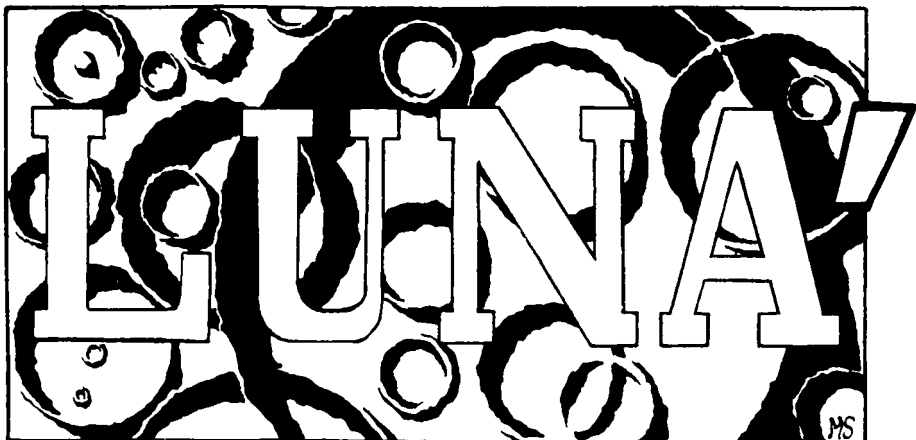




Jack
McLaughlin
(Fantasy artist)
C. G. S. Co.
and others
July, 1938



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Art and Speculative Fiction

A Speech* by Baird Searles

When I was asked to speak here, I pulled Art and Speculative Fiction out of the air as a dual subject, both of which I feel strongly about, and the interconnection of the two is something that has always baffled me. One thing I will not do, however, is offer a definition of either. One of the things that convinces me that science fiction is closer to art than it thinks is that its boundaries have never been defined. However for the purposes of this talk, I am going to include fantasy as an aspect of the field. As for a definition of art, everyone has one and they're all different. I will venture the hint, though, that art is not the object done, but how and in what spirit it is done. So much for the tedious definition, or non-definition, of terms. I'm going to cover two general themes under our main topic: what has been done, and what's going to be done, in the arts, that ties in with science fiction and fantasy.

As to what has been done, I'm just going to call to your attention various works in the various fields that I think would be of interest to the fan of speculative fiction (I use that term in the broadest sense, and I'll go into that later). I think the thing that attracted me to science fiction in the first place is what attracted me to the arts -- that thing called a sense of wonder; making out of the stuff of ordinary life something special and glamorous and magical, if you will, and it has always baffled me that so many people that read sci-fi and, to a lesser degree, fantasy, have not gone off in the same direction. To those of you that have, forgive me; I'll probably be covering some obvious and familiar ground today.

Before I get specific, I'd like to go off again into some general terminology which might explain why I'll be talking about the things that I've chosen. Surrealism, for instance, in a very broad sense, is fantasy. The most famous example, Dali's *The Persistence of Memory* (the painting with the limp watches), is certainly a fantastic landscape -- you might blink if you ran across it in the Jersey Meadows -- but it has no logic. Or I should say the logic of it is the symbolism that the artist chose to give it. For me, true fantasy has to have an interior logic which generally implies some sort of narrative or time factor of continuity. Keeping our same example, I'm sure Aldiss or Ballard could write a story around this painting that would give it some sort of intrinsic logic. Maybe what it boils down to is that the work in question has to have at least a surface of reality -- I must, at least momentarily, be fooled into believing it. That's why I find very little painting or sculpture fantasy -- though much of it is fantastic. Only if it is depicting something to which I can apply prior knowledge to fill in a

*Presented at the Eastern Science Fiction Association meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 7, 1968, in Newark, New Jersey.

logical explanation do I find it fantasy, and then it becomes illustration; which is certainly valid artistically, but it is an art form that is dependent on something else -- usually fiction -- for its value.

While we're in the field of the graphic arts, we might as well stay with it and go on to some examples of paintings that might interest you. It's entirely up to you if you want to consider the religious art of the Middle Ages fantasy or realism; I'm not about to go into that question. There are the jolly hells of Bosch and the monsters of Goya for really good imaginative visualizing. I have two favorite paintings from the 19th century that are so specific that they could illustrate stories that have not been written. One is called *The Fairy Fellers Master Stroke* and is of a small knoll covered with daisies and tiny people, intricately depicted with enormous detail, including some fairly terrifying costumed insects. These fairies are nearer the Good Folk of Arthur Machen than the sweet little people of Victorian children. The artist, William Dadd, was a patricide who painted the work in Bedlam, and never painted another thing when released to a more civilized establishment. The other work is an exquisite landscape with unicorns in the Met, the title of which escapes me. Of the modern artists, M. C. Escher is the most intriguing, particularly to science fiction readers. His drawing of myriad stairways with android-like people using them, with entirely different orientations as to which way is up, decorated the cover of the July 1967 *New Worlds*, and he has many more similar; a beauty of a drawing of ants on a Möbius strip, and some highly imaginative renderings of standard optical illusions made into architectural forms. These are indeed alien landscapes.

I would like to touch on science fiction's own artists, the illustrators. Those of you that have heard my program know that I am tire-somely concerned with the art work and covers of the magazines. I think it is commercially and artistically necessary to package the reading matter in attractive and tasteful covers and illustrations. In a way, things are not quite so bad as they were when the covers were exclusively babe and BEMs, but even they were a good deal livelier than what we have now, and looking at *Thrilling Wonder Stories* with today's eyes, the covers at least had a pop art appeal. Most of what we have today has no appeal whatsoever, as far as I'm concerned, with, I admit, a few exceptions. In the past, the field has brought forth several superb styl-ists. Virgil Finlay is still, thank God, with us, and I can be seduced into reading almost anything he illustrates. Hannes Bok is no longer with us, a bitter loss indeed. Finlay draws the beautiful and retains its beauty, a difficult feat. Bok drew the grotesque, and made it beautiful, an even more notable feat. Ed Cartier's humor was miraculous in a generally humorless field, and Lee Brown Coye has certainly a style of his own, though not personally appealing to me. Kelly Freas and Jack Gaughan know what they're doing, and Bonestell is a brilliant technician but is a real seen-one-seen-'em-all painter. Other than that, things are in a bad way artistically, and I am not going to shut up about it. I blame the shortsightedness of the publishers and the ennui of the fans, and I think it's a shameful matter.

The examples of fantastic painting are really endless, of course. Much folk art, classic art, Oriental art could be cited. What it really boils down to is that much art, in the narrow and broad sense of the term, is a stylization of reality just as science fiction and fantasy

are in their own ways, simply stylizations of various modes of reality.

To touch very briefly on sculpture, aside from depictions of mythological subjects, some exciting things have been happening just lately. Ballard's singing sculptures of Vermillion Sands have had their equivalents in the galleries. The Bachet brothers and Harry Bertoina have made great sounding clusters of metal that are very exciting to hear and to look at. Of the ultimate sculptural art, that of architecture, there's not much to say, since it is limited in its imaginative use by its necessary functionality. But those of you that visited Expo will know that there are some places for architecture to play, such as a World's Fair. Habitat was an example of speculative architecture, not very liveable, I think, and not all that extreme, but still an intriguing concept. Much more daring, to my mind, was the U. S. Pavilion with the extraordinary idea of a building within a dome, and it suggested what most of the writers had not thought of in fiction: that the rooms in a building within a dome need not all be inside rooms. Outside living is equally practicable, though not quite so private, and much more space can be utilized in that way.

Plowing on through the muses, we run square into music, which presents problems. The ultimate non-literary art, it can only suggest with tone poems and the like, worlds of fantasy. Certain examples are the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, with a cracking good witch's Sabbath, and the *Chasseur Maudit* of Franck, a musical description of the Wild Hunt of Odin through the skies. Opera, of course, is literary, if one can grace it with that term; narrative might be better. While the operatic stage abounds with fantasies, from Gluck's *Orpheus and Euridice* on down to Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the usual staging for opera is enough to kill any sense of wonder that might be aroused by the primitive plots. As you may guess, I generally dislike the field. There are three operas, however, that I do like: all fairly modern, all fantasies with music that works for it, and all to be avoided on stage, and all short, a necessity so far as I'm concerned. Britten has set Henry James classic ghost story *Turn of the Screw* to fine menacing creepy music; there's a lovely delicate setting by Stravinsky of the Anderson story of the nightingale; and Ravel has set a mad little tale by Colette called *The Child and the Sorcerers*, in which furniture and animals are sentient. The latter would be perfect for an animated film.

I must mention the Swedish opera, *Aniara*, by Karl-Birger Blomdahl, which is really hard core science fiction. It has some of the idiocies that creep in whenever a writer not steeped in science fiction tries to handle it; but there are also some surprisingly sophisticated concepts; the main plot being devoted to the crew and passengers of a spaceship, deflected from their Martian destination into an endless voyage away from the sun. One major character is an artificial entity called the Mima, and there's some really striking use of electronic music.

To move on from my unfavoritest art to my favoritist, the dance has always been devoted to the fantastic. Dancers have always seemed to me like perfectly programmed androids, moving in a not quite human manner through space. Far from being a haven for dear white skirted ladies with nonsensical wings on their backs, dance in the past fifty years has had its share of sex and violence, the near-classic *Petrouchka* tells of a puppet with vague longings for a soul; again the word *android* comes to mind. *The Cage* is straight out of de Camp's *Rogue Queen*. A society of

insectoid females, living in some underground cavern hung with tangled webs, brings forth a new member. Unwinding her cocoon, they stroke life into her body. Left alone, she is approached by a lone male; there is a violent mating and she kills him by strangling him between her thighs. The group enters to feed on the body. On hearing another male approach, they again leave her; but before she kills, there is a flash of something else. They have a long, twiney dance together, but in the surrounding darkness you hear the pattering of the feet of the other females. They enter and force the novice to kill, and she becomes a full-fledged member of the community. Balanchine's *Electronics* was a space age Persephone, to a chilling electronic score, set in a world of icy caves. *Sea Shadow* is a neo-romantic encounter between a swimmer and a girl that rises from the sea, and this year's *Clowns* starts with a nuclear explosion and a rain of bodies from the flies. On the modern dance side, *Orbs* concerns the movement of the planets with all their attendant symbolism and attributes. The four sections are entitled: Venusian Spring, Martian Summer, Saturnian Autumn, and Plutonian Winter. Martha Graham retells the ancient Greek fantasies set in strange landscapes of the mind. And the Henry Street company specializes in productions with wild lighting and electronic music and strange costumes that distort and extend the human body into inhuman shapes, all of it having an odd mechanical look as if it were a company of robots dancing for other robots.

As for the legitimate stage, otherwise known as the theatre, not much can be said. I guess everyone knows that the word robot comes from Capek's play of the 30's, *R.U.R.* and aside from that, the theatre has not done much in the way of imaginative writing. I think that the stage is going the way of opera, becoming conservative, unimaginative, and drearily produced, and anything in the sense of drama will be handled from now on best by film.

The film, of course, is the art form next to the written that has given us the most fantasy and science fiction. There's very little point in going into all that it's done here; everyone has their favorite films in the field. As you may know, we've been taking a poll on *Of Unicorns and Universes* of the ten best fantasy films of all time; it's to wind up on the 30th of April and I'd appreciate lists from all of you to get as large a sampling as possible. The results so far have been interesting; I think I can leak the fact that much to my surprise, the older films are leading the pack -- *Caligari*, *Metropolis*, and *King Kong*. The two newer films that are showing strongly are *War of the Worlds* and *The Thing*. And they are far from recent. However, there has been an enormous variety of films represented and seeing just which films are considered fantasy is as intriguing as which ones have the strongest showing. In any case, the results will be announced in full on the *Unicorns and Universes* of May 9th.

However, I would like to add that the animated film has always been my hope and despair in the way of fantasy and film. When one thinks what could be done, and what hasn't been done with it, one could weep. Only *Fantasia* took full advantage in a major work of the potential, and that was a flop that scared Disney into the countless desecrations that he has since done. However, a correspondent on the film poll called my attention to his theory that like it or not, Disney has shaped the fantasy images of a generation, and that when describing psychedelic trips,

the equation with Disney images is frequent. There's a thought for the week!

As for radio and TV, strictly as media -- well, after *Home*, the sf play on Channel 13 recently, I can hold out a bit of hope, but TV, as ever, will follow, not lead, the other media.

Radio, being home ground for me, is something I have some faith in. I have some influence in three of the most liberal stations and, feeling as I do, that radio can best convey imaginative drama with help from the listener's mind's eye, I shall continue to do as much programming in that area as we can physically produce.

Having touched on all the other arts, I have left that of writing to the end because it ties in with the second theme I wanted to bring up. What's happening now in the arts and what will happen is very much concerned with speculative fiction, and I think it's about time that the field braced itself and accepted the fact that it is an art and not a science. Though even that division is breaking down, as many others are. For instance, that between fantasy and science fiction. I know that many people were upset by the last Nebula awards, but it's got to be faced that the term speculative fiction is sweeping up everything. In a sense, all fiction is speculative, of course, and sparked by asking what if. What if there were a small boy named Oliver Twist from a London workhouse who fell in with a master thief named Fagin? What if a San Francisco girl with wealthy parents decided to marry a negro? I think the field in which we read concerns itself with the larger ifs, those of environment and natural law. The classic horror fantasies are really science fiction: *Frankenstein*, of course, and *Dracula* and the werewolf things are simply about new forms of disease with theological overtones. *The Lord of the Rings* is speculation on historical and anthropological grounds. The division between fantasy and science fiction has always been arbitrary to a degree; with this generation's concern for and explorations of the innerspace of the mind, the division is gone.

Speculative fiction is one of the arts; it needs artistry. Until lately, it has been looked upon as pulp fiction; as commercial writing done for money rather than a craft practised for the love of it, which is a basic requisite of artistry. Much of that is true. The science was good; the concepts were exciting to those with the vision to comprehend them; but the artistry was woefully lacking. But even this hack work was a part of the environment of that day, as were pop films. Science fiction was as much a fact of life as Humphrey Bogart. All the artists of the avant-garde that I know personally are at least passingly familiar with speculative fiction. Some more than passing. The concepts; the excitement, have entered into their lives. Artists have become technicians; the light shows, the films, the electronic sculptures and environments, and machines making music. Science has become art; a rocket launching and a schematic diagram have become aesthetic experiences. The barriers there are breaking down; the concept of pure science, in the *Analog* sense, is becoming as old fashioned as the bustle or V for Victory pins. Science fiction, as a concept, was the first attempt to combine art and science. It is now in danger of becoming the most backward and narrow segment of the arts. So many writers, editors, and fans have a strange kind of attitude -- This is not the future we foresaw; we want no part of it. How dare all these outsiders speculate along with us. We are going to hold on to our old fashioned futures.

New Worlds seems to have scared half the science fiction world shitless. I personally think that Moorcock is going off in the wrong direction -- or should I say too many directions. There is still room for a specialty approach; all the barriers need not be broken... just as long as the people inside are aware of what's happening outside. I still like stories with a beginning, a middle, and an end. But there is still the fact that half the artists of today in every field, are speculating. Nurtured on speculative fiction, they are creating today, and are therefore contemporary, but the orientation is speculative. And they're getting better at it than we are. Speculative fiction as an in group has got to take cognizance that the rest of the world is catching up and passing it by. The reason that I admire Chip Delany so much is that he is writing true speculative fiction -- not imitating main stream writing -- but nevertheless is oh so obviously aware of what is happening in the world. While I'm casting brickbats, I might as well even up the score and make a few remarks about the writers that nominally belong to us, and yet so far as I'm concerned are imitating the worst aspects of modern fiction. Main stream writing had to turn to new forms... surrealism, fragmentation, and so on, because they had literally run out of everything else to do. But so far as I'm concerned, speculative fiction has not yet run out of things to say in a straightforward way, and need not turn to these fractured forms yet.

I'd like to conclude by bringing up something that happened this week which sums up everything that I've really been talking about. I saw *2001: A Space Odyssey*. I won't say too much about it since with this, above all films, it would be morally reprehensible to spill any beans for anyone in advance. I have been stridently keeping any reviews or articles from my friends before they see it. I have now seen it twice, once at the press preview, once at the opening. First time around, I thought that this is the ultimate science fiction film; 3/4 of the way through I thought, this is the ultimate science fiction work at the end I thought this is the ultimate film. But from the eight or nine people that I know who have seen it, and the many remarks I eavesdropped on in the audience, it seems that the younger generation gets it and the older doesn't -- the sole exception is Judy Merrill, whom I suspect to be one of the younger generation in disguise. In any case, this film is a great work of art. It bears about as much resemblance to science fiction as we knew it as *Crime and Punishment* does to the murder mystery. I am proud that this work used as a base a field that I love. But as an experience it goes farther than that field has ever gone, and that field will have to go some to catch up. I was horrified to hear of the remark attributed to one of the more conservative leading members of the sci-fi community, "Isn't it a shame that Kubrick spoiled Clarke's work."

To sum up, the world is changing -- changing more rapidly than it ever has before. And so is man's awareness and consciousness and creations. Barriers are breaking down; those between science and art; fantasy and science fiction; sci-fi reader and the general reader. If the field does not want to end up as a pathetic backwater, it will have to keep abreast of this, and write and edit and illustrate for the college freshman of Butte, Montana. Or not even for that -- I should say for the ex-college freshman, since the younger generation is dropping out of science fiction as well as everything else. The general view is that the field is 20 years behind the times. (Concluded on Page 16)

REPORT

BY PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

The Rio airport is hot, sticky, and noisy. We're standing in line, waiting to board the plane for New York, wondering if this evening, a nightmare (though comic at times), will ever end. Brazilians crowd around Jonathan Harris, the Mr. Smith of *Lost in Space*, to worship and to get his autograph. Behind the worshippers are Bester, Clarke, Ellison, Farmer, Harrison, Moskowitz, and Van Vogt, none of whom are recognized. So people do knot themselves around the lead character in a silly-ass space opera. This is natural, I tell myself. One picture worth ten thousand words.

Harris is a friendly likeable person, we find out later, and I wish him continuing good fortune. Moreover, I wonder what would happen if sf were as big as TV and we were the ones being surrounded? I find it inconceivable that the majority of the population would ever dig "good" sf. If they did, then you'd have a different kind of human being. In fact, mankind's history would have been slightly different. I don't say it would have been for the better. It would have been different.

What does this have to do with my impressions of the trip to Rio as a guest of the International Film Festival?*

Everything. If I must write a travelog, I'll write one of the mind.

Finally, we board the Argentinean Airlines plane. It takes a hell of a long time getting off the ground, as if it were overloaded. I have a fantasy that the plane never does manage to get into the air. It keeps on going. The lights of Rio have wheeled away. We're in darkness tunneled out by the plane's lights. We keep going and at last the pilot comes out of his numbness (which, it turns out, is not internally generated). The plane stops. After a while, we get out. The ground is wet and grassy. The time for sunrise comes. No sun. Sentients riding animals glowing with biological light appear, and we know we're in another world.

But the plane does take off. Harry passes me his quart of Scotch. The stewardess brings drinks. I think of what Ziva Sheckley said when we were on a trip to the Corcovado, on top of which is the Stoned Christ of Rio, and we had stopped at a restaurant hanging out over a cliff. Ziva is from New York City and everything Midwest is funny anyway. But she rings the changes on my middle name, speaking of Bob José Bloch and Bob José Sheckley and Brian José Aldiss and J. José Ballard, who were with us. There was more of that later on, but now I see that Ziva spoke true even in her joking. I've always had the feeling that sf people are a community with a peculiar simpatico, that, in one sense I am merged with the others and they with me. Their middle names are José, even when they don't come up to my ideals and even when they have a deep an-

*Second International Film Festival, Rio de Janeiro, March 23-31, 1969

tipathy towards me. Thus, John W. José Juggernaut and Jim José Kaltfisch and Robert José Zounds and Ted José Blanko, although they've disliked me from the first, still are, in an underground sense, me.

And, at this moment, after our seat belts are unstrapped, I feel more than ever that the writers aboard are more than brothers (since my own brothers would only read sf at the point of a gun and wouldn't understand it if their lives depended upon it). The aisle explodes with voices, most of them happy. Maybe they're happy because they're going home, but I like to think it's also because we're together, having a little convention. Behind me, two mortal enemies (in print) Harry José Harrierson and Sam José Minostentor are talking, bellowing, rather. They seem so polite, yet what invectives and nasty put-downs they've been hurling at each other in the fanzines!

Sam, standing in the aisle, is leaning far over the tray of the person in the aisle seat so he can talk to Harry. He feels he has to get close to Harry, though God knows why. That roar can be heard the length of the plane and possibly even in the pilots' compartment. (I see them frantically testing controls, lights flashing, buzzers zinging, CRTs jumping with sine and square waves and dots as the crew probe for the sudden and fearful noise the jets have developed.)

Beside Harry is a small brown-skinned, brown-eyed, dark-haired, bespectacled little girl, fifteen years old, from Austria. Her sandwich is on a plate on the snap-down table before her. She eyes the sandwich and the toothpick skewering it. Sam Minostentor's massive codpiece hangs an inch above it; no wonder she looks as if she's lost her appetite. I'm worried. Sam is like a big zeppelin lowering to land, the pouch containing his genitals is the gondola, and if he doesn't maneuver better, the anchor tower of the toothpick is going to drive up through the gondola.

I think about calling his wife, Jacqueline José the Ripper, to carry him off to safety under her arm, but she is Indian wrestling with Jonathan Harris and winning. Sam is bellowing something about the New Wave pricks at Harry. The conversation is taking a nasty turn, or do my ears deceive me? Sam lifts his zeppelin body and the gondola and floats back to his seat. The young Austrian looks at her untouched sandwich and when the stewardess comes by tells her to take it away.

We settle down. A Spanish movie is shown, despite the efforts of Sam and wife to get up a petition to cancel it. Harry passes the bottle to me a few more times. Good Scotch. In Rio, imported hard liquor is very expensive, which is why I usually drank the beer. The beer is better than most U.S. beers and comes in a 24-oz. bottle and costs about a quarter or 20,000 cruzeiros. I think of the article I promised to write. What were the highlights? Getting away from Rio into the heights above the city was one. Being in the poison-green jungle, close to the clouds, in the quiet, was delightful. But part of the delight came from being with people I liked. Bob Bloch, the Sheckleys, Ballard, Aldiss, Souto, Gasca, our girl guide, Monica Leib, Mrs. Bester.

The cable car ride to Sugar Loaf was even more exciting and memorable. From there you get a view of the bays and the jungle on the steep mountains in the middle of Rio. A haze hangs over the waters and the islands. You can understand how awed the first white men felt when they sailed their dirty, rickety vessels into these magnificent waters. It is hard to believe that the beautiful white-towered city below is a hell

of streets filled with fender-raking, bumper touching, gas-belching, noise-farting, out-to-kill cars, mostly Volkswagens.

Up here it's serene and cool and beautiful, I hate to go back down. But I do.

Although I don't love the city, I don't hate it. It has a bustling driving air with an overlay of good humor or congeniality which American cities lack. The young generation, the under 25s, are taller than their elders. Apparently they've been well fed and are following the trend for tallness which prevails in the youth of the world. The girls are pretty and sometimes even beautiful, ranging from German type blondes to Sicilian brunettes. They dress quite mod, wear microskirts, and an air of sex hangs over the city, like an invisible cobweb.

At New York, we split. Van Vogt, Leigh Chapman, and myself go on to LA. Howlin Jose Hellzapoppinson says goodbye sadly. It has not been a pleasant or rewarding trip for him, for several reasons, and I'm sad because I love Howlin and wish him happiness. Success he has, but there's always a storm raging around him because there's always one raging inside him. He's like a rocket that would like to go into a parking orbit but can't turn off the fuel and so must keep going, on into extra-solar space.

I say goodbye to Harry Jose Harrierson, whom I also love. Harry is speaking at the University of Chicago. Subject: science-fiction. You've come a long way baby. Guest lecturer at great universities and guest of the International Film Festival in Rio. We've all come a long long way, baby. I sigh. I'm happy for him and the others, but the pleasure of being in a ghetto is slowly fading away.

The customs held us up so long, we missed our plane. We stand by and get one with no trouble. The beautiful Leigh sits by herself and Van Vogt and I are side by side again and continue our conversation.

Again, I find myself revising my opinions of him. I am always doing this with Van. It seems that I come to wrong conclusions, although they're based on what he says or what he's written. He is one of sf's greats, whatever you think of his work, and he's also one of the great off-beats, the originals, a unique, and, to some, a weirdo. Personally, I've always found him very charming, amusing, educational, and rational. I remember what daimon jose gnight, whom I met at Rio for the first time, said about Van Vogt.

Daimon once wrote a long article which should have destroyed Van utterly but seems to have affected his career or the esteem of the general public not one whit. daimon gets a wry joy out of this, because, despite his big-bertha blasting, he likes Van's stories. There is, daimon says, something vast and slimy and intriguing going on down below, way below, in the substructure of the universes of Van's stories. This analysis catches my attention and delight. Something slimy. Now I've always thought Van's stories were based on the philosophy that this universe is founded on nothing, absolutely nothing. Except Maya perhaps.

However, at one of the negative feedback lectures held during the festival in the mornings in an almost empty theater, Van made some statements which rotated me like Charlie Brown catching a ball. Van said he was one of the few men left who believes in a world-wide Communist plot to take over Earth. Also, he stated that we're all golden

fruits on a cosmic tree. In addition, he upheld Lysenko's genetics.

About that point in the speech, I said to Howlin, "Van's out of his fucking mind."

So here I am, homeward bound, finding out that I am wrong again. Van says nothing of the Communist plot, though he speaks of the other matters in his lecture. No matter. The Communists have never been backwards about admitting they are out for world conquest. But there is also a capitalist plot, although the master blueprint lies scattered in a hundred thousand fragmentary phrases in a thousand books. And the Communists are fighting among themselves, as any student of human nature knew would happen.

Van explains that his statements about the golden fruits of the tree of the cosmos and about Lysenko are only statements that his (Van's) behavior and thinking are based on an as-if philosophy. In other words, he follows Vaihinger; he acts "as if" Lysenkoism were true but he would not deny that it could be false. I don't say anything about Vaihinger to Van. I remember him vaguely from my college days, when I loved philosophers, before I found out that most of them were suffering from syphilis of the psyche.

Once again, I am charmed into believing that Van is right, though I wonder if he isn't playing the flute to my cobra.

The movie begins. Bullitt. I decide to watch it. I'm crazy about private eyes or rugged policemen who fight the Mafia and their own corrupted or stupid colleagues. The movie is exciting, fast, and bloody, but illogical. More illogical than the typical comic book or cartoon, but I don't fully realize this until I see it again on the broad screen, a few weeks later.

Just after the tremendously exciting -- and dumb -- chase through San Francisco, lightning streaks through my head. It's as if a switch had been thrown. And this, in a way, is just what happened.

I've long held that the creators: composers, painters, inventors, poets, philosophers, psychoanalysts, writers, etc., are born with their vivid imaginations. That is, in the casting of the lots, which is what, essentially, genetics is, the creative brain cells come up. Rather, the combination of cells which results in the configuration of heightened imagination. The brain cells have a peculiar hookup which enables them to perceive connections between things thought unrelated.

This happy configuration of cells may die or be repressed and, in our society, often does and is. But if the configuration is nourished, it grows, and new nerve networks grow and grow. And every once in a while, one configuration grows into another, and inspiration, revelation, comes like current when a circuit is completed. The nerves creep out like tentacles and when they touch: Light.

This sudden light in my head was the result of going to Brazil. The experiences in a far country, in a strange land, opened doors of perception.

What shall I call it, the result of this light? We seem to have a need to categorize, to label, to tag. I don't want to label, but if I don't, somebody else will.

Subjectivity? Interiority?

These terms are not accurate and have too many carryovers from long usage.

In-with-ness?

That's good enough for the time being.

I won't know what it really means until after digging down, layer after layer, until I get to the core, break through into my personal Pellucidar. Down there may be nothing or something vast and slimy or a fire bed of crushed protons.

In-with-ness.

What it means is writing that has little reliance on latitude or longitude, on chronometers or barometers, photographs and tape recordings, histories and newspapers, or word of mouth. In short, it's a writing which won't be concerned with accuracy about the so-called objective world. It won't rely on indications from instruments or instrument-interpreters. In-with-ness will interpret the world as it sees and remembers it. In-with-ness is a system of logic, an internal logic, just as a language does not conform to the rules of classical or symbolic logic but has its own peculiar logic. Thus, English has its system and Iroquois its own and Maori its own. Each works within its own enclosed rules and yet each can be translated with more or less exactness into the other.

There is some foreshadowing, a tentativeness, a nuclear cell in the yolk, in this report on the Rio trip. For instance, my statement that the Rio beer bottles are 24 oz. bottles. I don't know that this is objectively valid, instrument-true. It seemed to me that it was. Thus I report it.

I don't know if the Sugar Loaf was east, west, or south of Rio. It seemed to me that it was east, but the next time I think of it, it may be south. It will be south, according to my internal compass.

I don't know that I'm reporting Van's speech correctly. Or as he would report it. A copy of it lies in a nearby desk; I can refer to it. But I prefer to report the impression of the speech, its conversion into the system of my logic.

But in-with-ness is not subjectivism. Subjectivism is too occupied with personal imagery. The reader does not understand the references because he is not the writer. In-with-ness is concerned with the inner latitude and longitude but is also concerned with communication. Its goal is communication. It interprets. There may be something lost in the interpretation but better a loss than impenetrability.

In-with-ness will not experiment with style in that sense that Joyce and Burroughs did. The English will be straight enough (most of the time), but the difference is in the translation. Joyce and Burroughs and Ballard, for instance, are also translators, but the first two are experimenters in style, as if they were trying to create new languages. Ballard uses the conventional language in conventional syntax, but he seems to be trying to speak Iroquois with an English vocabulary.

Joyce is like bits of wreckage floating up from the bottom of the mind-dark sea. Burroughs is fluid and shifting and nonsequential, like bits of a horror film spliced at random. Ballard is a somnambulist carving images out of a quartz landscape. (Concluded on Page 14)

Editorial

With this issue we start a new era for LUNA. A bit of explanation seems in order so you can see just what we're doing. LUNA was created in 1965 as a magazine devoted to publishing the transcripts of speeches presented at various sf conventions, past and present. LUNA' (prime) will continue with this type of material, with the occasional inclusion of feature articles. It also continues the numbering from our previous issues. The more expensive offset production requires an increase in subscription rates (which inflation had already made a prime candidate for revision). Present subscribers will therefore find the expiration number on their mailing label adjusted on a 2 to 1 basis, reflecting the new rate.

LUNA Monthly is a new publication which will continue the work we have been doing previously, featuring news, reviews, and other information of special interest to the science fiction field. The first issue (No.1) will be dated June, and we recommend that you subscribe immediately to avoid missing this issue (subscription form enclosed).

Our third project is an Annual Cumulative Bibliography of science fiction and fantasy published in book form during the previous year in the United States and other countries. This will be published in the same format as the other LUNA publications, and may be ordered together with your subscription to LUNA Monthly, or separately when published. The edition covering 1967-1968 will be out this summer, with future Annual editions published each spring.

Credit where credit is due department: We were pleased to see that Bill Crawford liked the cover drawings on LUNA #1 and 3 enough to reprint them in *Spaceway Science Fiction*, May-June 1969 issue, pages 36 and 94, although no credit was given for their source. These drawings were originally done in 1948 for A Fan Artists Folio, and we expect to reprint further drawings in this series on future issues of LUNA'.

Report by Philip José Farmer (Continued from Page 9)

In-with-ness won't show up immediately in my work. I will brood on it and with it and let it brood on me. For the present, I'll finish up the novels and short stories I've already started in the same style I began them. To rework them would spoil the stories and also the concept of in-with-ness. And I will use the old styles and approaches in series I've been publishing for some time: the Riverworld and Wolff-Kickaha series.

This is what going to Brazil means to me; this is the travelog of the mind.

NOTE: A friend to whom I showed this said, "You're one of the nuts on the cosmic tree Van talked about!"

So be it.

A Speech* About

Science Fiction Readers

by Willy Ley

Ladies and Gentlemen: I know -- and you know too -- that it is one of the favorite habits of after dinner speakers to start their speech saying that they really are not prepared to speak and that the call for a speech came as a surprise to them. After that they usually fish around in their pockets for the notes they made in advance. I am going to say exactly the same now, but I want you to believe me that in this case it is true. I really did not expect to speak; like Paul I came here to have dinner and, perhaps, listen to others that might care to say something. And you'll see that I shall not produce any notes. Firstly because I do not have any, not having anticipated a speech. And secondly because I never have any. Even if I go to lectures of mine that are scheduled for weeks in advance (as they usually are), I do not possess any notes, not written ones at any event. They are hidden in my brain -- somewhere -- and I couldn't very well claim to have forgotten to have it along.

Naturally I do not have a theme for this speech, I only have the excellent excuse that you asked me to speak. Please do not expect me to talk about rockets. I positively refuse to do so. I think that I have talked sufficiently about rockets already and I am not going to say much more about that theme unless I can report new experimental advances. Or get paid for the talk.

Saying that I do not have a theme is not quite correct, there are two themes struggling to be talked about. One of them might be termed "in defense of science fiction articles," the other might be called "experiences with science fiction." Or: what do people think and say when they read a science fiction magazine? Well, the first group of readers are, of course, the fans. But what they think and say you know best yourself. It would be senseless -- and unwise -- to try to tell a whole collection of fans what they think. What I wish to discuss a bit are the reactions of those people who read science fiction only occasionally or even for the first time.

There are two groups of them, both well known to me. The first group is what I mentally call "the neighbors" meaning people that belong to all walks of life, all unaware of such a thing as science fiction and that walk in one day for a neighborly visit and see "queer" magazines lying around. People that sooner or later get curious and ask what these magazines contain, that borrow a copy and then return it after a while with thanks and expressions that are not always very intelligent. We'll talk about those people later.

The second group are what I call "the Professionals," scientists

*Presented Monday evening, July 3, 1939 at the NYCon, the First World Science Fiction Convention, held in New York, N.Y., reprinted from the December 1939 issue of New Fandom.

that also come across science fiction accidentally. I have to admit that I was the cause of these "accidents" if and when it could be managed. Once, for example, I had a lively discussion with an entomologist in the course of which the probable influence of volcanic activities on the climate of the Earth was mentioned. The entomologist confessed to me that he would like to know more about that theory but naturally did not have the time to peruse three pound volumes from cover to cover. I then answered that he might easily find an outline of that theory and the facts related to it in an article which could be read in about half an hour.

He said that he would do that, if I could tell him where to find it. The result was that I gave him a copy of *Astounding* with my article "Ice Age Ahead?"*** Of course, the man could not help glancing over the other contents of the magazine. And though he doesn't admit it, I think he is reading science fiction now. In his case science was the introduction to science fiction... or you might also say (it does not matter greatly which viewpoint you take) that a science fiction magazine was an introduction to science, to a science other than his own.

Much to my surprise I have seen that that definition also holds true for that group of "the neighbors." Much as the stories fascinate some of them, the main attraction seems to be the information that can be gathered from the stories. Now we do not write stories anymore in the same style as Jules Verne did. Then it was perfectly permissible to furnish all the necessary (and unnecessary) scientific explanations by having the heroes converse with each other or by introducing some sort of dumbbell who did not know anything about science. The result was that all these heroes sounded as if they had swallowed the whole Encyclopaedia Britannica -- one simply cannot do that anymore.

Authors have to proceed differently now, they have to assume more knowledge, they have to distribute it very evenly and thinly... or they have to write articles. That is, at least in my own opinion, the only way really to develop and to explain a scientific thought, and it does not necessarily have to be boring which it would be in a story.

Of course I have met some that did not give two hoots about the science in science fiction stories but cared only for action. Well, I suppose that type has a right to live too. But usually I found to my surprise, that casual readers -- or should I say occasional readers, meaning stray readers -- accept science fiction from a much different angle. They regard it, and rightly from their point of view, as an introduction to Science.

***February 1939 issue

Art and Speculative Fiction by Baird Searles (Continued from Page 8)

I heard once, and I don't know who first made this acute analysis, that speculative fiction has gone through three phases: adventure, technology, and sociology. Well, it's going into a fourth now. It's confronting art, and it looks like the hardest change of all.

[Baird Searles is Director of Drama and Literature at Pacifica Radio's New York Station, WBAI-FM. He conducts a weekly 15 minute science fiction/fantasy review program, *Of Unicorns and Universes*, which is also broadcast on their Berkeley, Calif. station, KPFA-FM.]