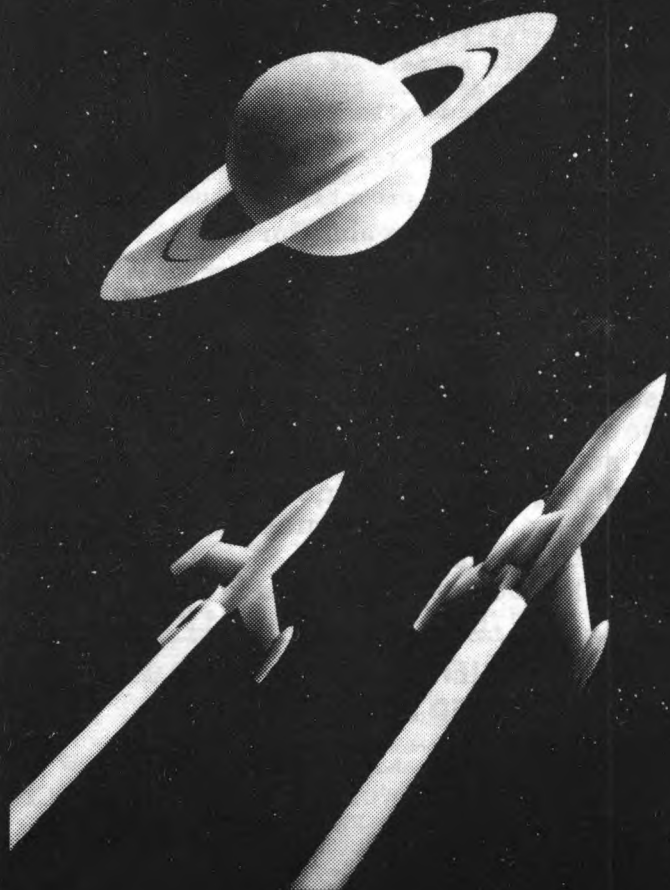


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Science Fiction Advertiser



20¢

Spring

1954

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MAGAZINE SERVICE, BOX 969, SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER
1745 Kenneth Road Glendale 1, Calif.

John Valentine, 415 E. Broadway, Glendale 1, California, offers a more or less random sampling from a wide variety of good books:

A SCIENCE FICTION CURIOSITY destined, we predict, to be a valuable collectors' item: Ray Bradbury's fabulous novel about book-burning, FAHRENHEIT 451: an edition limited to 200 copies (the highest number we've seen is only 216!), signed by Ray and bound in asbestos! \$4 (*Our predictions have been 86½ per cent correct.)

Apropos of limited editions, attitudes toward book-burning, and various other matters, we want to mention that we still have a few new copies of the ltd., signed edition of MAJOR CAMPAIGN SPEECHES OF ADLAI E STEVENSON at the original \$10, and the trade ed., new, at 3.50

Philip Wylie, THE GLADIATOR: his early superman novel in a hard-cover reprint; 16mo, pseudo-fine binding, new in d/w 1.50

Lynd Ward, GOD'S MAN, a novel in woodcuts, very good 7.00

Bowditch, MAYA NUMERATION, CALENDAR SYSTEMS, & ASTRONOMICAL KNOWLEDGE, Cambridge, 1910. . . 15.00

Ewers, BLOOD, very good . . 3.00

Did you ever see a Talbot Mundy ltd. edition? We have a fine copy of the large paper ed. of QUEEN CLEOPATRA, #75 of 265, signed, \$20

Veblen, THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS, 1st ed, inscription on fly -- otherwise good 10.00
* * * * *

That venerable fellow, Ben Franklin-- did you know that the man of many talents had been a composer? For those who'd like evidence, we offer a facsimile edition of a string quartet manuscript, published in Paris in 1946, ltd. ed., boxed, at-- we've been told-- \$30! It couldn't sell for that, of course, but we hope you'd like to have one of these curiosities for \$1.50.

United Nations Charter and Related Documents-- matters of fair importance these, which accordingly have been reproduced by the Univ. of California Press in close facsimile to the edition that was prepared for the delegations. Printed on fine paper in five languages (signatures and all), two volumes (measuring approx. 10 x 14 inches) boxed, limited to 1000 sets. Original price, \$17.50-- we now offer them at \$7.50 for a mint set.

We still have our "s.f. nights" the second Friday of each month, with the local fans lounging around all over the place enjoying their own conversation and our refreshments. Come in then, or any day during the week, and see our selection of good books in a wide variety of subjects. Out of town fans are invited to submit their want lists. We can, of course, get any book in print and can find the o.p. items as well as anyone. And we pay postage.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER (1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, Calif.) is published quarterly as a medium of exchange of ideas, opinions, and the more tangible items of interest to readers and collectors of science fiction. Payment for contributions is on publication at the rate of \$1 per magazine page. This, the Spring 1954 issue, is No. 2 of Volume VII. Per copy, 20¢; six issue subscription, \$1.00.

On page 4 you'll find the initial offering of "The Spec. Dept."; Bob Tucker discusses "The Paperbacks" beginning on page 8; pages 11 and 12 have some letters to the editor; book reviews fill pages 13 thru 18; and the editor has something or other to say on page 19. Morris Dollens did the cover; interiors by Roy Hunt and Richard Bergeron.

Ad prices are 50¢ a column inch; ¼, ½, and full pages, 1.75, 3.25, and \$6 (double to commercial publishers). Copy is to be prepared in black ink; partial pages to fit 6 x 10 dummies. Deadline, March 25.

T h e

S p e c . D e p t .

1. You may be looking too far afield for a system in which Kepler's Laws would be more difficult to discover than they were in ours. I've read or heard it said that if the

astronomers whose data Kepler used had had better instruments, he might never have been able to formulate his laws. As you know, in a system consisting of a primary and a single (much smaller) satellite, the satellite moves about the primary in an ellipse. In our system, the planetary orbits deviate appreciably from ellipses on account of interactions between the planets. Fortunately, in Kepler's day, the instruments weren't good enough to detect the deviations, so Kepler wasn't confronted with the problem of explaining them.



Johannes Kepler

by Roy Hunt

Astronomical calculations are rather outside my field, but as I understand it (roughly speaking) the elliptical orbit of a satellite about the primary is taken as a first approximation and then corrections for the effects of other bodies are computed. If the interaction forces are large enough so that this approach won't work, calculation of the motion

of even three bodies in the same plane becomes a problem to tax modern computing techniques and equipment. I remember hearing of some differential analyzer that was so big that it would take only three of them in tandem to do the general three body integrations! I don't know what the problem would require in the way of digital computer equipment and time.

Oliver King Smith

(Ed. note. Oliver Smith's letter was triggered off by the question I raised in the Fall issue editorial: how might the law of universal gravitation be discovered without benefit of Kepler's Laws? No one has yet offered us comment on that hypothetical development, though Oliver's suggestion for a situation necessitating such development is more acceptable

than was mine of a primary and single satellite system. He and I are kicking around the idea of a system where the relativistic effect (which accounts for the 43 seconds of arc per century progression of Mercury's longitude of perihelion) would be detectable by early astronomers (thereby frustrating any would-be Keplers) and where any would-be Newton would have to be also an Einstein. Anyone interested is strongly urged to get into the act.)

2. Assumption: A society, Earth/human-like in all respects except that sexual desire does not exist. In order to approximate the laboratory ideal of a rigidly controlled experiment with a single variable, let there be no other differences save those which grow out of the initial assumption. Let perpetuation of the race, then, occur, not through immortality or artificial reproduction, but by the (in this case not good) old-fashioned method. (We can assume, can we not, that the mechanics of sexual reproduction would be possible even without an assist from the emotions? Anyway, let's do.) So these folk have families, too, although marriage would usually occur at a later age than it does with us, and the problems of over-population would be unknown to them.

In what ways would this unfortunate society deviate from ours on account of the single fundamental difference? Their women, of course, would be blessed with the full equality with men that ours have for so long pretended to want. There would be, of course, the jobs for which men were better fitted and those in which (Ashley Montagu tells us) women excel. But they would compete for them, judged by the same standard. Many other probable distinctions between this society and ours come to mind, some of rather wide scope, but to my mind the most significant of all would be that these unloved ones would have no awareness of or urge toward competition in many of its forms as we know it.

Even without the excuse of "sex appeal" women would dress much as they do now, though, of course, at their own expense -- just as they would tend their own lawns and maintain the most attractively furnished houses they could afford. The men, however, would live quite differently from the way they do in our society. A man's home there would probably be little more than one big combination shop, lab, library, and recreation area with a shower and a bed. They'd have a technological economy with labor-saving devices, as we have, but the machinery would actually save labor, as ours doesn't. So a man there wouldn't work nearly as much as we do. While the women were being women, the men would go fishing. Their homes, dress, and cars would be functional. And they'd be too busy enjoying themselves even to think of knocking themselves out to be able to buy all the things Earth man must have to compete for women when he's single and to satisfy the one he has when he's married.

A Spec. Dept. on that world would never be in want of contributions-- in fact, its men would spend so much time in speculation for its own sake that inevitably some misguided genius would write a book called "Sex Can Be Fun"-- and then they'd be off and away!

Being the sex more receptive to new ideas, the men who embraced the belief of that evil book would soon find themselves faced with a shortage of supply. This would not long go unnoticed-- or unexploited-- by the women. As soon as the women discovered that there existed a fundamental demand among the men that only they could alleviate, they would instinctively become tacitly unionized. Not being satisfied with making an exchange of mutual benefit, they would demand more than they gave. Inasmuch as women are wont to think in devious ways in preference to direct approaches, they would set up no organization to fine or deprive of employment those who were willing to "work" for less than union scale. Rather, they would develop a moral code prohibiting it. They would brand as scabs those women who violated union rules and cause them to be discredited in the eyes of society. Their object, of course, would be to intimidate men into making great sacrifices to the women's benefit-- to assume their financial burdens, to work long regular hours to pay for the luxuries the women had before bought for themselves.

You might think that the women of this society could never bring about such a revolution. Well, they would have aid in so doing. Everyone who had something to sell would see the opportunity to ease the pressure he'd allowed women to bring on him. By helping women to force the men to work for them, manufacturers could increase their sales. So they would aid and abet the new moral codes that persecute the non-union women, they would vote in marriage laws akin to Maxwell's Demon under which a man could get married immediately for \$10 but to get divorced would take a few hundred and a year.

And then, I say, the men would have had it! The halcyon days would be irrevocably lost. They would find themselves living and working (especially working!) in a world shaped by women even more than they'd realize. For inevitably, once the government and the church (and how each would have grown in power under the matriarchy!) diverted so much energy to the support of the underground, unrecognized women's union, later generations of men, indoctrinated from childhood in the philosophy of the union, would cease questioning it and eventually (particularly in old age) bring their support to its cause.

Yes, I think a lot could be done in science fiction, developing a society sans sexual desire. But I hope no one does write such a story. He might tell how it could be brought about! What do the rest of the Advertiser's readers think might result from the initial situation I've suggested? Much more comes to my mind, but for now I have to leave off-- I've a date with a non-union girl.

John Harrington

MEMO TO FAN PUBLISHERS: Now that Startling, TWS, and S.F. Quarterly have discontinued their benevolent practices, and Mari Wolf's Fandora's Box is our only medium for large-scale free publicity, new sub orders for SFA, at least, are coming in noticeably slower. If the same deplorable phenomenon has happened to you, read on ... I plan to squander a couple hundred hard-earned bucks on advertising in Astounding. You can

3. The two fundamentals of most value to a man are time and money. When the law punishes him, it deprives him of a portion of one or the other (or both). Rewards generally take a monetary form only-- you can't pay a man in added years of life.

But assume that you could-- assume, that is, that years of life were negotiable, that there were such things as bank notes (or inoculations) good for an added ten or fifty or a thousand years. I can't imagine that any secret of immortality would for long be uncontrolled by government or whatever ruling powers there be in our hypothetical time and place. So let's say it's the government. Because of various considerations, indiscriminate wholesale bestowal of immortality would not prevail. Rather, it would be doled out to those few who were most deserving.

Now-- who is most deserving? We've never bothered to answer -- or even to ask ourselves-- that question in the general case. Whether it's intelligence, beauty, physical strength, virtue, or whatever and in whatever combinations, that gives rise to the ability to make money, we've been satisfied to assume that he who is best able to make money most deserves to have money. But our present problem is different. Assuming the most honest and honorable motives on the part of the custodians of the gift of immortality, how would they choose whom to subsidize? General answer: those whose existence is most beneficial to the community-- which answer merely repeats the question at one remove. OK, there are the obvious choices: the most creative scientists, artists, statesmen, etc. But to make a complex story of this thing, let's consider that the society can absorb added years for more individuals than the 1/10 of 1% who are creative. Who's next? I suggest the "good": the people abnormally endowed with the characteristics we think of when we hear the terms "honorable" or "decent" or "right guy".

So the "Good Joe's" get a crack at longer lives. Everyone is a candidate, and the judges are intelligent and honest-- but are men. I submit that this could be made to seem sound in theory, but that in practice the most puritanical hell of all time would evolve. I think it's all right to listen to Wagner records on Sunday, but can I be sure of a similar lack of prejudice in the Judges? Et cetera . . .

Would that make a story? And what other criteria can be suggested? There would have to be some, you know. The mediocrities would have to at least think they had a chance, or you'd come up with the most vicious revolution you ever saw.

Ken Jensen

guess with me as to how effective ads in ASF will be. Should they pull as well as I hope (and consider that ASF has thousands of readers who've never heard of fanzines), you could profit considerably from my extravagance. An ad for your fanzine in SFA will reach every Astounding reader that I can sell the Advertiser to-- and at 1/25 of the cost. Worth a try? I expect the deluge of new subscriptions to begin next issue.

THE PAPERBACKS

by Bob Tucker

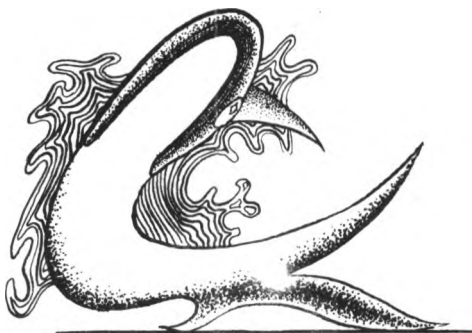
Many authorities in the publishing world have stated that the increasingly-popular paperback or "pocket book" has been one of the chief contributors to the downfall of the old fashioned pulp. It isn't too difficult to understand why, and in all fields today the paperback is as numerous as the action pulp it has replaced. Unlike its elder brother, the original hardcover edition, paperback science fiction meets competition from western and mystery books AND holds its own --- despite a lack of bosomy babes on the jackets. The following commentary is a nearly-complete listing of science fiction in paper covers for the past few months.

Ace Books (and all of the below-named publishers are located in New York unless otherwise stated) offers double-volumes for 35¢ to meet the already-crushing competition within the pb field. Two of their recent selections have been science fiction. Newest is **CONAN THE CONQUEROR** by Robert E. Howard, and **THE SWORD OF RHIANNON**, by Leigh Brackett. As is usual in Ace volumes, the two novels are bound back-to-back each with its own individual cover. The **CONAN** novel is reprinted from the Gnome Press three-dollars edition of a year or so ago, and like it, Miss Brackett's yarn is a swashbuckling action adventure. This package was obviously intended for the teen-age (both young and old) blood and thunder fan. An earlier Ace package and one aimed at a more adult reader was that one in which two A.E. van Vogt novels were bound and published together: **UNIVERSE MAKER** and **THE WORLD OF NULL-A**. This latter book is too well-known for comment here, while the first-named is said to be a new story. Certainly the first two chapters were new to me, but I was unable to read further.

Another newcomer into the paperback field is the "Dell First Editions," a line of original books published by the parent company which has been reprinting novels for many years. It should be pointed out that while their volumes are new ones, and have not been reprinted from a hardcover original, still the contents are not necessarily new. Their first entry in the field is: **SIX GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION**. At 35¢, this volume presents "The Blast" by Stuart Cloete, "Coventry" by Robert Heinlein, "The Other World" by Murray Leinster, "Barrier" by Anthony Boucher, "Surface Tension" by James Blish, and "Maturity" by Ted Sturgeon. Three of these yarns are taken from *Astounding*, while one each comes from *Galaxy*, *Startling*, and *Colliers*. The book was edited by Groff Conklin, and is truly a bargain and a delight.

Neither a bargain nor a delight is **RIDERS TO THE STARS**, which is credited to Curt Siodmak because he wrote the Hollywood screen play, but which should also be laid at the door of Robert Smith because he developed the novelization based on the screenplay. This is the first time that Ballantine Books has toppled from a lofty pinnacle and actually published a stinker. The writing is poor, the story is not developed, the continuity is laughable and the whole thing reads as though some hapless writer was handed a screenplay and told, "Here, blow this up to fit a book." He did. A small group of men are involved in a lot of mumbo-jumbo in the desert to get dat ole debil rocket off the ground and "somehow or other" the technical crew does so that the cameramen may have another epic. I'm convinced I don't want to see the picture.

Happily, other recent Ballantine releases more than make up the deficit. The second issue of STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES was released in January, containing as last year all new stories--fourteen long and short ones, and almost every one a gem in its way. This volume cannot be too highly recommended for the seeker after the unusual in S-F. The writers represented are Bester, Bixby, Blisch, Boucher, Budrys, Clement, Crane, del Ray, Kornbluth, Pratt, Sheckley, Sturgeon, Williamson and Wilson. Skip a magazine this month and buy this one instead.



T. BERGERON

Also from Ballantine in past months: Strangely rough and uneven is Theodore Sturgeon's memorable MORE THAN HUMAN. The book is based upon a Galaxy novelette, "Baby Is Three" which won much acclaim after it appeared. Sturgeon pens new material to both precede and follow that novelette; the first third of the book is wondrously smooth and powerful but the middle third comprising the novelette drops off roughly, while the closing section seems to belong to neither. Still, it all makes good reading. John Wyndham's OUT OF THE DEEPS is another skillful story from the Englishman who wrote THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, although it will be unfortunate to compare the two. As the title indicates, a menace to humanity emerges from the oceans. Arthur C. Clarke is back with still another collection of his short stories under the anthology title, EXPEDITION TO EARTH. Included are eleven stories which first saw print in nine American magazines, 1949 thru 1953. His earlier book, CHILDHOOD'S END, is notable for an author's warning at the beginning of the book: "The opinions expressed in this book are not those of the author." That was because he had developed a novel of the future which ran contrary to his long-held beliefs of what our future really might be. Odd business.

Permabooks are represented with three splendid titles, one of which is some months old while the other two are brand new. The two recent titles are CROSSROADS IN TIME, another anthology edited by Groff Conklin, which presents two novelettes and sixteen short stories; and CITY, Clifford Simak's remarkable exposition of the future as seen by a race of dogs --- mankind's successor. Conklin's book is a giant bargain at 35¢; yarns from 1936 to 1953. Simak's CITY is a book which won highest praises, including mine, when it appeared in hardcover. It begins with a human and his dog, and ends in an incredibly-remote age when humans have disappeared, and the aging race of dogs are wondering about ants. Highly recommended. The other Permabook title is SHADOW OF TOMORROW, another anthology of seventeen long and short stories collected by Fred Pohl. Almost all the yarns are recent ones.

Obviously, collections of short stories are far more popular and apparently sell better than regular novels; there is a great preponderance of them. In hardcover editions some of the Conklin anthologies have been known to reach 30,000 and 40,000 copies-- a startling record for this kind of work.

Isaac Asimov's novel, *THE CURRENTS OF SPACE* has been published by Signet Books at 25¢. This is "planet-opera" if you'll forgive the bastard term; a man deprived of his memory struggles to regain it, that he may give warning to a doomed planet. Arrayed against him of course is the other planet which welcomes the doom of its sister. And finally, some months ago the new Pennant Books published a C.M. Kornbluth novel which should not be passed by: *TAKEOFF!* This is the story of a group of struggling youngsters attempting to build and launch a rocket, after getting the merry run-around from the government and the military.

In closing, three paperbacks announced as long ago as last May still have not appeared -- or if they have, this reviewer would appreciate them being called to his attention. Lion Books was to publish *HUMAN?* by Judith Merril, and Pocket Books had scheduled *SPACE TUG* by Murray Leinster. Still no publication date has (at this writing) been set for *THE LONG LOUD SILENCE* by Tucker.

It is interesting to note that advance payments for paperback reprint rights is still rising, reflecting the growing sales of the media and reflecting the publishers' confidence in the future of their product. Where the average book once received \$500 in advance money, only last month a sale was recorded in which payment totalled \$3500, half the sum payable immediately and half upon actual publication. Ballantine Books of course depart from this procedure by offering a flat \$5000, usually \$1000 down and balance upon publication. At this writing, they are already collecting material for next year's *STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES* and still offering the nine-cents-per-word rate.

-BT

Quotable Correspondence

For some time I have been wanting to tell you how much I appreciate the trends toward seriousness you are taking in your magazine. Reginald Bretnor's article *ON TAKING SCIENCE FICTION SERIOUSLY*, however, causes me to come out of a merely silent "Bravo!" into an audible one.

I think, probably out of tact, he did not go directly to the source of the problem, which lies in the writers of science fiction themselves. It would seem to me that by and large we lack the courage to explore new concepts, new speculations. I was appalled to hear authors discussing, seriously, whether a man could breathe the air of Mars and whether insects showed intelligence. We were debating this a quarter century ago when I was a boy-fan. A recent critic pointed out that a certain fantasy magazine had progressed from a story called "SLIME" thirty years ago to one called "OOZE" today. Even a cursory examination of most of the science fiction of then and now would call for the same comment.

We writers of science fiction have many excuses, not the least of which are the pressure groups. There is, for instance, the large and vociferous group of adolescents (mentally though not necessarily chronologically) who really like

only the Rover Boys on Mars or Tom Swift, Space Cadet. There is the whimsy and fantasy group. There is that arty intellectual group who deserted the creative art world and have come over into the fringes of science; and who consider that a story has nothing unless it uses their currently fashionable catch phrases.

Wherever we go we find at least one or more of these pressure groups who tell us what they like and don't like in science fiction. They are entitled to their opinions-- but, as bona fide science fiction writers, we are not entitled to listen and be guided by them. Science fiction has always had the courage to explore into the new and the unknown, and the daring to do it without knowing whether anybody would read it or not. It will cease to be science fiction when we knuckle under to the pressure for writing only the already familiar.

It is quite apparent now that a whole, vast and unexplored continent of science lies within a reachable distance, where only a few years ago we considered there was nothing but the vast and empty seas, and where, if we sailed too far we would drop off the edge of sanity into chaos. It is quite apparent that in many respects the scientific experimental laboratory is pulling ahead of science fiction.

Yes, some of these laboratory ideas are new, they are quite different, completely outside the scope of the orthodox physics of twenty years ago. They are as unorthodox as was space travel, atomic power, time travel twenty years ago. We pride ourselves that these things are no longer unorthodox; but we seem to forget that scientific speculation has not been idle during that same time; that while we are still piddling around with the same ideas we found so intriguing a quarter century ago, genuine scientific thought has progressed.

The new continent is there, just over the horizon, there are numerous reasons to consider its existence as factual, we are even beginning to realize it is an entirely different continent, not just some outlying islands and bays of the old one. But we authors seem content to paddle around the familiar Bay of Naples and pretend we are Columbus. I can speak of this because I am equally guilty.

Besides the pressure groups there are the editors. Now yes, it is true there are a few pulps who insist that all their stories be rewrites of John Carter on Mars, or the Bulbous Breasted Princess of Ishtar-- with the startling, brand new and terrifically significant forward step that she turns out to be an insect. But these comic book themes without pictures do not and never have influenced real science fiction writers. The genuine science fiction editors want new stuff, they plead for new stuff, they publish the old only because they can't get enough of the new.

There is the obvious evidence that the self styled critics will ignore any story which does not deal with themes they learned to like as a boy. And it is true that some anthologies publishers listen to these horse and buggy conservatives because by and large anthologies are still supported by fan

groups. But I maintain that science fiction made its way from a hiding place under the coat to a place in the center of the library table without help from such critics; and it can still survive their pointed snubs.

The plain truth of the matter is that unless we writers stop fooling around with trying to find new twists of old ideas, or retreating into the never-never land of whimsical trivia, that unless we get in and start digging again to find out what is happening in science these days, science fiction will very quickly find itself in that dated and circumscribed class with Westerns and True Confessions.

I would like to see Mr. Bretnor encouraged to carry on his campaign of well considered editorials. We need the kind of encouragement he can give. We need to be reminded now and that that science fiction is going somewhere, that it has somewhere to go.

Mark Clifton

Something I'd like to see developed in SFA. By Cox, perhaps? The apparent impoverishment of ideas in virtually all other magazines (including the avant garde) as compared to the s-f mags.

Is it faulty reasoning to compare, as being on the same level of abstraction, a typical SatEvePost concept-- virtue will be rewarded and the good guy will get the girl-- with a typical ASF concept-- the purpose of an interstellar flight, many generations out of port, might be reduced to a religion? If not, then it would be fair to say that the other magazines virtually never publish an idea as new as can be found in almost any issue of the better s-f mags.

It wouldn't take too much time to compile a respectable list of s-f's concepts. A survey of Campbell's blurbs would turn up a goodly sample in short order. The negative samples from the general field might offer more of a problem, tho.

A point that could be tied in with any such article. Compare the blurbs for specific books in the S.F. Book Club's ads with the ones the editors used for the same stories in the magazines. That the two seek to attract a different sort of reader is obvious. So what does this prove. Merely that Doubleday's advertising is written by a non-s-f reader, or something more? Or less-- such as that this one, like all book clubs, is striving for infinite membership, which dictates reducing their ad appeal to the lowest common denominator of the (technically) literate public?

This could be discussed from several viewpoints. For one, the different ways a given story may be appreciated could be pointed up. I suppose people have been known to read Chaucer just for the "dirty words". Just so, the Club sells PLAYER PIANO, a fine story of social prophecy, as a mechanized horror thriller. If your writer were in a cynical mood, he could predict that the desiderata of the cognoscente will be ignored in the presence of a mass market.

Art Markham



The Novels

In the foremost science fiction poll of the time (probably conducted by the NFFF, though memory fails me here), the top ranking author of the year 1945 was Lewis Padgett. *MUTANT* (Gnome Press, 210 pp, \$2.75), containing four stories from 1945 *Astoundings* and one from a 1953 issue, is prime evidence for its author's popularity.

The underlying situation of the famous "Baldy" series is one of high potential, a "natural" for 1945. In Padgett's hands, this situation is given masterful development--imaginative but sound. In 1953 (or '54) it reads as convincingly as ever.

Following atomic war, a much depleted humanity lives in a decentralized world. Cities are limited in size and each specializes in some product or service. There being little work for an engineer, for example, in a city of psychologists, a tendency toward provincialism arises.



A by-product of past radioactivity are the Baldies. The Baldies differ from other men in being bald and telepathic--and very much a minority. It's a combination dangerous to them: telepathy gives them some real and many imagined advantages over normal humans, and their small numbers make them highly vulnerable. They must avoid being distrusted-- and in a world where, as today, to be different is to be distrusted, they must be continuously on guard.

Fine. In order to live at peace among their non-telepathic hirsute fellows, the Baldies have only to restrict themselves to jobs that non-Baldies either can't or won't do (and be careful not to make much money at it!), repress their normal

individual pride at times to a point of humility, and in general be much more decent Joes than almost anyone else. All this they are willing to do-- they are decent Joes.

But there is also an off-shoot, a variety of paranoid Baldies, who advocate the elimination of normal humanity that the sleek may inherit the Earth. The paranoids, proud of their difference, refuse to wear wigs. Normal humanity, of course, does not distinguish between friendly and unfriendly Baldies. All must be accepted or all may be subject to a pogrom. And the obvious Baldies are the unfriendly ones.

This, then, is the cause of an intensive struggle between two types of Baldies, a struggle that must not be discovered by non-Baldies, for knowledge of the paranoids' existence would condemn all Baldies.

The four 1945 stories develop various aspects of this ingenious, powerful situation; the 1953 story provides a satisfactory resolution to the conflicts. For the book, Padgett has added a short prologue, connecting pieces, and epilogue. The result may legitimately be called a novel, and one of the year's best-- 1953 as well as 1945.

George D. Martindale

Wilson Tucker's latest novel, WILD TALENT (Rinehart, 250 pp, \$2.50) is perhaps his best yet. Or maybe it's no better than "The Long, Loud Silence"-- which would place it well in the forefront among recent books. The wildly talented one is a telepath, Paul Breen, who is of only average intelligence and not quite quick enough in realizing the extent of his powers and the full implications thereof. To Breen's disadvantage, the government comprehends his value before he does, and he finds himself a very valuable top secret. He is provided with every luxury, including several women and many guards. Trouble is, the guarding works two ways-- he is a prisoner in the mansion that was given him, at the same time that he is a secret service agent ne plus ultra. But how far can a lone gifted individual be trusted in a non-telepathic world? Uncle Sam has by the tail a tiger that lays golden eggs-- and is about as confused as that metaphor. In the meantime, with practice Breen is sharpening his talents ... and it all makes for fine suspense.

JK

Anyone who remembers the story "Baby Is Three" in Galaxy some months ago-- and that means anyone who read it-- will be glad of the chance to learn more about that group of oddly extra-human waifs and the singular organism that they comprised. That chance is available in MORE THAN HUMAN (Ballantine, 233 pp, 35¢).

"Baby Is Three" was essentially the story of Gerry Thompson, eight-year-old fugitive from an orphan asylum, how he met Lone, the telepathic recluse, and Janie, and Baby and the twins, how he found his place in that group, and how the group, because of the complementary parapsychological talents of its members, grew into a self-contained unit, and finally achieved awareness of itself as a single individual being, truly more

than human. More than human, as a man is more than arms and legs, a body and a head. A Gestalt organism, as Gerry expresses it: "a complex organism which is composed of Baby, a computer; Bonnie and Beanie, teleports; Janie, telekineticist; and myself, telepath and central control."

The Galaxy story, somewhat changed in emphasis and detail to fit the larger scope of the novel, makes up the middle third of the present book. The first part deals with the lives of the individual members of the Gestalt before they meet and fuse. "Baby Is Three" ended as this symbiotic organism has achieved self-awareness and a sense of power; the third part of the novel carries on from there. This is the end of a stage but not of the story. More than these two faculties are needed before the more than human being is mature; namely a sense of purpose and the power of self-control. The finale shows that for Homo Gestalt these qualities are no more easily acquired than for Homo Sapiens.

One would guess that "Baby Is Three" was written first and the novel constructed around it afterward, but if this is true it is by no means obvious from the finished book. Sturgeon has accomplished the difficult task of infusing the three episodes of the novel, corresponding to the infancy, adolescence, and adulthood of his composite superman, with an organic unity. He has also proved again, if proof were needed, that he is a writer with access to original ideas and an excellent story sense, and furthermore that he has the increasingly rare gift of knowing what words sound like, and why.

Clyde Beck

BORN LEADER (Doubleday, 221 pp, \$2.95), J. T. McIntosh's second novel, was more satisfying to this reader than was the author's "World Out of Mind" (Doubleday, 1952). The plotting seems to be tighter, the story line more naturally derived from the situation.

Prior to the story's beginning, Earth's economy has been totally geared to atomic power. That the uncontrollable radiation from the power plants is eventually lethal was discovered too late for human inertia and economics to permit a return to abandoned power sources-- Earth is doomed. Two interstellar ships of colonists are dispatched to a newly-discovered, nearby planetary system. The first expedition, in the Mundis, was carefully planned and executed; the colonists were a screened group of intensively trained boys and girls, each of age sixteen; they thought themselves the only refugees. It was the decision of the Mundis group not to have progeny before they established a colony, which led to there being a "Gap" of thirty-three years between the ages of the entire older generation and the eldest of the younger. This is a basis of conflict among the Mundans at the time of the story.

Unknown to the Mundans, there has been established another colony on another planet of the new system. The other group, the Clades, came in a hastily built ship, the last product of coordinated effort on Earth. Their conditioning was vast-

ly different from the Mundans'. The story begins when the first generation of native born Mundans has reached maturity and differences of viewpoints have emphasized the Gap between them and the uniformly fifty-four-year-old parents. The oldsters were carefully conditioned to conceal their knowledge of atomics, in the hope that their descendants would be otherwise more civilized by the time of their independant development of nuclear energy than had been their ancestors on Earth.

Then the Clades, who had emigrated from an Earth under Martial law, who are military totalitarians, come to Mundis....

Although McIntosh's well-rooted derivation of narrative from a nicely-defined situation is quite satisfactory, this reader at least has been disposed to think of various alternative developments that would also have made good yarns-- a typical characteristic of good science fiction. Is there, perhaps, "Spec. Dept." material in BORN LEADER?

Glenn Hall

Edgar Pangborn's second novel. A MIRROR FOR OBSERVORS (Doubleday, 222 pp., pseudo-cloth, \$2.95), measures up to his "West of the Sun". In this one, long-lived Martians have for several thousand years lived clandestinely on Earth, "observed", and occasionally influenced humanity. The Martian protagonist here is concerned with two child prodigies, a boy who, at the story's beginning, is 12 years old and discussing Plato, and a girl pianist who is 10. An opposing influence is a voluntary exile from the terrestrial Martian colonies, who rejects the Martian plan for eventual unification of races. Much of the activity of the two Martian opponents derives from and is dictated by their variant ethical considerations. This ideological difference, and the boy genius's concern with ethics, give rise to some well conceived dialogue concerning ethical matters. In common with much recent Doubleday science fiction, this one ranks low on what might be called the Bretnor Scale-- which would measure the degree to which a story is science fiction-- and (also a common factor) is obviously the product of a skilled, thoughtful writer.

Jack Kelsey

THE CAVES OF STEEL by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday, 224 pp., \$2.95) is a murder mystery in which a Perran detective and a robot team up to solve the case. It was serialized in Galaxy recently and, if the usual pattern is followed, will be a S-F Book Club selection this Spring.

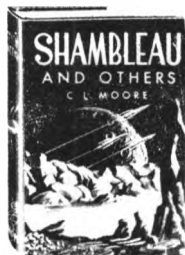
SPACE LAWYER by Nat Schachner (Gnome Press, 222 pp., \$2.75) is a connecting collection of stories "based upon published material originally copyrighted by Street & Smith"-- the As-tounding of around 1941, I'd judge. The economic maneuvers of an initially impecunious entrepreneur of space who is dedicated to the besting of the magnate who was once his employer, are rather contrived and, in company with the characterizations, simple. One might have given it a less negative recommendation had the publishers labelled it juvenile. JK

The Anthologies and Collections

STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES NO. 2, edited by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine, 195 pp., paper, 35¢) is another anthology of previously unpublished stories-- fourteen of them, this time. In terms of a scale ranging from extremities of speculative science fiction to unblushing fantasy, this book provides a broad coverage. Hal Clement's "Critical Factor" speculates about a terrestrial civilization, contemporary with ours, which has its first encounter with the effects of gravity (figure that one out without reading the story!). Top notch Astounding-type fare. Theodore Sturgeon offers in "The Clinic" the entertaining concept that total amnesiacs may be extraterrestrials. There are several fine tales that might be termed Galaxy-type, such as Robert Crane's vignette of a future that has no employment for "oldies" who are over 35, "The Purple Fields". And there are several that might, under other circumstances, have graced the pages of Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, such as "The Congruent People" by A. J. Budrys (who, having characters named De La Meter, Bergenholm, and Boskone, would seem to be a fan of E. E. Smith). With a preponderance of such concepts as love-philtres and tele-transportation at will to dream worlds-- all unexplained-- the balance is heavy on the fantasy end.

Henry Ness

C. L. Moore's tales of Northwest Smith and Jirel of Joiry have become legendary among readers of Weird Tales. Now seven of them are collected, for the first time in hard covers, as SHAMBLEAU AND OTHERS (Gnome, 224 pp, \$3). If you don't think the mythical Medusa can be successfully written into an interplanetary yarn, it can only be because you haven't read "Shambleau". Others included are "Black God's Kiss", "Black God's Shadow", "Black Thirst", "The Tree of Life", "Jirel Meets Magic", and "Scarlet Dream". A noteworthy selection by the woman who later became Mrs. Henry Kuttner and half of Lewis Padgett, Lawrence O'Donnell, etc.

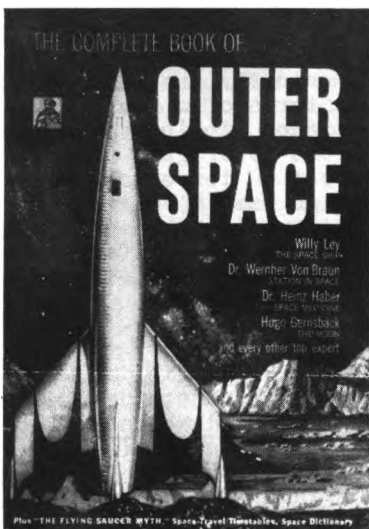


SHANADU, edited by Robert E. Briney (SSR Publications, 119 Ward Road, No. Tonawanda, N.Y., 101 pp, and if the price was given us, it has regrettably been lost), is an integrated collection of fantasy stories by Brian J. McNaughton, Andrew Duane, Toby Duane, and Eugene DeWeese. The authors freely acknowledge the influence of Merritt, Cabell, and Howard in their stories, and the tales of sorcery and swordplay take it from there. Contains a frontispiece by Ralph Rayburn Phillips; offset printed on good stock and neatly bound in stiff wrappers. It's announced as the first of a series. Query the publishers regarding price and other titles.

THE COMING OF CONAN by Robert E. Howard (Gnome, 224 pp, \$3). Seven short stories and associational material by Lovecraft, John D. Clark and F. Schuyler Miller. Stories of fanciful prehistoric lands, blood and guts, a sort that science fiction readers seem often to like.

Some Non - Fiction

Bearing at least a physical resemblance to the recent "The Mystery of Other Worlds Revealed", THE COMPLETE BOOK OF OUTER SPACE (Gnome Press, 144 pp, \$2.50) is another miscellaneous aggregation of articles on rocket research; space stations, suits, medicine, and legalities; and flying saucers. The text (by Ley, von Braun, Heinz Haber, Gernsback, "and every other top expert") is accompanied by a massive job lot of photographs of aircraft, missiles, etc.; and pics from movies, books, and magazines (Collier's, Science Fiction Plus, the old Wonder Stories, and yes, even S.F. Advertiser). The number of subjects discussed is impressive; the adequacy of the discussions less so. Another publisher assembled the book for paper-bound publication and mass distribution; Gnome Press added the hard covers. One suspects that had Martin Greenberg of Gnome done the job from the beginning, the book would have had more to offer the science fictionist. Still, its value to the initiate is not negligible-- and there are a hell of a lot of pictures!



Jack Kelsey

DEAD CITIES AND FORGOTTEN TRIBES by Gordon Cooper (Philosophical Library, 160 pp, \$4.75) is an entertaining collection of descriptions and histories of ancient cities and little-known peoples throughout the world. The author is president of the Globetrotters Club. The style is quite popular; the material very likely drawn from lectures, but nonetheless informative to the layman. Many photographs.

George Gamow's ONE TWO THREE ... INFINITY (subtitled Facts and Speculations of Science) and Rachel L. Carson's THE SEA AROUND US are now available in paperbounds from New American Library. Each is an exceptionally entertaining work about matters of interest to science fictionists.

OUR NEIGHBOUR WORLDS by V. A. Firsoff, M.A. (Philosophical Library, 333 pp, \$6), "a survey of the solar system in conformity with the most recent information (which) is used as a basis for a careful investigation of interplanetary travel", is an admirable blend of astronomy and astronautics. Various theories of planetary formation and present states are discussed with clear distinctions of those points on which the experts agree from those that are more conjectural. The approach is elementary but not at all condescending. Many illustrations and thoroughly referenced text. A well-made book -- and worth investigating.

Notes From the Editor

The king is dead. Long live the king. Or maybe this item should have led off with a remark or two concerning Phoenixes. But whatever the erudite reference, it's the recently suspended Science Fiction Newsletter that I have in mind. Doubtless most of you are familiar with Bob Tucker's popular and much-honored Newsletter and are aware that the Sage of Bloomington has recently quit publishing it. But what you may not know, and what I'm most happy to tell you, is that the essence of Tucker's publication-- the ever witty, surprising, and informative Newsletter itself-- will be continued as a regular feature of the Advertiser. Look for it to begin next issue.

Most of the rather anemic initial "Spec. Dept." in this issue is concerned with sociological matters. This may be (pardon me, fellows) because it is easier to dream up pregnant situations in the social fields than in the more rigorous sciences. But whatever the cause may be, it is not that I have intentionally excluded discussions of other matters.

Speculation about social science fiction will always be welcome. But consider the many other fields to be mined. I have a personal fondness for stories about electronic calculators. There must be a lot of good story ideas about them that remain to be suggested (and about their social implications!). And communication. Here is one of the nearest approaches to a new science that I know of. Aspects of communication that most of us have either taken for granted or not even been aware of have been reduced to laboratory problems and experiments that sound like science fiction itself. (In this regard, see, for example, the several Transactions of Cybernetics Conferences published by Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation. Check also with the s.f. fans at Rand Corp.)

So now, all you fans who've praised s.f. for its thought-provoking qualities, I'm calling your hands. Have you been bluffing? If you've ever thought beyond a story, after its author was through thinking for you, what did you think about? The Spec. Dept. would like to know.

The ads that have occasionally appeared in this and other publications, using SFA's address and a "box" code, are not mine. Any advertiser who has a legitimate need for a similar service may have it. And to avoid confusion, communications to such advertisers had best be sent separately from any to me. Thanks.

I have received two letters-- both from women (or girls)-- concerning last issue's review of "Tales From Gavagan's Bar". Seems the reviewer's mention that Fletcher Pratt's zipper was improperly fastened invoked curiosity. The reviewer, John Harrington, relays the information that the unlocked tab is not infrequently met with among drinking folk. The condition is commonly known as the "bar fly". At this writing we have not yet seen fit to forward names and addresses of male SFA readers in their localities who might provide a more graphic explanation for the bewildered readers.

Nova Press, publishers of the Virgil Finlay portfolio advertised last issue, have moved to 244 So. 44th St., Phila. 4, Pa. If your order didn't reach them, please try again.

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"The Shunned House", printed by W. Paul Cook in 1928 with copyright date changed by pen to 1936 by R. H. Barlow. 59 pages, case bound by hand. God knows how few there were of this; this is the only copy I know of. \$40.

"Notes and Commonplace Book", published in 1938 by the Futile Press. The edition was limited to 75 copies. This copy lacks the paper binding that about half the edition was given, is otherwise complete and perfect. \$10.

"The Outsider" and "Beyond the Wall of Sleep", the two Arkham House titles that once brought fabulous prices. The prices are down now, but it's my guess that, if the announced "Selected Letters" is ever published, it will lead to a renewal of interest in Lovecraft. Anyway, these copies are unique -- they were the personal copies of Clark Ashton Smith, close friend to HPL for half his lifetime, and contain Smith's signature. Aren't these two the finest items any HPL collector could ever hope to own? Either one, \$35.

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