

## THE EDITORIAL

To say I didn't know why I was editing this issue of SHAGGY would be untrue; it's because nobody else wanted the job. So I was stuck with the job, as all SHAGGY clitors are, and like all the rest of them had to make the best of ... Instead I produced this issue of SHAGGY.

Now it is usually customary to thank all the people who contributed material for the magazine, and I will do so: Thank You.

But here I depart from tradition. I will proceed to our gate those persons who crossed me up in one way or another.

A Pos on Miscrable Manly Bannister who fouled up my space estimate by using elite type on the original manuscript of "The Hound."

Curses on Sleazy Jim Wilson who was supposed to write am Tie Fanquet but decamped for Solveng instead.

Imprecations on the head of Rotter Richard Terzian whose promised two pages of minutes will be found nowhere in sight.

And a blush of shame from myself who is forced to admit that he did the artwork and also everything else that isn't credited otherwise. Including the stencils which at the moment have n + 1 errors discovered, and even more that won't be noticed until this issue of SHAGGY is printed.

I also wish to thank the at this time still unknown GREAT 30UL who is going to run off 250 copies of every page of this thing on the duplicator. And whoever might be dragooned into helping wim receives my sympathy.

--- Al Lewis, chitor

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NO.27

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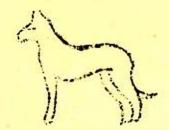
SHANGRI-LA costs 15¢ per copy for the unprivelegal. Indiviloged characters, i.o. members and associate members. See it for a mere \$1.00 per year. If YOU want to be an associate weaker (and Lord knows we need 'em) send your \$1. to: Angeles 17, Calif. If you the late member, send your \$1. along also, since you is probably delinquent.

SHANGRI-LA and the LASES would be glad to recours any comments, criticins, correspondence, etc. Mail goes to the finding. Richard Terzian, at the Ingraham St. address.

The HOUND

by MANLY

BANNISTER



## EXTRACT FROM THANE'S RISE OF CIVILIZATION IN THE POST ATOMIC ERA

In the development of modern civilization following the crash of the atomic era in its latter days, one should not overlook the mignificance of The Hound, a point sometimes glossed over in the histories of our times, and often refferred to as a mere fable or much. This, of course, shows the natural tendency of historians to consider their subject on the grand scale, to feel that history is actually a broad panorama of majestic sweep, depicting a certain cosmic ebb and flow in some esoteric "destiny of Man". Nothing, in this historian's opinion, could be farther from the truth. The history of man has always depended on the small things, upon the minor factors, as it were, the things which, of themselves, appeared to be merely thin-bladed knives thrust into the temporal crust of history, yet of sharp enough edge to present a swift turning point in the so-called "destiny" of the race. And so, The Hound.

The village was called Kuk, and was one of the very few surviving the Atomic holocaust, so that, some centuries after the world was laid waste, Kul was no what more progressed than at the time of the cataclysm. Worse off, in fact, for not for generations had there been any kind of flow of trade goods, machinery, scientific apparatus, leather. paper, chemicals, and such like from the world beyond the tall, high, mountains that surrounded Kul on every hand. It had been these mountains, however, that had saved the village itself, being of such a height that they had deflected upward the clouds of radiation-bearing dust and moisture that had earlier assailed their lower flanks, and hence safely over the purlieues of Kul.

There was a girl of Kul whose name was Nes; her father was Throl; and the man she loved was Kree. Upon these three, and The Wound, devolved the future of the human race, and with it, that creat "destiny of Man" beloved of the historians. I would have these historians know here and now that it is man who makes mistory. It is not the other way around. I, Thrane, state this as an axiom.

For several generations no living thing had been seen in the mountains save the domesticated animals and the citizens of Kul, for all these things, both bird and beast, had been destroyed along with man in the radiant flames that had beset the Earth through man's own folly. Even the knowledge of them was forgotten in Kul, for the books that told about these things were gone,

destroyed in the superstitious revulsion of the populace against knowledge. Gone also was the knowledge of reading and writing, and with them the more waluable aspects of human philosophy. Nothing of this was left save superstition, fear, and a rigid adherence to certain rules of conduct and demeanor. To know anything, for instands, was considered dangerous, and every men kept a wary eye on his neighbor, lest he be caught knowing something. Meeting a villager upon the forest path, a man of Kul would say "I think it is a good day," to which the other would respond, "I don't know." When harvesting his other of potatoes, the Kul man said, "We now have in I do not know how many bushels of whatever root it is that I grow. This may be enough to last us through the winter, but as I do not know about these things, time will tell."" And by this he meant to say that his potato crop for the season had been unusually productive, and so he was understood to mean, but he dared not say it outright. To such a rediculous extreme had men retreated from that knowledge that had brought ruin in its wake.

And so when Kree told Nes, "You are the most beautiful in the world, and I love you," he meant it beyond any sheds of meaning we might express today; and it was literally for Nes was the most beautiful maiden in Kul, and Ind was the world, insofar as it existed: But also Kree committed a direct entire in so speaking. The directness of his words repulse. Nes, who was fully woman-like in her acceptance of and acheronce to 1-deals, regardless of their fundamental worth.

"Let not my father Throl hear you speak so," she cried, "Remember the prohibition of the Old Ones concerning speaking in fact."

Yet, she was pleased, nonetheless; though she told herself that Kree ought to have said, "I question myself that you might be beautiful, and if it were permitted to know such things, I might love you." Still, she thought the end of the elegance to the style of his words, the charm that lends enticement to sin, and, recognizing this words have back from it.

But Kree morely laughed, a strong, brown faced, whitetoothed laugh, with the black hair tossing and curiting on his handsome cheeks.

"Someday I will show you that all is not perhaps, or maybe, or knot known. You will believe with me, them, that this thing is and that thing is, and that to know gives a man or were over himself that only in itself is beyond knowledge."

Striding off through the woods, he came upon the Hound. And fear struck him. For of all the things that 30% did not know, or pretended not to know, there was one it is agreed upon as known, and that according to the Doctrine of the intere was no world save Kul. The people in it, the beast in it, were all the living things in the world. No other thing could exist, save process sullendevils and imps of perversity whom the high mountains sint out of Kul and left to roam the blasted terrain of The outside.

The Hound was not native to Kul; hence, in accordance with the of Thredi did not, could not, exist. But there it was.

Slendor, beautiful, sleek and white of coat, the Hound stood inquisitively in the forest path, forepaw lifted, large brown two fixed on those of the man, and in them a flicker of something—was it in edge?... a knowing of things beyond knowing of ment—that stabbed straight to Kree's heart. And then The bound turned and slipped like a wraith into the silent shade of the undurthuch, and Kree saw how the sun leved golden by the sky-reaching, between the shadows of the conform, and the stillness that was the world-stillness pressed heavily upon he sat down in the forest, sat down in the satisfied heavily upon and wept and beat upon his knees with his tor the coming of the Hound was proof to him that elsewhere other lived.

And so Kree told the villagers about The Hound; but they at at him suspiciously. On three occasions in that early i.g. Kree came upon The Hound as he went through the forest, and though he schemed and devised traps to catch the beast, it club cluded him, slipping noiselessly away into the underbrush warm he would entice it closer. The more often he saw The Hound, the more he spoke of it, and the more he specuaated aloud to neighbor and companions that elsewhere other living things were, and contact to be searched for and found.

Other villagers, too, saw The Hound upon occasion, but these were firm in their single knowledge that no other living thing existed save the numbered men and beasts of Kul. So they turned their minds inward when they saw The Hound, and said that they were being deluded and tricked by the evil words and tempting thoughts of Kree.

And thus, one night, a group of angry mer came to the house of Kree, the house in which Kree's father and mother had died, and which was now Kree's by right of inheritance, and they bound him with ropes and took him away to cast into a root house by the house of Nos's father, who was Throl, who was the Headman of Kul.

And so a trial was made ready. The following day, the villagers came before Throl and confronted Kree and enumerated the evils with which he was afflicted and with which he afflicted thom. That they, too, saw The Hound, they said, was preof that they was a wizard, an evil being not fit to live among them, and therefore he should be made to die.

In the front rank of spectators was Nes, more beautiful than ever in her anguish. Far from thinking of himself, Kree expended his thoughts upon her, and wished that things had been different for Nes' sake, and that he had not brought this unhappiness upon her. When the villagers had concluded their testimony, while Nes wept with her shawl over her face, stern Throl stood up from his chair, the chair which was carvel grotesquely, huge and heavy, and which was the symbol of his office.

"I think the crime of the defendent beyond words, beyond

being redeemed in death, "he said heavily. "The sin of his thoughts has affected usuall, and for that T.consign him to the mercies and torments of the Demons of the Outside. Would any contest my judgement?"

With the death of Kreë the villagers would have been satisfied, but the horror of being east Outside shocked them into a little pity for the wretch they had condemned. But none lemurred, and Throl made his judgement final.

"Go, all of you," said he, "while the prisoner is made ready, and return in an hour for the execution of the judgement."

All went away, with the exception of Throl, Kree, Nes, still weeping, until her father raised her up and bore her unto Kree and said to him, "Young man, if uou live long enough you will liscover there are all kinds of sin, but the worst of all sine is to tell another man he believes wrongly. I' could not have released you, for the sin is enormous, in their eyes. But I can tell you that I, too, have seen The Hound, and noted the manner of its going, and it seems to me that it wants to be followed. When you take the trail to the Outside, follow The Hound. What you will find, I do not know, but I feel that it will be something of great importance to you and my laughter, Nes, and perhaps even to Kul."

Kree lifted his eyes. "To me, sir, and to Nes?"

"And to Nes, my son, For though it is forbidden to me to know anything, I know that you love her and she loves you, amd whatever the Demons may be that inhabit the Outside, no power they could mustor can lent the armor of love."

At this Kree gathered Nes into his strong arms, and she laid her head against him and wept.

"But the villagers will stop me!" she cried. "It is forbidden.also to travel from Kul except under punishment!"

Throl smiled, though there was sadness in his expression. "For that I allowed the hour, daughter, Gather up a few things quickly nowp some clothing, a little food, and take you my axe, and slip away through the forest and follow the way downward without looking back. Kree will catch up with you."

The girl flung herkelf upon him, for the separation went hard with her, and, though she still wept, she smiled as she kinsel the old man. Shortly they heard her moving about in the house, then a door closed, and silence came down.

After that, the old man Throl counseled the young man Kree for the space of an hour, and then the villagers returned. Grimly they bound Kree again with ropes and took him to the farthest limits of the village, where the forest loomed thick and dark. They unbound him there and turned their backs upon him as so stroke off, alone, with only the clothes he were, but light of heart nonetheless.

A mile within the forest he came apon Nes waiting for him. She had a great bundle of goods with her, recluding cloth, her father's axe, several keen knives, and other useful implementations there were also utensils for seemly cooking and eating which her wifely instinct had bade her also take along. Those they devided into two packs, a larger one for Kree, and a smaller one for Nes, and they shouldered them with slings made of ropes, and followed the slope of the forest floor.

As Throl had said, shortly the Hound came out of the forest and fell in shoad of them, and trotted happily along, looking over his shoulder from time to time to make sure that the man and the woman still followed.

And thus it came to pass, that, at the foot of the mountains, reached after many days of following the Hound. Kree and Nos came upon a smiling countryside, and found there a wantering tribe of other outcasts from Kul. Theirs was a pitiful, miscrable condition because they still carried the boliefs of Kul. But Kree and Nes taught them the new philosophy; that it is good to know. The tribe settled into a community, became thriving and prosperous under Kree's direction, and in time made union with other tribes wandering from distant parts.

In this wise man roso again after the fall, and it was not owing at all to the influence of Kul, as some historians insist. For it is written in the Chronicles of Yarth that Kree later returned to Kul and found the village buried under a landslide, from which no living thing had escaped save a few chickens and goats.

As for the Hound, it may have been a wandering dog, or it may have been an emissary sent by Heaven. I, Thrane, io not know about things like that.

--- Manly Bannister

DON'T FORGET

WESTERCON IV
San Francisco, June 31st and July 1st

NOLACON

Ninth World Science Fiction Convention New Orleans, Labor Day Weekend, 1951

DON'T FORGET



by KRIS NEVILLE

Rick wanted an article on folk music of the future. I wanted to do an article on the four letter obscenity on our sidewakk. (This obscenity comes out whenever it rains; during clear weather, it's perfectly invisible. Why it should come out only when it rains, I'm sure I can't say. It was printed there by a frustrated admirer of my ten year old sister, and sindo it's perfectly unmentionable, we're rather restrained—the Neville household—from January until April.) Or an article on why I sulk in the garage for two hours every time I buy a typewriter ribbon. Or why, to prove my Americanism, I now carry a copy of a comic book in my hip pocket wherever I go. But after all it's Rick's magazine, and since I'm sure I will never see a copy (I have personal enemies either in the club or in the postal department who keep me from getting Shaggy.) I may as well write about folk music of the future.

Best place to start is with The Green Hills of Earth. The music by Tom Glazer (a vory good folk singer who has out an album called Olden Ballads and who is co-author of, and singer on, a perfectly wonderful audio-educational VD record called "That Ignorant, Ignorant, Cowboy" which concludes: "Only a doctor can cure sy phi lis.") But The Green Hills of Earth is not what the folk music of the future will be like. That's folk music of the past.

In the future, I think the guitar will be replaced by some other easily portable musical instrument; my current choice is the musical saw, which combines aesthetic appeal with utility, and should find great favor with our distant progeny. If so, the singing style will be affected, exactly as it was by the guitar, and later, the banjo. The voice might be somewhat quivery and exceeding ly fluid; and perhaps pitched up through the nose. (It's difficult ot tell for sure.) And, if a portable xylophone were invented and accepted, we might get a sort of breaking-glass tinkle produced just up from the diaphragm.

As to the subject matter, I like to think it will be predominently disaster stuff. In the tradition of Sir Patrick Spons, The Jamb on Jerry's Rock, The Avondale Mine Disaster, AND THE SINKING of the Titanic. (choke: --Ed)
"Oh come all you young fellars,

on come all you young lellars, and listen while I tell Of the crew of Star Flight Seven, and the fate that them befell."

T see little hope for the survival of the outlaw balladry, chiefly because executions are no longer public. In the old days, intinerant songsters could circulate their broadside ballads during the hangings so that the citizen could take home, for a penny, the life history of the criminal, rhymed, and a moral to boot: "Oh how happy we are if we understand, There is no joy but in deing good."

Today the job is done adequately enough in more of less blank verse by AP, UP, and INS.

The outlaw balladry that survives is unsatisfactory to the discerning critic. For instance take an inferior work like the "Ballad of Pretty Boy Floyd". Now I submit that if they'd saved Pretty Boy for hanging, if the hanging had been public, perhaps some folk singer of rare talent might have tried to competent the spot at least—with the news services and produced another San Hall.

(Some agency or other should examine this whole situation, I think. In addition to being a great convenience for folk singers, public hangings provide wonderful entertainment for the kiddies, bring out the best in a man- ah for the old days when men were men and trod the thirteen steps with a sneer amid cheers from an appreciative audience!!--, and provide signal instruction in the wages of Sin. For the sake of Art, for the sake of entertainment, for the sake of human dignity, for the sake of morality give us back our public hangings, I say!)

The great love song body of material in the Greensleeves tradition has degenerated to I'm Driving Nails in My Coffin on the one hand and I Cried for You on the other. I see little hope for it in the future.

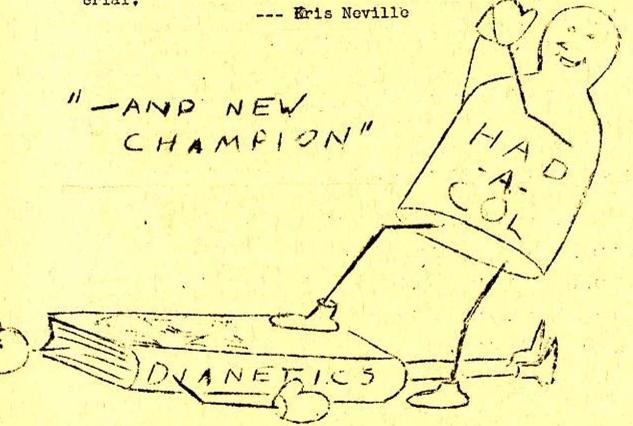
Of our seasonal carols, I can conceive of something worth while in the Silent Night tradition; however if our current trend continues, we should get extensions of All I Want For Christman is My Two Front Teath and Rudolph, The Rei-Nosed Reindeer sor, of thing. I think this will be inferior entertainment.

Our religious songs or folk dances seem to give some promise of future excellence. If the US conqueres the worli, we will all be piously singing of Heaven; If the USSR, piously dancing Slavic reels in celebration of the harvest.

But I think the personal tradgedy ballads are on the way out the Death of Floyd Collins are one. Those of you who recall The Death of Intitud Figure Fiscus will agree that southow the spirit is some care that southow the spirit is some care that southow the spirit is some care that epic poem, so, too, no one will write a south of the lad opic poem, so, too, no one will write a south in and if soo, the spaceways will be filled with the "in directes about individuals buried allow, caught in ice flows, owner starved on satellites and poisoned, shot, or knifed by real-ous lovers.

The last great subject matter group that occurs to me at the moment is the militant labor ballais. These, will pass, as labor comes more and more into powers und her marry's less frequent; there will be no Joe Hill, no rousing songs in the future. And, as far as I know, there will not be eventhe memory of them. In twenty two volumes of islandary issued by the Library of Congress, not one hencet-to-decrease will send appears—and in our current idictic climate of opinion, we're likely to imprison anyone who admits to rescale the torly. Instead, in the future, I rather imagine we'll the the radical songs of unregenerate Capitalists (set to climate the millions, of course).

But I'll say again, the folk music of the future should be predominently the songs of difaster. If anything and certain, it's that mankind is going to provide plenty of erial.



THE

CHRONIC

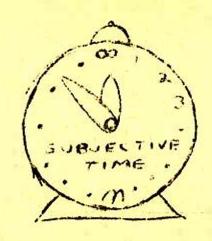
MARTIANS

b y

J. A Y.

RASBERRY

One



Across the long dead sea bottoms, the shadows of night were falling, causing the reds and browns of the whispering sands to fade into the dreamy purple of the encoming night.

On the edge of that ancient sea, the last rays of the sotting sun bounced off fairy towers, bathing the city in a last golden effluence of limpid beauty.

Yaga watched as the shopkeepers closed their stores and made ready to yield the streets to the silver moonlight. They sang as they worked, and the song was strange and somehow alien to that elfin paradise. She humned the words to herself and savered their strange mellowness and their stately beauty. They expressed a need, a vast yearning that seemed to transcend time and space, and sought release in a paon of song.

"Drunk last night, drunk the night before, .Gonna get drunk tonight like I never been drunk before."

Two

The spacemen climbed out of the ship and stood drinking in the scene before them.

"Man, isn't it wonderful," cried Thatcher, the engineer.

"Beautiful," said Jones, the pilot.

"Lot's find some habitation," suggested the Captain.

"We're from Earth," they said to the first man they met.

"Cortainly," he replied.

"The third planet," said the Captain.

"I should hope so," the other replied.

"But aren't you surprised?"

"Why should I be?"

"But wo'ro from Earth!"

"So an I."

110h. 11

Three

Bitterby and his family stared at the Martian landscape around them. Gently rolling sand dunes stretched to the old line of hills in the distance, away from their home, a transported Earth home, before them.

"A now life," said Bittering.

"A now planet," said his wife.

Their gaze wandered from the old sea bottom, what was its name? Oh, yes, Abercrombie. The Martians had called it something else a long time ago, but this was better. It was no longer the Laxalatewhatalatlattlelittlelattlelettle Sea. Such a rediculous name.

Then Bittering's wife gazed at the orange tree. The oranges had turned green.

She gazed at her husband. He had sprouted another pair of arms. Henry? she asked doubtfully.

"Call mo Ray," said the four armed apparition.

"You're trying to scare me, "she said.

"I am not!' I think this get up is cute."

"Oh act your age! Get in the House!"

"We've changed."

"Go insido."

Bittoring sighed a long sigh of anquish, and, shedding his extra arms, followed his wife into the house. He was careful not to step on her tail.

Anothor

Parker stared with satisfaction at the trim building before him. "Universal Hotdogs," the sign proclaimed, "The best food on Mars.

"Just wait," ho exulted. "This is going to be a mint."

"Next month the armada arrives from Earth," his wife said. "Fifty million hungry colonists."

"All clamoring for food."

"Our food."

"Universal Hotdogs."

And then the green star that was the Earth seemed to swell and become shot all over with little crimson specks. Then it grew bright and where before there had been a planet there was now a second sum. Parker turned and surveyed his stand that now was to never know a customer. His gaz o rouned even the crates of food that had been meant to feed fifty millions. His face took on a strange look. "Its all curs, new, he

and the same of th

"Wo'll never sell it," his wife said. "There is only to now, to cat it."

Parker

"Hot Dog! "/wxxxxxx exclaimed, and bogan.

And Still Another

The phone rang.

"To Hell' with it," Benton muttered, and went back to sleep.

THE END? NEVER!

## /T/H/E/ 2F/A/N/O/E/T/ (as Sneary night have spelled it)

Dave Lesperance thought he was doing profity well when be collebrated his first sale as co-guest of honor at the LACE Third Annual Writer's Fanquet last month.

Unfortunately, or otherwise, Len Moffat went him one balter.

Not only did he celebrate his first sale, but also his marriage, that afternoon, the Anna Sinclare. Since he met Mrs. Moffat through LASFS, we may all pat ourselves on the back for being Cupid's arrows of outrageous fortune, or some such thing.

Anyhow, congratulations to both, or rather all three, of you for your respective achievements. For the record, Dave's story was one of those which helped to introduce the new Avon magnathe, TEN STORY FANTASY. "The Woodworker" appeared under the pennece of Gene A. Davidson. Len's story, "Alpha Centauri Curtain "til" was one of those which helped to remove the Old Avon magazine. OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES.

After an excellent linner which the Unique Restaurant thoughtfully provided for its guests maintenance of life, each of some forty-odd peple got up and introduced themselves, or rather were introduced by M C Walt Dougherty, and then each made a "short speech, of varying length. Agent Ackerman made an announcement or two, and then the program was turned over to the two guests of honor, who both entertained and edified us.

when the meeting broke up, it broke up into groups which discussed everything from Dianotics to The Future of Man. and what each writer had done or was planning to do. Among whose present were van Vogt, Bradbury, Kris Neville, E. Mayne Bull, Ev Evans, Sneary, Dot Faulkner, Bill Cox, etc., etc., etc.

A ggod time was had by all.

--- BABBLING BESSIE



"....The most attractive appearance in the fieli....
the most beautiful covers in the field....the nighest rates
and the most liberal policy on story rights.....the best
fiction in its field. The finest science fiction writers--and now RAY BRADDURY---could this be why GALAYY science fiction
has made the greatest impact and is growing more swiftly than
any other magazine in its fieldy" Thus the current invocation
of increible bravado by the overnight seer of all that is good
in science fiction, the heartly confident H. L. Gold.

Gentlemen, there is a monster in our milst, and like many vamps she is full of fascination and like the Greek she bears gifts veiling a significance far beyond the face value of the merchandise for sale. The monster has a name, and it is GALAXY.

current science fiction revolution which seems to have overlaged the literary as well as the whole entertainment world. Like THE BIG EYE, which was in relity nothing more than a single rate science fiction story based on a theme much more power by and adequately handled by Balmer and Wylie eighteen years receive rave reviews by the "critics" and sell widely to a non-specialized reading public. The significance of this as than such a story, the very point of which hangs on a specific relection of the standards of logic and intellectual in the literature of JUDGEMENT for the paying public; they have no other set of values, knowing nothing but the kind of science fiction that the so-called "authorities" decide is acceptable. And do authors eat? Some.do.

So we have GALAXY. We have GALAXY and an editor with a genius for the semantically glib, for what is in reality a very
high-level variey of high-pressure, steam-engine salesmanship
and propaganda. Whatever it may be called, it amounts to taking
a word--"mature"--and holding it like some literary sword of
Damocles over the science fiction world. Other authorities in
the days before science fiction became important, called the natter "juvenile" so that means there must be a mature science
fiction, and the label is neatly hung on this bright new magazine.
In truth, it means that this is the word that will make science
fiction palatable to the gut who doesn't know, and who also has
two bits in his pocket. Gold, (and that may be taken two ways),
may lable the stories in this magazine as mature and the call
may be taken, but the fact/that the material appearing in
is popular science fiction. Which, as mentioned before, he
nothing whatsoever to do with good science fiction. Somecas
seems to have forgotten that there is a very good reasor
why science fiction has never before been "popular"---there
aren't enough people around with the sort of imaginative intolect required.

Now, as to what is a good science fiction story, there are as many ideas on that subject as there are readers of scince fiction. Like "mature", "good" is a word and as such has different meanings for different meanings. It is mossible, however, to arrive at certain generalizations as to the nature of science fiction——what, in effect, makes it science fiction and not just adventure fiction.

Primarily, science fiction is concerned with man against his environment; this is unlike most general fiction, where his precupation is generally man's struggle with other men or with bimself. Science fiction takes the self and places it in its proper perspective, adopts a strange sort of a relativistic, or more properly a null-A attitude, and recognises self as part of the interplay of environmental forces, which it treats in a different manner than do other forms of literary entertainment—they are things to be dealt with, to be understood, used, and controlled. The nature of science fiction, which is logic and mind over environment, demands this. When excelled forces win over reason, no matter what the outcome, the modus operandi

is unsane. There may be science fiction stories about emotion and utilizing emotion, but if they are worth their silt, they reject the idea that the individual must turn his back on reason and rely on the wild and uncontrolled force of his glandular secretions in the mastery of his environment. Indeed, in the latter day of science fiction, one of the primary problems has been the control and evaluation of emotion.

The point is that science fiction is, after all, what the label says——fiction about science. We have anaesthetics and heaters to keep us warm in winter and shorter working hours and longer life—spans, all because of what this somewhat undefine—able thing called science has achieved. While science fiction can be cognizant of the misuse of the creations of science, it recognizes additionally that it is the individual who misuses them and that "the proper study of mankind is man himself."

And while it can and must warn us of the dangers inherent in such misuse, it must never, never, come full circle and become anti-science fiction.

The publishers and editors of GALAXY, like all publishers and editors, are out to make money. To do this, they are after the new reader, the guy who doesn't know and has two bits in his pocket, the guy who wouldn't read "juvenile" stuff but will certainly gobble up "hature" stories. Sure they're mature. It says so. He'll also gobble it up because he can understand them. They say the same thing he, poor misguided devil, is thinking all the time. Science? To Hell' with science! Science is going to destroy us all. It's a bad thing, this science. And it says that, right in the magazine. Yes, this is good stuff——it's the same kind of junk, pardon me, "mature" science fiction he reads once in a while in COLLITERS and FOST and so forth, only they didn't dare label it science fiction because that was "juvenile". Now they've got somothing to holler about ——they're going to save the world from science.

And the world of the future becomes not a golden age, not the age of man's freedom from himself and his release from the chains of his environment, but a time when he has at last surrendered to the machines and stands trembling in the face of mad science, the atomic age descendent of the mad scientist. So this guy who doesn't know, who can't understand and probably never will understand what science fiction can be, ents it up. What about the pore devout "fan?" Well, he's been kicked around so much with the word "juvenile" that he loves the idea of being able to sit in the sun for the so-called literate world for a change. He doesn't know he's selling his bitthright for a song, --- and a song of seduction at that.

Let's look at this "mature" magazine that's doing its best to assasinate science fiction. Exclusive of the current unfinished serial (This was written two months ago-Ed.) there have been twenty-seven stories in the five issues to date. A grand total of three of them have something hopeful to say, and one of them, Simak's "Second Childhood" while a good yarn, says it with out too much enthusiasm. Of the other two, Robinson's "The Re-

luctant Heroes, while not particularly new, is rather well written. Nevertheless it remains as slick as the cover of COLLIERS. The third, the Reynolds-Brown collaboration "Dark Interlude" is a commentary on race problems and is in many respects the best story so far to appear in the magazine.

Outside of this there is nothing but emotionalism, sex to a degree all out of place in science fiction, (thus making it "mature" like the big, important magazines), and what can only be described as a bitter assault on human progress. Simak's "Time Quarry," which sounds a lot like van Vogt but isn't, starts off nicely but ends, like all good slick yarns, with he getting she, and nothing much being done, thought, or decided along the way. Sturgeon's "The Stars Are the Styx" is a grim treatment of space travel and all its consequences. The remainder of the first issue follows much the same tone, very grim indeed, as in MacLean's "Contagion" Lieberis "Later Than You Think," and Asimov's "Darwinian Pool Room." This latter is an outstanding story, and it says everything GALAXY has to say with compleat logic and force. By itself it would be remarkable, but in the company it keeps it is still anti-science fiction. "The Last Martian" by Brown is representative of another recent trend, not restricted to GALAXY, which is somewhat disagreeable, to wit, the idea that man cannot save himself from himself and from his environment and must be saved by creatures from other worlds.

November brought more of the same in "Coming Attraction" by Lieber, and the issue was otherwise notable because of the very clever "To Serve Man" by Damon Knight, and the highly readiculous "Honeymoon in Hell" which saw man saved by machines and love triumphant, with a little sex, just like in the slicks. December brought Jones' "A Stone and a Spear" with science on the defensive again, and the highly pessimistic "The Waker Dreams" by Matheson. The rest of the issue was strictly filler, including "Jaywalker" by Ross Rocklynne, which is a story only one science fiction magazine would ever haved stooped to publishing. And it did. Love triumphant in the end, and reason out the window.

Came the new year. January brought "Rule of Three" by Sturgeon and more salvation from the stars. Gault's "Made To Measure" demonstrated that, after all, we must obey our emotions, and presented some semantic clap-trap about the perfect wife. Love again triumphant. "Susceptibility2 by MacDonald was a sort of neo-walden back-to-the-woods affair, loaded with sex. To the immense credit of this issue it contained "The Reluctant Heroes" and "Dark Interlude."

In February came a kind of hysterical climax to the whole proceedure. Bradbuty (bless L.S. de Camp for being the first person to speak up on that subject, in the current A. S. F.) proved again, sixty one pages worth, that this whole modern world is all wrong and the only way out is backwards. Once again, science is the villain. The short stories in the issue, with the exception of "Second Childhood" were thoroughly vacuous. Del Rey should be ashamed of "And It Comes Out Here" for even as

a rewrite job of an awfully old idea, its poor. Nelson Bond does things like Curtis' "The Protector" much better, and even when he does it. it's not particularly good. Robinson's "Two Weeks in August" was straight from the general magazines---typical of the meaningless science fiction they publish.

Lest this sound like a diatribe, the following qualification should be made. Some of these stories were pretty good; a couple were masterful. But they are far from being the most mature science fiction ever written. The only people who'll go for that are those who don't know any better (that fellow with the quarter again) and the fans who have been aching to jump on John Campbell's back because of Dianetics or out of just plain spite. What this latter group tends to overlook, is, is that while no single man is responsible for the maturation (yes, that word again) of science fiction, certainly Campbell engineezed it. The standards of science fiction are now, and will continue to be for a long time, the brand of serious science fiction that characterized the Campbell era that began with Asimov's "Trends" and continued at high water through 1942. Take any quality science fiction story, in any current magazine, and compare it to the material of this era, and then to the years before. Sure the gadget age is gone, praise be, but it is certainly as undesirable to go to the complte extreme and damn the science that made the gadget, which is what is being done.

Mature? Why the best, most mature story that has yet appeared in GALAXY---pick your choice---can't compare with "Uni-verse," "Final Blackout" the above mentioned "Trends", "Nerves" "The Stars Look Down," "Slan," "If This Goes On--" ad infinitum.

Here's the trouble. The buying public, those walking twenty five cent peices, have been sold on "science fiction" --note quotes. It's popular, so they'll buy. Gentlemen, they're buying a label. They're looking for, and they're getting, the same sort of love stories and adventure stories and emotional idiocy they've always gotten, under the label of "love" "adventuro" "western"but with a new setting --- the moon, the laboratory, or the imaginary world of the far future where they can be titilated with a new look at sex. In this very important respect, GALAXY is everything that it says it is not -- it is cowboys with ray guns -- on a very literate level. It is not good science fiction. It is not good science fiction simply because good science fiction cannot be sold to that kind of a reading public. It is not being condescending to say that science fiction demands an attitude, a kind of intellectual detachment, a type of intolligence that does not characterize the general reading public, at least not at this date. But the men who know how to write science fiction are writing the kind of material for GALAXY that this average reader can grasp, that does mean something to his untrained mind, and theyre doing it because theyere getting paid for it.

Gentlemen, it's a monster. With its beautiful Bonestell cover, the only satisfactory cover so far, and its neat appearance, with its line-up of big name authors, yet to introduce a

a good new one, with its shameless braggadocio and its patent initation of ASF, with its impact on the field and with its all-to-unwise acceptance by the fan who should recognize it for what it is, it's still a monster. It's a monster because it's anti-science fiction, and because its sucdess will mean more imitators. It's a monster because it's a slick magazine in a field that cannot be slick and maintain its identity and its integrity. And that sort of thing, gentlemen, can mean the end of everything that science fiction stands for.





The following item from the drama section of the Los Angeles Times speaks for itself:

## SAM JAFFE PLAYS HUMANITARIAN SCIENTIST

Sam Jaffe, who received an Acalemy nomination for his supporting portrayal in "Asphalt Jungle" sooms to be benefitting by the honor. At 20th, where he recently appeared as the head of a dress goods factory in "I can get it For You Wholesale," he will now enact a humanitarian scientist in "The Day The Earth Stood Still" which will be occased by Julian Blaustein. This is about the vigitor from another planet (Michael Rennie) who threatens the Farth with destruction. The film will have sociological aspects. Taken from the novel "Farewell to the Master" the picture is being scripted by Edmund North. Billy Gray, 12 years, recently in "Just One More Chance" is also in the film.

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DRAGONS IN AMBER by Willy Ley Viking, 1951

Willy Ley's DRAGONS IN AMBER is easily the best book I have read in some time. It is a sequel, if one collection of miscellany can be called a sequel to another such collection, to his earlier book, THE LUNGFISH, THE DODO, AND THE UNICORN.

In it he continues with the wanderings of a romantic naturalist with the same fascinating storytelling ability that made his carlier work such a success. Beginning with two chapters on amber, which the Greeks originally called elektron, and with which the Russians are now doing God-knows-what, and continuing with the story of the icthyosaur, Ley conducts a tour of life, plant and animal, past and present,

And the only criticism one has when one finishes is that the book is too short.

Of all the features of heis book, however, the one that impressed me the most is the feeling Ley manages to impart that science is by no means at the end of its researches, and that it is a continuous and fascinating adventure that is soing on today.

The stories in this book are for the most part unfinished stories, stories that we are in the middle of and may, if we live long enough, so the next chapter of.

The stories of the Takaho, the dog-sixed flightless bird of New Zealand, and of the Sequéia, the giant and not-so-giant redwood of California and China are particularly rich in this quality.

And Ley also manages to convey a sense of wonder at the marvolous things in the world around about. At the very common Cycad, which I have been passing every lay for several months without recognising, and which is as marvelous in its way as is the sequoia.

And then there is the Milu which should be extinct but isn't, and the Panda, and the common Potato Bug, and the Camel, and---

But read the book for yourself. You won't be dissapointed.

---AL LEWIS

