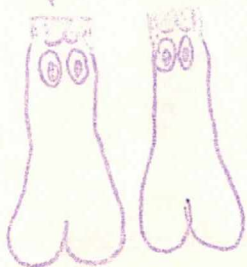


SCINTILLA

MAYBE IT WAS THOSE
ONIONS ON OUR HAMBURGERS
AT LUNCH —



SCIENCEFICA is edited by Larry Anderson, published by Robert Lewis, 2716 Swoley Lane, Billings, Montana. Single copy 10¢, 3 for 25¢. Any contributions will be appreciated, but we take no responsibility for the manuscript unless a stamped envelope is enclosed.

BOURNE DAY DOZE	R. M. Carpenter	3
COOLS THE REVOLUTION	G. V. Davis	5
REVIEWS OF PAIDINGS	WALTER	7
FIRST CONTRACT	W. H. Hallard	10
BOOK REVIEWS	Rayn Pike	11
WREN SPOON	James Cooper	14
A TUNING	Elmer Turner, Jr.	16
THE FOREWORD	Thomas R. Gardner	18



How Add - the editorial

WREN, it took like scilly to look up to the former skole-uns. You're 20 pages this issue, and I hope you cut them like it'll. At first, we were that to switch to the very small magazine with redox, well, that material, format, etc. But it just isn't SCIENCEFICA that way. This format, I hope, you all like. To tell the truth, it was copied from THE GOLF, published by Rex Chappell.

A good deal of the stuff this issue is reprinted. I looked thru my old magz and found the best material possible. I'd like to have enough material so I wouldn't have to do this. And while I'm on material trouble, I might mention that the Book Reviews by Pike were obtained from the New Material Pool.

I'm seriously, quite seriously thinking of keeping this format. It would permit the fans out there to know what to expect next. If you all like the format, write and tell me so. This may help me make up my mind.

so long,

Larry

GENERAL REMARKS

L. W. Carpenter

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..



Comes the Revolution

by G. M. CARR

reprinted from the National Fantasy fan magazine.

SINCE the early days of fandom when certain wild-eyed Utopians among the fans tinged stiff with a pinkish glow, most fans have been more or less afraid to mention that nasty word...politics. They duck when they see it coming, and refuse to acknowledge any government earlier than THE FOUNDATION. I think it is time we stopped shaking in our boots and recognized that we have as valid an interest in the way our country is being run as the most conservative graybeard tottering to the polls for the last time. Maybe more so. We have to live in the country for a long while yet, and whether we like to admit it or not, the type of Government we have to live under is definitely our concern.

The Democrats scream that the Republicans are ruining the American way of life and the Republicans scream that anybody that isn't a Democrat is a candidate for horns and a tail, and they both of them scream that anybody that doesn't like the way they have been running things between themselves is either a Red or a something else of the same color.

I was re-reading Mark Twain's "CONNETHROU YANKEE" the other day and ran across his pointed remarks about "a government of rags..." Goodness knows, Mark Twain was as Mississippi mad, but the things he said sounded suspiciously familiar. He actually came right out and said that when a government becomes oppressive it is time to change that government.

Well, it seems to me that is what the Republicans have been doing. They, or somebody has succeeded in changing the government in my lifetime, even, so that it is hardly recognizable for the one I grew up under. I can't say that I particularly like the change, either.

America has long been called THE LAND OF THE FREE. When I was young, "freedom" was a strong and verile word. It brought up visions of rugged independence, Pioneer hardihood and self-reliant frontiersmen with guns over their shoulders. Americans boasted of their pride and courage and accepted charity from no man. The American ideal was "Freedom" — spelled with a capital F.


What happened to that ideal? Where are our rugged individualists that stood on their own two feet and didn't take anything from anybody? Lets take a look at our 'freedom.'

Lately it seems all we've been hearing about is some sort of a qualified 'freedom'. A 'freedom from this' or a 'freedom of that'...What the heck are they talking about?

Take this "Freedom from Want" for instance. I can remember when if a man wanted to build himself a house he could go to work for the sawmill for a few days and get paid off in lumber and build one for himself. When he got ready for electricity he sent off to a mail order house for the materials and put in the wiring himself. Same with plumbing. If he couldn't figure out how to do the job himself there was always a neighbor who would do it for him and trade him for a job he could do. But you can't do that now. Just try it and see. What with building codes and wiring permits and union regulations you've got about as much freedom to build yourself a house as

7

COMES THE REVOLUTION



In my lifetime we have already fought two wars for 'freedom' -- at least that's what they told us at the time -- and now the newspapers are full of the third war being waged to bring 'freedom' to the peoples of the world. It sounds good to us Americans and we're all for it, but sometimes I wonder just what kind of 'freedom' it is we are fighting to give them. If we are really sincere about rescuing other people from the grip of an Iron Hand, why don't we take a look at the Velvet Glove that's smothering us? If a regimented existence is bad for other people, why should we cling to it ourselves.

Maybe I'm just too stupid to figure this out for myself. Maybe I need somebody else to straighten me out on it. Maybe it is just a question of semantics. It is really Freedom that we Americans want for ourselves and for the peoples of the world, it seems to me that this increasing dependence on letting the government give us the things we should be doing for ourselves is the wrong way to go about getting it. But if what we really want is a regimented security, why not have the guts to admit it? What is Freedom, anyway?

Bergeron

THERE COMES THE TIME, IN EVERY FANZINE, FOR THE REVIEW SECTION, SO.....

FOG writes wistfully into our inner fanotum from Don Wegars' hole in the ground at 2444 Valley Street, Berkeley 2, California. This is the second issue of FOG. The last was reviewed here lastish, or before, I believe. Any FOG is not a large magazine.... yet. It has a format of good taste...inspired by the flatbed ditto?...and contents to match. I think that Don will go far if he keeps up his standard of material and format. **QUITE NICE.**

GRUE glops into our mailbox from the Master's ditto at 402 Maple Ave. Fond Du Lac, Wis. It is a bit larger than usual, and as hilarious as they come. Good artwork and cartoons all the way thru. Dean features something I love...a whole section of Small William rimes. I'm going to make an omnibus of Little Willie poems sometime, just for the heck of it. Anyvay, GRUE manages to be one of the most enjoyable hunks of fan scrap to spill out in a long time. **EXCELLENT.**

SPACESHIP is hurled our direction, via rubber-band from Bob Silverberg, the lad with the spitwad lock in his eye at 760 Montgomery St, Brooklyn 13, N. Y. Spaceship, as usual is immaculate in taste, format, and reproduction. Bob announces, very painfully for him, that the price of Sship has gone up to 15¢. I have an idea that with a lot of other less likeable mags at two bits or so, no one will mind this small up. I trade, anyway. **EXCELLENT.**

TUM TU-DUM DUM ** DUM

TELLUS was perpetrated by Page Brownton at 1614 Collingwood Ave, San Jose, California. It isn't much of a mag. It consists of 12 pages -- pc size. About 7 of these have material on them. It's mainly a plea for material for the next issue. I'm fascinated by the

REVUES, REVUES, REVUES, AND MANY MORE REVUES.

possibilities in this thing. Anything you could do to it would be an improvement. To tell the truth, I'd like to edit it just to play around with it a bit. UNPROMISING. HYPHEN sneaks in thru the back door from a dirty sixth fan by the name of Walter Williams who is rumored to exist in a cave, address of 170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland. Now this is humour at its top. I envy Willis horribly for his Varityper. It works superbly on stencils. If you don't get this mag, you just aren't. EXCELLENT. STARLANES deigns to drop in our lowly hovel from Orma McCormick, 1558 W. Hazelhurst, Ferndale 20, Michigan. It's a nicely printed zine that I don't care for at all. The mimeo version of the same zine I liked much better. It had more personality that way. Now all it has is reading matter...poems, at that. I never read fanzines, so what shall I do with it. OKAY IF YOU LIKE POETRY FIENDISHLY.

PSYCHOTIC comes wrapped in a straight jacket from Richard E. Geis, who is nuts enough to print the thing at 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon. PSY is tops. Artwork by Bradley stands out wonderfully. The contents are wacky and wonderful. This wonderful zine is destined to replace the long lost CONFUSION that was so wonderful. If you haven't guessed by now...WONDERFUL.

DEVIANT neofannishly slurps towards our drawer in the chest from Carol McKinney address of 377 East 1st North, Provo, Utah. DEV is a firstish. This is truly awifying, considering that it is one of the nicest zines I've come onto in quite a while. Carol must have taken quite a bit of time to collect the material for this. It has poems, articles, stories, artwork, and a lot of non-fannish junk. It's not humorous at all. NICE.

HENCE hurls hitherward with horriific howling from John Fletcher, at 347 Oak Rd, Glenside, Pa. John has a very good imitation of a prozine in this...the first. He has amazingly good contents and a pleasing magazine altogether. GOOD....FOLDED

ZIP stalks grimly in with its four--4--colour back cover from Ted White, holed up with his pc mimeo at 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia. I want to say that the back cover is wonderful. With glue...er...blue, green, red and black all put into their proper places, this is one of the best multi-colour pics I've ever seen. And on a pc mimeo, at that. This of ZIP contains mostly relationalary articles and letters to Warren Frieberg's article...The SF Fan, A Jackass. I ran an editorial reply to this lastish, and the other measly replies say the same thing. I didn't mean that measly back there, as some are feally literary. Ted does a wonderful job with his pc mimeo. The paper is a heavy newsprint that takes ink well, and looks chuzt beautiful. Several pages have colour work on them, and all but a couple are top mimeo work....even for a big mimeo. EXCELLENT

?, the cartoonzine comes from Ted White, as above. This is mainly reprinted cartoons from ZIP #2, but enjoyable.

GREY printed with black on green comes from WellCharred at 405 E. 62 St, Savannah, Georgia. GREY is a one-sheet mag that is quite well done. Charles just seems to ramble along, but gets everything down nicely. I wish he would correct a few misques, tho. A SNAP. GOOD.

LEA

91
YES, MORE REVUES, YET. I JUST DON'T TIRE EASILY.

NITE CRY swoops upon us out of der darkest noon from Don Chappell, residence of 5921 E. 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Now, NC is come to me, and I is like. I is like so well that I must, most unabashedly, swipe format. Is hoping NC not mind. I think this format a very handy, economical, and all-around nice one. I just didn't think of it before. I really like the contents of the magazine, too. But, Don, it is half-size. Legal size, of coarse, but still half-size. Good stuff by Kirk, McPhail, and Riddle. I hope Don makes good with NC. VERY GOOD.

REVIEW starts out with the izerliniation of "I launched a spaceship in the air. It fell to Earth, and that ain't fair.". R is, on the whole, a nice zine, but I really can't like it too much, as it comes out too seldom. Nice revues & letters. GOOD.

IT seems like I really got more fanzines than this....and I probably did, but I can't seem to find any more about. I guess I'll editorialize for a while.

Ilike this format muchly. It takes the legal size...which is the most economical, and it looks fairly nice. I can use a fairly wide column, without making it very wide. I might even stick to it. Maybe I can break some of this natural variety in me and consequently, scilly. I've been severely criticized at several times and from many quarters for my changing format. This would make as nice a format as any to settle down in, and nicer than most. I don't really like the legal size, and I just don't care for the regulation letter size. So I have to have something different. Well it looks as if this may be it. Hw 'bout that, the last few lines have all come out even....oh, well, I knew it was too good to be true.

Have any of you heard or read of our new coarse at the Senior High School here in Billings? It's a major of rioting. It seems at one game of the basketball state tournament the feelings got a bit riled. I was in the more-or-less middle of it, and to be truthful, it's been so over-exaggerated that it isn't even funny. What the news-casters termed "The worse riot in Montana in 10 years" lasted about 45 seconds with maybe twenty people involved. Of coarse, there were a great many more close about, but they were just watching. It was a truly awifying sight to see the two sides sweep down from the stands. It looked just like goddy chocolate syrup released all of a sudden, rushing down the sides of the gymnasium and uniting in the middle on top of the officials. Poor officials.

A new column is to be instituted in Scilly. It is called the "THOTS ON....." Each contributor will send in a few paragraphs on what they want to... just anything....and will get a sub-title to themselves. Maybe...just maybe, we can have some fun this way.

A new APA is also being instituted. It is the Z WHIMSICAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION. It has a very different mailing system than any of the present apas. It eliminates the double mailings...that is, from you to the editor and from the editor to you. It's just direct from you to you. U, U, U. If the new gnu knew new gnu knew new gnu.....ad nauseum.

toodle,
anderson

EXTRACT	CHITTY
A	8
HOW	8
N	8
N	8
N	8

by W. H. Bullard.
 Copyrighted from 1911-1912



... happened many, many years ago...
 ... surge between the waves...
 ... came upon in their search for a new home...
 ... sized for a short while, when moved on...

A beautiful world...
 world of various things...
 life forms, as many different habitats...
 species came as they.

The class split up, each taking a different course for host.
 And when the work began, first, to adjust themselves to their new world...
 their needs as their own habits...
 remedy their wandering and perhaps wandering hosts...
 devices and unusual processes...
 of available land.

In large measure, the work was successful...
 guidance. Man developed to dominance over all other forms of life...
 slowly, the dog and the horse developed too...
 guests, and some were not amenable to control and discipline...
 dropped out of the picture, and were replaced.

All the while, the slow processes of natural selection were
 working on these super-beings themselves. Many of the...
 and after a while moved on again, but some...
 few of those that stayed made no progress, degenerated, and died...
 themselves evolved still further. It was the rise of...
 high.

They carefully analyzed his budding intelligence...
 to him the delicate thoughts of the universe...
 around to us. They gave him an unceasing...
 vestry. They protected his tender, newly developing...
 relations that permeated all space, and they...
 end. Their job was done, their project well...
 Today we call them centaurs.

by DAVID RIKE

SPACE SHIP TO THE MOON by EC Reichert, illustrated by A. K. Bilder, Rand McNally & Co. 1952 25¢. The author of this piece is so pre-occupied with impressing the reader with the marvels of space travel and other innovations of the future that any and all characterization and conflict is left out completely, with the narration consisting wholly of Billy and Sally's "trip" to the moon while they were watching a movie on space travel to the moon. The transition from the projection studio to the rocket is but one of the fallacies which occur throughout, the none but the most astute will be able to note them, but these few (fans) the errors further mar the weak writing and shallow plotting. The errors include such glaring mistakes as the improper surmise that acceleration ceases with the expenditure of the first stage of a three stage rocket and another is that it will take days to reach a space station. Von Braun has stated...in Collier's....that the rocket's fuel will be expended and it will be in an orbit around the earth at the end of 56 minutes. The author also confuses the discerning reader by making mention that the ship is atomic powered in one place, only to turn around and mention that it undoubtedly is using one of the chemical propellents since an atomic powered space ship wouldn't have to be staged in order to reach the necessary acceleration. No mention is made at all of the passengers becoming weightless under free fall. The author also errs when it is mentioned that the rocket ships are steered by gyroscopes, when, in actuality, a space ship has its course plotted by ballistics experts who take into account the relative movements of the home base and the destination. A far more complicated matter than just aiming the ship in the general direction of the destination and steering the ship along to correct any error. As this volume is full of misinformation and distorted facts and is a poor example of SF, it would seem unwise to suggest it to any novice in the field of the age group it appeals to...mainly 7 years and under...in fact it seems to hold only an attraction for completists.

TOM CORBETT'S WONDER BOOK OF SPACE by Mafcia Martin, illustrated by Frank Vaughn, Wonder Books 1953, 25¢. An even thinner volume than the above, it, too, suffers from lack of characterization, conflict, and an invigorating plot. It doesn't have many of the errors which have been found in the preceding item. Tom Corbett comes and visits Jommy and Janie and takes them for a cruise in his space ship. The author strayed from most of the errors in the other volume by not saying anything, just letting it go by stating that the rocket ship took off....and not giving forth with any discourse on how it was powered. One must assume, however, that the ship was powered by something other than the usual chemical/liquid propellents since it was apparently in constant acceleration during flight, thus it accounts for artificial gravity present on the ship. The bulk of the thing is filled with stupid remarks by the heroes like "How would you like to be way, way up in the sky where the moon is?" It's in the same category as SPACE SHIP TO THE MOON, and should be treated as such.

A LOVECRAFT
FAN



Bergeron

The "SFF" and "SFF" by Lovecraft, edited and
 translated by... (and... of the...
 ... by... Seiden, Paxton-
 ... 1955. The title is a slight misnomer since it deals
 ... and ... with a slight bit
 ... the solar system and then a brief
 ... (about four of
 ... are given to space travel). Take most volumes of this
 ... see that this is. The author
 ... of space travel by ...
 ... the speed of
 ... the moon, will be
 ... And then the
 ... the ...
 ... the author's
 ... and the
 ... an enter-
 ... was par-
 ... interested
 ... mentioned
 ... search of
 ... our beautiful
 ... for this
 ... but an un-
 ... Most of the
 ... encyclopedia
 ... It is but a
 ... of such slight
 ... to keep for
 ...

THE... OF... Also
 ... the publishers
 ... Gold, the
 ... with the
 ... and so on.
 ...
 ... This is
 ... of
 ... Galaxy.
 ... "Star The
 ... picture that



Bergeron

you out out and paste on cardboard and stick together. Also the usual crappy, childish puzzles that you find in any newspaper near by "Uncle Wiggly's Bectime Stories". There is, of course, the usual tirade about the planets that's been taught in elementary schools for years, but promptly forgotten by most. The jamority of the space is xoccupied by the "games" and "puzzles". After glancing thru this thing, I dread to even lack into Cosmos for fear it be likewise. I will undoubtably be hesitant in reading the mag for sometime hereafter. There is no actual instructive value to SPACE. All it says has been said better and under more scholarly circumstances before. It is, I presume, a bit of entertainment for the extremely young enthusiast or something to do some unwitting parent out of 50¢.

thend

I hate to say it, but this above article was even more confusing in its original state. If I'd retyped it once before putting it on the master, I could have known what to change, but this way, I had to cut, rewrite, and generally hack away the...or most of the...trash as I went along. Mr. Rike has a generally good style, but should rewrite, or get someone else to rewrite his material before submitting it to editors. LEA 7

THE
 SAM
 FRANCISCO
 for '54



Bergeron

Son, if we knew who that man was, we could erect a monument to him. Not only did he kill the first humans ever to contact another humanoid race, but he managed to kill most of his own people in the process. The plague what killed them could have been stopped in five minutes by one of our doctors...like the one he killed.

Let that be a lesson to you, son. Don't shoot first and ask questions later.

P. S. One of the boys just killed a strange creature on one of the outer moons of this planet. It's being examined in the labs now but isn't like any of the other life-forms we've ever seen. We think it was trying to tell him something when he shot it, but at the time he thought it was just another creature that had been breaking into the research base there. Comex to think of it, maybe it was....

The planet was quarantined four weeks later, but in vain. By the time the second spaceship landed on the small outer moon, most of the human race was dying. The captain of the ship shook his head sadly. "Such a small virus. We could have cured them easily. If only the scout had survived to report....such a pity that he died. If they had been less hasty in their actions, they would be alive today."

At that moment, on the other side of his home planet, a scout ship landed. The occupant got out..stumbled into a hunting trap, where he was promptly killed.....



Bergeron

CONFAB didn't get reviewed earlier, so here it is, now. Bob Postrowsky at Box 634, Norfolk Nebraska puts out CONFAB instead of the late lamented MOTE. Mote was nice, but this is different...and much nicer. Confab is a letterzine. Everything under the sun is discussed.... and just cussed....in it. Riddle, Carr (Gem), Moreen, Geis, Boggs, Mittelbuscher, Shapiro, and Grennell are presented thish. We have some real nice discussions. Won't you join in? IEA

Does anyone want to buy a good, used flatbed ditto machine? It isn't particularly fast, but is simple to use, and very economical. Only \$10...was \$32 just a year ago. It hasn't been used much...got a rotary ditto now, you know...and have had for quite a while.



Pioneer

HARRY WARNER, JR.
reprinted from HORIZONS

It occurred to me the other day that no one has ever tried to figure out the identities of fandom's ten most influential people. When I tried, I couldn't think of ten, but I did make a start on recalling the folks who have left the greatest influence on fans.

Remember, I'm talking about the people who have had the really important effect on fandom's history. I'm not talking about the individuals who did something first, or those who did the same thing best. The first is a question for historians, the latter goes into the realm of personal preferences. I mean the fellows whose activities in a certain direction were promptly taken up by a lot of other fans, and whose influence has lasted until today.

Jack Darrow is the oldest of my nominees, with respect to the years in which he was active. He proved that you can become well known to science fiction readers, simply by sitting down and writing to the editor of a prozine as soon as you read each issue. Jack didn't have anything remotely resembling a brain. To the best of my knowledge, he attended only one fan convention, published no fanzines, and has disappeared by now. But he's the fellow who really started the letterback tradition, a means through which a lot of us first contacted fandom.

Naturally, Forrest J. Ackerman must be on the list. Not because of his interest in Esperanto, which never was very contagious; not because of his collecting, which was nothing unusual in early fandom; & not because of any other single phase of his fanning. He belongs in the list simply because he proved that you can make fandom a full-time hobby and still remain out of the booby hatch. I don't think there was ever such an all-round fan, before Ackerman. There have been lots since, for brief periods.

It's hard to put your finger on any single individual who is responsible for today's bibliophile work. But I think RD Swisher deserves to be pointed out. Before he came along, bibliographic work was tentative. His checklist of fanzines was a model of the accuracy and conciseness which are desirable in this field. He showed that a mature individual can do this sort of thing in his spare time, without alarming his whole community or alienating his wife. Further, he gave a graceful example of how to forget the whole thing when your research has grown to impossible proportions.

BOB TUCKER did the simplest, most obvious thing in the world, by displaying a sense of humour. But he definitely is one of fandom's pioneers because no one before him had realized that keeping an eye open for the ridiculous side of fandom isn't criminal. Tucker was a bit older than the average fan, even fifteen years ago. He was better acquainted with the mundane world than most of us, and realized that the average fan was ridiculous for the seriousness with which he regarded himself and his hobby. But it took real ability for Tucker to kid fans and fandom so steadily without becoming thoroughly hated as a cynic. He succeeded so well that even the most earnest young fans today lack the monumentally grim qualities of the older generation.

17
ONWARD TO THE PIONEERS

THIS list must include Ray Bradbury. Other fans had sold stories to the prozines before he came along, usually because they were friendly with the prozine's editors. Ray, however, set an entire generation of fans to writing fiction persistently, after he proved what could be done. His example might not have been so powerful, if he had been exceptional as a fan. But he had been so completely average as a fan, the typical Joe Fann, trying to prod a sense of humour that didn't exist, putting out a fanzine that imitated slavishly the other fanzines in his home town of Los Angeles dutifully attending LASFL meetings. He was precisely like a dozen other ordinary Los Angeles fans, so it's all the more reason that the rest of fandom was impressed when lightning struck.

THE covered wagon and long rifle award should go to Francis T. Lacey, for introducing the realistic school of non-fiction into fanzines. He changed the whole course of fan writing. Before he came along, the policy had been to hint darkly at scandals, drunken brawls, or unpleasant personal characteristics of fans. Lacey made it a point to describe in detail these events. Sometimes it hasn't been pleasant reading. But it has driven some unpleasant characters away from active fanning, it has brought some adolescents to a realization of their actions, and in several other ways, I think fandom is the better for it.

IN a left-handed way, Claude Degler should be counted among the ten most influential fans in history. As the ideal horrible example, he put fandom on its guard against the characteristics of all-cut screwballs. His activities have resulted in a hasty editing of the unwritten laws of fan hospitality. His Cosmic Circle unconsciously spoofed the idea that fans are superior to other people, so thoroughly that the bright boys among us seldom go around these days announcing themselves as star-begotten and misunderstood because of the masses' ignorance.

JIMMY TAURASI is probably the most representative of several possible nominees, as the fellow who has created liason between fandom and the prozines. He seems to have the knack of getting along well with almost all people. An ability that was needed during the muckraking of all-out feuding in New York ten years back. Mightier minds than his turned to childish name calling in those days. Without his influence, I suspect that New York's professional editors and writers might have given up altogether on fans with resulting changes in the policy toward conventions, original illustrations, and free prozine advertising. Fantasy News under Taurasi broke every rule of journalism, but it did a lot for fandom's public relations.

A lot of fandom's most famous names can't be considered to complete this list. People like Wollheim and Lowndes completely upset fandom in their day, were household names all over the nation wherever sf enthusiasts lived -- but fandom today is as if they had never existed. They didn't leave a lasting imprint. Today's fandom isn't really politically conscious. It ignores the implications of the vomix, and the beanie set looks blank when you mention "Futurian."

NOT Forbidden

by THOMAS S. GARDNER
reprinted from the NATIONAL
FANTASY FAN

A casual survey of Western civilization, which has been built up by the use of the scientific method, would lead an observer to think that the majority of men and women believe in their civilization, and work, not only to maintain it, but to increase its scope and utility. Such an inference is not borne out by a close inspection of what actually takes place in the minds of those who attempt to record the contemporary thoughts and creative works for future generations. A civilization is judged to a large extent by its written records, and often future trends are foreshadowed by writers, long before events are shaped to bear them out. Sometimes several trends are observed that may or may not be accepted as worthwhile contributions to civilization. Thus, out of the multitude of writings that constitute our historical heritage, only a small part has been deemed worthy of inclusion in the present-day body of knowledge, while the rest represents misapplied effort. Strange as it seems, there are those who spend their time even today in devising such systems of thought which are opposed to the proven and tested methods. The burden of so much of this off trail effort may some day black out our civilization altogether.

The ancient world produced millions of book scrolls and about a million of them were finally gathered in the great library at Alexandria, Egypt. The library was burned by Fanatical Christians in 391 AD. The furnaces that kept the water hot for the city baths were fed with rare parchments from the library for many months. Was any knowledge of value lost in this holocaust? Opinions differ. Eric Temple Bell states in *THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH* that modern civilization would have been delayed for centuries by the burden of false knowledge if it had not been destroyed. A different viewpoint is expressed by HS Bellamy in *MOON, MY THES,* and *MAN*. Bellamy believes that a great loss to the world resulted from the burning of the Alexandrian library. He argues that the metaphysical truths of the elder days were more than made up for the mass of half facts and fictions that constituted the rest.

Actually, the small amount of illogic, pseudo-science, and deductive philosophy that did survive handicapped civilization to such an extent that it is a miracle that the modern world developed as fast as it did. Lynn Thorndike in *A HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE* gives a good survey of the misinformation that had to be overcome, and clearly points out that the handicap of authority as a final check on nature prevented free thought and investigation.

The story is related by many writers that a discussion once took place in a monastery during the Middle Ages as to the number of teeth a horse possessed. In support of their arguments the scholars diligently searched all the books they owned and, because they were considered the final authority, the works of Aristotle were consulted at great length. But authorities disagreed and the debate threatened to extend indefinitely -- till an enterprising monk went out and procured a horse's head and counted the teeth, submitting the head as evidence. His colleagues objected to this procedure, on the grounds that if a fact was not in Aristotle, no other source could be consulted.

NOT FORBIDDEN

In most of the past history of the earth the emphasis of intellectual effort was upon nonscience, magic, astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft. Apparently science rules the world today, but one must remember that at least half a billion people not only despise science but hate it with an intensity that the Western world cannot even conceive. Many of the world's peoples do not want even such benefits of science as preventive medicine, modern sanitation, and safe water supply. India, for example, wants nothing whatever to do with modern science. Katherine Mayo's MOTHER INDIA points out the fact that India is a case of complete satisfaction with ignorance and all that goes with it. The Hindu prefers to die with a disease rather than submit to the ministering of Western medicine, which is incompatible with his religion.

However, we should not point our fingers at any country because of its backwardness. In America practically everyone accepts the material benefits of Western culture without changing his mental patterns at all. The man who drives a high-powered car in all probability has very few beliefs that are not disproven by science, and his mode of thinking and rationalizing is no further advanced than those of the Middle Ages. The mushroom growth of astrology, for instance, threatens to push clear thinking entirely back to the Dark Ages. At the rate it is being popularized, by the year 2000 the chief arbiter of human affairs will be astrology.

Is the pendulum swinging back? Is it possible that by the year 2100 AD non-science will rule the world as it did in the 12th century? How long will it be before a research scientist or medical investigator is burned at the stake? The principles of Nazism in regard to race theory, history, philosophy and ethics were typical pseudo-science, and the advent of such a system, even though it was defeated, cannot help but influence Western thought. Today there is a race between barbarism and Western civilization.

If one possessed the ability to look into the future, what would he see? Would he see the dust being blown off the not-forbidden-but-ignored books of today? Or would he note an increased emphasis on sound, substantial & educations in science and engineering? Would he gaze upon the inheritors of Western culture studying a book on astronomy or one on astrology, a book on medicine or one on propitiative magic?

30.



Bergeron

Robot Press
2716 Smoky Lane
Billings, Mont.

Printed Matter
Return Postage
Guaranteed

Trade	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sub	<input type="checkbox"/>
Contrib	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Sample	<input type="checkbox"/>
Review	<input type="checkbox"/>
charity	<input type="checkbox"/>



Lem Can
8325 31st. N.W.
Seattle 7, Washo