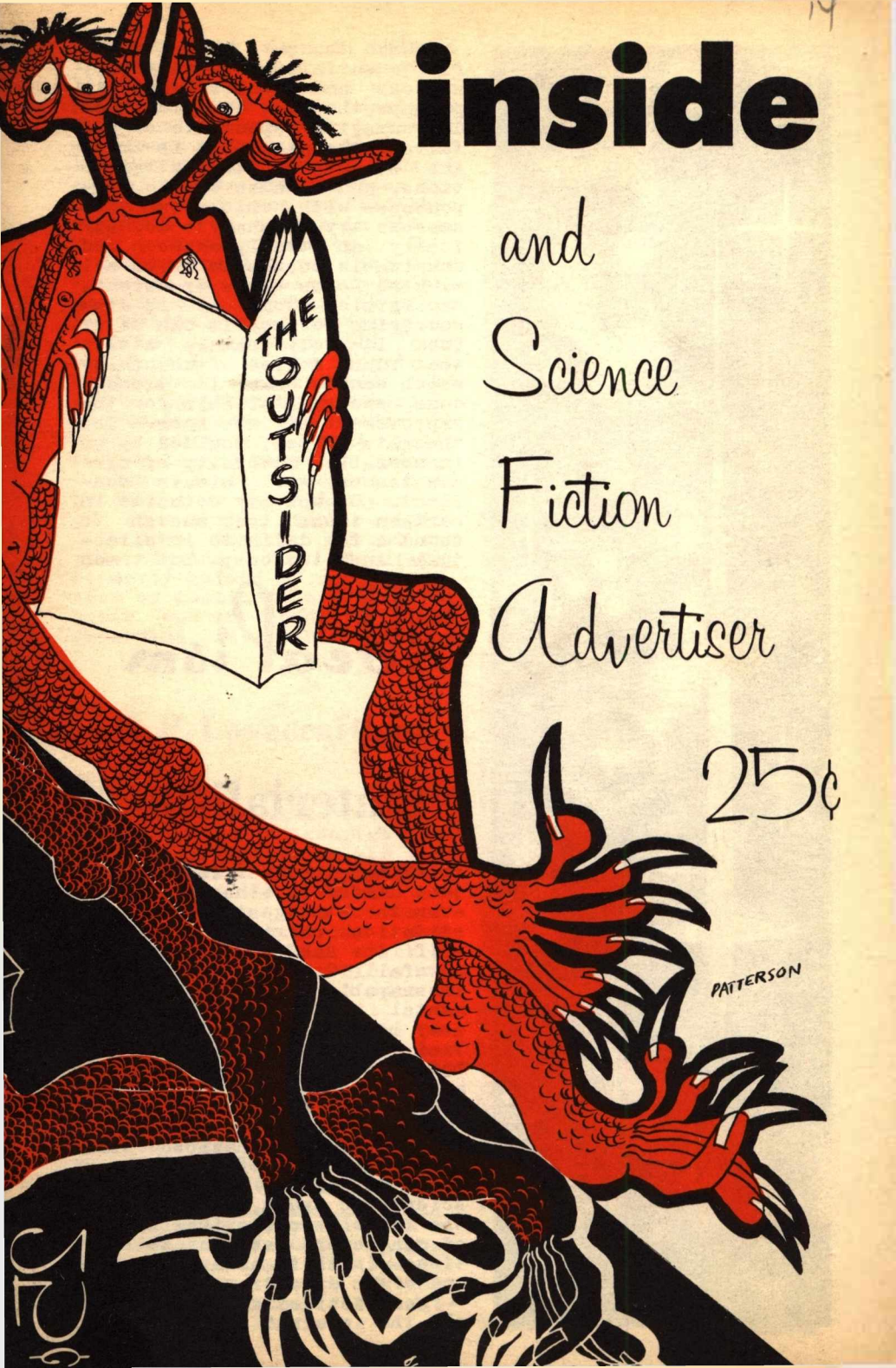
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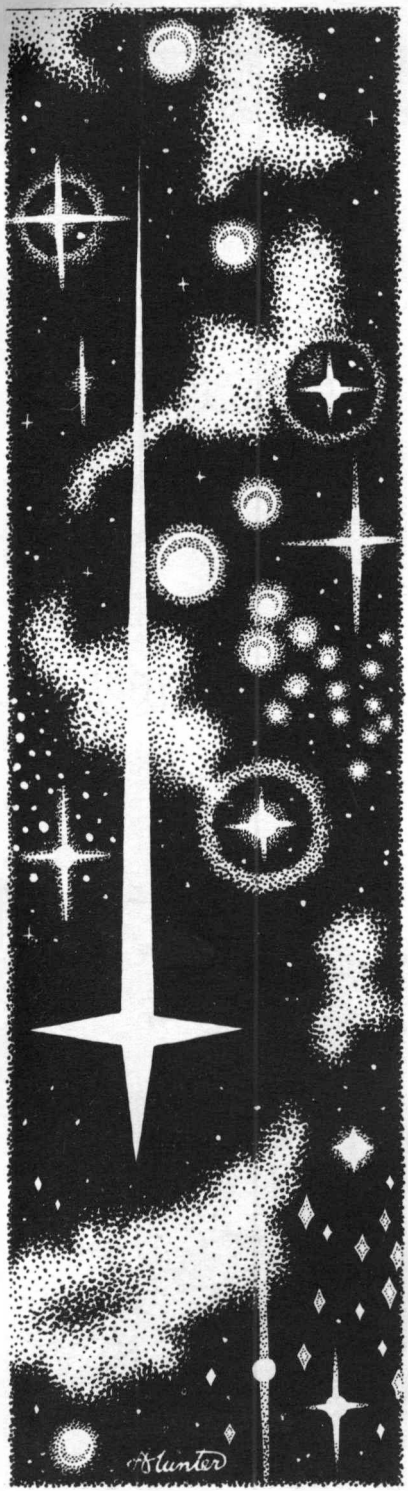


Human thought, with its infinite varieties, intensities, aspects and collisions, is perhaps the most amusing yet discouraging spectacle on our terraqueous globe. It is amusing because of its contradictions, and because of the pompousness with which its possessors try to analyse dogmatically an utterly unknown and unknowable cosmos in which all mankind forms but a transient, negligible atom; it is discouraging because it can never from its very nature attain that ideal degree of unanimity which would make its tremendous energy available for the improvement of the race. The thoughts of men, moulded by an innumerable diversity of circumstances, will always conflict. Groups may coincide in certain ideas long enough to found a few definite intellectual institutions; but men

idealism and materialism

thinking together in one subject differ in others, so that even the strongest of such institutions carries within itself the seed of its ultimate downfall. Conflict is the one inescapable certainty of life; mental conflict which invariably becomes physical and martial when the intellectual breach attains sufficient width and the opposing minds are divided into factions of suitable proportions. Followers of the "world brotherhood" and "universal peace" delusion would do well to remember this scientific truth, grounded on the basic psychological nature of man, before deciding to continue in their always absurd and often disastrous course.

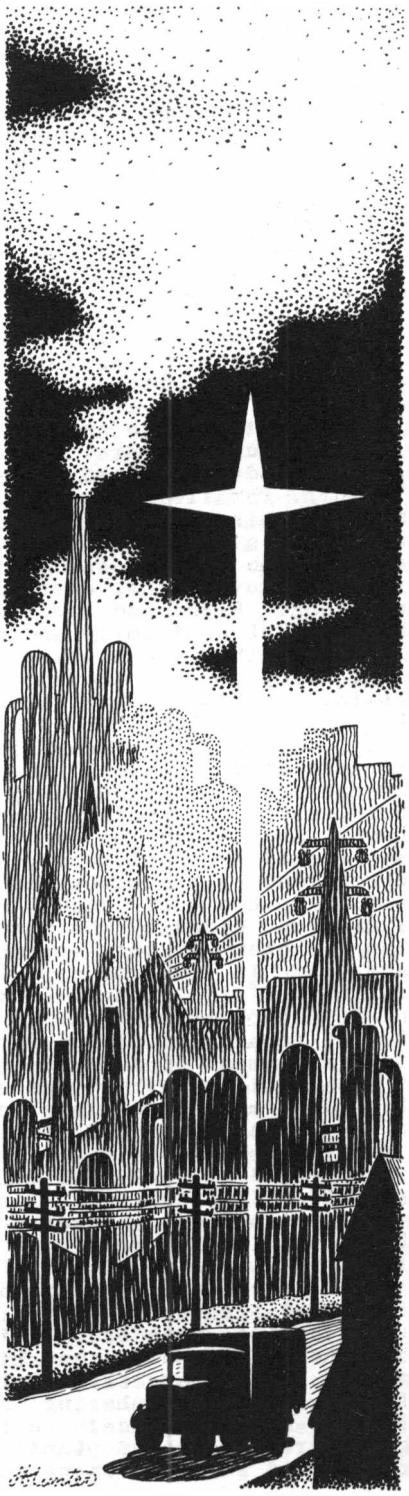
Most decided and obvious of all the eternal conflicts of

human thought is that between the reason and the imagination; between the real and the material, and the ideal or spiritual. In every age each of these principals has had its champions; and so basic and vital are the problems involved, that the conflict has exceeded all others in bitterness and universality. Each side, having its own method of approach, is impervious to the attacks of the other; hence it is unlikely that anything resembling agreement will ever be reached. Only the impartial, objective, dispassionate observer can form a just verdict of the dispute; and so few are these observers, that their influence can never be great.

Man, slowly coming into existence as an efflorescence of some simian stock, originally knew nothing beyond the concrete and the immediate. Formerly guided by reflex action or instinct, his evolving brain was an absolute blank regarding everything beyond

H.P.Lovecraft

those simple matters of defense, shelter, and food-procuring whose exigencies had brought it into being. As this primal brain developed along the path of the original impelling force, its intrinsic strength and activity outstripped the material which it had to feed upon. Since no sources of information were in existence to supply it, its dawning curiosity perforce became inventive; and the phenomena of Nature began to be interpreted in such simple terms as a nascent race could devise and comprehend. The sun was good. Men were comfortable when it was present, uncomfortable when it was absent.



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Therefore men should act toward the sun as they might act toward a chieftain or pack-leader who was able to confer and withdraw favours. Leaders give favours when people praise them and give them presents. Therefore the sun should be praised and propitiated with presents. And so were born the imaginative conceptions of deity, worship, and sacrifice. A new and wholly illusory system of thought had arisen—the spiritual.

The development of an ideal world of imagination, overlying and trying to explain the real world of Nature, was rapid. Since to the untutored mind the conception of impersonal action is impossible, every natural phenomenon was invested with purpose and personality. If lightning struck the earth, it was wilfully hurled by an unseen being in the sky. If a river flowed toward the sea, it was because some unseen being wilfully propelled it. And since men understood no sources of action but themselves, these unseen creatures of imagination were endowed with human forms, despite their more than human powers. So rose the awesome race of anthropomorphic gods, destined to exert so long a sway over their creators. Parallel illusions were almost innumerable. Observing that his welfare depended on conformity to that fixed course of atomic, molecular, and mass interaction which we now call the laws of Nature, primitive man devised the notion of divine government, with the qualities of spiritual right and wrong. Right and wrong indeed existed as actualities in the shape of conformity and non-conformity to Nature; but our first thinking ancestors could conceive of no law save personal will, so they deemed themselves the slaves of some celestial tyrant or tyrants of human shape and unlimited authority. Phases of this idea originated the monotheistic religions. Then came the illusion of justice. Observing that exchange is the natural basis of human relations, and that favours are most frequently granted to those who give favours, man's imagination extended the local principle to the cosmos, and formed the sweeping conclusion that boons are always repaid by equal boons; that every human creature shall be rewarded by the powers of governing gods of Nature in proportion to his good deeds, or deeds of conformity. This conclusion was aided by the natural greed of desire of acquisition inherent in the species. All men want more than they have, and in order to explain the instinct they invoke an imaginary "right" to receive more. The idea of retribution and divine punishment was an inevitable concomitant of the idea of reward and divine favour.

This element of desire played a vast part in the extension of idealistic thought. Man's instincts, made more complex by the added impressions received through the nascent intellect, in many cases developed novel physical and mental reactions; and gave rise to the isolated phenomena of emotion. Emotion, working hand in hand with imagination, created such illusions as that of immortality; which is undoubtedly a compound of man's notions of "another world" as gained in dreams, and of the increasing horror of the idea of utter death as appreciated by a brain now able to comprehend as never before the fact that every man must sooner or later lose forever his accustomed pleasures of hunting, fighting, and lying before his favourite tree or cave in the sun. Man does not want to lose these pleasures, and his mind seeks an escape from the unknown and perhaps frightful abyss of death. It is doubtful if the savage, remembering nothing but life, can conceive of absolute non-existence. He finds false analogies like the vernal resurgence of plant life, and the beautiful world of dreams, and succeeds in persuading his half-formed intellect

that his existence in the real world is but part of a larger existence; that he will either be re-born on earth or transplanted to some remote and eternal dream-world. Later on the illusion of justice plays a part in the comedy; and man, failing to find abstract equity in actual life, is glad to invent a future life of repayment and adjustment according to merit.

With such a beginning, we need not marvel at the development of an elaborate and highly cherished system of idealistic philosophy. The advance of the intellect without previous scientific knowledge to guide it had the effect of strengthening emotion and imagination without a corresponding strengthening of ratiocinative processes, and the immense residue of unchanged brute instinct fell in with the scheme. Desire and fancy dwarfed fact and observation altogether; and we find all thought based not on truth, but on what man wishes to be the truth. Lacking the power to conceive of a mighty interaction of cosmical forces without a man-like will and a man-like purpose, humanity forms its persistent conviction that all creation has some definite object; that everything tends upward toward some vast unknown purpose of perfection. Thus arise all manner of extravagant hopes which in time fasten themselves on mankind and enslave his intellect beyond easy redemption. Hope becomes a despot, and man comes at last to use it as a final argument against reason, telling the materialist that the truth cannot be true, <u>because it destroys hope</u>.

As the complexity of the mind increases, and reason, emotion, and imagination develop, we behold a great refinement, subtilisation, and systematisation of idealistic thought. In the interim aesthetic and intellectual interests have arisen, demanding improvements and concessions in the dominant religions or superstitions of man. Idealising must now be made to conform to the actual facts which have been unearthed, and to the quickened sense of beauty which has grown up. At this stage the great civilisations are forming, and each fashions one or more highly technical and artistic scheme of philosophy or theology. At first the advances tend to confirm the idealistic notion. Beauty breeds wonder and imagination, whilst partial comprehension of the magnitude and operation of Nature breeds awe. Men do not pause to question whether their gods could in truth create and manage a universe so vast and intricate, but merely marvel the more at gods who are able to perform such cosmic prodigies. Likewise, each thing on earth becomes merely the type of some imaginary better thing, or ideal, which is supposed to exist either in another world or in the future of this world. Out of the pleasantest phases of all objects and experiences imagination finds it easy to build illusory corresponding objects and experiences which are <u>all pleasant</u>. Whilst all mankind is more or less involved in this wholesale dreaming, particular nations develop particularly notable idealistic systems, based on their especial mental and aesthetic capacity. Here Greece, foremost of cultural centres, easily leads the rest. With a primitive mythology of unexcelled loveliness, she has likewise the foremost of later idealistic philosophies, that of Plato. It is this Platonic system, sometimes operating through the clumsy covering of an alien Hebraic theology, that forms the animating force in idealism today.

The idealists of today form two classes, theological and rationalistic. The former are frankly primitive, and use the crudest and least advanced methods of argument. The latter adopt an outwardly scientific attitude and honestly believe themselves to be working from facts alone, yet are overwhelm-

ingly influenced by the illusions of human perfectibility and a better world. In clinging to these hoary fancies, they generally seize upon the rather recently discovered and indubitably proven law of evolution to sustain them; forgetting the infinite slowness of the process, and overlooking the fact that when evolution shall have really affected our descendants to any appreciable degree, they will no longer belong to the human race, mentally or physically—any more than we belong to the simian race. Of the two idealistic types, the theological deserves respect for its accomplishments, the rationalistic for its intensions. Religion has undoubtedly been the dominant factor in facilitating human relations and enforcing a moral or ethical code of practical benefit in alleviating the sufferings of mankind. The human reason is weak in comparison to instinct and emotion, and up to the present these latter forces, in the guise of theology, have proved the only effective restraint from the disorders of utter license and animalism. The percentage of men civilised and governed by reason is still relatively slight. True, certain religions have claimed excessive credit. Christianity, for example, claims to have civilised Europeans; whereas in cold truth it is Europe which has civilised Christianity. The faith of Christus adopted for political reasons by the Imperator Constantinus, was forcibly seated in power, whence it naturally assimilated to itself all the characteristics of the Graeco-Roman culture of the later Empire and of the European nations which rose from that Empire's ashes; a culture which would have elevated to supreme dignity any religion similarly linked with it. But despite such excessive claims, it remains fairly clear that some form of religion is at least highly desirable among the uneducated. Without it they are despondent and turbulent; miserable with unsatisfied and unsatisfiable aspirations which may yet lead the civilised world to chaos and destruction. The rationalistic idealist neglects this practical consideration, and denounces religion in terms of unmeasured scorn because he knows it to be untrue. Just as the theist forgets that his faith may be fallacious though its effects be good, so does the idealistic atheist forget that his doctrine may have ill effects though it be true. Both are governed by emotion rather than reason in their campaign of mutual destruction. Both cling to the primitive ideal of the ought-to-be. The rationalist is honest, and therefore to be admired. But when he allows his relentless and idealistic hostility to fallacy to lead him into a destructive course, he is to be censured. He should not pull down what he cannot replace; and since a preponderance of obvious evidence is against the possibility of rational self-government by the masses, he should obey the practical judgment which forbids a gardener to saw off the tree-limb on which he is sitting, even though it be dead and useless save as a support. In his passionately intense and narrowly single-minded public crusade against religion, the militant atheist shows himself as unbalanced an idealist as the Christian fanatic. Like the latter, he is following up one idea with febrile ardour and conviction; forgetting general conditions and the relative unimportance of truth to the world. Usually he acts in protest against the many undeniable evils of religion; evils which are outweighed by good effects, and which at worst are no graver than the evils inseparable from an atheistical code. It is this crusade against irremediable evils which stamps the idealist of every kind as childish. To fancy that age-old principles can be improved suddenly, or to fancy that the necessary little hypocrisies and injustices of ordinary life form a pretext for overturning the whole social

structure, is in truth puerility of the most pitiful sort. The spectacle of Christians and idealistic atheists in mortal combat is indeed grotesque—one thinks of such things as the battles of the frogs and mice, or of the pygmies and the cranes.

The materialist is the only thinker who makes use of the knowledge and experience which ages have brought to the human race. He is the man who, putting aside the instincts and desires which he knows to be animal and primitive, and the fancies and emotions which he knows to be purely subjective and linked to the recognised delusions of dreams and madness, views the cosmos with a minimum of personal bias, as a detached spectator coming with open mind to a sight about which he claims no previous knowledge. He approaches the universe without prejudices or dogmata, intent not upon planning what should be, or of spreading any particular idea through the world, but devoted merely to the perception and as far as possible the analysis of whatever may exist. He sees the infinity, eternity, purposelessness, and automatic action of creation, and the utter, abysmal insignificance of man and the world therein. He sees that the world is but a grain of dust in existence for a moment, and that accordingly all the problems of man are as nothing—mere trifles without relation to the infinite, just as man himself is unrelated to the infinite. He sees through the feeble fallacy of justice, and perceives the absurdity of the doctrine of an immortal personality, when in truth personality and thought come only from highly organised matter. He recognises the impossibility of such things as vague, uncorporeal intelligences—"gaseous vertebrates," as Haeckel wittily called them. But while thus disillusioned, he does not fall into the rationalistic idealist's error of condemning as wicked and abnormal all religious and kindred benevolent fancies. Looking beyond the bald facts of atheism, he reconstructs the dawn of the human mind and perceives that its evolution absolutely necessitates a religious and idealistic period; that theism and idealism are perfectly natural, inevitable, and desirable concomitants of primitive thought, or thought without information. That they are still desirable for the many he accepts as a plain consequence of man's backward and atavistical nature. Actually, it can be shown that man has made but little progress since the dawn of history save in facilities for physical comfort. What arouses the materialist to conflict is not the existence of idealism, but the extent to which idealists obtrude their illusions upon thinking men in an endeavor to befog the truth. Truth, be it pleasant or unpleasant, is the one object of the materialist's quest—for it is the only object worthy of the quest of an enlightened mind. He seeks it not to spread it and wreck happiness, but to satisfy the craving of his intelligence for it; to establish his right to the position of a rational man. When theists or atheistical idealists try to force their childish doctrines down the throat of realistic thinkers, the trouble begins. With the humble and unobtrusive church or the quiet and undemonstrative Utopian the materialist has no quarrel. But when either of these adopts arrogant tactics and seeks to discredit a philosophy which is honest, quiet and sincere, the eternal enmity of dissimilar thought once more becomes manifest. No manly reasoner will tamely allow himself to be lulled into mental inactivity by the emotional soothing-syrup of faith, be it faith in a supernatural goodness, or a non-existent perfectibility of humanity.

Perhaps it is in the ethical field that materialists clash most decidedly with idealists; and curiously so, since in most cases the difference is one of approach rather than of

actual code. Idealists believe in a right and wrong distinct from Nature, and therefore invent something they call "sin," building up a highly artificial system of mythology around it. They measure man's acts not by the standard of practical value in promoting the comfort and smooth existence of the race, but by imaginary ideals of their own construction. That materialists should not believe in this mythical system of ideals enrages idealists vastly, yet when both come to apply their codes of moral government, a surprising similarity is shown. The fact is, that on the one hand ideals are largely formed with Nature as a pattern; whilst on the other hand, an efficient, practical code of ethics must always demand a bit more than it expects. An harmonious and workable moral system must satisfy as many aspects of Nature as possible, and accommodate itself to the peculiarities of the age and place. Where an idealistic code is well grounded, the materialist leaves it unaltered as a matter of sound common sense. Where it is not, he consults Nature, history and good taste, and advocates a system most nearly in accord with these things. A study of history will show that the basic moral ideals of the white race have been but little affected by its beliefs. Some systems bring out certain virtues more strongly than others, and some conceal vices more cleverly than others; but the general average is about the same. Of course, practical enforcement is another matter; and here the sincere materialist concedes the palm to religion. Superstition is stronger than reason, and a code will best touch the masses if sustained by supposed divine authority. In the case of our own Anglo-Saxon code, no honest materialist would wish to cause any marked alteration. With a little less Sabbatarianism and exaltation of meekness, the existing system would be admirably suited to natural wants and even these slight defects are now wearing rapidly away. If at the present time we complain at the tendency of the church to assume a position of ostentatious moral guardianship, it is because we perceive the signs of its decay, and wish to preserve its ethical legacy as best we can in a rationalistic manner. We do not wish to see faith and morals so inextricably intertwined that the latter will collapse with the former.

Beyond the sphere of simple conduct lies the question of one's attitude toward life as a whole. That the philosophy of materialism is pessimistic, none can deny; but much may be said in favor of a calm, courageous facing of the infinite by the resigned, disillusioned, unhoping, unemotional atom as contrasted with the feverish, pathological struggle and agony of the Christian mind, coping desperately with the mythical shadows and problems it has invented, and agitated by emotions which idealism has overstimulated instead of repressing as emotions should be repressed. The materialist has nothing to lose; the idealist is eternally suffering the pangs of disillusionment. And even the boasted theological "peace that passeth all understanding" is a weak, hollow thing as compared with the virtuous materialist's pride in an unshackled mind and an unsullied honour. If idealism really lived up to its promises, conditions might be otherwise; but no fallacy can wholly envelop the human mind, and there are terrible moments when even the unprepared intellect of the idealist is brought face to face with the truth about the cosmos and the lack of divine justice, purpose, and destiny.

Idealism as we know it today bases itself on the false promise that emotion forms under certain conditions a perfect substitute for reason in imparting positive knowledge. Mr. Dryden expressed this sentiment with great vividness at the beginning of his "Religio Laici":

"And as those nightly
tapers disappear
When day's bright lord
ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at
Religion's sight,
So dies and so dissolves
in supernatural light."

Religious persons will assure you that they know their faith to be true by means of sensations or intuitions too deep to be expressed. The materialist cannot but smile at this readiness to accept hallucination as evidence. Those who make these assurances forget that other religions have undergone the same emotional experiences, and are equally certain that their respective faiths are the only true faiths; and they forget that many a man in bedlam has the certain belief that he is Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon. The subjective is always vague, variable, and visionary. It is based on false mental images like those of dreams, and can easily be proved to have no weight whatsoever in imparting facts, or distinguishing truth from error. The writer can cite a subjective childhood fancy of his own which well illustrates the false position of the intuitive theist. Though the son of an Anglican father and Baptist mother, and early accustomed to the usual pious tales of an orthodox household and Sunday-school, he was never a believer in the prevailing abstract and barren Christian mythology. Instead, he was a devotee of fairy tales and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; none of which he believed, but which seemed to him fully as true as the Bible tales, and much more attractive. Then, at an age not much above six, he stumbled on the legends of Greece—and became a sincere and enthusiastic classical pagan. Unlearned in science, and reading all the Graeco-Roman lore at hand, he was until the age of eight a rapt devotee of the old gods; building altars to Pan and Apollo, Athena and Artemis, and benignant Saturnus, who ruled the world in the

Golden Age. And at times this belief was very real indeed—there are vivid memories of fields and groves at twilight when the now materialistic mind that dictates these lines knew absolutely that the ancient gods were true. Did he not see with his own eyes, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the graceful forms of dryads half mingled with the trunks of antique oaks, or spy with clearness and certainty the elusive little fauns and goat-footed old satyrs who leapt about so slyly from the shadows of one rock or thicket to that of another? He saw these things as plainly as he saw the antique oaks and the rocks and the thickets themselves, and laughed at unbelievers, for he knew. Now he realises that he saw these things with the eye of imagination only; that his devotion to the gods was but a passing phase of childish dreaming and emotionalism, to be dissipated with time and knowledge. But he has today every jot of evidence for Graeco-Roman paganism that any Christian has for Christianity, any Jew for Judaism, any Mahometan for Mahometanism, or any Lodge for Spiritualism. What a mixture of crude instinct, desire, illusion, fancy, auto-hypnotism, delirium, and aesthetic fervour is the religious belief of the average theist! Much of the zeal he displays is undoubtedly derived from a perversion or modification of rather baser instincts, about which a psychologist of the Freudian type could speak more authoritatively than the writer. This very connection betwext religious and other emotion should be significant to the observer. It is the less thoughtful and more passionate man or race that possesses the deepest religious instincts, as we see in the case of the Negro. The colder and more highly developed mind of the European is the birthplace of materialism.

Idealism and Materialism! Illusion and Truth! Together they will go down into the darkness when man shall have ceased to be; when beneath the last flickering beams of a dying sun shall perish utterly the last vestige of organic life on our tiny grain of cosmic dust. And upon the black planets that reel devilishly about a black sun shall the name of man be forgotten. Nor shall the stars sing his fame as they pierce the ether with cruel needles of pale light. But who shall be so heedless of analogy as to say that men, or things having faculties like men, do not dwell on uncounted myriads of unseen planets that whirl about far stars? Greater or lesser than our own their minds may be—probably some worlds hold duller creatures, whilst some hold beings whom we would call gods for their wisdom. But be their inhabitants greater or lesser than we, none can doubt that on every world where thought exists, there exist also the systems of Idealism and Materialism, eternally and unalterably opposed.

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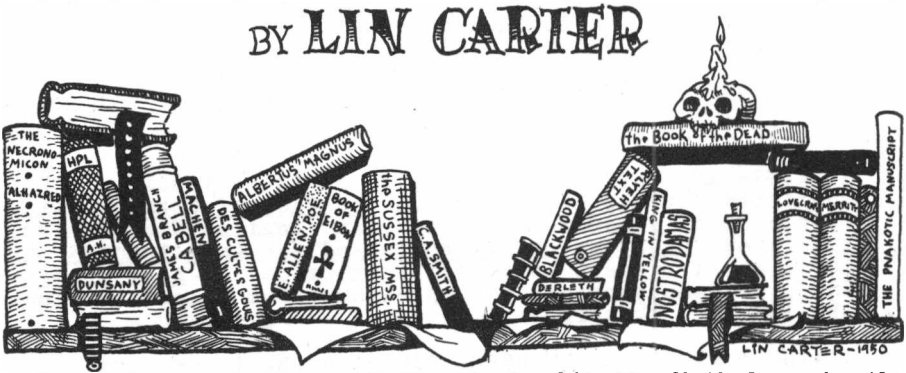
H.P. LOVECRAFT: the BOOKS

BY LIN CARTER



One of the unique features of the Cthulhu Mythology is the continual reference made to odd, esoteric books by Lovecraft and the other writers who contributed to the Mythos. The lay reader, coming across sonorous German and Latin book titles, is quite likely to be impressed with their apparent reality, and, when reading of them in story after story, he probably accepts the fact of their existence. Moreover, when Lovecraft cleverly mingled fact and fiction (by including real, extant books among those that were products only of his imagination), the illusion of their reality was definitely enhanced. Surely, it would take a blase reader indeed, who, upon finding a copy of The Book of Dyzan or De Furtivis Literarum Notis upon book shelves or in booklists, would not be inclined to believe the R'lyeh Text and The Necronomicon also exist!

In this essay I have gathered into one place all of the data my researches have uncovered on each of the books mentioned or quoted from in the various stories in the Mythos. In pursuing this project, I have carefully read through hundreds of stories by all of the authors who worked in the Mythos, and, while I definitely did not have access to their complete works, I feel it quite possible that I have collected every datum on the books. I would greatly appreciate hearing from any reader who has possession of data on the books which I have not included here.

I have listed the books alphabetically by title. In each section is given every datum available: title of work, its author or collector, translators if any, dates of editions, and any and all quotations from them given in the Mythos. The books that actually exist are so indicated. Those that are purely imaginary are indicated by the creator's name, given after the title in parentheses. In the case of imaginary books, all of the data given is taken from the stories in the Mythos.

1. AL AZIF, The Book of The Poet. (see 36. THE NECRONOMICON)

2. AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE MYTH-PATTERNS OF LATTER-DAY PRIMITIVES WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE R'LYEH TEXT, Dr. Laban Shresbury (Derleth).
   A non-existent text by August Derleth's mysterious blind scholar, hero of The Watcher from the Sky and other tales.

3. ARS MAGNA ET ULTIMA, Raymond Lully.
   This book, which is referred to occasionally in the Mythos (in Derleth's The Whipporwills in the Hills, for example)

actually exists. Raymond Lully (1235-1315 AD) was an alchemist and scholar, born in Majorca, and stoned to death by angry Arabs in Tunis, whom he had sought to convert to Christianity. The Ars Magna et Ultima, which is one of the few works attributed to the Spanish martyr believed his own, contains little of magical lore—and even less of Cthulhu—as it is a scholarly treatise on how to convert Moslems by intellectual argument. The title may be roughly rendered as "Universal Art".

4. ATLANTIS AND THE LOST LEMURIA, W. Scott-Elliot.
Mentioned once or twice, as in The Call of Cthulhu, this book also exists. Scott-Elliot, an English Theosophist, published The Story of Atlantis and the Lost Lemuria in 1896, and I believe it is still in print. In Lost Continents, de Camp reprints a couple maps from it, and outlines the theories therein.

5. AZATHOTH AND OTHER HORRORS, Edward Derby (Lovecraft).
This is an imaginary book of verse, referred to in The Thing on the Doorstep, written by a friend of Justin Geoffrey. (see 38. PEOPLE OF THE MONOLITH)

6. THE BLACK BOOK. (see 49. UNAUSSPRELICHEN KULTEN)

7. THE BLACK RITES, Luveh-Keraph (Bloch).
The only time this book was mentioned, I believe, was in Robert Bloch's The Suicide in the Study. According to the author, it was written by "the mad Luveh-Keraph, priest of Bast", and no other data is available, as the book does not exist.

8. THE BOOK OF DZYAN.
This book is referred to quite frequently in the Mythos, yet never quoted from, nor is any data given on translations or editions. The only information I have been able to unearth is that a copy is preserved in the Miskatonic University Library and in the ruined church on Federal Hill, Providence, where the "Starry Wisdom Sect" once flourished. The book does exist, and purports to be an ancient Sanskrit document of the Theosophists. According to de Camp, Madam Blavatsky says the book was originally composed in Atlantis in "the forgotten Senzar language". I believe it is known to the Theosophists more correctly as Stanzas of Dzyan.

9. THE BOOK OF EIBON, Eibon of Mhu Thulan, translated into Medieval Latin by Gaspard du Nord of Averoigne (Clark Ashton Smith).
This book is the work of the great Hyperborean wizard, Eibon of Mhu Thulan (the ultimate peninsula of the Hyperborean continent) who was a worshipper of Tsathoggua. We know little of his life, save how it ended: fleeing from the jealous priests of the goddess Yhoundeh, he flew to Saturn by means of a "door of ultra-telluric metal", in the last century before the onset of the great Ice Age. The book contains the oldest incantations and the forgotten lore of Tsathoggua and Yog-Sothoth: "it was a collection of dark and baleful myths, of liturgies, rituals and incantations both evil and esoteric." The French translator, du Nord, rendered the title as The Liber Ivonis, and as such it is occasionally mentioned.
We have two quotations from The Book of Eibon, both of which occur in C. A. Smith's story Ubbo-Sathla.

"...for Ubbo-Sathla is the source and the end. Before the coming of Zhothaqquah or Yok-Zothoth or Kthulhut from the stars, Ubbo-Sathla dwelt in the steaming fens of the new-made Earth: a mass without head or members, spawning the gray, formless efts of the prime and the grisly proto-types of terrene life...And all earthly life, it is told, shall go back at last through the great circle of time to Ubbo-Sathla."

"This wizard, who was mighty among sorcerors, had found a cloudy stone, orb-like and somewhat flattened at the ends, in which he could behold many visions of the terrene past, even to the Earth's beginning, when Ubbo-Sathla, the unbegotten source, lay vast and swollen and yeasty amid the vaporing slime...But of that which he had beheld, Zon Mezzamalech left little record; and people say that he vanished presently, in a way that is not known; and after him the cloudy crystal was lost."

10. THE BOOK OF THOTH.

While this book does not actually exist, it was not an invention of any member of the Lovecraft Circle. It is a legendary book, originating in Egyptian mythology, and has a curious and interesting history. According to Seligman's History of Magic, the early alchemists believed Hermes Trismegistus to be the master of their art. This "Thrice-Greatest" Hermes, the Greek God whom the Romans knew as Mercury, was imported into Egypt, where the Egyptians equated him with their own God, Thoth, the inventor of magic, of writing, and of speech. Eventually, Thoth-Hermes became regarded as the absolute authority on alchemy, and was thought of as a mythical King who had reigned over three millenia and written 36,525 books. These books were, actually, simply anonymous texts on magic and philosophy and alchemy. Iamblichus brought the fantastic number down to 20,000, and Clement of Alexandria reduced it to a mere 42. Later on there seems to be a division: Hermes Trismegistus becomes seperate from Thoth, and fourteen short texts (such as The Poemandres) are extant and ascribed to him. The Book of Thoth, however, is something else again.

Some commentators have stated it is simply a book of arcane symbols which survive today as the Tarot cards used in fortune-telling. It is, however, mentioned briefly in The Necronomicon (as quoted in Through the Gates of the Silver Key): "And while there are those who have dared to seek glimpses beyond the Veil, and to accept HIM as guide, they would have been more prudent had they avoided commerce with HIM; for it is written in The Book of Thoth how terrific is the price of a single glimpse", from which we may ascertain Lovecraft conceived of the book as a written document of some sort. The "HIM" Alhazred is talking about, incidentally, is 'Umr at-Tawil, the Most Ancient One.

11. THE CABALA OF SABOTH (Bloch).

This work is referred to only once in the Mythos, in Robert Bloch's The Secret in the Tomb. Only the title is mentioned, unfortunately. "Cabala"—more properly "Kabbalah"—is a body of esoteric lore compiled by Hebrew mystics who sought magical knowledge they thought was hidden by cypher in the Pentateuch. (see 51. ZOHAR) "Saboth" is a Hebrew word connected with "Sabbath" and the "sabbat" of the witch-covens. There are some mentions of something

called "the Aklo Sabaoth" (see The Dunwich Horror), and we know Aklo is a pre-human language, so perhaps something may be deduced from the title.

12. THE CELAENO FRAGMENTS (Derleth?)
Celaeno is a star in the Pleiades Cluster (in the Constellation Taurus), between Alcyone and Electra on one side, and Maia and Taygeta on the other. In his stories, Derleth mentions that Dr. Laban Shrewsbury disappeared mysteriously from the Earth, and lived for some time on Celaeno—or, I suppose he means, on a planet revolving about the star. There are references to "the Library on Celaeno", a building of monolithic stone where the books and manuscripts and hieroglyphics stolen from the Elder Gods by the Great Old Ones are now. It is possible that The Celaeno Fragments is a manuscript wherein Dr. Shrewsbury copied from the Elder books—for my feeling is that the work is not a printed book. At any rate, we have one quotation from it, given in The Trail of Cthulhu:

> "The Golden mead of the Elder Gods renders the drinker insensible to the effects of time and space, so that he may travel in these dimensions; moreover, it heightens his sensory perceptions so that he remains constantly in a state bordering upon dream."

13. CLAVIS ALCHIMIAE. Fludd.
The Clavis ("Key") is listed in The Case of Charles Dexter Ward as being among the books in the library of Joseph Curwen, Providence, around 1746. I am not sure whether or not the book exists, but the author certainly did. Robert Fludd (1574-1637 AD) was perhaps the greatest English student of the Kabballah. Among his works are the Summum Bonum which is an apology of the Rosicrucians, defending alchemy, magic and the Kabballah, and the Integrum Morborum Mysterium, which claims diseases are caused by demons and evil spirits—thus preceding Mary Baker Eddy by about three hundred years.

14. CRYPTOMEMYSIS PATEFACTA, Falconer.
Lovecraft mentions this book in The Dunwich Horror. Whether or not it exists (or its author) I cannot say, but am inclined to doubt it, as my researches into alchemy, magic and demonology have never uncovered either the book or the man.

15. CTHULHU IN THE NECRONOMICON, Dr. Laban Shrewsbury (Derleth).
This book, the manuscript of which resides in the Library of Miskatonic University, was never completed or published. It is listed in The Trail of Cthulhu.

16. CULTES DES GOULES, Comte d'Erlette (Lovecraft).
This book was invented by HPL as a light pun on Derleth's name. A copy is preserved in the Miskatonic and elsewhere. No further data has ever been given on it, nor do any quotations exist.

17. THE DAEMONOLATREIA, Remigius, translated by Lyons, 1595.
Nicholas Remy (1530-1612 AD), who wrote under the Latin form of his name ("Remigius"), was a French judge who tried many persons accused of witchcraft and condemned around nine hundred to death in his fifteen years of presiding over such trials. The book Daemonolatreia (or Demonolatry, as it is sometimes called) was first published

in 1595; there was an edition of it published at Hamburg in 1693, and in 1930 an English translation was published with an introduction by Montague Summers. It is similar to the famous Malleus Malificarnum, being a conpendium of data on witches and witchcraft, with especial reference on evidence given against them; i.e., a sort of reference text for would-be judges of witchcraft trials. N. Remy fits perfectly in the Mythos, as he seems to be the sort of person Cthulhu would love.

18. DE FURTIVIS LITERARUM NOTIS, Giambattista Porta.
Giambattista della Porta (1541-1615 AD) was an Italian scholar who contributed heavily to the new sciences of human thought. He invented various optical instruments (such as the lens for the camera obscura—for which reason he is called "the father of photography"); the modern science of ophthalmology is greatly indebted to him for his pioneering study of the human eye; his vast collection of botanical and mineral rarities in Naples was one of the first of its kind. He wrote books on astrology, geometry, architecture.

De Furtivis Literarum Notis exists, although I do not know its subject. I have seen a copy bound in wrinkled and yellowed vellum, but it is in Italian black letter.

19. DE LAPIDE PHILOSOPHICO, Trithemius.
This work is listed as one of the books in the collection of Joseph Curwen, Providence, c. 1746 (see The Case of Charles Dexter Ward). Its author, Johannes Trithemius (1462-1516 AD), who was the Abbott of a monastery at 22, wrote a large number of ecclesiastical treatises, and a few books of commentary on the arcane arts. While I know that in one of his books he discussed de Lapide Philosophico ("the Philosopher's Stone"—one of the Four Arcana of Alchemy) I do not know whether or not he wrote a book under that title, although it seems likely.

20. DE VERMIS MYSTERIIS, Ludvig Prinn, Cologne (Bloch).
Ludvig Prinn, according to Mr. Bloch, was a Flemish sorceror, alchemist and necromancer who was burned at the stake in Brussels by the Inquisition. He boasted of having attained miraculous age—having been the sole survivor of "the ill-fated Ninth Crusade", captured by Arabs, he lived among the Wizards of Syria from whom he learned daemonic lore. He was known to have been in Alexandria at one time. During his declining days he lived in the Flemish lowlands, until his sorcerous activities earned him the attention of the Holy Order. He wrote De Vermis Mysteriis ("The Mysteries of the Worm") while in prison. After his execution, the manuscript was smuggled out past the guards, and was published in Cologne the year after his death.

We have data on several chapters. There was a chapter on divination, according to Henry Kuttner, and a chapter on familiars, according to Bloch, and a famous chapter called "Saracenic Rituals" which speaks of "the symbols on the Gate" and relates the story of Nephren-Ka, the Black Pharaoh. We have two brief quotations, one from the chapter on familiars which gives the spell by which Prinn once summoned his invisible servitors from the stars. In the original Latin, it begins:

"Tibi, Magnum Innominandum, signa stellarum nigrarum et bufaniformis Sadoquae sigillum..."

The other quotation (given in Legacy in Crystal, a story

by James Causey) goes:

"Never accept a gift from a necromancer or demon. Steal it, buy it, earn it, but do not accept it, either as a gift or legacy."

Furthermore, we are told a bit about the contents of the book. Bloch says it mentions Father Yig ("dark Han") and "serpent-bearded Byatis" (both of whom would seem to be lesser deities among the Great Old Ones). A copy of the book is described by Bloch in Black Bargain as being bound with "rusty, iron covers" and being printed in German black letter. Copies of it are supposedly preserved in the Huntington Library, California, in the books of the Starry Wisdom Sect on Federal Hill in Providence, and (of course!) in the Library of the Miskatonic University.

Needless to say, neither the book nor its author ever existed.

THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF LIN CARTER'S STUDY ON THE BOOKS MENTIONED IN THE CTHULHU MYTHOS. THE SECOND PART OF THIS ESSAY, WHICH CONTAINS ALL THE INFORMATION AND QUOTES EVER GIVEN FROM THE NECRONOMICON, VON JUNTZ'S UNAUSSPRELICHEN KULTEN, THE PNAKOTIC MANUSCRIPTS AND THE INVOCATIONS TO DAGON, WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

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RUSTY CHAINS

john brunner

When I was fifteen or so, I discovered jazz. In the atmosphere of an English public school, it isn't easy to foster an interest like that (though I and some friends changed that eventually). Moreover, what with shortage of spending money and other such problems, I was quite unable to hear for myself enough by the greats of jazz to be able to form my own opinions. The result was that I went around basking in other people's criticisms of various so-called titans of the music and retaining them in ill-digested second-hand shape.

I shudder nowadays to think of some of the vague notions I entertained of what was and wasn't good.

But I don't think that can be so uncommon. For a year or two later I also discovered—no, not s. f.; I'd been reading as much of that as I could lay hands on since I was seven—but means of access to American magazines and books, and the all-important fact that there really was a body of serious critical opinion on the subject. Leafing through the letter section of Startling, for example, I'd find people harking back with nostalgic delight to the classic Kuttner yarns, to Brackett's Martian pirate stories, and to Merritt.

Naturally, I yearned to read these magnificent epics, which doubtless surpassed what was currently being published as Shakespeare surpasses Addison.

I almost cried when I finally got hold of these so-splendid works, for I found that they had been by-passed in the intervening years by people who had done things which might be similar but which were nonetheless vastly better. One by one they tumbled: Weinbaum's "Martian Odyssey"; the Kuttner stories; Brackett; John W. Campbell as a novelist; Clark Ashton Smith's "The Singing Flame"—even Heinlein himself (for a sample of the disappointing stuff see his collection ASSIGNMENT IN ETERNITY).

Yet they all had one thing in common. It was abundantly plain that when they were first published they deserved to stir up a commotion—they had in many cases set a new fashion which had subsequently been superseded. That they were not as smooth and accomplished as more recent stories in the field—less thoughtful and less thought-provoking—could hardly in honesty be laid against them.

But the biggest disappointment was still to come.

Left, right and center, people were talking with enthusiasm

of one Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Bloch and Derleth were still writing stories based on his themes; they were lousy, but since they were derivative and admitted it, that was hardly surprising. Eagerly, I borrowed a copy of one of the Derleth anthologies (THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON, if I remember rightly) of which about a hundred pages were taken up by Lovecraft's "At the Mountains of Madness", and settled down to read it.

After fifty pages I was going so slowly, and so little had happened, that I gave up in disgust. I chalked up the first writer with a big reputation that I had yet run across who had nothing whatever to recommend him for it. In defence of my opinion, I would remark here that I was currently studying for Advanced Level General Certificate of Education in—among other things—English Literature, which I later got with distinction, and that my literary background is pretty varied; I am writing this facing a shelf full of pocket books, including Anderson, Balchin, Cloete, Colette, Faulkner, Flecker, Shaw and Thurber.

I've been mentioning this fact in a slightly puzzled voice at intervals ever since, and have found that few of my fan friends can read Lovecraft—or have even done more than attempt to! Recently I was moved to express my feelings in a letter to Mike Rosenblum, which commented on a rave article about HPL published in his New Futurian. A short while later, I received a note from Graham Stone in Australia, referring to my letter in New Futurian, and lending me additional ammunition in a number of confirmatory and well-chozen phrases which appear later on in this article.

Please let it be understood, however, that I am not attacking Lovecraft from personal distaste for his ideas. My claim is merely that he is an over-rated and generally bad writer. I can't read Milton, but I wouldn't deny his claim to fame on those grounds. Perhaps more to the point, I'm a great fan of Edgar Allan Poe; for reasons which follow, I claim that the similarity in some respects between him and Lovecraft is not enough to excuse the latter.

I was asked to make this article as detailed as possible. Herein I'm handicapped; I so dislike the man that I haven't a single work of his in my collection of around 900 science fiction and fantasy magazines and books, aside from a few bad poems reprinted in Weird Tales shortly before it went bust. I did, however, hunt pretty hard for this so-magnificent writer a few years ago, and borrowed and tried to read many of his stories. I have a fair memory—not eidetic, but verbally retentive, at least. Moreover, the quarrel I have with HPL is so fundamental that detail is unimportant.

First and foremost, Lovecraft was supposedly a master of horror. His fantastic mythos, built up with great care and not a little ingenuity, deals with forces of evil, personified or localised into presences haunting certain places, against which his human characters fight a generally losing battle through some basic inadequacy. A diffuse pessimism regarding the fitness of the human race to survive is one of the first impressions to be garnered from reading Lovecraft. It is implied that probably the only reason we are still on Earth today is that in the dark past certain "priests" were opportunist enough to enlist the aid of these powers of darkness. Good! A fascinating concept in outline...

Spoiled by a manner of treating it which gives the impression that Lovecraft ate a Roget thesaurus before spewing it over the paper and calling it a story.

Horror is a dangerous and difficult medium in which to work—perhaps the most difficult of all forms of fantasy ex-

cept humor. In our Western society, until very recently—less than a hundred years ago and probably nearer seventy-five—our concept of evil in the absolute as distinct from evil manifested in human behavior was dominated by the battle between Christianity and the fertility religions whose magical ceremonies are still with us: we dance widdershins the wrong way of the sun in the ball room because that is the way witches dance at a coven meeting. The struggle was long and fierce, and colored Christian ideas of evil from James I's treatise on witchcraft through the Salem trials and the Hell-Fire Club to that last affected cult of deliberate evil, the Baudelaire-Wilde school of decadence and its obsession with scarlet-lipped women dying of TB under an enormous pale moon.

In the days of Edgar Allan Poe, therefore—probably the first writer to treat horror in a manner to be respected as literarily valuable*—the comparatively rational world of intelligent people which gave rise to the mechanistic physics of Kelvin and other such incredibly assured and quite false views of the universe, when the double standard of conscience, which was a standard possession of the reading public and which prevented them from seeing wrong in anything they themselves did, the necessary appurtenances of horror were cabalistic and pagan. Poe's Dupin might have been a model for some of Wilde's wilder (no pun intended) flights, with his refusal to venture forth by day, his horror of fresh air, and his preference for "ghastly tapers" as illumination. M.P. Shiel, motivated by a driving admiration for Poe, carried this to its illogical extreme in his Price Zaleski stories.

That was horror; that was evil—to an age which could see nothing bad in confining servants to dank cellars whose walls shone with water and were spotted with fungi. Such things only became redolent of evil when people like themselves were confined there—and that, of course, could only happen in fiction, or in one of those dens of vice kept by the decadents whose works were to be kept from the daughters of the house and read over with furtive pleasure in privacy. Most important of all, this was an age when standard treatment for the insane was incarceration and restraint. Their impression of madness, therefore, was third-hand and highly colored; they might order our the carriage and go play Lady Bountiful at the workhouse at Christmas, but to a lunatic asylum—never! If it became necessary, they would provide their own, and forget to outward appearances about their "unfortunate" relation.

Poe was inevitably the last, as he was the first, to tap this vein with real success, for it was narrow, unrewarding and repetitive. Nowadays it provides thriller material for Dennis Wheatley and turgid tracts for C. S. Lewis. Even the originals like Sheridan Lefanu give us a quiet chuckle more often than they give us a frisson of terror.

A mixture of influences spelt its ruin. One was the rapid awakening of a social conscience, the lowering of ideals and the raising of morals which resulted in a total betterment of society (see Cyril Pearl's THE GIRL WITH THE SWANSDOWN SEAT on Victorian morality in general). Another was the rapid spread of education, which expanded the reading public unbelievably. Christianity, too, suddenly finding its supremacy no longer quite complete, invented a new weapon in its fight

*Interested readers should study Dorothy L. Sayers on the developing technique of the fantasy story in the second volume of her DETECTION, MYSTERY AND HORROR series—a corollary to her famous essay on the detective story in the first volume.

against paganism—it didn't beat it, it joined it. Nowadays the local parson will cheerfully join in a fertility rite thinly disguised as a traditional country dance.

Instead of it being said that human beings were all right, which made fiction the only suitable place for licensed evil, it became abundantly clear that human beings were largely all wrong. The development of psychology opened undreamed-of vistas for exploration and achievement—and fiction grew up with one enormous bang. It is my firm contention that in the past hundred years fiction has become objectively about five hundred per cent better.

The first truly capable horror story I have been able to trace is Wells' "The Red Room". Told in an efficient, almost matter-of-fact style, it bears the timeless stamp of subtlety. In essence, Wells, with his usual gift for being half a century ahead of the crowd, realised that the only common denominator in everyone's reaction to terror is the fact of fear itself. The aura of smug self-satisfaction was mercifully dead. That which is truly horrible is not the evil which is forced to hide away in the Mountains of Madness or the high plateau of Leng, or even in the graveyard at night—it is that which is not afraid to come forth by day, which walks with us on the city streets and lies in wait around the next corner...

Lovecraft was a throwback, an atavism, deliberately cultivating the modes and manners of an earlier and vanished day. He turned back to the appurtenances of the "House of Usher"; he populated decaying, Charles Addams-ish granges with the fauna of the local charnel-house. He seemed obsessed with things which created disgust, rather than horror, and this obsession crept into his writing. He was fond of inventing nameless horrors—but there was no subtlety in his presentation of them, for he went on and on saying that such-and-such was too horrible for words. Yet he spent literally thousands and thousands of those words which he claimed were useless (rare honesty!) in setting the stage for their appearance. Stasis is his hallmark; the most insignificant details of a situation (as distinct from episode—he was very short on action) are sprawled on his pages in resounding terms borrowed from the most recondite corners of the Oxford English Dictionary, serving no purpose save to bemuse and confuse the reader.

Nowhere, incidentally, is this more acutely obvious than in Lovecraft's so-called poetry—those halting, clumsily constructed and baldly factual pseudo-ballads in which his inadequacy as a craftsman, partially concealed in his prose by the battering-ram of his exotic terminology, is as apparent as in the works of William McGonigal (of immortal and howlingly funny memory). Whether one quarrels or not with the subject matter of these verses, one surely must agree that his poetic ear was at fault. One could borrow almost wholesale from Aldous Huxley's essay in ON THE MARGIN regarding those early English poets who had forgotten about Chaucer; they had learnt from Petrarch and the other Italians that a line should have a set number of syllables, but nothing more—whence they composed with their fingers more than with their minds, counting as they went along.

A parallel criticism may be levelled at Lovecraft; he knew what form he was trying to produce, but lacked the talent to utilise it intelligently.

Graham Stone puts it neatly—I quote his recent letter to me: "His preoccupation with nameless horrors may have clinical interest, but as fiction it fails. The whole idea of fiction is to tell a story; the whole idea of language is communication; and long-winded ramblings about something which

is never defined or described do not communicate much. Derleth and others say it can 'evoke' (favorite word of the cult, but what does it mean?) an 'atmosphere' (ditto) of horror, dread, etc., by suggesting things too uggy for words." (In passing: That "uggy" is strictly sic—one of the most perfectly apt typographical errors I've ever run across!) "This is supposed to be good. The truth is that if you pinned the man down the horrors would be either pretty tame, or indescribable for the excellent reason that he didn't have anything special in mind. Lovecraft used so much space in build-up that he spoiled the effect."

Lovecraft shared his fascination with madness with certain German poets of the end of the last century; according to Jethro Bithell, some of them were proud of the time they spent in asylums. Yet despite the fact that more had been learned about madness in the twenty years before he began to write than in the previous two thousand, Lovecraft made no attempt to use that knowledge. His madmen go insane in the grandiloquent manner of Poe—and equally phonily.

By the 1940's, even a professional pulp writer without contentions of genius like Ron Hubbard could utilise the available knowledge (as distinct from overblown fantasies) of psychosis to create a master-work like "Fear"; Kuttner turned up with "The Devil You Know". Both of these are epitomes of subtlety and convincing depictions of the evil to which day and night are indifferent. Crossing a graveyard at night one is troubled by instinctual, fundamentally emotional fears at which reason laughs; once one is safely back on the highway one forgets the momentary qualm. But the danger which is eminently reasonable, which one's intellect accepts—that is horrible.

Surely, if by the forties mere professionals writing for bread and butter could capitalise thus on available knowledge, a genius, such as his fans claim Lovecraft was, could have had his imagination sparked in the twenties to produce arresting, original, enduring work?

But no, apparently; he had to go hunting his black fane of horror in outlandish regions with neither shape nor substance. Drunk on the splendor of words and feverishly seeking to capture the unreal weirdness of an opium dream, he was harried by black demons of his own invention to wander among imagined realms of evil whose only existence lay in the bewildering mood of dislocation produced by his use of obsolete terms without meaning to his readers, when on his and everyone's doorstep the true terrors waited patiently for someone to notice them. They could afford to wait; they were too strong to have to hide at cock-crow.

We ourselves live in a world which bears no relation to Lovecraft's. We talk in present-day English. We do things—we do not spend, as Lovecraft did, hours in haunted burrowing through the recesses of our minds. We live on the conscious level, and so do the true terrors.

Each age renews the wellsprings of evil. The ancient ghouls are, mercifully, dead; they had not long to live in any case, for they were sick and cankered. For a while Lovecraft gave them artificial respiration, and made them into gangling puppets without the power to terrify or convince.

But now the demons walk in sunlight.

INSIDE books

conducted by lin carter

THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH, H. P. Lovecraft (Novel); Shroud, publishers, 819 Michigan, Buffalo 3, New York, 107 pp., paper $1.25.

This is the first time that Lovecraft's rarest (and best) novel has been separately published in a book of its own, and it is an event to shout about. Previously serialized in The Arkham Sampler and printed in whole in the second Arkham House omnibus Lovecraft, BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, this novel is once more available.

While the majority of his more important work was in the field of supernatural horror, Mr. Lovecraft wrote a number of short tales in the Dunsanian style of dreamy, poetic wonder and idyllic fantasy. This is the only novel he produced in this style, and it will come as a surprise to readers familiar only with his horror tales.

THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH is a long rambling novel which relates the adventures of Randolph Carter, who seeks to reach the fabulous Sunset City of his dreams. As he knows not where it lies, he searches for the onyx castle of the Earth Gods at Kadath in the Cold Waste, to ask from them the information he desires, and also their permission to find it. In the story we follow him as he descends the seven hundred steps to the Gates of Deeper Slumber, and, once beyond the waking world, quests through the dream-land for the fabled citadel. Down the Skai to Ulthar, where men may not kill a cat; through Thalarion "the daemon-city of a thousand wonders where the eidola Lathi reigns"; by galleon to the Isle of Oriab he goes. On to Celephais in the Land of Ooth-Nargai beyond the Tanarian Hills, to jasper-terraced Kiran, to Thran with its thousand gilded spires, through the perfumed jungles of Kled, and on until at length he reaches the shunned plateau of Leng and north to Kadath.

This is a novel of style rather than story; as plotless as THE ODYSSEY, the prose sings and chants in superb rhythms. Filled with the exotic imagery of a Clark Ashton Smith, as dreamy and idyllic as the early Dunsany and teeming with rich imaginative invention as are few tales of our century, it is an almost unique reading experience. All the early Dunsanian tales are tied up in this novel, his final work in this style, and here the Randolph Carter series (which includes The Silver Key and its collaborative sequel) come to an end.

Many novelists and story-tellers have attempted to work in the rare and difficult sub-division that I like to call "dream-fantasy": Carroll, with the melting and shifting landscapes and half-meaningful symbols of the Alice books, Cabell in the plotless and allegorical trilogy THE NIGHTMARE HAD TRIPLETS. But this may well be the finest novel of dream-fantasy ever written, the careful work of a man in love with his own imagination.

Unreservedly recommended to anyone who appreciates beauti-

ful prose, rich imagination, and great fantasy. —Lin Carter

FOCUS ON THE UNKNOWN, Alfred Gordon Bennett (Non-fiction); Library Publishers, 257 pp., 16 illustrations, $3.95.

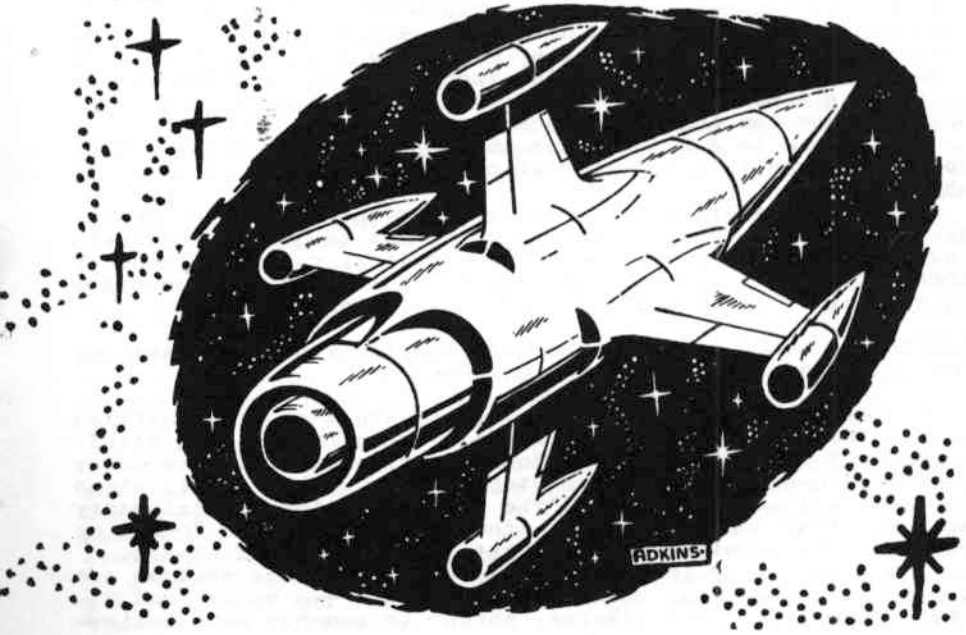
This is an interesting, entertaining, highly factual (though occasionally speculative) book on various mysteries of nature and science, obviously written and slanted toward the general reader rather than the scholar and scientist. Mr. Bennett, aided by an impressive bibliography, delves not too deeply into Life on Other Worlds, the Canals of Mars, Lunar Carters (pardon—craters!), Insect Intelligence, the Future of Space Travel and sundry other subjects. The book is curiously unbalanced: twenty-three pages are devoted to the Mermaid Myth alone, while the entire fields of black magic, demonology, voodoo, the Kabballah, the evil eye, theosophy, Rosicrucianism, medieval witchcraft, spiritualism, yoga, etc., are dispensed with in thirty-five. A lot of space is devoted to flying saucers—which, in a book of this sort, are quite out of place—and the first thirty-eight pages are given over to a rather obscure sea-lore of the Kraken—ignoring the more interesting and better publicized sea serpent completely. Moreover, another enormous chunk toward the end is filled with irrelevant soul-searching on the author's part, and ramblings-on about his travels and experiences.

Nonetheless, an interesting book and, however inadequate and unbalanced, a step in the right direction.

Recommended, with reservations. LC

TALES OF CONAN, Robert E. Howard & L. Sprague de Camp (Collection); Gnome Press, 218 pp., $3.00.

This is the sixth Conan book. I am not sure whether or not it is the last, but I am happy to tell you it <u>is</u> one of the best. I've always felt that Howard's style had certain important flaws. Now, I'm not arguing a matter of literary style—



Howard was an unabashed pulp writer, making no pretensions of being a prose artist—but, nonetheless, there are things about Conaniana that bother me. The background texture was always a jumble of semi-history, mythology, pure invention; loaded with anachronisms. I always felt that Howard didn't know much about military tactics, the nomenclature of early and medieval weapons, or anthropological data on how the feudal folk really lived.

Now along comes de Camp, an awesomely well-read and erudite gentleman, and a writer I've always had the greatest admiration for, to edit and partially re-write some extant Howard manuscripts. The mixture of Howard's blood and thunder heroics with de Camp's detailed cultural knowledge lends the stories a convincing flavor of authenticity without hampering in the slightest the raw and bawdy swashbuckling of Howard. The posthumous collaboration is an extremely felicitious one.

Herein Conan attempts to steal a ruby-studded idol which has the embarrassing habit of coming to life ("The Blood-Stained God"); gets mixed up with a monarch with a messiah complex ("Hawks Over Shem"); becomes involved with an attempt to put a figurehead fop on the throne ("The Road of Eagles"); and, finally, becomes all tangled up with a cult of assasin-magicians in the longest and best (and bloodiest) story in the book ("The Flame Knife").

It's fine entertainment. LC

THE STARS IN MYTH AND FACT, Oral E. Scott (Non-fiction); Caxton, Caldwell, Ohio, 374 pp., 64 illus., $4.00.

PLANETS, STARS, AND ATOMS, George E. Frost (Non-fiction); Caxton, 325 pp., 41 illus., $3.75.

These two handy reference works span, between each other, a considerable amount of information valuable to the science fiction fan and/or writer. The first listed gives a detailed summary of facts known about the planets, stars, major constellations and nebulae—not only such prosaic information as measurements, weights and distances, but also a lot of entertaining data as to how the planets got their names, what other civilizations have called them, summaries of star myths, as well as some downright fascinating information as to why, when and how the constellations were named.

The second is a bit broader in scope, being a sort of text for the layman in the fields of modern astronomy, physics and chemistry.

Both volumes are well illustrated with star maps, photographs and such. While I am not competent to judge their scientific reliability, they are easy reading, contain a mine of information well indexed, and seem to be basic reference texts upon which to build a library of non-fiction.

CITIZEN IN SPACE, Robert Sheckley (Collection); Ballantine, 200 pp., hard cover $2.00, paper 35¢.

Bob Sheckley's second collection of short stories fulfills successfully the promise he showed in his first, 1953's UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS. The dozen stories printed here cover a multitude of subjects: the Utopia story, time travel, alien contact, and so on. Here is "The Battle", a theological story such as Tony Boucher writes; the charming satire "Skulking Permit"; the Heinleinian "A Ticket to Tranai", and others.

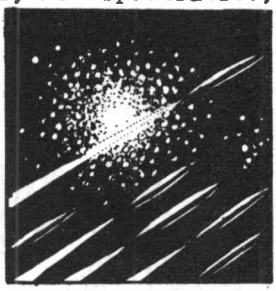
Not a bad story in the lot: each exemplifying what we are coming to think of as "the Sheckley style"—a wacky and utterly fantastic basic premise, which is somehow made believ-

able by the author's magic.
We are eagerly awaiting Sheckley's first novel. LC

THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS, Edward J. Ruppert (Non-fiction); Doubleday, 315 pp., $4.50.

I don't know offhand just how many books have been written about the flying saucers—dozens, I am sure—but the majority of them have been worthless. When a writer starts foaming at the mouth and talking of Atlantis, levitation, Mu and the Great Pyramid in the same breath with the saucers, I begin taking his book with several grains of salt. Only a few writers—Major Keyhoe, for instance—have managed to produce non-hysterical and reasonably factual books on this mysterious and fascinating phenomena.

Captain Ruppert was head of the Air Force's flying saucer research-and-investigative organization, Project Blue Book, from early 1951 to late 1953. He has here written what must be the most non-hysterical, coldly factual, non-speculative, thoroughly documented book on the saucers ever written. This is the first time that the "inside" story of the saucer hunt has been written, from within the Air Force, by a man who has at his fingertips every datum on the saucer sightings available, who knows the complete story of the research and sifting of evidence on all saucer reports, and it is a fine book.



From beginning to end the author never loses his detached viewpoint. The evidence he gives is presented on a purely factual basis, with very little theorizing or speculating. Here is the complete story, the full data on most of the "classic" saucer cases: the historic Arnold sighting of 1947, the famous Mantell incident, the Lubbock Lights of 1951, the amazing simultaneous radar-and-visual Washington sightings when saucers were chased by jets and buzzed the White House, the notorious scoutmaster report, the Tremonton Movie and the Montana Movie.

The Ruppert Report is a fine piece of work, noteworthy for its non-speculative data. The author is satisfied to simply state what happened and let his readers draw the conclusions. Here is good first-hand information on just how false saucer reports are broken down and good statistical data on the relation of unbreakable saucer sightings with known and proved hoaxes and hallucinations.

Verdict: factual, fascinating and—frightening. LC

THE MOON, H.P. Wilkins & Patrick Moore (Non-fiction); Macmillan, 388 pp., $12.00.

If you are in the market for a good reference work, this one is for you. A comprehensive and exhaustive text on selenography, complete with some excellent photographs, as well as the superb 300-inch Wilkins Map of 1946, revised and brought up to date.

After a lengthy introduction on general topics, theories and basics, the book gets down to work on the Moon's surface, crater by crater, feature by feature. Each entry contains name, location, discoverer, who it is named after and, wherever feasible, dimensions and general description.

A good basic reference work, and I can't think offhand of a more useful and valuable item for the average science fiction author's library. LC

ALTERNATING CURRENTS, Frederik Pohl (Collection); Ballantine, 154 pp., 35¢.

1955 was a year of excellent short story collections (Kornbluth, Boucher, Oliver), and this year is off to a good start in the same direction. I don't think I've ever been exposed to as much pure Pohl at one time before, and it is a pleasure to be able to say that I think he is first-rate. This rather oddly titled collection contains ten stories, of which one ("Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus") is a first printing. This one didn't come across to me as fully as could be hoped, as I disagree heartily with his point of view, but it's nonetheless a rouser.

In fact, the whole collection is a rouser. Especially "What To Do Til the Analyst Comes", in which an advertising agency destroys civilization by marketing a new, completely non-habit-forming and thoroughly harmless intoxicant; also "Pythias", with its superb snapper; and "Target One", which could be considered as a complete reversal of the BRING THE JUBILEE theme; i.e., no matter how you change history, things will end up pretty much the same as before.

Damn good collection. I see now that Fred Pohl held up his own end in collaborating on THE SPACE MERCHANTS—and what better praise could any reviewer give? LC

REVOLT ON ALPHA C, Robert Silverberg (Juvenile); Crowell, 148 pp., $2.00.

This book is a quick moving, smooth little adventure-melodrama, in which Larry Stark, cadet in the Space Patrol, is on his traditional post-graduation cruise to the fourth planet of Alpha Centauri. His room-mate, a Jovian-born cadet, angers him early in the story by openly questioning the phrase "Earth is always right"—something Larry believes and holds as almost sacred. Once on Alpha C, Larry finds himself in the middle of a small-scale revolution. The American Revolution is closely paralleled here: Colonists are rebelling from over-taxation and a desire to rule themselves, rather than remain under the paternalistic, patronizing, disinterested rule of the distant mother planet.

When Larry's room-mate, closely followed by O'Hare—the ballad-singing Irish tubemonkey who is a hero of the boy's—desert the Patrol to join the "angry, honest men" of the rebellious London Colony, Larry has to make up his mind: shall he follow the dictates of his own conscience and join also, or follow his ingrained loyalty to the Patrol. His decision is a fascinating one, and a hard one.

Although the story is slight and lacks in description and background, it is certainly a promising first book by a new author. It has a curiously intriguing atmosphere of—nostalgia? sadness?—that makes it interesting reading. LC

FORBIDDEN PLANET, W.J. Stuart (Novel); Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 184 pp., $3.00. (Paperback: Bantam, 184 pp., 35¢.)

This is a novelization of the forthcoming MGM movie—their first science fiction venture—and it is an uneven piece of work. An interstellar craft is wrecked on a planet of Altair. The survivors inherit the awesome technological equipment of an extinct race called the Krell, which rose to god-like power but was destroyed by its own science. Twenty years later

another expedition, seeking survivors of the wreck, lands on the planet and finds the only survivor, Dr. Morbius, and his daughter, born after her parents were marooned.

Morbius has discovered the laboratories and mastered the technology, turning the barren world into a blooming Eden—complete with snake. It seems one of the gadjets ups the IQ of anyone trying it, and also makes concrete his wishes—producing live animals and birds out of thin air. But the machine also creates the hidden terrors and lusts beneath the surface of every mind, and these invisible monsters terrorize the crew of the rescue ship and eventually destroy their creator.

The plot is strong, if rather Gernsbackian, but the book completely falls down in the flavor and quality of the writing. Like most mainstream writers when first venturing into our medium, Mr. Stuart completely ignores the details of extrapolation, the background texture of the story, giving his novel a two-dimensional flatness. Only an occasional attempt at future slang and technicalese (which fail to come off) and a couple quotes from a future history text serve as his background.

The movie may be good—robots and spaceships and gadgets and invisible monsters and all—but you can safely skip the book. LC

CLEOPATRA, Emil Ludwig (Biography); Bantam, 238 pp., 50¢.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF HENRY THE EIGHTH, Francis Hackett (Biography); Bantam, 303 pp., 50¢.

THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN, Frederick Lewis Allen (Biography); Bantam, 244 pp., 50¢.

Bantam Biographies is a new line of pocket-sized editions of biographies, some famous, some new. The above three are the first in the series, which is an auspicious start for something we have needed for quite some time.

The first entry is by Emil Ludwig, who is famous for NAPOLEON, another of his "novelized biographies", which are rather like the historical narratives of Harold Lamb, in that they are biographies considerably more free in form than the traditional, including, as they do, description, dialogue and other gimmicks which, according to purists in the field, belong exclusively to fully creative writers. Although one rather doubts the authenticity of the thoughts and emotions Ludwig reads into Cleopatra's mind during the course of her life, the writing is first rate and makes excellent reading.

HENRY VIII (abridged) is considerably more conventional in form (and therefore somewhat less enjoyable) but gives a complete picture of the robust, Chaucerian, colorful monarch who has been called "the first modern King".

As for the biography of Morgan, one can only wonder why it was written at all. Have to admit the irascible old robber-baron comes fully alive in Allen's biography, but why follow the exotic Serpent of the Nile and the lusty Tudor King with a Wall Street tycoon? LC

THE OCTOBER COUNTRY, Ray Bradbury (Collection); Ballantine, 306 pp., $3.50.

While the controversy over Ray Bradbury's literary status still rages hotly, Ballantine goes imperturbably on to another collection of his works.

As in the Arkham House collection DARK CARNIVAL, from which fourteen of the nineteen stories in this collection were taken, the keynote is evocative horror and fantasy. The science fiction purists (most of whom despise Bradbury anyway) will find no sustaining fare here.

Half a dozen of the stories are not fantasy at all. I don't know how the average s. f. reader will react to them, but as contemporary short stories they deserve notice. The best of the recent ones is unquestionably "The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse". This and "The Wonderful Death of Dudley Stone" are in a very unusual vein for Bradbury. "The Next in Line", a non-fantasy reprint from DARK CARNIVAL, is one of the best stories of its type that I have ever read. "The Dwarf", which may have been suggested by Carson McCuller's Ballad of the Sad Cafe, is very moving. The psychological terror piece, "Touched With Fire", seems to derive from Frank Harvey's "August Heat".

Some of the stories from DARK CARNIVAL have been altered—for better or for worse. The selection could certainly have been improved upon. Such fine tales as "The Tombstone", "The Handler", and "The Coffin" were not included, while the pulpish "The Wind" unaccountably was.

The illustrations by Joe Mugnaini cannot be too highly praised. I can think of no artist whose style is more suitable for illustrating Bradbury.

The Bradbury collector will already have DARK CARNIVAL and must decide whether five previously uncollected stories and the illustrations are worth $3.50. For those who do not have the Arkham House collection, THE OCTOBER COUNTRY can be unreservedly recommended. —Charles Freudenthal

THE CRUST OF THE EARTH, eds. Samuel Rapport & Helen Wright (Symposium); New American Library, 221 pp., 35¢.

A collection of twenty-two essays by a total of twenty-five authors, this book is a sort of orientation course in geology and paleontology. It attempts to explain what is known of the structure, composition, dynamics and history of the planet Earth.

The quality of the writing is varied; some, like Mark Twain's essay on the Mississippi, are beautiful examples of English prose, the kind of writing that makes learning not only easy but pleasurable. Others are in the dull, dry, didactic language of the textbook writer who knows his subject but just can't write.

All in all, however, the collection is well integrated and well worth reading. —Randall Garrett

THE AGE OF THE TAIL, H. Allen Smith (Humor); Little, Brown, 167 pp., $3.00.

Unhappy the lot of him who would review a work by the Master Smith. This writer has gained himself a cult of devotees who go blind, deaf, and dumb if you say anything about The Smith which falls short of religious frenzy. The rest of the world is made up mostly of those who haven't been exposed to Smith. Which leaves me in the middle.

THE AGE OF THE TAIL details certain phases of the grim history of that period immediately following humanity's regaining tailhood. It seems that everybody had one by 2000; or nearly everybody, and the tailless were wearing falsies any-

way. It covers the subject of the Tail and its place in late twentieth-century society with utter thoroughness. There is the Tail and the Law, the Moral Aspects, the Etiquette of the Tail, and How to keep Your Tail Neat and Sanitary as well as Attractive.

The illustrations, by Leo Hershfield, are funny but not spectacularly so. The story itself, pure Smith throughout, gave me the same reaction I have always gotten from other Smith works. That is, I chuckled, smiled, and was pleased, but never once was I knocked from the saddle. Other Smithophiles tell me that this is quite a common reaction, and I can therefore put it down bluntly, thus: Smith is funny, evenly and pleasantly, but he is never as funny as Thurber, for instance. Smith isn't a great humorist; he's just a good joke teller with a penchant for making the joke as long and involved as possible.

Now, because of this, my opinion about the book is necessarily qualified. I think it would have been much funnier as a single short piece; I have always thought highly of Smith's collections of shorter works. Yet when Smith tries something of this length, he seems to be spread much too thinly. I can't say that I think this one is worth the price, unless you happen to be a member of the True Church of Smith, in which case I can shortly expect sporadic firing to break out from the surrounding rooftops. —Dave Mason

CAVIAR, Theodore Sturgeon (Collection); Ballantine, 167 pp., hardcover $2.00, paper 35¢.

Caviar is a rare and delicate food, obtained from sturgeons. Some people love it, other people hate it, and I am afraid that a sizeable number of people simply have it around to prove that they appreciate it, in spite of the fact that they often don't. Also, the sturgeon fishermen are not always entirely careful; an addled egg or two can occur.

All of which considerations give proper meaning to the title of this collection. The first of the stories is worth the price of the whole jar: "Bright Segment". It has never been published before; it's obviously too good to have been. It's deceptively simple and uncomplicated, like Newton's Laws of Motion—and just as enormous. I have read a million words by a hundred thousand writers, it seems, on the same theme; I've never seen it stated so simply and so well.

"Microcosmic God" is early Astounding, and extremely good. And then, a slight sag in the middle. "Ghost of a Chance", and Amazing re-do, is a very thin, inconsequential piece of work. But Sturgion is able to turn even this into a readable story by some obscure magic. It isn't good, for Sturgeon, but it's entirely palatable. "Medusa" isn't anything special, either.

Back up to first-rank Sturgeon with "Prodigy". "Blabbermouth" is wonderful. And "Shadow, Shadow, on the Wall"—the plot is slight, but there's realism to this story, in which a small boy creates a gruesome fate for a wicked stepmother. You won't think much of it from those lines, perhaps, but this is a very real small boy with whom I had complete sympathy, and I was glad to see the goblins get stepma. I would suspect it's a bigger job to get this kind of thing to sound as real as this does than it would be to write a typical ash-can school novel such as BLACKBOARD JUNGLE.

And then we come to my special love, "Twink". It's a bit soon to reprint this, since it appeared in Galaxy this year. But not very many people are reading Galaxy any more, and you may have missed it. If you did, you have another chance. "Twink" is, for me, the best Sturgeon's ever done. It's one

of the very few bits of real literature ever to turn up as undisguised science fiction. It really is science fiction, too, by all proper definitions, which is rarely true of science fiction's other purveyor of literature, Ray Bradbury.

Unqualified opinion: Best Ballintine Book in a long, long time. Likely to be the best for some time to come, too, which is as much to knock Ballantine's tarnished record as to boost Sturgeon's reputation. DM

WORLD OUT OF MIND, J.T. M'Intosh (Novel); Permabooks, 166 pp., 25¢.

A reprint of M'Intosh's 1953 first novel, published as an original hardback by Doubleday. The plot revolves around a testing machine and various superbeings who befuddle it; like most of M'Intosh's work, the book is superficially exciting, quick to read, full of lapses of reasoning, and remarkably forgettable. —Bob Silverberg

THE DRAGON IN THE SEA, Frank Herbert (Novel); Doubleday, 192 pp., $2.95.

Behind the flashy title and the dreary Mel Hunter jacket lurks "Under Pressure", the last-but-one Astounding serial, one of the really great novels of science fiction. On the basis of this book, I'd say Frank Herbert is the most underrated author the field has—since he's been appearing in science fiction with fair frequency since 1952, and yet when Campbell announced the serial the universal reaction was, "Who's Frank Herbert?"

Now we know. Frank Herbert is one of the most capable hands in the business. DRAGON IN THE SEA is a fine story on a number of counts.

First of all, it's a crackling good suspense yarn. The hero, John Ramsey of BuPsych, is assigned to a four-man subtug and told to find the saboteur planted on board. This is an old and not necessarily science fictional plot. But Herbert not only handles his narrative adroitly; the book abounds with high-order speculative thinking about the near future under wartime conditions, and Herbert makes some especially good psychological observations on the nature of submarine warfare.

The story is told in a crisp, efficient prose stripped of all superfluities, and by shameless use of the omniscient viewpoint Herbert manages to create four well-rounded, sharply individuated characters in his four crewmen. Undoubtedly, most of you have read the story in Astounding (and the Doubleday version is identical except for a few swear words added), but this is one book worth preserving in hard covers. BS

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, ed. Anthony Boucher (Anthology); Doubleday, 256 pp., $3.50.

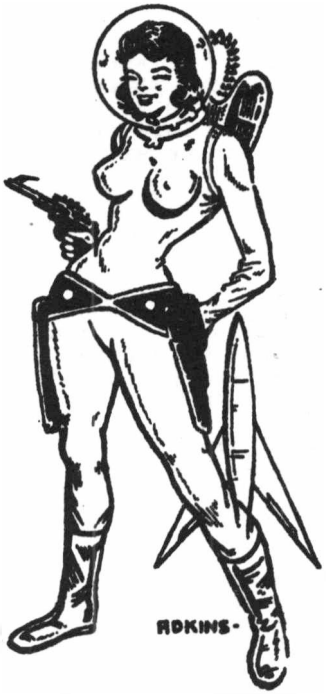
This fifth volume in the annual F&SF series includes stories by most of the F&SF regulars: Brown, Asimov, Beaumont & Oliver, Clingerman, Matheson, de Camp, Clarke. Asimov is represented twice, with a rather lukewarm detective story and a razor-keen vignette; Mildred Clingerman also has two entries, both short stories.

High points of the book include Raymond E. Banks' "The Short Ones", Damon Knight's "You're Another", Alice Jones' "Created He Them", and James Blish's vastly amusing parody "A Matter of Energy". But it's difficult to keep from listing most of the rest of the contents page as well.

ANNOUNCING

FANTASY SAMPLER #4

(formerly Vagabond)



You may receive a copy of Fantasy Sampler free by sending me your name and address to the address below. Don't delay as production begins the first of April, 1956. Requests, other than from fans living outside the USA, received after the 1st might not be filled. (Members and waiting listers of FAPA will receive a copy and the fans who received #3 need not request #4.)

Fantasy Sampler is a mimeographed publication but neatly done as several people can attest. It's on the serious side but not stuffy and has a wide policy that covers science fiction as well as fantasy.

Send your request today. You won't lose but a postage stamp and a bit of time.

Partial contents for #4:

"The Last Romantic" by S.J. Sackett ... "From the Crypts of Memory" by C. A. Smith ... "The Power of Wine" by H. P. Lovecraft ... and others.

Art by Adkins, Bourne, Rotsler, Harness, Payn and others.

John W. Murdock, editor
c/o Henry Moore Studio
214 E. 11th St.
Kansas City 6, Mo.
USA

Not only does the volume point up F&SF's great virtue, its accent on the literary quality of s. f., it also demonstrates its failings admirably. Three of the stories are, in whole or in part, science fiction parodies rather than stories in themselves; three others are science fiction or fantasy only by fiat. As a science fiction anthology, the fifth in the series is inferior to its predecessors. But F&SF's strong point has never been its science fiction, anyway. BS

STAR SHINE, Fredric Brown (Collection); Bantam, 138 pp., 25¢.

A reprint of Dutton's 1954 ANGELS AND SPACESHIPS, including all seventeen stories from that volume. The contents: eight conventional short stories, four each from Astounding and Unknown, and nine one page vignettes, an art form which Fred Brown has brought to a high degree of polish. All nine of these have never appeared in magazine form, and they're all as sharp-focused as the ones Brown has done for F&SF—but a bit bawdier. Altogether a fine job. BS

THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR, Robert Lindner (Non-fiction); Bantam, 207 pp., 35¢.

This, of course, is the volume of which the celebrated "Jet-Propelled Couch" is the concluding section. There are four other case histories in the book, none of them with any science fictional connotations, but all of them having the same intense narrative drive; they reveal the methods and techniques of psychoanalysis with a clarity that no textbook could hope to achieve, since Lindner is not only a fine analyst but a fine story-teller. A tremendously exciting book.

Incidentally, the version of "The Jet-Propelled Couch" in the January 1956 F&SF was somewhat abridged; the complete version is in the Bantam edition. BS

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, eds. V. H. Cartmell & Charles Grayson (Anthology); Bantam, 403 pp., 50¢.

A bulky, attractive selection from the hardcover anthology of the same name. Twenty-five stories in this paperback, including such warhorses as "The Devil and Daniel Webster", "The Lady or the Tiger?", "Rain", "Murders in the Rue Morgue", etc.—the classic short stories in other words. At least eleven of the twenty-five have some legitimate claim to be called fantasy, and have appeared in other, more science-fictional anthologies. BS

NO BOUNDARIES, Henry Kuttner & C. L. Moore (Collection); Ballantine, 149 pp., 35¢.

Another of those imaginative pseudo-Tanguy paintings by Powers highlights this, the ninth Ballantine story collection and the second by the Kuttners. NO BOUNDARIES is not quite up to the high level of the 1953 compilation, AHEAD OF TIME, but it does reveal the unique Kuttner-Moore talent at its most versatile.

The present collection includes five stories; four novelettes and the negligible Hogben story, "Exit the Professor". The longest story is the strange, haunting "Vintage Season"—which is 1946 vintage Kuttner-Moore, from Astounding. At a guess, I'd say it's Moore's work alone; it's a poetic, powerful account of alien infiltration.

"Two-Handed Engine", reprinted from F&SF of August 1955, seems to be a representative of their latest, or literary,

phase—the third or fourth stylistic transition for them. It has the usual Kuttner-Moore technical brilliance, and the usual lack of any really likable characters.

"The Devil We Know" is from Unknown; it's a perfect example of that magazine's specialty—fantasy which managed to be both light and macabre simultaneously. The fifth story in the book is perhaps the most interesting. It's an original novelette, "Home There's No Returning", which takes an old theme—that of the robot running amok—and, by combining psychological insight with high-level mechanical competence, raises it to a new level. BS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI: Bantam, 308 pp., 50¢.

THE LAST BILLIONAIRE: HENRY FORD, William C. Richards (Biography); Bantam, 300 pp., 50¢.

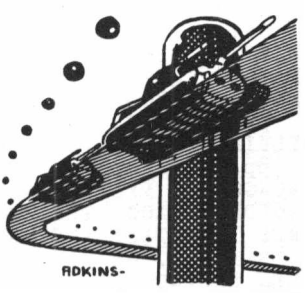
Two new volumes in the Bantam Biography series. These two swashbucklers emerge clearly—Cellini in his own vivid words, Ford as portrayed in detail by Richards. The Cellini, one of the world's greatest autobiographies, is severely abridged, as was an earlier paperback version from Pyramid. The complete version is available from Penguin. BS

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, Mark Twain; Bantam, 312 pp., 50¢.

A major—and undeservedly ignored—Twain work, made available once again by Bantam. Autobiographical in nature, it's a detailed account of riverboat life, pinning down for all time a considerable segment of 19th century American life. BS

THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, Sir George Thomson (Non-fiction); Cambridge, 166 pp., $2.50.

Sir George Paget Thomson is certainly well qualified to speculate on changes which might occur in the next hundred years. Not only the son of the world famous physicist Sir J. J. Thomson, he is also a Nobel Laureate for Physics and a Master at Cambridge. Sir George sharply defines just what he thinks is the foreseeable future, by the application of the basic scientific principles to the technological structure of society. Cultural and socio-economic phenomena are neglected since Thomson feels that a "Newton" in these fields has not yet been born, or at least published. Thomson admits the possibility of new scientific principles which might make his speculations obsolete, but this, he rightly claims, is in the class of events defined as unforeseeable.



Thomson lists seven basic principles of modern science, starting with Einstein's notion that a material object cannot obtain the velocity of light and concluding with the second law of thermodynamics. With these basic ideas he explores the fields of energy, power, materials, communication, meterology, biological applications, and thought, artificial and natural. In the first seven of these categories Thomson supplies the reader with a wealth of interesting information. You might disagree with some of his extrapolations, but the odds are high that you will at least learn quite a few new facts, and that these new facts will necessitate an overhauling of some of your previous theories.

His last chapter is quite weak, mainly because the subject matter, artificial and natural thought, does not confine itself neatly to so limited an exposition. Thomson tries to differentiate the concept of brain and mind, and indulges in a few metaphysical gestures concerning the relation of mind and matter.

—Bill Edgerton

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY, Morey Bernstein (Non-fiction); Doubleday, 256 pp., $3.75.

In THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY, Morey Bernstein hypnotises a woman, Ruth Simmons, and then supposedly takes her back, not merely to her childhood, but to a former life—her life in Ireland from 1798 to 1864, which she describes in detail. According to Mr. Bernstein, he approached the whole subject of hypnotism, age regression and reincarnation with extreme skepticism, and it was only through his own experiments that he became completely convinced of their validity. He recorded every word of Mrs. Simmons' account on a tape recorder, and had every single reference made to people, places and buildings checked by qualified researchers. The evidence seems to show that Mrs. Simmons' references coincided with the facts that were produced—although, either unfortunately or coincidentally, a complete check is impossible. Mr. Bernstein comes to the conclusion that man's soul can pass from one body to another—the reincarnation theory accepted by the Eastern religions such as Hinduism and Buddhism.

Excluding the possibility of a thoroughly prepared and rehearsed hoax, or even an accidental hoax, such as Mrs. Simmons having read previously an historical account of the times, which her subconscious drew upon in response to Mr. Bernstein's stimulating suggestions, this book has outlined a new method of investigation. Even though Mr. Bernstein's reincarnation theory may be incorrect, he has shown that the human mind can, under certain conditions, break through the barriers of time. The propounded theories cannot be accepted, however, until a rigorous scientific investigation is undertaken, with more adequate checks and controls.

—Margaret Walcutt

published

ALIEN FROM ARCTURUS & THE ATOM CURTAIN, Gordon Dickson & Nick Williams; Ace Double, 318 pp., 35¢.
ALL HONORABLE MEN, David Karp; Knopf, $3.95.
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS, Jules Verne; Grosset, $1.49.
CITY AND THE STARS, THE, Arthur C. Clarke; Harcourt, $3.75.
COMPLETE BOOK OF SPACE TRAVEL, Albro Gaul (Juv.); World, $4.95.
CONTRABAND ROCKET & THE FORGOTTEN PLANET, Lee Correy & Murray Leinster; Ace Double, 316 pp., 35¢.
DEEP IN THE SKY, Helga Nielsen; Exposition Press, 161 pp., $3.
FLIGHT TO THE MISTY PLANET, M.E. Patchett (Juv.); Bobbs, $2.75.
FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY, THE, Maj. Donald Keyhoe; Holt, 315 pp., $3.50.
FLYING SAUCERS AND COMMON SENSE, Waveney Girvan; Citadel, 160 pp., $3.50.
FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES, R. De Witt Miller; Citadel, 224 pp., $3.
GOLDEN KAZOO, THE, John Schneider; Rinehart, 246 pp., $3.50.
KEY TO INTERPLANETARY SPACE TRAVEL, THE, Bradford Chambers; Stravon, 66 pp., $1.50.
MEN BEHIND THE SPACE ROCKETS, Heinz Gartmann; McKay, $3.95.
MEN, ROCKETS AND SPACE RATS, Lloyd Mallan; Messner, 346 pp., $5.95.
MISSION TO THE STARS, A.E. van Vogt; Berkley, 126 pp., 25¢.
REACHING FOR THE MOON, Lula Rupel (Poetry); Chapman & Grimes,

96 pp., $2.75.
RETURN OF THE KING, THE, J.R.R. Tolkien; Goughton Mifflin, $5.
ROBOT ROCKET, Carey Rockwell (Juv.); Grosset, $1.00.
ROCKET MAN, Lee Correy (Juv.); Holt, 224 pp., $2.75.
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TOMORROW!, Philip Wylie; Pop. Lib., 35¢.

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AND HELL'S MY DESTINATION, Alfred Bester; New Amer. Lib., 35¢. June.
ANIMAL FARM, George Orwell; New Amer. Lib., 25¢. Mar. 22.
ANSWER, THE, Philip Wylie; Rinehart, $2.50. Mar. 22.
ATLANTIS: THE MYSTERY UNRAVELLED, Jurgen Spanuth; Citadel, 256 pp., $4.00. Mar.
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CROOKED MIND, Jerry Sohl; Rinehart. May.
DOUBLE STAR, Robert Heinlein; Doubleday, $2.95. Mar. 15.
EXPANDING CASE FOR THE UFO, M.K. Jessup; Citadel, $3.75. Apr.
EXPLORATION OF MARS, THE, Willy Ley & Wernher von Braun; Viking, $4.95. May.
FABULOUS FUTURE, THE; Dutton, $3.50. Mar. 7.
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I, ROBOT, Isaac Asimov; New Amer. Lib., 25¢. Mar. 22.
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MISSION TO THE MOON, Lester del Rey (Juv.); Winston, $2.00. Mar.
1999: OUR HOPEFUL FUTURE, Victor Cohn; Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75. Mar. 19.
OCTOBER COUNTRY, Ray Bradbury; Ballantine, 50¢. Apr. 18.
OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, C.S. Lewis; Avon, 35¢. May 15.
POGO SUNDAY BOOK, THE, Walt Kelly; Simon & Schuster, $1. Apr.
POWER, THE, Frank Robinson; Lippincott, $3.00. May 2.
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, R.C. Johnson; Philo Lib., $2.75. Apr. 18.
RANGER BOYS IN SPACE, Hal Clement (Juv.); Page, $2.50. Mar. 20.
REACH FOR TOMORROW, Arthur C. Clarke; Ballantine. 35¢. Mar. 19.
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SECRETS OF SPACE FLIGHT, Lloyd Mallan; Arco, 144 pp., $2.50. Mar.
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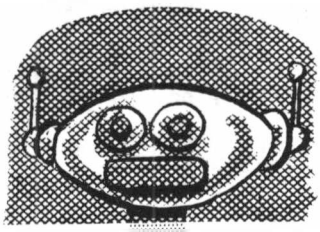
TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, Aime Michel; Criterion, $3.50. May.
UFO ANNUAL, ed. M.K. Jessup; Citadel, 448 pp., $4.95. Mar.
UNKNOWN—IS IT NEARER?, Eric Dingwall & John Langdon-Davies; New Amer. Lib., 35¢. Apr. 24.
WIZARD OF OZ AND WHO HE WAS, THE, Russel Nye & Martin Gardner; Michigan Univ. Press, $3.75. May.
YEAR'S GREATEST SHORT SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, ed. Judith Merril, 35¢. May.
ZIP-ZIP AND HIS FLYING SAUCER, John Schealer (Juv.); Dutton, $2.50. Apr. 30.

DEFINITIONS



I was, naturally, very much interested in "Boundaries in the Brain-Pan", because Ken Ford's article emphasizes that it is quite possible to entertain divergent ideas on the same subject—and moreover, to entertain them entertainingly. And as has been frequently noted, everyone has his own ideas: that's what makes horsewhipping.

But I am a bit surprised that Bro. Ford bothers to present his interesting views in the form of a critique based on my article, because I had thought his objections would be met quite clearly in my own statements:

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

"But I can't help it. I'm going to sound arbitrary and let the chips fall where they may."

So any intimation on Mr. Ford's part that my conclusions are inconclusive, hasty, or biased, should hardly come as a surprise to anyone. I'm rather surprised it seems to surprise Mr. Ford.

Moreover, at the beginning of my article, I clearly stated that what I was writing was based on a list of 260 films I'd compiled from memory in an hour's time. I made no pretensions that this list was either complete or comprehensive. I'm sure Mr. Ford knows, and the readership knows, that a definitive list of science-fictional and/or fantasy motion pictures (or pictures containing elements of same) would run into the thousands. Indeed, Walt Lee of California is presently trying to prepare such a list—and I don't envy him the task.

So when Mr. Ford bases his arguments on my inclusion of some titles and exclusion of others, I can only refer him to my plain, honest statement that I was working from a limited list. He makes quite a point of my omission of The Woman in the Moon. I hadn't listed it, primarily, because I've not seen the film and my knowledge of it is based entirely on passing references in books on the cinema and on a long-ago and far-away review by Forrest J. Ackerman (who else?).

But there are some films he cites which were on my list, and he seems to feel that by ignoring them I am violating my expressed basic premise. Again, quote:

"A science fiction movie...is a film where the accent rests primarily on the scientific concept."

Mr. Ford chooses to concern himself almost solely with the phrase "scientific concept" and to intentionally or unintentionally ignore significant portions found in the rest of the statement, viz. "accent" and "primarily".

If my statement had run, "A science fiction movie is a film with scientific concepts." I'd admit his objections without a single quibble. But it's this matter of primary accent which determined my choice.

robert bloch

He offers, for example, Breaking the Sound Barrier. Scientific concept, yes. Primary accent? I doubt it. Most of the film revolved around Ralph Richardson's characterization as a single-minded fanatic, around Ann Todd's love affair and the difficulties of living a "normal" life with men engaged in supersonic flight

experiments. Several years ago Robert Taylor, I believe, starred in a film in which he played the part of a crew member working on the first atomic bomb delivery over Japan. I did not see this film, but unless I erred from the reviews, this was the gist of the idea—and the movie depicted his marital difficulties, due to the fact that he couldn't tell his wife what he was up to and she refused to believe he spent his time sitting up with a sick friend. To me—in my arbitrary way—this plot-concept parallels that of Breaking the Sound Barrier. The interest of the audience is intentionally directed to the human relationship, and (to quote again from my article) "your 'science' is merely a 'gimmick'." That is the criterion I believe to be involved. In Breaking the Sound Barrier, the essential plot revolves around the fact that "something is breaking up the natural relationships of hero and heroine." The fact that the "something" happens to be supersonic flight is secondary. The fact that Ralph Richardson is a bug on the subject is also secondary: the plot wouldn't change one iota if Richardson happened to be running a wildcat oil drilling concern and drove himself and his crew fanatically because all that mattered to him was the necessity of bringing in a gusher, even at the cost of human lives.

Mr. Ford also mentions my omission of Seven Days to Noon. This was, I agree, a very fine film: but again, the primary accent or emphasis was not on the atomic bomb, but on the fact that, as I mentioned in my article, "A monster was loose." His chosen method of destruction happened to be scientific, but the atomic bomb itself was not the center of interest; it was merely a "gimmick" on which the usual chase-picture plot was based. Essentially, this film paralleled Panic in the Streets: substitute disease-germs capable of infecting a city and you have essentially the same theme. And the interest of the audience was again intentionally directed toward the human relationships, and toward the question, "Will they catch him in time?" If Mr. Ford will look closely, he will see a cliff-hanger, an old fashioned serial ending, with the same effort toward creating suspense. The primary accent in Seven Days to Noon (in my arbitrary opinion) is not on the scientific concept but on the time-honored question, "Will the Marines arrive in time?"

Most of the other titles Mr. Ford selects as "excluded" are fantasies or pictures with fantasy elements: again, they were omitted either because they didn't happen to be on my very limited list or because I was using my "primary accent" yardstick. A number of the titles he cites, such as I Married A Witch, Blithe Spirit, Trouble in Paradise, etc., are frankly comedies—and if we were to include them in our discussion we'd have to allow almost every film in which "reality" is violated for the purpose of evoking a boffola—which means that we'd be considering everything from the sequence in Diplomaniacs where Woolsey kisses the girl and she swallows his cigar, then puffs smoke without ill effects, up to the scene in Animal Crackers where Harpo shoots at the statue and the statue shoots back. We'd have to admit Laurel and Hardy, Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon, Semon, all the Sennett gang, Abbott and Costello, Hope and Crosby in the Road pictures, Martin and Lewis, and literally thousands of others. Fantasy elements here? To be sure. But no primary accent, except perhaps in deliberate instances such as Just Imagine.

Again, Mr. Ford has included a number of "abstractionist" or avant-garde experiments. Bunel's work, for example, and Cocteau's. Once more, inclusion of same is debatable: these pictures were not designed to emphasize the fantasy elements per se, but as shock vehicles: exercises in baffling the aud-

ience or (to judge from some of the public statements made by their creators at the time) to insult, bewilder, and belittle the audience. Bunel dragged in effects in order to poke a finger in the audience's eye.

There is a third class of film on Mr. Ford's list which I find well within the terms of my own evaluations: discussion of them was omitted because, as I said, I wasn't writing a book or attempting complete coverage. In some instances (Dead of Night, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, etc.) I've made previous mentions in other articles in other magazines. For example, my "Calling Dr. Caligari" in Fantastic Worlds a few years back. It will comfort Mr. Ford to know that Fritz Leiber called my attention to these same omissions.

Incidentally, I believe I can offer Mr. Ford some information about a film he mentions in which Paul Muni played a part. The title was Angel on My Shoulder, and Claude Rains—not Muni—played the Devil, with a fine assist from Fritz Kortner as a baldheaded fiend. Muni's first film, the silent Seven Faces, was also a fantasy.

Apparently, Mr. Ford and I part company over the matter of primary accent, and whether or not the science or fantasy is included honestly as the basic theme or merely as a "gimmick" to evoke chills, laughs, or serve as the background for a love story or a chase-suspense yarn. By his broader definition, he is certainly correct. I merely submit that by my narrow definition I can be construed to be correct, too. As to whether or not I am right or wrong in setting up so narrow a definition—that's another, and totally different question.

Editorial Notes

The next few lines, which are very few, we'll have to devote to announcements, as much as we'd like to ramble on anent the unsolved mysteries of the Universe.

First of all, I know a lot of you are expecting a second instalment of MASTERS OF THE METROPOLIS, since you've written in expressing your eager anticipation. It's not here because there wasn't one written, and neither Lin, Randy or I thought you'd take that "CONTINUED" line seriously. It was all part of the gag. However, you can read the existing five chapters again, in a somewhat different version, in a future issue of F&SF, providing the re-write proves satisfactory. F&SF has also accepted for future publication THE SHIP by William Nolan & Charles Fritch (INSIDE #8). So I guess it's now safe for all of you to let your subscriptions expire and spend your money on copies of F&SF, which is a better-type magazine anyhow.

Secondly, Richard Kyle disclaims authorship of a letter attributed to him which appeared in #10. It seems someone else sent the letter in with his name attached, a practice we heartily disapprove of, and Mr. Kyle takes exception to the views expressed therein. May we express our hope that this sort of thing doesn't happen again?

Just room enough to give next issue's line-up: SFA: TEN YEARS OF TRADITION by Edward Wood, WEIRD TALES IN RETROSPECT by August Derleth, WORST FOOT FORWARD by Robert Bloch and part two of Lin Carter's LOVECRAFT: THE BOOKS, plus the usual features: paper, Manila envelope and stamp. See you then...RS

SCIENCE FICTION

NEWS LETTER

SHAW BITES DUST: (New York) Larry Shaw, brilliant young editor of INFINITY Science Fiction, and SUSPECT, a mystery book, has announced his engagement to Shirley Hoffman, the ex-leading fake fan of Savannah, Ga. Miss Hoffman moved to New York in January to seek fame and fortune, and the announcement followed several weeks later. It is safe to predict this news will rock fandom from Belfast to San Diego.

ELLISON DITTO: (Chester, Penna.) Harlan Ellison, of Cleveland and New York, perhaps the newest fan-turned-author on the science fiction scene, was married on February 19th to Miss Charlotte Bernice Stein, of Chester. Several fans and pros in the S-F field received invitations to the wedding.

ENEY COMES HOME: (Japan) Richard H. Eney, fandom's gift to the military medical forces these past few years, is taking reluctant leave of Japan (and may have returned to the States by the time this is published.) Mail should be addressed to his home, 417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Va.

BLOCH TAKING OVER: (Weyauwega, Wisc.) Robert Bloch has replaced Mari Wolf as the fanzine-review columnist in Bill Hamling's IMAGINATION, and the first issue containing his version of "Fandora's Box" should be on the stands now. Bloch will change the editorial slant to a more informal commentary on the fan press, departing from the conventional type of review as has appeared in the past. Fanzines may be sent to the magazine or direct to him at Box 362, Weyauwega.

ANOTHER WORLD: (New York) The second issue of Marty Greenberg's newspaper, SCIENCE FICTION WORLD, is now on the press and tentative plans call for a regular quarterly appearance henceforth. Bloch and Tucker are the editors; the paper circulates several thousand copies to bookstores, and by direct mail. Free copies are availavle from Gnome Press, 80 East 11th St., NYC.

AT RANDOM: Walter and Madelaine Willis are the parents of a boy, their second child. ** Jan Sadler has dropped her fanzine, SLANDER, and expects to be inactive for the next year or so. ** Likewise, Richard Geis has thrown in the towel, admitting he is "burned out." He had returned material submitted to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. ** George Price is lining up a special Saturday program of the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club, for an early April date. He expects to have several professional writers in appearance. (519 East 41st St., Chicago.) ** The Southerners held their second annual Southeastern S-F Conference in Charlotte, N.C., on March 3 and 4. The site was Atlanta last year. ** Bob Madle has been named American agent for NEBULA Science Fiction ... Scotland's only pro mag. (1620 Anderson St., Charlotte, N.C.) ** Dave Jenrette is coming out with a new fanzine.

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the tale of two pretties

Angela Applewood Aldergate Gay
Was quite a remarkable gal, in her way.
  At six she knew all of the four-letter words,
  And how they applied to the bees and the birds.
    She knew more of sex than most doctors I've seen,
    And she practiced free love at the age of fourteen.
There was hardly a man who had not made a play
For Angela Applewood Aldergate Gay.

Now, Madeline MacIlroy Martindale Drew
Was quite a remarkable young lady, too.
  She was born in a farmhouse in upstate New York,
  And she firmly believed she'd been brought by the stork.
    She could tell boys from girls by the clothing they wore.
    What did Sex mean to her? A Fifth Avenue store.
In fact, it's amazing how little she knew—
Miss Madeline MacIlroy Martindale Drew.

At twenty, Miss Angela married a lad
Who was wealthy and handsome and loved her like mad.
And Madeline, too, shared her bed and her board.
With a guy who had cash and a second-hand Ford.

But Angela Applewood Aldergate Gay
Had a husband who chased her by night and by day.
  At night, when he finally slept, she would moan:
  "Oh, why can't that guy leave his Angie alone?
    Just what does this guy think a housewife is for?
    I'm leaving this jerk! I can't stand it much more!"
So she packed up her baggage and went on her way,
Did Angela Applewood Aldergate Gay.

Madeline MacIlroy Martindale Drew
Was having a difficult time of it, too.
  She had found something new, to her startled delight,
  But her husband, alas, was too sleepy at night.
    And one night, as she lay there, frustrated, she said:
    "You're as cold as a flounder! I wish you were dead!
I am leaving you, Henry, so fooey to you,
From Madeline MacIlroy Martindale Drew."

Now, Angela, sated with sex and with fun,
Has taken her vows as a Catholic nun;
While Madeline gargles her whiskey down neat,
And makes a good living by walking the street

randall garrett

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Cover by Pat Patterson

Interior illustrations by Alan Hunter (pages 2,3,9), Lin Carter (page 11), Frank Jonbrian (page 17), Dan Adkins (pages 23, 26,27,33), Jack Wilson (page 25) and Dave Jenrette (page 36).

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