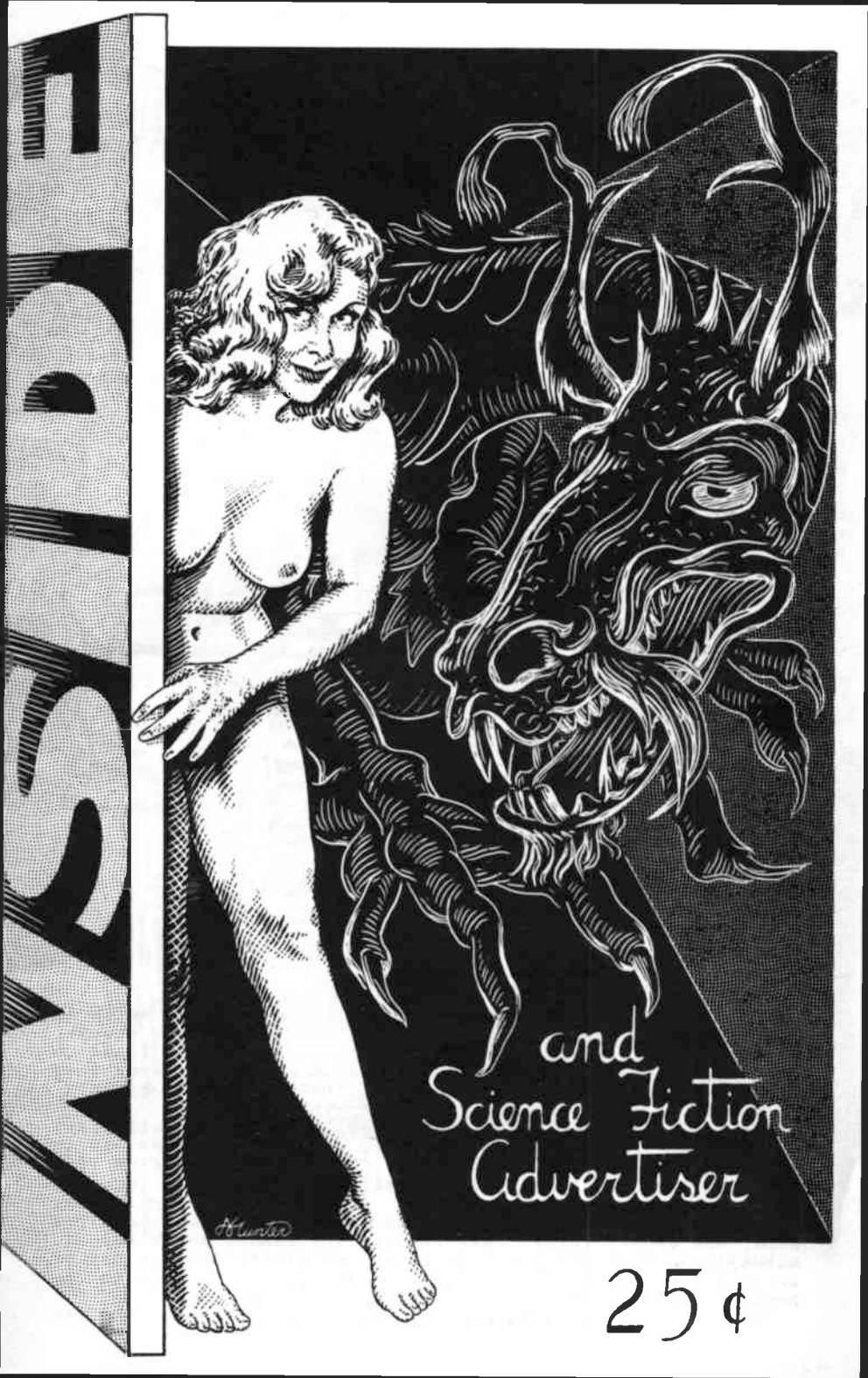
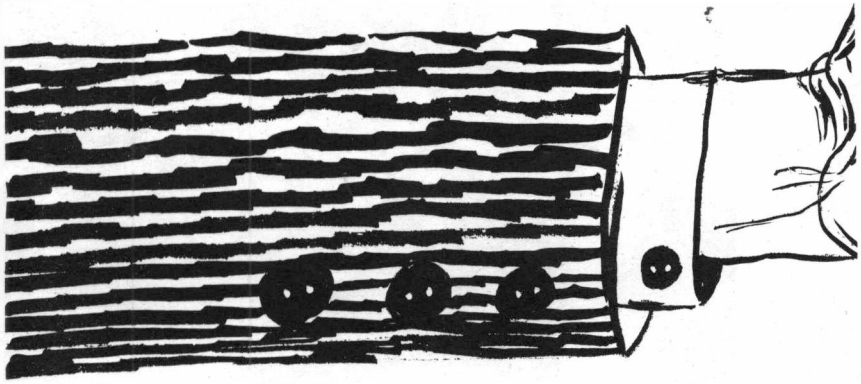

SAPS
and
Science Fiction
Advertiser
A. Hunter
25¢

PSIONICS

THE FIRST ARTICLE ON PSIONICS APPEARED IN THE JUNE 1956 ISSUE OF ASTOUNDING. THE SECOND IN THE AUGUST 1956 ISSUE, THE THIRD IN THE ISSUE FOR FEBRUARY 1957. MR. CAMPBELL HAS ALSO DISCUSSED THE SUBJECT AT LENGTH IN HIS EDITORIALS. AND IN FUTURE #31, ROBERT W. LOWNDES' EDITORIAL, "WHAT WORKS?", CONCERNS ITSELF WITH PSIONICS.

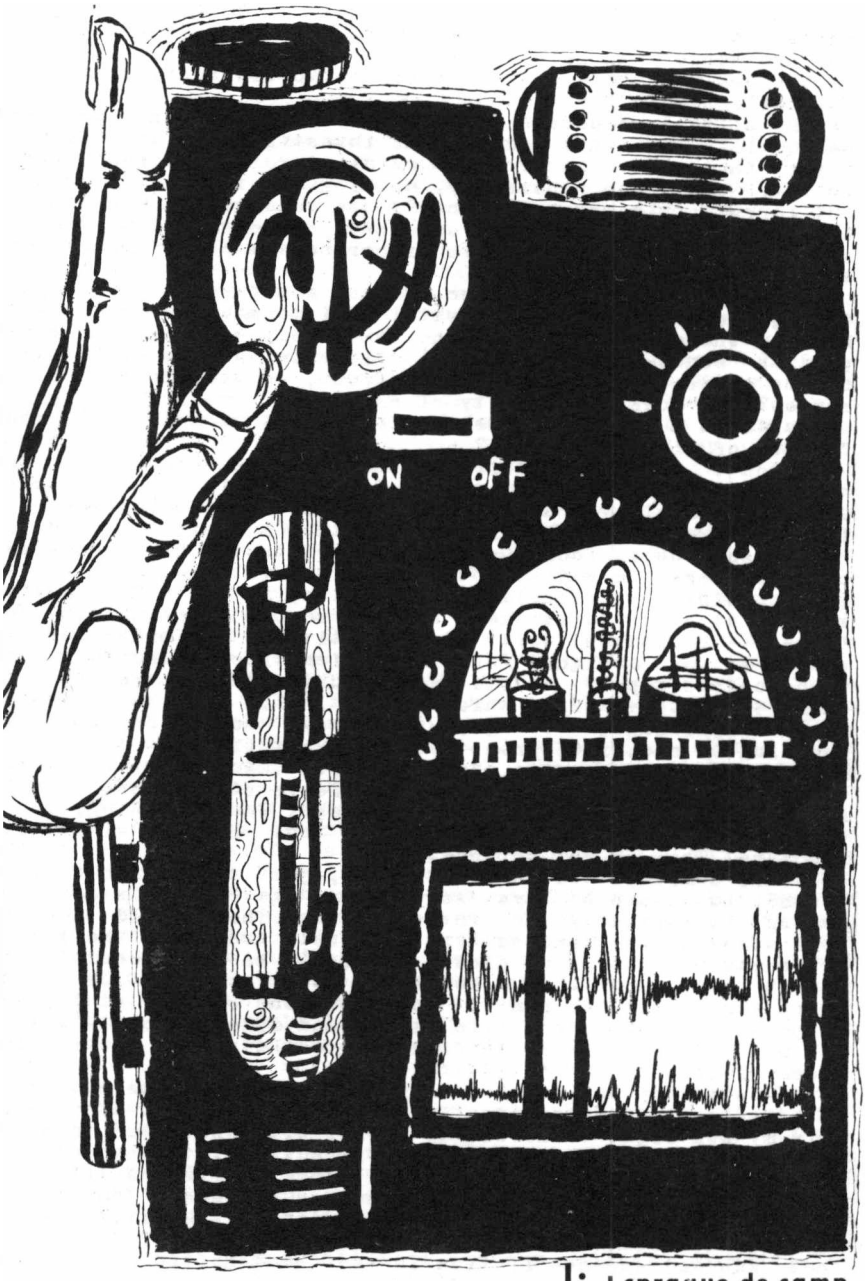


I: L. Sprague de Camp

Now and then men say they have discovered a new science, and found a school of thought or cult around their theory. Sometimes (as with heliocentrism) they are right, at least in part. Sometimes (as in astrology) they are wrong. When they are wrong they may be honestly misled by their data, or self-deceived, or deliberate deceivers of others.

Now, when these revelations appear, how do you tell right from wrong? There is no sure, simple way. The best test is to repeat all the experiments yourself, but this is often impractical. If the leader has the stigmata of a quack (egomania, etc.) the chances are heavily against the theory's being right, though even this is not absolute proof. On the other hand, one cannot infer that, because the leader seems honest, earnest, and intelligent, his theory is right. The history of science is strewn with wrecks of wrong ideas put forth by honest, intelligent men.

Other ways of judging a theory are to ask: (a) Can its



A Discussion

1: l sprague de camp

2: dave mason

3: john w campbell jr

phenomena be objectively recorded and reproduced? And (b) after the school has been working for many years, do their results seem to add up, to make sense, to fit together into a logical scheme?

The alleged phenomena of paranormal mental phenomena do not qualify on either count. Some investigators, for instance, report fantastic runs of Zener cards, far beyond chance probability—but when others try, nothing of the sort happens. Not reproducible. When the cards are read with a sound movie camera looking on, it turns out that people recording the results make consistent errors pro or contra ESP, depending on their preconceived ideas.

Moreover, after all these years, the results of the investigations of Rhine, etc. still fail to make sense. I mean, how can there be a sense in the human body without a corresponding sense-organ? Why don't distance and the orientation of the cards in space have any effect, as they do with other senses? How does the ability of espers to predict the order of cards in a pack not yet shuffled get around the logical fallacy of all time-travel?

I don't say these difficulties can't be surmounted, but nobody has yet surmounted them. So the whole thing is probably a blind alley, a wild-goose chase, a sleeveless errand. If others want to spend time on it, that's their business.

The same objections apply a fortiori to the Hieronymus machines. Here the gadget not only fails to make sense and to give consistently reproducible results; it has no objective results at all. We stroke a box and record feelings in our fingers—the rankest sort of subjectivity. The human sensory system is not designed for exact scientific measurement and is notoriously poor at it. Even assuming that there is anything there to measure, which I doubt, this is like trying to measure amperage, voltage, frequency, and power-factor by shorting an electric circuit through your finger.

Moreover, the results are all lumped together without distinction as to whether the stroker feels stickiness, greasiness, or what-not. Even when the stroker feels nothing, Campbell has called that "significant" too. Heads I win, tails you lose. This is not science.

True, Campbell too says it isn't, just amateurish fooling around, but then he says scientists are lunkheads for not taking it seriously and investigating. They could just as well spend their time setting elaborate traps for the little green men who follow us around but can't be seen because they vanish when we turn our heads to look for them. One might catch such a little man if one spent one's life at it; but suppose one spent one's life at it and didn't? Nobody's time is infinite, and sensible folk devote theirs to activities whose promise of results is brighter.

I don't deny anybody the right to fool around, as amateurs, with any sort of investigation they please. But I also maintain my own right to refuse to bother with what seem to me to be simple cases of pseudo-scientific cultism. I also object, as a reader, to having my favorite genre of fiction all cluttered up with stories based on the assumptions of one or two such cults, merely because certain editors like it that way. It could be that this cultist tendency is one of the things that knocked science fiction in the head before, and it may again.

2: Dave Mason

Just after the New York Convention, I decided to write an

article on psionics. Now I find I can't. But maybe my reasons will, in themselves, be of interest.

I left the convention feeling deeply angered and a little sick. If I had written down what I felt at that time, my article would have been (a) completely truthful and (b) completely and hideously unfair. Because the truth, the whole truth, and the unvarnished truth about psionics would be that the entire affair is another dianetics, full of nonsense, and pseudo-science, signifying nothing as far as the sum of human knowledge is concerned, and that John W. Campbell has written down, under his own name—and not that of the inventor of the psionic machine—a number of things which are patently untrue, but in which he apparently believes firmly. In addition, he has made statements which contradict themselves and never noticed it.

If I were to document all this, in detail, I would be writing down the whole truth, as far as the facts go, about psionics. But this is one of those instances when the truth becomes insufficient. All that I have said in the above paragraph is as true as the statement, "Man is a lump of meat." He is. But, in the wrong context, that statement is a kind of lie.

I charged out of the convention determined to find out what the right context was. I spent a week, digging, in a blind rage much of the time. A week isn't enough, a year wouldn't be enough, to make a man an expert on the inner world of any other man; but a week has been enough to learn how not to do a psionics article.

At the convention, Campbell said that the machines were not machines; that they were not electronic, in spite of their original design as such; and that logic and science could not be applied to their analysis. If this can be taken as true, in a literal sense, then I cannot see how any further discussion would be possible. I would like to know, first of all, if Mr. Campbell will repeat the above statement, and possibly clarify it. If we are not to talk about psionics as if it were a part of science, how are we to talk about it?

If the machines are not machines but something like the mystical symbols of religion, I, for one, will have nothing more to say about them. I happen to believe that the Roman Catholic Church is a dangerous and deadly political enemy, as an organization. But I do not ever discuss, with a Catholic, the various points of Catholic belief. I don't because these matters are like the psionic machine, beyond logic and beyond science, and therefore, beyond discussion.

However, if the machines are to be discussed, I would like to do so. But I would do so only on the level of science. To begin with, the phenomena of suggestion and low-level hypnosis would appear to have a great deal to do with the operation of the gadgets. I would, as far as possible, explore such connections. If any area remained that could not be fitted in, I would assume that there might be a real, but undetected, electrical phenomenon present. I would use known methods of detection and analysis to find out what charge, if any, might not appear on a plastic plate under the circumstances given. Static, for example, can play very odd tricks; but static is detectable, and identifiable. So is the kind of stray rf which plays hell with my own gadgets from time to time, and I have been knocked twenty feet by a capacitor I thought wasn't charged at all.

That, in general, is the kind of analysis and discussion I'd be willing to carry on about psionics. But if, at any point, anyone tried to sell psionic machines as cures for something, I'd get rather annoyed. It's hard enough for the

orthodox scientist, filling out forms with one hand, kicking FBI men out from under his workbench, and trying to push the frontier ahead by a decimal point or two, without having someone in a turban turn up with a thingummy that cures the hives.

I don't for a moment suggest that Campbell would sponsor anything along these lunatical lines. But dianetics looked honest to Campbell, too, and that particular charlatanry has led to more mental damage in five years than any other ten systems put together have in a century.

Let's face it, the first thing I discovered about Mr. Campbell was that he had one large flaw in common with the rest of us. He's a born sucker. And so be you and I, but we don't have an opportunity to publish the fact quite so widely. There's something Mr. Campbell wants, very badly, and it's something a lot of us want. By our deepest desires we are led into sin, even by the desire for holiness; I think that was Thomas Aquinas. I've been suckered, too. And I come up every time, bright eyed, bushy tailed, and ready to be taken all over again. Because I want what Campbell wants, too —possibly worse than he does.

What we want, you and I and John Campbell and the guy over there with his head on the bar is pretty simple. WE WANT THE ANSWERS. All of them. We want something we can be dead sure of. Some of us take it the easy way, with a header into the Catholic Church, or dianetics, or the Communist Party. Once we're in, we get our eardrums punctured, our eyes unfocussed, and they give us a little card in Braille, containing all the answers and all the questions, too. Then we can die happy, and we usually do.

But some of us, perpetual Hamlets, keep wandering in and out with all those questions in our hands, like Yorick's skull, inscrutable and calcified with age. We get kicked out of the Party because we don't find the answers good enough; we get kicked out of the Church for heresy; we get kicked out of Campbell's room for looking under tables—we're a bad lot. And it gets us nowhere, after all. The other side has the wrong answers, and we have none at all.

I would like to hear Mr. Campbell's opinions on the psionic machine, I really would. I'd love to argue about that capacitor with one impossibly grounded side that appears in his diagram of the machine; I'd adore setting up experiments and controls for them. But I don't think it's going to happen that way. I think, in a way that Campbell never meant, that these matters are indeed beyond logic, and that all I or any other materialist can do is to sit back, weeping, while the White Knight rides by.

3: John W. Campbell, Jr.

First, Sprague's suggestions as to how to tell the sound from the unsound proponents of new ideas doesn't work so good, I'm afraid. A more violently egocentric, fanatical, vituperative man than Galileo would be hard to find. A man can be just as thoroughly monomanic about a right idea as he can about a wrong one; the violence of manner results from his efforts to overcome the resistance to his ideas, not from the nature of the ideas. Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday, most of the All Time Greats, you'll find on careful investigation, were gentlemen with red-hot tempers, and a remarkable command of scathing language.

The great trouble with the Greeks, of old, was that they held that experimentation was beneath the dignity of a true

philosopher; Logic and Logic alone was to be used to determine rightness or wrongness.

Too much of the attitude remains intact today in many people. Logically, Marconi couldn't send radio waves across the Atlantic; the bulk of the planet lay in between his stations, so it was obvious nonsense. (Later they learned about ionosphere reflections, but only after Marconi's gadgets did the impossible.)

I'm simply suggesting that some phenomona-field beyond the current space-time system is needed to explain completely documented individual cases of psi effects. I think Rhine's work is futile, myself—he's trying to establish the existance of psi, when the existance of something-or-other is perfectly obvious. The problem is to determine the nature of that something.

As to the existance of the something: Edgar Cayce, for some 40 years, consistently demonstrated clairvoyant ability. No investigator of Cayce—and there were many—ever denied that he had something; they simply denied that it made sense. There have been hundreds of individual instances of the something at work that have been documented. The culture around us is pulling a trick gimmick that conceals the situation: if each individual instance is denied on the basis—"Things like this never happen! It's impossible! Why, if this were real, there would be records of it in history!"—there never will be any instance accepted in the records. If each instance is denied on the basis of no-previous record, then no record can ever be established! And then, of course, the record is such as to make it possible to say that there is no previous record.

Science claims to hold that any regularity in nature must be considered a clue to the existance of a phenomonon. I suggest that the fact that every human culture except our own accepts the reality of psi phenomona is a regularity in nature—since many of those human cultures have had absolutely no contact with each other for periods longer, by a factor of 3 to 10 times, than the span of recorded history. If you find the same fundamental understandings among Australian Bushmen and Incas and Norsemen, maybe there's something fundamental there, huh?

Sprague says, in effect, that since the difficulties have not yet been surmounted, the whole thing is probably a blind alley. My, my! And he writes science fiction, too! As of 1935, no one had surmounted the difficulties of extracting useful energy from the nucleus of an atom either.

Agreed in full that the Hieronymus machine doesn't "make sense" within the scheme of present space-time physics-science. Neither does Information Theory, as a matter of fact. The information content of a message has absolutely nothing whatever to do with any space-time characteristic. It isn't predictably related to mass, energy content, color, texture, or anything else describable in space-time parameters. It's purely a subjective thing, isn't it? Since it's so purely subjective, there's no point in discussing it, huh?

As Bob Bloch said, "There's nothing to this telepathy business. It's all in the mind."

I agree most heartily that psionics is purely subjective. Goody, goody! Now we have a word for it, so we don't need to do anything more about it—we can just chant "It's all subjective!" in the proper ritual tones, and it'll go away.

Yeah...but what is a subjective phenomonon? What does "subjective" mean?

Sprague's damnation of anything that can't be measured with non-organic meters is very fine just now. Wonder where

physics would be if we denied the validity of human sensing systems completely—and thereby denied all the fundamental experiments of physics that started with eyes for optical studies, ears for studying acoustics, and human tactile sense for detecting heat? So we don't have adequate instruments yet; neither did any other field at the start.

Lots of people want to immigrate to the United States now that it's highly developed and organized; immigration to North America wasn't so all-fired popular when it was a howling wilderness; Sprague prefers to wait till it is nicely tamed, organized, and laid out for easy inspection.

The people who do that organizing, however, are apt to establish immigration quotas about that time; that seems to be a human tendency.

So far as consistent reproducibility of results goes, be it noted that the results that can be obtained from stroking a violin are not consistently reproducible either. Some people can and some can't. This proves, maybe, that violins are nonsense?

I have learned that Eric Jones, one of the English fans, built a copy of the Hieronymus machine from the June 1956 Astounding. He reported to one of the British fan groups that he had gotten results generally comparable to those I obtained.

This seems to me to indicate that Hieronymus has achieved a very important milestone; he was able to describe, in objective language, a series of actions which, when carried out, yielded a device which produced a predicted effect. Acting on his verbal instructions, I did as he said, and observed the results he predicted. Eric Jones, acting on my description, produced a device which did as predicted.

Ever try making Hollandaise Sauce? You'll find recipes in most cookbooks. Some cooks can follow the recipe and quite consistently get smooth, golden sauce; most ordinary cooks, on trying it, get a curdy mess. The fact remains that Hollandaise Sauce is consistently reproducible—for some people.

Mason's comments are, of course, completely unspecific, simple statements of opinion. His statements are absolutely true, and I accept in full that they are true; he does genuinely consider that I've been suckered. This is an undeniable fact; a friend of mine was seriously bothered a few years back by some little green monkeys that kept annoying him This, too, was an absolutely true statement; it was his opinion that there were green monkeys present, and the situation was in fact bothering him.

The whole difficulty is that, as Sprague says, we have no way of measuring subjective reality—the correlation between subjective and objective reality systems. Subjective realities are real—at their own level. Objective realities are real too—but at a different level.

The unsolved problem of science—the problem that psionics seeks to handle—is the problem of learning how to establish a clearly measurable relationship between subjective and objective reality systems.

Dave Mason sincerely believes what he states; that is a subjective reality, and as such is absolutely unarguable. It is a fact.

I believe something different. That also is a subjective fact.

The problem is that there exists, in all human understanding, no means of measuring the relative value of the correlation between two subjective facts and an objective fact.

I think that something in that order is badly needed.

But that, too, of course, is simply a subjective fact.

e e smith ph d

"In the beginning

God created the heaven and the earth—and God said 'Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life...Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind'...God created man in His own image...male and female created He them."

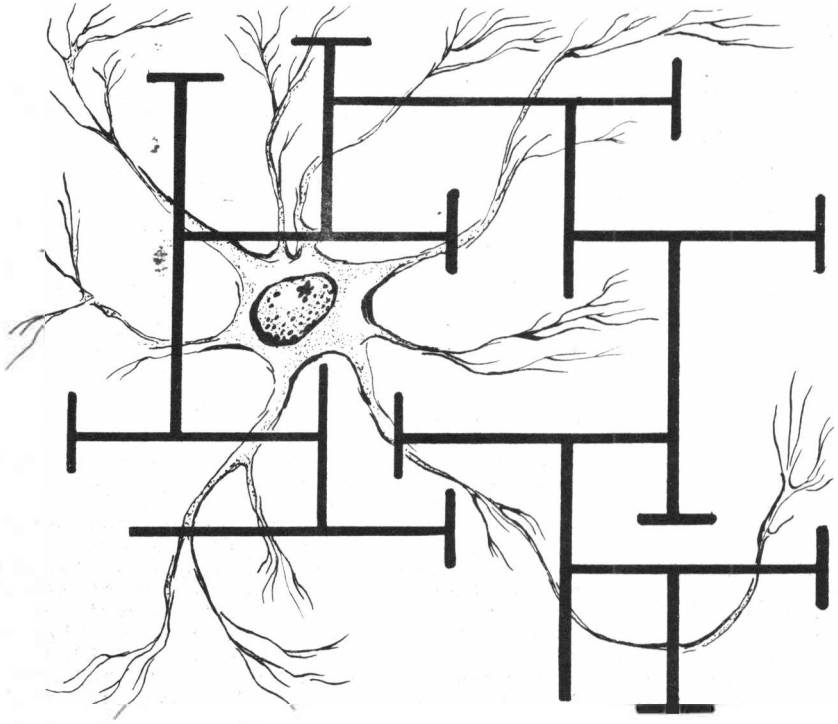
Or, to quote the shorter, snappier version as given in the Gospel according to Saint John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God...All things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made that was made."

The question "Where did life come from?" has plagued mankind ever since the first man started to think; and the ascription of life's beginning to an omnipotent Being or beings must be almost as old.

Arrhenius' Hypothesis, of life-spores pervading all space, driven through the void by the pressure of light, answers the question only as far as Earth is concerned. It does not touch the real problem at all.

With due deference to any null-A logicians who may be present, the earliest thinkers must have been driven to an either-or conclusion: Life was either created by a god or it came about by spontaneous generation from simple substances. This problem, as stated, is still with us.

If life had in fact been created by supernatural means its explanation lay, by definition, outside the realms of science. That left only the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, which was, in fact, very widely held. Worms came from mud;



maggots and flies from decaying meat, and so on. Few, even among scientists, doubted it. Aristotle, Newton, William Harvey, Descartes, van Helmont; all believed it. Some theologians, notably the English Jesuit John Turberville Needham, could subscribe to it, for Genesis does not say that God created life directly, but that He instructed the waters and the earth to bring life forth.

However, about a hundred years ago, this theory hit the rocks. Sterile mud did not produce anything; sterile meat did not rot. Pasteur, driven to more and more conclusive experiments by the loud-mouthed opposition, knocked the last props out from under the idea of spontaneous generation of life. For, if life ever had generated itself spontaneously, it should still be doing so, and it very definitely was not.

This logic was apparently unimpeachable and left no tenable theory at all for those scientists who were unwilling to believe in supernatural creation. This was the state of things when I started writing, and the fact that the theory hadn't changed by that time and that it didn't change for thirty years thereafter were due to the state of science itself at that time.

Science was much simpler then than it is now. Everything could be modeled in three dimensions. Atoms were perfectly hard, perfectly elastic, and indivisible. Indivisible, that is, except for a couple of elements such as radium, which could be regarded (in a highly over-simplified sense, of course) as exceptions proving the rule. Einstein had propounded his theory, but few people knew of it, and of those few only a handful took any stock in it. Einstein, Rutherford, Soddy, the Curies, and a couple of others were tearing the classical physics up by the roots, but practically nobody was listening. Atomic energy was and always would be impossible; physically, mathematically, intuitively, logically, starkly and eternally impossible. Anybody who thought atomic energy possible had simply flipped his lid.

The universe was small. Only the boldest astronomers, such as Shapley and Leavitt, were beginning to think in terms of thousands of light-years—to say nothing of millions and billions of parsecs.

Planets were very scarce items. Rigorous mathematical analysis showed that not more than two planetary systems could exist at any given time in our entire galaxy, with the probability very great that there could be only one. Thus it was practically certain that our solar system was the only one in the galaxy either supporting life or capable of doing so.

Furthermore, since very few scientists would do more than concede the bare possibility of life on either Mars or Venus, it was generally believed that one planet, our Earth, was the only planet in existence upon which life did or could exist. Wherefore, life became a very minor and exceedingly fleeting excrescence upon the two-dimensional surface of one submicroscopic bit of the inorganic immensity of the Cosmic All.

In fact, more than one scientist of repute came to regard life as a sort of disease of inorganic matter—a purely accidental infection of this one world.

During the forty years since that time, physics and astronomy were revolutionized; but those studying the mystery of the origin of life made practically no progress for some thirty of those years. Then came a new method of attack, which may have been begun by the Russian biochemist A. I. Oparin, whose book, THE ORIGIN OF LIFE, was first published in 1936 and republished by Dover Publications in 1953. At least George Wald, professor of biology at Harvard and one of the world's leading authorities on the chemistry of vision

(whose article, "The Origin of Life", in the August 1954 issue of Scientific American is very highly recommended) gives a great deal of credit to Oparin—adding, modestly, "Much can be added now to Oparin's discussion."

Wald says: "I think a scientist has no choice but to approach the origin of life through a hypothesis of spontaneous generation. What...(was)...untenable is only the belief that living organisms arise spontaneously under present conditions. We have now to face a somewhat different problem; how organisms may have arisen spontaneously under different conditions in some former period, granted that they do so no longer."

What are the requirements for such an event to come about? They are so fantastic as to justify, at first glance, the word "impossible". For, besides mineral salts and water, we must have a great many organic compounds, ranging from merely complex to exceedingly complex, come together not only in certain exact amounts, but also in minutely exact spatial configurations. We must have carbohydrates, fats, proteins—themselves composed of some twenty-five amino acids—nucleic acids and, above all, enzymes.

"Ridiculous!" is the first, and justified, reaction; at first glance the probability of the necessary exactitude, quantitative and structural, appears vanishingly small.

But is it, actually? Take, for instance, the supposedly all-important enzymes. They are not, at first, necessary at all. An enzyme is merely a catalyst; its only effect is to speed up a reaction. Without the enzyme, the reaction which now takes place in one second might take an hour or a month. What of that? Earth had thousands of millions of years.

Whether or not the atmosphere of young Earth contained any oxygen, it is agreed that it did contain methane, ammonia, hydrogen and water vapor. And S. L. Miller, a student under Harold Urey, subjected a mixture of the above gases to an electric spark for one week. The resultant solution, analyzed by the exceedingly delicate and precise techniques of paper chromatography, contained a surprisingly high amount of a mixture of amino acids, the building blocks of proteins!

Now as to probability. Mathematically, in an infinity of time, any conceivable event, no matter how fantastic, not only can happen; it must happen. Of course, life has not had an infinity of time in which to develop; it has had only a couple of thousands of millions of years. The question is, therefore, has it had time enough?

It probably has. For any probability, however small, becomes virtually certain if enough trials are made. For instance, an event having a probability of one in a thousand, after ten thousand trials, will almost certainly have happened at least once: its probability now having become nineteen thousand nine hundred ninety - nine twenty - thousandths (19,999/20,000).

No probability figure can be given for the occurrence of a living cell, since we do not know either what constitutes a trial or the time covered in the trials. I can say, however, that the opportunities for trials were inconceivably numerous and that the time involved was inconceivably long.

With significant quantities of demonstrable and identifiable amino acids produced in a laboratory in one week's time, it is evident that the probability of spontaneous generation is no longer infinitesimal, but has been increased by several orders of magnitude. For, with large quantities of amino acids and other organic compounds dissolving in the salts-rich oceans of early Earth, the occurrence of carbohydrates, fats, proteins, nucleic acids, and quite possibly even en-

zymes, becomes virtually certain. If these compounds were stable enough—that is, if they did not decompose too quickly—the spontaneous generation of living cells would also become virtually certain.

Were they stable enough? They probably were. The two great destroyers of organic matter are free oxygen and decay. The former, by premise, did not then exist on Earth. Neither did the latter, since decay is caused by living organisms. There remains, of course, the possibility of spontaneous dissolution, which could have been operating constantly against the assumed synthesis. Much has been written—much too much to go into here—about the balance of these two factors and the most probable location of the point of equilibrium. After full consideration of all available data, however, Wald makes out a very strong case for spontaneous generation. To quote one of his conclusions:

"We have no need to try to imagine the spontaneous formation of an organism by one grand collision of all its component molecules. The whole process must be gradual. The molecules form aggregates, small and large. The aggregates add further molecules, thus growing in size and complexity. Aggregates of various kinds interact with one another to form still larger and more complex structures. In this way we imagine the ascent, not by jumps or master strokes, but gradually, piecemeal, to the first living organism."

Now apply the above reasonings and conclusions to the planet Jupiter. It has been held, long and insistently, that life as we know it is impossible there because of the absense of oxygen and the fact that (in spite of the wonderful job Hal Clement did on "Mission of Gravity") hydrogen at a hundred or so degrees below zero is not chemically acceptable as the reactive ingredient of an atmosphere.

But there is methane on Jupiter—plenty of it. There is plenty of lightning. Likewise plenty of ammonia and hydrogen and so on. And Jupiter has plenty of time; much more time than our Earth ever had. It is therefore definitely possible—in fact, it seems now quite probable—that life as we know it is developing on Jupiter right now; and that life as we know it will come into being on Jupiter, possibly even before Earth becomes a dry and barren ball such as Mars now is.

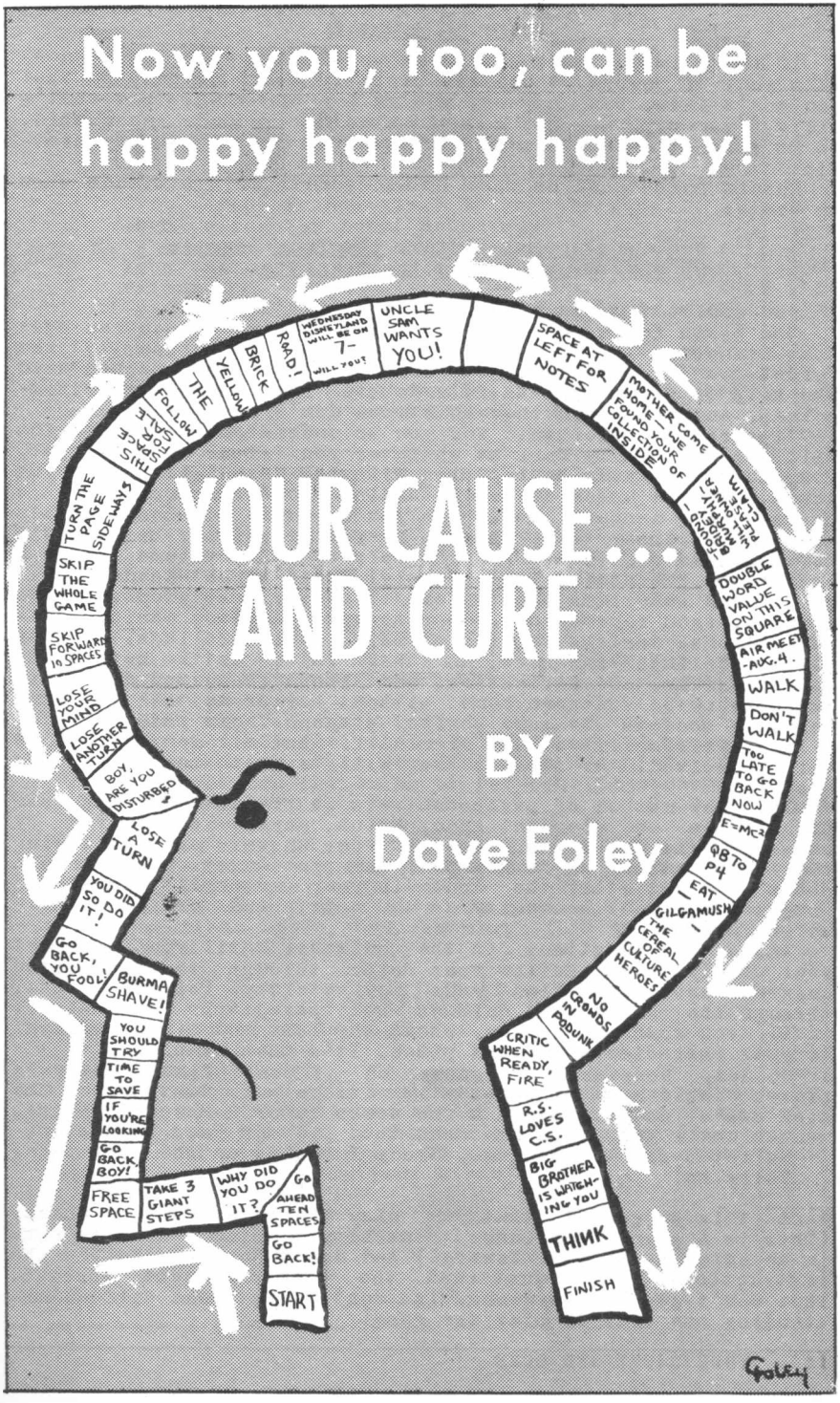
Finally, let us consider the possible extent of life throughout the macrocosmic universe. Astronomers now believe that there are many millions of solar systems in our galaxy instead of only our one. There are, in all probability, thousands of millions of galaxies. There probably are, therefore, thousands of millions of millions of planets, the majority of which, on cooling, could have atmospheres of water vapor, methane, ammonia and sydrogen, and could therefore develop life more or less similar to that which developed here on Earth.

When I wrote the old SKYLARK I had not even the faintest suspicion that I would live to see science develop a thing to make Richard Seaton's atomic X-plosive look like a firecracker. Nevertheless, science did just that.

When I plotted the Lensman series I was <u>sure</u> I was on safe ground—but I wasn't. It has now become more than a possibility that such things as Velantians, Palainians, Chickladorians—even Lyranians—do in fact exist. So I am now waiting eagerly for science to come up with Nels Berganholm's inertialess drive.

I want to go out there and see.

(This article, originally intended for publication in DIMENSIONS, courtesy Harlan Ellison.)


Now you, too, can be happy happy happy!
YOUR CAUSE... AND CURE
BY
Dave Foley
START
GO BACK!
GO AHEAD TEN SPACES
WHY DID YOU DO IT?
TAKE 3 GIANT STEPS
FREE SPACE
GO BACK, BOY!
IF YOU'RE LOOKING
TIME TO SAVE
YOU SHOULD TRY
BURMA SHAVE!
GO BACK, YOU FOOL!
YOU DID SO DO IT!
LOSE A TURN
BOY, ARE YOU DISTURBED?
LOSE ANOTHER TURN
LOSE YOUR MIND
SKIP FORWARD 10 SPACES
SKIP THE WHOLE GAME
TURN THE PAGE SIDEWAYS
THIS SPACE FOR SALE
FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD!
WEDNESDAY DISNEYLAND WILL BE ON 7- WILL YOU?
UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU!
SPACE AT LEFT FOR NOTES
MOTHER COME HOME — WE FOUND YOUR COLLECTION OF INSIDE
FOUND — MONKEY — PLEASE CLAIM
DOUBLE WORD VALUE ON THIS SQUARE
AIR MEET - AUG. 4.
WALK
DON'T WALK
TOO LATE TO GO BACK NOW
E=MC²
QB TO P4
EAT GILGAMUSH — THE CEREAL OF CULTURE HEROES
NO CROMDS IN POOUNK
CRITIC WHEN READY, FIRE
R.S. LOVES C.S.
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
THINK
FINISH
Foley

Introduction

If there is one person in the world that you don't know, it's you. Of course, there are probably a lot of people that you don't know, but anyway, you're one of them. "But that's silly," you say, "if not me, who else?" It sounds reasonable, to be sure—I even believe it myself. But it's unpsychiatric.

Robert Burns told us what is wrong with this attitude when he wrote:

> Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', timorous beastie.
> Oh what a panic's in thy breastie.

You couldn't get a thing like that past old Bob.

The plain facts in the matter are that no person can ever know himself. This is because people are too close to the forest to see the trees, or something. Anyway, people need the help of psychiatrists in order to fully understand themselves, and even then they sometimes don't make it.

It's really important for you to understand yourself. You will almost surely fail at whatever you try to do—your job, your marriage, your hobby, all will be dismal flops if you don't have the knack of understanding yourself completely.

But don't despair! Although you once were able to obtain the aid necessary only through a psychiatrist, this little book changes all that. With the help of this volume, you can easily and pleasantly (and cheaply) achieve what used to take months and sometimes even years to accomplish. You can free yourself from repressions, depressions, phobias, manias, hallucinations, desires to kill or maim, guilt feelings, lack of guilt feelings—in short, anything in the entire catalog of mental quirks, eccentricities, and abberations, and do it in the privacy of your own home without having to tell all your horrible secrets to some perfect stranger. In this way, you will come finally to know yourself, and all your problems will be solved. Or perhaps they will be just beginning. Who knows?

This new method of psychoanalysis is presented in the form of a simple and pleasant game, which anyone can play.* By answering the questions, scoring your answers and following the instructions as to keywords and procedures, you can in a short time untie all the knots in your personality, and join the life of your community as an active and excruciatingly normal member.

Answer the questions in the quizzes, until you find out your color. Then follow your color through the specified quizzes until you find your key waterway. Follow that, through the subsequent quizzes and paragraphs of analysis until you reach the ocean, where the last and final judgment of your character will take place. It's that simple.

Do not, however, be discouraged if your final analysis proves unpleasant or apparently irrevelant. Just put the book aside, and try again a few weeks later. Proceed in this manner until you reach an ocean that pleases you. Then stop.

So let's get to the game. Group I begins on the next page.

Tally ho!

*And it is suggested that you play the game. Don't cheat. (This is a sign of an inner hostility, which takes its form in an outer hostility. Beware!) And don't be lazy. Follow the instructions. Don't just read the book straight through. That won't get you anywhere. It won't help your self-understanding one bit. So play the game!

GROUP I

	a	b
(1) Why did you hate your father? Was it because (a) He hated you? If so, check A. (b) Your mother hated you? If so, check A. (c) Your father hated your mother? If so, check B. (d) You and your father and your mother hated your grandmother? If so, check B.		
(2) Do you have regular bowel movements? If you have regular bowel movements, check A. Your analysis ends here. Give the book to a friend. If you do not have regular bowel movements, check B.		
(3) If you do not have regular bowel movements (and if you do, what the hell are you doing answering this question? Can't you read?), are you distrubed about it? If so, check B. If not, check A.		
(4) Do you ever feel a desire to eat newspapers? If so, check B. If not, check B.		
(5) Are you reading this book on the toilet? If so, check B. If not, check A.		
(6) Do you have more than ten fingers or ten toes? If so, check B. If not, check A.		
(7) If you do not have more than ten fingers or ten toes, do you wish you had? If so, check A. If not, check B.		
(8) Do you sometimes feel that the world around you is all hard reality while you are but a dream? Do you feel that you are following or persecuting someone? If so, check B. If not, check A.		
total		

Total your answers. If you had more A's than B's go on to Group II, immediately following.

If you had more B's than A's, you cheated. Go back and answer the questions again, and remember this time that you're being watched.

GROUP II

	a	b
(9) Are you afraid of depths? If so, check A. If not, check B.		
(10) Do you ever get the feeling that there is some mystery concerning your birth? Do you ever think that you are really a courier of the United Planets, bound for Barsoom. Do you ever get an overwhelming urge to kiss your elbow? If so, check A. If not, don't answer. Please.		
(11) Have you ever committed suicide? If so, lie down. If not, check B.		
(12) Do you believe that your birth was an event of		

great importance to the world, and that it changed the course of history?
If so, check A and B.
If not, check B and A.

(13) Do you place much importance on your relationship with
(a) Dogs? If so, check B.
(b) Birds (especially owls)? If so, check B.
(c) Ancestors? If so, check B.
(d) Reading on the toilet? If so, check A.

(14) Which would be more likely to frighten you: a movie starring
(a) Lassie? If so, check A.
(b) Frankenstein's monster? If so, check A.
(c) Bugs Bunny? If so, check B.
(d) Randolph Scott? If so, check B.

(15) Do you feel that, in your relationships with people, you are inclined to be turgid or is your attitude towards others tempered by a desire to make yourself known and liked through good works and happy songs?
If so, check A.
If not, check B.

total	

If you answered more A's than B's, your key color is MUD MAUVE. Follow it whenever asked. Now go on to Group III immediately following.

If you answered more B's than A's, skip the next quizzes and go on to Paragraph 10 in the analysis section.

GROUP III

(16) How many times since moving into your present home has the seat of your toilet been painted?
(a) Once every year? If so, check B.
(b) Twice a year? If so, check B.
(c) Quarterly? If so, check B.
(d) Bi-monthly? If so, check B.
(e) Twice a day? If so, check B.
(f) Not at all? If so, check A, you slob.

(17) When you were a child, did you ever collect
(a) Beetles? If so, check A.
(b) Model torture machines? If so, check A.
(c) Stamps? If so, skip the rest of this quiz and go on to paragraph 2 in the Analysis Section.
(d) Members of the opposite sex? If so, check B.

a	b
total	

If you answered more A's than B's, your key waterway is the RIVER STYX. Follow it whenever asked. Now turn to Paragraph 6 in the Analysis Section.

If you answered more B's than A's, your key color is BLACK. Now go on to Group IV, immediately following.

GROUP IV

(18) Do you consider yourself to be of higher intelligence than
(a) A policeman? If so, check A.
(b) A neuclear physicist? If so, check A.
(c) Your best friend? If so, check B.

a	b

(d) A whooping crane? If so, check B.

(19) Do you like milk?
If so, check B.
If not, check A.

(20) During the course of an average day, how much milk do you drink?
(a) One pint? If so, check A.
(b) One quart? If so, check A.
(c) One gallon? If so, check Grade A.
(d) Not any, at all, ever? If so, check B.

(21) Are your bowel movements affected by milk?
If so, check A.
If not, check B.

(22) Do you like to drink milk on the toilet?
If so, ugh.
If not, check B.

total

If you answered more A's than B's, go on to Paragraph 9 in the Analysis Section.

If you answered more B's than A's, go on to Paragraph 72 where all your problems will be solved.

ANALYSIS

1

Your childhood was hampered by inadequate toilet training. It is for this reason that you feel nervous with strangers and other types, and are regarded as a party-pooper by your circle of acquaintances. You achieve true happiness only on the stool, preferably with a book. How many times have you had to excuse yourself from some gay revel because of an overwhelming urge to seek sanctuary in the tiled quiet of a bathroom? How many times have you broken off a love affair because the object of your affections did not see eye to eye with you on the toilet? That is, on your toilet habits? Your problem is a basically simple, and at the same time, basically complex one. In you, what otherwise might be a perfectly normal and balanced personality is being tossed hither and yon by your peristaltic waves, like driftwood. Come out into the sun.

Now turn to Paragraph 12.

2

Although, in your childhood, you may have succeeded in deluding yourself into thinking that you collected stamps because you liked stamp collecting, your sub-conscious has known the truth all along. Your love of stamps stemmed from the fact that you enjoyed licking things with glue on them. Think back. When you got your allowance, did you not often go to the store and buy a package of envelopes, and then take them some place and methodically seal them all? Even today, when you buy envelopes, do you not find that you always choose the business-type because there is more glue on the longer flap? This is a very definite and distinct problem in you, and it is symptomatic of a desire for the recognition of your fellow men. Not having yet achieved this, you release your frustration on stamps and envelopes, and satisfy your ambition in this way. But the resulting peace of mind never lasts, and soon you find yourself buying the stuff once more and releasing your frustration in an orgy of paper, glue and saliva.

Now go on to paragraph 13.

3

You are the kind of person who attaches too much importance to physical realization. Your attitude towards the opposite sex is hampered by a strong sense of multiplicity, and it is for this reason that you have had so great a success in your amours. The average member of the sex opposite from yours likes people of the sex opposite from theirs, or people of your sex, in other words, to be strong in the face of unhappiness and sorrow, for they know that it is only through this strength that the full flower of your dormant emotional capacity can be achieved.

Now go on to Paragraph 17.

4

	a	b
(23) Do you ever get the feeling that your key waterway is a-risin', and the gin is a-gettin' low? If so, check A. If not, check B.		
(24) Do you like to be alone? If so, check A. If not, check B. (If you answered this question with a B, skip question no. 25 and go on to question no. 26.)		
(25) Do you like to be alone by yourself, or with someone? (a) Alone? If so, check A. (b) If not, check B.		
(26) Years ago, William Shakespeare wrote, "Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and gentle with these butchers." Do you agree with this statement? If so, check B. If not, go on to Paragraph 11.		
total		

If you answered more A's than B's, your key color is green, with red polka dots. Follow it whenever asked. Now go on to Paragraph 19.

If you answered more B's than A's, and your key waterway is the GANGES, go on to Paragraph 8.

5

What, are you crazy, answering a stupid question like that? That's your trouble, you're too naive. Until you realize that, regardless of what you might want to think, the world is not peopled by happy happy boobs like yourself, your existence will be an absolute horror.

THE OCEAN

6

	a	b
(27) How many times a day do you go to the toilet? (a) Three times? If so, check A. (b) Four times? If so, check A. (c) Not ever? If so, your analysis ends here. You need a Doctor, not a Psychiatrist. (d) Fifteen times? If so, check B, if you have the time.		
(28) Do you ever get the feeling that you are in a barrel going over Niagara Falls, when all your senses tell you that you are not? If so, check A. If not, check B.		
(29) If you have ever gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel, did you get the feeling that you weren't, even though all your senses told you that you were?		

If so, check A.
If not, check B.

total

If you answered more A's than B's, turn to Paragraph 1.
If you answered more B's than A's, turn to Paragraph 3.

7

Frankly, I find myself completely baffled by your case. Either you were not answering the questions honestly, or you are from some other planet. In either case, you cannot expect me to help you. How can you ever hope to be completely honest with yourself, if you are not completely honest with me?
Humph!

THE OCEAN

8

a	b

(30) Did you answer question 12 with
(a) a B? If so, check A.
(b) an A? If so, check B.
(31) Did you answer question 30 with an A?
If so, and your key waterway is
VOLGA—go on to Paragraph 15.
GOWANUS—go on to Paragraph 20.
If not, and your key color is either
SKILLAGAMINK, BEIGE, CHESTNUT, or NATURAL REDWOOD
and your key waterway is one of the following:
SOO, VICTORIA FALLS, or PANAMA—go on to Paragraph 18, but only if you answered B to question 30. If you did not, then do not read Paragraph 18, but turn to the Paragraph specified in the instructions at the end of Paragraph 18.*

9

It's too bad, but there seems to be no hope for you at all. Your only recourse is suicide. Goodbye, good luck and sorry.

THE OCEAN

10

You are inclined to have hallucinations. You must be made to realize that no matter how real these delusions seem to you, they are but figments of your imagination. This book, for example—it's not real. You're just imagining that you're reading this book. So stop. Don't read any further! No, no, don't, you're just making it worse for yourself! Snap out of it! There's no book here, not really, it's all in your mind! NO, NO!

THE OCEAN

11

Well, Brutus said he was ambitious, and Brutus was an honorable man.

12

a	b

(32) Do you find yourself admiring the exploits of such heroes as Mark Twain, Attila the Hun, Judge Crater, and Bluebeard? Are your decisions in matters of the heart tempered by the memory of some previous life? Have your hobbies anything to do with sex? Do you fear that the day will come when you

*This instruction is for orphans only.

will no longer be able to go to the toilet? Have you ever?

If so, check A.

If not, check B.

If you answered A to the above question, and your key waterway is the RIVER STYX, go back to Paragraph 7.

If you answered B to the above question, and your key color is NEON CHARTREUSE, go back to Paragraph 5.

13

(33) Do you want to die?

If so, go right ahead. It will do you a world of good.

If not, your key waterway is the ERIE CANAL. Follow it whenever asked.

Now turn to Paragraph 4.

14

Your morbid dislike of wallpaper has not escaped my notice. When will people learn that they can't fool a Psychiatrist?

If you don't do something about this wallpaper thing, you may one day find yourself hated and rejected by the world—especially by wallpaper manufacturers. You can only achieve true happiness through a reconciliation with wallpaper. Try right-meditation.

THE OCEAN

15

You are that rarity known as a perfectly balanced individual. You are completely normal in every respect. Your analysis shows a love of babies and animals, a desire to do good and to be loved by your acquaintances, a respect for the laws of the land and a firm desire to never offend. You are the kind of person that makes civic groups proud and you will probably some day be elected leader of some small local group—a Rotarian Club, or a Parent-Teacher's Association. You may even become a Scout Master. You will serve your community as a perfectly balanced, happy and healthy individual.

In other words, you are a clod.

THE OCEAN

16

Your trouble with habitual drunkeness stems from the fact that you were a habitual drunkard as a child. No, no, don't try to deny it—you can't fool me. It's written all over your analysis as plain as day. Until you conquer this propensity toward alcoholic excesses, and the habit of lying about it, you will remain disturbed. No amount of psychiatric help can be of any value unless you cooperate with it. Where do you expect to get if you keep fighting me this way?

Go lie down somewhere with a bottle, and when you are completely relaxed, come back to the book, and start the quiz from the beginning.

17

(34) Do you wish you were Superman?

If so, check A.

If not, check B.

(35) Do you drink?

If so, check B.

If not, skip the remainder of the questions and turn to Paragraph 16.

(36) Do you prefer to drink while alone or with some-

one?

(a) Alone? If so, check B.
(b) With someone? If so, check A.

If you checked B, go on to Paragraph 21.

(37) If you prefer to drink with someone, would you rather he was a

(a) Friend? If so, check A.
(b) Stranger? If so, check B.
(c) Enemy? If so, tear out the pages of this book one by one and then eat them. Needless to say, your analysis ends here.

total	

If you answered more A's than B's, turn to Paragraph 22.
If you answered more B's than A's, turn to Paragraph 14.

18

Your grasp of instructions is poor. Right now, for example, you're reading Paragraph 18 when I distinctly told you not to. This may reflect an inability to comprehend the simple procedures of the game, or it may indicate a violent hate for the world and the rules that have been forced on you by others. Be that as it may, you shouldn't be reading this paragraph, and so I'm going to fix you by not listing the paragraph which you're supposed to turn to. If you had been good, and followed instructions, I might have, but now your sins are catching up with you and you'll never reach THE OCEAN. Ha, ha.

19

Your love of the sea is a decidedly unhealthy one. Although you may believe that it stems from an honest appreciation of the beauty in the rolling water, it is actually a death wish. You want to drown. You feel guilty about some deed buried in your childhood, so you want to drown, and you feel guilty about wanting to drown and that makes you want to drown all the more. Take my warning—stay away from the sea! Stay away from any body of water larger than a puddle! You can never tell when this dormant death wish will overtake you, and when it does, there will be no escape! You will be doomed! If you once come anywhere near any large body of water, or even read of any large body of water, you are as good as dead!

THE OCEAN

20

Women only answer this question.

(38) Have you ever punched a man in the nose?
If so, check A.
If not, check B.

Men only answer this question.

(39) Have you ever punched a woman in the nose?
If so, check A.
If not, check B.

Both men and women answer this question.

(40) Have you ever punched yourself in the nose?
If so, check A.
If not, check B.

a	b
total	

If you answered more A's than B's, turn to Paragraph 23.
If you answered more B's than A's, your analysis ends here:
You are a very nice person with a lot of problems. If you resolve them you will be happy. If you do not, you will be

unhappy. Keep plugging.

THE OCEAN

21

How many times in the past few years have you been forced to concede the supremacy of the ultimate? How often have you felt that, in your mad quest for danger and silence, your path was one of dichotomy and chaos? Have you never felt that the core of the physical universe was rotten, and that your every word, deed, action and/or utterance was poisoned by this basic flaw in the fabric of fate? Have you ever told yourself that your course through the maze of life was true and real, while knowing that every turn you took brought you further and further from the reality for which your soul cries out?

If you have never felt this way, go back and answer question no. 31 again.

If you have, you have reached

THE OCEAN

22

Think.

THE OCEAN

23

You had better go to the police about it. Let's face it, you can't run forever. They're going to catch up with you sooner or later and when they do it will go harder for you than if you had turned yourself in. You can always claim it was manslaughter. You might even get a suspended sentence, if you have a decent lawyer. Take my advice—give yourself up. You'll never regret it. Or if you do, at least it won't be for long.

THE OCEAN

■■■

10 VALUABLE PRIZES 10

Yes, that's right, 10 VALUABLE PRIZES. You can win them, too, with a minimal of conscious effort—in fact, if you can add 2 and 3 and come up with 4, you have as good a chance as anybody else.

What do you have to do? You simply have to fill out the puzzle below with the correct Word and all 10 prizes are yours. If it's the Right Word, of course. A Word we like. One that is suitable as a title for this publication. It doesn't have to have anything to do with science fiction at all, as long as it is meaningful and suits our prejudices. Deadline for entries is April 20. Write on one side of paper with pen or pencil. Decision of the judge (me) is final. In case of a tie, we'll cheat. If nobody sends in a suitable title, nobody wins.

But if you submit a title we like, you get the prizes. Ten Valuable Prizes. Ten issues of this magazine. That's right—a ten issue subscription to lucky winner.

Now fill out puzzle:

—RS

INSIDE BOOKS:

In Search of Criticism

IN SEARCH OF WONDER, Damon Knight (Nonfiction); Advent (3508 N. Sheffield, Chicago), 180 pp., $4.00. Illustrated.

In an introduction to this collection of Damon Knight's trenchant reviews, Tony Boucher draws a distinction between reviewers and critics. The reviewer's objective, he points out, is to express his reactions to a work in such a way that his readers will know whether or not they want to read it. The critic attempts to measure the work by more lasting and more nearly absolute standards, to determine its place, not for the reader of the moment, but for the cultivated mind viewing the entire art of which this work forms a segment.

All of the rest of his confreres, Boucher says, are primarily reviewers; Knight is a critic.

It is a fair distinction and a fair division. We will abide by it.

A good critic is as indispensable to an art form as good artists. He defines limits and describes goals and lets the spectators know how close the players came to scoring or whether they fouled out.

A bad critic is worse than no critic at all: he misleads the art form and discourages the artists. Therefore there are rules for critics, too.

To write a good criticism, and an honest one, a critic must answer three questions about a book: (1) What was the author trying to do? (2) How well did he do it? (3) Was it a good thing to attempt?

To answer the first two questions, a critic must exercise discernment; to answer the third, judgment. They are not always the same thing, and they are not always allied in the same critic.

Let us start then formally at the beginning and set ourselves the task of answering the questions: (1) What was Damon Knight trying to do? (2) What kind of critic is he? (3) Is it a good thing to be?

Knight's purpose in publishing this book was not to criticize individual novels. These criticisms were already in existence and had performed their original function. This collection was an attempt to produce a rounded view of science fiction as literature—a critical whole. In an author's note (critics: it is always wise to look for clues to the author's intentions), Knight says, "These short essays make up an informal record of the period that will be known to science fiction historians as the Boom of 1950-1955."

To achieve this, the reviews have been selected (I missed some of my favorites from the lamented World's Beyond) and organized into chapters with such intriguing headings as "Chuckleheads," "Cosmic Jerrybuilder," "Half-Bad Writers," "The Vorpal Pen," "Microcosmic Moskowitz," and so forth.

Short introductions to each section have been newly penned by Knight and the reviews shoveled in where they seem to fit. Transitions between reviews would have helped clarify the relationship, but perhaps this is expecting too much of a labor of love.

The limitations of the method are obvious. Five years is a good broad span and 81 reviews (says Boucher; I didn't count them) are a goodly number, but science fiction is even broader than that, and sometimes there simply wasn't a suitable review available.

This, then, is not a rounded view of science fiction. Knight is more like a hunter in a blind blazing away at every bird who passes over. Even with the best aim in the world, the hunter can't assemble a representative collection of birds if the right birds don't fly past.

The reader is left wishing that Knight had used his reviews as basic material for a thorough survey, but it is surprising, nevertheless, how rounded a picture Knight manages to convey. Anyone wanting a good survey of modern science fiction could do much worse than IN SEARCH OF WONDER and would have difficulty doing better.

The great virtue of Damon's reviews is that, cogent or not, agree with them or not, they are immensely readable. At best, Damon uses his wit like a scalpel, exposing inconsistency and absurdity to the antibiotic action of ridicule. You may even enjoy, as I did, reading them aloud to your family or friends.

Wit, however, is like liquor or love—it leads a man to do things in the name thereof that he wouldn't do sober. The essay is an art form in itself; once involved in one, his blade slicing delicately away at his victim or crashing heavily down upon its head, Knight is naturally reluctant to spoil it by reservations or qualifications.

It is true, as well, that it is easier to say what is wrong with a book than what is right with it. It is practically impossible to be witty while praising a novel. Not as a consequence then, but perhaps as a contributing influence, the cat-calls far outnumber the huzzaws.

Knight is a positive critic. A book is either good or bad (or "half-bad"—which, Knight insists, is worse); an opinion is either right or wrong; an author is sincere or insincere. In his role as reviewer, Knight, to revive an old dogfight, is a bit of an Aristotelian. This, too, makes for strong, readable reviews. It does not necessarily contribute to accuracy.

To review so many different science fiction books about so many different subjects would require an encyclopaedic genius. Because of his Olympian attitude—for which, to be sure, Knight is not singular among critics, even science fiction critics—Knight has difficulty admitting ignorance on any topic.

Again, the wonder is that Knight is so accurate. I have a feeling that he is stronger on scientific detail than on literary judgment, but this may be merely because it is the other way around with me. I feel better qualified to comment upon his literary criticisms than to quibble about his scientific quibbles. (I have a feeling, however, that Knight stresses consistency and even accuracy too much; these are not primarily the measures of a book. Because Homer nods, the

Iliad is no less a masterpiece.)

Knight's most significant statement about literature is this: one of the distinguishing characteristics of "reputable fiction" is that "it tries to deal honestly with the tragic and poetic theme of love-and-death." The distinction is admirable; the implication that science fiction should do likewise is questionable.

Love-and-death can be the theme of science fiction, but it doesn't have to be. A perfectly honest, perfectly sound, perfectly good science fiction novel can be written without ever approaching the theme. It is the unusual science fiction novel that can use it—and for a good reason.

The other distinction of reputable fiction, Knight says, is that "it is fiction laid against familiar backgrounds." This he dismisses as unimportant; it is a mistake.

Against a familiar background, a serious story can deal with nothing but love-and-death. But if the background is unfamiliar, the background itself becomes thematic.

In other words, reputable fiction deals primarily with the individual; science fiction, with society. Love-and-death can be a proper theme in science fiction only when it is the sociological problem as well. To drag it in simply for the sake of repute is to do violence to the work.

Love-and-death is important, but it is not all-important. If an author wants to write seriously about love-and-death he would do well to stick to reputable fiction; readers and critics should not expect to find it in science fiction.

Like almost everyone, a critic can be defined by what he likes and what he dislikes:

Knight likes: Heinlein, Sturgeon, Leiber, Bradbury, Kornbluth, Clarke, Clement, Oliver, Pohl, Pangborn, Budrys, Dick.

Knight dislikes: Hall & Flint, Correy, Williamson, Matheson, van Vogt, McIntosh, Finney, Sohl, Gold, McCann, Robinson, Gunn...

There are, of course, reservations to some of Knight's likes and qualifications to some of his dislikes, but generally, as a scanning of these partial lists indicates, Knight is on the side of the angels. The stopper is the works and authors Knight casts for the other side. From these we can determine what kind of critic Knight is.

(We could, with more difficulty, analyze Knight's likes—as when he says, "Childhood is...Bradbury's one subject." This is only half the truth, which is more mechanical—conscious or not—than that. Bradbury's system of characterization can be summed up in two statements: (1) All adults are children. (2) All children are adults.)

Knight's obsession with accuracy and consistency is best evidenced in his intensive analysis of van Vogt (whom he calls a "Cosmic Jerrybuilder") and THE WORLD OF Ā. To demand accuracy and consistency of van Vogt is, it seems to me, to misunderstand van Vogt's entire purpose and method of writing.

Van Vogt was a teller of fairy tales. He dealt in magic: cloaks of invisibility, seven league boots, and all (in this sense Robert Sheckley is his heir, although Sheckley uses the method for comic and satirical purposes). Van Vogt wrote for immediate effect, using names for their emotional impact, injecting a new idea every 800 words. Knight objects, for instance, to the name "lie detector"—but it is this name which sets up the reader's shock of awareness to the nature of the world in which Gosseyn finds himself. When the lie detector speaks, the reader stops—and his awareness of the novel is expanded vitally.

One just doesn't analyze fairy tales for consistency. One analyzes them, if at all, for their effectiveness in creating

folk heroes and in expressing the subconscious hopes and fears of a people. And the critic must avoid one trap above all others: he mustn't tell an author the kind of book he should have written; his job is to assess the book the author wrote.

Van Vogt wrote to create excitement—which is, after all, the essential ingredient in any popular literary medium. He succeeded.

Knight's literary judgment, usually sure and sound, sometimes comes a cropper through emotional reaction rather than reasoned analysis. One of the best examples is his criticism of Jack Williamson's THE HUMANOIDS, which Knight grudgingly calls "without doubt one of the most important science-fantasy books of its decade...because its theme is important and because Williamson's treatment is both honest and dramatically effective. It is also a most painstaking and conscientious pseudoscientific window dressing."

Why does Knight grudge this?..."merely because the writing itself is so thoroughly, unremittingly, and excrutiatingly bad."

From what follows, Knight appears to mean by "the writing" the same plot structure which he calls "painstaking and conscientious." It is, he says, the crude pulp formula in which "the hero invariably started out in a tough situation, which got progressively worse until the last scene, when, plausible or not, the problem was solved."

The formula is neither new nor particularly crude; it is the basic formula for all plotted fiction. And the piece of fiction that does not grab for the reader's nose in its first sentence and hang on to it for dear life in every scene thereafter is simply not effective fiction. (There is, of course, a problem of tactics—the story that starts on too high an emotional plane has no place to go but down.)

The fault of THE HUMANOIDS is not that Dr. Clay Forrester is plagued with ills—this, after all, is symbolic of man's relationship with machine; man is frail flesh and machine is unbending metal—but that a solution is forced on material for which no solution is possible. There is no convincing resolution of man's relationship to machine, just as there is none to any of the other major problems of our day.

But major novels must take major themes. The task of the author is not to solve them but to dramatize them in such a way that the reader is convinced emotionally that the problem must be solved. To say, as Williamson said in THE HUMANOIDS, that there is no problem after all is to pull a rabbit out of the hat. This is a trick which the reader will and should resent.

In spite of its faults, IN SEARCH OF WONDER is an important book, and Damon Knight represents our best hope for criticism which can delineate our problems and shape our goals. He has—although it may be incompletely verbalized — what other reviewers lack, a logically consistent

"Not so stiff in the elbows, knees relaxed, weight . . ."

theory about what science fiction should be. He aims high and he isn't easily satisfied. With such virtues a few faults can be overlooked. With more consistent aim and deeper understanding, qualities for which Knight, uniquely, is still in search, he should do us all a great service.

In addition he writes delightfully. —JAMES E. GUNN

THE MAN WHO LIVED FOREVER and THE MARS MONOPOLY, R. De Witt Miller and Anna Hunger; Jerry Sohl (Novels); Ace Double, 320 pp., 35¢.

It's unfortunate that the late Mr. Miller's last work in our field had to be such a poor job, in view of the fine pioneer work he did in past years. THE MAN WHO LIVED FOREVER takes place a millenium or so from our own era, in a world under the benevolent tyranny of the Master, an immortal who coordinates and controls the System, because only an immortal could do the job, accumulate the necessary experience and have the prerequisite grasp of historical continuity, develop the vision for long-range planning, etc. Nice concept. Unfortunately, there is a fly in the ointment of this best-of-all-possible worlds: to remain immortal, he must have the sacrifice of a human life every so often. The sacrifice is chosen by lottery from among the caste of World Scientists—and when one of them decides he is too young to die, difficulties rear their ugly heads.

It is really a very, very bad novel. Written in a flowery Clark Ashton Smith style (but lacking Mr. Smith's superb talent for mood and poetic imagery), loaded with heavy dramatics and Big Scenes, and laid in a dull, lifeless, unbelievable cardboard Utopia, the story is painfully amateurish, childishly plotted, and unbearably dull.

The Sohl book is perhaps the best he has done yet, although minor and low-key. When pilot Bert Schaun accidentally kills the son of tycoon McAllister in a 'round the world rocket race, he is persecuted off Earth by the angry and vengeful father. The mining combine on Mars cheats him out of his chances as a prospector, so he's forced to go into business for himself as a dealer in second-hand spacers. When he starts making good, they sabotage his ship, bringing him down in the desert where he is saved and befriended by a Martian native—and finds the despised "Stinkers" are not animals, but intelligent civilized beings. He gets the idea of using native labor to break the combine, and things head up to a climax.

It's basically the old theme of the Little Man who Bucks the Company, but well handled. Competent, but negligible.

—Lin Carter

STAR BRIDGE, Jack Williamson and James E. Gunn (Novel); Ace, 255 pp., 35¢.

This is the pocket reprint of last year's excellent Gnome original (reviewed in INSIDE #10). Although awkward in style, with a dearth of background detail which is so necessary to a novel of this type, it is a thoroughly enjoyable old-fashioned space romance. LC

THE PAWNS OF NULL-A, A.E. van Vogt (Novel); Ace, 254 pp., 35¢.

This is van Vogt's 1948 Astounding serial, "Players of ∡," slightly revised and enlarged. Not only is this one of the

three or four top books he has done, but certainly one of the finest s. f. novels of the last decade. Never before in book form, it is a bargain for those who want to read it again—and for those unfortunates who have never read it at all.

Van Vogt has seldom been more complex, more subtle, more infuriatingly erudite. Gilbert Gosseyn, mental superman doubly armed with a philosophy of mental discipline (Ā, or Null-A, or non-Aristotealian), plus a second brain in his skull which enables him to transport himself to any spot he has mentally "photographed", finds himself a pawn in the galactic struggle of vast forces beyond his knowledge. From Early Space Age Venus he is catapulted onto the galactic scene and takes part in the war of Enro the Red, Galactic Emperor, who is struggling to conquer known space.

It's all great fun, and great s.f. It belongs to the school of fiction which advises, "Start your hero off in the worst position imaginable, and let things go from worse to worser to worsest." We just don't get s. f. like this any more. Can you picture a novel which envolves radically original concepts of immortality, clairvoyance, telepathy, non-mechanical space travel, general semantics, philosophy, demonic possession, religion, and war—used merely as <u>background material</u>?

Recommended without reservations. LC

THE END OF THE WORLD, Donald A. Wollheim (Anthology); Ace, 160 pp., 25¢.

A better-than-average Ace single, in which Wollheim collects six rather diverse stories on the Armageddon theme. The best ones—Heinlein's fine <u>Galaxy</u> novelet, "The Year of the Jackpot", and Arthur Clarke's hair-raising "Rescue Party"—have been previously anthologised. LC

TO LIVE FOREVER, Jack Vance (Novel); Ballantine, 185 pp., 35¢.

This is a fine example of what I would call, for want of a more apt term, the problem story in science fiction. Problem: immortality has been made possible; what will it do to the world? Development: extrapolate a society revolving upon the problem; what would it be like? Story: evolve a group of characters within such a society; how would their actions effect each other?

Some thousands of years from our time the secret of eternal life has been solved. Immortality is possible—but only to a few, for were everyone "to live forever" the race would soon breed itself into overpopulation. Solution: limit eternal life to those worthy of it, ie., to those who have accumulated merit by social acts. So, Mr. Vance shows us a world built upon hopes of immortality; where the people strive to earn enough credits to have their life span increased; where murder is the greatest crime, death an obscenity to be tittered over by perverts; where people live desperately, ruthlessly, haunted by the tomb. In a taut, breathless, brilliant piece of writing he creates an original, full-blown, superbly <u>real</u> civilization whose structure hangs together—whose scheme of life actually works.

The plot is well done, intriguing, carefully shaped. Characterization and motivation are excellent. His future slang and customs are models of invention. Above all is the prose itself: it is rich, colorful; it crackles like the best of Sturgeon and Bester; it displays a powerful talent, a fertile skill. This is the best science fiction novel Ballantine has

published since GLADIATOR-AT-LAW. It is one of the three or four best of last year.

Vance's previous book, THE DYING EARTH (Hillman, 1950), is one of the most brilliant and memorable fantasies in a decade, although sadly neglected and now forgotten. But with this novel he establishes himself as a talented writer of much promise, who may yet stand with Heinlein, Clarke, Bester, Kornbluth and van Vogt in the first rank of s.f. LC

SHADOW OVER THE EARTH, Philip Wilding (Novel); Philosophical Library, 160 pp., $3.50.

Phil Wilding, author of last year's SPACEFLIGHT VENUS, has turned up another rouser. Get this: Prof. John Redwing runs an observatory or something in England, see, and he and everybody else is all het up on account of Halley's comet is about ready to take an encore (this is 1986), see, when what happens but the darned thing up and stops in an orbit between us and the Sun, see, cutting off sunlight so everything goes black and gets kinda chilly. Well, sir, Bill Stewart, boy friend of Arlene Redwing, daughter of Prof. Redwing, ain't gonna take this laying down, so he hops in a Rocket Ship and up and lands on the darned comet, which has turned into a planet, see. Real spooky place, too, inhabited by phosphorescent green Thought-Gasses which sorta sneak up and swarm around you, if you know what I mean, and make you feel all run down and blue and what-the-dash-is-the-use. Well, gosh-all-hemlock, but after many a hairsbreadth escape, Bill gets back to Earth, picks up Doc Hugh Rayner and his good ole Paramorphometer and goes back where they do something-or-other to the Thought-Gasses, and everything works out for the best, see, cause the planet turns back into a comet again and scoots out of the Solar System. Yes, sir.

See? LC

THE BIG BALL OF WAX, Shepherd Mead (Satire); Ballantine, 181 pp., 35¢.

Tight, clever, smooth s. f. novel about future when ad agencies run everything, even religion. Discovery of new gadget for telepathic movies appears likely to rock world. A bitter, ironic satire on our society, a la SPACE MERCHANTS, it is frightening, funny fantasy. Most highly recommended. LC

SECOND SATELLITE, Robert S. Richardson (Juvenile); McGraw-Hill, 191 pp., $2.75. Illustrated.

Middling, second-rate juvenile about family, father of which is arm-chair astronomer, that takes vacation at Arizona observatory and discovers "second satellite" of Earth, ie., tiny asteroid moonlet. Really not s. f. but a text on modern astronomical methods; includes thinly-disguised propaganda for luring into the fold impressionable teen-agers. Not bad, but plotless and unexciting. Has one redeeming feature, however, as it is the only juvenile I have ever read with honest-to-Moskowitz love-sex subplot between kid hero and heroine! LC

THE MOTIVE KEY, Jack Woodford (Novel); Dawn Press, 224 pp., $2.50.

An unbelievably bad mystery novel with supernatural overtones. When famous lawyer is murdered in roomfull of friends, ne'er-do-well grandson is accused of crime. Story complicated by reappearance of murdered man, who seems to still be able to send letters, make phone calls, and walk in his study. Purely cardboard characters, sleazy, sloppy background work, immensely improbable solution. Miss it if possible. LC

FOR SALE

WEIRD TALES COLLECTION (1925 to 1954)

Contains the following issues:

1925: Jan-Feb-Apr-June-Sept-Oct-Nov.
1926: All except Dec
1927: Mar-Apr-Sept-Dec
1928: Feb-Mar-Apr-July-Sept-Oct-Nov-Dec
1929: All except Dec
1930: Mar-Apr-May-June-July-Aug-Oct-Nov-Dec
1931: Jan-(Feb-Mar)-(Apr-May)-(June-July)-Sept-Oct
1932: All except Aug
1933: Year complete
1934: All except Mar
1935: All except Jan-June
1936: Feb-Mar-Apr-May-June-July-Oct-Nov-Dec
1937: Jan-Feb-Mar-Apr-June-July
1938: Feb-Mar-May-June-Sept-Nov-Dec
1940: July
1941: Oct
1942: Jan-Nov
1943: Jan-Mar
1944: Jan-Mar-May-July-Sept
1945: Jan-July-Sept-Nov
1946: July-Sept-Nov
1947-1948-1949: Complete years of 6 bi-monthly issues
1950: Jan-Mar-May-July-Sept
1951: May
1952: May-Nov
1953: Complete year of 6 bi-monthly issues
1954: Complete year of 5 bi-monthly issues

Collection consists of 178 issues all in good to mint condition. All have covers intact except for the Oct. 1935 issue.

Price for the entire collection is $99.50 shipped by express prepaid.

Niel De Jack

1013 31st Street

South Bend 15, Indiana

THE SECRET PEOPLE, Raymond F. Jones (Novel); Avalon, 224 pp., $2.50.

Atomic war has left our future descendents with the great task of keeping the human bloodstream free of the taint of mutation. But true man is dying out; mutants are being born with increasing rapidity. One man, Wellton, head of Genetics, is fighting this by secretly breeding a race of beneficial mutants, telepathic, longer-lived, of higher IQs. He plans that his Children will infiltrate and take over, painlessly, so that true Man may die out slowly and painlessly, while Man plus lives on. Complications ensue.

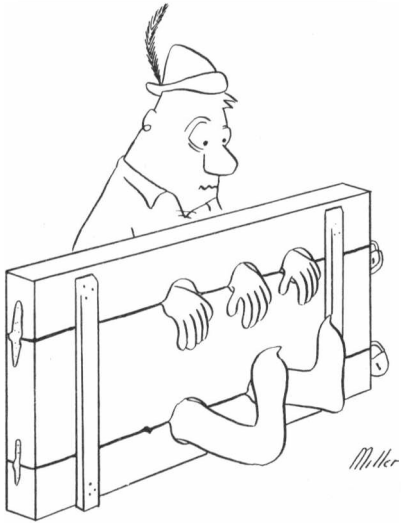
The plot, whose basics are familiar, is well thought out and competent, but the characterization is lifeless, the background texture superficial, the motivation brief and shallow. Somehow this short novel never seems to come alive; one misses the carefully detailed writing we have come to expect from Jones. LC

HIROSHIMA, John Hersey (Non-fiction); Bantam, 116 pp., 25¢.

This is one of the most amazing literary works of this century, certainly of this generation. Grim and harrowing, photographic in its detail and striking the reader with the impact of a sledge-hammer and the finesse of a scalpel, it is perhaps the greatest single example of reporting ever penned. Through the eye-witness accounts of survivors of the Hiroshima bombing, the ageless tragedy of Man's inhumanity to different men is enacted again; impassioned, compelling, unforgettable, ageless, it will speak through the centuries of the folly of power and the horror of its abuse. LC

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES AND NOVELS: 1956, T.E. Dikty (Anthology); Frederick Fell, 256 pp., $3.50.

Number eight in the annual "Best" line, and an undistinguished number eight it is. Since Ted Dikty came to the parting of the ways with Bleier last year, the book has deteriorated rapidly. This one is mighty slim (13 stories) and goes into some seldom-frequented regions (Imagination and Startling).



The goods: Bob Young's "Jungle Doctor", with its fine Sturgeonian flavor; Budry's John Collierish "The Man Who Always Knew"; Mark Clifton's brilliant "Clerical Error" and Walter Miller's fine "A Canticle for Leibowitz".

The bads: Cordwainer Smith's implausible "The Game of Rat and Dragon"; R. DeWitt Miller's sloppy and thin "Swenson, Dispatcher"; and something called "The Shores of Night" which is completely undecipherable by me.

What makes the book worth the price, for my money, is

Dikty's painstaking survey of the field, covering novels, magazines, pocket books, conventions, slick s.f., movies, science news, TV and so on. The best over-all coverage I've seen. Ditto Earl Kemp's index of published books of the year, which is an invaluable addition to the volume. LC

THE TRUE BOOK ABOUT ATOMIC ENERGY, A. Radcliffe & E. C. Robertson (Non-fiction); Philosophical Library, 142 pp., $4.75.

A comprehensive picture of atomic energy. Covers the field well, with historical background, early discoveries, atoms in war, peacetime industry and medical research, plus some rather restrained predictions of Things to etc. Cheap binding and gaudy jacket, plus the fact it's madly over-priced may keep it off your book shelf, but if you are in the market you could do worse, provided you have some knowledge of mathematics. LC

STRANGERS IN THE UNIVERSE, Clifford Simak (Collection); Simon and Schuster, 371 pp., $3.50.

Eleven fine shorts by one of the Old Masters. A big, fat book, good paper, well bound, intriguing jacket; not a thin, sleazy, under-the-counter sort of book that the larger publishers indulge in frequently.

The stories are uniformly good, several are quite excellent. "Kindergarden" from Galaxy is probably the best, and the thin, rather unconvincing "Shadow Show" the poorest. But the level is very high. This is a major collection from a major writer, and is Simak's first collection that is not a connected-series. LC

FEARLESS FOSDICK: HIS LIFE AND DEATHS, Al Capp; Simon and Schuster, 87 pp., $1.00.

The greatest criticism that one can level against this book is that there isn't enough of it. I suppose I've been spoiled by the bulky Pogo volumes from the same publisher, but I do believe that one dollar should buy more than an eighty-seven page comic book, and in black and white to boot.

Aside from this, the life and deaths of Fearless are great fun. Capp's strange little world is inhabited by parrots that are really arch masterminds of crime, easy chairs that conceal the hearts of fiends, and a detective who would rather kill a citizen than allow him to fall prey to a lawbreaker (and who can sustain wounds large enough to crawl through without batting an eye).

Those who are familiar with the strip will probably agree with me that this is not first class Fosdick. It seems a shame that Capp omitted the Anyface saga, which is, to my mind, the best sequence in the history of the strip. But perhaps it will be published in a later volume.

Summary: A worthwhile and amusing book, although not quite as much so as the aforementioned Pogo volumes. —Dave Foley

REINCARNATION—THE WHOLE STARTLING STORY, De Witt Miller (Non-fiction); Bantam, 118 pp., 25¢.

De Witt Miller (or R. DeWitt Miller, if you prefer), one of our foremost chroniclers of matters occult, has added another book to his shelf: this one being a sort of roundup of

reincarnation theory. It is certainly commendable for its completeness, for Miller seems to have gathered every possible variation on this particular theory of the afterlife, along with some that seem wholly impossible. From the Bible, through the Flying Saucers, to the Church of the Atomic Christ, every theory, chance mention, allusion and interpretation has been set down, so that someone looking for a personally pleasing theory of just what does transpire on the other side of the veil should be able to find it here.

The thing that spoils the book, and keeps it from fulfilling its blurb as a comprehensive report of reincarnation theory, is that Miller in including so many different theories, gives the impression that they are all true. The book is supposed to be no more than a straight reporting job, but the author's willingness to believe just about anything keeps creeping in, imparting an air of self-contradiction and uncertainty.

Some of the cases, opinions and what have you that Miller sets down are interesting, some are so improbable as to be amusing, and a few are downright terrifying. The wonderful notion that flying saucers are manned by reincarnationees (those who are waiting to get off the Wheel) is almost worth the price of the book, but this delightful idea is offset by the hideous notion that reincarnationees are present and watching with great interest when intercourse takes place in order that they might have first crack at anything conceived.

All in all, a complete, but hopelessly pixilated volume, which should do more to confuse the people who want to believe that there is an eternal reward—but no necessity of meriting it—than death itself. DF

ANALYSE YOURSELF, Prince Leopold Lowenstein and William Gerhardi (Adapted by Victor Rosen) (Non-fiction); Bantam, 315 pp., 35¢.

Through a tangled morass of quizes and character readings arranged in the form of a game, this book purports to provide the diligent reader with a comprehensive analysis of his Inner Self. Long groups of questions lead to a key color, which in turn leads to more questions, which lead to a key River, which in turn leads to more questions and a few character readings, etc.

In playing the game one is supposed to finally reach a paragraph ending with the words "THE SEA" which will provide him with the key to all his problems, but I know of more than one person who ran into a blind alley half-way through the quiz. The publisher claims that there are over three million different possible readings in the book, which may be true. Their accuracy is something else again. QZ

MEN AGAINST THE STARS, Martin Greenberg (Anthology); Pyramid, 191 pp., 35¢.

In 1950, when science fiction anthologies were no longer a novelty, Martin Greenberg came up with the "theme" idea: an anthology built around one central subject or idea. MEN AGAINST THE STARS was the first of these collections.

Nine of the original twelve stories are reprinted here, together with Willy Ley's rather elementary (and dated) introduction. The contributions include Padgett's "The Iron Standard", a routine job for Kuttner, Hubbard's deliberately sentimental but effective "When Shadows Fall", an Artur Blord

story by E. M. Hull, and items by Clement (below par), Leinster (average) and Wellman (one you definitely want to miss). Also a routine effort from Harry Walton, one of Robert Moore Williams' highly competent Mars stories, and van Vogt's "Far Centaurus"—one of his finest stories and certainly the best item in the book.

The book's basic intention—to tell the story of spaceflight (its theme)—does not quite succeed, however.

All in all, an average anthology. —Ken Beale

TALES FROM THE WHITE HART, Arthur C. Clarke (Collection); Ballantine, 151 pp., 35¢.

It would seem that science-author Arthur Clarke is following in the rather large footsteps of his fellow country-man Bertrand Russell. And just as it is pleasant to retreat from Russell's serious, philosophical tracts into such a book of pleasant short stories as his SATAN IN THE SUBERBS, so it is enjoyable to leave Clarke's calculated extrapolations and read his frothy tall tales of the White Hart.

There are fifteen stories in this book, ranging from such ribald pleasantries as "Patent Pending", wherein sex is captured in its essence on tape, to a sound scientific idea implanted in a wry josh at scientists, as in "What Goes Up".

Not all of the stories are s. f. by that strictest of definitions. A few are contemporary pieces in which science figures. A few are almost fantasy. But all are light and enjoyable.

But don't read more than two or three of these tales at one time—in small doses they are effervescent; in huge gulps, gagging. —Harlan Ellison

MICRO ADS

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

Will trade English SF mags and pocket books for American hard covers. I especially want THE WORM OUROUBOROUS, THE GREY LENSMAN, SECOND STAGE LENSMAN and CHILDREN OF THE LENS.

I value the English mags at 25¢ each and will trade on that basis. Send lists of other books if interested.

Seth A. Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.

FREE! I will send an Australian sf mag to everyone sending for my big free list of British books & mags that I wish to trade for US sf. I offer Horror, Weird, Ghost, SF titles etc. For something of everything in the science fiction & fantasy line, send today for my bumper list of great reading offers that will make your hair stand on end. Write to MIKE H. BIRRELL, 10 NORTH ST., ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

BOOKS BY RIDER HAGGARD

For years we have specialized in books by and other material pertaining to H. Rider Haggard. We can furnish almost any title by this author in first editions or later printings. Send us your want list.

BOOKLOVERS BARGAIN HOUSE
P. O. Box 214, Little Rock, Ark.

VANISHING REMNANT!

The Double Shadow and Other Fantasies
by Clark Ashton Smith

$1.00 per copy postpaid while they last

ADDRESS: CLARK ASHTON SMITH
117 9th St., Pacific Grove, Calif.

I WILL PAY SIX DOLLARS FOR "THE LAND OF UNREASON" by de Camp & Pratt.

Write to: Rodger Skidmore, 95-18 68th Ave., Forest Hills 75, N.Y.

Martin Jukovsky (144-07 Sanford Ave., Flushing 55, N.Y.), because of lack of space and malignant gafia, is forced to jettison the whole of his fanzine collection. Send for list, if you dare.

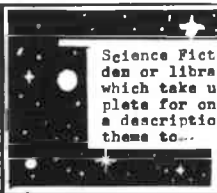
Would all those who are interested in Walt Disney, either as collectors or just plain admirers, please send their names and addresses to me, so that I can make them part of what might turn out to be one of the most worthless notions of the last decade?

Dave Foley
650 East 21st St.
Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

"Drinking again, eh, Simpkins?"

van Dongen: original oil cover painting, on canvas, wood stretchers...$30
Wallace Wood: handsome scratchboard SF illo by EC's top artist...$10
(write for photos of above two items)
Cosmos (unbound)...$50, Fancyclopedia...$12
ASF (from '47 up), Galaxy, MoFSF, most in mint condition...5 for $1.00 (in ordering, include alternate choices)

Henry W. Chabot, 309 E. 18 St., N.Y.3, N.Y.



Science Fiction Paintings for your den or library. Painting projects which take up to 15 hours to complete for only 5 dollars. Send a description of your favorite S.F theme to—

Jim Gibson
700 Fifth St. N.W.
Watertown, S. Dak.

I WILL PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR THE FOLLOWING:

PRINCE VALIANT COMIC SHEETS (before 1942)
FLASH GORDON COMICS (before 1942)
TARZAN SUNDAY COMICS (before 1938)
ALSO NEED ACE, KING, TIP TOP AND G.I. COMICS, AND FLASH GORDON BIG LITTLE BOOKS
R. Fields, 2708 W. 166 Pl., Gardena, Calif.

FOR SALE

Strange Tales—Sept. 1931, Vol. 1, No. 1—fair copy—$5.00
Super Science—March 1946, Vol. 1, No. 1—good—$3.00
Super Science—4 nos. in 1949—$2.00 for all
Bram Stoker—"Famous Imposters"—1st edition, 1910—good—$7.00
Amitin's Book Shop, 622 Pine Street, St. Louis 1, Missouri

WANTED, CHEAP
SF SETS LIKE WEIRD TALES, MARVEL, ETC. —MAGS IN LOTS OF 100 OR 1000, DIFFERENT—FANZINES BY THE POUND—BOOKS BY BURROUGHS, LOVECRAFT, DERLETH, SMITH, HOWARD—HAVE STAPS, METERS, OLD NON-SF MAGS FOR SALE OR TRADE—P. DOERR, 689 PRINDLE, SHARON, PA.

ORIGINAL PAINTINGS by **ALLEN ST. JOHN** in oils 25x38 inches framed — PERFECT CONDITION— DETAILS MAILED—
(**NOTE: These were reproduced**) (on covers of WEIRD TALES 12/32) (1/33, 2/33 BUCCANEERS OF VENUS)

A-1 BOOKSTORE 509 No. STATE CHICAGO 10

AMAZING '28-1-2-3-12 EA.85¢ '29-1 thru 12 EA.65¢ '30 4 thru 12 '31-1 thru 12 EA.55¢ '32-1 thru 12 '33-1-2 3-5-6-7-8-10 '34-2-3-4-6-8-10 '35-3 '36-6 '38-2-11 '39-1-2-4 '40-1-2-3-5-6-7-8-10-11-12 '42-1-6 '43-3-6 7-9-11 '44-3-9-11 EA.35¢ AMAZING QUART. '28-Sp-Su-F '29-W-Sp-Su-F '30-W-Sp-Su-F '31-W-Sp-F '32-Sp-F '33-W '34-F EA.$1.15 AIR WONDER '29-10 '30-1 EA. 90¢

ARGOSY '23-5/19 '24-1/12,11/8-15-22-29,12/6-13'27-7/2 11/5'28-12/29 EA.40¢ '31-1/3,8/29 '32-2/27,7/30,8/20 9/3-10-17-24,10/29,11/26,12/10-24 '33-1/7-14,2/18-25 3/11 4/22-29,5/13-20-27,6/3,12/6 '34-1/27,9/8-22 10/6-13,12/22, '36-7/25, '38-1/8-15-29,2/5,5/7,10/29 11/19,12/3-10-24 '39-4/22,7/22,8/5 '40-6/29'41-4/18-26 '42-1/24

ASTOUNDING '31-9 '33-3 EA.$1.45 '37-12 '38-10 '39-1 6-8-10 '40-6-7-8-9-12 '41-7-12 '42-1-9-10-12 '43-3-4-7-9-10-12 EA.80¢ '44-1-7-8-9-11-12 EA.65¢ ASTONISHING '40-4-8-10 '41-2-4-9 '42-6 '43-2-4 CAPT. FUT. '40-Su COMET '41-1 DYNAMIC '39-2-4 EA.35¢ DOC SAVAGE '40-4 '46-4-7-10 '49-Su. EA.25¢ FANT. ADV. '40-8 '43-7-8 '44-2-4-6-10 EA.35¢ FAMOUS FANT MYST. '39-12 '40-5-12 '41-8 '42-4-9 '43-12 EA.80¢ '44-3-6-9 EA.65¢ FANT. NOVELS '40-7-9 '41-6 EA.80¢ FUTURE '40-3-11 '41-4-10 12 '42-2-6 '43-2 EA. 35¢

MARVEL '39-2-4-8 '40-11 '41-4 EA.60¢ PLANET '40-W '42-W '43-3-5-W '44-Sp-F SCI FICT '39-6 '40-3 '41-1-3-6 S.F. QUART. #'s 2-4-9 EA.35¢ SHADOW '41-6/15 '42-3/1-12/15 EA.25¢ STARTLING '41-3-11 '42-1-3-7-9-11 '43-1-3-6-F '44-W-Sp-Su-F SUPER SCI. '40-2-9-11 '41-1 3-8-11 '42-5-11 EA.35¢ WONDER STOR.QUART. '30-Sp '31 F '32-W-F '33-W EA.90¢ WONDER STOR. '29-10 '30-2-3-5 EA.90¢ '32-4 55¢ '37-2-12 '38-1-6-8-10 '39-1-8-10-12 '40-1-2-3-4-5-6-8-9-10-11-12 '41-1-2-3-4-6-10-12 '42 2-4-6-8-10-12 '43-4-6-8-F '44-W-Sp-Su-F. EA. 35¢

10% DISCOUNT IN ENG. OR AUST. MAGS ON MAGAZINE ORDERS OVER $1.49 MOST MAGAZINES IN EX TO GOOD CONDITION ALL POSTPAID MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
J. BEN STARK 113 ARDMORE RD., BERKELEY, CALIF.

UNKNOWN '39-5-6 EA.$1.50 '40-2-3-4-5-6-11 '41-8-12 '42-2-8-10-12 '43-2 EA.$1.25 WEIRD '29-3 '30-11 '32-1 EA.$1.50 '34-9-10-12 '35-12 '36-2-4-5-6-7-8-12EA90¢ '37-4-6-7 EA.80¢ '38-2-8-10-11-12 EA.70¢ '39-1-2-3-7 8-11-12 EA.60¢ '40-1-3 EA.50¢ '43-7-11 '44-3-7-11 35¢

NEW BOOKS BRITISH-ANDERSON-BRAIN WAVE(AUTOG) $2 DICK A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS-A WORLD OF A CHANCE(AUTOG) EA. $1.75 TOLKIEN-FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING-THE TWO TOWERS-THE RETURN OF THE KING EA.$3.75 THE HOBBITT $1.65 FARMER GILES OF HAM $1.10 PEAKE-TITUS GROAN-GORMENGHAST EA.$2.50 RUSSELL-MEN MARTIANS AND MACHINES $1.75 HAGGARD-ALLAN QUATERMAIN-SHE-MAIDA THE LILY-THE BRETHREN-MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER-THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST-ALLAN'S WIFE-HEART OF THE WORLD-CHILD OF STORM ALLAN AND THE HOLY FLOWER-QUEEN SHEBA'S RING-THE WORLD'S DESIRE-ERIC BRIGHTEYES-KING SOLOMON'S MINES MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED EDS. EA. $1.50

BESTER-TIGER TIGER $2 J.BLISH-THEY SHALL HAVE STARS $2 J.CHRISTOPHER-THE DEATH OF GRASS L. BRACKETT-THE SWORD OF RHIANNON $1.35 E.R. BURROUGHS-TARZAN (THE TERRIBLE)(OF THE APES)(AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR) (AND THE ANT MEN)(JUNGLE TALES OF)(THE MAGNIFICENT) (AND THE GOLDEN LION) EA.$1 TARZAN(AND THE CITY OF GOLD)(AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY) SLIGHT ABRIDG. EA.50¢ BURROUGHS POCKETBOOKS 35¢ EA. AUSTRALIAN ED. COX OUT OF THE SILENCE $1.35

BRITISH SF MAGS AND POCKETBOOKS-CURRENT AND BACK ISSUES MOSTLY 35¢ NEW WORLDS-SCIENCE FANTASY AUTHENTIC-NEBULA AUSTRALIAN MAGS 15¢ to 30¢
J. BEN STARK 113 ARDMORE RD., BERKELEY, CALIF.

There are two copies each of issues # 1 & 2 of INSIDE, for them that wants—they're recommended for collectors only, by the way, since you won't find much in them worth reading. 25¢ each. Issues # 3, 4 & 5 are sold out. In fact, we need a copy of # 5 in good condition, suitable for binding. Will trade a four issue subscription for it. Anyone? All issues from # 6 on are available—25¢ each, five for $1.

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

EDITORIAL

No, there wasn't a November issue either. Nor, for that matter, a January issue. This is due primarily to the convention, since there, because of the unhealthy atmosphere and the close contact with so many fans, I contacted an eye infection, which left me wandering about the Plains of Night for over a month. Because I couldn't see, I couldn't work, so I was fired. Which left me with doctor bills and no money. You see the chain of reasoning I'm sure.

The issue you see before you is financed primarily on imagination but, with luck, you will be seeing another one in about two months time. If you don't, please understand the reason and bear with us. And be assured that we have absolutely no intention of ceasing publication.

You will note that I very carefully left out all of the material that was announced last issue. It would be impossible for you to understand the reasoning behind this, so I won't try to explain.

Lin Carter's H. P. LOVECRAFT: THE GODS will begin in the next issue, I predict. Two parts. It was supposed to be three pages long, but it seems that when Carter starts opperating a typewriter he loses his grasp on sanity (what little of it he has a hold of). He has a 3000 foot roll of paper attached to the wall behind his typewriter, I understand. Anyway, with luck you'll be seeing the damned thing; I hope there are still some Lovecraft fans out there. For those of you who aren't (Lovecraft fans), this article will be the last to deal with him—in a serious vein, that is.

Bob Bloch's article, HOW TO BE A S F CRITIC, may be in the next issue, but right now I have my doubts. It'll be along.

The S. Fowler Wright story I've had so long has one thing standing in the way of its being published—I've had it so long. To be honest, I can't bring myself to publish it. No, it's not <u>that</u> kind of story. It's just that it isn't a good story. It is true that Wright has written at least one classic in our field, but this is not, I'm afraid, comparable to it. Having emerged from the period in adolescence where a Name was enough to convince me a story was Great, I predict you'll never see this one.

As for what <u>will</u> be in the next issue, I think you can safely count on two articles: RAY BRADBURY: THE INFLUENCES THAT SHAPED HIM by Sam Moskowitz and THE WRITING OF SCIENCE FICTION by James E. Gunn. And, if anyone wants to continue the psionics discussion, now is the time to do it.

You will also note that the lists of published and forthcoming books are missing this issue. This is not because there's a page missing. I left them out. They'll be missing from now on too, unless there are enough of you who let me know you find them useful to convince me to continue them.

Lastly, there's the matter of our title. INSIDE and Science Fiction Advertiser is entirely too cumbersome and meaningless. If it wasn't for Madle's column in the Columbia magazines, I might simply change the title to INSIDE SCIENCE FICTION. But I haven't any other ideas, so I'll have to count on yours. I realize you probably haven't had an Idea in some time now, but I'm counting on you to come through this once. Turn to page 22 for list of valuable prizes which will go to author of winning title.

RS

Twinkle, twinkle, little Mars,
Burroughs tole me what you ares.
My, but you is awful high!
You bin drinkin rock-an-rye?

—Keith Nelson

inside this issue

INSIDE NUMBER SEVENTEEN
(WHOLE NUMBER FIFTY-ONE): MARCH 1957

Cover by Alan Hunter

Interior illustrations by Cindy (pages 2, 9) and Dan Adkins (pages 23, 39).

Cartoons by Robert Miller and Andrew Backer.

EDITOR: Ron Smith ART EDITOR: Cindy Smith
BOOK REVIEW EDITOR: Lin Carter
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dave Foley
ASSISTANT DUMMY: Pat Gunther
MAKEUP: Jon Stopa
ENGLISH AGENT: Alan Hunter, 92 Durrington Road, Boscombe East, Bournemouth. (Subscriptions 7/6)
AUSTRALIAN AGENT: John Gregor, 14 Upper Denham Street, North Ward, Townsville, Queensland. (Subscriptions 10/-)

INSIDE and Science Fiction Advertiser is published bi-monthly. Address all communications to: Box 356, Times Square Station, New York 36, New York. Subscriptions five issues for $1. Make all checks payable to Ron Smith and not to the name of the magazine.

closing date for copy to be in the May issue: MARCH 20


Hunter