

# PITFCS-137

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE INSTITUTE FOR TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY STUDIES

### Special Series--137

Theodore R. Cogswell  
Secretary  
Committee on Reorganization

October 1960  
204 McKenzie Rd.  
Muncie, Indiana

#### FROM THE SECRETARY:

##### I. Reorganization:

The Institute of Twenty-First Century Studies is hereby dissolved. So also is its occasional periodical, Publications of the Institute of Twenty-First Century Studies. However, a new organization, The Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies, has been founded. Its occasional periodical will be known as Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies. To avoid confusion the old numbering system will be continued.

All members of The Institute of Twenty-First Century Studies are considered to be members in good standing of The Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies unless the Secretary of the Committee on Membership is notified to the contrary.

##### II. Finances:

Membership contributions to date have totaled \$130.00. Because of exchange difficulties members living outside the United States have not been asked to contribute; however, four of them voluntarily donated a total of eight dollars and one pound. The 106 members living within the United States contributed a total of \$122.00. The breakdown of contributions is as follows: \$10.00 - 1, \$5.00 - 2, \$3.00 - 1, \$2.00 - 24, \$1.00 - 51, no contribution - 27. Although the records of the Secretary of the Committee on Finances are hopelessly confused, enough money seems to be left in the treasury to cover the expenses of producing and mailing the present issue of PITFCS. It seems time, however, to put the Institute's financial affairs on a sounder and better organized basis. It is therefore suggested that instead of the present system of voluntary contributions, a system of fixed annual dues of \$2.00 be instituted to cover publication expenses. This schedule should produce sufficient funds to make possible publication of PITFCS several times each year and also to continue the present policy of not requesting contributions from over-seas members. Past contributions in excess of \$1.00 will be credited against 1961 dues. Funds remaining at the end of 1961 will be carried over to 1962 and a corresponding readjustment in new assessments made.

##### III. Membership:

At the present time the Institute thinks it has 126 members in good standing. These break down geographically as follows: US 106, Mexico 1, Denmark 1, England 9, Wales 1, Northern Ireland 1, Scotland 1, France 3, Morocco 1, Switzerland 1,

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"Strolling on the Banks  
of the Mainstream"

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Ceylon 1. At the moment your secretary is not quite sure whether some of those listed as members are members or not. In order to avoid future embarrassment and/or confusion, all those wishing to continue their association with the Institute are requested to complete and return the attached application for membership. Those short of funds at the moment are invited to check the BILL ME LATER block. Those anticipating a chronic shortage of funds during the coming year will not be billed at all if they will check the BILL ME MUCH LATER box. Those not returning an application blank within thirty days after receipt will be considered as having signified a desire to be dropped from the circulation list of PITFCS.

### Eligibility for Membership:

Membership in the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies is limited to those who are or have been professionally associated with the science fiction and/or fantasy field. Professional association consists of having received pay for work as a writer, artist, critic, agent, or publisher. An exception to the above rule will be made in the case of distinguished laymen. A distinguished layman is one who, because of his advanced position in a particular academic or scientific field can and will contribute his special resources to the advancement of the Institute.

Although the Institute at the present time has a distinguished and representative membership, several established writers and a large number of those who have recently entered the field have not been invited to membership because your secretary has been unable to locate them. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Members are strongly urged to check the list of present members below and then to extend cordial invitations to membership to obviously qualified individuals whose names do not appear on the roster. Extra application blanks are attached for this purpose. Invitations to non-professionals must first be approved by the Membership Committee.

The reasons for the above limitations on membership are as follows: 1. In order to preserve the uninhibited nature of much of the continuing discussion, it is essential that contributors have the assurance that their remarks are being directed to an audience limited to their colleagues. 2. Because of the interesting and stimulating nature of much of the material in PITFCS, circulation would quickly triple if limitations on membership were removed. Such an increase would put an impossible load on your secretary and present limited production facilities. 3. Since the sole function of PITFCS is that of an open forum for members of the profession, little is to be gained by admitting a large passive audience to Institute deliberations.

Present Membership:

The following are considered to be members in good standing of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies. Since the early membership list was assembled in a rather haphazard fashion, however, it would be appreciated if any included in error would so notify the secretary.

CEYLON	MEXICO	Alfred Bester	Basil Davenport
Arthur C. Clarke	Frank Kelly Freas	Albert Blaustein	Avram Davidson
		James Blish	Chan Davis
DENMARK	MOROCCO	Virginia Blish	August Derleth
Harry Harrison	Mack Reynolds	Robert Bloch	Gordon Dickson
		Anthony Boucher	Arlene Donovan
ENGLAND	NORTHERN IRELAND	Marion Bradley	G.C. Edmondson
Kingsley Amis	James White	Reg Bretnor	Ron Ellik
Brian Aldis		Rosel Brown	Bruce Elliott
John Carnell	SCOTLAND	A.J. Budrys	Ed Emshwiller
John Brunner	J. MacGregor	Knox Burger	Carol Emshwiller
Edmund Crispin		John W. Campbell	Philip Farmer
Gerard Pollinger	SWITZERLAND	Elinor Carroll	David Fisher
Eric Frank Russell	Pierre Versins	Mark Clifton	Randall Garrett
William Temple		Sidney Coleman	Hugo Gernsback
Lan Wright	U.S.A.	Groff Conklin	Horace Gold
Sam Youd	Milt Amgott	G.W. Cottrell	Ron Goulart
	Poul Anderson	Betsy Curtis	J. Martin Graetz
FRANCE	Robert Arnett	L. Sprague deCamp	Roger Graham
F. Bordes	Robert Arthur	Miriam Allen de Ford	Martin Greenburg
Alain Donremieux	Isaac Asimov	Charles De Vet	James Gunn
G. Klein	Raymond Banks	Norman DeWitt	(Continued on p. 36)



KINGSLEY AMIS SAYS:

I am most flattered at being invited to join the Institute, and hereby gladly accept. Thank you.

That part was easily written, but going on takes some thought. The impact on me of PITFOS was tremendous: like suddenly tuning in on an alien space-fleet intercom waveband inexplicably using a variant of English. How did you all get started? And how should I start?

Perhaps by taking up Mr. Conklin's kindly reference to my monograph on science fiction. I detect, in his objection to my presumptive upgrading of Pohl and Sheckley and downgrading of Sturgeon, Asimov, Anderson and Kuttner, a faint ghost of the hierarchical fallacy: the notion that there is a fixed, unchallengeable order of merit among writers. I agree that a work on the Elizabethan dramatists that polished off Shakespeare in three lines would fall under suspicion, but standards and comparative judgments in science fiction have not yet had time to harden, to become established, to approach the status of fact. I may of course be doing Mr. Conklin an injustice, and I admit that I may be a little hypersensitive to that old hierarchical fallacy: I got allergised when reviewing jazz for an English paper and getting a lot of letters that deplored my ignorance of the fact that Konitz/Monk/Blakey was the best/worst soloist/arranger/leader in the business. Anyway, I thank Mr. Conklin for his interest, assuring him that when we next meet I will explain to him that Sheckley is not "lightweight", merely (in some of his stories) light in tone, and that that is different.

I must point out, before any hatchets get sharpened, that I have recently had the honour to be appointed a Selector of the (British) Science Fiction Book Club, and that any author who wants me to select him--which, apart from the prestige conferred, may bring him in as much as 25 dollars--had better watch his language. Keep your mouth shut when you speak to me, as the sergeant said.

GROFF CONKLIN REPLIES:

I doubt very much if I can be properly accused of the hierarchical fallacy. Somehow, I think the problem Kingsley is avoiding here is the fact that he really doesn't like romantic, adventurous, or "straight" imaginative science fiction, but only the "hierarchy" of social satire in science fiction form. I am not--emphasize NOT-- a novelist or professional literary critic like Amis, and I am humble (well, passably so, at least) before his reputation: but I still say that "Maps"--which (as I said) enjoyed very much--was a one-sided book that to some degree has limited value for the general field of science fiction. An example occurs to me--or rather several: all of which wrap themselves up in a sort of formula. Science fiction primarily is entertainment, imaginative enlargement, even "escape" (horrid word!) - and the critique, social comment, etc., is an added bonus. I rather disagree with a book on modern science fiction that dismisses Chad Oliver with a paragraph on his "thriller or mystery ingredients" (page 142) and the admittedly not to good background material in Shadows in the Sun, and underrates Poul Anderson, and writes of Budrys with a very summary description of his "Silent Brother". No, I do not Object to the social satirical aspects of science fiction; indeed, as my own friends could bear witness, I personally have a particular fondness for that aspect and, indeed, often have stayed with the genre only because of the occasional gems in that area--which, I gladly agree with Amis, is its most effective from the general literary point of view. But I think I am less hierarchical (though I humbly admit less critical) than K. A. because I like almost all kind of good science fiction and science fantasy, not only or primarily the anti utopias. Indeed, unlike your quotation on Amis, I just don't think I could go in for any sort of "presumptive upgrading or downgrading" of anyone. I like what seems to me good reading based on what are, I fear, pretty ordinary (i.e., non-literary standards, and don't like bad writing (overwriting, melodramatic writing, unprofessional writing, bad plots, stupid ideas, etc., etc.) and do like entertaining, fresh, and imaginative stuff. I fear this is rather dull and uninformative, but I'm so blasted tired on this hot July evening that I really cannot scintillate!

AP Dispatch dated 9-11-60 dateline New York

RAID UNCOVERS WRITER'S WEAPONS

Detectives looking for narcotics raided the Greenwich Village apartment of a writer on juvenile delinquency Sunday and found no narcotics -- only a small arsenal.

Harlan Ellison, 26, was booked on charges of violating the weapons law by possession of brass knuckles -- one pair studded with bits of metal to give a lacerating effect -- a fully-loaded revolver, a dagger and a switchblade knife.

Ellison said he collected the weapons while doing research for his novels, "Rumble" and "Deadly Streets."

POUL ANDERSON SAYS:

On the assumption that PITFCS will somehow, somewhere, somewhen continue to be put out by somebody -- preferable you -- I shall react to a couple of stimuli in the latest, since they raise important points re the believability of sf.

Sure, Mack Reynolds, I'm all in favor of New and Different social backgrounds for stories; and I much appreciate your own current contributions along that line. But being more a believer in the second law of thermodynamics than in the inevitability of progress, I don't see what's so incredible about future capitalisms, monarchisms, feudalisms, or what have you. They've appeared often in the past, especially if you don't confine your attention to Western European history, they've disappeared and reappeared, depending far more on politico-economic conditions than on the state of technology. The Dark Ages, for instance, were a period of greater technological advance than the entire epoch of the Roman Empire had been; the Nazis created embryonic spaceships and simultaneously took a leaf from Stalin's book to revive slavery and genocide; etc., etc., etc. Feudalism, specifically, seems to be the ground state of agricultural society, in that all civilizations revert to it sooner or later. The technological revolution of the past two centuries may conceivably have eliminated this tendency; but until that's proven, I won't object when the Duke of Helsingfors 955 revolts against the Czar of All the Terrestrials.

To be sure, James McConnell seems to insist that human nature itself will have been changed beyond recognition by advances in psychology and sociology. His discussion deserves discussion. I quite agree that the ignorance of science shown by most sf writers is more fantastic than anything they actually write, and while nine of his ten points seem obvious to me (at least, I never knowingly committed those particular goofs; I specialize in a different brand) plenty of our brethren ought to listen to him and doubtless won't. However, if this is all that psychology and sociology have to reveal, I'll stick by the old contention that science consists of physics and tiddlywinks.

His tenth point he'd better back up with more data than he offers. "... we can take any normal ... human being ... and change his behavior from whatever it is into whatever you wish it to be. We can make a communist into a Christian (or vice-versa, of course) in a matter of a few weeks," etc. Is he thinking about those brainwashing stories that came out of Korea? After making a detailed study of returned prisoners, the Army concluded this was folklore. The Chinese pressures on Americans were enormously effective, but the reasons were inherent in American society rather than any sinister new Pavlovian tricks. Thus, the 299 Turks also captured were subjected to the same pressures, or worse, but not one of them defected or "cooperated," and all 299 got back alive, walking on their own feet.

Sure, there are effective methods of channeling the human mind, or diverting it into a new channel. All have been practiced for centuries, and none are 100% effective. If something radically different has been developed, I'd like to hear about it.

(Besides, though new psychological techniques will quite possibly turn up in the future, it does not follow they'll revolutionize society. They may meet such resistance that they'll never be adopted on any large scale; cf, birth control. Or if they are applied

to the general populace, the job will be done by people who aren't about to let the same be done to their own selves. This latter alternative would presumably evenuate in a few overlords exploiting a meek majority; but that, after all, is the norm of human history.)

On the subject of scientific facts and attitudes, Brother McConnell, what grounds do you have for asserting that "most s-f writers are humanists ... they humanists get in the way of truth, although they pretend they are searching for truth themselves ... the humanist seems to the scientist more interested in means than in ends, while the scientist has goals in mind more than specific means of attaining those goals"? Have you made a survey? Would it prove anything if you had? Define a humanist. Define a scientist.

To forestall any argumentum ad hominem, as well as to brag, let me say I have a B.S. from a fairly tough school, belong to AAAS and subscribe to Scientific American. I also have no patience with the alleged "humanist" who's totally ignorant of science and takes pride in his ignorance. But leave us not adopt a "scientific" version of the same oafishness: most especially not if we claim to be students of psychology and sociology. What people have said and done and believed is rather more important to understanding them than any number of masters' theses correlating incident sound frequencies with nose hair twitches.

Science is merely one thing, among numerous others, that people do. Esthetic laws apply to it; otherwise we wouldn't care about the amoral; I am sure our Jim would never condone faking evidence or adjusting conclusions to please the boss. And, finally, science is not the whole purpose of human existence, even of the individual scientist's existence. If the means to a scientific end are too grossly immoral, we shall have to do the same as in any other department of life: look for different means, or forget about achieving that particular end. A historian or philosopher could point out that means are not irrelevant to ends, either, even in science: for instance, the Nazi experiments took no time to become simple exercises in sadism. More generally, anyone perverted enough to perform certain acts would hardly be capable of objectively assessing their results. Of course, I don't say all vivisection, including experimentation on man, is bad. Far from it. But I deny that anything goes.

Why do we pursue science at all? For approximately the same reasons that we do not want to "end up wired to a machine," however much 60-cycle ecstasy it could give us. Electric tickling of the pleasure center might well make an amusing new vice, but hardly a way of life, any more than alcohol is. Who said "happiness" was a goal in itself? If you want to see the end result of that creed, take an objective look at the nearest freeway next Sunday, or at your TV screen; but keep something handy to vomit into.

So, in conclusion, while science and technology have certainly changed human life, it remains to be seen (a few centuries hence) just how profound the change is. "Human nature" is admittedly a variable --- within limits which have as yet neither been established nor been shown to be nonexistent --- but is the variation in the future going to be any greater than the variation in the past? One reason for doubting it is the reflection that any group of people who got really eccentric --- who, for example, conditioned themselves into Perfect Social Adjustment --- would less likely spearhead the march into the future than they would be gobbled up by the sloppy, mal-adjusted, ignorant, reactionary rest of us.

An attitude which is not anti-scientific but is merely trying to see science in proper perspective.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Helsingfors 956.

ISAAC ASIMOV SAYS:

In re Evelyn E. Smith's letter; I am not Ferdinand Feghoot, and I am embarrassed if I have given the impression I am. Reginald Bretnor is Ferdinand Feghoot. I was merely doing a Ferdinand Feghoot pastiche to make a point.

What I am, in order of increasing importance, is a biochemist, a science writer, a science-fiction writer, and an unbelievably great lover.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS DEPARTMENT:

"We, the undersigned, having belatedly taken the time to examine each others' positions and motives in connection with events described in PITFCS SS-135A, have come to the conclusion that there was a mutual communication failure which led to mutual bloodshed, although neither party had any malicious intent. Both parties are now convinced that neither party was trying to cut the other party's throat, although, to be sure, neither party was trying to get the other party promoted (on one hand) or "in solid" with the membership (on the other hand). Both parties are satisfied with the others' explanations, a situation which obviates any need to explain or further explore the matter, beyond this, a joint announcement, which is made merely to inform the membership that the dispute has been amicably settled and to invite the membership to forget SS 135A, to forget the whole, brief explosive affair, as something that has been clarified for those who are personally involved."

CUIUSVIS HOMINIS EST ERRARE

(signed:) Walter Miller, Jr.

(signed:) Theodore Cogswell

But I am not Ferdinand Feghoot.

REG BRETNOR SAYS:

You are, I am sure, familiar with the Scottish Chaucerians, and therefore with the institution known as the flyting. Two poets, with or without malice, and for the pure hell of it, swore at each other, railed at each other, ripped each other up and down in terms which any old stable sergeant would have envied, and generally made themselves as obnoxious as possible. Like an efficient sewage disposal system, this cleared the air for everyone. Let me quote just the final verse from Dunbar's part of The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie:

Mauch muttoun, byt buttoun, peilit gluttoun, air to Hilhous;  
Rank beggar, ostir dregar, foule fleggar in the flet;  
Chittirlilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhous;  
Baird rehator, theif of natour, fals tratour, feyindis gett;  
Filling of tauch, rak sauch, cry crauch, thow art our sett;  
Muttoun dryver, girnall ryver, yadswyvar, fowll fell the:  
Herretyk, lunatyk, purspyk, carlingis pet,  
Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I sall quell the.

Personally, I think that it improves the flavor of this not to consult the glossary. Wouldn't you rather call some yadswyvar of a truckdryver a foule fleggar in the flet than its undoubtedly feeble equivalent in Modern English?

At any rate, with all PITFCS's virtues, it lacks a formal department devoted to flyting. I leave to your imagination the infinite variety of possible participants. Certainly there will be no shortage of material, though some of it may, of course, be one-sided. Therefore, why not start such a department? Then in the rest of the publication, we could settle down to discussing the problems and possibilities of science fiction specifically and of contemporary writing in general without sounding, quite so often, like a gaggle of backbiting fishwives or a brawl in a pansy bar.

One of the advantages of attacking each other's ideas instead of each other, in the non-flyting pages, would be that we would find it easier to avoid setting up strawmen for the fun of vituperatively knocking them down again. The whole question of a writers' organization is a case in point. Mention it--and suddenly we have a "union" formed, a closed shop, strikes, picket lines, goon squads waylaying strike-breakers and terrorizing starving publishers, Jimmy Hoffa firmly in the saddle, a dictatorial censorship complete with salt mines and concentration camps, and heroes shouting their defiance as they go underground! Of, of course, vice-versa!

A writers' organization, if one is to exist, must be designed to solve certain of the problems facing writers today. Its nature must be determined by an analysis of its probable functions. The best way to make sure of its failure is to define it in terms of other organizations--of the AMA or the DAR, the UAW or the Knights

of the Mystic Shrine, or (above all) the Authors League.

The main problems facing writers today are economic. They have been measured and documented, and there is no special point to repeating the statistics here. One's attitude toward these problems is determined, fundamentally, by one's philosophical orientation. If one is an economic determinist of the Leftist persuasion, then there can be no reason at all to attempt their solution in our contemporary social context. If one is an economic determinist of the Right, then all one needs to do is mutter, "If it's any good it'll sell, won't it? Why don't you write for TV?" And if one is an economic determinist with masochistic leanings, then the obvious answer is to become a beatnik. Personally I am not an economic determinist. I believe that "economic" phenomena are simply things men do and that what men do is ultimately determined by their free choice. In an economy of scarcity, that choice may be infinitely more difficult--but it is still not inevitable, with the inevitability of physical law. In an economy of plenty, it often is simply a matter of having the good sense and the determination to insist on being represented when the rules are written.

Writers (and artists generally) were not represented when our present economic rules were written. Neither were publishers, booksellers, librarians, and those literate citizens who recognize the importance of the written and printed word. The result is that all of us who engage in the production and distribution of books are, at present, the victims of an almost completely one-sided socialism, under which government on the one hand subsidizes the reduction of our markets while big business on the other maintains a competition which (because it appears completely free) is almost completely cut-throat. On the one hand, we have free public education and free public libraries. The two together have turned the majority of the populace into a rabble of intellectual free-loaders and panhandlers. Every slob who is perfectly willing to spend five dollars for a bottle of poor Bourbon, or five hundred dollars for a weekend in Las Vegas, or five thousand dollars for a fish-tailed car or a swimming pool--every such slob screams outrage at the very idea of spending three or three-and-a-half for a book--for any book. And damned if popular critics, and popular "educators," and even a lot of publishers and writers and editors don't scream the same nonsense just as loudly! Then, on the other hand, we have the so-called mass "entertainment" media-- primarily TV-- competing, not directly for the public's dollar, but for every minute of the public's time. The average set is on five-and-a-half hours a day-- and you can imagine how many hours that leaves for anything as tedious as reading.

Today we all accept free public education and free public libraries as completely necessary and entirely beneficial. But are they? We are not dealing, today in the United States, with the wretched, sickly, underprivileged children of a Victorian slum. Nor are we dealing with their overworked, underpaid, and undernourished parents. We are (almost always) dealing with well paid, well nourished people who buy vast quantities of luxuries far less important to the welfare of the nation than books would be, and who have ample leisure in which to enjoy them. The immediate answer, of course, will be, "What right have we to tell the average citizen how to spend his money?" And the reply to that is that we have just as much right to do so as soap manufacturers, car dealers, or the sponsors of armpit commercials. We have every right to advocate legislation limiting the public library boondoggle, facilitating the distribution of books and magazines, giving special tax privileges to the publishing industry, or whatever else we deem necessary. We have as much right to do this as the legal profession had, in California, to secure legislation forbidding the practice of law by corporations, or setting the conditions under which an individual may engage in the practice of the law. Naturally, we do not have the right to order. But we, like other citizens and groups of citizens have a perfect right to plead, argue, advocate, or sell-- and this right applies both to the course we wish other citizen to take or to the system of laws under which we live. We are even free to advocate a direct fee, based perhaps on income tax returns, payable by solvent parents for the now only-too-often unappreciated education of their children. We are even free to advocate that public libraries, instead of begging the moron to patronize them, either charge a use-royalty-- payable to the publisher and author-- as in Denmark, or else be forbidden to carry on their shelves any books not in the public domain. We are even free to advocate that, because the intellectual health of the nation--you know, what we need to regain to get ahead of the Russians-- depends on the printed word, the writing profession and the publishing industry should both receive a "most favored" status, and that all book purchases should be made tax-exempt.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

The Post Office Department is considering a new ruling that in our estimation would put close to 70% of all small publications out of business immediately. This proposed ruling is an amendment to rule 39 CRF Part 22.2 (7) and states "Publications that sell less than 70% of their distribution will lose second class mailing privileges". For the benefit of authors and their agents, as well as publishers, printers, paper houses, typesetters, etc., I feel that a strong protest might stop the adopting of this amendment. May I suggest that you notify your authors and anybody else to immediately write to their Congressmen and Senators, as well as a letter to Mr. E.A. Riley, Director of Postal Service, Post Office Building, Washington 25, D.C., letting them know of their feelings on this matter. Letters should be sent as soon as possible.

Yours truly,  
Galaxy Publishing Corporation  
/Robert M. Guinn/  
Publisher

Remember, neither the National Association of Manufacturers, nor the AFL-CIO, nor the medical profession, nor any one of a thousand other effective, functioning, "economic weapon" groups hesitates to exercise these rights. And every one of them has benefited by it-- because it is the only way one can keep one's head above water in an economy, not of freely competing individuals, but of "armed" pressure groups.

Why we should hesitate to do this, I cannot understand.

Who, by the way, are we? Most emphatically, we are not simply writers engaged in a battle to the death with our natural enemies, publishers. To begin with, very few of them are our enemies, and the interests we have in common far outweigh those in which we clash. Where book publishers are concerned, indeed, we can have only minor quarrels, for the royalty principle is essentially equitable: if a book succeeds, we both make money; if it fails, we both lose. (Arguments about supplementary rights are important, but not critical; at the moment, they give the Authors League something to snuffle over and waste postage on.) Where magazine publishers are concerned, too, we have no cause as simple as "striking for a raise." What we need from them is nothing more nor less than an equitable royalty arrangement, a percentage of the profits. As an example, in the depths of the Depression, the Sat. Eve. Post paid \$500 minimum for a short story. Now it pays \$850. But its advertising rates have approximately quadrupled, and so has its gross revenue. Even the science fiction magazine which raises its newsstand price from 35 to 50 cents should be able to pass some of the gain on to its authors. But I think we can all agree that what a magazine pays should be based on income and circulation. (The one group of magazine publishers with whom we really ought to pick a quarrel, and a rough one, in the Universities. If they would go out and scrounge enough money so that their assorted quarterlies and reviews could pay decently for the fiction print, they would do more to support good writing in the United States than all the "Fellowships in Creative Writing" and kindred magpie-charities can accomplish in a hundred years. Fifty quarterlies publishing only two stories each per issue would mean 400 stories a year. That is about as many stories as the entire slick market publishes today at first-class rates. At \$500 a story, the whole thing would cost only \$200,000 a year-- not a hell of a lot of money as modern budgets go, but a great shot in the arm for the short story writer. Of course, with such a program, it would be difficult for Men of Wisdom and Rich, Ripe Experience to Mold the Character of Brilliant Young Writers. Perhaps they could find some other field to do it in, like Speech Arts, Education, or any one of the other sillyologies.)

Actually, we are writers, booksellers, publishers, librarians, teachers-- all those whose livelihood-- and, indeed, the meaning of whose lives-- depends on the creation, making, and distribution of the printed word, and on its use for education-- using that word in its widest sense. Those of us who are writers really have only one big bone to pick with the publishers and booksellers, and with publishers especially: that they are too much like us. They are, I'm sorry to say, damned poor businessmen. Leaving the technical and textbook people out of it for the moment, the average New York publisher wouldn't survive for fifteen minutes in the real estate, the used car business, or in merchandizing bug-killers, bathtubs, or brassieres. Only too often, his establishment seems to be a sort of commercial Island of Dr. Moreau,



designed for the support of unfortunately experimental relatives who can't possibly be allowed out in public. Only too often, the travel and other expenses he allows for these people would send any sane cost accountant scuttling for a Trappist monastery. His ideas of advertising are only slightly advanced beyond Piers Plowman's. He believes in remaindering his books for five cents on the dollar instead of selling them at par, if, that is, they fail to go over in the first few months. (If you think this is practical, just imagine your local Cadillac agent remaindering his left-over last year's models for \$300.) Worst of all, though, is the very obvious fact that the average publisher doesn't believe that he's really a publisher. He thinks that he is James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Gertrude Stein, or even, in some particularly sticky cases, Oscar Wilde. In other words, he is really an artist and aesthete, he has to have practical businessmen to advise him. Therefore he often lets his commercial department run his editorial department, which no practical businessman in his right mind would think of doing.

One of the first functions of a writers' organization should be to force publishers to put their odd relatives out to grass, send their Bunthorns suits back to the costumers', and get down to being businessmen. This can probably be done by putting enough pressure on them to make luxuries of this sort impractical.

Where the mass entertainment media are concerned, "we" should reopen the question decided the wrong way back in 1926-- the question of commercial sponsorship of the airwaves. At that time, such authorities as the Secretary of Commerce, one Herbert Hoover, expressed the opinion that the American people would never tolerate advertising on the radio, and the present system of commercial sponsorship was only allowed with the very clear-- and, since then, completely perverted-- understanding that it would exercise a high degree of public responsibility and furnish a high percentage of public service programs. If you want a good measure of what radio has accomplished that is worthwhile go to the appropriate section in any great university library. You'll find a foot or two of books, mostly limping criticism, but with a very few volumes of arty radio plays by far-to-the-left-of-something writers experimenting clumsily with strange noises.

TV will make even this seem like the Elizabethan Age. In my humble opinion-- much as I hate to deplore the works of science-- TV is, in this age, an absolutely unmitigated evil. TV is not "just entertainment." The pertinent definition, in Webster's Unabridged, runs as follows: "That which engages the attention agreeably, amuses, or diverts, whether in private, as by conversation, etc., or in public, by performances; amusement." It is implicit in this definition that the attention be engaged, the person amused or diverted from something-- from the realities of his daily life, from work or pain or weariness or sorrow or simply boredom. That from which the person is diverted is reality; that which diverts, traditionally, for him at least is not. In most forms of entertainment, the difference has remained clear-- especially where the entertainment is make-believe. The mystery play, the Shakespearean drama, the Restoration comedy, and what you will-- all, even including soap opera on the radio, have demanded some imaginative effort by the audience. The theatre-goer must make the mental effort required to convert the narrow stage to the field of Agincourt, or Dunsinane, or the court of Lear. He must make the physical effort at least of going to the theatre (as must the movie-goer). The experience is occasional, perhaps once a month, or once or twice a week. But this is not true of television. The poor TVegetable has his screen right in his house. He watches it, if he is lucky, only an hour or two a day; if he is unlucky, as much as seven or eight hours. On an average, he and his family, as has been stated, have it on for about five hours and a half. It is not entertainment. It has become a major part-- the most agreeable and appealing part-- of his waking life. It is an intrinsic part of his reality. If we want perspective on it and on its probable influence, let us carry it back fifty years and ask ourselves whether it would be a salutary thing for children and adults alike to spend half or more of their waking leisure in a combination medicine show, ratty vaudeville, and cheap-John Grand Guignol. The answer, I believe, would be that it would not.

All that TV amounts to today is a surrender, by parents, of the right to exercise the determining influence on the mental and moral development of their children to the element perhaps worse qualified to exercise that influence-- the ad men. The argument that parents can still exercise this influence if they want to is, except in perhaps a very few exceptional cases, pure balderdash. If the advertising

STOPPING AT SUPERMARKET ON A RAINY EVENING

Where SPECIAL flimmers overhead,  
the carlot glistens neon red.  
Rain weeps on mammaries of chrome  
and bagful women sagging home.

My pushcart countrymen, within  
the Pavlov maze of paper, tin,  
and frost, no shadows anywhere  
exchange the rock&rolling air.

I buy a printed card to give  
my dying friend, a laxative,  
and magazines to read in bed.  
The nightmare blooms above my head.

-- Poul Anderson

"industry" were allowed to open a free whorehouse opposite every high school, it could be said that properly brought up boys either would refuse to enter its doors or would do so only when their parents said they could-- and the argument would be exactly as valid as the TV argument-- and parental influence would be just as almost-nonexistent.

I am not going to enter the old argument about cultural TV, and educational TV, and how more people saw the Barretts of Wimpole Street on TV than have ever seen it on the stage. We all know the percentage of good to bad and mediocre on TV today. But even if it were all good, free TV around the clock still would not be a good thing simply because the viewer does become pretty much a vegetable. He performs no creative function of the mind. All he does is absorb and react emotionally. And the garbage he generally absorbs is being manufactured by what will become, proportionately, a smaller and smaller group of "writers," especially as the centralized control of the networks becomes more complete and more absolute.

One of the first tasks of a writers' organization, it seems to me, would be to work either for subscription TV--which I personally believe would be the best form for the United States-- or for a major network of state and federally owned stations carrying good material. The advantages of pay TV would be, first, that it would end the entertainment handout once and for all. By doing so, it would give TV a much broader spectrum. For example, parents with IQ's over 82, who are alarmed by having little Johnny stuffed to the gills with sex-cum-sadism, could subscribe to something else, and the something else would be made available with the appearance of a paying market. And those of us who would watch TV once in a while if there was anything worth watching, and who will not tolerate the incessant, dreadful interruption by commercials, we too would have something worth buying. The advantage to writers would be obvious: it would multiply our markets, and our markets in this field would no longer be under the ad man's control.

What should a writer's organization be? It should, first of all, be a union-- just as the unions in the AFL-CIO are unions, just as the AMA is a union, just as the NAM is a union. In other words, it should exist to persuade or exact concessions from the people with whom we do business, and it should have some sort of weapon to do it with. The only practical weapon is the power to interrupt production. The only way a writers' organization can do that-- short of organizing everyone with a typewriter-- is to secure the support of such unions as the printers, teamsters, railroad groups, actors and stagehands, motion picture photographers, TV technicians, etc.-- in short, of organized people who, at some stage in the process, can affect a publisher's income.

I do not think that a writers' organization should, however, call itself a union. Authors Equity, for instance, would be a better term, and would capitalize on the long and successful use of the word by Actors Equity.

Nor should it attempt to impose a closed shop, except as the Dramatists' Guild imposed one. Anyone can sell a first play on Broadway, but only on Guild terms, and the play cannot be produced until the playwright joins the Guild. We need the ~~same~~ thing-- an arrangement which will not stifle talent, but which will protect us from cheap-labor competition.

A writers organization should have a coherent program aimed, not so much at fighting with publishers and producers as at securing their cooperation in our mutual interest. I have seen it stated reliably that the publishing industry in the United States-- all of it-- has half the volume of business of the dog-food industry. As there are 180,000,000 people in the country, and only 26,000,000 dogs, that does not say very much for our reading and buying habits. Surely there must be publishers who want to make money?

Let's try to suggest a possible long-term program:

1. Organizational.

- a. The formation of a professional group calling itself (perhaps) Authors Equity, having some of the characteristics of a union, and functionally affiliated with other professional and labor organizations concerned in the production, distribution, and further exploitation (through adaptation in other media) of books and magazines.
- b. The eventual formation of a large (and probably looser) organization including publishers, booksellers, magazines distributors, librarians, and at least certain teachers.

2. Legal.

- a. Revision of income tax laws, either setting up a special arrangement prorating "best sell" incomes over a period of five to ten years, or else allowing writers to claim capital gains on books.
- b. Securing legal recognition of the uniquely constructive and vital role played by books and by the publishing industry in the intellectual progress of the nation, and obtaining a revision of tax laws making book purchases tax deductible.
- c. Securing legal recognition of the necessity for a healthy book and magazine market, and therefore of protecting writers and publishers from commercially or governmentally subsidized give-away competition.
  1. Regulation of public and school libraries, requiring either a two or three year period (or longer period) when book newly published cannot be provided free, or instituting a payment of use-royalties by the library in question for such books.
  2. Ending commercial sponsorship of "free" radio and television, and instituting either government-owned networks, or else a subscription system.

3. Educational.

- a. Recognition of the fact that the hurried process of mass education has largely neglected the importance of the private library and that consequently millions of people literally don't know how to buy books, or what kind to buy, or how to enjoy them-- and the institution, in schools at all levels, of courses designed to remedy this lack. If necessary, public funds should be provided so that students from non-book-owing homes can do some book-buying.

That's all for the moment, Ted. Oh, one final word-- I don't think a science-fiction/fantasy union would have a prayer, except as part of a more comprehensive organization.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

Damon Knight passes along the following note from Bob Arthur.

"At the moment I am Story Consultant for Alfred Hitchcock Presents. We are looking for a greater amount of material than usual just now, and I am hoping to find some in the files of writers who may not have had a way to get it read up until now. If you know of any writers with material that might be suitable, pass the word along that I am definitely hunting for suitable stories, and that the twist ending is no longer a must for Hitchcock, if the story is strong otherwise. Writers may send tearsheets, carbons, or even originals to my home address below. Unpublished mss. will be read, if in short story form." Robert Arthur, 957 S. Menlo Ave., Los Angeles 6, Calif.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE SAYS:

It always astonishes me how many professional writers find so much time to hold forth at such length in amateur magazines, although I am quite glad that they do because I much enjoy reading the results. I am afraid that as soon as I became a professional I developed a kind of psychological block towards all unpaid writing and my correspondence rapidly dropped to zero. It's not merely (at least I don't think so) a question of meanness inspired by the feeling that every line of type runs to a quarter or maybe a lot more. It's more profound than that—a sort of feeling that anything not destined for wider publication is "an expense of spirit." Probably the dreadful example of H. P. Lovecraft has scared me. After a considerable interval writing non-fiction and my longest novel I am back in the science-fiction field again and have just sold a rather tough and technical story to VOGUE, to my considerable surprise. Incidentally I'll be interested in any comments anybody cares to make on the views I expressed in the July PLAYBOY about the impact of Astronautics upon Literature. I think this is a fascinating subject which has not been very much explored.

I note much discussion on the subject of Agents. For the record I've been with Scott Meredith, 5th Avenue, New York 36 for more than ten years now and have been quite happy there. However I realise that Agenting is a very personal matter and one man's agent may well be another man's poison.

This should hold you for a while. I may have more when I see some further issues. Meanwhile I'd like to send my Best Wishes to all old Milfordians and anyone else who remembers me in the days when I was an innocent non-commercial SF writer.

GROFF CONKLIN SAYS:

This is going to be short. Going through the tail-end agonies of getting settled after a massive move of 4 blocks in the Village and simultaneously trying to break myself in to an odd new job; and I'm exhausted. But there are three items in #136 that I want to answer. First, p. 16, paragraph 4. I am a professional appreciator of this teratoma we call science fiction; and I want to go on record that for my money A. J. Budrys (whom, if I have met, I have forgotten in the clash of events of the past 10 years) rates among the top six writers of science fiction of the post war generation. Maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration; make it writers of the latter half of the fifth decade. And the amazing thing is the speed with which the guy has matured. I hate to see him say he's off s.f., though I can't blame him, markets, rates, and audiences being what they are. He's one of the few pros of the really coming generation who thinks about, knows about (a little) and worries about the human condition. I want to be on the public record on this.

Point two, I have an odd reaction to E. E. Smith, which readers (if any still are living) of my Galaxy reviews may recall and that is that I think he improved with age. His later books were better written, more fun, slightly more tongue-in-cheek, and considerably more companionable (odd word to use in his connection, but that's the way I feel!) than his earlier, all-out, gee-whiz books. The gee-whiz remains, but dipped in a sauce piquante. (TRC: please supply the accent on piquant; I forget whether it's aigu or grave.)



Point three, I bow low to the Good Grey Dean. I keep forgetting that I am an Old Man, and the Wallace-Progressive Party thing is prehistoric stuff for many of the young blades. Ask me who ran the abortive Labor Party offshoot of CIO back in the last 30s, and the only thing I can remember is a formidable character named Gorman; all the rest is wiped out. So for Dean: If he's thirtyish, there's no reason whatsoever why he should remember the Progs. As for the Progs being agents and dupes, frankly, I never knew more than half a dozen or so of 'em, and they were all my pals, and if we were agents we weren't telling anybody (I wasn't, that I know), or if we were dupes, you can't prove it by me. All I know is the platform contained some extraordinarily important stuff for our times--along with some flapdoodle about coexistence--and that we was beat. But good. However, as for the right of a congressional committee to jail a bird for keeping his political opinions to himself--this, Dean, I stoutly deny. I think the constitutional lawyers (at least those to the left of Sire Troglodyte and his cohorts) will go along a careful reading of Zachariah Charee's FREE SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES, plus a lot of newer material on the right of FREE SILENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Just published (or soon) "13 GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION - the first Gold Medal s.f. anthology, I believe, in history. Not may best, although Dick Gehman's story is a classic and several others come close. (Advt.)

SIDNEY COLEMAN SAYS:

Most Fascinating If-History Nexus of the Year: (Does anyone still write these things?)

"Their present machinations against Saladin were rather less occult; King Amalric was in conference with an Assassin embassy, which came to propose an alliance and holding out strong hopes that the whole sect might go over to Christianity.

--Edith Simon: The Piebald Standard

AUGUST DERLETH SAID:

Yes, indeed, I do intend to get out an omnibus of Lovecraft's SELECTED LETTERS, but I don't honestly see how I can complete the task of reducing 500,000 already edited words to a publishable form and type the voluminous MS. before 1964--which will make it Arkham's 25th anniversary book.

I suppose what enrages so many science-fictioneers about Lovecraft is that he continues to be popular. Another thing that troubles these boys is that Lovecraft is that (like Ray Bradbury, whom they also attack) has style, something the average reader--and writer--of science-fiction lacks the capability of appreciating. Mr. Amis is an enthusiast for science-fiction--and Mr. Knight, like so many "critics" in the field, however limited--but Lovecraft himself would have recoiled at even being thought of as a writer of science-fiction; his tales of the macabre only occasionally skirt science-fiction and are never offered as science-fiction, and were not when he was alive, though he did publish once in Amazing Stories and twice in Astounding. Lovecraft has been attacked by writers of science-fiction whose bylines no longer appear, and Mr. Knight, like so many "critics" takes especial delight in attacking his betters. I am reminded of Samuel Johnson on critics--"Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense. . . he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic. . . Criticism is easy of access and forward of advance, who will meet the slow and encourage the timorous; the want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit with malignity."

Derleth on Lovecraft has been widely enough printed in various places. Nothing published in any science-fiction magazine can for effect challenge Lovecraft's horror-masterpiece, The Rats in the Walls--unless it be Lovecraft's own The Colour out of Space. Edmund Crispin said of Lovecraft -- "Lovecraft is admirable -- one of the best half-dozen fantasy-writers of the century." Punch called him "A minor master of cosmic horror with "a remarkable gift for the eerie." Daniel George wrote of his stories, "These tales make Poe seem like chamber music." And Jean Cocteau, "Lovecraft, qui est Americain, a invente un terrifi- and monde de l'espace-temps, son style gagne encore a la traduction in francais." And Charles Delasne,

SPECIAL NOTICE:

New Frontiers needs articles concerning themselves with sf. We will pay 0.6¢ a word for 1st N.A. magazine rights only upon acceptance or as soon thereafter as possible. For a four-issue sub send \$1.00 or for a sample copy send 30¢ to Norm Metcalf, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida.

"Lovecraft est pratiquement inclassable. Il est insolite." And Louis Pauwels, "Lovecraft est le poete qui a su donner a l'angoisse de l'homme moderne sa veritable, sa prodigieuse dimension." Seen in perspective, Mr. Amis and Mr. Knight are mere carpers.  
---Reprinted from The Shaw Society Newsletter, July 1960.

GORDON DICKSON SAID:

Re the novel form. I started a letter the other night in which I found myself saying that the hell of it is, until you've got the first novel published, you can't help thinking of a novel as being (work-wise) something like twelve to twenty short stories laid end to end; and the conception of the labor involved would be enough to give the strongest of men pause. Whereas, it isn't. The writing is twelve to twenty times as much --- but that's not important. Nobody boggles at the idea of doing, say, twelve to twenty rewrites of a short story if he's aiming say, at a slick or quality market and knows this much is necessary. What throws people is the feeling it's got twenty times the creative sweat in it. It hasn't. It's got something like three or four --- or just a little bit more than a novelet has; and everybody knows a fifteen thousand word novelet isn't three times as hard as three five thousand word short stories. And the novelet has to have a two-line structure too (if it's a real novelet) like a novel.

Now I'm aiming to start my for-the-love-of-it novel sometimes in December --- which is just as well. I won't be ready to start on it before then, anyway. The damn thing's got to precipitate out of solution in the back of my mind. In your shoes, I wouldn't touch a line of narrative, but spend the summer building the thing up in its nutritive. I might write biographies of characters, I might draw maps of the territory where it took place, I might --- in fact I would --- daydream bits of it as the characters came to life from being thought about so much. I'd have to look at places and things I remembered as raw material. I'd do the first job of falling in love with the book. ---Then next fall, I'd go back and kill myself writing it in my spare time.

Which, after all, is probably the ideal way of doing it. One thing I know after getting three of them into even soft covers, when the novel gets to kicking in its womb, you don't have any trouble writing it in first draft. It may need rewriting afterwards (as DORSAI! did, and didn't get) but I ran twenty-thirty pages a day on DORSAI there, through the latter half of the book -- and not because I was trying for any record, but simply because the damn thing came rolling out of me like that.

I'm about 1/3 of the way through an outline for a mystery novel Bob's pushed me into doing. The outline was supposed to run about ten pages (I thought --- no length was specified). I'm on page 16 now, and about a third of the way through the story. The background stuff has simply been growing to the point where I'm putting in too much detail. So --- I do my sixty or so pages, and later cut it down. AJ came in with a manuscript of a suspense novel he was working on to show some of the people at the session how he wrote (he does a running rewrite or several, so the earliest pages are being put in final draft, at the same time he is first-drafting about forty pages on) --- and he slung the thing all over the rec hall floor. His point being --- the manuscript is not the novel.

And how right he was. After I'd had time to think about it, I wondered I hadn't thought it out, out loud before. The manuscript is just the coded results of the computation that goes on in the the writer's head --- (encoded, I should have said) --- which are placed in this final form so that they can be published and understood by editor, publisher and reader. The real story takes place only once and that is in the land of solid imagination in the writer's head, where fictional notions become people as real as real people the writer has known, and incidents ditto, and story places, ditto.

Readers, come to think of it, get gypped. They only get to read they story. The guy who writes it, gets to live it. It's just as if you said to yourself --- grab a chunk of time. Say, two years, three years. This is one reason it takes time, come to think of it. Two years of important scenes imagined in detail takes a lot of hours of imagining. I run about 3 - 4 pages to a scene. That's make about 50 - 75 scenes in a novel. Luckily, they write themselves as the story develops in the back of the head. I go from situations to people and from people to scenes --- each one sparking of the next step. Slide a section of the living earth into it, for firmament. Introduce a double handful of the lightnings and stormclouds that are to live out their lives in this period of time: --- and then, between sky and earth, put in your people. Even if they're only names sewed on sticks at first. As the rain rains on them in the back of your head, and the earth shakes under them, they start to metamorphose, and put on flesh. They start to hurt and be happy; and pretty damn soon they've got you hooked into feeling for them. Hell, it's better than any short story -- you've got room to move around in. Characters in short stories are really just clever two-dimensional views of real people, who trick you into thinking they've got a third dimension just out of sight. But in a full length book you can get that third dimension right out in sight. They actually become real --- that's what I mean. The reader, no matter how good the writing, still has to take them on faith from the encoded message he deciphers. But the blinking writer actually knew them and lived with them.

Ah, well --- here I am, lecturing again. Let me toss my table-thumpings in the corner and say my old saw --- writing as you know full well, isn't done at the typewriter, anyway. It's done in the head and later taken to the typewriter for recording. Or, fence off a section of your mind and post it against an emotional and promiscuous hunting for results. Let it go back to swamp-grass and undisturbed forest. Make it a wild-thought refuge; and after a while the novel will come and nest and flourish there.

ALAIN DOREMIEUX SAYS:

Being greatly interested by the copies of PITFCS you sent me, I pray you to regard me as a permanent member of your organization.

I regret only one thing: we in France are too far from you folks in the States, and it is impossible to meet each other.

Unfortunately I cannot make a great use of your pages, because my English is rather poor. But I read it better.

PHIL FARMER SAYS:

I think we owe a vote of thanks and a gasp of admiration for the tremendous labor of love (and love of labor) to those responsible for putting out WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION. Too bad it didn't do much else but furnish interesting reading. If only a definite and logical answer could result.... On the whole, I thought that Bester's and Bloch's contributions were the most significant. Though the poor editors caught so much abuse, the publishers must bear the blame for the low word rates. However, maybe they wouldn't make any profit then, so who can blame them? And Bester was right when he said that everything changes, including science-fiction, and that writers must change with it or pass out or away. Strange, isn't it, that a field supposedly dedicated to the future, to mutation, has so many conservatives, die-hards, and fossils in it. Let's hope s-f evolves instead of becoming an extinct or scarce species.

Another thing. After reading WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION and then Bester's defense of Horace Gold in PITFCS--135, I shamefacedly came to the conclusion that too much kicking of Horace was done and not enough praise. Bester is right. I know from my own limited experience with Horace that he is a tremendously creative editor and generous to boot. And, after blowing my top in WKSF, and feeling better, I began to think that I had blamed Horace for too much. After all, Astounding had its Dark Ages and its Golden Age, too, and that Galaxy could enter another. Though pessimistic for a while after reading WKSF, I have regained my innate optimism. As Eric Frank Russell said, s-f has met a lot of ups and downs.

Mim O'Connell has some very pertinent and thought-provoking things to say, especially about the lack of scientific knowledge and novel ideas on the part of the average s-f author. I'm all for stories which are not based on contemporary moral and social attitudes. But the average s-f reader doesn't really want disturbing or thought-provoking stories; he wants entertainment. The average and even superior editor knows this, and he prefers to entertain the reader. Bob Mill is an exception, but even he is taking a poll of his readers to determine if they wish controversial stories. If the majority says no, then it's Good-bye to s-f magazines for me, both as a reader and writer. I can continue to write innocuous stories, and probably will now and then because I need the money, but my heart won't be in it.

As for Campbell's story about the possibility of slavery being good for certain types, I don't reject the possibility. But he and Gold reject controversial stories based on sex because they found them personally disgusting and disturbing. I refer specifically to Open To Me, My Sister, though there were others which preceded this. For some reason, they (Campbell especially) display an ultrareactionary attitude when it comes to buying stories of extrapolative sex. Gold seems to have a different attitude about his pocketbook stories; perhaps magazines are more vulnerable to censorship than PB's. I don't know. But I do know that Campbell, while he loves to push psi and societies based on talent rather than democracy, rejects any story which contains a society based on different sex mores. Oh, yes, I know some of his stories have mentioned, in passing, non-Terrestrial societies with alien sex mores, but these were never outlined in detail, nor were the Earth characters involved intimately with these.

If one wrote a story based on O'Connell's idea that a man ending up wired to a machine might have come to a good end, where would he sell it? If one wrote a story suggesting that rigid segregation of races, or classes, or professions, or religions might have a sound scientific basis, where would he sell it? And if it did sell, the author would see its thesis perverted, taken out of context, used by blind ignorant and prejudiced persons for their own loathsome ends. Look what Hitler did with Nietzsche. What if one wrote a story in which the American Medical Association was proved to be a conspiracy and monopoly and suggesting wholesale imprisonment and hanging of those responsible? What if one wrote a story suggesting that we have so many homosexuals and rapists because children are not allowed to experiment freely with each other? What if a story agreed with the thesis that happiness is the big thing in life, that a static society is the best means for ensuring happiness, that individuals who early in life show signs of resisting conditioning and of original thinking or rebellious temperaments be done away because it will be for the good of the majority? I don't mean a story which says that this would be a bad society but one which we should really have. Our protagonist, the stereotyped rebel against society, is shown to be a genuine villain. What about a society in which it is shown that those religions which reject scientific data because it contradicts their cosmologies should be outlawed because they pervert the minds of people? This would include Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and Communism, and, of course Mormonism. The author would show in graphic detail exactly how the perversion of infant minds took place, how the religions were outlawed, what form of conditioning replaced the old religious conditioning, what type of religion was created or synthesized to satisfy man's basic religious impulse (if he has one), and how much happier every one is in this new society. Plus a suggestion of new problems arising.

I don't say I believe in any or all of the above suggestions. But if a man tries to think of something counter to present-day morality and mores, comes up with something that might be personally repugnant to him, but wrote a story about it anyway, where would he sell it? He might sell a story based on the segregation of natural classes of people to Campbell, but Campbell wouldn't allow the author to go all out on the thesis, to fully develop it. The author would have to conform to Campbell's ideas about that, and new sexual mores couldn't be brought in if they were discussed in detail.

JIM HARMON SAYS:

It's a real kick in the head for a little small-town writer like me to see comments on my letters from Isaac Asimov, Jim Blish, A. J. Budrys. You know, it makes me feel like a real writer, one of the boys, you know. Geewilikers!

Mr. Budrys certainly takes the proper attitude with me. I'm just a bitter amateur



who thinks selling is all a matter of "pull". I can't face up to the fact that Harlan Ellison sells more stories than I do (or I did, let us say) merely because he is a better writer, not because he is a promoter who lived in cities that were publishing centers and knew the editors personally. Quality of content is certainly the sole criteria on which editors buy.

I am being ironic here, in case anybody doubts it.

I don't think I am a bitter frustrated amateur. Credentials on request. The bitter amateurs do have a point, I think. As they suspect, editors buy mostly from people they know. Of course, if an amateur wants to sweat long enough to become a pro, and he has the stuff, the editor may get to know him. I don't know that I'm knocking the system, but it is pretty unrealistic or hypocritical to deny that it exists. I sell -- because I have a damned good agent named Forry Ackerman in Hollywood (which is a far more active magazine and book market than most people realize) and a few friends like Tom Scortia who occasionally steer editors to me on a subject he knows I know, and few editors like Horace Gold who does often buy on content alone.

It isn't impossible to sell a novel without being among the little cliché of New York writers -- I've done it -- but it helps. It helps.

As for Mr. Budrys' selling his six books and one that got away (I edited two magazines that got away, too, Mr. B.), I'm sure he never deliberately tried to sell them "by writing the very worst (he) could". I'm sure his intentions were always of the best, but this intentions or even his results were not involved in my original observations, and I won't go into them at this time, and prejudicial place.

I must continue to say that I feel New York editors are more favorably inclined towards writers who happen to live in New York. This was borne out by my meeting Campbell and Santesson at Detroit. I must say, they treated me absolutely like dirt. I have never before been treated with such utter rejection by an adult civilian in my life. Almost any businessman you meet will try to be polite and civil; it may be insincere but I find it more comfortable. Santesson, at one time, in a crowded place, LITERALLY shoved me out of his way by pushing his open hand into my face. (And only his advanced age kept him from literally getting his arm broke.) I don't know how many writers get treated like this by editors, but it seems enough to make even peasants revolt.

I was interested in Poul Anderson's remarks on Heinlein's and Campbell's "unpopular" views. I'm glad somebody finally mentioned Campbell. He has been running pieces "advocating" Totalitarianism for years before Heinlein wrote STARSHIP SOLDIER. In fact, Heinlein probably learned his ideas from Campbell. Everybody has been fearlessly knocking Heinlein, but how many stories does he buy from us? I resented the same elements in STARSHIP SOLDIER (which Redd Boggs advises us to say three times, fast) in ASF by other writers at Campbell's instruction long ago (long before I resented Campbell in Detroit). I don't think this dislike is a sign that I want to repress freedom of speech or expression. It seems Anderson is advocating that in denying us the right to disagree with him, or Campbell, or Heinlein. Disagreement is not suppression, Mr. Anderson. The free society is not the free from contest. Campbell or Heinlein can say whatever they damned well please, but I don't have to like it! And I don't feel that it is evil for me not to buy a book I don't like, and to unrecommend it to anybody who will listen. I did my bit in the good cause by doing my damnest to keep the public library here from buying the book, or at least putting it on the juvenile side of the house. I failed miserably. I was not on the PTA, and another blow against censorship was struck.

Maybe the public library bit was a mistake. I'm not infallible.

Mr. Anderson's theory that no one should object to any projected theory at all, is flawed by one point. The originator of an theory -- Heinlein or Campbell, in this instance -- is not an intellectual neuter, an egghead goose-egg, as it were. HE HAS BELIEFS OF HIS OWN THAT WILL COLOR ALL HIS HYPOTHETICAL PROPOSITIONS. If Heinlein is pretending in STARSHIP SOLDIER, he is pretending too well -- I believe he believes that. If he is only planning a purely intellectual game, how come he ain't never written a book on how The Meek Shall Inherit the Earth, or Communism in the Only Way of Life, or the Only Worthwhile Thing in Life is Sexual Pleasure.

Why does Heinlein -- and Campbell -- keep playing the same game? The one about the advantages and logic of an autocratic system, of the worthiness and necessity of organized violence? Why the same game?

Of course we know Heinlein is above putting personal propaganda into his books. He thinks we should keep exploding H-bombs, because their radiation is good for us. And in S. S., he had a planet that is degenerate because its people haven't had the benefit of radiation their genes. Why doesn't he in his purely intellectual game flip the coin and do a Thunder and Roses story sometime? (A better question is why if he approves of radiation for the rest of us, Heinlein has his own famous futuristic home shielded and air-filtered against radiation?)

I don't know. Poul Anderson may be playing games. But I think Heinlein and Campbell are deadly serious.

FRITZ LEIBER SAYS:

Since Milford '58 I've realized (and often come back to the thought) that I seem to differ from you in thinking there's only rather a small gap between good s-f and fantasy on the one hand and good mainstream writing on the other. My current slant is that it's mostly a matter of blockages rather than deficiencies -- that the s-f and fantasy writer has great compunctions about talking about himself and especially about real people he knows; he carries it so far, I'd say, that he thinks that if writes about his best friend or worst enemy, it will surely be recognized by all... unless he disguises him as (at the very least) a van Vogtian monster from Arcturus or an angel of the Lord -- a rainbow-winged throne or power. (Maybe it ties in with the paranoia business -- the notion that you can't employ too perfect cover-personalities for the people you write about. Could be.)

Your letter started my trying to put some thoughts into words, and then it began getting a little bigger and I got the desire to say it all to the Milford Conference or at least to some of the people there, so I sent it on to Judy. Here's the carbon and of course you're welcome to use it in PITFCS, though it's a bit unwieldy and, with your writing plans for this summer, you probably shouldn't be fussing with PITFCS anyway.

Just now, after finishing writing STROLLING ON THE BANKS OF THE MAINSTREAM (how about UP A CREEK OFF THE MAINSTREAM for a title?--of something else), I reread your letter, and (since writing an article always makes me feel like an expert for two or three days) I can't resist pontificating a bit.

Instead of straight off trundling them around the stage, you go to live with, indentify with, and mull over those strange little puppets for a while, until they start to motivate themselves (meaning until your memories of similar people start to motivate them).

Maybe a novel has to make a positive statement, but you as a writer can't be sure of what statement it's going to make or make it in advance. S-F and fantasy stories are often parable neatly illustrating one of the author's convictions. I don't think a serious novel can do it that way -- unless, say, it is deliberately modeled on a medieval morality or something like that.

Either the positive statement is something that can be put into words or it is not. If it can be put into words, why not write an essay rather than a novel? If it can't be put into words (and I think it can't), then you can't formulate it in advance, you'll only know about it after the novel's finished.

There's an interesting parallel between the "assumption of universal order of a legalistic and mechanical kind" you make in your past stories and what I have to say about the time-travel story in which changing one tiny detail changes the cosmos. Maybe many of us fantasy-s-f writers are bothered by what I call "hopelessly logical, compulsively deductive thinking" and we shy away from realistic writing because you've got to be more empirical when you write realistically. This sounds like a matter for fruitful inquiry -- maybe Milford will turn up some more thinking on the theme, carry it further.

## Strolling on the Banks of the Mainstream

by Fritz Leiber

As far back as I can remember, my thinking about writing has been trannized over by a sort of dialectical alternative: either I should write far out fantasy, changing or breaking the laws of nature, or I should write about real people, changing not one detail, not even a name. I realized that the latter process wouldn't result in fiction but in autobiography, reporting and such (which I didn't want to write), but that didn't make the alternative loom any less large in my mind and especially in my feelings.

It seemed to me that the successful writers of more or less realistic fiction pulled off a very subtle stunt in **altering reality enough to avoid libel and** embarrassment without changing the whole world. They somehow walked the difficult tightrope between autobiographical confession and all-out fantasy. They had--illegitimately, I sometimes suspected--solved a problem that had me stymied.

To borrow a figure from science fiction, the realistic writers--the writers of mainstream or serious or just current-scene stuff--~~were~~<sup>were</sup> adepts in creating alternate time streams that didn't depart too much. Instead of, "Let's imagine an avian culture on the third planet of Tau Ceti," they were able to say to themselves, "Let's imagine a middlebrow family in Cleveland, Ohio;" instead of, "Let's project the 25th Century," "Let's project June through November, 1947." They deftly mixed historical and invented characters. They had the trick of writing about people they knew or at least the life they knew and still making it fiction. Sometimes, as far as I could make out, they simply changed the names of friends and acquaintances and were able to write about them that way without embarrassment (one told me he changed the names only after doing the writing). Sometimes they arbitrarily changed details of physical appearance and personal history. Sometimes they amalgamated the traits of several real people into one composite yet plausible character, or by other feats of literary legerdemain created average, extreme and maverick types of humanity.

Incidentally, it was right here that I suspected the realistic writers were doing their cheating. How can you make a thin man fat without changing his whole psychology and everything else? Ditto for having him live in Chicago rather than New York, Denver rather than Des Moines. My God, what you do to a man when you give him a mustache or a stammer, make him play chess or hate cats, take away his children or give him three, or change his name for Goldberg to O'Brien! For that matter even changing his name from Leiber to Kruger involves introducing a potential identification with Oom Paul, probable North German rather than Bavarian antecedents, German-language puns involving pitchers rather than rather bodies, rhymes with Luger rather than scribe, and who knows how much else?

Much better, I sometimes used to tell myself, write all-out fantasy or s-f, frankly changing the whole works, than do the miserable, finicky, fakey, patchwork jobs that were the specialty of those counterfeiters, those carpenters of bogus antiques, those manufacturerers of Jenny Martins known as realistic writers!

I go into detail about this because I think it's a good example of the sort of perfectionist, hopelessly logical, compulsively deductive thinking that once dominated my mind a little more than it does now and that was partly responsible for the all-or-nothing alternative I made out of fantasy-versus-biography. I did that thinking in the same frame of reference that governs those time-travel functions in which changing one tiny detail in the distant past alters the entire cosmos unrecognizably. Or the frame of reference that seems to govern the thinking of those almost psychotically just people who feel that if we are ignorant of a man's thoughts and actions during only ten seconds of his life, we (though knowing the other seventy odd years in complete detail) misjudge him completely. I fictionally corrected my point of view in the Astounding story "Try and Change the Past!" and I seek to correct it non-fictionally here. But all I can say is, "It ain't so, folks." Reality reduced to chaos by some trifling alteration is one of those ultra-remote possibilities that must be largely ignored for the

sake of sanity, like the expectation of being knocked off your feet by unbalanced Brownian Movements of air molecules. There's something downright silly about worrying if a man mightn't be changed from a writer into a soldier by giving him a name that rhymes with a gun (Luger) rather than a writing tool (scribe); after all, scribe is also an engraving tool, so why isn't he a counterfeiter? Enough now of that finicky perfectionism! And yet. . . it is one of the most important inhibitions or blocks that keeps a writer from attempting or achieving realistic fiction. So. . . I'm afraid I must try to analyze a bit further.

Whether we write about here and now, or five hundred years and light-years from here and now, we must create out of what we know. If I mutilate a man I know by giving him a mustache, what do I do by giving him seven green tentacles? (Yet what can my monsters and ET's<sup>SE</sup> do but mutilations of folks I know, including myself?) If I mutilate the world I know by introducing into Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, a non-existent girl named Monica Davis, what do I do to it by running it through a cloud of cosmic dust that shuts off the sunlight, or subjecting it to a hierarchy of advertising executives, or enslaving it to a Martian dictator who is really a robot in disguise (and who in turn is the author's last employer but one in admittedly rather spectacular disguise). Whether I write s-f or realism, I must make changes in the world and I must allow for those changes. The realistic writer must figure out such things as how his friend Joe would behave if he had a mustache. The s-f writer must figure out how his friend Joe would behave if Joe opened his door to a loud knocking and a metal robot pointed its pincers at him and grated, "Work detail. Cutting down telephone poles. Report to A7 in the alley"--or even how Joe would behave if Joe were that robot!

Fantasy, s-f or realism, we all create imaginary worlds, we all alter reality and must imaginatively explore the consequences of those alterations if our product is to be plausible. The fantasy or s-f writer makes striking, large-scale alterations and thereby, incidentally, creates for himself the stimulating, largely pleasant, but in a way almost kindergarten job of deducing the results of a large-scale change. For instance, suppose the oxygen content of the air begins to diminish steadily: there is a rise in heart deaths, aqualung outfits jump in price, people show symptoms of anoxia, stores of bottled oxygen are seized by the government, the gas is bootlegged at fantastic prices, supplies of gunpowder and other explosives are fought for the sake of the oxygen they contain, there is a rumor that Martians (who live on nitrogen alone--probably they are leguminous) are taking over the world, hydroelectric stations are adapted to the job of splitting water into its constituent gases, etc., etc., etc. Such a job can be fun, lets a writer demonstrate the breadth of his knowledge, and permits the achievement of a sort of perfection on the sole bases of high intelligence and painstaking research--the author can defend his creative deductions by logical argument and reference to authorities. (The relative orderliness and security of this aspect of the s-f writer's world can be one of the most important ties binding him to it and making him feel uncomfortable in the creative realms of realism. Also the s-f writer knows that the excellence of his work is tied up with his mastery or shrewd gleaning of the sciences and other specialized branches of knowledge--another point increasing his feelings of security so long as he sticks to his field. This is true also for the writers of historical and detective novels, the latter having become, ever since Dorothy Sayer's The Nine Tailors and even before, the last refuge of the amateur scholar who craves publications.)

If the writer's alterations of reality dive down to the metaphysical level, in other words if they are so sweeping as to make for fantasy rather than s-f, then he has the emboldening knowledge that he is in a realm completely his own: no one can criticize him, not even experts, except on the basis of internal consistency--and making a fantasy self-consistent is creative work: at much the same level as devising a new geometry--exacting, but limited and one where it is possible to achieve a real sort of perfection



on the sole basis of high intelligence and diligence. The fantasy writer's defensive cocoon amounts to this: "You can't criticize the rules of my world, because I created them; all you can try to do is prove that those rules are consistent with each other or that I violated them at some point. Okay, wise guy, go ahead!" (Consider, for extreme contrast, the feelings of the writer of realism, when critics make such comments as, "Look, I know Cleveland--this isn't Cleveland," or "She doesn't understand how it feels to be poor," or "You can tell he was never in the Army himself" or "He obviously has a very sketchy acquaintance with feminine psychology," or simply, "People never talked that way on land or sea." Of course writers of fantasy and s-f can be criticized at the realistic level too, but it's only part of their writing; good vigorous fantasy and s-f have again and again succeeded in spite of wooden characterization and hackneyed dialogue. However, it must be noted that in altering the people he knows to fit them into his story, the s-f writer can make exactly the same sort of mistakes as the realist writer; in figuring out how his fleshly friend would behave if he were a metal robot, he is in just as much danger of falsifying human psychology and being untrue to reality as the realist writer is when he simply makes his fat friend thin; here being a fantasy-s-f writer is no real safeguard--except you're more often saved by a clever plot.)

To repeat, the fantasy or s-f writer makes striking, large-scale alterations of reality. The realistic writer, on the other hand, makes unobvious, small-scale alterations of reality. Often they are such trifling alterations that they are never recognized as such. (This is one of the circumstances tending to mask the essential similarity of the tasks of the realistic and s-f writer.) How can the reader know that the mustached Jim in the story is really the writer's clean-shaven friend Joe with a tiny addition? Moreover, figuring out how Joe's behavior would change if he had a mustache is a pretty piddling picayune problem, even more kindergarten in its way than the s-f writer's deductions from story premises. You can seldom invoke great mental disciplines, powerful sciences and technologies, to solve the mustache problem--not and keep your sense of humor. You rather must work by rule of thumb, be empirical, follow hunches, remember little points of bearing from your own day-to-day experience, and otherwise capitalize on your stores of workaday knowledge. Really this is a grubby, kitcheny kind of work and one can understand why s-f and fantasy writers tend to shun it; it's much more elevating to stay in the parlor or the library and do thinking that directly involves engineering, technology, science, philosophy, aesthetics, ethics, and religion. Also there's a certain unwillingness to admit that such humble work is basic to the exalted discipline of "mainstream writing;" it makes a person want to say, "Is that all? Surely you're hiding something?" No wonder I felt the realistic writers were cheating somewhere!

I have been trying thus far to establish a basic similarity between the tasks of the fantasy-s-f and realistic writer. Both must live long enough with their story elements (characters, backgrounds, situations) to make sure that they're real enough to be handled vividly, sympathetically, and confidently in a story. This may take a longer or shorter period according to how hot one's mind is and how fast one's unconscious operates, but whether it takes an hour or a year it has to be done. Once again, it is more exciting, more of an immediate challenge to the imagination, to mull over a completely altered world or the operations of a stupendous power, than it is to project oneself into the people one knows, rendered unfamiliar only by generally small and often merely arbitrary alterations of name, physique, situation and background. Good realistic writing depends considerably on the writer being an actor (in the inner "Stanislovsky" sense of the word) and on living with imaginary but largely familiar people until they become very real to him. Maybe some writers never tackle realism because they can never believe that that's all there is to it. They forever seek some mainstream yoga that isn't there. And maybe some fantasy-s-f writers simply dislike living intimately with the same characters long enough to make them real; maybe they find this assignment too mundane or even suffocating; maybe they're fickle flitters who love to jump from one field of knowledge to another, baffling pursuit, and who hate to live for long with any single imaginary character, unless perhaps he's a superman.

But what are the other things that bug fantasy-s-f writers when they face realism and the mainstream? I think I know one name for the biggest answer in my own case: embarrassment. I was ashamed to write about myself, my family, my friends, and other folks known to me. It seemed to me a perilous and shoddy form of exhibitionism. And wouldn't it be libelous? Wouldn't some of the people recognize themselves in the slightly altered portraits and get angry or, worse, tolerantly contemptuous? Most of all, probably, I was afraid of showing how little I really knew about people and about the world in the sense of "real life"--jobs, money, sex, fighting, the police, the law, business. So I began to write supernatural horror stories, in which the disguising of the reality I knew was so extreme that I didn't myself consciously realize until much later that I was disguising things--but that's a story I'll table for a moment.

The point I want to emphasize now is that I refused to recognize that the realist writer was writing about the reality he personally knew, disguising in by disillusionly simple, even garden-variety means.

As I understand it, a realist writer can take one of the courses when he begins to produce. He can simply write about the reality he knows, changing little more than the names of people and the exact addresses of buildings. I gather that this was the method followed by Thomas Wolfe and many others including August Strindberg when he did his novels The Red Room, Black Flags, and The Confessions of an Idiot. It's a method especially suited to vignette-like stories about unimportant people (scenes the narrator witnesses in a railway station, schoolyard, restaurant, boarding house, etc.) and helps account for the very large number of such short stories that are produced.

Or the realist writer can start imitatively writing the standard mainstream novel of his day, whatever that may be, and gradually begin hanging on the stock mainstream characters the mannerisms and traits and problems of the people he knows. (There is always a standard mainstream novel of the day, or several variously popular models--the ups and downs of an innocent girl pursued by a sinister nobleman, the shuffle of a high-spirited juvenile delinquent towards his doom, the disillusioning of an idealistic young intellectual by big business, Hollywood, Communism, or what have you, the discovery of self and especially self's more bizarre quirks, such as homosexuality. . . there, that's enough examples. There are too the standard subspecies of fiction, such as the detective story and the historical novel, which also provide reassuring patterns for the writer to follow.)

Whether the realistic writer begins as a name-changer or a pattern-follower, he will (though not always) grow more skillful and resourceful in making small-scale changes in the reality he knows, subtly blending parts of several real people into one, letting his subconscious do more of the work, automatically making dozens of compensating alterations for each major one, imagining some friend actually adopting a career that he might well have adopted and almost did, and so on--until (if he's good at it) the results come close to convincing the neophyte that the author is getting his characters from somewhere else than the reality he knows and that there is a mainstream yoga.

But the important practical point is that the person who wants to write realistic fiction mustn't be fooled this way. He must convince himself that the realistic writer does write about real people (more or less mutated) and does at times arouse irritation and resentment (but exhibitionistic self-satisfaction too!) in these people. He must get firmly in mind that the realistic writer is a small-scale reality-changer and decide to do the same thing himself. He must face down his embarrassment and take the plunge. He must firmly pin a mustache on his friend Joe-Jim and say "That's that!" If he does this and has faith and goes ahead, he will find the world of Cleveland, Ohio, becoming as real (or at least almost as real) as the world of Tau Ceti Three. This may sound incredible to some, but it's true. If you live long enough with imaginary real people (folks you know disguised more or less) they get to be just as weird and wonderful as demons, and their antics just as amazing and art-provoking as that of time-machinery.

I'm convinced of this last because I've traveled part of the course myself. I started by writing supernatural horror stories. There the disguising of personal reality was as extreme as the shyest neophyte could desire: the chief character (the monsters, I think) were all nose putty (don't mean this as an insult). Yet (such is the remorseless way the subconscious operates) those stories mirrored my secret preoccupation very well: today I am amazed at the impudent, gargantuan symbolizations of the sex act in the first two stories I ever sold ("The Automatic Pistol" and "Two Sought Adventure")-- if I'd have known then what I was doing I could never have done it. At the time I felt that only a violation of the laws of nature, an intrusion of the supernatural into reality, was sufficiently animulating to get me going creatively. Ignoring the sexual symbolisms that even these abstract words suggest, I'd say that what I meant by the above was that I was too embarrassed to think creatively and playfully about the reality I knew unless it were disguised as heavily as possible. At any rate, I couldn't make imaginary real people move around in my mind except by goosing them with the electricity of supernatural fear.

Next I got into science-fiction, following the same general course traveled before or since by Donald Wandrei, Henry Kuttner, Robert Block, and others--a course that I believe was chiefly pioneered in our times by Howard Lovecraft. With probably more than conscious shrewdness, I made the transition by way of the novel Gather, Darkness! which had the trappings of a witchcraft, a witchhunt, and a supernatural war, but the explanatory framework of an s-f story. Writing s-f, the disguising of the reality I knew had grown a little thinner, but only a little. I was still violating the laws of reality, if not those of nature, by leaping into an unknown future and by positing all sorts of amazing inventions and sweeping changes in the circumstances of life. My monsters were no longer strictly supernatural, but they were the next thing to it--tentacled and otherwise embellished ITs. Now the imaginary real people in my mind would start to act on their own if I moved them far enough away in space and time and if, rather like a laboratory scientist, I flashed lights, rang bells, blew air at them, and almost as if they were a cageful of rats subjected them to other startling changes in their immediate surroundings.

The next transitions are only sketchily illustrated by any of my stories published to date, so you'll have to take my word for them. I'll be brief. First there began to appear, among the supernatural stories I continued to produce, a few that were only seemingly supernatural and in which the final explanation, not always emphasized yet clearly there, was that the protagonist was going crazy or at least suffering extreme subjective aberration. (These stories belong to the same general category as H. G. Wells's memorable tales of monomania--the story of a man haunted by a moth and the one about another man haunted by a decapitated head.) Next I started to produce some crime stories.

The disguises were getting a little thinner. Now just the words "murder" and "insanity" were enough to make the imaginary real people jump around.

Most recently I've been turning out a few tales of people on the borderline between sanity and psychosis--people under the influence of drugs, people doing quite strange things yet aware that they are doing them, people of drab exterior but weirdly colored minds. Now it seems to be simply the amazingness of interior life itself, the unpredictable life of the mind, that gets these real imaginary people going.

I was led to search out sexual symbolisms in my early stories by Robert Bloch's account of his discovery of an analogous symbolism in his own earlier stories, which chiefly revolved around and underground treasure guarded by a monster. His stories also illustrate, as he has pointed out to me, the transition (with progressively lessening disguise of personal materials) from supernatural monsters to s-f monsters to human monsters (homicidal maniacs and various other criminal psychopaths) and eventually presumably to "real people".

I don't suggest that this sequence of themes is an inevitable or even very frequent one in the development of a writer. For one thing, it's obviously related to changing styles in magazine fiction, in particular the decline of Weird Tales and the rise of the science-fiction magazines. But I imagine that many or even most writers go through a period of development in which they heavily disguise their personal experience with the costumes and scenery of the stock characters and stock plot of some standard form of mainstream or specialized fiction.

I'd like to add a few words about mainstream fiction as it really is and mainstream fiction as it's apt to appear to the fantasy s-f writer who is warily, dubiously, and often too reverently approaching it.

(1) The bare subject matter of mainstream fiction is generally trivial, the sort of thing that would get only a squib in the newspapers or no notice at all (except for the special cases where murder and sexual crimes are involved). In comparison, s-f is largely about headline stuff, Second-Coming-type-size.

#### INTERSTELLAR WAR DECLARED!

This point of the triviality of the subject matter of mainstream fiction (and the closely related denigratory point that it has no yoga) cannot be overemphasized, in my estimation. The bare bones of most realistic stories are vastly dull compared to the witty plot of the average science-fiction story or fantasy. But in neither kind of story (realistic or fantasy-s-f) does the plot carry the most important message or kick. Those come from the insights about life and the sudden vivid descriptions of interior and outward living that the author generally introduces in the heat of writing. Admittedly the realistic writer, manipulating more commonplace or trivial materials (meaning materials that are more widely and deeply known) has a better chance of achieving profound and moving effects than the fantasy-s-f writer, wittily manipulating materials less well known.

(2) Much mainstream fiction, especially today, is apt to be highly sensational. (You see, we at once get to the "special cases" mentioned above, for I'm thinking of Lolita and such.) The fantasy-s-f and even the crime writer may approach the mainstream with the thought that now he'll have to be more sensible, sober and dignified, only to discover that he's expected to be more sensational than ever--more sensational, perhaps, than he ever intended to be or wanted to be. Sometimes he refuses this rather cheap challenge, with the odd result that he, a writer with a reputation for being highly sensational in his specialized field, turns out a mainstream product far properer and more restrained than the average. Compare, for instance, Fred Brown's The Office with Norman Mainler's The Deer Park; or Sprague de Camp's An Elephant for Aristotle with Mika Waltari's The Egyptian.

(3) Mainstream fiction "argues" for ideals dear to the author by simple affirmation, the good example set by sympathetic characters, or by other fairly obvious forms of author-bias. While the s-f tale can often be shaped as one elaborate science-butressed argument for the author's point of view. A mainstream writer can generally only destroy a couple of wrongheaded individuals to show that he and the universe disapprove of them. An s-f writer can "logically" destroy whole wrongheaded cultures. S-f and fantasy stories can often be more impressive allegories of truth than mainstream fiction.

(4) To reiterate what has been my main point all along, the mainstream writer is not such a big pumpkin but a small-scale reality-changer, telling about the life he knows, and the life he infers in others, with a minimum of disguise.

THE END

#### FOLKE-RHYME OF THE HACQUERIE

Fatte prospects, chekkes leane,  
Maketh wryteres soure and meane.

--Gordon Dickson



BOB LEMAN SAYS:

PITFCS #136 has arrived, for which many thanks. I enjoy the hell out of these things. If I'm not being presumptuous in making the tender, I'd like to contribute the enclosed buck to the Institute in the interest of continuing the publications. Even if I weren't on your mailing list, I'd be all in favor of the enterprise: it may very well spark a renaissance amongst the SF writers, and that's a consummation I most devoutly wish. We fans have fallen upon hard times, you know: with the shortage of magazines, even run-of-the-mill stories are in short supply, and a good one is a rara avis indeed. If you folks can needle each other enough, and if you can kick around enough ideas to bestir some of the brethren to scramble out of their damned ruts, why then PITFCS will have performed a noble function indeed. There are plenty of people who are feeling a very real concern about what's happening to science fiction, and their consensus is clearly that we're being given too many stale ideas and too many perfunctory writing jobs. I know that several editors have brushed active fandom aside as being numerically too exiguous to be permitted to have its opinions weighed when the policy of a magazine is being decided; but I rather think that the active fans are nothing more than the articulate minority among the--what? hundred thousand or so?--science fiction readers in the Republic, and that their ideas reflect what all the readers feel, even though the majority will not, or can not, put its feelings into words. And I think that a writer who makes his living, or a part of his living, by writing science fiction ought, as a practical idea at that, if he's submitting stories to an editor who's riding some private hobbyhorse so hard he's blind to what his readers really want. (Block that metaphor!) matter, to lend his ear occasionally to what the fans are saying. On second thought, that might not be such a practical--  
Let me conclude with a quotation from Damon Knight: "My God, I do love PITFCS."

JUDITH MERRIL SAYS:

The new-look PITFCS came today, and caused me to dig out the several heated letter starts dated 1/29--when #133 arrived. Well, now I get to answer the answerers while answering. . .

First, though, come burbles, inasmuch as those hot starts cooled their heels all this time due to (mostly) professional busy-ness, rather than my usual homestyle procrastination.

Pleased and proud, leave me announce to the multitudes assembled that (as of this week), Simon and Schuster has become the original publisher of the "SF" annual, with Dell continuing as a reprint. Editions will be out in October and January respectively. New title: THE YEAR'S BEST SF. \$3.95 and 50¢, as of present planning; enlarged to 320pp; and forthrightly covering the whole range of speculative and imaginative writing, including verse and essay as well as satire, short story, etc. (This year's book does not yet take full advantage of the New Freedom.)

And while I'm on the subject--may I ask PITFCS readers to help me with this? Every year, it get harder to keep track of all the (most broadly) SF being published in all sorts and kinds of unexpected places. If you (or you, or even YOU) come across something fantastic, farcical, extrapolative, or even sciencefictional, in your casual perusal of Arizona Highways or the Oshkosk Journal or Sir or The SEP or anything else, and have any cause to believe it to be of even slightly-above-average quality-- a postcard with mag or book title and pub. date will enable me to check on it. But any- more it's almost impossible to try to cover the field without outreaders.

(I do get and read all issues of the specialty publications. No need to waste time or effort on these.)

Tell you what: I hereby undertake to mail back two (count em--2--) p-cards, absolutely unused, in a plain wrapper, for every one I get with a Hot Tip on it. All it costs you is one-thousandth, perhaps, of the life of your ballpoint pen. . .

And while I'm still at it:-- all you authors out there who have been patiently or otherwise waiting for your copies (~~hardcover~~) of SF:58 and/or SF:59-- the copies are comin'. A daring night raid on the Long Island fortress of Gnome Press netted a box-ful of books which are now sitting in the offices of Western Printing and Litho, waiting for me to finish permission forms on the new book and have time to type mailing

labels. My sincere apologies to you-all for the delay; it was the publisher's responsibility to send them out, but I should, I suppose, have kidnapped 'em sooner than this.

Further burbles, brags, and such: Out of Bounds, which Pyramid publishes next month, is a J. M. short story collection notable for the best damn cover I have ever been delighted to see on a paperback book of mine. (But they won't let me see the one on--ugh!-- The Tomorrow People--novel from same publisher and author, due out in May.)

I may add, before passing on to bitterer qvetches, that the new s-f editor at S&S, Clayton Rawson, seems a promising type. I quote from the bottom end of an otherwise moderately businesslike letter:

"P. S. This memo was received by parachute as the boss passed overhead in orbit.-  
B. N.\*

"P. P. S. Publicity questionnaire being mailed under separate cover. If all else fails, send photograph of yourself taken underwater and we'll caption it "A Venusin (Venutian?) Author."

\*Barbara Novell (sp?), Clayt's secretary.

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So. What griped me in 133 was a sort of 1-2-3 reverse-feminist punch delivered, startlingly, by Rosel Brown, Marion Bradley, and Trc. Considering the contributions of the first two, I can understand the carrying-away of the third-- somewhat. But. . .

Allow me a few paraphrases. (If you've forgotten the originals, you'll just have to dig out your #133's. Too much typing. and I feel guilty taking this much time now-- but I'm afraid the same thing will happen that did last time if I don't just DO it!)

Rosel: A man's life is of necessity one compromise after another. If his wife, the demands of his children, interested relative, and competitive business associates suddenly stopped chipping away at his Integrity, he'd think-- What's the matter? Did I die and go to heaven? Or did I surrender when I wasn't looking, that they're so satisfied now?

Marion: As a general rule I tend to think of myself (as an editor) as knowing more than writers do about how a book should shape up, how stories-in-general should shape up, how I wish their stories had shaped up. As a general rule, I tend to think of myself (as a writer) as knowing more than editors do about how I wanted my story to shape up, and about how to write my story so as to shape it my way. As a general rule I (as a writer) tend to think of editors as knowing more than I do about how a magazine or book should shape up, how stories-in-general should shape up. . . etc. . .

Trc: . . . an interesting contrast which has been frequently manifested in these pages-- established serious professional writers generally attack editors while editors, amateurs, neophytes, and hacks, generally defend. . .

(Looking at that last line, it reads rather differently from what I felt as I wrote: point is, I can remember when I too thought The Editor--no matter which--was of necessity Wiser and Sounder than I. Since then, I've even met a few who are: and one of the tests is the ability to make the distinction between the roles of writer and editor.)

More on 133.

Thanks, old dear, for that age listing. I was feeling rather tired-and-old till I had to go so far along the list to find myself. . . but was startled to see how much older the whole field is getting.

Clifton: Mark, I wish to hell you wouldn't rub it in so. It only makes it tougher to admit you're right, you know?

SCHUYLER MILLER SAYS:

No time tonight to read all of #136, since this typewriter goes into the hospital in the morning (so that I can do the aforesaid Pittcon typing). So let me settle down in the middle of Poul Anderson (3), and go back to that 21st CBC of which I once warned you.

I intuitively dislike Poul's implication that science will run dry, though I suppose it may descend to nit-picking and hair-counting. However, involved in his point is the historical and archeological fact that technology, at least, has run dry for long, long periods. Mankind stuck at the chopper level of flint working for a good many hundred thousand years, and if the South Africans are right about something, he may have been in a bone and antler and wood stage for as long before that, clear back to Dryopithecus shucking a coconut with a pointed stick. Even when the crude edged pebble had evolved into a neat hand-axe, he was satisfied with that for another hundred thousand years or so.

Back here in my own bailiwick, the U. S., there now seems to have been a chopper, seed-grinding, nut gathering, root grubbing level (about what the Australian aborigines did and do) back in the less desirable corners of the West and in the mountains here in the East, at the same time that the mammoth hunters were doing beautiful flint work, and lord knows how long this state of affairs lasted or when it began -- perhaps in an unbroken succession from Australopithecus or Pithecanthropus down to a couple of thousand years ago. Or to our own times, if you consider the Australians in the tradition.

But, while most of the world was stagnating in these blissful states of well-adjusted normalcy, with just as many kids born as starved to death, there were mavericks here and there and over the range who had gotten into a situation where a convention weekend orgy had exhausted the fresh meat or the root stock (or the beer), and something new had to be done. Result: more efficient flint working that gave them projectile weapons. Back on the ranch, the static Desert Culture may have got dryer -- hit on the idea of planting roots and grass and berry bushes, and living permanently where there were plenty of acorns and pine nuts. Here in the East, people on a similar level cultivated pigweed and sunflowers, and may have invented cigarettes while they were at it. If all this conjecture is fact, the high American civilizations grew out of the most static, backward, and satisfied of the early cultures -- the one whose technology had reached a plateau, where it gave them everything they wanted -- until something went bust. Result: more science in a culture where science had come to an end.

Gauging the tone of Eisenhower's speeches, I'm sure we would never have tried to put a satellite in orbit if the Russians hadn't announced that they were going to. He was willing to promise the scientists anything he thought they couldn't do. (Now who gets the points if it turns out that the Russians have put the first man into orbit, with no intention of bringing him down, but that he's an American -- Francis Powers?)

The neighbor planets strike me as places where nobody would want to go, except for academic reasons. Maybe we could actually terraform Venus by seeding it with algae, bacteria, et al, but I doubt that much can be done for the rest. BUT, if for political rivalry, religion, advertising, and crazy adventure, a breeding population does get to another planet of another star, I feel sure they'll be coming back eventually. May be NO one here, of course. . .

I'm afraid we like what we are doing too well for Jim Blish's union to go anywhere. I remember (during my nine whole months as a chemist) when the Blue Eagle hit the General Electric Research Laboratory, and everyone had to punch a timeclock at 5 P.M. The scientists came down and punched ... and went back upstairs to finish whatever they had cooking, even if they were still there at 3 the next morning, or had to come down to punch in for the next day at 8. The technicians, mechanics, maintenance crew, et al went home. I have always been in jobs where overtime was not only necessary but -- to me -- desirable, because it meant I could keep on with something that was going well, that I could work without the day's continual interruptions, that I could work on a more relaxed level, under less pressure. I still have the privilege of putting in unlimited unpaid overtime in return for not have to punch a clock, and I lost most of last year's vacation because I had held it until late in the year and we got into a bind over catalog copy that had to be in the printer's hands by an agreed

deadline.

This, evidently, is not professional writing that I'm talking about, because it is too haphazardly introspective and isn't turned on and off at will. I'm almost prepared to say that the only really professional writer in the Institute is Murray Leinster, and I very much hope you can pry comments out of him on any of this, because I am sure he has more experience to back up what he says, than all the rest of us together. However, I like to do what I am doing, and to do it at my own pace, whether it takes me one hour or twenty to finish. This is not a union attitude.

It seems to me that if the handful of top writers in the SF/fantasy field feel that they have to have a union to get a fair shake for their work, then the field is moribund. The writers who need the help of a union most are the beginners, and they are the least able to follow a union line and refuse to sell except at the union rate. Maybe they'll scab by using a pen-name, and rail at themselves in the meetings, but they want the recognition of a story in print, they want the money -- any money, and they probably realize that after a writers' strike is over, the big name brethren will have such a backlog of stories built up the the magazines won't even look at the small fry for three years to come -- five, at present rates.

I'm sure many or most of us in the field have been writing science fiction (choosing tenses is hellish for me, because I haven't done any fiction in so long that I don't know whether I'm past, present or conditional future) for three reasons: (a) we like(d) it; (b) we found we could do it; and also (c), we were not at all sure we could sell anything else. The Murray Leinsters can write anything -- and do. Avram Davidson has the guts to announce his divorce and play around with the old gal occasionally, for kicks and when they're both in the mood. Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson, and a few more ~~take~~ the plunge and find they're still a farmer who wants a subsidy for not raising pigs on top of Mount Everest, just because he likes raising pigs. We want to write science fiction -- our kind of science fiction. We want editors to be compelled to publish it, and pay us at our evaluation of what it's worth. We'd maybe like a guaranteed annual wage, so that if a magazine threatens to fold, we can start a breach of contract suit with AFL/CIO lawyers to back us up. And then would SF ever descend from a high level of mediocrity to a low, low level of crud!

GERALD POLLINGER SAYS:

Just to thank you for sending me copy of the Publications of the Institute of Twenty-First Century Studies, and to say how pleased I am to see the names of so many people whose work I have had the pleasure of placing in this country with British publishers.

You probably know that I was the first Honorary Member of the Science Fiction Book Club (being part-founder), and am the Secretary of the Science Fiction Luncheon Club (which I founded). My regards are extended to everyone from Asimov, Blish and Conklin right the way through the alphabet to Van Vogt and Williamson.

Incidentally you will be interested to know that the hard cover market in this country is not what it was, probably because too many British publishers decided to publish too much material in too short a time. (I think there were thirty-three imprints at one time issuing Science Fiction material of various kinds). However there is more interest now being shown amongst the paperback Houses, and it is to be hoped that we shall see a revival of interest in all forms and branches of Science Fiction in the not too distant future.

GEORGE PRICE SAYS:

The running controversy in the Publication concerning Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" call for some comments, mostly in defense of Heinlein's ideas.

I thoroughly enjoyed "Starship Troopers", and I thoroughly approve of most of the author's points, partially approve some, and strongly disagree with one. That latter is his claim that war is always due to population pressure. This is palpably untrue. For a horrendous example close at hand, there is the Cold War, which may become hot war at any time. The basic cause is religious: the aim of the Communists is to convert the rest of the world to their religion (Communism). In the nations which the Communists have already conquered they have practiced neither mass deportations nor genocide except as disciplinary measures. Their clear intention is to convert, not to displace.

Heinlein thus overlooks completely the ideological war, whose purpose is not to rob foreigners of their land or resources, but to impose upon them a particular system of ideas.

ARE

Since many of the criticisms of "Starship Troopers" are duplicated among the various correspondents of the PITFCS, I think it will be simplest to list the major complaints, without attribution to specific writers. And it will also make the argument less personal. While I am at it, I shall attempt to answer some common criticisms raised elsewhere than in the PITFCS.

- (1) REGARDLESS OF WHAT ONE THINKS OF HEINLEIN'S IDEAS, IT IS NOT PROPER TO STUFF A LOT OF PROPAGANDA INTO A BOOK AIMED AT YOUNGSTERS. There is some validity to this, but I wonder to what extent it is a case of whose ox is being gored. Ask yourself, would you object to the same intensity of propaganda if it were in favor of, say, racial toleration or democratic world government?
- (2) TO BECOME A CITIZEN OF THE "TERRAN FEDERATION", ONE MUST SUBMIT TO BRAINWASHING. I could discern nothing in the book remotely resembling brainwashing, although that term appears not infrequently in criticisms. Perhaps we should all take the trouble to learn what brainwashing is. It certainly does not mean merely any form of indoctrination, such as the classes in "History and Moral Philosophy". Brainwashing means the use of non-rational and will-destroying methods of implanting ideas, methods usually involving physical privations for the temporary destruction of the critical faculties. Nothing of the sort appeared in "Starship Troopers". So far as can be found in the book, the training methods did not even go to the extent of giving the troopers indoctrination when they were physically exhausted; indeed there was no mention at all of indoctrination in the boot camp. Juan Rico's only encounters with indoctrination were in the H&MP courses in high school and in Officer Candidate School; neither of which were described in a way to give the slightest justification for this puzzling charge of brainwashing.

I begin to suspect that some people use "brainwashing" to mean any propagation of ideas of which they disapprove. Or possibly they mean to convey that they do not approve of any form of indoctrination, rational or otherwise, and regardless of the ideas taught. I contend that any society, to survive for long, must systematically indoctrinate its young in its values. Over the last generation or two, it has been very popular in America to let kids grow up without any attempt to instill values in them. Apparently, they were expected to absorb civilization by osmosis. For the results of this, I invite you to look at, on the one hand, the beatniks, and on the other hand, the amoral delinquents, such as the lad who coolly murdered his father for not letting him have the car. In their different ways, both of these types are savages--they have not learned how to be civilized. So, while one may object to the particular values of a society, one can hardly criticize reasonable efforts to propagate those values.

- (3) THE SOCIETY OF THE TERRAN FEDERATION IS AUTHORITARIAN AND "SPARTAN". Those who make this criticism seem to me to have missed the entire point of the book. The military forces are undoubtedly authoritarian, and that is as it should be. There is no such thing as a democratic army; it is a truism that discipline, i.e., authoritarianism, is the difference between an army and a mob. Heinlein's critics seem to have jumped to the conclusion that the authoritarianism of the military service is reproduced in civilian society, though nothing in the book justifies such an assumption. To the absolute contrary, the civil society appears to be appreciably more libertarian than ours. For example, the Federation has far fewer police per capita than we in 20th Century America (p. 139), which would hardly be true of an authoritarian state.

I take Heinlein's point to be that the Federation is quite libertarian precisely because of the "unique poll tax" which is the price of citizenship. The citizen ruling class (which absolutely anyone may join) is highly responsible, thus not given to voting the impossible, and therefore can be trusted with extensive liberty. And the comparatively irresponsible "legal residents" can also have extensive liberty, because they have no political power to abuse.

Some may object that the very fact that the Federation is not an unlimited democracy is proof that it is not libertarian. To them I recommend the book "Liberty or Equality", by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, which explicates in detail the distinctions between democracy and liberty. For a crude example, suppose that the 90% of Americans who are white should vote to exterminate the 10% who are colored. This would certainly



be democratic (i.e., majority rule), but it would with equal certainty not be libertarian. For another example, a society in which slavery exists is not libertarian even though all the slaves approve of their slavery.

That the Federation is a "Spartan" society seems also to involve the false assumption that civilian life duplicates the admittedly Spartan military life. But the Spartanism of the Service is deliberate as a means of making men out of boys; all indication are that civil society is comparatively luxurious. In fact, the first arises out of the second: you don't need such rugged boot training if all the lads are already accustomed to Spartan living. For a perhaps tenuous indication of the nature of the society, consider that Rico's father is a big businessman---and the existence of big business implies mass production, which implies mass consumption, which implies a high standard of living.

(4) HEINLEIN GLORIFIES WAR, AND IMPLIES THAT WAR IS THE ONLY OCCUPATION FOR A "REAL MAN". Absolutely false. Heinlein claims that war is necessary at times, and certainly not shameful or dishonorable (the same could be said of defecation), but nowhere does he glorify war. His basic statement, "The noblest fate that a man can endure is to place his own mortal body between his loved home and the war's desolation" (p.113) implies, first, that war is something to be "endured," not enjoyed; and second, that war is so unpleasant, so desolate, that it must at all costs be kept away from one's home.

Heinlein says that a certain amount of military service is the duty of every good citizen, but he never implies that the obligations cannot be discharged by anything less than a full lifetime of service. Thus, he never says that war is the only occupation for a real man, although he surely does imply that anyone who refuses to take even a temporary part in war is not quite a "real man". His reasoning seems to be that since war is necessary to the survival of society, one who refuses to take part is a freeloader who wants to enjoy the benefits of social life without sharing in the risks of preserving it.

(5) THESE IDEAS ARE A "RECENT ABERRATION" OF HEINLEIN'S. An aberration they may be, but recent they are not. See the last chapter of "The Puppet Masters", published eight or nine years ago.

(6) WHILE THE SYSTEM MAY BE USEFUL FOR FIGHTING THE "BUGS", IT WAS UNJUSTIFIABLY INSTITUTED IN A UNIFIED AND PEACEFUL WORLD, LONG BEFORE THE BUGS WERE ENCOUNTERED. Actually, Heinlein says that the system was originated by veterans in the amarchic period following the war between the Russo-Anglo-American Alliance and the Chinese Hegemony (p. 211 ff). Nowhere does he say that the whole world was at peace, or even that the Russians, British, Americans and Chinese did not resume the war when they were sufficiently recovered. And the world was definitely not unified, for Heinlein specifies that the system was instituted in only a few places, and then spread. Clearly, the Terran Federation was in fact created by the expansion of the new system into the vacuum left by the collapse of national governments.

\* \* \* \* \*

So much for the specific criticisms. To me, the central question is, would the system actually produce responsible citizens? This can hardly be settled except by actual experience, but theory at least favors it. Certainly, it is true that the irresponsibility of voters is indeed one of the principal problems of democracies. And Heinlein is absolutely correct in characterizing government as being force--"the Power of the Rods and the Ax". This is true virtually by definition: government is the social apparatus of coercion, possessing the legal monopoly of the use of violence in carrying out its policies. But would Heinlein's system instill an appreciation of this fact, and inculcate the requisite moral responsibility for humane and libertarian use of such power?

It is to be noted that the Federation system depends on both the term of service and the required classes in History and Moral Philosophy. The system would be unworkable with either alone. The H&MP course gives the student the theoretical knowledge, and the dangerous service makes it a real and living thing for him, by requiring him to assume the burden of maximum responsibility. In a sense, the choice of whether to enlist for the term is the final examination at which the student passes or flunks Moral Philosophy.

I do not know of any reason for asserting that the system could not work; the most that can be said is that it cannot be shown that it positively would work.

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL SAYS:

Thanks a million for #134. McLaughlin became incoherent on P. 27 through no fault of his own: he was obscured by smeared ink. I did not like the Blake quote under title of The Mental Traveler; for all I know it may be a work of pure and unadulterated genius but it came to my nostrils as a steaming pudden of rectal wax. Apart from these two crapolas the whole of the ish was solid meat, man, meat. I enjoyed reading it more than anything ~~since~~ I saw the Tattooed Lady.

Thish Blish character expresses himself well. I admire the way he gets steamed up for battle but feel sceptical about the coming victory. Won't give my reasons because others have stated them at some length and forcefully; no sense in me saying the same things again unless I can say 'em better, which I can't.

But I'd like to yammer at the inmates on one point of which nobody seems to have thought and on which they might like to do some fizzing within the noggin. It amazes me that in the Country of Competitive Capitalism where a do-it-yourself cult still rages there should be talk of unions and strikes and other devilments. Assuming that there is an arguable case against autocratic editors and greedy publishers, surely the obvious move is to rape them in their own bedrooms. By that, I mean form an Authors' Cooperative and put the group's talents and cash into the publishing biz. Pocket books as well as mags. Such an outfit would grab all the rake-offs instead of an arbitrary percentage of them and, at the same time, it would beat the bottoms of those whom Blish considers naughty.

Doubtless 187 readers will come back saying it can't be done for 62 reason - but in this fair land of Ye Eng a copla s-f mags titled New Worlds and Science Fantasy have been produced for years by Nova Publishing Company. And who is Nova? Answer, a bunch of the boys who got together to do it themselves after they'd got tired of waiting for someone else to do it for them. During those years a couple of business outfits have opened up in opposition, staggered around awhile and then fallen by the wayside. Since Nova gets first claim on a good deal of locally produced raw material, what the hell? Ovah heah, the writings of author-post T. S. Eliot are published by Faber. No coincidence - Eliot is a Faber boss. Unless he has a very large hole in his head, no writer with a financial stake in a publishing company is going to make first offer to a competitor. Hey? So far as I can make out only one thing is needed to do it and get away with it, namely, noive. Send me mebership card #1 when you get started.

The case of H. Chandler Davis saddened me for a week. Reminds me of a recent and bitter speech on T.V. by Bertrand Russell who said, in effect: "The constant propaganda about the lack of freedom of thought and speech in Soviet Russia is designed to imply that we have freedom of thought and of speech in the West - which is absolute nonsense!"

Hurrah for Edward E. Smith and his remarks about the cult of ugliness pervading world art in these days. Went to a modern art show recently and I seemed to be alone in thinking it visible evidence that the modern world is sick, sick, sick.

I view with grave doubt McConnell's claim that psychology is a major and important science neglected by s-f. Neglected, by s-f, yes. But is it a science in the sense understood by chemists, physicists and suchlike characters? Do psychologists really know what they are talking about most of the time?

Some years ago a kid committed his first murder at age 14. Psychologists certified him incapable of knowing right from wrong and he was sent to a mental home. When he was 21 a board of two psychologists and three psychiatrists certified him cured and fit to mix with society. So a soft-headed Parole Board let him loose. Result: another murder. Psychologists and psychiatrists chipped in for the defence and sent him back to the looney bin. About ten years later yet another board of head-shrinkers certified him cured and yet again he was released. Result: a third known murder plus a couple of others suspected plus other crimes. More psychologists appeared at the trial, some for the defence, some for the prosecution, and argued like hell. The jury got fed up, passed a verdict of guilty without recommendation to mercy. Appeal court turned down the appeal. Gov. of California refused the appeal. The murderer went to the gas chamber at San Quentin and the world was well rid of the bastard. If that case proves anything it proves one thing: that psychologists don't know what in hell they are talking about.

I have it on good authority that a large proportion of the U.S.A's most savage crimes have been committed by hardened criminals let loose by the Parole Boards on the recommendation of official psychologists and psychiatrists. Innocent people have had to pay for the myth that these alleged experts are scientists. In 1944/5 General Cota and others complained to Eisenhower that Army psychologists were an enemy worse than the Germans, they'd thinned the defense lines of so many men. It was as a direct result of this that Pvt Eddie Slovik was executed for cowardice and the news was spread around -- with the result that numberless bums, dodgers and yellow-bellies poured back into the lines, all of them miraculously "cured." It was Army psychologists who invented the term "battle fatigue" to cover every form of having the plain, ordinary shits and caused General George Patton to go rampaging through the back areas in Italy digging out nogoodniks being coddled by psychologists. It is psychologists who, in my humble opinion, are wholly responsible for wholesale juvenile delinquency and the great rise in juvenile crime by putting over the crackpot theory that children must not do as they are told but rather that it is the duty of parents to adjust to the petty tantrums of their brats. Myself, I've little time for a "science" that tries to excuse a young thug by saying his mother forgot to kiss him when, in grim fact, his thuggery is attributable to the fact that his father was too tired to kick him in the ass.

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I had only just written you about #134 when #135 squirted with a slimy slurp into the mailbox. So the let's-unionize debate continues. It now occurs to me that our fellowship consists of (1) them as is for it and (2) them wot's agin it and the respective motivations are starting to show like a hobo's buttocks thru worn pants. Class 1 consists almost exclusively of those who think it ought to be possible to live by writing sf while Class 2 consists of those who've always doubted it. The former therefore have struggled and tend to resent the resulting reward; the latter have cushioned themselves against adversity by digging ditches, operating brothels or whatever. Seems to me, therefore, that before discussing the proposed Blish-blitz we should have debated the subject of whether it is possible for a bunch of writers to do better out of the existing s-f market. The onus lies on those who think it possible to provide evidence of where the extra money will come from. On the circulation figures glibly bandied about in PITFCS -- 40,000 copies per month -- there can be only so much to shovel around. The few characters who have hit the road to riches appear to have done it anywhere but through s-f magazines, i.e. via the slicks and/or the movies. As a determined mediocrity in the writing field I've never yet had that good fortune and don't think I ever shall be given a lump of lettuce large enough to justify a period of uninhibited debauchery. Because of this I can't help feeling that Blish is treating as a major industry what is, in fact, a petty racket of the order of collecting pennies from powder-room slots. The owners pay us maybe 30% commission ((Are .50¢ magazines sold to distributors by publishers at .05¢ a copy? TRC)). As said in my previous letter, the only way I can see of jacking up the take is to establish our own long, long row of profitable pans and empty our own slots.

Must say I'm fascinated by the introspective comments, true confessions and other soul baring mutterings let loose by various writers at moments when they give way to the desire to yelp. To me, these are the high spots of PITFCS. Writers, merely because they are writers, are lonely folk usually surrounded by people who consider them nuts. So it's nice to know that there others equally crazy -- and crazy in much the same ways. Given enough of these assurances I could become convinced that perhaps, after all, I am quite normal and it is all these surrounding squares who are twisted in the bean.

TOM SCORTIA SAYS:

A short note to tell as many friends as possible of a slight change in the state of affairs at Casa Scortia and the latest addition to St. Louis s.f. circles. Irene Baron and I were married this last Sunday (May 15, 1960) after a whirlwind courtship which began at the Detention. (I say whirlwind because she was in a whirl and I, as usual, was expending a great deal of wind.) Anyway, our best to all of our friends and we shall certainly be around to various gatherings from time to time.

WILLIAM TEMPLE SAYS:

Bester's piece on writing at your best, or even bester, for comics reminds me of (a) a Readers Digest salutary article, and (b) Sir Harold Nicolson.

Nicolson because he advocated taking the greatest pains over the smallest task, and instanced tying his shoe-lace. Admirable in theory but in practice liable to lead to a neurotic obsession to straighten the pictures on the walls of your friends' houses, to re-tie their shoe-laces, and re-adjust the furniture until someone screams and wallops you with a footstool.

As Fontanes said to Napoleon: "The desire of perfection is the worst disease that ever afflicted the human mind."

Flaubert would let this ride him tell he'd spend a morning putting a comma in and the afternoon taking it out. The freezing stare of self-criticism can paralyse your faculties, stiffen your fingers, until you end with a job worse than if you'd dashed it off in careless rapture. Which is why Flaubert's letters are better stylistically than the famed and strained Bovary. And H. M. Tomlinson's The Sea and the Jungle, written more loosely than Conrad's taut and tortured descriptions of the same scenes, achieves a more alive picture and a more tangible atmosphere.

Mind you, a few years back I'd have agreed with Alfred 100%. I wrote stories for teen-ager comics for over 30 consecutive issues. Gave of my best. Tried to make each original and fresh, avoiding cliché in all its forms. Thought the kids would leap at the novelty. Not so. The average kid is lazy-minded, skims, gulps down rubber-stamp phrases wholesale. Words arrayed in a new pattern trip him up, slow him down -- and perversely he thinks the story is slow. Kid-like, he prefers to gulp rather than chew. Most boys opine that R. L. Stevenson is dry stuff. They want their pirates of cardboard and all situations to be stock. Few children like the Alice books -- but gobble up the repetitious hackwork of Enid Blyton.

I also published 3 space-adventure novels for teen-agers, on 2 of which I laboured mightily to make them as good as I knew how. The third was churned out with no great pain: I'd learned my lesson.

Yes, of course it proved the most popular one. I've given up writing for juveniles. Let's face it: there is such a thing as casting pearls before little piggies.

Oh, there are intelligent children, with taste. But they're as rare as an adult adult. I still try to write my best -- but not for comics. Pap seems the only digestible diet at that level.

BOB TUCKER SAYS:

Hold, now! I'm not quite the villain HL Gold believes me to be! And I did not mistake the word-rate at which I was paid. And I certainly did not "attack (the) integrity" of the editor or his magazine. I have better judgement than to attack a man I like, or a magazine I sometimes like, over a matter of seventy-five dollars.

The paragraph of my original letter (in #133) which caused this fuss is as follows:

"And, of course, I'm among the many millions who "like Gold," but I confess I don't understand him. He bought a short story for IF at a word-rate that worked out to about a cent and a half per word, but he published the story in GALAXY ... which I'm told pays three cents at a minimum. Perhaps the rates have fallen."

My only crime there was in believing second-hand information, and in making a false assumption based on what had happened earlier. This is what happened earlier.

My agent submitted the story to GALAXY, but Gold rejected it with words to the effect that it represented superficial writing; I had failed to probe character or situation in any real depth. The agent then submitted the story elsewhere, with similar rejections. Eventually she submitted it to IF, and at the time of submission neither the agent nor myself knew that IF was being taken over by GALAXY. We were both surprised, therefore, to learn that Gold again had my story in his hands, and this time he was buying it. I jumped to what seemed an obvious conclusion: the yarn was good enough for IF but not for GALAXY. Perhaps my agent thought the SAME.

In time, my agent received a check for \$75. My word count on the story was 4800, and that works out to about a cent and a half, does it not? Of course, I did not see the original check offered as payment; I receive agency checks, not publisher checks. Up until this time I still believed that I had made a sale to IF. Later Science Fiction

Times printed the news that the story would appear in GALAXY, and of course HL was kind enough to send an advance copy of GALAXY. Thus my confusion, and my public comment on the matter.

I regret the fuss, of course, and I'm sorry to see HL taking my comment as an attack. It was not. I have honestly stated what I was paid, and what I thought I was being paid for. Barring a lengthy letter of explanation, I think anyone in my place would have made the same assumptions from the course of events. I'm still puzzled as to how a magazine can reject a yarn, and then accept it several weeks later when it is submitted to a sister-magazine.

Perhaps I should knuckle under the brow-beating of my agent: like Silverberg and others she berates me for spending time in a low-paying field, demanding to know why I don't try elsewhere. The answer, which she cannot understand, is that I like SF but I don't like Good Housekeeping fiction.

PIERRE VERSINS SAYS:

I think your idea, uniting sf writers, is good in itself, but fail to understand the good we-European writers- will do to you. For sure I'm with you till the last, but, if you follow me, I'll explain in a few words what I mean:

In the States, there was, there is a science fiction market. Even if you haven't any more the lots of mags you used to have around 1950, there remains enough, for my taste. But here, in France (excuse, I'm French, if I'm living in Switzerland), we have only two mags, Fiction and Satellite. I, for myself, have written nearly one hundred short stories and novelettes, and I can't expect to see more than two or three of them published in one year. You see? Fiction is right now publishing stories I wrote five or seven years ago.

As for the rates, now, you speak thus (in PITFCS 134, p. 15) "This means that at some time in the future the membership may be called upon to hold a price line, to the undoubted hardship of many, and that joining, etc. . ." What of foreign (foreign to you) rates? In France, in promags, you can't expect to be paid more than 12 or 15 dollars for an average short story. Not that I complain, it seems I'm in a pretty good situation myself, being paid each month by the French government for things I did 17 years ago. But the others? Do you think that you might raise the French rates as you may raise the US rates? How? Writers working for the lowest French collection (I don't mean offense, I just tell you this to speak of the collection which has the best coverage on the market) get some 200, 250 dollars cash for one novel. What about your rates?

You see, along this line, I'm afraid your Guild will not work, internationally speaking. Although, for sure, one never knows.

So, I'm not really confident in your economic intentions. Let's see. But what could be interesting, and right now interesting, is to know a little better each others. It seems that a certain amount of French do know your science fiction. But do you know our science fiction? I tried once to list books and short stories (French ones) translated into American, and, believe me, it's not much. I know that you've got far enough for you and I don't want to interfere. But it could do some good if, at least, some of you, American writers, who know French, begun .. begin .. my ghod, I'm tangled but you'll know what I mean, begun, say reading French stuff. And, please, don't follow Carsac in this case. He's pretty strong-minded and by following him you'd let aside a lot of good things. You must bear in mind that a man who likes Sturgeon will like a certain kind of French stories, which stories a Gernsback fan will dislike highly. Science fiction doesn't seem to be a literary field, but much more of a point of view. Well, I'll do some more thinking about it and let you know.

Something more, which will show you the mighty difference between us: we haven't literary agents, nearly none of us. Hence we are free ... more free? your crazy language! ... but it's more difficult for us to appear in print, in a sense.

And now, the language involved? ... Some of the French sf writers will be no doubt able to understand a letter or a mag in English, with difficulty for the most part, but when it'll come to write something? I'm known to master your language a little at least, you may infer what could be ...



LETTER TO THE PITFOLKS, CAVE 137 (It's dark in here!)

I When you try to lie, you can't.  
I learned most of the inside dope on the world  
And most of the hardest things to swallow,  
the really cruel truths, because they came to me  
wrapped as fiction, the photographs were supposed to be  
photographs of some other world, safe to look at.

It's hard not to lie to oneself with the usual lies of ones generation.  
Every generation has its own lies and thinks they are truth.  
The way the truth comes out from behind the screens and camaflange  
is when you try to make up a new lie, just for kicks.  
If you try to tell the truth, it comes out bent by the hedging with what  
other people think, and screened by the lies you believe.  
But if you try to make up a new world, then we have one glorious fact to rely on:  
The human imagination is limited, and draws on experience.  
(even if only the experience of paranoia, or sex dreams.)  
I have never read a fantasy that did not have details of the real world in it,  
details that could not be found anywhere else, that are suppressed  
and ignored and concealed in the official picture.  
I am a human being, a member of the herd, I turn when the herd turns,  
react to the same signals, and the impulse is from so far down  
I think I am doing what I want.  
I wear the same blinders the others wear.  
I can't just reach up and take them off and look the truth in the face.  
But I can cultivate a taste for 'lies', and everytime I get another batch of lies  
thought over I see a world that is bigger, more varied, stranger,  
more beautiful, and more dangerous than any map they ever showed me.

II Hear ye. Oyez!  
If I ever get behind the editor's desk of a magazine--  
And someday I might--if I live that long--  
I shall call it some title like Astounding Stories,  
Or Far Out Adventures, or even Insanity  
(printed upside down)  
And I shall offer my bonus prizes for stories laid in Universes which are not  
parallel to our own, Universes preferably at a thirty to ninety degree angle  
of difference from ours, with maybe one reluctant point of intersection  
for a gangplank for readers to embark.  
Or maybe not. Let them jump. If it's close to me, it's close.  
I shall want stories about aliens in alien cultures which are home to them,  
and they never meet any humans.  
I'm tired of humans anyhow.  
Fed up to here with humans!  
I want escape stories.  
Show me another world daddy  
one with no people on it.  
And lots of living.  
Plenty of adventure.  
We gotta get further out!  
Barom!

III (Confessional)  
How come you guys sound so stuffed?  
There's no glory in this racket  
and damn little respect.  
It isn't so important to make a buck.  
Or a reputation.  
It's easy to get by at a low level.  
We're all going to die, or fade away,  
So don't worry. Most of us aren't mainstream.  
How can we write mainstream? Why fight what's  
in your blood? Conforming is only cushy and  
easy to conformists. You guys are archimedes,  
with a lever on the world.  
The kids read sciencefiction.

In Russia  
In Germany  
In Holland  
In Swedan  
And in all of  
South America

The kids read  
Science-Fiction  
Comics  
What do you think  
it's doing  
to them  
Go out and look  
at the stands  
Archimedes.

-- Katherine MacLean

SAM YOUNG (JOHN CHRISTOPHER) SAYS:

I'm having a few weeks in London, staying with John Burke. The base is still Alta Vista, Delancy, Guernsey, though.

I'm sorry to hear there will be no more Digit, but I hope you will contrive to get the Cogswelliana in some other way. It could well take the place of some of the contributions to PITFCS (I won't specify which).

Not much to say on PITFCS this time, except that to the best of my recollection the principle which Blish ascribes to Chekhov and you to Flaubert was in fact the rule of the Comedie Francaise -- and it stated simply that if a chair appeared onstage in the first act, someone must sit on it before the end of the play. There is much to be said for this Attic simplicity, but we should have missed a lot if everyone had always cleaved to it -- think of what it would do to Shakespeare.

Reynolds' inside dope on freelancing abroad was the most interesting piece to me. I think someone should add that one should also watch out for the tax status of the territory concerned. If I'm right about Tangier, Reynolds should be paying 30% withholding tax in the U. S. and he may yet find himself being dunned for back taxes. If something big hits him he will find himself deluged in affidavits as to residence and will have to do some quick thinking. There is a way round the difficulty, though a complicated one. Joyce and I are heading for Geneva at the beginning of next month with no firm idea of where we go subsequently. Should the European weather be bad we may well decide to head south for the sun.

Now I must go out take another look at London, which I find a little overwhelming after two years' absence. I'm going back to Guernsey on the 27th, and we're off again on the 30th. This isn't getting the work done.

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FROM THE SECRETARY, AGAIN:

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PITFCS/will appear as soon as a sufficient number of responses to PITFCS/have been received. It is suggested that you race to the typewriter as soon as you finish this issue. Experience has shown that members who wait until later to sound off usually don't.

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Present Membership (continued from p.2):

Jim Harmon	Richard McKenna	Larry Shaw	Kurt Vonnegut
Allan Hayes	Dean McLaughlin	Robert Sheckley	Kate Wilhelm
Robert Heinlein	Judith Merrill	Fred Shunaman	Jack Williamson
Joe L. Hensley	Norm Metcalf	T.L. Sherred	Richard Wilson
Earl Kemp	Schuyler Miller	Robert Silverberg	Don Wollheim
Larry Klein	Robert Mills	Clifford Simak	Arthur Zirul
Damon Knight	Ward Moore	William Sloan	
Katherine Kuttner	Sam Moskowitz	Edward E. Smith	
A.K. Lang	Allan Nourse	Evelyn E. Smith	
Fritz Leiber	John R. Pierce	Jerry Sohl	
Bob Leman	Frederik Pohl	Theodore Sturgeon	
Willy Ley	Frank Robinson	Margaret St. Clair	
Robert Lowndes	Ray Russell	Walter Tevis	
Katherine MacLean	S.J. Sackett	Theodore Thomas	
Anne McCaffrey	Hans Santesson	Lee Tremper	
Robert McCary	James Schmitz	Bob Tucker	
James McConnell	George Scithers	Jack Vance	
John J. McGuire	Tom Scortia	A.E. Van Vogt	

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FILLER:

This space was held open for a John Pierce limerick which never arrived. It would be appreciated if the membership would send in any odd bits that they might have on hand which could be used to fill in holes like this.

# PROPOSAL FOR THE FOUNDATION OF A DEMONOLOGICAL JOURNAL

John Boardman

by George Cowgill

Until a relatively short while ago, as the history of ideas runs, scientists and inventors were extremely close-mouthed about their discoveries. Patent and copy-right laws did not exist, and there was always the danger that some zealous churchman might see heretical inclinations in a new theory or device. As enlightenment proceeded, however, research workers were more inclined to publish their results, until today there exist hundreds of journals in every field of the physical, biological, and social sciences. Bimonthly, monthly, quarterly, and yearly, the pages of these journals are filled with reports of the latest advances in science.

However, demonology has not kept pace with her sister sciences in this important respect. With the loss of prestige that demonology suffered in the 18th century, theoretical demonology as anything but the diversion of a few dilettantes ceased to exist, while experimental work was relegated to non-literate cultures and to the illiterates of western civilization, and became uncoordinated and unsystematic. Only perhaps in the Society for Psychical Research is flame of the old spirit kept alive, and there only in a diluted (on might almost say perverted) form. Who is there in the S. P. R. with the imagination initiative to develop anything with the directness and efficacy of Tintenfassgeisterbeschwörung (exorcism by in bottle), as practised by Martin Luther?

Now, when it would be possible to copyright newly-discovered spells, and when heresy-hunters have turned from demonology to politics, it is conceivable that demonology may take its rightful place among the sciences. It will then require a professional literature, and we propose that a journal be founded to publish the results of experiments and theoretical studies. It will bear much the same relation to Fate that Physical Review does to Astounding Science-Fiction. On the one hand will be the bold more-or-less fictional magazine of prophecy, unhampered by fact and flashing with provocative but unverified ideas; on the other hand we will have the staid professional journal, often wordy and almost plodding, but providing the solid basis upon which further research can proceed.

Like the other natural sciences, demonology can be divided into theoretical and experimental fields. Experimental research usually gets more attention and financial support, owing to its spectacular results. (The same situation can be observed in physics.) However, many questions are raised by experimental data which call for a theoretical explanation. Just as a knowledge of the laws of relativistic electrodynamics is needed in designing a betatron, a knowledge of theoretical demonology is required to relate the powers of the various classes of demons to the symmetry properties of the respective geometrical figures which are used to command those demons.

Theoretical demonology also recommends itself to those with an interest in the black arts, but without the temperament or abilities for experimental work. Simply because a man is afraid of the dark (particularly of dark nights in lonely decayed houses in the country), or is too modest to make a really thorough search for witch-marks, should not debar him from contributing to human knowledge in the field of demonology.

Initially, the journal will cover both theoretical and experimental demonology, and could perhaps be titled simply Journal of Theoretical and Experimental Demonology, or, to use an abbreviation after the usual custom, JTED. As the volume of contributed papers increases, a new journal could be founded for the theoreticians: The Demonologist, an American Quarterly of Unearthly Research. Publication dates would be February 2, April 30, July 31, and October 31, for sufficiently well-known reasons.

We will, of course, need a publisher. In our opinion, the most likely and appropriate publisher for JTED will be the Miskatonic University Press. Theoretical demonologists may well have high hopes for Miskatonic University, in view of the record which this great institution has already compiled in the field of unearthly research. Perhaps, someday, we may even see endowed at Miskatonic the Alhazred chair of theoretical demonology. This infant science is, if anything, less developed than was theoretical

physics in Newton's day; we may expect great things when theoretical demonology finds not only its Newton, but also its Huyghen, its Maxwell, and its Einstein.

Suggestions for papers in JTED have already shown the scope of this project. The authors have planned the following articles for early issues of the journal:

"A Quantum Theorist Looks at the Classical Theory of Ectoplasm."

"The Role of West Indian Voodoo in the Second Battle of the Marne."

"A Poltergeist Census of Story County, Iowa, 1959 together with a Map and Future Trends."

"Imperfect Competition in the Sale of Zombies Due to Monopolies in Certain Incantations and the Fiscal Policies of the Haitian Government, 1925 - 1945."

"Introduction to the Theory of the Post-Mortem State of One who Commits Suicide through Voluntary Baptism by Total Immersion, against Medical Advice, while Suffering from Pneumonia." (This paper raises numerous problems. Is a person, baptized while in the very act of committing suicide, really baptized? Or can we not say that this desire to commit suicide took place when the person was in an unbaptized state, and it was of this among other sins that baptism absolved him? Or on the other hand, by the time baptism had occurred, the cold water had already had its fatal effect, and suicide had essentially already been committed. We expect this article to stir up a hornet's nest of controversy, but controversy is what JTED needs to get itself on its feet.)

"Topology and a New Approach to the Water-Boundaries of Scottish Witches."

"Rambles and Scrambles through the Devonshire Werewolf Country: The Collected Notes of the Late Sir Pierpont Pomfret."

"Night-Bumping Things of Mindanao and the 1824 Shipwreck of the Drumtochty Dancer'."

"Darwinism vs. Lamarckianism in Gremlin Evolution."

"Incubi and the Spread of Venereal Disease."

"The Relative Efficacy of Dakotah and Crow Medicine Bundles in ICBM Design."

"Were the Jtunar an Extinct Scandinavian Form of the Abominable Snowman?"

"Alcohol Addiction in Demonological Research." (This article, which the authors expect to do with the aid of a grant from the I W Harper Research Foundation, will attempt to answer the perplexing question: Is or is not the heightened sensitivity to the other planes about us which alcohol brings about, offset by the manner in which cirrhosis of the liver renders that organ useless for hepatoscopy? It is hoped that electron microscopical studies will give a definitive answer to this problem.)

"Cross-breeding the Migrating Yam of Dobu with American Varieties as a Means of Simplifying Farm-to-Market Transportation."

"The Dangers of Home Levitation without Navigational Aids." (Although this topic perhaps would fit better in a popular magazine, we feel that people ought to think twice before taking off on a trip across the Himalayas without an overcoat, a compass, and at least a sandwich or two.)

"Blood Type Preferences among a Median Group of Transylvanian Vampires." (This article is prepared with the aid of the Ministry of Culture of the Rumanian People's Republic.)

"A 13-Dimensional Euclidean Model for the World Space of the Near-Eastern Djinn (genus Asiae Minoris Aladdinis)."

"Palaeontological Evidence for the Existence of the Were-Saber-Toothed-Tiger (homo pseudosmilodon\*)."

These wide vistas, which lie open to a revival of experimental demonology and to the new field of theoretical demonology, challenge the imagination of scientists. It is to be hoped that within our lifetimes we will see long rows of the volumes of JTED take their place in scientific libraries beside the professional journals of other sciences.

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\* (More correctly, Homo Smilodanthropus or Homo Thylacosmilanthropus, the latter being the rather rare Marsupial Were-Saber-Toothed-Tiger - A. B. et al.)

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