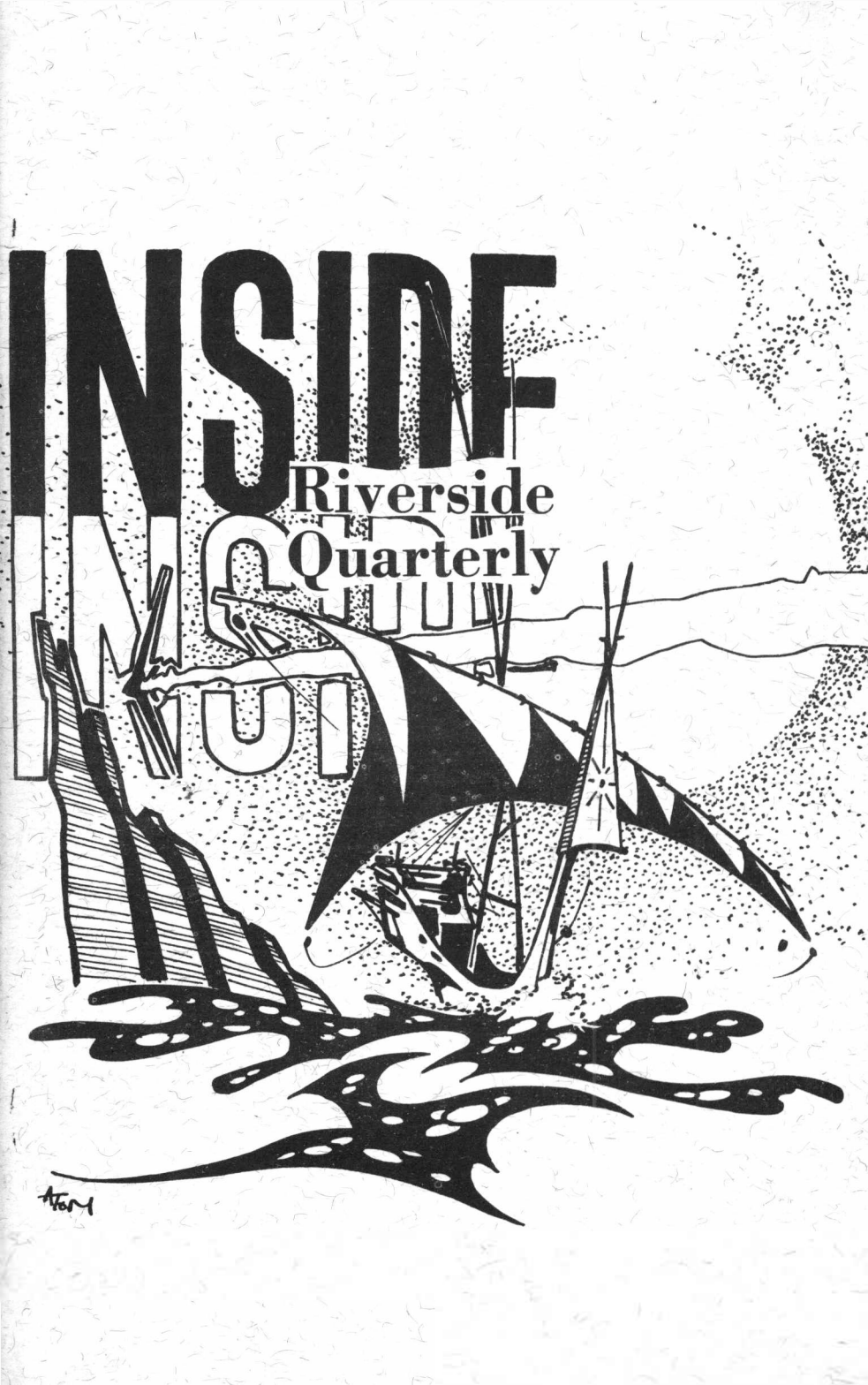
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INSIDE-RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY

Summer, 1964

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talent and expression, the cathartic resolution of psychological conflicts; but here was a man who needed external oressures to activate his subconscious. Even before I began the story, this was obvious to me; but Keller imbeds the idea into a narrative with an ironic style and a refreshing plot.

Only when he has a painful toothache or an agonizing splinter under his fingernail, can Henry Le Kler (a typical anagram for this author) write saleable material. Eventually toothless though still irksomely healthy, he hits upon artificial means, a corkscrew. However, this method eventually proves too traumatic for this wife; so she seeks help from a psychiatrist who is at first shocked then helpful. His explanation is that not pain itself, but pain's stimulus onLe Kler's endocrine system induces a hyperactive state just right for the production of his best work. Doubtful, Mrs. Le Kler leaves with a medicine "this is really the secretion of several glands... from cows, sheep, and pigs, obtained in the slaughter houses of Chicago."

On an extended vacation she secretly administers the extract to her husband, and he promptly wakes up in the middle of the night to begin writing a superb novel, eventually titled "The Sign of the Burning Hart." He is elated with the thought that this time he has written"naturally," that at least this latest production is an emanation from his "peculiar persona," untainted byy artificial stimulus. His wife permits him his illusion.

For a final plot twist, Keller places his successful author in Paris one week end where he notes in the New York Times Book Review an ecstatic review of a first novel by a psychiatrist his wife had consulted. He is amazed that a neuro-psychiatrist should suddenly blossom into a novelist. The irony of these closing passages is delicious, and one of the principal reasons for the story's effectiveness today is just this skillful blend of speculation and satire.

Bouyed by reading this tale, I truned to the other complete stories. Unfortunately, what the illustrations had suggested was confirmed by the writing: they were entirely the work of retarded children. But the charm of the Kelleryarn and the delightful Paul illustrations spread a patina over the magazine which makes me think that had I been one of the quarterless in 1934, I would have held up the candy store owner to get that issue.

Picking the bones of the magazine, I read through the six-point departments: "Science Questions and Answers" (still informative) and "The Reader Speaks" (letters echoing even more enthusiastically my love of Paul, and mentioning provocative titles of earlier stories that I wanted to read then and there, but had little hope of getting.)

Some day maybe I'll be able to eat the drumsticks, if I ever run across the issues with the others installments of the Williamson and Vaughan serials; but I think I have digested enough of that issue to get some of the feel of browsing and reading in the '30's. One thing rings clear: too many modern science fiction editors seem to have forgotten a simple fact of magazine buying. There is quite likely a large "floating readership" which eddies around the newsstands and candy stories indifferent to the lures upon which editors too often depend: big names, esoteric causes (from Dianetics to the Dean Drive) and covers depicting static space scenes in which the rockets all seem designed by Werner von Braun and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. What this vast faceless audience wants, of course, is entertaining fiction; but aside from the deeper problem of whether or not this is possible any longer in the space age, I am not sure that they even pick up and browse through current science fiction magazines. Perhaps, if this is so, the fundamental fault lies in the artwork, not its execution, but the theory behind it.

On my desk I have placed beside the four 1934 Paul covers several relatively recent copies (at this writing) of surviving modern science fiction magazines. From the November 1960 Analog Science Fact & Fiction (an imaginative title that!) a blue mustached face stares from a similarly blue background onto a man (of indefinite occupation and expression) who is fondling a large mass of blue clay, or is it kleenex? At the bottom: "Occasion for Disaster" by Mark Phillips. While Gernsbackian titles such as "Children of the Ray" are hackneyed, modern story titles are about as nourishing to the imagination as white bread after a lifetime of eating pumpernickel.

The December 1960 Galaxy has an amusing Emsh Christmas cover, a robot dressed as Santa Claus decorating a mechanical tree. The defect here is that although well-drawn the scene is too self-contained; it is on a par with the effect of a good cartoon at which one

smiles before going on. There is no particular reason for us to open the issue to look for more of what the cover promises: it doesn't promise anything; it delivers all. There is nothing to pursue throughout the pages inside.

Emsh is also responsible for the November 1960 covers of both Amazing Stories and Fantasy and Science Fiction. The former features alien "Indians" firing arrows at a grounded spaceship with Conestoga prominently painted on its hull; but for the latter he did much better. A beautiful raven-haired beauty(apparently nude, mostly concealed) is peering apprehensively from the foliage of a forest thicket. Beyond her a young man (clearly nude) is stepping out of an automative vehicle constructed to fit his body closely. Although the idea suggested by the scene is interesting (man"wearing" his car), the emphasis is upon the stealth with which the two engage in their illicit tryst. The appeal here is more to the libido than to the intellect; and while we are now accustomed to dashes of sex in current science fiction, a bolder and more mature treatment is available in the works of D.H. Lawrence and Henry Miller.

With the exception of the F&SF issue (selected at random) then, these science fiction covers have little, or nothing, to compel the many uncommitted browsers to linger. A check of all the subsequent issues (right up into 1963) reveals generally the same deficiency. Why is it that editors and art editors have abandoned this elemental approach to stimulating reader curiosity? Is it with some idea that it is obsolete? that the modern emphasis should be on design, space realism, and portraits staring back at the viewer as if wondering what the devil he thinks he's looking at? Or is it that coverwork and interior illustrations are a constant headache to be delegated to art staffs who don't read but scan and ignore assign manuscripts?

Whatever the cause, perhaps we should move back toward artwork closely integrated with story, from cover to interior, a trail of bait to lead the curious deeper into wonderland. Of course, there must be good stories to match the promises of the artwork, no less at least one "Literary Corkscrew" per issue. How this can be done in the present doldrums, I don't know; but the current problem is a shrinking readership, primarily because of vapid writing. If the trend can be reversed, if a greater percentage of that "floating readership" can be induced to expand sales because of sheer curiosity evoked by tantalizing artwork; then perhaps the economics of publishing could permit the full-time return of the Sturgeons, Heinleins, Bradburys and Besters, and with higher rates attract newer talents.

Naturally I don't al all want to maintain that the present decline of science fiction is primarily, or even secondarily, attributable to unimaginative artwork. It is only symptomatic of the greater problem touched upon by Damon Knight in his speech to the 17th (1959) World Science Fiction Convention in Detroit (reprinted in Norm Metcalf's New Frontiers #3). What he deplored was the lack in modern writing of serious intent, the failure to write with an attitude and sense of immediacy which convince the reader that the story (no matter how fantastic outwardly) could have happened, could be true, has the "feel of reality."

Of the Irish poet W.B. Yeats, Max Beerbohm said that he always felt "rather uncomfortable (with Yeats), as though I had submitted myself to a mesmerist who somehow didn't mesmerize me." Too much modern science fiction is like that; so few stories dissolve our instinctive resistance to illusion, fail to force us into a world realer (for the moment) than our own. Instead they sound as if narrated by a weary museum guide or a precocious private eye. So distant is the writer himself from his subject, so emotionally and imaginatively detached, that it is no wonder the reader feels as if he has engaged in a hypnotic session which doesn't come off.

And this is probably precisely why modern science fiction artists don't enthrall us either: they themselves can find little imaginative quality in the stories, few if any scenes vividly described by the author, situations which their visual imaginations can extend to the cover to dazzle the newsstand idlers.

Month after month in 1934 Frank R. Paul painted covers which few could resist, but few could afford. Today most of us have the loose change, but there are no Pauls, or Dolds, or Cartiers to attract us. It almost makes me feel that in some ways a depression can sometimes have more to offer than a boom.

arthur j. cox

the boredom of fantasy

JACK VANCE'S latest novel, The Star King -- a better title might have been Men of the Oikumene, or, perhaps, Beyond the Pale -- is hardly a fit successor to The Dragon Masters. The story never develops or satisfies the interests which the excitingly varied and unconfining background seems to promise. The "quotations" which open each chapter are too long and numerous and, it will be objected, often over-reach themselves by introducing matters which are never made any use of in the narrative. The length is oddly disproportionate to the story-matter; not merely too long (although the last part is somewhat padded, which is unusual in Vance) but seemingly broken or dysplastic. Many pages are written in a perfunctory way and there are incidental crudities. Altogether, The Star King must be considered the weakest of Vance's long stories.

Is there, then, anything to talk about? Apparently, there is. At least, there seems to be plenty to think about, because we notice that after we put down the magazine, especially the first instalment, the story goes on fermenting inside our heads: something, anyway, has been excited. We are busy working over the fictive world that has been presented to us. It is a world which seems to offer such possibilities for action, change and freedom of movement.

Its topography is this: a cheap and extremely fast space drive makes easy travel over galactic distances. The result has been the explosive populating of hundreds of habitable

planets and the never-ceasing discovery of new ones. The more populous and early-discovered planets form a loose confederation of worlds, the Oikumene; they are largely autonomous but share various overlapping functions, such as a police force. The police cannot legally go beyond the Pale (beyond the area of domesticated space) and there are, out there, many lawless and sparsely inhabited worlds and newly discovered ones. (One of the good things in the novel is a "quotation" in which Vance neatly summarizes the ever-present Police Problem.) All these multitudinous planets, within and without the Pale, are enormously varied in their basic characters. The reader easily considers that such a world might be a better world than the one he lives in. It is open and unlimited, the cops aren't all-powerful, there are places for an honest man to hide. There is no monotony, no boundaries to travel or ambition, anything seems possible. Our individuality is rendered inconspicuous and yet exalted by the contemplation of such a spectacle, by the numberless worlds, cities and peoples. There are patches of meanness and squalor, of course, but they are interesting in their own way as specimens of the variety (just as the slums of a great city might appeal to a tourist).

This is an exciting vision, not completely unfamiliar to science fiction. The writer's problem is how to realize these palpable possibilities in a narrative; that is, how to make use of all this swarming diversity in a way satisfying to the speculative curiosity. An adventure story is the obvious answer; in particular, the story of a quest, a sojourn at length among a representative sampling of novel settings and societies. This would seem to be such a story at first -- although a quest of revenge, which has its dangers; but towards the end it shifts shape into something like a mystery story, in which the object is to finger one of a small number of suspects, an action too limited to take much account of the limitless background. And along the way only a handful of worlds have been visited.

This inability to realize adequately in action the significance of the background probably prompted the chapter heading quotations, which not only supply necessary information but what might be called the philosophy of the novel. The source of one of these is given as "Preface to Men of the Oikumene, by Jan Holberk Vaenz LXII," and so possibly to be credited with some authority:

> "There is a stifling quality to (t)his age which has been observed, remarked and lamented by a number of contemporary anthropologists: a curious paradox, because never before have such variegated opportunities and possible channels of life existed.
> "The most important fact of human life is the

infinity of space: the bounds (of) which can never be reached, the worlds without number still unseen..."

(Ch. VI)

"Stifling" is a strange word. If we have trouble breathing, isn't it because the atmosphere is too rarified rather than too close? But we can see, I think, what is meant: when anything is possible, the necessary loses its accustomed weight. Venturesome action tends to become random and absurd; it is exciting and novel, perhaps, but irrelevant to ordinary concerns. Politically, mass society unravels at its edges into anarchy. Morally, there is permissiveness, which is good, but an unstructured permissiveness, quite often unregardful of serious needs.

Against the backdrop of this brilliant galactic world the author poses a kind of contrasting world. A "locater," Lugo Teehalt, has discovered a beautiful earth-like planet of green valleys and hills, meadows and wooded brooks. In short, such a place as we might all dream of, or such a place as we might all recognize as the satisfaction of our obscure longing for a homely paradise: as a picture it lacks only a thatched cottage in the foreground to be idyllically complete. This landscape already has tenants, however: delicate dryad-like creatures, which feed on huge grubs burrowing under the ground and have, apparently, some intimate relationship with a forest of trees bearing crops of wasps or stinging insects. This is a puzzling addition to the picture. It seems unnecessarily elaborate and impractical, something calculatingly ingenious and fantastic. (It may be that we feel some annoyance at the author for having spoiled his setting with this Goldbergian contraption.)

But Vance has a surprise in store for us, the one sure imaginative touch in the story -- his point being precisely that these dryads are out of place in any home-like world. Three men have been transported to the planet, one of whom is suspected of being secretly non-human. He is, and one of the signs of his inner inhumanity is that he smiles upon the dryads, whom he admires as ornamental creatures. A natural man would have been uneasy about them, "for we men don't want fantastic creatures upon a world so dear to us..." (Ch. XI). This is a true thought, and, I would say, a dangerous one. Doesn't it amount to, finally, an impeachment of the fantasy so rife in the rest of the story's background? By fantasy, I mean unrestrained fancy, proliferating inventiveness. It's as if to say: the endlessly novel and exciting is not as truly satisfying as everyday work, rest and quiet in congenial surroundings. It will be noted that the unman, the Star King, is of a piece with the fantasy and a fitting agent to identify its presence here. As a species,

the Star Kings are more plastic and diverse than are men; that is, they embody, literally, the spirit of restless change that is exhibited everywhere in the background.

The planet of the green valleys is "tarnished" by what takes place there and our decent men turn their backs on it. This is an unhappy ending because, as the story makes clear, a man can be happy only on such a world as this, which is much like what Earth once was. Men can exist almost anywhere -- one of the characters lives on a burnt-out sun, a setting the exact opposite of the green world -- but they are most deeply relaxed and at home only on Earth, or a world like it. The environment in which mankind evolved has permeated its entire fabric: it is the native grounds of its well-being: this, I take it, is the meaning of the cited passages at the head of Chapter VI.

The Star Kings, less rigidly cast, are not so narrow in their tastes; but it is not the Star King, as such, who tarnishes the green planet, spoiling it for guiltless habitation. There is only the slightest pretext made that the Star Kings are a menace. Gyle Warweave is not only a Star King, he is also, in his guise as a man, Grendel the Monster, a Demon Prince; he is savage only in his pretended humanity. There has been grafted onto him a second assumed identity, the purpose being to splice together what are actually two different story-lines. The first of these might be called the background story: that is, the presentation of the great megalopolitan world and the contrasting pastoral world. This is where the real interest of the novel lies, but it is difficult to realize in narrative form. It most easily is mere description and lyricism. The writer has to have recourse to those numerous and lengthy chapter headings to bring all his points to view. The other story-line is the plot: the hero's vengeful quest for Grendel the Monster, which is mostly just conventional and pulpish. This might be called the foreground story. It is relied upon to do the heavy work and to provide second and more specious reasons for the things that happen. So Gyle Warweave's failure to recognize the dryads as unsatisfactory neighbors is not sufficient, it would seem, to identify him as the suspect; there must be contrived a clumsy last-reel escape and denunciation of him by one of his associates. So the disturbingly "unnatural" natural processes of the planet are not enough to disenchant the men with it; its soil must be tainted with death and suffering before they can give it up. It may be that Vance felt that the first elements were too subtle to be regarded by the reader as actionable motives, or that they didn't provide sufficient matter for a long serial. He may be right, but impractical readers like ourselves can only regret that the bulk of the story is unworthy of the rest.

It would be a mistake, though, to see in the foreground story nothing but mere habit or formal excuses for action. There would seem to be some feeling here, too. We notice that the hero's motives of revenge are taken up by other characters. We meet again a figure familiar from earlier stories, the man in the cage, and there is some talk of torture, the treatment of which is fascinated but abstractly synoptic. It is this hatred, perversely erotic in the case of Rampold and Hildemar Dasce, which, transported to the new world, helps taint and poison it. Unfortunately, the novel makes no essential, as distinct from merely circumstantial, connections between the foreground-action and the background-presentation; that is to say, it draws no inward connection between the lusts of revenge and hatred and the general speculations on the dissatisfactions of civilized life. We assume that the connection is possible; but to make it the writer would have had to venture into what he characterizes as "the morass of psychology trampled by generations of incompetents." If it had been made, The Star King would have been one of the most thoughtful science fiction stories ever published.

But, to return to actualities and to possibilities closer to hand: Vance writes a long story so as to give us a glimpse of the galactic diorama before alighting briefly on the homelike world. It is not enough, but already we find that events have impugned the freedom and excitement of the wider world and disturbed the peace and security of the smaller. Our appetites are baffled, which perhaps is not quite what the writer intended. (He probably had meant to defeat them. In bafflement there is no acceptance.) If he had treated us to a larger share of the diversity and novelty of the universe -- by means of, say, a series of stories, with a simpler and truer version of The Star King as the last -- then we might have agreed with that death-wish, that professionally suicidal thought, instinctive to his story: "Yes, this sort of thing, this indulgence in fantasy, is not, in the long run, really satisfying...."

This obviously expresses the larger drift of the story, but it is not complete. There is, so to speak, a further clause qualifying the thought and giving us some reason for supposing that we have not seen the last such story from Jack Vance. At the end of The Star King, the hero turns not merely away from the disappointing hoped-for paradise, but stoically back to the familiar world of makeshift institutions, arbitrary customs, sporadic violence -- and fantasy.

WESTERCON XVI SPEECH

kris neville

SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS are individualists -- in the main, intelligent, opinionated, and alienated: at least the ones I know. The stories they write, more than any other type except Literature, bear the stamp of their authors. Even in matters of style, the individuality is apparent. They are like jazz musicians: The skilled observer listens for a moment and knows who's playing.

Take a Bradbury story, for example. From the opening paragraph it bears his unmistakeable stamp. This is true, to a somewhat lesser degree, of Sturgeon, Van Vogt, Heinlein, Davidson, Vance...and even when the style is of a more common cut, the sense-of-author emerges as the story progresses.

The individual science fiction writer maintains in print, at least, rather firm and consistent convictions about the nature of things. When it comes to his philosophy, he is seldom confused or uncertain. He knows where he stands, he knows how things ought to be. There is a unique essence, a flavor, an inevitability.

This individuality sets science fiction apart from other types of fiction. In other fields, particularly the slicks, there is better craftsmanship and even better story tellers. But the authors there, to my mind, merge away into a certain grey interchangeability. They don't convey the impression of being the sort of people you'd want to meet socially. You wouldn't have anything to talk

to them about. Imagine someone telling a detective story writer, "You're a real nut." In science fiction, it happens all the time. In slick fiction, if I dislike a story, I dislike it, and that's that. In science fiction, if I dislike a story, I begin to work up a little feeling about the author, too. No one, it seems to me, would ever feel any great personal involvement with the Saturday Evening Post; with the science fiction magazines, it's almost inevitable. You are dealing not with stories, but with human personalities.

It has often been said that science fiction gives greater freedom to its authors than any other branch of popular fiction. A generalization, often enough repeated, puts me on guard. What do we have the freedom not to do? Well, in science fiction, we have the freedom not to write about emotions. We can write about ideas all we want, but we better let decent human emotions, such as sex and love, pretty much alone. And when these subjects are handled, they are handled on about the same level as on television.

But because intellectual freedom does exist, in the area of ideas, people interested in ideas, emotionally involved with ideas, are attracted to the field. They write out of love for ideas. Yet, in the main, I think they are amateur thinkers and philosophers. (Leland Sapiro correctly points out that writers as a class are not professional thinkers. Science fiction writers are more or less unique in that we act as though we are.) A philosopher or a scientist builds his theories by accumulating and arranging, often at great labor, a set of observations about the way things really are as precisely as can be determined. A science fiction writer takes a theory which he finds emotionally satisfying and invents an environment to fit it. I will come back to this a little later; my point here is that science fiction writers are essentially hobbyists rather than professional thinkers.

And writing science fiction is today, in the main, a hobby. With few exceptions, it's not the writer's main source of income. The pay is not good, and consequently standards are not very high. The skilled professional, after learning his craft here, deserts to more lucrative, if less emotionally satisfying, markets.

Even when style is polished, there is awkwardness of narrative techniques. The science fiction writer is preoccupied with the intellectual content, and he has neither the patience, desire, nor incentive for the tedious labor involved in the mastery of form. I think this is one of the major reasons the better science fiction short stories are more memorable, and certainly better written, than the novels. A man of limited skills can build a beautiful book case, let

us say, where he would make a total botch of a high rise apartment building.

This amateurishness is not entirely a fault. The field becomes more exciting and less predictable. Stunning and quite unexpected successes go hand in hand with equally stunning and unexpected ham-handed failures. And sometimes a rare hybrid occurs: a story which artistically is a failure but none the less virtually unforgettable because of the brilliance of the concept -- Universe and Farewell to the Master are two examples that come to mind.

We have in science fiction, then, individuality, flourishing in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom presented with the unpredictability that contains always the promise of unexpected brilliance. Initial exposure brings, indeed, a sense of wonder. A whole exciting world blossoms from the arid desert of print. It is best approached in the teens, when the mind is receptive to new ideas -- when, more properly, ideas are new -- when the individual first becomes conscious of the vastness of man's intellectual horizon. Then science fiction bursts on you with dazzling and unforgettable radiance, completely different from anything else available in the popular culture.

But the great strengths are weaknesses as well. To those who come upon science fiction later in life, the amateurishness is annoying, the quality of the thinking is too often derivitive. The emotional and intellectual needs of the well-informed and experienced reader are not fully met. The older reader is more, rather than less, self centered than the teenager. He is more concerned with the significance of his own flesh and emotions -- more concerned with trying to bring some meaning and understanding to his own brief mortality. He wants to hear of bodily processes and glandular reactions -- of individual emotional responses to an environment that corresponds to some real world. The older reader is interested, I think, not in an intellectual concept of society but in a realistic discussions of group interactions. He wants to fit individuals to groups and group environments rather than to abstract ideas.

Here I am conscious of a fundamental weakness in science fiction. There are far too few works like Man in the High Castle and far too many works like Stranger in a Strange Land. Too often in science fiction, there is a lack of inner reality. The characters are independent of the environment. They are twentieth century Americans set down in strange worlds. Too much of our future history is cultural chauvinism. We assume that our contemporary definitions of freedom, democracy, humanitarianism, beauty, love, art, etc., are eternal and universal definitions. Medieval scholars, doubtless, thought the bedrock values of their society were the

only proper ones to the human condition: a pyramid of ascending authority and descending obligations, with each individual born to die in a particular niche. Change was anathema: because of its social consequences could not be circumscribed and limited. We are perhaps in a like situation today. Science fiction writers, like most contemporary citizens, see any values other than contemporary ones as automatically bad. The future revolutions we project are either counter revolutionary or costume pieces from the 18th and 19th Century extrapolated to the 21st.

Man, as I see him, is a logical computer with an emotionally programmed capacity for irrational action. He will never perfectly adjust to any environment...nor will he, in the mass, be completely alienated by any. We live today in a stark age of change. Our computers are programmed to an environment that is no longer with us. So we are now irrational on both the emotional and rational level. We have lost our capacity to respond to present reality; or more properly we respond to present reality by reflexes conditioned to an earlier time. A person who is sensitive to this difficulty is not rewarded when he reads the confusion compounded in science fiction.

Man will ultimately come to grips with the new environment in a logical fashion...he has no choice if he wishes to survive. Man will come to grips with the age of technology at the expense of cherished beliefs and, of course, will develop new -- and perhaps dramatically different -- illogical but satisfying outlets for his emotions. In the main, science fiction writers do not see the environment changing man: only man changing the environment. Any basic social changes are always seen at the expense of the individual and are disapproved of on the basis of values which are no longer even completely applicable to the contemporary situation.

Science fiction, then, has not encouraged the type of viewpoint that is likely to be most appealing to the older readers; it has not encouraged writers concerned with paradoxes, with shifting values, with complex interactions and feedback mechanisms.

Science fiction has an almost built-in bias against this type of writing. The bias is inherent in the very name: <u>science</u> and <u>fiction</u>.

Insofar as science fiction deals with science, it deals with ideas which are, within our present knowledge and within the limits of the statement of the idea, demonstrably true to the extent they are virtually infallible operational tools. Science fiction writers are accustomed to think in terms of truths. This leads to a certain dogmatism. The methods of

science are cast out, the certitude remains. A theory is justified not by the scholarly or scientific but by the engineering approach -- the penny-in-the-fuse-box mentality -- "after all, it works." Or alternatively, by the mystical approach: there are more real things than are dreamed of in the real world of science. Such theories are general, the phenomena (when present) or the applications are specific; no necessary connection between the two is ever convincingly developed, but implications radiate outward by a circular logic that justifies cause by effect and effect by cause to encompass social events, interpersonal relationships and fundamental universal laws. This gives rise to a whole sub-class of paranoia that alternately repels and fascinates the fans and disgusts the more general reader.

The tendency for ideas to vanish into paranoia is encouraged by the second aspect of the field: fiction. Science fiction is almost inherently more fiction than other kinds of fiction. Because of the emphasis on ideas and theories, there is small premium placed on realistic observation: the characters are unreal, the environment is plastic, shaped not to the dictates of the world but of the Idea. There is often no real reference point of reality to be had. The battles are fought in an individual cosmos removed from that strange here and now we are accustomed to relating to -- told with fantastic self-deceptions alike removed far from the charming, honest, and unpretentious world of fantasy. If the more mature reader is not to be given the final satisfaction of Literature, he might at least be spared the excesses of madness.

...The fan, too, is not really much different from other readers; he merely starts earlier, and as it grows later, hopes more fervently to recapture his youth. One day, he becomes the older reader, but with memories.

There are many stages of fandom before the fan passes to the Nirvana of non-reading and becomes a critic and collector or gafiates entirely. Fans, during the virulent, or reading, phase, expecting more, are more forgiving. They know that the harder the way, the more glorious the reward. But there comes a time when, with perspective, the old fan sees each writer in the whole: devoting an enormous amount of effort to repeating himself. Individuality becomes eccentricity. The writers are each obsessed by seldom more than two fixed ideas. The intellectual excitement once experienced degenerates to the equivocal joy of a dry orgasm. For the older fan, something essential, some life-giving ingredient, is missing from much of the writing. You lose your sense of wonder when you know what is going to happen next.

The basic fault is perhaps too few science fiction magazines. We need young, brash, crude, exciting magazines

to make new converts -- magazines like the old Startling. Thrilling Wonder, Planet. We need a tier of intermediate magazines to satisfy the needs of the transition period. And finally, we need a magazine to provide stimulation and enlightenment for the old, world-weary fan and console him in his dotage. Our present crop of magazines are placed in an impossible position of trying to appeal to too many audiences at once. Fans do not all have the same level of needs in their fiction. There is not one science fiction audience, but several. No one, any more, gets quite what he wants. And in the most vital area of all, the making of converts, the magazines seem most seriously to be failing. The yellow brick road terminates too far from the comic magazines.

Judging from the circulation figures of the science fiction magazines, the situation is just short of desperate. Year in and year out, each magazine has about the same number of readers -- and this means that each year they are reaching a lower percentage of the population. Eventually, unless something is done, the competitive pressure on distributors and newsstand operators will eliminate the science fiction magazines entirely.

If this happens, I do not suppose for a moment that science fiction itself will die -- unless, of course, as is perhaps not unlikely written fiction is a dying art form soon to join the ranks of epic poetry --

Science fiction short stories will continue to be published in the general magazines after the collapse of the science fiction magazines. This new science fiction will have improved technique and reduced content. It will conform. Such more vital stories as are written will appear in book and pocketbook form from time to time...but will, I venture, be slanted to the more general reader and have less amateurishness and less excitement. The novel will continue, perhaps in increased number, but with more conventionalized structure. In TV and movies -- essentially cooperative rather than individual art forms -- the individualist flavor of science fiction will continue to be missing: the words without the tune. The science fiction audience, as it now exists, will be scattered and lost: the monthly habit broken...the yellow brick road bombed out.

We here will be left with our nostalgia...and our friendships -- for who here is not indebted to fandom for his best friends and some of his happiest moments?

I think we hold a torch called fandom that we'd like to pass on to the future generations. To me, the world is virtually inconceivable without it. What a poor dreary place! Yet the winds of change are upon us. We will

gather ourselves in for warmth and companionship during the coming years as our numbers vanish away. We have participated in a mutual sharing of experiences that has hurt no one and enriched ourselves.

But if fandom dies -- it will live again, transmuted... Groups such as this in spirit will gather again and again in the future to celebrate art forms we cannot now imagine, but with such passion as we know well.

think

Harry Warner 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown, Maryland

...I should acknowledge that your publication of the George Smith article after all this time is a fine thing for me, because it will help with my fan history in which I hope to put something about the content of all the important convention speeches that I can track down. I imagine that this was more effective when spoken by a person with a good personality like Smith's is reputed to be. It seems a trifle lengthy in written form, but I can see how the repitious elements could be varied and disguised by inflections of voice and changes of expression and bodily movements. I remember that I was impressed by the skill with which Gordon A. Weaver had written in a Kafka atmosphere and style; I supnose that was his model, if any event, although I'm in the odd position of having done most of my Kafka reading in the original German, don't own much by him in translation and so I'm not in a position to judge stylistic influences on an English-to-English basis. The S. Fowler Wright story suffers slightly from juxtaposition to the skill of the Weaver narrative, but it's readable. Somewhere I heard that there are more than a hundred unpublished Wright stories, and I'm not altogether happy at the prospects of someone taking up Wright as a literary hero and publishing everything in the Lovecraft-Derleth style.

It's nice to see that you have some faanish atmosphere in the departments. In fact, you seem to have struck an excellent balance in this issue that should satisfy pretty well both extremes among your readers, those who are only interested in fanzines as a source of information on and imitative of the professional science fiction publications, and those who prefer material at a couple of removes from the central subject matter.

The prices in the - advertisement intrigues me. I'm certain that at least two or three collectors in your audience will be persuaded by this advertisement that they'd better mention their books or magazines in their will, to make sure that the heirs realize their value and don't destroy them. If these offerings actually sell for anything near the prices quoted, then I've got a couple of thousand dollars' worth of old prozines in the attic.

::They sell, all right. And those prices were nothing compared to those asked by New York magazine stories on Broadway between 40th and 50th streets, and one or two down on 14th and Sixth Avenue. "Imitative"of professional magazines? Sir, I resent that. ::

Gary Deindorfer 121 Boudinot Street Trenton 8, New Jersey

Some comments on latest INSIDE. I gather you value response, even if it is on a card. "Seven Stages of Authordom" pretty good reading. Your opinion of the UNKOWN anthology is about the same as mine. Re "Misguided Halo," like too many stf stories, it was a sad waste of a fine idea... It seems to me that there

were many more social misfits in Laney's fandom than there are today; and there has always been an evidently higher number of such in the LA area than in the rest of the country. Pastiche is brilliant, particularly "The Man of Genius." I did not know the late Art Castillo was such a fine cartoonist.

William F. Temple 7 Elm Road Wembley Middlesex England

That miserable 5% dividend on your first issue must have soured you some--or else you're More Than Human. Surely there's an easier way to lose money?

Inside, in appearance, reminds me of a beautiful marred by acne. The beauty lies in the lay-out, illos, and general production. The acne is the heavy scattering of typos, which--though mildly irritating in themselves--tend to exasperate when they make a serious remark look funny or a funny remark meaningless. Wish you were nearer, so that there might be some sense in my offering to proof-read and correct from the sheer wish to see the near-perfect become perfect.

Not that I'm blaming you, mind. I'm sure you hit the right keys. But obviously, by some fluke, you've become the current owner of the that home-assembled typewriter George O. Smith mentions in his Seven Stages of Authordom. The one on which you have to misspell the word on the keyboard to get it to come out right. You must learn to misspell.

Would have enjoyed being there to hear Smith deliver that speech, although much of it must have been drowned out by the laughter. It contains many true words spoken in jest. He believes Stage No. 7, The Retired Writer, doesn't exist--for he knows no retired writers. Neither did I until a couple of days ago.

For years I corresponded with Neil Bell, British author of s-f novels of the thirties: Precious Porcelain, The Gas War of 1940, The Seventh Bowl, Life Comes to Seathorpe, etc. This week I read in the London DAILY MAIL:

"One thing that authors don't usually do is retire. So when I heard that Neil Bell--one of the best story-tellers of the 30's--had announced...that he was giving up, I had my doubts. He is only 76.

"But he confirmed it. 'I'm not sufficiently interested in writing any more. To be old is grim and grey. The serentiy of old age is a myth--or so I have found it...'"

Re the stories by Fowler Wright and Gordon Weaver, I'm afraid I found one too dry, the other too wet--for my taste, anyhow.

I thought Cox's Anatomy of SF thoughtful.

And thank you very kindly for sending me not only this ish, but also two spares which I've passed to the couple of fen I knew would appreciate them most.

Harlan Ellison
2313 Bushrod Lane
Los Angeles 24,
California

13 June 1963

Dear Mr. White:

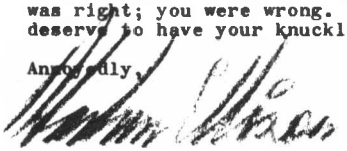
Received the latest issue of INSIDE, and though I have not as yet had time to read it, I scanned it thoroughly, and just happened to read Frederik Pohl's letter (page 53) and your interpolated comments; probably because it was a short letter, and more probably because Mr. Pohl usually has something interesting to say, even in so short a space.

I was rather appalled at what I read. Not only have you exercised extremely bad taste by bursting in on his letter (as you have with everyone's, usually to make impertinent and adolescent remarks of little consequence), tantamount to interrupting someone when they are speaking, but you have ungraciously shown yourself a boor. Mr. Pohl's remarks may not suit you, sir, but they strike me as being anything but offensive, and demanding not at all of the snide retorts you have interjected. Perhaps you are incapable of accepting criticism, and if this is the case, you should not be editing a magazine as necessary and potentially important as INSIDE.

There is a reason why most faneditors (myself included) have in the past continued mailing copies of our magazines to various professionals in the field, even when comment was not forthcoming. Because they--allegedly--are the nucleus around which our interest in science fiction revolves, what they do and think is of consequence. More so than of fans who merely comment but do not actively partake in the furthering of the corpus of work upon which criticism is dependent. The possibility that they <u>might</u> be struck by something of interest in the magazine, and write to you, should be cause enough. <u>This</u>, friend, is the way to elicit submissions from the pros, not bleating about how they are not currently flocking to your door.

But if writing to INSIDE chances the heaping of such unwarrented and unmannerly comments as those you proffer to Pohl, then your chances of getting replies or submissions from people who do, not talk, is nil. Pohl was a gentleman, and his remarks are well-founded. Yours were in bad taste and uncalled-for. He was right; you were wrong. He deserves an apology. You deserve to have your knuckles rapped.

Angrily,



June 28

Dear Mr. Ellison,

a) I agree with you about my treatment of Mr. Pohl. It was in bad taste.

b) I feel that your letter was in much worse taste that my comments to Pohl. The entire tone of your letter is snide and superior. You resort to personalities. I find it incomprehensible that my remarks could have provoked such a response from you, and I have the feeling that there are other factors outside of my remarks to Pohl which for some reason apparently insulted or hurt you, and that you found their easiest expression in this Pohl matter.

Don't get me wrong- I can take criticism and I realize my wrongness in this case. But the bitterness- if not the viciousness- of your remarks go far beyond and normal degree that the situation would warrant.

I'm going to publish these letters, all right?

Yours,

Jon White

3 July 63

Dear Mr. White:

In re: your letter of 28 June:

Don't find it so incomprehensible, kiddo; there are no "other factors outside of (your) remarks to Pohl" involved in this minor set-to. Kindly spare yourself the mental anguish of trying to fathom some murkier, more unconscious resentment; I was simply ticked-off at your uncommonly boorish attitude toward a man who obviously was trying to be polite and helpful to you. It may strike you odd that such humanitarianism exists in this Darwinian jungle, but the undersigned happens to swing that way.

It <u>is</u> possible, however, that my letter was a tot rough in tone. But then, since it seems to have made its point, and appears to negate the possibility of your interpolating comments in <u>other</u> letters, it accomplished its purpose. My intent was communication. I seem to have done that. Snide and superior was what you termed it. I think calculatingly rude--a taste of your own medicine--is closer to the truth.

By all means, run the correspondance. And this reply, as well, if you can get it into INSIDE 3. It strikes me that you have already grown from the experience if you are prepared to exhibit your rapped knuckles in public. If I can be of help in any other way, just let me know.

Sincerely,

Harlan Ellison

Harlan Ellison

QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE Bill Blackbeard, 192 Mountain View, Los Angeles 90057 California

Blackbeard is sort of crazy, and this magazine is a hell of a lot of fun to read. ("Captain Blackbeard has had his screwmen combing the Caribs..") It has just about everything for everybody, Blackbeard utilizes the kitchen-sink manner of editing. It includes some very interesting editorials (on the Berkeley bangup, about which more later), articles, cartoons (Rotsler), fold-outs, poems. This variety is reflected in the lay-out-- it's printed on paper of six-different colors by three different printing methods (mimeography with Gestefaxed stencil and regular typed stencil and offset.) This is, of course, a humor magazine, and it succeeds as such. No copies of the first number left, I hear, so write Blackbeard and get on the mailing list for the second. ("Available for locs, trades, contribs, certain old fanzines, and cash at the rate of 2 pages a penny... 75c minimum sub...")

YANDRO 131 Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash Indiana

Not an exceptional fanzine, but it maintains a steady level of quality. This issue's high point is an article about Charles Finney, "An Old China Hand" by Al Rudis, which is written with the clarity and conciseness rarely found in straight reporting today. The lettercolumn is also excellent. (25c, 12 for $2.50)

CHIRON Dave Keil, 38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, New York

Keil says this will probably be the only issue, which would indeed be too bad. Although some of the material is not good (in the fiction) there is a striving for excellence rarely found. Less fiction, more and longer articles, more editorial personality and this could develop into a top fanzine. The material by Brad Steiger in this issue is excellent.

FRAP Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90056

Another humore magazine, and this one's very good. Number 3, unfortunately, is better than Number 4 (this is progress?). In 4, Demmon takes the top honors with his discourse on the uses of the potato peel. Ellington fails with his article on Zen Gunk and Jim Benford is irritating while being juvenile. The rest, letter column, "reprint page," are excellent. (Letters of comment, trade, 25c or 5 for $1 "not necessarily in that order of preference.")

REPORT FROM THE PACIFICON II COMMITTEE ON THE CANCELLATION OF THE MEMBERSHIP OF WALTER BREEN

On February 11th of this year, the Pacificon Committee met to cancel the membership of Walter Breen. This document tries to justify their act. They claim that they have done this to protect themselves, that they would be the ones legally responsible should Walter "molest" a child at the Convention, that this is the only thing they could do. They claim that Walter is "sick" although

not one of them is qualified to make such a statement.

There is an element of viciousness in all this. None of this was really necessary. The one thing they did not do was go to Walter. So I can only conclude that it was done with the actual goal of causing pain and embarrassment to Walter, rather than the expressed one of "self-protection." Furthermore, the very fact that the mess was preceded by Donaho's publication of "The Great Breen Boondoggle" is indicative of the tenor of feeling in the Committee prior to the ostracism. The "Boondoggle" was plainly and simply inspired by hate. It protected no one. The only possible effect it could have had was to hurt. Donaho's later actions followed the same pattern: he sent the "Boondoggle" and related documents to the police, and he spread rumors of the most malicious sort, from all that I have been able to gather, about Marion Bradley, now Mrs. Walter Breen. It is laughable to even imagine that any of this was done in a constructive mood. Taken in conjunction with the fact that they claim Walter is "sick," these actions become all the more despicable: they could only drive a sick man to the point of insanity.

I do not know whether the entire committee should be held responsible for all this. This is mainly the work of Bill Donaho, but the committee has stood behind Donaho so far, they have lent him tacit approval and support. I am surprised and saddened by this. One or two of the committee members command my genuine respect. It is mainly Donaho who surprises and saddens me. I did not know the big bear had all that hate in him.

THE LOYAL OPPOSITION John & Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Avenue Garden Grove, California 92641

More on the same, and an excellent summation of the pertinent issues. It is interesting to note that among the people supporting Donaho, outside of the Committee, 1/3 is a parent, but among those opposing Donaho, ten are parents.

WARHOON 19 Richard Bergeron, 333 East 69th St., New York 21,N.Y.

From the front cover by Picasso to the back cover by Picasso, this is a wonderful magazine. The lettercolumn is interesting, if not brilliant, Breen is a bit too pedantic, and Willis is as slick as ever, if not slicker. ("It was obviously Bloch's hope that this flamboyant automobile would turn the head of a simple Irish girl... I merely asked him if the hood came up automatically. Drunk with power, Bloch pushed a button and the hood rose over the car in what I had to amit was an eerily impressive manner. However, as I had surmised, the resources of Detroit did not extend to automatically fastening it in front, and the attempts of Bloch to cope with the complex arrangement of levers and catches were pitiable in the extreme...")

HYPHEN 34 Walt & Madelein Willis, 170 Upper N'ards Road, Belfast 4, N. Ireland

This issue devoted to the Chicon. All Willis. Superb.

BOOKS: I've recently read a good deal of the work of Raymond Chandler, ("The Big Sleep," "Farewell, My Lovely," "The Little Sister" and shorter works in "The Simple Art of Murder") and a work on him, "Down these Mean Streets a Man Must Go" by Philip Durham.

Chandler was a fascinating writer. He had many faults- his novels are overcast by pessimism, a terrible despondency, which quickly communicates itself to the reader and may lead him to put down the book unfinished. The morality of the hero is essentially a dishonest one, despite the fact that Durham glorifies it, or if it is not dishonest, it is hopelessly Victorian and outdated. I may go into this in more detail later, in some future issue.

However, Chandler had some unbeatable assets. For one thing he could write. He could write circles around most modern mainstream novelists. He had an alacrity with the language that I have never seen matched. He could pull off metaphors that would make your toes curl in delight and his works are generously full of them. His prose literally sparkled.

Chandler is being rediscovered now. The Durham book was the first indication, and now Knopf is bringing out "The First Raymond Chandler Omnibus" (his first four, and his best, novels) and the reviews I've seen have all praised it. If you've never read Chandler save out of your lunch money and pick this up.

Another outstanding work I've come across recently is "Rnd as a Man" by Calder Willingham. This is about boys at a southern military academy. Willingham is as good a writer as Chandler, without his faults. This book is so honest it is painful. And it is a damning indictment against military academies.

FILMS: The onething Hollywood has not come up with in a long time is an actor with an actual personality. Rocks and Tabs fade into a limbo of perfect dentures. Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield are remembered by the way they laugh, raise an eyebrow, or pick their nose merely because they were able to command the audience's attention by all these things, by anything they did. They had continual screen presence. The only two actors with screen presence I can think of now, are Max von Sydow and the incomparable Marcello Mastroianni. As a matter of fact, most of the better stuff is coming out of Sweden and Italy, though Hollywood in the past year has made up for all the ground it lost in the fifties, has even overstepped the level of decent mediocrity which it maintained in its best days. But it has yet to produce a really startling personality.

Anyway, very much recommended are "The Seventh Seal," "8½," "Arturo's Island," all from across the sea. You probably haven't heard of the last one, but if you see it playing around you must see it. I won't say much about it, except that it's about a boy and a girl, but done in such an original and exquisite way as to make even that idea novel and wonderful. And if you happen to be a boy between fifteen and twenty you'll probably be agonized for days afterward. But it must be seen.

Also on the very much recommended list are "The Thirty-Nine Steps" (Hitchcock, 1935), "Double Indemnity" and the Marx Bros.

Everybody Is You

PHILIPPE CRANE

ROGER BROWN 4 stepped off the automatic side-walk as it went past a shop selling phonic capsules. "Grillo 9 Music Shop," the sign read. "One of the early ones," he thought, "like me." Roger was very proud of the 4 after his name. It meant that his family had chosen early in the 22nd century to differentiate their name from all the other Browns in the world. It had been a good idea. Although the population of the earth had grown fantastically to some 3¢ billion there were only eleven family names left, and names like Cohen 5,012 or Esposito 10,000 were not uncommon. The Sukaze and Ching families were said to be using numbers in the millions for suffixes.

Roger walked into the store rubbing his hand through his crewcut in the characteristic gesture. Inside it was dark and cool after the brightness of the street, and it took a moment for his eyes to get used to the shadows. In the center of the room was a double rank of phonic capsules. They were all the same: "The Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore."

"Is this what you want?"

The store clerk was hovering near him. She had cinnamon blonde hair and blue eyes that were slightly almond-

shaped. Roger drank in the familiar dusky skin and slightly flaring nostrils. He felt intensely drawn toward her.

"Do you have anything else?" he asked.

Her eyes widened. "No, of course not. It's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, certainly." Roger reached into his pocket for a universal and paid for the capsule.

On the way out he noticed a vase of red roses that the girl had put on a stand by the door. He stopped and sniffed them.

"Lovely, lovely," he exclaimed. "Did your boyfriend give you these?"

"No," she replied, "I just wanted some roses, so I bought them for myself."

Out in the street Roger had difficulty getting back onto the sidewalk. It was crowded with women moving toward a department store further down the block.

"Pardon me," said Roger, elbowing his way into the fast lane. "What's all the excitement about?"

"Magnetic Induction Toasters," said one of the women. "They've been advertising them over the scent waves."

As they went past the store dozens of women got off and others climbed on. Each of the newcomers carried identical striped red and blue packages. They held them tight against themselves. Most of them opened up the ends and took furtive peeks at the contents.

In a few moments the sidewalk brought Roger to his home in the East End Country district. The towering mile-long buildings in this area were sometimes as much as a thousand feet apart with recreation plots in the open spaces. Hence the name "country" district. Roger's apartment where he lived with his wife, Marty, was on the 30th floor of East End Monolith 119B. It had one special feature. Because it was at the end of the building it had an extra window on one side of the living room. There were only one hundred and forty apartments in each Monolith that had this feature, and the occupants of these were carefully screened. Roger and Marty had had to take an exhaustive series of tests to prove that they could stand living with this deviation from the norm without letting it upset their personalities.

As the electric eye shut the door of his apartment behind him, Roger put his arm around Marty and kissed her on the bridge of her flat nose.

"Hi," he said, "brought you a present." He tossed the capsule onto the table where it began to play softly.

Roger was deeply in love with his wife. The word "soul-mates" was an obsolete term, no longer used since the 20th century, but Roger had often wondered if this was what he felt about Marty. Nowadays the accepted norm for a happy marriage was "identical personality classification indexes" and Roger knew that it was wrong to think anything else so he didn't. She was a dark skinned girl with ginger blonde hair and slanting blue eyes.

"I bought one for you, too," she said pointing toward the kitchen. Roger nodded. He could just see the end of the red and blue package on the counter.

While they were eating dinner listening to the "Anvil Chorus," Roger admired the roses on the table.

"They certainly are lovely," he said. "Why didn't you let me buy them for you?"

"I knew you wouldn't," his wife replied, giving him a bright-eyed look, "so I bought them myself."

The next morning Roger arrived at his place of business at his assigned hour 10:30 A.M. ready to put in the maximum allowable 2½ hour day.

The Brown 4 Energy Tablet Company was a small family-owned concern, situated at the very end of the automatic rapid sidewalk. Like many small concerns the key to its success was an efficient secretary in the office. The secretary was named Frieda Ching 1752 and Roger Brown 4 was very fond of her. He often thought, "She's a perfect jewel," but of course what he said was, "She's got an excellent efficiency compatibility index with the administrative end of energy tablet production." In any case Roger felt a real warmth toward her. She was a dark skinned girl with a pug nose and eyes of a brilliant sapphire blue. As Roger came in, he permitted himself the liberty of patting her tawny blonde hair.

"How are you this morning, Frieda?" he said.

"Fine, Mr. Brown 4," she replied with a soft slow smile.

Roger smiled back and plucked a rose from the bunch on her desk. "Who bought you these?" he said, putting it into

his coat lapel.

"Oh, who would buy me roses?" Frieda laughed. "I bought them for myself."

In the next office Roger's assistant, Frank Ivanovitch 2,012, was listening to a phonic capsule. He dimmed it hastily as Roger strode in.

"Morning, Frank. Listening to the 'Anvil Chorus'?" Roger asked.

"Uh, yes, just a little. Need a bit of music to start the day right." Frank smoothed his crew-cut with a quick nervous gesture.

"Of course," said Roger.

In a moment he went into his own office and sat down. With his right hand he smoothed his short hair, rubbing it back from his swarthy forehead. "I guess I need some music to start the day right," he murmured to himself, and turned on his phonic capsule of "The Anvil Chorus."

It was only a few days later that Roger's marriage with Marty broke up.

Roger had come home as usual from the Energy Tablet company. The phonic that day had been a lively Antarctic Waltz, and he and Marty were seated at the dinner table enjoying it when suddenly Roger noticed something wrong.

"Marty, what are those lilies doing on the table?" he asked.

"You mean I shouldn't have lilies?" Marty seemed unsure of herself. Her lower lip began to tremble.

"Everybody else has carnations."

"Carnations? Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Frieda, all the stores, everybody has carnations. Where did you get them?"

"I picked them in the recreation plot."

"Oh, Marty," Roger shook his head. "You're deviating."

Marty looked at him for a moment and then seemed to make up her mind. She tossed her head defiantly. "Well, I

don't care. I like lilies." The words hung in the air like a black cloud suspended between them.

"Marty, please," Roger was begging now. "Take a morbus pill. You're getting all excited. Why, you're acting like an indiv -- "

Roger stopped. His wife had gotten up from the table and flounced into the other room. He sat there gazing sadly at the regenerated plum cake. Then a horrid suspicion crept into his mind.

"Marty, where are your green slippers?" he asked.

"I didn't buy any," she shouted back.

Roger's heart sank. This was awful, much more serious than he had supposed. "But, sweetheart," he said, "everybody was buying them today. It was on the scent waves and the sky reflectors. Didn't you know?"

"Yes, I knew. I just didn't buy any."

Roger sighed. There was only one thing to do. He got up from the table and walked across the room to the communication panel and pushed the button marked "Activate." The screen began to flicker and he spoke into it. "Local branch, Personality Readjustment Center."

As the square of light brightened a standard girl's face appeared on it, blinking her slant blue eyes. Apparently she'd been asleep. "Yes," she said, "this is the emergency office of the East End Personality Readjustment Center. What is your problem?"

"It's my wife. She's deviating," Roger blurted. "She's exhibiting strong individual personality traits. She won't take a morbus. I'm afraid I can't handle it."

The girl nodded and pulled a sheet of paper toward her. "Name?"

"Roger Brown 4."

"Wife's name?"

"Marty Brown 4."

"Address?"

"Apartment 78123 East End Monolith 119B."

"We'll have someone there immediately, sir," the girl said, and her face faded from view.

In a few minutes it was all over. Four men wearing the anti-traumatic green hoods of the Personality Readjustment Center came quietly into the apartment. Roger pointed to the door of the bedroom where Marty lay sobbing softly. One of the men took out a hypodermic needle as they went in. She gave one screen before the massive injection of super morbus took effect. A moment later she came walking out between them, looking calm and contented.

"Goodbye, Roger," she said, giving him a dazzling smile. "I'm going to have my personality readjusted. Goody."

A few weeks later Roger was having luncheon with Frieda Ching 1752. After he wiped his mouth of the last of his synthetic duck sandwich, he shyly pulled a punched classification card from his pocket. "Frieda," he breathed, "let's put our classification cards together and send them in to Central Cohabitation."

Frieda looked at him, eyes widening. "O Roger, that would be wonderful. "It's -- it's finished with Marty," she asked.

"Yes, they had to dispose of her."

Frieda shuddered. "It was more than just a deviation, then?"

"Yes, she wouldn't respond. They worked on her for days at the PRC. She wouldn't study the universal personality traits and she wouldn't feel any of the standard emotions. Every time she came out of morbus she tried to be different. Once they even caught her dying her hair black. She just wanted to be an individual -- that's all there was to it."

"How awful. Imagine not wanting to be like everybody else."

"They said at the center it was the worst retrogression they'd seen in twenty years."

"Just think what it must have been like when millions of people each had different characteristics, each wanting something different and thinking different thoughts."

"Yes," he sighed, reaching for her hand and giving it a squeeze. "It must have been terrible. It's much nicer now when everybody is the same as you."

The Faustus Tradition in the Early Science Fiction Story

Leland Sapiro

Associated with pulp science-fiction at its start is the name of Hugo Gernsback, whose magazine, Amazing Stories, first featured it as a separate literary form.[1] Gernsback conceived his duty to be the purveyance of scientific knowledge in words comprehensible to any literate person, and to this end he frequently directed a particular story to his reader's attention because of the "excellent science" which it contained. "Every... physics teacher will want his class to read this story," stated a typical endorsement, "due to the excellent astronomical data contained in it" (Fall 1928, Page 550). "If you want... a good insight into the Einstein theory," claimed another, "here is your chance to get a... palatable dose of it" (July 1927, Page 339).

But in addition to a new biological or mechanical discovery, in whose explication the science was reputed to consist, the "gadget story" also contained another incident: the scientist's unnatural death, which occurred with almost embarrassing regularity. Indeed, the most conspicuous element in the early Amazing story was not its science, but its spectacular destruction of the scientist: Professor Townsend, biologist, is digested by a "malignant entity," synthesized by himself;[2] Professor Moore, physicist, is "dematerialized" by his "Z-ray" into a "higher plane of vibration";[3] Doctor William James Sidelberg, mathematician, is distorted beyond human likeness through a mis-setting of his "four dimensional roller-press."[4]

Invention, explanation, disaster--such is the recurrent pattern. A representative example is Jack Burnette's "The Purple Death" (July 1929, Pages 370-374), which describes the last experiment of Bernard Grey, medical doctor, and George Le Brun, electronics expert. After verifying that radiation from their Le Brun tube is fatal to microbes, the two experimenters learn--the hard way--that this radiation also produces an "intangible change" in any material thus exposed, so that it disintegrates in ordinary sunlight:

> The first intimation... that all was not well was... a crash of glass... Grey... rushed to the window. The sunlight... made a large square of light on the floor... Into this square... Grey rushed; tried to stop and turn, at the

same time shrieking to Le Brun:

"Shut off the tube--ultra-violet rays in sunli--Ahhh!" .... Grey's legs ... vanished, and the upper portion of his body ... fell into the sunlight and it, too, disappeared ... so that Le Brun's last glimpse of his friend was of his ... face contorted in agony ... falling toward the floor, yet vanishing before it touched.

Rushing to the control booth, Le Brun shut off the tube .... Then, at full realization of the tragedy ... he fled from the laboratory..

Perhaps it would be better to say that he started to flee, for as he rushed ... into the sunlight, he, too, was hurled into eternity .... Mandy, Grey's ... housekeeper, who was coming across the yard ... vowed ever afterward that:

"Mistuh Le Brun's ghos' rushed out ob de do' and vanished right befo' mah naked eyes."

.... Mandy's version of Le Brun's death gave the ... building a reputation of being haunted. (Page 373).

That this almost certain elimination of the scientist was not quite consistent with the magazine's ostensible policy, the encouragement of scientific research, was noticed, perhaps, by F. P. Swiggert, Jr., who wrote to the editor:

"Perhaps this is ... a little too harsh, but in many of your stories the hero either goes insane, is killed or else disappears .... This is especially true if the main character is an inventor."[5]

Conceivably, this type of ending could be attributed to the demands of veracity: the author has described (one might argue) the invention of something called the Le Brun tube; that such an apparatus really did not exist, therefore, could be explained only by the death of its inventor.

Such was the answer given to H. Sartzmann, who had requested Gernsback to admonish his writers that unhappy endings were not necessary. "Ninety percent of all stories end tragically," complained this correspondent, "I am sure that American people appreciate a story with a cheerful ending."[6] The editor replied that if the invention were not destroyed, "Many simple-minded people would be misled." Readers of his magazine "will be surprised to learn," he continued, "how many simple-minded people there are in this country who actually believe that many scientifiction stories are facts, rather than fancy."

Mr. Gernsback did not specify how many of these simple-minded people were readers of Amazing Stories. Nevertheless, while conceding the truth of his argument, we still hope for a more satisfactory answer--to be attempted in this paper by means of the Faustus legend.

Universally known is Christopher Marlowe's tragedy of Doctor Faustus, the magician who sells himself to the Devil in exchange for a supernaturally endowed life on earth.

All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity![7]

The ideas for the play were not Marlowe's own, but originated from the reputed activities of an itinerant medicine-man, George Sebillicus, who called himself "Faustus Junior." The career of this self-styled magician was summarized by the physician Phillip Begardus in his Index Sanitatis:

.... some years ago he wandered through nearly every province, principality, and kingdom, made his name known to everyone, and boasted loudly of his great skill, not only in medicine, but also in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, crystal-gazing, and other such arts .... He also acknowledged and did not deny that he was and was called Faustus, and designated himself as Philosophus Philosophorum, etc. However many people have complained to me that they were

swindled by him.[8]

It seems impossible that the progenitor of Marlowe's Doctor Faustus could have been a person like George Sebellicus; but during his lifetime there existed other figures of genuine accomplishment (such as Reuchlin, Paracelsus, and Cornelius Agrippa,) who also received the public title of sorcerer and whose deeds eventually were attributed to Faustus Junior.

Cornelius Agrippa, for example, was said to travel in the company of Satan himself, who assumed the form of an enormous dog, which at his master's death ran away "howling as only the devil can howl"[9]--and this story, when combined with Medieval legends of a Diabolic blood-compact and attributed to a person named "Faustus" led to something of fantastic proportions:

> I knew a man by the name of Faustus, from Kundling, a small town near my home. While a student at Cracow he learned magic .... Later he journeyed to many places and talked about secret things..... Some years ago this Johannes Faustus sat down sadly in a village of the Duchy of Wurttemberg. The host asked him why he was so downcast ... to which he replied: "Do not be frightened tonight!" At midnight the house quaked. When at noon the next day Faustus had not yet risen, the host went into his room and found him lying beside the bed with his face twisted round. since the devil had killed him. During his lifetime he kept a dog, which was the devil ....[10]

Finally, all such legends were collected together in the Faustbuch, published by Johann Spies at Frankfurt am Main. "It has often been a matter of astonishment to me," stated the pious introduction, "that nobody has composed a regular account of this fearful story ... as a warning to the whole of Christendom."

But while motivation of its publisher was doubtless the edification of his Christian readers, the story was nevertheless a rapid commercial success, as indicated by the writing and production of Marlowe's drama, based not on the Faustbuch but on its English translation, less than two years after Spies's first printing.[11]

The salutary effect of the play, if we are do believe its epilogue,[12] lies in its admonition concerning the wickedness of unlimited curiosity: Faustus has dared to investigate

> Unlawful things
> Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
> To practice more than heavenly power permits,

and the same punishment, it is implied, will be meted out to anyone else guilty of a similar crime.

However, this "forbidden" aspect of the legend was the precise reason for its popularity, for the reader could share the pleasore of Faustus' "godless curiosity" (to say nothing of his sensuality and mischief) and yet incur none of his guilt.

> Faustus is therefore a parable of the impotent yearnings of the Middle Ages--its passionate aspiration, its conscience-stricken desire, its fettered curiosity amid the cramping limits of imperfect knowledge, and irrational dogmatism.[13]

Our contention is that the attitude of "fascinated dread" originally displayed toward the Faustus legend was reproduced three centuries later in the Amazing story. The early science-fiction writers shared both the wish to peer into the workings of creation and the fear of retribution by the Creator: trying to evoke the wonder of discovery, they believed at the same time in the existence of "matters hid,"

> Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
> Onely Omniscient, hath suppresst in Night,
> To none communicable in Earth or Heaven.

The search for hidden knowledge, therefore, is disobedience to God, and its merited punishment, the explanation for the almost certain death of the investigator.

With respect to the physical sciences, however, Hugo Gernsback's writers were restricted to the doctrine of "scientific materialism" with its universe of "irreducible brute matter," and therefore could not ascribe the scientist's misfortune to the anger of God. But the punishment still could be administered by a suitably personified "Nature," to whom were allocated those disciplinary measures

Previously, we alluded to the belief that certain knowledge was not intended by the Deity for human beings to posess. But to estimate more accurately the guilt of the Faustian scientist, we must understand why excessive curiosity might entail a crime worse than disobedience.

First of all, science was conceived during the Middle Ages as leading to impiety, this attitude being largely a result of the inherited Biblical and Patristic traditions. The astronomers, according to St. Augustine, can predict many years in advance eclipses of the sun or moon, so that other persons "that know not this art, marvel and are astonished."[18] But these scientists "search not religiously": their studies are not for the glory of God but for their own: therefore they "exalt, and are puffed up," and by such "ungodly pride" remove themselves from Divine favor.

But such vanity has no limit: excessive pride in his accomplishments might conceivably lead the magician-scientist to the supreme blasphemy of asserting himself equal to the Creator -- as was done by the third century wonder-worker, Simon Magus, the original "Faustus Senior,"[19] who proclaimed:

> "I am able to render myself invisible . . . I can change my countenance . . . I shall ascend by flight into the air . . . I shall be worshipped as God . . . ."

Comparing Simon's assertion with:

> A sound magician is a mighty god:
> Here, faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity,

we see that the two crimes differ only in magnitude.

The guilt of Faustus -- and, potentially of anyone choosing to follow knowledge -- lies in his desire for omnipotence, which is not just a moral wrong, but a religious offence against the Deity. Indeed, it was exactly this "aspiring pride and insolence" which led to the fall of Lucifer himself.

> Assuredly it is pride and the greatest offence of all to use the gifts we have received as if they were part of our very selves, and after having accepted favors to usurp the glory of the Bestower.[21]

It cannot be claimed that during the Middle Ages science was viewed with repugnance, but at the best it was regarded as irrelevant to the more urgent business of salvation. A man's life on earth was conceived only as a preliminary to a second existence, and how he spent his future life depended not on his scientific knowledge, but on the state of his soul. Even if science is not an evil in itself, states Arnobius, it is still conductive to evil insofar as it distracts the mind from something far more important:

> What business of your . . . to inquire whether the sun is larger than the earth, or measures only a foot in breadth: whether the moon shines with borrowed light, or from her own brightness . . . . Leave these things to God . . . . Your interests are in jeopardy -- the salvation, I mean, of your sould: and unless you give yourselves to seek . . . the Supreme God, a cruel death awaits you . . . not bringing sudden annihilation, but long protracted punishment.[22]

Since Arnobius (who antedates the fall of Rome) is separated by the entire span of the Middle Ages from Johann Spies (who published his "Faustbuch" in 1587), it is clear that the belief in the wickedness implied by curiosity existed many centuries before its articulation in the legend of Faustus.

However, the belief in the uselessness of science was gradually diminished as a result of the secularization which characterized European thought from the Renaissance onward -- and following the extensive success of Nowtonian mechanics there no longer existed any systematized derision of profane knowledge. We may take 1687, publication date of Newton's "Principia" -- and exactly one century after the first printing of the "Faustbuch" -- as marking the expiration of what may be called the secular phase of the Faustus tradition.

But although the Newtonian world might appeal to the aesthetic sense of the mathematician, it was not a hospitable abode for the rest of humanity.

> Wherever was taught . . . the universal formula of gravitation, there was also insinuated as a nimbus of surrounding belief that man is but the puny and local spectator, nay irrelevant product of an infinite selfmoving engine . . . . enshrining the rigour of mathematical relationships while banishing into impotence all ideal imaginations . . . devoid of any qualities that might spell satisfaction for the major interests of human nature . . .[23]

The faustus tradition in its modern reappearance, therefore, is essentially a protest against Newton, whose "God-abondoned universe"[24] was just a gigantic

aggregate of masses drifting through absolute space and time. Human aspirations can still be fulfilled in such a world -- but only if they do not conflict with the laws of Newtonian mechanics.

This indifference of the Newtonian world-machine is expressed admirably by Henry Simmons in his description of the misadventures suffered by a young inventor named Hicks,[25] who invariably gets entangled in the workings of the mechanical universe. In accordance with the Baconian directive that through science "human life be endowed with new discoveries and powers," Hicks construct various automatic devices -- but unfortunately the mechanical components of Hicks inventions are unaware of his good intentions.

The first story concerns Hicks' automatic self-serving dining table, whose initial trial is to be, in the words of its inventor, "an event of no inconsiderable importance in the annals of Modern Progress." The apparatus is simply a circular dining table, capable of being rotated by machine, which is fitted around its circumference with clamps to fasten the dishes and nozzles through which drinks are pumped from the kitchen.

> .... The first course was to be soup.
>
> "If each of you will please pass this spout on to his neighbor you will see with what rapidity a dish otherwise hard to handle will be served by my invention." He passed the spout marked "Tomato Soup" to Uncle Jeremiah. The latter turned the quick action stop-clock. The liquid struck the far incline of his soup-plate. It was under two hundred lbs. Pressure. There is a natural law that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. That law has never been known to fail .... The tomato-soup, therefore, issued from the plate ... at the identical angle at which it hit the plate. Uncle Jeremiah's countenance was in line .... In two seconds he was painted ... like a Red Indian ... painted, with not an inch left out.

The meal is culminated when a mis-setting of a throttle lever causes the table rapidly to increase its rate of spin. Within a short time the centrifugal forces on the various dishes exceeds the restraining forces exerted by their clamps, and in accordance with Newton's laws of motion the dishes and their contents are hurled outward at the diners "with the force of projectiles." Mr. Simmons gives us an impressive catalogue of matter in motion:

> The air was thick with missles. Pieces of fish, plates, cups, knives, saucers, forks, spoons, gravy dishes with contents, chicken pie, pork sausages, steaks, green salads, pies, tarts ... boxes of pepper, salt and cinnamon ... were flying through the air .... That table certainly had been well supplied with everything.

It will be worthwhile to quote from the next of these accounts, "The Automatic Apartment," in which Hicks demonstrates his mechanical living quarters. Hicks has just finished drenching his guests by what is presumably the automatic floor-washer, and by a second over-sight has caused the suction machinery in the ceiling to operate in reverse, thus emptying on his visitors several weeks' accumulation of dirt. The indignant guests now exit from the room:

> The shoe shining machine trap door opened out into the room at the exact moment that the professor approached w th a dignified step. Just then he slipped ... and fell, landing on his back, with his neck on the foot rest of the shoe shining machine .... Instantly, the foot clamp swung over, lovingly taking hold of the professor's throat and gently but determinedly holding down his headn. Before our horrified gaze, the stiff revolving brushes appeared ... and with a couple dozen swift and vigorous strokes prepared the professor's ears for what was to come .... Even with the full realization of the situation, I could not refrain from admiring the thoroughndss and fantastic speed with which those brushes worked.

There has been a previous representation of the grandeur of man; but here we see the converse idea, which is not (as might be supposed) the insignificance of man, but his absurdity. A rumor has been circulated that humanity possesses by the very act of thought a status higher than that of inanimate matter: man is more noble than the universe which destroys him, says Pascal, since he knows that he is being destroyed and the universe does not. But Pascal's account now must be qualified by Hicks's observation that the universe, not concerned with man, operates according to the laws of physics, and therefore cannot recognize embarrassment

according to the laws of physics, and therefore cannot recognize the embarrassment which his behavior occasionally causes for human beings.

There is no sin in a Newtonian universe, but only mechanical error. Punishment is no longer administered by the Deity -- who is infinitely far away-but by the machinery of the world, via the law of cause and effect. And in a sense the discipline is more rigorous than before, since it cannot be tempered by the Divine quality of forgiveness. But even when the operation of the machinery causes great discomfort, its very efficiency and impersonality make us respect it.

> Even with the full realization of the situation, I could not refrain from admiring the thoroughness and fantastic speed with which those brushed worked.

Nevertheless, while the functioning of the world-mechanism might command respect, it could never replace the personal attention that used to be given by its Creator...

But the Newtonian Philosophy entails still other consequences, arising not so much from any particular mathematical results as from its method of Mechanistic Analysis, which is simply the devising of explanations based entirely on the actions of force and matter. The word "mechanistic" in this context bears no connotations of levers or pulleys or any other machine components, but refers merely to the exclusion of purpose as a legitimate cause.

Now, the most spectacular application of Newtonian methods was made not by Newton himself, but nearly two centuries later by Charles Darwin, whose version of Mechanistic Analysis was announced under the title, Natural Selection. For, the selection by the environment of favorable survival characteristics is automatic of "mechanistic" in the sense that a seive mechanically sorts out large pebbles from small.

Some possible results of Newtonian Biology are described in Francis Flagg's nightmare-type story, "The Machine Man of Ardathia" (November 1927, Pages 798-804).

The narrator, Mr. Matthews, states that one evening there materialized into his study a glass cylinder containing something best described as a "caricature of a man." Scarecely three feet high, suspended within its container by an assemblage of glass and metal tubing, the creature bears only slight resemblance to a human being.

> The head was very large and hairless; it had bulging brows, and no ears. The eyes were large, winkless: the nose well-defined; but the lower part of the face and mouth ran into the small round body with no sign of a chin. Its legs hung down, skinny, flabby; and the arms were more like short tentacles reaching down from where the head and body came together. The thing was, of course, naked. (Page 799)

The Ardathian, as this being calls itself, explains that it originates from a temporal point nearly thirty thousand years in Matthews' future. Matthews regards his visitor as a monstrosity, but his visitor holds this same opinion about Matthews, who learns that he is a "prehistoric man," a specimen of "that race of early men whose skeletons we have dug up... and reconstructed for our schools of biology."

> "Marvelous how our scientists have copied you from some fragments of bone! The small head covered with hair; the beast-like jaw; the abnormally large body and legs; the artificial coverings made of cloth ... even your language!" (Page 800)

The earliest people for which the Ardathians possess written records are the Bi-Chanics, who (sometimes in Matthews' future) give their offspring artificial birth by removing from the female the fertilized ovum, which then is developed, through the embryonic state, by an incubator. The Ardathian describes how its own race is to evolve still further:

> "Among the Ardathians there are no males or females. The cell from which we are to develop is created synthetically. It is fertilized by means of a ray and then put into a cylinder such as you observe surrounding me. As the embryo develops, the various tubes and mechanical devices are introduced into the body by our mechanics and become an integral part of it. When the young Ardathian is born, he does not leave the case in which he has developed. That case -- or cylinder as you call it -- protects him from the action of a hostile environment." (Page 802)

But the unaided conquest of a "hostile environment" is necessary for the development of each human creature, for continual reliance on automatic devices will enervate the muscular and perceptual faculties: the machine, in Charles Dana's terminology, is the "great Neuter," the "eunuch of eunuchs," which, figuratively and literally, "emasculates us all."

> "Are there any questions you would like to ask?" came the metallic voice.
>
> "Yes," I said at last, half fearfully. "What joy can there be in existence for you? You have no sex, you cannot mate. It seems to me," I hesitated, "it seems to me that no hell could be greater than centuries of living caged alive inside that thing you call an envelope...." (Page 803)

There is yet another evil. Previously man shared at least a token of Divinity; for although God might be excluded, by Newtonian physics, from the material world, His image still was imprinted on the human soul -- but now this, too, is to be explained in mechanical terms, by Newtonian biology.

> For the first time, I began to get an inkling of what the Ardathian meant when it alluded to itself as a Machine Man. The appaling story of man's final evolution into a controlling center that directed a mechanical body, awoke something akin to fear in my heart. If it were true, what of the soul, spirit, God .... (Page 802)

Thus does one person contemplate the dissolution of the human spirit.

But except for Francis Flagg and a very few others,[26] the early writers of science-fiction did not think about the implications of the Mechanical Philosophy, but were content merely to repeat the popular sentiment concerning it.

Before finding out how this sentiment was expressed, we note that except for a small minority[27] the writers of the "gadget story" were not scientists, but ordinary citizens making impressive scientific noises.

> "I realized that radio-active niton might solve my hitherto insurmountable difficulty .... My final success came with the substitution of actinium for the uranium ... plus a finer adjustment in the vortices of my three modified Talse coils .... I was then enabled to filter my resonance waves into pitch with my electronic radiate rays."

Other times, there was apparently a scientific description of labroatory equipment.

> It was a marvelous room, filled with an intricate complication of ingenious apparatus. Upon one side was banked series after series of vacuum tubes, mounted upon long panels of shining bakalite. Another wall was completely hidden by a huge switchboard, studded with ... switches, control knobs, rheostats and levers.[29]

In such cases, the lack of something more definite either was excused on grounds that the process is "too technical for your liking,"[30] or replaced by a pragmatic justification that the apparatus worked, even though its principles of operation were unknown.

> "What you saw in the bowl ... was merely a mass of protoplasm ... artificially produced, that possesses those qualities we consider as essential to ... life ..."
>
> ...."How on earth is it produced though? From water?"
>
> "Yes .... I do not know now why the special energy of the tube reassembles the atoms or electrons in water to form living matter, but I know that it does so and that is sufficient. The utility of the discovery in the present emergency is what interests us ..."[31]

Our first datum, then, concerning the Amazing story is its scientific naivete, which was disguised either by a mass of pretentious but meaningless verbiage or by an "indefinite description" which conveyed no specific information.

The next thing to notice in the Amazing story is its portrayal of the scientist himself, who frequently was characterized as an animated machine by the use of such phrases as "cold-blooded,"[32] "unbendingly scientific,"[33] the "antithesis

of all emotion."[34]

Naturally, the scientist lacks the basic social prerequisites. Thus the late Professor Clinton Wild was a "very grouchy individual ... hated by the students, whom he in turn cordially disliked,"[35] while the late Professor Adams, although the "most noted figure at Northeastern"[36] -- due to his research in atomic structure -- was also the "least liked," his "brusque manners and contemptuous indifference" antagonizing teachers and students.

But this is not all: being an automation himself, the scientist may very well regard other people as automations. Thus the late Professor Muther was aware that the electrical resistance of the human body "varies with its emotional state"[37] and hence regarded human emotions as nothing but electrical currents, this rationale enabling him to commit unforgiveable trespasses on the "emotional privacy" of his colleagues. Even worse was the "inhuman" Doctor Lesson, who indicated by his "diabolical" experiments that he regarded a human being "only as an object for his probing knife."[38]

Such stereotyped characterization -- and such scientific naivete -- lead to the conjecture that it was the Mother-Goose variety of science which was represented in Gernsback's magazine.

But cliches about scientists or anything else -- are, by definition, public property and not exclusive to the Amazing story; therefore we must inquire how, in general, such concepts are derived.

It will be pertinent to observe that the way in which a person receives new ideas can be correlated to his type of occupation. We notice that in nursery rhyme,

> Butcher, baker, candle-stick maker,
> Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief,
> Tinker, tailer, cowboy, sailor,
> Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,

only the last line specifies professions involving the manipulation of symbols -- whether in scientific journals, statue books, advertisements, or bills of legislation. A person in this category -- whether mayor of minister or magistrate -- might perceive by a direct study of Newton or Darwin the mechanzation which their writings imply.

The other category, partially enumerated by the first and third lines, included those persons who deal not with symbols but with matter. An individual in this classification -- whether baker or boxer or bartender -- usually does not receive a new concept until after it has been evaluated by members of the first. He therefore would absorb the results of the Mechanical Philosophy not as a cognitive belief -- derived by reading the Principia or The Origin of Species -- but as an emotion, recollected in disgust by spoken and written accounts, reduced to the lowest common denominator of their audience.

It was by such means -- newspaper editorials, clerical admonitions, and unscholarly reviews -- that the eighteenth century resentment of Mechanism was concretized into the popular stereotype of the scientist as the living embodiment of the Newtonian world-machine. A cliche is simply an idea which has been circulated so widely that it is familiar to those persons not professionally concerned with the manipulation of symbols -- and it was in this form that the anti-Newtonian reaction was conveyed to readers of the Amazing story. End of Part I

NOTES

1) In our somewhat restricted usage, "science-fiction" denotes the monthly periodical Amazing Stories, abbreviated Amz. (or the tri-monthly Amazing Stories Quarterly, Amz. Q.), while "early" refers to the time-interval from April 1926 through December 1929 -- during which the magazine was edited by Hugo Gernsback (through April 1929), Arthur H. Lynch (May through October 1929), and T. O'Conor Sloane. For brevity (and with negligible loss in accuracy) we speak of Hugo Gernsback as "the editor" since Gernsback's general policy was followed closely by his successors.

2) Otis A. Line, "The Malignant Entity," Amz. June 1926, 272-279, 286f., reprinted from Weird Tales, May, 1924.

3) Robert A. Wait, "The Invisible Finite," Amz. May 1929, 172-179. Hereafter, we omit the name of the magazine except where there is possible ambiguity.

4) Bob Olsen (psuedonym of Alfred John Olsen, Jr.,)"The Four-Dimensional Roller Press," June 1927, 302-307.

5) "Discussions," February 1928, 1112.

6) "Discussions," February 1927, 1077.

7) I, 57-64. Quotations from Doctor Faustus are taken from the "Temple Dramatists" edition of Sir Israel Gollancz (London, 1897)

8) Full title: Index Sanitatis, Evn scheus und vast nutzlichs Buchlein genannt Zeyger der Gesundheit, (1539.) The original is quoted by Franz Neubert, Vom Doctor Faustus Zu Goethes Faust (Leibzig, 1932,) xiii:

> ... ich wolt aber doch seinen namen nit genent haben, so wil er auch nit verborgen seyn, noch vnbekant; dann er ist vor etlichen jaren vast durch alle Landtschafft, Furstenthumb vnd Konigreich gezogen, seinen namen jederman selbs bekant gamacht, vnn seine grosse kunst, nit alleyn der artznei, sondern auch Chiromancei, Nigromancei, Visionomei, Visiones imm Cristal, vnn dergleichenmer kunst, sich hochlich berumpt. Vnd auch nit alleyn berumpt sondern sich auch einen berumpten vnd erfarenen meyster bekant vnd geschriben. Hat auch selbs bekant, vnd nit geleugknet, dass er sey, vnd heyss Faustus, damit sich geschriben Philosophum Philosophorum, etc. Wie vil aber mir geklagt haben, dass sie von jm seind betrogen worden, deren ist eyn grosse zal gewesen ...

9) Quoted by Henry M. Pachter, Magic into Science,(New York, 1951), 61. The dog reappers in the second scene of Goethe's play, when Mephistopheles, in the form of a black poodle, meets Faust outside the city gates and accompanies him home.

10) Johann Mennel, Locorum communium collectanea a J. Manilo per multos annos pleraque tum ex lectionibus D. Philippi Melanchton tum ex aliorum doctissimorum vivorum relationibus excerpta, (1563.) The passage is quoted in P. M. Palmer and Robert P. More, The Sources of the Faust Tradition from Simon Magus to Lessing (New York, 1936,) pp. 101-102.

> Noui quendam nomine Faustum de Kundling, quod est paruum oppidum, patriae meae uicinum. Hic cum esset scholasticus Cracouiensis, ibi magiam didicerat, sicut obi olim fuit eius magnus usus, et ibidem fuerunt publicae eiusdem artis professiones. Vagabatur passim, dicebat arcana multa .... Ante paucos annos idem Ioannes Faustus, postreme die sedit admodum moestus in quodam page ducatus Vuirtenbergensis. Hospes ipsum alloquitus, cur moestus esset praeter morem et consuetudinem .... ibi dixit hospiti in illo page: Ne perterrefias hac nocte. Media nocte domus quassate est. Mane cum Faustus non surgeret, et iam esset fere meridies, hospes adhibitis alijs, ingressus est in eius conclaue, inuentique eum iacentem prope lectum inuersa facie, sic a diablo interfectus. Viuens, adhuc, habebat secum canem, qui erat diabolus, sicut iste nebulo qui scripsit ....

11) The first edition of the Faustbuch appeared in 1587, while Doctor Faustus, under the commonly accepted view, "was in all likelihood written not later than 1589" (Albert G. Latham, "Introduction," Goethe's Faust (New York, 1941,) xxxi). A dissenting opinion is registered by Tucker Brooke ("The Marlowe Canon," PMLA XXXVII (1922), 367-417,) who states (p. 384) that "there is no good reason for assuming that Doctor Faustus was in existence ... prior to 1592."

12) These lines probably were not written by the original author, it being 'common ground that ... changes were made after Marlowe's death" (J. M. Robertson, Marlowe, A Conspectus (London, 1931) p. 70.

13) J. A. Symonds, The Renaissance in Italy (New York, 1881,) II, 54

14) Bob Olsen, "Four-Dimensional Surgery," February 1928, 1082.

15) See Amz. Q., Summer 1928, 418: "When man tampers with the forces of nature, something is always likely to happen ... Today we handle ordinary matter exactly as savages would handle dynamite."

16) A. Hyatt Verrill, "The Ultra-Elixir or Youth," Amz., August 1927, 481.

17) May 1926, 136-139, 147; reprinted from Science and Invention, May 1924.

18)St. Augustine, Confessions, trans. Edward B. Pusey (New York, 1957,) p. 56

19) See Beatrice D. Brown, "Marlowe, Faustus, and Simon Magus," PMLA, LIV (1939), 82-121.

20) Pseudo-Clement, "Recognitions," The Ante-Nicene Fathers, Translations of the Writings of the Fathers Down to A. D. 325, Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson, ed. (Buffalo: The Christian Literature Company, 1886), II, 99.

21) St. Bernard, On the Love of God, trans. Terence L. Connolly (New York: Spiritual Book Associates,) Ch. II, Para. IV.

22) The Seven Books of Arnobius Against the Heathen, (Buffalo, 1886,) VI, 457

23) E. A. Burtt, Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science (New York, 1954) p. 301.

24) Newton himself had supposed that God must still remain on duty to correct irregularities in the motions of the planets, but his successors showed that no such readjustments were necessary. For details, see E. A. Burtt, op. cit.

Henry Hugh Simmons, "Hicks' Inventions with a Kick"; "The Automatic Self-Serving Dining Table," April 1927, 52-57, 99.
"The Automatic Apartment," August 1927, 493-497, 512 ff. "The Electro-Hydraulic Bank Protector," December 1927, 860-869.
"The Perambulating Home," August 1928, 450-460.

26) G. Peyton Wertenbaker's "The Chamber of Life" (October 1929, 628-639) is a haunting invocation of a life regulated by the "soul of the machine." More prosaic in style, David H. Keller's Lamarckian story, "The Revolt of the Pedestrians: (February 1928, 1048-1059) also is relevant to the present context, as is "The Thought Machine" (February 1927, 1052-1058) by Ammianus Marcellinus (pseudonym of Aaron Nadel,) with its naive mechanization of human thinking.

27) A count of 124 contributors prior to 1930 reveals 11 scientists: Miles J. Breuer, William H. Christie (pseudonym, Cecil B. White,) Daniel Dressler, Hugo Gernsback, David H. Keller, William Lemkin, Harold F. Richards, E. E. Smith, Albert B. Stuart, A. Hyatt Verrill, Robert A. Wait. Of these, four were medical doctors, namely Miles J. Breuer, Daniel Dressler, David H. Keller, and A. B. Stuart, and four others, Ph. D's. Two of the remainder, Hugo Gernsback and A. H. Verrill, have their scientific qualifications listed, e. g., in the 1928-1929 Who's Who; while the last, Robert A. Wait, is described (Amz., May 1929, 172) as an "instructor in chemistry at James Millikin University."

28) Benjamin Witwer, "Radio Mates," July 1927, 371-372. Cf. G. C. Watson, "Caphul, the City Under the Sea," January 1929, 930, and P. F. Nowlan, "The Airlords of Han," March 1929, 1112 f.

29) Charles Winn, op. cit., 138. Cf. Stanton Coblentz, "The Radio Telescope," June 1929, 200, and "Kaw," "The Time Eliminator," December 1926, 829.

30) Harl Vincent, "The Colloidal Nemesis," December 1927, 885. Cf. S. M. Sargent, Jr., "The Telepathic Pick-Up," December 1926, 829.

31) Harl Vincent, "The Colloidal Nemesis," December 1929, 803. The scientist might apply "pragmatism" to the choice of a particular theory--arguing that the theory "works" which accounts for the greatest number of experimental data -- but never as an excuse to avoid framing any theory whatever, as in the statement (quoted above) that if something "works," its explanation is unimportant. It is on the basis of his mis-applied pragmatism, together with his teleological orientation and his explicit anti-scientific bias (see "Cosmic Rhythm," October 1934 and "Rex" May 1934, respectably both in Astounding Stories) that we exclude this author from our list of scientists.

32) Victor Thaddeus, "The Chemical Magnet," August 1927, 487.

33) M. H. Hasta, "The Talking Brain" August 1926, 441.

34) Austin Hall, "The Man Who Saved the Earth," April 1926, 75; reprinted from All-Story Weekly, December 13, 1919.

35) David M. Speaker, "The Disintegrating Ray," February 1928, 1089.

36) Edmond Hamilton, "Locked Worlds," Amz. Q., Spring 1929, 222.

37) M. H. Hasta, op. cit., 442.

38) Joe Kleier, "The Head," August 1928, 421.

Once again, INSIDE is late. This has been due in part to the fact that it has been my first year at college, and I have been Hard At Work. It has also been due in part to the fact that I am lazy, which has caused my long suffering coeditor, Leland Sapiro, a good deal of torment and perhaps an ulcer. To you I owe an apology, and I herein give it. To Leland I owe a good deal more, I shall be forever making it up to him. In any case, though, if further issues are late, most of the blame will not be mine. I am transferring, for the nonce, as they say, the burden of responsibility to Leland's shoulders. He deserves your support. He, I know, will make a decent effort to bring this magazine to you at reasonable intervals. His first act in his enlarged capacity is to change the title of the magazine to The Riverside Quarterly, and he sets forth his reasons below.

In the future we hope to bring you, among other things, the Galaxy parody, which has been pending since the days of Ron Smith's editorship. This may perhaps be issued as a supplement, as was the Lovecraft symposium, which we sent you to tide over the wait between issues.

I'll be in New York for the summer, and can be reached at the Riverside address. I'll be back in Berkeley in the fall, but my address is not definite for that time. Any business in relation to The Riverside Quarterly after August 25th should be directed to Leland, c/o Math Dept., U.S.C., Los Angeles 7, California. Copies of Ron Smith's INSIDE, that most superlative of fanzines, are available at 35c, 3/$1, or all 9 for $3. If you want them, please order before the summer is out, or you may hawe to wait till Christmas, or summer 1965.

This has been quite a year, in all ways. If not the happiest it has at least been the most interesting I have ever known. It has been my first contact with Higher Education, the first time I have lived away from home for a protracted period, the first time I have, indeed, been out of the New England area. This has all occasioned a good deal of turmoil, and the magazine was perhaps lost in the shuffle. But you won't have to worry about that any more, as I said.

Ah yes, a few more things- I've decided I won't be needing the greater bulk of stuff in closet in New York. It's just rotting there. Are you interested in Detective magazines? Dime Detective? Ellery Queen? Black Book? Phantom? G-Men? Drop me a card. Or a complete set of Galaxy? Only $50... Let me know.

Well, finals to study for. And then summer... God, it's been a fast year...

Jon White

Why "The Riverside Quarterly?"

No explanation is needed for those acquainted with the literary magazines and the geography of New York City. Just as Riverside Drive runs alongside the Hudson River, so The Riverside Quarterly hopes to trace a path similar to that of The Hudson Review, which at present we think is the leading critical journal. And since one of our editors lists Riverside Drive as his permanent address, the correspondence will be even closer. In short, we hope to perform for science fiction the same office that The Hudson Review performs for literature in general.

Leland Sapiro

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