factual to please many, but as a satire upon modern manners and morals it is up among the very best. Flatland is a world of only two dimensions: length and breadth. In this country a man is known by the number of his sides. Women are straight lines, soldiers are isoceles triangles, gentlemen are squares, and so on up to the circles, highest social class of all, which are priests. The writer, himself a Square, spends the larger part of the book telling of everyday life in Flatland. How a Flatlander recognizes his friends, of schools and professions and history. In a dry and witty style he narrates the wonderful social structure of the country. But with his vision of "Lineland" (another realm where there is only ONE dimension) the story widens, becomes more entertaining and topical.

Buy it. I loved it.

FAR AND AWAY by Anthony Boucher (Anthology); Ballantine, 166 pp., 35%.

Tony Boucher is a man of many talents, known in widely different fields. The world of detective fiction knows him as perhaps its ablest critic, famed as crime fiction reviewer for The New York Times, and as the author of such brilliant stories in their field as ROCKET TO THE MORGUE, and member of The Mystery Writers of America and The Baker Street Irregulars. We in the field of fantasy know him as a brilliant editor, anthologist, reviewer, critic and author.

I believe that this is his first collection of his own stories, although previously he has edited the annual selection of stories

from the magazine he so ably edits, The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. The only unfortunate thing about FAR AND AWAY is that we have had to wait so long for it! These eleven stories, some of them going back a full decade to the heyday of Unknown, have long deserved the dignity of hard covers.

They range in content from the supernatural to the futuristic, in style from keen satire to fine story-telling. Each a finished, polished work, often barbed with a sharp but subtle wit, they are completely delightful. "The Anomaly of the Empty Wit" is a mingling of science-fantasy and detection, keen, satiric and charming. "Balaam" is science fiction with theologic and philosophic food for thought, and some rich characterization. "Elsewhen" is the story of the perfect crime—committed with a time machine.

of the perfect crime—committed with a time machine. "Star Bride" is a poignant Bradburyesque vignette—with a Fred Brown punch. "Snulbug" and "Shribertigibit" are wacky and wonderful <u>Unknown</u> stories of black magic.

Each and all of the stories display a fine control and a rich imaginative talent. As a short-storyist, Mr. Boucher can best be compared to Theodore Sturgeon there is the same incandescent prose,

magnificent plotting, brilliant dialogue.

It would be difficult to praise this book too highly. We reccommend it without reservation. It is definitely the very finest author collection in years. We can only hope Ballantine is listening—and will give us more.

SARGASSO OF SPACE by Andrew North (Novel); Gnome Press, 185 pp., \$2.50.

This new science fiction juvenile is the first of a new series of novels by Andre Norton. Young Dane Thorson is assigned to his first voyage in the Free Traders as Apprentice-Cargo-Master on the cargo ship, Solar Queen. We follow him step by step: a routine trip to the frontier world of Naxos brings a chance at real wealth: an auction where newly surveyed planets are offered to the highest bidder—exclusive trading rights for ten years goes to the winner—and the Queen wins.

But the planet Limbo doesn't seem to be much of a prize—it is a burned-off world, one of the planets seared and scarred by ancient wars between the mysterious "Forerunners" and some alien race. Disgusted with their luck, Captain Jellico and the crew of the Queen try to trade it off. Luckily, an archeologist, Dr. Rich, hires the ship on a voyage of discovery to Limbo. Once there the plot rapidly thickens: Rich is no archeologist, but an interstellar criminal; Limbo is not devoid of profitable merchandise, but a fantastic treasure-trove of Forerunner artifacts and weapons.

The story develops into a good rousing old-fashioned space opera, with the Queen battling the gangsters for possession of the treasure; the ships held helplessly to the surface of Limbo by some sort of artificial attraction that makes the planet a "Sargasso".

Andre Norton has again produced a superb, tight, smooth and supremely exciting juvenile, well plotted, strongly characterized and, of course, well written by the woman who is second only to Heinlein in the field of juveniles.

ROUND TRIP TO HELL IN A FLYING SAUCER by Cecil Michael ("Non-fiction"); Vantage Press, 61 pp., illus., \$2.50.

In other books various self-titled authorities have told us the flying saucers come from "outer space", "Mars" or "the moon". In this book Mr. Michaels shows perhaps more imagination than the others: he says flying saucers originate in Hell. According to this author he was visited for several weeks straight by saucer-men, who entered his automotive shop in California. They could vanish at will, become invisible, walk upon water, bend their arms and legs like rubber, shoot rays of light from their eyes, and so forth. And as if this were not enough, they could insert a magnetic third eye in his skull, show him x-ray views of their electronic innards and communicate via telepathy.

communicate via telepathy.

Also in a "solid dream" they took him via saucer to their home planet, Hell, where their master, a dirty old bum, tried to hire Mr. Michaels to tip coffins into an oily sea. But there's more! The saucer was illuminated by gas lamps or candles; the saucer-men wore paper clothing and looked like shep-herders; they were deadly afraid of cigarette smoke. And—to top the story off properly—Mr. Michaels was rescued from his terrible plight by none other than Christ, who appeared in the sky and frightened the "dirty old bum"

into returning Michaels to Earth.

This pixilated bit of nonsense is written with a fine disregard of grammar (and the limits of human credulity). While the publishers advertise it as a story, Mr. Michaels in the final paragraph swears before God and man that it's all true.

Verdict: Even a dyed-in-the-wool saucer enthusiast would laugh

himself properly ill over this book.

NO WORLD OF THEIR OWN & THE THOUSAND-YEAR PLAN by Poul Anderson & Isaac Asimov (2 Novels); Ace Books, 318 pp., 35%.

There is just no getting around it. Poul Anderson is one of the very finest science fiction authors around. Even in this, a minor novel, his talent and style come through. NO WORLD OF THEIR OWN, an original, is a tight, smooth, dazzling novel of the far future. The first starship returns to Earth, finding that through bugs in the

drive they have been away four years, their time, and five thousand years earthtime. New drive techniques have carried civilization to the stars in their absence: a complex galactic culture has grown up around a delicate balance of power between the Solar Technate (the System, under the logical, emotionless rule of the Technon, an electronic brain), the League of Alpha Centauri, and a wandering

loose-knit nomad society, The Society.

Into this delicately balanced culture come our team of 21st Century explorers—like tossing a half-dozen Neanderthals into the General Assembly of the UN. All hell breaks loose. An alien, coming home with Langley and his crew as an ambassador, escapes upon landing by utilizing his weird psi ability to stop electronic mechanisms. This is just the gimmick to topple the balance of power between the opposing stars, and each of the three start playing fast and loose to get him under their thumb. Langley, as the alien's closest companion, might logically know where he would hole up after escape. So Langley is tossed from pillar to post, now the tool of Lord Brannoch of Alpha Centauri (a gold-bearded swashbuckling viking), now the creature of fanatic Chanthavar of The Technate, now the friend of jolly, Giles Habibula-type Valti of The Society.

There's a malignant race of non-humanoid telepaths, secret hideouts in the Himalayas, decadent latter-day Roman-type orgies, and

lots of other good stuff packed away in this solid, exciting novel.

The Asimov novel—don't let the title fool you—is another reprint of the first volume of the Foundation stories: originally in Astounding, then in book form as FOUNDATION from Gnome For those who missed the earlier publications, let me say FOUNDATION under any title is one damn good book. Solid, meaty entertainment served with strong doses of political extrapolation, philosophy and psychology, spiced with the Asimov talent. A fast-moving, carefully developed story-or rather, chain of short stories-that has become a classic in the field. It is an abridgment.

ONE IN THREE HUNDRED & THE TRANSPOSED MAN by J.T. McIntosh & Dwight V. Swain (2 Novels); Ace Books, 319 pp., 35¢.

#### Booklovers' DO YOU READ OR COLLECT MAGAZINES?

Bargain House

If you do, send us your want list. We specialize in furnishing magazines of all kinds, and may have the very issues you need. Our prices are reasonable, and we will promptly refund the purchase price of anything bought from us that is unsatisfactory for any reason. You will like dealing with us because you take no chances of loss or dissatisfaction. For more than 20 years we have been supplying book and magazine collectors by mail.

P.O. Box 214,

Little Rock.

Although we specialize in weird and fantastic publications, we also carry stocks of and can supply adventure, western, detective, and other types of magazines, dating back to 1915 and before.

Arkansas

Do you have a collection of books or magazines you wish to sell? If so, send us a full description of what you have, its condition, price, etc. We buy thousands of items every year in this manner. We prefer to buy entire collections or very large lots, but will be glad to discuss the sale of your items with you, no matter how few.

Let us hear from you.

All correspondence promptly answered.



The first half of this Ace Double is a small novel by one Dwight V. Swain, one-time contributor of third-rate science fiction to Ray Palmer's Amazing Stories. It is a wild and wacky saga of intrigue and adventure and things on a cosmic scale. Alan Lord, secret agent for the Society of Mechanists, is on Luna for a top-secret mission, for something or other. He gets all mixed up with granite-faced, grim Security Chief Anniedo, a lady scientist he knew way back when, Maurine Burton, a mysterious chap named Zero who heads the Mechanists, and several other tense, taut, excited sweat-beaded people—all of whom go garrumping around in real exciting chase sequences and stuff and such.

It doesn't make much sense. Alan has a handy gadget which enables him to get his mind into other peoples' bodies—a van Vogtian twist—and the story is told with a psuedo-Leigh Brackett style of gutsy narrative that soon palls. Also Mr. Swain crams his story full of invented words and fancy technicalese. Now I have nothing against this in theory. In fact, it's required for a good futuristic story, and is one of the strong points of Bester, Kornbluth and Heinlein—but in this story it seems like every other word is invented. Take, for instance, a brief sample: "I gulped a vidal, then ordered spiked loin of rossa, seared in lorsch, with doralines from Mars and a salad of Ionian tabbat stalks."

Enough of a good thing is often too much, and this story sometimes gets to sounding like a partially translated story by some

Ganymea dian grllsch-gratherner.

I think you can ignore THE TRANSPOSED MAN.

The other side of this book reprints the series of three novelets from Fantasy and Science Fiction. As a whole, ONE IN THREE HUNDRED seems to me to be a fundamentally weak novel that is unconvincing, unrealistic and inadequately realized.

OPERATION FUTURE edited by Groff Conklin (Anthology); Permabooks, 356 pp.,  $35\phi$ .

Since Mr. Conklin is perhaps the finest anthologist around, it is always pleasant to welcome another anthology of his. And this is one of the better ones. Sturgeon's brilliant "Education of Drusilla Strange", Chad Oliver's "Blood's a Rover", Padgett's "Project" and other usually outstanding stories by Leinster, Russell, del Rey Simak, Damon Knight and a little doozy by Asimov.

This is no "idea" anthology at all: just a bunch of better-than-

average stories.

THE FEMALE DEMON by William McDougle (Poetry); Shroud Publishers, 819 Michigan Ave., Buffalo 3, N. Y., 76 pp., illus., \$1.25.

Shroud is a new publishing group that has already gained every-body's favor by reprinting the long unavailable classic, THE MAKER OF MCONS by Robert W. Chambers, and plan the forthcoming first book publication of Lovecraft's last and rarest and best novel, DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH.

The present book is a slim volume of some thirty-one poems of fantasy and the macabre. The book is attractive: very well illustrated by Charles Momberger, nicely bound, good paper. It has a brief introduction, in which Jack Woodford tries to prove he knows

something beside how to write bad pornography.

The poetry, however, is pretty poor. It is written with an embarrassing lack of taste, by a gentleman whose knowledge of poetry evidentally only includes knowing a line should go da DUM da DUM da DUM. Unfortunate lines like: "The Solar System's blurr'ed now; And puzzled is God's wrinkled brow." Some pretty bad mis-rimes, like "whirl" and "snarl", "damp" and "swamp", and "mantises" and "paralysis".

However, some of the verses do have a peculiar haunting, night-

marish quality about them, and the poet does possess a rather strong talent for unusual and striking images. Occasionally, the use of color is quite evocative, and now and then appears a line that does stick in your memory. Try it. You may like it. Incidentally, orders are to be placed directly with the publisher.

GLADIATOR-AT-LAW by Frederik Pohl & C.M. Kornbluth (Novel); Ballantine, 171 pp., 35¢.

The writing team of Pohl & Kornbluth is without doubt the happiest combination in our field since Pratt met de Camp. Beginning with their superb THE SPACE MERCHANTS a few years back, continuing

with the excellent SEARCH THE SKY of 1954, and now this novel, they consistently produce the finest s.f. novels anywhere.

GLADIATOR-AT-LAW was serialized in Galaxy. It is a top-notch novel of a fully detailed society, extrapolated from our own love of grunt-and-groan sports. A world where the Roman tradition of gladatorial games and modern technology combine to produce such savage spectacles as contests of octogenarians with blowtorches, cannot be a very happy one. But P&K show how it all came about, how our present day brutality and commercial piracy combine to end up as the world of this novel. It is controlled extrapolation at its very best.

Heroes of science fiction novels have held a variety of professions-military, scientific, journalistic, and so on-but this is the first novel I have come across where the hero is a lawyer! Charles Mundin, starving young attorney-at-law, is offered his first big case. Two down-and-out kids, the Lavins, say they are legally owners of twenty-five percent of the mammoth GML Homes. They have papers, shares of stock, but the GML people have prevented their using them: they are hidden away in a bank vault and the location is hidden inside the brain of Don Lavin which has been "conditioned" against giving away the hidding-place.

The plot is too familiar to need outlining here. However, I can say that this novel contains some wondrous extrapolated gimmicks. Stock markets operated like parimutuel machines, juvenile delinquency becoming big business. The wonderful and unexpected surprise of What Are Green, Charlesworth? The superb climax where our heroes are forced to become gladiators in one of the big Field Day con-

tests.

Perhaps one could cavil at the totally unconvincing picture Juvenile delinquency as given in the portrait of the Wabbits. Perhaps when the Norvell Blighand family is forced to move into the earthly hell of "Belly Rave"—and learn to love it—one's credulity is a bit overstretched. Still, this is a marvelous novel and deserves to be on everybody's bookshelf. One of the five or six best since THE DEMOLISHED MAN.

NOT THIS AUGUST by C.M. Kornbluth (Novel); Doubleday, 190 pp., \$2.95.

There's been nothing like this novel in our field since Heinlein wrote SIXTH COLUMN. It is a taut, realistic, dazzling picture of what happens when America is totally defeated by Russian and Chinese forces on April 17, 1965. The story is told through the eyes of Billy Justin, thirty-seven, ex free lance commercial artist, Korean veteran, now running a milk farm in upstate New York; the story is told from the viewpoint of the small town of Norton. Within this microcosm the great tragedy is inacted and we see how the whole country is affected, by the changes and brought upon life in Norton.

Written with the careful attention to dialogue, detail, and development that we have come to expect from Cyril Kornbluth, the story moves quickly, the characters are sharp and rounded, the impact and emotional values come across with clearness and true-life

fidelity. As usual in a Kornbluth story, the narrative flow is brisk and well controlled, the prose rich and clean.

NOT THIS AUGUST (taken from a Hemingway bit about the next war) is a strong, balanced, intensely believable novel which one finds difficult to put down Not in the same class as THE SPACE MERCHANTS or GLADIATOR-AT-LAW. it is still better than OUTPOST MARS and

TAKEOFF.

From this corner it looks pretty certain that Cyril Kornbluth is the top candidate for the mantle Heinlein left when he moved into the juvenile field.

GALAXY OF GHOULS ed. by Judith Merrill (Anthology): Lion Books. 192 pp., 35¢.

Judith Merrill has here collected in her third (or is it her fourth?) anthology some sixteen stories that rest rather uncomfortably upon the borderline between fantasy and science fiction.

A bewildering hodge-podge of tales, some very very good and some...

A good character study of a werewolf by Bruce Elliot, a dazzling tale by Ted Sturgeon, a Bradbury classic, a favorite but unconvincing yarn by Willian Tenn, and a brilliant little vignette by Tony Boucher are the best. But there are several not so good: a vaguely homosexual vampire story by Jerry Bixby and Joe Dean, one of Manly Wade Wellman's folksy "John" stories that makes me wish he had stuck to John Thunstone, and a weird and pixillated item by Richard Parker. Then there are J. B. Priestly's and Robert Sheck-ley's contributions—I have too high a regard for these two gen-tlemen's abilities to say what I think of their stories. The unfortunate thing about this book is that almost all the stories are available in several other places. I have seen the

Bradbury item (HOMECOMING) about four times before, the Simak (DE-SERTION) is available in one other anthology as well as in CITY. And most of the others have been printed and reprinted and re-re-

printed to death.

-- Lin Carter

POINT ULTIMATE by Jerry Sohl (Novel); Rinehart, 244 pp., \$2.75.

Once upon a time this reviewer read a book called THE HAPLOIDS. which, it developed, had very little to do with any scientific

concept of a haploid. It was also unutterably dull.

On beginning POINT ULTIMATE, I firmly resolved not to be influenced by having read THE HAPLOIDS. But, unfortunately, I was, because, compared with this book, Mr. Sohl's previous one was pure literature. Not by any other comparison, however; the year 1s not over, and a worse science fiction novel may yet be published, but it doesn't seem likely.

The plot seems to be about a world conquered by what Mr. Sohl believes are Communists, Russian variety. Mr. Sohl's picture of this world of the near future, however, is hampered by his almost total lack of knowledge of political realities, his simply amazing ignorance of science and his inability to create believable situa-

tions.

In the private house of a "Communist" boss, our hero prised to note a number of books which, according to the logic of Sohl's world, ought to have been burned years before. It will probably come as a great shock to Sohl, but, innumerable as the crimes of the Communists have been, an assault on the already established literature is not one of them. Nearly every book mentioned in the list called off by Mr. Sohl as verboten books, is published in the Soviet Union by the Communist controlled press. One exception, of course, is The Bible, yet it is available in the USSR and it is neither difficult nor dangerous to own, read or distribute. It is, of course, a little difficult to practice its teachings, but then it is here, too.

Also, Mr. Sohl neglects, during the entire work, to state plainly what would really be wrong with a world controlled by a Communist authoritarianism. He thinks something would be wrong with the situation, but it's not clear to him just what. His "Communists" are weak-kneed versions of Prussians, and their power is so easily challenged as to be totally unbelievable. It is more than evident that Sohl, like most Americans, has been lucky enough never to have been up against the real thing, with its subtle power to corrupt

something that most Americans don't know they have—the conscience. Scientifically, Sohl is a real gem. Part of the plot revolves around the transfer of pregnant women to Mars, on spaceships which are described as rather primitive. Strong men are likely to upchuck with the vivacity of a Nelson on their first journey into space; the consequences to a herd of pregnant women would be interesting to contemplate. An epidemic of Bangs' Disease could do no more to lower the birthrate than a good solid 10-G accelaration. Also, the female form divine depends rather much on gravity to assist it in spawning. The situation on Mars might lead to a busy life for the specialist in Caesarians. Yet Mr. Sohl implies that his Martian transplants breed like wallabies in the spring.

It would be useless and unedifying to go too thoroughly into the general woodenness of the characters; apparently the only one in whom the author had even a shred of belief was the girl Ivy. There are brief moments when she almost comes to life, but the treacle torrent of the Sohl prose promptly puts her back to sleep again. Exactly what the hero's motive is in setting forth a-Crailing I was entirely unable to figure out. But then, I cannot figure out why the book was written at all-except to make money. possibility that it will make money exists, unfortunately. dear reader, not to let it make any from you.

GEORGE ORWELL by Laurence Brander (Non-fiction); Longmans, Green, 212 pp., \$2.75.

Books about writers tend to be rather dull, especially if they are by admiring disciples. This one isn't dull, and Brander obviously admires trwell and his work as much as I do. He writes about Orwell with clarity, thoroughness, and occasionally with brilliance. There are a few, a very few, small omissions and errors. Brander cannot be blamed for this because those inspired kibitzers, the Communists, have thrown a foggy veil around everything that took place in the Spanish War; when Brander discusses HOMAGE TO CATALONIA, he must, for once, rely on distorted sources information. HCMAGE itself is without doubt the best work on that war ever written; but it does not cover everything, and there were things that Orwell did not know at the time.

But small matters of errors do nothing at all to bring down the book as far as I'm concerned. Crwell is only just beginning to be appreciated properly today; it may be fifty years before his true value is recognized. This is the first really good job of evaluating Orwell I've seen; it's possibly going to be the only one for

quite awhile.

It would be impossible for me to reduce Brander's discussion to

a short paragraph; let Orwell himself do it:

"The all important fact for the creative writer is that this is not a writer's world...for as a writer he is a liberal, and what is happening is the destruction of liberalism...Accept it, endure it, record it...

...men cannot be brothers without first becoming equals...What

prevents men from uniting is their own inadequacy. Slaves cannot unite; the ignorant cannot unite. It is only by obeying our high-

est impulses that we can unite."

And a great many other things...which you can either agree with or not, as you please. But one thing comes through the Brander book clearly—one thing that doesn't come through about a great many writers of today, in their own work or in what's written about them-that George Orwell was a MAN, and a damned good one to be on the same side of the barricades with.

THE ANT MEN by Eric North (Juvenile); Winston, 216 pp., \$2.00.

This book is the sort usually labeled a "Boys' Book", and it's clearly aimed at Seventh Fandom. But that doesn't prevent it from being pretty good, of its kind. It has the flaws and the trade tricks common to this type of book, but it also has a good story, plenty of fast action and a lively style. Moreover, the action's of a slightly more thoughtful and interesting kind than the sort of thing found in Planet in large, gory doses.

The story concerns the usual assortment-callow youth, aging scientist and useful attendant—discovering a knot of ant critters who have upped their I.Q.s a bit and their size much more than a bit. There are also some praying mantises, who are every bit as objectionable as you would expect a praying mantis twelve feet tall to be. Exactly what they're praying to is never made quite

clear, and I'm just as happy that it isn't.

The minor objections that I have to the story are such small ones that they will barely suffice to sustain my membership in the critics' union. One is the habit of introducing what the writers' handbooks refer to as an identifying key phrase; if you will recall Tom Swift's buddy who used to exclaim "Bless my—" you'll get my meaning. The character equipped with such a convenient handle often uses it to death; the one in this book says "Mamma, mamma," until one longs to explain the nature of the Oedipus complex to him.

Another objection is the rather standardized ending. Seabrook,

in a book which is an account of that writer's incarceration in a fancy booby hatch, tells a story about one of his fellow inmates. This particular crackers case believed himself to be a writer, a delusion shared by some of us who are still at large. His stories galloped along fine, until they reached a complex condition rather like that of the midweek installment of a soap opera. With all of the characters in a completely bollixed state, the author would solve all difficulties with one fell swoop; he would blow them all to hell.

In many boys books, the discovery of a weird civilization is a signal of doom for the inhabitants thereof; the conclusion is always an earthquake which disposes of the whole works, leaving the gallant humans alive amidst the ruins. This is the case here, and I really must object; I had grown quite fond of a couple of those

However, this is still a good book; the fact that you'll have to get it from the children's shelf shouldn't bother you. There are probably more good science fiction books in this class than any other, so don't let the bookstore owner stare you down. Try this one, even if you have to lie about your age just a bit.

-Dave Mason

SPACE HEATING WITH SOLAR ENERGY ed. by Richard W. Hamilton & Albert Farwell (Non-fiction); Mass. Inst. of Technology, Cambridge 39, Mass., 161 pp., illus., \$2.85 (paper).

This is a book presenting the recent results of experimental work (as revealed in a Symposium held at M.I.T.) conducted in the sphere of solar energy. It is mainly of interest to the person desiring a technical review of advances made in this field. Experiments covered are the famous solar houses at Dover and Denver, research performed on the structure of materials to be utilized in solar heating apparati, and the sociological aspect of heating and illumination by means of the sun. Included in the book is a review of the general significance of solar energy, giving statistical information pertaining to the quantity of solar energy available as a function of location and climatic conditions, and also the results so far achieved in the utilization of this energy. It is to be stressed, however, that the majority of these articles require a foundation in the technical sciences or at least some familiarity with the metallurgical and thermodynamic problems solar heating.

-Bill Edgerton

INQUIRY INTO SCIENCE FICTION by Basil Davenport (Non-fiction); Longmans Green, 87 pp., \$2.50.

An amiable, literate, discursive, overpriced survey of science fiction, done by an amiable, literate reader with a keen sympathy for the genre. Davenport, writing for an uninitiated audience, reviews the usual anecdotes to prove the Value of s. f., such as the Cleve Cartmill-FBI incident of 1944, and then proceeds to discuss the literary merits, if any, of s.f.

His main conclusion, that science fiction is a mythology for the machine age, seems to me a sound one, though I can't go along with his other conclusion that it will be the fantasy element in science fiction that will predominate in coming years. The trouble with that idea is that science fiction, when it's not being mythology. is commercial fiction, and fantasy is simply not a commercial proposition these days, as Howard Browne or Horace Gold could testify.

INQUIRY INTO SCIENCE FICTION is a sensible Otherwise, though, and entertaining work which makes one feel just a little better

about being a fan or writer of s.f.

THE END OF ETERNITY by Isaac Asimov (Novel); Doubleday, 191 pp., \$2.95.

Despite the oft-repeated comments of another book reviewer. I still think Isaac Asimov is unable to write a poor novel even when he tries. And he certainly must have been trying hard in his latest work, for this Doubleday original novel is by all odds his weakest book.

The background idea is a good one, though a little surprising in this day of watered-down "slick" novels: an organization known (clumsily) as Eternity ranges upwhen and downwhen along the timestream, making changes in reality all along the way to provide a happier existence for the unknowing time-bound multitudes. Time travel is a monopoly of this extra-temporal organization, and it is possible to move from the 30th century to the 100,000th almost

instantaneously.

But Asimov, so carelessly throwing around his hundreds of millenia, handles his time-travel story with little more profundity than did John Russell Fearn in his similar 1936 Amazing serial, "Liners of Time". Characters zip back and forth from one century to another with little realization of the vast stretches of time considered (does Asimov realize, I wonder, that his so contemporary 2456th century is a quarter of a million years in the future? And that the blithe heroine from the 111,394th century is eleven

million years from here?).

Only in the last chapter of the book—which is as good a place as any, I suppose—does Asimov really come to grips with his time patrol and begin to explore all the implications of such an organ-

ization; naturally, he couldn't do that any earlier in the book, because he's chosen to tell a silly, melodramatic sort of story complete with all the customary cliches and the predictable unpredictable "surprise" ending, and needed to save all these things for his fast finish.

The story is that of Andrew Harlan, a time-technician of the dour, puritanical 95th century, who falls in love with amoral Noys Lambent of the aristocratic 482nd Asimov's cavalier way of assigning an adjectival tag to an entire century this way is an example

of the general shallowness with which the story abounds.

Harlan is an incompetent, cold-fish sort of fumbler, and the plot slowly unravels, ending in a Glorious Illumination, model TX1034. Strictly corn, all the way, and the dialogue and characterizations are on a remarkably low level as well.

Of course, there are some fine things—Asimov can't really

write a bad book-but THE END OF ETERNITY is anything but a credit

to one of the few truly outstanding s.f. writers.

ELEVATOR TO THE MOON by Stanley A. Widney (Juvenile): Wilcox & Follett, 128 pp., \$2.50.

An unassuming, smoothly-told juvenile concerning the mis-adventures of an elevator boy named Willy Ploop who accidentally gets to the moon with a couple of friends. The action is fairly elementary stuff—the usual mishaps in free fall and other stock incidents-but the story is told with humor and a certain charm that one wouldn't expect normally from a book whose hero is named Willy Ploop.

The jacket claims the book (which is printed in what seems like 14 point type) is written for ages 9-14, but it'll be a pretty backward 14-year-old who gets very excited over Willy Ploop's ad-

ventures on the moon.

KATHY'S VISIT TO MARS by Dwight A. Collier (Juvenile): Exposition Press, 53 pp., \$2.50.

This short novel, or rather long short story, is apparently aimed for very young readers. I found it short on plausibility, but clearly and simply told, and no doubt an imaginative child of eight or nine might find it a terribly interesting little book.

There's no plot; the story is simply an account of a pleasant journey to Mars taken by nine-year-old Kathy and her family, in a flying saucer which makes the trip in two and a half hours. They spend a jolly day among the utopian Martians ("We have no real need for money. We do use it, but not often.") and return home.

Twenty-three year old author Collier (this is his first book) reveals his amateur status with a woeful ending guaranteed to leave any child feeling completely cheated. Have a s.f. novel turn out to be a dream, of all things. Collier also turns the minor miracle of squeezing 12 chapters into 42 pages.

-Bob Silverberg

#### noted

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, THE, by Ralph Izzard; Doubleday, 250 pp., \$4.00. GONDAL'S QUEEN by Emily Bronte (ed. by F. E. Ratchford) (Poetry); University of Texas Press, 207 pp., \$4.00. (See page 26.) INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS by George Adamski; Abelard-Schuman, 256 pp.,

INVADERS OF EARTH ed. by Groff Conklin; Pocket Books, 25%.

POSSIBLE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION ed. by Groff Conklin; Berkley, 189 pp., 35¢.

REVOLT ON ALPHA C by Bob Silverberg (Juvenile); Crowell, \$2.50. SCIENCE FICTION THINKING MACHINES ed. by Groff Conklin; Bantam, 183 pp., 25¢ (abridged).

UNIVERSE; UNLIMITED by Hugh Sloss (Non-fiction); Vantage Press. 197 pp., \$2.75. VENUS BOY by Lee Sutton (Juvenile): Lothrop, 182 pp., \$2.50.

#### forthcoming

ALL ABOUT ROCKETS AND JETS by Fletcher Pratt (Jack Coggins 11.): Random, \$1.95. Sept.

ARK OF VENUS by Clyde Clason (Juvenile); Knopf, \$2.00.

BEAST THAT WALKS LIKE MAN by Harold McCracken; Hanover House, 34.00. Sept. 6.

BOY WHO DISCOVERED THE EARTH by H. Felsen; Scribner's, \$2.25. Sept. CARDS OF IDENTITY by Nigel Dennis; Vanguard, \$3.75. Oct. COMPLETE BOOK OF SPACE TRAVEL by Albro Gaul (Virgil Finlay il.); World Publishing Co., \$4.95. Sept. 19. DEEP SPACE by Eric Frank Russell; Bantam, \$.25. Sept. EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRINCIPLES OF SPACE TRAVEL by Franklyn M. Bran-

ley (Juvenile); Crowell, \$2.00. Oct.

EXPLORING THE MAN by Roy Gallant (Juvenile); Garden City, \$2.00.

FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY, THE, by Major Donald Keyhoe; Holt, \$3.50.

FREDDY AND THE BASEBALL TEAM FROM MARS by Kurt Wiese (Juvenile): Knopf, \$3.00. Sept. 19. HESTER AND THE UNCMES by

by Marigold Hunt (Juvenile); Whittlesey, \$2.50. Sept.

JOURNEY TO THE FUTURE by Lillian Everts; Farrar, \$3.00. Sept. LONG TOMORROW by Leigh Brackett; Doubleday, \$2.95. Sept. 22.

MARS by Franklyn M. Branley (Juvenile); Crowell, \$2.50. Oct.

MIGHTY ATOM, THE, by John Lewellen (Juvinile); Knopf, 32.00. RACES AND FEOPLE by Isaac Asimov and William Boyd (Juvenile);

Abelard-Schuman, \$2.75. Nov. 29. ROCKET MAN by Lee Correy (Juvenile); Holt, \$2.75. Nov.

SCIENCE FICTION MUTATIONS ed. by Groff Conklin; Vanguard, \$3.75.

SCREAMING GHOST, AND OTHER GHOSTLY TALES by Carl Carmer. Knopf. \$3.00. Sept. 19.

SECRET OF THE MARTIAN MOONS by Donald Wollheim; Winston, \$2.00. Sept. 12.

SPACEFLIGHT VENUS by Philip Wilding; Philosophical Library, \$3.00. Sept. 17.

SPACEWARD BOUND by Slater Brown (Juvenile); Prentice-Hall. \$2.75.

STAR SHIP ON SADDLE MOUNTAIN by Atlantis Hallam (Juvenile); Macmillan, \$2.50. Sept. 27.

SUPERPOWER: THE STORY OF ATOMIC ENERGY by Frank Ross. Jr.. (Juyenile); Lothrop, \$2.95. Nov.
TOM SWIFT, JR.: TOM SWIFT AND HIS SPACE STATION by Victor Appleton

II; Grosset & Dunlap, \$.95. Sept.

TUNNEL IN THE SKY by Robert Heinlein (Juvenile); Scribners, \$2.50. Oct.



## SCIFNCF-FICTION

NEW YORK in '56!

### the tale of a tale A Sad and Poignant Song (To be sung in a broad Irish brogue) The author rose from his typewriter, He looked at his story and smiled. "This is quite good enough for the slick mags," He said, and his manner was mild. But the story bounced right back from Collier's, Bluebook and the Post bounced it, too. Then Esquire and Argosy ditto; The author said: "What shall I do?" CHORUS: He's more to be pitied than censured; He's more to be helped than despised: He's only an author who wandered Into the wrong field, ill advised. If only some kind soul would take him And shoot the poor boy through the head; If he thinks he can write science fiction, The poor lad is better off dead. "I'll send it," he said, "to Astounding; "John Campbell will like it, methinks. But Campbell, then Gold, and then Boucher All agreed in three words: "Friend, it stinks!" Ray Palmer, Bob Lowndes, and Bill Hamling Each in turn have rejected the text.

When Planet and Startling both bounced it, Said the author: "What shall I do next?"

CHORUS: He's more to be pitied than censured; He's more to be helped than despised; He's only an author who wandered Into the wrong field, ill-advised. If only some kind soul would take him And shoot the poor boy through the head; If he thinks he can write science fiction, The poor lad is better off dead.

For several years, the poor author Kept sending it out through the mail, But the manuscript kept on returning, Not once did the guy make a sale. And now he receives his last notice, With eyes glazed and jaw gone all slack; He has come to the end of his tether. For INSIDE has sent the thing back!

CHORUS: He's more to be pitied than censured; He's more to be helped than despised: He's only a writer who wandered Into the wrong field, ill-advised. Observe how he lifts up his pistol: Observe how he aims at his head. For a man who's rejected by INSIDE Is actually better off dead!

## micro\_ads

Advertising in this section 50% per column inch, etc. Micro Ad copy must be submitted fully prepared. It may be typed (with a reasonably new ribbon, please) or written, printed, and/or drawn in black ink. Copy should be exactly twice the size in each dimension of the magazine space it is to occupy, e.g., a column inch would be 4± x 2 inches. Eleven lines of 45 plus or 52 elite characters are absolute maximums.

TOLKEIN'S-LORD OF THE RINGS-THREE BOOKS-FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING-THE TWO TOWERS-THE RETURN OF THE KING BOG. Ed. NEW WITH DW EA.\$3.25 FOR REVIEW SEE ASF JULY 1955 p.156 OUT OF THE SILENCE BY ERLE COX AUST ED. 1947 NEW WITH DW \$2.00 H.R. HAGGARD-THE BRETHREN-ALLAN QUATERMAIN-ERIC BRIGHTEYES-NADA THE LILY NEW WITH DW EA.\$1.20 E.R. BURROUGHS TARZAN(THE TERRIBLE)(OF THE APES)(AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR)(AND THE AUTHORITY OF COLD)(AND THE GOLDEN LION) NEW WITH DW BR.ED. EA.\$1.00 TARZAN(AND THE CITY OF GOLD)(AND THE FOREIDDEN CITY) SLIGHT ABRILG. BR.ED. NEW WITH DW EA.50¢ BURROUGHS POCKETBOOKS AT 35¢ EA. LIST TITLES

AMAZING '26-mos. 9 \$1.00 '27-3-4-9 thru 12 '28-1 thru 7-10-12 EA.90¢ '29-1-2-4 thru 12 EA.70¢ '30-1 thru 11 '31-1-2-3-7-9-10-11 '32-9-10-11 EA.57¢ '33-1 5-7-10 '34-2-3-6-8-10 '35-5-6-7-8 '36-4-6-8 '39-1-4 '40-1 thru 12 EA.35¢ '47-8 thru 12 EA.12¢ '48'49'50 '51,'52 EA.14¢ AMA7. QUART. '28-Fall \$1.25 AIR WOND '29-10-11-12 '30-1-6-7 EA.90¢ WONNER QUART. '30-Spr. '31-Fall '32-Win. Fall '33 Win.EA.90¢ Wond. STORIES '29-10 80¢ '30-2-5-7 EA.55¢ '32-4 45¢ '37-2-6-8-12 '38-2-6-8 '39-2-8-10-12 '40-1 thru 6-8 thru 12EA.35¢ '47-6-8-10-12 EA.23¢ '48,'49,'50,'51,'52 EA.18¢

UNKNOWN-'40-9-10-11-12 '41-2-4-6-12 '42-2-4-6-8-10 12 '42-2 EA.\$1.25 '43-6 90¢ ASTOUNDING-'31-2-3-8-9 12 '52-6-6-9-11 EA.\$1.45 '34-5-9 EA.80¢ '39-2-3-7 '40-3-7 thru 12 EA.80¢ '48-4-5-7-10-11-12 EA.22¢ '49'50'51'52 EA.23¢ ARGOSY '32 Sept.23 Oct.1,15 '34 Dec.22 '37 Feb.6 '99 Jan.15,22,29 Feb.5,12 May 7 ASTONISHING '40-4-10-12 BLUE BOOK '32-11 EA. 40¢ AVON FART. BRABTER #'8 3-10-12-15-17-18 AVON SF READER #5 1-2 EA.23¢ CAPT ZERO '49-11 18¢

DOC SAVAGE '40-6 '41-11 '42-2-3 EA.23¢ DYNAMIC '52-12 18¢ FAMOUS MANT MYST '40-12 \$1.00 '49-4-8 10-12 '50-6-8-10 '\$3-1-3-10-12 '52-2-4-6-8-10-12 EA.18¢ FAMTASTIC '52-Sum.Fall Nov. EA.23¢ FAMT ADV. '47-1-3-5-7-10-11 EA.18¢ '48,'49,'50,'51,'52 EA.18¢ FAMT. NOV. '48-5-7-11 EA.23¢ '49-3-5-7-11 '50-1-3-5 7-11 '51-1-4 EA.18¢ FAMT. STORY MAG. '50,'51,'52 EA.18¢ FAMT & SF '49-Fall 28¢ '50,'51, '52 EA.23¢ FUTURE '50,'51,'52 EA.18¢

GALAXY '50-11-12 EA.28¢ '51-1-2-3-4-6 thru 12 '52 GALAXY NOV. #'s 2 thru 8-10 thru 22 IF '52 IMAG. '50 10-12 '51-6-9-11 '52 EA.29¢ COMET '40-12 40¢ MARVEL TALES '39-2-4 EA.75¢ '50-7-11 '51-8-11 '52-5 EA.18¢ PLANET '40-Win 40¢ '49-Spr. Sum.Fall Win. '50-Spr. Sum.Fall-11 '51,'52 EA.18¢ OTHER WORLDS '50-1-3-5 7-9-10-11 '51-3-5-6-9-10-12 '52-1-3-4-6-7-8-10-11 EA.23¢ SCI. FICT. '40-3 40¢ STARTLING STORIES '47-11 EA.23¢ '48,'49,'40,'50,'51,'52 EA.18¢

BRITISH SF: NEW WORLLS #'s 1-3 EA.75¢ 4-6 thru 20 EA.35¢ 21 thru 31 EA.30¢ 32 thru 38 EA.35¢ SCIENCE FANTASY #'s 1 thru 6 EA.35¢ 7-8-9-10 EA.30¢ 11-12-13 14-15 EA.35¢ NCEULA #1 50¢ #'s 2 thru 13 EA.35¢ NOVA

NOVELS #'s 1-2-3 EA.35¢ AUTHENTIC SF #'s 21 thru 59 EA.25¢ POCKETBOOKS 30¢ AND 35¢ EACH

10% LISCOUNT IN BRITISH OR AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES ON ORUSES OVER \$1.49 ALL POSTPAIL MOST MAGAZINES IN EX TO GOOD CONDITION MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED L. Ben Stark, 290 Kenyon, Berkeley, Calif.

l am parting with a large cart of my own personal collection of science fiction and fantasy books, nanerbounds, and magazines. This includes some out of print books and signed editions. Everything is bargain priced and will not last long, so act now! Send today for my pricelist. You have nothing what ever to lose and plenty of fine reading to gain. For prompt service send a nostcard to:

George Spencer 8302 Donnybrook Lane Chevy Chase 15, Maryland

FOR Sale
OUT OF PRINT FAMTASY BOOKS
Weird and Sf
Regular Lists Issued
S.B. MYERS
904 Forest Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan

FANTASY COLLECTORS

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

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES SUPPLIED

Specialist in Fantasy Comic Books
SEND YOUR WANT LIST

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

FCR SALE: Science fiction, fantasy, weird fiction, Magazines, 1926 to 1955, 25¢ each. Books 25¢ each. Stories excerpted from old Argosy, Blue Book, Allstory, etc., 25¢ each. Misc. books & magazines 5¢ & up. Will also buy or trade for all kinds of printed matter, even old catalogs. Also have new & used typewriters, mimeographs, office machines automobiles, supplies, tires, other merchandise, for sale or trade. Send your want & for sale lists. Swap Shop, Box 141, Velva, N. D.

# FOR SALE! My personal Collection Over 200 books and magazines. All in good condition. The New Adam...Weinbaum.

> Send to: Neal F. Wilgus, 4109 E. Waverly, Tucson, Arizona.

## **Inside This Issue**

FIRE WHEN READY. CRITIC! a discussion ... 10 THE STRANGE BUSINESS ATTITUDE OF THE SCIENCE FICTION INDUSTRY by Sam Moskowitz-17 FOR ROBOTS ONLY... by Robert Lowndes 19 FOR PEOPLE ONLY... by Larry Shaw-22 THE CHROMIUM RING by H. L. Gold P.S. by Sam Moskowitz Cover by Frank Kelly Freas illustrating FIRE WHEN READY, CRITIC: -DANDRUFF IN THE FRIGHT-WIG by Robert Bloch-article 26 THE ANGRIAN SAGA by Lin Cartereditorial and letters 32 THINK-39 BRAVE NEW WRITING by Dave Foley-46 INSIDE BOOKS by Lin Carter, Dave Mason, Bill Edgerton and Bob Silverberg-THE TALE OF A TALE AND OTHER TALES by Randall Garrett-poems 60 The second secon Advertising fees below are for space only; advertiser is to prepare his copy—in black ink. \$6.00 Full page Half page Full page ad copy may be any size "3.25 1.75 .50 with a 3 x 5 ratio. Quarter page Column inch Copy for smaller ads should conform to the following full page size:
6 3/4 x 11. 10.00 Back cover (All above ad rates are doubled for publishers.) USSELNES MANAGEMENT SAME AND COMPANY OF THE SAME EDITOR: Ron Smith SEPTEMBER 1955 ISSUE NUMBER ELEVEN ART EDITOR: Cindy Smith ASSISTANT EDITOR: Randall Garrett INSIDE and Science Fiction Advertiser is published ENGLISH AGENT: bi-monthly at 611 West 114th Street, Apartment 3d-Alan Hunter 310, New York 25, New York. Subscriptions five issues 150 Tuckton Road

AUSTRALIAN AGENT: John Gregor 73 Esplanade Cairns North Queensland North Queensiam (Subscriptions 10/-)

(Subscriptions 7/6)

Southbourne

Bournemouth

for copy to be

Copyright 1955 closing date by Ronald L. Smith

for \$1. Please make all checks payable to Ron Smith

and not to the name of

the magazine.

in the next issue: October 14.

-----Interior illustrations by Cindy, Austin, Carter and Gaughan. Cartoons by Williams, Garrett and Powlesland.