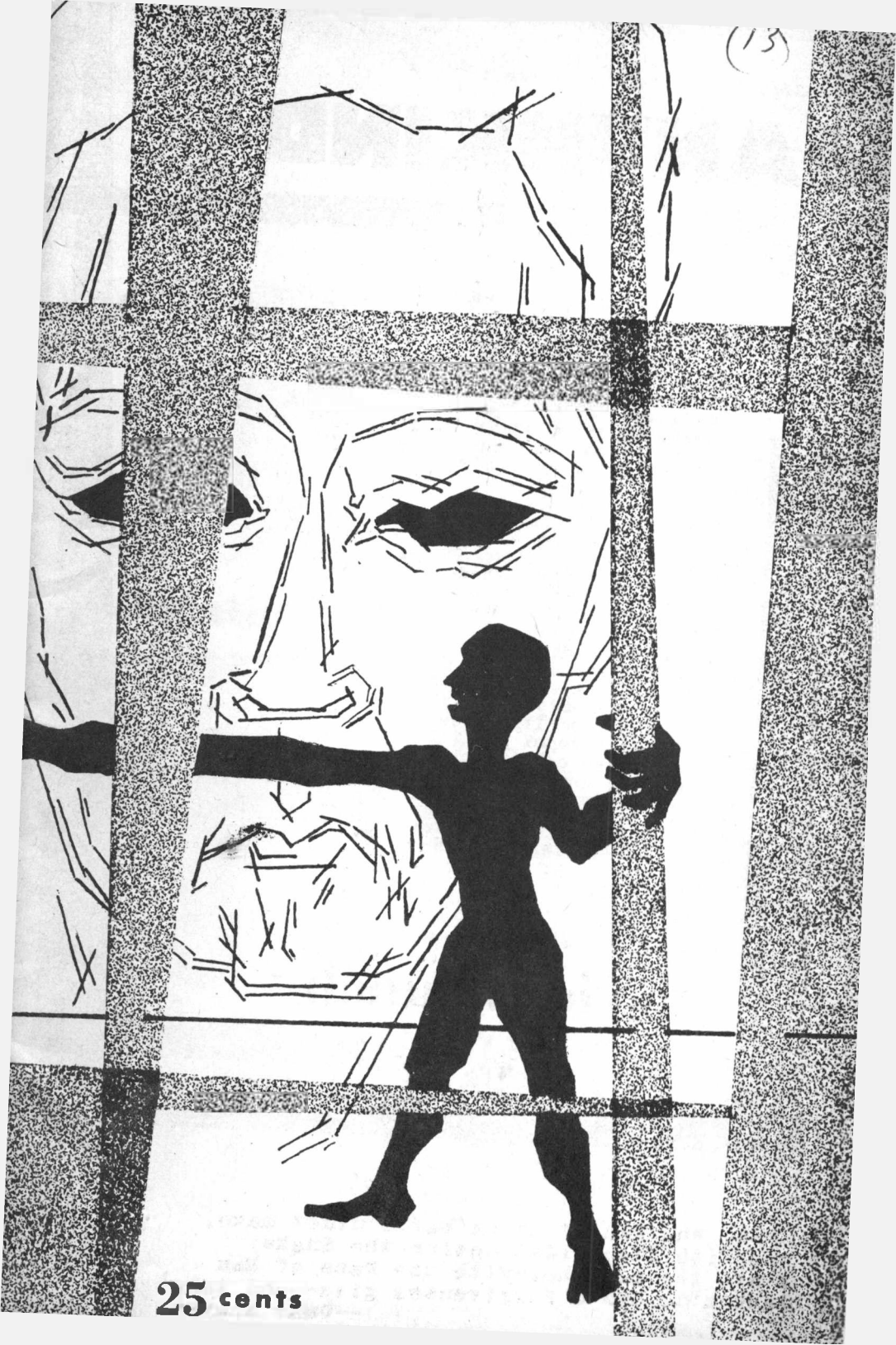


(15)

25 cents



# MANUNKIND

a story sequence

david r. bunch

"Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!  
—Omar Khayyam

# the problem was lubrication

I guess it kept him hopping, there were so many holes. And I guess it was mostly hard work. But to me, as I watched this automation through the observation slit, it was somewhat diverting to see, among all the somber squatting machines with a fixed place in the line, one that could stand up tall and take off all around the floor. He wasn't a robot really, and actually I guess he couldn't take off and run all around the floor just wherever he wanted. But the metal track he was on carried him to all parts of the work area in order for him to reach every one of the squatting fixed machines, and there were occasional side trips up to the reload place. In comparison with the fixed ones this fellow had it good, it seemed to me.

His official name was Lubro. Or so it said in gay red letters on a shiny metal plate riveted to his rear. The day I watched Lubro they were turning out millions of little metal disks destined for some important places in some important engines, and the machines doing the work were running hot. And here would come Lubro, smooth and docile on his track, until he reached a machine that was running hot turning out the disks. The machine would flip little lids up at Lubro's approach and Lubro in response would whang jointed sections of tubing out of himself and the ends of these tubes would find their way into the holes where the lids had flipped up. And while the machines worked on as though nothing was happening Lubro would stand there vibrating on his track and eject oil into the holes according to some clocklike mechanism in him. And as the tempo of production increased, Lubro ran faster and faster on his track and whanged metal tubing out of himself oftener and oftener and came up to the reload place time and again. But it seemed to me he was happy at his work, although that could have been merely my imagining because of the great contrast between a Lubro and a machine that squatted on the floor hour by hour and turned out the quota time and again with, to console her, nothing

but the small diversion of flipping her lids up for Lubro.

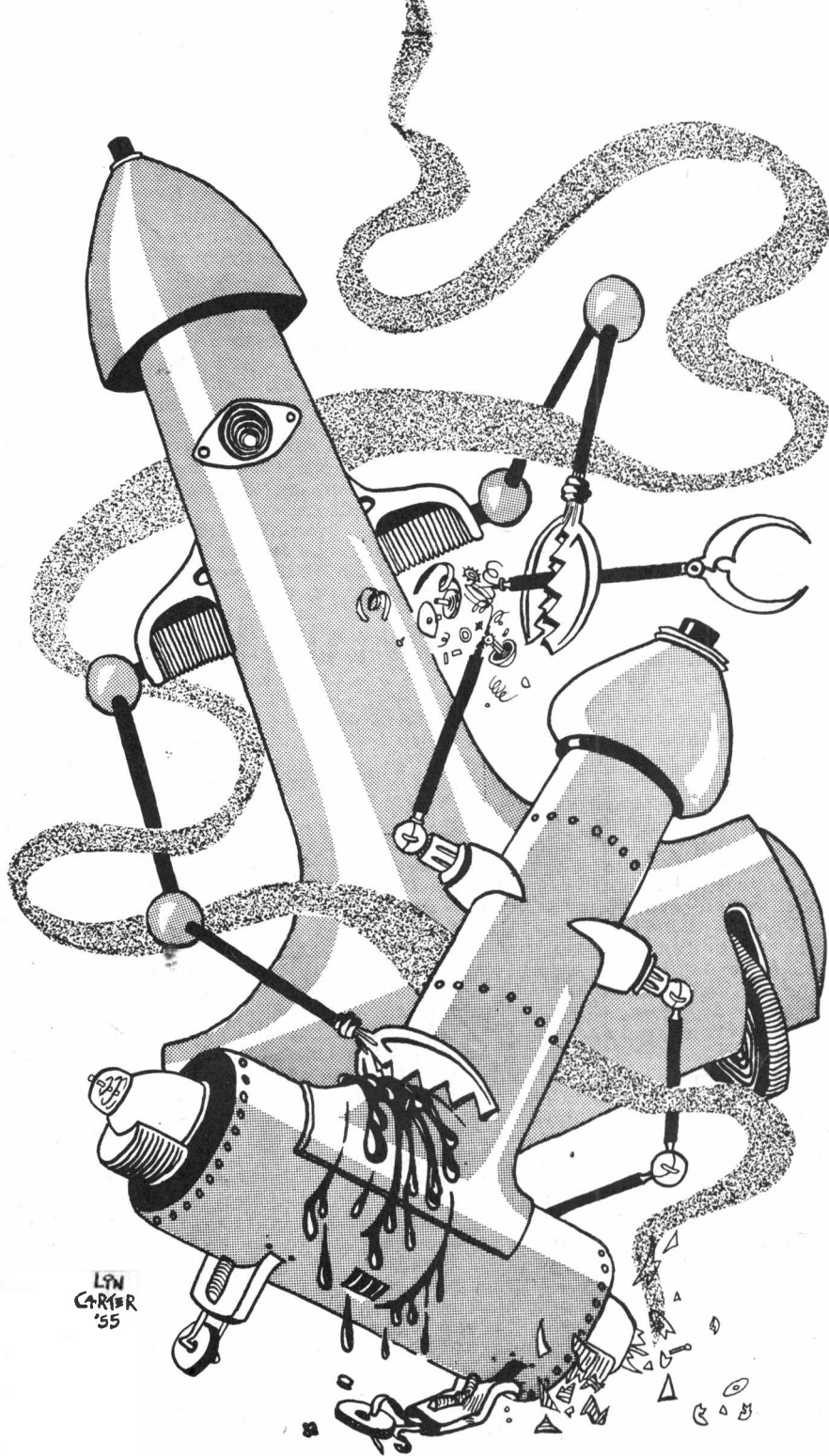
All in all, everything was going well here at automation it seemed to me, and Lubro was taking care of it, I thought, all right. But maybe he was running hot. At any rate, some Central Brain in the place made the decision and another upright thing with a clocklike mechanism in him and the power to eject flexible tubing out of himself came in to run on the tracks with Lubro. The Oiler, his name was. I guess the Central Brain thought The Oiler and Lubro could stay out of each others way all right; one could be taking care of it in the south end, say, while the other was over north doing it; or one could be functioning on the west side while the other was shooting for lids in the east section of the work area maybe. But the truth is, they didn't—they couldn't—stay out of each others way for long. In the first place, I think Lubro was a little jealous, or maybe resentful is the better word, of The Oiler. For the very presence of The Oiler made it clear how the Central Brain felt. He felt that Lubro couldn't handle the job. Then too, no getting around it, The Oiler, big dark and cocky, was in Lubro's territory.

But as for production, there was an increase in it, no denying that. Especially was there more work done by certain of the newer machines in the central part of the work area. And it was one of these very machines that caused the flare-up. She was a new blonde machine without yet the grime of much servicing on her oil lids. And she squatted there, seemingly as innocent as a piece of the floor, and tooled her disks. But Lubro noticed it, and I noticed it too. Twice within an hour when Lubro glided up she kept her oil lids closed as though she was running cool as a bucket of grease. But when The Oiler came in at almost the same time from the opposite side of the work area her lids flew open as though she were filled with fire. And The Oiler ejected the tubes, according to the clocklike mechanism in him, and the tubes found the holes where the quivering lids hovered open, and he oiled the machine that indeed was not running cool; it was his job.

Lubro caught him at the top of the reload area. It was unethical. The Oiler was taking on oil, siphoning it, from Central Supply, into the can of his lower body. And Lubro should not have come in to the reload at the same time; there was but the one straight track into the reload and no spur track for passing. But Lubro did come in. And the cocky Oiler stood nonchalantly siphoning oil until his can was full. Then he turned in that way he had, brazen, precise, sure, and he headed back for the work area as though it were understood that Lubro would retrace and let him through. Lubro braced. Lubro hit him, hit him hard and middle-high and bounced him ten feet up the track. Lubro hit him again when The Oiler came within range. The Oiler closed and struck back; The Oiler hit twice in quick succession. The two oil cans stood toe-to-toe at the bottom of the reload area and exchanged blows. They rattled each others skin sections and clobbered each others joints. Rivets flew. Clocklike mechanisms were upset. They fought until it seemed in doubt that either one or the other would prove himself the better oil can.

Then the tide turned, as tides will, and Lubro got his chance. Because his clocklike mechanism was considerably upset by the hard blows he had taken, and possibly partly because he had just taken the reload, here at this strangest and most illogical of times one of The Oiler's tubelike sections popped out. Oil sprayed the area, and Lubro rammed in to wham The Oiler on the tube and spin him about until The Oiler was





quite spun off the track. And there he lay, vanquished and bleeding oil, and presently all his other tubes flopped out and lay there limp and empty in plain sight, and The Oiler was a very sorry sight indeed. And because he had taken many hard blows himself, and partly, no doubt, in sheer exuberance over his victory, Lubro pulled a very silly and shabby stunt. He ejected all his tubing sections to the very farthest limits and sprayed The Oiler until he, Lubro, was quite empty of oil.

The Central Brain was jumping-mad in his clock, crazy-mad at Lubro and The Oiler. From these silly oil cans he had had quite enough, really he had. He immediately called a meeting of all the Junior Brains, and they all left their clocks and sat around a big polished disk of metal with a hole in the center of it and the Central Brain in the hole until they had all quite decided what to do. There was just one logical answer. Tear up the tracks, build a Lubro or an Oiler stationary for each squatty fixed machine and service these automatic tube ejectors from a Central Supply, using as many self-motion helicopters as would be required.

The Brains, having won again, having figured it out, resumed their clocklike places along the walls. And while they all agreed that automation had its bugs, yes it did, really it was quite the coming thing, yes it was.

## one did not suspect the little doors

The stage had the polished whiteness and hardness of stone; it was an egg-shaped ball. A green light shone on it for an instant giving the impression that grasses were waving there and perhaps trees at the edges. But one knew really it was but a hoax of the lighting and that nothing was there but the whiteness and hardness under the green illumination. Then the light changed swiftly through all the colors to become merely light, white light that showed the true starkness of the white stage just before the little doors opened.

One did not suspect the little doors. But there they were quite suddenly peeping open, just small breaks in the white, and the loolbools, rolling through. The loolbools were egg-shaped, as the stage, except where their backs were fitted with stairsteps. They moved toward the center of the stage, not moving on legs or treads, but inching along as eggs sometimes will seem to walk across smooth tables. At the center of the stage they paused, seeming to wait.

I did not see the guenchgrops come, saw no doors open. Perhaps they dropped out of some square dark cloud moving over the egg-shaped pavilion above the white stage. They were black and square-cornered. They moved with great agility. I would not say they ever went on legs; rather, for locomotion, they seemed equipped with strange arrangements of notches and squared bits of themselves attached to stringlike extensions. And it was nightmares-for-the-squeamish to watch a guenchgrop go—flipping the squared weights of himself out ahead and following in with himself, easily maneuvering the flexible notches for purchase, haulage of self-winding winches. Oh true, it was food-curdle disgusting for anyone to see the guenchgrop, such a mess of black squareness, angularity and ropiness moving so swiftly on the same white stage where the beautiful snow-egg-shapes of the loolbools had floundered and inched in their appearance of great innocence. Somehow all sense of ease was violated in contrast.

From all parts of the perimeter of this white stage called Ogg the square corners raced toward the round bodies that waited in the center. Nearer and nearer drew the black stalkers across the white plains, and the white victims made no move to flee. In truth, one watching closely had almost to suspect that the victims were arranging their stairsteps for easy ascent by the notched attackers.

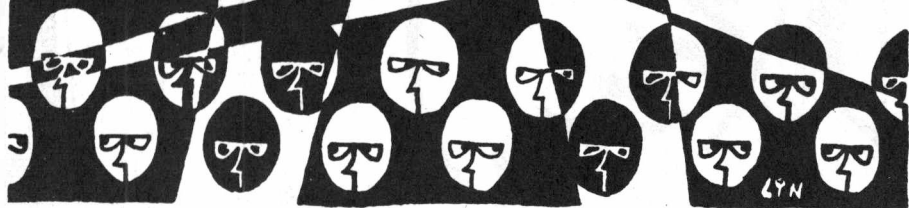
A square-cornered stair ascender came for every white pair of stairs. Throwing the square anchors up ahead the guenchgrops mounted easily. They found at the head of the loolbool stairs a lid on each loolbool body. (Certainly one was hardly prepared for this!) With a small tinkle of white noise the black squarish ones lifted the white lids and looked inside. One almost might say the guenchgrops laughed at what they saw; there was a chatter of notches. Then they threw square bits of themselves in and drew out small marble-shaped stones that, strangely enough, were not white. The stones were of every color, and many were black. The guenchgrops hurriedly threw the stone marbles to all parts of the stage until every marble was quickly out of every loolbool body. Then those squarish black invaders cast all the loose angular bits of themselves down into the loolbools and entered after. The lids of the loolbools all closed at one time with a white tink-sound that was almost not a noise, and the spotless snow-egg-shape bodies, looking outwardly whole and unchanged, moved back through gay marbles, inched their way along until once more they were confronted with gray doors. Through the black holes behind the gray doors they entered the sides of the snow-white stage-plains of Ogg and have never, I confess, been seen again by me. But my soul confronts their speckled children daily.



warning

#1

1



They sat in the long building where the walls were file-case green, and they worked mechanically at a task of little motion. And usually they looked only at their own work. But sometimes their eyes would flee to each others eyes in a vast wave of no-hope, the little confused balls, clash-click! For they were, you see, the near-mechanical Me-Files of Foraye, of Mefirstus, on a long filing job in the times of Pulver-Smeat...

For in the days when the world was infant, on the eve of the age of Wheel., just about the Jet Age and the times of Pulver-Smeat, a little white-smoke man had come down out of a cloud one day. He had a long beard on a planned look and a gleam in one eye of a great depth of suspicion. And he spoke to the Wheelgos (as the Mefirstus folk were called) paused for an instant on their gray-rock ribbons of GO, in their gasjoys—stalled for a moment, that is, in their race toward Whoopeeuptime, to watch the man from the cloud slide down.

He spoke to them first of danger and threats to their gasjoys and roads, and a possible curtailment of Whoopeeuptime all-the-time. For in the land of WhynotusNOW? there was a build-up. Then deftly he changed to his tune of the white building where the walls wore a greenish tone, where the file cases stretched out for miles under cool-blue fluorescents in air-conditioned clime. And he promised overtime. Then he said the work was easy, the recreation the-best, and no lay-off of any kind—just before he asked who would sign.

They fought to sign; they crawled from their Caddiup gasjoys and did battle with one another and those who were "lucky" signed. Then they reentered their Caddiups (first-run gasjoys) and zoomed on the Wheelgos road, following the cloud man, who was before them all-the-time. Until they came to the white walls of Foraye...

They took the shots, did the oaths, had their hair chopped close, and changed to the uniform, white, with the crimson words ME-FILE OF FORAYE. Then they went into the Hi-Ho Yik-Yik room for the lecture of Welcome-and-Plans. The grim cloud-man led them down to seats near the front in a room shaped like twin fire-bombs, huge as two bomber plants. And he told them, "Ladies-and-Gentlemen, you are about to enter upon the most stimulating phase of your stay at Foraye. That is, you are about to hear a pop-pep lecture from the #1 Sam. After that, when you start your assignments, the work will be routine and little to do, except cash those fat checks at the end of every pay. And enjoy all the joys of the installation." Applause—mad cheers from the gasjoy folk anticipating the fat pay. "No, you cannot leave the installation..."

But the rafters were coming loose now; the seats stood up and danced, the curtains swirled in a great wind, the lights went up and down. It was #1! And the manufactured applause was working.

#1 was shaped like a tall concrete block in a business suit of plain blue. His nails were manicured, and light caught at twelve lodge rings on his hands. His hair, just out from a barbering, was powdered a bit where the temples were all proud gray, and a diamond pin at his tie held the light in the room and dispersed that light, sparkle and diamond-spill. Withal he had that "kind" look of a mastiff adoze on snarled wire, and yes, his watchdog ships lurked the straits where commerce ran. All-the-time.—Yea, #1.

"Ladies-and-Gentlemen, you are here on important work," he said. "For a tremendous beast eats at our loyalties. A gigantic threat shadows each Wheelgos road, rides in our gasjoys, snarls at our fat land. As you know, the great land of Mefirstus has every reason to believe there's a build-up in

WhynotusNOW?. But we shall counter every threat, foil every evil gesture. By getting the most facts first. Even now, while I speak, I hear a new load coming—Open the gates! Stand aside!"

The load rolled in on noise, a gleaming truck filled with white cards. And the truck was an armored one; two gunners rode on each side. To stand no nonsense.

"This happens all-the-time," he said proudly, "and it is reassuring. All night and all day they tend toward this place. Constantly the wheels churn bearing the new cards in—data on everyone, but especially our own folk first. For we must put up a solid front before the world by first working through our suspicions on each other. And in less than a fortnight—we are very close now—I hope to be able to report to you that Mefirstus stands, in all the world, first in suspicions.

"But where do you, my brave volunteers, my shock troops of the files, fit into this picture? You are the ones who shall classify, my heroes, oh my men who shall merit great medals. You shall catalog and cross-reference all the facts in the greatest arsenal of suspicions that the world has ever known. And in so doing you shall truly stand at the modern bridges, and truly you shall shout in the best manner of the new hero, they shall not pass! Armed in starkest darkest truth you shall shake the beast that has eaten our loyalties and lift the shadow from the Wheelgos road.—So go! God be with you, and good filing!"

So they moved to their assignments, these brave little Wheelgos men aslaver for the fat pay. And they filed the data, fashioned a tremendous cross-reference and stood on the open shelves. And this went on for days, weeks, months, until years piled up and temples wore prouder gray. But no dust piled on the cards, you must know, in the spotless room of files where the Wheelgos clerks were slaves. For there were suspicions and doubts aplenty, and always checking to do, and now-and-then up from a basement room would whirl Spyeeyes, strange little flat-dome clerks, kings of check and the cross-reference, to hold all men and their loyalties extremely doubtful. And the great trucks, armored, guard-and-gun ridden, rolled in with data to add, all-the-time. Yea, great land!

But at last that day came when the Me-Files of Foraye were caught up with their work. Only a handful of cards came in, on some remote hill families, some beasts in a foreign land, and some oil wells that were new. And these facts were soon filed away. #1 came in then to smile his gold-teeth-popping smile. He gestured a fine cigar. "Brave and industrious men," he said, "you of the files. Your work is most nearly complete. You cannot know, for reasons of security, the full scope of your great deeds in the files. By a system you filed, by a system you made the cross-references, by a system you placed all on the open shelves. The perfect code of the data is decipherable by me, through my experts only. They lie in a basement room, chained for security, always awaiting a call, and you have seen them at times. They live for the moment when they, up from their chain-posts, can swirl at the cards to tell me what I need to know. They are, shall we say, loyal and indoctrinate in the extreme.

"But here is the deal for you, my heroes of the files. Since your work is so nearly done, I will need to retain only a few of you to file the constant trickle of new truth that must come in all-the-time. The rest of you may do one of three things. You may try out for the great service of Spyeeyes and perhaps qualify as one of my basement watchdogs, you may go immediately on our pension plan, or you may choose to be shot at once in our easy and painless new execution row.

No! you cannot leave the white building while you live. Once a Me-File always a Me-File, for reasons that should need no explaining to you.

"But while you are taking a few seconds to make up your minds as to which one of the three quite generous choices you shall elect, let me say a loud CONGRATULATIONS! Because of you this vast white building is filled with no hodgepodge of facts. It is filled with gray-green cases of orderly suspicions, and these constitute our greatest arsenal against ever being less than Mefirstus. Here, right here! is the data and the suspected on every man, woman, and child in the world and his relationship with Mefirstus. Aye, even the beasts are listed and all the birds and the fishes and the minerals and the crops in the fields and the trees, aye, everything—facts, facts as they relate to Mefirstus. For I am, for we are—"

But as he spoke, as he gestured his cigar grandiloquently, the strange whine of the fireballs started up. The green of the walls turned gray, and a black wind shook the sky, reached out on thunder that ripped sea and land. #1 dropped his cigar; his lips turned fresh-milk white at a little man standing there juggling five teardrops and ten bombs of pulver-smear fused and ready in his hands. The little man was calm; he had a long beard on a pixie look and a gleam in his bright eyes of a far light of perception. He gazed #1 deep in the shifty eyeballs. And with the thunder rolling and the walls all turned gray and the ceiling a stricken hue he said, "Big Man,"—ever so softly he said it—"Big Man, what have you filed on your own soul this day?"

And surrounded by the terror-torn Me-Files, with the search troops pouring up from the basement and the house of his pride coming down, #1 looked a little silly struggling to answer. While the thunder of retribution rolled on and on in the world—across all Mefirstus land, across all WhynotusNOW?, across all sea and land until all was of charcoal hue, ash-blown. The little man laughed, a very toneless laugh, and dusted his tiny hands and walked away. He did not hurry; he did not lag, but walked straight and sure away from the black-gray ball and stepped like a man unburdened, like one who has done an only-thing-to-do, blithely along a ladder suspended from the sky.

## in the time of the disposal [of infants]

There wasn't much we could do about it. Mostly we just did our job, which was to dump the cans and scoop up the sacks and the broken lamps and the pieces of chairs and the old picture walls and the kids and put it all in the back, where the teeth were. Sometimes I would watch those long teeth come down, and sometimes I wouldn't. But mostly I would, I guess, being a little sadistic, I suppose, as well as somewhat old fashioned there in my smelly clothing. But I didn't enjoy it, not really. My knees would tremble and the sweat would bead out on my head when those long teeth would hook through the guts of the infants and their little tubes would squirt up, way up to the gray curved top of the inside of the vehicle and rest there a little while, pasted there with blood and dangling like raw red question marks or new snakes, and then fall into the general mix, and the big teeth would keep on and we would keep on dumping.

Well, it went like that for awhile this Saturday, we and the big gray truck and the big teeth out there trying to

clean up back street, because the garbage and the trash and the kids had to be hauled on Saturdays the same as Mondays and Thursdays. Until we came to this one pit. It was in the rear of a big green cool looking house at the far side of a yard paved with milk-white blocks. From the house came the sound of artificial laughter and music and you knew the picture walls were on. And you could imagine them in there, probably only a man and a woman, of some indefinite age, not old and not young, both dressed in fine casual clothes, you could suspect, and in their soof-air chairs perhaps, gently rocking and being massaged and soofed. And perhaps there would be a fine dog, probably a dignified boxer, looking a little ridiculous on his soof-air pillow, gently rocking and scratching and being soofed. And they would all be watching the Real-scene picture walls in a kind of detached way, the dog watching that section just for him where three-D dogs fought three-D cats and pulled their ears off, and the other two watching some sports program perhaps where a big man tore another big man to chunks and then jumped on him. And from ceiling, walls and floor would flood the gently twanging music, to give the whole setting a kind of unearthliness. In the background of it all would be this soft whirring and lispings in the walls of the house where all the engin@s and gauges were that kept this home at its artificial best.

It was at the pit back of this house on the hottest of all Saturdays in mid July that we encountered her. And it shocked us all—all three of us—me and Slot in back, who dumped it, and Black Totter up front, who drove. She sat there, all of four, in her cool peach dress and her white sandals and her green hose, peering out from beneath a big pink straw hat that had a black band and a spray of made flowers on it. And she was clutching the very cleanest whitest little girl's purse that I have ever seen, which was all frilly and heart-shaped and built to look like a Valentine.

The situation seemed to call for a bit more than the usual hoisting and dumping. So I took the lead, Slot being so old that everything looks about the same to him, except more pay per hour, and that looks different being his one desire, and Totter slumping up front, filled with his own thoughts of pay glory I felt sure. And anyway I was the captain.

"Do your Seniors know you're out here?" I asked. (Kids don't have papas and mamas now in our town; they have Seniors.)

She looked out from the brim of her hat, and she had the darkest brown eyes that I have ever encountered, deep deep brown, close to black. "Yeh," she said, sullen and very resigned. "They said I'd have to go. Today. So I just dressed up and came out here to wait."

"Why," I stammered, "why—what's the matter? I don't understand." Usually if they kept them this long, they kept them.

"Let's don't talk about it," she said, very grown-up, but still sullen. "I'm just here to go along with the rest of it, so let's just do it."

"Well, if that's the way it is," I said, "of course we'll do it. We have our jobs to do, and anything in these pits is supposed to look like trash and garbage to us out here, with this big truck, trying to keep up the alleys for those fine cool homes up front. But still, we're human too, even if we do work and can't afford a house with picture walls and soof-air chairs and a big fat dog and house music. Why, I've had my old hundred-inch-screen color TV so long and my atomic thousand-record record player and my common ordinary old air-pet chairs that just rock by themselves, they don't soof, that I'm dogged if I'm not about ready to rouse out the union





for a raise. But still, as I was saying, even if we are just labor and don't have all the fine conveniences of your Seniors, we're human too." I'd talked more than I meant to, partly getting it off my chest as well as talking to her.

"Yeh," she said, brown-eyed gaze still sullen from under the hat. "What's all this conversation get us? G-4 will beat you if you don't rush." And she was right! We were Garbage-3 and we always had a friendly race with Garbage-4 on Saturdays to see who would get to count heads, before the whole thing went into the bleach-and-remold to be made into white paving blocks for the soiled sections of town. We just counted heads because usually only heads survived enough to be countable, little round skinned marbles bobbing about among the bread crusts and the stewed corn and the prune seeds and the bacon wrappers and the splintered chairs. "You're right," I said, "we've got to move. So please just be quick about it and tell me what made your Seniors decide you had to go. Was it Senior he or Senior she? And what happened?"

"Questions," she said, "just full of questions."

"Really, we've got to know," I said. "We can't just take one your size, even if you do say it's all right. We've got to have a logical reason. There's still the human values, you know. But I guess you're too young for that kind of talk."

"May be," she said.

All this time I was having a depressing picture of Garbage-4 streaking up to the last pit about fourteen pits ahead of us, and going in to the Garbage Grand-Captain about a half hour ahead of us, and getting to count the heads this Saturday, its going on their record and all, and as senior member and leader of G-3 I didn't want that. I decided to tease and

maybe get her to tell me more quickly what I needed to know. Desperately I tried to think of the things a mischievous four-year-old might do. "Bet you tried to sing with the picture walls," I teased, "and it was Senior she's favorite tenor."

"Nah," she said.

"Maybe you tried to scratch the dog and Senior he knew it'd upset poochie's routine, breaking into the rhythm of his soof that way."

"Nah," she repeated.

"Guess you must have kicked the mail cylinders when they came through the tube."

She looked at me stubbornly. "What's all this getting us?" she asked. "You're way wide—and I think I hear G-4," she needed me.

Truly desperate now I imagined I could hear a garbage engine gunning through Tenth Alley which, if so, meant they were nearly home. I looked at the big white yard with the sun making a million sparkles from the grains in the milk-white paving blocks and I took a wide, wide chance, not half thinking. "Know what I bet you did?" I said. "I bet you marked in the show yard, with black chalk."

The way her brown eyes dipped, just dropped suddenly, like two brown marbles reeling over and down, I knew I had hit close to the nail. When her gaze came back up to dart at me from beneath her pretty hat, I knew she was going to talk. "Nah," she said, "didn't either. Just drew a little old hopscotch. With white chalk!"

So we loaded her in and tore on down the alley, dumping and racing now for dear life, determined to make up for lost time, if we could, and beat G-4 after all. And it was routine after that, just the usual infants in the chrome-steel garbage pits, squirming among the broken chairs and the stewed corn and the other refuse, because their Seniors had decided that really! here in the years of the pleasure peak, with all the nice gadgets to be enjoyed, no one could expect them to break into the time of joy days to go raising kids. And as luck would have it, we beat G-4. They had got a tooth jammed in something especially heavy, someone said it was a double sack of twins, and had been held up I guess nearly as long as we had been talking to the little miss. I had always thought we had the faster team and the better garbage rate, and I guess that about proved it. Because we got to count the infant heads that day, as we had for five Saturdays straight running, or ever since I had captained the crew, and it went on our record, and soon we would be up for an achievement, which, after all, was what we were all out for. And we counted five hundred and eighty little heads that day, and the big one with the deep deep brown eyes still visible through the garbage glaze made five hundred and eighty-one. And I think we were all a little tired from all that rushing.

"You know what?" I said to Slot and Totter, when we were all up in the cab and riding back to the headquarters of our particular garbage precinct, "this job takes a lot out of a man, out here in all kinds of weather, all this rushing and being timed and all. Let's just hustle the union out now for another general raise and not wait for our achievement."

So we did it, and though we're only making twenty-five dollars an hour now, maybe that's about what the job's worth, and I guess we're happy as trash and garbage craftsmen, keeping an eye out for the human values, while achieving to the limits of our abilities here in our smelly clothes.

thanks!  
anyway



They were standing apart in the dim light, where a low-wattage bulb shed illumination for little more than shadows. Only one knew of the other. Then a switch clacked, and the ceiling fluorescents jitter-glowed in the usual way before settling to steady lighting, soft and creamy, there on the fifty-fourth floor.

"Hello," she said, not surprised.

He said, "Hi," surprised.

They looked at each other for a moment and saw that their ages, mid-twentyish, nearly matched. They also saw (though they hardly thought about it, of course) that health would sparkle in each except for city pallor spread on like very smooth cosmetic. Then they moved in close together, without more saying than hi and hello; they pulled switches and pushed buttons that bristled along their clothes. "I'm setting mine for Easy," she said.

"You know what I'm setting mine for," he said, and then he laughed, a frank laugh. "How did you know I'd be here?"

"Simple," she said. "I just set the range finder and let it probe these office floors to find the nearest. And as luck would have it the needle zinged right here in this office. I have to get out some reports for the Big Bosso tonight, and I wanted to know where was the closest relief. Lucky. How did you know?"

"I didn't," he said. "My ranger's broke on this old thing. So I just prowl these offices after dark, and nearly always I find one working late. So I just set the switches. Tonight it happened to be you. Lucky! uh-uh-uh-uh-mmm..."

When they were catching their breaths and ready to light

cigarettes, they asked for names.

"Jan."

"I'm John."

"Tee hee ha ha hooee," they laughed together in pleasant intimacy. "I guess it isn't too old-fashioned to find out names. At least we didn't waste time discussing it until after," Jan said.

"No," John said, "that would have been old-fashioned."

Then they examined each others switches. "The latest model!" John ejaculated. "How can you afford it!?"

"It's easy," answered Jan, yawning, beginning to lose interest. "Let the businessmen have you awhile with the old model and some success will dip into his bank account deep enough to get you a new model. Had you ever done it before with a new model?"

"Sure. But not when I had a new one. I've never had a new one. How could I get one?"

"They're as rare, of course, as hymens. You've got to have dough. With that they'll build you the newest pleasure multiplier you ever saw, with built-in emotion step-up, at the factory. You should get one!"

"I don't have that kind of dough," he confessed.

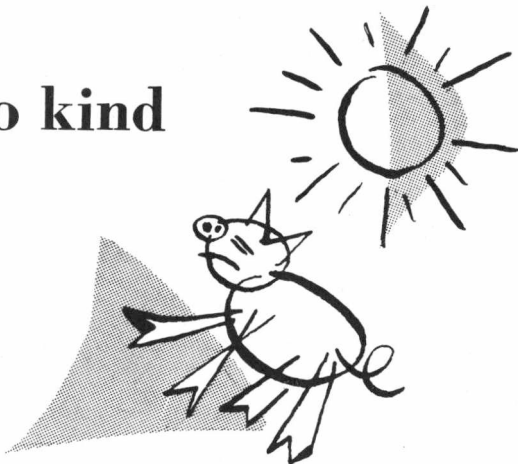
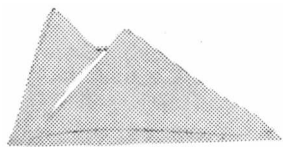
"Tough." (She grew angry and stamped her pumps because he didn't have the dough.)

"Then I suppose you won't be wanting me anymore with this old one."

"No, I won't be wanting you anymore with that old one. And what's more, I think what happened tonight was kind of cheap-sneaky on your part. I think you should be in jail. Wasn't funny, your skulking around without even a range finder on that old dilapidated sex set and jamming into my new receptor."

"Well, anyway," John said, "thanks for letting me try on the new model."

## animals were so kind



I imagine there haven't been so very many people set down in the guts of this old world who have been more poison dynamite than I have. I've taken pride in it. The first really mean thing I remember doing was on pigs, one day when Sub-ma had whammed me for mudballing windows. Twelve little Durocs had just been born on our farm in Iowa and were feeling around for the feed nipples. Though I was but a child I could see they didn't mean anything except chores, so I gathered

them in a sack. I took them over to the stock tank and did them in—in a way that was pleasing to me and the love I had for things—by holding them ear and tail, stretched out, with just the merest bits of their noses under. They twisted and turned and whirled like crazy little red windmills, and they made the cutest pinwheels with their front feet, suffocating. Then I crawled under the house to love the kitten litter and later knocked out long flies with them, using my Ducky Medwick baseball bat, before I ran to squeeze the goslings some, using the hedge shears.

But all that was small stuff; I was about five then. I came up through stages until I got pretty subtle, like standing on top of the manger and nailing the horses, with hammer and small brads. They'd make the funniest squeaks, nothing like I'd ever heard before. And when Papa would rush out I'd just drop the hammer in the hay and jump and scream in the feed trough, clapping my hands and yelling, "Papa, Papa, the horses have got the fly-wiggles again. I just saw the blackest-biggest-awfulest old horsefly bite our Maud and then nip Meg." The giant grey Percherons would be pulled back on the ends of their halter ropes, dancing like circus Shetlands. And I'd be jumping up and down, enjoying it all. I was near seven then. The brads would fester up and fall out.

But I always liked animals. It was people I couldn't stomach. They'd come over on Sundays, to our farm home in Iowa. And if it wasn't the neighbors it'd be my aunts and uncles. And I'd always be fairly all right before they came—pulling the cat apart with a couple of ropes I had or jumping on the dog with a spiked board. But when the people would come, I'd just freeze. I could see them making looks, and I was afraid they'd think I wasn't quite right, because I didn't talk much. But once when I tried to tell them things they laughed. So after that I couldn't think of anything to say to them, and I'd just sit there with my hands damp, in my little red rocker, hoping they'd go. Not until they were gone would I suddenly remember I could rock the rocker, and if a cat or something would run by to be pulled I'd be OK again.

Sub-ma, who was subbing for my real ma who had fallen in a well, would come over and look at me after the company had talked and laughed off. "You never said a word," she'd shriek and squawk, and then giggle like it was some great joke. I would just look at her and wonder if there was a big place back of her eyes to wiggle a piece of hay fork the way it had been with the eyes I'd found caught in the de-horner that time. (Papa went grey figuring on that one, because I just never told, just dropped the tine in the green well where Mama went, and never mentioned it to Papa.) But I guessed there wouldn't be any room back of Sub-ma for the fork tine, because Sub-ma was people and not cow, and with people I just froze. "Leave the boy alone," my papa would say. "Sonny's all right." And I guessed Papa was in a place by himself, because I hated him less than people, but I didn't love him the way I did animals. Animals were so kind.

But I think what I liked best about growing up was peddling in the towns when I was eleven years old. In that game I first learned you could do things to people and not suddenly be struck by an ailment the way Sunday school birdies had hinted. One time we'd loaded the fire-red pick-up with big green melons for town and were going up and down the streets, asking house-to-house. I had a kind face at that time; even a face like a Sunday school postcard of Jesus the Kid I thought when I looked at it. Before the beard, naturally. I was every woman's frightened little John. I think I got that way sitting frozen in the red rocker under the looks of company.

I'd just sold this old-maid biddy in the tall cream-color house a forty-cent watermelon and was toting it in for her, and she was clattering about wishing she had a little boy like me to do the chores. Because my face was so honest. She held the door open, and I stepped on in the kitchen, but she said she wanted it in the living room so she could slip it under a bed in the bedroom and save it for Sunday when she had company that was a-coming clear from Kansas City. So I started to hand it to her in the living room just around the time I noticed that her red rug came about up to the ankles on my bare feet. And just as I handed it to her I looked at her eyes, thinking back through my Sub-ma to the cow's head in the de-horner. Then I looked at the beautiful claret rug punching its nap up through my toes, and I think I had the inspiration that changed my life and made it fuller. I suddenly wondered how a watermelon would look in red grass, so as we changed hands on the melon and I felt her hands just barely tick my hands, I jerked mine down and out fast. She fell to her knees in a welter of splashed rug and melon, and I noticed, without thinking much about it, how the red of the rug was duller than the melon heart. The black seed that flew up and hit my mouth I chewed. She got up and mumbled something through shaking lips about being so old and clumsy, just like an old cow. Then her eyes shifted to the shattered melon spreading on the floor, and she fish-mouthed enough air for shrieking. It seemed her new red rug was ruined, Ruined, totally RUINED! and Oh Oh, what of the company? Then she lurched over to a chair by a table and sat down and cried like the end WAS. I tipped my cap in a regular social manner and ran out to the truck to tell Papa what had occurred. "Well, Son, you didn't cause it on purpose, I guess," he said. So we skipped for about five doorways down the street and went on house-to-house. But incidents like that started happening so often with squishy vegetables and old ladies that Papa finally had to leave me home with the cows and the hoeing. "I guess he's growing up so fast he's getting clumsy," Papa said. And there I stood, about the skimpiest and scrawnier little eleven-year-old you could imagine.

So they left me home with the hoeing and the animals through those sad long summer days, and Sub-ma went peddling to ask one side of the street. But the important thing is, with melons I learned you could do it to people and not suddenly be struck. After that, animals were small change except for practise.

But that was all years ago, and now that I'm grown up and in the city I don't do those mean little things the way I used to. I'm in the phone-call period of my development now, working on the suicide rate. And when I think of something nicer, of course I'll quit this. The way I do things now, I look up a batch of phone numbers indiscriminately when I'm over to the bus station or some other handy place. Then I make the calls, and I have a question I ask everyone. The way I figure it, it's about the one-hundred-percent-best question a person could ask a total stranger nowadays to be pretty sure of hitting the nail on top. I just try to sound like a breathless secret pal when I call up to ask the folks the question. "Now!" I say. "Now! you dirty-rat sonofabitch, what are you going to do, now that everybody knows...?" Then I just hang right up and leave them there staring into themselves, the empty telephone and their God, if any. And by the way they suicide out on me I know how I salt the raw.

Yes, I like being a man better than being a child, because being grown-up, the way I figure it, is just coming up with that question, something nice to say to people.



# THINK

Since last issue it has come to my attention that Ray Schaffer intends to put out a mimeographed adzine, along the lines of Kaymar Trader. Since all of the Kaymar subscribers are receiving the balance of their subscriptions in issues of INSIDE & SFA, if you want to receive Ray's zine send a quarter to him at 4541 Third St. N.W., Canton, Ohio.

HOWARD BROWNE: The November INSIDE reached me this morning, for which many thanks. I found it as stimulating as ever—and, in one instance at least, good for a long loud laugh. I refer to a paragraph from Dave Mason's article "The Undistributed Middle". To quote: "...in the case of Amazing, the enormous push of a big chain publisher's sales and circulation staff are put behind it...It's easy for him (Ray Palmer) to think he was the prime mover (in good sales), because, as usual, the editorial department lived in Parnassus, above the madding throng of circulation men." To both points: nope. The Fiction Group has never had the advantage of an "enormous push" from this company's sales and circulation staff. They've been too busy pushing the sure-fire money-makers such as Popular Photography, Radio & TV News, Modern Bride, etc. Those are the magazines that get the big national advertisers, the magazines that sell 10- and 15-to-one over those put out in this department. Now and then we get a column ad in the above magazines in case we bring out a new title or attempt a new wrinkle with the ones we already have. But believe me, there are no field men out making sure Amazing or Fantastic is out front on the newsstands; there is no "hard sell" copy being written to promote sales; there are no truck banners extolling their virtues. In fact we're left pretty much alone, to stand or fall by the editors' efforts—and, for Mr. Mason's information, editors haven't lived on Parnassus since H.L. Mencken's day—at least any of the ones I know. It seems a kind of twisted reasoning, to say the least, to blame poor sales on the editors, then credit another department for good sales. Mason's concluding statement: "One of these days there will come...a Great Man...who will know how to put together a good general s. f. magazine..." sounds fine. Only, where are you going to get enough experts to agree what constitutes such a magazine?

DAVE MASON: Anent the remarks of a gent whose name I can't recall because MacLean has swiped my copy of the current INSIDE; anyway, this is the lad who says he never had any security trouble while in the Air Force, etc. He makes several telling points, but some of them are a little tired. He uses, I believe, the same old basic argument, cleverly buried, but still there: any surrender of basic liberties is justifiable in order to preserve same. The ridiculousness of this point of view is amply evident when you spell it out in basic terms. I think it was Paine who said that liberty was indivisible. Whoever it was, he was right. Also, he makes implication that only longhaired eggheads really worry much about a bit of censorship. Tie that up with a remark by someone



else in the letter column, criticizing Ray Schaffer because Schaffer opposes both censorship and comic books, and you might get a picture of the confusion. Answers: (1) very few people except eggheads worry about censorship. True. No one else really feels much pain at being deprived of liberties that they have never learned how to use. (2) Eggheads frequently make noises at Bad books while opposing suppression of books said by non-eggheads to be equally bad. True. If anyone had a right to oppose or even suppress a book, it would be the class egghead. After all, who writes 'em? But eggheads have usually rejected any suppression notions; calling a book a piece of filth which no one in his right mind would show to a child or even bother to own is entirely different from suppressing it. Continue to print comics, and also continue to educate parents and children so that the trash-peddlers can find only a continually shrinking market. Point of agreement with the article man, tho. It is indeed the eggheads who are responsible for the woes of the world. We are guilty as hell. We have made weapons and machines without social control. We've bumbled and fiddled while Rome burned. And we continued to play word games when the people called for help. Reactions to guilt: sick reaction is suicidal: run away, kill yourself, confess your sins and abjure your heresies; healthy reaction: I made a mistake; let's see if I can fix it. It was my mistake, and therefore I am the one to fix it. Eggheads, circa 20th century, show both reactions. INSIDE is a healthily worried magazine.

It has come to my attention—well, you called me up and told me, anyway—that one of the lesser cogwheels in the Ziff-Davis machinery, one Green, or Black, or Browne, can't seem to think of the name, wrote you anent my article. "Ha," he told you, "Mason is pour le rire, oui. Amazing promoted by Ziff-Davis men? Never. Poor old AS and FS—they are the orphan children of the chain." Yeah. I said in that article that editors live in a cloudy Parnassus. Browne does, I suspect. I made mention of Browne's remark to a hardworking and be-ulcered citizen who sits next to me at times in the Publisher's Man Box at Varick St. "Look," I said, "one of Ziff-Davis' editors thinks you don't exist. Says there aren't any promotion men working on his rag." He looked up with a groan from a gigantic list of fortunate dealers who were soon to receive re-orders of Amazing and Fantastic. He would have spoken, but a small avalanche of sales reports swept him out of sight. News for Browne: Ziff-Davis men work on ALL their mags, even the crummy ones. Why send a man out pounding his feet and not put all of the load on him you can? Why sell one and not another? Further confirmation on my article: Galaxy sold less than ever during its last few issues, but it still managed to barely survive; the magazine had gone far, far down in quality, but it was being helped along by promotion, and by having a fairly good distributor. With the current issue, January, it changed distributors, gave up promotion and, quite incidentally, lowered the quality still further. The new distributor scattered copies without the slightest regard to sales, and totally missed covering Manhattan, where Galaxy's biggest sales are, for days. Then there was coverage—but what coverage! It will annoy Horace no end to tell this—but then, he never buys my stories anyway, and holds onto them for six months to boot—but Galaxy's sales for the first two weeks of the January issue averaged 16%. That means that about 80 out of every 100 copies are coming home to roost, Horace. The Chaplain's office is right down the hall.

ROGER DARD: I sure do admire your outspoken remarks about

censorship. It's good to know that there are other people in the world who feel as strongly as I do about it. Actually you fellows are going through a stage that we here in Australia went through a decade ago. I am saddened to think, though, that this insane virus has finally infected the United States. When I wrote a strong attack on censorship two years or so ago which the Australian fanzine PERHAPS published, I stated dogmatically: "Of course this (excessive censorship) could not happen in that last bastion of individualism—the United States of America..." Personally, I think the do-gooders are crazy to try and suppress comics. If they should ever achieve this goal, WHAT THE HELL WILL THEY USE AS AN EXCUSE FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENCY? Twenty years ago the do-gooders looked around for a convenient fall guy to explain the juvenile delinquents of that generation. (I am speaking now of Australia. I do not know if the USA went through the same pattern.) They decided detective magazines were to blame. (The movies had already been emasculated to such a stage it was no longer feasible to scream hate at Hollywood.) So all detective story magazines were banned. Of course, juvenile delinquency continued, so our wise legislators decided it must be horror stories. (Though they did not have the guts to admit that they had been wrong about the detective story mags, and release them from the ban, and to this day detective and crime magazines are still banned.) So the horror mags were swept into oblivion, along with them such gems as Weird Tales. Then the good old comic books came on the scene, and after a campaign of unprecedented hate, which surely must have been reminiscent of the Salem witch trials, all comic books were outlawed. That is the set-up today, and if you are caught with a comic book today, you are branded as little better than a criminal and pushed around by the authorities. I know—it happened to me. Some of my friends could not understand why I did not rave with hate against your Joe McCarthy. How could I? How could I start hollering about witch-hunts in America, when there were witch-hunts going on right in my own country, with the government using all its resources to hunt down comic book collectors as if they were desperate criminals! Hell, it would be screamingly funny if it were not so damned tragic. In all this time, there has been only one bright spot: the censors banned as corrupting a book entitled TOMBOY by Hal Ellson. What, you ask, have I got against Ellson, or why should I be overjoyed at the banning of this book—any book? Well, this book carries a foreword by none other than Dr. Fredric Wertham, chief American comic book hater, and author of SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT. Wertham praises TOMBOY and urges everybody to read it. Yet our Australian censors have barred this book as "obscene," "corrupting," "immoral" and what have you. What has our censor-loving Dr. Wertham to say to this? I call it poetic justice. Of course you'll get nowhere, Ron, just as I got nowhere. The world is divided into three groups of people: a small minority who hate censorship as you and I do, a small minority who work to have us censored from the cradle to the grave, and the vast majority—good old Joe Doakes who doesn't believe in censorship, but who is too lazy or timid to do anything about it, and who justifies his apathy by saying, "Of course those horror comics were pretty bad..." For the best, most savagely satirical blasts at censorship I have ever read, dig into newspaper files for Sunday, Jan. 16, 1949, and Sunday, Feb. 20, 1949, for the episodes of "Little Orphan Annie" by Harold Gray.

((Actually, the human race is divided into approximately two billion groups, and therein lies our hope.))

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To be published in Great Britain by Faber & Faber Ltd., March 1956

THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5,  
Richard Wilson (Novel); Bal-  
lantine, 184 pp., 35¢.

The well known fan Dick Wilson has here written a slight, witty, thoroughly delightful first novel, laid about a half-century from now in a USA dominated by Women. Business, government, industry—everything— seems to be run by those charming and unpredictable creatures. They were doing pretty good, all told, until Earth was invaded from another world—the invaders being More Women.

In this novel Dick has ably satirized the Texas Cult, Masculine Superiority, Science Fiction, Sex, and various other Myths. It's all in fun (and uproarious fun, too) and I'm sure you'll forgive a weary and cynical old critic if he wishes there had been just a bit more plot behind it.

If you like Thorne Smith, with a dash of Cyril Kornbluth, you'll like THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5. —Lin Carter

STAR SHIP ON SADDLE MOUNTAIN, Atlantis Hallam (Juvenile); MacMillan, 182 pp., \$2.50.

With this one novel, Hallam lifts himself right up with Norton in the ranks of s. f. juvenile writers. Charlie Holt rides off for an all night fishing trip on the Colorado River. A feeling of being watched follows him, growing, until at last it explodes when he sees the curve that gives Saddle Mountain its name is filled up. In panic, he flees from what can only be a tremendous flying saucer. Back at his shack he is followed and captured by the black, hooded figures who emerged from the saucer.

Charlie is captured and taken to Saturn, where he wins the good will of the saucer men and joins a family of Saturnians. But he wants to go home.

The first part of the book is excellent. Hallam writes with an intuitive knowledge of how a boy thinks. Sounds, colors, smells, tastes, emotions are portrayed with wide-screen fidelity and realism. The gathering atmosphere of brooding danger is excruciating. Only the later portions of the book are poorer by degree; the Saturnians are blank-faced Utopians, their culture a chrome-and-plastic Hollywood concept. Nevertheless, the aftertaste of this novel is one of considerable admiration.

I hope Mr. Hallam will unbend a little in his next juvenile, and give his future worlds more detailed and believable texture. STAR SHIP ON SADDLE MOUNTAIN is a very good beginning. Heinlein's first juvenile was, by comparison, awful. LC

THE CASE FOR THE UFO, M. K. Jessup (Non-fiction); Bantam, 208 pp., 35¢.

Here we have what at first promised to be an objective, factual, non-hysterical saucerbook. Mr. Jessup begins orderly enough, writing quietly in a restrained and smooth style, marshalling his data and presenting his information quite reasonably. But then all Lemuria breaks loose.

It starts with this calm remark, "Probably the oldest, and almost surely the most prolific of sources bearing on wingless flight, are the records of the Indian and Tibetan monasteries. These in themselves are almost conclusive. Records of 15,000 years ago imply wingless flight at least 70,000 years prior to that. Add this to the recorded visit of a space fleet

to the court of Thutmose III, approximately 1,500 BC, and..."

Now, need I point out to you folks that, in the first place, the only monasteries in India and Tibet are Christian ones—and that Mr. Jessup, if he is referring to lamaseries, should be informed they are quite a different thing? And need I also remark that there exist no artifacts or architectural constructions whatever (or much less, manuscripts or documents) which can be dated to 13,000 BC? Except, of course, for chipped flints, cave paintings and rude Cro-Magnon tools. This is a sample of how an author can, by slight and subtle untruths, and incorrect but authentic-sounding data, make the unsuspecting reader accept his yarn by degrees, until finally you are swallowing Mr. Jessup's references to Atlantis and Mu without any trouble at all. And there is no excuse for inaccuracies in a book which purports to be scientific.

While described by his publisher as "a prominent scientist" and "an eminent astronomer, mathematician and archaeologist", Mr. Jessup does not seem to possess any degrees from a university or similar institution. And from some of his hysterical outbursts against "scientists" who are blind, orthodox, ignorant and prejudiced, one can well see why.

As part of his proof of the saucers, he discusses: Atlantis, Lemuria, Mu, Tiahuanaco, Easter Island, Baalbeck, Charles Fort, Tibet, India, Egypt, falling Ice, falling water, falling live things, falling rocks, levitation, the Marie Celeste, teleportation, the "Devil's Footprints" of Devonshire, Benjamin Bathurst who "walked around the horses," Kaspar Hauser, lights on the moon, sea monsters, fireballs, coins found in rocks, gold threads found in rocks, funny-looking crosses found in rocks, rocks found in rocks, the crystal lens found at Nineveh. Of the last, he says, "this thing could have been blasted into space by our progenitors in Mu when they lost control of the atom." To which I reply, first prove the historical existence of Mu, which has never been done; in fact, quite the opposite has been satisfactorily proved.

Very entertaining and exciting reading, and well written, but not to be taken very seriously. LC

SPACEFLIGHT 'VENUS, Philip Wilding (Novel); Philosophical Library, 190 pp., \$2.75.

This is the very worst science fiction novel I have read this year—or, indeed, in many years. Plotless, rambling, colorless, it is a trite, awkward and terribly self-conscious novel telling how Dale Picart and his girl friend, "Fionna Cathay," go to a space station, and how Dale goes on the first flight to Venus, where all sorts of thing happen.

It sounds like a serial from a Gernsback Amazing: the first fifteen thousand or so words are simply detailed descriptions (rich in Wonder) of how Dale wakes up in the morning, takes a shower, dresses, calls Fionna, meets her, etc. He calls her "spacegirl" and she refers to him as "spaceboy"—typical of the novel's unnerving attempts at casual futuristic slang. He is a "pilo" (pilot) on a "rocketship". Everybody in this Brave New World dresses in skin-tight costumes (including capes) a la Superman and Flash Gordon. Everybody (with one exception) is unbearably happy, healthy, wholesome, handsome and adjusted.

There is no real plot—the whole thing is just a vague sequence of events designed to show off Mr. Wilding's conception of Our Glorious Tomorrow. On Venus (where everybody is physically perfect; women wear

oks

conducted by lin carter

briefs, high-heel shoes and breastplates) the story speeds up a bit, what with one of our Happy Earthmen running amok and slaughtering handsome Venetians left and right, but that is the only sign of life in the whole blasted book.

Verdict: avoid it as the plague.

LC

ALIEN MINDS, E. Everett Evans (Novel); Fantasy Press, 223 pp., \$3.00.

This is the second in a series of science fiction novels written by old-time fan EEEvans. Like the first, MAN OF MANY MINDS, it is the story of George Hanlon of the Inter-Stellar Corps. Hanlon, a secret operative, is also the only telepath alive. He has been sent to Estrella on a mission to find out why this recently discovered planet refuses to join the Federated Planets.

In doing so he resorts to disguise, and his "wild talent" of being able to control the minds of animals and birds, and see through their eyes, comes in handy.

The novel is a rather interesting melodrama, but told in a style that is clumsy and awkward. Slow moving in the beginning, it gets progressively more exciting and finally explodes in scenes where climax caps climax in the best Sax Rohmer tradition.

All in all, ALIEN MINDS isn't a bad adventure story, within the narrow limits of its scene. And there's a good jacket by Bok.

LC

PRINCIPLES OF THE IN-FINITE PHILOSOPHY, Jefferson C. Barnhart (Non-fiction); Philosophical Library, 66 pp., \$2.75.

Many of the great geniuses of Western Society owe their fame to their ability to synthesize the dominant ideas of their time in a unified system. It takes a great mind to grasp the many seemingly contradictory or non-related ideas and to show how these concepts complement each other. Jefferson Barnhart has taken a half dozen or so ideas from the developments of the twentieth century and has built them into a consistent philosophy. Briefly speaking he has utilized some of the concepts of modern physical science, psychology, and religion. To build a philosophy which will show the relation of man to the cosmos and most of the standard metaphysical concerns, and the purpose of life, is hardly an easy task. The manner chosen by Mr. Barnhart is an interesting and highly unusual one.

As one can see from the title of this book, the author is primarily concerned with the concept of infinity. Throughout the book constant attention is given to this subject. The first chapter delves right into the problem. Here, after quoting Webster's definitions of finite, infinite, and infinitesimal, he goes on to show that chemical analysis and "spatial" analysis are two different things, since there is no limit to the subdivision possible in spatial terms. This we can consider trivial. He then shows that both the infinite and the infinitesimal are of different order from the finite, since, by definition, they are immeasurable, whereas the finite is measurable.

Mr. Barnhart's philosophy is dependent upon this fact, that the finite and the infinite are of different order. The question which comes to mind when one has read this book is, what is meant by different order? That is, order of what? Mr. Barnhart never takes the trouble to explicitly state what order he is speaking of, since he feels the mere fact of a qualitative difference is sufficient. It must be pointed out

however that the order is measurability.

One of the difficulties which arises is that both Mr. Barnhart and Mr. Einstein use the word infinite, and Mr. Barnhart tacitly assumes that when Einstein uses the word it is the same thing to which Mr. Barnhart is referring. Unfortunately, modern physicists and mathematicians are more sophisticated than Mr. Webster. Mr. Barnhart, when talking about infinite series, gives no indication of ever having been acquainted with developments in this field since Zeno. It is for this reason that Mr. Barnhart can incorporate in a book of 66 pages the "results" of modern physical theory plus some of the developments of psychology and metaphysics.

Actually, the only element of Einsteinian physics in the book is the hypothesis that the universe was infinite and uncurved before matter entered and caused contraction, which resulted in curvature and finite space. Thus, Mr. Barnhart is able to make the following statement: "...the finite material world is the temporary exception to the universal infinite order." To me this is an odd way of saying that in the Einsteinian hypothesis the universe is finite if matter is present and otherwise infinite, and that finite objects are smaller than "infinite" ones and larger than "infinitesimal" ones.

Mr. Barnhart then feels the necessity of spending four pages in showing that the ratio of any finite (something or other) to the infinite is nothing. Thus it easily follows that all of our actions are insignificant since when contrasted with the infinite order they are nothing. But it is just this irreconcilable contradiction between the finite and the infinite that Mr. Barnhart will utilize in his philosophy. Of course this irreconcilable contradiction is only the fact that the measurable (i.e. the finite) cannot be measured in terms of the infinite.

After the first two chapters Mr. Barnhart creates the image of the universe, which, first infinite, becomes finite with matter, only to become infinite again with the annihilation of matter. Also, the finite or material world is now clearly seen as a "temporary exception" to the vast infinite order.

Now the question arises, "What is the purpose of the finite order?" Your first reaction might be despair, as Man and the finite world, being merely a temporary exception to this infinite order, are bound to disappear. But here Mr. Barnhart pulls two aces out of the deck. Quoting du Noüy to show the impossibility of organic life by merely random processes, he asserts that a dualistic explanation of organic and inorganic phenomena is contrary to fundamental scientific and logical principles. This is corroborated by G. N. M. Tyrrell, who has shown that the suitability of ecological factors for organic existence could not possibly have been a random procedure. Thus it is clear that the finite material world has a teleological explanation; it has a purpose. And that purpose is the psychological evolution of Man; i.e., to quote du Noüy, "...the improvement of abstract, moral and spiritual ideas."

The second ace is calmly added to his hand when Mr. Barnhart shows how the works of J.D. Rhine are corroborative since psi, ESP and PK have been shown not to be limited to either space or time. Obviously, then, the mind transcends the finite order and thus is capable of comprehending the infinite order.

Mr. Barnhart introduces Jung to show how the unconsciousness of Man enters into the realm of the consciousness. It is fairly easy to see how these ideas can be added together. The Mind of Man has emerged from the infinite and is now becoming aware of the Infinite subject itself, since the appearance of this Mind was not random but determined by the infinite order.

God is brought out from under the carpet since what we have been calling the Infinite or Infinite Order is what religion calls God. And since the purpose of the finite order is to know and become the infinite it easily follows that, in the words of the layman, the purpose of man is to know God. At this point Mr. Barnhart says the reason the world was not created perfect is that the Infinite requires the "vantage point of the finite" in order to know and become conscious of itself.

Thus, after starting with a few contemporary ideas in physics and psychology, Mr. Barnhart has evolved a philosophy identical with that of Aquinas.

PRINCIPLES OF THE IN-FINITE PHILOSOPHY is an interesting and quite original book. Its only defect is gross superficiality: The works of J.B. Rhine are still controversial. The inferences which du Noff draws from his statistics are, to be sure, a logical possibility but in no way demonstrate "Human Destiny", nor even negate random causality of organic phenomena. All they show is that organic phenomena did not just fall together, which I do not think anyone ever believed, since Lucretius, anyway. Barnhart's treatment of physical theory and the theory of the infinite is completely absurd, showing absolute ignorance of the precision these concepts have in modern theory.

The book is a good reminder of the fact, that ever since the Bishop Berkeley's refutation of Newton's "fluxions" it has become exceedingly difficult for the layman to indulge in "philosophical" interpretations and criticisms of science.

—Bill Edgerton

THE EVOLUTION OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT, A. d'Abro (Non-fiction); Dover, 1950 (2nd Edition), 482 pp., \$3.50.



If there is any poor choice of words in this book, it is only in the title. Actually, it should read: THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS; no other trend of scientific thought is dealt with in the book. Other than that one rather minor flaw, the author's prose is concise, clear and highly revealing.

The whole point of the book is a lucid explanation of Dr. Einstein's special and general theories of relativity; how they came about, what they mean, and how they are useful. Naturally, it explores the related fields of mathematical thought: the non-Euclidian geometries of Reimann and Lobachevsky (which d'Abro insists on spelling "Lobathewski"), the Lorentz-Fitzgerald equations, the theories of Mie, Hilbert, Weyl, and Eddington, and all the other mathematical treatments of the universe.

Although the author has scattered mathematical equations and explanations through the book like raisins in a pudding, I found them surprisingly easy to follow—surprising because my knowledge of the calculus has become horribly spotty, weak, and stiff in the joints through years of rigorous disuse. And if you know absolutely nothing whatever about math, you can understand d'Abro's explanation of the results, even if you can't follow the reasoning. If you're that kind of mathematician, you can just skip over the symbolism and get on to the next paragraph; it will still make sense.

Anyone who has read science fiction for any length of time has run across descriptions of the weird effects that take



place when a spaceship approaches the speed of light. No fan is happy unless he can say: "At the speed of light, a spaceship's mass is infinite and the time rate and the dimension in the line of the velocity become zero."

Only one thing wrong with that: Einstein never said it, nor did any other reputable mathematical physicist. What they said was: "As the velocity of a material body approaches the velocity of light, the mass approaches infinity, and the time rate and the dimension in line with the velocity approach zero." And it's that little word "approach" that makes all the difference in the world. Naturally, we all know that, in the light of present-day science, nothing can exceed the velocity of light. But how many of us are aware that we can't even reach it? L. Ron Hubbard should have read this book before he wrote "To the Stars".

How big can a planet get? The presence of matter causes a local curvature in space, and this curvature is governed by the density. To quote d'Abro:

"Obviously, it would be impossible for us to increase the volume of our fluid indefinitely, for there would come a time when there would be no more room for it to occupy in the spherical space which it had itself created. In the case of a fluid the density of water, calculation shows that when the sphere of water had attained a radius of about 600 million kilometres, it would be impossible to increase its size by adding more water to it. When this critical volume was reached, the fluid would fill the spherical space entirely."

For fans who want to know what a space warp is, there's your answer.

I've picked these two examples out of dozens of fascinating illustrations of the effects predicted by modern mathematical physics. There are others equally interesting.

How do mathematicians get these queer theories? They are rigorously and logically evolved from previous theories, and are based solidly upon experimental evidence. But no scientific theory is ever the last word, the final answer; indeed, there is reason to believe that science can never get to the final answer—if there is one. Perhaps, like the speed of light, the ultimate answer can only be approached asymptotically—never reached.

Nevertheless, the answers we do have are worth knowing, even if we only have a nodding acquaintance with them. For a greater knowledge of the methodology and reasoning of science, if for nothing else, every s.f. author should read Dr. d'Abro's book—at pistol point, if necessary.—Randall Garrett

FRONTIER TO SPACE, Eric Burgess (Non-fiction); MacMillan, 190 pp., \$4.50.

This isn't a technical work, but it isn't strictly for amateurs, either. It covers just about everything in the area marked "Maybe Next Week". It begins with some clearly written and well documented recent history, from the earliest point at which our scientists began to do serious things with rockets up to the present. Then it goes into theory, not written down in the least, but easily understandable to anyone with a basic scientific education. There's a great deal of data here, some of it material which shows that the British workers in this field aren't at all behind, and possibly a bit ahead of us in spots.

And, in the last sections, there's speculation; informed speculation, based on nothing except the data at hand, but distinctly imagination-tickling for all that. Speculation on the orbital satellite, on projects that might involve the use

of the satellite—which do include a few other things besides Massive Retaliation—and one notion, that I had never come across in quite this form before, of a "Martian probe". This would be an unmanned, telemetered rocket to drop into orbit around another planet, and give us our first distant contact with those other worlds.

All in all, a first class book; one which ought to be part of the working library of anyone who wants to write science fiction, or who takes even a semi-professional interest in rocketry. But it isn't too easy a book; the reader is assumed to have a fair knowledge of math and elementary physics. With that much of a tool box, it won't be difficult to get through.

—Dave Mason

THE ROBOTS ARE AMONG US, Rolf Strehl (Non-fiction); Arco, 316 pp., \$4.00.

This volume, although its title might suggest something else, is strictly non-fiction and comes at the height of industry's latest love affair with "automation" and the science fiction writers' "freely adapted flirtation" with ENIAC, factories without people, regressive man seen as end product of machine dominance, etc. (This idea of the replacement of man by machine finds its strongest proponents, not among the commercial writers in the field, but among scientists, notably Professor John von Neumann of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study and Professor Polak of the University of Amsterdam.)

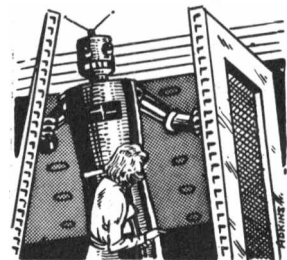
I should think that anyone interested in science fiction would (and, without reservations, should) purchase and make a reasonably exhaustive study of Mr. Strehl's book. (It's chock full of good ideas!)

The Civilization of the Electronic Brain, the Age of Cybernetics (remember, the concept is derived from the Greek word Kybernetes, meaning "steering man"), The Thinking Robot Capable of Confusion and Hangover, The Feedback System That Refuses to "Feed Back", Ashly's Homo-ostat ("not a simple calculating machine but a sort of sleepy, artificial brain which is able, through occurrences which have not yet been properly established, to decide for or against something") are all with us now.

Now, as man opens yet another era, The Age of the Robot Soldier, this volume becomes even more valuable as an adjunct to those vague fears and apprehensions found in the great mass of our (and other) people.

Mr. Strehl has no doubts that the future mechanized order of society will not be able to exist without the constant supervision of the thinking machine—but, he says, although derived from humans, "the machines will rule."

—Kenneth Ford



BEST LOVED BOOKS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, Vincent Starrett (Non-fiction); Bantam, 137 pp., 35¢.

An informed and perceptive series of critical analyses of contemporary literature, first published individually in the Chicago Tribune. Starrett, known to fantasy fans for numerous Weird Tales stories, discusses 52 novels, from THE WIZARD OF OZ to POINT COUNTER POINT, and manages to meet each author the way a good critic should, in terms of that author's individual intentions. The volume is witty and interesting, and

these brief essays will serve as ample guide to the literature of the twentieth century. (Only books written originally in English are discussed.) —Bob Silverberg

**AN INDEX TO UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWN WORLDS**, compiler Stuart S. Hoffman; Sirius Press, Black Earth, Wisc., 34 pp., \$1.00.

This is a complete listing by title and author of all the stories that appeared in that marvelous magazine Unknown. It should be of great value to the collector. The title index also gives the locale and the principal characters, as well as page and volume.

There is a separate index of all the principle characters, which seems to me unnecessary, but perhaps it is useful.

I think a special word of praise is due to Mr. Hoffman for his superb job of book making. In this one sense, this index is a much better bargain than Don Day's. A really professional job, which will make a handsome, as well as helpful, addition to your collection.

The foreword is by Robert Bloch—need I say more?

—Ron Smith

### **published**

**ADVENTURES ON OTHER PLANETS**, Donald Wollheim; Ace, 160 pp., 25¢.  
**ALL ABOUT ROCKETS AND JETS**, Fletcher Pratt (Juvenile); Random, 139 pp., \$1.95.

**ANIMATED FILM, THE**, Roger Manvell; Hastings, 63 pp., \$3.50.

**ARK OF VENUS**, Clyde Clason; Knopf, 181 pp., \$2.00.

**EARTH IN UPHEAVAL**, Immanuel Velikovsky; Doubleday, 317 pp., \$3.95.

**EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRINCIPLES OF SPACE TRAVEL**, Franklyn Branley (Juvenile); Crowell, 148 pp., \$2.00.

**FREDDY AND THE BASEBALL TEAM FROM MARS**, Walter Brooks (Juvenile); Knopf, 241 pp., \$3.00.

**GUIDE TO THE STARS**, H. MacPherson; Phil. Lib., 160 pp., \$2.75.

**INSIDE MAD**, Harvey Kurtzman; Ballantine, 185 pp., 35¢.

**JONATHAN SWIFT**, John Murry; Noonday, 508 pp., \$6.00.

**JOURNEY TO THE FUTURE**, Lillian Everts (Poetry); Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 104 pp., \$3.00.

**MARS, Anne Jauss (Juvenile)**; Crowell, 148 pp., \$2.50.

**MARTIANS, GO HOME**, Fredric Brown; Dutton, 189 pp., \$2.75.

**MASKS AND MAGIC**, Olive Riley; Crowell, 127 pp., \$5.95.

**PROPHET AND THE MIRACLE, THE**, Stephen Prokopoff; Vantage, 125 pp., \$2.75.

**RACES AND PEOPLE**, Isaac Asimov & William Boyd (Juvenile); Abelard-Schuman, 189 pp., \$2.75.

**TWO-HUNDRED MILES UP**, Joseph Vaeth; Ronald Press, 274 pp., \$5.

**UTOPIA 1976**, Morris Ernst; Rinehart, 305 pp., \$3.50.

**WORLD OUT OF MIND**, J.T. McIntosh; Perma, 25¢.

**YOUNG VISITORS TO MARS**, Richard Elam (Juvenile); Grosset, 256 pp., \$1.00.

### **forthcoming**

**BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION**, ed. Anthony Boucher; Doubleday, \$3.50. Jan. 5.

**CITY AND THE STARS**, Arthur C. Clarke; Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75. Jan. 26.

**FORBIDDEN PLANET, THE**; Bantam, April.

**GOLDEN KAZOO**, John Schneider; Rinehart. Jan. 23.

**KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING**, George Orwell; Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75. Jan. 5.

**MEN, ROCKETS AND SPACE RATS**, Lloyd Mallan; Messner. Jan. 16.

**REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS**, Edward Ruppelt; Doubleday, \$4.50. Jan. 19.

# MASTERS of The METROPOLIS

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In our last issue Mr. Blish put the question to Mr. Moskowitz: What is the "sense of wonder"? Since Mr. Moskowitz has not, as yet, come forth with an answer, we present here a brilliant new tale, by two of the most clever and talented young authors we have had in these pages since our last issue, exemplifying the "sense of wonder". In the words of the authors: "Here, Mr. Moskowitz, is what you have long been asking for!"—  
Igor Fastbuck, ed.

## CHAPTER ONE: THE JOURNEY BEGINS

It was the Eighth Month of the Year 1955 (numbered from the birth of a great religious leader) that Sam IM4SF strode down the surging, crowded streets of the city, Newark, one of the many cities of its kind in the State of New-Jersey. He had just left his apartment in one of the vast soaring pylons of the city. There, living in universal concord, hundreds of families dwelt side-by-side in the same great tower, one of many, some of which loomed as many as forty Stories, or levels, above the street.

He paused to board a bus which stopped at regularly-spaced intervals to take on new "passengers". The bus, or "Omnibus", was a streamlined, self-propelled public vehicle, powered by the exploding gases of distilled petroleum, ignited in a sealed cylinder by an electrical spark. The energy thus obtained was applied as torque to a long metal bar known as the "drive-shaft", which turned a set of gears in a complex apparatus known as the "differential" housing. These gears, in turn, caused the rear wheels to revolve about their axis, thus propelling the vehicle forward smoothly. This miracle of modern science could actually propel the bus at speeds as high as eighty miles every hour!

Dropping a coin into the receptacle by the driver's cubicle and receiving a courteous welcome from the technician employed to pilot the machine, he took his seat, one of many inside the spacious vehicle. Marvelling anew at the luxurious comfort of the form-fitting and padded benches, he gazed out of the window at the gorgeous spectacle of the city as it raced past.

Within a very few moments the bus decelerated to a smooth stop before the mammoth terminal where the far-flung lines of public conveyance converged.

Entering the great building, known as Pennsylvania Station—although it was not in the State of Pennsylvania, but was called thus after the Pennsylvania Railroad Lines which managed it—he paused to marvel anew at the inspiring architectural genius capable of erecting such an imposing monument to modern civilization, a building which would have struck with awe the simpler citizens of ruder, earlier times.

Threading his way through the maze of busy humanity which thronged the vaulted interior of the terminal, he selected an entrance and joined the queue. In a very few minutes he reached the entrance, placing a coin within its slot, and passed through the turnstile, an artifact not unlike a rimless wheel, whose spokes revolved to allow his passage. At the same time, this marvelous mechanism—but one of the many mechanical miracles of the age—recorded his passage on a small dial and automatically added the value of his coin to the total theretofore accumulated. All this, mind, without a single human hand at the controls!

Once past the turnstile, Sam IM4SF followed the ingenious directional signs posted along the walls which led him to a vast artificially-lighted underground cavern. There he waited for a time, until his second conveyance should arrive.

Sam IM4SF, a typical citizen of his age, towered a full six feet above the ground. His handsome face, crowned by a massive intellectual forehead, bore a wealth of dark, smooth hair, neatly trimmed to follow the contours of his skull in the custom of his times. He was clothed in an ingenious garment, complex and attractive, which—although it would have raised consternation and alarm among citizens of an earlier, less advanced age—was the fashion of his century. His legs were covered in shapeless cylinders of woven fabric synthetically formulated from a clever mixture of chemicals. His up-

per body was garbed in a white, form-fitting shirt fastened by means of small disks called "buttons". Upon this he wore an over-garment, loose and comfortable, called a "coat", fashioned from the same heavier synthetic fabric as his lower garment.

Suspended from his ears, an ingenious frame of stiff wires supported a pair of carefully polished and ground lenses before his eyes, which served not only to protect those orbs from the rushing winds which were a natural hazard of this Age of Speed, but also to implement his vision, lending it an almost telescopic power.

As he stood calmly on the smooth, artificial platform far under the earth, his sensitive ears detected the distant roar of an oncoming subway train. Gazing down the dark tunnel by whose egress the platform stood, he saw the cyclopean glare of the artificial light, affixed to the blunt nose of the oncoming all-metallic projectile. The entire cavern reverberated to the roar of the vehicle, as it emerged from the circular tunnel with a mighty rush of wind, and braked slowly and smoothly to a dead stop before his very feet.

The subway train, that marvel of mechanical modern transportation which was to bear him on his journey to the great Metropolis of New-York, had arrived!

## CHAPTER TWO: ABOARD THE SUBWAY TRAIN

The automatic door of the vehicle slid smoothly open and our hero, along with other passengers, entered the comfortable car and was offered a seat by one of the courteous, uniformed crew-members. Pausing to marvel anew at this miracle of modern science, Sam mentally reviewed the ingenious propulsive power which drove the subway train on its long journeys beneath the earth.

Turning to a fellow-traveller, Sam remarked conversationally: "Ah, fellow-citizen, is it not wonderful to reflect that the same Energy which propels us through the very bowels of the earth is identical with the lightning that flames in stormy skies far above these Stygian depths? Pause to remember that for hundreds of years the simpler, ruder peasants of an earlier age looked upon the lightning-bolt as an awesome spectacle of angry nature, and little did they surmise that their distant descendants of a future age would one day chain this gargantuan power and harness it to serve their will!"

"How true," remarked his travelling companion, "and could one of them be with us now as we speed through this fantastic system of tunnels aboard this all-metal projectile, would he not be struck with terror and think us Gods?"

"Would he not indeed," smiled Sam, "commonplace though it is to us."

As they had been speaking, the subway train upon which they sat had sprung to life and was even now plunging into the ebon mouth of another tunnel. In an instant the vast lighted cavern was lost from view, and the car was swallowed up in the Stygian dark of the tunnel, illuminated by the cryptic flares of colored light set as signals to the pilot at intervals along the cavern walls.

The mighty engine thundered through the darkness like some mythical monster of a bygone age. Sam, however, experienced no difficulty in observing his fellow passengers, since the interior of the vehicle was brilliantly illuminated by ingenious artificial lights powered by the same mighty energy that drove the monster vehicle along its way.

These "light bulbs", as they were called, consisted of cleverly blown globes of frosted glass which contained a delicate and intricate filament of tungsten wire. Upon the appli-

cation of sufficient electrical current, the thin thread of tungsten heated up to many hundreds of degrees, thus emitting a bright and pleasant light. Indeed, so great was the temperature at which they operated, the globes of glass must, of necessity, be filled with an inert gas in order to prevent even the highly refractive tungsten from burning in the air!

Sam spent his time pleasantly by reading the various colorful and informative bills which were posted along the interior of the car. These advertisements, or "ads", as they were called, portrayed pictographically the many necessities and luxuries which all citizens of this age might, at their pleasure, acquire. Each told of its own particular product in glowing, descriptive terms. Here, a poster told of the wonders of a harmless chemical mixture which, when applied to the skin, destroyed the unpleasant body odors with which earlier ages had been plagued; there, another card told of a sweet condiment which, when masticated, not only gave pleasure to him who chewed it, but served also as a tooth-cleansing agent, thus serving as an aid to the bouyant health of the people of this era.

Within a few minutes the vehicle emerged from the darkness into another vast cavern, larger, though similar, to the one in which our hero had first boarded the clever conveyance.

"Just think," mused Sam to his companion as they arose to seek exit from the now-motionless vessel, "in these few moments we have travelled a full twenty miles under earth and stone, beneath the mighty, rolling waves of the Hudson River itself—a journey that would have taken our forefathers days, even weeks, in their clumsy, animal-drawn vehicles!"

"Ah, the wonders of modern science!" smiled his companion.

As the passengers emerged in orderly rows from the subway train, Sam joined them and thus beheld the awe-inspiring vastness of Grand Central Station. Breathtaking was the panorama that greeted his dazzled orbs as he joined the motley throng of "commuters" that surged and eddied beneath the tremendous dome. A traveler from an earlier age would have been confused and lost in the orderly chaos of the great terminal, multi-leveled, its monumental walls covered with more of the complex directional signs, and occasionally a great lighted advertisement blazoning the advantages of its commodity for all the world to see. Level upon level, tier upon tier, exit upon exit met the eye at every turn. But Sam IM4SF/ was no stranger here; indeed, he gave scarcely a glance to the confusion and chaos through which he made his way. In a very few moments, he left the vast building and stood on a street-corner, pausing to gaze in awe at the fantastic sight of the great Metropolis of New-York, the hugest city ever constructed—vast even on the mammoth scale of other cities of this advanced age.

### CHAPTER THREE: THROUGH THE VAST METROPOLIS

All about him soared the incredibly vast towers, spires, pylons, monuments, buildings, palaces, temples, cathedrals, domes, and other breath-taking constructions of the Metropolis. Through its broad streets, lined with literally HUNDREDS of passers-by, moved the traffic of the great city. Row on row of smooth, tapering metallic projectiles called "automobiles" passed smoothly, silently and swiftly through the highways and byways. Powered by an ingenious mechanism—the same "internal-combustion, distilled-petroleum fueled, self-propelling engine" that powered the Omnibus he had boarded when we first saw him in distant Newark—they were marvels of mechanical genius. So common were they to the favored children of this Mechanical Age—for, of all the literally THOU-

SANDS who dwelt in New-York City, practically every family owned one—that the gaily-costumed passers-by scarcely gave them a glance, hardly even seemed to notice the passing regiments of "automobiles"—a sight that would have struck the child of an earlier time dumb with amazement.

Sam lifted his nobly-sculptured head and gazed enthralled at the monolithic towers that rose, rank on serried rank, for as far as the eye could see. Some of them loomed ten, twenty, yes, even thirty or forty Stories, or levels, above the bosom of the earth. Their smooth, regular sides of artificial stone literally blazed with the hundreds of illuminated windows. Their lofty tops seemed, almost, to touch the very sky itself—for which reason, let me remark in passing, their inhabitants called them "Sky-scrappers".

"Ah, Madam," exclaimed Sam to a lovely young maiden who, curiously attired in the strange fashions of the age, stood beside him, also gazing in awe at the mighty spectacle, "how much vaster is our great Metropolis even than storied Nineveh or Tyre, or great Babylon with its famed hanging gardens, or Carthage of yore! And how wondrous to realize that here swell thousands of free citizens, unhampered by the cruel bondage of class-distinction, side by side, all equal and all enjoying the luxuries and comforts our modern Democratic Science has brought us!"

"Truly, good sir!" responded the maiden, modestly. "And is it not wonderful that we are here to see it all? Ah, would not some proud Caesar or Attila of old have given all his treasures for such a privilege!"

Before them, in multi-colored grandeur, blazed hundreds upon hundreds of vast advertising displays, each shining with light that dazzled the eye of the beholder.

The lights that made up the magnificent signs were of a different kind than the tungsten-filament lamps which shed their brilliant light in the subway train. These sign-lights were ingeniously wrought tubes of glass of no greater diameter than a common lead-pencil, but many feet in length. The tubes were curved to form various letters and symbols which made up the great illuminated signs, and were filled with various gasses under low pressure. When electrical energy of tremendous voltage was applied to metal wires placed in both ends of the tubes, the gas within glowed with brilliantly colored light, just as the air of the sky glows when a bolt of electrical lightning passes through it during a thunder-storm. By putting divers kinds of gasses in these tubes of controlled lightning, all the gorgeous hues of the rainbow could be duplicated.

Sam IM4SF<sup>4</sup> turned his admiring gaze from the breath-taking illuminated-advertising displays and started to cross the street. By a clever contrivance of flashing signal-lamps, the flow of mechanical traffic was periodically halted, to thus allow unmounted citizens to pass safely from one side of the street to the other. Sam strode across the street, as the traffic halted smoothly, in strict obedience to the signal lamps. Once on the other side he started off through the blazing byways of the Big City. On either side stretched mercantile establishments of divers sorts, selling commodities and luxuries undreamed of by earlier peoples. Here, loomed a vast pleasure-palace, a theatre of the age, which, instead of plays with living actors, displayed instead amazing recorded dramas, recorded on strips of celluloid, whose pictures were projected by beams of light on to tremendous white surfaces within the otherwise-darkened theatre. Ingeniously recorded voices and sounds, cleverly synchronized to the movement of the figures on the screen, gave them a life-like verisimili-



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tude.

And there, an establishment displaying periodicals of the day flourished. Inside this "News-Stand" could be purchased, for a mere coin, gorgeously-illustrated pamphlets of current literature or larger sheets whereon the current events of the period were described. Some of these marvelous periodicals displayed paintings on their front covers, in brilliant colors as detailed and realistic as canvasses in a museum. Sam knew, however, that these pictures were REPRODUCED mechanically, not individually painted by the artist on the cover of each pamphlet. Examined under a magnifying glass, the paintings would appear as complex patterns of colored flecks, which, when viewed from arms length (or even closer) appeared as true paintings.

"Ah, the wonders of our modern science!" Sam marveled anew.

### CHAPTER FOUR: THE THREAT OF THE MIND MASTERS

Not even the varied panorama of the Metropolis could keep Sam IM4SF/ from thinking of his mission to this city. The Masters of the Metropolis, the secret Cabal, led by mysterious Mind Master, the evil Psi-Korah, were conspiring against Sam and his small band of gallant comrades, who called themselves the New-York City Scientific Romance Circle, as they were writers, artists, scientists, and intellectuals devoted single-mindedly to advancing the technological progress of science even to heights yet unreached by this advanced age.

For Sam, like a few others across the world, possessed an extra, or sixth, sense. He was, in fact, a veritable superman.

Entering the headquarters of his organization, an imposing palatial tower called, in the parlance of the day, Werdeman's Hall, he strode quickly into the secret hidden chamber where a select band of vast-browed deep-thinking intellectuals already awaited his coming. Casting a calm eye around the chamber, Sam observed his lieutenants: Major Dave Gurney of the Aerial Patrol; Ron Smyth-Smyth, a bearded intellectual whose avant-garde magazine, devoted to technological progress, was famed among the scientific titans of the age.

"Greetings, Sam!" they cried, in deep-voiced unison.

The grizzled Major pressed forward, a frown in his faded blue eyes. "You have arrived but in the veritable nick of time! Even now the Cabal gathers to destroy, by what super-scientific device we may but conjecture, your Sixth Sense!"

TO BE CONTINUED

WILL THE CABAL DESTROY SAM'S SENSE OF WONDER?

WHAT OF COUNTESS TAMARA AND THE HIDDEN LEGION?

CAN DALE ARDENT SURVIVE THE MIND FREEZING MACHINE?

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in the

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kenneth ford

I think it might help the case for science fiction films, so called, if someone re-evaluated the list of four movies cited by Mr. Bloch in his recent article, "Dandruff in the Fright-Wig", because it just doesn't seem right, somehow.

Before starting, however, let us examine Mr. Bloch's basic premise, which, he admits, is quite simple: "A science fiction movie is a film where the accent rests primarily on the scientific concept." In "rechecking" this premise he found, rather sadly, that only four titles seemed to stand up out of a list of some 260. These were: Metropolis, Things to Come, Destination Moon, and The Day the Earth Stood Still.

Now I may be all wet, frequently am, but a definition of science fiction films based on scientific concepts would eliminate three of the movies Mr. Bloch mentions, leaving the fourth resting on a pretty flimsy foundation (that is, rub out all but Destination Moon and that resting on unproved ideas about rocketry ala Ley-Von Braun & Company). To complicate matters, all four films rest on fictive, somewhat creative, theoretical foundations.

I would very much like to know what scientific concept is accented in The Day the Earth Stood Still. Or in Metropolis (the delightful early Lang extrapolation of a "possible" future world). Or in Things to Come (a later, more didactic British extrapolation on which the late H.G. Wells hung his political and social theories, while, at the same time, William Cameron Menzies, the film's director, was doing some of the finest camera work seen in the world of celluloid up to that time).

A cinema based on accenting scientific concepts would probably come closer to dealing with theory and biography; that is, the biographical interpretation, partly romanticized and certainly fictive, of lives. An example of this type of thing would be the scientific world's reception of Dr. Ehrlich's "magic bullet", or the cinema world's reception of Freese-Greene's "magic box". Such a cinema aesthetic would also probably involve the use of film accenting the creative treatment of reality

such as Donald Taylor's documentary Citizens of the Future (1935), Cavalcanti's We Live in Two Worlds (1937) and other excellent work by Paul Rotha, John Grierson and Carol Reed.

Of course it's what premise you're working from. Some people think it's whether or not you ate mud-pies when you were a child.

## II

Mr. Bloch has defined, to his satisfaction, what a science fiction film should be. Within the framework of this definition he includes four films; he includes Fritz Lang's Metropolis (1926) but he excludes Lang's The Woman in the Moon (1929), another of his early German productions, here stressing the problems inherent in launching a moon rocket—like Destination Moon?—and I, for one, would like to know by what curious process of elimination this was done.

All formal structures, here semantic, there theological or political or social or racial, are, in reality, rather hard-bound rules covering the inclusion of certain "acceptable" ideas or things within a rigid definition. Conversely, they are all acts of exclusion. I am right. You are wrong. I am a Christian. You are a Catatonic-Mystic so get over into the next plane of reality, won't you? I am a science-fiction-film-based-on-scientific-concepts. You are a fake-old-one-man-vehicle-horror-tear-sweater-young-scientist-movie, with, one is tempted to add, no mention of the historical-sociological-cinema-business processes that have affected film production during various phases of its still short history.

Don't seem right, somehow. Perhaps it isn't. Let's see.

## III

I have already mentioned the exclusion of The Woman in the Moon from the inner sanctum of the science fiction film. Are there others? It might even be interesting to stay reasonably close to Mr. Bloch's own basic premise: films with the accent on the scientific concept.

Probably one of the dominant themes in present day science fiction is man's dream of conquering outer space. Several years ago the British made a film in which the gradual evolution of this idea practically oozed off the edge of the screen: Breaking the Sound Barrier, a fictive treatment (but with a basis in fact) of faster-than-sound-aircraft, accenting scientific concepts. In the last scene of the film the camera moves from the reflective faces of the principal actors to the model of a sleek rocket, its nose pointed toward the stars. Point: Exclusion.

Included in the list of four we find The Day the Earth Stood Still in which a flying saucer lands in Washington D.C. From the saucer emerges a bilaterally formed animal, male, in company with an indestructible robot. This creature—this beneficent creature, as it turns out—is some sort of representative from another planet whose visit has been prompted by the sneaking suspicion that we are about to blow ourselves to kingdom-come. Of course he commits all kinds of faux-pas (paying for things with huge un-cut diamonds) on which the comedic elements of the film rest. Anyway, point: Inclusion.

Would it be presumptuous to play turn about and list a production in which a group of young idealists blast off for Mars, where they find the inhabitants living at peace and waving olive branches at each other? After waving a few olive branches themselves they manage to induce the prettiest Martian maiden to return to Earth for a sort of public relations job and lecture tour in order to stop World War I. This film, written in 1918 by the very talented Ole Olsen was called The Sky Ship (or Heaven Ship, whichever you prefer). Point: Exclusion. (Maybe I shouldn't mention this but, honest-amerind,

I fail to see how either of these movies could be placed on the list. However, the correlation of content between the two seems obvious enough.)

Are there still others? In the Boulting Brothers' film, Seven Days to Noon, Barry Jones steals an atomic bomb, slaps it in a suitcase, sends a warning message to the British government which results in the evacuation of London. Accent on scientific concept? In The Day the Earth Stood Still, the "agent" is an extra-terrestrial bringing his warning from a nearby planet; in Seven Days to Noon, the "agent" is a nuclear physicist, confused and guilt-ridden by the Frankenstein-monster of U-235. Point: Exclusion.

What about a film accenting scientific concepts in terms of psychological aberration, suggesting, even, that such aberration may be an adjunct of another form of reality, and treated cinema-wise through the use of recurrent dream sequences (a truly subjective camera, in other words)? Where would this chip fall, one wonders? Creative, obviously honest in intent, based solidly on psychological concepts but interpreted through apparent fantasy: What about Dead of Night? Frued'll-get-your-psyche-and-do-you-dirty-movie?

What about Fritz Lang's You Only Live Once?

What about Chaplin's Modern Times?

Was Capra-Hilton's Lost Horizon science fiction? Chaplin's The Great Dictator? Clair's It Happened Tomorrow? And where in blazes does Bartosch's L'Idée go?

Quite a pile of chips.

Points in plural: Exclusions.

#### IV

So, which is leaning—the Tower of Pisa or the Earth? Maybe it depends on whether you ate mud-pies as a kid, but don't both lean a little? To repeat: "A science fiction movie is a film where the accent rests primarily on the scientific concept." Conclusion: None of my films fit and none of your films fit and none of anybody's films fit, except as fictive interpretations of people dealing with the theory-observation-correlation-fact sequence and/or cinematic recording of observable happenings re-interpreted through valid, essentially honest but still fictive film treatments.

One might add that many people are damn lucky magazine editors don't accept such a definition of science fiction films as a definition for science fiction stories.

Wouldn't it be better to take another of your statements as a kind of basic premise, Mr. Bloch? I am thinking of: honest in intent (with the additional assumption that the film under question is making the nut creatively, as it were).

Why bother with Abbot-Costello-young-scientist-dagger-in-hand-coming-out-of-wall films unless they are presented honestly and creatively? Isn't it a condition of art that it supercedes its own definition and, like the Phoenix rising from its own ashes, flies away on its own kick?

No one, I think, is going to seriously contend that Superman and the Mole Men is science fiction; but creative fantasy and science fiction seen as a possible scientific (or social or psychological) concept continually intersect one another in fiction, sort of like Frankenstein's monster playing musical doors with Dr. Oppenheimer.

#### V

Perhaps it might be valid (for the purpose of this article) to append a short list of films that intersect each other and that are, undoubtedly, worth seeing. It would take more pages that this magazine carries to make such a list complete, so I will just give the name of the director (when-ever it is known) and the film title. Films already mentioned

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Enclosed is a dollar for an ad announcing that SFR is no longer being published. I wish also to announce that the money due the subscribers, about 56.00 in all, has been donated to the Oregon Cerebral Palsy Fund. This action perhaps wasn't authorized or entirely fair, but I'm sure no one will mind too much, and it should give many a good feeling. It did me when I contributed it along with a donation of my own.

SFR was work to me, and when I realized it, I knew the end was at hand. I am burned out as a fan; a case of le grande gafia. Maybe in the future some time I will return to the fanzine wars. Maybe.

Richard E. Geis

are not included.

These productions seem to fall within the very broad framework of science-fiction-fantasy, the only prerequisite for inclusion being one of honesty in intent. Some of these films would probably find themselves more aptly placed in a list of experimental titles but they seemed to contain some of the imaginative elements usually associated with science-fiction-fantasy.

Exclusion here is not by definition but selection and/or ignorance of a particular film:

BOULTING, John & Roy. Thunder Rock (1942).  
BRENON, Herbert. Peter Pan (1924).  
BRYANT, Charles. Salome (1923).

BUNUEL, Luis. L'Age d'Or and (in collaboration with Salvador Dali) An Andalusian Dog (1929).  
 CARNE, Marcel. Portes de la nuit.  
 CLAIR, Rene. I Married A Witch (1943).  
 COCTEAU, Jean. The Blood of a Poet (1931) and all subsequent productions including Orpheus and The Strange Ones.  
 CRUZE, James. The Great Gabbo (1929 with Eric Von Stroheim).  
 DEARDEN, Basil. They Came to a City.  
 DEREN, Maya. Meshe of Afternoon & Ritual in Transfigured Time.  
 DIETERLE, William. All That Money Can Buy (1941).  
 DISNEY, Walt. Fantasia (1940).  
 DREYER, Karl. Vampire.  
 DULAC, Germaine. The Seashell and the Clergyman (1928).  
 DURAND, Jean. Onsime Hotloger (1908).  
 DUVIIVIER, Julien. Tales of Manhattan (1942) and Flesh and Fantasy (1944).  
 EPSTEIN, Jean. Fall of the House of Usher (1928).  
 (FOX PRODUCTIONS). Liliom (1930).  
 HENNING-JENSEN, Bjarne. Falle Alone in the World (1949).  
 KEIGLEY, William. The Green Pastures (1936).  
 LA CAVA, Gregory. Gabriel Over the White House (1933).  
 LANG, Fritz. Dr. Mabuse (1922).  
 LEAN, David. Blithe Spirit (1945).  
 LEWIN, Albert. The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945).  
 LUBITSCH, Ernst. Trouble in Paradise (1932).  
 MACPHERSON, Kenneth. Monkey's Moon (silent).  
 MAETZIG, Kurt. Council of the Gods.  
 MAMOULIAN, Rueben. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1933).  
 MELIES, Georges. Voyage dans la Lune (1902) and Le Voyage a travers l'impossible (1906).  
 MURNEAU, F.W. Nosferatu (Dracula, 1922) and Faust (1926).  
 OLIVIER, Lawrence. Hamlet (1949).  
 OTSEP, F. The Living Corpse (1928).  
 PAINLEVE, Jean. Le Vampire (1940).  
 PETERSON, Sidney. The Potted Psalm (around 1947).  
 RAY, Man. Mysteres Du Chateau Du De.  
 REINHARDT, Max. A Midsummer Night's Dream (1934).  
 RICHTER, Hans. Ghosts Before Breakfast (1927-28) and Dreams That Money Can Buy (1944-46).  
 SHOEDSACK, Ernest (with M.C. Cooper). King Kong (1933).  
 SJOSTROM, Victor. The Driver.  
 (UNKNOWN). On Borrowed Time.  
 VIGO, Jean. Zero de Conduite (1933) and L'Atalante (1934).  
 WEGENER, Paul (with Henrik Galeen). The Golem (1920).  
 WEINE, Robert. The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (commenced about 1916).  
 WELLMAN, William. The Next Voice You Hear (around 1951-52).  
 WHALE, James. The Invisible Man (1933).  
 YOUNG, Christopher. Object Lesson (1935-39, 8 minutes).

Since Mr. Bloch has already listed many excellent films (Queen of Spaces, Night Life of the Gods, Dr. Cyclops, The Uninvited, etc.) I won't repeat endlessly, although I wish I could remember a film in which Paul Muni (or some other actor in the film?) played the Devil and another movie based on Dante's Commedia.

I have also left out many short films like Reginald McMahon's Mars (1947) and many foreign productions by such people as Trauberg, Alexander Rou, Michael Powell, Asquith, Compton Bennett, Jean Gremillon, etc.

At this point I hope than any remaining "boundaries in the brain-pan" have, like Mr. Rains in The Invisible Man, dissolved into the region where all good scientific concepts go, or Vampires, or Cheshire Cats, for that matter.

# SPACESHIPS AND CELLULOID

news & reviews of science fiction on the screen

## CURRENT FILES:

**THE BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES** (American Releasing Corp.), special effects by Paul Blaisdell, starring Paul Birch, Lorna Thayer and Dona Cole.

Alien spaceship lands in desert, occupant controls minds of Earth's animals, turning them against man. Also controls humans. Special effects brief but good. Rating: So-so.

**TARANTULA** (Universal-International), Prod. William Alland, starring Leo G. Carroll, John Agar, Mara Corday.

Gigantic spider is innocently created by scientist Carroll while trying out new miracle food. Same food makes humans look like Mr. Hyde. Trick stuff well handled. Rating: Fair.

## FORTHCOMING FILMS:

**ALLIED ARTISTS**—Invasion of the Body Snatchers (SuperScope), Prod. Walter Wanger, starring Dana Synter, Kevin McCarthy and King Donovan. Based on Finney's novel, **THE BODY SNATCHERS**. Due in Jan.....The Atomic Man, starring Gene Nelson, Faith Domergue and Joseph Tumulty. Due after Jan.....World Without End (color), starring Hugh Marlowe, Nancy Gates, Lisa Monteil. Due March.

**UNITED ARTISTS**—The Beast of Hollow Mountain (color, wide-screen), s.f. western starring Guy Madison and Patricia Medina. Due early '56.

**COLUMBIA**—The Gamma People, starring Paul Douglas, Eva Bartok.....Earth vs. Flying Saucer, starring Hugh Marlowe, Joan Taylor, based on Keyhoe's **FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE**. Both due early '56.

**UNIVERSAL**—The Creature Walks Among Us, starring Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason, Leigh Snowden. Due April. —Ken Beale

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## SCIENCE FICTION

# NEWS LETTER

**HOLLYWOOD:** The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios will release their first cinemascope science fiction picture on or about April first, next. Title: "The Forbidden Planet." The Quaker Oats Company churns out breakfast cereal fifty-two weeks a year. For titles, consult the grocery shelves. And thereby hangs a tale.

If you are twelve years of age or under, and if you can persuade one or more parent to go along and purchase an adult ticket, YOU can see "The Forbidden Planet" FREE ... providing someone had the forethought to also purchase a box of oatmeal. In a publicity and promotional tie-in with the cereal company, the MGM studios will distribute sixty million (repeat, sixty million) tickets to the movie; the tickets to be stuffed away in boxes of foodstuffs manufactured by the Quaker people. Distribution will be made this winter as fresh stocks move onto the grocery shelves.

According to a spokesman for the Quaker company, "most theaters will honor the tickets on week days, and some on Saturdays and Sundays." In the nature of a consolation prize if you don't care for science fiction, the tickets are also good for a Lucille Ball picture, "Forever, Darling." Caveat Lector.

**CHICAGO:** An early science fiction film, and one of the better ones considering later offerings, can now be purchased on 16mm stock for home projection. Robert Heinlein's "Destination Moon" is available from Ideal Pictures, 65 east Water st., Chicago 1.

**NEW YORK:** For the bargain hunter with a deflated wallet, several metropolitan bookshops are now offering cut-rate prices on recent hardcover science & fiction books. Among the titles listed in the current catalogs are: PORTALS OF TOMORROW (Derleth), THE SCIENCE FICTION SUBTREASURY (Tucker), CONQUEST OF THE MOON (von Braun and Ley), ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER (Ley), BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES (Mines, editor), MAN INTO SPACE (Caiden). Prices are from \$1 to \$1.75. (Marboro Books, 222 Fourth Ave., New York 3.)

**SHARONVILLE, OHIO:** Eight Americans have been nominated to participate in the 1956 Transatlantic Fan Fund elections. Balloting is now in progress and the winner will have his transportation paid to the Easter Convention in London, England --- providing the accumulated funds are sufficient.

The nominees: Forrest J Ackerman, of Los Angeles; Gertrude M. Carr, of Seattle; Kent Corey, of Enid, Oklahoma; Lee Hoffman, of Savannah, Georgia; David A. Kyle, of New York City; Hal Shapiro



of Cincinnati; Lou Tabakow, of Cincinnati; and Wally Weber, of Seattle. Seven others were also nominated, but later declined: Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Marion Mallinger, E.E. Smith, Robert Madle, Eva Firestone and Sam Moskowitz.

Information and ballots may be obtained from Don Ford, at 129 Maple Avenue, Sharonville, Ohio. Election closes in February.

#### PEOPLE:

EVELYN GOLD is taking an extended vacation in California. She has been living in Berkeley but now contemplates moving to Los Angeles.

CHARLES LEE RIDDLE has been transferred to sea duty, aboard the USS Cascade. GEORGE W. EARLY is the new science fiction reviewer for the Hartford (Conn.) Courant. WALTER and MADELAINE WILLIS of Belfast expect their second child in January. SADIE and ROBERT SHAW, also of Belfast, are moving to Canada within a few months.

Two longtime London friends and fans, VINCENT CLARKE and JOY GOODWIN were married recently. VILLIERS GERSON, reviewing "The Girls From Planet 5" in the New York Times Book Review, mistakenly named the author "Richard Tucker." RICHARD WILSON, writing to WILSON TUCKER, asked Tucker to please forward all royalty checks without opening same.

MARTIN ALGER joins the "dirty pro" ranks by selling shooting material to The American Rifleman. MACK REYNOLDS gets his mail through Tangier, Morocco, but is living in Majorca; at present he is writing hot-cha pieces for BILL HAMLING's Rogue Magazine.

MIXED UP WORLDS: We erroneously stated in the last issue that a new movie, "They Come From Another World," was originally entitled "Time Slip." We slipped. The proper title of the time-slippage picture is WORLD WITHOUT END, and was released in December. The plot of the movie causes a 1957 space ship to suddenly "accelerate to unbelievable speeds and break through the time barrier to the world of 2508." Ride hard, pardner, thar's rustlers loose!

"The Body Snatchers" has undergone a minor title change; it is now INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS.



-Bob Tucker

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## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

MANUNKIND  
 David R. Bunch

- 2 THE PROBLEM WAS LUBRICATION.....  
 6 ONE DID NOT SUSPECT THE LITTLE DOORS.....  
 8 WARNING #1.....  
 11 IN THE TIME OF THE DISPOSAL OF INFANTS.....  
 15 THANKS! ANYWAY.....  
 16 ANIMALS WERE SO KIND.....

Cover by Cindy: Portrait of the Author

- 20 THINK.....editorial and letters  
 24 INSIDE BOOKS: Lin Carter, Bill Edgerton, Randall Garrett,  
 Dave Mason, Kenneth Ford and Bob Silverberg.....  
 32 MASTERS OF THE METROPOLIS: Randall Garrett and Lin Carter  
 .....story?  
 38 BOUNDARIES IN THE BRAIN-PAN: Kenneth Ford.....article  
 43 SPACESHIPS AND CELLULOID: Ken Beale.....  
 44 SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER: Bob Tucker.....

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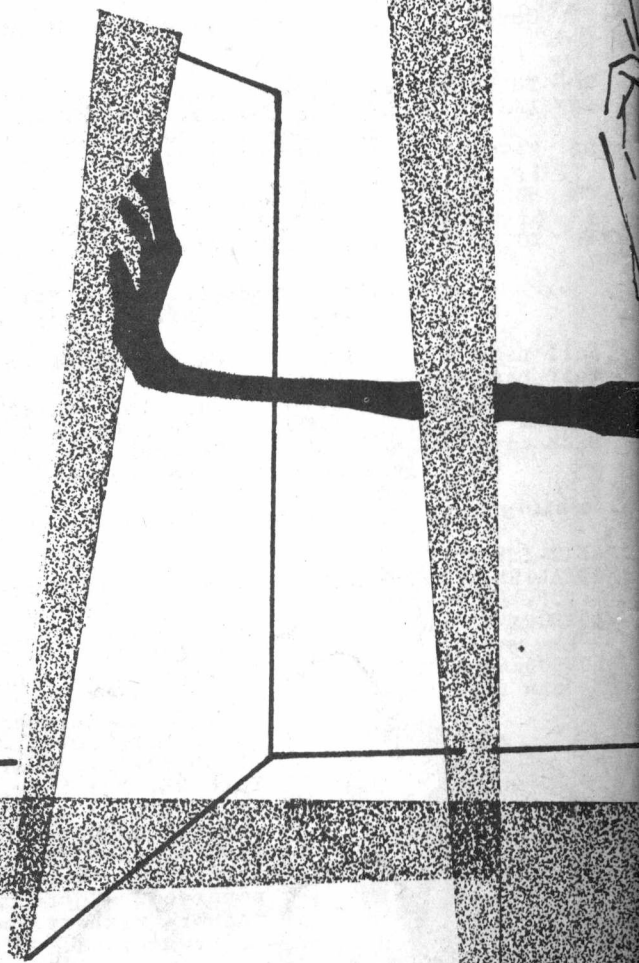
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# INSIDE



and

## Science Fiction Advertiser