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# RAY BRADBURY *review*



*edited by*

WILLIAM E. NOLAN

# Acknowledgements —

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# RAY BRADBURY

## review

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By Ray Bradbury

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FRONT COVER - The Editor

BACK COVER - Mentor Huebner

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# EDITORIAL

This is the first issue in a proposed series devoted to the life and works of outstanding writers in science-fiction and fantasy. Each issue is to honor one or more professional authors in the field, bringing together various articles on their life and career plus little known facts regarding their works, and including, for ready reference, a complete index of their stories. In each issue one or more original contributions will appear by the author in the way of articles or stories. The idea is new, the field wide, the information needed. This is a test issue. If it succeeds the second in the series will follow.

Unfortunately, due to the strain placed on certain of our club members in preparing for the huge WESTERCON to be held in San Diego next June, this first issue has been pretty much of a one-man job. I have had to shoulder all costs, labor, and makeup in addition to the regular editorial chores. However, it is planned that other members of the San Diego Science-Fantasy Society do their part in making the second in the series a group publication, thus cutting down on any one member's time and expense. By the very nature of the magazine a high standard is demanded, and publication dates cannot be rushed.

In successive issues authors like Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, Henry Kuttner and A. E. Van Vogt will be presented. If plans materialize we hope to honor all those outstanding men and women in the professional field, who, by their exceptional efforts, have given modern science-fantasy a firmly established position in our literary society.

This is the first and last issue of THE RAY BRADBURY REVIEW since no more than one issue will be devoted to an author. The title of the publication will change with each author chosen. If you, the purchasers of this magazine, would express your preference as to the author you would most like to see honored in the second issue, we could then make a choice based upon popular opinion.

Now, I wish to sincerely thank the following individuals whose generous response to my requests for material helped make this issue possible:

FRANK ANMAR - A Bradbury and science-fiction collector from Kansas City, Frank's other interests center upon art and amateur recording.

ANTHONY BOUCHER - the one-man band - editor, mystery writer, fanaticist and critic. Tony is a very busy fellow in a half-dozen fields. In addition to writing his own imaginative and crime stories, he is co-editor of the very fine Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and president of The Mystery Writers of America. In his "spare time" he does book reviews for two New York papers under pseudonyms.

MENTOR HUEBNER - is a very well-known Los Angeles artist who teaches painting and life-drawing at Chouinard's Art Institute. His forcefully realistic paintings reflect his expert knowledge of anatomy and the mechanics of color.

- LASCA HUEBNER - the artist's wife, is a painter in her own right and is currently experimenting in ceramics. She is also finishing her first novel, THE NEW ONES.
- HENRY KUTTNER - prolific writer par-excellence. As "Lewis Padgett" he has published two mystery novels (a third is due soon) and is a long-time favorite in Astounding Science Fiction. Under his own name, and other pseudonyms, he has authored an incredible total of expert stories for a host of publications.
- IAN MACAULEY - editor of his own amateur fan-publication, COSMAG. Ian has one of the larger collections of Bradbury's work.
- ROGER NELSON - president of the San Diego Science-Fantasy Society. Roger is very busy working toward the big WESTERCON scheduled for June 1952.
- CHAD OLIVER - a recent addition to the ranks of professional science-fiction writers. Chad has been an enthusiastic fan for years, and his name has appeared in hundreds of letter-columns in the science-fantasy magazines.
- SAM SACKETT - has appeared professionally with articles on varied subjects, has taught college English, and is now attempting to break into the science-fantasy field. Sam has a tentative arrangement with Fantasy Press to write a series of biographical sketches on s.f. authors for book publication.
- JACK TRAUB - is a student, whose article on modern short story writers originally appeared in his school paper. A portion of this article is reprinted in this issue.
- MARILYN VENABLE - is a beginner in the writing game. She is aiming at the professional magazines.

NOTE: My special thanks to RAY BRADBURY who, in addition to contributing two original articles for this publication, has been most cooperative and patient in answering many, many pertinent questions pertaining to his life and works.

*William F. Nolan*

# Magic, Magicians,

## Carnival and Fantasy

by Ray Bradbury ~

Fantasy has filled my life. I have always loved carnivals, magicians, circuses, mind-readers and skeletons. At the age of ten, wide-eyed, standing in a hometown alley, I became so enamored of a gigantic red and yellow circus banner that I backed up, fell down an ungrated window-pit, shattered a glass pane, and crashed into a cellar barber shop. Stunned, but unhurt, I returned, some few minutes later, to re-observe the circus banner which, in spite of the catastrophe, had lost none of its beauty.

At the age of eleven I would vanish for entire days when Blackstone, the magician, was in town. I sat through interminable motion pictures waiting for the next stage production when Blackstone would be shot from cannons, cut in six pieces, and sealed in a gigantic welded boiler. Blackstone gave me my first rabbit and magic trick that year, 1931, thus launching me on a series of appearances at Oddfellows' Halls and American Legion Christmas entertainments where I appeared in high silk hat (paper mache) and black moustache that invariably fell off in the middle of one of my better illusions. My father and I presented mental telepathy acts free of charge to our groaning relatives who accepted this rather than have me play the violin (my other talent). So for five years our house was a workshop for dice cabinets, ghost boxes and spirit manifestations. At parties, aged twelve, I allowed myself to be trussed and manacled hand and foot; the people would leave the room and in five seconds I would be free, perspiring, but triumphant! - Save on one occasion when someone ran in a new knot on me and my guests returned to find me in what amounted to an apoplectic fit writhing on the floor, still thoroughly manacled and indignant.

I had begun wearing glasses the year before. The incidence of fights and brawls caused by this simple change rose to an enormous size and I was beginning to feel pretty sorry for myself. But my meeting with Mr. Electrico gave me new courage and faith.

Mr. Electrico was the man at the Labor Day carnival which came to The Lake every year for a week with its steaming calliope, strung madza bulbs and high-wire acts. I remember that my Uncle died a few days before the carnival that year, and on Labor Day, ten minutes after the funeral, with undue haste and little respect for the dead, I hurried down to the carnival-grounds for an afternoon of miracles. Mr. Electrico was there, a man in his sixties, thin, pale, ascetic, vibrant, electric eyed, with a great white shock of hair that flamed on his head, flickering in the wind. He looked very much like the gentleman who played Dr. Praetorius in the film FRANKENSTEIN. He was a maracle of magic, seated in the electric chair, swathed in black velvet robes, his face burning like white phosphor, blue sparks hissing from his fingertips if you put out your hand to touch him. He quivered with fire and electricity and I went again and again, day and night, to see him take the ten thousand volts the barker said were surging and burning in his frail body.

The carnival smelled of cabbage, it was rusty and worn at the edges, like a mangy lion-pelt, but Mr. Electrico sat like God,

white and illuminated, at the center of it all, and the light from his face mended the tears in the canvas and repainted the flaking signs and costumes. I felt his eyes burning into me. He sold little trick vases which vanished black balls in an instant. I bought one for a dime. The next day I came back to the carnival in the hot afternoon with a complaint, - my magic vase had broken, it had been badly made to start with, and could I get a replacement?

I found Mr. Electrico outside the geasy tent and stated my case. He nodded quietly, drawing his black velvet cape about him and took me inside where a number of workmen and an overpainted woman with a hot, runny face were playing cards and swearing:

"Please," said Mr. Electrico, enunciating very clearly and with a faint English accent, "do not swear before the boy."

Providing me with a new magic vase, he then took me for a walk along the lake shore and we sat and talked about magic and life and what I suppose you would call philosophy. That is, Mr. Electrico talked, and I listened, or answered the few questions he asked me. What did I want to be when I was a man? What was I going to do?

"I want to be a magician," I said. "The best in the whole world."

He did not laugh at me; perhaps the first adult who hadn't laughed at my plans, and then he told me a very remarkable thing. He told me that he had met me before, many years ago, that he had seen my eyes, my look, in the face of a young man who had died in his arms on the battlefields of France during the first World War.

Of course I was greatly impressed and thrilled with Mr. Electrico's account; I felt myself part of a much larger world than that surrounding me, I felt quite immortal and gifted with a part of someone from the past. I went to see Mr. Electrico every day while the carnival remained by the autumn lake, and when it went away he gave me his address, told me he was an unfrocked minister, and instructed me to write. Needless to say, my letters were never answered, but every carnival that I have seen in the past nineteen years prompts me to look about for Mr. Electrico. I've never quite caught up with him again, but I'm thankful to him, and to Mr. Blackstone, to circusses and carnivals and magic, for a good part of the lively sense of fantasy I acquired in my childhood.

Not that every child isn't preoccupied with these traveling worlds of fantasy. But, looking back, I'm sure none of my friends propelled themselves with such nervous energy and love into magic and illusion. I pestered my mother for trips to the Chicago Magic Companies, I collected circus banners from empty shop windows, I dressed myself like a Bat, with great black velvet wings cut from my Grandmother's opera cape and hung in October trees scaring the hell out of passing pedestrians. I made myself into a gorilla, using jute sacking and uncoiled rope, and swung through the trees with my own Tarzan group. Anything and everything that smacked of fantasy in any form was my meat and drink.

Laboriously, day after day, for a solid year, I wrote down, by hand, dialogue from the CHANDU THE MAGICIAN radio program. I collected, and still have in an old trunk, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Brick Bradford, Tarzan Sunday and daily strips. My first stories, at the age of eleven, were written on a huge roll of butcher paper which, as the story progressed, was unwrapped; I dictated this material to a friend of mine, Bill Arno, who wrote more legibly than I ever could. Bill had a hand-crank projector and every night for years we would send Tom Mix rushing down the same hill after the villains or, my idea, run the film backwards and have the villains, rump first, pursuing Tom Mix who was sucked back over the hills, protesting, by some immense unseen force.

It was from these backgrounds and these contacts with Halloween the lake, the carnivals, the magicians, in my home town that I drew the material for almost all of the stories in my first book, DARK CARNIVAL.

When I first began writing I was so preoccupied with the technical aspects of the craft that my early stories were, emotionally, and qualitatively, failures. My first story for Weird Tales was an



unsuccessful narrative THE CANDLE, using familiar plot, stock characters, and a predicable climax. The same can be said of my first stories for Planet and Thrilling Wonder Stories. It was only when I learned to write from my own experience and asked myself 'What have you got that is new to give to the field?' that my stories began to shape themselves with some degree of originality. I believe that the answer to writing well in any field is not in trying to write to fit the field, but trying to discover what aspect of one's own personality is different enough to add something to that field. Therefore I disbelieve in the 'slanted' story and believe, firmly and irrevocably, in the 'felt' and 'emotionally experienced' story. The narrative in which I first stepped aside and forgot about technical effects and let my emotions fly was THE WIND. The original version of this story, though crude, reveals that I had at least made some contact with a 'creative flow.' By this I mean that somehow I had joined my emotions to a rhythm that was natural and inevitable for that story. A story should be like a river, flowing and never stopping, your readers passengers on a boat whirled down-stream through constantly refreshing and changing scenery. This 'flow' occurs only when a writer has written long enough to forget his fears, his self-consciousness, and his craft, and allows the emotion to tear his mind to bits, if necessary. The time for critical analysis is the morning after. The author who stops to criticise his work while it is in process is lost. Time enough for that with the 2nd, 3rd or 4th drafts.

In successive stories I sent my mind back to my childhood in Illinois seeking new ideas for the weird form. Directly out of my childhood came stories like THE LAKE, based on many days at the beach when I was seven and my blonde cousin was almost drowned; THE EMISSARY when I had whooping cough, lay in bed for months and sent my dog out to fetch the seasons on his pelt in the form of leaves, dust, frost and rain; THE JAR, based on my first introduction to a pickled embryo in a carnival sideshow; THE HOMECOMING, based on my own relatives' wonderful Halloween parties - I used the actual names of my relatives in the story. Uncle Einar, for instance, is a very real man (minus wings) living here on the Coast; and LET'S PLAY POISON, whose derivation is self-explanatory. THE NIGHT, of course, is based on an actual experience when Leonard, my brother, failed to return home one evening; and SKELETON resulted from a visit to my doctor at a very young age when I found a mysterious growth in my neck which turned out to be a bad case of 'discovery of the throat,' nothing more. THE SMALL ASSISSIN is also based on partial fact - I remember a number of events that occurred two days after I was born. In fact, I have vivid recollections of numberless days in my first and second years. Though this is considered doubtful by the medical profession it is fact nonetheless. THE MAN UP - STAIRS is a eulogy, in a way, to my wonderful Grandma, whose culinary operations I watched for years on end, with mixed wonder and appreciation.

Practically the only story in DARK CARNIVAL, then, not based on my childhood experiences and memories is THE NEXT IN LINE, (one of four stories I wrote upon my return from Mexico) which arose from a frightening encounter with the standing mummies of Guanajuato.

The jump from DARK CARNIVAL to my second book, - THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, is a huge one. It is interesting, to me anyway, to note that while I was turning out good stories of a weird nature for the magazine Weird Tales in the four years, 1943 to 1946 inclusive, my science-fiction was very bad indeed. It was only in 1946, with DARK CARNIVAL finished and set in type, and with that phase behind me for certain that, with relief, I turned to another field entirely, which, for want of a better term, would seem to be philosophical science-fiction or even 'mood' or evocative science-fiction. The same thing that happened with my weird tales seemed to happen, in 1946, with my science-fiction; I at last found what I was looking for, an original way to express myself in the field. Only when I began to write about the future as I really imagined it would be, in my heart, did my stories commence to come to life.

I had started some preliminary attempts at THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES in 1944, made numerous notes and sketches, but only in 1946, after meeting Marguerite McClure, who later became my wife, and hearing her read innumerable poems to me night after night over a period of months, did the CHRONICLES begin to take shape again.

The first story I wrote in the CHRONICLES was AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT. It resulted from a walk, on a May evening, with my fiancée. The moon was very bright and beautiful that night and she recited Lord Byron's poem to me, and I became so excited about the poem that when I returned home later, I put down the first few pages of that story. YLLA, THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS, and THE EARTH MEN came about in the same way, after sessions of poetry reading. I have always found poetry a great and concise stimulant; never too much said, never too little - an idea compressed into its purest and most beautiful state.

So THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES grew out of poetry and my personal philosophy, which was certainly not vast or deep, I imagine, but sufficed for my purposes. Whereas I had looked back, with some terror, into the past, in DARK CARNIVAL, now I looked forward, with a different sort of terror, and what beauty I could summon, to the future.

And in that future are echoes of Mr. Electrico, Blackstone, The Illustrated Man, Halloween masks, Edgar Allan Poe as read to me when I was eight and here and there, I find, belatedly, and with some surprise, a few of Mr. Burroughs wonderful dead Martian seas.

I feel that I have never really ceased being a magician; it is simply that I have transferred my methods of magic from the stage to a sheet of Eaton's Bond, 8½ by 11 - for there is something of the magician in every writer, flourishing his effects and making his miracles.

As for my next book and the one after that, I hope to finish a new book soon based upon my home town in Illinois, in the year 1928, non-fantasy but imaginative, I hope, and containing in it a few stories of love, a few about children, a few about old people, a few about realistic terror and a few about dreams. It will be a welcome change of pace for me. Beyond that, I have THE FIREMAN to rewrite and extend for Doubleday, to be included in a book with nine or ten other stories; a short novel to be finished about Mexico, and another about modern man living today. Enough to keep me busy for the next five years or more. But of one thing you may be sure, somewhere along the line, you'll bump into Mr. Electrico, or someone much like him. No matter what I do, I don't think I'll ever quite get that blue electricity out of my veins, or the rabbits out of my hat, or rid my sleeves of aces. When they pin me down for an autopsy some day, I wouldn't be at all surprised if they found carnival serpentine and an ever-flowering magical rose-bush in my chest.



R. B.: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH by FRANK ANMAR  
(with additional comments by Mr. Bradbury  
on his writing technique.)



Ray Douglas Bradbury was born on August 22, 1920 in the town of Waukegan, Illinois. His mother is of Swedish descent and was born in Stockholm. His father's family came to America around 1630. Bradbury is a member of a literary family since both his grandfather and great grandfather were publishers of magazines, books and newspapers. Ray's sister, Elizabeth, and a brother, Samuel, died in infancy. A second brother, Leonard, (Samuel's twin) is now living in California. Young Ray's imagination was first whetted through journeys, via his mother's voice, down the "yellow brick road" to the wonderous Emerald City of Oz. She read the complete series by L. Frank Baum to her small son over the long summer and winter evenings. His aunt too, read aloud from Poe during those early years - tales of terror and darkness by the old master of the genre. Thus Bradbury grew up, nursed, as it were, at the breast of fantasy.

When he was still quite young, a shy and gangling teenage girl, with a taste for unusual reading, moved into his Grandmother's upstairs room. She lent the inquisitive boy an old copy of Amazing Stories. It was Ray's initial introduction to a science-fiction magazine and he was greatly impressed with the Paul illustrations and by the story, WORLD OF GIANT ANTS by A. Hyatt Verrill.

A few years later, when he was twelve, his family moved to Arizona. There Bradbury made the acquaintance of a youth named Tucker, who possessed a fair-sized collection of Wonder and Amazing Stories. Bradbury, of course, devoured them all and, ready for more, began to read the books of Edgar Rice Burroughs. He had received a toy-dial typewriter on his birthday and with this he wrote his first novel. It was a lusty sequel to one of Mr. Burroughs books which he could not afford to buy at the time.

During this period Ray managed, by a combination of luck and persistence, to land a part time job at radio station KGAR, reading the comic-section to the kiddies. He would imitate various dialects for the characters. During the five months he was employed, he also dubbed in as sound man and general bit-player on other programs. At holiday conventions he would perform on-stage as a boy magician. Acting, along with writing, seemed in his blood.

Two years later (1934) the Bradburys moved again - to Los Angeles. Ray discovered that his next-door neighbor had a typewriter. Within a week he was dictating stories to the family's seventeen-year-old daughter who typed them for him.

In 1937 he joined the Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society where, during his four year membership, he enjoyed the good friendship of Russ Hodgkins, Fred Shroyer and Forrest Ackerman among others. The desire to write was flaring up stronger than ever, and through the help of the Society he published his own fan magazine Futura Fantasia which ran to four issues with covers by Hannes Bok and inside material by Hank Kuttner, Bob Heinlein, Henry Hasse and Ross Rocklynne. Bradbury was present in the double role of editor and author. (Under two or three pen names he wrote stories in his own magazine.) At this time he was an ardent admirer of writers like Hemingway, Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe and Sherwood Anderson.

1938 saw his graduation from high school. In his senior year he wrote and acted in a series of plays and sketches. In 1940, after a year and a half with Laraine Day's Little Theatre Group, he gave up acting since he felt he should be devoting his time to the serious pursuit of writing.

He did not attend college. Instead he worked at the corner of Olympic and Norton selling newspapers and rented, very cheaply, a small downtown office which contained nothing but a desk, typewriter and chair. With determination and energy he began to write. Sightings, descriptions, conversations, - he put them together to form stories totalling over three million words (all of which he later burned in disgust.) His reward was a rapidly accumulating pile of rejection slips.

Writers like Leigh Brackett, Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson, Kuttner, Rocklynne, Heinlein and Henry Hasse took an interest in his work and gave him invaluable criticism and aid. In fact, it was through the help of Bob Heinlein and wife that Ray made his first professional appearance in Script, a California magazine, with a story called IT'S NOT THE HEAT IT'S THE HU-. This effort blossomed forth late in 1940. The following year, with Henry Hasse, he sold a story to Super Science. And he's been selling steadily at an ever-increasing rate since then. Of writing and plots Bradbury has this to say:

"I'm sometimes asked what a typical story of mine is like. I don't know what a typical Bradbury story is. I hope the one I write tomorrow is better than the one I write today, of course, because I expect the one today to teach me more about writing. I don't believe in throwing unusual words at the reader, but I do believe in using the right word. The reader should be given more than the basic meaning - he should be able to see a given situation. Thus, every writer must be his character. If you describe that character's reactions, feelings, sensations, then the reader is able, by self-identification, to become an actual part of each story.

I usually take from three to six months to finish a story. But, I'm not working on it all that time. I try to keep about twenty-eight stories in process during one year, though these are rarely finished. When I'm not as interested in a story as I should be, I simply shift to another that exerts a stronger personal appeal to me at the moment. There is always some story to fit whatever mood I happen to be in when I crawl out of bed in the morning. I think it very important that a writer be at work on something, anything - to be writing. My annual total of finished stories now is between 12 and 15.

Instead of filing story ideas I write an opening. It may be very brief but I get words down so the idea is there and the correct moods and tensions are established. Thus, the actual narrative is under way and ready to continue at any time.

Writers must know human behavior. They should study people with the eye of an artist; people of all kinds, shapes, and colors to provide a sort of 'backlog of human nature' for their subconscious. A story, in my opinion, is not successful through logic, or beautiful thinking, or by its appeal to the intellect (though these elements must be present;) rather it succeeds if it 'gets under your skin' - if it is hard to forget because you have lived it with the characters, sharing in their hopes, fears and happiness.

Writing is hard work. There is plenty of discouragement and heart-break waiting along the way. And no matter how well a writer sells, his future is always uncertain since each story submitted must stand on its own individual merits as a story. I have often been asked for writing tricks. I don't know any shortcuts which make writing a cinch. It's simply work and study and more work. If you want to be a writer badly enough - WRITE - and keep on writing. If you don't give up and are good enough you'll sell."

Bradbury is a family man now. In September of 1947 he married Marguerite McClure, UCLA graduate, and they have two daughters - Susan two years old, and Ramona, six months.

In the short story field Bradbury has reaped considerable acclaim over the past few years. He has simply proven anew that nothing worth while is earned without great effort. If he is a success, then it is surely an earned and a deserved success. Whether or not he will continue to rise is up to him and to no one else.



# The Rebel

By

LASCA

HUEBNER



"What ever became of popular philosophy?" somebody was asking. "And the heroes? Where did the epic story-teller go - the writer who used to say something broad and sincere, in his own language, to his own people, while he amused and entertained them?"

"I think it was suicide," I told them. "He tried to shout what he had to say, over the din of modern war and modern commerce. He was maladjusted; he couldn't see how important it is that everybody rush, hurry, push, to keep up with the times. He resented the fact that you can't shout poetry, and you can't amuse or instruct people who never take off their hats. He stood in the middle of the street thinking it was a forum, and was, naturally, ground under one of the famous Wheels of Progress. They took him to the modern hospital where the successful lobotomies were performed on the legend of Individuality and the fable of the Free Press. When he woke up they had, with clever plastic surgery, transformed him into a digest version, fitted for the times. So he died - - or merged and became unrecognizable."

"And now," they said, "it's going to be the newspapers' neat, systematized inaccuracies, Hollywood's tired facility, or the Intelligentsia, speaking in a language so elect that even they don't understand it? Is this the choice? For the innocent, comic strips and television - - for the ordinary man, nothing to make him feel, even for a moment, less ordinary?"

But I remembered Ray Bradbury. His stories are dramatized and printed through popular mediums. They are known, as Homer was once known, to kids and tired business people, and even to the modern literary abstractionists, who value only the bizarre.

"Here is a man," I said, "who for some reason has not been treated with the public and institutional hostility usually reserved for the sensitive artist who argues with his times. What he says is literature, and it is also touching and straightforward enough to embarrass our whole society. But they listen anyway."

"That's because it's just fiction," they said.

"JUST fiction? And the Iliad's just a statistical war report!"

With Bradbury's Spender we killed for the outraged beauty of a Martian civilization, and died with the Martians, and their graceful way of life. With Spender the public, unaware of what it did, allowed itself to weep for Hellenic Greece, and protest the degradation of that magnificence. THE FIREMAN asked, for us - what are we going to do about the plastic sepulcher we have allowed to be built around us, by mass-production, conformity and fatigue?

This alone is more than "just fiction" - - - this voice, like a miracle, saying that art and imagination should not die. But it is not on a basis of morals, sociology, or the defense of art that I commend him - - for what he has written, brilliant, diversified and unpretentious, IS art.

Have you read of THE MARTIAN whose loneliness made him the soul of all things lost and hunted - who was everything to everyone, something different to each, and loved because no one could ever really

see his face?

There is UNCLE EINAR, with green wings and a great voice, all his immortal wonder imprisoned, until his children ask their father for a kite. Beautiful Cecy wanders in and out of bodies, knowing all things through their senses, from the volence of birds to the silence of small water things, while her body sleeps - a fresh girl's body, soft and tremulous. Her malice, healthy as the destructiveness of children, does not make her a less enviable demon.

Through the jewel-lens of Bradbury we saw the old fantasy writers, our loved ones from Poe to Nathaniel Hawthorne, fight their last battle. In the second House of Usher, we revenged them with magnificent finesse.

Bradbury writes with such poetry that he may well be said to rival Poe, but where Poe relates the details of horror, Bradbury weaves the threads of it into a canvas to depict the world. If it is "this world" - the world of singing commercials and time-clocks - it is still none the less all other worlds - Mars not the least of them. For his Martians are no more phantasies than Hamlet. His demons, written with love, are easy to understand, just as his children are, with their terrible innocence. Most of all, they are real. Fresh, living people and new worlds. Now, when we look up at Mars, we dream of her moon-washed deserts, peaceful with silver sand and crystal cities, beautifully and nobly dead. Why should it not be a temptation to believe more in singing fountains splashing on cool tiled grottoes, than in the dusty parks where we may sit, experiencing no more reality, and never such silence or such beauty?

The world Bradbury is giving us is one of the most perfect worlds available, to my knowledge, anywhere in or out of literature. The miracle of his popularity must be accepted smilingly, without too much question, I suppose, when white people who would not dine with a negro have still enjoyed WAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR, escaping sympathetically to a free world in the company of negroes no less alive than the ones they meet every day. Personally, I cannot help thinking that the story itself, and others like it, might someday by their influence turn into the ship of deliverance itself. But surely the literary feat is magnificent, apart from its effect. Herein lies part of the wonder - Bradbury knows how to disagree with the reader and still delight him.

His significance, in all respects, is great. His speech universal, his style art without "artfulness", his understanding, all go to make the material of a classic. His presence among us is a privilege, and the more encouragement recognition can offer him, the richer will be our total legend of genius. For it is not method, exactly, or cleverness, primarily, or even the full abundance of his imagination - no one of these for which I praise him so highly as for the one surprising thing I find in everything he writes - Genius. I cannot define it, but I, like you, know it on sight and in its presence am unmistakably aware of it. It is the difference between Dali, the clever craftsman, and Rembrandt, the painter. It is some kind of flare in the work, something that does not have to be named, but certainly ought to be respected.

\* \* \*



# RAY BRADBURY:

## Beginner

By ANTHONY BOUCHER

An agent recently submitted to us, for possible reprint in the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, a Ray Bradbury story from a fan-zine of 1940. The story was abominable; the submission was made without Mr. Bradbury's knowledge or consent; and the episode might simply illustrate one of the many difficulties of dealing with semi-professional fantasy-specialist agents.

But I'm glad it happened, because it brought me up with something of a start to realize that as recently as 1940 Bradbury was the rankest of amateurs, turning out conventional trash that would not induce an editor even to temper his rejection with an encouraging "try us again."

As you'll find in the detailed listings elsewhere in this pamphlet, Bradbury did not appear professionally until late 1941, and did not begin to emerge as a figure of any noticeable importance until around 1944--- by which time a few of us were already beginning to be fascinated by this unpredictable talent and to buy any magazine (which covered a terribly wide range!) which published a Bradbury story.

In 1946 Bradbury broke into the annual Martha Foley Collection;; Planet published the first (and one of the best) Mars stories, The Million Year Picnic; and Mademoiselle published the incomparable Homecoming. In 1947 Arkham House brought out Dark Carnival, and from then on the Bradbury reputation has steadily mounted until, as far as the non-specialist public is concerned, he's probably the biggest name in fantasy and science fiction today.

It's doubtful whether that reputation is fully deserved. It might be more accurately said that Bradbury is the best writer in science fiction, rather than the best writer of science fiction. (In fact I won't quarrel - nor I think will Bradbury - with those who insist that he's never written a word of s. f. in his life.)

Bradbury has imagination and poetic sensitivity. He has a warm feeling for people, though more as symbols than as individuals. He has literary integrity of a high order, and an intense desire to utilize popular fiction to express the ideas that seem to him to need saying.

He is also a sensible individual who wants to sell stories and make money; and the combination of that desire with the need to communicate has led to a certain amount of regrettable repetitiousness in his work.

He looks at an idea from all sides. He sees a dozen or two possible fictional expressions of that idea. And after the first one is favorably received, he presents us one by one with all of the others - undoubtedly partly because he feels he has not yet fully communicated his meaning; quite probably also because he feels, like any professional, "If that sold, this ought to too."

The earliest published Bradbury stories were derivative and unimportant. The first in which his individuality began to manifest itself (particularly those in Weird Tales starting in 1942) were dominated by the theme of return - not quite to the womb, but to an unrealistically recalled golden childhood, a desire to escape from the gray burdens of adult life. Immediately after puberty seemed to set in the Fall of man's year - - September, as he writes in the best of these stories, The Lake, "when things are getting sad for no reason."

It may have been good commercial advice that caused Bradbury to shift his sadness from a supernatural to an interplanetary level. Certainly the shift succeeded in breaking up this morbid preoccupation with return, as is best evidenced in the classic Mars is Heaven! which is a symbolic statement of the fact that this return leads leads only to death and destruction. (A completely unconscious symbolism, too; Bradbury was astonished when I advanced the idea over pizza.) It's always dangerous to stress biographical elements in criticism; but one might at least mention the coincidence of Bradbury's marriage and his literary acceptance of adult life.

The Martian Chronicles, with their new repetitive theme that Earth Men Are No Damned Good, Bradbury carried precisely far enough-enough to create an impressive and evocative book, not quite enough to seem repetitious and self-plagiaristic.

Now Bradbury, aiming at and usually hitting the slick and quality magazines, is freer of formula than he was before - - not that he was ever too narrowly a formula man. He is writing neither weirds nor interplanetaries, but simply straight stories which have an imaginative fantasy (or quasi-"science" fiction) element. And two more obsessional themes are riding him: One, a curious reversal of his first obsession, changes children from golden boys and girls to dangerous little monsters (this goes back as early as The Small Assassin in 1946); the other, which by now seems to have had all conceivable changes rung upon it, deals with the stifling of creative beauty by the aseptic scientific state.

Each of these periods and obsessions has produced a few stories which it's as safe as one ever can be critically to call masterpieces. And each period has seen a few stories completely unrelated to it, such as the before-mentioned Homecoming (1946), which reveals a surprising vein of lively humor hardly to be found in the otherwise deadpan Bradbury canon; or the more recent The Fox in the Forest which is, in a Hitchcockian sense, plotted as few Bradbury stories have been.

Although one has at times felt a sense of repetition and tiredness, this is really a surprisingly varied career for such a short one. (Think how many of our present leading science fiction writers are still writing the same stories they wrote when Bradbury was an unpublishable amateur!) And I think it's the career of a man who adopted the profession of fantasy-writing partly because he had a strong liking for imaginative literature, but largely because he found that in that field he could sell prolifically.

Today Bradbury is well known in the general field of writing and publishing. He commands rates which make prolificness, if still economically desirable, not the pure necessity that it is to a pulp writer. And I'd suggest that there is no telling where Bradbury may be, say two "periods" from now.

Think of the number of great writers of fantasy and science fiction - Hawthorne, Poe, Stevenson, Kipling, Wells, Benet - - who would still be important figures in literature if all of their imaginative work were to be erased by one of Mr. Bradbury's future censors.

Bradbury is very little over 30. I have not the slightest idea what his ultimate place will be, in what field of literature (though I'll lay any odds you want that he'll be contending for a damned high rank). I do think that we specialists in fantasy and science fiction have had an almost unique opportunity in following detailedly the beginning efforts, sometimes clumsy but always fascinating, of a potentially major author, who, preoccupied with smaller obsessions, has yet to find the full expression of life that will enable him to rise to his inherent stature.



SPECIAL NOTE: Your editor takes great pride in presenting what is beyond a doubt Ray Bradbury's rarest fantasy. This story has seen only one previous release, and that in a literary journal of strictly limited circulation. In 1947, Epoch (published at Cornell University) ran the story under the author's original title, INTERIM. To avoid confusion with other stories with the same name, I felt a title change was necessary. Thus, with the author's permission, TIME INTERVENING was substituted. I feel entirely secure in my prediction that it will be a brand new story to every purchaser of this Review - Bradbury collector or no. Even though I possess what I believe to be a near-complete collection of Bradbury's work, I had to borrow Ray's personal copy of the tale for reprinting. In addition to its extreme rarity it is, amazingly enough, one of best stories Bradbury has written to date -- a delightfully human fantasy stressing Ray's stimulating contention that we are, as we progress through life, not one but many people. Now, find out how it feels to meet yourself!

\* \* \*

Very late on this night, the old man came from his house with a flashlight in his hand and asked of the little boys the object of their frolic. The little boys gave no answer, but tumbled on in the leaves.

The old man went into his house and sat down and worried. It was three in the morning. He saw his own pale, small hands trembling on his knees. He was all joints and angles, and his face, reflected above the mantel, was no more than a pale cloud of breath exhaled upon the mirror.

The children laughed softly outside, in the leaf piles.

He switched out his flashlight quietly and sat in the dark. Why he should be bothered in any way by playing children he could not know. But it was late for them to be out, at three in the morning, playing. He was very cold.

There was a sound of a key in the door and the old man arose to go see who could possibly be coming into his house. The front door opened and a young man entered with a young woman. They were looking at each other softly and tenderly, holding hands, and the old man stared at them and cried, "What are you doing in my house?"

The young man and the young woman replied, "What are you doing in our house?" The young man said, "Here now, get on out." And he took the old man by the elbow and shoved him out the door and closed and locked it after searching him to see if he had stolen something.

"This is my house. You can't lock me out!" The old man beat upon the door. He stood in the dark morning air. Looking up he saw the lights illumine the warm inside window and rooms upstairs and then, with a move of shadows, go out.

The old man walked down the street and came back and still the small boys rolled in the icy morning leaves, not looking at him.

He stood before the house and as he watched the lights turned on and turned off more than a thousand times. He counted softly under his breath.

A young boy of about fourteen ran by to the house, a football in his hand. He opened the door without even trying to unlock it, and went in. The door closed.

# TIME INTERVENING

by  
Ray Bradbury



Half an hour later, with the morning wind rising, the old man saw a car pull up and a plump woman get out with a little boy three years old. They walked across the wet lawn and went into the house after the woman had looked at the old man and said, "Is that you, Mr. Terle?"

"Yes," said the old man, automatically, for somehow he didn't wish to frighten her. But it was a lie. He knew he was not Mr. Terle at all. Mr. Terle lived down the street.

The lights glowed on and off a thousand more times.

The children rustled softly in the leaves.

A seventeen year old boy bounded across the street, smelling faintly of the smudged lipstick on his cheek, almost knocked the old man down, cried, "Sorry!" and leaped up the steps. Fitting a key to the lock he went in.

The old man stood there with the town lying asleep on all sides of him; the unlit windows, the breathing rooms, the stars all through the trees, liberally caught and held on winter branches, so much snow suspended glittering on the cold air.

"That's my house; who are all those people going in it?" cried the old man to the wrestling children.

The wind blew, shaking the empty trees.

In the year which was 1923 the house was dark. A car drove up before it, the mother stepped from the car with her son William, who was three. William looked at the dusky morning world and saw his house and as he felt his mother lead him toward the house he heard her say, "Is that you, Mr. Terle?" and in the shadows by the great wind-filled oak tree an old man stood and replied, "Yes." The door closed.

In the year which was 1934 William came running in the summer night, feeling the football cradled in his hands, feeling the murky night street pass under his running feet, along the sidewalk. He smelled, rather than saw, an old man, as he ran past. Neither of them spoke. And so, on into the house.

In the year 1937 William ran with antelope boundings across the street, a smell of lipstick on his face, a smell of someone young and fresh upon his cheeks; all thoughts of love and deep night. He almost knocked the stranger down, cried, "Sorry!" and ran to fit a key to the front door.

In the year 1947 a car drew up before the house, William relaxed, his wife beside him. He wore a fine tweed suit, it was late, he was tired, they both smelled faintly of so many drinks offered and accepted. For a moment they both heard the wind in the trees. They got out of the car and let themselves into the house with a key. An old man came from the living room and cried, "What are you doing in my house?"

"Your house?" said William. "Here now, old man, get on out." And William, feeling faintly sick in his stomach, for there was something about the old man that made him feel all water and nothing, searched the old man and pushed him out the door and closed and locked it. From outside the old man cried, "This is my house. You can't lock me out!"

They went up to bed and turned out the lights.

In the year 1928 William and the other small boys wrestled on the lawn, waiting for the time when they would leave to watch the circus come chuffing into the pale-dawn railroad station on the blue metal tracks. In the leaves they lay and laughed and kicked and fought. An old man with a flashlight came across the lawn. "Why are you playing here on my lawn at this time of morning?" asked the old man.

"Who are you?" replied William, looking up a moment from the tangle.

The old man stood over the tumbling children a long moment. Then he dropped his flash. "Oh, my dear boy, I know now, now I know!" He bent to touch the boy. "I am you and you are me. I love you, my dear boy, with all of my heart! Let me tell you what will happen to you in the years to come! If you knew! I am you and you were once me! My name is William - so is yours! And all these people going into the house, they are William, they are you, they are me!" The old man shivered. "Oh, all the long years and the passing of time!"

"Go away," said the boy. "You're crazy."

"But - -" said the old man.

"You're crazy. I'll call my father."

The old man turned and walked away.

There was a flickering of the house lights, on and off. The boys wrestled quietly and secretly in the rustling leaves. The old man stood on the dark lawn.

Upstairs, in his bed, William Latting did not sleep, in the year 1947. He sat up, lit a cigarette, and looked out the window. His wife was awake. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"That old man," said William Latting. "I think he's still down there, under the oak tree."

"Oh, he couldn't be," she said.

"I can't see very well, but I think he's there. I can barely make him out, it's so dark."

"He'll go away," she said.

William Latting drew quietly on his cigarette. He nodded.

"Who are those kids?"

From her bed his wife said, "What kids?"

"Playing on the lawn out there, what a hell of a time of night to be playing in the leaves."

"Probably the Moran boys."

"Doesn't look like them."

He stood by the window. "You hear something?"

"What?"

"A baby crying. Way off?"

"I don't hear anything," she said.

She lay listening. They both thought they heard running footsteps on the street, a key to the door. William Latting went to the hall and looked down the stairs but saw nothing.

In the year 1937, coming to the door, William saw a man in a dressing gown at the top of the stairs, looking down, with a cigarette in his hand. "That you, Dad?" No answer. The man sighed and went back into some room. William went to the kitchen to raid the ice-box.

The children wrestled in the soft, dark leaves of morning.

William Latting said, "Listen."

He and his wife listened.

"It's the old man," said William, "crying."

"Why should he be crying?"

"I don't know. Why does anybody cry? Maybe he's unhappy."

"If he's still there in the morning," said his wife in the dim room, "call the police."

William Latting went away from the window, put out his cigarette, and lay in the bed, his eyes closed. "No," he said quietly. "I won't call the police. Not for him, I won't."

"Why not?"

His voice was certain. "I wouldn't want to do that. I just wouldn't."

They both lay there and faintly there was a sound of crying and the wind blew and William Latting knew that all he had to do if he wanted to watch the boys wrestling in the icy leaves of morning would be to reach out with his hand and lift the shade and look, and there they would be, far below, wrestling and wrestling, as dawn came pale in the Eastern sky.



# Themes

By HENRY KUTTNER

In the August, 1951 issue of Galaxy Science Fiction appeared "A Little Journey," by Ray Bradbury. The plot is simple. Some time in the future, a fake swami offers a rocket trip to heaven ("round trip slightly lower"), and lures a group of superstitious old women into swallowing the bait. When, at the Martian jumping-off place, the old women are disillusioned by sight of the obsolete, useless rocket ship, they force the swami to pilot it into space, with themselves as passengers. The ship explodes; the swami falls into the sun; and the old women, asphyxiating in their space-suits, drift toward outer space, where, Bradbury implies, they reach their goal and, at least subjectively, find the God they have been hunting.

Certain major elements recur in Bradbury's writings, and are present in this story. Symbolically, there is usually the figure of the outsider, and there is often the equivalent of a carnival. There is Mars. There is nature, as opposed to "science" (technology), and there is the earth itself.

In order to understand these elements in their relation to Bradbury and his work, it may be useful to examine their significance within the story-text. Take technology first. In the story the villain, Mr. Thirkell, owns the rocket ship. He is described as "picking up each of his words, oiling it, making sure it ran smooth on its rails." His rocket is "something like a battered copper pot. There were a thousand bulges and rents and rusty pipes and dirty vents on and in it. The ports were clouded over with dust, resembling the eyes of a blind hog."

The rocket rises "with the noise of an entire kitchen thrown down an elevator shaft, with a sound of pots and pans and kettles and fires boiling and stews bubbling, with a smell of burned incense and rubber and sulphur, with a color of yellow fire, and a ribbon of red stretching below them." Here, I think, is a parallel to the protagonist of the story, Mrs. Bellows - ritual incense and colored fireworks, the "kitchen" image with its associations, and the burning rubber and sulphur with their unpleasant odors. Technology and humanism seem to be in conflict within her. She uses technology to reach her idealistic goal, but finds that the rocket ship is "nothing but junk." In other words, the technology is not suitable as a method of reaching her particular goal, unless it is transfigured by destruction.

Opposed to technology is what may be called a "back to nature" element, part of the double picture of earth (paralleled by the picture of Mars, for that matter). The sympathetic characters in "A Little Journey" are generally linked with such metaphors. When the tricked women attack Thirkell, they are compared to dogs, and Mrs. Bellows to a "summer-maddened Spitz." Only Mrs. Bellows among the women, incidentally, is described by technological metaphor.

The earth, however, has a harsher side - "stucco jungles," pictures "bleak and unromantic, in the morning tabloids," the Restorium on Mars (an analogue of the earth) smelling of "boiled cabbage and tennis shoes," with its rooms like cells and the swimming pool "quite inadequate."

My contention is that this part-good and part-evil earth (or reality) is symbolized by Bradbury's carnival concept, which recurs over and over in his work. In this particular story, Mrs. Bellows seems to wander "in a carnival mirror-maze." She had "found her way to Hindu mystics who floated their flickering, starry eyelashes over crystal balls," and who had "promised her golden smoke, crystal fire, and the great soft hand of God coming

to bear her home." She intends, in a "special private rocket, like a bullet, to be fired on out into space beyond Jupiter and Saturn and Pluto." In the end, the rocket ship explodes in carnival fireworks.

Now there are two parts of Bradbury's dark carnival, also. Thirkell, the swami, symbolizes the worse part. He is compared to a ring-master, an animal-trainer, and Mrs. Bellows expects to hear "a cheap Chinese gong sound" when he enters. Cheap is the significant word here, of course. She smells "theatrical mothballs and the smell of calliope steam" on him.

On the other hand, Mrs. Bellows finds her ideal carnival in space: "the darkness like a great church, and the stars like candles." She is eighty-five and she is a mystic idealist, but the goal she aims at is much the same goal one finds in most of Bradbury's stories. In this case religion and God are the symbols, but they might as well be poetry and ideal form: the important values are idealism and belief. Belief is the crucible that can change brass into gold, according to Bradbury's tenets. Here it is symbolized through religious faith. Nothing has ever shaken Mrs. Bellows faith. And the setting of the highest value upon faith as a method is the element that distinguishes most, if not all, of Bradbury's protagonists.

His protagonists are outsiders -- they are children, or they are old, or they are circus freaks, or they are vampires, or baroque in some other way. If they are outsiders, that implies that they have been ejected, or have ejected themselves, from the "inside." But what is the "inside?" I suggest that it is the root of the dark carnival image, reality, the world according to Zeroaster's concept of good and evil. It is this mixture of good and evil in material reality which Bradbury devalues. "There's nothing on the earth for us," says Mrs. Bellows, "and it doesn't appear there's anything on Mars either." She also says, "I've too much pride to go to the Government and tell them a common man like this has fooled us out of our life's savings." Yet this is certainly the rational action, and I believe Bradbury explains Mrs. Bellows' apparently impractical attitude when he makes her say, "Oh, we didn't really fool ourselves that we could get nearer to Him physically. . . . It was the kind of thing you hold onto for a few minutes a day, even though you know it's not true." The inference is that what Mrs. Bellows wanted was reassurance that belief has transcendent value, and that she expected nothing more demonstrable than the reassurance of the crystal ball and the trappings of the carnival.

But Thirkell has betrayed her by devaluing belief as a workable method. His excuses are too transparent. His rocket is too obviously junk. So he is cut down from the ring-master's level to a child's level, and since Bradbury equates the very old and the very young, Thirkell is put on exactly the same level as his victims, and put physically in their power. He "began to cry. He did it quite easily and very effectively."

Symbolically, he goes to hell. He falls into the sun. There is an interesting use of language involved, and while an examination of Bradbury's semiotic is not within the scope of this article, in this case his work-choice is thematically important. He says, "As for Mr. Thirkell, for some reason of trajectory, perhaps, he had been blown out of the other side of the ship," and falls toward the sun while the old women head for outer space. Now I think that trajectory, as it is used here, is a word significantly lacking in definable meaning. No matter whether the word is applied to the rocket ship or to Thirkell, what it denotes is not clear. Unless I am much mistaken, a trajectory is a path. It is a direction of motion. What this sentence says is this: "For the reason that Thirkell's body moved in a certain direction, it moved in a certain direction." In view of the symbolism involved in Bradbury's work, I feel that he does not use words meaninglessly-- at least consciously.

Trajectory may be termed a technological word. We have seen something of Bradbury's ambivalence toward technology. Now the reason Thirkell, the villain, the cheat, the dishonest man, goes to hell is because of his "trajectory." Bradbury says, "some reason of trajectory, perhaps." He qualifies doubly. I believe he does not know quite why Thirkell goes to hell, but he believes strongly that technology, in some undefined way, has sent him there. Bradbury could very easily have set his scene so that Thirkell would be on the opposite side of the ship from the old women, but he does not bother to do that. He did not feel it necessary, since he was so convinced that Thirkell would go to hell, and that "technology" would inevitably send him there.

So he is punished, and Mrs. Bellows finds that faith works. "In spite of everything, Mr. Thirkell, the rocket, and the dishonesty, we are going toward the Lord."

Dishonesty is a key word, as is belief. It may be a key to Bradbury's attitude toward technology. Technology can be compared, perhaps, to the methodology of the carnival juggler. (The scientific method is quite another matter, and Bradbury does not deal with this, though I think that he is too much inclined to identify technology with science--a misapprehension in which he is not without company, and in which he may even be justified from the standpoint of effective communication.)

Opposed to the half-good, half-evil carnival of Zoroaster's earthly reality is the "back to nature" Wordsworthian world: "Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up Fostered alike by beauty and by fear." The world of Bradbury's childhood is much like Wordsworth's. As Wordsworth had his French Revolution, so Bradbury, perhaps, has "technology." Yet the French Revolution had both its good and its bad sides, though Wordsworth rejected it completely for the evil associated with it. So Bradbury seems to reject technology completely for the evil associated with it. But technology is merely a tool; the evil is in the misuse of the tool by some men; and I suspect that, sensing this, Bradbury remains as truly ambivalent as his Mrs. Bellows. It is the abstract theme of dishonesty destroying faith by exploitation which Bradbury attacks through the symbol of Thirkell, who misuses the tool of technology for selfish and materialistic ends. The converse of James Branch Cabell, Bradbury deals realistically with a romantic theme: the value of faith.

But why, precisely, is faith given such a high value? Bradbury is notable among writers who have dealt with pseudo-scientific subjects in scrupulously avoiding the personified electronic calculator as a protagonist. The intellectual giant is a stereotype in the field, and generally he is a character who devalues emotion, permitting only the most conventionally approved emotions to jump his synaptic gaps. He is, sometimes, an outsider, but seldom more than politically. His faith in an ideal may be destroyed, but it is usually such an absurd faith in such an absurd ideal that, after weeping absurd tears, he quite easily finds his footing again on a bedrock of reason. The important point is that this rational protagonist does not depend on faith as a method; he depends on reason, sometimes, however, abstracted to the point of simple idiocy. The worst thing that can happen to such a figure is to have his reason threatened, and this, in one form or another, has become a familiar threat in stories dealing with the supra-rational value or goal.

Now Mrs. Bellows in "A Little Journey" calls Thirkell "a common man." She has previously exalted him as an uncommon man -- in other words, an outsider like herself, but a more powerful one. She also says, "You can't blame us, for we're old . . ." Bradbury's protagonists are, as I have said, usually quite young or quite old, or in some other way "uncommon." They are outsiders, and, significantly, helpless. The physical weakness of youth or age is paralleled by the physical deformity of other characters used for purely symbolic purposes, or for the supernatural restrictions (weaknesses) imputed to his supernatural protagonists. Never, I think, does one of his protagonists substitute reason for faith as a methodology.

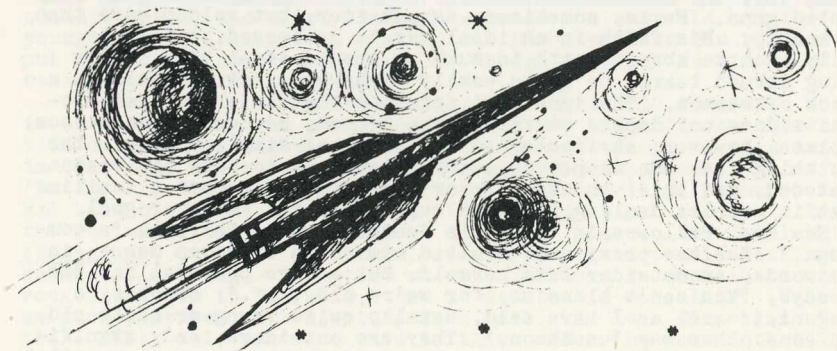


Reason may be employed, by the protagonist, to reach a short-term goal, but is is never considered as a workable means of reaching the ultimate ideal goal.

I think that only outside of the Zoroastrian good-evil world can this method of faith work. Only outside of reality can the faith--non-faith dichotomy apply. In a world of mixed values, other elements, such as reason, must necessarily enter, and Bradbury does not attempt to deny that those other elements do work, and that men employing them do reach their goals. Yet they work in the world of reality, and it is exactly this world which Bradbury's protagonists are not allowed to enter; Bradbury equates this world of reality with materialism. It may be that his protagonists do not want to enter such a world. Certainly many of them would be fatally handicapped. At any rate, they are not allowed to enter, for apparently valid reasons. Through no fault of their own, they are "weak" in some way which makes it impossible for them to compete on equal terms with those who accept and live in a world that is a complex of good and evil, and where reason as well as faith has pragmatic value.

So the Bradbury protagonist is excluded for seemingly valid reasons, and must dwell in a hinterland where there can be a faith - non-faith dichotomy which works, and which excludes other elements that might destroy the dichotomy. In the fantasy world of this helpless protagonist, skepticism does not exist, and reason and "science" do not work. More specifically, technology for Bradbury is synonymous with the materialistic culture which is his target, and, as I say, technology in Bradbury's stories does not work. It breaks down. Its inutility cancels the "helplessness" of the Bradbury protagonist. What residue is left is realism vs. romanticism, or materialism vs. idealism, and on such a level romanticism and idealism invariably triumph, as Bradbury structures his stories. This pattern, of course, is very clearly evident in "A Little Journey."

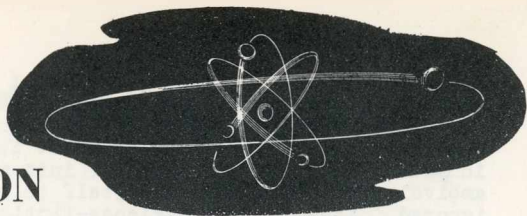
To sum up: the typical Bradbury protagonist is one who, through no fault of his own, and usually because of his uniqueness, is excluded from a materialistic society which ultimately depends on inoperable technology. Usually the protagonist's uniqueness handicaps him so severely that the only way by which he can reach his ideal goal is the method of faith, and this invariably works, just as the "rational" method invariably fails. An analysis of Bradbury as a writer (who is, incidentally, very different from Bradbury as a man) would be incomplete without a study of the "ideal goal" I have mentioned, as well as an examination of the style and writing techniques Bradbury employs. But these are not within the province of this article.



EDITOR'S NOTE - Mr. Kuttner's article has been slightly abridged.



# Science and SCIENCE FICTION



By RAY BRADBURY

When BANTAM BOOKS, INC. recently published a pocket edition of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES they neglected to show me proofs of a biographical sketch they were using in the front of the book. In this sketch they pictured me as 'not caring for science'. They also quoted me as having said: "I don't like what science is doing to the world. I think science is a good thing to escape from."

I am glad that, belatedly, I am now able to refute this statement. The statement was never made by me. The thought, in this form, never entered my mind. Nevertheless, 200,000 copies of the Bantam Chronicles had been distributed about the country, people read and became enraged at the quotation and I received some blistering letters. I am somewhat sorry, as is Bantam, that any blood-pressure were inadvertently raised. In the second edition of the Bantam Chronicles, the offending paragraph has been tossed swiftly into the hell-box, where it belongs.

Well, then, it should be fairly clear by now that if I'm not against science I must be for it. And I am. I have always been in favor of a science that can prolong and beautify our lives and give us comfort, provide us with heat when we are cold, refrigeration when we are warm, penicillin when we are sick, and entertainment when we are lonely. I believe in radio, television, motion-pictures, automobiles and atomic power. I believe in newspapers, books, and magazines, produced by a scientific technology that has grown steadily in the past century.

How then, could the Bantam misquote have come about? I must have had some scientific antipathies somewhere along the line to have given the copy-writers at Bantam the idea that I was anti-science. What about that? I believe that some of my stories, misinterpreted, have caused this confusion. A story like THE WORLD THE CHILDREN MADE (The Veldt) is a protest not at science, but at the way we use science. The theme of the story is not "destroy science because all science is bad" as some people seem to think, but rather "use science in such a way that it does not destroy you."

In my story THE EXILES, and again in PILLAR OF FIRE and THE FIRE MAN, my protest is not against science, but against the uses to which 'progress' has been put. Yet people continue to jumble and interchange my motives.

I'd like to rewrite that Bantam quotation here and now: "I don't like what some people are doing with science in the world. I think that such people should be exposed and, if possible, combatted. Thus the emphasis has at last been shifted from machines and technology to the responsible parties. Here, I believe, I am on solid ground."

I am not afraid of television, I am afraid of the people who will, for profit, treat us to an electronic load of garbage for the next twenty years, even as radio has done. Radio promised so much and delivered so little. Both mediums, carried to the perfection inherent in them, could enrich and enliven our existence, but I see little prospect of such enrichment in the near future. The same can be said of motion-pictures even though, due to the recent stress of competition, Hollywood has been forced to produce some adult films.

As for atomic-power, it could release us from our slavery to the earth and its petroleum and energy-producing minerals-in-bulk. But only if we are here, alive, to enjoy the wealth lying in store for us.

It is fairly evident then that I think we have wasted a thousand opportunities for every one we have used well. Most of our important strides have been medical, but even here the threat of bacteriological warfare arises. It is this scientific ambivalence in modern man that strikes fear into me. And it is about this ambivalence that I concern myself in many stories. It cannot be ignored. Especially in science-fiction, we cannot remove ourselves from life, for that is what we are setting out to delineate. By blowing up to twice their size our present problems and extending them into some near-future, we are able to see what our present actions will bring about, we are able to warn ourselves that in this way, or that way, lies destruction, dictatorship, censorship, or mere technological boredom.

I am, then, immensely interested in science and how we use it, as evidenced in stories like THE FOX AND THE FOREST, THE PEDESTRIAN, and many, many portions of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. I feel that it will be of no use to us to know the atomic-formula for future-power if we blow ourselves up with it. I feel that there will be little use of going to the Moon if it means a war with Britain or Russia or Australia, or you-name-a-country, for the rights to that orbital land. Nor can there be any sense in rocketing to Mars until we clean up our messes here. I believe in a United Nations that, integrated, at peace, and controlling and channeling those sciences that might destroy us, could proceed to the planets of our solar system and bring us the benefits of celestial travel. Until we can control the men who control our technologies, however, the Rocket Ship can be nothing to me, or any other person, except a colossal symbol of irony. It will free us from nothing, it will let us escape from nothing. Freedom, Peace, and the Rights of Man, must be the prime and most important cargo on the first flight into space.

The machine then is amoral; science is amoral. Only the hand that touches the machine or moves the science has responsibility. I want that hand to be clean and I want it to work for, not against, me, preserve not destroy me, educate and not enslave me. Technological science, as put in motion by human beings, can either shackle us with the greatest totalitarian dictatorship of all time, or free us to the greatest freedom in history. I mean to work for the latter in my science-fiction stories, on occasion. Not by lecturing but by exciting, not by preaching but by showing. By loving and hating this thing or that thing exceedingly well, I hope to have my readers loving and hating with me. And I hope that I will do all of this naturally, and without strain, resisting the essay and the soap-box. For, above all else, I wish to entertain.

#### AN UNPAID ADVERTISEMENT

Your editor has just received the latest copy of WASTEBASKET, a beautifully printed little magazine which certainly belies its name. In the current (Vol.1 #3) issue Bill Morse has written a fine lead article entitled THE BRADBURY CHRONICLES. Morse discusses intelligently and at some length, Bradbury's style and examines many of his individual stories. The article is comprehensive and well worth reading. If you wish a copy send a request to: Vernon L. McCain, 146 East 12th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon.

# The Immortal Ones

A SATIRE by W.F. Nolan



The bone-cold chill of a late autumn night frostily embraces Mellin Town, Illinois and the studio of one R. Bradbury, - word-weaver of fairy spells and magic wonders. A flickering candle glitters like a dead man's eye on a polished desk, its waxen thinness thumb and fingered to a strangely human effigy. The whirr-whisper of bat wings is in the air and a cauldron of unearthly brew bubbles wickedly at a stone hearth, weirdly shaped mounds and squares of varied hue and odor revolving slowly in its liquid depths. The massive oaken desk casts a somber shadow on the fiendishly carved masks lining the four walls, their demented cries and clamor frozen to a wooden stillness. Behind this caken colossus sits a man of medium stature whose brown-rimmed spectacles pick up the lights from the fire and spin them in a frenzied whirl-a-gig on shining lenses. The man is writing, and the scratching of the tapered quill he holds sounds not unlike the clawing of long-nailed fingers on a coffin's lid. Heaps of yellowed papers are scattered about the room like oversize decks of playing cards flung from a giant's hand. Small, metallic insects make subtle squeeks and rustlings through their midst, and in one corner an exquisite golden spider endlessly spins its mechanical web to catch a metal fly.

The slender, bone-white hands of the word-magician pause in their mystical inscribing. The keen eyes flash angrily as the extra-sensory organs of the ears warn of approaching sound. Footsteps. Slow. Regular. Plodding.

"Not again tonight! Damn it no - NO!" One of Bradbury's hands balls itself into a fist and viciously strikes the desk-top, jarring the grinning teeth of the small candy-skull paperweights. A knock. Heavy and tired and frustrated . . .

"WELL?" The door swings reluctantly back.

An old man is there, gaunt-faced, with dark, sad eyes.

"Me again sir. I've tried everything and nothin's any good. I come to ask - "



"Damn it man, I know well enough why you've come, but you're wasting your time. It's no use."

"I even laid there and pretended - shut my eyes and told myself I was really dead again, but the coffin was cold and my back itched and it was just no good. You created me to be a corpse Mr. Bradbury. Why can't I be like I used to before you raised me in THE DEAD MAN? Why won't you let me rest again, Mr. Bradbury?"

"I'm sick of telling you that it is not possible for you to be dead now. I CAN'T send you back. It's not my fault, man. You'll exist as long as time itself and on after that. My gift is immortality. You've received eternal life and there's nothing to do but make the best of it! Now get out!" - and the door swung shut with pistol-shot finality.

Sadly the old man turned away, his withered arms like wooden sticks dangling loose and helpless at his sides. With trembling steps he made his way down the path.

"And don't come back - you hear me old man - don't EVER come back!" shouted Bradbury from the window as the ancient disappeared into the woods. Above the black net lacework of the trees he saw UNCLE EINAR still flapping in slow spirals and impatient circles, his great green wings out-stretched. His voice came piping-thin down through the autumn air.

"Please let me land Mr. Bradbury. Since you made a kite of me with your accursed words I cannot rest - always flying - flying. I'm SOooooooo tired . . ."

Bradbury strode angrily from the window. "Listen to that old fool! He ought to be glad he's immortal. He'll fly there forever and there is not a damned thing anyone can do about it. Never satisfied, these characters of mine; I'm sick to death of their weeping and complaining."

And he thought of Cecy, another member of the HOMECOMING, her delicate body relaxed and still on a bed of snowy softness - her mind a thousand miles away in the eye of a needle, in the brain of a dragon-fly, in the dust motes of a sunlit noon; sometimes even in his own skull, pleading for release, for an end to all this wandering. But there would be none. None.

"You there, on the shelf -" He faced an ominous JAR wherein two eyes seemed to be staring out through the glassy sides, ever shifting and moving in the murky fluid of the interior. "No complaints from you I see. No mouth to complain WITH! Just you keep on floating 'til Hell freezes over, 'til Gabriel blows his trumpet, 'til the stars and moons and planets all come tumbling down in a silver shower. Just float, and float . . . Wish to the devil they were all like you."

But there were some who had found happiness. He looked to the heavens. "Catherine the Great is up there," he smiled, "having a hell of a good time. I put her there in THE SQUARE PEGS. And Napoleon, and Caesar, and Henry the Eighth - all there - all content. Why can't you others be like them?"

The skeleton in the corner did not reply. The tiny golden spider silently spun its endless web and the metal cleaning mice darted out in tireless effort to carry away the last fragments of grave-mud left by the dead-man's shoes.

"Yes, and my electrical house out there too, across those wooded hills, - baking its own bread and making pies and reading nursery rhymes to itself. It's happy. No trouble there."

But then he thought of Mars!!

"Oh God, what I did to that lovely planet. Destroyed its jewel-bright cities, killed its people, filled its air with rocket fire, threw beer-cans into its lovely canals - . . . And they are still up there, on that MILLION YEAR PICNIC, more like a trillion year one now. Still though, the negroes are there, and they deserved the chance to start all over."

He walked across the room to the big closet.

There was his mother, looking as pretty as ever, and his father - strong and tall and still very proud, and the girl he'd known in high



school, and the ruddy-cheeked fruit seller that had trusted him when he'd needed an apple or two to keep going in those terrible early days. All there and more, standing neatly in rows waiting to come out and talk and dance and sing to him.

"But you aren't real, - none of you . . . My mother died years ago and dad too. You're all dead. I brought others back, for all eternity, but they were mine, my own original creations. None of you were molded out of words on a written page - You were God-fashioned and I can't bring you back, not REALLY."

The flesh-perfect marionettes smiled and said nothing. They waited. He slammed the door and took his place at the desk. He wrote . . . . .

He wrote of rocket ships, of tombstones, of were-things and bats in the night.

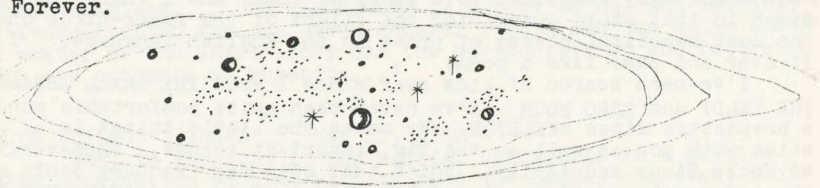
He wrote, - while white-hot far off suns dimmed out and vast civilizations matured and perished.

He wrote, - and the stars wheeled in slow majesty over an aging earth.

He wrote, - while earth curled up and died beneath him, - until Mellin Town was no more, Illinois no more, the earth no more . . . . .

And still he writes out there among the whirling gulfs and galaxies and black pits of space with his fabulous creations still around him, - Immortal, imperishable, and continuing on and on and on.

Forever.



THE FIREMAN, YOU AND I

by ROGER NELSON

In my estimation Ray Bradbury, above all other writers in the field, has done the most to make science-fiction a true branch of today's literature. Bradbury is not the man to write of gigantic battles in space, nor of warring races armed with incredibly advanced scientific weapons. His conflicts are waged on the battleground of the human heart and his weapons are those of human emotion - fears, hates, loves. His world is an emotional world, his people emotional people. For this reason, even when he writes in his most imaginative and fantastic vein, his stories remain warmly human and, in their own way, realistic, for in each of his characters we recognize a little of ourselves.

With THE FIREMAN we walked the lonely streets, unsure of our own commercially rotten society. In the FIREMAN'S future we rebelled, with him, against corrupt regimentation and joined others of our kind to stand for a world in which art and philosophy take precedence over television and Abbot and Costello. And somehow, we knew with him, that great works of art and literature could never really perish as long as men carried them in their hearts and minds. We finished THE FIREMAN with a new sense of determination and awareness.

Bradbury is a poet, a philosopher, a craftsman, a satirist, but above all of these he is a humanitarian. And it is in his understanding of and sympathy with mankind that his high literary stature is achieved.



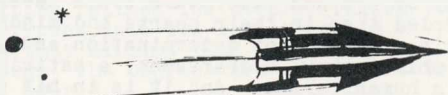
I think that Ray Bradbury is one of the finest writers of our modern generation. I say writer and not science-fiction writer -- because I think his work is too big, too important, too enduring for a limitation by any qualifying adjective. It's wonderful science-fiction, of course, but it's so very much more than that also.

I can pick up almost any one of the better science-fiction magazines and read good stories by good authors, but so often I find something missing. The author has chosen a future too remote, a world too distant, an intellect too alien -- it leaves me with that "it can't happen here feeling." But when I read a story by Bradbury I can see it happening, feel it happening and know it can happen. For instance, after reading THE FIREMAN all I had to do was look down my own street and see the rows of darkened windows dimly lit by the pale flicker of the television screens, with the silence broken only by an occasional screeching of brakes to know that this particular future is not only possible but practically upon us! I don't think anyone could read THE CONCRETE MIXER without taking a long look at the world we live in and feeling a little sick about it. It amazes me to think that a man who sees the weakness in humanity can still have the love and compassion to write THE FIRE BALLOONS which is one of the most tenderly reverent stories I have ever read. I will never be able to hear the song "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" without recalling the heartbreakingly beautiful love story of YLLA; and I think the paragraph in that story describing the flight of the flame-birds one of the most beautiful pieces of prose in the English language. I read it over and over like a poem.

I've been scared of kids ever since I read THE SMALL ASSASSIN, THE VELDT and ZERO HOUR. I've never been quite comfortable munching a breadstick since SKELETON. He makes the little things in a story stick with you as well as the big, important things. Whenever I read of Uncle Einar and family I think that only Ray Bradbury could make a clan of vampires seem real and likeable; and in re-reading THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES I realize how much better I can understand the Martians than I can understand this topsy-turvy kaleidoscope of an Earth-world.

Only a great student of humanity could have written THE FIREMAN, only a great satirist could have written THE CONCRETE MIXER, and only a man of great faith could have written THE FIRE BALLOONS. Only a great writer could have written all of them.

I have wanted to be a writer ever since I first learned to read. So few people understand about things like that -- I mean really understand. About a year ago I was ready to quit trying to write. I was terribly discouraged. About that time I wrote a letter to Ray Bradbury and enclosed the outline for a plot idea I had. The letter he wrote to me in reply will be an inspiration to me for as long as I live. I was deeply touched because he spent his valuable time to write to me, an unknown stranger. His letter made me realize that he understood how I felt about wanting to be a writer more than anything else in the world. It gave me the courage to keep trying. I'm still trying, and I know that even if I never sell a story I'll keep on trying, and I'll always treasure the wonderful words of encouragement and understanding he gave me.





## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES - 1950

An organized collection of related stories and bridge-passages dealing with Man's conquest of the Red Planet.

From THE CHICAGO SUN TIMES ... June 4, 1950

"... Right at the moment, the biggest name in science-fiction is unquestionably that of the young California writer, Ray Bradbury ... Bradbury has never concocted a theory or explained a gimmick; he has hardly ever even included a scientist as a character ... He has simply taken the probable near-future of man - a future of inter-planetary exploration, of contact with other cultures, of ultimate self-destruction - and written subtle, warm, human stories of people and their problems ... The CHRONICLES is a book to delight not only the science-fiction fan but every general reader who can enjoy watching a master of the short story use the perspective of the future to sharpen his comments on humanity..."

From THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE ... May 21, 1950

"... What is apparent in THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES is a skilled creative imagination coupled with an able and highly competent writing hand. The combination makes of the CHRONICLES certainly the best book of science-fiction of this or any recent year..."

From THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION ... Fall, 1950

"The outstanding event of the season is the publication of Ray Bradbury's THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. This superbly organized collection of Bradbury's stories about Mars, its people and its conquest by Earth leaves the reader with the sense of having read history interpreted by a poet. All of Bradbury's great qualities are here; his soaring imagination, his profound realization of people and places, his moral sense (a rare thing in science-fiction) and his ironic and sometimes grisly humor. These stories of high adventure, mood, character, social criticism more than justify Merle Miller's (editor at Harper's) estimate of Ray Bradbury as one of America's finest young writers in any field..."

From THE MIAMI FLORIDA HERALD ... May 14, 1950

"... An entire new world of the imagination..."

From THE MINNEAPOLIS MINN. TRIBUNE ... May 21, 1950

"... With this book one has the feeling that science-fiction has finally come of age..."

Reviews of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES - ( con.)

From THE OAKLAND CALIFORNIA TRIBUNE ... May 21, 1950

"... Ray Bradbury is a writer with a great deal to say about people, their nature and their interactions, and about the present and implicit future flaws of our materialistic civilization. He has developed a consummate prose technique for saying it; and he has chosen to say it largely under the guise of imaginative fiction, sometimes in stories of the supernatural, and sometimes in narratives of our probable interplanetary future..."

From THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE ... June 17, 1950

"... Most of the stories have a strange atmosphere, half-melancholy, half-humorous, and all of them ... are good enough to be worth the attention of readers who are uninterested in the question of whether the word fiction has an adjective in front of it or not..."

From TOMORROW MAGAZINE ... by Christopher Isherwood .. Oct. 1950

"... Ray Bradbury cannot be classified simply as a science-fiction writer, even a superlatively good one. DARK CARNIVAL, his earlier book of stories showed that his talents can function equally well within comparatively realistic settings. If one must attach labels, I suppose he might be called a writer of fantasy, and his stories "tales of the grotesque and arabesque" in the sense in which those words are used by Poe. Poe's name comes up, almost inevitably, in any discussion of Mr. Bradbury's work; not because he is an imitator (though he is certainly a disciple) but because he already deserves to be measured against the greatest master in his particular genre ... His interest in machines seems to be limited to their symbolic and aesthetic aspects ... His brilliant, shameless fantasy makes and needs no excuses for its wild jumps from the possible to the impossible.

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES is episodic; a collection of formal short stories interspersed with bridge-passages which are written in the style of prose-poems ... It is impossible for me to convey more than a hint of the vital imagination, anger, humor and pity which Mr. Bradbury has brought to his work... In work such as this, the sheer lift and power of a truly original imagination exhilarates you.... His is a very great and unusual talent."

NOTE: Mr. Isherwood is himself an author of high stature in addition to being a noted literary critic. His review for TOMORROW ran to some 2000 words. He also reviewed the book (under its English title THE SILVER LOCUSTS) for THE LONDON OBSERVER in September of 1951 and says of it "... This is, at present, my favorite book by any young contemporary writer."

From THE WICHITA EAGLE ... June 22, 1950

"... Humor and excitement ... suspense and pathos..."

FOREIGN REVIEWS .....

From THE LONDON TRIBUNE ... October 5, 1951

"...Distinctive in manner and purpose...coherent and disturbing imagination..."

From PUNCH (London) ... September 19, 1951

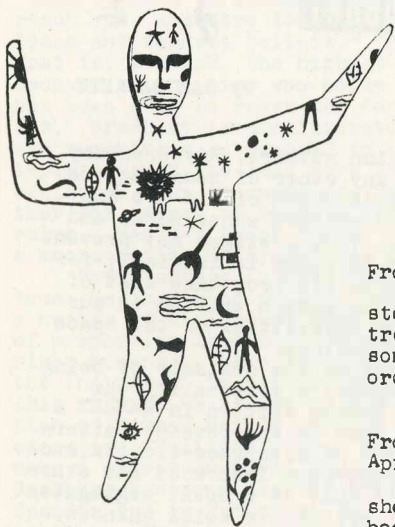
"... Mr. Bradbury has created a world of curious beauty, glowing with sympathy and shot through with humor, which the lapidary quality of his writing presents to us in all its strange colors."



Reviews of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES - ( con.)

From THE SCOTSMAN (Scotland) ... September 20, 1951

"...Grace and irony are subtly fused ... remarkable for his poetic imagination ... (and for the) haunting and curiously enchanted quality of his writing..."



THE ILLUSTRATED MAN - 1951

A mixed collection of stories linked together by a tattooed man whose body-pictures come to life as he sleeps to form each of the narratives.

From THE AUGUSTA GEORGIA CHRONICLE ...

"...Taken on their own merits the stories rank high in their field...his treatment gives his tales a polish and sometimes a whimsical touch out of the ordinary..."

From THE MADISON WIS. CAPITOL TIMES...  
April 19, 1951

"...A remarkable series of related short stories... a superbly imaginative book..."

From THE FANTASY ADVERTISER ... April, 1951

"... Bradbury here, as always, is concerned with people. He speculates as to their reactions, their attitudes and their dreams. ...Bradbury is, of course, something of a philosopher... but he is even more of a poet as every story he has ever written will attest."

From GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION ... June, 1951

"... This is the cream off the top of the bottle ... here is someone whose prose is not die-cut like the styles of many of our modern crop of fiction writers, no matter what their subject ... (Bradbury is ) writing some of the best short stories being turned out in America today ... He is original, he is moving, he is colorful, he is rich in ideas. I don't know what more to ask of a writer of science-fiction or anything else."

From THE NEW YORK TIMES ... February 4, 1951

"...deftly plotted, beautifully written, characterized by protagonists who are intensely real. There is no writer quite like Ray Bradbury."

From THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE ... July 28, 1951

"... deserves special attention ... stories memorable not only for the ideas they embody but also for their legitimate human values."

From THRILLING WONDER STORIES ... August, 1951

"... top-flight Bradbury ... well-stocked with delicacy, savage bite, and the author's unique brand of word painting..."

# THIS

# MONSTER

## BRADBURY



By SAM SACKETT

Of the current crop of science-fiction authors, Ray Bradbury is one who has perhaps more chance than any other of escaping the stigma which attaches itself to the practitioners of his art and achieving admission to that small band of writers whose works and names have outlived their own lifetimes. That a stigma may prevent him from wide recognition during his own lifetime is ironical; for the brand that Bradbury wears emblazoned on his brow like that of Cain is "Science," and probably there is no person writing in our language who is more aware than he of the puerilities of the space opera and also of the dangers of over-technology.

A strong enough personality can override the obstacle of being typed as science-fiction, just as Shakespeare's personality was strong enough to overcome the stigma of having written in *HAMLET* a revenge play - and *HAMLET* conforms much more to the revenge pattern than Bradbury's does to the formula of the pulp science-fiction story. Whether or not Bradbury can, as Christopher Isherwood and other critics seem to think, leap over the wall that at present segregates him from the other major modern American writers is still unknown. One auspicious augury is that *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* was listed by College English, the official publication of the National Council of Teachers of English, College Section, as one of the six best books of short stories published in 1950. To be sure, it was on the bottom of the list; but the other five included volumes by Wallace Stegner, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and William Faulkner. There is ever likelihood that, before too long, it will be recognized by students of contemporary literature that Bradbury's subject matter does not bar him from serious consideration any more than did that of Poe and Bierce bar them.

Of course, Bradbury had the misfortune of not having been in the war. All the writers that are being fussed over now - - Norman Mailer, Irwin Shaw, John Horne Burns - - have written war novels. The fascination of critics with war novels is more than likely a fad which will wear off in time, and then Bradbury will be able to achieve the general critical acclaim which he has already earned. Certainly the author of *THE LONG YEARS*, which gained special commendation in the College English article, can stand comparison of his work with any other short story written in the English language.

That all of Bradbury's endeavors so far have been in the short story is another obstacle for him to overcome. This is an age of the novel. It is both a strength and a weakness not to write novels: a good writer has no need of a novel to say what he can say in five thousand words, but a good writer also should be able to have the emotional intensity and stamina to sustain his materials for the longer form. In *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* Bradbury has written as close an approach to a novel as Burns did in *THE GALLERY*. But he has surpassed Burns both in the excellence of such stories as *AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT* and *THE LONG YEARS* and in the unity and force of the whole collection. He still needs to show that he can equal the beautiful performance of Irwin Shaw in *THE YOUNG LIONS* as he has that of Shaw in *DRY ROCK*, a short story. The novel will be Bradbury's real proving ground.

Part of the reason for my confidence that Bradbury will succeed in becoming as well known to critics as he is to science-fiction fans -

and as highly regarded -- is that Bradbury is a writer with something forceful to say. He is a commentator on our life and customs, and his observations have led him to put his finger on certain of the weak points in our culture in stories whose remarks are as accurate as they are shrewd. He is able to say to the audience of the mass communication media, by means of the mass communication media, "Here is what is wrong with the mass communication media by which I reach you, and here is what is wrong with you and all your cherished ideas and fondest beliefs." And, he is able to be right about it! That is, I think, the highest achievement in modern literature -- because no one else who holds unpopular ideas that I can think of has been able to reach the popular audience in the same way Bradbury has. Bradbury is our literature's fiercest advocate for the arts and humanities as opposed to sterile technology. He realizes the importance of the land more than any of his contemporaries except Steinbeck. He is aware of the evils in over-ritualized religion; that the object of worship will be lost in a blind obedience to rules. Besides these social problems he is aware of the effect of a mechanistic, materialistic culture on the human being.

But Bradbury is more than a commentator on our life and customs; he is a good writer. He is a technician in the short story, a master of his chosen form. No one observes more nicely the rules of proportion than he; few are as adept at arousing emotion at the right moments. Like Irwin Shaw, he is perhaps less concerned with the individual in his characters than with the whole of humanity; in this respect he stands at the opposite pole from the particularization of Norman Mailer. (None of the new writers, with the possible exception of Alfred Hayes, has the Steinbeck knack of being able to make a character vivid and memorable for himself, like a human being. Bradbury has come nearest the creation of human beings in Jeff Spender and in Hathaway; but even these have much of the abstraction in them. That he can create a Jeff Spender in a short story, though, is a good sign that he may be able to create living characters of real clarity and distinction in a novel.)

For a full appreciation of Bradbury's style his stories must be read aloud. Read aloud, they display a euphony which is the equal of any modern author's. But their euphony is not such that diction is sacrificed to sound, as too often is the case; Bradbury is always careful to use the exact word. This is the more remarkable because his sentences are vibrant with emotional warmth; and often this romantic emotionalism leads to excesses, to piling Ossa on Pelion for extravagant effect, without too much regard for care and precision in the selection of words. Bradbury has found a particularly happy compromise in this regard. Bradbury's *THE FIREMAN*, his longest work to date, certainly is full of his virtues. Unfortunately, it is also full of his faults. It was written too angrily to be thoroughly coherent; it is too didactic; it is frequently not so much a story as a tract or a sermon. There is a sacrifice of clear insight into character for clear insight into social conditions. All these infirmities add up to the same thing in the end; a preoccupation with material which is basically intractable to the short story form (or any fiction form at all, for that matter) and may, in the final telling, be the rock on which Bradbury's ship may break.

Most of the early Bradbury stories -- such as those collected in *DARK CARNIVAL* were exercises in creating a mood of horror. Most of them were eminently successful. For that reason it was with considerable trepidation that my wife and I learned, one evening at Forry Ackerman's apartment, that Ray Bradbury was going to drop in and that we could meet him if we remained a little longer. We remained, of course.

And we were surprised.

There is nothing of the dark or sinister about Bradbury. Nobody more light and ebullient can be imagined. He smiles frequently, talks rapidly and enthusiastically, and is unusually friendly and polite. He talks considerably, and he talks very well. Unlike many lengthy conversationalists, what Bradbury has to say is always interesting in

itself and entertainingly said. He has blond hair, although it photographs dark. He is addicted to colorful bow ties. He is not very old anyway - - in his early thirties, I suppose - - but he seems younger in the very best way.

By the age of thirty many men are serious, sober, tied down to routines and responsibilities, and as dead-on-their-feet as if they were already fifty. By comparison, Bradbury is positively effervescent. He is light-hearted and cheerful; and, instead of having fallen prey to the twentieth-century sophistication (or weltschmerz), he is capable of finding delight in very simple and unsophisticated things. He found particular delight in Wendy Ackerman's toll-house cookies, which, as I discovered when I could wrest them away from Ray, were quite delicious.

That night he had finished the rough draft of THE WINDOW - the idea came to him as he was writing a letter to a friend he had met in Mexico - - and he told us the story. Ray tells a story beautifully and would have made a good actor; perhaps he should tell his stories over the radio to increase his income, now that he has two children. The story he told was much better than the story that finally appeared in Collier's; I think his voice and enthusiastic delivery invested the yarn with an emotional intensity and power that the cold black words on the printed page had lost in the translation.

I have the impression that Bradbury looks upon himself as an entertainer. He regards his function to be one of pleasing his public - - and his recent selection as top-ranking science-fiction author by the National Fantasy Fan Federation should be proof that he succeeds in his function. For that reason, he is always interested to have comments from any of his audience and enjoys contacts with them. Fame certainly has not made him blasé, and I doubt that it ever could; he is basically too unspoiled to let the plaudits of the multitude set his head swimming. He gets a kick out of his popularity and enjoys being asked for his autograph, as I have noticed at fan conventions which he has attended. His sincere delight at being a celebrity is part of that naivete which is so charming - - and so striking when contrasted to the affected indifference of many famous people.

And this naivete I have mentioned is part of his success as a writer, too. Bradbury can write about human beings realistically because he still reacts to praise and toll-house cookies like a human being, not like a sophisticate. He has not lost his humanity as he has grown to thirty years and considerable success and acclaim. Therein probably lies his greatness, both as a man and as a writer.





# PORTRAIT OF A WRITER

By **WILLIAM F. NOLAN**

There is a shining light illuminating the field of literate fantasy in our decade. It emanates from the work of a young man whose name is rapidly becoming synonymous with the re-birth of the short story as an art form in America; who has, in less than a dozen years, achieved nation-wide recognition for his particular genius in both the fields of fantasy and realistic fiction. Of a uniform and consistently high quality, the short stories of Ray Bradbury have seen publication in every market from obscure and short-lived literary journals through almost every slick and pulp magazine. He is the man who cracked the ivory tower of *MADEMOISELLE* with a vampire story, gained a coveted admittance to *HARPERS* with a psychological fantasy, and stormed the portals of *COLLIERS* and *POST* with science fiction.

His second published book, *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*, drew the admiring praise of such well-known critics as Christopher Isherwood who termed Bradbury "a writer of great and unusual talent." Other reviewers have actually placed him on an equal footing with Guy de Maupassant and Edgar Allan Poe, and he has been referred to as "the greatest original writer the fantasy field has produced in modern times." Naturally there are those who do not agree with such all-inclusive statements, yet any who read Ray Bradbury, whether or not they see eye to eye with his convictions, will have to admit that here is a writer with something to say - the will and the talent to say it, and the integrity to back it up. Integrity. That word means everything to Bradbury. To maintain it in his work has cost him years of steady rejections, uncountable days of discouragement, and anguishing periods of uncertainty. But it has paid off in a rich dividend. It has paid off in the emergence of an intensely fresh and original style, in the acclaim of an ever-increasing segment of the reading public eager for something more to chew on than the vanilla pudding published in the slicks, and in Ray's own personal satisfaction that he is always, for any market, doing the best writing of which he is capable, and saying the things he wants to say in the way he wants to say them.

To Bradbury each new story he writes represents a fresh challenge, - a new experiment in the imaginative. Strong emotion and conflict are present, while poetic descriptions shimmer from the page. Yet basic simplicity in theme and idea is the keynote of his work. He believes in the utilization of the commonplace everyday things around us, which offer an abundance of plot material which all too many writers fail to examine - the usual turned unusual. Around a strong, direct foundation he builds mood and color and action - until the original theme, (many times hoary with age) revamped by his style and imagination, becomes a completely fresh reading experience.

His stories are, in most cases, briefly told with a quiet intensity which immediately carries the reader into the very heart of chillingly believable situations faced by the characters. Dialogue and description are balanced, one upon the other, to lend a subtle contrast to the whole. The climax is reached with unexpected suddenness, and the narrative is brought to a swift termination.

Despite the smooth delivery of the final product here is no helter-skelter plunge into writing on Bradbury's part. Before that shining, neat, beribboned package is presented to the public it has been wrapped and rewrapped, shuffled and changed, polished and tightened. Whether one page or twenty-one it is the best Bradbury can deliver at the time - and the spike-tailed self critic that dwells in his typewriter is no easy chap to please!

I personally know of one short story Ray has been at work on, at odd times now and again, for over five years. He may finish the last rewrite job on it tomorrow or ten years from now! He has nearly half a thousand partially written ideas, plots, and stories kicking around in his studio and he is constantly inventing new ones.

His work reveals him as a mixture of the man and the child. But this is not to say that he is an adolescent - not any more so than a great number of intelligent thinking adults. We grow to maturity so fast in this quick and hurrying world that the few really important attributes of childhood are all too often lost in the shuffle. A child is not afraid to release intense emotion; he is capable of a wonderful sense of clarity about many things which are ignored by the cynical life-hardened adult. The child's imagination is not fitted and set and molded by the constricting bonds of life's reality. Ray Bradbury has managed to retain the clarity, the emotion, the unleashed imagination of his childhood, and add to it the objective outlook and philosophical balance of the mature adult.

He delights in the creation of incredibly advanced electrical houses which cook their own meals and sing nursery rhymes to themselves and show ever-changing pictures on their walls; of tiny mechanical mice with minds of their own; of fragile golden insects capable of spinning artificial webs of thinnest silver. He re-creates the fairy tale of childhood and embellishes it with the perspective of mature adulthood.

But with all of this he is a bitter young man with no false illusions about the world we live in. With a coldly detached and discerning eye he dissects his neighbor - strips bare the frailties, the fears, the weaknesses, of a gadget-loving everybody-going-nowhere-fast people. Like the late George Orwell he pulls no punches, but hits us where we live - in the synthetic unreality of a movie house, in the silvered reflection of our television sets. With savage, biting slashes he drives home his rage. Few modern classics of our time carry more raw impact than *WAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR*, or sharper satire than *THE FIREMAN*.

On Mars he carefully fashioned his own personal utopia - his literary Shangri La, containing jewelled and delicate cities inhabited by a lithe and golden-eyed race of Martians, who lived in the constant beauty of murmuring fountains and books which sang to them - lovers of fine arts and rich music - philosophers and dreamers who dwelled in peace and contentment along the quiet canals. And as thoroughly as he had built Bradbury destroyed. The silver locusts - man in his rockets - came down from the skies and laid Mars to waste under their feet. In reading *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* we are struck with the truth and beauty man might well achieve, yet blindly scorns for thoughts of power and war. In the creation of Mars Bradbury shows us what we could be, and in its destruction what we actually are. His Martians are a well-adjusted and quietly happy people - etched in sharp relief against the neurotic and commercial earth invaders. It is not a pleasant book in many ways, but it is a thought-provoking and very brilliantly conceived job of writing.

I hope I have not created the impression of a grumbling defeatist who sees in writing merely the best way to give vent to his anger with mankind. For, of course, this is far from the fact. Bradbury can see the worth as well as the shallowness of living, and his sense of humor - the ability to "laugh while crying" - is acute, and put to frequent use in most of his stories. He has a great fondness for the things most of us tend to take a little too much for granted - the simple greenness of the grass, the sun on a crisp summer day, the way a beach can look at sundown. It is in this final awareness, this essential humanness, in the ability to temper the sorrow with the joy that he emerges as the fully three-dimensional creative artist that he is.

To borrow from Dorothy Baker - he is the "Young Man With a Horn." His horn is the realm of fine storytelling and his notes are pure and clear and brilliant, and descend on a multitude of ears. Let us hope he continues to play for us.

## PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

A well-known nursery rhyme as told by

"Ray Dingleberry" \*

"Margaret," he called.

Silence.

"Margaret!"

Still no reply.

Peter muttered under his breath, snarling. He slammed shut the front door and went into the kitchen. He filled the coffee-pot with water and set it on the stove, burner on high.

Soon the water was boiling. He put two tablespoons of instant coffee in his cup and poured in the hot water, stirring slowly. As he did so his glance wandered out the back window to his neglected garden. There, amidst the weeds and greenery, stood a giant pumpkin fully four feet in height.

"My God!" he whispered. He looked at it, thinking, planning. Suddenly he dashed out the back door to the garden, laughing wildly.

\* \* \*

Late that evening his masterpiece was completed. The pumpkin shell hung just above the front door. Everything was mechanically perfect. When Margaret walked in unsuspecting . . . .

He sat in the front room and grimly waited. At two in the morning she came home. He smiled as the huge shell dropped over her. His smile broadened as her screams and poundings died out . . . . He could visualize the hypodermic needle emptying every drop of the colored fluid into her thorax, numbing her entire body.

"Listen, Margaret," he said, "if I can't keep you any other way - this will have to do."

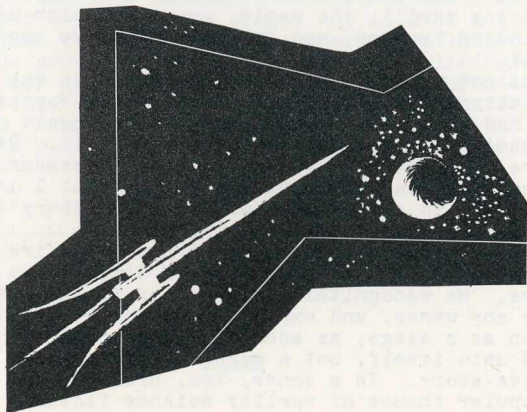
With great effort he dragged the shell into the kitchen and pumped it full of formaldehyde.

He patted the last shovelfull of earth on his pumpkinshell, wife and all. And as he did so he looked triumphantly into the sky in time to see the Martian Express streak across the horizon.

On the Express, a woman was embracing her lover. As she turned to look out the port for the last glimpse of the diminishing earth, she sighed. "It took a long time," she smiled, "to save up for Marionettes, Inc. - but it was worth it."

And if Peter had put his ear to the ground over the weird coffin and remained extremely quite, he would have heard a faint ticking . . . .

\* A satire written by Retlaw Snevets



# Ray Bradbury



BY CHAD OLIVER

"It is good to renew one's wonder," said the paraphrased philosopher. "Ray Bradbury has again made children of us all."

\*\*\*\*\*

In writing about Ray Bradbury, it seems to me, the chief pitfall to be avoided is that of going off the deep end. In Bradbury's case, this is all the more difficult because it is by no means easy to tell where this aforementioned deep end starts and deserved credit ends. Ray Bradbury is such a superlatively good writer, and most of us are so grateful to him for what he has done for science fiction literature, that we tend to become critically blinded by the halo of his brilliance. I feel certain that Ray himself would be the first to admit that his work is not perfect, and this should cause no undue alarm. Neither, after all, was Mr. Shakespeare's.

Let me declare myself at the outset as a fervent admirer of Ray Bradbury's. The little quotation beginning this article may have its tongue in its cheek a trifle, but in spirit it precisely reflects my feelings toward Bradbury's work. We all remember, I'm sure, the tremendous thrill and excitement we derived from our reading when we were very young, when every story was a real and challenging adventure into the unknown, when we had yet to burden ourselves with the nagging knowledge that certain things were trite and certain others merely trash. We grow older, some of us, and fondly believe that we grow wiser. At any rate, we change and such critical apparatus as we possess goes into action. We read too much and relate it to experiences of our own. Some of us go on to become writers ourselves, and the old magic resolves itself into unromantic plots and themes and word lengths and characterizations. We read with a jaded eye. But not when we read Ray Bradbury. Then, again, the old spark, the thrill, the magic, are still with us. Our sense of wonder is indeed renewed, and for this alone we should be boundlessly grateful.

But let us not permit ourselves to founder in the Sea of Critical Generalizations, that Sargasso of the Windy Worshipper. I have recently had occasion, in writing an M.A. thesis on science fiction, to examine Bradbury's work in some detail. Perhaps some of you might be interested in my conclusions, necessarily condensed as they must be, and bearing in mind the fact that I do not consider myself competent to criticize a writer of Bradbury's stature -- but am perverse enough to try it anyhow.

Ray Bradbury, in my opinion, was perhaps the first major science fiction writer to use science fiction simply as a springboard for his stories. He recognized that science fiction is a literary technique like any other, and exploited it fully. Bradbury used science fiction as a stage, as scenery and props -- in his hands, it was not an end unto itself, but a means to an end, the end of telling an effective story. In a sense, too, Bradbury was a reaction against the popular themes of earlier science fiction, just as



Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Wolfe, and others, were reactions against much of the cloying drivel which had preceded them. Bradbury was far from certain about the joys of science, future or otherwise, and he spoke out against a blind devotion to the new false god. Bradbury believed in emotional values such as love and kindness and beauty, and felt that science was a poor substitute for what it was grinding under its heel. Bradbury's faith in the essential dignity of the common man prevented him from falling into the hopelessness of T. S. Eliot, but he is nonetheless a religious man and there are echoes of "The Waste Land" and "The Hollow Men" in his work. It is interesting to note how many of Bradbury's stories are reversals of earlier ones - the men from Earth invading Mars, the last man alone with a last woman who is so ghastly that he prefers to be alone, the gadget-gods washed away forever in "There Will Come Soft Rains."

It may seem to the reader that I am completely carried away by Ray Bradbury, and so I am - carried away by the sheer skill of his writing, with its sensitive word sense, its feel for mood and color, its irony and bitterness and humor. His sympathy for and understanding of human beings put his stories in a class by themselves. To be sure, his somewhat arty vignettes of late, and his old ladies trying to find God in a rocketship, are a trifle trying - but any writer must be judged by his best, not his worst. And we must not forget that Ray Bradbury is writing about us, regardless of whether his locale is called Mars, or Venus, or the Fiftieth Dimension. As a Martian Chronicler, he is telling us stories about ourselves; we are the Martians, as Bradbury takes pains to make clear. Therefore I feel that it is important to realize that the "Firemen" may come, as Bradbury suggests, to burn our books and stifle our loves - but they will not come from the house of science.

Perhaps it will not be unfitting to close with a simple thank you - a sincere expression of gratitude to Ray Bradbury for shooting for the stars, often hitting them, and keeping his standards and his integrity high. He has been more than just a writer - Ray Bradbury has been an inspiration to us all.

\* \* \* \*

#### BRADBURYANA

What do you think of Bradbury? Do you think he is the greatest stf writer of our times? My idea of a typical Bradbury yarn is this: a group of earthmen land on Mars and go around knocking down fragile buildings and throwing beer cans about. When they get ready to leave, they find that the Martians have sold their space ship for scrap. "This is it," says Joe. "Yes, it is," says Bill. "I'm getting out of here," says Hemmingway.

- Calr

The often brilliant and sometimes eccentric Ray Bradbury is on his way to being one of the finest writers in America. Of all the writers that have emerged from the last decade, Mr. Bradbury seems to be the most promising.

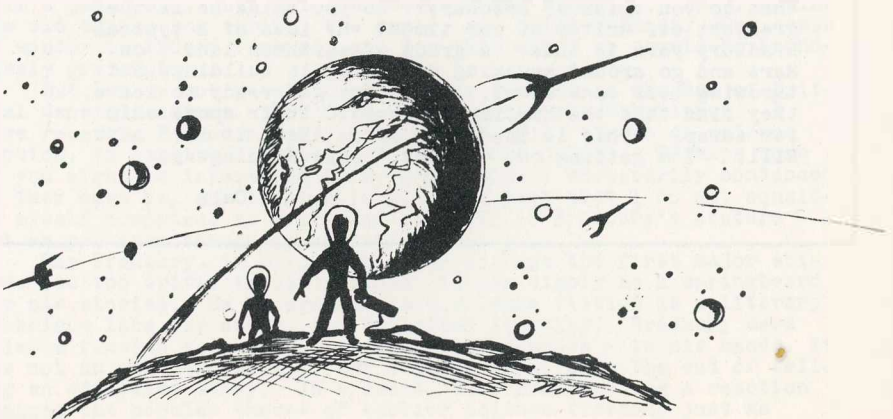
His material is definitely his own. He writes with no formula set before him since he has taken the extraordinary, the original, the unique as basis for his writing. The quality of his art is that from the grotesque and unreal he creates stories which make amazingly accurate comments on man, the universe and society in general.

His works may be divided, quite distinctly, into three categories - personal reminiscences, "single effect" mood pieces, and stories in which he demonstrates that he is a careful and severe critic of machine civilization and anti-spiritual values.

A remarkable stylist, possessing a sensitive talent for the beauty of words, and moved by the unusual he is apt and often satirically penetrating in his attempts to represent the time and phase of future ages. His prose is always readable, frequently poetic in concept and language.

Mr. Bradbury's particular and peculiar talent, however, lies not so much in his creative imagination (which is considerable) as in his proven ability to stretch the familiar elements of literary devices far beyond their normal point of effect. For this reason his stories require more elaborate preparation and a more perfect use of the language. At that they remain, to the last line, in a precarious state of balance. When they come off they give, by virtue of their unusually high intensity, an impression of great brilliance and power; when they fail - when something in their balance goes wrong or the original thought proves to have been unsound - they provoke, among his readers, a particularly violent reaction of unease and revulsion. Mr. Bradbury's flops are, therefore, more disastrous than those of other writers. This, in part, accounts for the rather diverse opinions on his work.

Bradbury's potential greatness, as brought out in his writings to date, is evident. Whether it will ever be fully realized in a major work, remains to be seen.



# Where Do You Get Your Ideas?

Ray Bradbury

That's a question that is asked more frequently of science-fiction authors, perhaps, than any other breed of writer. The answers to it are numberless, and depend on the weather, the time, the place, and the typewriter. Many science-fiction writers get their ideas, I have no doubt, while reading the "Scientific American". I get mine while studying people. And since the only person in the world that I know half well at all is myself, I suppose my ideas spring from my own inhibitions, prejudices, hates, and loves. One is not very old before one realizes how alone one is in the world. It seems to be a continuing complaint of mankind, that he has been lonely, is either in the process of becoming lonely, or is terribly, awfully lonely, sometimes in the midst of good friends, a wife, and children. This feeling of separateness, which we all try to bridge with our marriages or our friendships, seems to account for a good percentage of our laws, art, entertainments, squabbles and murders. We realize all too well how fleeting is our time on Earth, how fragile our relationships, and how we must, in the end, face the unknown single-handed, with only the reserves of courage and good sense we have gathered about us on our brief journey through life. What else is religion but a seeking for unity and purpose in our universe, a putting away of loneliness by feeling a part of a great and good thing? So I imagine you would say that the people in many of my stories, without my even knowing it or thinking much about it, save subconsciously, are lonely people.

This is quite evident in my first book, DARK CARNIVAL. What else is Timothy but a lonely boy, in the story HOMECOMING, whom no one understands, who is separate and apart. What else is the hero of SKELETON but a lonely walled-off and separate man? And what of Charlie in THE JAR, whose wife is carrying on a love affair with another man? Poor, lonely, Charlie! And again in THE LAKE, a man happy in his new marriage, is suddenly separate from his wife by an incident on a lake-shore, twenty years later, and his life is changed and made separate by that instant of discovering an old love that has not changed down the years. In THE TRAVELER, a man, having separated himself from the world by his wickedness now tries, too late, to rejoin the community of relatives. In THE NIGHT, a small boy discovers the dark world of stars and terror and his essential helplessness, his mother's helplessness, in this strange world. Again and again the unconscious theme recurs in my stories, their psychology is of a piece. In THE NEXT IN LINE, a woman is terrified at the remoteness of Mexico. In UNCLE ENIR, the man with the wings is divided from the normal world by his wonderful pinions, with which he can no longer fly.

How interesting it is for me to discover these things about my own stories, for it was only in sitting down to write this article that it became clear. Passing from my weird stories over into science-fiction, we find the psychological aura of loneliness repeated again and again. It would be interesting to know how many thousands of books and stories have been written utilizing the loneliness of mankind. Perhaps it is the mainspring of all writing, for conflict arises when something is wanted very much by a character, and when the other characters, or the world, do not wish him to have it. Perhaps I have emphasized this loneliness more than a few other writers, but in the end, we have all been

saying the same thing, with varying degrees of emphasis: we are born, we are here for an instant, the instant is silly and sublime, we are lonely much of the time, and we die; drink quickly the Inn-keeper is rapping for his money.

Doubleday & Company, on May 4th of last year, published my book, THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. It tells of the first colonizations and the last colonizations of the planet Mars. Here is loneliness squared! Think of it! Being 60 to 100 million miles from home, from Earth, on some terrible cold planet you don't really give a damn about. Your friends and relatives, your wives and daughters and sons living on an improbable planet called Earth, while you are far away during all of their festive seasons, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, building a new world on Mars. It doesn't sound much like fun, does it? It won't be. One of the first problems to be faced by the first pioneers into space will come right on the tail of scientific experimentation: what to do about the crushing realization of how far away the sane, familiar, Earth is, the neurotic loneliness that will overcome all but the most stolid traveler to far worlds. Bright colors, music, group spirit, sports, a million diversions will help somewhat. But every man sleeps alone his dreams at night.

These are the people THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES are about, the lonely and separated men of the year 2000 who stand on Earth and wish they were on Mars, that frontier in the sky. Those who stand on Mars, a paradox, and long for Earth. The Chronicles is full of lonely people, and yet is not without humor, arising from my anger, at times, with censorship, red-tape, militarism. Sometimes a story can be a release valve for a writer's rage and contempt for certain persons, as in my story USHERII, where I take the greatest pleasure in destroying a bunch of fools and simpletons who believe that censorship is the answer to group protection in a democracy. So the CHRONICLES, as well as DARK CARNIVAL, grew from diverse emotions and well-springs, from a sensing of loneliness, and a sense of outrage. There is no time for me now to go into it further. I wish there were. But my work limits me, and so, with half the thinking done, I must stop.

\* \* \* \* \*

COMING! COMING! COMING!

The BIG 1952 WESTERCON with Ray Bradbury as special Guest of Honor.

PLACE - California's famous and fabulous U. S. Grant Hotel in the heart of downtown San Diego.

DATE - June 28 and 29, 1952.

We are making preparations for half a thousand science-fiction readers, fans, editors and authors, and we want you to attend! We'll guarantee this the biggest and best WESTERCON ever held!

Register now, by sending \$1.00 to THE SAN DIEGO SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY, c/o of this Magazine.

Thanks - You won't be sorry!



A NOTE TO THE CRITICS    by IAN MACAULEY

The very essence of Ray Bradbury's writing is fantasy combined with human realism. He carefully avoids any scientific explanations in his work. But, strangely enough, this has not hampered him from becoming one of the most famous writers in the field of science-fiction today.

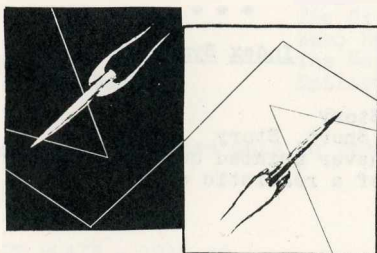
Some died-in-the-wool s.f. fans have complained of this success, claiming that Bradbury's work does not belong in science-fiction because it lacks a background of "true" science. Yet, they fail to see that a good story does not have to contain technical scientific terms to qualify as modern science-fiction. Placing science-fiction within such strict limits is out-dated thinking.

There are a number of readers in the field who simply cannot enjoy any story in the field unless it contains a full quota of scientific jargon. In that case let them seek elsewhere - for Bradbury writes humanity not gadgetry.

Bradbury is accused of excessive repetition. It is true that he has, on several occasions, chosen to develop a single theme in its entirety through a number of different stories. This is not only permissible, but nearly every leading artist - musician, poet, painter - has done likewise with favorite themes.

He has been called over-sentimental. Bradbury is an emotionalist. He uses emotion to build character and mood. We are, all of us, sentimentalists in some degree whether we admit it or not. Therefore, we are closer to Bradbury's characters for the very reason that he is sentimental and nostalgic. His characters are human beings rather than story-puppets and in their emotions we see the reflection of our own.

Ray Bradbury is pointing the way toward entirely new and untried concepts in imaginative literature. He is to be congratulated for the integrity and human understanding embodied in everything he writes.



# Ray Bradbury

## ~ INDEX ~

Assembled and arranged by W. F. Nolan under the following general headings:

PUBLISHED BOOKS

ORIGINAL STORIES IN U. S. MAGAZINES

RADIO AND TELEVISION ADAPTATIONS

ARTICLES

ANTHOLOGIES

REPRINTS

SCHEDULED STORIES

INDEX ADDENDA AND TOTALS

\* \* \*

### Index Symbols

- s.s. - Short Story
- s.s.s. - Short, Short, Story
- : - Story never printed outside book form in U. S.
- \* - Story of a realistic or non-fantasy nature.

THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

PUBLISHED BOOKS

DARK CARNIVAL - Arkham House, 1947 - 313 pages (limited to 3000)

The Homecoming	Interim
Skeleton	Jack-In-the-Box
The Jar	The Scythe
The Lake	Let's play "Poison"
:The Maiden	:Uncle Einar
The Tombstone	The Wind
The Smiling People	The Night
The Emissary	There Was an Old Woman
The Traveler	The Dead Man
The Small Assassin	The Man Upstairs
The Crowd	:The Night Sets
Reunion	Cistern
The Handler	:The Next in Line
The Coffin	

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES - Doubleday, 1950 - 222 pages

(Note: Titles underlined indicate interim bits and bridge passages.)

<u>Rocket Summer</u>	<u>The Musicians</u>
<u>Ylla</u>	Way in the Middle of the Air
The Summer Night	<u>The Naming of Names</u>
The Earth Men	Usher II
<u>The Taxpayer</u>	<u>The Old Ones</u>
The Third Expedition	The Martian
And the Moon Be Still As Bright	<u>The Luggage Store</u>
<u>The Settlers</u>	The Off Season
:The Green Morning	<u>The Watchers</u>
<u>The Locusts</u>	The Silent Towns
:Night Meeting	The Long Years
<u>The Shore</u>	There Will Come Soft Rains
<u>Interim</u>	The Million Year Picnic

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN - Doubleday, 1951 - 252 pages

:Prologue - <u>The Illustrated Man</u>	The Exiles
The Veldt	:No Particular Night or Morning
Kaleidoscope	The Fox and the Forest
The Other Foot	The Visitor
The Highway	The Concrete Mixer
The Man	Marionettes Inc.
The Long Rain	The City
The Rocket Man	Zero Hour
The Fire Balloons	The Rocket
The Last Night of the World	Epilogue -( <u>Ill. Man</u> completed)

Note: Two other items were published only in book format.

From NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME

:Here There Be Tygers

From THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS - 1947-48

:The Meadow

: - indicates story never printed outside book format in U. S.

# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## ORIGINAL STORIES IN U.S. MAGAZINES

### The Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazines

#### AMAZING STORIES

I, Rocket	s.s.	- May	1944
Undersea Guardians	s.s.	- December	1944
Final Victim (with Henry Hasse)	s.s.	- February	1946
Chrysalis	s.s.	- July	1946

#### ASTONISHING STORIES

Subterfuge	s.s.	- April	1943
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#### ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION

Eat, Drink, and be Wary	s.s.s.-	July	1942
Doodad	s.s.	- September	1943
And Watch the Fountains	s.s.s.-	September	1943

#### CAPTAIN FUTURE

Gabriel's Horn (with Henry Hasse)	s.s.	- Spring	1943
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#### FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

King of the Gray Spaces	s.s.	- December	1943
The Women	s.s.	- October	1948

#### FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

Tomorrow and Tomorrow	s.s.	- May	1947
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#### FANTASY AND SCIENCE-FICTION

The Exiles	s.s.	-Winter-Spring	1950
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#### GALAXY

The Fireman	short novel	- February	1951
A Little Journey	s.s.	- August	1951

#### IMAGINATION

In This Sign	s.s.	- April	1951
(The Fire Balloons from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)			

#### MARVEL SCIENCE-FICTION

Embroidery	s.s.s.-	November	1951
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# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## The Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazines - (Cont.)

### OTHER WORLDS

Punishment Without Crime	s.s.	- March	1950
Way in the Middle of the Air	s.s.	- July	1950

### PLANET STORIES

The Monster Maker	s.s.	- Spring	1944
Morgue Ship	s.s.	- Summer	1944
Lazarus, Come Forth	s.s.	- Winter	1944
Defense Mech	s.s.	- Spring	1946
Lorelei of the Red Mist (with Leigh Brackett)	short novel	- Summer	1946
The Million Year Picnic	s.s.	- Summer	1946
The Creatures That Time Forgot	novelet	- Fall	1946
Rocket Summer	s.s.	- Spring	1947
Zero Hour	s.s.	- Fall	1947
Jonah of the Jove Run	s.s.	- Spring	1948
Pillar of Fire	novelet	- Summer	1948
Mars is Heaven (The Third Expedition from THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES)	s.s.	- Fall	1948
Asleep in Armageddon	s.s.	- Winter	1948
Dwellers in Silence (The Long Years from THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES)	s.s.	- Spring	1949
Forever and the Earth	s.s.	- Spring	1950
Death-By-Rain (The Long Rain from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)	s.s.	- Summer	1950
Death Wish	s.s.	- Fall	1950

### STARTLING STORIES

The Visitor	s.s.	- November	1948
Marionettes Inc.	s.s.s.	- March	1949
The Lonely Ones	s.s.	- July	1949
Purpose (The City from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)	s.s.	- July	1950

### SUPER SCIENCE STORIES

Pendulum (with Henry Hasse)	s.s.	- November	1941
The Silence	s.s.s.	- January	1949
I, Mars	s.s.	- April	1949
Changeling	s.s.	- July	1949
Impossible (The Martian from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)	s.s.	- November	1949
Outcast of the Stars (The Rocket from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)	s.s.	- March	1950

### THRILLING WONDER STORIES

The Piper	s.s.	- February	1943
Promotion to Satellite	s.s.	- Fall	1943
Rocket Skin	s.s.	- Spring	1946
The Irritated People	s.s.	- December	1947
The Shape of Things	s.s.	- February	1948
And the Moon Be Still As Bright	novelet	- June	1948
The Earth Men	s.s.	- August	1948
The Square Pegs	s.s.	- October	1948

# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## The Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazines - (Cont.)

### THRILLING WONDER STORIES (Cont.)

Referent (as "Brett Sterling")	s.s.s.-	October	1948
The Off Season	s.s.	- December	1948
The Man	s.s.	- February	1949
The Concrete Mixer	novelet-	April	1949
The Naming of Names	s.s.	- August	1949
Kaleidoscope	s.s.	- October	1949
A Blade of Grass	s.s.s.-	December	1949
Payment in Full	s.s.s.-	February	1950
Carnival of Madness	s.s.	- April	1950
(Usher II from THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES)			

### WEIRD TALES

The Candle	s.s.	- November	1942
The Wind	s.s.	- March	1943
The Crowd	s.s.	- May	1943
The Scythe	s.s.	- July	1943
The Ducker	s.s.	- November	1943
The Sea Shell	s.s.s.-	January	1944
*Reunion	s.s.	- March	1944
The Lake	s.s.	- May	1944
There Was an Old Woman	s.s.	- July	1944
Bang! You're Dead!	s.s.	- September	1944
The Jar	s.s.	- November	1944
The Poems	s.s.	- January	1945
The Tombstone	s.s.	- March	1945
The Watchers	s.s.	- May	1945
The Dead Man	s.s.	- July	1945
Skeleton	s.s.	- September	1945
The Traveler	s.s.	- March	1946
*The Smiling People	s.s.	- May	1946
*The Night	s.s.	- July	1946
Let's Play "Poison"	s.s.	- November	1946
The Handler	s.s.	- January	1947
Interim	s.s.s.-	July	1947
*The October Game	s.s.s.-	March	1948
The Black Ferris	s.s.s.-	May	1948
Fever Dream	s.s.s.-	September	1948

## Detective Story Magazines

### DETECTIVE BOOK MAGAZINE

*Touch and Go	s.s.	- Sept. - Nov.	1948
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### DETECTIVE FICTION

*Yesterday I Lived	s.s.	- August	1944
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### DETECTIVE TALES

*Killer, Come Back to Me	s.s.	- July	1944
*The Trunk Lady	s.s.	- September	1944
*Half-Pint Homicide	s.s.s.-	November	1944
*Four-Way Funeral	s.s.s.-	December	1944
*I'm Not So Dumb	s.s.s.-	February	1945

# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## Detective Story Magazines - (Cont.)

### DIME MYSTERY

*It Burns Me Up	s.s.s.-	November	1944
*Dead Men Rise Up Never	s.s.	- July	1945
*Corpse-Carnival (as "D. R. Banet")	s.s.	- July	1945
*The Long Way Home	s.s.	- November	1945
The Small Assassin	s.s.s.-	November	1946
Wake for the Dead	s.s.	- September	1947
(The Coffin from DARK CARNIVAL)			
*The Candy Skull	s.s.	- January	1948

### NEW DETECTIVE

*The Long Night	s.s.	- July	1944
*Hell's Half Hour	s.s.s.-	March	1945
*A Careful Man Dies	s.s.	- November	1946

Fan Magazine - (only one story in the fan-mags belongs  
in the professional category)

### TORQUASION TIMES

The Bonfire	s.s.s.-	Winter	1950-1951
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## Slick-paper Magazines, Journals, and Reviews

### AMERICAN MERCURY

*The Big Black and White Game	s.s.	- August	1945
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### ARKHAM SAMPLER

The Spring Night	s.s.s.-	Winter	1948
(The Summer Night from THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES)			
The One Who Waits	s.s.	- Summer	1949
Holiday	s.s.s.-	Autumn	1949

### THE CALIFORNIAN

Her Eyes, Her Lips, Her Limbs (as "William Elliott")	s.s.s.-	June	1946
*The Electrocutation (as "William Elliott")	s.s.	- August	1946

### CHARM

*The Miracles of Jamie	s.s.	- April	1946
Powerhouse	s.s.	- March	1948
The Silent Towns	novel-	March	1949
*Miss Bidwell	s.s.	- April	1950
*The Season of Sitting	article-	August	1951

### COPY

*The Highway (as "Leonard Spaulding")	s.s.s.-	Spring	1950
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# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## Click-paper Magazines, Journals, and Reviews - (Cont.)

### COLLIER'S

*One Timeless Spring	s.s. - April	13, 1946
There Will Come Soft Rains	s.s.s.- May	6, 1950
To The Future	s.s. May	13, 1950
(The Fox and the Forest from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)		
*The Window	s.s.s.- August	5, 1950
*The Season of Disbelief	s.s. - November	25, 1950
*The Pumpernickel	s.s.s.- May	19, 1951

### EPOCH

Interim	s.s.s.- Fall	1947
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### ESQUIRE

The Illustrated Man	s.s. - July	1950
The Last Night of the World	s.s.s.- February	1951

### HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The Man Upstairs	s.s. - March	1947
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### MADemoiselle

*The Invisible Boy	s.s. - November	1945
The Homecoming	s.s. - October	1946
The Cistern	s.s. - May	1947

### McCALL'S

*The Whole Town's Sleeping	s.s. - September	1950
*These Things Happen	s.s. - May	1951

### NEW STORY

The Other Foot	s.s. - March	1951
The Emissary	s.s. - July	1951

### NEW YORKER

*I See You Never	s.s.s.- November	8, 1947
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### THE REPORTER

The Pedestrian	s.s.s.- August	7, 1951
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### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The World the Children Made	s.s. - September	23, 1950
(The Veldt from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN)		
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms	s.s. - June	23, 1951



# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## Slick-paper Magazines, Journals, and Reviews - (cont.)

### SCRIPT

*It's Not the Heat, It's the Hu-	s.s.s. - November 2, 1940
*Of Callouses and Corns	article- March 8, 1941
*Like It or Lump It	" - June 7, 1941
*To Make a Long Story Much Shorter	s.s.s. - July 5, 1941
*Skeleton	s.s.s. - April 28, 1945
*End of Summer	s.s.s. - September 1948

### SEVENTEEN

*The Great Fire	s.s. - March 1949
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### TODAY (The Philadelphia Enquirer)

*All on a Summer's Night	s.s. - January 22, 1950
*The Screaming Woman	s.s. - May 27, 1951

### TOUCHSTONE

*El Dia de Muerte (The Day of Death)	s.s. - Fall 1947
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## REGARDING A SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX

If this publication is well received, there may be enough interested Bradbury collectors to encourage a release, each January, of a small annual supplementary index of Ray's work. This index would sell for ten cents and list all Bradbury stories printed during the previous year. Let me know what you think of the idea.

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# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

RADIO - (Note: Bradbury has written only one script directly for radio - THE MEADOW. The others are adaptations of his original stories.)

DIMENSION X - NBC (half-hour) Ernest Kinoy or George Lefferts adapted all of Bradbury's stories for this program.

Mars is Heaven (broadcast twice)	1950
There Will Come Soft Rains (broadcast twice)	1950
Zero Hour	1950
To the Future	1950
And the Moon Be Still As Bright	1950
The Martian Chronicles (digest)	1950
The Long Years	1951
Kaleidoscope	1951
The Veldt	1951
Marionettes Inc.	1951

ESCAPE - CBS (half-hour)

Mars is Heaven	1950
The Earth Men	1951

MOLLE MYSTERY THEATRE - ABC (half-hour)

Killer, Come Back to Me (starring Richard Widmark) - 1946

RADIO CITY PLAYHOUSE - NBC (half-hour)

The Wind	1949
The Lake	1949

STORIES BY OLMSTED - NBC (15 minutes)

The Night	1947
One Timeless Spring	1947
Powerhouse	1948
The Miracles of Jamie	1948

SUSPENSE - CBS (half-hour)

Riabouchinska (starring June Havoc)	1947
Note: Adapted from an original Bradbury story which has never been sold to a magazine.	
Summer Night (starring Ida Lupino)	1948
The Screaming Woman (starring Margaret O'Brien)	1948
The Crowd (starring Dana Andrews)	1950

WORLD SECURITY WORKSHOP - ABC

The Meadow (prize-winning play)	1947
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## TELEVISION

Zero Hour	TALES OF TOMORROW	1951
Marionettes Inc.	" "	1951
Forever and the Earth	LIGHTS OUT	1951

# THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

## ARTICLES - by Bradbury (including auto-bio., sketches and Introductions)

### SCRIPT

Of Callouses and Corns	March 8,	1941
Like It or Lump It	June 7,	1941

### WEIRD TALES

Bradbury on a Bat	November	1943
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### PLANET STORIES

Feature Flash on R. Bradbury	Fall	1947
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### WITHOUT SORCERY (the book by Theodore Sturgeon)

Introduction	March	1948
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### MY BEST SCIENCE-FICTION STORY (a published collection)

Why I Selected ZERO HOUR		1949
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### FANSCIENT (an amateur publication)

Author, Author	Winter	1949
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### ETAION SHRDLU (an amateur publication)

Where Do You Get Your Ideas?	April	1950
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### RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST (an amateur publication)

A Few Notes on THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES	May	1950
Acceptance Speech at the Westercon	June	1950

### BOOK NEWS

Where Do I Get My Ideas?	Summer	1950
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### CHARM

The Season of Sitting	August	1951
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### THE OUTER REACHES (a published collection)

Introduction to YLLA	Winter	1951
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## ARTICLES - about Bradbury

### WRITER'S MARKETS AND METHODS

The Market is Not the Story (interview)	March	1948
by R. Walton Willems		

### FANTASY REVIEW (English fan publication)

Fantasy's Prodigy	Summer	1949
by Walt Gillings and Forrest J. Ackerman		

### THE REPORTER

Morals From Mars	June 26,	1951
by Richard Donovan		

### NEW YORK TIMES

A Talk With Mr. Bradbury (interview)	August 5,	1951
by Harvey Breit		

THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

ANTHOLOGIES

HARD-COVER COLLECTIONS - Science-Fiction

STRANGE PORTS OF CALL Edited by August W. Derleth, 1948  
The Million Year Picnic

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1949  
Pillar of Fire  
The Earth Men

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES - 1949 - Ed. by T.E.Dikty and E.F.Bleiler  
Mars is Heaven  
And the Moon Be Still As Bright

THE BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION - Edited by Groff Conklin, 1950  
Forever and the Earth

MY BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORY - Ed. by Leo Margulies and O.Friend, 1950  
Zero Hour

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES - 1950 - Ed. by T.E.Dikty and E.F.Bleiler  
Dwellers in Silence  
The Man

BEYOND TIME AND SPACE - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1950  
The Exiles

POSSIBLE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION - Edited by Groff Conklin, 1951  
Asleep in Armageddon

FAR BOUNDRIES - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1951  
The One Who Waits  
Holiday

ADVENTURES IN TOMORROW - Edited by Ken Crossen, 1951  
There Will Come Soft Rains

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION - Ed. by Donald A. Wollheim, 1951  
King of the Gray Spaces

WORLD OF WONDER - Edited by Fletcher Pratt, 1951  
The Million Year Picnic

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES - 1951- Ed. by T.E.Dikty and E.F.Bleiler  
The Fox in the Forest

THE OUTER REACHES - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1951  
Ylla

NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME - Edited by Raymond J.Healy, 1951  
Here There Be Tygers

TRAVELERS IN SPACE - Edited by Martin Greenburg, 1951  
The Shape of Things



THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

ANTHOLOGIES (cont.)

HARD-COVER COLLECTIONS - Weird

RUE MORGUE #1 - Edited by Rex Stout and Louis Greenfield, 1946  
The Watchers

WHO KNOCKS? - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1946  
The Lake

THE NIGHT SIDE - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1947  
The Smiling People

THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD - Edited by August W. Derleth, 1948  
The Jar

Misc. "Best" Collections

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES - 1946 - Edited by Martha Foley  
The Big Black and White Game

THE O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES -1947- Ed. by Herschel Brickell  
The Homecoming

THE BEST ONE-ACT PLAYS - 1947-48 - Edited by Margaret Mayorga  
The Meadow

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES - 1948 - Edited by Martha Foley  
I See You Never

THE O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES -1948- Ed. by Herschel Brickell  
Powerhouse ( third prize )

THE BEST HUMOR OF 1949-50 - Ed. by L. Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes  
The Great Fire

THE BEST SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES - 1950 - Editors of the POST  
The World the Children Made

PAPER-BACK COLLECTIONS -

REX STOUT'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE - Issue #6 - Ed. by Rex Stout, 1946  
Skeleton

THE AVON FANTASY READER - Issue #3 - Edited by Donald A. Wollheim, 1947  
Homecoming  
The Man Upstairs - Issue #4

FEAR AND TREMBLING - Edited by Alfred Hitchcock, 1948  
The Jar

THE AVON FANTASY READER - Issue #8 - Ed. by Donald A. Wollheim, 1948  
Zero Hour  
Asleep in Armageddon- Issue #11 1949

SUSPENSE STORIES - Edited by Alfred Hitchcock, 1949  
The Night

INVASION FROM MARS - Edited by Orson Welles, 1949  
Zero Hour  
The Million Year Picnic

THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

ANTHOLOGIES - (cont)

PAPER-BACK COLLECTIONS - (con.)

THE PERMABOOK GALAXY OF SCIENCE FICTION- Ed. by Groff Conklin, 1950  
King of the Gray Spaces

SHOT IN THE DARK - Edited by Judith Merrill, 1950  
Mars is Heaven

ALL MYSTERY - No editor, 1950  
Let's Play "Poison"

THE AVON FANTASY READER - Edited by Donald A. Wollheim  
Ylla  
Jack-in-the-Box

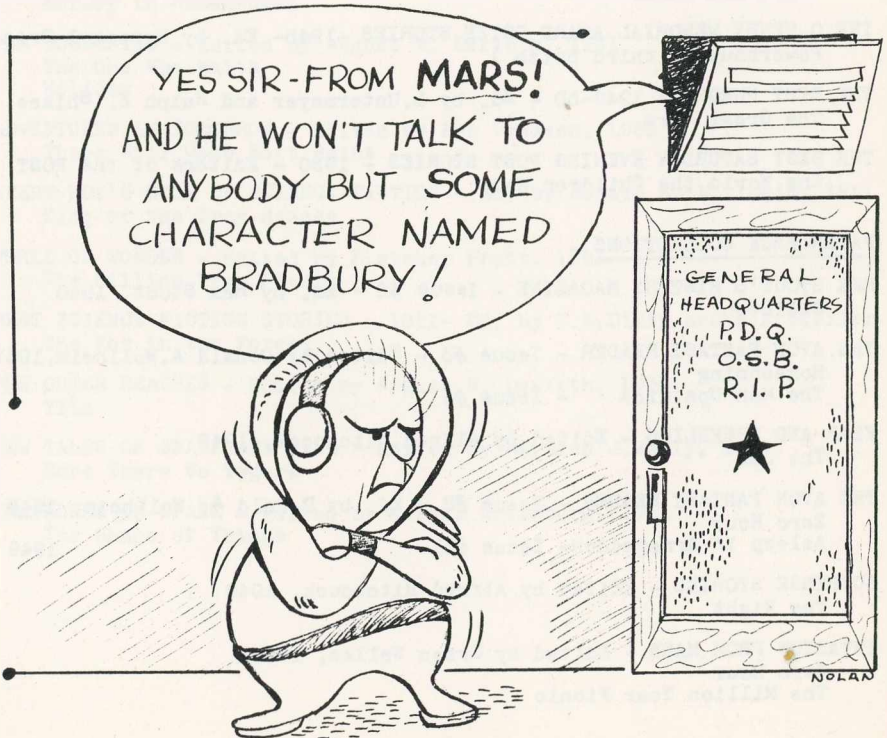
Issue#14, 1950

Issue#17, 1951

THE AVON GIANT MYSTERY READER - Avon editors - 1951  
The Smiling People

IN THE GRIP OF TERROR - Edited by Groff Conklin, 1951  
The Illustrated Man

STORIES FOR HERE AND NOW - Ed. by Joseph Greene and Elizabeth Abell, 1951  
The Highway



# THE RAY BRADBURY MAGAZINE

## REPRINTED STORIES

### IN U.S. MAGAZINES

#### COPY

The Handler s.s. Spring 1950

#### CORONET

They Landed on Mars (Mars is Heaven) s.s. June 1950

#### ESQUIRE

The Great Hallucination(The Earth Men and The Spring Night) s.s. November 1950

Mars is Heaven s.s. December 1950

The Immortality of Horror (Usher II) s.s. November 1951

#### EVERYBODY'S DIGEST

The Fox and the Forest s.s. July 1951

#### FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION

The One Who Waits s.s. February 1951

#### THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER MAGAZINE

The Wind s.s. November 1951

#### STORY DIGEST

The Invisible Boy s.s. November 1946

#### SUSPENSE

The Small Assassin s.s. Spring 1951

The Screaming Woman s.s. Winter 1952

### IN FOREIGN MAGAZINES

#### ARGOSY (British)

The Long Years s.s. March 1949

The Crowd s.s. May 1949

There Was an Old Woman s.s. August 1949

The Homecoming s.s. September 1949

Uncle Einar s.s. October 1949

The Long Weekend (The Million Year Picnic) s.s. February 1950

Circumstantial Evidence (Mars is Heaven) s.s. April 1950

I'll Not Look for Wine (Ylla) s.s. July 1950

There Will Come Soft Rains s.s. August 1950

Escape (The Fox and the Forest) s.s. Sept. 1950

The Illustrated Man s.s. October 1950

The Second House of Usher (Usher II) s.s. November 1950

Danger Wears Three Faces (The Earth Men and The Spring Night) s.s. February 1951

The Green Machine (NEVER printed in U. S.) s.s.s. March 1951

No Strings Attached (Marionettes Inc.) s.s. June 1951

The Whole Town's Sleeping s.s. July 1951

The Fog Horn (The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms) s.s. August 1951

A Story About Love (These Things Happen) s.s. Sept. 1951

Pumpnickel s.s. October 1951

#### WOMAN'S JOURNAL (British)

The Whole Town's Sleeping s.s. December 1950

#### McCLEANS MAGAZINE (Canadian)

The Long Years s.s. Sept. 15 1948

The Mad Wizards of Mars (The Exiles) s.s. Sept. 15 1949

I'll Not Look for Wine (Ylla) s.s. Jan. 1 1950

The Rocket Man s.s. May 1951

## THE RAY BRADBURY INDEX

### "SCHEDULED" STORIES

NOTE: The following stories are due to appear in books and magazines sometime in 1952. Listing correct as of mid-November 1951.

ORIGINAL STORIES - In Bradbury's book, SUMMER MORNING, SUMMER NIGHT, (not yet sold to magazines)

- \* A Walk in Summer
- \* The Magical Kitchen
- \* The Troll
- \* The Beautiful Sleep

### ORIGINAL STORIES IN MAGAZINES

*The Sound of Summer	in U. S. BUSINESS
The April Witch	in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
A Piece of Wood	in ESQUIRE
The Rocket Man	in ARGOSY (first U.S. magazine appearance.)
The Playground	(sale pending) to EVERYWOMAN'S MAGAZINE
And The Rock Cried Out	(sale pending) to MADEMOISELLE

### MAGAZINE REPRINTS

The Wind	in ARGOSY (British)
The Man Upstairs	in ARGOSY (British)
Asleep in Armageddon	in ARGOSY (British)
Killer, Come Back to Me	in DETECTIVE TALES

### ANTHOLOGIES

IMAGINATION UNLIMITED - edited by Ted Dikty and E. F. Blieler.  
Referent

THE GREAT BOOK OF SCIENCE-FICTION - edited by Melvin Korshak.  
Subterfuge

FUTURE TENSE - edited by Ken Crossen.  
Way in the Middle of the Air

Untitled S. F. Collection - edited by Milton Lesser  
The Fire Balloons

Untitled S. F. Collection - edited by Mack Reynolds and  
Fredric Brown  
Marionettes, Inc.

Untitled S. F. Collection - edited by Wm. Crawford  
The Naming of Names

A MADEMOISELLE Collection - edited by Herschel Brickell  
The Invisible Boy

FOREVER AND A DAY - edited by Ray Bradbury (pocket-book)  
The Pedestrian (or The Foghorn)



## INDEX ADDENDA

Many readers have been wondering when Ray's first novel will be published. I can pretty safely say - not until 1954 - at the earliest. Bradbury does not wish to publish more than one book a year and his Illinois collection, SUMMER MORNING, SUMMER NIGHT will be in print late next year followed in 1953 by a fantasy - s. f. collection which he will either call FROST AND FIRE or THE FIRE THAT BURNS. After these two books are out of the way 1954 might bring publication of his first novel. What it will concern is another matter. Ray has been working on two novels over the past five years. The first (and nearest to completion) is a psychological study of fear in Mexico. The narrative concerns the gradual disintegration of a woman's mind, as loneliness and terror replace the sane security of her past life. His novelet THE NEXT IN LINE will be blended into the end part of the book. The second novel is, in Bradbury's own words, "a sort of overall character study into the types and kinds of people comprising our American society." For those impatient readers who like to know what's coming I have assembled a tentative contents lineup on Bradbury's next two books.

SUMMER MORNING, SUMMER NIGHT - Doubleday, 1952 (Sept. or Oct.)  
A varied collection of Illinois pieces organized in the same manner as THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES - i.e., a group of related short stories joined into "novel" form by a series of bridge-passages and descriptive fragments. While the book cannot be classed as literal fantasy many of the stories contain incidents and situations which strongly convey the mood and feeling of fantasy. In it a tunnel stores up voice-echoes during the day and "listens" through the night; a pair of feet yearn to escape their "boxes" (shoes) and run in summer grass; children rebel at growing up and temporarily take over a town in a futile effort to stop the process of adulthood. In all of these and more Bradbury writes with the pen of a fantasist in the field of the realistic. The stories themselves are as follows:

THE BEAUTIFUL SLEEP  
THE TROLL  
THE MAGICAL KITCHEN  
A WALK IN SUMMER  
THE SEASON OF DISBELIEF  
THE PUMPERNICKEL  
DEEP SUMMER  
A STORY ABOUT LOVE

THE NIGHT  
THE SOUND OF SUMMER  
THE WINDOW  
MISS BIDWELL  
ALL ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT  
THE GREEN MACHINE  
THE WHOLE TOWN'S SLEEPING  
(plus various interim material.)

Following in 1953 and also from Doubleday comes FROST AND FIRE. This collection of s.f. and fantasy will contain:

THE FIREMAN (rewritten  
and expanded)  
THE FOG HORN  
EMBROIDERY  
THE PEDESTRIAN  
A LITTLE JOURNEY  
POWERHOUSE

THE APRIL WITCH  
THE PLAYGROUND  
THE FLYING MACHINE  
AND THE ROCK CRIED OUT  
A SCENT OF SARSAPARILLA

Bradbury has edited one pocket edition of fantasy. Bantam books will publish FOREVER AND A DAY early in 1952, containing a number of top-flight fantasy tales by authors usually not associated with the field. (Steinbeck-Coates-Bemelmens, etc.) One Bradbury story will be included plus a new introduction written especially for the volume.

Bradbury is a contributing editor on the staff of The Californian Quarterly, a new literary magazine devoted to high-grade fiction. He will have one of his stories in a future issue.

In the new BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES - 1951, five Bradbury titles are listed in the "Distinctive American Short Stories" section. Of all those included only one other writer had as many as five titles selected.

Columbia University recently offered Bradbury a position as short-story lecturer, but he reluctantly turned the offer down because of his heavy writing schedule. Since he has never attended college Ray considered this a special honor and was greatly flattered at the invitation.

To date all of Bradbury's movie deals have fallen through. As early as 1945 he was asked to script the motion-picture, CATMAN OF PARIS but did not accept. In 1950 a studio writer began work on a movie adaptation of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES but never completed the job. After much consideration 20th Century Fox very recently rejected a proposed movie version of THE FOX AND THE FOREST. And finally, 20th wanted Bradbury to adapt a Jack Vance science-fiction yarn, HARD LUCK DIGGINGS for the screen. Ray felt the restrictions placed upon him were a bit too confining, and no terms could be agreed upon. One motion-picture deal is "still cooking." He is tentatively engaged in a three-way tie-up with an ace Hollywood photographer, a special-effects expert, and a well known director, to film a trio of his stories in one feature picture- UNCLE EINAR, THE VELDT and THE FOGHORN.

A first option on Bradbury's most popular short story, MARS IS HEAVEN has been taken up by a New York producer who plans to stage it as a Musical!

In his professional career Ray has appeared under four pen names, "Leonard Spaulding," "William Elliott," "D. R. Banet" and "Brett Sterling" (house name for Thrilling Wonder.) He used "Elliott" for both of his stories in The Californian. The others were used in order not to conflict with a second story appearing in the same issue under his real name.

No statistics are on hand for comparison but it would seem that by mid-'52 Bradbury will have set some sort of record for appearances in pocket and clothbound anthologies. By that time he will have appeared in over 50. In fact, he made 20 anthology sales in 1951 alone. In all, 45 of his stories have been anthologized, 20 of which are not included in any of Bradbury's books.

Bradbury was selected by the National Fantasy Fan Federation as the most popular professional author during 1950. His CHRONICLES won the most popular book award for the same year.

British Argosy has purchased 22 of his stories over the last three years. This tops any magazine but Weird Tales which bought 25 stories in a seven year period.

The MARTIAN CHRONICLES was published in England under the title, THE SILVER LOCUSTS with one story change. USHER II was removed and THE FIRE BALLOONS took its place. When England published DARK CARNIVAL in 1948 seven stories from the American edition were excluded.

Some 50 of Bradbury's 170 stories are non-fantasy. Many of these concern Illinois and are based on Bradbury's childhood in his home town. For the most part they are quite successful and well-written. A number of others are detective stories, written in 1944 and 1945, when he was experimenting with that medium. Most of these are, as Bradbury readily admits, "very weak and contrived. I was forcing myself to solve the crime and that meant pushing my characters into unreal acts and unconvincing situations." He abandoned the detective story field when he discovered he was definitely not suited to it.

#### LAST MINUTE NEWS - -

Index information just received from Bradbury lists the following:

THE LAKE - (reprint) in Shenandoah Review, Summer 1951.

THE MAN - sold to CBS-TV for OUT THERE - in the Worlds of Time, Space, and Science-Fiction - a new television program. The story will be a high quality Christmas presentation.

#### INDEX TOTALS

Bradbury has had the following original items in print:

114 short stories  
 37 short short stories  
 13 articles  
 6 novelets  
 2 short novels  
 1 radio play  
 1 story sold only to radio  
 174 - plus 9 other original  
       stories scheduled for  
       1952.

<u>YEARLY TOTALS ON ORIGINAL STORIES</u>	<u>RADIO ADAPTATIONS</u>	<u>ANTHOLOGIES</u> (to mid-52)
1940 - 1	23 stories	34 stories
1941 - 2		(hard-cover)
1942 - 2		17 stories
1943 - 11		(paper-cover)
1944 - 18	<u>T.V. ADAPTATIONS</u>	51
1945 - 13		
1946 - 18		
1947 - 19	4 stories	
1948 - 21		
1949 - 16		
1950 - 24		
1951 - 16		
1952 - 9 (scheduled)		
<u>170</u>		



An original illustration by the noted Los Angeles painter, Mentor Huebner, portraying the climax in Ray Bradbury's story THE EARTH MEN.