

Dimensions

in this issue:

POUL ANDERSON
THEODORE STURGEON
ROBERT BLOCH
ALGIS BUDHYS
JULIAN MAY DIKTY
MARION ZILMER BRADLEY
DEAN A. GRENNEILL
DAVID ENGLISH
RAY SCHAEFFER, JR.
PHYLLIS H. ECONOMOU
DAVID ISH
GREGG CALKINS
and a host
of other talent

"Remnant" by
Alan Hunter



E D C

ABOUT THIS ISSUE'S COVER:

when England's famed Alan Hunter composed our front cover, he gave us four possible stories-behind-the-cover: (a) The last of the men from Homer's "Odyssey" changed to pigs by Circe, (b) Alien from space trying to talk to the last being on Earth, hence the title DOMINANT (c) An Earthman on another planet where the dominant life-form are swine, trying to teach it English, (d) Hungry man looking at dinner

editor: HARLAN ELLISON

An amateur publication for those who enjoy science fiction, fantasy, and a wide range of allied subjects, including fandom et al

Opinions herein expressed are not necessarily those of the staff, unless so stated -- material submitted for publication MUST be

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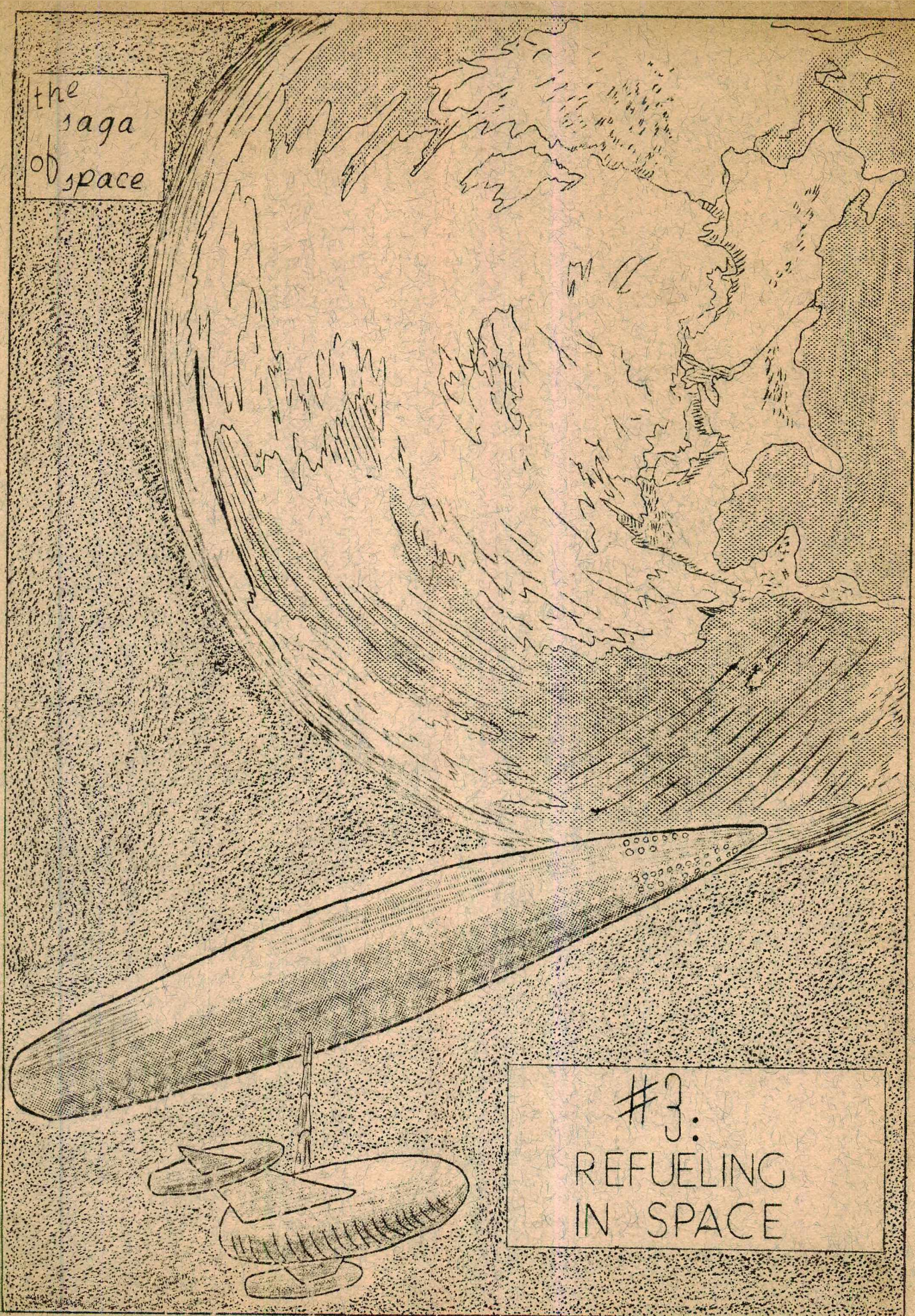
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accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if not previously solicited. Material submitted is done so at contributor's own risk as no responsibility is assumed by this magazine, though a reasonable amount of caution will be exerted. It is to be understood that all letters--submitted specifically to this magazine--are eligible for publication unless stated otherwise therein. Printing this issue---225.

Production aides:

Bill Dignin---Sally Dunn

the
saga
of space



#3:
REFUELING
IN SPACE

last in a series of three depicting the conquest of the stars as pre-
sented by BILL VENABLE

fiction

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frontispiece: REFUELING IN SPACE Saga Of Space by Bill Venable

DIMENSIONS

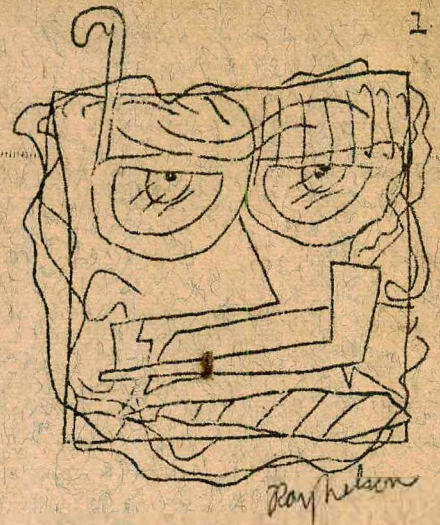
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HARLAN ELLISON: editor

TRIBAL FETISHES

illustration of Harlan Ellison in four dimensions by RAY NELSON



A short time ago DIMENSIONS rejected a short story because it was too lewd. No offense was taken by the author, thank goodness, for he had talent and I am happy to say his work will appear in these pages soon. But the whole point of the incident, as delineated in a letter from that author recently, was that he thought the fan magazines owed it to their readers to present "taboo-breaking" material such as he considered his story to be. I couldn't concur more wholeheartedly on the question of off-trail work with topics "we just don't talk about."

The simple reason his story was sent back was that it attacked a taboo in a manner much too blunt to be effective. It was totally lacking in finesse, and cast no original light on the forbidden topic.

But it brought to the surface an attitude that DIMENSIONS (and the old SF BULLETIN) has been trying to make since its inception: we want new-directional manuscripts that will bust these bugaboos right in their snouts. We want stories and articles about racial prejudice, about sex, about labor and management squabbles, about Communism, about any and all topics usually given a wide walk-around by most magazines. However, they must fulfill two prerequisites. They must be (a) of a science fictional or fantastical nature or relate somehow to that field and (b) cleverly done with an indication of subtlety and adroit handling.

This, then, poses the problem: "Does material of such a 'general nature' belong in an amateur magazine devoted primarily to science fiction?" From another angle, let us look at the problem thusly: "Does good material belong in that magazine?" I believe the questions must both be answered in the affirmative. For to categorically exclude an article or piece of fiction because it does not clearly and specifically fit into the rather limiting classifications we have set up, is to atrophy and become stagnant. DIMENSIONS seeks out material that is not only science fictional or openly allied, but of a general interest also. That is, you won't find any articles on how to grow flowers in DIMENSIONS, unless the flowers happen to be Martian gruzzfutt plants; and you won't find any stories on wrestling herein, unless they're about a wrestler who can teleport his body out of a hammerlock.

For the longest while, both fan and pro magazines have shied away from a whole spectrum of topics, because they were "touchy". From now on, they won't be avoided in DIMENSIONS. We're going to provide a series of stories under the heading TABOO-BREAKERS that will make eyes open. But they'll be of real literary value, I can assure you--like for instance VIA ROMA in this issue.

.....he

c r y s t a l - b a l l i n g



a private peek into the future

heading by Ken Sherwin

MAC K REYNOLDS:



with a fine satire entitled PONCE DE LEON'S PANTS; one short story bounced from every fantasy mag in the professional ranks, but done so grudgingly and with tears in their eyes. It's a bit risqué, it's a bit unusual, it's a bit wonderful. Art by David English.

WALTER A. WILLIS:



taking bloody pen in hand, the bard of Ireland ruins more stomachs than Mr. Spillane himself while we are spellboundly watching the actions of MIKE HAMMER AT THE PHILCON. A riot and a half. Art by Naaman Peterson. This is an estimable parody in every way.

MARION Z. BRADLEY:



Adric of the Crimson Tower plunges deeper and ever deeper into that labyrinth of other-worldly adventure---escape from which lies only in the hands of Mrs. Bradley as she presents the third part of FALCONS OF NARABEDLA. Art by Fred Malz.

RANDALL GARRETT:



lead-off man for Astounding stands up and shouts in a beautiful defense of Phil Farmer, shoving the Plus down Gernsback's throat as he relates THE BITE OF THE ASP.

HAL SHAPIRO:



in the first of a group of serious science articles, designed to please those readers who dislike science-NON-fiction, Shapiro gives the lowdown on ATOMIC ENERGY. The art is slightly fabulous by Ray Nelson.

GORDON JONES, PAUL LOVINSKY, CURT MICHAEL:



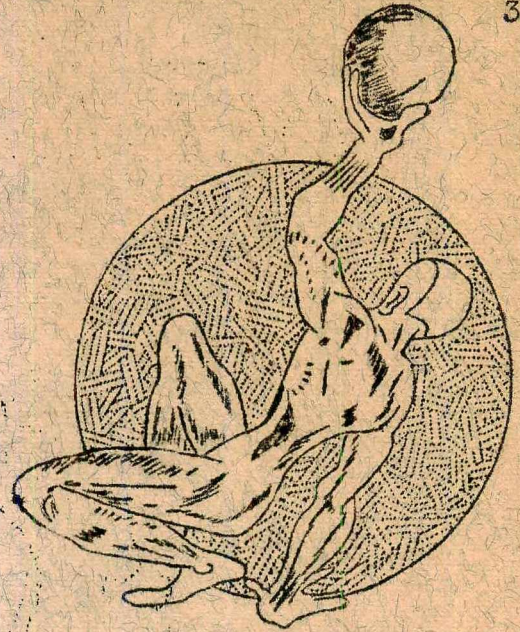
get together under Jones' article PROGRESSION (embodying a review of J. Arthur Rank's "Project 11. 7") with two excellent poems---FRAGMENT OF A TRIUMPHAL MARCH by Lovinsky and THE FIRE-DRIVEN by Michael to provide an unusual article for you.

cover by ENGLISH, columns (including VAN DALL), artwork, and even he!

CITATION

14: PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

heading by Ray Gibson



At the Fifth Annual Midwest Convention, the tradition begun by SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN and continued by DIMENSIONS saw another recipient of the coveted CITATION plaque for Achievement In The Field Of Science-Fiction. Last year, the 1953 presentation was made to Arthur C. Clarke for his dissemination of scientific knowledge and his manner of presenting science fiction to the public---one of good taste.

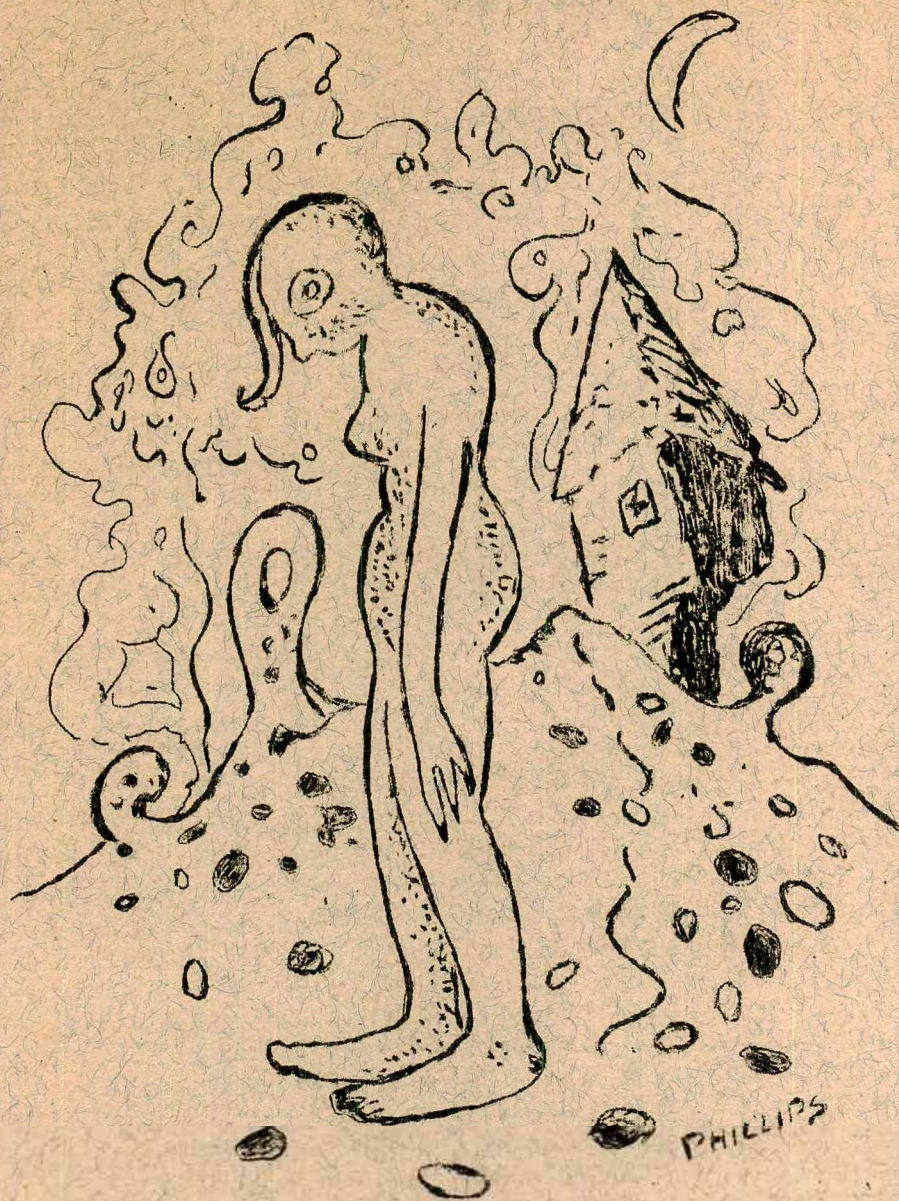
This year, when we were forced to decide who was the one person, either professional or fan, who had contributed the most to the field during the preceding twelve months, we were filled with terror and with a strange feeling that the plaque would be forced to hang in the possession of the editor for lack of a recipient. For the year 1953 had been a sterile one. The field had blossomed, changed, and shrunk again, and, like a wave washing onto a beach, had left little but dirt and residue. Our search was a detailed one, for the plaque is not given lightly. It has become a symbol for all that is worthy in the field.

After a calculated study, there was only one truly worthy contender---only one apparent winner. During the year 1953 the winner of the 2nd Annual presentation of the CITATION plaque produced one story of such striking proportions that it cast into darkness the bulk of all other productions in that field. Since the days of Smith's "Venus Equilateral" series, no one has shed a new and tolerant light on the subject of sex in science fiction. Hidebound taboos and small-minded practices gave the lie to those who said science fiction struck out fearlessly. No one had produced a work that could hold up its head unashamed with unblinking eye and prove it was a shackle-breaker, introducing concepts foreign to the field.

Then Phil Farmer produced THE LOVERS. Whether for good or evil, no one can ascertain the results of his revolution. It may do irreparable harm to a field too tender to be opened to the light of censure thus, or it may widen the scope of the genre tremendously. Only time will reveal the proper answer. But in the year 1954, we can look back and truthfully say, "No other single effort by an author contributed so much to the field of Science Fiction." Uncontested, Farmer wins 1954.

NOTE: other than the yearly award, this will be the last CITATION..he

BEDTIME STORY



POUL ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS: ralph rayburn phillips

Now, kiddies, if you will all please sit down and be quiet, your grandmother will tell you a lovely bedtime story and then you can all toddle off to your little trundle beds and lay your little heads on the pillows and go off to Slumberland. Won't that be wonderful?

Once upon a time -- Algy! Please put away your brass knuckles. It is not nice to hit your little sister while we are listening to one of grandmother's wonderful bedtime stories. Yes, Algy, grandmother knows she gouged your eye, but she is your little sister and doesn't know any better. We must all be kind to our little sisters, mustn't we?

Once upon a time, long long ago, there stood a dear little cottage in which lived the sweetest little girl you could ever imagine. Her name was Little Blue Eyes and she was always going about doing good for people. She used to come into the houses of the poor like a little ray of sunshine, and all the people would say, "Bless our Little Blue Eyes. She should be queen of the realm."

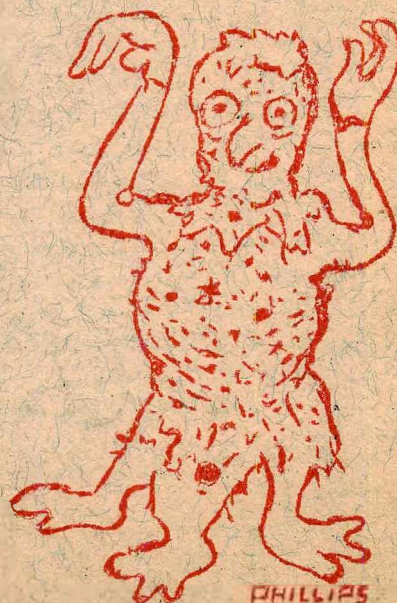
Tommy and Betsy, please don't keep on hitting each other with baseball bats. It isn't nice to hit people with baseball bats while grandmother is telling a bedtime story.. Think of poor grandmother. She has to get down on her hands and knees and scrub up all that blood and brains.

Well, children, Little Blue Eyes had a wickid uncle. He wasn't like your good jolly Uncle Henry who comes and brings you such lovely gifts. Wasn't that a delicious candied baby Uncle Henry brought us last time? No, this uncle, whose name was Snirk, was a cruel magician. He wanted Little Blue Eyes' cottage, because he had found by his magic arts that buried under her hearth lay an enchanted chamber pot. Whoever owned this pot would never suffer from indigestion. As Uncle Snirk was always dyspeptic, he coveted this pot.

"I'sooth, swods, and steeth!" he swore, pacing up and down in his dark dreary dolorous tower on that desolate moor known as Desolate Moor. "Indeed there must be some device whereby to pry the damsel from her stronghold.... Ah, I have it! I'll summon my old comrade in arms, the Devil himself!"

He stirred the magic brew into a big cauldron -- fillet of a fenny snake, liver of blaspheming Jew, eye of newt, skin of frog, an unchristened babe, and other lovely ingredients. After that he tasted it thoughtfully. "Needs pepper," he murmured. He walked three times wider-shins around the cauldron, calling on the Devil by all his titles. There came a great clap of thunder and a smell of fire and brimstone, and there stood Satan himself.

"Swounds!" swore Uncle Snirk, playing a fire



Algy

extinguisher on the blazing curtains. "Do you always have to arrive that way?"

"Union rules, old chap," said the Devil apologetically. "What's the matter now?"

Snirk explained the situation, and the Devil nodded understandingly. "Have a terrible time myself," he admitted. "Did you ever try Pluto?"

"No good at all," said Snirk firmly. "I've had some results with Hex-lax, though. But this is the sovereign remedy." He shook his head sadly. "But how am I to get the accursed thing?"

"Have you ever tried asking her for it?" inquired the Devil.

"Wouldn't do," said Snirk. "Wouldn't do at all. Why, I'd be laughed out of the Warlock's league if I tried the direct approach." He sighed. "Sometimes I almost wish I'd gone in for bricklaying as my father wanted me to." He brushed a tear from his eye. "Poor old daddy. How I loved him -- especially with mushrooms."

"Well," said the Devil impatiently. "If I get this pot for you, what's in it for me?"

"I'm broke right now," admitted Snirk. "But I could give you a second mortgage on my soul."

"I already hold the first mortgage," said the Devil stiffly.

"Tell you what," said Snirk, "you can have Little Blue Eyes herself."

"My wife would give me Heaven for it," said the Devil. "Surely you know that our family has always stood four-square for old-fashioned morality and the simple pioneer virtues that made America great. I get more souls that way."

"You have a nasty low mind," said Snirk. "I meant, if you could bring her here I'd dispose of her and you could have her soul."

"Mmmmm," The Devil's eyes lit up.

"Such sweet innocent little souls as hers must be hard to come by in Hell," said Snirk.

"She might corrupt my young boys into virtue," objected the Devil.

"They could have fun corrupting her," leered Snirk.

"Get thee behind me, Snirk," said Satan.

"She'd be delicious," purred Snirk. "Fried fillet of soul."

"Done!" said the Devil, turned himself into a dragon and flew to Little Blue Eyes' sweet little cottage.

"What's that huffing and puffing on the doorstep of my sweet little cottage?" asked Little Blue Eyes.

"Just me," said the dragon, strolling in and blowing fire at her.

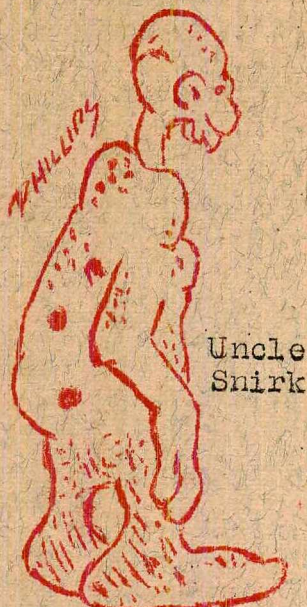
"You big bloody bastard, whaddaya mean tracking cinders into my clean house?" shrieked sweet Little Blue Eyes. Seizing a broom, she began to belabor the Devil with it.

"Now look here," began the Devil indignantly. Whap! went the broom. "Let's be reasonable," bleated the Devil. Whack! went the broom.

"But my dear little girl," wailed the Devil, and turning tail he disappeared in a clap of frightened thunder.

Little Blue Eyes stood panting and wondering what it was that had assailed her. "Oh, I am such a poor helpless innocent little creature, alone in the great wicked world," she wailed. "What shall I do?"

Through the window came a small being riding a ray of sunshine.



Uncle
Snirk

"Hello," said the being, with a weak smile. "I was sent to help you because you are such a poor helpless innocent little creature, alone in the great wickid world."

"Who are you?" asked Little Blue Eyes.

"I'm a fairy," said the being. "My name is Oscar Wilde."

"Who was that big lunkhead who just came in?" asked Little Blue Eyes.

"That was the Devil, sent by your wickid Uncle Snirk to kill you and steal the magic thunderbug which is under your hearth," said Oscar Wilde. "Fortunately, you frightened the Devil so much with your divine sweetness that he'll never bother you again. But you still have your wickid uncle plotting against you."

"That goniff," sneered Little Blue Eyes. Then she burst into tears and wailed, "I have no means of defense against his evil schemes. I am a poor helpless innocent little creature, alone in the great wickid world."

"Yes, yes," said Oscar Wilde absentmindedly. He was trying to think of an epigram. "Never mind, I'm here to protect you."

"Fat lot of help you are!" snorted Little Blue Eyes. "The only thing to do is carry the war to Snirk. We must start out for his evil tower and hope that divine justice will provide us the help a poor helpless innocent little creature, alone in the great wickid world, needs. Come on, Oscar."

"It's a long way to walk," said Oscar Wilde, dubiously.

"Who said anything about walking?" asked Little Blue Eyes. "Surely the poor peasants to whom I have been a ray of sunshine will give us horses. Look, there comes one now. He'll give us his horse if we ask him pretty please."

"How do you ask anyone pretty please?" wondered Oscar Wilde.

"I'll show you," said Little Blue Eyes. She stepped out of the cottage and wriggled her hips at the peasant. When he dismounted, panting, she signalled to Oscar Wilde, who sneaked up behind him with a blackjack and slugged him. They got on his horse and rode off.

"You see?" said Little Blue Eyes. "This is the reward of my years of being a little ray of sunshine."

They rode on into the gloomy forest which stretched to the edge of Desolate Moor. It was said to be a haunted forest. Twisted trees stood in pools of dank water and wolves and bears and things prowled around pawing at the skeletons of men who had gotten lost on picnics. An occasional vampire flew overhead, and ghosts and demons and monstrous unnameable Things plodded squishily over the miasmatic ground.

"Oh dear," wailed Little Blue Eyes. "We are all alone in the evil forest. Who will help a poor helpless innocent little creature, all alone in the great wicked world?"

A huge bear stepped out and growled on them. "Where ya going?" he asked in his rusty bass voice.

"We are going to Desolate Moor to plead with my wicked Uncle Snirk to cease his evil schemes against us," said Little Blue Eyes.

"No ya ain't," said the bear. "Yer goin' into my belly. Haw haw haw! I made an epigram! He lunged forward and grabbed at Little Blue



Eyes. With her poor little strength she tried to fight the giant animal.

The bear was delicious.

After supper, Little Blue Eyes picked her teeth with a dainty wing torn off a fly and wailed, "Oh dear, it's getting dark and we're all alone, homeless and helpless in the great forest. Oh, who will help us?"

Algy! Stop eating your little sister this minute! It is very wrong to eat between meals. Really, I don't know what you children are coming to.

Well, as Little Blue Eyes sat there she heard hoofs coming closer and suddenly a man in armor on a beautiful white horse rode up. He was a brave noble knight, Prince Charming by name. "Howdy, ma'am," he said. "Can I be of any help to y'all?"

"Oh Prince Charming, thank God you've come to help poor sweet innocent helpless little me!" cried Little Blue Eyes. "Dismount, fair knight, and rest yourself while I tell my tale of woe."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Prince Charming. "Don't mind if I do."

"Don't sit over there, said Little Blue Eyes. "Come over here beside me -- it's warmer."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Prince Charming nervously.

Little Blue Eyes threw her arms about his neck. "You are such a great big strong handsome knight," she cooed. "You'll look after innocent little me, won't you?"

Prince Charming wiped the sweat off his brow. "Yes, ma'am," he said indistinctly.

"Sweet pure little girls are watched over by heaven," said Little Blue Eyes, sitting on his lap. A passing unicorn snorted when he saw her and ran wildly away.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?" panted Prince Charming.

"Come over in this nice dark corner of the cave and I'll tell you all about it," said Little Blue Eyes.

"Really, ma'am," said Prince Charming weakly. "I couldn't."

"Don't take advantage of your manly strength to refuse poor weak innocent little me," said Little Blue Eyes. She tucked him under one arm and carried him into the corner.

"Heaven rewards the virtuous," she said primly, and much later she added happily: "Virtue is it's own reward, isn't it?"

The next day Prince Charming, Little Blue Eyes, and Oscar Wilde proceeded on through the evil forest. Little Blue Eyes sang as they rode, for she was always sweet and lovable and merry. She sang such dear little songs of her mother's as "Cathusalem" and "Meterlange Schwanzen." It was this sweetness and goodness which made everyone love her so much, and I want all of you, children, to profit by the example of Little Blue Eyes.

"Snirk is a great magician," worried Prince Charming. "It runs in the family, doesn't it? His mother was a witch."

"Yes," said Oscar Wilde. "Snirk is a son of a witch."

"We are poor helpless innocent little creatures, but virtue will prevail," said Little Blue Eyes. "I always have faith in the right."

"Justice will prevail," agreed Oscar Wilde, "but not if justices preside. There, now I've made my epigram for the day."



They were beginning to get hungry now. "Where can we eat?" asked Prince Charming. "Thar ain't no food in this hyar forest."

"Humm," Little Blue Eyes looked speculatively at Oscar Wilde.

"Hey!" said Oscar Wilde in alarm.

Fortunately the kind providence which looks after the sweet and innocent sent a gorilla passing by. After Little Blue Eyes had torn him limb from limb, they had a lovely lunch. They had not ridden on much further when a huge pack of wolves confronted them. "Beat it!" said the leader. "You can't ride through our part of the forest."

"But we have to," wailed Little Blue Eyes.

"Nothing doing," said the leader. We wolves don't want any non-wolves in our country. They engage in unlupine activities. Scram."

Fortunately Little Blue Eyes was a werewolf on her mother's side. She made a compromise with the pack which involved her turning herself into the loveliest little lady wolf for a while.

Then they rode happily on, while the wolves lay exhausted on the ground.

Why did you throw little Billy out of the window, Sarah? That wasn't nice, was it now? Oh, you wanted to see if he would bounce. Well, let me see...yes, he does. Here, let's see if little Harold bounces, too. Isn't this fun?

Oh yes, the story.

to Snirk's black tower. A gaunt, grim, grisly, ghastly thing it was, built out of skulls.

"What a lot of skulls!" exclaimed Prince Charming.

"Oh, I dunno," said Little Blue Eyes. "I bet I had as many back at my sweet little cottage." She started trembling then. "Oh dear," she wailed, "here we are, three poor sweet innocent helpless victims of persecution, with no armor but righteousness against the mighty sorceries of the cruel and merciless Snirk. Oh, it's horrible!"

She pressed the doorbell and it screamed for Snirk. Slowly the great door creaked open and the wicked magician himself stood in the cavernous gloom with his terrible eyes smoldering on them. Behind him leered and gibbered all the monsters in the world, slaving and frothing at the mouths. Prince Charming fainted dead away, and Oscar Wilde prudently turned himself into a pansy.

"Why, it's dear Little Blue Eyes!" exclaimed Snirk in feigned delight. "Do come in, darling little neice, and have a cup of arsenic with me. It's been so long since I've seen you." He took her warm little hand in his grisly talons and drew her inside, chuckling evilly.



the author,
Mr. Anderson

Well, Little Blue Eyes and her friends rode on and finally came out on Desolate Moor. It was a dark, dreary, dolorous, deserted, desolate place with nothing but heather for miles around.

"This is an awfully big moor," said Prince Charming after a while. "There's certainly a lot of it."

"Yes, said Oscar Wilde, 'Moor and moor of it.'"

They rode on until finally they came

"You must stay for a while," he urged her.

"I get lonely for you. I shall have the jolliest entertainments planned. I have three new torture machines to show you if we can find a peasant or two."

Little Blue Eyes clapped her hands in childish glee.

But she did not forget her purpose in coming here. "Unc," she said, "I wanna word with you."

Snirk licked his lips nervously. "Yes, dear?" he asked.

"You've been picking on me," accused Little Blue Eyes with tears in her little blue eyes. "Your own greed has led you to attack the weak and innocent, lusting for treasure that isn't yours!" She wagged a finger at him. "Aren't you ashamed?"

"Yes, dear," said Snirk weakly.

"You old brute, you were so bad and cruel to pick on me that way!" wailed Little Blue Eyes, bashing his head against the wall. "You knew I had no way of defense," she cried, gouging out his eyes. "You forgot that heaven protects the sweet and innocent and helpless," she said, thrusting his feet into the fire.

"Yes, dear," said Snirk meekly, spitting out a few loose teeth. "I have been very wicked."

"So you have," said Little Blue Eyes, strapping him onto the rack.

"But justice triumphs." She looked with dismay at the heavy crank. "I can't turn that," she wailed. "Oh, I'm all alone in the great wicked world, a poor little weak helpless innocent creature."

"Hey, you!" she said, seeing a husky monster lounging nearby, "Come over here and stretch this old bastard out for me."

"Nash, I don' wanna," whined the monster.

But after Little Blue Eyes had ripped a few of his tentacles off, he agreed to turn the rack for her. Which shows you, children, that even the hardest heart can be softened by the appeal of sweet innocence.

Little Blue Eyes found so much lovely magical apparatus in the tower that she decided to live there. She had the best time you can imagine, sending famines and pestilences out to poor peasants, for she was still as sweet and kind as ever. And oh what fun it was to raise demons and stick red-hot irons in people and ride about on her lovely new broomstick! But Little Blue Eyes realized that it was only her sweetness and virtue which had gotten her all this. And so she lived happily ever after.

And now, children, after grandmother's lovely bedtime story it's time for you to toddle off to your little cribs and rest your little golden heads. All except for little Louis, of course. Clara, be sure to stick little Louis firmly upright by the point of the head.

Grandmother is tired, too, and wants to rest in her lovely coffin. It's almost sunrise. Good day, children. Pleasant dreams!

THE END

of a short story
by POUL ANDERSON

coming
soon—

THE SURGEON ANALYSIS: Wm. Atheling, Jr.
perhaps the most important article of 1955

HYPOTHESIS, INC.

DIMENSIONS sought something new and vital in a regular feature for the magazine, in which the readers could take active part, and in which they would find a sincere interest.

In HYPOTHESIS, INC. we think we've found it.

Each issue this page will be devoted to HYPOTHESIS, INC. to present the letters you, the readers, will submit. What, then is this new feature? What purpose will it serve? Has there ever been something comparable in amateur magazines?

To these questions we answer, no, to our way of knowing, we are presenting an original idea in fanmagazines. HYPOTHESIS, INC. is a sounding-board of opinion. The new feature--and believe me we are very much in love with it already in pre-publication bull sessions--will propose a question each issue, to which we want answers. The questions will be of a highly controversial and vitality-brimming nature. They will be of general interest, and easily answerable directly from your own emotions and from your own philosophies.

We would like answers to these questions, one each issue, which are fresh and new in concept --- and above all: they must be HONEST REFLECTIONS OF YOUR OPINIONS. The answers--when submitted--should be no more than 100 words long on a regular 2¢ postcard with the words HYPOTHESIS, INC. somewhere in plain sight. Address all answers to: Harlan Ellison, 41 East 17th Avenue, Columbus 1, Ohio, but have those words HYPOTHESIS, INC. on it somewhere. Answers can be humorous, serious, enigmatical, anything you see fit to write in reply. But we want to see those letters. And it wouldn't hurt some of you professionals who are receiving DIMENSIONS each issue to write in a quick appraisal.

Every issue the three best answers to the question of the preceding issue will be published, along with comments. To the three best answers, we will award the choice of original artwork from the issue in which the letter appears. Be sure, when you write in to receive your prize that you indicate a second and a third choice in case the picture you select has been already selected by someone else.

All right, then, now you know what the shape-up is, here's the first question. We will keep the contest this issue open right up till press time next issue, which is two months hence. The question this issue is:

IF YOU HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PILOT THE FIRST
MOON ROCKET, EVEN IF IT WERE A CERTAINTY YOU
WOULD DIE IN SPACE, WOULD YOU -- AND WHY?

illustration by GREGG HODGSON

AGE, AS YOUTH PROGRESSES

The question has often come to mind, in these latter days, of the relative merits of the West Coast as a power in fandom. quite often the question boils down to five simple words: "Are West Coast fans immature?" Although, sadly enough, there are many willing sages more than ready to answer this question, few have done more than merely give an answer.

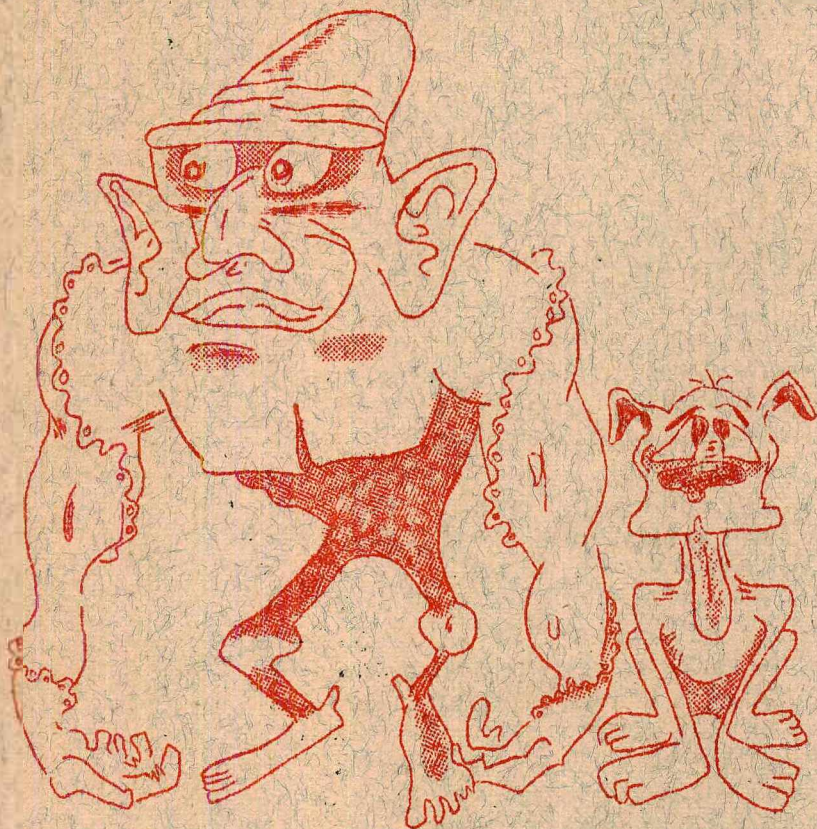
Answers to questions, to be good answers, must be based equally on both sides of the question, always keeping in mind the fact that there are two sides, however insubstantial one or the other may seem. Granted there are two sides to the question, then, it can be glimpsed that there might, conceivably, be two answers to the same question. And, further, each answer could be the correct one.

An analysis of the question is simple, if certain concessions are made. West Coast fans are defined as those fans living along the Western seaboard, supposedly with a fairly close reach of the sea, but penetrating a certain indefinite distance inland. They form a rather nebulous group, and in this fact we find the real depth of the question. A little more leeway is allowed when you say 'immature' since a dictionary definition of the word means "not ripe; not finished or perfected; crude." That's what the dictionary says.

'Ripe' is a rather picturesque word, especially in describing somebody, but it really doesn't mean very much. For instance, for every person you could point out to me who wasn't ripe, I could show you an equal number of places, where he would be so well done he was already putrescent. Any number of plays on words can be introduced to complicate matters. But that would be begging the question.

The combined products of the West Coast have been many and voracious. With the advent of Seventh Fandom the West Coast came into its own. It had

long been neglected, since the population centers tend to be in the East and Mid-West, with the gap between Chicago and Los Angeles making a cultural abyss almost as large as that between America and English fandom. Aside from the mere point of distance, the Mid-West seemed to have a secure hold on all the talent and the strings of Sixth Fandom. Lee Hoffman started a renaissance in the South and drew with



gregg calkins

...OF CABBAGES AND KINGS...

her all the power of Bob Tucker, Robert Bloch and even the overseas fans, through the magic words of Walt Willis.

Until Hoffman was gone, the West Coast did not stand a chance-- for the longest time. With the passing of QUADRY, fandom went into a semi-coma. The little fanzines that had before been published and ignored were reluctantly recognized, perforce because there were no other fanzines to read. The "little people" all over the country had their chance to jump on the band-wagon and they lost no time in doing so.

The West Coast, being composed almost entirely of little people, jumped on too. A rash of fanzines sprang up and attracted the heretofore uninterested glances of the East and Mid-West. Names like Carr and Vorzimer took on meaning; a meaning they had never had before. The little people became bigger people and more neofans sprang in to fill up the bottom layers.

Alas! They came too late. Just as the names of Donnell, Stewart and Piper began to struggle to be known, the rest of fandom shook off the lethargy that had fallen upon it and began to produce again. They began to produce in such quantity that the grudging notice once given the West Coast was quickly withdrawn and once again fandom was divided into two distinct camps.

If we ignore the present for the moment and dig into the past, we find that the Pacific seaboard has not always been neglected. Here lived the hectic days of Laney and Burbee; here the 1950 Norwescon was held, amid cheers; many big name fans were hidden here, names like McCain and G.M. Carr, clubs like The Outlanders, the LASFS, The Little Men; here was supported a convention that was the West Coast's alone, one that never got further inland than San Francisco but ranged up and down the shoreline, wherever fans were to be found.

Today the West Coast is a queer but interesting mixture. With the large numbers of retired and insurgent fans, plus the great amny neofans who came into existence during the halcyon days of Seventh Fandom and got their first taste of recognition, a potential is built up that cannot be ignored. Holding things in balance are the big powers of the Mid-West, centered around Dean A. Grennell, Bob Tucker and Robert Bloch, primarily, and held in place by the ignorance which the fan world has of the West Coast. For an indefinite length of time these great names will continue to hold the interest of fandom while the West Coast bides its time. But, like Hoffman, sooner or later they will fall. Tucker and Bloch will withdraw from fandom and Grennell will retreat entirely into FAPA. The fire with which the East now burns will waver and drop. When it does, the tremendous potential of the West Coast will not be long in moving. All is ready now save the audience, and with the audience...

There are many questions to ask about fandom on the West Coast; but the question of immaturity is not one of them!

SF...LITERATURE OR SALES?

It has been noticed with some degree of apprehension that modern science fiction is not selling with the alacrity that it was supposed to do. Writers and editors alike are being brought up with a jolt to the dash of cold water in the face that astonishingly low sales figures are bringing. The stories which had so fondly been looked upon as the literature of the future are not selling even as the trash of today.

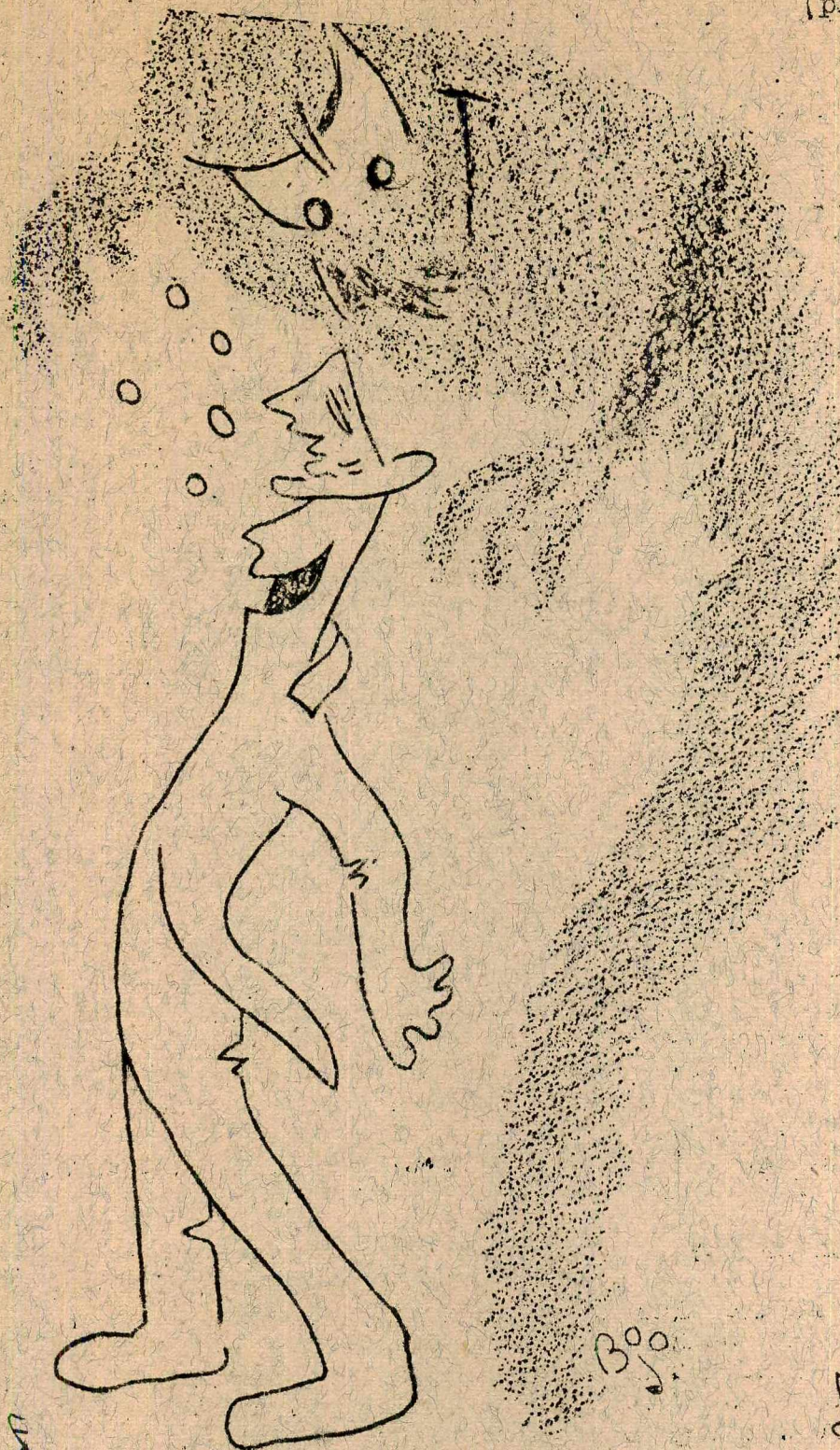
The fact that does not yet seem to have occurred to today's editors is the most obvious one: perhaps people are not buying because they are not being offered what they want!

Modern science fiction demands that the story deals with the individual and his problems. The characterization is a must; human reactions are essential; the story must be devoted to ideas and thoughts

(concluded page 15)

cartoon by the
talented

BETTY JO McCARTHY
(pride of California)



Boo.

"... me 'n' my sha--dow..."

GARDYLOO!

damon knight

EDITOR'S NOTE: the years having converted us staunchly into a rabid damon knight fan, the machinations which resulted in these excellent book reviews being stolen out literally from under the nose of Robert W. Lowndes, are suitably cunning. To our way of thinking, damon knight is one of the two or three really cogent analysts in the s-f game, and it is with some small grins of cheshire-ity that we give him to you --- in full blossom. And if anyone draws exception to the type of lettering we used to stencil GARDYLOO! above, we refer him to the nearest comprehensive dictionary with Old English slang in't.

Science Fiction Thinking Machines, edited by Groff Conklin. Vanguard, 367 pp., \$3.50.

A labeled anthology in this field, whether it's a "Best of ..." book or an "idea" collection, never can be exactly what it purports to be, a straight slice through the field. The anthologist has to cut around stories already used or bid for; he has to exclude material which is too long, he sometimes has to let a good story be nudged out by a mediocre one that will give him more variety.

In the present case, Groff Conklin has been obliged to hack through an area already tunneled by three Greenberg collections -- I, Robot, The Robot And The Man, and Robots Have No Tails. The job would have scared me; I've had the fixed impression for many years that there are no good robot stories not written by either Asimov or Kuttner. Perhaps it scared Conklin, but he did it anyhow. The result is a book that covers pretty nearly the whole history of the robot story, including most of its wildest errors.

In his introduction, latecomer Conklin corrects latecomer Greenberg's misconception of the word "android," and makes a beautiful mess of his own in defining "haploid." His only source, apparently, was latecomer Jerry Sohl's awful 1952 novel.

A

1. Ambrose Bierce's creepy, clanking old Hoxon's Master --- more horror in clockwork than any modern writer has been able to squeeze into vacuum tubes.

2. Caryl Capek's R.U.R., in which the coined word "robot" first appeared, although Capek was talking about what we would now call androids. This is as fresh as ever and very welcome; there's a great deal of delightful stuff in it that must have been cut clean out of the one dramatic version I've seen. Conklin has plumped it into the robot section, where it fits oddly; but perhaps it would have been even more confusing in the android section, where it properly belongs.

3. Soldier Boy, by Michael Shaara -- interstellar war, in startlingly simple and human terms. The robots are incidental.

B

1. Walter M. Miller, Jr.'s Dumb Waiter, a brilliant piece of work, is marred by one curious small error and a regrettably big one: (a) The story's robocop has a perverse design -- when it wants to make out

a traffic ticket, it has to feed the thing into itself, stamp it inside, and withdraw it again. One would think the author had never seen a cash register. (b) Miller's main thesis, that in a technological culture everybody ought to be a technician, is nonsense.

2. The Golden Egg, by Theodore Sturgeon (from the android section, where it barely fits) starts out gorgeously and develops into sentimental slop.

3. Alan Bloch's Men Are Different -- a neat and witty first story, but I'm afraid I wish Conklin had used Peter Phillips' masterly Lost Memory, instead.

4. Clifford D. Simak's Skirmish adds nothing to Hugi's Mechanical Nice, but manages to do it very pleasantly.

5. Dead End, by Wallace MacFarlane -- probably the best yet of the stories in which everybody turns out to be a robot (or, as in this case, an android). Unobjectionable, but awfully slight.

6. William Tenn's The Jester -- mechanically funny.

7. Automata, by S. Fowler Wright. Conklin has cattered the three parts of this 1929 story through the robot section; put back together, they add up to an overdrawn and underdeveloped propaganda piece against machines, which Wright hated with a virulence that made it impossible for him to talk about them reasonably. This Victorian view has descended to us at tenth hand and is not rooted out yet, in spite of Asimov. It's instructive to see what the original reasoning behind it was -- Wright speaks, for example, of the theory that technological improvement results in increased population as "this fallacy."

8. Sam Hall, by Poul Anderson -- ingenious, but totally unconvincing in the light of the last 30 years' history.

9. Robert Sherman Towne's Problem For Emmy -- a rather touching little computer story full of primitive humor (the inventors are named Mandenker and Golemacher; the narrator is Richter) and bad science. Golemacher, incidentally, appears to have four hands; "Dr. G., his big, dry hands roving like chunky lions through the thick jungle of his gray hair, would riffle through these letters, tossing most of them aside ..."

10. Sculptors Of Life, by Wallace West. This one, from the android section, is a real old chestnut which I was sorry to read again; I loved it in 1939. Among other things, we discover West's "life sculptors" putting the finishing touches on a pair of golems --- with
(continued next page---)

...OF CABBAGES AND KINGS... by Gregg Calkins (concluded from page 13)

and the idiosyncrasies of the protagonist. Even to the neglect of the story itself!

Can it be possible that people are not as interested in reading about the emotional intricacies of the subject (which they can get, anyway, in any cheap pocket edition) or his personal character (Hemingway, Waltari and others do excellent jobs) or the human element (westerns are fine for this)? Can it be possible that readers are interested in the scientific gadget? the alienness of other worlds? the fascinating regions of undreamed-of science? the thrill of space opera? the many things that sold early science fiction and boosted it up to where it is now? Can it be possible that readers don't want this pre-digested pap that today's authors are feeding them?

Nonsense! snorts the Editorial Department. It's literature!-declare The Writers. Keep trying! encourage The Publishers. But nobody pays any attention to the hesitant half-afraid words that the sales department tries to get into the conversation. Perhaps, secretly, they are all just a little afraid to listen.

Until they do, there will be an upswing of hungry writers and bare bookshelves.

a scalpel. Why not a trowel, for god's sake, or a pair of pinking shears?

11. The Scorch, by Raymond Z. Gallun. This one deals with a guided missile and was shoehorned in.

12. Fritz Leiber's The Mechanical Bride -- the first telscript to appear in a science fiction anthology, if anyone cares. Corn, well done -- and better than Bradbury's toyings with this theme.

C

1. Eric Frank Russell's Boomerang deals with a robot assassin, and the sloppiest paradox of the decade. The robot is built to "hate" "personal power," and after bumping off a few people discovers that it has "personal power," ergo must destroy itself. Gaw. Russell, curiously enough, repeats Miller's looney design in spades: in order to destroy itself, the robot has to punch a big red button in the middle of its chest.

2. Hal Clement's Answer, from the "computer's" section. I simply don't believe this one; I may be wrong, but I suspect it's bad cybernetics and worse human psychology.

3. Isaac Asimov's Robbie. If good robot stories not by Asimov are rare, bad ones he did write are rarer still: but Conklin has dug one up. Someone will have to stop sometime and figure out the Three Laws of Asimovics; it's hard to understand how a writer with his talent could have turned out a deliberate stinker like this without busting a rib. The story is straight out of Lassie -- lousy old m a m a sends away little girl's pet robot, girl pines, robot saves her life, and there you are. Mama is a stereotyped bitch, papa is a boob; the robot itself is a sentimentalized abstraction. The writing is awful.

4. Virtuoso, by Herbert Goldstone. In this one, a robot becomes a piano virtuoso overnight. Gaw again.

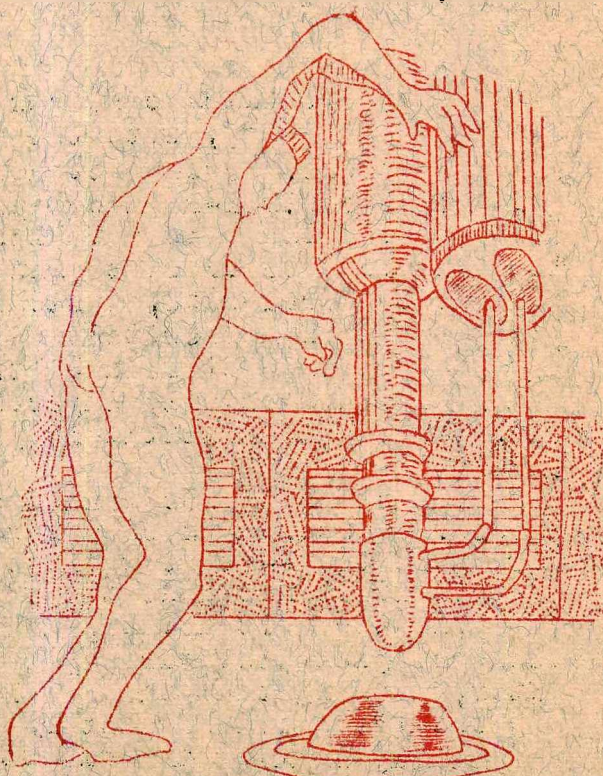
5. Chan Davis' Letter To Ellen, about a young man who goes into a tailspin on learning he was made, not born, invites comparison with adopted-child stories and falls by the same stupidity: if only t h e slob had had sense enough to tell him the first time he asked, there would have been no problem, and no story.

- # -

Starship Through Space, by L e e Correy (241 pp., \$2.50) would appear to be Holt's answer to Robert A. Heinlein's Scribner juvenile series. Format and design are similar; so are the backgrounds; so is the plot --- there are even recognizable chunks here from Red Planet (pp. 15-18), Farmer In The Sky (p. 48), Gulf (p. 89), Between Planets (p. 93), Universe (p. 121), Mc- thuselah's Children (p. 164) and Starman Jones (p. 166).

The book isn't entirely bad. For one thing, Correy, an engineer, makes his specialty vivid and interesting; for another, he has carried the saucer mystery into space, such an obviously good idea that I suppose at l e a s t twenty writers are now kicking themselves for not having thought of i t first.

I want to say also that it's hard



HARNESS

not to feel guilty for being as severe as this on a first novel. Heinlein's own first juvenile was nothing to be proud of; as for borrowing, although I think Correy has overdone it a mile, it's damnably difficult to avoid borrowing from Heinlein, who has so much to lend.

But this book has one overriding fault which makes me doubt that Correy's second, or third, or tenth will be much better: Correy is half-literate.

Language and engineering are demanding and, perhaps, essentially contradictory disciplines; again and again in science fiction we meet the engineer who knows his subject, has story-telling gifts, is ambitious and productive; can build and service a hi-fi rig -- and has a seventh-grader's understanding of that equally complex instrument, the English language.

Correy has made the incredible mistake here, among others, of exposing his idea of poetry: a character named Manning, who has been writing a symphonic suite for (in part) "a full a capella chorus, an electronic guitar section, and a theremin" is persuaded to sing part of his score. There are three stanzas, of which the worst, by a hair, goes like this:

"We who have tasted alien stream
And done what others only dream;
We who with earth-dirt on our shoes
Have walked the paths the sunbeams use;
We will trod the Milky Way."

On the basis of this sample it can be definitely said that Manning is a worse poet than Lillith Lorraine; the only recent entry in science fiction that even comes near it is Milton Lesser's space-ranger song, in which "moons" is rhymed with "ruins." But it sends Correy:

"I like it very much," Marge said.

"So do I," Walt put in. "You can sell that, Marc."

"Perhaps, perhaps," Manning said modestly. "But my profession is astrogation. I have this sideline for relaxation. If other people enjoy it, too, I'm happy. ... What's money? I have more personal satisfaction than any money could possibly buy me."

"I like your philosophy," Walt said sincerely.

* * *

The plot, which concerns the construction and maiden voyage of the first starship, with the two boy heroes accompanying their Big Cheese fathers, worsens steadily. In chapter 7, Correy introduces a cat into a control-room equipped with Heinlein's proximity switches. In chapter 9 there is a foolish scene when the starship comes out of "high-drive" too close to Pluto: the pilot dangerously overloads the engines to decelerate, instead of steering out of collision course. (Reminds me of Moskowitz's ships that kept banging and clashing their way through the asteroid belt.) And in chapter 13, about the point where Heinlein usually injects a small and palatable dose of mysticism, Correy (if a little is good, the whole bottle is better) gives us this:

"The starship has landed on a Centauri planet and found (surprise!) people. Descendants of a forgotten Earth expedition, naturally. Not from Atlantis -- that would be bad enough, but it's out of style now, so this idiot has made the Tower of Babel into a spaceship.

The theme is developed with more piety than wit: the Centaurians' Bible is just like ours up to Gen. xi. but entirely different thereafter, meaning that the Babel story had to be set down as a running account ("the oldest history book terrestrial man had," says Correy, apparently meaning the oldest newspaper) and that the writing of Exodus and Numbers, supposed by modern scholars to have been contemporary with that of Genesis, had to wait until the babbleship had taken off

and the Israelites had gone back to their goats.

The book is enlivened by Bill Llewellyn's scratchy pen drawings, which are at least preferable to Geary's, and by the author's engineering drawings of the starship Vittoria.

- # -

August Derleth's Time To Come (Farrar, Straus and Young, 311 pp., no price listed in my copy) offers a useful opportunity to moralize, not only about Derleth's shortcomings as an anthologist -- about which I've written at some length elsewhere -- but about the doldrums in which magazine science fiction presently finds itself.

Of the volume's 12 stories, here published for the first time, Robert Sheckley's Paradise II* and Evelyn E. Smith's delightful D are A's. Philip K. Dick's Jon's World and Clark Ashton Smith's a Phoenix, of which more in a moment, are B's. The rest --- by Baxbr Poul Anderson, Isaac Asimov, Charles Beaumont, Arthur C. Clarke, b Arthur J. Cox, Irving Cox, Jr., Carl Jacobi, and Ross Rocklynne, r --- are trite, inconsequential, amateurish, or all three together.

This book might have been designed as ammunition for those critics who assert that all science fiction is ignorantly and badly written. In Arthur J. Cox's Hole In The Sky, for example, an amateur astronomer discovers a black object in the heavens near Jupiter. We'll pass that one, since the object turns out to be illusory: but when he reports the discovery, a professional astronomer's reactions are as follows: (1) before looking: "It's probably a meteor." (2) after looking: "I'd guess it has a mass four or five times that of Jupiter itself..." A second professional astronomer, also after one look, comments that "It is a tremendous mass, and it is moving in an orbit that crosses Jupiter's." Gaw!

In Keeper of the Dream Charles Beaumont shows an entire ignorance of his subject, scientific inquiry, and ludicrously misinterprets his own fantastic data. Carl Jacobi's The White Pinnacle takes place on an asteroid with breathable atmosphere, Earth-normal gravity, vegetation, and native inhabitants (are you listening, Lord?). The major premise of Clark Ashton Smith's is an impossible condition of the sun.

The last two stories are period pieces: they seem to me to belong on the gray paper of the 30's Wonder Stories, with blurred Paul illustrations. Jacobi's is a preposterous farrago of unexplained and unconnected creepy doings on a mysterious planetoid; But Smith's is something else again.

It takes place in that same never-never land where the universe beyond Earth is whatever the author happens to feel like calling it. Viewed in terms of modern science fiction, it makes no more sense than the Jacobi: but it means something. It has something to say about love-and-death; it does something to the reader, doesn't simply pass through him like beets through a baby.

By "making sense," I mean telling a coherent story from one end to the other, without neurotic logic or kindergarten physics. Modern science fiction doesn't even do this often enough; it's unhappily true that most current science fiction stories neither make sense nor mean anything; but it occurs to me that as long as we're asking, we may as well ask for what we really want -- the story, now nearly extinct, which does both.

T H E E N D

* Sheckley's, incidentally, brilliantly supplies the one major factor that's been lacking in his work: this, I think, is the first Sheckley story with people in it.

--- damon knight

SONGS FROM
DEEP SPACE

algis ludrys
theodore t. cogswell
julian may dikty
phyllis h. economou
theodore sturgeon

1

Ma man has gone far out in space
 De rocket gone without a trace;
 He not so smart, for where he fly
 There are no women, only sky.

Mercury has sunny view
 But do not turn like planets do;
 A man stan' on de twilight line
 And boil in front and freeze behine.

2

My man has gone out to de stars
 Away out past de moons of Mars.
 Ole Mars is cold and full of rust
 And who want woman dry as dust?

Jupiter is big and strong,
 On him a man can do no wrong;
 He weighted down by heavy mass
 And cannot lift de whiskey glass.

3

Mo' honn' mo' di z'etoil son gran',
 I voo, liz teni dans li main;
 Mo' sè qui ci è gran' foli
 Kon i pooz avoir mo' an lit.

De galaxy is big and wide
 But where, O where is eager bride?
 On Earth man find a willing mate,
 But bed grow cold and she won't wait.

The stars are cold, my love is hot
 But how long can you boil de pot?

CHORUS

Away in space de comet fly
 By sun and moon and stars so high;
 To fly in space a man is fool
 When he could have my heàrt to rule.

Why CY!

Spacedog Cy, a moral guy
Hit the lanes for Pluto.
Parsecs out he heard a shout,
A stowaway without a doubt,
"I'm in the hold--come let me out."
'Twas Lily Bigbooto!

This is, you say, the standard way
Of countless tales ad nauseum.
An upright guy like Spacedog Cy
Would bless his Ma and pass Lil by,
Alas, the flesh is weak. Oh my---
They're now a family fauseum!

THE HIGH PRIEST'S SONG

-----Phyllis H. Economou

I
Will weave a last sad song for my Atlantis,
I who am about to die.

O God of Hosts, what have we done?
O Son of God who died upon the wheel,
Forgiving with your flesh the steel,
All-Father's Son,
What have we done?

The sea
Is tearing out the heart of My Atlantis.
There is no one left but me.

God of my fathers,
My city lies broken and burning!

There was at first the flare
Of rocket rise,
Triumphant over subject air.
And then the ultimatum made.
The raid
That followed after final raid.
The slow return
Of dust to dust within the city urn.
And then at last the rust,
And eagles bones
Broken with the broken stones.

Only the mountains scream.
The sky
Is still as quiet blue.
And I
Wait -- wondering what strange mutant weeds will rise
From damaged seeds
Until they know themselves as gods
And throw new wings against the sun.
Until subduing one by one,
Earth, Ocean,
The pride of motion
Brings mastery of the upper skies.

Protect them then, O Shining One,
From doing that which we have done.

-----Theodore R. Cogswell

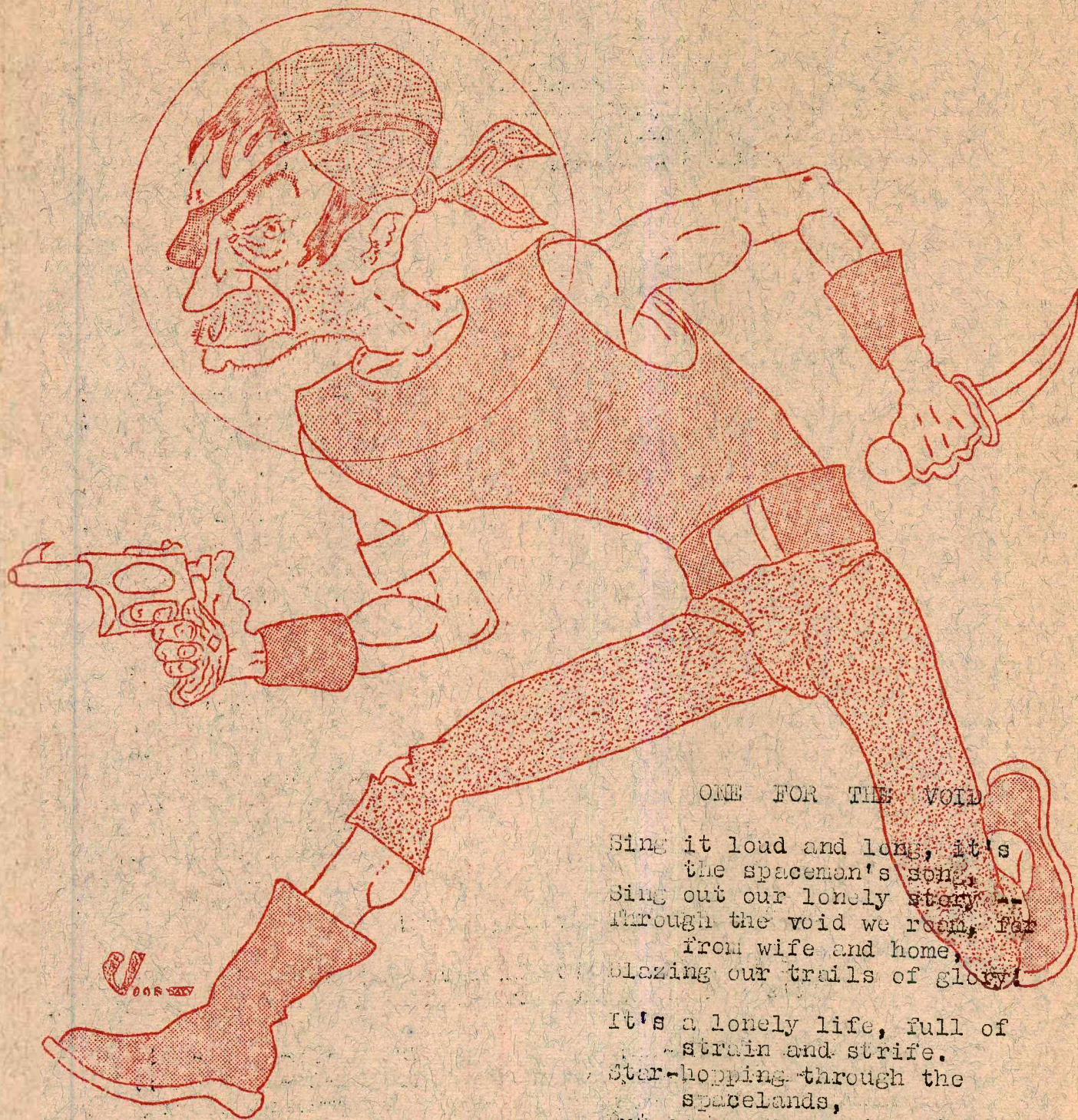


illustration:

"SPACERAT!" by Van Splawn

ONE FOR THE VOID

Sing it loud and long, it's
the spaceman's song,
Sing out our lonely story --
Through the void we roam, far
from wife and home,
blazing our trails of glory!

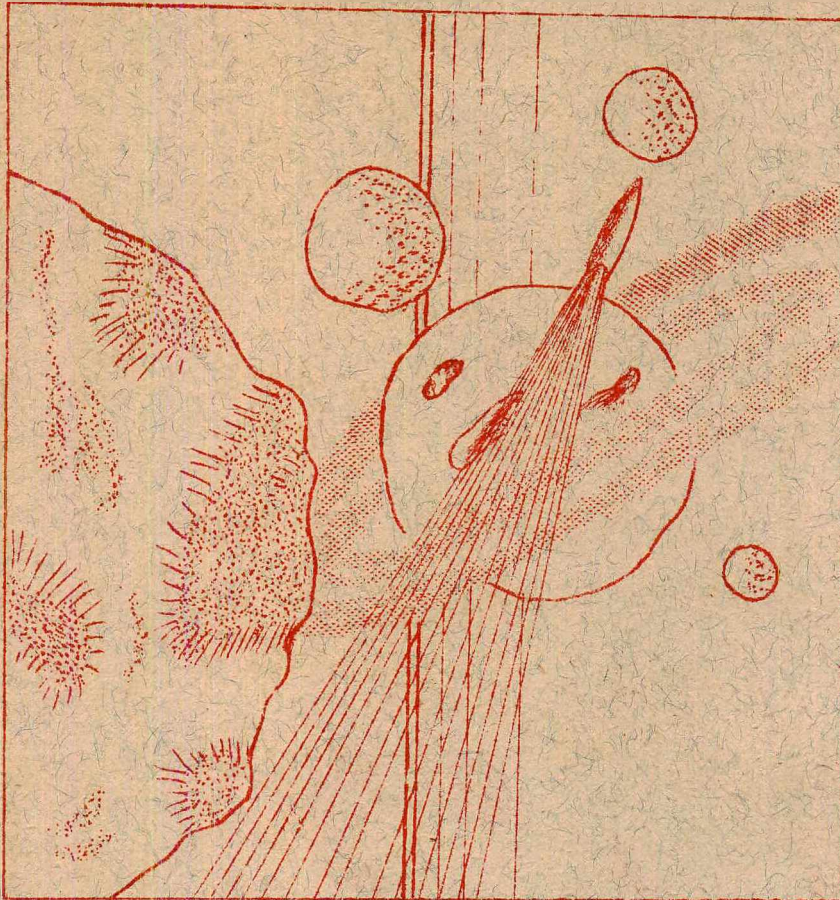
It's a lonely life, full of
strain and strife.
Star-hopping through the
spacelands,
But our song we sing, 'til its
echoes ring
All through the cosmic wastelands!

Drink men -- to worlds,
unmapped, uncharted,
Drink to the worlds we know.
Drink to the spacemen,
tiger-hearted.
Lost on Callisto's snow!

--Phyllis H. Economou

A ROCKET'S A JOLLY OLD THING

A rocket's a jolly old thing, tra la
 With its nose pointing out to the stars.
 Of the conquest of space do I sing, tra la,
 The thundering jets on the wing, tra la,
 Off in space, in a race out to Mars;
 Through the night, in a flight out to Mars.



CHORUS:

It's coming - we know
 that tomorrow will bring
 The verification of
 whereof we sing:

Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 A rocket's a jolly old
 thing.

Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 A rocket's a jolly old
 thing!!

O I know what I'm talk-
 ing about, tra la;
 My opinion rates
 higher than most.
 I'm the tops in my field
 without doubt, tra la,
 Since my series on space
 flight came out, trala,
 In the Saturday
 Evening Post!

In the Saturday Evening Post!

But in spite of it all I can say that I've found
 It's a damn sight more prudent to stay on the ground!

Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 More prudent to stay on
 the ground.

Tra la-la-la la-ah!
 Tra la-la-la la-ah!!
 More prudent to stay on
 the ground!

----- Julian May Dikty

EDITORIAL NOTE: the space ballads herein contained are comprised in the main of those sung by Judy Dikty at the Chicago Convention in 1952, taken from a satire operetta entitled "The Son of The Thing" which was presented by the Chicago group privately. The complete words for Sturgeon's "Thunder And Roses" come to us through the courtesy of New York's Ind. Song Writer's Agency. The Budrys is a thing rejected from every crudzine in the land, and the Cogswell and Econou pieces were all done especially for this section. Comments!!he

Theodore Sturgeon

When you gave me your heart you gave me the world.
 You gave me the night and the day
 And thunder and roses and sweet green grass
 The sea and soft wet clay.
 I drank the dawn from a golden cup, from a silver
 one the dark.
 The steed I rode was the wild west wind
 My song was the brook and the lark.
 With thunder I smote the evil of earth
 With roses I won the right
 With the sea I washed and with clay I built
 And the world was a place of light
 And the world was a place of light.

TIT-WILLOW

In an orbit round Saturn a space-cruiser spun;
 O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.
 And the spaceman within sat and wept with his gun;
 O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.
 "Is it alien disease germs?" the radio said,
 "Or an engram that says you should shoot yourself dead?"
 He replied with a tear and a shake of his head,
 "O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

 O he loved a fair Martian, her skin was pale green
 As the willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.
 With a transparent spacesuit and armored poitrine;
 O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.
 But one day a foul monster popped out of his lair,
 As he watched with a paralyzed horror-struck stare,
 And with rude impudence dragged her off by the hair!
 O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,

 He sprang to the rescue with rockets a-smoke,
 Crying, "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."
 But, alas, in the battle his bifocals broke.
 O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.
 With his gun he confronted a pretty problem:
 Which one was the monster and which one the femme?
 And he shot the fair maiden and rescued the bem!
 O willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.

----- JULIAN MAY DIKTY

EDITOR'S NOTE: with abundant apologies to Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, space-farers of note, who are probably whirling like tops..he

LORD OF THE OUT-WORLD RAIDERS FROM THE MAGELLANIC DEATH - CLOUD

an ALGIS BUDRYSAGA

On a cold and bitter day,
On a planet far away--
Circling closely on an incandescent star--
There was born through pain and anguish
One, who, not content to languish,
Raised the banner of rebellion.
Do you recognize the hellion?--
Yes, our hero is the doughty Malomar!

Now spin me a song of galactic sway--
But how did this character get that way?

Born of parents poor but proud,
One with all the common crowd--
But withal a glint of fire in his eye--
Nurtured by determination
To return his sickly nation
To its former heights of glory
Though the method might be gory--
"This I'll do," quoth Malomar, "or bravely die!"

Now tell me a tale of planets aflame--
But where the hell is the gorgeous dame?

Of fair women there are two,
With their skin seductive blue--
Quite a bit of which their garments plainly show--
One of these is virtuous Suita
And the other wicked Meeta,
And the first with virginly sigh
Seeks to raise our hero high--
While the latter does her best to lay him low.

Sing on with your ballad of vasty deeps--
For Christ's sake bring on the villianous creeps!

The villians cold and bitter,
Spawn thirty to the litter--
Which is not the contradiction it would seem--
Capture Malomar's fair Suita,
Bruise her, question her, and beat her
Till she spills where hero's hiding
--distant not an hour's hard riding--
Thereby ending Malomar's fantastic dream.

And that, fair reader, is how I close--
Thirty to one--you can't beat odds like those!

LOVE HAS WINGS

The day will come,
So I have heard,
When lovers will be standing
'Neath alien suns
Of other worlds
Where man has made new landing.

O tell me pray,
When comes that day
And Earth is far behind them,
Will then that star
Be much too far
Away for love to find them?

Though I'm certain of
These future things,
I know we'll always love,
For love has wings;
Though we're uncertain what
Tomorrow brings
We really can be sure
That love has wings.

It well may be
Through fantasy
That we a glimpse may borrow,
Of new horizons
They will face,
These lovers of tomorrow.

Though far from Earth
And far from moon
I know that they'll discover
No space is deep
Enough to keep
A woman from her lover.

(Repeat chorus)

----- Julian May Dikty

THE RADIATION BLUES

A-bomb went off last Tuesday
By the old Last Chance saloon
Ain't nothing left but the juke-box
And it's playing a mournful tune.

Just keeps on playing
Those radiation blues.

I've been drinking since last Tuesday
And I should be getting high
But the dehydration's set in
And all I am is dry.

Can't get no edge on,
Got radiation blues.

When the sun went down last evening
I went walking through the park.
Didn't mind them busted streetlights,
I was glowing in the dark.

Just call me glow-worm,
Got radiation blues.

Had a wake for Jake the Barber.
One small drink and one small prayer.
Went and shot himself this morning
Cause the whole town's lost their hair.

Came out in handfuls.
Got radiation blues.

Ain't no use in going no place.
Whole damn world is just like here.
Bossmen really fixed us this time.
Think I'll have another beer.

Ain't no use singing
Those radiation blues.

----- Theodore R. Cogswell

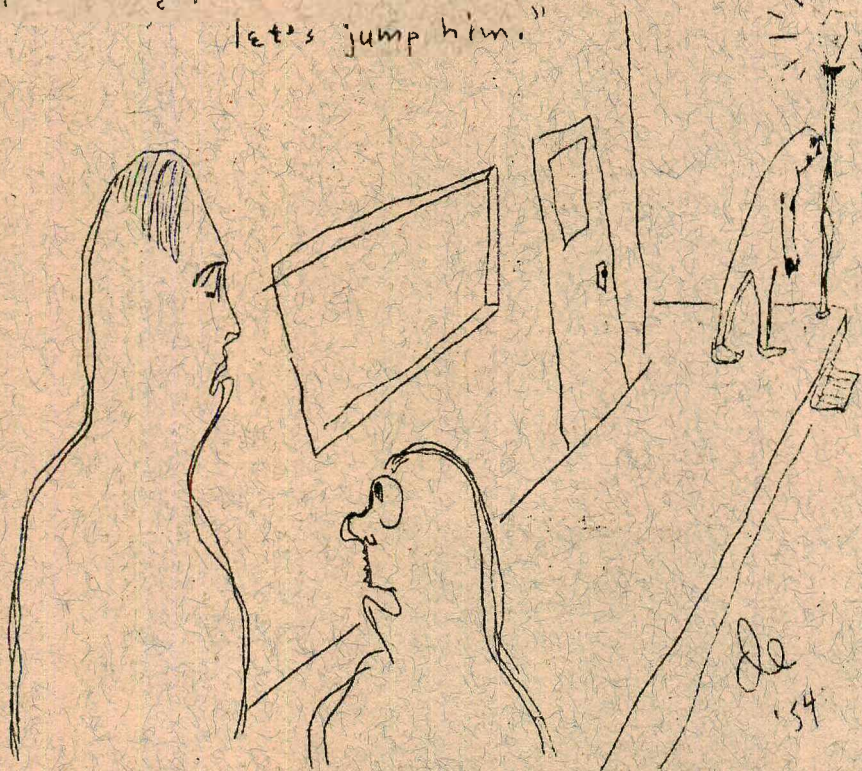
EDITOR'S NOTE: the hand-scribbled notation before the beginning of "Love Has Wings", which Judy May Dikty wanted preserved, I imagine, read, "...men sing about the depths of space, but women have their songs, too." A fitting note with which to conclude this section. To our way of knowing, this is the first attempt at such a space balladry section in any science fiction magazine. We think the work herein exposed was of a truly excellent nature and we request your opinions heartily.

DAVID ENGLISH, ^{who is, in reality,}
 DAVID ENGLISH,
 WHO, with the *uncanny* ability to FOG MEN'S
 GLASSES, fights the forces of **EVIL**
 WITH HIS COLUMN
 LINT FROM AN INTELLEKCHUL'S
 belly - button

EDITOR'S NOTE: Charles Dickens, in "David Copperfield," once remarked, "It's a mad world. Mad as Bedlam." Through extensive and never-faltering investigation, I have uncovered the tightly-guarded secret of David English, boy madman. His middle name, over which many have conjectured, is B. For Bedlam! Which just goes to point out the insanity of English and his column --- and the heightened insanity of my-

self, the editor, for running this veritable insane asylum of Englishania. I not only feel impelled to warn and caution you against reading too much LINT all at once-- but I must, in the interests of clinical survey, include extracts from the letter accompanying it for a further psychological examination of the warped English personality. May no one suffer evermuch...he

"that guy looks like martin kane;
 let's jump him."



all illustrations accompanying this column by DAVID ENGLISH (who else?)

Dear Harlan:

...The column is sort of big this time—if it's too big you have my permission to cut out "Going Underground"; you have my permission to double-column item 4, though it thereby loses that freeversey swing—but you goddam well let that goddam poem alone!

Reason for the delay on this stuff is that I've been away from civilization for awhile. (Well, not too far away from it—spent some time camping at Lake Erie State Park, where they have lavatories, garbage-cans and a hotdog stand, and, if you're still feeling too rustic you can walk into Brocton for a movie. Tho' as a matter of fact that trip to Brocton was the most rustic part of the whole affair. Brocton is a very rustic place itself—I was halfway into—get this (what a sneaky way to fix up that margin!)—halfway into the business section before I knew we'd arrived! The theatre was smaller than the winter Garden in Fredonia, which I had always thought to be pretty little. But this was practically home movies. I forgot to glance at their license to check this, but I doubt if the place had as many as 200 seats—But I do run on don't I?) Anyway, having returned from the wilderness—to get on with my explanation of lateness, I then broke my arm. It promptly grew back on, but meanwhile I had worried myself into a nervous breakdown, but fortunately I work better that way. So here it is. ... Coming to DIMENSIONS: ... I'll just say that I enjoyed it immensely and will be eagerly waiting the next issue, on account of my column is in it. In about 5 minutes CBC Wednesday night will present Rawhide's Tibetan broadcast and this I must hear. Dr. Sarcophagus will talk on Tibetan life and show lantern slides (over the radio), Mary Wollstonecraft will explain Tibet from a woman's point of view, and then as a climax — these damn margins—Lost Horizon will be dramatized. All kinds of mad goings-on. It warms my ghoulish heart to know that old Rawhide will be back with us regularly comes September. But the moment is come—I must go—and if this letter has seemed a trifle distracted, it is because it was composed while the writer had one ear tuned to Edith Sitwell's Facade—I go—

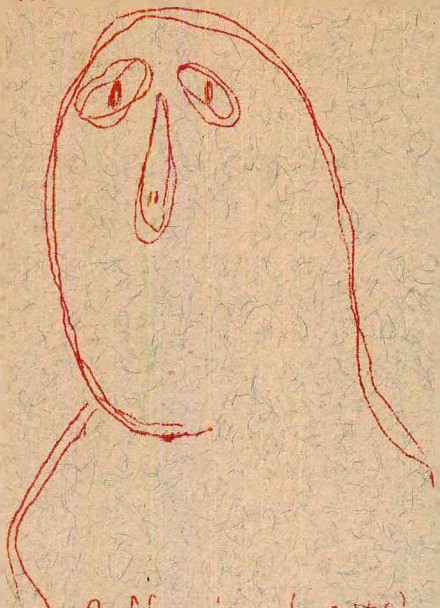
EDITOR'S NOTE: see? What'd I tell you? All written in a most horrible blurred typescript on dozens of small pieces of brown paper. All in one monstrous paragraph. And

who ever in the world has heard a radio program called "Rawhide's Tibet?" except English? It is just uncanny. But here's the column, anyhow.he



LINT FROM AN INTELLERCHUL'S BELLY-BUTTON

by daVID English (segment 1)



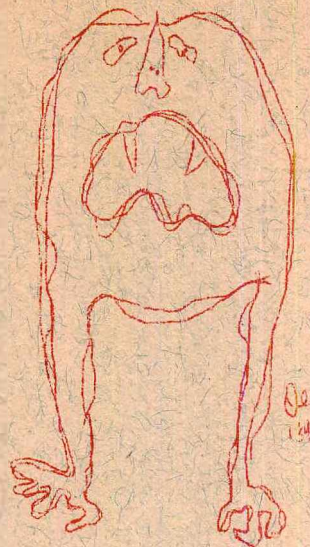
Suffering (mute)

Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereigniss;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

— Goethe

"For this reason I have
remained in my library. I
fear for my life should a
woman come near me."

— Robert Burton
(quoted by Dr. Keller)

Suffering
(articulate, vary)

So Allison sends me a mimeo'd sheet on which is checked "b) send me your column AT ONCE!" All is as he wrote it; he even dares to raise his voice at me in capitals and exclamation points. So here I am, feeling lousy, feeling lower than a pissnare with rheumatism; here I am in this state and Harlan asks me to be witty. "Be witty," he says, "laugh and cut up and draw your crazy pictures over which I near to toss my cookies, and write your innervating column!" he says (in effect). Meanwhile I contemplate a philosophical piece on the (imagined) unworthiness of woman and the insufficiency of man (meaning me).

(How much better were the world if Faire Ladye could be won by a strong right arm and a trusty sword, as in days of old; instead it would appear better to be able to make love amusingly. I can't do either. I can't do a god damn thing.)

Anyway, here's the kind of column that get's written when one's in this state. It's composed mostly (i.e., entirely) of bits and pieces I found whilst pawing around in my desk for want of something better to do.

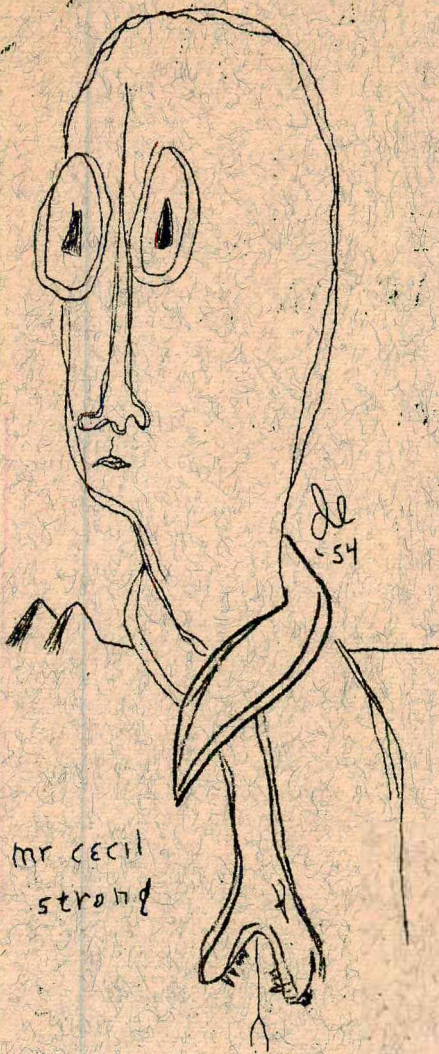
THROUGH SAME'S OF ISN'T TO HAVES OF NOT: (This comes from the period [not so long ago either] when I was employed as a pinsticker at Central Lanes. One evening Harry Bell and I stopped at Candyland for a coke and this incident ensued. Since then I've written the piece up twice as a composition for my English class, and finally used it on the exam [I got a 94]. But the pleasure of reading it shouldn't go only to English teachers, so, lucky you! you now have that opportunity.)

THROUGH SAME'S OF ISN'T TO HAVES OF NOT:

Harry and I were sitting in Candyland, just killing a few minutes until it was time to go to work. I think he was trying to kill me. He kept pouring coffee and cream and flipping cigaret ashes into my coke, for which he had nothing but contempt.

To distract him from this unappetizing business I told him how I'd once saved a man from fiery death on the fourth floor of a blazing building. I'd had him tie a rope around his waist and had pulled him down. (So it's Mark Twain's story, so kill me!)

Soon we were swapping tall tales. Mostly they were pretty uninspired, tho' I did get off a good one about a transAtlantic bridge,



reveals swarmed in my feverish brain. In Kafka's words, "I got an insight into the cold space of our world."

—No wonder his eyes are strange, I thought.

—...What—what did it look like? I had to ask.

—Like Marilyn Monroe.

The mood passed, the strangeness fled. I was returned to Candyland, and the necessity of going to work in five minutes, and my nauseating coke now warm in my hand...

GOING UNDERGROUND: (I don't know what this next is. I found it among my love poems, but it isn't a love poem; it probably got put in there because it was on the same size (5½" x 8½") sheet as I usually write love poetry on. But here it is, not from the dungheap, straight to you.)

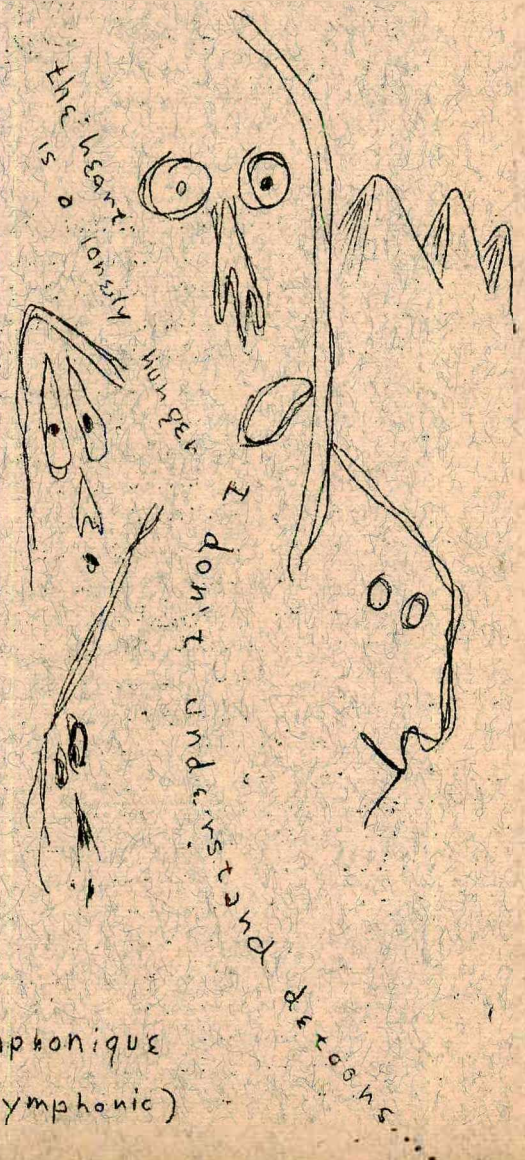
GOING UNDERGROUND:

"I have decided to 'go underground,'" he declared. "I shall rent a quiet room over (concluded page 33)

which, unfortunately, the Germans had destroyed. But then Harry looked at me with his strange eyes and said:

—I was on the lake, fishing, see....when I see this thing swimming towards my boat. It was big...ral big...(he indicated a length of perhaps forty feet)...and I was scared. It was so...so goddam queer. Anyways, here's this thing coming on like Gangbusters, and here's me praying and swearing and trying to think whether to jump out of the boat...or... But anyways, just as it's about to run into me, it ups and flies away, leaving me rocking in my boat and scared as hell...maybe it was a hallucination, but, Jesus!...

An icy wind from across a thousand miles of arctic wasteland blew over me. It wasn't the silly story, so much as the utterly sincere way he told it, and the fact that he didn't read science fiction, and, maybe too, his for Christ's sake strange eyes. Visions of fabulous wonders, the beast of the Apocalypse, Fortean whimsies and the horrors that twentieth century science



BOOKENDS

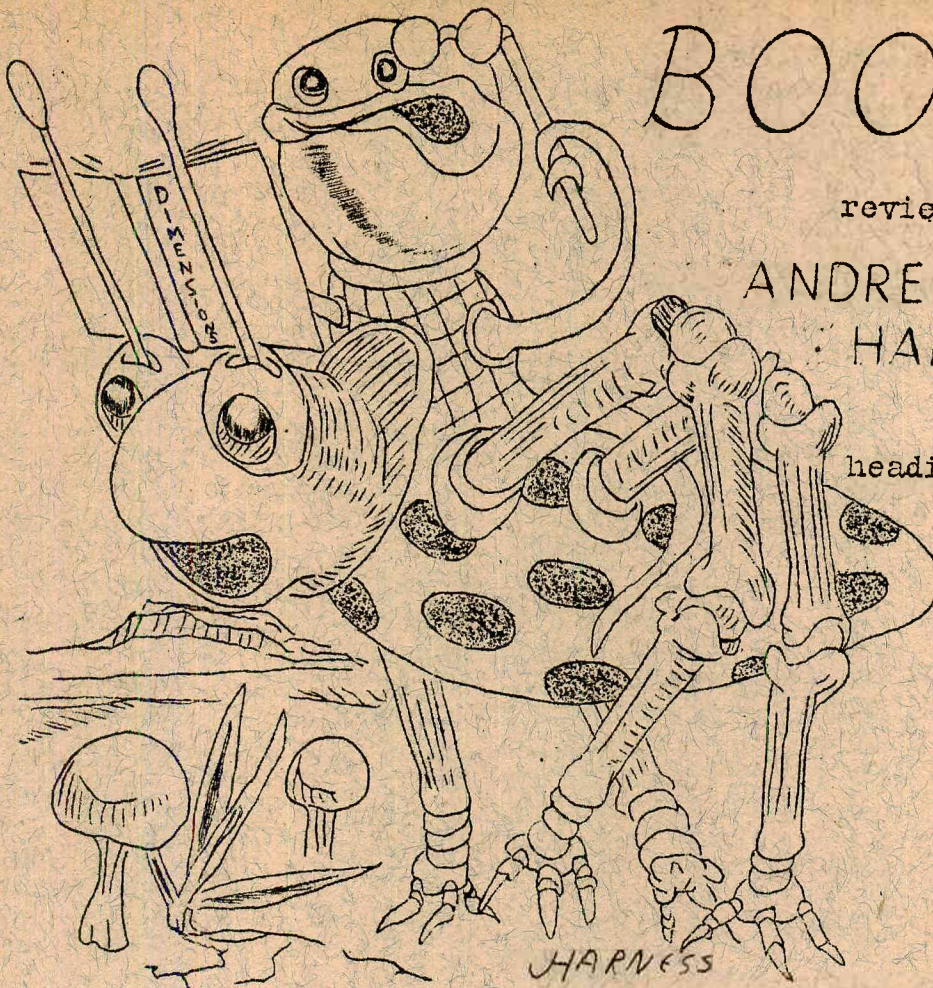
reviews by

ANDRE NORTON
HARLAN ELLISON

heading by Jack Harness

THE SCIENCE-FICTION
SUBTREASURY by Wil-
son Tucker

reviewed by Ellison



As I recall, it was The Year of Our Lord 1950 when I met a well-coordinated, crewcut lad who mas-

queraded under the name "Bob Tucker." This Tucker fellow, it turned out, was a fan of long standing (and for Tucker, standing was a distinct effort) and author of some miniscule stature---having penned a number of intriguing mysteries.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Tucker chose the line of least resistance and began writing science fiction novels. Occasionally a short story would appear in one of the magazines by him, but by and large only an ever-increasing barrage of his longer work confronted us.

Until now, that is.

You see, Tucker has just come forth with quite a book. In the usual spirit of sudden frivolity impregnating his stories, Wilson and/or Bob Tucker has labeled his first collection of short stories "The Science-Fiction Subtreasury." And a better keynote to the mad doings included could not be found.

Ten stories, ranging from the very Bradbury-ish "The Street Walker" to the shaggily-haired pun "The Mountaineer." Each one a dilly.

Tucker tells a story simply. His language is unaffected, his meanings clear, his presentation one of extreme simplicity. In fact, often too simple. Characterization and a spark of "full-blownness" are not quite. The feeling, I rather imagine, comes from the fact that Tucker learned one of the two pillars of writing---tight plotting---, before he learned the other, characterization and padding.

But don't let this insignificant bit of viewing-with-alarm deter you. Buy the thing! It's a three-ring circus of SF humor.

There are stories about wild women roaming the ranges of Mars, a man with an encyclopedia dated two years in the future, a gentleman who thought he could walk between atoms, and a host of others, too

diverse for explanation.

Tucker's ability to step up to the old tried-and-true cliches of science fiction, say, "To hell with you!" and then give them a healthy kick in the chops is a beautiful thing to observe. As in his wonderfully wacky "Home Is Where The Wreck Is," where we have an incompetent space captain who would be declared the black sheep of any Captain Future's family.

I can't recommend this book strongly enough. It happily gives a something to the field that even practitioners of humorous s-f haven't been able to present. In the Subtreasury Tucker has hit a winner-and-a-half.

BRAIN WAVE by Poul Anderson reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

Earth has been submerged in a stellar "inhibitor field" which has retarded the intelligence of every living creature. Through the normal process of Galactic Progression, the Solar System moves out of the field, shooting intellects to fantastic heights. The moron's IQ begins at 150 and the genius is untestable.

This is the premise Poul Anderson has chosen for his first adult novel. Though in many ways a rewarding volume, and admirably executed, this reviewer is forced to conclude that Poul has not done the job too well.

With as basically an interesting situation as Anderson has set up, there should have been more warmth and humanity in the story. But after the remarkably excellent first half, dealing compassionately with the blunders of man and his inferiors to cope with the problem of increased intelligence, it deteriorated rapidly into a philosophical polemic, the IQ (Interest quotient) dropping to .40!

The book suffers from no central character. Anderson has attempted to make Man the hero, but as in so many other cases where this has been proposed, the idea is too great to be executed on such a flimsy framework. The protagonists line up---Peter Corinth, Archie Brock, Felix Mandelbaum, etc.---and take alternating swats at each other to see who will be the leading character. As a result, they all wind up thoroughly exhausted and no one the winner.

In this humble opinion, might have been immeasurably enhanced by turning the story over to the animals (such as the apes who, in Africa, join the Mau-mau in revolt) and showing how they progressed. The "wild blue yonder" in which Anderson indulges near the end, sending his Homo Superiors off into the sky, abandoning Earth to the morons, going off to found a galactic Co-Op system or somesuch, leaves me just a bit deflated. From a basically homely and small-scale proposition, which dealt with in a like fashion would have created a work of lasting character, Poul has dragged in a wealth of mish-mosh, cluttering Brain Wave to a point where all merit has been submerged.

An interesting solution out of the multitudes available to solve the problem of what would happen should Man's IQ increase staggeringly. Unfortunately, we don't appear to be in that Best Of All Possible Universes in which Poul Anderson wrote the book with the best possible solution.

At any rate, the 1950's will assuredly be known as the Era When Anderson Matured.

BORN LEADER by J.T. McIntosh reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Two parties of survivors flee a Terra engaged in the death throes of a final atomic conflict. Years later the second generation of both parties meet in a struggle which is not only physical, but also mental

and ethical. The static civilization of one (already challenged by its own youth) stands up against the totalitarian state developed by the later refugees who are colonizing a neighboring planet. Mr. McIntosh is so eager to underline the inherent evil in both ways of life that the action suffers at times. However the conflict within conflict is well-handled.

SNOWFLAKES IN THE SUN edited by W. Paul Ganley --- SSR Publications, 119 Ward Road, North Tonawanda, N.Y. reviewed
by HARLAN ELLISON

Amateur in scope and presentation appears to be the watchword of this little volume, containing science fantasy poetry. For the most part over-pretentious, ponderous and often just everyday bad, the editor has tried to salvage from fan ranks staggeringly sterile in poetic craft or ingenuity, a few pearls, dropped by some swine, more acute than most.

Of the 22 bits of verse herein, we found most striking PRICE OF A DREAM by Noreen Kane Falasca, the preface by the editor---which is far and away the most judicious and entertaining a bit of critic-slaming I have seen in some time, and the poem PAINTER by Paul Ganley under his pointless penname of Toby Duane. PAINTER is a tribute to a fine, clear mind. It deserved to wind up in either The Partisan Review or The New Yorker.

The less said for the illustrations by Nancy Share, the more merciful. In essence, a rather scrubby field of skunk cabbage with two or three sunflowers poking their delightful heads forth.

THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS by Fredric Brown reviewed
by ANDRE NORTON

An excellent character study of a man obsessed by space, who is willing to fight for a future of exploration he has long visualized--either openly or undercover. Max Andrews, a rocket mech, determined to be in the first expedition to Jupiter provides a very real hero and the story closely approaches Heinlein's technique in the detailed picture of everyday life in the not-too-distant future. Recommended.

LINT FROM AN INTELLIGENT HUMAN'S BELLY-BUTTON (concluded from page 30)

a brothel, and stay there for as long as necessary. Of nights I shall read the Bhagavad-Gita and other books of Indian philosophy; of afternoons I shall lounge about in a chateau dressing gown, listening to the jazz DJ's on the local radio station. On this next I have not quite decided, but I think I shall exist upon ice cream and sloe gin--butter-scotch ice cream."

I thought his plan such an excellent one that I gladly lent money for the roomrent of the first week.

FOREVER AND GOODBYE: (Which is, I guess, a proper note on which to end this column. I'll take this opportunity to slip in the following bit of poetry, one of the few poems of mine, of which I am genuinely fond. You may not get a chance to read it tho'; Harlan may chop it out under pretense of conserving space. He generally takes a pretty snotty attitude toward my poetic efforts anyway. The last batch I sent him, containing the deeply moving "The Old Man," he characterized as "shit." Yes: "shit.") EDITOR'S NOTE: for such foul language, obviously beneath the dignity of the editor of a staid periodical of this sort, I should cut his shitty poem, but it's on page 34.he

THE GREEN MILLENNIUM by Fritz Leiber reviewed by ELLISON

An unapproachable facility in drawing strange cultures is all that saved this wildly-plotted mélange. Leiber's plot was a psycho case.

In this previously unpublished novel the writing is Bernard Shaw smooth and so laden with minutiae of Leiber's culture, it is a veritable wonderland for the reader. But the plot wanders in and out in such a confusing complexity, going three ways at once, I find it difficult to say whether I liked it or not. I think I did, but don't be taking any large bets on it.

For all the incongruencies of the skeleton, the meat is still there in the way Leiber paints his world. A world of male-female wrestling, off-the-bosom dresses à la Dior 1955, sales robots, A 1 1 Pleasures Amusement Park ("THIRD MILLENNIUM THRILLS! 1000 FEET OF FREE FALL! RECORDED KISSES AND HUGS! Cuddle your favorite star. Better than Handies. YOUR MIND CLEARED IN TEN MINUTES! THROW ROCKS AT GLAMOR GIRLS! etc."), Federal Bureau of Loyalty, Stun-Gun cocktails and a multitude of others, each one logically fitting into the overall and highly-terrifying scheme. Leiber is too good a prophet for comfort.

The plot is a tenuous, sort of futuristic Maltese Falcon thing revolving around a strange green cat with the power of love and goodwill, and the gyrations of "others" as they try to lay hands on said cat. "Others" consists of a muscle-bound female wrestler named Juno, a pair of wacky "intellekchuls" with a Bast-worship complex, a satyr-footed beauty name of Dyttie da Silva, and a whole crew of fascinating personalities, all rushing hither and yon for inexplicable reasons.

The hero, it appears upon reminiscing, was the one dull point of the whole book---a singularly inept character, ill-drawn and pallid before the sparkle from the rest of Leiber's mad cast.

The plot starts, stops, backs up, and in all gives a performance worthy of Model "T". But for all that it is rich in fun and sadistic entertainment. The sex is there and the Spillane influence, too, but for some odd reason, when all slung together, it makes one hell of an interesting layout. Be kind enough not to ask why.

COSTIGAN'S NEEDLE by Jerry Sohl reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

A serial worlds tale with a new twist and some honest humor. Dr. Winfield Costigan was attempting to build a machine which would put forward the diagnostic section of medical science a hundred years. What he produced was a gateway into a kindred but uninhabited Terra, and fate provided the new world with an odd assortment of involuntary pioneers. An excellent handling of a now well-known theme, with good characterization and action.

THE WHITE WIDOWS by Sam Merwin, Jr.
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

So there are agents among us again--deadly female agents who want to make the world safe by doing away with the male sex entirely. And a young chemist, Larry Finlay, stumbling on a few clues to the truth, finds (continued---)

FOREVER AND GOODBYE
(For Mary)

Night's around us;
It surrounds us
And has found us
Unaware
(Lost and do not care)
In the lair,
In the realm and lair
Of awful unbought,
Now and ever unwrought
Care,
Near our cry,
We love-lost ones,
Forever and goodbye.

---david english

himself in the middle of a vicious if undeclared and secret war. Not, unfortunately, up to the standard set by Mr. Merwin in his 1951 offering, House Of Many Worlds.

BRIEF CANDLES by Manning Coles

reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

The two expert writers of spy stories, who combine their outstanding talents under the penname of "Manning Coles," have come up with a fantasy which is strictly out of this world--though the action is laid in modern Paris. Back in 1870 some Prussian invaders were unwise enough to shoot out of hand James Latimer of England and his cousin Charles Latimer, late of the Confederate army, who were displaying some mild interest in Louis Napoleon's badly-managed war. And in 1953 the two Latimers regain corporeal shapes for a space to bedevil a section of the French underworld and the national tourist industry. Written with tongue in cheek but excellent sport all around. Doubleday.

SPACE TRAILS SERIES edited by Ken J. Krueger available from Pegasus Publications in association with Shroud Publishers, 819 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Number One: PRISON PLANET by Wilson Tucker

An outlawed Centaurian pilot brings a ship to Earth on a rescue mission which means his own death.

Number Two: THE FLESH EATERS by Basil Wells

Adventures of a Terran space-wrecked on a planet of cannibals.

Number Three: DISEASE PLANET by David English

Doomed first expedition to Mars--men overcome by strange diseases.

Number Four: DARK EVOLUTION by Walt Klein

Murderer caught in his own web--horror tale.

All of these are distinctly amateur offerings, interesting only to collectors of semi-professional material. Number Five, THE OLD ONE by W. Paul Ganley, has also been received, in a somewhat more pleasing & legible format than the preceding, with the exception of Number One.

LOVECRAFT'S SELECTED ESSAYS--Volumes 1 and 2--edited by George Wetzel available from SSR Publications, 119 Ward Road, N. Tonawanda, N.Y. reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Volume One contains:

Poetry and the Gods (story), Idealism and Materialism, A Confession of Unfaith, and Nietzscheism and Realism.

Volume Two contains:

The Street (story), A Descent To Avermus, The Brief Autobiography of an Inconsequential Scribbler, Anglo-Saxondom, Revolutionary Mythology, The Trip of Theobald, and The Alchemist (story).

Bits and patches of Lovecraft's writing reprinted from various amateur journals and papers. They reveal the oddities, Anglophile leanings and antiquarian interests of this author. Though neatly and handsomely presented, of interest to one who collects ALL of Lovecraft, but with little general appeal.

E PLURIBUS UNICORN by Theodore Sturgeon reviewed by ELLISON

I wish it were possible to add laurels to the pile heaped on Ted

Sturgeon by Groff Conklin in his "Essay On Sturgeon," in the volume at hand. Such further shouting, however, would not only be inconsequential---it would be impertinent.

But as far as that goes, impertinence appears to be called for in this case. As Conklin ventures, "You don't read these stories, they happen to you." And God protect us, that is exactly what happens. In the thirteen stories under the title E Pluribus Unicorn can be found characterization and alchemy, emotion and elation, terror and talent, fantasy and faith. A book to become a cornerstone of any library, not merely one of science fiction! Never before in the field has there been such a talent as Sturgeon.

His "The Silken-Swift" is a deeply moving story of people reacting to the stimuli of their own personalities. It is a parable for moderns. Set in a fairyland background it calmly delineates the eternal struggle between bad and good as they fight for the soul of mortal man.

"The Professor's Teddy-Bear" is a terrifying study in duality, as a man sees his future while he is a baby, presaging evil and death for people not yet born. "Bianca's Hands" is a touching story of love. Love as strange as anything Kraft-Ebbing might have envisioned. The beautiful "A Saucer of Loneliness" will sell you---not scientifically, but emotionally. A story of such profound insight and deep conviction, no one can hope to read it without a tear emerging. And so on down the line through that masterful tale of jazz-men and strange compulsions "Die, Maestro, Die!" to the weird little opus of the man whose brother lived within his chest, "Cellmate."

Calculated studies in mood are Sturgeon's wares. And he has marketed them impeccably. But with the mood the plot stands timber-strong with the strength of a man who knows how to write. Lord! if you read nothing else this year, get E Pluribus Unicorn. Sturgeon no longer writes the gimmick-fantasy of "Yesterday Was Monday" but he has taken his gimmicks and clothed them differently, rendering to them an appearance as different from their old selves as Beau Brummel from Willy the Tramp.

The pages contain liquid magic. The print oozes adrenalin. Take a chance, speed up your heartbeat, feel the surge of blood in your temples, experience Sturgeon at his flawless finest.

THE SINISTER RESEARCHES OF C.P. RANSOM by H. Nearing, Jr.
reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

Those who have known Professor Clearch Penn Ransom from his previous appearances in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction will greet this expanded version of his sufferings for science with unquiet joy. Whether he is giving advice to love-lorn Martians via the fourth dimension or turning rats green, the good Professor is right in there pitching. And pitching, in one tale, rather remarkably. But a second volume must be offered us in which Ransom escapes the horrible fate waiting him on the last page of this---it is unfair to all researchers!

A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS by Edgar Pangborn reviewed by NORTON

Infinitely a better volume than the first Pangborn novel, West of the Sun, this is another "agents among us" tale. But the quiet, meditative style used by the Martian Elmis in his reports to his superior provide not only a sense of realism but quality writing to revive a time-worn plot. Elmis, the Observer, armed with a bronze mirror from

ancient Crete, and his belief in the potential value of human beings, goes to war with the Abdicator Namir, who is convinced of the necessity for the complete destruction of the human race, for the soul of a small boy who has within him the qualities of great leadership. The hidden war covers nine hectic years and ends in complete victory for one of the concealed antagonists. Very good indeed.

ANOTHER SPACE, ANOTHER TIME by H.J. Campbell available from Hamilton & Co., London, England reviewed by ANDRE NORTON

This offering by the editor of England's Authentic Science Fiction is in the alien invasion setting. The plot and style are reminiscent of what intrigued American readers about twenty years ago. A scientist as "mad" as the best of them opens a doorway between universes in different dimensions and admits to this world some unpleasant turtle-cum-snake individuals who harbor most sinister designs on mankind with, of course, a Lensman-type hero and heroine to bring such plans to naught. The whole volume is quite dated when compared to such contemporary offerings as Mirror For Observers, reviewed above.

THE EXPLORERS by C.M. Kornbluth reviewed by HARLAN ELLISON

Rather than prattling about what science fiction should be, one of the most talented of the contemporary SF authors shows us. Brilliantly, deftly, originally.

Included in this latest of the Ballantine originals are nine stories of which six are magnificent, two are merely excellent, and one, the first story Kornbluth ever wrote (at the age of fifteen), "Thirteen O'Clock," is rather inept and childish in the light of his later work.

Here the real scintillance of Cyril Kornbluth's style comes forth, with all the impact and ferocity, with all the humor and ingenuity, with all the verve and literateness of a master.

The stories in this volume comprise an imposing chunk of that pie made from pure science fiction. For this is true science fiction. Of the type Grandma used to bake. Not the watered-down balderdash of much of the Bradbury school, nor the rigid unsmiling stuff wrought by the Gernsback school. But a conningling as appealing and vibrant as that of love and respect.

A new novelette is included, "Gomez"; a down-to-Earth narrative of a 17-year-old boy whose intuitive grasp of science and advanced-level mathematics made him both a better physicist than Fermi and a more valuable government secret than the A-bomb. The story is told with compassion that never seems superficial, and must be unflinchingly cast in with Kornbluth's finest work---of which there is much.

The rest of the yarns, from the terrifying saga of a man who drained emotion from victims, instead of eating---"The Mindworm"---through that portrait of dreams shattered and Man still triumphant over metal in "With These Hands", to the supreme beauty of my nomination for the most truly expressive answer to the question, "What is science fiction?"---"That Share Of Glory."

Fred Pohl's introduction, cynically slapping Kornbluth on the back in the spirit of drinking-buddies is an added fillip to a collection that admirably reflects the Kornbluthian optimism mirrored in every story. These are thoughtful tales, but they are happy tales, for the most part.

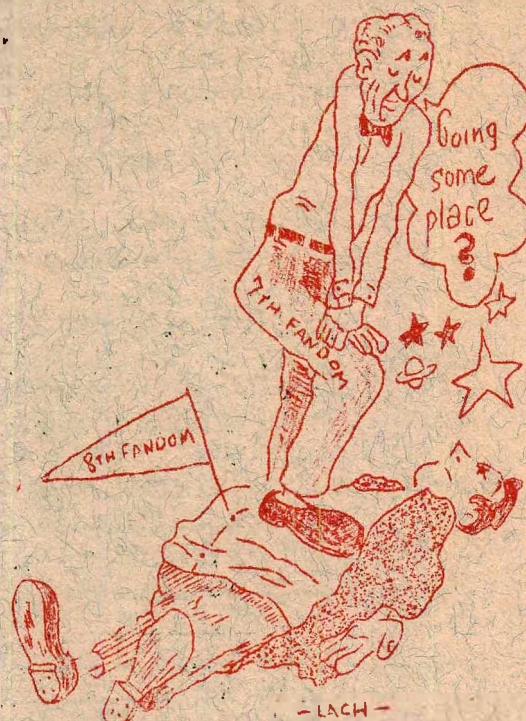
Kornbluth appears to be reaching the pinnacle. He is now a writer with which to contend. But then, hasn't it always been so? END

VOICE FROM THE STYX.

shouts down the corridor of time by the editor, harlan ellison, remember him?

illustration by LACH

Something new, as far as I can tell-- a fannish political cartoon. There it is, at the end of this line, done by Lynn Hickman, late head of The Widdle Monstahs of Anewicca. There are two more in this particular series, which'll be used in succeeding issues ... 19 copies of the 1953 one-shot VECTOR available, with material by Jim Schreiber and myself. 25¢ to the first 19 takers. I personally assure you its worth the two-bits, if just to read Schreiber's excellent short story "Listen" ... I'm but lately back from the Coast, pooped but all aglow about San Fran. What a glorious town, and what glorious people. Herewith I pay honor and tribute to Fred Malz and his family, Les and Es Cole, Pete Graham, an unnamed waitress in "Tiny's," Betty Jo McCarthy, Tony Boucher, Boob Stewart and a host of others, whose impressions all crowd in on me at once, making it too difficult to name them all. I love you all, blessing each and all for a wonderful West Coast vacation. ...



THOUGHTS (Impressions From Inner Space): Stopped off in Peoria, on the way back home from SF and saw Betty Farmer, sober-minded wife of mah buddy Philip Jose. That unregenerate leech Randall Garrett was there mooching a meal, and a pleasant time was spent by all looking at some fascinating pictures Mr. Garrett had snapped of his ex-wife when she was at her eye-catchingest best. ... Speaking of Randy, I feel it safe to mention that with his abstinence from John Barleycorn and the appearance of "The Hunting Lodge" in ASF, Randy has more than come of age. Best of luck to a great individual. ... You should read some of Dave Ish's personal letters when the kid gets in a philosophical mood ---they're...well...beautiful, I guess is the only term that fits.... Terry Carr's VULCAN is a helluva good little fanzine, in case you didn't know it. ... Speaking of Simak and his writing streak, man, that ain't no streak, that's a flame! Clifford D. has been coming on like E. Phillips Oppenheim. Prodigious, I mean. ... Alger Rome in a past issue of ROCKET STORIES (Sept. 1953) was Algis Budrys and Jerry Bixby. Speaking of AJ, I'd herewith like to openly salaam in his direction, for the lead yarn in the second SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, "In Human Hands," which, aside from being a masterful play on words, was one of the best robot yarns I've ever had the pleasure to read. ... More new news about my best friend:

EDNA F. DUNA, science fiction reader but not fan, friend of Carol Pohl (Mrs. Fred), and Algis Budrys, noted science fiction writer, who has the cover on the November 1954 ASTOUNDING, were married on July 24th, 1954 in New York City. Their best man was Kelly Treas and in attendance, among others, at the reception, were (continued)

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Campbell, Jr. of New Jersey. The honeymoon, in accordance with Mr. Budrys' screwball nature, was spent in the wedding suite of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Mrs. Budrys, your reporter takes extreme pleasure in announcing, is a beautiful, intelligent and highly-pleasing young woman, who your reporter would have liked to beat the too-damned-lucky-to-live Mr. Budrys to.

NEWS BITS FROM HERE AND THERE: Cyril Kornbluth and his wife, Mary have had a son, David, to go with previous son John. Date of birth: July 23, 1954; Place: Waverly, New York. ... AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION, the only current monthly English science fiction magazine, doing what can adequately be termed a "magnificent job" in Great Britain, has come out with an issue of some stature: Number 48 features a lead novel called "Tabarni Document" by someone named Tom Carson, which far and away is one of the best pieces of science fiction I've read in an awfully long while. The cover series "From Earth To The Stars," too, is a striking series to see and collect. I recommend this magazine--almost unequivocally. Available from Hamilton & Co. (Stafford) Ltd., 30-32 Lancelot Place, Knightsbridge, London S.W.7, England at about a figure equivalent to 35 or 40¢ American. Got it! ... I was glad to find out that ABSTRACT's editor, Peter Vorzimer, was not going to charge contributors to his big Annish for their copies. ... The S-M News Co. "Box Score" gives the figures for ASTOUNDING's newsstand sales for the last six months of 1953 as 84,583 copies sold with a dealer profit of \$5,920.81. READER'S DIGEST had a copy sale over the same period that reads 1,858,311---dealer profits at \$111,493.66. ...

THE BALLANTINE PICTURE: after Harold Van Dall's column last issue, I was deluged by figures, statistics, corrections, etcetera from everyone, in any way connected or pleased with Ballantine Books, Inc. From these submissions I herewith present two of interest:

(a letter sent to Bob Tucker, sent to me):

"...Ballantine Books has just signed with a new, first-rate distributor and is now squared away for a much more effective handling of paperbacks than was possible in recent months. Starting with August books, the Capital Distributing Company of Derby, Conn. will take over. Instrumental in the arrangement will be Capital's business partner, Mr. Allan Adams, a man with a fine record in magazine and small book circulation. ... This change, with the complex arrangements involved in concluding with our former Hearst distribution, has delayed our fall list. But in fact, after nine titles in May and June, we are losing only July before resuming with four books August-September. ..."

(excerpt from a letter published in the letter column this issue in its entirety, from Wilson Tucker, eminent author and science fiction fan of long standing):

"...I have seen circulation figures on one Ballantine title, a Clarke book, showing that they went back to press for a second printing of another hundred thousand copies. Making two hundred thousand in all. This would dispute van Dall's claim that no book topped the original one hundred thousand figure. ..."

To this, all I can add is that Mr. Van Dall, who is NOT, let me reiterate (thank ghod!) Harlan Ellison, answers all such remonstrances in his column "From Where I Sit," found somewhere in this issue. From our angle of vision, Van Dall has been causing the biggest stir in an amateur magazine in some years. More power to him. He stirs dust...

ELLISON INCOGNITA: So help me, this column was designed for one page, to fit in all the loose bits of info I stumbled over between an issue of DIMENSIONS, but then Jack Harness, whose illustration appears between lines 40 and 52 below, dropped in to see me and said he enjoyed VOICE more than anything else in the issue because of the free-e a sy chat-style of the thing, and I couldn't let egoboo like that roll by. Actually, the reason for the immensity of VOICE is that I had more in the way of news bits and printworthy items than usual. So bear with.

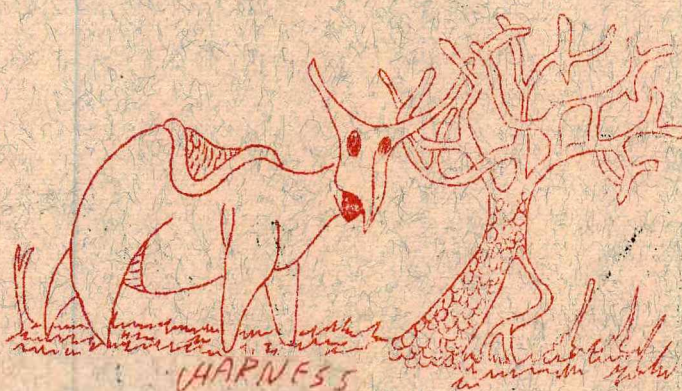
PLUG: Cleveland got the 1955 Convention Site, as you all know by this time, and this is to let you know that DIMENSIONS is in direct contact with Noreen Kane Falasoa and her group, the Terrans (of which I was a founder and vice-president, as I recall), and all the latest news will be brought to you in these pages, in addition to the Progress Reports. Noreen and the Terrans are planning a Con to end all Cons, so I'll be expecting you to visit my hometown---almost as nice as a hometown---in '55 for the Clevention. All possible help and assistance will be given by this editor and this periodical. ...

THE HUMOUR OF NORMAN G. BROWNE: many of you are familiar with the series of volumes issued from Philosophical Library, The Wit and Wisdom of Henry Whitehead, The Wit and Wisdom of Einstein, The Wit and Wisdom of Bertrand Russell, Dewey, etc. I'm certain. Well, herewith I take pride in presenting two vignettes from the Wit And Wisdom of one of America-Canada's greatest intellects: Norman G. Browne, Faaaaaan! (excerpted without permission from personal letters)

"Send up some artwork to Albert Lastovica. He'll hate me if he learns that I got some stuff from you and he didn't. The kids nieve-he'll buy anything. I still laugh about the incident at the Midwest-con. Ray Beam had put this painting up on the front table. Albert starts to go up to look at it. 'Where are you going?' we asked him. 'I want to look at that cover painting - maybe it's for sale!'"

"Immediately, the Toronto group jumped on the kid, pinning him to the floor; 'That's a painting of Ray Beam's FATHER!' someone yelled. 'Painted by Ray Beam's MOTHER!' I added.

"The kid would have bought it!"



That's the first one, even to the individual spelling of such good old words as "nieve." Here is a second one. I had sent NGB some original SF art from prozines along with the printing plate from the Ench weirdie cover we had. A striking study in sadism it is:

"Just received your letter dated July 7th along with the artwork. Reason for the delay was because artwork was stopped by CUSTOMS (dum-dum-dumdum).

"More damn fun. I felt like writing a satire after viewing the custom clod's reactions upon opening the package and looking at what was inside. Poor guy was lost, but completely. Fortunately, I happened to have a copy of a prozine along with me and told him they were originals and gave him an idea where they came from. He didn't ask me how much I paid for them - I could have lied anyways.

"When he saw that Aluminum Multi plate of your cover drawing, that really threw him. He couldn't figure out what that was even after I explained three times.

"Finally, in mad desperation, he took the (concluded page 44)

PASTICHES



With
admiration
— Robert
Bloch

CHABOX
53

FROM

Robert Bloch

page 41

page 43

:portraits:

ROBERT BLOCH as seen by HENRY W. CHABOT

ROBERT BLOCH as seen by ROBERT Q. BLOCH

Ladies and gentlemen...and house detectives.

We come now to the unconventional part of the convention.

Before opening the bottle...I mean the program...I'd like to take time out to make one or two personal remarks. This will give everybody in the audience an opportunity to sit back and take their shoes off. That is, those of you who are wearing shoes.

You Confederates will have to find something else to do. I'd suggest taking a couple of aspirins. You know, come to think of it, I'd like to have the aspirin concession here for this convention. By the time this weekend was over, I'd have more money than Marty Greenberg.

Well, anyway, first of all, I want to tell you how happy I am just to be here in this great city of...uh...of....er....Philadelphia, the home of Philadelphia lawyers, Philadelphia cream cheese, and the Philadelphia Athletics.

As a matter of fact, I've already made contact with all three. There's a Philadelphia lawyer after me right now. Yesterday at dinner I sat down on a plate of Philadelphia cream cheese...and from t h e

EDITOR'S NOTE.

the old man knew absolutely nothing about buying and selling books. He perched up there on his ladder and stared at me myopically. "Well, I don't know," he muttered, "This Opener Of The Way is a kind of a rare thing. I'll have to charge you four dollars for it." As it turned out, the Arkham House edition of that book, originally priced at three dollars, was bringing something like eight or ten everywhere that bibliophiles know their trade. It just went to prove that even in the realm of the science-fantastically ignorant, the name of the author of that book---Robert Bloch---was a well-known and respected thing. Bob Bloch, living the last we heard, rather crampedly with his wife, child and fanzine collection in Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisc., has assumed gigantic proportions to modern-day fandom. He's a pro, no mistaking, and yet, as exemplified by the following complete selection of his quips, queries and qualms from Philly in 1953, he is a fan at heart, pure and simple. More simple than pure, however. Here, then, is a folio of fulsome fun by Robert Q. Bloch.he

noise I heard next door yesterday evening, I think the Philadelphia Athletics were holding a night game in the room next to me.

But seriously, now, Philadelphia is a wonderful place, steeped in history and tradition.

Ever since this great city was founded by William Penn and Milton Rothman, it has played a part in our country's life that should be an inspiration to us all. What a thrill it is for me, as it must be for all of you conventioners, to step out into these historic streets.

Particularly if we're not run down by a taxicab.

Of course, everything changes. If you walked down these streets two hundred years ago, you might run into Benjamin Franklin...carrying a loaf of white bread as he enters the city.

Today, you're more likely to run into George O. Smith, carrying a load of rye.

You know, there are all sorts of reasons for attending a science fiction convention. Some people come because they like to bid at the auction. Some people come to collect autographs. Some people come so they can sit around and watch what other people do and then write up dirty remarks in the fan magazines.

As for me, I come to science fiction conventions because it gives me an opportunity to meet and mingle with some real scientists. And we do have them here, make no mistake about that. If you don't believe me, just try getting into a poker game with some of them -- talk about scientists!

Seriously, now, I'm going to introduce a scientist to you on this program. The subject of his talk this afternoon is "The Seven Stages Of The SF Writer" and in order to introduce him properly, I have to say a few words about Smiths.

There have been many famous Smiths in the history of this country. There was first of all a man named John Smith...you know, the guy who signed the hotel register with Pocahontas. Then there was Sonian Smith, the man who founded the Smithsonian Institute. And of course, Adam Smith, the first man. And also Sniffy Smith and Runny Smith, who invented Smith Brothers Cough Drops. In writing, of course, we've had Clark Ashton Smith, and our own Doc Smith, the author of that immortal science fiction classic...HOW GREY WAS MY LENS-MAN. But there was one Smith whom Henry Wadsworth Longfellow must have been thinking about when he penned those immortal lines...."the smith, a mighty man is he." Of course you all know who I'm talking about...one of the three leading figures in Science Fiction today.. none other than George O. Smith!

Our next item is a fan play. Now speaking of fans...

You see, I came out here on the plane, and when I changed flights in Chicago, I got aboard and I happened to notice a young fellow sitting up near the front. I went over to him and sat down and said, "I see you're going to the Science Fiction Convention."

He looked at me and said, "How did you know I'm a science-fiction fan, Blllddppp, Blllddppp, Bllldddpppp?" And I said, "Oh, there was something about the cut of your beanie-and your sensitive pointed head."

Well, as a matter of fact, he turned out to be a very prominent science fiction fan indeed...a fellow by the



whole works to the chief appraiser and a value of \$2.00 (Two dollars) was set on the works!

"Then, I couldn't help screwing him a bit by telling him the fun of ordering things from the States was the gamble on whether it would come through and be stopped or not. I then mentioned casually that I had gotten a few books, some artwork and a 12" LP record through under his nose.

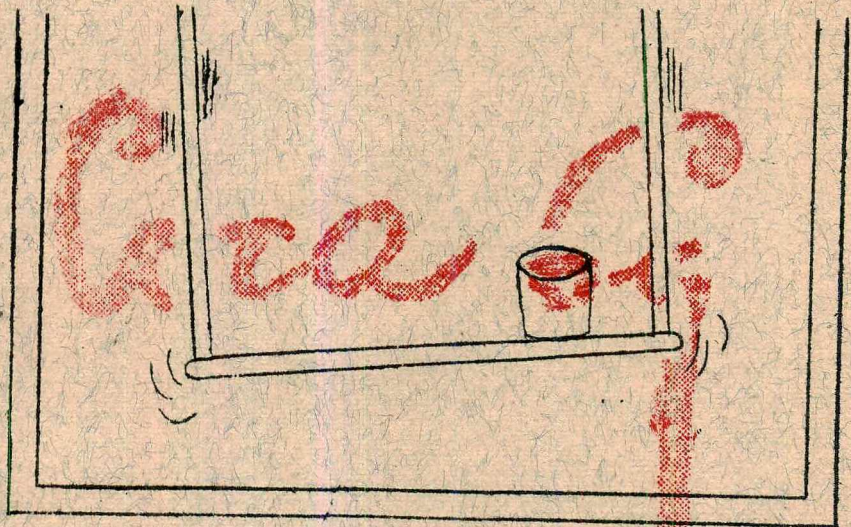
"Poor guy flipped at that. He pulled a sheet over and remarked that while I was here I might as well make out a form and pay duty on the record. I laughed, and laughed and laughed. 'You can't prove I got it,' I told him. Thought the guy was going to have a fit.

"Finally I told him I was planning on ordering some more stuff from the States and maybe they would have better luck then. The last I heard he was giving orders to have a huge sign put up over the checking desks: NORMAN G. BROWNE - WATCH THIS MAN!!!!

"Terrific. The whole experience was worth the bloody 64¢ it cost me!"

And that, gentle reader, is the first installment of what might very well develop into a series of some sort; I can see it now: The Wit and Wisdom of Bert Hirschhorn, The Wit and Wisdom of Jim Harmon, The Wit and Wisdom of Joseph Semenovitch, of Wilson Tucker, Dean A Grennoll, etcetera ad nauseum. ...

CARTOON IN SYNCHROCOLOR
for DIMENSIONS by Betty
Jo McCarthy, Costa Mesa
California ---- 1 9 5 4



HOT NEWS: Cleveland's first Progress Report for the 1955 Con went out early this month to 2000 names on the Cleveland list, for FREE! Rates for ads in said ProgPorts are:

Fans: \$8.00 full page (11 3/4 x 7 1/2)
\$4.00 half page (6 7/8 x 7 1/2)
\$2.00 quarter page (6 7/8 x 3 5/8)
\$1.00 per inch (1' x 3 5/8)

PROFESSIONALS: \$14.00-\$7.00-\$3.50

respectively for the same space.

The sizes in parenthesis are the sizes that your copy should be, when sent in, before reduction/printing.

THOUGHT FOR THIS PARTICULAR 24-HOUR ROTATIONAL PERIOD: though there was quite as much artwork in the submitted batches at San Francisco, the work was abominable. Art that should have been auctioned was left in other rooms, to be taken for 25¢ if it was wanted. Why? Has SF art degenerated quite that much since Bok, Cartier, Rogers? ...he

Bj

name of Bat Durston.

When we got off the plane I realized as this scamp came down the ramp that he was none other than the champ aide-de-camp to L. Sprague de Camp.

There, that one ought to kill the rumor that I have false teeth.

Anyhow, I asked him what he was doing to pass time on the plane, and he said, "What do you suppose? Reading science-fiction, of course. That's all I ever do."

I said, "Do you mean to say you spend ALL your time reading that crud, I mean, literature?"

And he said, "Figure it out for yourself. There are approximately 30 science-fiction magazines published each month. In order to keep up with them I have to read one per day. Now there's an average of a hundred thousand words per issue in each magazine...and if I read five thousand words an hour, this means I can finish one magazine in twenty hours a day."

I said, "Gosh, fella, that only leaves you four hours a day for eating and sleeping."

And he said, "Who eats? Who sleeps?" He said, "Every year they put out about seventy hardcover books and collections of science-fiction...and these contain at least another hundred thousand words apiece. So if I read one of those for four hours a day I finish it in five days. But at the end of the year I'm still approximately two books behind...and then of course there's all the fan-magazines to catch up with."

So I said, "Well, if you're so rushed for time, why is it you go to a Science Fiction Convention?" And he said, "I'll tell you. There are twelve months in a year. Seven of them have thirty-one days instead of thirty or twenty-eight. This means that every year I have exactly five full days left over. On two of those days I read my two leftover books and all of the fan magazines. That leaves me three days...and I spend those three days at the Science Fiction Convention."

Now all this sounded very logical and mathematical to me, but there was one more thing I wanted to know, and I asked him. "That sounds very nice, but would you mind telling me just what's the big attraction at the Science Fiction Convention?"

And he said, "What do you think? Don't you realize, with all my time taken up by reading, that those three days at the Science Fiction Convention are the only chance I get during the entire year to go to the washroom?" (ED'S NOTE: at this point, thunderous applause!)

So now a fan presentation, introducing "The Game From Outer Space" --- a play written and directed by Harold Lynch --- one of the three leading figures in science-fiction today. Presented by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

In just a moment I'm declaring a ten-minute intermission. This will give everybody a chance to rush out into the lobby and write a story...start up a new magazine...or clip somebody for a ten per cent commission.

But don't forget to come back here in ten minutes...we've got a lot more on the program for you.

For those of you who aren't going to spend those ten minutes in writing or editing....you may be interested in some of our lobby merchandise.

You'll find a refreshment stand with a full supply of delicacies...we have blood plasma for those who need transfusions at this time. Ted Sturgeon is selling some of his own candy.

And might I call your attention to the little souvenir stand in the corner? Harlan Ellison is selling convention souvenirs, featuring some shrunken heads...including his own. Shrunken human heads on sale in the lobby now...just the thing to take home to the kiddies! Get your souvenirs in the lobby...buy a lock of Doc Winter's hair for a souvenir!

Okay...stand by for ten minutes!

The men I am about to introduce to you now are beyond question, three of the three leading figures in Science Fiction today.

Their topic is "Science Fiction As A Career," and that's something on which they are authorities. Each of the three is going to discuss, in turn, his particular outlook. And each of the three is an expert. I'm going to introduce them all to you now...and then they will address you in turn.

The first section -- on SCIENCE FICTION AS A CAREER -- concerns writing. And who is more qualified to tell you all about that than L. Sprague de Camp?

The second section -- on editing and agenting -- will be handled by none other than Lester del Rey.

The third section --- concerning publishing --- is in the capable hands of Lloyd Eshbach.

So here they are, ladies and gentlemen...ready to rip the veil of secrecy aside and tell all...three men who have MADE science fiction a career!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: at this point Bob introduced the panel, "Fans Who Have Become Pros" which was moderated by Wilson (Bob) Tucker and featured E. Everett Evans (I think), Frank M. Robinson and myself (I am certain). Unfortunately for Posterity and his menial chroniclers Bloch must have introduced this one extemp, because the complete set of notes M. Bloch presented me has a lapse at this point. Sorry...he

Now we come to the one part of the program I really wanted to run myself -- but Theodore Sturgeon the lucky dog -- or should I say the lucky fish -- beat me out. He is going to moderate a panel discussion entitled "Women In Science Fiction" -- or Why Monsters Get Bug-Eyed. You all know Theodore Sturgeon --- one of the three leading figures in science fiction today. His panel consists of Bea Mahaffey, Evelyn Gold, Katherine MacLean and Evelyn Harrison --- and believe me, folks, when you see these gals you'll be seeing the leading figures in Science Fiction today! (Recess till 7:00 PM)

And now we come to a long-awaited portion of our program. Some months ago the Convention Committee announced a special contest for this affair...it called upon fan clubs all over the country to compete for a prize.

This prize will be awarded to the group that presents the best skit here today.

The response was overwhelming. We got in a lot of skits....to say nothing of a lot of skits-sophrenics...and you're going to see them...and judge them...right now!

From now on I'm turning over this program to the gentleman in charge of the skit contests...one of the three (concluded page 48)

DAVID ISH

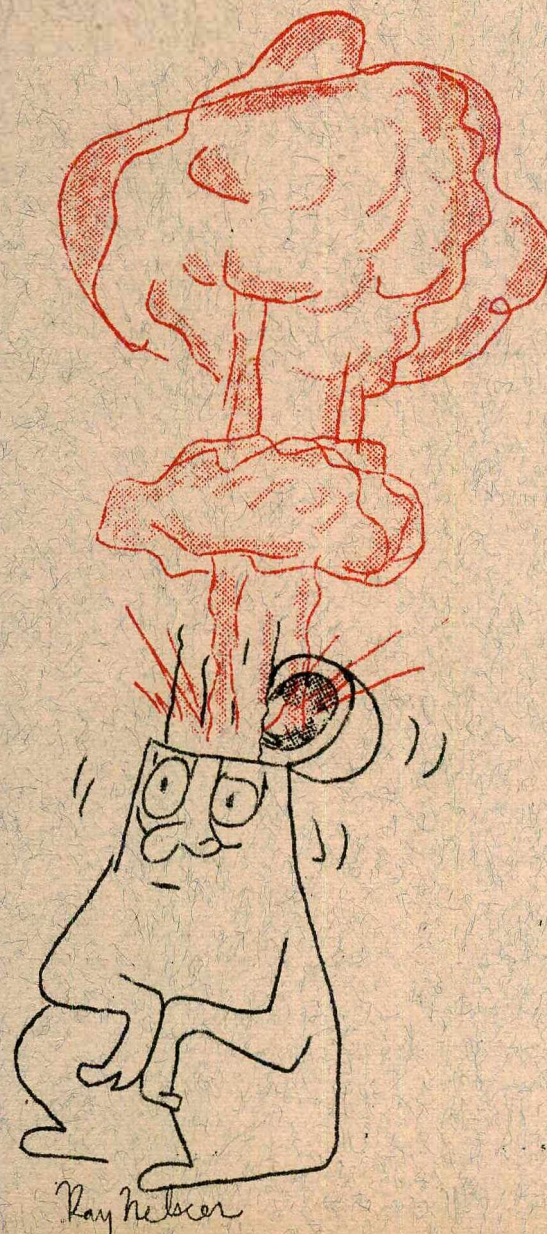
ATOMIC COMMENT

a fanzine review column illustrated by RAY NELSON

FANZINE OF THE MONTH:

The fanzine-of-the-month is a

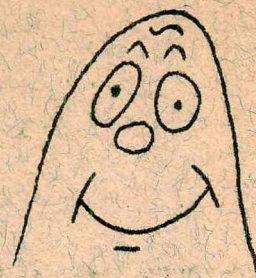
semi-extravagant photo-offset magazine from Ron Smith, 549 S. Tenth Street, San Jose, California, going under the label INSIDE MAGAZINE, a title which would seem presumptuous had Smith stuck to the mimeography and material of his first issue. This is, however, issue number five, and a great improvement over the earlier issues I've seen. Three articles are neatly balanced by four stories, a letter column, an editorial, and a series of Terry Carr's "Face Critturs" which seem to be glaring out from almost every fanzine nowadays, with more than mediocre humor. There are two "Why I--" articles; one by Sam Sackett which finishes off "Edit Fantastic Worlds" and the other, more interesting of the two, "Quit Science Fantasy Art" by Hannes Bok. The third article, an autobiography of Kendall F. Crossen, written in biographic form by one of Crossen's characters, Manning Draco, starts off the issue. The fiction is above average for fan fiction, but not approaching the off-trail standard set by SLANT not-so-many years ago. In the letter column Turner Wood wonders why fans worry so much about fans and not about sf. Editor Smith replies that he thinks fans are more worried about what Ellison eats for breakfast than science fiction, and replies to his own half-posed question that it's probably Wheaties. For the sake of clarification I'd like to state that the last time I had breakfast with Ellison he was eating cold pancakes and throwing the extras out the window at passers-by. (25¢)



EDITOR'S NOTE: it's a policy of the house not to cut or main the manuscripts sent us, with the exception of grammatical and/or slight literary clarification. Thus, anything Mr. Ish (bless his flattering little heart) has to say, he says on his own, with no coercion or embellishment. Any egoboc is equally distributed to all.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER

Coming close to fanzine-of-the-month is SCIENCE-FICTION ADVERTISER, from 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, California. I have three issues of this quarterly on hand, all marked for review, all neatly offset and palatable reading. Although the ADVERTISER leans slightly toward the seller and consumer of back-date magazines, there is at least one article of interest per issue, the most memorable one of my three copies being R. Bretner's "On Taking Science Fiction Seriously" in the Winter number. A recently installed "Spec. Dept." provides what the editor hopes is a "department for free-lance speculation along the what-if line that may or may not have story value." John Harrington speculates with Campbell-like erudition about a society without sexual desire, taking it for granted that without same one would have a society. (20¢ per)



HYPHEN

From the North of Ireland, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, to be exact, Walt Willis' successor to SLANT which everyone by now knows is HYPHEN comes at regular, humorous (spelled that way, Ellison, for our English friends) (ED'S NOTE --Cheerio and pip fowah you, bully-boy! ..he) intervals, the only serious constructive fly in the ointment being Bert Hirschhorn's thoroughly excellent column, "Hyphenations." Bert gives Seventh Fandom a more hurried burial than even Sixth got, but is otherwise either for-



PASTICHES FROM ROBERT BLOCH (concluded from page 46)

leading figures in Science Fiction today...none other than Mr. Irwin Hoyne!

And now I'd like to introduce a very well-known author. This man is as famous for his Foundation stories as Enna Jettick is for Foundation garments.

Of course, I'm speaking of our own Isaac Asimov. Isaac, will you come up here just a moment? You know, folks, Isaac is one of the leading 3 figures in science fiction today!

Now the real reason I asked Isaac up here on the platform today is to reveal a very startling piece of information I learned just yesterday. As students of science fiction, I'm sure you'll all be just as interested in this as I was.

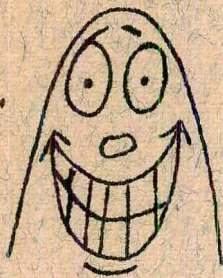
You know, friends, Isaac here used to write a lot of stories about robots...you probably remember them, and they were good, too.

But here's the surprising fact I learned. Isaac Asimov... this is confidential, now...Isaac Asimov is a robot himself!

Never think it to look at him, would you, folks? Very life-like, isn't he? Mind turning around, Isaac? Wait a minute...I think you're getting a little rusty. (OILCAN) There; okay, Isaac, and thanks. And folks, if you think he's oiled now...you should have seen him last night!

END

giveable or downright entertaining. The rest of this 8th issue, almost exclusively Irish/British, backs up a long-held opinion of mine that the English have a much more highly-developed and acute sense of humour than their American contemporaries. Two issues are worth any fan's 1/6, which translates easily into two bits.

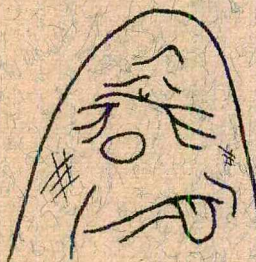


OOPSLA!, as most of us know, has been revived, this time coming to us from: 2817 11th St., Santa Monica, California, at fifteen cents per copy. The old columns are still there, and Willis has been added to Oalkins' stable, still Harping once or twice as he did in QUANDRY, and still continuing to give us a report of his trip to the States, a little at the end of every column. Carr's omnipotent "Face Critturs" once again rear their ugly eyebrows, and Vernon McCain devotes his column to his personal preferences for stf during last year. Entertaining reading, straight through.

OOPSLA!

A golden issue (the ninth) of ECLIPSE comes from Ray Thompson, 10 S. 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska, for 10¢. Lest that adjective be misleading, I'd better say that it refers to the paper. Thompson commits an editorial faux pas by slipping in two complete, labeled diagrams of fan gestalts, instead of spreading the little horrors out over a couple of issues. I'd be much more outspoken about this practice if I hadn't made the mistake of doing one myself once, but after their initial introduction by Hoffman and one or two of the other bright fans of that era, one finds oneself tiring of them very easily. Paul Mittelbuscher has a questionable column, and since it seems vogue nowadays not to discuss science fiction in fanzines, he hastens to tell us about his favorite movie stars. God. One piece of well-boiled fiction, a column by Bobby Stewart, and---my God, this is fantastic---Terry Carr's "Face Critturs," this time just slightly illegible, but Carr does so little more than ballooning that one hardly notices the difference. A doubtful dimesworth, with the exception of the letter column that sits up for a few bright moments.

ECLIPSE



A first issue of something called SCINTILLation has come out from Cincinnati fans, subscriptions apparently given to Mark Sculzinger, 3423 Laron Ave., Cincinnati 29, Ohio. It is what one has groan to expect from first issues, written by the two editors, one of which heralds the other as "our main writer and poet." The main writer and poet presents a piece of fiction, "Fantasy Among the Ovals," which takes place between two pointlessnesses and does nothing in the way of retaining the reader's breakfast. Not recommended for the connoisseur.

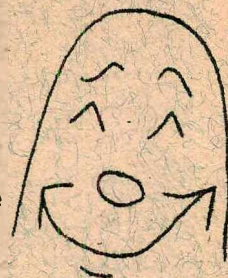
SCINTILLation #1



Three issues of Dick Geis' PSYCHOTIC have come to me from 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon at ten per or three for twenty-

PSYCHOTIC

five. All three issues have a fine assortment of columns, entertaining editorials, and a minimum amount of fiction (an average of two-thirds of a story per issue), one piece of which The Little Boy Who Loved Cats by Harlan Ellison is a corker right up to, but unfortunately, not including the ending. The letter column of PSYCHOTIC is always bubbling with some sort of controversy, so if you're the feuding type you'll enjoy PSYCHOTIC. You don't have to be nuts to sub to PSYCHOTIC, you just have to like columnists like McCain and Kessler, and the general attitude pervading the magazine. I do.



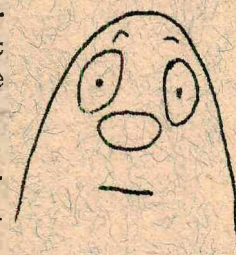
GALACTIC POST

is sent out by
Ray Beam from

Apt. 1, 640 East Tenth Street, Indianapolis, Indiana with the understanding that it is a representation of Indiana Fandom. It appears that Mr. Beam has recently discovered beer and what a sufficient amount of this fine beverage may do to one, and wished to continue his research further by publishing a fanzine while drinking brew. This is fine if your name is Burbee, but if you're Ray Beam you're out of luck. There is a very long joke that incorporates a parody on the Lensmen and throttles what humor therein with its length. And this is obviously the best piece in the issue. Those readers that have good eyesight may be able to tackle the rest of the issue directly before meals if they're weak on retentive power. On the other hand, if you like tripe, you'll love the GALACTIC POST.

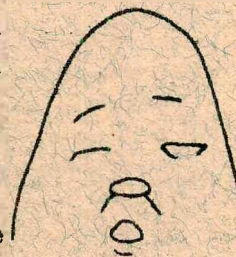


CANADIAN FANDOM is an exceptionally palatable & thought-provoking journal for fans on either side of the border, and is edited and published by Gerald A. Steward, 166 McRoberts Avenue, Toronto 10, Ontario for twenty cents a copy. In his editorial Mr. Steward complains about reviewers who constantly talk about CF's legibility, and ignore the contents. I must say that both are fine.



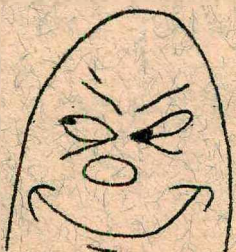
SPACESHIP

is still being published by Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn 13, N.Y. but only for FAPA and "outside interested parties" who may have in for a dime. Now rather more condensed and carrying FAPA mailing reviews--and this issue of the quarterly has only one article "The Flight of the Skylarks" by Redd Boggs--despite the page cutting SPACESHIP is still a good dime's worth and a master of erudition.



SPIRAL

is a slowly growing concern that is published by Denis Moreen, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Illinois, for ten cents. The material for the most part is passingly readable, but more than anything else the zine shows--and believe me I hate the word quite as much as you do--promise. Dick Geis has a column in



this seventh issue, "The Violent Ward" in which he sets forth an eye-opening and somewhat (as far as I can see) truthful sort of postulate; all science fiction fans have an inferiority complex. Of course it is not safe to make a generality of such scope, but it is more than Geis' logic that convinces me of at least a partial correctness in his remarks. Or haven't you ever been to a convention?

Which are all the fanzines with the exception of DIMENSIONS to arrive in time for review this issue. One confession, though; at this writing your columnist is in Illinois and on the trip out a copy of Russ Watkins' DAWN was misplaced, and I have not memory enough to review from same. From my recollection, DAWN has picked up considerably since my review of the magazine last Fall, and I meant to comment at a great length on its improvement. Alas, I can not.

You may accuse this reviewer and Ellison of having a mutual egoboo pact or that I know which side of my bread takes oleo, but DIMENSIONS is the top magazine in the fan publishing field. If this sounds sickening I'll quit writing the DIMENSIONS review---but only on the condition that another fan editor gives me room to say the same thing.

dimensions review

Anybody that thinks another fan magazine is currently beating the all-star lineup Ellison has (excluding one or two misfits like this reviewer) is just plain nuts. There are fanzines that beat DIMENSIONS in legibility, fanzines that beat it in eloquence, fanzines that can beat it on almost any single point you care to name, but put all those points together and nobody beats DIMENSIONS. Fanzines like SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER and INSIDE almost cease to be fanzines and become "little" magazines of the field and have their parallel in the field of literature that has hosts of "little" magazines. In many respects DIMENSIONS is a "little" magazine of science fiction, but unlike others of this field it has neither ignored nor snubbed nor tried to cover up its heritage. Fandom is not a skeleton in DIMENSIONS closet, fandom is a part of it. But Ellison has his cake and eats it too and is a "little" magazine and fanzine all at once---is not esoteric to the nauseating extreme, is not overdone on the literary side of things, and still spells art, as I recall, with a small a. Ellison and his magazine go overboard too often, and he yells something is terrific and sometimes it is only mediocre or it is good but you would have liked it better if it hadn't been screamed at you. But I can think of vices that are a hell of a lot worse than being knocked over backwards by something and wanting to tell people about it. I didn't care for the fiction last issue, but then I've been spoiling myself since I left fandom, and by f a n standards the fiction was terrific; and although Ryan may not be the best writer in the States, you aren't going to find many better who write for fanzines. I liked the articles and columns and have a sincere belief that Ellison has walked off with the coup of the year by swiping Van Dail from under my defunct nose. That takes care of the specifics, if any of you were worried.

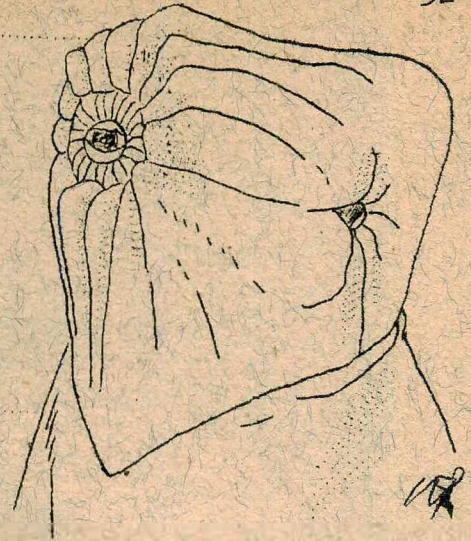
--- David Ish

FILLER NOTE: Evan Hunter, the science fiction writing Hunter, recently had his first serious novel published-- "The Blackboard Jungle", a terrifying novel of trade school conditions. MGM has recently bought film rights to it, planning to star Glenn Ford in the lead. It is heartily recommended.

THE MURKY WAY

dean a. grennell

heading by william rotsler



It seems sort of inevitable. Everytime a con is held someplace there's a nasty aftermath of wails on how mean and slobbish the hotel staff treated the fans. Usually the word gets around that the hotel never wants to see another fan convention again. This, I deplore.

But I can't say that my sympathies lie entirely with fandom in the matter. Maybe it's because, at one time or another, I've worked in hotels as an elevator operator, bellhop, etc. And believe me when I say that there are fewer better points of vantage for viewing humanity off its good behavior than in a hotel.

Take a person---nearly any person---out of his accustomed milieu and you'll see a personality change of some sort. Usually he tends to become less inhibited. This is probably due to the protection of anonymity...to the fact that if he creates an indiscretion it won't be common gossip all over town because nobody knows him. This release from the pressure to please one's peers can do strange things to anomalously well-behaved psyche---particularly if it is triggered with alcohol and the subtle aura of bon homie which emanates from a lot of other people in the same position.

Add to this effect the fact that the fan at a con becomes a member of an identifiable minority, subject to persecution for the sins of his brethren and you have a fairly potent combination. I can't say that I'm surprised at the friction that has marred so many cons. But I'm damned if I'm pleased, either.

There are, of course, a small slobbish segment who crave notice at all costs. If they can't get admiration they will settle for notoriety. There are one or two of this brood at every con...not many, but that's all it takes. One is enough.

What's the solution? Must we go on, trying to find a fresh hotel every year, snapping ineffectually at the scurvy treatment we fancy we've had at the hands of the last hotel? Or can we take some sort of positive action to deal with the problem so that we can return if we want to? I think there is a way out.

What we have to do is treat the trouble before, during and after. Fanzine editors have got to stop treating fandom's problem children like a bunch of roguish Little Willies whose antics are naughty but cute. We have got to let the fuggheads know that we think them a bunch of nincompoops and that we're not amused when they louse it up for the rest of us.

And it looks as though we'll have to adopt the measure that San Francisco had forced on it. Vigilante committees, if you can't think of a better term, should be appointed in advance for each con. They should be formed of fans big enough and mature enough and dependable enough to keep the few obstreperous ones under control. (enclined p. 62)

VIA ROMA



TOM REAMY

RAY SCHAFER, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: in three years of publishing, no greater pleasure has fallen to this editor than the presentation of Ray Schaffer's "Via Roma". Not only is it a fine example of the heights to which contemporary fiction may aspire, but it is unquestionably, in my mind, the closest thing to true "literature"---in the accepted sense of the word---we have yet presented. There may be some who question the rationality of presenting a story of this nature in a science fiction magazine. To them we must staunchly defend "Via Roma's" appearance with the statement that the merits of good writing transcend the boundaries of genre. However, if purists demand it, by only a slight rationalization, "Via Roma" fits into the category of time-travel stories in the more accepted s-f vein. To do this, I feel, would be to do the story and its author a great injustice, however. For what it may be worth, our prophetic instincts tell us Ray Schaffer is a talent to watch, and that "Via Roma" will be a scholarly conversation piece for some time to come. Any large wagers?..ho

That evening, Naples had looked like a city submerged in liquid shadow. The Italian sun had crept a way behind the skyline and only the very tops of the buildings felt its warmth. This was my third day in the ancient city, and I wished I had never seen it. The two previous days had been filled with constant rounds of wine and debauchery; and now I was sitting on the Via Roma, drinking my way into a calculated stupor.

As I ordered my second drink, I closed my paper bound copy of The Tropic Of Cancer and placed it in the exact center of the table. Then I set my three cigarettes, side

illustrated by THOMAS REAMY

LABOR-BREAKER #

by side, on top of it---quite a project for hands that only half obeyed my misty mind. This was the part of the evening I liked best: when the street was teeming with people and the wine had made me superior to them all.

Old people strolled along, waiting for the light that would make all this filthy world change. Waifs skirted the crowds, seeking out customers for their cheap jewelry, lewd books, or cheap, lewd little friends. American marines and sailors walked with rapid steps, looking for anything they could buy or take: women, wine, adventure in any form so long as they could prove their manhood; teenage girls, reveling in their new freedom, wanting to buy a pack of American cigarettes with their brand-new bodies.

I have been in many cities all over the world, but never have I seen a city seethe with tension as Naples did on that July night. From my table I could see the aspirations, vices, and frustrations of the entire human race. I could feel the undercurrent of hatred of the Italians for the Americans, who knew what their money would buy.

This was the uncertain year of nineteen fifty-two, and these young Yankee fighting-men were doing just what the Italians expected, and just what the folks back home would never believe. On this one night, this was not the Via Roma, this was a vast parade of Homo Sapiens. And I was sitting in the reviewing stand.

I felt a tug on my sleeve. By far the most filthy urchin I had ever seen was inviting me to attend an exhibition. This made the twenty-third time that day I had heard, "Hey, Joe, you wanna see an exhibish?" I started to push him away when his eyes caught mine. Damn the moment I saw those dark, pleading eyes: for in them I saw all the pain, terror, humility, lust, and sadness I had been watching a few moments before in the marching mobs on the Via Roma. And there was an indefinable something else and the wine that made this boy different from the twenty-two others. I stood, on uncertain feet, picked up my book, and followed the waif into the Naples night.

II

I was lost. My eager guide had led me through such a maze of back alleys and winding streets, that I could never have hoped to find my way out. I reached out and caught him by the shoulder, saying, "Take me back...I've changed my mind...No exhibish...You understand?"

He understood all right, but he just smiled and muttered something I couldn't make out. I knew I was bushed as he turned and started out again. The little bastard knew I was lost and that I must follow him or wander into Christ knows what.

In the next quarter of an hour, I thought up a thousand new names for myself. I featured myself a prime idiot for allowing those eyes to lead me on this wild chase. An exhibition; a contest of sex, featuring two perverted prostitutes. How many times had I told myself and others that a man had to be as perverted as the harlots themselves to witness the thing; and yet, here I was.

Once more I felt the tug on my sleeve.

"One thous you giva me, Joe."

"Are we to the exhibish; where is it?"

"You giva me one thous, I show you."

"I'll give you five hundred now and the rest when I come out."

"You giva me one thous, Joe, I show you now."

He didn't like it, but he took the five hundred lire and led me

to a door on the other side of the dim alley. There was just enough light so that I could see the smile on his face as he motioned for me to enter.

III

As the squeaky, little door closed behind me, I realized that the place was completely dark. I stood with my back to the door waiting for my eyes to find some dim fragment of light. They found none. The place remained black and silent.

Ten million years could have passed by and it would not have surprised me. Time after time I thought of turning and stepping through that little door, back into the comparative friendliness of the screaming night. But pride was stronger than fear, and my knees were too weak for the necessary steps...I waited.

A noise! the scrape of a shoe against a stone floor, the nerve-tearing creak of a wooden door, and dim light painted the interior of the hall I had been standing in.

A small, fat woman stood against the light and beckoned for me to enter; I did, but with a hundred pounds of fear tied to each foot.

As I seated myself on the warped, wooden bench to which I was led, I saw that there were many more benches drawn in a circle around an arena, perhaps thirty feet in diameter. As my eyes became more and more aware of my surroundings, I felt the cold hand of terror run fingers up and down my spine and a small, hard lump clogged my throat. For I knew, with ever-growing certainty, that this was a page torn from a book many centuries old. This place, in which I sat, was a gore-splattered colosseum, wrought by some pagan Caesar! My mind fought this sight and tried to put it away, but it was there and it was as real as the book which I held in my perspiring hand.

My gaze took in the hundreds of blank faces around me which stared in expectation toward the arena below. It was impossible to tell whether these were people who walked twentieth century streets or whether I had stepped into the distant past. Their clothing was nondescript and their faces were all of one mold. But this I do know, that I could feel bony knees dig into my back, and I could smell hot breath on the air around me. There was a low hum, but no distinct voices. In the language there was the tension that tied all of us together in a knot of anxious, straining flesh.

IV

Then the air was still, even the monotonous hum died and I turned toward the arena.

A door in the ring slid up and for several moments all was still; then a large black bull plunged into the sandy circle of light. I could feel the power of that beast as he moved with command across the blood-spotted ground. His horns were encased in gold, or something that looked like gold; they were held low as he moved his great head to and fro and his eyes gleamed with pure, demon hate. Then a second door swung open, to the rear of the bull, and five large, grey wolves slunk into the ring. My hand tightened on my book and I felt the huge audience lean forward, as a man; and the silence was that of the ocean floor.

The wolves were large. I could see their yellow fangs and their ribs that stood in sharp relief against their sides. They circled the

great, dark beast for a full minute, then descended like a cloud upon him. Twice, through the whirl of flashing teeth and snapping jaws, I saw the sharp, golden horns arc upward, and twice a gory bleeding lump of fur hurtled through the air. The second of these landed amid the crowd on the far side of the arena, still snapping and clawing, but it was crushed at once by flailing hands and stomping feet. The carcass was thrown back into the arena.

A long, deep gash now poured a crimson flood onto the sand of the ring. The bull was on his knees and the three remaining wolves were tearing his head and neck to shreds. In his intense agony he had buried one golden horn deep into the ground and the other stood like a monument to his awful death.

I was still too weak and sick to think of moving, but a strange thrill and power surged through me. I did not think about the bull, only the wolves, because they had won. I was cheering madly, with the rest of the crowd, when the door opened again. All the sadistic power ebbed from me as I saw a lone man emerge from the black tunnel.

He was tall and massively built, carrying a Roman short sword in his right hand. He was naked and he glistened as though he had been drenched in oil. The wolves were still busy with the carcass of the bull and they did not see the man, as he walked directly up to one of them and slaughtered him with a mighty slash to the back of the head.

A terrible roar of disapproval burst from the spectators, but it quickly subsided when the two remaining wolves turned to meet the gladiator. Slowly, with arched bodies they circled the man as they had the bull. He, with apparent confidence, backed slowly away until his back touched the wall. He was very close to me and I could see the rivulets of sweat roll down his tense body. He shook his head to clear his eyes of the long, black hair and the sweat rained in a shower upon the wolves.

Then, as though upon a command, the animals leaped for the man. He swung his short sword and caught one wolf on the shoulder, but the other beast slashed his left arm, hanging on and snapping all the while. The first wolf, his front leg hanging uselessly by a tendon, caught the man's ankle in his hideous, gnashing mouth. What happened next, took only a moment: the bloody sword swung like a pendulum and severed the body from the head that clutched the ankle. Then it poised for a moment and then ran through the other animal which dropped twitchingly to the sand. The man shook his foot to disengage the head, then limped to the center of the arena to acknowledge the wild ovation of the crowd.

It was then that I noticed, for the first time, the eyes of the man. It seemed that he was staring directly at me, and his eyes were those of the crazed bull, which had so recently stood on that same spot---mighty and proud.

And so it was that I was doubly horrified at the next scene. All these other things I had watched in the spirit of the crowd. I had felt a sense of guilt, it is true, but I had been held fascinated by the strength and power of the contestants, and I had wanted, like the rest of the audience, to see the blood of the vanquished. But now... now did some degree of decency surge back upon me; now did some remnant of that civilized life I had known exert itself. For when that dreaded door opened and the young girl was pushed into the slime of the arena, I was appalled to the point of nausea.

I saw her look up from the sand. And I saw her face as she watched that bloody, naked figure stalking toward her. I stood, as did all the spectators. I needed air, I wanted to run, but I was wedged tight by the screaming, slobbering crowd.

He moved slowly, he had all the time in the world. The girl was too frightened to cry out, as though that would have done her any good.

She fought to cover her nakedness and the crowd laughed. Then, it seemed I could feel her thoughts, I knew what she was going to do... I knew what she had to do...

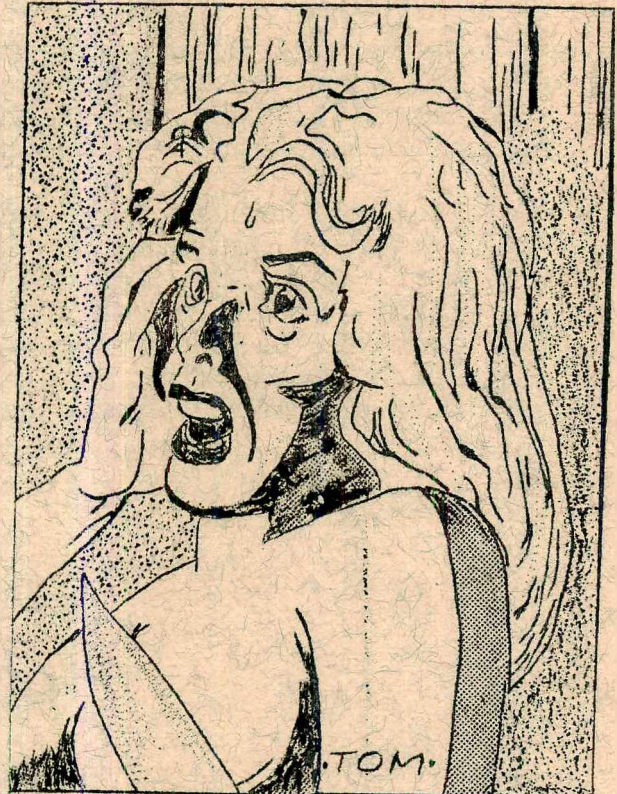
She took a step toward the gladiator; then spun and ran the length of the pit. He thought too slowly to stop her. When he reached her, she had impaled herself upon the golden horn of the bull. I could see the scarlet point, sharp and moist, sticking obscenely from her back. She was dead when the brute disengaged her from her saviour and had his will of her.

I fought, clawed and kicked my way to the tiny exit. I did not look for the little boy who had led me there. I ran, but did not know I was running. "A dream! A dream!" I kept shouting, and many a mother pulled her children in from the street as I passed.

Then the bright light of a crowded street flooded my eyes. Two American shore patrolmen stopped me and asked me what was wrong. "Nothing!" I shouted in their faces, walking away from them, mingling at last with the parade on the Via Roma.

THE END

of a short story
by RAY SCHAFFER, JR.



LIFE'S NOT NECESSARILY LIKE THAT DEPT.:

Upon being asked why she was retiring from the witch business, Grandma Baalam pointed to her instruction manual, which, passed on in her family from mother to daughter for countless generations, had been worn to shreds and rendered illegible.

"You know how it is," she sighed despondently. "The old grimoire ain't what she used to be."

--- ALGIS J. BUDRYS

Fate sets a strange table. The placemats fall weirdly, and not always wisely.

Dick Clarkson died of cancer not too long ago. I knew him fleetingly, not well. And yet, by Fate's own hand, this editor was left with what appears to be the last piece of fan writing Dick ever did.

There will be many in the readership who will say that the following convention report should be left unpublished, in honor of the no-longer-with-us.

To these people I can only say that Dick would not have wanted it so. Aside from the pleasure of seeing his name in print, a small pleasure indeed to be granted, Dick enjoyed writing. It would be to me as a sense of unfulfillment if this manuscript never saw publication.

Both for the reason above and as a final last reminder of the unruly red mop, the face of freckles, the easy grin, that made Dick Clarkson a member in good standing; not only of that organization we call "Fandom" but of that much larger organization we call the "Human Race."

Clarkson was a contributor. He never went to a convention and sat, sopping everyone's else's personality. Dick made friends as he went, and his loss is to many of us a sense of acute emptiness.

So, though this magazine and its editor were not the closest of Dick's friends, and his last report does not appear in a fanzine more accustomed to Dick's individual touch, consider it a last act of Fate.

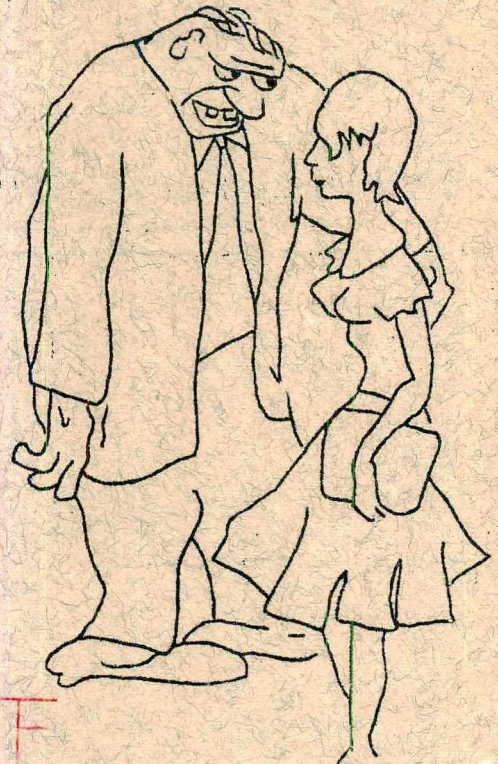
A Fate who knows we realize what we have---only when we no longer have it.

---Harlan Ellison;
January 5, 1955

NOTE: the humor of Ray Nelson's cartoons, in this particular instance only, is simply explained by the information that last Labor Day's Decon (or Detroit Con if you will) was not as heavily attended as it was intended by its promoters. As a consequence Nelson's quips emerged.

DICK CLARKSON

illustrated by Ray Nelson



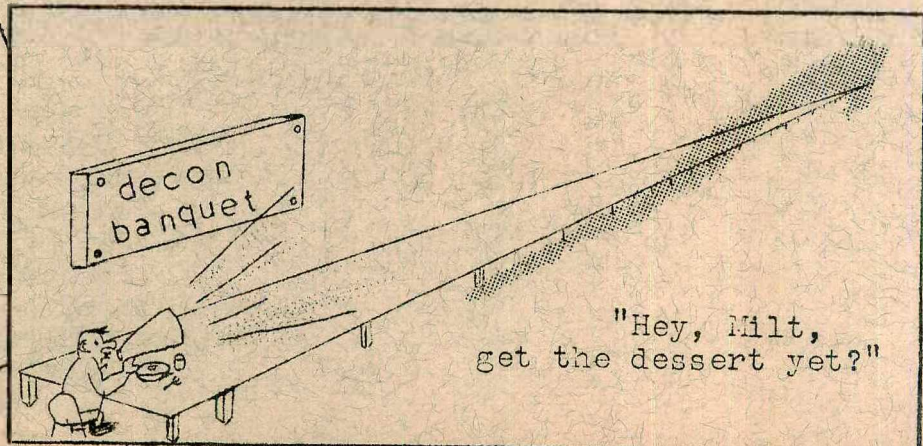
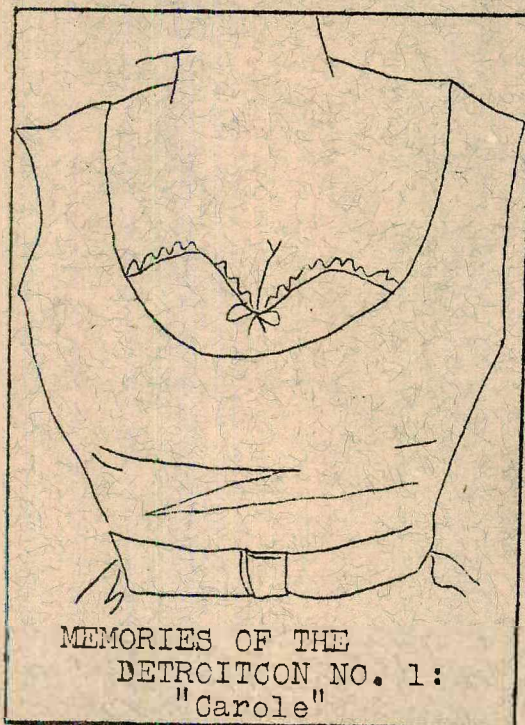
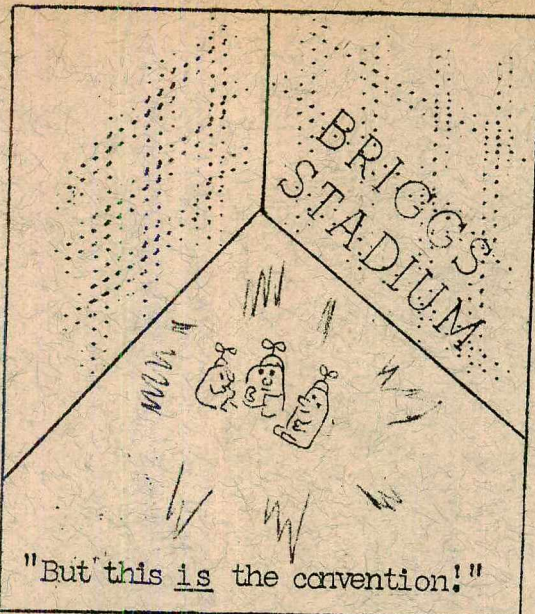
(above)

"Sure I'll mention you in my con report, but you gotta give me some material to work on."

THE SILENCE WAS GOLDEN

They called it the Border Cities Science Fiction Conference ---that was its full handle, and it convened in Detroit over the weekend of July 3-4-5.

That looks like the first sentence of a newspaper article inevitably heralding a straight, unembossed recounting of events.



Well, I've already tried that way, and it didn't work out so well, as editor Ellison pointed out to me. There was too much going on; my convention wasn't necessarily that of someone else. And so, to give credit where it is certainly due, I have enlisted aid from the aforementioned editor and Mary Southworth of Detroit, in order to present as full a picture as possible to you, because the job was too big for me to handle alone. And so.....

Thursday noontime. The 2nd of July. John Magnus---late---dragged his Ford up in front of the house and we were off, through Hagerstown and over the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Cleveland. We there added Harlan Ellison to the viajeros, with whom I immediately began to argue---a habit of mine. This time it was about staying in Detroit, and eventually we settled on the Hotel Detroitier, the official consite.

Friday morning at 5:30 AM, we checked in and I knew nothing from then until noon, when after eating I remained at the hotel to cast about for incoming fans while John and Harlan went to pick up Mary Southworth. I found only one---Andy Harris. But after dinner, things turned a different color: a chorus of loud hellos brought me rushing to the lobby, where I saw Ray and Perdita Nelson besieged at the Convention Registration Desk. I could not break through the circle until the din died down to a dull roar, whereupon I saw Magnus and Ellison

showing paper pads and pencils---features beaming happily---into the far-from-reluctant hands of Ray Nelson, grinning and newly-moustached.

I don't think Ray stopped drawing all night, and the way he was ripping off cartoons, strewing them in his wake, to be gleefully snatched up by John and Harlan, as if they were fighting for fifty-dollar bills, was a sight to see. With those two occupied, I managed to get in some small talk with Ray.

Before long, a bull-session developed at the desk, and people began to suddenly appear from nowhere. George Young was among them, and his quick wit and magnetic personality kept us all laughing and joking till a quarter to ten, when Roger Sims closed registration for the evening and we went off to find a congenial spot to talk and drink beer. The rain had started, but we piled into two cars and drove off.

Someone must have been carrying a rabbit's foot, because just as we got to our destination, "The Doghouse Bar", with rain pouring down all around us, I saw a car pull out from a solidly-packed line, right in front of the entrance. Three steps and we were all inside, quite dry. Soon the others appeared, and about a dozen laughing, expostulating fans pulled three large tables together; this was something of a consternation to the management, for not only did our racket drown out the smooth boogie-woogie piano playing which was the entertainment featured there, but the area of joined tables covered at least a third of the entire interior of the "Doghouse". True to its name, it was small, low-roofed and very cozy.

Trouble soon ensued, however, when it was discovered that Burt Beerman was too young to be served, and the manager requested him to leave. Ellison, coming to the rescue (to the surprise of all, Harlan at the time being also underage for the state of Michigan), loudly vouched for Burt, disclaiming to the rafters that Burt was 21 and that he, Harlan Ellison, would personally guarantee it. Harlan talked so longly and so loudly, in fact, that it never occurred to the manager to inquire about Harlan's own age, and in the end both Burt and Harlan were served, despite the fact that the manager remained doubtful. That incident takes my vote as the coup of the evening.

DEAN A. GRENNELL'S "The Murky Way" --- concluded from p. 52

No hotelier expects a convention to behave like a bunch of Baptist deacons---not even, necessarily, a convention of Baptist deacons---but there are limits to what they will put up with. They sell liquor and they know what it does to people. But they also expect people, even in their cups, to comport themselves with at least a modicum of decorum. If someone came into your home, drank themselves blotto, vomited on your living-room rug, broke a few windows and made assault upon your other guests, would you smile and shrug it off with a murmured, "Boys will be boys, won't they?" Damned right you wouldn't!

Hotel personnel are people, too, surprisingly tolerant for the job they're in. Remember that and you won't laugh so heartily next time you read how some idiot thumbed his nose at the cops and nearly got the con kicked out. It might even make you a little mad. It makes me furious.

--- Dean A. Grennell

The shuffleboard game attracted several members of the group, and under cover of their bickering as to who scored how many points, and why, I attempted a small flirtation with a very comely waitress, who had the most beautiful built-in stand-off that it has ever been my frustration to encounter. So in order to forestall a red face --- I was getting nowhere at light-speed --- I began to kibitz the pianist who, to get rid of me, swung into "Honky-Tonk Train Blues".

Returning to the shuffleboard, three of the participants kindly informed me that (a) the Red was leading by three points, (b) the Blue was ahead by one point, and (c) the score was tied. I thanked them all kindly and hurried to get myself into an argument as to the merits of boogie and Blues as compared to classical music, talking so loud I was almost hoarse. I had to, to be heard over the happy laughing and bickering. Foolishly, I tried to demonstrate a left-hand figure for a boogie bass, using the shuffleboard top as a surface to substitute for a piano keyboard, and almost got a couple fingers lopped off by a speeding shuffleboard counter. The whole Blue team jumped at me, tossing accusations of interfering with the game and Rog Sim's concentration, so I went and sat down to tell jokes with these at the tables.

In short order, we all ended up gathering around the bandstand, listening to one of the bartenders---possessed of a surprisingly good baritone---doing a good job on "Basin St. Blues" and "MacNamara's Band". I still regret that we had to leave before all the singing was over, and the rain outside made the laughter and banter inside all the more appealing.

The rabbit's foot was still around when we got back to the hotel, for we parked in the only space for blocks, right in front of the main entrance. The rest of the evening we spent in another session, in the Michigan Room on the mezzanine, which continued into the not-so-small hours of the morning. When finally I tore myself away, it occurred to me that the Convention had not yet officially begun. It was a very good omen.

Saturday morning and afternoon were certainly not the usual Saturday you find at a convention. Ellison woke Magnus by punching him in the stomach, and their combined noise proved irresistible to me, and the first day of the Con had begun.

After a fast lunch, I found myself meandering down Woodward Street toward a bookstore known only to Dennis Campbell, in the company of a very cute Chicago fanne named Marie Uney. We went at least eight blocks, getting sprinkled by a drizzly sky, but we finally got to our destination, where I took one more step on the road to a collector's personal heaven: the proprietor informed me that he sold all back issues of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and UNKNOWN WORLDS at 25¢ per.

Then I immediately too five steps toward a collector's personal hell, when he told me that a fellow---his description meant it was Howard DeVore---had picked up thirty-nine UNKS at that price in one grab three days before. The bottom dropped out of my stomach. Apparently, the proprietor saw that I was mentally wringing my hands, for he took pity on me and I did end up with a few 1939-1942 ASFs at a quarter per copy. Meanwhile...

Ellison, Magnus, Burt Boerman and Mary Southworth, accompanied by a few others, had set off in the opposite direction, and on returning to the hotel, I was informed, amid burst of laughter, of the following incident...

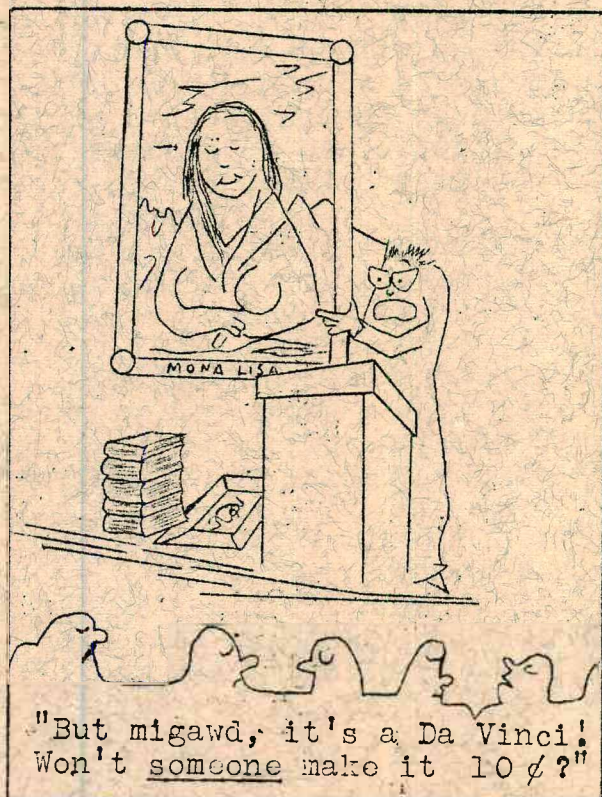
Mary had suggested Skrol's Bookstore as a likely opportunity to pick up some ASFs cheaply, and off they went. Naturally, they had to stop at every bookstore on the way, and they came to a place which proclaimed that "We Have All The Latest Racing Forms". As they started to go in, they were stopped in their tracks by a lady, apparently the

proprietor, who screamed at them, "Get out! GET OUT! WE DON'T ALLOW NO GANGS IN HERE!"

Now, if they looked like anything, it was like a few rain-soaked fans, and certainly not like a big-city downtown gang. All but Harlan decided to leave. He would rather argue. He tried to reason with her but she was almost hysterical and began shoving him out the door when Harlan said something about not being "a damn gang" and the lady then shrieked about profanity. Finally all were back on the sidewalk, and decided to continue on.

Later followed the auction, in which Ellison---in the role of auctioneer---outdid himself. For the first time in recorded history he talked himself out. Meanwhile, I simply stood by, drooling, as beautiful sets of ASF and UNKNOWN went for next-to-nothing. I had no spare cash.

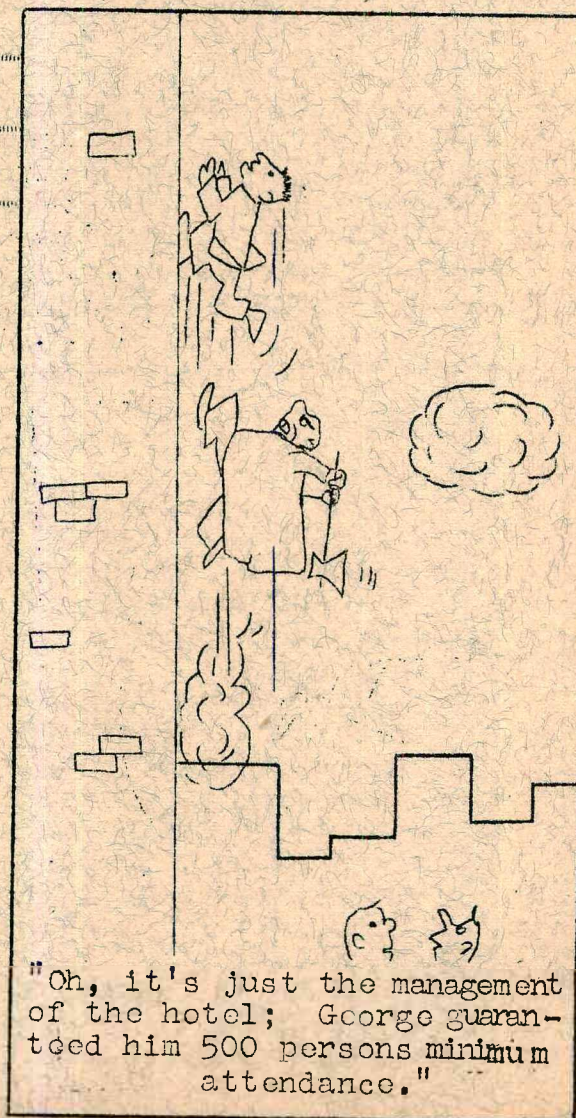
Some of the highlights here were: four copies of the Mexican prozine, LOS CUENTOS FANTASTICOS went for \$1.50. I can get them at about 11¢ per in Mexico, and occasionally do. To sell them, Harlan had to read



from them in Spanish. Now, my own Spanish may not be elegant, high-class Castilian, but...well, he did do okay on reading the author's names. They were U.S. ones. Ellison's pronunciation brought down the house, and some kind soul bid on them to save Harlan any further torture.

Soon after, another illustration--to be sold "blind". Only the auctioneer knew what it was, and he wasn't telling. Just before, another blind one had turned out to be a beautiful Bergcy which went for a fantastically low price due to the reticence of the people to bid on something they couldn't see. On this one, the bidding went sky high---and the eventual victor took home as his prize an oil of Ray Beam's father painted by Ray Beam's mother-in-law! All's fair in love, war, and auctions....

Circulating around afterwards, I was pleased to learn from George and Rog that the auction had taken in almost



\$150, from a rather small---and on the whole, young---crowd. In view of the fact that the Committee had to make \$200 on the auction and registration to barely break even, this was great news to me. The committee had been worried about financial ruin (George Young had promised to make up all deficit out of his own pocket), and this them all a big lift, which they certainly deserved.

I went up to our room, where John and I had invited four (count 'em, four) others for a quiet drink or so; it had to be quiet, because Ellison was sound asleep in the adjoining room, tired out from his efforts at the auction.

However, we were taken by storm, ending up with a huge crowd in the room, all laughing and talking and throwing hands about. Trying to sneak out to accept an invitation tendered by Lynn Hickman and George Young to go out to Howard DeVore's place, I was stopped and the end result was that about eight more decided to go along, to the surprise of George, Lynn and Howard.

At the DeVore residence, the fans held forth in what I consider to be the most enjoyable Wild Hair Session I have ever been in on. As half of those who had come out were upstairs paying worship to the fabulous DeVore collection, Carol Hickman, George Young, Earl Kemp, several others, and myself, sat talking over many cups of coffee.

Discussed were all fans not at the time in the room, and any other topics we thought safe. George's humor was not only hilarious, it was also catching, and before long everyone was shining by producing side-splitting conversation.

The gem of the evening was a comment on Seventh Fandom fans and their youth: "They get in your shoelaces and pants cuffs."

When the others came down, Ray Nelson and Lynn Hickman joined us in the kitchen, while in the living room another session began, regardless of a sleeping John Magnus in the biggest easy chair. It finally broke up at 3:15 AM and was later continued all night at the hotel.

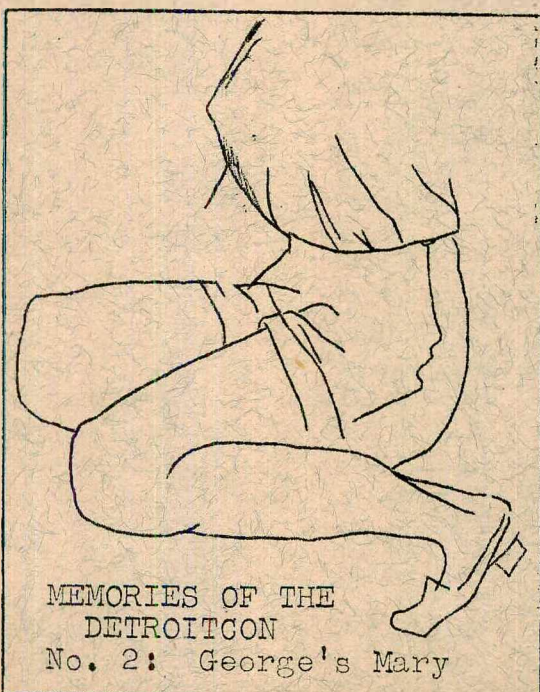
Sunday, Magnus and I were shocked to discover, just before everyone left for the picnic, that we had been charged seven dollars for checking in one half-hour before the new day began on Friday morning. We quickly hunted up Harlan, briefed him on the situation, and sent

him up to the desk to talk. You could have knocked me down with a hard glance when, after a ten-minute harangue, he came back telling us he'd fixed it! That is one good way to start off the day---making seven dollars.

The picnic was decided upon at the last minute, but before too long, most of the fans were out at Belle Isle, which, despite all travel folders to the contrary, is not "A place of enchantment where one may spend an exciting day among beautiful picnic groves, at a clean beach in warm water, or at the zoo." The picnic grounds are in disreputable condition, the beaches are mud and rocks and, well.. all Detroit's sewage runs into the Detroit River.

Nonetheless, four cars of hungry fans landed at Belle Isle, save George Young who went after the food.

Some people decided to go canoeing. Dennis Campbell missed his train



MEMORIES OF THE
DETROITCON
No. 2: George's Mary

for not returning in time (he missed two more, later) while Mary Southworth and Harlan struck out with Paul Wyszowski, a rather inexperienced canoe-paddler. There is little to say about the picnic proper unless you happen to love charred hot dogs and such.

A budding fan-love was born on this excursion: Duggie Hickman, 7 years old, and Earl Kemp's eldest daughter, 5. They wandered around, hand-in-hand, getting into various sorts of trouble.

While Lynn Hickman was riding herd on them, Ellison managed to get George Young on the phone, informing him that Roger Sims had just passed away. This resulted in confusion for some time till it was recognized as a ruse to get some reluctant telephone-lenders to call George to the phone so he could pick the fans up. George was still fuming when he got back to the hotel.

Later that evening I heard there was a program featuring a very bad movie and a speech by the previously mentioned Ellison.

About that time I was in the company of an exceptionally large crowd of fans, when someone informed me that he had been in on the beginnings of a negro jam session, in a garage about half a block from the hotel.

I didn't pay any attention at the time, but later I happened to be in a room where it could

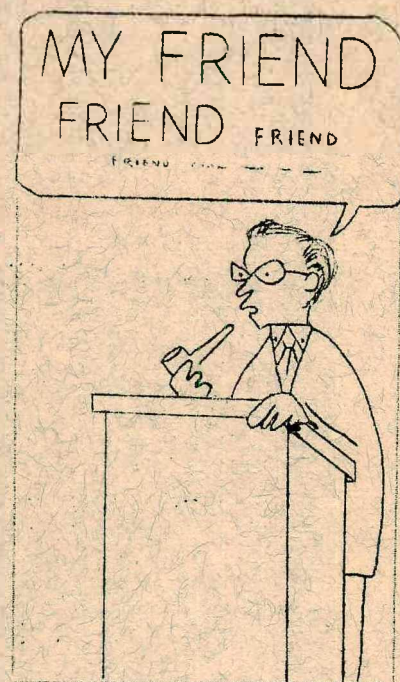
(right) We won't say the audience for Ellison's speech was small--- but when he talked to it, the echo drowned him out for five minutes.

be heard, and then looked out the window and couldn't sit still another minute. It was too much for me.

So Anne Hitch (a Detroit fanne) and myself dashed down and fell in. Ray Nelson was already there, and Anne and I began to jitterbug just as John Magnus puffed in with his tape recorder. The music was, naturally, hot and rhythmic, with piano, drums, steel guitar, trumpet and the garage full of cats who were surprised to see a white boy who could dance their music. That was nothing compared to the surprise on their faces when I sat down at the piano and started playing boogie-woogie, my one and only musical accomplishment. It broke up all too soon, when the local gendarmes decided to make us call it a night. After that, back at the hotel, things seemed a little slow.

The banquet came on Monday afternoon, highlighted by a talk by Detroit's own T.L. Sherred. The hotel management had expected to make a minor mint off us fans and our convention, and the small, congenial crowd must have given them fits! Ned McCowan, the only Windsor (Ontario) delegate to the Border Cities (Detroit and Windsor) Conference, finally showed up; when asked if Windsor would give the same Con there next year, Ned replied, "The only place we could give a Con in Windsor would be in the new Convention Hall. If it's finished by next summer, we'll give one. The only thing is, it won't be finished till sometime in 1958, I think."

In retrospect, the Con seemed to be far quieter, more relaxing, more congenial and natural, less strained and hustle-bustle than a big worldwide get-together. The absence of pros enabled the fan personalities to take the spotlight in every aspect of the Con, and this to



me was a welcome change.

Hal and Nancy Shapiro seem still to be very happy together. Lynn Hickman proved to be another outstanding personality, who was aided and abetted by his attractive wife Carole plus their seven-year-old son, Duggie, who is a gem.

It was Ray Nelson's first convention since Chicago in '52, and George Young (back from a two-year stint in Korea) was never at a loss when laughs were being passed around. The Indiana contingent was felt in force, and the convention committee itself was not only competent, but I liked every one of them, although I'd known none of them beforehand.

The most attractive thing about the entire convention was its easy, relaxed atmosphere; less pell-mell rush and none of the whirling series of events that inevitably accompany the larger-name conventions. Though no true fan gathering can be called silent, yet the comparative naturalness and easy-going good-humor of the whole thing left me rested instead of tired, and gave me the feeling that the silence was golden.

DICK CLARKSON

last minute book review

STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES #3 edited by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine)
reviewed by Harlan Ellison

Though with less really memorable tales than the first or second volumes in this series contained, STAR 3 still emerges as thirty-five cents wisely spent. Perhaps nowhere else today can original stories by as skillful a group of craftsmen as these be found. O. Henry-Sheckley endings are scarce, but contrary to insinuation, this is a decided advantage.

Each of the ten seems to have a warmth that stems from a genuine interest in people, NOT stereotyped formulae and wiring diagrams. In fact, Richard Matheson's Dance Of The Dead, Isaac Asimov's completely marvelous It's Such A Beautiful Day, and the touching Foster, You're Dead by the talented Philip K. Dick, rest their presentation almost solely upon the human element, though the social implications of each are evident and eye-catching.

A completely new realm encompassed by science fiction, is outlined in The Deep Range, wherein Arthur C. Clarke compares the cowpoke of yesterday to the "fishpoke" of tomorrow, riding herd on undersea heifers. This story alone is worth the book's price.

Lester del Rey and Gerald Kersh, with two very fast-reading opuses of (respectively) a man trapped on an island with an alien, and a soldier with battle-scars of four hundred years on a thirty-year-old body, quietly go about their trade. That of being damed good story-tellers.

Chad Oliver tells a bad pun. Jack Vance telegraphs his punch in a delightfully outrageous manner. Jack Williamson takes a few pages to say very little. Ray Bradbury spews his maudlin atrocity over ten pages and 48 million miles.

The lineup is pretentious, the results, though---again---worthwhile, evince much of the wear and tear the field is experiencing.

Perhaps we're jaded, but to this reviewer's eyes, the stories just don't seem to have the wallop they used to was.

illustrations by JACK HARNESS and Mr. VAN DALL

→ FROM WHERE I SIT: In Which We Make an Amazing Offer←

With considerable pride, From Where I Sit is about to institute a service never before offered to the American science-fiction-reading public.

But first, a word from our sponsor:

Ladies and Gentlemen, From Where I Sit is produced under the terms of a ~~written~~ mutual hands-off agreement between Mr. Ellison and ourselves. He doesn't touch the copy we submit. We don't write the blurbs. Either party can withdraw at any time. Mr. Ellison's views are not necessarily ours. Our views are not necessarily Mr. Ellison's. And now, back to our column:

Without further ado, here is our plan: Detailed below, you will find a number of story outlines. Choose the ones you would like to use, fill out the pledge you will find farther on in this column, and then feel free to set yourself up as a science fiction writer. We trust you to adhere to the terms of the pledge and do not ask you to go to the trouble of notifying us. Conversely, we trust you not to use any of these outlines if you feel you cannot honestly sign the pledge. There is no charge or obligation for this exclusive From Where I Sit service.

Best results will be obtained if you read all the outlines in order before reading the pledge.

Ready? Begin:

PLOT OUTLINE #1, (Possible Title: THE MONSTERS)

Santa Claus does exist. He is an altruistic life-form which, driven from Earth by the crass unbelief and cruelty of humanity, has transferred his operations to Mars. (He perceives the vibrations of unbelief and cruelty as stinging barbs thrust into the delicate nerve centers located at the base of his spine.)

Mars has been sparsely colonized by pioneering, God-fearing Earthpeople who have fled the cruelty and unbelief of Earth. Children have been born, among them our hero, Little Max, and his playmates. Little Max is a small, pale boy who, alone among his contemporaries, has the perception to see the wonder and beauty of the Universe.

Harold Van Dall



from where i sit

Little Max believes in Santa Claus. As Christmas grows near, his little playmates make his life miserable by jeering at him, but he is sure of his beliefs and ignores their cruel unbelief. He hangs up his stocking on Christmas Eve, and then goes to sleep.

His little playmates sneak into the house, and find the stocking full of toys left by Santa Claus. They steal the toys and fill the stocking with horse-apples.

When Little Max wakes up and runs downstairs, he sees the bulging stocking and plunges his hand into it.

He cries and cries.

PLOT OUTLINE #2, (Possible Title: THE MONSTERS)

For centuries, Earth has been ignored by the great races of the Universe, for Earthpeople, compared to the Galactics, are crude, cruel, squabbling, primitive savages, so bloodthirsty that it is agony for the good, kind, altruistic Galactics to so much as think about them.

With the advent of the atomic age on Earth, however, the Galactics must concern themselves with Earth. Accordingly, one Galactic agent flies his atomic-powered interstellar ship into an orbit around Earth, descends to the surface in his atomic-powered antigravity belt, and, using his atomic-powered simultaneous translators, broadcasts this warning to the peoples of the Earth:

"You must abandon atomic experimentation. You are imperiling the very fabric of the Universe with your bloodthirsty experiments. If you do not do as I say, we will blast your planet to smithereens!"

One Earthwoman--a mother--tries to keep the enraged Earthmen from tearing the luckless ambassador to bits. She is unsuccessful. She cries and cries.

PLOT OUTLINE #3, (Possible Title: THE MONSTERS)

It is the Earth of the far future. Our hero is Simeon Gonfalon, Presser (Vice-President) of the World State, whose political and social structure has evolved from the ancient dry-cleaning system of Twentieth Century America.

Gonfalon is perfectly content with his lot. He was born to this society, which has existed for hundreds of years. He is socially well-adjusted, and was voted into his present office by virtue of his zeal as a regional Checker. (Police official.) Because of his abilities as Presser, he has an excellent chance of advancement to Spotter. (President.)

One day, however, he is present at the arrest of a beautiful but brilliant young woman, a high official of the underground. (The Detergents.)

Something happens to Gonfalon. He becomes discontented with his lot. He begins to understand that his society is rigid, arbitrary, and decadent. Troubled, he visits the beautiful revolutionary in her cell. There he learns that the Spotter has held his office for seven centuries, and that no Presser has ever made Spotter since the beginning of that time.

Horried, his eyes open at last, Gonfalon tries to overthrow the Spotter. Just as he is about to succeed, he thinks, he discovers that the beautiful Detergent was an agent provocateur all the time, and that he is hopelessly trapped. Now he knows how the Spotter has kept his iron grip on the Pressers.

Realizing at last the horrible injustice of it all, he dies crying.

Now, then. You understand that these outlines are capable of infinite ingenious variation, and represent nothing more than rough models from which to work. In the first outline, for example, you might

change Little Max into a little girl. In the second you could reduce the scale of the story--an excellent device, which, we are sure, will enable you to make a consistent living from this one plot alone. For example: For "Earth," substitute Strudelmacher, a grasping, conscienceless corporation president engaged in corrupting the wave-set formula developed by Brilliant, an idealistic young industrial chemist. His secretary, Glama--a mother--tries to keep him from breaking young Brilliant's spirit. Brilliant threatens Strudelmacher with a 45. Despite all Glama can do, Strudelmacher--conscienceless to the end--calls the police and has Brilliant arrested.

Conversely, you can increase the scale of your story. Little Max of our first story becomes an entire race of lovable, kindly aliens who see the beauty of the Universe. His cruel playmates become the human race. The aliens believe the Universe is beautiful, and will not agree with the Earthmen that it is dirty, savage, and nasty. The Earthmen erect a forcefield around the alien planet which filters the light of the stars so that they appear to be a decaying brown in color. Crushed, the aliens commit racial suicide, leaving their immense uranium deposits open for exploitation by the Earthmen.

The Pledge:

"I, _____, having perceived that there is now not only money but Artistic Satisfaction to be gained from the production of science fiction, do make the following pledge:

"That I will never permit myself to see both sides of any facet of human nature, and that I will inevitably see the bad side, if any.

"That I will never examine the nature of any human being but myself, and that I will make up for the frustrations of my life by conferring them wholesale on my characters.

"That I will earnestly endeavor not to contaminate the purity of my product by resolving any of these problems, inasmuch as no problem of mine has ever been resolved for me.

"That I will never make the grievous error of conferring intelligence, common sense, and ordinary emotions on my characters, since only a very few people such as myself possess these qualities.

"That, since there has never been any happiness in my own life, it is manifestly impossible that any situation could ever resolve happily. Therefore, I shall never lie to my readers by writing fiction which does not leave the characters bitter, broken, and neurotic.

"I hereby affirm and attest that this shoe fits."

Well, there you are. All yours. Want it?

We had some interesting mail over our last column. We refer you particularly to the letters of Mr. Henry Moskowitz, Mr. H.L. Gold and Mr. Bob Tucker, reprinted elsewhere in this issue.

We have some interesting items of news which relate directly to those letters, as well as some further comment:

F&SF has been sold. Mr. Joseph Ferman, the new owner of the Spivack chain, has made the comment to a reputable source that not even the Heinlein serial did anything to help the (repeat) disappointingly low circulation.

Galaxy, after some months of experimentation with bulkier paper and the multiple use of illustration elements, has cut back to its original thickness by retaining the bulkier paper but cutting the number of pages. The three full-page illustrations for "The Tunnel Under

the World" were produced by re-combining (not re-drawing) the same illustration elements in various sizes and layouts. We are not prepared to state, at this time, that Galaxy's art budget, always one of the lowest in the field, has suffered further cuts.

ASF continues at 160 inside pages.

About that further comment: (See Mr. Gold's letter)

Galaxy does not have five foreign editions. Speaking for the Italian and Argentinian editions only--we have not seen any others, but we know they exist--these magazines are apparently independent foreign reprint publications which pick up some material from Galaxy, but which get just as much from ASF and other sources, such as the Winston juvenile series. This is not the accepted sense of the term 'foreign edition'--unless Mr. Gold is also prepared to claim Los Cuentos Fantasticos.

While we feel that Galaxy has very little to be ashamed of, and is certainly superior to at least ninety per cent of the competition, we do not feel that Galaxy has so overwhelmingly much to be proud of. We venture to point out that 421 Hudson Street is not the address of the Life-Time Building, and that Luccian high-pressure editing is unsuited to the science fiction field.

We also have a retraction. (See Bob Tucker's analytical and painfully accurate letter--the pain being ours.)

Mr. Tucker is quite right. We fouled up, as people who deal in sensational generalities must. We've been taught a lesson--more lessons than might be apparent. Our thanks to Mr. Tucker and our apologies to him and to our other readers--and to Ballantine Books, Inc. Our remarks on Ballantine's art and editorial policies stand. We find much to criticize in Ballantine's selection of such books as "Riders To The Stars," "The Secret Masters," "Dark Dominion," "Horo's Walk," and the recent "Shadows In The Sun." (For an implied capsule review of this latter, see all three outlines above and then add credit for some very nice--but not sufficiently balancing--incidental touches.) Except in a few instances, we feel that Ballantine's jacket art has probably detracted from sales. This is not meant as a criticism of Richard Powers' technical skill, which is demonstrably high.

In defense of the barely-defensible, we add that, at the time the column was written, Ballantine was making what were, in our opinion, some hasty and ill-advised moves which resulted in the non-publication of several titles which, in our opinion, might have done Ballantine and science fiction considerable good. We were told that Ballantine was in serious financial trouble, which was true. We were also given some reasons for that trouble, some of them not true. We advanced several theories of our own, which stand as neither proven nor disproven at this point. We made one absolute mis-statement of fact, in regard to sales. Mr. Tucker has pointed out one book which went into a second printing. It seems possible there were others.

It remains our contention that, with the money Ballantine was paying and the authors on their list, there should have been many more of them. Ballantine has only itself to blame for not hiring someone who could get their best work out of the writers involved. We repeat that no editor not bred to the field, no matter how technically skillful, can hope, by the nature of the literature itself, to exercise perfect control over it.

And our congratulations to Ballantine for "More Than Human," "The Space Merchants," and "Fahrenheit 451," all of which have done very well in the awards sweepstakes.

NEWS, VIEWS, AND PURLIEUS:

Lion Books has purchased a rewritten and expanded version of

"Turncoat," by Damon Knight. This marks Mr. Knight's first book, and Lion's first new science fiction purchase since Arnold Hano was replaced as editor by Walter Fultz. "Turncoat" will appear in the larger, 35¢ format to which Lion has recently made a partial switch.

IF, still coming up and competing for the top of the market, has raised its rates to 3¢ per word.

Columbia Publications, according to one screwball source, is completing its topsy-turvy switch of Science Fiction Stories to a bi-monthly by making Future an annual. There has been a drop in the word rate to 3/4¢ per word. No comment.

Some time ago Jack O'Sullivan left Planet Stories, but continues on a part-time basis for the meanwhile. No new editor has been announced. ... Theron Raines, formerly office manager for the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, is the new editor at Standard Magazines. There will, naturally, be changes in the editorial slant used in the books.

The Okie series, by James Blish, will appear as a book from Putnam. No title is as yet available to us.

There is a snide and admittedly facetious rumor that Beyond, having chiseled the word "fantasy" out of its logotype, will replace it with "help." ... The original science fiction stories occasionally appearing in Playboy, a sort of combined Esquire and College Humor with delusions of New Yorker, have first been bounced out of every science fiction magazine worth the effort of submission.

Calvin Thomas Beck is making life miserable for the personnel of the recent highly successful Metrocon by firing blasts to everybody who will listen, claiming such nice, juicy grievances as non-recognition of the American Science Fantasy Something or other--C.T. Beck, founder and sole member--and rampant communism. Mr. Beck needs his mouth washed out.

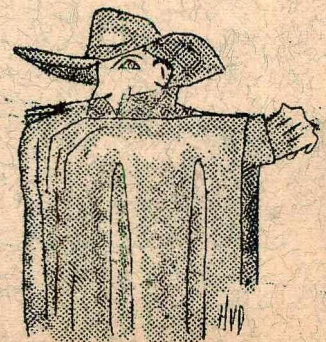
Mr. Beck is currently offering instruction in the art of science fiction writing, by mail. Or so one of the professionals listed without consent on his masthead is saying.

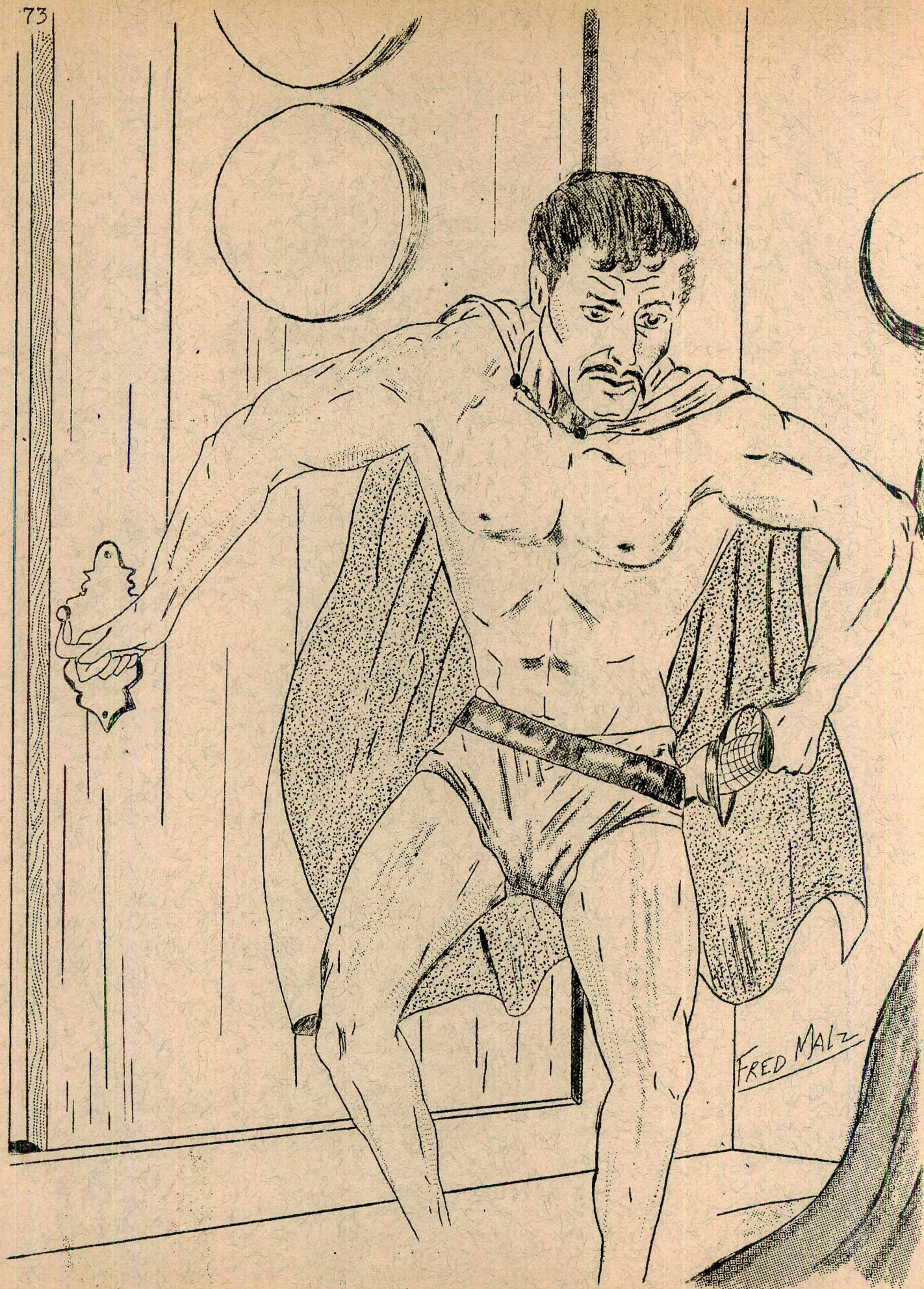
TWO FINAL NOTES:

We understand that the Canadian Magazine A Bas has offered a cash reward for our identity. Inasmuch as Van Dall is not a single individual but a fusion of the ideas and opinions held by a largish group of people, we'd like to know how much it comes to per head. And, since none of the others are looking over my particular shoulder, is that applicable to all or any part of us, Gerry Steward? I might consider a deal.

Mr. Ellison, FYI: re your blurb remark, as to our column being "liquid explosives" in the last issue: liquid explosives, dispensed from a pen onto paper, would merely lay there and smell bad. Feel free to interpret this as you will.

And that's the way I see it, from where I cast a furtive look at the guy in the next booth and turn the page in my copy of Playboy.





FALCONS of NARABEDLA

a serial by

MARION
ZIMMER
BRADLEY

illustrated by

fred malz

SECTION TWO



SYNOPSIS:

While working in a government experimental lab, MIKE KENSCOTT discovers some weird "non-typical waves" just before a freak accident demolishes the laboratory. After recovering from serious injuries---a recovery marked by broken ribs that mended too fast to be ordinary and scars, obviously not from the explosion, that disappeared overnight---Kenscott is first told that the accident resulted from lightning, patently a lie, and then fired, his line of research "closed." Seeking a rest Kenscott and his younger brother ANDY go to the Sierras. From their first day in the mountains, strange happenings dog Kenscott. Energy out of nowhere follows him around. It cannot knock him out, but his very touch blows fuses and creates radio static. Trying to resolve the problem in his own mind, Kenscott stays up late in the cabin, and when he goes to turn off the lights, shorts the dynamo, as the entire house current pours into his body. His hand on the switch glows as something snaps wide open in his brain. He suddenly hears a voice, shouting, "Rhys! Rhys! That is the man!" NOW CONTINUE.....

Chapter Two: RAINBOW CITY

"You are mad," said the man with the tired voice.

I was drifting. I was swaying, bodiless, over a huge abyss of caverned space; chasmed, immense, limitless. Vaguely, through a sleeping distance, I heard two voices. This one was old and very tired.

"You are mad. They will know. Narayan will know."

"Narayan is a fool," said the second voice.

"Narayan is the Dreamer," the tired voice said. "He is the Dreamer, and where the Dreamer walks he will know. But have it your way. I am very old and it does not matter. I give you this power, freely-- to spare you. But Gamine---"

"Gamine---" the second voice stopped. After a long time, "You are old, and a fool, Rhys," it said. "What is Gamine to me?"

Bodiless, blind, I drifted and swayed and swung in the sound of the voices. The humming, like a million high-tension wires, sang around me, and I felt myself cradled in the pull of a great magnet that held me suspended surely on nothingness and drew me down into the field of some force beneath. Far below me the voices faded. I swung free-- fell-- plunged downward in sickening motion, head over heels, into the abyss...

My feet struck hard flooring. I wrenched back to consciousness, with a jolt. Winds blew coldly in my face; the cabin walls had been flung back to the high-lying stars. I was standing at a barred window at the very pinnacle of a tall tower, in the lap of a weird blueness that arched flickeringly in the night. I caught a glimpse of a startled face, a lean tired old face beneath a peaked hood, in the moment before my knees gave way and I fell, striking my head against the bars of the window.

I was lying on a narrow, high bed in a room filled with doors and bars. I could see the edge of a carved mirror set in a frame, and the top of a chest of some kind. On a bench at the edge of my field of vision there were two figures sitting. One was the old grey man, hunched wearily beneath his robe, wearing garb like a Tibetan Lama's, somber black, and a peaked hood of grey. The other was a slimmer younger figure, swathed in silvery silken veiling, with a thin opacity where the face should have been, and a sort of opalescent shine of flesh through the silvery-sapphire silks. The figure was that of a boy or a slim, immature girl; it sat erect, motionless, and for a long time I studied it, curious, between half-opened lids. But when I blinked, it rose and passed through one of the multitudinous doors; at once a soft sibilance of draperies announced return. I sat up, getting my feet to the floor, or almost there; the bed was higher than a hospital bed. The blue-robe held a handled mug, like a baby's drinking cup, at me. I took it in my hand, hesitated--

"Neither drug nor poison," said the blue-robe mockingly, and the voice was as noncommittal as the veiled body; a sexless voice, soft alto, a woman's or a boy's. "Drink and be glad it is none of Karamy's brewing."

I tasted the liquid in the mug; it had an indeterminate greenish look and a faint pungent taste I could not identify, although it reminded me variously of anis and garlic. It seemed to remove the last traces of shock. I handed the cup back empty and looked sharply at the old man in the Lama costume.

"You're-- Rhys?" I said. "Where in hell have I gotten to?" At least, that's what I meant to say. Imagine my surprise when I found myself asking -- in a language I'd never heard, but understood perfect-

ly--"To which of the domains of Zandru have I been consigned now?" At the same moment I became conscious of what I was wearing. It seemed to be an old-fashioned nightshirt, chopped off at the loins, deep crimson in color. "Red flannels yet!" I thought with a gulp of dismay. I checked my impulse to get out of bed. Who could act sane in a red nightshirt? "You might have the decency to explain where I am," I said. "If you know."

The tiredness seemed part of Rhys' voice. "Adric," he said wearily. "Try to remember." He shrugged his lean shoulders. "You are in your own tower. And you have been under restraint again. I am sorry." His voice sounded futile. I felt prickling shivers run down my backbone. In spite of the weird surroundings, the phrase "under restraint" had struck home. I was a lunatic in an asylum.

The blue-robed one cut in, in that smooth, sexless, faintly-sarcastic voice. "While Karamy holds the amnesia-ray, Rhys, you will be explaining it to him a dozen times a cycle. He will never be of use to us again. This time Karamy won. Adric; try to remember. You are at home, in Narabedla."

I shook my head. Nightshirt or no nightshirt, I'd face this on my feet. I walked to Rhys; put my clenched hands on his shoulders. "Explain this! Who am I supposed to be? You called me Adric. I'm no more Adric than you are!"

"Adric, you are not amusing!" the blue-robe's voice was edged with anger. "Use what intelligence you have left! You have had enough sharig antidote to cure a tharl. Now. Who are you?"

The words were meaningless. I stared, trapped. I clung to hold on to identity. "Adric--" I said, bewildered. That was my name. Was it? Wasn't it? No. I was Mike Kenscott. Hang on to that. Two and two are four. The circumference equals the radius squared times pi. Four rulls is the chemming of twilp---stop that! Mike Kenscott. Summer 1954. Army serial number 13-48746. Karamy. I cradled my bursting head in my hands. "I'm crazy. Or you are. Or we're both sane and this monkey-business is all real."

"It is real," said Rhys, compassion in his tired face. "He has been very far out on the Time Ellipse, Gamine. Adric, try to understand. This was Karamy's work. She sent you out on a time line, far, very far into the past. Into a time when the Earth was different--- she hoped you would come back changed, or mad." His eyes brooded. "I think she succeeded. Gamine, I have long outstayed my leave. I must return to my tower-- or die. Will you explain?"

"I will." A hint of emotion flickered in the voice of Gamine. "Go, Master."

Rhys left the room, through one of the doors. Gamine turned impatiently to me again. "We waste time this way. Fool, look at yourself!"

I strode to a mirror that lined one of the doors. Above the crimson nightshirt I saw a face-- not my own. The sight rocked my mind. Out of the mirror a man's face looked anxiously; a face eagle-thin, darkly moustached, with sharp green eyes. The body belonging to the face that was not mine was lean and long and strongly muscled--- and not quite human. I squeezed my eyes shut. This couldn't be-- I opened my eyes. The man in the red nightshirt I was wearing was still reflected there.

I turned my back on the mirror, walking to one of the barred windows to look down on the familiar outline of the Sierra Madre, about a hundred miles away. I couldn't have been mistaken. I knew that ridge of mountains. But between me and the mountains lay a thickly forested expanse of land which looked like no scenery I had ever seen in my life. I was standing near the pinnacle of a high tower; I dimly

saw the curve of another, just out of my line of vision. The whole landscape was bathed in a curiously pinkish light; through an overcast sky I could just make out, dimly, the shadowy disk of a watery red sun. Then-- no, I wasn't dreaming, I really did see it-- beyond it, a second sun; blue-white, shining brilliantly, pallid through the clouds, but brighter than any sunlight I had ever seen.

It was proof enough for me. I turned desperately to Gamine behind me. "Where have I gotten to? Where-- when am I? Two suns-- those mountains--"

The change in Gamine's voice was swift; the veiled face lifted questioningly to mine. What I had thought a veil was not that; it seemed to be more like a shimmering screen wrapped around the features so that Gamine was faceless, an invisible person with substance but no apprehensible characteristics. Yes, it was like that; as if there was an invisible person wearing the curious silken draperies. But the invisible flesh was solid enough. Hands like cold steel gripped my shoulders. "You have been back? Back to the days before the second sun? Adric, tell me; did Earth truly have but one sun?"

"Wait--" I begged. "You mean I've traveled in time?"

The exultation faded from Gamine's voice imperceptibly. "Never mind. It is improbable in any case. No, Adric; not really travelling. You were only sent out on the Time Ellipse, till you contacted someone in that other Time. Perhaps you stayed in contact with his mind so long that you think you are he?"

"I'm not Adric--" I raged. "Adric sent me here--"

I saw the blurring around Gamine's invisible features twitch in a headshake. "It's never been proven that two minds can be interchanged like that. Adric's body, Adric's brain. The brain convolutions, the memory centers, the habit patterns-- you'd still be Adric. The idea that you are someone else is only an illusion of your conscious mind. It will wear off."

I shook my head, puzzled. "I still don't believe it. Where am I?"

Gamine moved impatiently. "Oh, very well. You are Adric of Narabedla; and, if you are sane again, Lord of the Crimson Tower. I am Gamine. The swathed shoulders moved a little. "You don't remember? I am a spell-singer."

I jerked my shoulders at the window. "Those are my own mountains out there," I said roughly. "I'm not Adric, whoever he is. My name's Mike Kenscott, and your hanky-panky doesn't impress me. Take off that veil and let me see your face."

"I wish you meant that--" a mournfulness breathed in the soft contralto. A sudden fury blazed up in me from nowhere. "And what right have you to pry for that old fool Rhys? Get back to your own place, then, spell-singer--" I broke off, appalled. What was I saying? Worse, what did I mean by it? Gamine turned. The sexless voice was coldly amused. "Adric spoke then. Whoever sits in the seat of your soul, you are the same--and past redemption!" The robes whispered sibilantly on the floor as Gamine moved to the door. "Karamy is welcome to her slave!"

The door slammed.

Left alone, I flung myself down on the high bed, stubbornly concentrating on Mike Kenscott, shutting out the vague blurred mystery in my mind that was Adric impinging on consciousness. I was not Adric. I would not be. I dared not go to the window and look out at the terrifying two suns, even to see the reassurance of the familiar Sierra Madre skyline. A homesick terror was hurting in me.

But persistently the Adric memories came, a guilty feeling of a shirked duty, and a frightened face-- a real face, not a blurred nothingness-- beneath Gamine's blue veils. Memories of strange hunts

and a big bird on the pommel of a high saddle. A bird hooded like a falcon, in crimson.

Consciousness of dress made me remember the---nightshirt---I still wore. Moving swiftly, without conscious thought, I went to a door and slid it open; pulled out some garments and dressed in them. Every garment in the closet was the same color; deep-hued crimson. I glanced in the mirror and a phrase Gamine had used broke the surface of my mind like a leaping fish. "Lord of the Crimson Tower." Well, I looked it. There had been knives and swords in the closet; I took out one to look at it, and before I realized what I was doing I had belted it across my hip. I stared, decided to let it remain. It looked right with the rest of the costume. It felt right, too.

Another door folded back noiselessly and a man stood looking at me. He was young and would have been handsome in an effeminate way if his face had not been so arrogant. Lean, somehow catlike, it was easy to determine that he was akin to Adric, or no, even before the automatic habit of memory fitted name and identity to him. "Evarin," I said, warily.

He came forward, moving so softly that for an uneasy moment I wondered if he had pads like a cat's on his feet. He wore deep green from head to foot, similar to the crimson garments that clothed me. His face had a flickering, as if he could at a moment's notice raise a barrier of invisibility like Gamine's about himself. He didn't look as human as I.

"I have seen Gamine," he said. "She says you are awake, and as sane as you ever were. We of Narabedla are not so strong that we can afford to waste even a broken tool like you."

Wrath-- Adric's wrath-- boiled up in me; but Evarin moved lithely backward. "I am not Gamine," he warned, "And I will not be served like Gamine has been served. Take care."

"Take care yourself," I muttered, knowing little else I could have said. Evarin drew back thin lips. "Why? You have been sent out on the Time Ellipse till you are only a shadow of yourself. But all this is beside the point. Karamy says you are to be freed, so the seals are off all the doors, and the Crimson Tower is no longer a prison to you. Come and go as you please. Karamy--" his lips formed a sneer, "If you call that freedom!"

I said slowly, "You think I'm not crazy?"

Evarin snorted. "Except where Karamy was concerned, you never were. What is that to me? I have everything I need. The Dreamer gives me good hunting and slaves enough to do my bidding. For the rest, I am the Toymaker. I need little. But you--" his voice leaped with contempt, "you ride time at Karamy's bidding---and your Dreamer walks---waiting the coming of his power that he may destroy us all one day!"

I stared somberly at Evarin, standing still near the door. The words seemed to wake an almost personal shame in me. The boy watched and his face lost some of its bitterness. He said more quietly, "The falcon flown cannot be recalled. I came only to tell you that you are free." He turned, shrugging his thin shoulders, and walked to the window. "As I say, if you call that freedom."

I followed him to the window. The clouds were clearing; the two suns shone with a blinding brilliance. By looking far to the left I could see a line of rainbow-tinted towers that rose into the sky, tall and capped with slender spires. I could distinguish five clearly; one, the nearest, seemed made of a jewelled blue; one, clear emerald green; golden, flame-colored, violet. There were more beyond, but the colors were blurred and dim. They made a semicircle about a wooded park; beyond them the familiar skyline of the mountains tugged old memories

in my brain. The suns swung high in a sky that held not tint of blue, that was as clear and colorless as ice. Abruptly I turned my back on it all. Evarin murmured, "Narabedla. Last of the Rainbow Cities. Adric-- how long now?"

I did not answer. "Karamy wants me?"

Evarin's laugh was only a soundless shaking of his thin shoulders. "Karamy can wait. Better for you if she waited forever. Come along with me, or Gamine will be back. You don't want to see Gamine, do you?" He sounded anxious; I shook my head. Emphatically, I did not want to see that insidious spook again. "No. Why? Should I?"

Evarin looked relieved. "Come along, then. If I know Gamine, you're pretty well muddled. Amnesiac. I'll explain. After all--" his voice mocked, "you are my brother!"

He thrust open the door and motioned me through. Instinctively, I drew back, gesturing him to lead the way; he laughed soundlessly and went, and I followed, letting it slide shut behind me.

We went down stairs and more stairs. I walked at Evarin's side, one part of me wondering why I was not more panicky. I was a stranger in a world gone insane, yet I had that outrageous calmness with which men do fantastic things in a dream. I was simply taking one step after another; knowing what to do with that part of me that was Adric. Gamine had spoken of habit patterns, the convolutions of the brain. I had Adric's body. Only a superficial me, an outer ego, was still a strange, muddled Mike Kenscott. The subconscious Adric was guiding me. I let him ride. I felt it would be wise to be very much Adric around Evarin. We stepped into an elevator shaft which went down, curved around corners with a speed that threw me against the wall, then began, slowly, to rise. I had long since lost all sense of direction. Abruptly the door of the shaft opened and we began to walk along a long, brilliantly illuminated passage. From somewhere we heard singing; a voice somewhere in the range of a trained boy's tones or a woman's mature contralto. Gamine's voice. I could make no sense of the words; but Evarin halted to listen, swearing in a whisper. I thought the faraway voice sang my name and Evarin's, but I could not tell.

"What is it, Evarin?" He gave a short exclamation, the sense of which was lost on me.

"Come along," he said irritably; "It is only the spell-singer, singing old Rhys back to sleep. You waked him this time, did you not? I wonder Gamine permitted it. He is very near his last sleep-- old Rhys. I think you will send him there soon." Without giving me a chance to answer--and for that matter, I had no answer ready--he pulled me aside between recessed walls and again the shaft in which we stood began to rise. Eventually we stepped into a room at the top of another tower, a room lavishly, even garishly, furnished. Evarin flung himself carelessly on a divan embroidered in silken purple and gestured me to follow his example. "Well, now. Tell me. Where in Time has Karamy sent you now?"

"Karamy?" I asked tentatively. Evarin's raucous laugh rang out again. He said with seeming irrelevance, but with an odd air of confiding, "My one demand of the Dreamer is-- freedom from that witch's spells. Some day I shall fashion a Toy for her. I am not the Toy-maker of Narabedla for nothing. I demand little enough of the Dreamers, Zandru knows! I do not like to pay their price, but Karamy does not care what she pays. So--" he made a spreading movement of his hands, "she has power over everyone, except me. Yes; assuredly I must make her a Toy. She sent you out on the Time Ellipse. I wonder who brought you back?"

I shook my head. "I've been out of my body too long. I can't

remember much."

"You remember me," Evarin said. "I wonder why she left you that? Karamy's amnesia-rays took the rest of your memory. She never trusted me that far before."

But I caught the crafty look in his face. I know only this about Evarin; Karamy was right not to trust him. I said, "I only remember your name. Nothing more."

Because Evarin---I know---was never ten minutes the same. He would profess friendship and mean friendship; ten minutes later, still in friendship, he would flay the skin from my body and count it only an exquisite joke. I did not like those perverted and subtle eyes. He seemed to read my thought. "Good, we will be strangers. Brothers are too---" he let the words trail off, unfinished. "What have you forgotten?"

Could I trust him with my terrible puzzlement? How much could I, as Adric---and I must be Adric to him---get along without knowing? What was even more to the point, how many questions could I dare ask without betraying my own helplessness? I compromised. "What are the Dreamers?"

That had been the wrong question.

"Zandru, Adric, you have been far indeed! You must have been back before the Cataclysm! Well---our forefathers, after the Cataclysm, ruled this planet and built the Rainbow Cities. That was before the Compact that killed machines. Some people say the Dreamers were born from the dead machines."

He began to pace the floor restlessly. "They were men---once," he said, "They are born from men and women. Mondel knows what caused them. But one in every ten million men is such a freak---a Dreamer. Some say they came out of the Cataclysm; some say they are the souls of the dead Machines. They are human---and not human. They were telepaths. They could control everything---things, minds, people. They could throw illusions about things and men---they contested our rule."

He sat down; his voice became brooding, quiet. "One of us, here in Rainbow City, a dozen generations ago, found a way to bind the Dreamers," he said. "We could not kill them; they were deathless, normally. But we could bind them in sleep. As they slept, under a forced stasis, we could make them give up their powers---to us. So that we controlled the things they controlled. For a price." There was a glimpse of horror behind his eyes. "You know the price. It is high."

I kept silent. I wanted Evarin to go on.

He shivered a little, shook his head and the horror vanished. "So each of us has a Dreamer of his own who can grant him power to do as he wills. And after years and years, as the Dreamers grow old, they grow mortal. They can be killed. And fewer are born, now; fewer to each generation. As they grow older and weaker, it is safe to let them wake; but never too strongly, or too long." He laughed, bitterly. A fury came from nowhere into his face.

"And you loosed a Dreamer!" he cried. "A Dreamer with all his power hardly come upon him! He is harmless as yet---but he wakes, and he walks! And one day the power will come upon him---and he will destroy us all!" Evarin's thin features were drawn with despair; not arrogant, now, but full of suffering. "A Dreamer---" he sighed, "A Dreamer, and you had been made one with him already! Can you see now why we do not trust you---brother?"

Without answering I rose and went to the window. This window did not look on the neat little park, but on a vast tract of wild country. Far away, curious, trails of smoke spiralled up into the sunlight and a wispy fog lay in the bottomlands.

"Down there," said Evarin in a low voice, "Down there the Dreamer walks and waits! Down there---"

But I did not hear the rest, for my mind completed it. Down there---Down there is my lost memory. Down there was my life.

Somewhere down there I had left my soul. (PART 3 NEXT ISSUE!)

ROBERT BLOCH:

Shoal, banzai, L'chain, bravo, vive, olé and mazeltovh, not necessarily in the order named. To say nothing of bismillah, wondrouschoon, excelsior, vale and cheers. Also, HOORAY!

Might I take this remaining space to congratulate you for the issue?
(P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin)

	Aside from the above, and 21 assorted congratulations,	
	we might be self-centered enough to assume Mr. Bloch	
	enjoyed the last issue of DIMENSIONS.he	

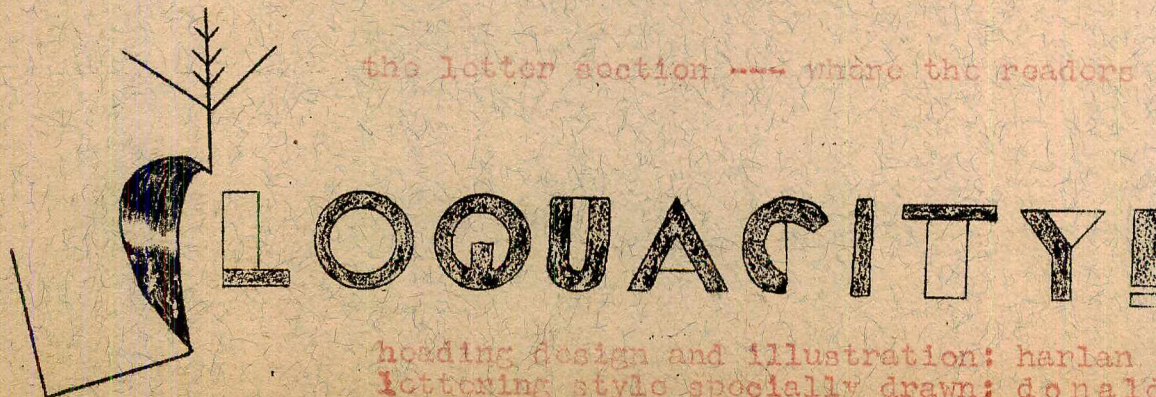
MARION Z. BRADLEY:

...illustrations for FALCONS OF NARABEDLA are fabulous! ... Re-reading the story itself, after an interval of about three years, I find myself rather at a loss, had the queer, hurt-child sensation, "Did I write that? Honest, did I?" I remember being violently in love with the story when I first wrote it, and now I wonder what in the world possessed me to write it in the first place. Back then, I was imitating Brackett and Kuttner with all my cylinders. Now I look back on that period with vague amazement, but (arrogant brat that I am) I still like the story...

I had much the same sensation when I saw CENTAURUS CHANGELING in magazine form....while agonizing over the story, I had first loved it, then, re-writing it for Tony Beacher, grown to loathe it so violently that the very thought of working on it another day would literally make me sick. Even yet, glancing at the cover of that issue of F&SF, I get a reminiscent ache between the shoulder-blades. Four or five years from now, I may discover it, and think as I re-read it, "Did I write that?" ...
(Box 246, Rochester, Texas)

First, may we congratulate Mrs. Bradley on publication of her latest story, THE CLIMBING WAVE, in F&SF, which, unquestionably, establishes her as a major talent with which to reckon. Secondly, may we point a seconding---by virtue of sweating out mss. of our own---pinkie at the message above, to any who think writing is a soft manner of earning a buck. And last, may we defend the publication of a serial which will take a good year for full presentation. Simply, we have read the entire and completely wonderful FALCONS OF NARABEDLA, and even if you are forced to save all the parts for a year, we feel it is well worth it. It's a dilly of a yarn!he

the letter section --- where the readers expound



heading design and illustration: harlan ellison
lettering style specially drawn: donald susan

FRED MALZ:

... One comment on the first part of (FALCONS OF NARABEDLA). I'm afraid Marion doesn't quite realize the deadliness of an eagle. One slash from one talon would be like someone taking a whack at you with a straight-edge razor. An eagle, in an instant, can slice a man's throat and kill him with one clip. Actually, their grip is weak but the talons are extremely sharp. Can't see how Mike got out of that battle alive, even if he did have a knife! Some adults have a wing-spread of about eight feet and can be pretty mean when bothered. ...
(38 Seville St., San Francisco, California)

ROBERT E. BRINEY:

.... Enjoy the book reviews immensely; especially the one for SHANADU; it was the most honest review the book has received yet. ...
(2637 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Illinois)

||| Seeing as how Bob was the editor of SHANADU, a volume we enjoyed---as we described it---almost outrageously, the entire book review staff feels rewarded and highly flattered. The book section, to our way of thinking, is one of the more important parts of DIMENSIONS regular set-up. Remember, this is a s-f magazine. he |||

DAMON KNIGHT:

... Why, I am asking myself, is there no fanzine clipping bureau so that vile hucksters can rejoice when the fans mention their name? It's a nickel-mine, boy!
(Address withheld on request)

||| Conversely, why isn't there a pro-auditing bureau, so the fans may wiggle with glee when you mention us? he |||

POUL ANDERSON:

Thanks for the copy of DIMENSIONS...I found it quite enjoyable.. about the only criticism I have is the blurbs, which seem to be quite unnecessary in any amateur publication. ... (ibid.)

||| We're coming to agree with you on that last point, but if I wanted to be insolent about it---which I don't--- I might say, "I find the use of proper names for the characters of your stories quite unnecessary," and sit back to watch what rationalization you offer.he |||

STEPHEN F. SCHULTHEIS:

...This lad Van Dall looks like he might actually live up to his billing. If he can keep up the verbal dynamite, he'll probably be the most read, and most hated, and most liked columnist in fandom. ...
(Now address unavailable at present)

||| This, lad, is the mass understatement of the issue... |||
||| Van Dall's column this time should burn some cars. he |||

RICHARD BERGERON:

... There are a number of aesthetically unpleasant features about the cover; such as the tendency for some of Harness' ellipses not to follow through and the needlessly distorted perspective, but on the whole it isn't such a bad job. ... Venable's second illustration for "The Saga of Space" is beautiful. I wish I had thought of the idea of the sun's rays breaking through the clouds to greet an on-coming space ship... Very nice. And as far as my knowledge goes, original. Cont-

ents-page was very nice this time.

(RFD #1, Newport, Vermont)

Just goes to show how chowder-headed this editor can be. I cut that Venable illo from a pen-and-ink sketch, and it was hell-with-stylis. Must have spent two and a half hours on it, under close scrutiny. And you know, I never knew those were sunbeams till you pointed it out. .ho

WILLIAM ATHELING, JR.:

I'm grateful to the professionals you name for mentioning me, and to you for the request. I'll be glad to take it on. I've already made some remarks about Sturgeon in SKYHOOK, and can see no reason why I shouldn't amplify them, having already taken the initial plunge.

As you surely appreciate, though, Ted is a complicated and sizable subject. I'll have to take some time on the job if it's to turn out to have been worth doing at all, and I do have some other commitments. However, I see that you set no deadline.

You'll be hearing from me, then, as soon as I can complete the essay to my satisfaction. (Address unknown even to u

To our knowledge, this will be Mr. Atheling's first appearance outside the hallowed covers of SKYHOOK. Further information---perhaps of a ballyhoo-ing sort, may be gathered at the bottom of page 10. Can't wait!ho

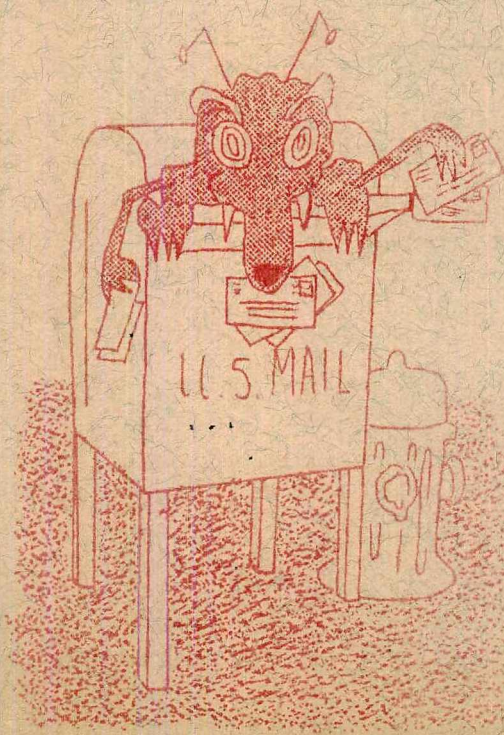
RICHARD GEIS:

I'm afraid that this letter is not going to be one that you'll smirk over during secret ego-boosting private re-reading sessions in the future. I'm further afraid that you have been indulging your "huckster" inclinations with regard to the quality of DIMENSIONS.

The total impression I received is that you are lost to us as an amateur publisher...and undiscovered as yet by the professional publishers whom you want to edit for.

(2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon)

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID KYLE



There was a good deal more, much of it with eminent logic and detachment, that Dick flung in our faces. We can't take offense, even if we were so inclined which we're not---because we agree. If we may intrude momentarily in these letters, let us try to explain a number of things---pertinent to DIMENSIONS. This magazine is, necessarily, a reflection of the editor's personality, and as a consequence, flaws in that personality reveal themselves in this book's presentation. As maturity---rather belatedly---creeps onto this particular scene, the tone of DIMENSIONS changes. Maturity creeps a muggy passage onto its pages also. Some of the things Richard deploras we ourselves find heartily noxious! All we can promise is that time is a magnificent change-weilder. Bear with us, and enjoy DIMENSIONS. ..ho

BOB TUCKER:

With DIMENSIONS grasped closely in one hand and typewriter in the other, I take small pleasure in scolding you ever so gently because of a few items in this admirable fourteenth issue. ... On page one you have an excellent editorial... Even though I have occasionally been guilty of the very things you deplore, I heartily applauded your statements in that editorial and by the time I had reached the bottom of the page I was cheering madly. You said it, buster!

Thus it was with a distinct shock that I read the column "From Where I Sit" by "Harold Van Dall". Everything in that column flatly contradicts the very platform of fair-play and accuracy you demand on page one. ... Firstly, let me say that I suspect you are Harold Van Dall. ... Despite your remarks about the man living in New York, I still think it is you. ... I have heard an entirely different story on the slowdown of Ballantine Books, a story based on sound and logical business practices which have nothing to do with failure to sell. The story puts forth a purely mechanical reason, having to do with distribution problems... I will not repeat it here, to remain in character with your page one proclamation, because it was told to me in confidence by a publisher who does business with Ballantine. I can not prove it, you see. In about six months, this story will be proven right or wrong.

I have seen circulation figures on one Ballantine title, a Clarke book, showing that they went back to press for a second printing of another hundred thousand copies. Making two hundred thousand in all. This would dispute Van Dall's claim that no book topped the original one hundred thousand figure.

Next, you ask and answer your own question. How come, you (or Van Dall) asks, F&SF is experimenting with the magazine in an attempt to raise the circulation? Isn't that obvious? However, if you will check the contents page of the latest issues, you will find that Mr. Spivak is no longer in the driver's seat. I have private information that the magazine was sold to Mr. Fernan, but we'll just have to wait and see if this is true. ... (Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois)

All pertinent answers to Mr. Tucker's points are, I'm sure, handled more than adequately by Mr. Van Dall on pp. 68-72. However, we still hold with our editorial, even more so now that we've read Bob's letter, because as we stated, **HARLAN ELLISON IS NOT (NOT, NO, NEIN, NICHT, NON!) HAROLD VAN DALL** in any way at all! I assure you I wouldn't touch the identity with a ten-foot flame-thrower. Van Dall, as I said, a professional, **DOES** live in New York. I don't know what more can be said to convince you, Bob, but if we happen to be in a Convention Hotel together soon, I will do my best to lay hands on a Gideon Bible so that the swearing can be authentic. You begin with a false assumption---that I am HVD---and then go on to prove that I am a hypocrite because I believe other than I practice. But, if the supposition that I am HVD is exploded, then it is easy to see that I hold with what I say. And believe me, I'm **NOT** HVD, godammit!..he

HORACE L. GOLD:

DIMENSIONS is a handsome work of love. You deserve credit for putting in so much labor for so little material gain---if any. You also deserve to have your head examined for exactly the same reason, but I should talk. I've done more than my share of thankless jobs for reasons I mostly can't remember any longer.

But I imagine you have a deliberate policy of including such nonsense as Harold Van Dall's "From Where I Sit," since you managed to do the same pretty consistently with S.F.B. No point arguing your right to be wrong or in making a big thing of his absurd misstatements, but I think they need to be examined and put straight just for the record.

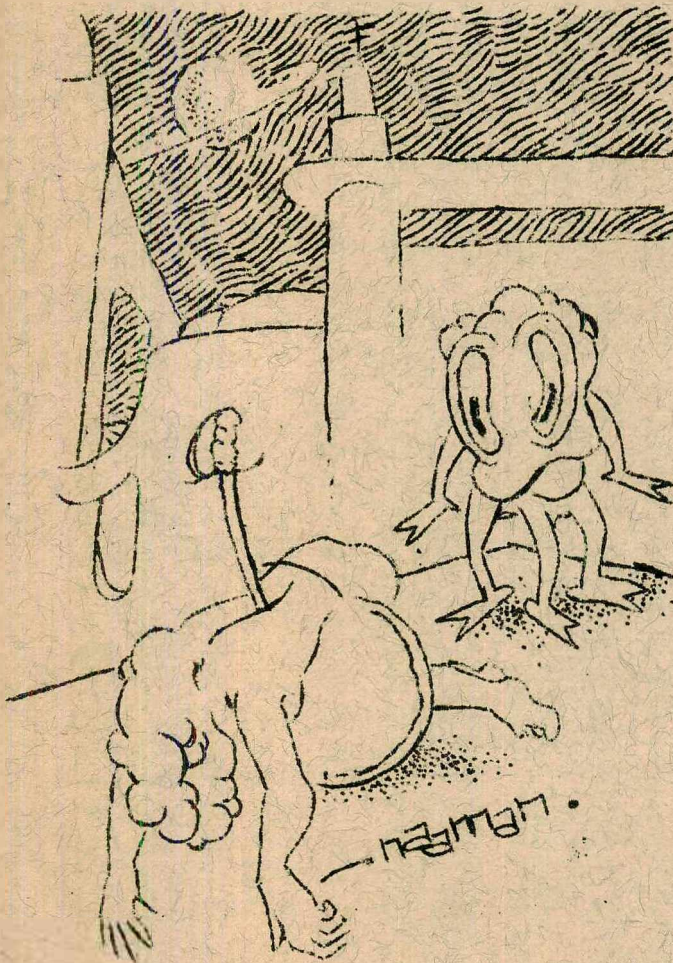
Evidently Van Dall polled two newsstands and a drugstore to learn comparative circulations, for publishers are notoriously unwilling to give out figures, or pad like mad. We, of course, like everybody else in the business, spare very little effort to find out where we stand in relation to competitors.

On the basis of as thorough a check as we can make, which you may believe is pretty damned thorough, GALAXY appears to have the largest circulation of any science fiction magazine in the world. It leads in newsstand sales, subscriptions and the number of foreign editions--five so far, with more lined up.

You have a right to use anything you want in your own magazine, as I've conceded, but I argue your right to deprive the country of as gifted a statistics-juggler as Van Dall. A man of his talent should be talking us out of the recession we (a) are or (b) are not in. At the very least, he might be selling advertising at marvelously inflated prices. Best always, Horace.

(505 E. 14th, New York 9, NY)

|||Again, Mr. Van Dall expounds to our limit of rebuttal, and does a somewhat more meritorious job, so we leave the words to him.he|||



the illustration is by
NAAMAN PETERSON, but your
guess is as good as mine as to
what it is. Van Dall and Gold?

HENRY MOSKOWITZ:

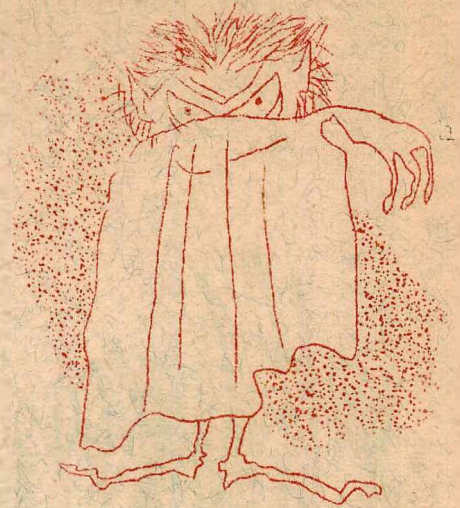
... Pratt was very interesting, but boy! did he make a boo-boo! Speaking of the Shea story done around Orlando Furioso, he wrote: "This was 'Castle Of Iron,' and it probably would have been published in magazine form if 'Unknown' hadn't folded." Hey, bub, didn't you never get your check for it. It was pubbed in UNKNOWN WORLDS. Tsk! ... Someone teach (Van Dall) how to do a column so it doesn't sound like he rattled it off between comic books. ...

(Three Bridges, New Jersey)

Y'know, contrary to what the letters herein printed would indicate, Van Dall was one of the best liked items of the last issue. These we printed for their "controversy"-value. Sorry there's no space left to run three very interesting letters from Bob Silverberg, Algis Budrys and Alan Hunter, but you know what a way that ball bounces. he

lurkers within

ROBERT BLOCH: Born April 5, 1917, Chicago. Graduated high school 1934. Married 1941; 1 daughter, 11. Did political ghost-writing 1939-44 copywriter in Milwaukee ad agency, 1942-53. Began pro writing at 17, sale to WEIRD TALES. Several hundred shorts and novelettes in fantasy and sf field. Adapted 39 of them for radio show, S TAY TUNED FOR TERROR, which was network and locally transcribed in U.S., Canada and Hawaii, in mid-40s. Short-story collection, OPENER OF THE WAY, 1945. Novels: THE SCARF, THE KIDNAPPER, SPIDERWEB and THE WILL TO KILL (original title: A KNIFE IS SILENT). Done a children's show series on TV, also various adult TV bits. Usual anthology appearances, and not all of them were YOURS TRULY, JACK THE RIPPER, either. Just published sf novelet for Blue Book and finished revision of 100,000-word novel on silent movies, which has just gone out. Presently, fulltime pro writing in Weyauwega, Wisconsin. Hobbies: Reading, record-collecting, oil-painting, viewing with alarm, and heckling Harlan Ellison.



heading: DORIE NIELSEN

RAY SCHAFFER, JR. I'm a senior at Kent State University, where I am majoring in social studies, with future hopes of teaching sociology on the college level. I'm 21. Been a sf fan for approximately eight years, having accumulated a collection that is at present threatening to push my bed out into the hall. For the record I am founder and president of the Canton SF and Fantasy Society (which, by the way, is probably the most inactive group in fandom). Acquired the idea for VIA ROMA during a group discussion in a history class. I need say more? Having a wide background in history, it was simply a case of connecting my knowledge of the past with the present.

DAMON KNIGHT: Born Baker, Oregon, September 20, 1922; graduated high school Hood River, Oregon, where my old man was the principal. Published one issue of SNIDE and moved to Salem (still Oregon) in a hurry; published another, with Bill Evans and escaped to New York. Haven't published another since and have gained 10 pounds. Have sold myself out as magazine editor, proofreader, agent's slave, stripper (in an offset litho shop, son, not Minsky's), clerk. Married; one small daughter named Valerie. Hate neckties, wristwatches and other insignia of wage slavery. Get all my ideas while stropping a set of ancient Japanese nosehair clippers. Find life about as interesting as art, but tougher to criticize.

POUL ANDERSON: Sorry--- too busy now to write. See biography in back of "Brain Wave" (Ballantine Book #80). To this you may add recent birth of one daughter.

DICK CLARKSON: Been an actifan since 1951, read sf since 46; first Convention Chicago in 52. S-F is my only real hobby, though I have a deep, irrational love for boogie and the Blues, which is not usually associated with a student at Harvard. My major is Spanish Literature and I'll be a junior in 1954-55. In the fan field I've propagated two one-shots with John Magnus: HALF-SHOT in 1953 and BLOOD-SHOT in 1954, although I have never been a fan publisher.

DIMENSIONS



THE PROPHET OF DOOM by Robert Mowry

DIMENSIONS

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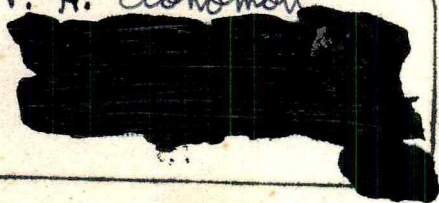


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TO: P. H. Economou



At right, through the courtesy of
artist JACK HARNESS, we present,
in Glorious Cinemascope t h o
portrait of Phil MacLean, local
Cleveland s-f-reading disc jockey

