JOHN W. CAMPBELL
An Australian Tribute

JOHN W. CAMPBELL
An Australian Tribute

JOHN W. CAMPBELL

An Australian Tribute

Edited by John Bangsund

Published by
Ronald E. Graham & John Bangsund
Canberra 1972

JOHN W. CAMPBELL: AN AUSTRALIAN TRIBUTE

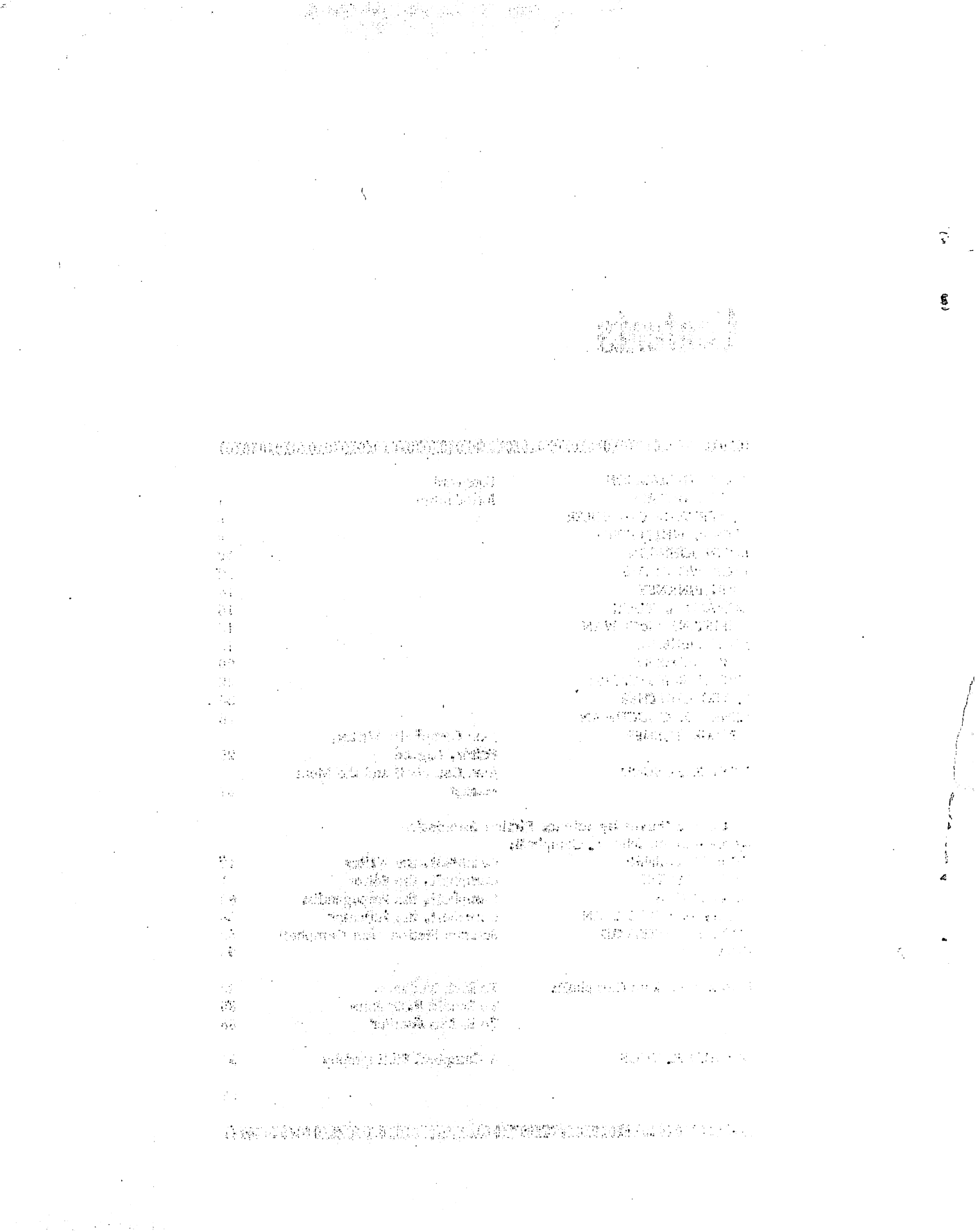
Published by Ronald E. Graham and John Bangsund
Designed and printed by John Bangsund: Parergon Books
PO Box 357 Kingston ACT 2604 Australia
Distributed by Space Age Books
317 Swanston Street Melbourne 3000 Australia
Cover printed by Paragon Printers, Canberra
Interior printed on Roneo 865 duplicator, using
Roneo R430X stencils and Roneo Canadian Paper
Electrostencils by Noel Kerr, Melbourne

First edition. Print-run 300 copies, of which 200 are for sale.

Errata:
Title page - For 1972 read 1974.
Page 91 - The Introduction to Mr Tuck's bibliography has been largely re-written and extended by the editor, with whom the responsibility lies for any inaccurate statement.
Page 98 - for Hockley, "Wog", read Hockley, Warwick.
For any other errors discovered the editor, who should know better, may be held responsible.

Production assistance: David Grigg, Joy and Vern Warren, but above all, and without whose encouragement the book might never have been completed, Sally Yeoland.

Contents



Foreword

Jack Williamson

WORD of John Campbell's death overtook me last summer in Sydney. There for a too-brief visit, my wife and I had been entertained by the Chandlers, by Robin Johnson and Peter Darling. When Peter called on our last night there, his sad news brought me a keen personal hurt and a painful sense of loss for all science fiction.

John had been my friend for more than half our lives. Though it is now a good many years since he bought any fiction of mine, we had never fallen out. I enjoyed a long visit with him at Heidelberg in 1970, the last time we met.

He was a tall, barrel-chested man, sharp of nose, keen of eye. He was not athletic. I recall him nearly always seated, cigarette in hand, listening with head cocked alertly, frowning in quick reaction, talking with an eager vigor, always talking.

His topic was science, with science fiction for a metaphor. Though he was too completely himself to be easily defined, I think he was most of all a voice for what Snow calls the culture of science. He was absorbed with technology transforming the world. A canny optimist, he understood the process better than most of us do, and he regarded it with more wonder and hope than fear.

John Wood Campbell was born in Newark, New Jersey, June 8 1910, the son of an electrical engineer. He was proud of his Scotch ancestry. Educated at a boys school named Blair Academy, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Duke University, he seems to have been an erratic student, more interested in science fiction than ordinary scholarship. His first story, "When the atoms failed", was published in Amazing Stories in January 1930.

During the next few years he became the great rival of E. E. Smith as a manufacturer of super-scientific space melodrama, but then his

tastes and skills evolved toward the more memorable work, such as "Twilight" and "Who goes there?" that he signed Don A. Stuart. Though he was popular under both names, the limited science fiction market of the 1930s forced him into a series of jobs that led at last to an editorial position with Street and Smith. In May 1938 he began his life-time career as editor of the magazine then called Astounding Science Fiction.

This magazine, launched in 1930 by Harry Bates for the Clayton chain as Astounding Stories of Super-Science, and later edited for Street and Smith by F. Orlin Tremaine, had published most of Campbell's fiction of both sorts. Under his own direction, it evolved through decades of change into the present Analog.

It became Campbell's voice, reflecting his original mind, his vast curiosity, his eager sense of science reshaping the world. As editor, he developed a fine sense of story and style. The writers he gathered or discovered or trained are too numerous to list here, but they made the next dozen years a golden age of science fiction.

At Street and Smith, the way to his office ran past rumbling presses, through gloomy tunnels walled with enormous rolls of pulp paper, back to the cluttered den where his assistant, Kay Tarrant, presided over manuscripts and artwork. He came in only once or twice a week, but nearly always, there or at the family home across the Hudson in New Jersey, writers were welcome.

No editor was ever more helpful. He read every story submitted. Those he rejected came back with useful comments, and many a letter accepting one story also included ideas for another. (The mechanical ants in my latest novel, THE MOON CHILDREN, were an invention of his.)

Too few of us heard his stimulating talk, but his monthly editorials were the man himself, always outspoken, sometimes deliberately outrageous. In the latter years his opinions made enemies. He was attacked and ridiculed, I think most unfairly.

Though I could never quite accept all his pronouncements on the possible future of science and the best order of society and our proper human roles, I could always accept his candor and good will. So could most of his readers. Despite the criticism, Analog still leads the field.

Campbell enjoyed a good duel of fact and logic for its own sake, but he held no grudges. No dogmatist, he was rather the Socratic teacher, eager to test every position with shrewd debate but striving always to establish new truth. Beneath all the talk, I think he was inwardly shy. In the course of the years, to paraphrase Poul Anderson's tribute in Locus, I found him warm, gentle, often humorous, always kindly, ever eager to share the miracles he had found in a world that now has one miracle the less.

Although Astounding / Analog stands as his major monument, he created another magazine, short-lived but not forgotten. That was Unknown. Perhaps the inspiration came from H. G. Wells, but he transformed it. Seen through his clear intelligence, the purely unbelievable became a new sort of literature: the fantasy rationalized by means of its own strict internal logic.

But science fiction was his life. For him, as for most of us, it was something more than just another minor sub-literary genre. It was and is international, climbing above all our tribal quarrels to see the world whole. It is at least sometimes intelligent, looking through confusion and indifference to explore our possible futures with some sanity. In its own rising voice, which has strong accents of John Campbell, it speaks for our survival.

As an innovative writer, but chiefly as a great creative editor, he filled a place in science fiction that nobody else can occupy. It was Wells who established and defined the genre. Hugo Gernsback named it. John W. Campbell is the third major name in its history. He reshaped it and taught a whole generation of its ablest craftsmen.

AS an old friend of John Campbell, and an old science fiction fan, I am grateful for this volume and proud to be in it. I am personally in debt to Campbell, not only for years of good reading, not only for editorial inspiration, but for part of what I am. Because of him, I know the art of fiction better, and I can see the changing world more truly. In the whole domain of science fiction, we are all his debtors. In his death, we have lost something of ourselves that we will never find again. This book is a heartfelt elegy.

Portales, New Mexico
February 1972

Introduction

John Bangsund

JOHN W. CAMPBELL died on 11th July 1971.

"Death," says Lawrence Durrell's Pursewarden, "is a metaphor; nobody dies to himself." John Campbell, unlike the vast majority of humankind, lives on in the hearts and minds of countless people, despite being beyond our physical reach. He did not die to himself, and to us he is not dead - as I think this book will amply testify.

The news reached Australia quickly, but oddly. Fred Patten in Los Angeles mentioned it in an amateur magazine devoted to comics, a copy of which went to John Ryan in Brisbane. John rang someone in Sydney, who passed the news on to Robin Johnson (who had gone interstate to meet the visiting American author, Jack Williamson). On his return, Robin told me. I sent a circular to hundreds of science fiction fans in Australia, and wrote to dozens of newspapers and magazines. From this, from a subsequent article in "The Australian", and from a meeting organized by the Melbourne University Science Fiction Association, came this book. The first response to my suggestion that Australians honour John Campbell in this way came from George Turner; the second from John Pinkney, who read my letter in "Nation", sent me a telegram immediately, talked to me and to others, and within a few days wrote the article in the Melbourne "Age" reprinted in this book.

The book actually started out as a special issue of my magazine, "Scythrop", but it soon became evident that there was far too much material for a magazine issue. At this stage I appealed to Ron Graham in Sydney for financial assistance, which he characteristically and most generously provided. Ron is one of the few Australians who met John Campbell, if only one of the many who admired him. His thoughts about the man run too deep for words: that you are reading this, is Ron Graham's tribute to the memory of John Campbell.

When I heard the news, on 19th July to be exact, I was unemployed, a condition not unfamiliar to me. Eight days later I said what I have to

say about John Campbell, in a long rambling essay first published in "Philosophical Gas", later shortened and revised for Andy Porter's "Algol", and now finally revised for this book. This piece indicates something about the nature of this book which should be mentioned right from the start.

John Campbell, in his own way, and because it was his own way, was a great man. Nothing that is said about him - and I believe there will be a lot said about him, one way and another, for years to come - can detract from what he did and what he was. From all that I have heard and read about him, he was the kind of man who draws a circle which includes you, even if the circle you draw excludes him. You will find people in this book saying things about John Campbell which might not be regarded as entirely complimentary, a lot that is irreverent, a little that is uncompromisingly harsh.

That means that this book, whatever other shortcomings it might have, is an honest book. I have the feeling that John Campbell would approve. I am only sorry that he cannot read what we have to say here; with a few succinct comments from him it might have been a really good book, as well as an honest one.

I do not know what John Campbell's religious beliefs were, and will refrain from mentioning mine, but I can just about imagine him in some Elysian field right now, chatting with Homer, Euclid, Abelard, Verne, Einstein, Shakespeare and a few other cronies, telling them gently where they went wrong, and while they are scratching about for an answer, listening in for a moment to what we are saying about him, and, the cigarette smoke curling about him, smiling to himself.

Canberra
October 1972

And take for Tribute
what these Lines express;
You merit more;
nor cou'd my Love do less.

A. Bertram Chandler

ONLY two nights before John Bangsund rang me to tell me the sad news, Jack Williamson and his wife were guests at our house. After dinner we all enjoyed the usual hate session, and the ears of sundry publishers, literary agents and editors must have burned. But there was one editor about whom none of us could say any ill. We all of us knew him, all of us admired him.

I first met John Campbell in 1942. After the entry of the USA into the Second World War, the ships of the Shaw Savill Line, in whose employ I then was, strayed from their old-established UK-Australasia tramlines and visited what were to us exotic ports. New York was one of these.

As a faithful reader, of many years' standing, of John Campbell's Astounding, I thought I would take the opportunity of meeting the Great Man Himself. He received me with the courtesy that was an integral part of his make-up. He suggested that I might like to try my hand at writing for his magazine. I thought he must be joking, but he insisted. So the next time I was in New York I called round at his office with a 4000-word manuscript - "This means war" - which it had taken me all of a fortnight painfully to peck out. I said, 'I suppose I should leave return postage with it...' He assured me, 'Don't worry - I'll send it back!' But he didn't. He sent a cheque instead.

During the remaining years of the war I became a regular contributor to Astounding, and made the cover twice - once with "Giant Killer", and again with "Special Knowledge". Said John, of this second story, 'Chandler's the only man who has ever got a hammer-and-sickle onto the cover of Astounding!' (That cover picture showed a large Russian spaceship, waterborne, being towed by a fussy little side-wheeled steam tug.)

And during those years, while Shaw Savill's ships were still running to

New York, I was a frequent guest at John's weekend house parties, at which he played host to his writers. One amusing feature of these was that the grog sessions always started in the huge, very comfortable living room, but after the second drink at the very latest adjourned to the basement, which was John's laboratory. There we would all play happily with John's electronic toys. Among these was the fabulous record player. There was one in the living room, too - but that was only a factory-made model. The one in the basement had been built by John himself. With its components spread over the entire compartment, it seemed at times as though the basement was the record player, or vice versa. There was high fidelity combined (when required) with fantastic volume. After all these years I am still amazed that Ravel's "Bolero", in its final stages, did not literally bring the house down. And as the music played you could watch the sound track wiggling on the cathode ray screen. Or, speaking or singing into a microphone, you could watch the sound track of your own voice. Using the same microphone you could sing along with any of the records.

One of the records - and one of John's favourites - was of a male voice choir rendition of "Waltzing Matilda". For some reason he would always insist that I add my own voice to this one. I never dreamt that the day would come when, sailing under the Australian flag, I should come to think of "Matilda" as my own national song.

Yes, those were good parties, and John was an excellent host. The talk was always stimulating and, usually, productive. I say usually, because there was one publishing venture discussed that never got past the discussion stage: John, George O. Smith, Theodore Sturgeon and I worked out all the details of a new magazine, a joint undertaking, to be called "Dirty Stories".

John had a very dry sense of humour. On one occasion, in his office, I was being introduced to another of the Street & Smith editors. "Chandler," said John, "writes his stories in the middle of a hurricane, with his typewriter lashed to his desk." Then he added: "And at times they bloody-well look like it." (This was after I had brought him a manuscript over which, somehow, a bottle of Guinness had been spilt. He took it.) On another occasion he was lecturing me on the various types of science fiction. "Then there is the Costume Western. Instead of Dead Man's Gulch you have Spaceport, Mars. Instead of a cowboy you have a spaceman. Instead of a mustang you have a rocket. But essentially it's only a Western." Then, pointing an accusing finger at me: "And you write Costume Sea Stories."

It is many years since I last saw John. We exchanged occasional letters. I wish now that I had kept his. In 1967 my wife visited the USA, and I insisted that when in New York she should meet John Campbell. She did so, and was greatly impressed. She said, admiringly, "He's the only man who has ever been able to talk me into a corner."

John could talk. He could have been an outstanding school-teacher. He could make anything simple - in fact his very important wartime job was

the writing of textbooks on complicated electronic devices for the US armed forces.

He could have been an outstanding school-teacher?

But he was just that. Every writer who ever worked for him learnt much from him. He was a perfectionist. If he wanted a story, and if it fell short of his standards, he would say, Take it away and do so-and-so and such-and-such; this is your story, your idea and I want it from you! The end result of all the rewriting was always worthwhile.

During his later years some of us liked his editorials, some of us did not, but they were always intensely readable. He was often accused of being reactionary, but I don't think he was. He just faced facts squarely. He said, in effect, A fact may be unpleasant, but it won't vanish if you pretend it's not there. He preached the sermon preached also by Kipling in his "The Gods of the Copybook Headings". Perhaps this verse sums up John's philosophy:
In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selective Peter to pay for collective Paul;
But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money could buy,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: "If you don't work you die!"

In my younger days I admired Kipling as a craftsman but did not much care for his ideology. Now I tend to come round to his point of view. In so far as John Campbell was concerned, the Paddington-literary-gent part of my make-up rather deplored his editorials, but the conservative shipmaster was apt to applaud each and every one.

But I am talking about Campbell, not Kipling, and certainly not about myself. One last anecdote and I will finish. George O. Smith said to me once, "The trouble with John Campbell is that he has no redeeming vices". I wouldn't go quite as far as that myself, but I can and will say that John, in all and any senses of the words, was a good man.

Wynne Whiteford

I MET John W. Campbell Jr only once, in the spring of 1957. We were together for only an hour, yet somehow he remains more alive in my mind than many men I have known for years.

In some ways it was one of the most stimulating hours I have experienced; stimulating not so much because of the things Campbell said or suggested, but because of glimpses of the way he built up chains of thought.

The word "charisma" has been hammered so thoroughly over the last few years that most of us have developed an allergy to it. If it exists at all, John Campbell was one of the few people to possess it. This may have been one of the factors in his immense influence on the whole field of science fiction, but it was only one factor among many.

He played as vital a part in the evolution of science fiction as Hugo Gernsback. Alfred Bester summed up this role very neatly when he said that Campbell gave science fiction character, rescuing it in the 1930s "from the abyss of space pirates, mad scientists, their lovely daughters (wearing just enough clothes to satisfy the postal authorities) and alien fiends". Campbell burlesqued this type of story in one of his early yarns, "Space Rays", which was stocked with an incredible array of gimmicks.

On first meeting John Campbell, the impression he made was one of controlled coolness, clarity, justified egotism. Then, after he had talked for a while, other sides of an extremely complicated personality began to show out. You became aware of his enthusiastic love of life as he took you to the windows behind his desk to show you what he called "the best view you'll ever get of the United Nations".

At the time, Street & Smith had a whole floor of a building at 216 East 45th Street, between Second and Third Avenue; from memory I think it was about the twelfth floor. The parts near the elevators were devoted

to "Air Trails" and other S&S magazines, and after travelling on through the "Astounding" section you finished up in John Campbell's office in the extreme south-east corner of the building, a big, high-ceilinged office, with its south and east walls mostly windows looking out on the sharp, clean verticals of the Manhattan skyline.

Nearby was the towering slab of the UN Secretariat Building, and below, the Assembly Building with its large dome and two smaller domes rising above a sweeping curve of roof. With a sudden burst of boyish laughter, Campbell pointed out how this building always reminded him of a fat man in a bath, with his stomach and knees showing above the water.

He had an extraordinarily free, spontaneous flow of ideas. I think I could best describe his way of thinking as mentally uninhibited. Sure, I know all inhibition is mental, but I'm not talking about the sort of inhibition that is linked with social mores. I mean the kind of self-imposed inhibition that makes you immediately kill the embryonic idea for a time travel story, let's say, because you "know" straight away that it contravenes the laws of cause and effect.

Campbell seemed to have the ability to focus all his attention on a particular idea and extrapolate it in every possible direction, without looking for ways to chop it at the outset. You might call it a controlled temporary suspension of the critical faculty. (A little before this time he had actually built himself a Hieronymus Machine. I don't know whether it ever really worked - but it might have, and he had been willing to try it.)

He had a vivid, encyclopædic memory that seemed to hold the past alive and immediately available to him all the time. I mentioned a story of his called "The Last Evolution", which appeared in the early 1930s. He remembered it at once, discussed the point it made and went into considerable detail explaining the way he had thought of it and built it up.

Someone said a while ago of Norman Mailer that "even when you disagree with him violently, he lights rockets", and I think the same thing applied to John Campbell. When the conversation swung in the direction of possible race memory, inherited memory, he unfurled a theory that past, present and future are all "there" right now, if you could only tune in on them. Some people tune in on fragments of the past, some on fragments of the future. I didn't believe this theory, and I doubt if he believed it the next day, but that didn't matter. What I found valuable was the demonstration of the way Campbell could step for a time into a different universe and look at all its complexities and possibilities.

As I have said, we talked for only an hour, but somehow he packed more into that hour than most people would put into a week. He did not, as most of us do, "just talk" to fill in the vacant spaces between ideas. With John Campbell, there seemed to be no vacant spaces.

Robin Johnson

JOHN CAMPBELL was Guest of Honour at the World Science Fiction Convention in London in 1957. At this time he was one of my gods, although I was not in fandom. I went along to the Convention hotel one afternoon, trembling with expected anticlimax, but my knees finally turned to jelly as I read the notice board outside the meeting room. I slunk out, to my present shame, and did not meet Mr Campbell until eight years later, when the Worldcon came again to London.

This time he was not the Guest of Honour, although anyone could have been forgiven for not realizing it, judging by the press of people around him all the time. I remember talking to him about the Hieronymus Machine, and asking whether it was to be considered in the same light as Thiotimoline. (You don't remember Thiotimoline? There were two articles about it in Astounding way back when. One was called "The Endochronic Properties of Resublimated Thiotimoline", and it dealt with this chemical that reacted with water before it was added and... Oh, look it up.) He was slightly horrified at the suggestion, and stated that the Hieronymus Machine was dead serious. The discussion lasted some time among the other hangers-on, who seemingly were materialized by Campbell out of thin air.

Although some of these hangers-on were American, some British and some Continental, they presented a recognizable similarity: young, earnest, polished shoes (with laces) and short hair. The subjects discussed tended towards Campbell's well-known editorial predilections. His not always respectful views on orthodox science and medicine were brought up and talked about, although it was often hard for him to find anyone strong enough in mind and tongue thoroughly to sustain an opposing view. I was reminded of this aspect of his discourses recently, when Dr Paul Ehrlich, the Environmental Action and ZPG man, appeared on television with an audience which after a couple of sallies made clear that its sympathies were all with him, apart from a couple of obscurantists he was able to destroy with deft economy. The difference was that

Campbell himself extrapolated his opponents' ideas to their logical absurdity, while Ehrlich allowed his opponents to dig their own graves.

I saw John Campbell twice subsequently, both times at Worldcons. On home territory, in New York in 1967, the acolytes were even thicker on the ground than in London. I made the ritual obeisance and brought up Project Ozma, the attempt to listen in on extraterrestrial communications. The conversation was diverted by the acolytes into what for me were well-trodden paths, and just then Harlan Ellison walked by, so I left.

At Heidelberg in 1970, I did not see him until fairly late in the meeting. He appeared on a discussion panel, disavowing any knowledge of German greater than his knowledge of Late High Martian, but still managing to produce a certain amount of good sense. Most of the time he was away from the photographers' lights, and once or twice I glimpsed him even away from the acolytes. And yet I never got around to going over to talk to him, so the last memory I have of him is his accepting the Best Professional Artist Hugo from John Brunner for Kelly Freas. He said: "Thank you. I think he deserved it, too, although I never vote in these polls."

I have kept a London press-cutting from 1965. It describes Campbell as "the man who drives minds to the end of their tether". Anyone who has encountered the man either in person or in his editorials will agree with this description. And yet I never heard John Campbell say a word against anyone personally, however much he might have held their views in contempt. His verbal barbs were confined very exactly to their targets - the way people thought, or did not think.

Jack Wodhams

MR JOHN W. CAMPBELL is - I continue to think of him in the present tense - the man who put me in business. The credit, or as some might think, blame, is largely his. "Jack, lad," he says, "do not try to lecture the customers, there's a good fellow. And the downbeat, tch tch, such material unfortunately abounds and is competitively excessive."

A straight-talking man, generous with his encouragement, with a humbling absence of condescension. Out of nowhere he picks this late-comer from his slush-pile. He hears me. Lonely nobody calling, his is the first ear to catch the piping, to be bothered to eliminate the static and amplify the tune. He is John W. God, all right, as some call him, and he answers prayers from me better than any other deity to date.

Ah, but he picks some good ones, some of the best, and, okay, let us admit, even he cannot win them all. So criticized? Yes, he is criticized, and a lot more than most - because he is the biggest, he has the greatest stature, the toughest hide, the gall, the nerve, the cheek - the knowledge, the wisdom, the sensitivity and shrewd insight to wield his power as a rapier rather than as a claymore.

How adroitly outrageous he can be! He can cruelly stab us from our torpor with his shocking declamations, statements that can flagrantly run counter to the most popularly held conceptions. On occasion he sounds pro-war, pro-apartheid, pro-pollution and, at times, even pro-crime and pro-cancer. There is nothing mean or tentative about his jabs. He is a first-rate psychologist and he sinks his barbs into just the right places - and derives great pleasure from listening to the resultant howls. His apparent sadism can be forgiven perhaps, for what he conducts is a form of psychic acupuncture, and he knows full well that arousing ire in controversy is a thousand times better seller than a voice in the pack. The solo singer always earns more than the boy in the chorus, right? - and Mr C. sure has the knack of putting a stirring song across.

He makes people think. This is his aim. His motive is not to win adherents to Campbell-thought, of a style equivalent to Mao-thought, no, oh great heavens forbid, no! To refute him requires thought, and if he achieves this then, lo! he succeeds mightily.

A great man, period. He is as a Churchill in this sf field. Me, he has even me thinking contrarily, evaluating oppositely, to in surprise discover reason, good reason, to disapprove causes generally thought worthy. As an instance, because of him, my lifelong but unthought plaudits to the goals of feminine equality and emancipation have recently undergone an abrupt about-turn. Now I am staunchly anti women's-lib - and I have some well thought out reasons to back my opinion, believe me.

This is not Mao-think but Campbell-think, which essentially is a process to defy processing. We are urged to cease swallowing wholesale the thinking of others, to instead do our own thinking, that we so might come to truly have our very own arrived conclusion, to know personally, and why. He creates opinions where none before exists.

Mine is no time for dead men. There is no epitaph. Like Z, he lives - anywhere where the odds are of no consequence against the challenge that may be made by the mind of man.

John Pinkney

FOR a pulp magazine, Astounding Science Fiction commanded a remarkably prestigious audience. Albert Einstein was a devoted subscriber. So were Edward Teller and Wernher von Braun, who now heads the Apollo project.

Launched in 1929 as a bug-eyed monster book, Astounding slowly evolved under John W. Campbell's idiosyncratic editorship into an arena for inspired alien logic games and extrapolation. The magazine's effect on our present starward-looking world has proved profound.

Astounding - later, and less luridly, titled Analog - became a cerebral playground for engineers, physicists, philosophers. It circulated most widely in universities and American "technology towns". Ideas mooted in its pages were tried, and (sometimes) made to work. Science was imitating art. Contributors included L. Sprague de Camp, whose oxygen-system designs were incorporated into the astronauts' moonsuits; Professor Isaac Asimov; Arthur Clarke, inventor of the TV satellite. Astounding broadened the intellectual horizons of thousands of young people. In many cases (ask around the Houston space centre) the magazine was to change their lives.

Now from the US news has arrived of editor John W. Campbell's death. And it's rumoured that his Socratic, catalytic magazine will perish with him.

Critic John Bangsund has correctly asserted that, as a source of inspiration to scientists, Campbell ranked with Verne and Wells. Rocket engineer Hermann Oberth recalls, when 11 years old, reading FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON six times - "until I knew it by heart, and understood also to what end I must dedicate my life". Later, Oberth became a subscriber and letter writer to the idealistic Astounding. The magazine helped him keep his lunar goal in sight.

To the didactic Campbell the journal's most important role was that of

subterranean educator, shatterer of conventional thought patterns. In dozens of commissioned stories, authors hammered a favourite Campbellian theme: that man must be forever on guard against the blinkering effects of his education - that the innocent may sometimes probe more swiftly to a puzzle's nub than the expert. One fruit of Campbell's propaganda was the Rand Think Tank, in which seemingly insoluble problems are exposed to unclouded scrutiny by outsiders.

Thousands of pre-teenagers (and I was one) first bought Astounding on the strength of its rocketship covers. We thereupon discovered, possibly with more bemusement than delight, that a new phase in our education had begun. Van Vogt's WORLD OF NULL-A introduced us to the concept of non-Aristotelean logic - prompting curiosity about the conventional Aristotelean kind. We read about entropy, learned on alien planets lessons in semantics, anthropology, information theory.

For me, Astounding opened windows which as a twelve-year-old time server at school I hadn't known existed. John Campbell was my first real teacher. And, like many teachers, an incurable pedant. Wrote Poul Anderson: "If you're simply interested in money, you don't write for Campbell. No sale is a simple transaction. He prints the story, pays you, then weeks later sends a long, closely reasoned letter explaining why some scientific aspect couldn't work."

Campbell had strong opinions on everything. Freud, he believed, did the West great damage - "generalizing from an Austrian cultural subgroup at a most prudish moment in history". And in 1944 (perhaps unreasonably) Campbell damned the US Government for repressive censorship. Officials had enraged him by withdrawing from sale that celebrated Astounding containing Cleve Cartmill's coincidental short story about the still-secret atomic bomb.

Play, for children, is a serious affair. Everything they do is a preparation for adulthood. The same, in a racial sense, can be said of Campbell's Astounding. It, too, was a diversion, a form of play. But also, it was a small rehearsal for man's future, among the stars.

- Reprinted from The Age,
Melbourne, 14th August 1971

Donald H. Tuck

JOHN WOOD CAMPBELL: to me the man is a name, a figure who wrote science fiction and who had just begun editing a magazine when I first was caught by the science fiction bug. The year was 1938 and I was a teenager. I had just been trapped by that "sense of wonder" and I ate and breathed science fiction. I walked to town to save twopence as a step towards accumulating sixpence for the next purchase - a remaindered sf magazine from America.

I cut my teeth on Thrilling Wonder Stories, and in chasing back issues of this rather flamboyant periodical came across the patter and interplay of two characters - Penton and Blake. (More recent readers will have met them in the Ace paperback, THE PLANETEERS.) These were probably pot-boilers, but nevertheless were part of the background of sf for me. Then in 1939 I came across mint copies of Astounding Science Fiction (the July issue was the first) at 1s3d, and my horizon of science fiction was further enlarged. Astounding was never remaindered in Tasmania, but I picked up a few second-hand copies later.

Over a period I gradually read more and more by John Campbell. In Melbourne in late 1941 I accumulated a considerable quantity of back issues, and such stories as the Arcot, Morey and Wade series came to my notice. Before this I had read THE CONTEST ((CONQUEST)) OF THE PLANETS and UNCERTAINTY, though I found the latter somewhat involved in its "science".

John Campbell wrote science fiction that was aptly true to the genre - wonderful scientific inventions with appropriate adventure. They are not stories that will live, except for a number that appeared in Astounding in the mid-1930s under his "Don A. Stuart" pseudonym. These were mood stories, and the most noted of them is of course "Who Goes There?"

This is a yarn as eerie as one would wish to read, about a creature that can assume human form. The film based on it - THE THING - was

different, but Wog Hockley and I had to go and see it about 1950. Wog, a Melbourne fan and collector, and I went to a midnight screening... Well, we walked back to his home in South Yarra about 3.30 am, and I think if Jack the Ripper had been after us we couldn't have been more edgy. So much for the power of imagination, and the atmosphere and feeling the film engendered in us. Roger Dard commented that one scene had been censored, where "the thing" hangs up dead humans as slabs of meat. I was just as glad I didn't see it.

The importance of Campbell, however, is as an editor. He shaped the field for over thirty years. He took over the editorship of Astounding Stories with the October 1937 issue (changing the title to Astounding Science Fiction in March 1938), and edited all issues of Unknown Worlds (March 1939 - October 1943). The much-debated title change from Astounding to Analog Science Fiction - Science Fact occurred with the February 1960 issue.

Now let me make a confession. Do you know I got a number of Unknowns in 1939 and 1940 and let them pass through my hands as not being of any interest? Well, I soon learnt my lesson. Odd references to that great magazine during the war years whetted my appetite, and I was able to reclaim all I had passed along previously. I went about completing the set, and finally did so in the early 1950s, paying $3 or so for several wartime issues. The set is by no means in perfect condition, but I am proud of it and will not part with it. My Astoundings and Analogs are also complete, and what a wealth of reading there is in them! I could go into rhapsody for some pages, but I will just mention certain aspects that stand out in my mind.

John Campbell did not take over a magazine of ill repute. Under the previous editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, Astounding had been the strongest of the science fiction trio (the others being Wonder Stories and Amazing Stories) in the mid-30s. Naturally he continued with the Tremaine stable of writers - fostering authors like E. E. Smith and J. Williamson - but then at the turn of the 40s he introduced writers who made the "Golden Era" (at least for reviewer Thomas Sheridan, or Walt Gillings). Look at those names: Asimov, del Rey, Heinlein, Sturgeon, van Vogt, Hubbard, Jameson. Then in the latter war years he managed to retain top ranking with such writers as Kuttner (writing as Padgett), R. F. Jones, Hull, George O. Smith and Cartmill. Then began his modern era, with Clement, Simak, Leiber, Chandler, and a new flock of writers at the turn of the 50s - Anderson, Schmitz, Tenn, Nourse and others. One can almost build up a complete Who's Who of sf from the pages of Astounding and Analog.

I think I like and admire Campbell most for sticking to the publishing of science fiction for these thirty-odd years. Yes, he pulled some blunders - his backing of Hubbard's Dianetics, the Dean Machine and so on. His editorials were nearly always pertinent to everyday living and provocative.

Farewell, John Campbell. I am afraid science fiction will never be the same without you.

Christine McGowan

THE NEWS could have been broken to me a little less brutally. Good Master Handfield hove into view one morning recently, and as a casual introduction to his planned topic of conversation said, "You know Campbell died the other day..."

I believe I said, "Not that Campbell?", he nodded, and then I shrieked, "But he can't die!"

I have shrieked the very same inanity before. It came welling up from my mental depths when Norman Lindsay died, and Bertrand Russell, and Charmian Clift. It didn't come in response to the demise of Harold Holt, or Robert Kennedy, or my own well-loved grandfather. We carry mortality with us, and others sense it, and that makes a little more palatable the bitter truth that we all must die.

But there are some men whom we know only through their work, men who are great because they have breathed something of themselves into their creations, so that while the memory of man lasts their mortality is transcended.

I started to read Analog only a year ago, and never did like it much, but the editorials were worth the price of the magazine. Campbell was an argumentative old coot (strange, I had never thought of his age; it never seemed to show), and his stiffnecked, brilliant argument could provoke to fury.

Now he is silenced, and Analog orphaned, and fandom bereaved. Yet I think he is not dead.

> "Do not go gentle into that good night.
> Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

Jock McKenna

JOHN'S note regarding the death of John Campbell kicked me in the guts. I don't care what was wrong with the man - I loved and admired what was right about him, and for me that was most things.

It seems so pointless now, doesn't it, being unhappy about the name Analog, as I was (and still am).

I suppose my main pleasure in Campbell was emotional rather than cerebral, but it was pleasure. I remember during the 50s re-reading some early sf to see how it stood up to contemporary stuff, and was appalled by 99% of it; indeed I gave up the project for that reason. But one of the few stories that still lived, and one I thoroughly enjoyed, was Campbell's serial CONTEST/CONQUEST OF THE PLANETS. E. E. Smith's stuff was embarrassing.

I remember the intense enjoyment of those early Unknowns. We have Campbell to thank for the whole modern adult fantasy bit. And what about Cartier? I'll always feel grateful to Campbell for the superb art-work he published throughout his editorship.

His non-science editorials killed me, I suppose for the reason made clear by John Foyster in Australian SF Review no.4 - that Campbell set up straw men and then attacked them furiously.

Perhaps the proof of his rightness, his greatness, lies in the unbeaten success of Astounding/Analog - in spite of, or perhaps because of, the things he did and the causes he espoused.

John Alderson

THE death of John W. Campbell comes at a most inopportune time. I was just getting him around to seeing what wonderful stories I write, so much so that with the last one he wrote a personal letter and told me to send more. The more disappointing as a day or two ago I dragged out two airmail letters from my box with "Analog" stamped impressively on them, and instead of containing much-needed cheques they contained news of his death and a request for information as to what to do with the two stories they have. As if I want them to do anything other than accept, pay for and publish them!

Campbell has piloted Analog through a long history, and kept it afloat where others have sunk. I greatly appreciate his business head, that down-to-earthness that others have lacked. Yet despite Analog's good showing, the number of "returned" copies that unscrupulous distributors dump remains a major cost factor. One can imagine the still heavier burden that rests on other sf magazines whose business affairs are less efficient. This factor, more than anything else (including the frustration of not getting one's copy at the newsagent because some knave has dumped fifty thousand in Mexico City), is killing the magazines. Here is room for a real, honest and efficient distributor. That Campbell succeeded here where others failed is no small measure of his greatness.

This same down-to-earthness was the basis of his story selection. He was a practical man; indeed the greatest fault of some of the stories used in Analog was their getting lost in details. He believed in a scientific basis, but withal this basis was narrow. He eschewed psychology, yet his editorials consistently dealt with sociological sciences and were as consistently astray. Well he could mistrust these "sciences" - he just didn't understand them - but he was certainly wrong in dismissing them. Still, for all that, he wanted to know how the situation brought about by the story affected human beings. And this is the important thing. Outside of his influence, science fiction has run wild and is out of this world in more ways than one. The important thing remains, and must

always remain, that the value of a story is in its human interest, not in the idea behind it. This is not to say that all sf outside Analog is on the wrong track. As I said, there were sciences John Campbell neither appreciated nor understood.

The other obvious obsession of Campbell's was ESP. Extra-sensory perception does exist, and as the ability to perceive this is somewhat hereditary, and as the Campbells are a West of Scotland clan where "second sight" flourishes, JWC did possess some and did do his own experimenting on the subject. But he seems to have missed the basic scientific principle underlying most of it, and consequently I think some of his contributors took him for a ride. Certainly they added nothing to the understanding of it. It is surprising that Campbell should have accepted ESP in view of his rejection of other "soft" sciences and his demand that science should be able to predict. Since he was educated in an era when scientists believed that everything could be explained in material terms, his belief in ESP is something mighty added to the strength of the man. Certainly I hope that his removal hence will not stop speculation on this fascinating subject.

To my mind, science fiction has reached the point where change is inevitable. What it may be I don't know, but I trust it will be exciting. If it is not, the genre will die. Campbell was with us a long time and I hope that he will be remembered for the good he has done; I would not have it "interred with his bones".

> "Whose is the shadow that stalks beside King William's flag?
> Glenlyon never threw it, nor the feeble chief Argyle...
> Take the screaming eagle and put him in a bag:
> Breadalbyn's power goes slowly up the deepening defile."

Campbells all! John W. Campbell has added a little more lustre to an ancient and talented clan.

An rud a nithear gu math, chithear a bhuil.

Eric Harries-Harris

IT IS many years since I bought Analog regularly. I doubt whether the famous Campbell editorials would mean much to me now. Before I dropped out of the ranks of regular readers, I recall being infuriated at the abysmal ignorance, literary, scientific and otherwise, shown in those editorials. I boiled over at a misquotation from Shakespeare which Campbell thought came from the Old Testament. Then there was the Dean machine fiasco - remember it? - in which he urged the US government to make a submarine available for conversion into a space ship, which would use a drive based on a mechanical paradox that any high school student should be capable of proving impossible.

It is a tribute to his editorship, that I should still have continued to read his magazine avidly despite all that twaddle.

All that rubbish only reinforced my long-established rule of keeping science fiction and science fact in separate, leak-proof mental compartments. Isaac Asimov shows superb control of this principle - and he is an Analog writer.

But that, of course, is simply not the end of it. Let me say that Analog and the old Astounding before it have given me hours and hours of pleasure, and this must be the true test of a good editor. John Campbell was one of the best. It was no mean feat to stay in business in one of the most rapidly changing forms of literature, particularly when it was breaking through from the pulp stage to hard-covers and respectability.

I am often appalled at the disillusionment which the re-screening of my favourite old films causes me. There is no doubt in my mind that we all fail to realize that we are developing creatures, not static. That we should think we are static is a trick, an illusion our incorrect attitude towards Time has given us. What was ideal in 1960 is not appreciated in the same way by the same mind in 1970, and so on. If I could turn the clock back and return to the me of 1950, no doubt

Campbell's editorials would have the same impact as they did then, but I am not that person any more.

This applies with tremendous force when revisiting old haunts. The places are shabbier, smaller. We search in Space for something located in Time, and it is always sad. So it is with John Campbell, and I suppose all tributes are sad in this way. When we appraise what was, we do it from the restrictions of here and now.

But if tribute brings nostalgia then that, too, is a form of success. When I examine the feelings the words "science fiction" bring unbidden to me, it is not of lying curled up with Verne and Wells (bless 'em), nor of running down the road with my Saturday pocket money to invest in the latest issue of Scoops, with its inevitable rocket ship on the cover. No, it is of the self-conscious era of teen-age. The introvert who walked past the bookshop until it was empty, before buying the latest Astounding. The youth who was annoyed at the three-part serials because they were in three parts, who disliked the needless and generally pointless illustrations (remember the ones they used for the book reviews and the letters to the editor?) and the score cards for the best stories.

But all that is in the past. Who needs Analog now, with cheap, glossy paperbacks that sell on the mostly lurid covers, or on the superlatives of the reviewers, or the synopsis (Christ, they've dragged out <u>that</u> theme again!), or just the author's name?

No, science fiction and fantasy have arrived. It's big money now - all of it, good, bad and indifferent, with the larger bulk of it indifferent. This means the end of the specialist magazine, and the demise of John Campbell seems to underline it fittingly. Oh, I have no doubt that Analog will go on, as does Blackwood's; there will always be enough aficionados in a country the size of America to keep it going.

But, call it what they will, it is the end of an era. It has been coming for a long while. I would put the first death-rattle at the changing of the magazine's name from Astounding to Analog, and its desperate, sterile marriage to science fact.

John Campbell is dead. Long live science fiction!

R. Leo Gunther

IN THE material John Campbell sent to our magazine, the Australian Electronics Experimenters Bulletin, was the same commonsense approach to electronics as he applied to a variety of phenomena. This approach is amply documented in his editorials, and John even exchanged some acrimonious correspondence with Electronics Australia a few years ago. As usual, the latter concerned topics on the edge of nominal scientific insight, and was received most skeptically by the editor of that journal.

The main thing about John was that he looked at the world as an aware person, attempting to draw conclusions wherever they might lead. I have not always been scientifically sympathetic with those ideas, but have respected the intellectual integrity behind them. And some of John's ideas have disturbed my scientific complacency deeply.

You see, we in the physical sciences tend to think of Science with a capital S. Occasionally my students are shocked when I explain that a hypothesis is simply a guess, sometimes enlightened, sometimes not. Too often we believe that our guesses bear a divine imprint, that our data are exhaustive. We treat Science as a sacred cow.

John Campbell often attempted to puncture that sacredness, and in particular to challenge a basic tenet of the scientific method - that data must be universally and unfailingly reproducible to allow the deduction of a scientific conclusion. Even where random events appear to defy this dictum, we have applied the persuasive methods of statistics, and in this century the remarkable tools of statistical mechanics as applied to atomic phenomena. The fact remains that, as presently constituted, the scientific method is unable to address itself adequately to the problem of data not necessarily reproducible on demand nor reliably. Thus modern science takes at best an agnostic view of psychokinetic phenomena in spite of a wealth of apparent data. To the breaking of this barrier, John devoted much of his literary effort.

In retrospect I am not altogether convinced that this debunking of scientific rigidity is desirable, although I am firmly in agreement with the maximum extension of awareness by every individual. The unpleasant fact remains that the progress of intellectual endeavour since the Renaissance has placed in man's hands an increasingly powerful ability to manipulate an environment for which he has become progressively less well adapted. If the field of psychokinesis should become established scientifically (merely by a modest re-definition of the scientific method), I dread to think how we would pervert it - and not least militarily.

In any event, John Campbell was an aware person, and he liked to formulate the world in terms of commonsense. He enjoyed our magazine, perhaps because that is our goal, too.

Henry D. Couchman

JOHN CAMPBELL and Astounding were and still are synonymous. The character of Astounding was uniquely his creation, and by it he moulded the tastes of an entire generation of readers.

The America of John Campbell and Astounding was a land of free enterprise and unlimited individual opportunity. The legend of log cabin to White House, tiger to tycoon, motivated white American youth for the entire period between the wars, and it exerted a major influence on Mr Campbell; not only was it a major theme in his editorials, but it bore strongly on his editorial policy and consequently upon the content of Astounding.

The concept of free enterprise is directly parallel to the theory of Natural Selection - that those individuals who are most competitively able will succeed and survive, and those with lesser competitive abilities will be discarded. A corollary which is accepted in such a society is that those who do not achieve success are not to be pitied for their lack of ability, nor to be succoured by the more fortunate, but to be condemned for their failure to succeed.

John Campbell frequently demonstrated this attitude in his editorials. He was concerned that social welfare or any assistance of the defective or handicapped elements of human society defeated the principles of Natural Selection and would lead to the loss of individual excellence in a swamp of mediocrity - in other words, that the masses of the unsuccessful living on relief would outbreed the intelligent minority which had fought its way to the top. He was particularly critical of those persons who would not help themselves and sought support from a socialistic society. In this attitude, as in many others, he represented an immense body of technically-educated middle-class people forming a very large body of American opinion, perhaps most easily characterized by craft workers such as those in the American Federation of Labor or white-collar unions, and by the lower echelons of the professional classes.

The essential difference between Mr Campbell and all the other editors and controllers of science fiction publications was that his education and qualification was technological, not literary. More recently established magazines have been staffed by persons of literary competence. John Campbell was concerned with scientific competence, not only with science fiction but with science fact. Even before his appointment as editor at the end of 1937 he had established two fundamental features of the magazine which remain to the present day - the column, "Brass Tacks", and factual articles on scientific matters. While "Brass Tacks" might be said to resemble the readers' columns of many similar magazines, closer examination reveals a consistent policy to make it an arena for scientific discussion.

His America was a country where the do-it-yourself revolution had occurred a generation and a war earlier than it emerged in Britain or Australia, where the most widely read journals were Popular Mechanics and similar publications. Consequently the appeal of Astounding was much increased when, in his first major editorial action, he changed the name from Astounding Stories to Astounding Science Fiction in March 1938. In that issue he stated:

> Science is the gateway to the future; its predictions alone can give us some glimpse of times to come. Therefore we are adding Science to our title, for the man who is interested in Science must be interested in the Future and appreciates that the old order not only does change but must change.

This concern for the future and for a modicum of scientific consistency in the stories distinguished Astounding, and still distinguishes Analog, from all other magazines of this class.

He was an iconoclast, a Don Quixote, whose creed was that the validity of every accepted theory was open to challenge, that a theory does not constitute a truth. This questioning of scientific authority stimulated critical thought and enhanced the standing of the magazine. It also led to his acceptance of Dianetics and of other more open questions such as dowsing and the effect of the moon and planetary bodies on the weather. The basic policy of science fact led to the change of name to Analog. Earlier it had resulted in a major triumph - the seizure of a wartime issue containing an article on atomic energy which was thought too accurate for publication. A triumph of a different sort was the article on thiotimoline - a most successful hoax.

The value of the factual articles was very varied, ranging from Asimov's popularizations to detailed technological articles with substantial content. The articles that appeared in the early days of electronic computers are now of the utmost value to anyone interested in the structure and development of the first generation machines, and the principles and ideas governing subsequent improvements.

Astounding is John Campbell's monument. A pulp magazine may seem a very ephemeral monument, but Astounding, because of Campbell, will remain a social and factual document essential to the study of the popularization of science in this century.

While the other magazines were and are published as avenues for escapist reading, John Campbell sustained throughout his editorial years the policy that Astounding should also stimulate thought. He had to compromise with the requirements necessary to achieve a satisfactory circulation; nevertheless, even under those conditions, he maintained his basic attitudes - science fact, scientific consistency in the stories, and stimulation of thought as an overall aim.

I never met or wrote to Mr Campbell. From his editorials I know that we had little in common, and that for many of his opinions I have little respect. Yet, since John Campbell and Astounding are synonymous, my obituary is for both. My personal loss resides in the fear that his death will lead to a change of editorial policies which will be disastrous for all of us who have been his faithful readers for many years.

George Turner

JOHN W. CAMPBELL: WRITER, EDITOR, LEGEND

WITH the death of John Campbell science fiction loses the most towering and influential figure of its erratic, fascinating and vociferous career. Like him, hate him, praise him or flay him, he remains at stage-centre, commanding your respect even while you finger your overripe egg.

He commanded - and still commands - respect because, whatever you may think of the results, he lived in the heart of the sf turmoil and did more than any other to tame, direct and educate its surges and flailings.

John Campbell and I came upon sf at much the same time, in its magazine baby days; he would have been my senior by not too many years. When I read his first story I was an adolescent gulper of wonders and he was an older teenager studying at MIT and writing to pay for the car his father had decreed must be purchased by his own effort.

He probably got the car in short order, even with the author rates paid in those austere days, for he was prolific and immediately popular.

THE WRITER

John Campbell's fiction is, with one extraordinary exception, not outstandingly memorable. Its importance lies in what he did with it.

He cannot be considered a good writer, though in later years he achieved a pounding and highly individual style. His own famous editorial on literary virtues and sf is sufficient to demonstrate the limits of his horizons. Yet he became, in practice, more competent - even more artistic - than his declared values would seem to permit. There were many such inconsistencies in the man.

The first Campbell story I ever read was "When the atoms failed", in

Amazing Stories about forty years ago. It was, I think, his first story published. (This is reminiscence in flow, and I shall not stop for pedantic check of date and detail.) I remember little of it, save that the action was laid on Mars, the heroes were the beloved super-scientists of our youth, and I liked it. It was followed quickly by a sequel, "The metal horde", relating the sad fate of an invasion from Venus, and notable for its featuring super-mass-production, a theme he returned to several times in the early tales. Activity on the grandest scale fascinated him - and us - in that unsophisticated time.

Soon came "Piracy preferred", a 20 000 word novella, the first of the Arcot, Morey and Wade stories, which swung him to the top of the sf tree. It contained, as did all Campbell stories, an original "scientific" idea - in this case the harnessing of molecules for motive power by forcing every particle in a body to regiment its random motion into a single direction. It got rid of the acceleration problem also.

In the sequel, "Solarite", he had some ideas about invisibility, and in this connection there entered on the scene the biggest name in sf of the day - "Skylark" Smith. In the Amazing Stories "Discussions" column they argued Campbell's point that spraying an invisible ship with paint would render it visible. Smith, fresh from his triumph with SPACE-HOUNDS OF IPC, said No; Campbell, entrenched in his MIT training, argued Yes. I forget who won, if either, but the battle served to plant young Campbell firmly in the minds of the readers. Whoever could do battle with the redoubtable Doc Smith and emerge with typewriter unscratched must be someone to watch.

And so he was.

In "The black star passes", third of the series, he devised lux metal, formed of solid photons, then capped the lot with his two full-length novels, ISLANDS OF SPACE and INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE, both in Amazing Stories Quarterly. The motivating force of the series was the search for ever greater sources of power. In the last book, the good ship Thought was powered by conventional sources (we called it atomic energy in those days), hotted up by time compression and directed by thought, giving practically infinite speed and energy potential. And that seemed about the limit in novelty until Smith returned with the inertialess drive.

All these were as plotless as stories can be. The hero invented a super-gadget, took off for space and had adventures, invented a fresh super-gadget every few thousand words, and returned home just in time to take off in the sequel. The characters were sticks, the incidents stock, the writing corny, and everything was as gigantic, imponderable, catastrophic and coruscating as even Smith could envision for his own epics.

The tales make heavy going now, but they represent a culminating point in science fiction history. Campbell himself knew their deficiencies, but noted in his introduction to the Ace reprint that they

had a "youthful exuberance". This is perhaps their fitting epitaph, and not a bad one.

He followed them with "Beyond the end of space" and "Uncertainty", but the day of Gargantua was done. With INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE he had stretched super-technological fantasy as far as the physics of the day could allow. Unintentionally he had put an end to an era in sf. A change of direction was needed.

His last work for Amazing Stories was "Mother world". It was still full of gadgetry, but the mood was softer and the writing taking on a little quality and force. "Don A. Stuart" was in gestation, though not to be born for some years yet.

Perhaps his style no longer suited Amazing's policy, for he then switched to a respectable collection of novellas for Wonder Stories and its satellite magazines. The ideas were still original and exciting but more down to earth, and he showed some attention to plot and meaning.

THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE, in the up-and-coming Astounding Stories, was his final full-length venture into super-technology. Thereafter the orientation changed. He cast off the old Campbell style completely and emerged as "Don A. Stuart".

Despite his later fulminations against "establishment" criticism and conceptions of good writing, he had ideas of his own on the subject, and these were in essence quite conventionally literate. He lacked literary training, but the instincts were there and now came to the surface.

Having written the super-power period of sf out of a job, he set out, quite deliberately, to change the face of the genre. F. Orlin Tremaine, editor of Astounding, had under rein a stable of writers competent enough by the standards of the day - Williamson, Weinbaum, Simak, Schachner, Gallun and others - but these were still hobbled by the Gernsback conventions within which they were raised. He had a vision of a new sf, and if writers could not be prodded or coaxed into producing it, then they must be shown how. Stuart, an immediate and resounding success, must have been a godsend to Tremaine. Later he made Campbell an assistant editor.

To his lasting credit, Campbell had done one of the most dangerous and unnerving things a writer can attempt: he had discarded his natural style and moulded himself a new one. Between Campbell and Stuart there was no observable connection until the deception was finally revealed.

As Stuart he produced stories with impact, stories at once recognized as the work of a major prophet of change in the genre - "Dead Knowledge", "Forgetfulness", "Twilight" and many more. He even turned his attention to fantasy, with a quite creditable short novel, THE ELDER GODS.

True to his basic form, each of these tales featured an idea new to sf or an unexpected view of an old one, for he had a full gift of imagination. But Stuart did not feature gimmickry for its own sake; these were ideas about the possibilities of the mysterious universe, not mere attempts to crack the sky with power.

Stylistically they were nearly unique in their day. Looking back, we can trace the influences of Merritt, Williamson and others of the yearning super-beautiful school, but Campbell pruned away the wordiness and striving for mind-shattering effect, supplanting it with a simple, lucid prose and carefully chosen language. Eventually he outgrew these influences also, and reached his personal perfection in "Who goes there?", surely one of the harshest and most dramatically effective novellas in the genre. If he never quite outgrew his literary weaknesses - the occasional brashness, the too-pervasive soulfulness - he succeeded despite them by sheer ingenuity and an instinctive compactness of thought.

Theodore Sturgeon referred to the Stuart stories as "basic science fiction" and this was, in a different sense, true. They were Campbell's base for a revolution.

That the revolution succeeded is history, and his work was done. "Don A. Stuart" retired, and Editor Campbell wrote little fiction thereafter. He had other wars to wage.

THE EDITOR

When Campbell succeeded Tremaine as editor of Astounding, radical change became his target. He has been loaded with the entire credit for the revolution he headed, but this is at least unfair to his predecessor, who had been similarly dissatisfied and had done much to prepare the ground. An earlier editor, Harry Bates, had also written stories to demonstrate his ideas and had influenced his writers to pay more attention to the literary virtues of style and presentation. And there Campbell was in luck; the time was ripening and he was the man on the spot to direct the harvest. Take nothing away from him on the ground of luck; there was much yet to do, and he buckled to the job of doing it.

For a year or so he achieved a little slowly. Old names faded and new ones made cautious appearances. A more flexible and thoughtful sf appeared as writers tried to follow his lead. Then, in a period of two or three years, he was presented with the golden chance he needed and deserved.

The prolific Henry Kuttner, purveyor of goshwow extraordinary, revamped himself, took C. L. Moore to wife, and with her became the inimitable Lewis Padgett; L. Sprague de Camp lumbered into view with his store of intellectual curiosities; Robert Heinlein popped from nowhere with a basketful of new and individual tales; A. E. Van Vogt turned the technological thriller upside down and gave it new life; Theodore Sturgeon moved in with immediate authority; and Isaac

Asimov began, inconspicuously at first, the career which was to make him one of the most successful and in some ways most extraordinary figures in the sf scene.

Campbell recognized his luck and made the most of it. With a successful magazine on his hands he was free to experiment and innovate. And, strangely, his first turn was towards fantasy.

The so-practical, so-factual mind opened a crack to display a keen appreciation of the possibilities, hilarious or macabre, of witches and warlocks, vampires and leprechauns, pentagrams and bottled djinni, mermaids and things abump in the night. Unknown was born, so titled because its contents were to be unpredictable. He tried, with every variety of fantasy, to keep them so.

But even here sf was not far from his mind. He preferred his fantasy logical and clear-cut, and much of the content of Unknown could have sat on either side of the fence. The first issue contained Russell's SINISTER BARRIER, complete. (Seventy thousand words, plus short stories! They were fat issues way back when.) Heinlein's "Jonathan Hoag" also appeared there, and de Camp quite typically made the best of both worlds by putting magic on a scientific basis.

It is possible that this fusion of science fiction and fantasy provided the springboard for the frightening proliferation of styles and sub-genres that bedevils us today. Fritz Leiber's first Grey Mouser story appeared in Unknown, but neither he nor Campbell could have foreseen the disgraces of sword-and-sorcery that would later invade sf.

Unknown became a war casualty as austerity hit the pulps, and its equal has not been seen since.

If he regretted the loss, Campbell wasted no time in turning to the further remaking of Astounding. He tried changes of format and size (some but not all forced by wartime exigency) and was quick to drop what did not succeed. He dug new illustrators out of their studios or from their kitchen drawing boards. He tried photographic centre pages and the astronomical paintings of Chesley Bonestell; he introduced fact articles of greater and greater concentration on "hard" science until he was able to command work of high calibre from actual men of research. He re-designed Astounding a dozen times, each time nearer to his heart's desire, until the final triumph of replacing the old pulp title with "Analog", in a series of slow changes to fade out the old and fade in the new.

His personal stamp on the magazine showed in the editorials, growing steadily longer and wider ranging, infuriating as many as they pleased but never going unread. They were generally overlong and over-explicit, but they had the cardinal virtue of clarity, and if one thing was made very clear it was that they were the work of a crusader. Of this, more later. We know that he was merciless to his contributors, that he knew what he wanted and damned well dragged it out of them.

no matter how much rewriting was involved. While many have referred with gratitude to his perfectionist bludgeoning (A. Bertram Chandler and James Blish among them), others have mentioned it in terms of impotent exhaustion, and Judith Merril has recorded the bitterness of trying to win an argument against him.

Be these things as they may, he moulded Analog into the foremost magazine in the field, and leaves it still where he placed it. Readership changes; new generations find new requirements, old readers tire of the Analog content. New writers refuse to bow to the immutable Campbell canon. Analog goes on regardless. Successfully.

As editor, he was something of a phenomenon.

THE LEGEND

What manner of man was Campbell?

Only his family and perhaps a few close friends can tell us that. Much has been said and written, but for us who know him only as a name on paper he can be no more than partially real, partaking of the nature of legend.

Kingsley Amis accused him of trying to destroy science fiction. Kurt Vonnegut pilloried him brutally in several works, and did himself no credit thereby. Alan Nourse included some incautious satire in "The Aliens are coming" - and disappeared from Campbell pages thereafter. (Cause and effect? I'd like to know.)

But these glimpses are by-the-way. What can we glean from his writings?

His MIT days demonstrate that he was a lad of some determination and a good student. Anyone who can knock out 100 000 words a year between studies and still complete his course successfully has to be both. His remarkable change of literary personality from Campbell to Stuart underlines the point. It also indicates that his anti-literary diatribes were less than totally sincere. In the old Amazing Stories days he had been assaulted powerfully in the "Discussions" column for lack of literary skill; possibly these darts wounded more than he admitted, or perhaps realized.

That he had a vivid but eminently practical imagination is evidenced by everything he wrote. Turn up old copies of Unknown and wonder at the fact that everything in them - wild, wonderful, joyous, tragic, macabre - was selected by that same practical intelligence.

But was it always practical?

I have said that he was a crusader, and one of his earliest crusades was in favour of Dianetics, later to develop into Scientology of ill repute. He published the first Hubbard article on Dianetics, and readers wrote

in shoals to point out that most of it was unintelligible and the rest nonsense. Dianetics faded from the Campbell arena after a short but noisy stay. His own connection with Scientology continued, but he knew better than to play his readers an unpopular tune. He was, enthusiasms and all, a practical man.

He crusaded noisily, energetically and angrily for the investigation of para-phenomena, and built himself a Hieronymus Machine which apparently did the things claimed for it. That effort also faded in time. (Perhaps he became sick of psi, as the rest of us did, when nine stories out of ten featured it.)

He crusaded for implausible machinery which defied the laws of physics, for a miracle cancer cure, and for anything else that smelt of an underdog being underfed.

But this was not mere twig-hopping or simple enthusiasm run wild. Behind it all was a heartfelt cry: "I don't know if the thing works and neither does anyone else, but why the hell isn't it being investigated?"

He hated hidebound thinking, the thinking that says "It defies logic" and thereafter refuses to admit the idea's existence. The chances are that most of the gadgets and panaceas he fulminated over were failures (otherwise big business would have been smartly in on the game) and that more investigation had been done than he was aware of, but his attitude was a right one. There should be more of it.

His editorials show him as a perfectionist. He practised the Shavian technique of taking a piece of "common knowledge", inverting it and shaking the unhappy guts out of it. He wanted to demonstrate what things are, not to accept the universal view and with it the universal fate of inevitable damnation.

Alas, he wanted us all to think logically, and most of us disappointed him. If there are signs that he saw himself as a father-figure of wisdom, and indications that his was the only acceptable logic, let us not be too harsh about it. Lose your patience some time - and then look carefully at your own displayed attitudes. With fellow feeling the legend takes on flesh.

Like them or leave them, his orations were stimulating and thought provoking (or merely provoking) and, that being so, the one-eyed view takes on virtue.

In his eccentric way he loved the humanity that irritated him so, even while he lashed it ferociously. He cared for its future. Only impatient love can explain so many beatings.

That he loved science fiction scarcely needs to be said. The mere thought of personally reading thousands upon thousands of manuscripts over a period of more than thirty years, knowing that a good half of them will be appalling, would stifle anything less than devotion. And

consciously to set to work to remake a genre closer to the heart's desire is the act of a lover.

Allow me the whole quotation:

> Ah, Love, could thou and I with Fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits and then
> Remould it closer to our heart's desire?

That was John Campbell as science fiction knew him. The rest is an accretion of opinion, hearsay and point of view. The reality remains indistinct.

But there will be legends told of him.

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, with no-one to tell him that the truth of a human being is the accumulation of legend around his memory.

A man is only dead when the legend finally fades.

John Bangsund

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AND THE MEAT MARKET

THIS morning, 27th July 1971, I had an odd dream. "Who goes there?" had just won the Hugo. This had been decided by a panel of overalled and bloodied workers at the meat market, only one of whom, a dark, long-haired, bearded young man, looked like a science fiction reader; and everyone I telephoned to discuss this news turned out to be Robin Johnson, who became more annoyed with each successive call.

When I awoke, about midday, I wondered vaguely if the dream meant anything, made some coffee and listened to Prokofiev's "Cantata for the Twentieth Anniversary of the October Revolution".

That was an hour ago. Whirling around in my mind right now is a strange vision of John Campbell and the triumph of technocracy and the proletariat; Robin Johnson and meat-workers; an Apollo launch and Jules Verne and endless lines of animal corpses; fleeting glimpses of scenes from "Alexander Nevsky" and a government official in a dustcoat, his left hand dripping with red stuff which is not blood. And there is more, some of it from the dream, some from events of the past twenty-four hours or so.

Let's see if we can sort some of this out.
Begin at the beginning: it sometimes helps.

"In the beginning, God..." and then, some considerable time later, John Campbell. Two years before I was born he was appointed editor of a magazine called Astounding Stories. I am now thirty-two. Eight weeks ago I found myself out of work. Yesterday I got another job, and Apollo XV was launched. In between, on 11th July, John Campbell, still editor of the same magazine, died.

It could be fairly convincingly argued that my being out of work, and the launching of Apollo XV, and a myriad other momentous and trivial things, can be traced back to John Campbell. It could also be fairly

convincingly argued that everything can be traced back to God, but I've served my time at that kind of argument, that kind of tracing, and when I got back as far as I could go I didn't find anything I could put the name "God" to. Campbell is easier, if only by a small margin, because you can at least finish up with a man: a man, and his ideas, and his work, and his influence.

He influenced me by doing what he did for science fiction. What he did (and someone else can tell you about that), someone else might conceivably have done, but he did it, and science fiction flourished. Australians read science fiction and wrote it, and one of them, Lee Harding, got me reading science fiction, too. Not only reading it, but talking about it and writing about it and, eventually, publishing a magazine about it.

The writing and the publishing started releasing something in me that most people who have known me have vaguely felt or suspected or known was there, and is there. It's something unique and universal, and what exactly it is I don't know. It scares me a bit, sometimes it scares me a lot, but I want more and more to get it out, and so do a lot of people, good friends, who know as I know that I am thirty-two and lazy and this thing inside me waiting to get out.

How lazy? In more ways than I care to mention, but here's one example: I publish a magazine about science fiction, but I don't know the field, have not read five percent of the standard works known to most sf readers, and am doing nothing about it. I love science fiction, but I do not love it the way most sf readers do, certainly not the way John Campbell loved it.

Anyway, yesterday I rang up about a job as a clerk at the meat market and went for an interview at 11 and at 3.30 rang again and I had the job. Hours 4 am to 1 pm, don't wear good clothes, and someone will find you a dustcoat when you come in.

Somehow I didn't feel the excitement, the relief, I had expected to feel when I got a job at last. I had a drink with Carolyn and Sandy: officially a celebration, but we talked of other things. Then I slept for an hour or so before setting off for another kind of celebration. My birthday was three months ago; Diane had rung during the day to tell me the birthday present she had ordered months and months ago had finally arrived and would I like to come around for dinner?

I would and did and it was excellent as usual. The present was Prokofiev's "Cantata for the Twentieth Anniversary of the October Revolution", composed in 1937 and not performed until 1966. I had not heard it before. The very pretty record sleeve depicts the Fiftieth Anniversary celebrations in Red Square, and this is rather tactful since it is a Russian recording and there's a face that used to be familiar to us missing from the banners. The face of a certain Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, who flunked out of theological college sixty years before I did, although for slightly different reasons. Diane and I talked a bit, and I came home and tried to sleep, and I failed.

After an hour or so tossing about, I turned the light on, lit up my fiftieth or sixtieth cigarette for the day (I lose count) and wondered what to do next. In five hours I was due to start work at the meat market. I began to think about John Campbell, and what I could write about him. I decided that no-one could say anything about John Campbell that could be of interest at all who had not even read the man's most famous work, "Who goes there?"

What had George Turner said? "In this story he reached his personal perfection... one of the most dramatically effective stories in science fiction." Something like that.

(George slaved over that article all last Sunday, denying himself alcohol - the ultimate dedication? - to say exactly what he wanted to say. I told him that night, "This is the most beautiful thing you have ever written for me." He said, "That's what it was meant to be." Then he demolished a large can of Foster's and two and a half bottles of Victoria Bitter: such was the virtue that had gone out of him.)

So I padded out into the living-room, found the Healy & McComas anthology in the dark, and brought it back to read "Who goes there?"

Now I've looked again at what George said about it (and find I've misquoted him), and I agree with him: it's harsh, much too soulful, brash, and one of the most dramatically effective novellas in the genre (that I've read, anyway). I didn't find it very frightening as a story: there have been lots and lots of alien beasties in books and on the screen since that story was written. But although the (let's face it) melodrama of Campbell's "three mad, hate-filled eyes" blazing up "with a living fire, bright as fresh-spilled blood, from a face ringed with a writhing, loathsome nest of worms, blue, mobile worms that crawled where hair should grow" fails somewhat to convey now the intended horror, something else gets through.

I can't believe in the bronze McReady and the steel Norris, and can't imagine rooms stiffening abruptly, and detest writing exemplified by:

> "Are you sure that thing from hell is dead?" Dr Copper asked softly.
>
> "Yes, thank Heaven," the little biologist gasped.

And yet... And yet, something gets through.

Particularly to me, at this moment.

You will recall that for the first half of the story all of those metallic gentlemen debated ceaselessly three alternatives: Do we let this Thing stay entombed in its block of ice? Do we destroy it absolutely? Or do we thaw it out and see what happens? (And a fantastic debate it is, too. This is real science fiction, and even if the characters fail to convince, the ideas are tremendously exciting.)

Okay, you probably read the story ages ago, and I only read it last night.

You possibly know something about symbolism in literature: I know little. But the way this story got through to me last night - the level on which it got through to me, if you like - was frightening and ironic.

Frightening, because it brought into focus some of my private fears and hopes. Ironic, because it was written by a man who professed to despise what he called "litterateurs", who championed the straightforward old-fashioned "story", and yet - as far as I am concerned - wrote this masterpiece of symbolism.

Make of that what you will.
We haven't got to the meat market yet.

The place stank. No, I expected it to, but it didn't. After finishing the story and thinking about it a bit, I drank a lot of coffee, drove into town, and at 4.02 am walked into the meat market - not in old clothes, but in my normal clothes which are a bit dirty at the moment anyway.

The place - the Metropolitan Meat Market in North Melbourne - looks, inside, like one of those marvels of Victorian engineering you see in books about marvels of Victorian engineering and hardly anywhere else these days. There is an immensely high ceiling, supported by flying buttresses, and the columns are decorated with cast-iron heads of cows and things. There are poky little offices, dingy little staircases leading god knows where, and miles and miles of carcasses. Dead animals on hooks. I'm sorry, but that's how I saw them, and that's how I kept on seeing them, and it revolted me.

There's a network of overhead gantries (I think that's what they would be called) with switching devices at the junctions. Each carcass is slung on a kind of inverted T-bar (weight 1.3 lbs) which hooks onto the gantry, and the workmen push the carcasses along the gantry-thing to the section where they are weighed. Lambs, sheep, calves - ten at a time, usually. Pigs, one or two at a time (they're very heavy). Then there are special hooks for the odd bits and pieces - hindquarters, sides and parts I couldn't identify.

The man I met first was doing everything - weighing, recording weights and brands and purchasers and prices, and, most expertly, cutting bits and pieces to order. (The weighing and recording part of the job was apparently where I was to fit in, eventually. Then, later in the morning, transfer all the records to books and statistical charts and invoices and so on in the office.) I think his name was John. Everyone seemed to be named John or Jack.

I had never seen a pig cut in half before. I don't think I ever want to see it again. Not through the middle, you understand, but right down the centre, from tail to snout. John did it quickly, energetically, efficiently. The two halves weighed almost exactly the same. For the next couple of hours he performed many operations like this, but I didn't watch. The pigs, I think, upset me most, because they were
 complete, heads, tails and all. And the large box of calves' heads

about four feet away from where I was standing. The second person I met was Jim, a young man who looked after the offal. I watched him doing his job for about forty seconds.

Then a second John turned up, and took over the weighing and recording from John. This John was a young Greek, Australian-born from the sound of him, with long, unruly hair and bushy sideburns, and stitches in his forehead. By this time, about 4.30, the place was full of movement. Trucks backing in every few minutes, drivers in greasy, bloody, blue and grey boiler suits with little floppy caps to match, loading, unloading, pushing things up and down, back and forth; animal corpses flying past on the gantries, stopping for a few seconds to be weighed and recorded, then on again, and seconds later more flying back from the other direction. Three men staggering out of the nearest truck (I should be more accurate: not trucks, but refrigerated vans) with great, heavy, bleeding chunks of something, and with a strength and finesse I could only admire, flinging them over their heads, impaling the things on overhead spikes. I realized then why they wore caps. The blood I only became aware of after a few minutes when the impaled things started dripping slowly on the concrete floor.

During this activity I spent most of my time stepping out of the way of men and their burdens, and out of the way of flying carcasses, trying not to catch sight as I did so of the heads in the box and what Jim was doing with the offal. Greek John talked to me about the job and about himself, how he had smashed someone else's car, spent weeks in hospital, owed someone two thousand dollars, didn't have a drivers licence and there was a court case coming up. He intended to plead insanity and sounded quite cheerful at the prospect of being confined to a mental home with free bed and board. He suspected I was there to replace him, that the boss intended to sack him, and sounded just as cheerful telling me this. He smoked incessantly, despite the enormous No Smoking signs all over the building, and so did others. You don't smoke when the inspector's here, he said. There's a forty-dollar fine. Contaminates the meat. I was dying for a smoke but thought maybe I wouldn't my first morning on the job . I wondered, though, about the contamination, especially seeing the trucks, dozens of them, backing up to the gantries to load and unload, belching exhaust fumes everywhere.

How do you know when the inspector is here? I asked. You'll see him. Bloke in a dustcoat, with a torch. And when Mac spots him he starts singing, so we know. Shortly afterwards Mac started singing and John put his cigarette, still alight, in the drawer of the weighing-desk. The inspection took about five minutes.

Later another council inspector did his rounds. Presumably he didn't count as much as the earlier official, since everyone went on smoking and doing whatever he was doing. This inspector went up and down the lines of carcasses, stamping everything in sight with a red rubber-stamp. He held the stamp-pad in his left hand, and the ink was running all over his hand, up his sleeve. He didn't seem to mind. About six, John said I could go out for coffee any time I wanted to.

Coffee? At six in the morning? Sure, he said, several places open - one just over the road. So I went out for coffee. And a cigarette: it was the longest I'd gone without one for ages.

I can't describe the place. I don't think I've ever been in such a bare, un-shop-looking shop in my life. Three or four truckies were there, in their dirty blue boiler suits and caps, having breakfast or lunch or dinner: no way of telling, really, since some of them drive through the night from places like Albury and Yarrawonga. Behind the counter one of those salt of the earth type middle-aged ladies with names like Florrie and Connie asked me gently, What would you like, love? and I ordered coffee. It was instant coffee, straight out of the tin, made with boiling water from a kettle on the gas stove in the corner, and it was delicious.

At this point I began to experience a weird sensation of unreality, as if I hadn't woken up and gone to work at all but was in the middle of a dream. The shop was unreal. The customers were unreal. At least, they were real enough until they started talking, and then...

Well, on the counter was a copy of the morning paper, with a shot of the Apollo XV launching, and these men started talking about it. You know, said one man, my old man used to read Jules Verne to me when I was a nipper, and he used to say, One day you'll see these things happening, son, and I never would of believed him, but... Yeah, said another man, things are sure happening no-one would've believed even a few years ago. Then a third man said, You know, years ago I useta read a magazine - Astounding, it was called, or something like that - and there was this bloke who useta write about all this kinda stuff, and I useta think it was all a lot of bulldust - you know? - I mean, it was all right in stories, but he talked about things like they was going to happen - and, god, he was right, you know - it's all happening like he said.

I finished my coffee quickly and left. Everything was getting just a bit beyond me.

I went back and stood around and watched and kept out of the way of men and things, for about an hour or so. An older man, named John, replaced Greek John at the weighing-desk. There was constant activity, if anything speeding up. I felt, still, nauseated. Almost literally. Job or no job, I could not see myself becoming accustomed to this place. I mumbled something apologetic to John and left. Came home, went to bed and started dreaming.

What is all this doing in a book devoted to the memory of John Campbell?

All I can say is: This is the John Campbell I know. A massive influence, affecting my life right now, reflected in the conversation of working men in a teashop opposite the meat market at six on a freezing morning in Melbourne, reflected on the front page of every newspaper this morning. An influence, massive, pervasive, incalculable. And it - he - will go on and on and on, way on into the future he loved so much, the future

which men will one day perhaps realize he invented.

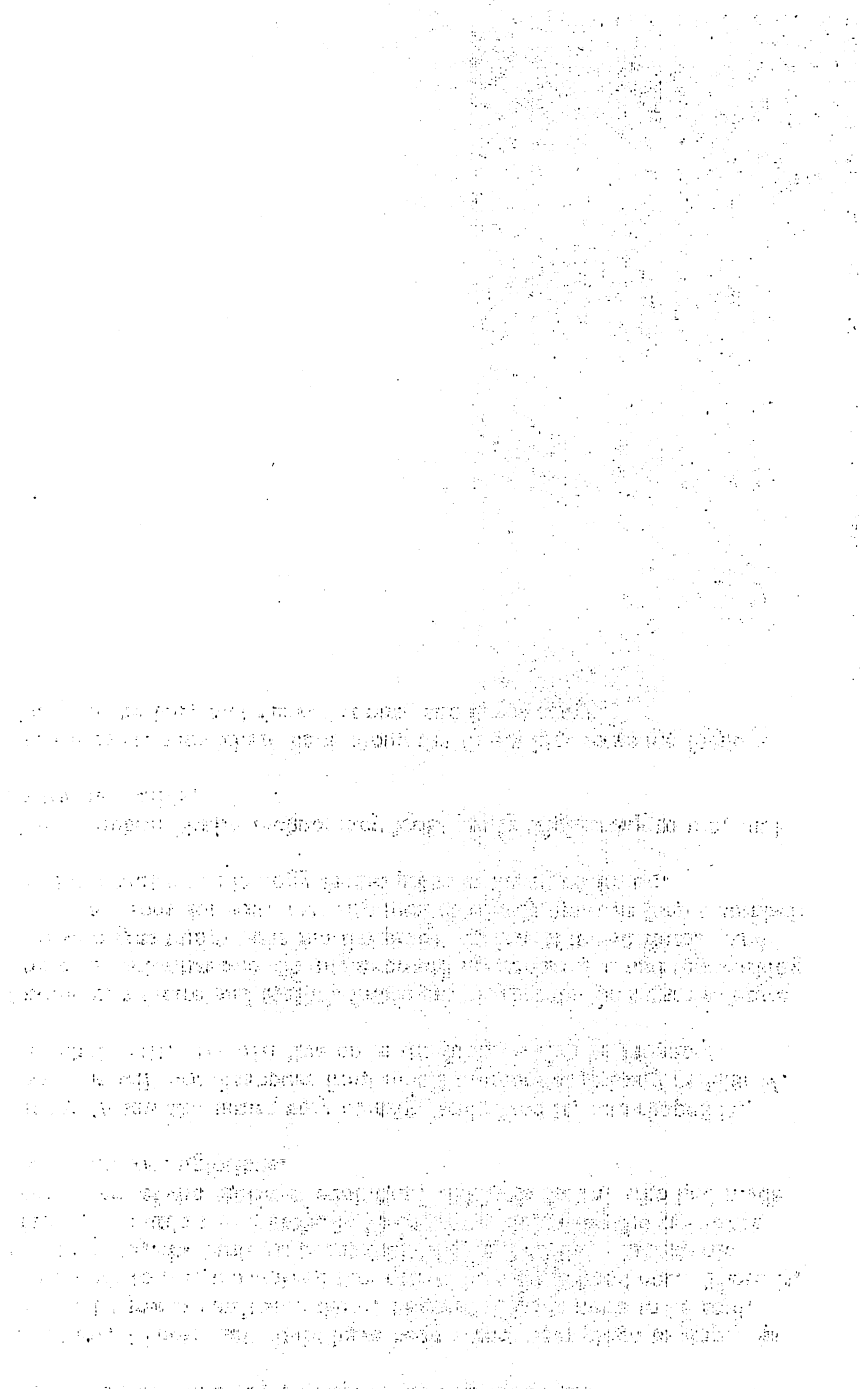
As editor, I know that would have been a very neat place to stop. As writer, I know it can't stop there, because there is more to be said. Loose ends to tie, unresolved thoughts to be straightened out. There is, for example, the business about Prokofiev and Stalin. Cranky old Stalin, who didn't like Prokofiev's cantata celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the glorious revolution. Ruthless Stalin, who had made the revolution inglorious.

But Stalin saw the future very clearly, and loved it, and shaped it. Dead, he will not disappear from man's memory as quickly as John W. Campbell will. He will live on in the future which he invented.

Campbell's future and Stalin's future are ultimately the same: a future where the scientist and the engineer and the technician and the working man who gets things done run the place, in fact if not in form. And there's an irony for you, that two men as widely apart as John Campbell and Josef Stalin in ideology should point to the same future.

The Campbell/Stalin technocracy looks pretty frightening to me, and pretty inevitable.

Almost as if, somewhere back along the line a bit, someone found a Thing in the ice, and thawed it out, and it got away.



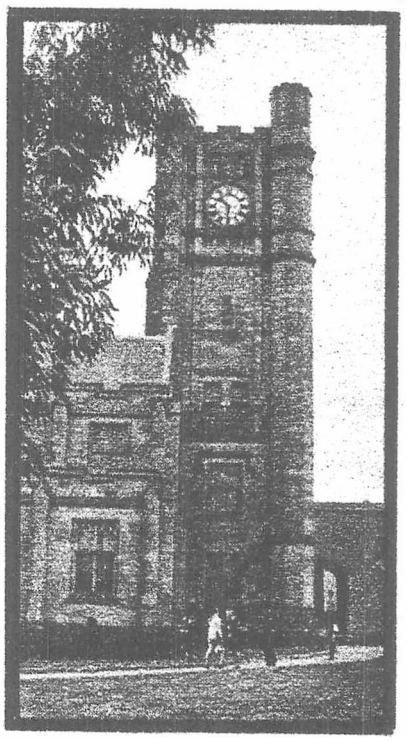
JOHN W. CAMPBELL
A Symposium

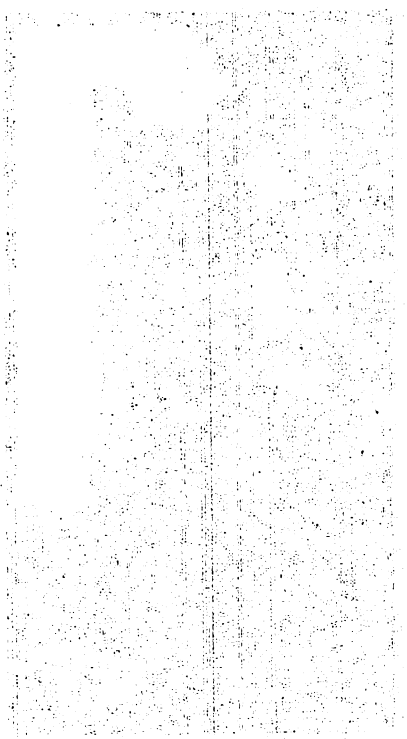
UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE 16th September 1971

Sponsored by the Melbourne University SF Association

Chairman: BILL WRIGHT

Transcript: TONY THOMAS





CLIVE MORLEY: On behalf of the Melbourne University Science Fiction Association, I would like to welcome you all to this meeting tonight. Thank you for coming. And now I would like to introduce Bill Wright, who is to chair the meeting.

CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Clive. It is my pleasant task to introduce you to our five speakers, and after we have listened to them to conduct any discussion that may follow.

George Turner is an author and one of our best sf critics. He has written for Australian Science Fiction Review, SF Commentary and Scythrop, and regularly reviews science fiction in "The Age".

John Foyster also is one of our best sf critics, a contributor to most of the more serious journals dealing with science fiction criticism.

John Bangsund, publisher of ASFR and Scythrop, will present a paper by Redd Boggs. Redd lives in California and unfortunately can't be with us tonight. He has many associations with Australia, and has been well known for many years for his individual outlook on science fiction.

Henry Couchman is a lecturer at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, and has been a student of sf for many years.

Wynne Whiteford is a science fiction writer who appeared in just about every magazine you can think of some years back. He hasn't been so prolific lately, but I understand he has something up his sleeve.

George Turner

JOHN CAMPBELL: THE WRITER

Let's not pretend for a start that John W. Campbell as a writer was of any importance - as a writer. In his early days he was one of the worst writers who ever wrote science fiction. In his later days he became a comparatively good one, and actually managed to finish up with two memorable stories, out of about forty or fifty. However, his importance as a writer is not that what he wrote was good, but that what he wrote had a most peculiar and unexpected effect on the body of sf in general.

To understand what Campbell did, we first have to look at what sf was like when he began to write. I can't give you the exact date, but I would say it was somewhere early in the 1930s. At that time Edward Elmer Smith dominated the field, Jules Verne had only just ceased being reprinted month after month by Hugo Gernsback, and second-rate satirists like Stanton Coblentz were still showing their rather blunted

teeth. The only writer of any value whatsoever in the whole business was probably John Taine.

Campbell's first story appeared about the time that Smith had produced his sequel to SKYLARK OF SPACE, SKYLARK THREE. SF-lovers were all flat on their backs in the aisles with their legs in the air, screaming that this was marvellous and nothing could ever be better. And as things went at that time, they weren't far wrong - except for the last bit, that nothing could ever be better. The name of Campbell appeared first with a story called "When the atoms failed". It ran about 15 000 words. It arrived without any fanfare, but it made an impact. And he followed it very quickly with a sequel called "The metal horde". Both of these stories were highly technological - in fact they were only that. As stories they didn't exist. I mean, something happened to start things off, and the hero invented a few gadgets, and then he killed off a few people and that was the end of it, because there was nothing else left to do. And that was the general pattern of stories at the time. It has to be remembered that Campbell at that time would have been about 18 or 19. He was a student at MIT and, strangely enough, aside from his personal interest, he has stated himself that the real reason he was writing - and writing a great deal as fast as possible - was that he was trying to buy a car, because his father wouldn't pay for one for him.

These stories attracted a bit of attention, and then he produced a novella called "Piracy preferred", and for once he told something of a story. He did something else - and this became the Campbell trademark - he produced a technological idea which no-one else in the field had ever thought of. He observed the Brownian motion, considered the matter of molecules moving in random directions, and suddenly said to himself, Let's move them all in the one direction, and here is a source of motive energy which hasn't yet been thought of. And away he went.

He followed it with a sequel called "Solarite", and here he made himself famous, because he produced another little idea that hadn't been thought of before. Invisibility was one of the things involved in this story, and Campbell suggested that the simple way to discover an invisible space-ship - or maybe it was an aeroplane; at any rate something large and mobile - was to spray it with paint. Now that isn't quite so simple a solution as it might seem, because it depends a great deal on what the method of invisibility is. Edward Elmer Smith took it up. The two of them went at it hammer and tongs for about six months in the discussion column of Amazing Stories, and Campbell was on the map once and for all. So one good literary brawl really put him further than any of his stories had done.

He wrote another sequel, called "The black star passes". His idea in that was solid light, which in that day seemed completely incredible. Now we know a lot more about the physical nature of photons it doesn't seem quite so incredible. And I'll come to another of his ideas later on which was far, far ahead of its time. However, he went on writing these stories - the Arcot, Wade & Morey series. There were five of them altogether, finishing up with two novels. And in this series he and Edward

Elmer Smith seemed to be in competition to discover who could be the biggest, the fastest and the nastiest, the most destructive, finally drawing on the greatest sources of power in the universe. Well, Campbell won, by using the power of a sun to drive his ship, and hooking that to a time dilation effect, which gave him literally infinite power and speed. Even Smith retired before that one.

He did something else, quite unintentionally. He had in those five Arcot, Wade & Morey tales taken technological sf as far as it could possibly go, given the physical knowledge of the time. And he killed the genre stone dead. There was simply nothing else to be done with it. It was all done. SF had to go somewhere else. Strangely enough, it turned in a sort of half-hearted way in two directions. One was in the line of fantasy, though of course Merritt and Clark Ashton Smith and others had been doing it for many years. The other, by way of people such as Dr David Keller and Miles Breuer, started paying a little attention to sociology. In other words, they started paying a bit of attention to the effect of science on human beings. So Campbell, whether he intended it or not, had achieved his first minor revolution.

He wrote a few more of these novels of technological marvels, but something else was happening at the same time. He was still held down to his formula story. He could not write a story. None of his first six or eight stories had a plot of any sort. It was simply a case of build a spaceship, get up and go, meet some enemy, devise some gimmicks, get rid of the enemy, come home and saddle up for the sequel.

Then he turned out a tale called "Mother world". It had a plot - most extraordinary. It wasn't a particularly good plot, but at least it had one. It had something else. For the first time Campbell had realized that writing a story is more than hooking a lot of incidents together. He began to pay attention to the English language. And, possibly for the first time in his career - and there would be a million and a half words behind him by then - he turned out a story with an atmosphere. It was an atmosphere that was to become very familiar later on. Having written these last few technological novels, he disappeared from the scene almost entirely. He became assistant editor to Orlin Tremaine, and didn't write much for quite a while. And when he did, it was under another name, as Don A. Stuart.

His first appearance as Don Stuart marked the almost Jekyll and Hyde characteristic in his writing. He had done something which is not only difficult to do but is also one of the most dangerous things any writer can ever attempt to do. He had thrown away everything he thought he knew and started again, and developed an entirely different style and writing personality. The Campbell luck held. He did it the right way. He got away with it. He not only got away with it; he improved on it as he went along.

Now as Don Stuart he still purveyed strictly science-based ideas, but they were not in the forefront of the story - they were not merely gimmicks to grab your attention. They held the story together, the

story was based upon them, but the story was more important for once than the gimmick. There were quite a number of these. Some of you will remember them perhaps. There was "Forgetfulness", in which he discussed the way simple things get forgotten, like the mathematician who is so used to dealing with complex equations that a simple matter of, shall we say, an algebraic formula may elude him, because he has forgotten it - he hasn't used it, he doesn't need it, he's got beyond it - just as a person who is accustomed to using mathematical machines will think twice when he is challenged to take a cube root, a simple thing to do but it gets forgotten because it is unused. That was the kind of idea Campbell began to examine, and as he looked further and further ahead to the futures of forgetfulness he turned out, almost incidentally, one story which I think must remain as one of the greatest of all science fiction short stories. It was called "Twilight". It was a glimpse forward seven million years into the future, to a time when Man has not only forgotten his beginnings but has become rather doubtful whether there was any imaginable beginning. The past has become to him just as unimaginable as seven million years in the future is to us. But what was important about the story was not the idea, which was quite a nice one, but the fact that it was beautifully written. I would say it is the only Campbell story of which that can be said.

That story, unfortunately, kicked off an entire generation of yearning dreamers, and we got sick of them very smartly. But Campbell did not sit there; he went on to change his style yet again, and this time produced a story which must rank with Sturgeon's "Killdozer" as one of the two best thrillers sf has ever produced. It was called "Who goes there?" It created an enormous sensation at the time, and it is still very readable some thirty years later.

To give you some idea of the nature of his vision, I would like to point out that this story concerns the taking over of a human body by another organism; not a taking over of the mind - that had been done fifty years before in STATION X - but of the body itself. Readers objected strongly; quite a number of them found the conception obscene; they enjoyed the story but found the whole thing unsettling, and many said it simply couldn't be done, it was biologically impossible. Campbell replied that it was biologically impossible at the present day, but that there was so little known about the actions of cells that he felt he had a perfectly free ground. Now, let's see what happened some twenty years later. We knew all about viruses then, by the way; we called them filtrable viruses in those days and thought they were another kind of germ, though later on we discovered they were rather large sized proteins. Finally, about two or three years ago, someone discovered how a virus really operates. It invades a cell in the body; the cell, following its normal routine, wishes to expand and divide and form two cells; but the virus interferes with the RNA signals which allow the cell to reproduce itself, and causes the cell to produce not itself but another virus. So Campbell was justified after all. It can be done.

As a predictor - and I have never said that prediction is really the function of sf; in fact I think it's a very minor one - Campbell stands

pretty well on his own. But as Don A. Stuart he achieved more, perhaps, than anyone else before or since. He didn't follow up these successes by writing bigger and better ones. He recognized his true vocation, which was as an editor, a digger-out of the ideas of others. Without the Stuart stories, which were utterly different in tone, in method and in style from anything that had been done before, I doubt whether we would have seen the development of such writers as Theodore Sturgeon; I doubt whether people like Philip Dick would ever have found a market for their ideas.

So I return to what I said at the beginning. John Campbell as a writer was completely unimportant in literary terms. As an innovator, as a man who had a profound effect on what came after him, he was of vast importance.

John Foyster

JOHN CAMPBELL: THE EDITOR

I want to talk about John Campbell, chresmologue.

John Campbell was not a man of the 20th Century. Quite often this sort of thing is said about sf writers or editors, but I intend this not perhaps in the conventional way. John Campbell was not a man of the 20th Century, but of the 18th or 19th. He was a man who lived in the past, completely unable to grapple with the problems of this century. This is a sad thing. It is revealed time and again in his magazine.

John Campbell always preferred words to action. You will see him saying, of course - and I'll give you a quotation later on - that he favoured actions over words. But if you read some of the tributes paid to him in the current issue of Locus, you will find that there was nothing that interested Campbell more than producing an argument in words just to see what would happen to other people. Now, all readers of his words are not in the position, unfortunately, of knowing that all he wanted to do was spark off reaction, and some of them actually believed that he thought what he wrote. Since the circulation of his magazine was over 100 000, and the number of people who would have come into direct contact with him something like a hundred, you can see that if Campbell really thought he was needling people into thinking for themselves he was perhaps misjudging the situation. But was he really doing this, or did he really believe the sort of things that he wrote?

Several years ago, in Australian SF Review, I examined some twelve editorials by Campbell with the intention of showing that it was not

possible for one man to believe such a large number of contradictory things. I believe the circulation of ASFR at that time was about 400, but to my knowledge not one person identified the reason for my writing that article. There were a lot of arguments about whether this or that was true or false in what I wrote, but nothing at all about the principle - namely, whether it was possible for one man to believe that multiplicity of things.

John Campbell regarded his editorials as being quite important. Not too long ago a volume of them was issued, and as time has gone by the editorials have increased in length. The time when Astounding/Analog was a very very good magazine - and no-one can deny that it was - his editorials would run for one page. The latest issue I have contains an editorial that runs for eight pages. Perhaps this is just the crankiness of an old man, but one can't escape the feeling that the person who had the most words in Analog in the last few years was John Campbell, and for that reason, when you examine Campbell as editor you must examine his editorials.

I intend to start by looking at the July 1971 issue, the latest to arrive here, because it contains something which to me is rather remarkable. The editorial starts off:

> This magazine has been considering ecology for somewhat longer than the current explosive - and hysterical - interest in the subject. Perhaps because we've thought about it somewhat longer, and not just as a sudden latest-thing interest, not a Cause for This Season, we're a bit less terribly, terribly concerned - and somewhat less hysterical about it.

Now this came as a surprise to me. I've been reading this magazine steadily since 1956, and my collection extends fairly solidly back to 1943, and I couldn't recall any single example of concern for ecology in some thirty years. So a week or so ago I took the trouble to go through my collection of Astounding and Analog - November 1943 to July 1971 - looking for examples of concern for ecology.

At first, I must admit, I was rather upset. Perhaps John Campbell had lied to me. But he hadn't lied to me, friends. In that time, ecology has been mentioned in passing occasionally. I wouldn't want you to think that ecology was discussed in only seven of those 300 issues, but I am afraid this is the most I could rake up. Of course you can say, But remember serials like DUNE, which were devoted to ecology. Well, it depends on which advertisement you are reading, but I have seen it advertised this way. Unfortunately, the sort of ecological problems that people talk about today, and that John Campbell thinks he's talking about in his editorial, are not fictional. If you want to argue that because a guy gets out of a spaceship with helmet and oxygen support system that's ecology because he's looking after his environment and so on, that's okay by me, but I don't think it's what we're talking about. And if you look at DUNE you will see that its ecology is as false and as untrustworthy as its astronomy and its linguistics and so on.

 Someone should give Frank Herbert a Nobel Prize or a Victoria Cross.

I'm not sure which, for his linguistics. Anyway, as I said, I was able to find some discussion of ecology in Analog over those years. I draw your attention to the words in Campbell's editorial:

> Perhaps because we've thought about it somewhat longer, and not just as a sudden latest-thing interest, not a Cause for this Season...

The first really worthwhile reference to this subject appears in an article in the April 1955 Astounding entitled "The Right to Breed" by Donald Kingsbury, and it concerns population. This was a put-up job by Campbell, as his blurb for the article makes clear:

> The problem of future population is an essential factor for science fiction extrapolation. Here's an article deliberately written on an Aristotelean yes-or-no basis dealing with population control. You are cordially invited to pick it apart if you can.

Now far be it from me to suggest that at this period John Campbell had Aristotelean logic as a sudden latest-thing interest, but nevertheless, when one reads the article and then examines the letters of comment in the July and August issues, one finds that in fact the objection Campbell raises is essentially to the yes-and-no problem, that the thing he is really concerned about is fanaticism and not ecology or population at all. And that is the longest consecutive discussion of anything like ecological problems I could discover. It runs for about eight pages.

In an article in the March 1953 issue there is a reference to scrap iron and there is a suggestion that it may be necessary to re-cycle things like scrap iron. There's a reference in the May 1971 Analog - maybe that is as far back as John Campbell could remember. It is an editorial entitled "Pollution Paranoia", and you can work out what that's about: it is devoted to defending the pollution of the environment as being basically a good thing. In it there is a sentence which may be of interest in a later context:

> Now I know a number of people have the impression for some odd reason that I'm a rock-ribbed if not rock-headed conservative, pro-establishment lackey and a hide-bound traditionalist.

I shall discuss that in a moment.

Then in the March 1963 Analog there is a reference to the possibility of using places like the moons of Jupiter as sources for particular items which are missing from Earth. As elements become short - you know - you dive out into space and ship them home.

The final reference on the subject of ecology - and I was straining a little bit by this time, I must confess - was in the April 1964 issue, in a discussion of the extinction of species. The suggestion here is that maybe it isn't Man that's causing species to die out, but actually the incompetence of the species themselves: they are unable to handle the changes in the environment. This was written by someone other than Campbell. At least, Bert Kempers could be Campbell, but it seems unlikely. There is a sentence right at the end of the article:

> This of course is assuming that Man doesn't blast himself off the face of the Earth or poison his own environment first so that the human species joins the dodo.

I make the important distinction about this article probably not having been written by Campbell because it does suggest that a species may not be able to handle the environment, whereas the current editorial, in the July 1971 issue, states fairly clearly that Campbell feels that animals have always adjusted to the sort of environmental changes that go on and that we really don't have anything to worry about.

So this is what John Campbell refers to as a concern for problems of ecology over the years. And I think you will agree with me that his notion of concern is perhaps more with the vague spirit than with the practicalities.

On the other hand, during the same period - in September and October 1966 - Campbell published an article entitled "Insurgency vs Counter-insurgency" by my favourite writer, Joe Poyer, and Joe Poyer was explaining to sf readers just how it is that these days insurgency in the world is completely unsuccessful by comparison with counterinsurgency. For example, in South Vietnam at that time - I'm going to embarrass you in a moment - if one were employing a rating scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being good and 10 bad, one could say the insurgents got a rating of 9 and the counterinsurgents 8. I hate to embarrass people with notions like numbers, but at that time, the Pentagon papers suggest, people like Robert McNamara had a rather different view of the relative successes of insurgency and counterinsurgency. In fact there was at this time just beginning the view that the bombing of North Vietnam was a complete waste of time, that it wasn't doing anything to stop counterinsurgency in the south, and yet this was where the major effort was going on.

So this is the sort of emphasis you find in Analog - not really concerned with ecology, but prepared to spend four pages in this article on the subject of defoliants.

I said I would return to the matter of words and actions and perhaps emphasize the point a little more strongly. I am going to do this by skipping back nearly twenty years, and you might feel this is unfair, and perhaps it is. However, I think the point that emerges is quite strong. In the April 1952 Astounding, Campbell, well known for attacking conservatives, was defending the importance of military secrets, and he wrote:

> If the scientists dislike the situation, there remains one, and only one, possible cure. It is pointless to rebel against security. It is thoroughly pointless to chant about the traditions of science.

Well, one reader took him up on this subject and said:

> Finally, I wish to contradict one of your points in particular. You write that it is thoroughly pointless to chant about the traditions of science. Remember that those traditions are the traditions of freedom, free expression and the communication of knowledge. In a nation in which it is pointless

> to talk about the traditions of science, it becomes equally pointless to consider the other traditions, such as freedom of the press, religion or any other freedom. In that nation we find a dictatorship. Consider that in the past science has always proceeded down the middle path

And so on. Campbell replies:

> You misunderstand me, sir. I wasn't describing a situation that I thought should be, but one that appears almost certain will be. It is pointless to chant about the traditions of science or of liberty, freedom of the press etc. Prayer is a sound practice, but after praying for guidance the required step is rolling up sleeves and doing something that counts. Talking is remarkably fruitless. Whether you talk about the traditions of science or liberty or freedom of the press. A world of chance and magic and amulets and talk did not produce results. The magic Winston Churchill recommended does, but is less comfortable: the formula of blood, sweat and tears.

In the November 1970 Analog, which is infamous for a number of reasons, Campbell wrote the following:

> Shall we take a look at Kent State, for instance, where frustrated brats in the 17 to 22 year age group threw a tantrum and burned down buildings and smashed up businesses in the town because they weren't getting what they wanted the way they thought they should. On the other side you had a bunch of young Guardsmen, mostly the same age group, who also reacted with furious emotionalism, panic in their case, and killed some of the students.

These students - the ones who were killed - of course weren't involved in the smashing and so on. The 17 to 22 years old frustrated brats were the ones who were dying in Vietnam - and of course they foolishly took action instead of just using words.

The point is that Campbell prefers words. If he wants actions, then by God they have to be actions he approves of.

Campbell likes to play with words. Just to take a recent example, he proposes that we should debate:

> Resolved: The United States government should pour far greater funds into the development of biological warfare techniques and increase research in that area as rapidly as practical.

And he continues:

> I'll take the affirmative on that one, which is actually kind of cheating, because you'll soon realize that the negative is in effect voting against motherhood and for sin and the man-eating shark.

Now, of course, when Campbell talks about biological warfare he doesn't mean what everyone else means; he means something he has dreamed up. He's thinking - you know - when you go down and take a shot for tetanus

or something that's biological warfare, because you're fighting against the germs and stuff. He thinks we ought to have more biological warfare of that kind. And this is a nice game. It is an 18th or 19th century game. In the 20th century, people don't have time for that sort of game.

How else does he like to play with words? Well, I suggested this business of conservatism. Is he really a conservative or does he recklessly strike out and attack institutions right, left and centre? He does sometimes attack institutions. The FDA has come in for attacks occasionally. But I don't think you'll find that John Campbell ever attacked a public or private company. No element of capitalism in the United States has ever been attacked by him. But on the other hand, he defended the ethical drug companies at a time when they were happily selling to the public poisons in the guise of drugs - drugs which their own experiments had shown could kill children but not adults. They would not withdraw the drugs, would not even put a label on them warning people that they would probably kill children who used them; and at that time, by the way, alternative drugs were available.

Campbell is a conservative in the sense that he attacks popular institutions, ones which can't fight back, such as the FDA - which does admittedly do a terrible job, but not quite for the reasons Campbell suggests. Equally, he has never in his editorials come out for changes in society which have been proposed by other people. He is quite willing to propose changes in society himself, but not willing to back someone else's proposals.

Here is another example of his playing with words - from, I think, the October 1960 issue. (I am quoting from the British edition, and about this time - February 1961 - it got a little out of step with the American edition, so copies go backwards and forwards and it's a little difficult to work out which is which, but it is my belief that this is the October 1960 issue.) Here Campbell writes:

> I've been having fun recently asking people to name three of the most famous criminals of all history. I usually get answers of the order of John Dillinger, Jack the Ripper, Hitler, Nero, Judas or Pontius Pilate. Be it noted that neither Hitler, Pontius Pilate nor Judas was a criminal at all. Hitler wasn't a criminal; he had laws passed that made the things he did legal and a criminal is, by definition, a law-breaker. Judas wasn't a criminal; he was a police informer. And Pontius Pilate was acting as the laws of the time and place required, and acting with considerably good judgement. The others were not famous but infamous.

This is very interesting, but it's just a game. Campbell states that Hitler wasn't a criminal. To my knowledge the first occasion on which Hitler was imprisoned was in 1921 when he was sentenced to three months gaol for assault. He served one month. As far as I know, he did not appeal against the sentence, so presumably he was guilty of assault, and in most countries assault is a crime. Hitler was a criminal. It is ridiculous to say he passed laws that made him not a criminal. The man had been in gaol for a crime that presumably he

admitted committing. The suggestion that Judas was not a criminal is just as ludicrous. There are very few countries that do not regard suicide as a crime. As for whether Pontius Pilate was a criminal or not, I don't care to know; it's quite irrelevant. I mean, two of the three were quite plainly criminals by the law of the land in their day. It's simply that Campbell is unwilling to face the consequences of what he is saying. They weren't criminals in the sense that he means - big baddies doing such and such a naughty thing. But they were criminals. They broke the law. And, as he said, "a criminal is, by definition, a law-breaker". But this is the sort of game John Campbell liked to play.

For some time in Analog there was discussion about whether it might be a good idea to restrict voting to people who had served in the armed forces of their country, and I got the impression that Campbell sort of leaned a bit towards this idea. It is worth pointing out that in 1941 Campbell had reached the ripe old age of 30, and while his authors went off to fight the fierce Japanese attackers in such remote places as Los Angeles and Los Alamos, he stayed bravely at home, fighting the good fight at Street & Smith. So if in fact he had been defending the proposition that only veterans should get a vote, he would have been arguing in favour of disenfranchising himself. I don't think he was really serious at all.

One of the most obvious things about Analog for many years - and a lot of people have complained about it - is John Campbell's obvious preference for engineers. Why does he think engineers are so good? Maybe this comes from his training; maybe he always thought engineers were good? Not so. If we look at a real issue of Astounding - September 1941, with Isaac Asimov's "Nightfall" (recently voted by the Science Fiction Writers of America greatest sf story of all time or something) - we find a letter-writer remonstrating with Campbell:

> I think you're a little hard on us engineers in your editorial on exhaust jet propulsion

And so on and so on - technical details - and he discusses the technical details a bit, and continues:

> Not as many engineers as you imply would willingly jump in with both feet and yell "Impossible!"

Campbell's comment:

> Engineers still goes. There are more kinds than aeronautical engineers.

But the general tenor of Campbell's arguments in recent years has been that engineers of course are always the chaps who whip in there and work hard and get the job done, and scientists just tag along. In fact, in an editorial recently he suggested that science trails behind engineers, and only when the engineers have developed the technology can scientists come along and find out what it's all about.

Now why, in heaven's name, should he think things like this?

My view is that there is a simple commercial explanation. Campbell's change of policy becomes evident in the late 1940s. At this time there was a number of other magazines competing with his; and at this time he started putting out little questionnaires and got back lots of details on the

employment of his readers. At about the same time he had just watched Ray Palmer's Amazing Stories boost its circulation immensely by flogging the most terrible crap to susceptible readers - people shocked by the war or whatever - and this had made a lot of money for Ziff-Davis and Ray Palmer. Campbell, faced with competition from many other magazines, faced perhaps with a new realization of where his readership really lay, began to publish articles on Dianetics. He favoured stories developing telekinesis and psi in general, and as the years went by he embraced more and more ludicrous ideas, generally in the engineering line. It seems to me that this was basically an attempt to find out whether his engineering friends all went along this way, and in fact it seems they did. This kind of weird science has kept his magazine going and increased its circulation, so maybe he was successful. At any rate, it seems to me that this is why Campbell did what he did to Analog, and why he came to favour technological fiction as distinct from the science fiction he once published.

Now where do the editorials fit into this story? They serve perhaps a twofold purpose. One, which I have mentioned already, is to interest people in this rather vigorous intellect. I must admit that I quite enjoy reading the editorials, not necessarily because they make much sense, but simply because you can bounce around with things. The second is to interest engineers, and it seems to be pretty well established that engineers on the whole are relatively conservative. A survey carried out in Australia recently by a person in this audience indicates that in Australia this certainly seems to be the case. Obviously, if you want to build your market, you have to try to sell to that market, and if you sell ideas that are sufficiently far-out but still conservative, then you may well keep that market.

The effect of these editorials, as I have suggested, might not have been quite what Campbell wanted. An example is this infamous issue of Analog which I referred to earlier - November 1970 - which contains a story entitled "The Plague" by Keith Laumer. As several people have noted, it does seem to be based so heavily on Campbell's editorials that it could well have been written by Campbell himself. The story argues the proposition that the Haves got where they are because they were goodies and worked hard, whereas the Have-nots were lazy slobs who demanded everything for nothing. Now this is an interesting argument to advance in the 20th Century, the opposite argument having been advanced as long ago as the 18th Century by the Marquis de Sade - an author, strangely, whose books are banned from Australia. At least, his philosophical works are banned, possibly because he advances arguments of this kind. It isn't particularly nice to suggest that the Haves got there by being naughty boys - as Frank Hardy discovered in the early 50s here.

I have given a good deal of emphasis to the editorials in my talk, because it seems to me that when you talk about Astounding or Analog the first thing people think about is the editorials - probably because they are the best-written things in the magazine. But what about the job Campbell did on the magazine?

Anyone, I think, can look at Analog today and without much difficulty recognize that it is the best looking, probably the best edited, magazine in the field. I was talking to Bruce Gillespie before this meeting and he said that he and Franz Rottensteiner were puzzled over my admiration for Analog, and he said, "Well, at least it's better than F&SF". Yes, and it's better than Galaxy and it's better than If and it's better than Amazing and Fantastic. He agreed with all this. I said: "Well, where does that leave you?" He said: "Oh, New Worlds." New Worlds, of course, is now a paperback publication, and so perhaps isn't competing. So this does leave one with the impression that Analog is the best sf magazine, and it is.

But what about Astounding when Campbell took it over? It was the best magazine then, too. Right from the start, Astounding - Astounding Stories of Super Science - had a policy of paying its writers more than the other magazines and tried to publish better stories. When it was first published, Astounding paid two cents a word on acceptance, and up to four cents a word for its best writers, and this at a time when other magazines were paying less than one cent a word on publication. This was in 1930, in the bad stages of Astounding. In the middle 1930s it was taken over by F. Orlin Tremaine, whom George has mentioned, and Tremaine kept up this attitude, and as time went by Astounding did become the best magazine in the field. If you look at the magazines of 1937, when Campbell took over, you will see that Astounding was much, much better than its competition. So when Campbell became editor he took over a strong magazine at the top of its field - and he kept it there for almost all of the time he was editor.

He made some changes to Astounding. He changed it from a rather garish pulp magazine, through a number of size changes, to the digest size magazine we have today. He changed the approach of the writers, away from the sort of sf that he had himself written in "The Mightiest Machine" and so on, and made the writers more involved in the persons, the characters and their stories. At the same time he influenced the writers, so that when they went to work for other magazines they reflected, if you like, a little of Astounding's glory. And you will find this echoed throughout the tributes paid to Campbell on his death. There is no question that the writers who learnt their trade under Campbell learnt extremely well. What their trade was exactly, perhaps doesn't concern us right now. But certainly the magazine Campbell produced, and the writers he produced, are exceptionally fine.

I said that Campbell was, for almost all the time he was editor, editor of a top magazine. There were times when things were tough. The one obvious time is the one I have already mentioned, the early 50s, when he had to print some pretty dubious articles and some pretty rotten stories as well. Faced with the problem of an expanding market, it was simply impossible to get the stories he wanted, I presume, and the presence of magazines such as Galaxy and the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction was just great competition, and it's not very useful to argue which of these magazines was the best in, say, 1952. Also, Campbell had a great deal of influence on Sam Merwin, who had taken

over Thrilling Wonder Stories and its companion Startling Stories in 1935 when these magazines were really abysmal. Merwin saw that a lot could be done with sf, fairly obviously from looking at what Campbell had done, and by 1948 or 1949 Thrilling and Startling were sufficiently good that it would be unwise to assert that Astounding was unchallenged as the best magazine. If you come right down to it, probably Astounding was still the best, but if it was, it wasn't so obviously the best as it was earlier and is now. Later Campbell widened the gap, when Anthony Boucher left F&SF and when Horace Gold left Galaxy, and Campbell was able to grab the best writers. About this time, too, he changed the size of Analog to this large (commonly referred to as "bedsheet") size. In the three or four years before the change to this size, Analog had been a rather dull magazine. The writers were following too closely Campbell's party line. But when he switched to this size, at a time when the other magazines were having various troubles, he was able to restore Analog to the dominating position it had enjoyed in the 40s. And from 1965 onwards Analog's position has been virtually unchallenged. You can see this if you look at circulation figures, or anything you like. Analog's circulation in this time continues to rise, while most of the other magazines steadily decline. All kinds of suggestions have been made about why this should be so, but the simple truth of the matter is that the magazine was the best; it appealed to most people; it sold the most.

So John Campbell achieved with his magazine something like what he set out to achieve. He produced a magazine which sold better than any of its competitors; it made him, according to reports, $20 000 per year, at a time when other magazine editors were having to settle for rather less. But does this mean that Campbell made science fiction into everything it should be? Perhaps not, and perhaps this is not what he was aiming for. If you think about what other people were doing, you might feel that he missed an opportunity that he could have taken.

But one thing that Campbell did do by his domination of his own magazine, and thus of the field of science fiction, and in this way speculative thinking in general, was to impress the general public with some of the notions of the importance of futurology - which perhaps might never have got off the ground without the basis provided by sf.

In a small book called MAN, TIME AND PROPHECY, Loren Eiseley remarks:

> Modern man lives increasingly in the future and neglects the present. A people who essay to do this have an insatiable demand for soothsayers and oracles to assure and comfort them about the insubstantial road they tread.

Eiseley then goes on to discuss his own role, indicating that it does not quite fit this pattern, and then he says:

> Instead, people invariably ask: What will Man be like a million years from now? - frequently leaning back with complacent confidence as though they already knew the answer but felt the rituals of our society demanded an equally ritualistic response from a specialist. Or they enquire as a corollary, what the scientists views may be

on the colonization of outer space. In short, the cry goes up: Prophesy!

Well, Campbell did a lot to engender this feeling in society. His influence is quite strong in Russian science fiction, where a story which he obviously had a great deal of say in, "First Contact" by Murray Leinster, is frequently referred to by Russian authors on a theoretical basis.

People have asked what will happen to sf now that Campbell is dead - and Wynne is going to talk about that. But I am sure that his attitude will be much the same as mine. It is ridiculous to talk about sf without John Campbell, simply because sf as we read it today is almost entirely a product of his mind. The changes he made in sf are so revolutionary and widespread that there will never be a time while sf is still being written when his influence will not be felt.

One then has to ask: Is it a good influence? We can ask, but we will not be in a position to answer. Someone else will have to answer that in the future.

I suggested in my opening remarks that John Campbell was a chresmologue. "Chresmologos" is Greek for a prophet. I want to read a bit more about this kind of prophet from Loren Eiseley's little book:

> Chresmologues, dealers in crumbling parchment and uncertain prophecies, pass amongst us. I am such a one. But the chresmologue's profession demands that he be alert to signs and portents in both the natural and human worlds, the events or sayings that others might regard as trivial, but to which the gods may have entrusted momentary meaning, pertinence or power. Such words may be uttered by those unconscious of their significance, casually, as in a bit of overheard conversation between two men idling on a street, or in a bar at midnight. It may also be spoken on journeys, for it is then that Man, in the role of the stranger, must constantly confront reality and decide his pathway.

These are precisely the points I have tried to suggest upon which John Campbell failed. And so his prophecies are perhaps more uncertain and less useful as a guide. His parchment may crumble eventually, and his vision of what humanity is seems to me also to have failed in one respect. People suggest now that there might not be as much future as we would like to think. In fact, we might run out of future within the lifetime of many of us here - not through nuclear warfare, but for other reasons. And again, thinking about his role in society, Loren Eiseley relates the following story:

> It seems that along a particularly wide and forbidding section of the English coast, a place of moors, converging and deconverging trackways, hedges and all manner of unexpected cliffs and obstacles, two English gentlemen were out riding in the cool of the morning. As they rounded a turn in the road they saw a coach bearing down upon them

at breakneck speed. The foaming, rearing horses were obviously running wild. The driver on the seat had lost the reins. As the coach thundered by, the terrified screams of the occupants could be heard. The gentlemen halted their thoroughbred mounts and quickly exchanged glances. The same thought seemed to strike each at once. In an instant they set off at a mad gallop which quickly overtook and passed the lurching vehicle before them. On they galloped. They distanced it. "Quick, the gate!" cried one as they raced up to it before a hedge. The nearest horseman leapt to the ground and flung wide the gate just as the coach pounded around the curve. And as the swaying, desperate driver with his equipage plunged through the opening, the man who lifted the bar shouted to his companion: "Thirty guineas they go over the cliff!" "Done!" cried his fellow, groping for his wallet. The gate swung idly behind the vanished coach, and the two sporting gentlemen listened minute by minute, clutching their purses. A bee droned idly in the heather and the smell of the sea came across the moor. No sound came up from below.

John Campbell missed his opportunity, in a sense, and in a way he found himself in the position of one of those gentlemen who was willing to make a bet. I have suggested, referring to his editorials, that he was prepared to bet that Nature would look after us, that the problems that so many people say are facing us will solve themselves. In this sense, and in this sense only, John Campbell failed to grasp his greatest opportunity.

But this happens to many of us. We can easily fail to grasp our great opportunity. John Campbell grasped almost all of the lesser ones, and in doing so changed the face of science fiction. There are very few of us who can claim to have made as much of our opportunities as Campbell did his. I think we should forgive him for missing his greatest opportunity.

Editor's note:
The quotations in John Foyster's address have not been verified. The following article, which I read to the meeting, originally appeared in Redd Boggs's fanzine, Bete Noire, in July 1970 under the title "Spokesman for Boskone". The version published here is transcribed from the tape, and therefore probably differs slightly from the original. In a brief introductory comment I stressed to the audience that the article was published twelve months before the death of John Campbell, and I invite readers to bear this in mind also.

Redd Boggs

JOHN CAMPBELL: THE PROPAGANDIST

In a brief article in Science Fiction Review no.38 (June 1970), Ted White gives us some inside information on the sales figures and profit-making potential of all the sf magazines. He tells us, for example, that subscriptions provide little, if any, profit, and that the news-stand sales of Galaxy, If, F&SF, Amazing and Fantastic hover around 30 000 copies apiece. A dismal figure, less than thirty times as big as the circulation of SF Review itself.

Not surprisingly, Ted characterizes the lot of them as "only marginal money makers". Analog, still according to Ted, is another story, but one with a similar ending, as he shows it is a relatively lavish production with high word and artwork rates for the sf field, a big editorial budget and heavy publishing costs. And yet, as Ted says, Analog, at least according to educated speculation, is probably only marginally profitable and may not outlast its present editor.

I am sure that Ted is right. Analog is really a curious apple, an anomaly at Conde Nast as it would be anywhere, and a relatively expensive one at that. What indulgent publisher is this who puts out and puts up with Campbell's personal little journal, his fanzine? What unworldly ignoramus is this who underwrites Analog as it trundles along, becoming more and more peculiar, espousing increasingly crackpottish, reactionary, elitist notions, without expressing his consternation by snapping shut his billfold? Why is such a magazine sent forth so unfailingly, never missing an issue year after year, come war, come recession, come distributor collapse, come, one supposes, even revolution, when other magazines shamelessly devoted to pure entertainment fall by the wayside? Analog, after all, is only "marginally profitable", and thus no more viable than the rest.

One was astounded to see the magazine plunge along as hardily as ever after Conde Nast and Samuel I. Newhouse swallowed up and digested Street and Smith. Messrs Street and Smith may have continued the magazine for the sake of sentiment, like babies' shoes preserved in bronze, but Analog is hardly even Mr Nast's bastard son. It is too idiosyncratic to appeal to any publisher possessed of his wits, it would seem, and certainly it is scarcely calculated to appeal to a really wide audience, any more than I. F. Stone's Weekly or The Realist is. It is aimed deliberately at a limited readership, and doesn't even worry about alienating the liberal and rational elements of that. Certainly,

if making Analog popular and profitable were the main consideration, the publisher would fire Campbell and find him an editor amiable as a shaggy dog who wouldn't turn off so many people each issue.

Consider the black outrage at "A Difference of Intelligence" - Campbell's editorial in the October 1969 issue - as a random example. Most publications nowadays prudently and thriftily refrain from offending their black readers out of hand. So why Analog? It sits there at Conde Nast, rather resembling an old hard-coal heater, all isinglass and brass, squatting somewhere in the corner of a modern plastic office. "What's that?" strangers exclaim, staring goggle-eyed at the monster, discreetly screened off by partitions and stuck in a cubbyhole behind the gents' washroom, one supposes.

Well, what do they say at Conde Nast in reply to the question? Perhaps, "Just ignore it; it will go away after a while; it's just a tax write-off." But it can't be. Analog always makes money, just not a lot of it. Or, "Ah, that's one of the old man's little hobbies. S. I. positively dotes on sci-fi as he calls it." Or, even more desperately, "Just one of the old man's cute whims. Writes most of the stories in it under pen-names. Did you ever read anything by Joe Poyer or Lawrence A. Perkins or Joseph P. Martino, for example? Lucky you."

No, we are making a mistake when we think of Analog as a science fiction magazine and of John W. Campbell as the editor. The financial backer or backers of Analog obviously do not think that way. They regard Analog first and foremost as a propaganda mill for the right wing, and Campbell as a propagandist of formidable puissance and persuasiveness. The stories, aside from those which echo Campbell's own ideas, are only incidental to the magazine, the bait that lures the suckers. Analog's raison d'etre is Campbell's editorials. If Campbell died, retired or backslid into rationality, the magazine would fold instantly.

To ensure that some hundred thousand bovine customers can be rounded up each month and chased towards the slaughterhouse, Analog's backers are willing to shell out large-handedly to keep the institution going. In his article Ted estimates that "the editorial and production budgets of Analog must be at least double those of other magazines". But of course those other magazines only have editors who coo and gabble pleasantly about trivialities, in effect playing with their toes, while Campbell sells biological warfare to the American multitude. Campbell is neither the first nor the only person to be paid a princely salary just to entangle us in semantic cobwebs and keep us in a state of querulous confusion on a regular basis. Perhaps he is an unwitting propagandist. Perhaps he does not even know why somebody keeps Analog going so relentlessly. But he is a reliable one nevertheless.

If it is just a happenstance that Campbell believes as he does - some tendency that can be traced back to birth trauma and early toilet training - it is nevertheless no happenstance that he is given the opportunity to ensnare us in his star-spangled macaroni month after month and year after year. Ted reports that Analog not only outsells all its

competitors but also prints almost twice as many copies as it sells. Some generous backer is anxious to give Analog the exposure it deserves, and even a little more.

Fandom and prodom are but small segments of the audience Campbell is expected to keep in a pother, to confound if not persuade, but not an insignificant part of the total population after all. We are intellectuals. We write and communicate a great deal and we are critical of things. We have a small but measurable effect on public opinion, or at least have the possibility of attaining this power. It is worth squandering a few thousand bucks a year to help keep such potential troublemakers off balance and out of the struggle. If we waste our time experimenting with and arguing about such arrant claptrap as Dianetics, the Dean Drive, water dousing, the Hieronymus Machine and the open-ended insanities of pissionics, then we won't be concerning ourselves with such basic matters as "I don't remember this road before. Where the hell are we going?" On the evidence at hand, I would say the scheme pays off handsomely. The nuttiness in science fiction circles these days can be blamed, at least in large part, on John W. Campbell.

Indeed, a certain amount of insanity in the world at large can be traced to science fiction, and thus ultimately to Campbell. Just yesterday, as I arrived on the University of California campus, I read a notice tacked to various bulletin boards and walls, announcing an open meeting of the cryonics group. These are the people who assure us that we can live forever, if only we sign up to deep-freeze our bodies to await a future when all disease is conquered and we can be re-animated by advanced technology. This cryonics meeting was being held only a few days after President Nixon vetoed a Bill granting $2760 million just to build new hospitals - now, in our lifetimes - and Congress is working to over-ride the veto.

And at the same time, last evening a local Women's Liberation group also foregathered and spent part of the meeting, so I am informed, lugubriously discussing the doom of being forced to have extra-uterine or test-tube babies, instead of babies carried in the womb and born the usual way. Such a godsend to women, for so it would be, leaving aside all the romantic twaddle that surrounds motherhood, is of course far beyond our present technology, and the bugaboo, if they wish to consider it that, should not bring the women to a morbid simmer even for an instant. They should spend their time more profitably addressing themselves to current matters, methods for equalizing social and economic opportunities for both sexes, right now in today's world.

I do not remember whether Campbell ever advocated cryonics or extra-uterine babies, but such impalpable concerns are precisely the sort of thing Analog strives to propagate, in any event. Any capitalist who feels affection for his neck and likes it whole and complete ought to be happy to see the masses worrying about such far-out matters. People with such silly preoccupations riding them haven't the time to be reformers or revolutionaries. We see clearly here how science fiction, for both those concepts are science-fictional, can be used to divert

human energy from attacking present realities by political and social pressures to pointlessly rehearsing future dreams and nightmares. Campbell's major efforts in these times have been directed toward the task of blurring and confusing the division between science and pseudo-science.

As a current and fascinating example of this Machiavellian subterfuge I cite D. A. L. Hughes's "Rare Events" in the July 1970 issue. According to Campbell's reader surveys in the past, Analog is read by many men in the engineering and technical fields, and what better way to manipulate such people - whose one-sided education has taught them less about history and culture than the designers of Hilton hotels know about architecture and beauty - than to divert them from thinking about current problems into the labyrinthine byways of fruitless philosophical speculation about psionics and its place in science? Serious work in sociology and economics might overthrow the system and lead to a better world, but nobody in the power elite is threatened by experimentation in ESP and telekinesis.

Of course I don't really believe this wild theory for a moment, and I'm sure no-one else will. Me, I believe Analog is just a double-peachy sf magazine, brimming with wonderful yarns by such great writers as Joe Poyer, Lawrence A. Perkins and Joseph P. Martino, and John W. Campbell is just the greatest editor the field has ever had.

But paying out hard cash to keep the magazine going, including $20 000 a year to maintain Campbell himself in good health and comfort, not for the purpose of entertaining or enlightening anybody, except incidentally, but for the purpose of confusing and confounding part of the illuminati, is something that I would think of if I were part of the establishment.

Campbell is a precious commodity indeed, a clever and indefatigable propagandist for the right wing, much superior in intelligence and persuasive powers to, say, William F. Buckley, and he works for bargain basement prices at that. And if our masters are as smart as I think they are - IQs generally in excess of 89 or thereabouts - I feel sure that they would know how to cherish such heaven-sent gifts, even as I would.

Henry D. Couchman

JOHN CAMPBELL: THE EDUCATOR

John Campbell, I think, moulded the opinions, the attitudes, of a whole generation of sf readers, and in this sense you could say he was an educator.

What I want to consider first is what it was that made John Campbell the way he was. I think it was the America he lived in. I don't agree with Mr Foyster that John Campbell was not of the 20th Century. He was essentially the creation of the isolationist America of the 1930s, the time when free enterprise - the idea of log cabin to White House, tiger to tycoon - was the be-all and end-all.

Not only was it a major theme in his editorials but it bore strongly upon the editorial policy, and consequently the content, of Astounding. The concept of free enterprise was and is directly parallel to the theory of natural selection: that those individuals who are most competitively able will succeed and survive, and that those with lesser competitive abilities will be discarded. The corollary was and still is accepted in a free enterprise society, that those who do not achieve success are not to be pitied for their lack of ability, are not to be succoured by the more fortunate, but are to be condemned for their failure. And in his editorials, whether he wished to be controversial or whether he believed it, Campbell certainly took this attitude most firmly and often.

John Campbell was most concerned about social welfare and about any assistance to the defective or handicapped elements of human society which tended to defeat the principles of natural selection, which would lead to the loss of individual excellence in a swamp of mediocrity. In other words, the masses of the unsuccessful, living on relief. This attitude is reflected throughout his editorials. He was particularly critical of those persons who would not help themselves but sought support from a socialistic society.

Now his opposition to socialism - whether it was welfare, whether it was hospitalization, whether it was assistance for the educationally crippled - this opposition, I think, can also take the blame for his attitude toward pollution. He could not, or would not, accept the principle that restrictions could be placed upon free enterprise. In time the principles of natural selection would lead to a compromise solution, where the survival of the fittest in a polluted environment would occur.

In this attitude he represented an immense body of technically educated people in America, middle-class people, typical of them probably the higher blue-collar workers, the craft unions - such as the American Federation of Labor - and the clerical white-collar unions. And this body of people represented a very large clientele for his publication. I think you can assume that a great many of his readers from this area shared his opinions uncritically.

The essential difference between Mr Campbell and all the other editors and controllers of supposed science fiction publications was that his educational qualifications were technological, not literary. More recently established magazines have been staffed by persons of literary competence. John Campbell was concerned with scientific competence, not only with sf but with science fact. When he was first appointed editor at the end of 1937 he had already, under Mr Tremaine's control, established two fundamental features which remain in the magazine to

the present day. One is "Brass Tacks", the other the factual articles. While "Brass Tacks" might be said to resemble the readers' columns in the other pulp magazines of the 1930s, it was easily noticeable within a few years that he culled the letters, so that instead of being just chit-chat they were nearly all devoted to more or less serious, more or less well founded, queries on points of scientific interest - many of them fairly ludicrous in the light of later knowledge, but nevertheless something which emphasized the scientific bent of the magazine.

John Campbell's America was a country where the do-it-yourself revolution had occurred. You couldn't get your refrigerator or your car fixed without paying more than you were getting, especially if you were getting a professional salary. Amongst the most widely read journals of the late 30s and early 40s were the do-it-yourself magazines, such as Popular Mechanics. And this was, I think, a partial determinant in this selection of science as a theme for Astounding. Certainly when Campbell changed the title in 1938 he stated: "Science is the gateway to the future. Its predictions alone can give us some glimpse of the times to come. Therefore we are adding 'science' to our title, for the man who is interested in science must be interested in the future and appreciates that the old order not only does change but must change."

This concern for the future, and for a modicum of scientific accuracy in his stories, distinguished Astounding - and still distinguishes Analog - from all other magazines in this class.

Far from being a member of the establishment, as Mr Boggs has suggested, I believe that Mr Campbell was an iconoclast. He questioned scientific laws, he encouraged stories and articles questioning the blind acceptance of physical laws, he encouraged - well, whether you would call them stories or articles is a matter of doubt - stories, we will say - attacking the patent laws and attacking the principles upon which patent laws are based, and generally I think it is true to say his creed was that the validity of every accepted theory was open to challenge, that a theory does not necessarily constitute a proof. This questioning of scientific authority stimulated thought and it enhanced the standing of the magazine. It also led Campbell to accepting Dianetics (although other considerations may have led to this acceptance) and other more open questions, such as dowsing and the effects of the moon and planetary bodies on the weather.

The basic policy of science fact led to the change of name to Analog. It also led to a major triumph. I refer of course to the seizure during 1944 of the issue containing Cleve Cartmill's story, "Deadline" - a foreshadowing of the truth about the Manhattan Project, which was then still secret. I imagine John Campbell was overjoyed about this. Another triumph of which he was also very proud was a factual article which was in fact a hoax: the article about "thiotimoline". In later years he quoted that many times as something he was very pleased with.

The value of the factual articles was variable. They ranged from Isaac Asimov's popularizations to some quite detailed technological material of substantial content. Some of the articles which appeared in the early

days of electronic computers are quite relevant even now. I use them as a base for some of my lectures.

I never met or wrote to John Campbell, and I am quite certain from his editorials that we wouldn't have agreed on many things. But I was most concerned to hear of his death - mainly for the entirely selfish reason that I wondered what effect it would have on Analog and science fiction in general. I understand that Mr Whiteford is going to talk to us about that now.

Wynne Whiteford

SCIENCE FICTION AFTER JOHN CAMPBELL

This will be somewhat different from the others. It is based actually on a personal contact with John Campbell and the way he seemed to me, rather than the material he has left behind him. I imagined that everyone else would deal with that, and they have, very thoroughly.

Incidentally, I agree with Mr Couchman about John Campbell's being an iconoclast. I would also agree with John Foyster, that he played games quite a lot.

So, all right: Science fiction, where now?

John Campbell had a faculty of infectious enthusiasm which he seemed to keep under firm conscious control. When you first met him he seemed cool and aloof, until the conversation came around to a subject that interested him - or, perhaps, until he decided you could absorb what he was saying. Then something seemed to ignite. His rather cold blue eyes became vividly alive, his gestures suddenly dynamic. He seemed to me to have a more spontaneous flow of ideas, and a better ability to develop them, than any other person I have met before or since. At the time he would have been 47, and it was just twenty years since he had taken over Astounding Stories from Orlin Tremaine. His influence on the magazine, and on the field in general, was perhaps most neatly summed up by Alfred Bester when he wrote: "Campbell gave science fiction character, rescuing it from the abyss of space pirates, mad scientists, their lovely daughters and alien fiends."

At the time of his death his period as editor had extended over a third of a century. Throughout that time the stimulus he imparted to practically all the leading writers in the science fiction field was incalculable. This stimulus did not come primarily in the form of presentation of ideas but rather, I think, in the way he built up sequences of thought.

He had a good scientific background, including a physics major at Duke, and along with it an astonishing ability to control his critical faculties while he explored an idea in every possible direction. I think that is the thing he had that was unique. On top of this he had what appears to be an innate sense of telling a good story. He sold his first story at the age of nineteen, and followed it in the next four years with four novels, two novelettes and eight stories. While he was still in his early twenties he was considered one of the foremost sf writers of the time.

And now, abruptly, he is dead.

Has his influence on science fiction ended, or will it carry on under its own momentum? History indicates that the major effect of a man's thought often reaches its maximum intensity long after his death. Let us take a brief look at the individuals who have had the greatest influence in shaping our civilization into the particular form in which we see it.

I suppose each of us would put together a different short list depending on viewpoint. Mine - and remember that I am not selecting the greatest men, but the most influential - would be Aristotle, Gutenberg and Edison. Aristotle, because he hit on the method of handling thought by dividing it into compartments. This was an example of directing the stream of human activity into certain defined channels. In 2300 years it has taken that branch of the human race who followed this stream from Athens to the Moon, and it may take us further. But the point I want to make about Aristotle is that the main practical fruit of his teachings did not appear until the last two or three centuries, a couple of thousand years after his time. Similarly, Gutenberg's invention of printing with movable type, appearing in a culture where only one person in a thousand could read and write, did not have its full impact for centuries, yet it was eventually to make all the thought of the past theoretically available to everyone. I choose Edison as the third member of the trio, not so much for his individual inventions as for his method of attack. As an inventor he was the first professional in a field of amateurs, with no less than 2000 patents to his credit. He acted as a pace-setter, like the first man to run a four-minute mile, and we are still in the era of accelerated development that some of his inventions precipitated.

Returning to science fiction, we run into a matter of definition. Each of us would probably place different boundaries about the field. None of you would deny that Hal Clement's MISSION OF GRAVITY should be classified as science fiction - but where would you place Ray Bradbury's MARTIAN CHRONICLES? I would like to see some such term as "speculative fiction" used to embrace all types of writing which reach a step or two further than the known limits of fact, whether they have tight scientific reasoning behind them or are sheer flights of imagination. The basic requirement of any story is that it should hold your interest. It may do this in any number of ways. It may hold you by vividness and depth of character portrayal, by the setting and solving of puzzles, by evocative imagery or the music of words. John Campbell's favourite type of story was the one that gripped your interest by a carefully

woven net of scientific possibilities, extrapolated from trends in research work at present being carried out. But John Campbell was, above all else, an editor. For him, the most vital factor in the selection was simply whether he was getting a good story.

Your own particular definition of science fiction will undoubtedly govern your selection of the persons you consider to have influenced the field most strongly. But whether your definition is wide or narrow, Campbell is one of the dominant figures in the field.

It seems to me that contemporary science fiction has been shaped mainly by four men, all of whom have lived within the last hundred years. You may, of course, extend sf back in time to take in Shakespeare's THE TEMPEST, Cyrano de Bergerac, the Apocalypse, THE ILIAD of Homer, the BOOK OF GILGAMESH. You have an argument there, sure; but if you keep to the last hundred years, four dominant figures emerge. They are Verne, Wells, Gernsback and Campbell. I place them in order of time because nothing would induce me to try to place them in order of importance.

Let us look at these four men. Let us look at the influence of each on the field, and try to determine what happened to that influence after his death.

Jules Verne was born in 1828, studied law in Paris, knew a number of prominent scientists and kept in close touch with their work. His VOYAGE TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH appeared in 1864, 20 000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA in 1870 and AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS in 1873, among a vast number of other novels. By the early 1890s his influence had triggered off numerous juvenile sf stories in America. Verne died in 1905, but the vogue was just getting into its stride with the Tom Swift books of Victor Appleton beginning in 1910.

If Verne established the genre, Herbert George Wells, born in Bromley, Kent, in 1866, lifted it to the level of literature. His THE TIME MACHINE appeared in 1895, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS in 1898, THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON in 1901. Wells died in 1946, but some of his earlier works are still being shown from time to time as highly effective films.

Hugo Gernsback, himself a writer of startlingly fertile imagination, set the fashion for the pulp era with his Amazing Stories, beginning in 1926. The early issues featured Verne and Wells, but he very quickly established his own stable of writers, and many historians of the field, with good reason, would date the beginning of science fiction with the beginning of Amazing Stories.

John Campbell sold his first story to Amazing in January 1930. He was nineteen at the time. At the age of twenty-seven he took over Astounding. He didn't like the name because he thought it was undignified, and he ultimately got rid of it, although it took him twenty-five years to do so. In other directions his influence on the magazine appeared more rapidly.

He became editor in September 1937. The following February he introduced the first of many astronomically-accurate cover paintings. In the next issue he changed the name from Astounding Stories to Astounding Science Fiction, with the object of making the "Astounding" on the cover gradually smaller and the "Science Fiction" larger - as he did later with the name "Analog". Unfortunately, someone else came out with a magazine called Science Fiction, so the first attempt to change the name halted partway. In the years following, Campbell mostly referred to the magazine by the initials ASF.

Verne, Wells, Gernsback, Campbell. The influence of the first three continues. Just over one hundred years ago Verne wrote about an electric submarine called the Nautilus - and that was the name given the first atomic submarine. Who knows to what extent one man's imagination shapes another's practical plans? Verne's imagined voyage to the Moon began near Tampa, Florida, just across the peninsula from the place we now know as Cape Kennedy. Was that only excellently reasoned prediction, or did the later creators of the spaceport simply fill in the details of an ancient suggestion? The influence of Wells and Gernsback is perhaps not as spectacular, but in the long run it may be more important. Today a lot of people are undoubtedly doing their preliminary thinking about science fiction along the lines explored by Wells, Gernsback and his proteges, and John Campbell. That is something that may go on for a long time.

The future of science fiction depends on a much wider range of factors than I have mentioned. We can only predict it against a larger background, against the total backdrop of human destiny. At any given point in the stream of time an infinite variety of possible worlds opens out before us. Remember Ward Moore's BRING THE JUBILEE, Ray Bradbury's "Sound of Thunder"...

Still, it is possible to make a broad approximation of the many possible futures that lie ahead of us - as Kahn's and Weiner's scenarios of the year 2000 have shown us. At the most pessimistic end of the scale, there is no need to worry about science fiction in the year 2000 because there won't be anyone around to read it - or anything else. At the optimistic end of the scale there is the possibility of Man's making a smooth transition from the use of fossil fuels through nuclear to solar power, as envisioned by Harrison Brown. Here we have the possibility of a golden age, with the vastly increased leisure of a post-industrial society. Recently this rosy picture has faded with Paul Ehrlich's coldly analytical view of developed nations, developing nations and never-to-be-developed nations. He has pointed out that there are simply not enough resources left on the planet to bring large population areas such as India, China and most of Africa up to present North American living standards - the goal towards which all these places are striving, but which Japan alone, in Asia, seems to have any chance of achieving.

Science fiction, like anything else, reacts to changes in its environment. Sales of Astounding fell almost by half with the launching of Sputnik 1, but recovered later when America regained the lead in the space race.

So here we have a world rapidly running out of food and clean air, a world with a total population increasing by 140 000 each day. A gloomy picture? A recent issue of Analog carried a story called "The Unreachable Stars", set in the near future of a hungry, overcrowded Earth. An alien visitor arrives and points out that interstellar travel is possible. But not to Man, not now. Man has achieved space travel, but a vast amount of work remains to make interstellar flight possible. He has made his run too late. No resources are left for the attempt now; they have to be poured into the bottomless sink of human aid, until none remain, and the race is finished. Too pessimistic? Perhaps.

Arthur Clarke once made a list of the forty or fifty most important inventions and discoveries of this century, and pointed out a surprising fact. Some, like the aeroplane, were quite predictable. Men had been trying to achieve them for years, and it was obvious that sooner or later someone would succeed. The space rocket was another example. But there is another class of discovery and invention, which includes the transistor - which burst upon us out of the dark, with no warning - and just about half of Clarke's list consisted of this unpredicted type. So you never know what is just around the corner. Gravity control, suspended animation, matter transfer - who knows? Whatever one man can imagine, some day another man will make.

John Campbell was indisputably one of the greatest masters of controlled imagination. Let us hope that his influence continues for a long time. We need it.

Discussion

CHAIRMAN: I wish to thank the speakers for the most interesting views they have given us of the character, work and importance of John Campbell. It is obvious that anyone who has ever thought about the man has a different and quite definite view of him, and I propose to prove this by inviting discussion from the audience.

I will make a statement of policy on this. It is my intention to promote discussion which is interesting - and as controversial as I can make it. If I feel that someone is boring the rest of the audience I will cut short his speech without apology.

I invite Clive Morley, president of our host, the Melbourne University Science Fiction Association, to open the discussion.

CLIVE MORLEY: Thank you, Bill. It seems to me that all the speakers have dwelt on John Campbell's bad points, almost to the exclusion of anything else. Has anyone anything good to say about him?

JOHN FOYSTER: I think, Clive, that all of us made the point that the

science fiction everyone in this room reads is determined in its character almost entirely by what John Campbell did.

CLIVE MORLEY: I agree that you all said that, but you didn't really make the point. You said it, but you didn't say why.

JOHN FOYSTER: Well, I certainly said that Campbell influenced the writers who went to other magazines, and in this way he must have influenced the field. If you influence the writers then you influence the field. Now the point is that I think all of us came to this meeting with this vision of Campbell as an extremely influential person in science fiction, and our concern, I would say, has been basically the nature of that influence, rather than its magnitude. It is impossible to assess the magnitude.

The second point you made was about people saying something good about him. I guess it follows automatically, since we say that he had this great influence on sf, and most of us read sf, so presumably we are attracted to it - and therefore what he did was basically good.

But I would like to say this: My remarks about John Campbell's attitudes may seem out of place after his death, but in fact what I have said formed the substance of an article which I wrote in February this year for Richard Geis's Science Fiction Review. Dick went so far as to set this up for the printer and then had the extreme unwisdom to substitute for it a very bad review by Robert Lowndes of James Blish's MORE ISSUES AT HAND. So I haven't tried to go behind Campbell's back by waiting until he is gone.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: I know what Clive is driving at. Isaac Asimov, in his introduction to NIGHTFALL, has a long story about exactly what Campbell did with writers, especially in the early stages. He would get a story, and if he thought it had possibilities - or even something not in the story which could be brought out - he would write very long letters of criticism to beginning writers, and even experienced writers, and try to get the stories he wanted. This seems to be before people were accusing him of getting the opinions he wanted. He would get the story out of the story. And these legendary tales of how he got the best out of writers are not legendary: he did it.

JOHN JULIAN: I can't say what Campbell's influence on sf was, but his influence on me was quite considerable. He was an infuriating man. He was infuriating because he was right most of the time. Apart from all sorts of relatively insignificant things, like the fact that he brought out a magazine in a format which was "respectable", which bookshops would stock when they didn't stock any other sort of sf, the fact that this magazine carried factual articles which were rippers and editorials which were infuriating and certainly mind-engaging, and stories which even at that stage - and I was just a kid in shorts - were rotten, what he did was important because he got people who weren't what you and I would call fans to read science fiction.

He put forward ideas which I think were often wrong, but not so wrong that one could say they were fundamentally wrong - the sort of ideas that people a hundred years from now will look back on and say,

"Well, they were very smart saying he was wrong then, but he wasn't all that wrong". Put it this way: I think it is Campbell's importance that he was wrong most of the time but in being wrong he made you think about the things that were occasionally right.

CHAIRMAN: I want to return at this stage to a point made by Bruce Gillespie, and that is that not many people who spoke tonight spoke, specifically and in detail, about John Campbell's influence on authors. In the attachment to tonight's agenda, which you all have, there are comments by many of the leading authors in the field, and these comments show very clearly that Campbell had an immense influence on the development of these men as science fiction writers. I am wondering if anyone has anything to say about this aspect, either in agreement or disagreement. John Foyster?

JOHN FOYSTER: Yes, I have something to say about that. With four exceptions, I think, all of these writers worked for Campbell before 1950 - that is, roughly the first third of his activity. James Blish makes the point that at least as early as 1953 Campbell seemed to have lost interest in helping writers with their stories. The classic instance is the story by Arthur Zirul, which he attacks on a number of grounds - scientific, literary and so on. It is my impression that it was only in the early stages, perhaps until 1948 when he had built up a stable, that Campbell was so tremendously concerned. He certainly didn't work terribly hard with Joe Poyer.

He just didn't do this later on; for it he substituted the writing of lengthy editorials. In fact, Blish also makes this claim in discussing the article, "Whirligig World", which I think appeared in the May 1953 Astounding, in which Hal Clement explained how he had created the world for MISSION OF GRAVITY. The only explanation Blish could think of for publishing this article was that it was intended for writers - that the writers were intended to get the message from this about the sort of story Campbell wanted.

ROBIN JOHNSON: But it was a fascinating article.

JOHN FOYSTER: A fascinating article, yes, but by that time he had given up the consultation with the writers which made the magazine good.

IAN MACMILLAN: I have been reading science fiction since I was this high, but by myself, and I have been reading Astounding since about 1948. I think the most significant thing about John Campbell is borne out by the fact that more people have spoken about his editorials than any other single thing he did - not about what he wrote or how he influenced other writers. I think that for many people, perhaps like myself, who have rarely had the opportunity to speak to people about the sort of things John Campbell wrote about in his editorials, the editorial in Astounding and Analog became the highlight of their intellectual life. It was the only stimulus you were likely to get from one month's end to another, and you could rely on it. I think this is the most significant thing about John Campbell, that he

wrote these stimulating editorials which you could either write dreadful letters about to him, which you never sent, or... or look doubtful. That's my view of John Campbell.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: Henry Couchman made a good point about the kind of social groups that Campbell and his readers came from. Over the past few weeks I have been reading the last six months' fanzines, and the thing that bears down on you most is the still highly restrictive social atmosphere, especially in America's Mid-West and the so-called colleges that a lot of Americans still have to go to. One case is Jeff Schalles, whose father is on the board of directors of his college, and the one duplicator in the college was locked up because one magazine was put out that disagreed with the board. Now this is supposed to be their substitute for our university, but it's completely different. As Mr Macmillan said, Campbell's editorials must have been the only stimulus of any kind that many of these people got, even up to five or ten years ago.

IAN KRONBORG: I would like to comment on John Foyster's statement that Campbell gave up on his writers after he had established his stable. One can easily look at it from this point of view. But one can just as easily look at it from a positive point of view and say that instead of trying to influence a small number of people, who were in turn trying to influence a large number of people, he tried to influence a large number of people directly through his editorials.

CHAIRMAN: That's a good point. Now, there's someone way up the back.

WALTER KOSCHADE: ((Almost inaudible: Agrees Campbell is conservative; praises his treatment of FDA issue.))

CHAIRMAN: That follows to some extent on what was said there, that Campbell tried to influence people directly, and was, as I think the point was made as the speeches developed, more and more trenchant and unyielding and narrow in his views the older he got. And more and more verbose. I wonder if anyone would like to dispute this.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: Lester del Rey, in Locus, says something about the way John Campbell thought. This was after Germany invaded Russia. He went down to buy the papers, and began arguing as he read the account.

> John tried to show me why Russia couldn't last six weeks. His politics tended that way of course. This time I had a better weapon. It took four hours of historical argument, but he finally gave in. That evening, going out to his place on the train, I heard him demolish the argument of another man who felt Germany must win. But he did it in half an hour, with a set of arguments I hadn't even thought of.

This seems to bear out what John was saying: that he was a man of words who loved all this vast arsenal of argument, rather than observing what was going on and then telling his readers what they should think about it.

I would admit that he became more hidebound as the years went on. Certainly in the 1940s he was prepared to listen to other people's arguments and change his own.

JOHN BANGSUND: Bill, I just wanted to observe that our time is running out, and I believe there are at least three people in this room who met John Campbell, one of whom we have listened to. Could we perhaps persuade the other two to say something?

CHAIRMAN: Certainly. At this stage I will introduce to those of you who have not met him Mr Paul Day, a recent migrant from the USA to this country. Paul, would you like to say a few words?

PAUL DAY: I only met John Campbell a couple of times. I found he was very enigmatic, and I think that a lot of things that he said, such as the articles and editorials and things, were sort of put-ons - on the one hand. On the other hand, they were an attempt to at least make you question your own attitudes and make you wonder whether you might have a closed mind in certain respects. Unfortunately I never did get to know him very well. As far as the editorials go - and I haven't read the magazine as much lately as I did, say, in the 1950s and early 60s - I can't honestly say that in many cases they did anything else but get strong emotion from me. Now, if that was the type of reaction he was after, then he succeeded. I think the controversy about him will continue for a long time, and I think that in the long run he will prove to be a very difficult man to nail down.

CHAIRMAN: Robin, I think you need no introduction.

ROBIN JOHNSON: All I can say is that the couple of times I met and talked to him it was really like sitting in on a Campbell editorial. These two occasions - they were both at world conventions - there were large numbers of people there, a large number of would-be Campbells sitting around him and trying to argue back at him. In this situation maybe there was a difference from the editorials. His ground did shift a bit. If the pressure was very strong on something which he really couldn't defend too well - and as I think has been brought out this evening, in a lot of cases his views, while he presented them very forcefully, were really not too defensible - when he was having to yield, he jumped 180 degrees and you found you were right on the other side of him again. He didn't always win the same argument he started off arguing.

CHAIRMAN: Rob Gerrand, you look anxious to say something.

ROB GERRAND: I am just interested in this point about John Campbell's love of argument. Lester del Rey says:

> John loved an argument as Ole Bull loved the violin.

And Frank Kelly Freas says:

> I have never known John Campbell to hesitate at expressing his opinion for fear of being wrong. In fact, the greater the possibility that he might be wrong, the more dogmatic he

he has had a tremendous personal following.

JOHN FOYSTER: May I make a contrary point? The last convention, I imagine, that John Campbell attended was the Lunacon in March this year in New York, and as the story is written up, the writer had been sitting in the foyer of the convention hotel and saw a rather tired old man coming in who looked rather familiar. And this particular man went up to a couple of the younger sf readers and asked them if Sam Moskowitz was in the hall and so on. They said, I dunno, and went on with their discussion of sf, and the old chap wandered further down the corridor. At this point Arnie Katz finally realized who he was and went off after John Campbell and spoke to him, hoping that Campbell would remember him, which he did.

When I read this I was extremely upset. It has been my concern that over the past couple of years people publishing annual anthologies of sf have tended to disregard Campbell's work, and if you look at the publications you see very little mention of Analog.

So I wrote a letter to Arnie Katz's magazine, expressing my

was likely to become in expressing his opinion. "Don't weasel and shilly-shally," he would say. "Give your opponent something definite, that he can get his teeth into and disprove, if he's able!"

This, I think, was the purpose behind his editorials. He wanted to try to point out to people that even though they might have right opinions they nevertheless didn't have logic, or they missed out certain areas in backing up their arguments. His provocative editorials would try to challenge people to think up answers just to satisfy themselves. And bearing this out, Algis Budrys says:

I know he felt a pang of sorrow when he saw an idea mishandled, as if he were observing an insult.

And I get the impression from his editorials that as soon as he comes across someone who is saying something that he can immediately see is deficient somewhere, that's like a red rag to a bull to him. He immediately tries to put up some falsity, perhaps, just to try to convince the other man that he is wrong, or, hopefully, to get him to put up the proper argument.

CHAIRMAN: As against that, I only wish that Dr Jenssen were here, because I think he would immediately advance the proposition that Campbell's editorials were the most harmful things in the world, because people read what he put down on paper and then went and did it. That is a controversial statement, and I would fancy that a few people would disagree with it. Who's first?

WYNNE WHITEFORD: (Almost inaudible: Makes point that Campbell threw up ideas which caused readers and writers to stretch their minds, to look at things more than they otherwise might have.)

CHAIRMAN: That is one aspect of John Campbell, but I don't think we have answered this question of John Campbell's having a wider stable of authors to look after. I get the impression - and this is what I was fishing for - that he deliberately left out of the stories he accepted some opinions with which he did not agree.

I take up a point in John Foyster's speech - which is something a chairman shouldn't do, but never mind - where John said that Campbell never really accepted stories that pointed out how the rich got rich, what sort of trickery and out-and-out thuggery they engaged in to get rich.

Authors who did do this sort of thing were out of favour with Campbell. Van Vogt did it in EMPIRE OF THE ATOM. He pointed out quite clearly the thievery and trickery, the manipulation of law and

I would admit that he became more hidebound as the years went on. Certainly in the 1940s he was prepared to listen to other people's arguments and change his own.

JOHN BANGSUND: Bill, I just wanted to observe that our time is running out, and I believe there are at least three people in this room who met John Campbell, one of whom we have listened to. Could we perhaps persuade the other two to say something?

CHAIRMAN: Certainly. At this stage I will introduce to those of you who have not met him Mr Paul Day, a recent migrant from the USA to this country. Paul, would you like to say a few words?

PAUL DAY: I only met John Campbell a couple of times. I found he was very enigmatic, and I think that a lot of things that he said, such as the articles and editorials and things, were sort of put-ons - on the one hand. On the other hand, they were an attempt to at least make you question your own attitudes and make you wonder whether you might have a closed mind in certain respects. Unfortunately I never did get to know him very well. As far as the editorials go - and I haven't read the magazine as much lately as I did, say, in the 1950s and early 60s - I can't honestly say that in many cases they did anything else but get strong emotion from me. Now, if that was the type of reaction he was after, then he succeeded. I think the controversy about him will continue for a long time, and I think that in the long run he will prove to be a very difficult man to nail down.

CHAIRMAN: Robin, I think you need no introduction.

ROBIN JOHNSON: All I can say is that the couple of times I met and talked to him it was really like sitting in on a Campbell editorial. These two occasions - they were both at world conventions - there were large numbers of people there, a large number of would-be Campbells sitting around him and trying to argue back at him. In this situation maybe there was a difference from the editorials. His ground did shift a bit. If the pressure was very strong on something which he really couldn't defend too well - and as I think has been brought out this evening, in a lot of cases his views, while he presented them very forcefully, were really not too defensible - when he was having to yield, he jumped 180 degrees and you found you were right on the other side of him again. He didn't always win the same argument he started off arguing.

CHAIRMAN: Rob Gerrand, you look anxious to say something.

ROB GERRAND: I am just interested in this point about John Campbell's love of argument. Lester del Rey says:

> John loved an argument as Ole Bull loved the violin.

And Frank Kelly Freas says:

> I have never known John Campbell to hesitate at expressing his opinion for fear of being wrong. In fact, the greater the possibility that he might be wrong, the more dogmatic he

was likely to become in expressing his opinion. "Don't weasel and shilly-shally," he would say. "Give your opponent something definite, that he can get his teeth into and disprove, if he's able."

This, I think, was the purpose behind his editorials. He wanted to try to point out to people that even though they might have right opinions they nevertheless didn't have logic, or they missed out certain areas in backing up their arguments. His provocative editorials would try to challenge people to think up answers just to satisfy themselves. And bearing this out, Algis Budrys says:

I know he felt a pang of sorrow when he saw an idea mishandled, as if he were observing an insult.

And I get the impression from his editorials that as soon as he comes across someone who is saying something that he can immediately see is deficient somewhere, that's like a red rag to a bull to him. He immediately tries to put up some falsity, perhaps, just to try to convince the other man that he is wrong, or, hopefully, to get him to put up the proper argument.

CHAIRMAN: As against that, I only wish that Dr Jenssen were here, because I think he would immediately advance the proposition that Campbell's editorials were the most harmful things in the world, because people read what he put down on paper and then went and did it. That is a controversial statement, and I would fancy that a few people would disagree with it. Who's first?

WYNNE WHITEFORD: ((Almost inaudible: Makes point that Campbell threw up ideas which caused readers and writers to stretch their minds, to look at things more than they otherwise might have.))

CHAIRMAN: That is one aspect of John Campbell, but I don't think we have answered this question of John Campbell's having a wider stable of authors to look after. I get the impression - and this is what I was fishing for - that he deliberately left out of the stories he accepted some opinions with which he did not agree.

I take up a point in John Foyster's speech - which is something a chairman shouldn't do, but never mind - where John said that Campbell never really accepted stories that pointed out how the rich got rich, what sort of trickery and out-and-out thuggery they engaged in to get rich.

Authors who did do this sort of thing were out of favour with Campbell. Van Vogt did it in EMPIRE OF THE ATOM. He pointed out quite clearly the thievery and trickery, the manipulation of law and so on, that people get up to in order to get rich. And those people who have read EMPIRE OF THE ATOM and not been struck with certain parallels between the ruling family of the Linn empire and some of the best-known families in Victoria, just haven't any idea of how political institutions work.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: There is one aspect of John Campbell which we have not looked at. I got a little note from the world convention that has just taken place in Boston, which said that John Campbell received a posthumous First Fandom Award to a standing ovation. And

we haven't mentioned the incredible affection in which he was held in fandom and in Boston...

ROBIN JOHNSON: And at MIT.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: Yes, but he was also appearing at conventions in the Mid-West and in California since the 1940s. And as a person he has had a tremendous personal following.

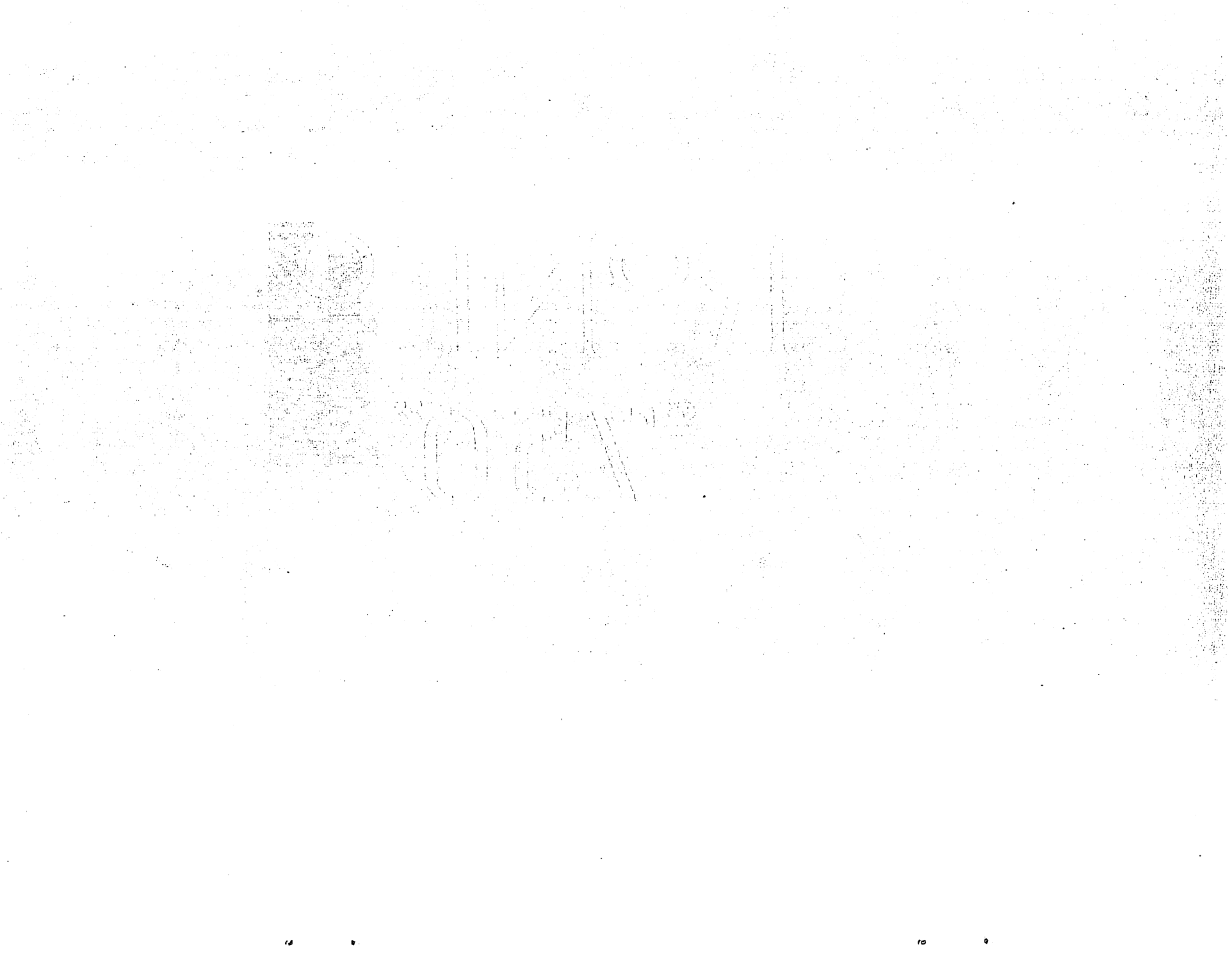
JOHN FOYSTER: May I make a contrary point? The last convention, I imagine, that John Campbell attended was the Lunacon in March this year in New York, and as the story is written up, the writer had been sitting in the foyer of the convention hotel and saw a rather tired old man coming in who looked rather familiar. And this particular man went up to a couple of the younger sf readers and asked them if Sam Moskowitz was in the hall and so on. They said, I dunno, and went on with their discussion of sf, and the old chap wandered further down the corridor. At this point Arnie Katz finally realized who he was and went off after John Campbell and spoke to him, hoping that Campbell would remember him, which he did.

When I read this I was extremely upset. It has been my concern that over the past couple of years people publishing annual anthologies of sf have tended to disregard Campbell's work, and if you look at the publications you see very little mention of Analog.

So I wrote a letter to Arnie Katz's magazine, expressing my opinion on the subject, and I wrote that letter the day after John Campbell died.

Editor's note:
In the course of my daily employment it is my duty to take the words of politicians and render them into something approximating English. This often means making them say what they meant to say, rather than what they actually said, and at times entire bridging passages have to be invented in order to preserve the illusion of continuity. I confess that, although science fiction fans are generally more articulate than politicians, a certain amount of this polite fiction has been necessary in the above transcript. A small amount of censorship has also been exercised, in the interest of avoiding court actions, and the remarks of the chairman in introducing speakers, conducting the discussion session and closing the meeting, have been largely if not entirely omitted. I apologize if, in the course of this editing process, I have misconstrued the import of any speaker's remarks.

Letters from John Campbell



TO JACK WODHAMS (28th June 1971):

Dear Jack,

It's odd about the Women's Lib movement how little they talk about giving up their girlish special privileges, and how whole-heartedly they concentrate on demanding more "rights", isn't it?

Oh, well --- guess that's standard. "Dignity" seems to be something those who don't like striving demand as a right, while those who have learned and earned it find it astonishingly difficult to explain what it is.

One of the things an editor learns --- and gets the chance to watch in action! --- is the immense difference between different individuals reacting to the same given idea. Throw an idea to an author, and what comes back is almost invariably something so different from what I had in mind I hardly recognize it. The nice part of that is I can then give the same original idea to another author and get a completely different story --- so different readers would never guess they started from the same notion.

Consider this one: Someone invents a psi device that acts as an attitude-inducer. He buys up some very run-down property in a run-down area, installs one of his devices that induces an attitude of satisfaction in orderly neatness in anyone within a block or so of the thing.

Everyone in that area starts cleaning up the joint on a gradual, quite ordinary rate... but in a couple of months a lot of the inhabitants move out. They hate all that hard work of taking care of things, and want a less tense, more comfortably sloppy neighborhood. Others move in, of course --- and catch the neatness bug.

In a year, the whole character of the neighborhood has changed; the houses are neat, clean, well-maintained, the children clean and neat, even if somewhat poorly dressed, and the whole group has become attractive cooperative neighbors --- those that stayed!

Now this is segregation!

Recognize what story by what author came out of that one?

The fundamental gimmick in all this business of facts is that a fact has no meaning whatever without relationship. And that means relationship that is useful from the aspect of what you need-want. Wealth is the product of material acted on by information; thus while matter is conservative (you can't create or destroy mass-energy), information is not (I can give you information yet I don't lose any) and so wealth can be created. The fact that Quintus Quidnunc makes himself a millionaire does not mean he must have taken his wealth from someone else. Chances are, he made a lot of other people wealthy too!

Like uranium's been around since before Earth formed; 50 years ago the only value it had was as a coloring material for ceramics and damned little of that. Someone added some information, and... whee, look how much wealth emerged!

Some people don't want new facts --- not because the facts are hurtful, but because they are accompanied by a change of relationship patterns that destroy his world-picture.

Platinum is a hell of a sight more valuable as a chemical catalyst than as a bit of decoration --- but people still don't want their platinum gauds melted down into catalyst for Apollo fuel cells, or catalytic crackers in a petroleum refinery. They like their pretty gauds...

And people like the world-picture they've grown comfortable with; they don't want to learn a whole new world-picture.

Yet the value of facts is relationship --- and one of my dirty, despicable tricks in argument is to take the facts the other guy has already accepted, introduce no new facts that he can deny, and show him that the facts he has rearranged make a different picture. Like take the letters c, e, l, r, u. Some people put 'em together and decide the Universe is cruel; others see it as being based on Rule C, and others see the secret as being lucre.

New patterns can be most disturbing!

Like your Frog Prince sequence; it is, in effect, an application of the above concept. You inverted the relationships a bit!

I'm a bit short of limericks myself -- at least mailable limericks! -- and never got the hang of composing my own. One I liked that you may not have happened to run across, and is worth knowing:

> Young things who haunt picture palaces,
> Don't believe in psychoanalysis,
> Though old Dr Freud
> Is greatly annoyed,
> They cling to their long-standing fallacies.

Incidentally, in that lush tropic climate of yours, what do you do, weather permitting, when not writing stuff?

Regards,

John W. Campbell
Editor

TO RONALD E. GRAHAM (8th September 1969):

Dear Mr Graham,

You know, it's impossible to tell someone who's never tasted grapefruit what the thing really tastes like.

It's also impossible to tell someone what the headaches in trying to get a magazine started are, until he's bitten into the thing and cracked a tooth or two trying!

The ruggedest job I ever tackled was starting UNKNOWN, because there were no authors, and there was no model of what I wanted that I could point to. Stories for the first three issues had to be on hand before the first issue finally hit the newsstands, so I could tell would-be authors "...like the ones in our first issue"!

And obviously, if you don't start out with what you want, you'll lose precisely the readers (and authors) you're actually striving for.

Hell - ain't it!

Moreover, any useful author is an imaginative and creative personality; they take driving and pushing around in desired directions about as happily as a quart of nitroglycerine.

How to Win Enemies and Alienate Authors? Tell them what you think they should write! The kind you <u>can</u> instruct readily are mechanically skillful hacks.

Don't try having an author do a story on commission, and then expect to have it revised to suit. I long since learned that if a story isn't right when it comes in -- send it back. You can suggest where it seems weak, and how it might be strengthened --- but <u>send it back</u> with definite implications of rejection, and a mild expression of willingness you might look at it again if revisions are made.

You tell him what he should do, and you challenge to prove he's man enough to resist your peasant pressure, and mere waving of checks at him, and he'll fight you all the way. (He's a creative person, remember? You'll despoil his Creative Integrity if you push him around.)

But if you send his story back with some sound suggestions --- you're challenging him to prove he <u>can</u> make you like his stories.

Remarkable what a difference that makes.

If you think the Prima Donna personality exists only in opera --- friend, you've much to learn!

Only once did I send a story back six times for revisions --- and that was not a commissioned story, but an author who had an idea, a good one, and could write --- but simply couldn't accept the underlying honest answer to the story-idea he had come up with. "The Cold Equations" by Tom Godwin is now one of the classic shorts of science fiction. It was Tom's idea, and he wrote every word of it, and sweated over it... because he just simply couldn't accept that the girl simply had to die.

The only reason for that multiple rewrite job was that I was making him express his own idea honestly.

Never count on rewrites --- unless you want to rewrite the story yourself. (I've gotten stuck on that twice, back in my first few years at the old Street and Smith.)

Your best bet, if you want to get a fantasy magazine going, would be to contact all the likely contributors you can reach, and invite them to a party, luncheon, beer-blast or something of the like, propose the idea, and let them work out what they think such a magazine should be. The creative personality is not readily directable --- but when he has his own idea of what needs to be done, he's usually a remarkably persistent and hard-working type. If they feel that the magazine is their idea --- they'll work at making it a good one. If the beer-blast cost you $500-$750 it could save you several kilobucks in getting a magazine off the ground to have a group of writers feeling it was their baby!

I have long kidded around the office here that Conde-Nast thinks they employ me --- but actually, I employ them to take care of the headaches my hobby, science fiction editing, would otherwise entail. They have to handle all the banking and accounting headaches, maintain a legal staff to take care of tax, copyright, and such matters, a bunch of distribution experts to see the magazine gets out properly, printing experts and so on ad infinitum --- leaving me free of that boring stuff, so all I have to do is sit around, read stories, and hold bull-sessions with artists and authors.

It's great, having somebody else do all the hard work, while you have all the fun!

You have problems with distribution --- and will have until your magazine gets to the point it's wanted. My great advantage was that a great publishing house already in existence had already established strong contacts with all the major distributors. Then it's easy.

Starting from scratch always has been, and always will be a slow, tough business that requires persistence and patience more than brilliance!

Science fiction readers have one blessed characteristic, however. If they get and like a copy of the magazine --- they'll actively seek more. They are not a passive-acceptance audience. Moreover, do a decent

job, and they're loyal. I'm getting letters now with "Dear Mr Campbell: I got started reading your magazine by reading my grandfather's collection..." Third generation readers, yet! Or "I haven't written to you during the last 30 years I've been reading your magazine, but....."

The result is that the readership is not seasonal; they buy every month. It sticks; you don't have a fast turn-over. They talk; your best advertising is word-of-mouth. And they read; they don't just "look at the purty pitchers!" Visual presentation can get fantastically expensive --- when the reader wants only a good, clean, clear-cut type-face on reasonably decent paper. Non-glossy preferred; glossy paper reflects high-lights and is hard to read.

Being the only sf magazine published in the Commonwealth is not all to the good; the authors face the problem that if you don't buy their story --- there's no second market around. That'll cause you some trouble, because it results in the inevitable problem that authors are going to tend to write for the American market first --- and after all Analog does pay 5c a word for shorts!

Sincerely

John W. Campbell
Editor

ANSWER TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE

On the cover of our February issue we proposed the following puzzle: "How can an oscillator circuit be designed such that there is no voltage across the key at any time -- either up or down? Yet it keys cleanly and reliably. (Submitted by J. W. Campbell, N.J., U.S.A.). -- One year subscription for the BEST answer. Results will be published in the June EEB, since this "February" issue is just a wee bit late....."

This June issue is also a bit late, owing to EEB's relative Unimportance in the scheme of things. Never mind.

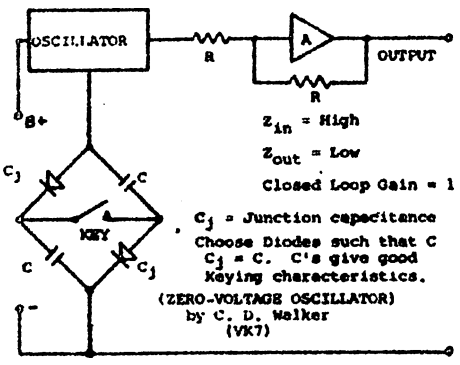
The answer supplied by the Author:

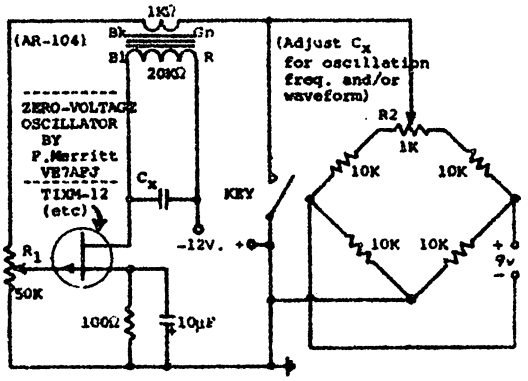
> The keying is literally imaginary -- in a technical sense. You key the imaginary component of the system. The simplest way... is to use a standard triode oscillator, or an equivalent FET circuit, with a fairly high-value cathode resistor. The cathode is bypassed to ground through an adequate bypass condenser, in series with the key. With key-down, the cathode circuit impedance is low, and the circuit goes into oscillation; key-up and the cathode impedance is high enough to provide negative feedback that damps out the oscillation. It gives clickless keying, and a simple code-ractice oscillator, or more. DC instruments would show that there was zero voltage across the key at all times, and that there was no current flowing either key-up or key-down.

I suppose we cheated a little, and I was tempted to insert "no DC voltage" in the original text, but that would certainly have given it away. I was curious to see what readers would generate. The results were rewarding, as far as my primitive electronics senses. Richard Maddever of Geelong provided a good answer, but he has subscription credit with us till about 1984 owing to a substantial volume of his articles in our files, so we pass on to two other contributions by readers, which are self-explanatory.

The left hand one, below was supplied by C. D. Walker of Launceston, Tas, and the right hand one by F. Merritt of Parksville, British Colombia. Of the latter, the author states, "This circuit really works! Adjustment: 1) With all voltages applied, adjust R2 for 0 volts d.c. across key with key open. 2) With key closed, adjust R_1 for sine wave output and proper keying."

Well done, chaps!





Extracts from THE AUSTRALIAN ELECTRONICS EXPERIMENTERS BULLETIN

--> LETTER: A Modulation Monitor, etc.

I thought you might be interested in that trick oscillator circuit; my major interest in electronics has been in figuring out ways of doing something I wanted that appeared, at first glance, very difficult or impossible to achieve.

I had an amateur license, W2ZGU, primarily to test my ideas in practice; I have been far too busy recently to have time to get on the air, and my license has expired. But I can still have fun when I have some free time, dreaming up "impossible circuits".

Consider this one: PROBLEM: -- To build a modulation-monitor for AM transmitters which will give instant warning of overmodulation when plugged in to any transmitter, of any power, on any frequency, with no need for any adjustment when you go from a 5 watt beeper on 144 Megs to a kilowatt on 3.5 Megs.

I realise that straight, old-fashioned AM modulation isn't popular these days -- but that's what I was running then. ((It still sees good use on VHF and in New Zealand -- Ed.)).

Now the Federal Authority doesn't mind a bit if you go to 200% overmodulation on the positive swing, but its the negative modulation they care about.

So the question to be solved is: "How can you detect 100% negative peaks of modulation, have a signal flash to warn you, and not have to diddly-futz when you change transmitters?". This comes down to: "In what way are all transmitters, of any power or frequency, alike when they are overmodulating on negative peaks? Answer: They're all turned off. Zero power output. Nothing.

Then all we need is a zero-output detector!

Simple: One diode feeding signal to the grid of a 6E5 cathode ray ("magic eye") tube, with a small condenser to hold the zero signal long enough for the eye to see that the 6E5 "eye" has closed down. You can make it sensitive enough to work on a little 5-watter, and it will work just as well on a kilowatt-- because it works only when there is no wattage.

The actual contraption involves a coax T-coupler, with the 72Ω antenna feedline running straight through -- and the little diode hung on the T-branch. The impedance of the diode circuit is so high that the thing has no detectable effect on the SWR of the feedline. But since you may have a bad SWR hot-spot right where the monitor happens to be plugged in, it is a good idea to use one of the vacuum-tube type diodes, small size, rated for over a kilovolt (SWR voltages can peak up unpleasantly high!). Since you're using a 6E5, you'll have filament heating current handy anyway -- small solid state CRTubes aren't exactly handy to come by yet!

Solving complex equations by substitution of 0,.1, or infinity for the unknown is, to a mathematician, a "trivial solution". Multiplying by zero is mathematically abhorrent. But in engineering, multiplying by zero -- as in that monitor -- is useful and valid.

-- J. W. Campbell, Mountainside, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Editor's Note:

Science Fiction is a type of escape literature with relatively little characterisation, but lots of plot. When it is good, it is inspiring, and when it is bad it is horrid.

For about 35 years John Campbell has guided and inspired this genre in its best and worst moments, as Editor of "Astounding Stories" and later of "Analog". I was reading his authors and his stories at an age when I ought to have been studying more maths and history.

Maths now help me to make a living, and history shows me that men hardly ever learn by experience. But good Science Fiction showed me that men can dream creatively; and events have given these dreams some strange twists.

Dreamers of names von Braun and Asimov have shown the world the stuff of which dreams are made. Dreamers of names Frost and Wyndham have drawn nightmares from such dreams perverted from the lessons of history. Dreamers of names van Vogt and Henderson have lifted us from the nightmares of an insane world, to show what can happen when men are brought together from the depths of their lonliness.

John Campbell guided much of this in the days before rockets became a reality and then a nightmare, and he wrote some illuminating non-fiction essays, his Editorials.

He has sent us a few more of his ideas on electronics, and a nice article on an integrating flash photometer, characteristically doing something difficult with simple equipment. We shall publish it in due course.

Now John Campbell is dead, and we who knew him in the empathy of idea and imagination may grieve.

-- RLG

A Bibliography of John W. Campbell

DONALD H. TUCK

JOHN WOOD CAMPBELL (1910-1971)

Sam Moskowitz's profile of John Campbell was published in Amazing Stories, August 1963, and this became the second chapter of Moskowitz's SEEKERS OF TOMORROW (World, New York 1966). This essentially reviews only his fiction. Numerous other articles have been written about Campbell, but at present there is nothing approaching a full-scale biography or critical study of his work.

As editor, Campbell won magazine Hugos for Astounding / Analog in 1955, 1956, 1957, 1961, 1962, 1964 and 1965. In 1953, when the first of these awards were made, Astounding tied with Galaxy for first place.

Thirty-one of his editorials were published in COLLECTED EDITORIALS FROM ANALOG (Ed. Harry Harrison, Doubleday, New York 1966).

Several memorial volumes have been announced for publication during 1973, and at the 30th World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles in 1972 the publishers of Analog, Conde-Nast, announced their donation of a John W. Campbell Memorial Award to be presented at subsequent world conventions to the best new writer in the science fiction field.

Apart from Mr Moskowitz's article, the lengthiest study of John Campbell published before the present volume was John Foyster's "The Editorials of John W. Campbell" (Australian Science Fiction Review no.4, October 1966).

Campbell entered the anthology field in 1952 with THE ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY, which has since been reprinted on several occasions. He followed this in 1962 with PROLOGUE TO ANALOG, and in the same year commenced his annual selections from the magazine. Some of these volumes have been re-titled in the paperback editions. The collection ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE (Healy & McComas, Modern Library) contains almost exclusively stories from Astounding. This collection and Robert Silverberg's SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME vol.1 (1970), which also contains a very large proportion of stories from Astounding, are generally considered to be the finest collections of science fiction ever published.

BOOKS

BLACK STAR PASSES, THE
Fantasy Press, Reading 1953, 254pp; Ace, New York 1965. Book edition of the first three stories of the Arcot, Morey and Wade series.

CLOAK OF AESIR, THE
Shasta, Chicago 1952, 254pp. Eight stories: Forgetfulness; The escape; The machine; The invaders; Rebellion; Story of Aesir; Out of night; Cloak of Aesir.

INCREDIBLE PLANET, THE
Fantasy Press, 1949, 344pp. First appearance of the three sequels to The Mightiest Machine (adventures of Aam Munro and his companions), originally written in the 1930s. Stories were The Incredible Planet; The Interstellar Search; The Infinite Atom.

INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE
Gnome Press, New York 1961, 189pp; Burns MacEachern, Toronto; Ace, New York 1966. Third and final novel of the Arcot, Morey and Wade series.

ISLANDS OF SPACE
Fantasy Press, 1956, 224pp; Ace, New York 1966. Second book of the Arcot, Morey and Wade series.

MIGHTIEST MACHINE, THE
Hadley, Providence, Rhode Island 1947, 228pp, illustrated R. Pailthorpe; Ace, New York 1965.

MOON IS HELL, THE
Fantasy Press, 1950, 256pp; Golden SF Library, 1957. Novel of survival on Moon while awaiting rescue party. Book includes story "The elder gods" under Stuart pseudonym.

PLANETEERS, THE
Ace, New York 1966, 150pp, together with THE ULTIMATE WEAPON. The Penton and Blake series.

THING AND OTHER STORIES, THE
- see WHO GOES THERE?

THING FROM OUTER SPACE, THE
- see WHO GOES THERE?

ULTIMATE WEAPON, THE
Ace, New York 1966, 106pp, together with THE PLANETEERS. Aliens from Mira seek to take over the Solar System but an "ultimate weapon" is designed to save Earth.

WHO GOES THERE?
Shasta, 1948, 230pp; Kemsley, 1952 (THE THING AND OTHER STORIES); Tandem, 1966 (THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE). Seven stories: Who goes there?; Blindness; Frictional losses; Dead knowledge; Elimination; Twilight; Night. Title story also appeared in the American SF series and was serialized in Sydney Daily Mirror.

WHO GOES THERE? AND OTHER STORIES
Dell, 1955, 254pp. Seven stories: Who goes there?; Twilight; Night; Blindness; The story of Aesir; Out of night; Cloak of Aesir.

SERIES

ARCOT, MOREY AND WADE
Piracy preferred; Solarite; The black star passes; Islands of space; Invaders from the infinite.

MACHINE
The machine; The invaders; Rebellion. Campbell titled this series "The Teachers", but the name was never used.

MUNRO, AARN
The mightiest machine; The incredible planet; The interstellar search; The infinite atom.

PENTON AND BLAKE
The brain stealers of Mars; The double minds; The immortality seekers; The tenth world; The brain pirates.

STORIES

* As "Don A. Stuart" ** As "Karl Van Campen"
A further pseudonym, "Arthur McCann", was used on a number of articles.

ATOMIC POWER
ASF Dec 1934* Best of SF (Conklin) 1946

BATTERY OF HATE, THE
AS Nov 1933

BEYOND THE END OF SPACE
AS Mch 1933

BLACK STAR PASSES, THE
ASQ Fall 1930; Fantasy Press 1953; Ace 1965

BLINDNESS
ASF Mch 1935*; Who Goes There? 1948 &c; My Best Sf Story (Margulies) 1949

BRAIN PIRATE, THE
TWS Oct 1938; The Planeteers 1966

BRAIN STEALER OF MARS, THE
TWS Dec 1936; Wonder Story Annual 1952; The Planeteers 1966; Alien Worlds (Elwood) 1964

CLOAK OF AESIR
ASF Mch 1939*; Cloak of Aesir 1952; Who Goes There? and Other Stories 1955

CONTEST OF THE PLANETS / CONQUEST OF THE PLANETS
AS Jan 1935

DEAD KNOWLEDGE
ASF Jan 1938*; Aust SF series 16 Sep 1953; Who Goes There? 1948

DERELICTS OF GANYMEDE, THE
Wonder Stories Jan 1932

DOUBLE MINDS, THE
TWS Aug 1937; Fant Story Mag Winter 1954; The Planeteers 1966

ELDER GODS, THE
Unknown Oct 1939*; The Moon is Hell 1950

ELECTRONIC SIEGE, THE
Wonder Stories Apr 1932
ELIMINATION
ASF May 1936*; Aust SF series 17 Oct 1953; Who Goes There? 1948 &c
ESCAPE, THE
ASF May 1935*; Cloak of Aesir 1952
FORGETFULNESS
ASF June 1937*; Adventures in Time & Space 1946; Cloak of Aesir 1952; Famous SF (Healy & McComas) 1957; Cities of Wonder (Knight) 1966
FRICTIONAL LOSSES
ASF July 1936*; Aust SF series 17 Oct 1953; Who Goes There? 1948 &c
IDEALISTS, THE
Nine Tales of Space and Time (Healy) 1954
IMMORTALITY SEEKERS, THE
TWS Oct 1937; The Planeteers 1966
INCREDIBLE PLANET, THE
The Incredible Planet 1949
INVADERS, THE
ASF June 1935*; Cloak of Aesir 1952
INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE
ASQ Spr/Sum 1932; Invaders from the Infinite 1961, 1966
IRRELEVANT, THE
ASF Dec 1934*
ISLANDS OF SPACE
ASQ Spr 1931; Islands of Space 1956, 1966
LAST EVOLUTION, THE
AS Aug 1932; AS Mch 1961; Award SF Reader (Norton) 1966
MACHINE, THE
ASF Feb 1935*; Cloak of Aesir 1952; Best of SF (Conklin) 1946
METAL HORDE, THE
AS Apr 1930
MIGHTIEST MACHINE, THE
ASF Dec 1935; The Mightiest Machine 1947, 1965
THE MOON IS HELL
The Moon is Hell 1950
NIGHT
ASF Oct 1935*; Who Goes There? 1948 &c; Modern Masterpieces of SF (Moskowitz) 1966; Microcosmic God 1968
OUT OF NIGHT
ASF Oct 1937*; Cloak of Aesir 1952; Who Goes There? 1955
PIRACY PREFERRED
AS June 1930; The Black Star Passes 1953, 1965
PLANET OF ETERNAL NIGHT
TWS Oct 1939
REBELLION
ASF July 1935*; Cloak of Aesir 1952
SOLARITE
AS Nov 1930; The Black Star Passes 1953, 1965
SPACE RAYS
WS Dec 1932

STORY OF AESIR
Cloak of Aesir 1952; Who Goes There? 1955

TENTH WORLD, THE
TWS Dec 1937; The Planeteers 1966

THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THE
- see Who Goes There?

TWILIGHT
ASF Nov 1934*; Who Goes There? 1948 &c; Pocket Book of SF (Wollheim) 1943; Beyond Tomorrow (Knight) 1965; Ends of Time (Silverberg) 1970; Mirror of Infinity (Silverberg) 1970; SF Hall of Fame vol.1 (Silverberg) 1970

UNCERTAINTY
AS Oct 1936; The Ultimate Weapon 1966

VOICE IN THE VOID, THE
ASQ Sum 1930; AS Aug 1966

WHEN THE ATOMS FAILED
AS June 1930

WHO GOES THERE?
ASF Aug 1938*; The Thing - Aust SF series 5 Oct 1952; Who Goes There? 1948 &c; Adventures in Space and Time (Healy & McComas) 1946; Famous SF 1957; Towards Infinity (Knight) 1970

Abbreviations:

AS	Amazing Stories
ASF	Astounding Science Fiction
ASQ	Amazing Stories Quarterly
TWS	Thrilling Wonder Stories

Index