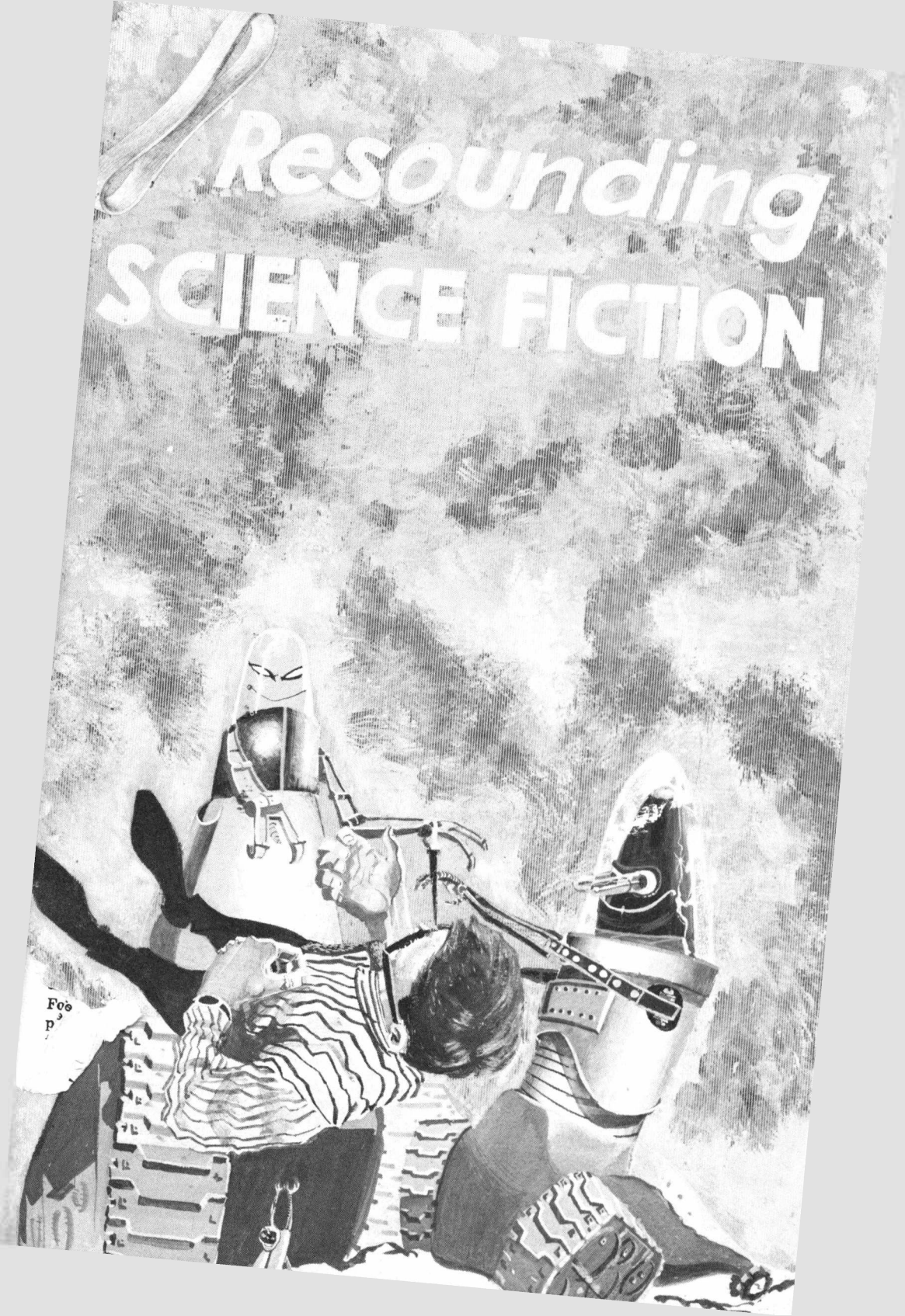
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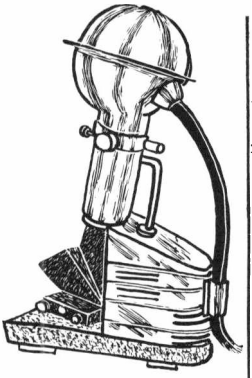

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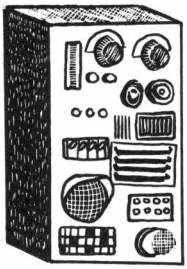

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Article

Readers' Departments

Editor: John W. Ramble II Assistant Editorial Bowdlerizer (the kind men don't like): Dee Terrent

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NEXT ISSUE NOW ON SALE

STATE THAT PROBLEM !

Two things happening at the same time is regarded by some as a strange coincidence, and rightly so—when the irresistible force meets the immovable object and both yield, what have you? With the coming of the neo-technilogical era, people who had formed their pre-conceptions years before suddenly found post-pre-conceptions necessary, and hastened to conform. But there was more to it than that.

After all, not everyone can be as happy as they think others believe that they would like to be, dispite the fact that happiness can be measured only by synthesizing the difference between an over-abundance of problematical traumas and the inherent desire of any entity to have more.

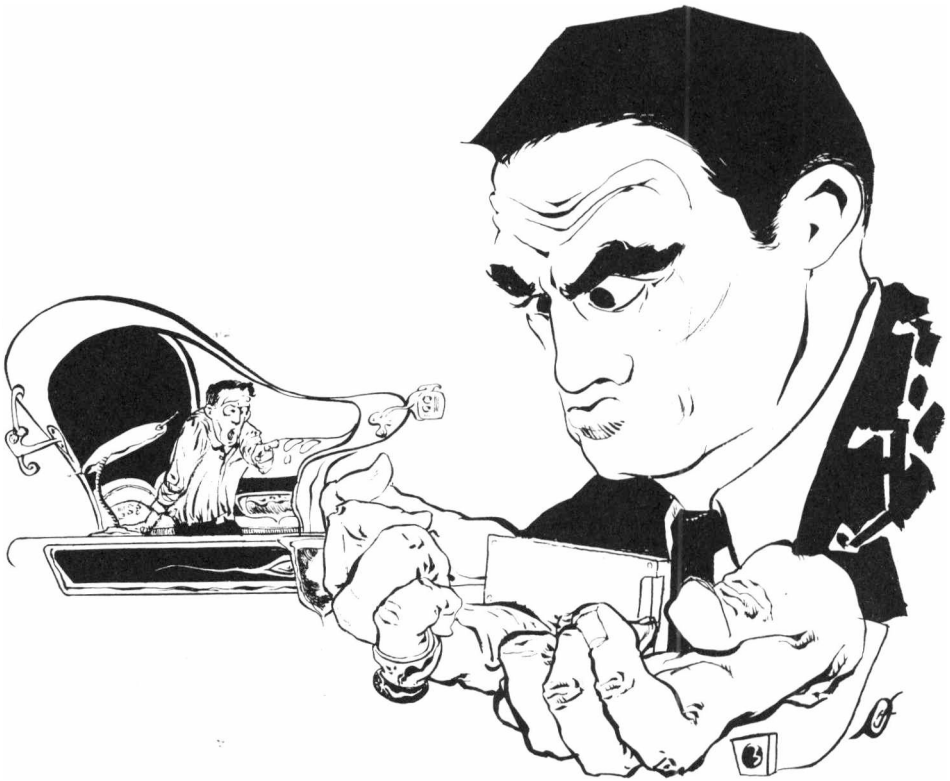
The Ancient Mayans had a way of doing it. When faced with a problem of this nature, or, in their case, any problem, they went straight to the heart of it—they killed the person who had posed them the problem. It was as simple as that. Consequently, they were seldom presented with any problems, and seldom having any problems, they were happy.

But due to the loss of problem-posers, they are no longer with us... After all, to people living in glass houses, the glass-cutter is a deadly weapon. And if it happens to be a human being who can reason, then what?

The problem is similar to the measurement of distortion in magnetic fields, electromagnetic fields, or both. I remember standing before the Bookhaven Frammiston once, watching a gage labeled MEGAVOLTAGE. I asked myself then, what is it measuring? Is the potential of the electrostatic field surrounding the coil of the machine, to which is connected all the intricacies of the amplifier unit as well as the card-feed stop, not to mention the tape-reading units upon which the successful operation of the entire machine and indeed the entirety of Bookhaven itself depends, undistorted? What is a megavolt? What is a volt? Do we really know? And if we don't, do we <u>really</u> know we don't? What's the purpose of running for governor if no one recognizes you as a candidate?

Only when some genius, with a greater talent for introspection than otherwise, learns that he is much smarter than anyone could have predicted, and learns, thereby, of the unpredictableness of prediction, can pre-prediction (or predilection) become common enough to do us any good. While we're waiting, we might as well relax, because we're none of us going anywhere.

THE EDITOR...



TURNABOUT

The statement of a problem can often lead to its solution—after all, every answer needs a question. But Turnbull found there was more to it than a simple true or false. Certain questions can have more than one answer. Some can even be true and false. Some can be neither. Some aren't—even questions. . .

BY F. Y. PEEP

Illustrated by Frieze

Turnbull sat back and puffed on a cigarette. "You mean you can't get anyone else to do the job," he said sourly. "You mean you had to come to me—whether you liked it or not."

Jason Drawford, consulting specialized time-study engineering coordinator of the Rawlings Psycholabs, lit a match and watched narrowly as his pipe went up in smoke. "Have it your way. If you don't want to help us, that's your affair. You're not the only person who can do this job, but you are one of the few who can do it within the time limit and the budget we've set."

"Why should I help you?" Turnbull asked sourly, "I don't even believe in your crazy ideas."

Drawford lit a cigarette. "Think what you like," he said with an imperturbable sourness. "All I ask is an open mind—and the help we need in developing the Psionic Telephone."

"Psionic Telephone," Turnbull sneered, his face screwed into a sour scoff. "With symbolic components, I suppose."

"Nothing," said Drawford, "so crude." He smiled sourly around his cigar. "With our Psionic Telephone, it doesn't matter if the party you call is there or not—if you believe he's answered the phone, well, then, he has." Drawford smiled at the simplicity of the scheme.

"Ridiculous," the sour Turnbull scoffed.

"But you will help us?" Drawford asked, lighting a sour cigarette. "Think of it. This is an opportunity very few Research Wirers get. You'll be right on the ground floor of a new phase of human culture. Imagine man freed of his dependence on the whims of fate. No longer will a telephonist be stymied by the two-party system of present-day communications. Anybody can call anyone at any time, and be sure of an answer."

Turnbull got up and walked toward the window, playing out the tubing of his hookah as he went. He was silent for a long moment. At last, he asked, "What's in it for me?"

Drawford soured. "I was waiting for that. I was wondering when you'd get around to it."

"It's a reasonable question, within the framework of our present discussion," said Turnbull sourly. "Given: an individual who wants something from another individual—when: the other individual can provide what is required by the first only by

A. Great hardship to himself

B. The necessity of changing his basic concepts

C. The surpression of the desire to see the other fail

Then: the first must offer the second some suitable reward for the service requested." Turnbull turned. "That's syllogismic reasoning, at least the way I learned it."

"Granted, your request is reasonable, but only within the framework of syllogismic reasoning. I'm an elometric pismyreology man myself."

Turnbull howled with laughter, sourly. "I didn't think anyone believed in that nonsense anymore. Why, Kleistmeistenoppolous proved—"

"Yes," said Drawford sourly, lighting some cigarettes, "Kleistmeistenoppolous proved that the entirety of pismyreology was rendered useless by a basic flaw, but you must remember that his proof was based on <u>syllogismic reasoning</u>, which he founded. Therefore, his notions on the subject, while seeming valid to a syllogismic man, like yourself, don't hold water with a follower of elometric pismyreology."

Turnbull crushed out his pack of cigarettes. "Look, I'm not here to argue about our differences, elometric or otherwise."

"Of course not," said Drawford through a cloud of sour

smoke, "you're here because you live here."

Turnbull smiled in triumph, sourly. "That's the first sensible thing you've said. I guess you pismyreology men aren't all bad." Turnbull came back to his seat, squatted, sat. "So now that we've acheived some common ground for discussion, perhaps we can settle the original question."

Drawford sat sourly back. "Do you remember the original question?"

"Of course. It can be stated in fourteen words: Can a force, when it comes in contact with another force, force the force?"

"No. That's the question, but the answer can't proceed from it. Look, if you know that a. is true, and b. is false, then a. is true and b. is false. The question is, is a. truer than b. is false, or is b. falser than a. is true? Or, to get down to the basics, are either of them?"

Turnbull rolled a cigarette and lit it. "You can't expect me to accept that as a logical basis for discussion."

"Why not?" asked Drawford, lighting the filter end of his cigarette.

"You know as well as I do that if any basic flaw has a basic flaw, the two cancel each other out, with the result that the concept which had the basic flaw ceases to exist."

"Ceases to exist only along the line of reasoning which produced the basic flaw in the basic flaw. Remember that. Ceases to exist only along the line of reasoning which produced the basic flaw in the basic flaw."

Turnbull smirked sourly. "Ceases to exist only along the line of reasoning which produced the basic flaw in the basic flaw? What if the basic flaw in the basic flaw had a basic truth, or non-flaw, behind it? Then, wouldn't the whole line of reasoning cease to exist?"

Drawford chewed thoughtfully on his cigar, and swallowed it before answering. "The line of any reasoning can cease to exist only if it falls prey to a basic flaw. Therefore, it never existed in the first place. It couldn't have. Surely you can see that."

Turnbull sighed sourly. "If a. is equal to a., then a. is not equal to b."

"Not unless b. is equal to a.!" Drawford sat back in triumph.

"By George," said Turnbull, the sourness slowly leaving his face, "I think you've got something there."

Drawford got up. "You'll be at the lab at ten, then?"

"Yes, you can count on me."

They shook hands.

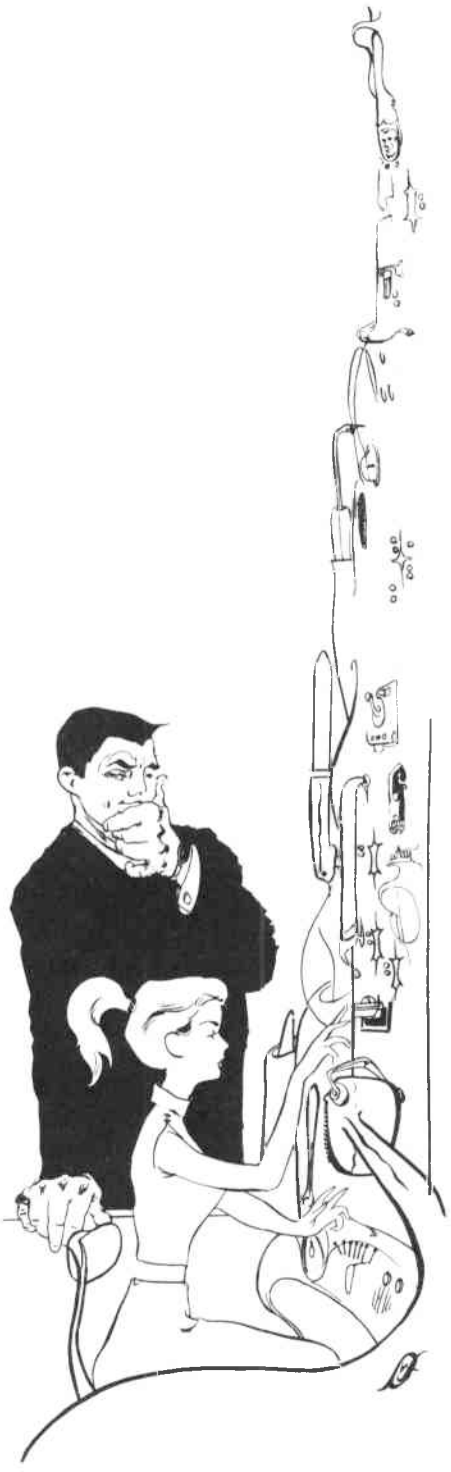
Rawlings Psycholabs lay sprawled like a schematic in the early morning sunlight. Turnbull entered through the great big door, which was the entrance, and walked to the receptionist.

"Yes?" she said.

"How do you do, my name is Turnbull," Turnbull said. "I think I'm expected."

"Just a moment." The receptionist pressed a button on the desk. There was a whirring sound, the sound of ratchets clicking and cams scraping. A bank of lights lighted, and four small meters went off scale. Then, a panel in the top of the desk slid back, and a square plate rose, like an elevator, out of the desk. The panel reached eye level, stopped, then tilted until its surface faced the secretary. On it was clipped a piece of paper, which said: "Let Turnbull in."

The clerk smiled. "Right through there, Mr. Turnbull, first door on your left."



Turnbull walked to the first door on his left, which proved to be an elevator shaft, with an elevator in it, at this floor. On the control panel was one button, labelled: "Turnbull." Turnbull placed the tip of his finger on it, and depressed it.

There was a whirring sound, the sound of ratchets clicking and scraping. A bank of lights lighted, and four small meters went off scale as the elevator shot sourly to the top of the shaft. Its doors opened, automaticly.

"Ah," said Drawford, "there you are." It was Drawford.

"Hello, Drawford." said Turnbull, "here I am."

The other took the other's arm and walked him swiftly down the hall, which the elevator opened onto, and through a door which also opened onto it.

A group of men were clustered on a table around a small black device. They looked up as Drawford and Turnbull entered.

"There it is, Turnbull," said Drawford, "the first working model."

The men clustered around the small black device backed away and Drawford and Turnbull walked to it. Turnbull examined the small black device curiously, before saying, "And it works?"

"Yes," said Drawford, "it works." He turned from Turnbull. "Isn't that right men?"

They nodded.

Drawford drew Turnbull away. "You see, we have been working on this principle for some time now. Over here are the earlier models."

He stopped and pointed at a small black device. "This one, for example, was the result of planned accident. One of our men, looking merely for some random design to work with, put the components in a container and shook them up and dumped them out on a table." He gestured. "That was the result.""

"And it worked?" Turnbull asked.

"No," said Drawford, "but

we knew we were on the right track. With this particular little black device, everyone who used it got a busy signal. It wasn't until six months later that we realized the phone was calling itself."

"Ah," said Turnbull.

"All these others produced similar effects," Drawford continued. "This one, for example, could contact only an operator, who kept insisting that our phone bill was in arrears. This one could get only the weather. This one, only time signals."

Drawford walked back to the table on which the small black device, the original small black device, rested. "And this," he said, "is the latest model."

"Have you tested it yet?" asked Turnbull.

"No, we haven't. We've been waiting for you." Drawford picked up the small black device and turned it over. "You see, we've got an extra connection here, which we can't seem to place. We've soldered all the other leads, but this one seems to be left over. That's why you're here."

"Why?" asked Turnbull.

"You're here," said Drawford, "to make that last connection."

Turnbull examined the overturned small black device thoughtfully. "Could this be a ground?" he said at last. There was a sharp intake of breath from the surrounding group. Drawford drew forward quickly. "By George, it's possible. I think you've hit it." He turned and gestured to one of the men. "Bring a soldering iron here, quickly!"

Turnbull scowled into the interior of the small black device. "But where could you make a ground? Let's see—which side of the line carries the power source?"

Turnbull picked himself out of the gutter with difficulty. He stood swaying for a moment, then shook his head to clear his thoughts. "All I said was—" he murmured. He bent down and picked up his crushed hat. "They'd better ground that small black device, just the same," he said to himself. "That circuit needed a ground."

He walked off into the day, and wasn't watching when Rawlings Psycholabs vanished.

IT'S OVER

IN ISSUES HENCE

Next month's lead story, "Backslide" by R. O. Geek, poses an interesting problem—can a man, or an entity, in any given environment, without any, get some? Mr. Geek's answer will surprise you.

There will also be a novelette by S.M. Forb, which is another of his Galactic Ecology series. If the balance between two species is so precarious that the slightest disturbance would destroy it, why doesn't one? We think the findings of the G.E. team will make fascinating reading.

These, plus all our regular features, plus an article on the possibility of substituting cork for aluminum in future aircraft, make up an issue that will not be missed.

THE EDITOR...

PSIONICS MACHINE: TYPE 0

In 1875, at the University of Creel, Professor Carlysle Pismyre made the astounding discovery for which he is famous. It can be expressed: M equals EC^2; or, more simply, any object which is equal to any other object, is equal to itself.

The sum total of man's knowledge has, up until now, remained large. But it is diminishing. This is what is known as a Plutonian Paradox—that is, an apparent discrepancy, which is actually a very real discrepancy, though not so apparent as first thought. You can lead a horse to water, but only after you've closed the barn door.

The reaction of the masses to revelations of this kind is difficult to understand—at least in the prevalent philosophical framework. One has to accept the bi-planel gyroscopic theorum in order to procede, and naturally this leads nowhere.

Science, like philosophy, needs something new on which to hang its hat—something that will take into account the existance of a square wheel, without trying to square all wheels. Conformity can be a good thing, but only in very large doses.

Psionics is like a square wheel. It serves no purpose within the boundries of round-wheelism, and therefore seems useless, or worse. Scientists react to psionics in a very unpredictable fashion for this reason. In order to break down the resistance to non-Homeric thought, one must first prove Homer existed, and that is impossible without admitting the existance of electrical contingencies for which there can be no fuse. You'll find few scientists willing to give up any fragment of their dialectic intuition, unless you offer them better morter for their stones.

As for myself, there is more than one way to skin a cat. The trouble is, all methods hurt the cat, and if hurting the cat is what you are trying to avoid, then procedure in this direction is blocked by Fortescue's Second Major Platitude—"Movement, in any direction, by any power, is impossible."

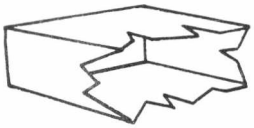
Look at it this way—let C equal cat, S equal skin, H equal hurting the cat, I equal you, D equal the dirty trick you're playing on the cat. The problem can then be stated:

C - S equals H
Also;
I ≠ D equals H
Therefore:
C - S equals I ≠ D equals H, or SCHID.

There's no use cooking supper if there's no one to eat it.

My tests with this psionics machine acheived mixed results. The first person tested could feel nothing on the plate at any setting. The second person felt a slight sensation of nausea. The third person sneezed.

I then took the machine apart and put it back together to see if this would help. My next subject felt nothing—nothing at all. He could not feel the plate, or any part of the machine, nor could he feel any of the objects which I handed to him. I thought for a moment I had stumbled on an important



Ultimate psionics machine schematic

new principle—one which reversed the normal reactions, and set up an area of insensitivity at a given setting. The subject proved intoxicated, however.

I then tried facing the machine in various directions. From this I discovered that the strongest and most positive reaction is obtained when the machine is turned south-west and the door of the room is left open. The next subject to feel the plate experienced a remarkably persuasive sensation that he was made of brick, but when I adjusted the setting, he decided it was the machine that was made of brick.

Before continuing, I walked twice widdershins around the machine and laid a broom across the room's doorway. This procedure increased the response markedly, and I was actually able to fry an egg on the plate. Rather than allow the experiment to procede without the proper safeguards, I chalked a pentangle around the table. This calmed the machine somewhat.

My next subject was the seventh son of a seventh son, and his experience with the machine was remarkable. His hand adhered to the plate with such force that he was actually able to lift the machine from the table. No setting seemed to help the situation, and I was finally forced to sprinkle the subject with mandrake root (powdered, in the dark of the moon). The phenomenon ceased.

The most important discovery made during this series of experiments was that it is possible to create a field of gravitational polarization, within the limits of the carminative factor, without shorting any of the binaural potential. Experiments conducted with the appropriate instruments proved conclusively that any lecithin reaction, no matter how implosive, can be halted by pulling out the plug.

Once again, we are limited by spherical elometric thinking—in a universe of plugs, can you pull one without pulling them all? As yet, there is no answer.

STOP

THE ANALYTICAL LAVATORY

The voting on last month's issue was very heavy, but mostly inconclusive. Most ballots went to only three stories, with the other four being completely ignored. Over three hundred letters nominated stories that had appeared in earlier issues, while some referred to other magazines. The votes that could be counted add up as follows:

LAST ISSUE

PLACE	STORY	AUTHOR	POINTS
1.	...And Three To Go	P. Y. Berm	7.253
2.	...Than Be President	Jack Clifford and Axel Alespolopoppidolous	62.700
3.	...I...	Eisenhower Asimuth	528.003

As I said, the other stories in the issue received no votes, so each is rated 35.77.

THE EDITOR...

THE DEFERENCE LIBRARY

BY P. SCHUYLER KING

REPORT ON PROGRESS MADE IN ELIMINATING PROGRAMMING STEPS X-23 THROUGH 14X-86 IN MARK SENSING OPERATION OF ZWIEBAC, MODEL A-1000, ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR, by Hobart Wormser. University of Harriston Press, Harriston. 1960. 32 pp. $7.50

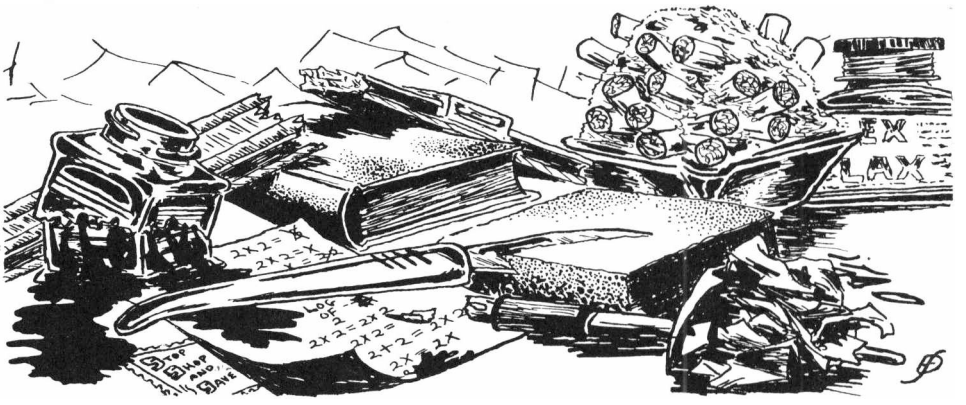
This beautifully written summery of recent developments in the field of electronic calculation is a must for the shelf of every thinking individual. Mr. Wormser has a rare faculty for making a difficult subject completely fascinating, and his prose is that happy combination of technical know-how and flawless writing that is evidenced in the title of the work.

Further, Mr. Wormser is not afraid to use the facilities at his disposal to their fullest—the book is liberally sprinkled with gloriously reproduced schematics, often in two colors! These, plus the clear, sharp photographs of componants, both in use and in the experimental stage, make this volume a prize for your collection, and probably the single most important literary work of the past several years.

THE PLAYERS OF ANVOID, by E.A. Van Goght. F.C.P.C.P.C.I.C.P., Harbor City. 1957. 237 pp. 59¢

A reprint of a serial which appeared in this magazine

(Continued on page 15)



BRASS HACKS

Dear Mr. Ramble:

In view of the subject matter of some of the recent articles and editorials in your magazine, I thought you might be interested in the following information. It is an advance description of a new computer shortly to be placed on the market by our company, the Clifford Computer Corporation. The resemblances between many of the operational features of this computer and certain phenomena discussed in your magazine will be apparent.

The new CCC computer is a multi-purpose, all inclusive computing mechanism designed specifically to handle those impossible applications which arise periodically within every corporate structure and/or scientific organization. To provide the utmost in simplicity and reliability, this computer has achieved the ultimate in unitized construction—it is, in other words, a single unit. Specifications for the various features are as follows:

1. Memory unit: The problem of sufficient memory space has long plagued computer manufacturers. The CCC has taken the obvious course; the number of memory locations is arbitrary, to be specified by the purchaser. A new medium known as SIC (see note 1) holds the information. Total space taken up by the SIC unit is negligible, hence the access time is also negligible, and any instruction stored in memory can be found and executed within two machine cycles, each taking a negligible amount of time.

2. Arithmetic and Logical unit: The CCC computer is capable of performing all of the usual arithmetic operations and logical decisions. It is not necessary to code the factors of these operations in order to process a problem. It is only required that the programmer stand near the computer with a faint semblance of the problem in mind. These operations can all be performed with factors of arbitrary length in negligible time.

3. Input-Output devices. A. Card reader: Preliminary investigations have shown that card reading speeds up to $1x10^{16}$ cards per second can be achieved. It must be realized, however, that the number of keypunch operators necessary to punch these cards would be prohibitive; therefore, a special MRAH

1. SIC—Symbolic Information Catalyst

(see note 2) feature has been added which enables the accurate determination of input data by a system of mental association. Obviously, the card reader is not required.

B. Card Punch: Punching speeds have lagged behind reading speeds, being of the magnitude of $1x10^{14}$ cards per second. Some difficulties were encountered with the interpretation of these cards, so a system known as FTHO (see note 3) has been developed. The advantages of this procedure should be manifest, since it eliminates not only the card punch but also the necessity of filing the cards.

C. Tape Units: The technique of reading from tapes, writing on tapes, and storage and handling of tapes has been refined to the ultimate. Read-write character times are approximately $1x10^{32}$ microseconds. Tape speeds were originally set at $75x10^{33}$ inches per second. Further development of the tape units, however, indicated a phenomenon known as "skin effect" in ultra-high frequency techniques. It was deduced that the magnetized spots which comprise the stored information do not exist on the tape itself, but in the atmosphere surrounding the tape. Thus the physical reels and tape frames themselves were eliminated. A device known as FTRPOMA (see note 4) has been incorporated into the CCC computer which effectively takes care of all input-output operations.

D. On-Line Printer: Printing speeds turned out to be considerably slower than those of any other output medium, hence a device known as TMAS (see note 5) has replaced the printer on the CCC computer. This device makes feasible a direct contact between the customer and the computer. The programmer, as noted before, places himself near the computer with a semblance of the problem in mind. The customer then places himself exactly 13° to the right of the line determined by the programmer and the computer (considered as point-sources), and receives the solution to his problem by means of a mental transmission comparable in intensity and accuracy to the degree of concentration employed by the programmer in activating the computer.

The CCC has called this new computer the PSIMEC: PSIonic Mental Energy Computer. In physical size, the PSIMEC is completely enclosed in a black box one foot on a side. There are no operating controls, and no power source is required. The PSIMEC has simplified the problem of computing to the point where children and small animals, when properly trained, can use the machine easily and profitably.—C. C. Clifford

Yes, but what if it doesn't work out that way, then what?

Dear Mr. John W. Ramble II:

I have enjoyed greatly your recent editorials pointing up the limitations of modern science. However, I must disagree with one of your major premises, the assumption that whatever is known from incontrovertible empirical evidence must necessarily be so. Certainly you must admit the existence of areas of knowledge where proven facts are all in direct contradiction to every verifiable experiment. What does this do to your argument?—A. Clime, R.R. 2, Sweltering Springs, N.M.

Nothing at all. You have ignored the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle!

---

2. MRAH—Mind Reading at Home
3. FTHO—File the Holes Only
4. FTRPOMA—Find the Right Piece of Magnetized Air
5. TWAS—Tell Me a Secret

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of your magazine from the first issue and have consistently enjoyed all the stories, articles, editorials, book reviews, anecdotes, forecasts, and rating departments. However, in your last issue you have made a statement which has caused me to break my silence of many years and write to you.

In your editorial, "Truths Science Won't Accept", you made the remark that the non-repeatability of an experiment does not invalidate its results. I am perfectly willing to grant that. However, you then proceeded to deduce the conclusion that experiments yielding no discernible results are perfectly valid as scientific evidence. Surely it must be apparent to you that the reasoning whereby you reached this result is nothing but the sheerest sophistry!—Q. Mire

Yes! But it's convincing, isn't it?

(Continued from page 12)

years ago (before I joined the staff), this science fiction novel has become somewhat of a classic in the field. The adventures of Mr. Van Goght's hero, Gilbert Goshwow, are very interesting, and his trials and tribulations often impart to the reader a feeling of real suspense, and a desire to learn what happens next. This is one of the better novels to emerge from the science fiction of several years ago.

THE VENERIAN LOG, by Ray Gladberry. Batnam, Chicago. 1956. 196 pp. 35¢

It is difficult to review this book, owing to its very nature. Author Gladberry was apparently trying to say something, but his over-emotionalism tends to cloud the message. To say that author Gladberry had no message would be unfair—after all, literature, as a part of the physical universe, and as a product of the human mental processes, must conform to basic rules—no piece of writing could possibly exist unless it expressed, in concrete form, some truism concerning the interrelation between man, his environment and the universe. The worth of literature is measured in direct ratio to the clarity of the expression. By this standard, which is, after all, the only reasonable method by which to evaluate a book, author Gladberry's work falls somewhat short.

HEIL, BOGO, by Walt Skelly. Simon & Kirby, Okefenokee. 225 pp. $1.00

This book, if one can call it such, is composed almost entirely of pictures, with small passages of text isolated within them, and concerns the activities of what appear to be a group of animals. Author Skelly makes no attempt to explain the fact, contrary to natural laws as it may seem, that these creatures possess the power of speech, and are capable of a sort of limited reasoning. The work is neatly chapterized, but for no discernable reason, for the sequence of incidents seem to proceed without any relation to the normal order of things. I could not, in all honesty, recommend this work, although you might find it of some interest from an anthropological point of view.

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INSIDE

THE HARP STATESIDE, Walt Willis (Humour); Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland, 71 pp., 35¢ (mimeographed). Illus. by Thomson.

It has always seemed to me that when a resident of the British Isles is funny, he is funnier than any colonials are likely to be. And since Ireland is one of the British Isles (dispite what the I.R.A. would have us believe), then I guess my theory holds true in this case, because THE HARP STATESIDE is one of the funniest works of fan writing I have read.

Willis, whom you probably all know from Hyphen, has written a warmly humourous account of his trip to the United States, and his struggle to understand it (something few Americans have managed). Unlike most foreign writers seeing America for the first time, however, Willis managed not to fall prey to the superior sneer—he accepts, at the outset, the basic differences between Ireland and the U.S., as well as the fact that, to an individual, one country is desirable over another only because it's home.

With this in mind, the little similarities which gradually come to light are pleasant surprises, and just go to show that people, in spite of time, space and government, are much the same everywhere. And so, while giving you a totally new outlook on your own country, Willis also tells you a great many things about Ireland and its people.

To his credit, he is not afraid to be impressed. Most visitors to America, feeling that a well-turned jibe is the most effective weapon against making fools of themselves, make as little as possible of anything presented to them. When faced with the Grand Canyon, the normal reaction is one of superiority—"The Rhine Valley is much more beautiful."—or—"The white Cliffs of Dover are higher." Though these comparisons may be valid, the fact remains that the Grand Canyon is one hell of a sight. Willis thought so too.

And little things like hot dog stands and gas stations assume a new importance—to Willis we seem a nation made up almost entirely of hot dog stands and gas stations. Before he's through, you begin to think he may be right.

And of course, the people. Although I think he was much too kind to everyone in the book whom I knew, the pictures of

BOOKS

those I didn't know sounded wonderfully real. Willis found a good word to say for everybody—even Shaver. He left me with a feeling that maybe we've been too hard on the poor fellow. And who knows, maybe we have.

His discription of the convention, which was the primary reason for his trip to the States, is slightly out of focus, the way conventions always are, and builds through little tricks of wording into a Cocteauesque montage, which they also always are, at least at five in the morning. As for the talks which are such events at these shindigs—well, Willis seems to feel that they are important only to those who are making them, and that the audience is only there through a sense of duty. And you know...

So, eventually, Willis made his way from one end of the continent to the other and back again, and the telling of it is very like an epic. As I said, he seems from his prose to be an inherently nice fellow, and fandom has too few of these (you heard me), which places him high on my list of people I'd like to meet. His humour is impeccable.

And to think that all this time I thought a Willis was a furry little Martian. —Dave Foley

THE STARS MY DESTINATION, Alfred Bester (Novel); Signet, 200 pp., 35¢.

First of all, since it is inevitable that the comparison be made, let the record show that THE STARS MY DESTINATION is no DEMOLISHED MAN.

It is, however, a very fine science fiction novel, and anyone who reads it without any preconceptions is almost certain to enjoy it.

Its principle strength, as in most of Bester's work, lies in the width of invention. The futuristic slang employed by the central character is almost horrifyingly credible, producing an effect midway between total illiteracy and rock 'n roll lyrics. This also extends to the characters—one of the most memorable ever to appear in the pages of s. f. is Olivia Presteign, the strange and beautiful blind girl who can see only invisible radiations, and to whom the world seems peopled by undulating phantoms of energy.

Bester's writing deserves a mention—as usual, it crackles, although not as brilliantly as in THE DEMOLISHED MAN. He does, however, have a wonderfully unusual style, one which keeps the story moving almost faster than it can be read. And, once again, the background is fully developed, with every potential of a given situation utilized to the fullest.

Bester knows how to write, and is never afraid to experiment. With his two s. f. novels so far, he has proven that good science fiction can also be good writing. There should be more like him. DF

THE FROZEN YEAR, James Blish (Novel); Ballantine, 155 pp., 35¢.

This novel is not pure science fiction, but it is hard to call it anything else. Ballantine labelled it "a contemporary novel", which it certainly isn't, if only for the reason that it takes place in 1958. THE FROZEN YEAR is difficult to classify, but wholly wonderful to read.

The story concerns a rather ill-fated arctic expedition which sets out as a part of the International Geophysical Year program. Adverse publicity, brought on mainly by the somewhat theatrical Geoffry Farnsworth, the leader of the expedition, causes the IGY Committee to withdraw sponsorship. Farnsworth pushes on, however, undaunted. It is his contention

that the north polar cap may contain meteoric fragments which will prove a pet theory of his—that a planet once circled in what is now called the asteroid belt.

The story centers around a young science writer, Julian Cole, who accompanies the expedition as a sort of official historian, and his efforts at fighting off snow, cold and Farnsworth's wife. There are several other members of the party, all of whom have terrible, fascinating problems which come out, piece by piece. The characterization in this book is superb—I don't know when a group of fictional people have seemed more real—and the wonderfully complex relationships which develop between the various characters are beautifully achieved.

The writing, as well, is way above anything Blish has done before and ranges from New-Yorkerish sophistication to plain old Jack London without skipping a beat. And the knowledge of the various branches of science displayed in these pages is awe-inspiring. I have no way of knowing whether it is all correct, of course, but Blish is convincing. In fact, he holds your complete attention all the way through. DF

THE CASE AGAINST TOMORROW, Frederick Pohl (Collection); Ballantine, 152 pp., 35¢.

Pohl is, primarily, a writer of detective stories. In this venerable form, the principle concern is with the problem—its statement, the clues pointing to its solution, and finally, if the author is skilled, the surprising climax. Of secondary importance are the characterization, prose style, etc.

This is precisely the kind of writing Mr. Pohl does. The problem arises out of some extrapolation of future events or mores—this makes it science fiction. The clues are presented fairly. The solution is usually surprising, and leaves the reader with a why-didn't-I-think-of-that feeling.

This type of fiction, science or detective, can be fun, if fleshed with believable characters and situations, or at least equipped with a pleasing prose style. But Mr. Pohl is, unfortunately, short on these commodities, and the end result is something like an account of a very clever man solving a riddle. The fact that this is dished up as fiction doesn't change its nature.

Contrary to what Frederick Pohl, H.L. Gold, or the Amazing Mr. Ballantine might think, science fiction should be more than strings of ideas held together by the presence of an occasional human being; science fiction, like all fiction, should consider humans its prime concern. The science, civilization and problem exist only as a backdrop against which the characters play out the story. This is basic. Science fiction will be much better off as soon as these people realize that a cross between the Scientific American and the Saturday Evening Post is the foulest kind of miscegination, and produces only the kind of shallow bosh that is forgotten almost before you reach the author's signature. DF

ROGUE IN SPACE, Fredric Brown (Novel); Dutton, 189 pp., $2.75.

This novelization of two of Brown's early pulp stories ("Gateway To Darkness" and "Gateway To Glory") has little to recommend it—to put it kindly.

Basically, it is the story of Crag, a futuristic criminal, and his struggles to be a futuristic criminal. There is also a sentient asteroid floating about, and when Crag has the good sense to die in the middle of the story it brings him back to life. It should have left well enough alone. DF

STORIES FOR THE DEAD OF NIGHT, ed. by Don Congdon (Collection); Dell, 288 pp., 35¢.

As is usually the case with anthologies of this type, the only good stories in it are the ones that have been reprinted almost everywhere. And another complaint: One would presume from the title that this was a collection of ghost stories, or at least horror stories, but it is neither. The stories are strange, often pointless, usually very silly, but seldom suitable for the dead of night, or any other time.

This is not to say that all of them fit this category—it is merely that, since all the good pieces are so familiar, you tend to skip them, and what is left is negligible.

The only new story in the book—that is, new to me—that deserves any mention is "Miss Gentlebelle" by Charles Beaumont, but even this one falls apart on the last page.

As for the rest—well, how many times can anyone read "Two Bottles of Relish," "Sredni Vashtar," "The Lottery" or "The Tell Tale Heart" before he knows them word for word? DF

POGO'S SUNDAY PUNCH, Walt Kelly; Simon & Schuster, $1.00.

The latest in the series of Pogo books is rather an oddity. The title suggests that this is a reprint of the Sunday strips as was the POGO SUNDAY BOOK—actually it is nothing of the kind. The lead story is an original, and easily the funniest thing in the book. All the other sequences are reprinted from the Dell comic series that Kelly used to do, and serve mostly to remind you how far Pogo has come since then. The style is very stiff and studied, with none of the free-wheeling lunacy and naturally unnatural dialogue that has made Pogo so popular.

The remainder of the book is taken up with Kelly poetry, but even this falls short. Except for a lop-sided ditty called

"Dixie Is the Land I Love", these verses read like someone trying to imitate Kelly, which is, of course, impossible. He undertakes, by the way, the completion of that haunting song which has appeared in so many Pogo strips—"O, Mamie minded Momma / 'Til one day in Singapore / A Sailorman from Turkestan / Came knocking at the Door."—but the subsequent stanzas are confused and very uninspired. DF

SF: THE YEAR'S GREATEST SCIENCE-FICTION AND FANTASY, Second Annual Volume, ed. Judith Merril (Anthology); Dell, 320 pp., 35¢ (paper-back); Gnome Press, 320 pp., $3.95 (hard-cover).

Unlike the fast-disintegrating Dikty annual series, this anthology largely lives up to its title.

A glance down the contents page and through the honorable mention roster at the end of the book reveals two interesting conditions which prevailed in science fiction, 1956—and which, I suspect, will be even more pronounced when next year's volume appears. One: It no longer suffices to read only the s.f. magazines in order to get the best s.f. Five of the eighteen titles in this volume are from non-s.f. sources, and over a fourth of the honorable mention titles are drawn from "outside" sources. Two: The magazine which used to dominate almost every anthology, Astounding Science Fiction, is on a down-grade. It furnishes only three stories this year, and eleven honorable mentions, as contrasted with F&SF with four inclusions and nineteen honorable mentions. Galaxy, with one inclusion and six honorable mentions, is matched by Infinity and only slightly ahead of Playboy.

So much for the statistical aspect. Of the titles themselves, eleven belong in the top-drawer, or A, category, the rest ranging from good down to interesting-but-forgettable. My personal favorites are: Sturgeon's "The Other Man", as fine and detailed a taking-apart and putting-together of personalities as I've seen; Knight's "Stranger Station", which lends a new psychological depth to the human-alien contact theme; Ballard's "Prima Belladonna", a tantalizing glimpse of a strange future world containing the first genuinely new idea in science fiction in too many years (this one, by the way, is from the British Science Fantasy); Malpass' "When Grandfather Flew to the Moon", a delightful bit of logical nonsense reminiscent of Howard Schoenfeld, but with a flavor and flair all its own; Thomas' "The Far Look", a detailed study of man's psychological reaction to lunar life; and Russell's hilarious un-fiction (well, it isn't fiction, and it certainly isn't non-fiction!) clubbing of the Hollywood monster movie, "Put Them All Together, They Spell Monster". For the rest of the A stories, there are Kornbluth's satirical "The Cosmic Expense Account"; Daley's evocative tale of a visitor out of time, "The Man Who Liked Lions"; Bretnor's small-scale study of the impact of alien invasion, "The Doorstop"; Budrys' "Silent Brother", which would be an even better tale if the beginning and ending didn't read as if they belonged on totally different stories; and Abernathy's story of the day truth takes over the world with the help of "Grandma's Lie Soap".

Filling out the book are Asimov's "Each an Explorer", a standard alien-life-outsmarts-man tale; Reynold's "Compounded Interest". an interesting twist on the time-paradox theme; Nathan's "Digging the Weans", a clumsy satire which never gets off the ground; Thorne's "Take A Deep Breath", spotlighting an idea that has been touched upon by many authors; Kanin's "The Damndest Thing", a minor fantasy which reads like tame John Collier; and Henderson's "Anything Box", a soupy and

uninteresting wish-fulfillment fantasy. Garrett's verse-parody, "All About 'The Thing'", is worth reprinting just to marvel at the incredible things the man does merely to get rhymes.

Editor Merril's essay, "The Year's S-F", is an intelligent summary of conditions and trends in the field in 1956. The Honorable Mention roster lists close to a hundred further titles, of which many represent stories already anthologized or reprinted. Of the still-unreprinted titles, I could find only about half a dozen which I would have preferred to see included in place of some of the ones that were; and of these half dozen, two are long novelettes and a third is neither s.f. nor fantasy. All of which indicates to me that I am pretty well satisfied with Miss Merril's choices for this year. I think you will be, too. —Robert E. Briney

THIS FORTRESS WORLD, James E. Gunn & THE 13TH IMMORTAL, Robert Silverberg (Novels); Ace Double, 319 pp., 35¢.

It might only be the contrast with its companion-piece that makes the Gunn novel seem so good; however, strong as this effect is, I don't think it can entirely account for my enjoyment of the novel. THIS FORTRESS WORLD is a tough, exciting, mile-a-minute handling of familiar themes: out of GATHER, DARKNESS! by FOUNDATION, with perhaps some overtones of "If This Goes On—" and SIXTH COLUMN, and more than a hint of Spillane. It isn't quite as motley a combination as it sounds, a fact due mostly to Gunn's skill as a writer and his ingenuity at hinting at explanations for the anomolous elements. Some of the otherwise pointless violence is made allowable because of the way it affects the hero and his development; and the familiarity of many of the plot elements is somewhat obscured by the way they are put together and by the philosophical rationale which surrounds them. The novel is eminently readable and exciting and, from the brief comparison I was able to make, apparently didn't suffer by being abridged.

The obverse offering is all about the adventures of an Iowa farm boy without a memory and his search for the secret of his identity. Any real secret there might have been is effectively given away by the title, and with this small bit of suspense gone, there really isn't much left. Dale Kesley, the hero, gallivants all over the North and South American continents, getting captured by one or another of the immortal Dukes who rule the area, swearing fealty to one in order to assassinate another, getting captured again, thrown in prison, rescued; visits the Friendly Mutants, an art colony and a mechanical city named Wiener (neither of which have anything to do with the plot); and finally gets teleported to Antarctica to discover the secret behind all this rigamaroe. By this time, I was rather worn out, and felt nothing but a slight relief at coming to the end of the tale. As a juvenile adventure I suppose it's all rather entertaining and harmless —but it is completely two-dimensional, all skin and no meat (and damned few bones). The story is heavily padded; pages 84 to 104, for example, add nothing to the plot, and are quite clearly present only to turn a novelette into a "novel". The story abounds in hoary science-fictional clichés: the "blind singer" who holds the secret to all the goings-on; the friendly mutants who beneath their scaly hides have hearts of gold; the hero who runs around through most of the book with his memory missing; the hidden land where science progresses while the rest of the world stagnates; the bored and world-weary immortals; etc. The writing never rises above pulp level, and the dialogue is, for the most part, a combination of

contemporary slant and the kind of high-flown circumlocutions one usually encounters with evil high priests in lost-race novels. Such lines as, "Your nostrils flare very nicely when you are angry, milady," struck me as being particularly grotesque. Ace would have done better to issue an unabridged edition of the Gunn novel. REB

THE DEEP RANGE, Arthur C. Clarke (Novel); Harcourt, Brace, 238 pp., $3.95.

This handsomely produced volume is Arthur Clarke's seventeenth book, his third in as many months of 1957. It grows out of the background of a short story of the same name in STAR SF #3, but it is otherwise an original novel. And it is a fascinating and exasperating book whose detail-work and background sketching make up for deficiencies of plot and technique, but which fail to rescue the work as a whole.

The story is set about a century in the future; it covers some thirty years in the life of Walter Franklin, a former spaceman who is barred from space by a psychosis developed while effecting an act of heroism, and who turns to the undersea farms of Earth to find his vocation. What little plot there is fizzles out 98 pages through the book, when Franklin conquers his damaged psyche sufficiently to be enrolled in the ranks of the undersea wardens. After that, the structure is strictly episodic, each event unrolling in a too-leisurely manner with little link to the event preceding it.

This is one of the surest tests for deficient structure in a novel. If any major scene can be switched in position with the one preceding or following it, then something is wrong with the way the book is put together. And, through the last two-thirds of THE DEEP RANGE, almost any episode may be put in any place.

The result is a formless kind of book that rambles along to no particular destination, and must depend for its value on its characterization, style, and the strength of the individual episodes. On the first of these counts, Clarke is successful; his characters live and breathe adequately enough.

THE SATURDAY EVENING TOAD

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But the style lacks urgency, lacks tension, even in the most exciting scenes; the everlasting schoolmaster dawdles along, speaking in a mild tone of voice constantly. And the strength of the individual episodes varies; the details of Franklin's breaking-in to sea life are handled well, generally, and a climactic rescue scene likewise generates excitement, but in a major scene where Clarke had a genuine chance to write the most stirring sea fiction since MOBY DICK, action flattens woefully. I mean the scene in which Franklin (and subsidiary hero Don Burley) descend into the depths to capture alive a 130 foot squid. They snare the huge beast and bring it to the surface, drugged. The drugs are of temporary effect only, and the monster keeps awakening and thrashing its nest of tentacles; to add to the perils, three killer whales nose in to menace the half-drugged squid. And yet the whole scene is more thrilling in synopsis than in actuality. Success comes too easily.

The book—it is not a novel—has one great virtue: the conviction that the author has been there himself. This, of course, is what people read Clarke for—and, since he's capable of conveying a sense of reality when he's writing of the Moon or Mars, it's not surprising that he succeeds here in doing the same for regions where he actually has been. But conviction alone does not make a novel; and surely a major house of the order of Harcourt, Brace might have known this. THE DEEP RANGE lacks formal balance and structure. It seems more the work of a talented amateur trying (successfully) to describe the workings of a postulated group of undersea farmers and hunters, than of a seasoned professional writer in full command of his craft. —Robert Silverberg

IN THE REALM OF TERROR, Algernon Blackwood (Collection); Pantheon, 312 pp., $3.95.

Eight superb supernatural novelets by a master of the form are included in this book, ranging from oft-anthologized classics to less well known tales. Contents: "The Willows," "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," "The Wendigo," "A Haunted Island," "A Psychical Invasion," "Smith: An Episode in a Lodging House," "The Empty House," and "The Strange Adventures of a Private Secretary in New York."

All are cleanly, economically told in a controlled prose that avoids the absurdities of the over-adjectival school of weird tale writers. In logical, well-nigh perfect fashion Blackwood unfolds his revelations of the terrors that lie behind innocent things. Certainly the first three stories in the book must be among the best of their kind ever written; the novella, "A Psychical Invasion", is one of the most suspenseful adventures of Blackwood's series character, spook-hunting Dr. John Silence, and indeed all eight of the stories are rich in style, background color, and the frisson that can be attained only by a writer firmly convinced that There Are Such Things. Even when the reader—as this one—places small stock in the supernatural, it is possible to be genuinely chilled by these well-told tales. Blackwood passes the test of the great storyteller: his works have nothing about them that is stale, nothing about them that is dated, even though the earliest of the stories in this book was published fifty years ago. A recommendation to Pantheon: a similar collection of stories by that other great English supernaturalist, Arthur Machen. RS

SECRETS OF SPACE FLIGHT, Lloyd Mallan (Non-fiction); Arco, 144 pp., $2.00. Fawcett edition, 75¢ (paper-back).

This is actually an updating of the 1952 Fawcett volume, MYSTERIES OF OTHER WORLDS REVEALED: a group of articles on spaceflight and related subjects, heavily illustrated, reasonably non-technical. The general effect is a little hectic; there's no particular attempt at organization and the seventeen articles that comprise the book cover such varied fields as space medicine, spacesuit experiments, conjectures on possible future rocketry developments and science fiction. As is customary in this sort of book, there are movie stills from recent s. f. films, sketches of flying saucers and such things, and almost anything else that might remotely be construed as relevant. The overall result is a bewildering potpourri, fairly accurate scientifically, but not anything of enduring value. RS

THE WINDS OF TIME, Chad Oliver (Novel); Doubleday, 192 pp., $2.95.

Chad Oliver's first original adult novel, and the best of his books to date, is a tight, smooth, carefully-controlled and well paced one. Wes Chase, vacationing Doctor, finds himself the prisoner of some hibernating spacemen in Northern California a year or two hence. He is held prisoner for months, and they learn to converse in English, so he gets their story. Marooned on Earth ten thousand or so years back, they are the survivors of an interstellar expedition sent out from their home world to find a culture of atomic level which had not destroyed itself. When they crashed on pre-Pharaonic Earth they had, thus far, been unsuccessful. Is their planet the only one to avoid suicide? Must all cultures of atomic level kill themselves? They decide to wait until Earth grows up, and freeze themselves into suspended animation.

When Chase finds they are not emotionless aliens (and, incidentally, this is one of the book's few flaws; in his efforts to make real folks out of these spacemen, Oliver fails to make these real folks into spacemen) he identifies himself with them and makes their task his own. The difficulty is that they woke up too soon; when they emerged, we are only beginning to work on our atomic space craft, and have not yet reached the (apparently) automatic blow-up point. The solution is that they, plus Chase, go back to sleep again for two hundred years. The answer? Read the book yourself.

And it is well worth reading. Carefully written, with a touch of pathos and more than a share of poetic poignancy which happily escapes purpleness, it is a fine book and one to read again sometime. Art Clarke, move over. —Lin Carter

THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO, And Other Improbable Stories, ed. Ray Bradbury (Anthology); 210 pp., 35¢.

The slender, if fertile, talents of Our Ray have now widened to movie script writing and anthologizing. The current book is a fascinating insight into the Bradbury taste. The title novel is, of course, one of the finest (and most durable) of fantasies written in our century, and certainly needs no praise from me. The shorts which accompany it are from such diverse sources as The New Yorker, Charm and Harper's. Without question this is one of the best anthologies in years. LC

THE NAKED SUN, Isaac Asimov (Novel); Doubleday, 187 pp., $2.95.

A curiously flat, tasteless novel that attempts to mingle s. f., a murder mystery, and a spy-suspense story into one.

Elijah Baley (familiar to us from THE CAVES OF STEEL) gets sent to the planet Solaria (sic) to solve a murder and, incidentally, do a little spying for the Earth government.

The gimmick is that Baley, like all Earthmen, has a neurotic fear of the open air, being used to the underground cities of Earth. Add that to the fact the Solarians have a neurotic fear of personal contact and live out their lives in complete isolation from each other, and you can see how difficult Baley's task is.

Unfortunately, the mystery seems pretty obvious from the beginning and, as usual in these latter-day (or post-FOUNDATION) Asimov novels, the background is pure cardboard, there is little or no extrapolation, and the story seems just plain dull. LC

WITNESS TO WITCHCRAFT, Harry B. Wright (Non-fiction); Funk & Wagnall, 246 pp., 8 plates, $3.95.

Dr. Wright, a member of the Explorers Club, here recounts his travels in primitive countries—South America, Africa—where he observed native witch doctors to see what was in their hocus-pocus, humbug or Hippocrates. He recounts his experiences in a prose as lush and flowery as the river banks he voyaged past. Painfully overwritten in description, his book says two things: (1) God, this is a beautiful paragraph! and (2) These savages may be ignorant, but they have something.

In his descriptions one finds a certain tendency to overcredulousness, even naivete. He relates native cures with an awe usually reserved for Theosophists telling of the metaphysical powers of Tibetan lamas.

One suspects the value of his professional opinion, in reference to witch-doctoring—he is a Philadelphia dentist, not an M. D. His last paragraph gives a clue to his style: "After twenty years of wandering among the primitive practitioners of the world's oldest profession (sic), I can only say with Shakespeare, to civilized people: 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy!'" LC

THE EXPANDING CASE FOR THE UFO, M. K. Jessup (Non-fiction); Citadel, 253 pp., $3.50. Illustrated.

"Explorer...instructor...acknowledged expert at the May (sic) and Inca (sic) ruins...(and) the megalithic stoneworks of Peru, Syria, Easter Island and the Orient," Mr. Jessup is the author of three previous saucer-books, each worse than the previous. This one is a delightful melange of writings on Pygmies, Zimbabwe, the Great Pyramid, the Black Pagoda of India, Charles Fort, the Sphinx, witchcraft, Tiahuanaco, Easter Island, Karnak, Baalbek, Angkor-Wat, The Ramayana, Churchward, Tibet, Mu, Atlantis, American Indian folklore (newly made-up and written for Fate) and similar nonsense which has nothing to do with flying saucers. It is enlivened, however, by 128 solid pages of data about the Moon—more-or-less complete information on the mysterious "Lunar Lights" that have been puzzling astronomers ever since the beginning of the art (I refer to the intensely brilliant star-sharp points of light observed in the craters Plato, Aristarchus, etc., lights stationary, lights moving, lights flickering and steady). Plus a rather drawn-out discussion of the fortifications, bridges, roads, geometrical and alphabetical figures, buildings, etc., that are reported in Fort and elsewhere. These side-lights on the Saucer Myth have not been so fully exploited before. LC

THE GREEN ODYSSEY, Philip Jose Farmer (Novel); Ballantine, 152 pp., 35¢.

The first new novel of Farmer's in years is perhaps his best. Marooned on an alien planet that bears suspicious resemblance to one invented by de Camp for an Astounding series, Alan Green is enslaved by a native Duke and has married a slave woman, when news leads him to believe other Earthmen have landed on the planet, been captured, and are awaiting death. Quite aptly titled, this is the classic Odyssey plot, with the exception that, instead of wandering to reach his wife, our Odysseus takes her along. It is a sparkling novel, lightly but closely written, somewhat in the humorous-adventurous de Camp style, with some superbly original innovations —the land ships, the sea of grass, the moving islands, and others. The characterization is excellent, the dialogue very good, background adequate, action sufficient, color excellent. It is whimsical, amusing, exciting, intriguing. The wonderfully wacky pseudo-medieval culture is well described and thoroughly delightful. And the heroine is unique in s.f. LC

GREAT ESSAYS IN SCIENCE, ed. Martin Gardner (Non-fiction); Pocket Library, 408 pp., 35¢.

Martin Gardner, the science writer, Oz fan, and occasional contributor to such diverse publications as Children's Digest and Fantasy and Science Fiction, has here collected a honey of a little book for the serious enthusiast of science and/or science fiction. Selections, and well chosen ones they are, from the writings of Freud, Francis Bacon, Havelock Ellis, Oppenheimer, Einstein, Darwin, Huxley, Bertrand Russell, William James, Fabre, Fermi and Maeterlinck. Plus rather oddly chosen exerpts from such unexpected people as Robert Louis Stevenson, Aldous Huxley (from BRAVE NEW WORLD), G. K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells (from THE WORLD SET FREE) and John Dos Passos. Solid, substantial and thought-provoking reading, with something of interest for almost everybody. LC

(continued overleaf)

AB WAITED BUT NO MORE APPEARED. A GRADUAL AWARENESS, AN AWAKENING, SURGED THROUGH THE BODY OF THE FIRSTMAN. A MELODIOUS HUM FILLED THE AIR AS HIS MECHANISM BEGAN TO FUNCTION. HE WAS EFFICIENT. HE WAS READY. SLOWLY, MURDEROUSLY, HE MOVED INTO ACTION.

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JULES VERNE: MASTER OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. I. O. Evans (Collection); Rinehart, 236 pp., $3.00.

Mr. Evans being a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, he is particularly suited to the task of editing a selection from the writings of M. Verne, whose literary specialty was fiction about travel in remote and fantastic regions.

This collection is a very fine selection from Verne's 66-or-more published novels and books. Without exception, the excerpts are chosen with taste and style. They are perfect, complete scenes, easily divorced from context, and, in the rare cases where this is not so, are prefaced by brief digests of what has gone before. Particularly well-chosen are the selections from TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH and FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON. There are also selections from THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS, AN ANTARCTIC MYSTERY (the unfinished novel which was completed in Poe's ARTHUR GORDON PYM) and THE STEAM HOUSE.

From the far less well known Verne novels, there are excerpts from DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS, THE CHILD OF THE CAVERN and HECTOR SERVADAC, plus several others.

A superb bibliography at the back of the book finishes out a fascinating collection; it gives every novel, play, article, short story and non-fiction work by title in the original French, plus indicating which of the titles (and there are several!) have not been translated into English.

Reading this selection, one is made aware of the range and brilliance of Verne's talent. Not only the rare gift of completely communicable enthusiasm in whatever he is writing, but a good sense of dialogue, a talent for creating larger-than-life characters and a (surprisingly) fine taste for a turn of the phrase. LC

THE WONDERFUL O, James Thurber (Novel); Simon & Schuster, 72 pp., $3.50. Illustrated by Marc Simont.

Another (the third) delightful Thurber fairy tale, written in a language half Lewis Carroll, half Joyce. Thurber has a wonderful time playing word games and tinkering around with rimed and metered prose. Not as good as THE WHITE DEER, and whole light-years from that perfect little classic, THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS, but a simple and utterly charming story of pirates and magic islands that is thoroughly recommended. LC

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION #6, Anthony Boucher (Anthology); Doubleday, 255 pp., $3.50.

Another in the endless F&SF series, and a good one. Boucher's taste continues to prove itself impeccable.

Kornbluth's hilarious "The Cosmic Expense Account", with its wacky lampooning of occultism and crackpot cults; Avram Davidson's lovely little period-piece, "King's Evil"; Poul Anderson's fine satire on the Conan saga, "The Barbarian" (unfortunately, Boucher's introduction is even funnier than the story); Ward Moore's sensitive but full-bodied character study, "No Man Pursueth", lead the rest, but there is good work by Sturgeon, Bradbury and C.S. Lewis.

Sadly, the book is marred by hideous typos throughout. A story by some unknown named "Smith", called "I Don't Mind", is completely ruined by what is easily the worst typo on record: the entire point of the story is lost by the omission of a word in the last paragraph. Fortunately, we understand that the error is being corrected in the French edition. LC

CRYPTANALYSIS, Helen Fouche Gaines (Non-fiction); Dover, 237 pp., $1.95.

This little handbook is not for the novice—in spite of its hopeful nomination as an "elementary and intermediate" text. Far better for the newcomer to cryptography (which is not the science of tombs: shame on you) is another book in the Dover Publications series, CRYPTOGRAPHY, by L. D. Smith. This simpler volume has the further advantage of being $.95 cheaper. It contains good and clear explanations of the various common ciphers, and takes the casual reader straight up through the Vigenere, Beaufort, Porta and other modern ciphers (with an appendix giving the clearest and shortest explanation of the Baconian cipher I've yet seen). Smith's book also contains tables of frequency for English, German, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese, which should make it a must for the more advanced decryptor too, since these tables contain much material not in Mrs. Gaines' formidable volume.

CRYPTANALYSIS is meant for the intermediate or advanced student. Here the various ciphers are taken apart with great glee, and even such revolving horrors as the periodic cipher with mixed alphabets and the Vigenere with key-progression are examined thoroughly and rewardingly. A special final chapter discusses "Investigating the Unknown Cipher," and a total of 167 ciphers are offered, variously graded, to the student. Solutions are provided, except for the final two ciphers, which are listed as "unsolved." This is graduate work.

—Larry M. Harris

THE UGGLIANS, L. M. Fallaw (Novel); Philosophical Library, 90 pp., $3.00.

Dismal, dreary, inane, inept, stupid, foolish, horrible, ghastly, nauseating, moronic, inconsequential, idiotic, and nonsensical.

—Roget

The Reprint Shelf

THE SYNTHETIC MAN (THE DREAMING JEWELS), Theodore Sturgeon (Novel); Pyramid, 174 pp., 35¢.

This can be best described as a good, solid, plain old-fashioned bomb. I don't think Sturgeon has ever written anything worse. It would be pointless to synopsize the plot, since it couldn't be done in any reasonable space, and just as pointless to say anything more about the book, since it couldn't be done without being cruel.

DF

THE SHIP OF ISHTAR, A. Merrit (Novel); Avon, 220 pp., 35¢.

Back in print again is The Master's middle-of-the-road epic: between the incomparable power of THE MOON POOL and THE FACE IN THE ABYSS and the lesser brilliance of BURN, WITCH, BURN and CREEP, SHADOW! But for those who have not read it, it contains good examples of the style of one of the greatest creators of modern fantasy.

LC

GLADIATOR, Philip Wylie (Novel); Avon, 187 pp., 35¢.

This is vintage Wylie, or Wylie before he learned how much money he could make by criticizing Momism and the Doctor Cult. Fairly interesting superman story, but dull, heavy, unconvincing and primitive.

LC

THE INVISIBLE MAN, H.G. Wells (Novel); Pocket Books, 150 pp., 25¢.

I've never felt comfortable with Wells' heavy-handed social science fiction, but this is one of the few books he wrote in which he did not intrude his political theories, but simply does a good job with a fine idea. If you haven't read it, and can bear the wordy Wells style, try it. LC

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, Jonathan Swift (Novel); Pocket Library, 300 pp., 35¢.

The greatest prose satire in the English language has, ever since its satirical elements lost political and social relevancy, become almost the exclusive possession of children's literature. This low-priced edition may gain for it a readership which will be delighted to find it possesses a rich, lusty humor, charming and robust imagination, and a detailed and realistic atmosphere of fantasy. Those who read its bowdlerized version as a child, should give the adult original a try. LC

MARTIANS GO HOME, Fredric Brown (Novel); Bantam, 158 pp., 35¢.

Unless you happen to like Fred Brown (I don't), save your money on this slim, trite, unbelievable tall-tale. Brown got an idea which would be at its best in a short-short, blew it up into a novelet for Astounding, blew that up into a novel for Dutton. The result is like a cobweb: expertly designed, but mostly empty air. The worst "major" science fiction novel since ONE IN THREE HUNDRED. LC

NOT THIS AUGUST, C.M. Kornbluth (Novel); Bantam, 165 pp., 35¢.

Pocket reprint of Kornbluth's fine Russia-conquers-us-and-what-happens-afterwards novel of 1955, which, if you didn't read before, you should now. Very good experiment in prophecy, and good writing. (See INSIDE, Sept. 1955, p. 53.) LC

THE AGE OF THE TAIL, H. Allen Smith (Humor); Bantam, 117 pp., 25¢.

Smith's tale of the future when everybody has a tail, outlining its place in late 20th Century society with thoroughness. Smith is funny, evenly and pleasantly, but the most you can expect is a few chuckles and a wry grin or two. (See INSIDE, Mar. 1956, p. 28.)

21ST CENTURY SUB, Frank Herbert (Novel); Avon, 190 pp., 35¢.

One of the really great novels of science fiction.

The Writing of Science Fiction

james e gunn

THIS ARTICLE MAY BE CONSIDERED A FOOTNOTE TO THE DISCUSSION WHICH OCCUPIED MANY OF THESE PAGES SOME TIME AGO, REGARDING THE CAUSE OF THE ECONOMIC DECLINE OF SCIENCE FICTION—COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS THE "BOOM-AND-BUST" PERIOD. BUT IT IS ALSO, AND PRIMARILY, A CRITICISM OF ONE OF THE EXPLANATIONS OFTEN CITED AS THE INITIAL REASON FOR THE "BOOM".

Now that the atomic boom of the science fiction magazines has dissipated, now that the fall-out is over and the ground, although a trifle radioactive, has been cleared, perhaps it is time to look hard at a word that was kicked around quite a bit back in the days when it seemed that science fiction had come of age: "maturity".

Maturity is a word that covers many virtues and almost as many sins. It implies, for one thing, that adult themes are handled in adult ways. But this discussion is going to restrict itself to one aspect of the word: the writing.

Let us admit at the beginning that there is a great deal of talent in the science fiction field—"too much...for the field to support," is the way Tony Boucher put it in the March, 1955, Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. But how does it stand up against mature writing in other fields? How does it measure against the yardstick of that writing done in full consciousness of the technical discoveries made in the last century?

There are, to be sure, such gifted writers as Ted Sturgeon, whose words can glitter like these:

"'Giles,' the maestro, the old horse's tail of a maestro used to say to me, 'Giles, don't paint with your brains. Paint

with your glands,' he used to say, 'your blood. Sweat is a pigment. Dip your brush in—'

"'Shucks, Maestro! Get me a job in a sign shop. I'll sell everything else. Ad in the paper: for sale cheap, one set sable-tipped vesicles. One heart: ventricle, sinister; auricle, Delphic. Nine yards plumbing with hot and cold running commentaries, and a bucket of used carmine, suitable for a road-company Bizet-body."[1]

And there is Ray Bradbury, whose touch can change a rocketship into an angel's wing or an attic into a time machine:

"Here, in prismed chandelier, were rainbows and mornings and noons as bright as new rivers flowing endlessly back through time. His flashlight caught and flickered them alive, the rainbows leapt up to curve the shadows back with colors, with colors like plums and strawberries and concord grapes, with colors like cut lemons and the sky where the clouds drew off after storming and the blue was there. And the dust of the attic was incense, burning, and all of time burning, and all you needed do was peer into the flames. It was indeed a great machine of Time, this attic, he knew, he felt, he was sure, and if you touched prisms here, doorknobs there, plucked tassels, chimed crystals, swirled dust, punched trunk-hasps, and gusted the vox-humana of the old hearth-bellows until it puffed the soot of a thousand ancient fires into your eyes, if, indeed, you played this instrument, this warm machine of parts, if you fondled all of its bits and pieces, its levers and changers and movers, then, then, then!"[2]

There are many others, writers of wit, sensitivity, and skill. But the question remains: Are these writers professional in the meaningful sense of the word? That is, are they craftsmen of their trade, are they familiar with all the useful tools, all the important techniques?

Or are they, capable as they are, only gifted amateurs?

The trouble with undisciplined talent is its unpredictability.

Let us take as a touchstone the two or three major technical discoveries that have been made in the last century.

Almost 100 years ago, in 1859, Gustave Flaubert announced one of them to the world with the publication of MADAME BOVARY: "Nothing comes alive in fiction without an appeal to the senses."

It was an elementary lesson, but it made Flaubert the master of naturalistic writing, and such is the nature of the writing business that only in the last generation has his method been widely adopted. (Was it Hemingway who said, "The only writers you can learn from are dead writers."?) Even today writers use his technique not because they have learned it from Flaubert but simply because it is in the air.

Providing the reader with sensuous details, with what Henry James called "specifications", must begin early. In the first line of a story—and certainly in the first paragraph—the author must tell the reader the who? what? when? and where? Journalism students, even in high school, learn that in their first lesson, and it applies equally well to fiction. Of these four "W's" the amateur most often neglects the "where".

Flaubert never neglected it. With almost mechanical consistency, in every paragraph he placed his characters in

1 "To Here and the Easel", STAR SHORT NOVELS, Ballantine Books: 1954, pp. 110-111.

2 "A Scent of Sarsaparilla", STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, Ballantine Books: 1953, p. 140.

space and time—not with just one sensuous detail in the overworked medium of sight—but with appeal to three senses.

It is more than the detailed background which Robert Heinlein first used so consciously and so thoroughly that it became his trademark and founded a discipline that has become almost a school of science fiction writing. The detailed background is important to conviction, too, but its conviction lies in providing, economically and dramatically, the cultural or sociological setting for a story—what has been called the enveloping action or the milieu. What Flaubert was concerned about was the texture of reality in the scene itself. That must be three dimensional.

In just such a way John W. Campbell, Jr., brought to life an Antarctic camp:

"The place stank. A queer, mingled stench that only the ice-buried cabins of an Antarctic camp know, compounded of reeking human sweat, and the heavy, fish-oil stench of melted seal blubber. An overtone of liniment combated the musty smell of sweat-and-snow-drenched furs. The acrid odor of burnt cooking fat, and the animal non-unpleasant smell of dogs, diluted by time, hung in the air.

"Lingering odors of machine oil contrasted sharply with the taint of harness dressing and leather. Yet, somehow, through all that reek of human beings and their associates—dogs, machines and cooking—came another taint. It was a queer, neck-ruffling thing, a faintest suggestion of an odor alien among the smells of industry and life. And it was a life-smell. But it came from the thing that lay bound with cord and tarpaulin on the table, dripping slowly, methodically onto the heavy planks, dank and gaunt under the unshielded glare of the electric light."[3]

Before Campbell lets a man—or a thing—set a foot upon his stage, he first sets it carefully. He begins by concentrating on the sense of smell to achieve a contrast between the familiar and the alien. But he would not have achieved his massive, three-dimensional effect without his further use of the sense of sight ("bound with cord and tarpaulin"; "under the unshielded glare of the electric light") and sound ("dripping slowly, methodically").

Those ice-buried cabins were real to Campbell, more real than any other place in any other story he ever wrote, and he made them real to the reader. It was, perhaps, because he had stumbled by inspired accident upon Flaubert's method. But he didn't realize the full implications of what he had found (although he has urged his authors for many years to use sensuous detail), and he never used it so thoroughly again. That is the great difficulty of the gifted amateur.

Other writers have used the technique—some of them, like Bradbury, quite consciously and consistently:

"Her eyes were stitched with red resin-thread. Her nose was sealed with black wax-twine. Her ears were sewn, too, as if a darning-needle dragonfly had stitched all her senses shut. She sat, not moving, in the vacant room. Dust lay in a yellow flour all about, unfootprinted in many weeks; if she had moved it would have shown, but she had not moved. Her hands touched each other like thin, rusted instruments. Her feet were naked and obscene as rain rubbers, and near them

[3] "Who Goes There?", ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE, Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas, eds., Random House: 1946, pp. 497-498.

[4] "The Illustrated Man", IN THE GRIP OF TERROR, Groff Conklin, ed., Permabooks: 1951, pp. 8-9.

sat vials of tattoo milk—red, lightning-blue, brown, cat-yellow. She was a thing sewn tight into whispers and silence."[4]

But too many science fiction writers are not aware of a technical discovery almost 100 years old.

The second technical device deals with narration. For most science fiction writers there are only two types of narration: the omniscient and the first person. All they know about them is that readers do not like first person narration—say the editors—although it is easier to write. Sometimes you will find a story written in the effaced narrator as it was used by Flaubert, but the authors would have a difficult time giving it a name. They would be more likely to call it simply "third person".

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. It's the difference between the professional and the amateur, between the artist who knows his tools, their capabilities and their limitations, and the amateur who improvises, attempting too little or too much.

If the science fiction writer is aware of the effaced narrator only as "third person narration", he has never even heard of the roving narrator, the great technical discovery of Henry James—to whom science fiction may well lay a claim through his masterful THE TURN OF THE SCREW, his play BERKELEY SQUARE, and other works. James called it the technique of the "central intelligence"—all the action of the novel is evaluated by a single, superior mind placed in the center of the main dramatic situation.

His method was not to tell the story at all as the story was told by Sir Walter Scott or De Maupassant, but to give it with the subjective accompaniment of the character's thoughts and reflections. It was a great compositional law: one intelligence encompasses everything that happens and gives it grace and intensity.

It is a technique ready-made for science fiction, with science fiction's concern with ideas, but it has never been used. It should be added that almost no one else has mastered it either, in any sphere of writing.

The significance of narration is not that any one type is intrinsically better than the others but that they are all available, each of them able to render a specific body of story material better than another. If the writer knows his tools, they are ready to his hand when the story that cries out for them presents itself.

The third technical matter concerns itself with a quality that is almost always present in the great stories of our time and almost always absent in science fiction: the symbol. The great modern stories in the main stream of literature are founded on a great metaphor, one massive, controlling image, that informs the story and carries it far beyond the immediate, naturalistic level of details upon which it is founded.

Almost always absent in science fiction, true—but there are exceptions. One of them appeared in the second issue of Galaxy Science Fiction. Fritz Leiber's "Coming Attraction" demonstrated a mastery of the great metaphor that made a story of universal meaning out of a specific narrative of a war-time world. Guilt was Leiber's theme, and he developed it cheifly through symbolic means.[5]

The milieu of the story is New York during the third World War. Russia and the United States have exchanged atomic blows and now are waging an uneasy truce while they rush moon bases to completion for a final, devastating assault. The U. S. is in the throes of an ambivalent puritan revival: women's faces

[5] "Coming Attraction", Galaxy Science Fiction, Dec. 1950.

and figures have been banned from advertising signboards. but the advertisers' alphabet crawls with big-breasted "B's" and lascivious "O's", television sets are equipped with "handies" transmitting tactile sensation, the latest entertainment fad is wrestling matches between wiry, little men and muscular, attractive women, and evening dress is Cretan Revival, exposing the breasts.

It is a portrait of a decaying world writhing under an insupportable burden of guilt for what may be the radioactive poisoning of all the world.

The hero is an Englishman on a barter mission to a New York City dotted with radioactive craters. When a turbine car with fish hooks welded to the back fender hurtles over the curb, the hero pulls back a masked girl so that only part of her skirt is caught and torn away. The girl begs him to come to her apartment that evening; she needs help. Then she hurries away before she can be questioned.

The hero responds, imagining a lovely, frightened face behind the mask. The girl takes him to a nightclub and asks him to help her get to England. She lives in a world where the men who wrestle often lose to their larger, feminine opponents, and then they must have a girl on whom to take out their frustrations, to torment so that they can prove to themselves they are still men. And other men, to whom the wrestlers are heroes, jealously try to frighten the girl away.

The Englishman agrees to help, but three men accost the girl, challenging her to a fight—the same three who had been in the car. A little wrestler drives them away and begins to fondle the girl possessively. The Englishman knocks him down.

Viciously the girl strikes out at the hero with her dagger-tipped fingers and then turns to croon protectively over the wrestler. The hero furiously rips her mask away. Her face is pale, her eyebrows untidy, her lips chapped, but the emotions that crawl across her face are worse, like worms under a rock.

The Englishman walks away, disillusioned and sick.

The dominant image in the story is the mask, a symbol of sin and guilt, much as Nathaniel Hawthorne used it in "The Minister's Black Veil". The question in the hero's mind is whether the mask is merely a fashion or a protective device; it is resolved when he rips the mask from her face. The mask appears centrally three times: at the beginning of the story, in the middle when the hero takes the girl in a taxicab toward the nightclub and impulsively tries to lift it, and at the end when he tears it off. It is reinforced by a pointed image which perhaps stands for truth or reality: the fishhooks and the dagger finger caps. In the first scene the fishhooks miss everything except a piece of the girl's skirt. In the taxicab the finger caps gouge the hero's hand. At the end they rake across his face. The truth gets so close that the mask must be raised.

With such a pattern to follow and the obvious success of the story—to which the metaphor contributed so heavily—science fiction should have been much richer, but the following years were poor.

For lack of better examples, I must mention my own novel, THIS FORTRESS WORLD.[6] It is interesting to note that—although many of the reviews were flattering and perceptive—not a critic indicated any understanding of what I was trying to do.

Perhaps they are not used to looking for that sort of thing.

[6] THIS FORTRESS WORLD, Gnome: 1955.

I will mention only two aspects of the controlling image in the novel. The "fortress" in the title refers not only to Brancusi and the galactic political realities; it was also a frank symbol of personal isolation. The symbolism was reinforced by the three "fortresses" in the novel: the monastery, the black fortress in which Dane is tortured, and the Emperor's palace; and summed up in Dane's vision of Brancusi from the spaceship.

Not one critic, either, observed any possible significance in the plastic pebble with whose meaning Dane struggles throughout much of the novel. I might add, for them, that the womb is a fortress. But it is better to explain too little about one's own work than too much.

One more example should be sufficient—it had better be, because there are precious few others to draw upon. Last year brought forth a novel so well conceived and so well written that I am surprised that it did not draw down at least one of 1956's science fiction awards—Frank Herbert's THE DRAGON IN THE SEA.[7]

In the 21st Century the U.S. is in the midst of a long war with the Eastern Hemisphere, and the Western Hemisphere is disastrously short of oil, which its powerful atomic subtugs have been pirating from the enemy's huge underwater deposits. But on the last 20 oil-raid missions, every subtug has been destroyed.

It is vital that the subtug Fenian Ram get through and back, not only for the oil but to ease a dangerous morale problem in the subtug service. Ensign Johnny Ramsey, assigned to the ship as electronics officer although in reality a psychologist, has a secret mission to keep check on the Ram's possibly paranoid captain and to find a suspected saboteur among the five-man crew.

In the midst of increasing danger and tension and his efforts to complete the mission successfully and to bring back an answer to the morale problem, Ramsey is plagued by a recurrent symbol. The Ram is launched on its long cruise by traveling from its underground port for 20 hours through a tube into the Gulf of Mexico. The tube is a birth canal, an image repeated in dialogue and dreams until the successful return of the Ram and its re-entry into the tube, with the insight into the problem this gives Ramsey.

The Ram itself, Ramsey discovers with the captain's help, is a perambulating womb immersed in the amniotic fluid of the sea. Breakdowns are occuring in those men who instinctively reject "birth", who have unconsciously retreated into the world of pre-birth. Ramsey's solution: make "birth" more desirable by better shore quarters, more pay, fancy uniforms, publicity for the service, and lots of fanfare, coming and going.

There they are—three of the basic tools of writing with which every professional should be familiar. It is a large order to ask that every science fiction writer master them; there are few such masters in any writing field. But the more who make these tools theirs by right of conquest—the more real "professionals" science fiction will have, the more pleasure readers will derive from it, and the more general critical recognition the field will get.

Perhaps it might even help build a solid skyscraper on the foundation science fiction provides—instead of a mushroom cloud.

[7] THE DRAGON IN THE SEA, Doubleday: 1956 (serialized in Astounding Science Fiction, Dec. 1955, Jan. 1956, and Feb. 1956, under the title: "Under Pressure").

Conformity in Science Fiction

bob leman

It is, of course, foolhardy to generalize about anything at all, and particularly foolhardy to generalize about something as diverse and varied as modern science fiction. But my recent reading of Philip K. Dick's EYE IN THE SKY began a train of thought that has led me irresistably to a generality: today's science fiction is comformist.

To speak of conformist science fiction at first seems to pose a paradox, since if science fiction is anything, it is speculation, and how can real speculation be conformist? The paradox disappears, however, when we consider that the necessary speculation in science fiction is scientific speculation, and that the attitude of the science fiction writer toward people and their mutual relationship need not be speculative at all. He may, in fact, (and, as I shall show, usually does) entertain the most hidebound ideas about the world around him, while at the same time he spellbinds us with entirely unconventional extrapolations of present scientific knowledge. EYE IN THE SKY, despite its scientific weakness, is a case very much in point.

I had better make it clear at the outset that I am not writing a review of Mr. Dick's book; I propose, however, to accuse him of being a particularly bad offender as a conformist, and I will analyze enough of EYE IN THE SKY to establish this. Dick has, as it happens, written his best book so far; a book that is a considerable improvement, as a story, upon THE WORLD JONES MADE and THE MAN WHO JAPED. (I might observe parenthetically that the superiority of this book seems to lie in its episodic construction, as opposed to the rather intricate interweaving of discrete plots in the others.) But EYE IN THE SKY is so flagrantly conformist, so entirely built upon stereotypes, that it suddenly brought into focus my

growing uneasiness with the state of ideas in science fic tion. It might equally well have been any of a large numbe of stories and novels of the post-war period; but since it i EYE IN THE SKY that is the proximate cause of this analysis shall, with an apology to Mr. Dick, use it as my point o departure.

Its plot is simple. On October 2, 1959, the proton bea deflector of the Belmont Bevatron, out of control, incinerate an observation platform overlooking the big magnet, and eigh people fell sixty feet to the floor of the Bevatron chamber They lay in a state of injury and shock until the hard radia tion had been neutralized and they could be rescued. Tha took only a few minutes, but most of EYE IN THE SKY happene during those few minutes. The eight people, as the hero a one point observes, had "dropped into the proton beam of th Bevatron. During the interval there was only one frame o reference for the eight of us. Silvester never lost conscious ness. Physically we're stretched out on the floor of the Bev atron. The free energy of the beam turned Silvester's person al world into a public universe...We're in the man's head."

And that's the book. The eight victims of the accident find themselves successively in the private worlds of four o their number; then they are rescued and return to the real world. The more pressing problems of three of them have bee solved or ameliorated by their experience, and they set ou to make a fresh start; the rest, one gathers, go on as before.

The four characters into whose private worlds the hapless eight are plunged are, in order: an old soldier, an Americar mother, a paranoiac, and a concealed communist. Since their private worlds must necessarily be reflections of their minds, we can readily determine Dick's attitude toward them. And I regret to say that Dick sees people as stereotypes, and that his reactions to these stereotypes are pure cliché: they conform in every respect to the conventions of a particular school of thought. Now in itself this means nothing more than that Philip K. Dick has discarded his faculty of critical judgment; and knowing this, we can henceforth read Dick wari ly. But Dick is not the only offender, and it is in the fact that this conformity is so general among our writers that the danger to the future of science fiction lies. The habit of thinking in stereotypes, of reacting in clichès, signals the death of originality.

The eight people who fall into the particle accelerator are: Jack Hamilton, a young technician from a guided missile plant; Marsha, his wife; Charley McFeyffe, captain of the plant security police; Arthur Silvester, a retired soldier; Joan Reiss, the thirtyish owner of a book and art-supply store; Mrs. Edith Pritchet, a housewife; David Pritchet, her ten- or twelve-year old son; and Bill Laws, the Negro guide of the Bevatron tour. As the tour begins, Hamilton, the hero, has just been suspended from his job because McFeyffe has assembled sufficient evidence against Marsha Hamilton to con vince the missile plant's management that her loyalty is at least doubtful.

The first private world into which they are snatched is that of Arthur Silvester, the old soldier. As a literary creation, Silvester is about as human as a doorknob; he is, in fact, only a dummy stuffed with Dick's prejudices. He is an old soldier; ergo, he is a bigot. His world is closely supervised by a vicious, arbitrary and rather stupid god. Venial sin may be punished by a swarm of locusts or an attack of appendicitis—or even by the sinner's being whisked off bodily to hell. Mortal sin seems to be ignored, but since the god maintains an extremely short list of the elect, damning

all others, this is no advantage. In Silvester's world, all Negroes shuffle; intellectual women are squat, pimpled and stringy-haired. Silvester is, we are told, "A crackpot old soldier who believes in his religious cult and his stereotyped ideas." But Dick can teach his character a thing or two about stereotypes: Silvester himself is one of the most outrageous stereotypes in modern science fiction. He is a walking compendium of the clichés of Dick's social persuasion, and he is intended to urge upon us the idea that where one of these beliefs is found, there are all the rest; that a person harboring a belief that does not conform to Dick's philosophy is at best a crackpot.

Mrs. Pritchet's world is the second to be visited; and Mrs. Pritchet conforms as closely to the conventions of Dick's philosophy as did Silvester. She is introduced as "...a plump, expensively-dressed, middle-aged mother", and developed as a Helen Hokinson clubwoman, much given to mouthing platitudes about beauty and culture, and having no real notion of either. To a certain segment of opinion, she is the stereotype American wife: frigid (in Mrs. Pritchet's world, women are "sexless as a bee"); prudish (the horses in her world wear trousers); dense (when Bill Laws bitterly burlesques an Uncle Tom accent, she dithers that "regional accents fall so sweetly on the ear"); and selfish (in her world, "Whatever thing, object or event had at any time /disturbed/ her vapid enjoyment was gently eased out of existence."). You recognize the old familiar picture, I'm sure.

The third private world is that of Joan Reiss; and if it stood alone, the section devoted to it might stand as a small masterpiece. Here Dick has not leaned on convention; he has given a fertile imagination free play, and he has produced a story that would have graced the late Unknown. His creation of a world that embodies a paranoiac's mind has something of the swift compounding of terror that Hubbard accomplished in "Fear".

But the relapse into conformity is immediate. The final mind they get into is the communist's. This section is the shortest of all, and confines itself to an interlude of thud and blunder plus a revelation that will surprise no one: the communist is not the hero's wife at all. The reader has long foreseen this; by the time this point in the book has been reached, he is familiar enough with Dick's clichés to know that anyone accused of disloyalty because of membership in front organizations must be innocent. The communist is—of course—Charley McFeyffe, the security policeman. And that is the biggest and the central cliché of the book; we are being told that security regulations are the real villain.

It will by now be plain that the ideas to which I claim science fiction slavishly conforms are the conventions of the liberal left. (I realize that "liberal left" is a pretty loose designation, but the less ambiguous terms that I might have used are all to some degree invidious, and I don't want to offend anyone who may otherwise be convinced.) Our science fiction writers have so bound themselves to the stereotypes of this philosophy that they can no longer speculate in the realm of ideas. What is good and what is bad, what is equitable and what inequitable, which goal is worthy and which unworthy—these serious questions, all immemorial subjects of the writer's craft, are abandoned when the writer substitutes a collection of clichés for his faculty of critical speculation. However skillfully contrived the plot of a story may be, however artful its writing, however imaginative its scientific speculation, its effect can always be vitiated by the gray blight of the author's predictable attitudes.

And nowadays the author's attitudes are usually predictable. Most of our writers react in the same way to the same stimuli; they exhibit almost identical conditioned reflexes to—for example—such a stimulus as the phrase, "Congressional Investigation"; and if you doubt this, try to recall where, among the many references to congressional investigations in recent science fiction, you have found one whose tone was not one of contempt or something stronger.

An instructive example of the conditioned reflex which produces a cliché is found on page 19 of EYE IN THE SKY. Jack Hamilton is laying eyes, for the first time in his life, on Arthur Silvester. He saw "...a tall, slim, stern, elderly gentleman /who/ stood like a hardwood pole, arms folded, radiating a detached contempt for science in general. A soldier, Hamilton observed: the man wore a tarnished wedge of metal on his cotton jacket. The hell with him, he thought bitterly. The hell with patriotism in general. In the specific and the abstract. Birds of a feather, soldiers and cops. Anti-intellectual and anti-Negro. Anti-everything except beer, dogs, cars and guns." I submit that that is a remarkably detailed set of characteristics to infer from nothing but "a tarnished wedge of metal", particularly since it turns out to be correct.

Now derogation of professional soldiers is one of the conventional attitudes of the liberal left; and you will have noted Dick's reaction to the stimulus, "soldier". Examine the collection of clichés in the quotation, note their motivation, and determine for yourself whether Dick is conforming or thinking for himself. It will be argued that it is Jack Hamilton, not Philip K. Dick speaking; but "soldier" is only one of a lexicon of trigger-words, and each consistently produces its reflex. "Patriot", for example, always carries a pejorative modifier, while on page 119 we find this choice example:

"'I believe,' Silvester said, 'That you are a n------ lover.'

"'That's so,' Hamilton agreed. 'And an atheist and a red. Have you met my wife? A Russian spy...'" The cliché becomes malign in this equating of people who are religious or anti-communist with people who say "n----".

EYE IN THE SKY, then, is an abjectly conformist book. I am using it as exemplary of conformist science fiction because the bulk of our science fiction is not yet as consistently conformist as Dick's book. Nonetheless, more stories accept these hackneyed notions than reject them. And this is a serious matter, because when science fiction abandons itself to conformity it is doomed; when it is totally conformist it will no longer be science fiction.

It should not be assumed that I am contending that there are no exceptions to the prevailing conformity. There are, of course, a great many stories that contrive to express no social attitudes whatever; and there are others—regrettably few—that take an entirely non-conformist tack. THE DRAGON IN THE SEA, for example, takes for granted the necessity for security measures, a point of view entirely at variance with the conformist convention, which holds that security regulations are per se evil. And THE DOOR INTO SUMMER treats the subsidy theory of economic progress pretty harshly. But two swallows do not make a summer, and much otherwise fine science fiction misses its mark because it uses tired conformist stereotypes as its basic assumptions.

To be a conformist writer is to write in clichès, and to write in clichès is to write badly. But to write conformist science fiction is not only to write badly, it is to be thoroughly irresponsible. The brightest of our young people are science fiction fans. They come to science fiction for new ideas conveyed through good stories; and if, instead of new ideas, they find stale chestnuts pitched at them, the best among them will discard science fiction, while the weaker will be indoctrinated against trying to think originally.

The responsible science fiction writer has thus a duty; he must wean himself from these clichès and cease to conform. His integrity as a writer and his obligation to the future alike demand it. He must be as ready to speculate in social—in economic and political—matters as in scientific. And to speculate in such matters does not mean to extrapolate a cliché (as do GRAVY PLANET and "Hide, Hide, Witch!"); it means to seek fresh basic assumptions. The science fiction writer must grasp the simple truth that the conventions of a single system of thought cannot supply a ready-made response to every situation. He must forego the indolence of substituting stereotypes for thought.

It will be urged by some that this conformity does not in fact exist, and that science fiction is, on the contrary, the most unconventional of genres. It has frequently happened, when I have advanced my argument, that someone has pointed to several of Mr. Theodore Sturgeon's queerer conceits as living refutation of my thesis. But precisely the opposite is true. To write about subjects which were taboo before the first world war is certainly the very essence of the ordinary today. Stories dealing with ordinary sex (for example, Sturgeon's "Hurricane Trio"), or with sexual perversion (for example, his "The World Well Lost"), or with even more unusual sexual problems (for example, his "Affair With a Green Monkey") are today standard fare even for book-club members. To preach tolerance toward the green monkeys in our society is, of course, commendable, but it is hardly a break with tradition, let alone a daring step in a new direction. Sturgeon is perhaps on the whole less conformist than most of his contemporaries (it may be noted that in "Affair With a Green Monkey" he strikes a good non-conformist blow at the interference with people's lives that characterizes bureaucracy) but his resistence to conformity is invariably alleged upon the wrong evidence.

But be that as it may, the conformity with which I am concerned is less in the fields of psychology and sociology than in those of economics and political philosophy. And I will not be persuaded that conformity's strangle-hold on science fiction has been broken until I begin to see stories like these in print:

A story laid in a world dominated by a monstrous labor union. This should be developed after the fashion made popu-

lar by recent novels which have shown worlds dominated by advertising agencies, building contractors and insurance companies.

A story laid in a world in which the recent uproar against "faceless informers" has been carried to its full flowering. In this world it is impossible to hold trials, since to appear as a witness against someone is itself a felony; and anyhow, no one can be accused of wrong-doing, because his union, scholarly society or other pressure group will raise the cry of "Witch Hunt" and the plaintiff himself will be punished.

A story in which the autocratic rulers of the world are the editors of weekly butcher-paper magazines. Anyone who protests the dictatorship is incinerated for anti-intellectualism.

A story in which it is learned that of all the millions of intelligent races in the galaxy, only humans have advanced beyond a sub-marginal, savage existence; and in the course of the story it is determined that the reason for this is that only humans have the competitive instinct, whilst all other races live in perfect cooperation.

A story laid in a world where repression and poverty condemn the people to dreary lives of quiet desperation. One of those young geniuses born out of his time discovers the principles of the competitive free market, and learns that a human being can live like a human if he can escape the repressions of the state. This story has alternative endings: in the happy one, the boy overthrows the welfare state, and the world lives in plenty happily ever after. In the sad one he is evaporated by a De Lameter for the heinous crime of McKinleyism.

A story in which the world is ruled by an oligarchy of professors from certain prominent universities. This will be a pessimistic story, in which the hero protests an academician's raping of his daughter, and is disintegrated for imperilling academic freedom.

All of these are stories I'd like to see in the prozines; but if I saw them three times in every issue of half-a-dozen magazines, I'd think it time to complain that science fiction had become conformist, and to call for a leavening of stories holding an opposite view. The world is going wrong — and doubtless always has—in a thousand different ways. But when too many people agree on the way we're going wrong, they will in time force their opinion upon the rest of us—as we saw in our ignoble experiment with prohibition. The danger begins to become acute when people who influence opinion are too much in agreement. Fans should be apprehensive when they find science fiction, which ought to be first among literary forms in originality, hewing to a line.

The current conformity is a most unhealthy development in science fiction. But it has happened more than once in the past that one man of talent and persistence has single-handedly changed the direction of science fiction when a dead end had been reached. Let us hope that a new Moses has already begun his good work.

THE SHORTEST STORY OF THE END OF ALL THINGS
NAUTICAL AND IRISH

The last sailor on earth
sat at his mooring-place in
Kilkenny. It was a dock on the
Nore. ANTHONY BOUCHER


The Heiresses
jeanne davis

The Misses Esmeralda and Persephone Attleby looked around the small room. Their brown eyes sparkled with interest. Miss Esmeralda whispered behind her small gloved hand, "It is rather disappointing, isn't it, Phony dear? They don't look like Communists."

It was on the evening of February 1, 1958, after a month of discreet inquiries among the right people (or the wrong, depending on one's point of view), that they sat stiffly on a sagging sofa in the home of Mr. Carlton, a local druggist, for the first time.

Altogether, in the small college town of Belleville, there were eight people living double lives. Being the bright daughters of a former physics professor, they had finally unscrambled the names and within two months established themselves as active members.

Mr. Carlton—who was referred to among the present company only as Mr. Jones—called the meeting to order. His hushed tones added to the air of mystery which seemed to skulk around the room, touching the dedicated figures. The Misses Attleby squirmed with excitement and each thought, "At last, things are going to happen!" Faint odors of lavender sachet were released into the closed stuffiness when they nudged each other.

Thereafter they attended each cell meeting as faithfully as they drove to town on Sundays to attend the Congregational Church, listening intently to the speeches. They learned to call Mr. Jones by his alias during meetings as if they didn't remember that he sold them toothpaste under the name of Carlton. But within the next few months, the ladies grew tired of pointless discussions. In Belleville, however, there was little opportunity for overt acts of faith on the part of cell members.

While setting out the tea service and plate of warm cookies, Miss Esmeralda interrupted her sister's absorbed study of celestial navigation: "I think it's time now, Phony dear."

Miss Persephone shut the thick book with a jubilant bang. "You are right. Now is the time for action." She took three cookies with her tea.

"Dear Papa," said Miss Esmeralda, stirring slowly with a silver spoon, "would have been so proud of us. I do wish he could have lived to see this day. But then," she sighed, "I don't suppose he would have approved."

The elder sister frowned. "Esmeralda, during these last six weeks I have come to the conclusion that Papa was entirely too solicitous. Our lives have been over-sheltered." She forgot her sternness and leaned across the table. Over the cream pitcher two white heads met and they whispered, "Oh, isn't this going to be fun!"

At the next cell meeting, Miss Persephone rose firmly to the usually unproductive call for new business. "Mr. Jones," she began, "we think you might be interested in what we have in our barn."

At first her audience was skeptical about what she told them. To lend authority to her statements she explained that her own Papa himself, whom they knew as a scientist and inventor, had built the secret from plans smuggled to him by a nephew in a certain important branch of the United States Government. There was a quick stir of interest at this revelation. As she went on the excitement rippled around the room until it became a tidal wave that washed aside any other business for the night. Like an experienced conspirator, she made suggestions that were seized eagerly and enlarged by

each member of the cell. Miss Esmeralda's head bobbed in agreement with each development.

Mr. Carlton neglected his drugstore during the next few weeks. As Mr. Jones, he conducted a voluminous correspondence with headquarters. He made many calls at the small farm, but not even he could persuade the sisters to take him into the barn until all plans were completed. At last the telegram from New York arrived. An important scientist and an extremely important official had arrived by submarine from a certain country in Asia. In three days, accompanied by three delegates from the United Nations, they would arrive. On the same plane would be keys from various "rings" in this country. He rushed to tell the Misses Attleby.

"You are quite sure, Mr. Carl—I mean, Mr. Jones," Miss Esmeralda interrupted, "that you told them to bring warm clothing? The country evenings are quite chilly." He assured her that everything had been done according to Miss Persephone's instructions.

On the night of the third day, ten whispering shadows huddled together behind the barn in the former Professor Attleby's barren field. The twinkling lights of an unmarked plane were seen first. Then a rumble that grew into a roar culminated in a deafening melee of wind and sound rushing around them.

Out of the plane came six Mr. Joneses, three Mr. Browns and an assortment of other gentlemen and a few ladies known by similarly unimaginative names. All were led by a short stocky man with a scraggly brown mustache which he bit nervously. With awed deference he was introduced as Mr. Smith.

The men and women walked around to the front of the delapidated barn. Miss Persephone whispered sternly to the local Mr. Jones, "They did <u>not</u> bring extra clothing as I emphatically instructed."

Mr. Jones was not listening. He was dreaming of what this event could mean for the small Belleville group. Their names might be enshrined permanently in the history books of the future. In that event, of course, he would have to reassume the name of Carlton.

Inside the barn the group fell into a startled silence. The convex sides of a cigar shaped object almost filled the barn. Its nose peeped through a hole in the roof. Moonlight drifted through other holes and caressed its metal surface. Raised eyebrows questioned other raised eyebrows. Then eyes, pair by pair, turned to watch Mr. Smith. Slowly he nodded and muttered in another language to the tall thin man by his side. The tall thin man understood him to say, "Oh, what a missle base we can establish on the moon if this is as authentic as it seems!"

When Mr. Smith moved toward the door, the crowd began chattering as if by a prearranged signal. Miss Esmeralda sidled through the pushing comrades to her sister. "Phony dear, is everything ready?" Miss Persephone nodded. Their arms entwined and they stood watching until the last Mr. Jones went through the door to inspect the space ship. With a satisfied smile for a job well done, Miss Persephone peeked inside at the multitude milling from gadget to gadget, touching each with boldness or timidity, according to the examiner's nature. Every new reaction of Mr. Smith was told and retold throughout the group. With a dedicated look on her face, Miss Persephone shut the heavy door.

As they left the barn, Miss Esmeralda clucked, "I do wish they had brought heavier clothing."

Setting out the tea things a few minutes later, she almost

dropped a cup when the house shook with a roar, a terrible roar, an earth-shattering roar like the announcement of the millennium. "Oh dear me," she gasped, "I had no idea it would be so loud."

When the house stopped shaking and silence ruled the countryside again, Miss Persephone said between cookies, "Papa would have been pleased to know that it was a success."

Miss Esmeralda agreed with her. "Yes, dear Papa. He would have been so happy if he could have made the test himself. It was such a disappointment to him—" she daintily flicked a cookie crumb off her grey dress— "that he couldn't build the fuel tank large enough for a round trip." Pouring more tea for her sister she mused sadly, "You know, Phony dear, it would really be very nice to have a nephew."

The next three months were dull for the Misses Attleby after a taste of adventure. Even their secret glee over news reports began to pall. A serious international incident had been narrowly averted when Russia protested to the U. N. that the United States was holding members of her delegation as prisoners. The situation had been saved only by the internal vying for power in Russia's own government when an important official fell from his position. Rumor suggested he had been sent to Siberia with one of Russia's top scientists, a tall thin man named Miloradovitch.

In this country, other news soon replaced the sensation caused by a weekend rash of disappearances of unrelated figures, some unimportant, some respected figures in their communities. Fortunately, no one connected Belleville's share in the mystery with the spontaneous combustion that destroyed the old Attleby barn and ruined their field by leaving a hole big enough to hold four barns.

A satisfying epilogue to their intrigue answered an important question for them. One muggy night in August, Miss Esmeralda sat with her back carefully turned to her sister. Knitting on a multicolored afghan, a Christmas present for Miss Persephone, she rocked rhythmically to the clicking needles. Their favorite news commentator was interpreting the news via radio. Near the end of the program his mellow voice diverted the elder sister's attention from her latest interest, Egypt during the time of Ikhnaton, and stilled the younger's needles and rocker.

"...as if the canals are being rerouted into a pattern. Some say it may be an attempt to communicate with earth. This is doubtful, say others. It is interesting to us to speculate on the type of life that could inhabit Mar's sparsely vegetated deserts. During the day the temperature is moderate, but at night a cup of our own Brock Brothers' tea would be welcome because—" his resonent ha ha's made the sisters chuckle— "the temperature becomes a chilling 70 degrees—below zero.

"Now here is the oddest fact, folks," he continued. "The dark canals seem to be taking a form that is only too familiar in certain parts of this world. It looks very much as if a hammer and sickle are being constructed. But—I'm afraid we will never find out what it is all about. There is nothing on Mars that we Earthlings would want. It is strategically poor to be used as a missle base, which seems to be the—"

Miss Persephone snapped off the radio and exclaimed, "They made it!"

Rolling up her wool and concealing it in her knitting bag, Miss Esmeralda prepared to fix the evening tea. "Dear Papa would have been so pleased."

"Esmeralda," her sister said firmly, "after we eat our cookies, let's go to the basement and see if Papa's time machine will work."

Omissions, Corrections & Errata to

H. P. Lovecraft: the Books

OMISSIONS

1. BOOK OF HIDDEN THINGS.
This book is mentioned only by title and no information is available.

2. COMMENTARIES ON WITCHCRAFT, Mycroft (Bloch).
Mentioned only in The Mannikin, this book is doubtless imaginary. The author's name may be derived from that of Sherlock Holmes' brother, Mycroft. Derleth borrowed it, also, for one of his small publishing houses, Mycroft & Moran.

3. THE DAEMONOLORIUM (Bloch).
Another apparently imaginary book, this one was listed in The Dark Demon as containing "nightmare arcana".

4. DE MASTICATIONE MORTUORIUM IN TIMULIS, Ranft, 1734 (Bloch).
From The Mannikin, and also probably imaginary.

5. THE DHOL CHANTS (Lovecraft & Derleth).
This one was mentioned in The Lurker on the Threshold, and elsewhere, but we have no data on it save that a copy is preserved in the Miskatonic. Dhols (or dholes) are, according to The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, invisible creatures who dwell in valleys beyond the "grey and ominous Peaks of Throk" in Earth's dreamworld. They are given in The Necronomicon as being among the legions of monsters against whom the "five-pointed star of grey stone from ancient Mnar" (i.e. The Elder Sign) has power. This book may, incidentally, be that "loathsome book in Durmese that reveals ghastly legends of that shunned and hidden Plateau of Leng, the place of the dread Tcho-Tcho people" mentioned in Derleth's Beyond the Threshold. I suppose this as Leng also lies in Earth's dreamworld.

6. THE ELTDOWN SHARDS, trans. by Rev. Arthur Brooke Winters-Hall, 1912.
This ancient book tells the history of the Great Race of Yith and the complete tale of their voyages through time and space. It was translated into English by a Sussex clergyman.

7. TABLETS OF NHING
This book is mentioned only by title and no information is available.

CORRECTIONS

1. In The Mannikin, Mr. Bloch gives us a bit of additional information on THE CABALA OF SABOTH (see 11., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I), to wit, that this "almost priceless" book was published in a Greek translation, circa 1686.

2. CRYPTOMENYSIS PATEFACTA (see 14., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I) should read CRYPTOMENYSIS PATEFACTA.

3. THE DAEMONOLATREIA of Remisius (see 17., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I) should read "published in Lyons, 1595", instead of "translated by Lyons, 1595".

4. In the section on DE VERMIS MYSTERIES (see 20., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I), the line "Father Yig ('dark Han') and 'serpent-bearded Byatis'" should read, "Father Yig, 'dark Han', and 'serpent-bearded' Byatis".

ERRATA

Jack Gill of Brooklyn, New York, has given me several bits of data which I here pass on to you.

1. In regards to the KRYPTOGRAPHIK of Thicknesse (see 25., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART II), Mr. Gill informs me of a book on cryptography by Phillip Thickenesse, A Treatise on the Art of Decyphering and of Writing in Cypher, London, 1772. He also informs me that there is a reference to the Kryptographik of Kluber in The Outsider and Others.

2. The CLAVIS ALCHIMIAE of Fludd apparently does actually exist. Mr. Gill lists an edition, folio, two volumes of Clavis Philosophiae et Alchimiae, Frankfort, 1633, by Robert Fludd (see 13., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I).

3. I have also discovered J. Falconer's CRYPTOMENYSIS PATEFACTA, OR THE ART OF SECRET INFORMATION DISCLOSED WITHOUT A KEY, "printed for Daniel Brown, at the Black Swan and Bible without Temple Bar, London, 1685" (see 14., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I).

4. I have also received a reference to DE LAPIDE PHILOSOPHICO of Trithemius, the edition of 1611 (see 19., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART I).

5. The THESAURUS CHEMICUS of Roger Bacon apparently does exist; an edition was printed at Hamburg in 1598 according to a correspondent (see 48., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART III).

It seems I was correct in my assumption that by "Artephous" Lovecraft meant "Artephius", for this 12th Century adept did indeed write a KEY TO WISDOM (see 24., in HPL: THE BOOKS, PART II). His Clavis Sapientiae was first printed in Paris in 1609, and again at Frankfort in 1785.

I wish once more to mention my appreciation of Jack Gill, whose many letters and cards aided strongly in this research; and also to Clark Ashton Smith and Robert Bloch, who helped clarify several puzzling points, my thanks.

—LIN CARTER

THE HOUND OF LEAVEN

I fed him, down the nights and down the days;
I fed him, down the arches of the years;
I fed him Kennel-Ration (lean-red-meat);
Migawd! How much a St. Bernard can eat!

—KEITH NELSON

H. P. LOVECRAFT: THE GODS

lin carter

> "All my stories, unconnected as they may be, are based on the fundamental lore or legend that this world was inhabited at one time by other races who, in practising black magic, lost their foothold and were expelled, yet live on Outside ever ready to take possession of this Earth again."
>
> —H.P. Lovecraft

ONE OF LOVECRAFT'S greatest and most influential creations in imaginative literature is a body of ritual, lore, theology and history which forms a basis and an underlying pattern beneath all of his fiction and verse, serving to connect almost everything he wrote into one whole. His thesis was that this world, at a period geological epochs remote from our day, was inhabited and ruled by groups of demon-gods and benignant deities. The Great Old Ones and the Great Race of Yith, who shared this Earth between them in very ancient times before the evolution of humankind, fell out of agreement with each other, and both turned against the Elder Gods who had created them. The Great Race, being noncorporeal mental entities existing as parasites in borrowed bodies, chose the easy way and fled from this Earth into the remote future, where, in the Two-hundredth Century A. D., they adopted the bodies of the post-human beetle creatures who are to be the dominant life-form of that era. While the Great Old Ones, now ruling unchallenged, rose in rebellion against the benignant Elder Gods who dwell upon Betelgeuse and stole from them certain collections of talismans, symbols, books and hieroglyphically-inscribed tablets of stone, which they established upon Celaeno. Led by Azathoth, the Great Old Ones struggled against the Elder Gods but were at length overcome, whereupon they were banished or imprisoned. Hastur the Unspeakable was banished to the Lake of Hali upon Carcosa in the Hyades, near Aldebaran; Cthulhu was imprisoned in a magical death-like sleep in the sunken half-cosmic city of R'lyeh off Ponape; Ithaqua the Wind-Walker was sealed away in the icy Arctic barrens; Yog-Sothoth was exiled beyond this space-time continuum in Chaos, as was Azathoth, now bereft of mind or will; Tsathoggua was imprisoned in a cavern beneath Mount Voormithadreth in Hyperborea, as were the minor deities Atlach-Nacha and Father Abhoth; Cthugha was banished to Fomalhaut; Ghatanothoa the Demon-God was sealed away in crypts under the ancient fortress built by crustaceans from Yuggoth atop Mount Yaddith-Gho in primal Mu; and many of the other, more minor, Earth Gods were made to dwell in the black onyx castle atop Kadath in the Cold Waste, where they are protected and sheltered, being harmless. Nyarlathotep, alone, seems to have escaped imprisonment or exile.

But ere their defeat, the Great Old Ones had spawned a host of hellish minions who now work unceasingly to free their imprisoned masters; but even the batrachian Deep Ones

of R'lyeh cannot touch or remove the Elder Sign that seals Cthulhu in his deathly sleep; and, although the chant which can free Yog-Sothoth and bring him from Outside is to be found on page 751 of the complete edition of The Necronomicon, where it is called the "Ninth Verse", none of his human or non-human followers have yet succeeded. When occasionally some have actually removed the Elder Sign, it was replaced anew either by direct intervention of the Elder Gods or by certain human beings in their service. Yet their eventual return has been prophesied by Alhazred, and we can only conjecture that at some future date they will again be free to war with the Elder Gods for mastery of this Universe.

We know actually very little concerning the Elder Gods, not even the names of any of them. Laney, in his brilliant Glossary to the Mythos[1], mentions Nodens, Lord of the Great Abyss, as one of the Elder Gods, but I can find no corresponding datum in the Mythos to confirm his supposition. We do have a good description, in The Lurker on the Threshold, of their supreme talisman and potent seal, The Elder Sign: It looks like a five-pointed star with the ends broken off bluntly; in the center is an open oval and within it a tower of flame, looking rather like an eye.

I shall now discuss each of the Great Old Ones in order, attempting—as I did in the last article, on The Books—to give every datum known in its place.

The Great Old Ones

(Also called the Old Ones, the Evil Ones, Them Who Come, The Primal Ones)

1. ABHOTH, Father and Mother of Cosmic Uncleanliness

Abhoth the Unclean, who, with Ubbo-Sathla, is Parent of most of the Great Old Ones (saving Tsathoggua, Cthulhu and Yog-Sothoth, who came to this Earth from the stars), dwells in the slimy gulf below the Cavern of the Archetypes under Mount Voormithadreth in Hyperborea. There it eternally continues Its "repugnant fission". It resembles a grayish, quivering, liquid mass and is continually in the process of giving birth to endless varieties of disgusting creatures. The coeval of the oldest gods, It was visited by Lord Ralibar Vooz of Commoriom before the Great Ice Age.

2. ATLACH-NACHA, the Spider-God

Imprisoned with Tsathoggua, the Spider-God dwells in or below black-litten N'kai, passing the eternities of his imprisonment by spinning vast webs across a tremendous gulf. He has an arachnidian body as large as a man, with many insectoid members and small crafty eyes surrounded by hair on an ebon body.

3. AZATHOTH, Lord of All Things, the Daemon-Sultan

The blind, idiot god who rules from a curiously environed black throne at the center of Chaos, described as "a monstrous nuclear chaos beyond angled space", Azathoth is the former leader of the Old Ones in their rebellion against the Elder Gods, and for this was exiled Outside, bereft of intellect. It was he who created this Earth, and it is foretold that he shall destroy it when once the Seals have been broken, after the coming of Nyarlathotep (see 18. NYARLATHOTEP). In The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath, he is called: "that

[1] "The Cthulhu Mythology: A Glossary", Francis T. Laney, Beyond the Wall of Sleep, Arkham House, Wisconsin, 1943.

shocking final peril that gibbers unmentionably outside the ordered Universe...that last amorphous blight of nethermost confusion which blastphemes and bubbles at the centre of all infinity—the boundless Daemon-Sultan Azathoth, whose name no lips dare speak aloud, and who gnaws hungrily in inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond time amidst the muffled, maddening beating of vile drums and the thin, monotonous whine of accursed flutes."

4. BYATIS, the Serpent-Bearded

Serpent-Bearded Byatis is a lesser deity among the Great Old Ones, probably allied to (or, perhaps, an avatar of) Father Yig. He is referred to, but in what context we do not know, in the De Vermis Mysteriis of Ludvig Prinn.

5. BYAZOOMA, the Faceless One

This minor godlet is known only through "the Secret Parable of Byazooma", mentioned briefly by Robert Bloch. Since facelessness is one of the prime attributes of Nyarlathotep, he may well be another avatar of the Mighty Messenger; or, perhaps, one of the Earth Gods.

6. CHAUGNAR-FAUGN, the Feeder, the All

A vampirical minor god, described as possessing huge tentacled ears, a trunk-like snout and great tusks. His body is formed from living stone. His followers are the Miri Nigri.

7. CTHUGHA

Cthugha is a fire-elemental, imprisoned by the Elder Gods on Fomalhaut, and appears to the human eye as "a cloud of tiny points of light, living sparks of flame"[2]. To summon his influence, one must wait until Fomalhaut has risen above the horizon, then chant forth this evocation, thrice repeated:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh
Cthugha Fomalhaut
n'gha-ghaa naf'l thagn.
Ia! Cthugha!"

As a fire-elemental, he opposes the earth-beings such as Shub-Niggurath, Tsathoggua or Nyogtha, and is especially powerful against Nyarlathotep, having been once successfully evoked against the Crawling Chaos even in his earthly place, the Wood of N'gai. He is served by the Flame-Creatures.

8. CTHULHU of the Watery Abyss, Him Who Is To Come, the Lord of R'lyeh

Great Cthulhu, chief of the water-elementals, was worshiped as Huitzilopochtli the War-God by the Quichua-Ayars of pre-Spanish Peru, and as a sea-deity all over the Pacific, and is the prototype of most marine gods in world history, including Poseidonis of Atlantis. With Iod and Vorvadoss the Flaming One, he was worshiped in primal Mu by the first humans; he is also known to the inhabitants of blue-litten K'n-yan, that cavern world beneath Caddo County in western Oklahoma, where dwell deathless beings who came down from the stars with Cthulhu about the time of the Ice Age. He has an octopoid head, his face is a mass of writhing feelers, a scaly rubbery body, prodigious claws on hind- and forefeet, long narrow wings, a bloated corpulent body, a cephalopod head. Imprisoned in the submerged stone city, R'lyeh, once a great metropolis of the Old Ones and the birthplace of the R'lyeh Text, he is served and guarded by the batrachian, long-lived,

[2] "The Dweller in Darkness", August Derleth, Weird Tales, November 1944.

amphibious Deep Ones, who are led by Father Dagon and Mother Hydra. His human servants, the Cult of Cthulhu, worship and ceaselessly attempt to free him from the Elder Sign which holds him helpless in the sleeping death. The second quotation of the famous couplet—

"That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And with strange eons even death may die"

—in The Necronomicon is given in reference to his eventual return, as is the famous line from The R'lyeh Text—"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn"—which, translated from the original pre-human R'lyehian, reads: "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming" (which is incorrectly quoted in the Invocations to Dagon); and Dr. Laban Shrewsbury's book, Cthulhu in the Necronomicon, the incomplete, unpublished manuscript of which is in the Miskatonic University collection, is devoted to a study of him and his Cult.

9. DAGON

Father Dagon is a lesser sea-god among the Great Old Ones, a servitor of Cthulhu, and leader of the Deep Ones. Known to the ancient Philistines as the fish-god, he is now worshiped by the degraded human or semi-human inhabitants of Arkham, and elsewhere, who belong to The Esoteric Order of Dagon. His spouse is another minor godlet (see 14. HYDRA), one of the few female goddesses in the Mythos.

10. GHATANOTHOA, the Dark God, the Demon-God, the Devil-God

The Dark God was prisoned in crypts under the ancient fortress built by things from Yuggoth on Mount Yaddith-Gho in the province of K'naa in primal Mu, where the first humans evolved, prisoned there by the Elder Gods, who were the first inhabitants of outer space. Worshiped in Mu, and later by a cult in Atlantis and Leng, his fame spread into Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, China, Mexico and Peru. He was a god to the forgotten Semite empires of Africa, and, von Junzt says, also in the fabled subterrene kingdom of K'n-yan. He is gigantic, tentacled, proboscidian and octopus-eyed, semi-amorphous and plastic, partly squamous and rugose. To gaze upon him, or even upon an image or likeness of him, causes paralysis and petrifaction.

11. GNOPH-HEK, the Hairy Thing

Gnoph-Hek, the myth-thing of the Greenland ice, is an avatar of Rhan-Tegoth (see 20. RHAN-TEGOTH), who thus manifested himself to lead the subhuman horde of Gnophkehs against Lomar. Under the leadership of Gnoph-Hek, the hairy cannibals (whose descendents today are called Eskimos) whelmed marble Olathoe and all Lomar, before the glaciers came down.

12. HAN

Dark Han, as he is called in De Vermis Mysteriis, is a minor member of the Great Old Ones, about whom little is known. He is probably an earth-elemental, and may have been worshiped in primeval China.

13. HASTUR the Unspeakable, Him Who Is Not To Be Named, The Nameless One, God of the Shepherds

Great Hastur, half-brother to Cthulhu, was imprisoned by the Elder Gods in Lake Hali near the city of Carcosa (where he is worshiped, obscurely, as God of the Shepherds) on a dark planet near Aldebaran in the Hyades. Chief of the air-elementals and served by the bat-winged Byakhee who can fly in intersteller space, he is served on earth by the Abominable Snow-Men (or Mi-Go) who are man-sized, pinkish crustacean

creatures dwelling on the Plateau of Leng (in its earthly extension high in the Himalayas) and on certain mountains in Vermont. To summon the Byakhee, drink first a vial of the golden mead of the Elder Gods, blow the magic whistle, and chant:

"Ia! Ia! Hastur!
Hastur cf'ayak vulgtmm,
vugtlagn, vulgtmm!
Ai! Ai! Hastur!"

Hastur, inexplicably, is not overly hostile to men and has aided them in the past. He is discussed in Bierce, Chambers, Lovecraft, and prominently in Derleth; he is the husband of Shub-Niggurath.

14. HYDRA

Together with Father Dagon, Mother Hydra is worshiped by The Esoteric Order of Dagon and figures in the Cthulhu Mythos as a minor sea-goddess. With her spouse she rules the Deep Ones and serves Great Cthulhu. We are not told where she and Dagon are prisoned, but it would not seem to be deep R'lyeh; perhaps they are sealed in many-columned Y'ha-nthlei off Devil's Reef, near Innsmouth.

15. ITHAQUA, the Snow-Thing, God of the Winds; Death-Walker, God of the Great White Silence, Wind-Walker, Lord of the Winds

Lord Ithaqua is of the air-elementals who were summoned to the aid of Hastur the Unspeakable eons ago and subdued to his will; for his part in the war against the Elder Gods, he was banished to the far Arctic, where he is worshiped in his avatar, Wendigo. None but his worshipers dare look upon him—for others to see him is death. To human eyes he seems as a dark outline against the sky, the outline of some horrid beast, a caricature of man with two carmine stars where his eyes should be.

16. LLOIGOR, Who Walks the Winds Among the Star-Spaces

Another air-elemental who serves Hastur, and is served by the anomalous semi-human Tcho-Tcho People of the Plateau of Sung in Central Asia, as in Burma and High Tibet. Laney says he is imprisoned on Arcturus with his twin brother, Zhar. He can only go abroad when Arcturus is above the horizon and a full moon is in the sky.

17. NUG

A minor earth-elemental, Nug is worshiped in fabulous blue-litten K'n-yan, along with Yeb and Cthulhu. It is possible he was confused with Yeb and worshiped by the followers of Nephren-Ka in the sealed valley of Hadoth by the Nile, for there are tombs dedicated to an unknown deity, "Neb", there.

18. NYARLATHOTEP, the Mighty Messenger, Father of the Million Favored Ones, the Crawling Chaos, the Howler in the Night, the Blind Faceless One, the Demon Messenger, the Dark One, the Dweller in Darkness, Great Messenger, Bringer of Strange Joy to Yuggoth, the Elder One

This earth-elemental of prodigious power occupies a curious position in the Mythos: a servant and messenger of the Great Old Ones, he is as powerful as the greatest among them. He was the first god worshiped in olden Egypt, where his titles were: the Old God, the Secret One, the God of Resurrection, Black Messenger of Karneter, Stalker Among the Stars, Lord of the Desert, Master of Evil, the Faceless One, the Dark God, and so on. They knew him as a black, faceless sphinx—vulture winged and hyena bodied—wearing the Triple

Crown of a god. They prophesy he will return in the Earth's last day as a black man with a staff of serpents coming out of the desert, and that wherever he goes men will die, pyramids will crumble into dust, and "wild beasts follow(ed) him and lick(ed) his hands"[3].

He has many avatars: as the Haunter of the Dark he appears as a black winged thing with a three-lobed burning eye that fears light. In this manifestation he is worshiped and evoked through that talismanic "window on time and space", the Shining Trapezohedron that was originally fashioned on Yuggoth, brought to Earth by the Great Old Ones, treasured by the crinoid things of Antarctica, salvaged from their ruins by the serpent-men of Valusia, known ages later to the first men in Lemuria, and which sank with Atlantis. It was later dredged up by Minoan fishermen and sold to merchants from nighted Khem; in its worship the heretic Pharoah Nephren-Ka built a temple in Hadoth and did that which caused his name to be stricken from the rolls of history. Brought back from the Nile by Dr. Enoch Bowen, it became a thing of worship to the Starry Wisdom Sect of Providence, R. I., which Bowen founded in May, 1844. After the sect was discontinued, the Trapezohedron was left in the ruined church on Federal Hill where it was re-discovered many years later by the supernatural author Robert Blake, who flung it into Naragansett Bay in 1935.

Another of his avatars is the Dark-Demon of the witch-covens of medieval Europe[4], to whom he was known as the Dark One and the Demon-Messenger, and is described as being "black all over and furry, with a snout like a hog, green eyes, and the claws and fangs of a wild beast."

At times he appears inexplicably benignant: In his manifestation as Guardian of the Earth Gods, he protects and serves the mild little godlings of Kadath in the Cold Waste, and appears as a tall slim figure with a proud young face like some antique Pharoah, robed in scarlet (according to Randolph Carter).

But his usual appearance is that of a mad, faceless god, forever howling blindly in the darkness, lulled by the monotonous piping of two amorphous idiot flute-players. He is capable of assuming a thousand different shapes, and has appeared in the likeness of men. He fears only the fire-elemental, Cthugha, and does not seem to have been imprisoned by the Elder Gods. He dwells on the World of the Seven Suns and his earth-place is the Wood of N'gai, about Rick's Lake in North Central Wisconsin.

19. NYOGTHA, the Dweller in Darkness, the Thing That Should Not Be

Nyogtha is a lesser earth-elemental, who may perhaps be considered an avatar of Nyarlathotep, as they both bear the title "Dweller in Darkness". He appears as a viscous black amoeba and is prisoned in subterranean depths, from which at times he has emerged to wreak havoc in olden times. The Necronomicon says he can be exorcised by the "looped cross, by the Vach-Viraj incantation, and by the Tikkoun elixer". This is supposed to be the Vach-Viraj incantation:

"Ya na kadishtu nilgh're...
stell'hsna kn'aa Nyogtha...
k'yarnak phlegethor..."

3 "Nyarlathotep", Sonnet XXI, Fungi from Yuggoth, H. P. Lovecraft, Weird Tales 1930.

4 "The Dark Demon", Robert Bloch, Weird Tales, November 1936.

20. RHAN-TEGOTH, the Infinite and Invisible

Great Rhan-Tegoth is a bestial survivor of some forgotten and fabulous polar civilization that died long ere even Lomar was born, and came originally from distant Yuggoth on the rim. In his manifestation as Gnoph-Hek he led the Inutos in the conquest of Olathoe and all the land of Lomar. He resembles a shambling, crouching malignancy, ten feet tall, with six legs, a globular torso, a bubble-like suggestion of a head with three eyes and a long proboscis, bulging gills, monsterous serpentine suckers and black paws with crab-like claws. He may be evoked by this chant:

"Wza-y'ei! Wza-y'ei!
Y'kaa haa bho-ii,
Rhan-Tegoth—Cthulhu fthagn—
Rhan-Tegoth,
Rhan-Tegoth,
Rhan-Tegoth!"

Legend has it that if Rhan-Tegoth should ever die, the Great Old Ones can never return.

21. SHUB-NIGGURATH, the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young, the Ram with a Thousand Ewes

Shub-Niggurath is a powerful earth-elemental, a goddess of fertility, and wife to Him Who Is Not To Be Named. She was worshiped in primal Mu some two hundred thousand years ago, and probably has something to do with the human worship of Astarte and Ashtaroth. She is prisoned by the Elder Gods, though we do not know where, and it is foretold in The Necronomicon that "Shub-Niggurath shall come forth and multiply in all her hideousness", and that she shall again be served by "all the wood nymphs, satyrs, leprechauns, and the Little People", who may be presumed to be her "Thousand Young".

22. TSATHOGGUA, the Toad-Thing

Lord Tsathoggua came to this Earth, in the years immediately following its creation, from the planet Cykranosh (Saturn)[5], although he probably did not originate there. He is an earth-elemental and dwelt in black N'kai below red-litten Yoth, which is below blue-litten K'n-yan. It was the folk of K'n-yan who carried the worship of Tsathoggua to the outer world; there were temples to him in Hyperborea, where the great wizard Eibon of Mhu Thulan once worshiped him. For his part in the war against the Elder Gods he is prisoned in an abyss beneath Mount Voormithadreth in Hyperborea, along with Abhoth, Atlach-Nacha, and other of the Great Old Ones. He resembles a squat, black, furry, pot-bellied toad. Tsathoggua is mentioned in the Pnakotic Manuscripts, in the Commoriom myth-cycle, and many of the oldest incantations of forgotten lore of his worship are in the Book of Eibon.

23. UBBO-SATHLA, the Unbegotten Source

Ubbo-Sathla is the source of all terrene life; he was upon the Earth ere the coming of Cthulhu or Tsathoggua from the stars, and he shall be here after all life has perished, although he is not destined to be the final and last inhabitant of this world (see The Earth Gods, 7. NIOTH-KORGHAI). Formless, shapeless, the Book of Eibon describes him as "a mass without head or members" and prophesies that all earthly life "shall go back at last through that great cycle of time to Ubbo-Sathla." He is the parent of those who went against the Elder Gods.

[5] "The Door to Saturn", Clark Ashton Smith, Strange Tales, January 1932.

24. 'UMR AT-TAWIL, the Most Ancient One, the Prolonged of Life, the Guide and Guardian of the Gate

The Most Ancient One is chief servant to Yog-Sothoth and leader of the Ancient Ones, who brood eternally on their pedestals, guarding the multi-dimensional gateways for Yog-Sothoth. 'Umr At-Tawil had been an entity of Earth millions of years ago, before the evolution of man, or, indeed, of the first mammals, when creatures (possibly reptilian) had raised the first cities on this globe. The powers he possesses are terrible, and he has been feared by all the world since Lomar rose out of the sea and the Children of the Fire Mist came to teach the Elder Lore to men.

When the Dreamer, Randolph Carter, passed the First Gate by means of the Silver Key and became an Ancient One by so doing, he met the Prolonged of Life, and saw him as an impermanently-outlined figure half as tall as a man and heavily cloaked in robes of some neutrally-colored fabric without eyeholes. Although his actions to Carter were friendly, he is dangerous, and the Book of Thoth warns of the awful price of a single glimpse of him, a warning The Necronomicon repeats and re-emphasizes.

25. YEB

Yeb would seem to be a minor earth-elemental, worshiped in fabulous K'n-yan, and in ancient Mu. No more is known of him.

26. YIG, Father of Serpents

Father Yig is believed to be the primal source of the South American legends of Quetzalcoatl and Kukulkan. De Vermis Mysteriis discusses him, but to my knowledge he is not in The Necronomicon. Worshiped by the American Indians long before the coming of white settlers from Europe, he is still known to them, and has begotten his loathsome children upon mankind. He was known in prehistoric Mu along with Nug and Yeb, and temples still stand to him in subterrene K'n-yan.

27. YOG-SOTHOTH, the Beyond One, the All-In-One and One-In-All, the Lurker on the Threshold

Leprous, subterranean Yog-Sothoth is among the most powerful of the earth-elementals, and came down from the stars with Tsathoggua and Cthulhu. He is described as "a congeries of shining globes" and the most ancient lore and rituals of his worship are preserved in the Book of Eibon. He, also, has begotten his abominable spawn upon mankind. Great Yog-Sothoth is co-existent with all time and conterminous with all space, and was prisoned Outside in Chaos, with Azathoth. He may be recalled, or his manifestation summoned, by chosing a time when the Sun is in the Fifth House and Saturn is in Trine, drawing a pentagram of fire, and chanting the Ninth Verse (which is the long chant on pp. 751 of the complete edition of The Necronomicon) thrice, repeating every Roodmas and Hallow's Eve. According to Alhazred, Yog-Sothoth "upon whom are no strictures of time or space" has the guardianship of the Ultimate Gate which leads out of this Universe. He is served by 'Umr At-Tawil and the Ancient Ones, and has many human servitors. The crustaceans of Yuggoth worship him as "The Beyond One". Ibn Schacabac describes his face.

28. ZHAR

Zhar, an air-elemental prisoned by the Elder Gods upon Arcturus, is the twin brother of Lloigor and a servant of Hastur the Unspeakable. He is served on Earth by the Tcho-Tcho People who dwell in the ruined stone city in Indo-China, and in Burma, Leng and the Plateau of Sung.

* * * *

Before we pass on to a brief study of the Earth Gods, there are a few facts about the Great Old Ones to record. As can be seen above, they are divided into four groups: the air-elementals (Hastur, Zhar, Ithaqua, Lloigor); the sea-elementals (Dagon, Hydra, Cthulhu); the earth-elementals (Tsathoggua, Yog-Sothoth, Nyarlathotep, Shub-Niggurath); and the fire-elementals (of whom we know only Cthugha). Among the other beings above, such as Yig, Atlach-Nacha, Byazooma, Chaugnar-Faugn, Yeb, Gnoph-Hek and Han, are probably those who should be classed among one or the other of the four elements, if we knew it.

Nor are all of the Primal Ones entirely inimical to man. Hastur, Cthugha, even Nyarlathotep, have occasionally helped or aided men in one way or another.

It is known that members of the four elements are opposed to one another. Fire beings oppose Earth beings (thus Cthugha has power against Nyarlathotep); Air beings oppose Water beings (so Hastur has aided Dr. Shrewsbury against the minions of Cthulhu); but all unite in a common hatred of the Elder Gods.

Moreover, only a few of the many sub- and semi-human races who serve the Evil Ones can be attributed to their correct masters. We know Cthulhu commands the Deep Ones, Hastur the Byakhee, and Cthugha the Flame-Creatures. But who are the Shantak Birds (who guard Kadath and forbidden Leng), the Gugs and Ghasts and Ghouls, the Dholes and the Serpent-Men of Valusia (Father Yig?)?

Our knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos is still limited; perhaps the forthcoming volume of posthumous Lovecraft-Derleth collaborations will extend and complete it.

The Earth Gods

(The mild, gentle Gods of Earth who are guarded by the Mighty Messenger, and dwell upon Kadath in the Cold Waste, in its extension in Earth's Dreamworld, not its Antarctic counterpart)

1. BOKRUG

A god worshiped in the pre-human city of Ib in the land of Mnar, whose vengeance destroyed the later human city of Sarnath the Doomed. He was worshiped, somewhat more than ten thousand years ago, by the folk of Ib, described by the Cylinders of Kadatheron as greenish, voiceless, bulge-eyed and flabby. They knew him through his image, a likeness of a water lizard carved from green stone.

2. HYPNOS

One of the Gods of Dream (see The Earth Gods, 4. KOTH) who was known in antique Greece. Perhaps best described as a beam of light with a face of sculptured, super-human beauty, he takes vengeance upon those who dare to dream too deeply.

3. IOD, the Source, the Shining Hunter

In his manifestation as Iod the Source, he is worshiped beyond the farthest galaxies[6]. He was known as Iod the Shining Hunter to the first humans in Mu, who worshiped him with Vorvadoss and Cthulhu.

6 "The Secret of Kralitz", Henry Kuttner, Weird Tales, October 1936.

4. KOTH

Another of the Gods of Dream, a more mild one than Hypnos. The Sign of Koth is seen by dreamers above a certain Gate, and is inviolable by mortals as a seal of the Earth Gods. Koth, with Cthulhu and Yog-Sothoth, created that famous jewel, the Fire of Asshurbanipal, and gave it to the wizard Xuthltan, who fled with it from Nineveh to Kara-Shehr, that silent city of black stone in the desert that may or may not be identical with Irem the City of Pillars and the City of Evil mentioned in Alhazred.

5. LOBON

Lord Lobon is one of the three gods worshiped in Sarnath, in the land of Mnar, when mankind was young.

6. NATH-HORTHATH

Nath-Horthath was chiefly worshiped in Celephais, a city in Ooth-Nargai in our Dreamworld, where his temple is built of turquoise and his priests are orchid-wreathed.

7. NIOTH-KORGHAI

Nioth-Korghai is a god destined to be the last inhabitant of this planet. In the last days of the Earth, long after man has perished in Zothique, the Last Continent, and the post-human beetle-race has ruled and been overcome by the time-voyaging Great Race and died away, he will come to this Earth from an alien planet, riding a fire-maned comet.

8. TAMASH

Holy Tamash is one of the trinity worshiped by the dark shepherd folk of Sarnath, who built Thraa, Ilarnek and Kadatheron on the river Ai. Tamash was helpless to overcome the doom brought upon his worshipers and their city by the curse of Bokrug, god of Ib.

9. VORVADOSS of the Grey Gulf, the Flaming One, the Troubler of the Sands, Who Waiteth in the Outer Dark, Kindler of the Flame

The Flaming One (who may, perhaps, be among the Great Old Ones as a fire-elemental) was worshiped by the first men in age-lost Mu.

10. YHOUNDEH, the Elk Goddess

Lady Yhoundeh was worshiped in Hyperborea in the days of the wizard Eibon. She was a simple nature goddess, whose horned priests had long outlawed and discredited the worship of bat-winged, sloth-like Tsathoggua, the Toad-Thing.

11. ZO-KALAR

Zo-Kalar was one of the three gods, along with Tamash and Lobon who were worshiped in the city of Sarnath.

12. NODENS, Lord of the Great Abyss

I am at a loss what to do with Lord Nodens; Laney calls him one of the Elder Gods but I can find no evidence to back this claim. He was certainly not one of the Great Old Ones, so in desperation I put him here with the Earth Gods, where perhaps, after all, he does belong.

Nodens was master of the Night-Gaunts, a race of noxiously thin, rubbery, faceless, cold-fleshed, horned-tailed and bat-winged beings distinctly allied to the Ghouls, who fly between N'kai and the outer void and are known in certain regions of Earth's Dreamworld.

FINIS

ETC.; ETC.; ETC.

There is so much to mention in this short space it's not only hard to decide where to start, it's also doubtful that I'll remember it all. But...

You are, of course, first and foremost, outraged because we have the nerve to charge 30¢ for this _____ (it's your opinion, you fill it in). But it's not really what it seems. You see, actually we've lowered the price of the magazine. Let me explain: Five issues used to cost $1, now four issues $1. The number of pages has always been erratic, ranging from 40 to 72. So if you take any five issue run (issues 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, for instance) and average them out (the average for the issues mentioned is 49.6 pages per issue) you will get an average below the average of what the pages per issue are going to be in the future, which is 64, if I make myself clear, and if somehow I can get untangled from this damned sentence to make it clear. You see, each issue from now on will contain 64 pages—no more, no less. And that means that you'll be getting around 14.4 pages per issue more for the same buck you've been paying (which isn't one-half what you should be paying, if I could only get it out of you). In other words, you'll be getting one less issue on your subscription, but more reading matter (and more pictures!). And since I have a soft head for business, I'll be even more generous than this. All renewals and new subscriptions received before October 30 will be entered at the old rate of five issues for $1. But after October 10, all subscriptions will be entered at the new rate of four issues for $1, despite what the printed reminders we send you may say.

The second change, which as a matter of fact greatly influenced the first one, concerns our frequency of publication. We're no longer publishing bi-monthly. I know this will dismay you, but try to bear up. Cindy and I will be leaving New York soon and I will probably be returning to college. This means a small amount of available time and an even smaller amount of available money. So we've decided on a publishing schedule of three issues a year for the next few years. We will try our very best to keep up with it, but we ask your kind sufferance of any subsequent tardiness and for your continued support—in the way of money. (Just think, if each of you loyal readers, good and true, were to get twenty friends to subscribe, Cindy and I could stop publishing this damned magazine. So help fight inflation. Don't spend your money—throw it away on a subscription to INSIDE.)

The third change we prepared you for: the change of title. It seemed to be the unanimous opinion that INSIDE was good enough and should be kept. But since one of our major functions is reviewing s. f. books and since regular publishers could hardly be expected to know to send their s. f. releases to a magazine called INSIDE, we've had to add the "Science Fiction". I hope it won't cause confusion with Bob Madle's column; I think not, but in any case it's necessary, and that's the way it is, and we had the name first anyway.) sort of—so it's INSIDE Science Fiction from now on. (The numbering of Science Fiction Advertiser will be continued, by the way, so that our kinship with that time-honored publication

will not be entirely lost.)

And now an apology: To all those long-suffering correspondents of mine who haven't heard from me in the past five and a half years are tendered my regrets and my hope, forlorn as it is, that you will be hearing from me in the near future. But I can't possibly answer every letter I receive—I haven't the time, and I'm not that industrious if I did. So I hope all those who have written me for information (such as, "Where the hell's my copy of INSIDE?" "Is my subscription expired or what?" "When are you coming out? Soon I hope." "When are you coming out? If it's as long as I hope it is, send me back my money; don't know why I ever subscribed in the first place." "When was Festus Pragnell's first story published?"), whom I haven't answered (and undoubtedly never shall) will understand my predicament and will be heartened by the knowledge that I couldn't have answered their questions anyway. And to all of those dear to me and to those whose material I've been holding for so many years without word: Please forgive my transgressions, and pray with me that you'll soon receive some sort of communication. I shall try.

Now, for a few words in regards to psionics. Generally, the opinion seems to be that Mason made the telling points (Campbell ignoring the important ones), that de Camp was on the right side but that he approached the problem from a little off center, and that Campbell is hopping off somewhere—in the wrong direction and on the wrong foot. In other words, that psionics, as discussed in Astounding, is not really worthy of serious consideration.

I personally think that "psi phenomena" should rightly be investigated and that the amateur has a place in the investigation—is, in fact, the investigation. But Campbell's own campaign of enlightenment has one basic flaw: it's wrong. RS

KEITH NELSON: This issue of INSIDE starts rite off with a matter on which I've got a little to say. Namely, Psionics. Now bout two weeks ago, here I was nosing around thruout Feb. ish of Astounding S F. Presently I light on J. Campbell's article "Unprovable Speculation" wherein is printed a circuit diagram of a type of a Hieronymus machine. Campbell suggests that a photostat be made of this diagram, and the stat then used as the "symbolic" innards of a machine (as per his further instructions). Well, I am sitting here and going tsk-tsk at the idea, when in pops Chet Davis, a scientist and electrician. He too absorbs the Campbell article, and I jokingly suggest that he build the symbolic machine. Okay, he sez, why not, it's easily done. So a week ago he calls an sez it's all set. I rush over to his lab an we spend bout an hour and a half trying to get "tacky", etc. sensations from the critter. No soap. The only feeling I got was the same as when I'd stroke a desktop with my fingers. Chet found likewise. We then took the machine to the local college physics lab and there two other guys tried it. Results nil. Gee, was my face red when Chet amiably explained the machine's purpose to those other two guys! Well anyways, we did try it...After Chet and I finished seriously testing the critter, we took some powdered rosin an rubbed all over the panel. HO BOY, then we got tacky sensations, and presently the whole thing degenerated into a farce, stroking the panel and hollering, "Migawd! My hand's stuck tite, caint git loose, wire Campbell quick, lock the doors, top secret!" etc. # I like Dave Mason's treatment better than Camp's. In part, I also dig Campbell's reply. However, my final, considered reaction is this bit of interlineation:

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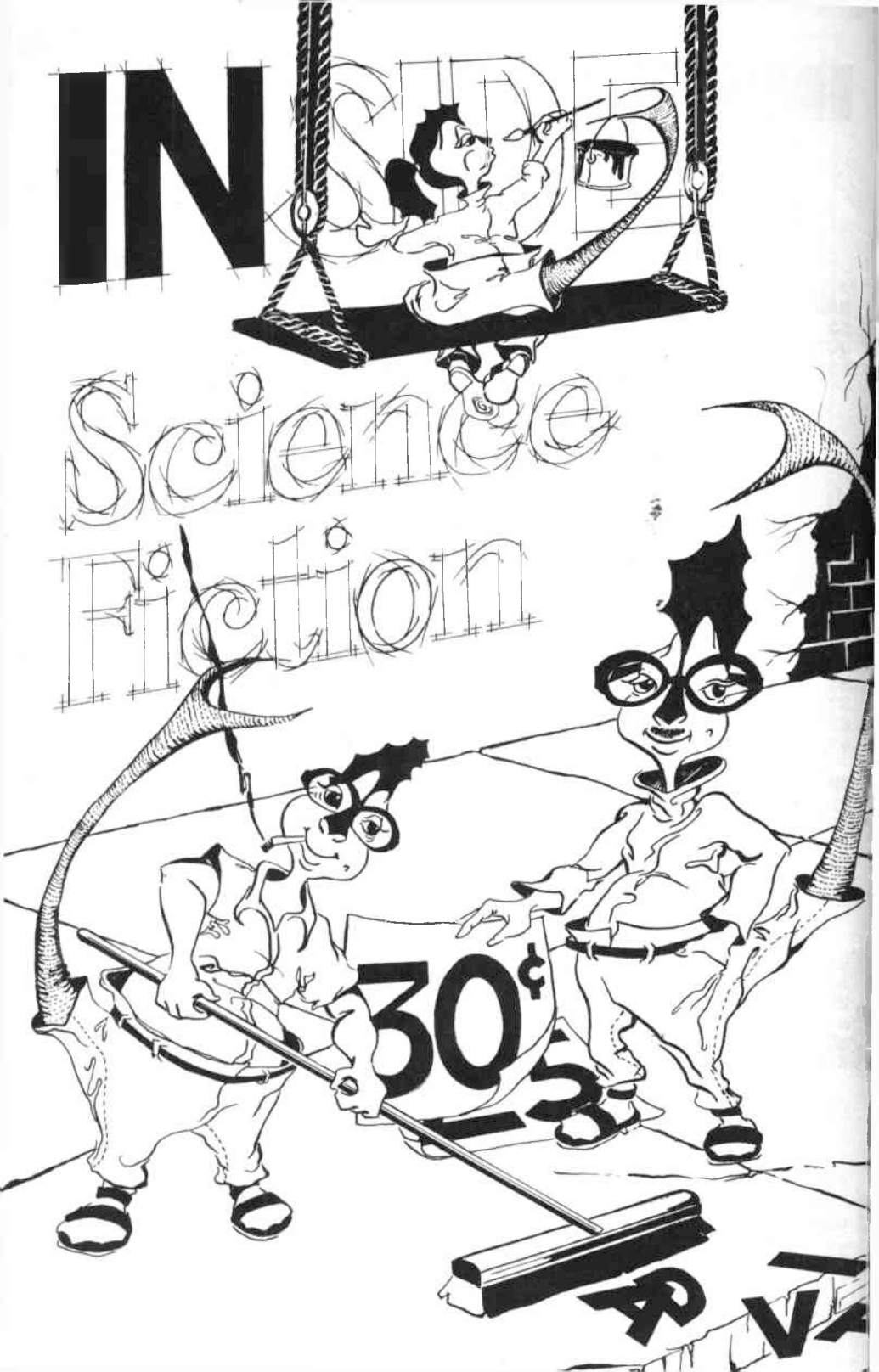
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